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MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER

1864

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, January 1, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

Woolen Socks for the Army.—The following directions, which have been furnished by a lady of much experience, may prove useful to those who will engage in knitting woolen socks for the army. The yarn should be bluish grey, No. 22, and the needles No. 14 to 15:

Set twenty-seven stitches on each needle; knit the plain and two seam rows alternately until the ribbing is three inches long; then knit plain seven inches for the leg, remembering to seam one stitch at the end of one needle. To form the heel, put twenty stitches on two of the needles, and forty-on on the other—the seam stitch being in the middle. Knit the first row plain, the next row seam, and so alternately until the heel is three inches long, then narrow off the plain row each side of the seam stitch for five plain rows, which will leave thirty-one stitches. To close the heel, knit the last seam row to the middle of the needle, knit the seam stitch plain, then fold the two needles together, and with another needle take off the seam stitch. Then knit a stitch from both needles at once and bind the seam stitch over it. Continue knitting in this manner until but one is left and the heel closed. Take up as many stitches as there are rows around the heel; knit one row plain; then widen every fifth stitch on the heel needles. Narrow once on every round at each side of the foot until there are twenty-seven stitches on each needle; knit plain six inches; narrow at the beginning and end of each needle on every third round till you have seventeen stitches on each; then narrow every second till you have seven; then every round until the foot is closed. One pound of yarn, costing from seventy-five cents to one dollar, will furnish four pairs of socks.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, January 1, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

Homespun,

1000 Yards for sale by Burt & Foster.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, January 8, 1864, p. 1, c. 8

A Mobile "war correspondent" of the Columbus Sun, writes as follows:

Several fair correspondents of the Advertiser and Register had a little discussion some days back, touching the want of respect shown by ladies to the private soldier. Some of them urged on their fair sisters the propriety and good taste of extending to the privates a little more consideration, and not to reserve all their smiles for the gentlemen who are ornamented with brass—brass being a stock in trade with them in more senses than one. Others of the fair writers contended that the privates have never been treated by ladies with any lack of courtesy. Perhaps they have not, as far as the conduct of the fair writers, who took this view of the question, were themselves concerned.—But to quote from one of the fair correspondents, "Have not mine eyes seen, and mine ears heard?" Still, it is only sheer justice to the fair ladies of Mobile, to say in this connection, that here the privates are treated with more respect than they have been since the war. "Snobs" are to be found everywhere, and they are the only ones of the feminine gender who treat the private with any discourtesy, when he is properly introduced and possessed of sufficient intelligence to qualify him for refined society. The great disadvantage under which the private labors, is the difficulty he encounters to obtain leave of absence from the lines, and to secure a

proper introduction. There are ladies here, who are not surpassed for beauty and intelligence by any in the Confederacy, who do not think it beneath them to attend church or places of popular amusement escorted by privates in their coarse jackets.

The ladies whom I saw at the fair exhibited fine sense by discarding rich and expensive dresses—Homespuns are not unfrequently seen decorating the persons of the most beautiful ladies that take the airing in the park, or promenade on Royal street.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, January 9, 1864, p. 1, c. 5

Will Campbell.—We find in a Texas paper the following description of this partisan chief:

He is about 21 years of age, about 5 feet 9 inches high, of slender form, straight as an arrow, and active as a panther; his long dark brown hair hangs in wild curls about his shoulders; his complexion is fair; his eyes are of a dark hazel color, wild and restless, and piercing as the point of a dagger; he wears a suit of plain grey cloth, with a scarlet silk sash around his waist, a six shooter on his right side, and a sabre on his left; he wears a pair of cavalry boots that come above the knee, and large Texas spurs, his hat is black, low-crowned and broad-brimmed, one side fastened up with a silver star, which holds a long black plume. His men are armed with two revolvers and a double-barrelled [sic] shot gun each, and mounted on fleet horses. Campbell has already gained a great reputation, and, if the war continues another year, his reputation as a partisan chieftain will outshine the reputation of those illustrious heroes of the old revolution, Marion and Sumter.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, January 9, 1864, p. 1, c. 4

[From the London Punch.]
Cigarettes

If the story told be true,
It is very wrong of you,
 Young coquettes,
Smoking when mamma's away
On the lawn or by the spray,
 Cigarettes.

'Twon't improve a ruddy mouth,
Odor-breathing as the South,
 Heretofore;
And the process which conceals—
Chewing villainous pastilles—
 Is a bore.

Ladies fair, with due respect,
For one reason I object,
 Which is this:
Pure young breath is sweet to me,

And a maiden's lips should be
Fit to kiss!

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, January 15, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

Substitute for Quinine.—An article in the Medical and Surgical Journal is devoted to "the External Application of Oil of Turpentine as a Substitute for Quinine in Intermittent Fever." Surgeon Kennedy reports the successful trial of this application, without failure, in over thirty cases. Of seven cases reported at the General Hospital, Guyton, Ga., the result was immediately successful in all, but in three of them the chills returned afterwards. The mode of application recommended is: "Half an hour before the expected paroxysm, a bandage, wet with the turpentine, is applied around the body at the lower part of the chest the linen replaced and the outside clothing buttoned. If convenient, the patient should be placed in blankets." When there is a probability of the return of the paroxysm on the seventh or fourteenth day, the application should be repeated.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, January 15, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

"Company Q."—This is the jocular term applied by the soldiers in the army to those of the cavalry arm of the service who, by reason of any accident or the casualties of war, are dismounted, and on a march keep up with the wagons. These compose "Company Q," and it is a large and growing organization.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, January 16, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

If, instructing a child, you are vexed with it for want of adroitness, try, if you never have before, to write with your left hand, and remember that a child is all left hand.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, January 16, 1864, p. 1, c. 6

Richmond, Jan. 8, 1864.

. . . You have heard of the fashionable *tableaux vivants* here, but you have not heard that the living statues of young ladies had their feet naked and chalked to imitate marble more closely. Or that other respectable young ladies wore Swiss dresses, coming a little below the knee, not only on the stage but in the parlor, after the tableaux were over. Nor that one of the model artists represented Coreggio's Magdalene, who, as your readers know, is depicted as lying on her stomach, with her face resting on her hand, reading a book which is supported by a skull. In the picture the arms and breast of Magdalene are fully exposed; in the living artist only the arms were naked, but the picture is about as indelicate as a lady could assume in public. You have not heard of these wonderful things in the Confederate Capital. Yet they are facts, as I am assured on excellent authority. The same informant tells me that at the masked balls which here succeeded the model artist exhibitions, young ladies in shirts are quite common, and one of them went so far as to array herself in full male costume; and not content with this, took such liberties with other young ladies that to keep from being knocked down by a gentleman, she had to remove her mask and let fall her curls. It grieves me to say it, but we are in danger of reenacting the license of the French Revolution.

Gamma.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, January 16, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

Recipe for Washing Clothes.—The night before washing day, put the clothes to soak in

cold water, and also place on the hot stove, in a suitable vessel, two pounds of soap, cut small; one ounce borax and two quarts of water. These may be left to simmer till the fire goes out; in the morning the mixture will be solid. On washing day operations are commenced by setting on a stove or furnace the wash-kettle nearly filled with cold water. Into this put one-fourth of a pound of the compound, and then wring out the clothes that have been soaking, and put them into the kettle. By the time that the water is scalding hot, the clothes will be ready to take out. Drain them well, and put them into clean cold water, and then thoroughly rinse them twice, and they are ready to be hung out. When more water is added to the wash-kettle, more soap should also be added but the quantity needed will be very small. This process has many advantages over others. It is suitable for washing every kind of fabric; it is especially good for flannels, and seems to set colors rather than remove them from dresses or shawls, while the white clothes are rendered exceedingly white. It costs less for soap than the common mode of washing; it is only half as laborious, the clothes are thoroughly cleansed in much less time, but not least, the soap does not act like caustic upon the hands, but after a day's washing they have a peculiarly soft, silky feeling, as far removed as is possible from the sensations produced by washing with ordinary washing compounds.—[Southern Cultivator.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, January 17, 1864, p. 1, c. 8

Theodore and Angelina—A Drama in one Act.—

Scene First—In camp.

Theodore, perusing a letter.—"The dear, patriotic girl! She bids me fight these Yankees to the last. Much as she wants to see me she bids me not return until I bear three *scars* as seals of my devotion to my country. They shall be mine Angelina. Oh, methinks there were not might in a battalion of blue bellies to withstand the valor of this strong arm; for 'tis my Angelina bids me strike."

Scene Second—Angelina's home—Angelina seated on a sofa. Enter Theodore.

Theo.—"Oh, dearest among women, and do I see your lovely self at last! How have I longed—"

Ang.—"Explain the impudence, sir if you please. Who gave you the right to use such language to Angelina Highflyer? Where are the stars I bade you bring me from the wars?"

Theo.—"*Stars*, Angelina?"

Ang.—"Aye, stars! stars! Such jewels as never yet did woo the astronomer from his bed to court them in their far abodes. Stars!—not the golden baubles that lovers gaze at. But stars, real and tangible—upon each of which perch an honor.—Stars such as maids bow to and worship. Say, sirrah, where are *your* stars?"

Theo.—"Ah, Angelina, did I not labor hard; did I not fling myself into the thickest of fight?—did I not toy with death as carelessly as does an infant with a trinket, that I might bear thee honorable *scars* unto your loving bosom. And was it *stars* you sought? Oh! what a fate did blur my vision when I did pursue your cursed note. But now the dream is done. My leg is laid in a nameless grave close to the red field of Chickamauga. On the same field my arm reposes, and there too, the envious ball did pierce the cheek I fondly thought one day would meet your sweet caresses. But 'twas for honors not for honor you would have me fight. Oh, cruel, cruel girl."

Angelina faints, and exit Theodore on two crutches.—Confederacy.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, January 21, 1864, p. 1, c. 5

Jackson, Miss., Jan. 18, 1864.

. . . Strange at it may seem, many of the people who have been robbed of their property, and have had their houses burned over their heads, and their families driven from their homes, have turned, and now lick the hand of the oppressor for the poor and shameful privilege of a little trade—of buying a few luxuries, of exchanging their gold and cotton for a little coffee, flour, cloth and whisky. Sometimes the more favored are allowed to receive greenbacks for their cotton. Is there such a thing as the sting and blush of shame? Are people of this kind worthy or capable of enjoying the rights of freemen? In this business a man who speaks the English language does well, but he that can speak a different language does better—the better part is enjoyed by those of alien birth. It remains to be seen whether Gen. Polk and Gen. Clark have the means to break up this contraband trade.

Some Yankee having become so much delighted with the appearance of Southern ladies visiting and shopping in Vicksburg, that he mounted Pegasus and got off the following effusion, a copy was sent out to a gentleman in Brandon, who passed it over to me. Here it is:

All hail to McPherson, the gallant, the able,
Before his proud genius fell treason shall cower,
Has learned that the heart of the once haughty Rebel
Is open to coffee and bacon and flour.

These dames of the South once so proud and reliant,
So queenly and gorgeous in palace or bower,
In presence of armies so sternly defiant,
Have yielded at last to a few pounds of flour.

Where now are their boasts of their spirit and feeling?
Where are their vaunted endurance and power?
All gone! In the dust these proud matrons are kneeling
And begging "us Yankees" for coffee and flour.

O! this is a sight that will gladden the vision
Of many a parvenu born of the hour;
These queens of the South will be their derision,
As cringing and kneeling they beg us for flour.

Farewell to the sword as the emblem of battle
No more shall the nation acknowledge its power,
No more shall we hear the dread musket's loud rattle,
We'll conquer the Rebels with coffee and flour.

The city of Jackson presents a sad and melancholy appearance. The busy throng of last year has passed away, the beautiful edifices that greeted the traveler's gaze are now in ruins, and the forest of tall naked chimneys, and piles of rubbish are the monuments of the victorious vandalism of the enemy. The people (as a mass) that remain, do not seem to be inclined to halt and brood over their misfortunes, but are rallying and endeavoring, as far as possible, to recover from the disastrous effects of fire and sword.

The destruction of property in Western Mississippi has been enormous—and this, in connection with the abandoned plantations, present a sad and melancholy sight. The railroads

destroyed, the debris of the fires, and an almost wrecked country, should arouse men to action—should nerve them to deeds of valor, and an honest and powerful effort to punish the enemy and regain lost and abandoned homes—should induce the meanest to strike for his country, and not bend the suppliant knee for a little trade and the enjoyment of articles that they are too lazy to make, or have not the firmness to do without.

I have recently had occasion to pass over a large portion of the country thus desolated by the enemy. Large fields of corn are abandoned, and as you approach numerous flocks of wild geese, ducks and crows fly up. These fields are fed upon by every species of fowl or beast for whom grain is food. Fat hogs and cattle abound much more plentifully than one would imagine; so much so that there is not the least danger of any suffering for the want of food. In fact, the people are living much better and more plentifully than for the last three years. . . . Clint.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, January 22, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

In the Wrong Garb.—Friday afternoon one of the Georgia State Guard, a citizen of Emanuel county, with a "pocket full of rocks," appeared at the Central Railroad depot in female costume, with the intention of leaving on the passenger train for his home. An officer discovering that the *fair* subject had a quid of tobacco in her mouth—not a customary sight among the gentler sex hereabouts—suspected the wolf, and, after investigation, escorted the would-be damsel to Oglethorpe Barracks.—[Savannah Republican.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, January 24, 1864, p. 1, c. 3

[From the Richmond Examiner]

Right Reverend Bishop Pierce:

Allow me, through a secular journal, to address a few suggestions upon a subject that is bringing much scandal, not only upon the clergy of our denomination, but upon all others, from bishops down to locals. A nobleman once had three applicants for the post of coachman. The first said he could drive within three feet of a precipice; the second said he could drive within one foot; and the third, "I will keep as far from it as I can." The third secured the appointment. So in morals, advise to keep as far from temptation as possible.—Kissing is a *sexual* act, so defined by physiologists. Outside of the ties of *consanguinity*, it is proper only to man and wife. And whenever kissing others' wives and daughters by ministers is regarded as an immorality, fit for the discipline of the church, then the other more serious charges, now too common against the clergy, will be less frequent. Let us get rid of kissing bishops and preachers, and the reputations of private families will not be so often invaded by the breath of slander or the tale of scandal. When ladies shall meet these *kissing advances*, *whether by preachers or rowdies*, as an *affront* upon their *honor*, then we may expect no more of *secret sessions* in our conference. Such indulgences are *criminal*, and should be regarded as crimes.

I am, sir, &c.

Methodist Layman.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, January 24, 1864, p. 1, c. 4

Two Scenes.

Scene in Kentucky. (Fall of 1862)

Confederate Soldier, dirty and ragged, Northwards plodding his weary way.

Lady—(*leaning on the gate*)—My dear friend, come in and rest yourself, and take some refreshments.

Confed.—(*Resting himself on his gun*)—Good lady, I am truly thankful for your kindness, but my command is several miles ahead, and I must needs push on as fast as my blistered feet and weary limbs will convey me.

Lady—OH NO! *Do* sit down and rest yourself a minute. Rose, Rose, bring those meats and cakes here, quick; and bring a glass of milk. I feel *so* sorry for you.

Confed.—(*Having finished his dish and risen*)—I am a thousand times obliged for this hospitable repast which you have so kindly provided me, and in return I pledge you the respect and love of Kirby Smith's army.

Scene in Mississippi. (Fall of 1863)

Family comfortably seated 'round a glowing fire.

Dash (*at the front gate*)—Bow, wow, wow, wow.

Mother.—Julia, run and see who it is the dog is barking at so early. (*Exit Julia*) It certainly can't be Mrs. Beale, who, you know, my love, wasn't to be here before 10 o'clock, and it is now only ____.

Julia—(*Entering with a flirt and half twist.*)—Ma, its nobody but a soldier.

Mother—Close the door, dear, the wind is right down cold this morning (*Curtain falls.*)

GOD BLESS AND PROTECT THE KENTUCKY LADIES.

An Arkansian.
that made the Kentucky campaign.

Meridian, Miss., Jan. 20, 1864.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, January 26, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

A Substitute for Coffee.—For the benefit of those who find this beverage necessary, we insert the following from the Macon Telegraph, and as coffee is somewhere between \$10 and \$15 per pound, we advise coffee drinkers to try it: "A friend who has tried persimmon seeds in coffee says he will defy any one to detect the difference in taste between a decoction of roasted persimmon seeds and the genuine Java—not Rio—which can be imitated successfully, as we are informed, with parched ground peas, and now and then a cockroach thrown in."

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, January 27, 1864, p. 1, c. 8

A lady writes to the Savannah Republican:

In your issue of January 11th, you inserted an article from the Mobile Register, under the caption, "Awake to duty." You will not object if I remonstrate a little against one conclusion drawn therein.

"If," says the writer, "we could see the ladies plying their needles, presenting flags, etc., etc. then we should have hope of our country."

Now I assure you the ladies are not weary sewing for the soldiers, but the materials have risen beyond their means. When the war began, our wardrobes were supplied with calico dresses, our houses with blankets, and besides these the country was full of goods at moderate prices. But now (three years later) how is it? Many of our dresses have been converted into shirts and comforts for the soldiers, the blankets have been sent to the army, and in some

instances, where these have failed, carpets have been contributed. Many of the stores are entirely shut, and those which are still open charge such terrific prices that only the very wealthy can buy. Only think of a yard of calico costing \$10, a spool of thread \$2.50, a bunch of factory warp \$43, and other things in proportion.

Now are we less zealous because we sew less, when the materials are so far out of our reach? If the government would furnish the materials, I am sure the ladies would be found ready and glad to do anything for the comfort of the soldiers.

No, sir, we are not less earnest than we were at first; we do not sympathize less with the brave defenders of freedom. How can we be careless when our relatives and friends are still facing the foe?—When we think of "what subjugation means," can we cease being anxious until our liberty is established beyond the shadow of a doubt.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, January 29, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

A Scotch lady writes thus of gentlemen who use tobacco:

"May never lady press his lips, his proffered love returning,
Who makes a furnace of his mouth, and keeps his chimney burning.
May each true woman shun his sight, for fear his fumes would choke her.
And none but those who smoke themselves, have kisses for a smoker."

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, January 30, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

The Horse Infirmary in Georgia.

Johnson County, Ga., January 25.

Having ever felt a deep interest in that noble animal, the Horse, and especially since the commencement of the war you will pardon me if I ask at your hands space enough for the following account of a visit I have just made to the Infirmary for the treatment and care of diseased, wounded and disabled animals belonging to the Government.

The Infirmary is located in Laurens county, near the line between that county and Johnson, on the lands of Dr. Thomas A. Parsons, and about twelve miles from Oconee Station, on the Central Railroad, and one mile from the Oconee River. The locality is healthy; the land rolling and productive; the water facilities excellent, and the pasturage very good in spring and summer. The Government rented 3009 acres of land from Dr. P. last summer, and immediately began the work of erecting stables, lots, corn and fodder houses, and other necessary buildings. There is considerable cane on the tract, and over 200 acres of luxuriant Bermuda grass, both of which afford fine pasturage for the horse.

Horses that have become diseased, or been worn down, or otherwise disabled in the public service, in South Carolina, Georgia, and Tennessee, are sent here for treatment. Large comfortable stables and shelters, and high, dry lots, have been provided for them. If they are suffering from glanders, or any other contagious disease, as farcy or distemper, they are assigned to a hospital for that particular disorder, which is located at a safe distance from the other stables and lots. If they have been wounded or crippled, or have a bad case of fistula, or scratches, each one is put into a comfortable stable to himself; and so, if they have been disabled by hard usage, they are placed in roomy stalls at night, and turned out to graze and exercise during the day. Each animal is curried and rubbed daily, his legs and feet washed, and his particular malady or hurt carefully attended to. Indeed, all the diseases to which the horse is subject are here

thoroughly treated by experienced and practiced veterinary surgeons and farriers, whose zeal is highly commendable, and whose success has been remarkable. The establishment is systematically arranged and managed, and hostlers conversant with their duties are assigned to the care of the animals, under the superintending care and direction of the farriers. In certain diseases, as in glanders and farcy, gentle exercise is prescribed, and the horses are led or ridden for short distances.

The general opinion is that glanders is a fatal disease, but I am assured that over thirty cases of it have been cured at this establishment. Of the whole number of diseased and disabled animals thus far sent to the Infirmary, nearly eighty five per cent. has been saved. Many of them, after being cured and recruited, have been returned to the army. Others are improving rapidly, and will soon be in a condition for service. The rule adopted by the commander of the post is not to send back any animal until it has been thoroughly recruited and rendered fit for duty. Such as can never be made available for active service, especially mares, are advertised and sold at public outcry to farmers. Some of the animals were received in the lowest condition, but, under the close attention and skillful treatment given them, they are now doing remarkably well. A number of cases of lameness sent to the infirmary arose from non-attention to the hoofs and feet.

The commandant of the post is Captain J. G. McKee, of Columbus, Ga., an officer of rare zeal and fidelity, who has been disabled in the service. He is devoted to his business, and is one of the most energetic men I have met with in the public service. He has in his employ fifty negroes and eight white men. He is now preparing accommodations for 2000 more horses, which are expected to arrive soon, and this will render it necessary to employ additional help. No white man is employed except disabled soldiers and persons unfit for service, by reason of age or other infirmity. The farriers and veterinary surgeons attached to the infirmary are Messrs. W. P. Davis and J. Disbrow, both of whom are devoted to the horse, and exceedingly skillful in the treatment of the diseases to which he is subject. Indeed, all the employees at the post, white and black, manifest a zeal and an earnestness that is truly refreshing in these days of shuffling and affected patriotism. The horse receives here the same care and attention as the sick or disabled soldier does at the hospital.

How much better is this than the practice which has prevailed heretofore, and which still prevails in many parts of the Confederacy. Previous to the establishment of this Infirmary, horses worn out or disabled in the service were turned out to perish around the camps, or left behind on the march, whilst all animals having the glanders, heretofore considered incurable, were taken out and shot. The places thus made vacant were filled by the impressing officer, one of which is known to have seized a fine stallion in this State, and appropriated him to his own use. The impressed animals were taken to the army, where they were neglected, abused and disabled, and where, in their turn, many of them finally perished. The drain thus kept up upon the stock of horses in the country has been enormous, the prevailing idea seeming to be that the supply was inexhaustible.

It has been fortunate for the Confederacy if the authorities, both civil and military, had sooner appreciated the value of an able-bodied man and a good horse.

In a country like ours, bounded on one side by a cordon of hostile States, and shut out on the other by a blockade which effectually prevents us from recruiting our wasted armies from other parts of the world, the worth of a capable soldier or horse is incalculable.

But the authorities have at last taken a step in the right direction. Let them follow it up by establishing other infirmaries at points where, as at this, there is an abundant supply of corn and forage. There should at least be one in the Trans-Mississippi Department, another in

Alabama, and another in North Carolina. Without the horse we can neither grow provisions for the army, nor move its supplies, nor keep proper watch upon the enemy. What further motive does a sagacious and patriotic government require?

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, February 10, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

Cotton Cards.—The Milledgeville Recorder understands that the increased number of machines constructed in the penitentiary for the manufacture of cotton cards will do much toward supplying a great public need, and that cards may now be had at the sale-room at the old price of six dollars a pair, half in skins and the other half in money. This is a change of the former rule, which required the whole price to be paid in skins. The Savannah Republican, for the benefit of those desiring cards on these terms (and in no other way can they be obtained at the penitentiary), states the quantity of skins, and the price to buy a pair of cards to be as follows:—For sheep, goat, dog or deer skins, raw the price allowed is twenty-five cents for 22 inches in length and 5 inches in width; and for tanned skins of the same description, the same is fifty cents. The skins must be sound, and without holes. It will take from two to three skins, according to size, to bring three dollars in exchange; the other three dollars will be received in money for a pair of cards, under the present regulation.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, February 17, 1864, p. 1, c. 8

Hint to the Ladies.—As a general thing, says an exchange, a large proportion of the socks that have been sent to this office and forwarded to the soldiers are *too small*. A tight fitting sock affords not half the comfort of a loose one, and will wear out in one third the time.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, February 19, 1864, p. 1, c. 5

A cotton card manufactory has been established at Fayetteville, N. C.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, February 20, 1864, p. 1, c. 5

A correspondent of the Atlanta Register writes from the camp of the 55th Georgia regiment a word of encouragement to the old ladies. He says:

A short time ago our quartermaster drew from the Georgia Relief Aid Association clothing for such of our men as were destitute, and could not supply themselves elsewhere. On each garment of this clothing was tucked a card, stating by whom the article was made, &c. When the clothing was received there was not enough to give each man a full suit; consequently it became necessary to make a lottery of it.

During the engagement at Missionary Ridge, private Burton Weaver was lucky enough to get a pair of shoes, but, poor fellow, he had no socks and winter was fast approaching. Accordingly, when the drawing began, he went forward to try his luck. "Fortune favors the brave"—so he drew a splendid pair of well knit, all-wool socks, with a card attached, on which was written: "These socks were knit for our soldiers by Mrs. Nancy Weaver, of Fannin county, an old lady 70 years of age, who has six boys in the army." Strange at it may appear, Burton, the youngest of the six, by mere chance drew and is now wearing those very socks; and have no doubt he appreciates them more than the possession of a dozen pair knit by strangers.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, February 20, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

A Yankee Amazon.—Ninety Yankee prisoners, part of them wounded, reached Dalton from Alabama on the 14th inst. One of the prisoners (says the Huntsville Confederate) is a

woman, disguised in masculine habiliments, and moving on crutches. She belongs to the 19th Illinois, noted for its barbarities, and claims to have been wounded at Florence, Ala., but her companions, who call her Frank, say that a dog bit her in the calf of the leg.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, February 28, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

Cow-Hair Fabric.—We have received from Mr. J. M. Wesson, President of the Mississippi Manufacturing Company, whose factory is located at Bankston, Miss., a sample of jeans made at that factory, of equal proportions of cow-hair and wool for the filling. It is a very even and handsome texture, evidently quite strong and serviceable, and we should think would make as comfortable and curable cloth for pantaloons, or for negroes' suits entire, as can be produced. The cow-hair, indeed can scarcely be detected without picking the thread to pieces. We have submitted this sample to some of our manufacturers, and their opinion of it is quite favorable. The success of this experiment (we understand it has been satisfactorily tried by a number of ladies in this section in their hand-loom) develop an important means of supply to a partial extent, [sic--due to] the scarcity of wool in the country. People should preserve the hair from their hides, and should shear their cattle late in the spring. An examination of the cloth made partially of cow-hair will satisfy them of the economy of such a course. We are satisfied that it is as warm as jeans of all wool filling, and we believe that it will be found even stronger and more lasting.—[Columbus Enquirer.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 2, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

A Glorious Girl.—An incident was related to us the other day that spoke more eloquently than words of the spirit and devotion of our Southern women. Upon the arrival of the troops at Madison, sent to re-enforce our army in East Florida, the ladies attended at the depot with provisions and refreshments for the defenders of their homes and country. Among the brave war worn soldiers who were rushing to the defence [sic] of our State, there was in one of the Georgia regiments a soldier boy whose bare feet were bleeding from the exposure and fatigue of the march. One of the young ladies present, moved by the noble impulse of her sex, took the shoes off of her own feet, made the suffering hero put them on and walked home herself barefooted. Boys, do you hear that? Will you let the glorious girl be insulted and wronged by Yankee ruffians? Never. Wherever Southern soldiers are suffering and bleeding for their country's freedom, let this incident be told for a memorial of Lou Taylor, of Madison county.—[Floridian & Sentinel.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 2, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

Miss Tucker, of Weatherford, deserves to bear off the palm. She has made with her own fair hands a pair of cotton cards, and carded, spun, wove and made her own dresses. Who can beat that.—[Texas Telegraph.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 2, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

Spirit of the Knoxville Ladies.—The Federals in Knoxville are having no easy task in subjugating the rebel ladies, if we may judge by a few instances of spirit which have come to our knowledge:

Mrs. H_____, a remarkably handsome dark eyed widow lady, was required to leave without more than an hour's notice, and no opportunity was offered her to dispose of her furniture for her own benefit. The harpies were even besieging her door, with the expectation of

appropriating the entire contents of the residence the moment she should vacate the premises. Aware of this, by some little dexterity, she kept them at bay, whilst she manufactured a loblolly, consisting of her pickles, sweet meats, wines, marmalades, preserves, &c., and deliberately spread this over her parlor carpets; broken mirrors and crockery were quickly added, whilst a bucket or two of ashes and soda completed the ruin of her household treasures, sacrificed within hearing of the enemy.

It is beyond our power of description to portray the rage and astonishment of the Yankee crew, as they rushed in to seize upon the widow's property, and became aware of the trick which had prevented them from satisfying their keenest appetite upon her "goodies."

Mrs. H_____ 's last remark to the officer, who escorted her out of town, was an admonition to him, to make haste back to her residence before his brother officers appropriated his part of the plunder, and eat his share of the entertainment she had provided for them.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 3, 1864, p. 1, c. 8

We learn from some of our lady friends that the price of calico has just advanced from \$7.50 to \$11 per yard. Let all members of the feminine institution wear their old frocks a little longer.—[Mississippian.

Please don't—they are too long already.—[Macon Confederate.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 5, 1864, p. 1, c. 5

Masquerade Skating Parties.—A New York letter says:

"A new feature of fashionable life are the masquerade skating parties that occur almost every evening on what are known as private ponds, in the upper part of the island, but more especially in Jersey City and the Jerseys. The public at large are not admitted to the charmed circle, which aim to be very select. The expense of fitting up and fencing in the ponds is defrayed by subscription, and nobody is admitted who is not known personally to the committee of arrangements. In some instances the pond is entirely covered over with canvas, so that not even the curious eye of the vulgar can view the spectacle below. Masks and fancy dresses, to meet the novel necessity thus created, are in brisk demand, therefore, and the people whose business it is to furnish them are making a good thing of it."

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 6, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

The following inquiry in the local column of the Richmond Enquirer is altogether pertinent in the good city of Mobile. Cyprians have for some time reveled in the monopoly here that is complained of in the capital of the Confederacy. If the modesty of our Lord Mayor will not be shocked by the investigation, won't he be good enough to look into it. He came into power pledged to reform and a sworn enemy to vice in all its multi-forms. Here is a chance to "pitch in" and maintain the stainless integrity of his platform:

An Inquiry—A number of citizens are anxious to know if there is not an ordinance of the City Council in existence forbidding the exhibition in hacks on the public streets of *nymphs de pave*, besmeared with paint and bedizened with ill-gotten finery. Cattle of this description nearly monopolize the public hacks, not unfrequently drive up in an ostentatious manner to the doors of places of business on Main street, and nearly always, when walking, take the best part of the pavement. If necessity demanded a law preventing darkeys from riding in hacks, and gamblers from practicing their thieving trade, surely the worthlessness alluded to should be restricted

within decent bounds when exhibiting their meretricious charms and polluted persons to the public gaze.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 8, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

The Southern Express Company.

In commons with the Press of the Confederate States generally, we have had constant occasion during the war to appreciate the services rendered by this company, which, under existing circumstances, has become one of the most useful organizations in the Confederate States, with whose services we cannot well see how the public could dispense. Our railroads are so constantly employed in Government service, that it is almost an impossibility to get freight carried by the railroad companies, as heretofore, and consequently the only reliable resource has been the Express. Every business man is aware of this. But in addition to their usual business, the services of the company have been especially beneficial to our soldiers in the several armies. Their agents have always been found as near the headquarters of our troops as possible, and through them many thousands of packages from friends at home have reached the soldiers safely, whereas without such channel of communication such welcome gifts could never have been transmitted.

The charge has been frequently made that the company has a large number of men in its employ who are liable to conscription, and that employ has been sought in it to escape service by many who ought to be in the ranks. An investigation as to the truth of this charge, says the Appeal, enable us to present the following facts:

The company has in its employ only 440 men and of these 48 are in the telegraph department working the company's line from Columbus, S. C. to Greensboro, Goldsboro, Raleigh, Weldon, and Fayetteville, N.C. and to Danville, Va., leaving 392 in the express department; and with these, they are running double daily expresses over all the railways running in the Confederate States, and to the headquarters of the armies. Of these 392, 132 were employed before the conscript act of April 1862, was passed, leaving 259 who have been employed since that time. Of this number, 34 were soldiers honorably discharged from service, 40 were physically unfit for field service, 87 were under and over the ages then called for; 23 were exempt by acts of Congress then in force; 20 were transferred from other service by which they were exempt, to this; 15 were Maryland refugees; 7 were foreign subjects; and 33, whose places could not be filled by non-conscripts, were exempted by the company under order of the Secretary of War, No. 147, June 26, 1862. In fact, but 23 persons have been kept from the field by that order through this company. Of the whole number of 440 employees but 49 were born in the Northern States, and all of these had been citizens of the Southern States for years previous to the war.

By the late military law no special exemption of the officers and attachees of the Southern Express Company is provided. The War Department of Richmond will, therefore, have to be applied to for special exemption in their favor. In view of the great benefit the company is daily rendering the country, the armies and the people, we presume there will be no hesitancy at Richmond in doing so, and we sincerely hope each action will be taken as will ensure a continuance of the express service without a moment's interruption, or its present efficiency and usefulness being impaired.

[note: numbers were hard to read]

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 9, 1864, p. 1, c. 5

A soldier who kissed a young woman in a liquor vault in London, because she stood under a mistletoe bough, was brought up in Guildhall for an assault, and notwithstanding he pleaded the custom of England, had to pay a fine of five shillings. He proved he gave the kiss, cap in hand, in the most "perlite" manner, but she did not care for that, and so he was in for five shillings.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 11, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

A Hint for Those Who Make Soldiers' Clothing.—

A soldier writing to the Statesville Express, alludes to the bad manner in which soldiers' clothing is made, and says:

Our pants, jackets and under-clothing invariably rip, after a few weeks service, into the original pieces. Then comes a little swearing and sweating, and a week's darning and stitching before we are fit to appear in public, unless we have lost all decency, and come out with a "flag of truce" flying in the rear. I would be glad if some of the women who do sewing for the soldiers would pay us a visit. I have not a doubt but they would return with many good resolutions, as well as with a pretty good knowledge of anatomy, and with the conviction that our clothing is "wonderfully" if not "fearfully" made.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 11, 1864, p. 1, c. 5

To the Friends of the Soldiers throughout the Confederacy.

Quartermaster General's Department,
Railroad Bureau,
Richmond, Feb. 20, 1864.

The FRIENDS AND RELATIVES OF SOLDIERS in the Army of Northern Virginia, are hereby notified that an arrangement has this day been effected with the Southern Express Company to carry all packages of Food and Wearing Apparel to Richmond, Va.

To secure the advantages thus obtained through the Express Company, the following instructions must be observed:

Packages must not contain more than 100 pounds, be well secured and plainly marked, and sent at the expense of the shipper to either of the Soldiers' Relief Association, which are located as follows:

In North Carolina, at Raleigh; in South Carolina, at Columbia; in Georgia, at Augusta; in Alabama, at Montgomery; or to any other point at which one of these Associations have an office.

The Agents of these Associations will there take charge of them and ship daily by Southern Express Company to the proper Agents of the respective States at Richmond, who will see them distributed to the proper individual owner.

To meet the wishes of the soldier, and to give them a certain and speedy communication with home, the Southern Express Company has agreed to give this freight preference over everything else, and in order that no obstacle may occur to the success of so laudable an enterprise, the several Railroad Companies are hereby requested to render the Express Company such facilities as will enable it to make this arrangement a complete success.

As the Southern Express Company assumes all responsibility of the transportation of

these packages, the Relief Associations are requested to withdraw their Agents who have heretofore acted as travelling messengers. If the Relief Associations will establish Agencies in the rear of other armies, they may enjoy the same privileges hereby secured to the Army of Northern Virginia.

F. W. Sims,
Lieutenant Colonel and Quartermaster.
Approved—A. R. Lawton, Quartermaster General.

Southern Express Company,
Augusta GA., Feb. 20 [23?], 1864.

The Southern Express Company hereby notify the friends and relatives of soldiers in the Army of Northern Virginia and elsewhere, that they are prepared to carry out arrangements as announced in the above official notice, and that they will do all in their power to fulfill its requirements.

James Shuter,
Sup't and Acting Pres'dt Southern Express Co.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 13, 1864

Graphic Narrative of the Federal Raid in East Mississippi—
Inhuman and Dastardly Conduct of Officers and Men.

We are permitted to make public the following private letter from a well-known and reliable gentleman, giving a graphic account of Yankee atrocities and outrages in their late raid into Eastern Mississippi.

Oh for a scourge of scorpions to lash the dastards naked through the world!

Marion, Miss., Feb. 26, 1864.

Dear R____: I write you in the expectation that there may be a chance to send it to a point where it will be mailed. The vandals have been on us, over us, destroyed us and gone, God knows where. I wrote you about the 13th, saying they were near at hand; then all was panic, confusion, dismay—our army passing, people fleeing. On Saturday night and Sunday our main infantry force passed, and in good order and spirits—surprisingly so after such a march. I had, Micawber-like, waited for something to turn up, moved nothing, hid nothing, expected to stay and take the consequences. Sunday several of our Generals breakfasted with me and advised my leaving, that I might be swung up, shot or taken North. I had no desire for either.

In haste I secured some of my papers and effects as I could take on horseback, and as the firing began at Meridian I turned my back on my home, leaving my family to suffer for me. I made what I then thought were ample arrangements to keep advised of what was happening, but remained at ten to twenty miles off for ten entire days without a word of news from home. I had, unfortunately, by jumping a la Ravel a six foot fence (pickets), in saving myself from a neighbor's dog, sprained my ankle which was so inflamed that I was on crutches [illegible] and could not scout around, and was so prevented from learning the fate of home. Rumors abounded and had every form. I was left to such and my own imagination, and years of language could not tell what I underwent. At last I saw a neighbor who had stood the storm, and learned the savages were gone. I came home on the 24th, the 11th day of absence, and I can never describe what I have seen of their work. The worst corps enclosed my dwelling in their camps—my fences were

burned, three out-houses; not a pound of meal or corn left, all my horses gone, all my cattle eaten, except one cow, my dwelling sacked, my wife *repeatedly insulted and whipped*; yes, actually whipped with a leather strap. This last act was among the first things done, about 10 A.M. Tuesday, and though she repeatedly and constantly inquired the protection of officers she received none till 4 P.M. During these six hours it was a continued scene of insult, plunder and terror. I was reported rich; money was demanded, her clothes in trunks were torn up and burned, all mine and the boys taken and worn. At 4 P.M.—Gen. Smith's Headquarters all the while in my yard in 50 feet of the house, he cursing and making she says no effort to protect her—a Major on his Staff, having more humanity than the mob over and under two captains who took up quarters in the house, and the Captains were Missourians—genteel brutes, who, like the rest, had an oath with every word—damned rebels, d---d women, cut your d---d throat, burn your d---d house, &c, &c. Where's your d---d husband, your d---d sons, were kind inquiries and threats. They remained in the yard four days and nights, moving only enough to have a new swarm of plunderers two or three times a day. The guards and the officers were equally robbers—only not so numerous. The Major (Fyan his name) she thinks was rather a gentleman; for after he promised her safety he promptly responded to every call she made. The second day came a band of courtesans—appearing first in the negro houses, there saying they were going to live in the house and strip the b----h in it. A faithful negro notified my wife, who immediately asked the Major not to allow women to come into the house, that some were threatening to do so, and he went in person and drove them off; so that, though among the worst of men, she was saved from the presence of those women. The entire yard and garden were dug for treasure, the negroes were robbed, floors near the ground taken up and the earth spaded.

A General Shaw called in the evening to inquire if it was true she had been whipped, expressing a wish to have pointed out the man, that it was an outrage that would not have happened if her d---d husband had not had liquors on his place; that the liquor was the cause of it, and if there was more he would pour it out or take it to the Commissary. Unfortunately I did have liquor, which the scoundrels drank, but except the whipping my wife was not worse treated or pillaged than others. Not a lady that I have heard speak out but what was more or less insulted, by inquiries or proposals. One lady with the grey hairs and deep wrinkles of age was embraced and caressed by one of them.

The whole mass, by all accounts, were ruffians—thousands black Dutch, who could speak none or very little English; negroes in abundance, of all ages and sexes, fresh taken and veterans—no restraint was placed on any it seems. If an officer was appealed to, he was apt to say, "our boys don't like the d---d rebels—they *will* do so. It ain't right, but its the South's fault," &c. What occurred around my place was only what happened everywhere they went. Those who stood it, can talk for days they say, and still convey but little of what they endured and saw. My wife says there were troops of boys—New York bad boys and circus followers along with learned dogs to scratch up the things lately hidden. Some of our own deserters were with them. Several acquaintances were seen and strange to say, several of our own people retired with them; among others Mrs. S. A. Coleman, President Soldiers' Aid Society (living at the Station), and her family—husband and three sons. She has been very zealous in making charitable collections for our sick soldiers, writing touching appeals for clothing, &c.

Strange to say, they did not burn the Courthouse—burnt the buildings around it, jail, &c. They burnt all cotton, gin houses, &c. Marion Station, except the dwellings, was burned; our stock of bagging and rope and other plunder, at recent prices, in value over \$50,000, with a part of our books and papers burnt, including Col. Crawford's books and furniture. Fifteen of my

negroes—four men, five women and six children, and 7 horses went. Crawford's two shoemakers, the best negroes I ever saw—more than free before—and two [illegible]. Every negro H. Meador had went. He had raised a family, the mother blind for some years, all went; left him no horse or cattle either, but did not burn his mill.

Meridian is thoroughly burned up, the Railroad destroyed to Lauderdale, and the Northeast and Southwest for 15 miles, not a straight rail that I have seen. If a man has never seen their work, it is worth a trip to look at it.

Nearly all our plates, cups, &c., went off. We were deprived of pots, ovens, &c., and have 3 forks and 5 knives out of 3 dozen of each. Our little stock of medicines was singularly respected, but we were left nothing to live on except what we could pick up from their camps when they left. I had 60 [?] bushels wheat, it was fed to their horses.—My wife had an immense supply of preserves, jellies, &c.; all went with the glasses and jars containing them. Her supply of under-clothing was torn to rags and remarkable to say, only 3 quilts taken, no bed or mattress taken, though a party of 30 came for them and the sofa; yet on her appeal to Major Fyan they were spared—some saying as they left that the house and contents would be burned anyhow. She says that at night all was quiet and nothing molested, yet during the 4 days and nights she never slept. Every one has the same tale of horror and terror. All the women are thoroughly in favor of the war now, and wishing they had hosts of sons to fight the accursed crew. Negroes were alternately persuaded and coerced to go with them; robbed, stripped, cursed, and yet the poor devils went; some assigning as a reason that they should all starve if they remained. They burned three houses in my yard and moved the negroes out of theirs to burn them—two of my old negro men, on their knees, implored them out of the notion. The buildings were near each other, old and easy to take fire, and strange as [no?] water was used to prevent it, yet no house took fire from another.

The girls dolls were seized and Mary followed crying, offering anything else in the house for the dolls and got them back, with the *mild* remark—"give the d---d little rebel her d---d dolls." No profanity, blasphemy or vulgarity was left unused. In some things I escaped well, my dwelling was not burned—several others were. Rev. Mr. Phillips' residence here, was burned without notice.—Mr. Foy was stripped of every negro, horse, his dwelling pillaged and burned, his wife ordered out by a negro with pistol cocked and told if she opened her d---d mouth he'd shoot her d---d brains out. Mr. Foy was taken possession of—told he could live two hours only—when they would hang him. 1¾ hours expired when an officer relieved him.—Citizens were robbed of their money out of their pockets; every insult and humiliation conceivable was used on all. Not a cow except some spared milker, no hog or goat to be seen—skins, heads, entrails, &c, abundant. No cock crows or hen now cackles in this old town; not a chicken, duck, turkey or goose in it, or in hearing—all around are destroyed.

My wife says that after she had been fleeced of all, they came with a mock politeness to tell her they had not anywhere east of Jackson found so many good things, so well fitted to suit them, nor no one who appeared to live so well—hoped she would fix up again soon, that they should garrison the country with negroes, and some men from the North would see to them, and they would want such things—that I was yet a rich man, and that I could hire negroes to work for me and do better than I ever did—that they could shortly have goods to sell at Meridian very cheap, and she could get such things as she had lost. They seemed to know the standing of every person, and then they pumped from every negro and child all they could. There were New York, New Jersey and Western troops here. Gen. Veitch was one of the Generals.

I am yet undecided what to do—think it likely I may decide to be a soldier while my brief

candle will hold out, that I may make some one atone for their war on women. Surely, such a people will not, like the Goths and Vandals did Rome, overrun and rule us. Can it be possible that civilization is to be extinguished in the country? Yet, we may be subjugated—it may be for a purpose. Be our fate what it may, the return of this army of plunderers, robbers, cut-throats, &c., to their homes cannot improve the people there; they are being educated to rapine, and they will be true to it. If we can only get rid of them ourselves, the North will go up in her civilization as these men will continue their course. We are bad enough—I thought unequalled; but these devils are without rivals. Their officers are prompt, industrious; ours are slow and lazy; ease and women when to be found, and whisky always.

You have never seen a country yet which has been run over by both armies. True the trains can't get above DeSoto, yet it is worth the inconvenience of a visit to see if you can come. We can make you comfortable yet, though not in the eating way, and should be mighty happy to see you.

R.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 16, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

The Paris Fashions.—A late Paris letter says that the Empress Eugenie has made some serious sumptuary edicts this season, one of which is, that every visible article of ladies' clothing must be of the same color as her gown. For instance, a lady wearing a yellow dress must wear also yellow boots, yellow gloves, yellow trimmings on her hat or bonnet, a yellow cloak and a yellow parasol. Those wearing yellow, or lilac, or blue, or green, or pink, must form into distinct groups or regiments, so as to constitute a striking coup d'oeil. So you see it will not be according to Hoyle for a ringed, streaked and speckled lady to walk along Main street with a cuire colored damsel. The female creation will be parcelled [sic] off by this law according to color, like matched horses.

A very pretty novelty in costume is about being adopted by the most stylish among young ladies. It is a long white [sic?] plaid scarf, in bright scarlet and other gay colors. This is tied around the neck, and one end left to float aside over the left shoulder, the length reaching nearly to the edge of the skirt of the cloak.

The scoop bonnet is still in full force. The brim has become very small—it still projects over the forehead, but presses closer at the sides, and is frequently tied down with a scarf, which, passing across the top of the crown, reminds us of the old time gipsy hats, of which our bonnets are either a corruption or a modern improvement. Evening bonnets are white, blue or rose color, tied down with a scarf of lace.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 16, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

Culture and Manufacture of Indigo.—Mr. Wm. N. White, of Athens, Ga., writes thus in the Southern Cultivator:

Indigo was formerly cultivated in Carolina and Georgia as a commercial staple, and an excellent article was produced. An old friend, who made a small crop of it yearly until about 1858, gives the following directions for its culture:

Plant after a heavy rain in May, in rows two feet apart in fresh land. The plants may stand one and a half inches in the row; keep the ground [illegible] after the plant blossoms, when the seed begins to form and the under leaves commence falling, cut it when the dew is on and pack in a cask, laying over it a weight, and fill the cask with water so as to cover the Indigo.

Soak it until the cut end begins to turn pink, then rinse out the weed and drain it; strain

the liquid, return it to the cask and churn it with a basket until it foams; lay the foam with a very little oil, then churn again, and continue so doing until the liquid is of a dark green color.

Pour some into a saucer, and add to a saucer half full, two or three drops or so of strong ley, when, if already churned enough, it will break, and the curd, or dark blue sediment will fall to the bottom, and the liquid will turn yellow. If it curds properly, add to the barrel about the same proportions of ley, and stir the contents well. If it does not break, add a little more ley, and stir it until it breaks and the curd forms. Let it stand for the curd to settle about twelve hours, unless the weather is very warm, but do not permit it to ferment. Then, with spiles [sic?] draw off from the top of the barrel, and when the upper one ceases to run open another, a few inches below, and so on until near the surface of the indigo, then tilt the cask until as much as possible of the water is drained off. Take out the indigo, and put it in a strong osnaburg sack; hang it up to drip until it becomes as thick as mush, when, if for home use, it may be put in little bags and kept in a jar of strong ley; if for sale, it is spread out to dry upon smooth planks or on plates.

My informant states that she has never been able to produce as good colors with the imported indigo as with that made by herself at home—About three cuttings are made during the season.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 17, 1864, p. 1, c. 6

A Good Joke.—It seems that old age and Yankee invasions have not diminished the fondness of our old friend, Judge Sharkey, of Jackson, for practical jokes. He threw the streets of Jackson into considerable consternation, a few days ago, by riding into town and reporting that there were two hundred and fifty Yankees within two miles of the place. Immediately the liquor dealers shut up shop, and others were engaged in packing up and hiding things. After a time the report was questioned, then found to be positively untrue. "Why did you tell us there were two hundred and fifty Yankees within two miles of the city?" asked several.

"There are at least two hundred and fifty, if not more, within two miles of the city," coolly responded the Judge, "but they are all buried."—[Mississippian.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 17, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

Female Spy.—Mrs. H. L. Knox, of Mobile, Ala., was brought to this city yesterday under arrest, and committed to Castle Thunder yesterday as a spy.—[Richmond Whig, 19th.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 17, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

The Nashville Union states that the poor women and children in Southwestern Missouri chop wood at sixty cents a cord.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 19, 1864, p. 1, c. 5

The Augusta cotton factory employs eight hundred hands, and manufactures twenty thousand yards of cloth a day. The company sells cloth to the Government and soldiers' families at one-third the market price.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 19, 1864, p. 1, c. 8

Who is He?—We learned that among the Confederate prisoners who reached here by the last truce-boat there was a color sergeant of a North Carolina regiment, who deserves to have his name printed in all the papers of the Confederacy, and to receive the special compliments of the President and of our whole people. He was shot down on the field of Gettysburg, where he was

subsequently picked up as a prisoner. As he fell he resolved that the Yankees should not have the colors that he had borne so proudly and so long, and stripping them from the staff he hid them in his bosom. Watching his opportunity he subsequently sewed them beneath the lining of his jacket, and has worn them ever since, and wore them home. Would someone who knows, give us the name and residence of this noble soldier.—Richmond Sentinel.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 20, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

Our Army Correspondence.
Letter from Forrest's Command.

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

Columbus, Miss., March 14, 1864.

Editors Advertiser and Register:

. . . We take our departure this morning, and I cannot refrain from asking the use of your columns for a few lines in commendation of the spirit with which we have been met by the good citizens of the place. Our reception has been most grateful indeed, and if any real acerbity of feeling has ever soured the good will of the people of the two States, as has been contended, and as some might infer occasionally from the bigoted remarks of a few ignorant and prejudiced individuals, such a feeling can no longer be observed. The ladies, especially, have been marked in their admiration so much as that there is no small honor, I can assure you, in belonging to Forest's command—the admiration of fair women for brave men. Party after party, and other especial manifestations of regard have been the order of the day. The General has been presented with a magnificent horse, and some of the gallant members of his staff with spurs. One young lady, at the expense of several fine silk dress patterns, devoted to the purpose, in order to secure all the colors, presented the General's gallant old regiment, now reduced to a battalion, with a beautiful flag. I do not know when, certainly not during the war, I have enjoyed myself more than at the elegant parties which have been given for our especial entertainment.—One of them was particularly *recherche*. To say nothing of the splendid symposium and the gay revelries of the dance itself, there was in the queenly hostess such a sunshine of welcome, such a *fortified* sense of duty in dispensing the honors of the evening, as coupled with her natural graces of person, not only rendered her the cynosure of the occasion, but made every soldier feel that he was, for the hour, at least, something more than a mere living projectile to be broken upon the enemy. . . .

Mimosa.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 22, 1864, p. 1, c. 6

Flag Presentation to the 2nd Missouri Cavalry.

Columbus, (Miss.) March 5, 1864.

Editors of News: Gentlemen—At the request of our citizens, and the ladies in particular, I enclose you for publication the correspondence concerning the presentation of a new flag to the time-worn veterans of the 2nd Missouri Regiment of Cavalry, now with Gen. Forrest, who took a conspicuous part in the last battle from Okalona to near Pontotoc.

Such heroes deserve, and will have a full niche in the temple of Fame when the war is

over, and their commander's eloquent response deserves a place in the public journals, that this, our only record, may be properly appreciated.

J.B.

Columbus, Miss., Feb. 29.

Capt. Thompson: Accept, as a feeble testimonial of our high appreciation of the patriotism and heroism of the 2d Missouri regiment, this simple flag. It is, we know, unworthy the gallant command to which we offer it, but the brief notice upon which it has been prepared is our apology for its simplicity.

Accept it as a substitute for the blood-stained banner under which your gallant comrades have so gloriously defended our liberties and our homes. Like the white plume of Henry of Navarre, we know it will be seen ever waving in the thickest of the fight, and be followed on to "victory or death."

Pattie Askew,
Annie Fort.

Will you not return to us the old flag, that we may preserve it in remembrance of our brave Missouri troops?

A.F.
P.A.

Columbus, Miss., Feb. 29th.

Ladies: Accept, through me, the thanks of the Missouri regiment for the beautiful flag presented this morning, and rest assured we will treasure it, and be as ready to follow it as we have ever been to sustain the old one.

If left to my option, I would readily comply with your request, and leave the old flag in your possession, feeling that it would, perhaps, in your hands, be safer than in ours; but as it is a regimental flag, I shall be compelled to take it back with me. I will, however, send your letter to the regiment, and should they decide to return it to you, I feel that it will be in the hands of friends.

John S. Thompson,
Captain, Co. B, 2d Missouri Vols.

Headquarters 2d Missouri Cavalry
Starksville, Miss., March 2, 1864.

Miss Annie Fort and Pattie Askew:

Ladies: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of a beautiful flag from your hands, and to thank you for myself and the gallant 2d Missouri, for the complimentary terms by which it is accompanied.

We are soldiers of too much experience to value it less because of any deficiency of gold lace or embroidery. Its simplicity is to us symbolical of our country's sorrows; and believe me, under it, as the emblem of our cause, and the token of the high esteem which you hold us, every soldier of the 2d Missouri will do his duty.

Accept, Ladies, with our thanks, the old flag of the Regiment, under which many of our truest patriots have fallen. We know we couldn't make a more appropriate disposition of that sacred relic than by committing it into the hands of the noble ladies of our land, who in a great degree inspired the valor which enabled us to preserve its honor. Time was, ladies, when such a tribute would have called forth a more eloquent acknowledgment; but the rust with which three long years of soldier life has encrusted our literature, must plead for the deficiencies of this. We

will write it in a more pleasing manner to you with the points of our swords on the breasts (or backs) of our foes, whenever an opportunity presents, and with this promise, and thanking you again and again for your noble present, myself and regiment have the honor to remain your obedient servants.

R. A. McCulloch,
Lieut.-Colonel Comnd'g 2d Mo. Cavalry.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 23, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

Mr. J. W. Young, of Eufala [sic], Alabama, has three machines in operation, invented by himself, and which turn out three hundred pairs of socks per day.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 23, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

Gen. Forrest and his Men—A Flag for the 7th Tennessee
Cavalry—Flying Rumors—Tory Depredations.
[From an Occasional Correspondence.]

Aberdeen, March 17, 1864.

. . . The young ladies of Mrs. Wallace's school showed their patriotism by making and presenting a beautiful flag to the 7th Tennessee Cavalry Regiment, in acknowledgment of their gallant defence [sic] of our homes and firesides. I think great credit is due them for the promptness and energy; for the idea was originated and carried into execution in one day. The regiment left yesterday morning, but a few of their number were detailed to stay and receive the flag when it was finished. It was presented this morning, and before 10 o'clock its graceful folds had disappeared over the red hills of Aberdeen, and laden with the kisses of the fair donors, it has perhaps ere this reached the regiment. A lady's wedding dress furnished the material for the white portion of the flag. . . .

Indigina.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 27, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

[From the Texas Telegraph.]

Of the Time for Mirth.

"To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven....A time to weep and a time to laugh."—Bible.

We know the time to mourn—we know when tears
Swell 'neath the eyelids—and when sighs have birth;
We know the time, amid life's glooms and fears,
For grief—but oh! when is the time for mirth?

We marked the shrinking cheek, the paling brow,
As they we loved passed to the "viewless bourne."
We saw the shadows press—the tide ebb low—
We need no task—we *know* the time to mourn!

We see our idols crumble on their shrines,
We feel our fancies wither like the morn,
We see each star grow clouded where it shines,
Alas! We know *too well* the time to mourn!

We know the time to mourn—we feel the knell
That sends its clanging echoes o'er the earth
He bid us weep—we know the time—But tell,
Oh life—canst tell our hearts the time for mirth.

Is it when household bands group round the door
At eventide, to watch the sun go down?
When twilight shadows dusk the shining floor,
And day, with all its weary cares, is gone?

Say is it then? alas! what band is whole?
What hearthstone hath not felt its secret pain?
What household group can hear the curfew toll,
And think not sadly on its "broken chain?"

When is the time for mirth? is it when gay
And joyous music fills the banquet hall,
And glancing forms, like airy meteors, stray
And hope and youth and beauty crown them all?

Not there! for not a heart that gathers there,
But hath a steel-beaked vulture at its core,
That feeds while yet the fair cheek seems so fair,
While yet the young feet kiss the festal floor?

When is the time for mirth? is it when bells
Awake the breathing millions of the earth
With "Victory," and loud the pean swells
Its pride? Oh life! is *that* a time for mirth?

Ah no! far, far, upon the rough field lying,
How many sleep the last, the dreamless sleep!
And you proud banner in the free winds flying
How red it gleams! so crimson! let it sweep—

And let it sweep—and let the bells peal on,
And let the glad cry rouse the echoing earth!
But dirges, for the brave, the lost, the gone,
Will come—and ah! when is the time for mirth?

Is it when sunshine lies along the grass,
And roses in the sunshine gaily bloom?
When fragrant jasmynes climb the rail? alas!
The shades, the groping shadows—how they come!

We know the time for grief—we know when tears
Will swell the eyelids, and when sights have birth,
Too oft it comes, griefs, hour, too oft it nears
Our hearts, but oh! *when* is the time for mirth?

Mollie E. Moore.

Tyler, Smith county, Texas, Dec. 7, 1863.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 29, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

We learn that a new cotton factory will soon be in operation in Russell county. The machinery, which was brought from Mississippi, is now being put up, ample capital having been promptly furnished for the purpose.—[Montgomery Advertiser.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 30, 1864, p. 2, c. 2 [Summary: "A Lady's Protest Against High Prices"—a poem, but unfortunately not all of it can be read. What's readable is cute]

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, March 31, 1864, 2, c. 3

Raid by Women.—The Abingdon Virginian says:

Last Saturday, some eight or ten women from the river hills north of this place, came to Abingdon with the avowed intention, as we understand, of *pressing* spun cotton and domestics. They are reported to have been armed with pistols and knives. They went to one or two stores, but made no very determined demonstrations. We understand they *pressed* three bunches of cotton from one merchant, but upon inquiry we found that they represented their condition was of such extreme poverty as to excite the kindest sympathies of that gentleman and he gave them the cotton. So much for that raid.

The report having gotten to the country that the raid above alluded to was successful, a party of women from the South side of the county came on Monday, and went into one of the stores of the place and *pressed* two bolts of domestic, and left for home. An officer was soon after them—arrested them, recovered the goods and brought the parties before a magistrate. Upon a hearing of the case the parties were required to give bail for their appearance, and there the matter now rests.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 5, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

We noticed on the up train on Thursday evening, quite a large number of beautiful damsels on their way to Dalton, to witness the sham battle of Gen. Johnston's army, announced for yesterday. Their presence there no doubt spread a glow of sunshine over the hearts of the gallant boys, and caused them to throb with unaffected joy. It is not often that our weather-beaten veterans have an opportunity of looking upon so much loveliness. We fancy that they almost wished that it was a real battle, that they might show the girls how easy it is to die for one's country, while beauty looks and weeps.—Marietta Rebel.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 5, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

Manufactory of Socks in Georgia.—The city of Columbus, Ga., figures most prominently among the cities and towns that are exhibiting in local enterprises and factories encouraging evidence of our ability and resources wherever we find men of faith and spirit willing to try to help themselves and the cause, without exclusive reliance on Nassau and New York. From the Columbus Times, we take some reports:

Keith, Manly & Co. have in full blast five superior knitting machines, which are run by steam and capable of turning out one thousand pairs of socks per week. It is calculated that in a short time, when they get their arrangements a little more perfected, they will be enabled to supply Johnson's army in socks. The character of their work is very superior, and reflects upon their skill and pains the utmost credit. Three of their machines are kept constantly running on soldiers' work. One machine is engaged in knitting for children or rather youths. One is engaged exclusively on ladies' stockings, and turns off as good and handsome work as the most fastidious could wish, specially when the yarn is fine and well prepared.

The yarn mostly used for soldiers' wear is prepared by the Eagle Factory, though they work up a considerable amount prepared by private hands. The finest yarn used is prepared by the Macon and Tallahassee Factories, though they have not been able to effect arrangements by which to obtain a regular supply of this material, and only use it in filling out private contracts. They also use various other qualities of yarn furnished by private individuals. The work done is generally in accordance with the material furnished.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 7, 1864, p. 1, c. 8

Cotton Card Factory.—This establishment is now in full operation. We called down on yesterday to see the mode of procedure, and were surprised to see with what dispatch a pair of cards are gotten up. Twenty pair of cards can with ease be made in one day, from rough wood, leather and wire, into perfect sets of cards.

There are but two machines in operation as yet. One is in South Carolina, which will be here in a few days—the other is expected soon from foreign parts. We are pleased to announce the fact that none of the four machines have as yet been captured by the enemy. Three of these are in the Confederacy.—[Fayetteville [N.C.] Observer.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 7, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

Death of a Louisiana Hospital Matron.

Died, of cancer, at the Providence Infirmary, in Mobile, on Sunday, April 3d, Mrs. Sarah Ann Ingersoll, aged 42 years, a native of Bayou Sara, La., and for many years a resident of New Orleans.

Mrs. Ingersoll was the relict of the late Serg't. Stephen Ingersoll, of Company D, 1st Louisiana Regiment, Adams' brigade, who was killed in the battle of Murfreesboro', on the 31st December, 1862. Without hearing of his hapless fate, she and her little daughter, of eleven years, were exiled from their humble home in New Orleans the following May, for refusing to take the Yankee oath of allegiance. Nor did she hear of her husband's death until she reached Jackson, Miss. She proceeded at once to Tullahoma, then the advance post of our army, with the vain hope of being able to reach his grave and offer the last sad tribute of affection. Finding that impossible, and her means quite limited, with a little daughter dependent on her, and her only son away in the army of Virginia, she had to look around for some way to make a support. She went to Atlanta and found employment as matron to the Roy Hospital, where she remained four

months. From there she went to Marietta, where she was employed as Assistant Matron in the Louisiana Ward of the Academy Hospital. It was while there that her fatal disease first made its appearance. After serving three months she became completely disabled, and asked to be sent to the more genial climate of Mobile. She entered the Providence Infirmary on the 8th of February, and soon afterwards a consultation of able medical men pronounced her case to be utterly hopeless. All that could be done was to endeavor to palliate her sufferings, and smooth her pathway to the grave. This was done as far as possible by the medical attendant, with the benevolent aid of the good Sisters of Charity. Her sufferings were inevitably great, but she bore them with truly Christian fortitude, until death, the great conqueror, came, a welcome visitor to her. Thus died this good and patriotic woman who, like her brave husband, fell in the service of their country. They had moved in the humble walks of life, her husband being an honest mechanic, a painter, of New Orleans. But, what a contrast does their self-sacrifice present with the large number of the *higher walks*, who have succumbed to the barbarous Northern invader, and deserted their country in her days of peril!

Mrs. Ingersoll's remains were escorted to the grave by a number of Louisiana soldiers. Her son belongs to the 5th Regiment Louisiana Volunteers—was captured at the battle of Gettysburg—and has been imprisoned at Fort Delaware ever since, unless recently released. Her pretty and intelligent little daughter will surely not lack friends while her country remains free, and her countrymen revere the memory of its heroes and martyrs.

Louisiana Exile.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 7, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Cotton Cards and Knitting Pins.
H. & M. Marx,
No. 73....Dauphin Street....No. 73

Have just received a lot of genuine Whittemore's Cotton Cards and best Steel Knitting Pins.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 8, 1864, p. 1, c. 6

Camp 1st Missouri Brigade,
Lauderdale, Miss., April 5th, 1864.

Editors Mobile Evening News:

. . . Since camping many improvements are being made for our convenience in camp. Tents have been pitched, sheds, huts, awnings "*chebangs*", tables, stools, beds, etc. made. I have a diminutive tabernacle which probably has not its model in the Confederacy. Last night an affair occurred which I think deserves a record. After dark some of the men set fire to some pine burs, and commenced throwing them at each other. This at once suggested a sham battle. Ector's brigade is camped within 200 yards of, and parallel to our brigade. Several hundred of them lighted their burs, formed in line of battle, and challenged us for a fight. Volunteers from the 2d, 6th, 5th and 3d Missouri regiments formed and attacked them in front, the 1st and 3d cavalry flanked them on the right, and the 1st Missouri flanked them on the left. The engagement surpasses description!—Imagine a thousand blazing pine burs flying meteor-like, past and athwart each other, through the air, the charge and the retreat, amid the deafening cheers of the combatants, and some idea will be formed of the brilliancy of the scene. "Look! look! how

beautiful!" we exclaimed, as we beheld it. It reminded us of the bomb-shells which were poured upon the city of Vicksburg during the siege. When prisoners were captured, a truce was agreed to, and an exchange made. The boys have it that Gens. Cockrell and Ector commanded their respective brigades. Be this as it may, officers (?) were numerous enough, judging from the number of commands of "Forward; up men!" I believe the Texans were finally driven to their tents, and the battle ended very amicably. It may be denominated the battle of the "Pine Burs." Large quantities of ammunition is being prepared preparatory to another engagement tonight. . . .
Crow.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 8, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

Army of Tennessee, March 30, 1864.

. . . The 38th Alabama Regiment having lost its flag at "the Ridge," has gotten a new one. Its colors are quite glaring and showy. It bears the following inscriptions—Hoover's Gap, (I believe) McLemore's Cove, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Crowe's Valley, and Rock Face Mountain. This is certainly settling up business on the full extent of one's capital, if not using borrowed funds. The regiment was, to be sure, at Hoover's Gap, but nobody of the regiment except Captain Posey was actually in the fight. The regiment was neither fired at, nor visible to the enemy, nor did it fire a gun. At McLemore's Cove, one company, perhaps two, of the regiment, was deployed as skirmishers. I do not think they fired a gun, or were fired at. The Cove affair was a complete fizzle all round the board.

The regiment has no claim to Rock Face Mountain. Not a man of the regiment was so much as on the Mountain, much less in the fight there, except Capt. Posey and thirteen of his men. But why do I make this correction? Simply because the truth is always sacred, and the truth of history is especially worth preserving. He is a guilty man who, even by his silence, allows it to be misstaged. I do not know who "got up" the inscriptions, but that does not alter the case. . . . Sharpshooter.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 14, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

Knapsacks have fallen into general discredit and disuse in the Confederate armies, and in division [sic? derision] of them the soldiers call them "hand organs." Whenever a company or regiment is seen marching with "knapsacks slung" the taunt is sure to follow: "I say, you've got your organs; where's your monkey? You left them behind, expecting to find bigger and better monkeys down here," &c.

A blanket and oilcloth twisted into the shape of a boa constrictor, and slung about the shoulders of the soldier, is the light equipment for heavy, rapid marching now.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 15, 1864, p. 1, c. 6

Cotton Cards.—We dropped in at the cotton card factory yesterday, and found four machines running by steam, and another almost ready to be put in operation. Forty pairs of beautiful cards are turned out daily, and in a short time the number will be considerably increased.—Mississippian, Selma.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 15, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

Fashions.

We believe the ladies like to know and read about the fashions of the outside world, albeit they are denied a very extensive indulgence in the latest modes. At the risk of making (as the children say) "their mouths water," we copy the following fashion article for the month of April, from the *New York News*, of the 2d instant:

The Fashions.

Surely the milliners flourish this season. The remark is called forth by the number and beauty of the bonnets we constantly see in the showrooms of all our fashionable milliners. Never within our memory has there been such quantity and quality of bonnets--and, indeed, this is true of every species of wearing apparel. There is a perfect carnival of dry goods. Bonnets, cloaks, shawls, scarfs [sic], mantles, dress good are more beautiful, of finer quality, and at infinitely higher prices than has ever before been known on this continent. Why is it? What is the reason of the immense orders on foreign marts, and daily increase in demand for new goods and novel styles? Are we on the threshold of a terrible revolution? Like the dolphin, do we show our brightest and loveliest hues in the struggle before death? But avaunt, thou horrid spectre [sic]! Surely the Fashion Column is no place to discuss the bugbear politics. Turn we to daintier and more pleasing themes.

In the course of our peregrinations this week, in search of new bonnets, we happened in a new, bright charming little place, more like a boudoir than a show room, at No. 585 Broadway, where we saw the handiwork of an old time favorite, Mrs. Mulchinock. There was one bonnet in particular, to view which ladies are tripping from all directions; and not to be behind the times we here give our readers the benefit of our observations: The bonnet is called the "Night Blooming Cereus," and so far as we have been able to find out, is the only one in the city. It is the finest white chip, exquisitely beautiful, and trimmed on the outside with a bouquet of the rare and beautiful "Night Blooming Cereus." The flower is made of threads of pearl and white silk, sprinkled over with dewdrops, so natural as to deceive the most practical eye at first. It is fastened to the bonnet with a pearl clasp, curtain of white blonde, face trimmings white star flowers set in illusion, and duings [sic?] of white ribbon.

Another beautiful bonnet, in which simplicity and elegance are equally combined, is of fine white split straw, imported, having a curious straw trimming, edged with black lace, around the front. The outside trimming consists of a peculiar straw cord and tassel of black and white, tied in a bow on the side, near the crown, the tassels drooping over the crown. With this bow are mixed straw flowers, black grass, and lace. The curtain is of black lace; the face trimmings scarlet geraniums, with black grass pointed with beads; and the strings of black ribbon. This bonnet is particularly suitable for a tall lady of bright, dark complexion.

For a full dress bonnet the following is exquisite: White illusion skirted with scarlet strings and illusion streamers; on the side a bouquet of scarlet and veined tulips, set in tulle, with a black lace tarte [sic?] floating from the centre [sic]. Lace trimmings of yellow moss rosebuds, and black oats, set in a tulle ruching. At the same establishment we saw the following head dresses, of the style so much in demand for every description of evening dress--ball, reception or dinner dress. A scarlet velvet coronal, with illusion streamers, and a bunch of green French grass over the top and at the back. Head dress of pale pink ribbon, with a bouquet of blush roses on the left, and a white ostrich plume on the right; tulle streamers at the back, and one end of ribbon fastened with a pearl ornament.

At a time when everybody is having new Spring dresses made, it may be well to describe

the following, which we saw at a well known and fashionable dress-maker's--Walking dress of black rep silk, with a narrow row of fluting round the bottom, headed by a narrow black lace, through the centre [sic] of which was drawn a narrow purple ribbon in such a manner as slightly to full the lace and give it the appearance of a ruching. Above this was a broad lace over a purple ribbon; and surmounting that a ruching of lace the same as before described. The corsage was high necked; buttoned down the front, with double points; and three small postillions behind, which were trimmed the same as the skirt, except the fluting of which there was none. For evening dress--to be worn at dinner or a home party--a dress of native silk, with a narrow flounce of black lace, headed by insertion, over white ribbon, placed round the bottom of the skirt, was very rich and beautiful. The corsage was cut square Pompadour behind and in front, and worn with a Pompadour chemisette of puffed tulle. Around the top of the corsage was a row of insertion over white ribbon. The sleeve was half open coat pattern, similarly trimmed and worn with a lace undersleeve.

The season for balls is drawing rapidly to a close, but for that very reason habitues of the ballroom are paying more than ordinary attention to full dress costumes, in order to disappear like the sun in a sea of splendor. A dress of salmon-colored, moire antique, low-necked and short sleeved, is thus trimmed: Festoons of black laces in double rows, on the skirt, looped up at short intervals with bouquets of scarlet poppies and wheat ears. Corsage and sleeves trimmed to match. A great variety of little jackets, with silk skirts, are worn for the house. These jackets are always open in front, sloping off very short at the skirt, and rounded or pointed at the back, according to fancy. They are usually made of silk of all colors, trimmed with rows of black lace, [hole in paper] over ribbon of some bright, contrasting color [hole] the most part, the vest beneath is of light satin or velvet; but as the cold weather recedes still farther, those will doubtless be exchanged for underwaists of tucked muslin and puffed tulle.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 17, 1864, p. 1, c. 3

Letter from Georgia.

Atlanta, Ga., April 13, 1864.

. . . Athens is just now crowded with refugees—principally from Tennessee. Among those I met was Maj. Wallace, President of the East Tennessee and Knoxville Railroad—who succeeded, on the evacuation of Chattanooga, in saving all his cars and machinery, and is now using them to great advantage to the cause, in transporting Government stores, provisions, etc., from Augusta toward Virginia, for the use of the army in that State.

The State University, located here, is now closed, but the worthy Chancellor, Rev. Dr. Lipscomb recently of Alabama, is making himself very useful in his vocation. A High School for boys has been established in the University buildings and is in successful operation. There is besides a very flourishing female seminary in the town and every sabbath evening the pupils of both schools assemble in the University chapel where they are treated to a familiar and instructive lecture, from Dr. Lipscomb. These meetings have become so popular as to tempt many of the townspeople to attend them. There is a small paper mill near here owned by an old typo and publisher, Mr. Chase. His mill turns out excellent paper at a moderate price for the times, and were his facilities equal to his wishes the crying demand of publishers for "paper, paper," would soon cease. I only regret that his mill is not as large as his heart. An illustration of his strict probity was given me by a publisher of the Press Association who said that he had a

large order at his mills last season for paper, that directly after it was given, and before any of it was delivered, the prices of paper all over the Confederacy advanced fully 25 per cent., that fearing he might be disappointed in his supply, he saw or wrote to Mr. Chase that he was willing and thought it right to pay the advance for the paper which had not been manufactured, but that gentleman declined to receive more than the price demanded when the order was taken, and sent forward the whole amount at that rate.

Atlanta is just now a dark place. There is no gas wherewith to light the city at night, and a difficulty between the typos and publishers, has shut off the supply of newspapers by day. The telegraph has informed you of the causes of this last trouble, and I need not particularize. The ubiquitous newsboy was, for once, invisible to-day, and anxious and disappointed people were besieging the various publishing offices clamorous for news, but the closed doors gave no reply, save the printed announcement that the publishers had unitedly determined to resist the demands of the Typographical Union, and proposed to stop publication until new arrangements could be made.—However, later in the day, a small bulletin sheet, entitled "The Atlanta Press," and containing the news by telegraph and local matters, was seen in the streets and eagerly bought up. I presume this course will be pursued until the papers are able to resume their usual issues.

The printers claim that board is enormous in Atlanta (from fifteen to twenty dollars more per week than in Mobile), and that they could not live at the rates paid, which were twenty-five cents less per thousand ems than we have been for some time paying in Mobile, while our charges for subscription and advertising and sales have been and are much less than Atlanta rates. It is not the desire for increased pay, however, that the papers here object to, but it is more to the style and manner of the demand. Had the printers in each office, or even the Typographical Union as a body, communicated the facts to the publishers and asked for an increase in pay equal to the increased cost of living, the amount of increase to be determined after a free interchange of views between the several parties interested, I am quite certain that the whole matter could have been managed to mutual satisfaction and without the unpleasant occurrences which have taken place or the unpleasant consequences which may follow.

Marietta from whence I have just returned does not look much like the town of yore when it was the favorite summer resort for families in lower Georgia and from the South Carolina coast. The main hotel building has been transformed into a Hospital, and other buildings on the square have been similarly disposed of. Lame, wounded and convalescent soldiers are seen on every side, and other evidences of the pressure of "grim-visaged war" abound.

While here I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Col. Wm. Phillips, a wealthy citizen of Marietta, and President and one of the largest owners in the Marietta paper Mill Company, the management of whose affairs he has personally undertaken. Col. Phillips has seen service in the field, having commanded the Legion which still bears his name, in the first battle of Manassas, and only retired on account of the failure of his health. Several war worn veterans of his company who were home on furlough, called upon him while I was present, and it did me good to see the warm and cordial greeting interchanged between them. Such evidences of esteem and affection on the part of soldiers for their officers, are the highest compliments that can be paid the latter—for he is the best officer who cares most and does most for the welfare of his men.

The Marietta Paper Mills, though among the very best in the Confederacy, and though the Government and newspapers are clamorous for paper, are not working up to their full capacity. The cause of this is the want of hands, some of their best paper makers having been conscribed into the service. This ought not to be so. Government should unhesitatingly detail the necessary

force to keep every mill in the Confederacy at work to its full capacity.

The change in the currency, the new military law or something else, has put a remarkable check to travel. Railway cars which used to be crowded to excess, are hardly half-filled now, and the hotels have abundance of room for all their guests.—Speaking of hotels, the Trout House here has recently changed hands and has been greatly improved thereby. The table is much better and the prices are considerably reduced. If the proprietor would renovate his rooms and pay a little more attention to the bedding, this hotel would be a very good one for the times.

C.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 20, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

Miss Dr. Mary E. Walker.—The correspondent of the Macon Confederate writes from Tunnel Hill, on the 14th:

We've seen the Doctor! Yes, sir, we've seen her. *Have seen who?* "Miss Mary E. Walker, M. D., Extra Surgeon, 53d Regiment Ohio Volunteers, McCook's Brigade." So she styles herself, and so she is styled in orders assigning her to duty.

Some weeks since the Yankee papers, with much flourish, announced the "young, beautiful and accomplished" M.D.'s arrival in Chattanooga. We read the announcement, smiled, and—thought of it no more. You may imagine our surprise when, to-day our pickets sent in the Doctor *herself*.

She is apparently of about twenty eight or thirty summers; a little worn, but still passably good looking. Hair dark and gathered under a net. Figure about five feet six, and rather thin.

Her costume is as novel as her position. "Bloomer" costume of blue broadcloth, trimmed with brass buttons; Yankee uniform hat, with cord tassels; Surgeon's green silk sash, worn over the right shoulder and across the breast, fastening on the left side. Over her frock she wore a blue cloth military overcoat and cape. Lastly, she wore boots (and here let me say that, in respect to feet, there was more of her person parallel to the earth than strict rules of beauty would require), plain calf skin boots over her pants, and reaching to the bottom of her dress.

When taken she was near our picket lines with the purpose, as she states, of sending some letters through the lines. She was mounted on a small and rather indifferent looking horse, ("if you have tears to shed prepare to shed them now,") Yes, sir—I say it—I say she was riding a man's saddle with--*one foot in each stirrup*.

The Doctor, along with her stirrups, got her foot in it this time. She appeared a little embarrassed—to her credit, be it said—but answered promptly and intelligently.

She has in her face a demeanor the "unrectified Yankee" but her manners are better than those of the majority of her tribe.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 22, 1864, p. 1, c. 5

Southern Ingenuity—A new machine has recently been invented by Mr. O. D. Pease, an employee of the Naval Iron Works at Columbus, Ga., which manufactures knitting needles, almost as fast as a man can pick them up. He has already turned out no less than sixty thousand setts [sic] of these needles, besides faithfully performing all his regular duties as a government employee during business hours. Mr. Pease had many difficulties to contend with before he was able to get the machine in operation, but at last has been able to produce an article equal, if not superior, to those that are imported. As there is a great demand for knitting needles, business men will do well to procure a supply of the different sizes, so that there need be no delay in furnishing our soldiers with plenty of socks on account of wanting the needles to knit them with.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 22, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

Two women, sisters, who had at different times eloped with married men from Youngtown, Pa., and being deserted went back there to reside, have been tarred and feathered by the female inhabitants of the town.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 22, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

[From the Texas Telegraph.]

. . . Very well; but now to the incident foreshadowed. On a certain occasion, my friend's company was ordered out, with other forces, to check an anticipated raid of the enemy. They went, of course, and it so happened that they were then in the vicinity of Gaines' Mill, where thousands of the enemies of our country had left their imbecile bodies in the implacable arms of death. Unlike ourselves, the living had simply buried their dead on the top of the ground, or so shallowly that arm and leg bones and skulls were plenty and rather in the way. Our boys had seen nothing of the enemy. The scouts reported that nothing could be seen or heard of them. The boys were not weary, but thirsting, so to speak, for something to do, and one proposed they should have a game of ten pins. The proposition seemed ill-timed and unreasonable; so another asked, "how can this be done here, where the bones and skulls of our enemies are lying around us?" "Easy enough," replied the eccentric and original, "the thigh and leg bones scattered around will answer for pins and the skulls will suit for balls."

The strangeness of the proposition, together with an inexpressible interest all felt in it, won the day, and soon the pins were set up, and the skulls filled with sand to give them specific gravity, care being taken to select the round skulls (a rather difficult thing to find among Yankees), and thus our revellers [sic] bowled away for several hours. Just think of it! The invaders of our country having fallen in battle—their bones left by their own friends to cumber the surface of the earth, and our glorious boys meeting with these harmless relics, made them still subserve for the enjoyment of an idle hour. To tell the truth, I should like to have been there to participate. I think at every bowl I should have shouted one more cry for Liberty! and have rolled the balls with a vehemence unusual. The pastime was something so unusual, so piquant, so rich, recherche—like Byron's drinking wine from a skull—that to me doting upon graveyards and delighting in wrecks as I do, the narrative gave exquisite pleasure. This is one of the pleasant features of the Death Dance now going on. Who will get tired first?

Tom Anchorite.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 23, 1864, p. 1, c. 6

Funeral Procession of Women.—The editor of the *Milwaukie* [sic] Wisconsin attended the funeral of Mrs. Beauregard in New Orleans, with a gentleman of extensive acquaintance in that city and intense rebel sympathies. He wrote:

After Catholic service at the house the body was to be carried to the family tomb of the Delondes, on their plantation, some thirty miles above New Orleans.

When the coffin was placed on the magnificent funeral car, the procession was formed of women. It was a mile long. Not a carriage was allowed, and the first ladies of New Orleans walked in the procession. My friend said they were the very *elite* of the city, dressed with elegance, but mostly in vestures of mourning. There were some gay dresses among the eleven hundred women who followed the remains to the boat. There was scarcely a man in the

procession; there were many present, but they walked apart. United [?] in the procession the British and French officers of the two war ships in the stream. They were sandwiched among the women. To me it was an interesting sight to witness a procession of ladies only, and all of the best society. As my friend was known to be an intense rebel, I was considered the same, and so when I passed through the throng I was, as it were, kindly greeted. I had thus a better opportunity to see the old residents of New Orleans than if I had attended twenty parties or twenty operas.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 23, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

"Gallant Coffee."—Two distinguished "ossifers" of this Confederacy, while on the way from Houston to this port, lately stopped for breakfast at the residence of an old lady who has three sons in the army. Not relishing her Confederate coffee, they procured some "sure enough coffee" from their private stores. Their gallantry led them to offer a portion to the good lady of the house, accompanied with this remark: "This coffee, madam, was captured by our gallant soldiers in the Teche country." The madam looked daggers at our heroes, and not only refused to accept any of the said beverage, but patriotically exclaimed: "If our gallant soldiers captured it, why don't our gallant soldiers get a chance to drink it!"—[Cor. Texas Telegraph.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 24, 1864, p. 1, c. 4

[For the Register and Advertiser.]

In a recent letter from the Army of Tennessee I was led into an error by relying upon the statement of another person. I remarked, in regard to the new flag of the 38th Alabama Regiment, that it had, among other inscriptions upon it, the names of Hoover's Gap, McLemore's Cove and Crowe's Valley. I am informed now that it has not any of these names upon it. I, therefore, desire to admit that I committed an indiscretion in making a statement upon hearsay evidence, in which I have so little confidence, that I rarely state a mere *on dit* upon such authority.

I have never read the inscriptions upon the flag of the 38th, nor have I closely examined it. Once in passing near the regiment, I saw the flag, and noticed that it had many inscriptions upon it. I asked a by-stander, who, as I recollect and believe was an officer of the 38th, what names it had on it. He called them over, and among them were the names above mentioned. I took his word for it, and did not take the trouble to verify the correctness of it by a personal examination. Therein I was wrong, and I regret my misplaced confidence. This is the whole story. Hereafter I shall not trust in anybody's statement in regard to anything.

But the omission of Hoover's Gap and McLemore's Cove on the flag only proves the justness of my criticism. It is an admission that the regiment has no title to these inscriptions.

In regard to "Rock Face Mountain," it is said that the affair between us and the Yankees on February 25th, near Dalton, is designated in official reports as the affair of Rock Face Mountain. If so, the name of Rock Face Mountain is properly upon the flag, though the regiment was not on the mountain but in Crowe's Valley.

I have not yet read the inscriptions upon the flag, but the weight of evidence is that it does not contain the names, I supposed to be on it, from the statement of my informant. So soon as informed of my error, I hasten to correct it. It shall be an admonition which I shall not forget, that I cannot safely take anybody's word for a fact, even though he be an officer. Hereafter, I

shall, like "doubting Thomas," see and feel for myself.

Sharpshooter.

Army of Tennessee, April 19, 1864.

P.S. I am informed that one of the 38th wishes to know the name of the author of "Sharpshooter." If he pledges himself to challenge "Sharpshooter," let him have his name, by all means. S. S.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 24, 1864, p. 1, c. 5

Colts and Children.

An exchange paper tells of a man who last summer had four colts pasturing on a neighboring farm. At least once in two weeks he got into a wagon, and drove over to see how his juvenile horses fared. He made minute inquiries of the keeper as to their health, their daily watering, &c. He himself examined the condition of the pasture; and when a dry season came on, he made special arrangements to have a daily allowance of meal, and he was careful to know that this was regularly applied.

This man had four children attending a district school kept in a small building erected at the cross-roads. Around this building on three sides is a space of land six feet wide; the fourth is on a line with the street. There is not an out-house or a shade tree in sight of the building. Of the interior of the school-house we need not speak.—The single room is like too many others, with all its apparatus arranged upon the most approved plan for producing curved spine, compressed lungs, and ill-health.

We wish to state one fact only. The owner of those colts, the father of those children, has never been in that school-house to inquire after the comfort, health, or mental feed daily dealt out to his offspring. The latter part of the summer we chanced to ask, "who teaches your school" and the reply was, "He did not know, he believed her name was Parker, but had no time to look after school matters."

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 24, 1864, p. 1, c. 8

The editor of the Wilmington Journal says he is going to take advantage of the first holiday "to go gunning after bull-frogs with a rake." He adds: "We have an idea that the food resources of the country, in the way of fresh meat, are not fully understood, and, of course, not half developed. We know that the hind-quarters of a bull-frog are very nice, and even delicate eating."

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 26, 1864, p. 1, c. 6

The Eagle Manufacturing Company of Columbus, Ga., still continues its good deeds and charitable works. It employs several hundred operatives, and supplies them with bacon at fifty cents, lard at fifty cents, meal at \$1 50, flour at fifteen cents, chickens at fifty cents, and other articles at similar prices.

The free school which the Company established sometime since, and which we have before made mention of, is still carried on by them at their own expense. There are at present over three hundred children in attendance, being fitted to become honorable and useful members of society.

The example of the Eagle Company is a praiseworthy one and is worthy of a wide imitation—[Chronicle and Sentinel.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 27, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

The latest Paris fashion in ladies' dress is, for out of doors, a garment cut very like a man's great coat, fitting close, and covered with brass buttons—buttons not only for use but for ornament, some of them even being stuck on the shoulders. Several ladies are to be met in the street with this strange vestment, but the multiplicity of buttons, which glare finely, produces an effect more strange than agreeable.

At a fancy dress ball in Paris, recently, a lady was seen in a very low-necked dress, wide, floating, and waving an abundance of green gauze. She was politely asked by a gentleman what she personated. "The sea, Monsieur." "At *low tide*, then, Madame." The lady blushed and the gentleman smiled.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, April 28, 1864, p. 1, c. 8

A female soldier has been arrested in Green Bay, Wis., who sports a light mustache, speaks two or three languages, circulates counterfeit money, and does not like her husband well enough to live with him.

A woman has been carrying on a curious confidence game in Milwaukie [sic], Green Bay, &c. Wis. She dressed in male attire, married young ladies, and ran away with their money.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, May 1, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

Cotton and Woolen Cards.—There has been established lately in the city of Richmond a manufactory of cotton and woolen cards. The machines, three in number, are now in full operation on Cary street, below 5th, over Singer's sewing-machine factory.

The cards turned out are equal to the best English cards we have ever seen. They are three and a quarter inches wide, by twenty in length.—There are eighty-eight teeth in every square inch, and four hundred and seventy six feet six inches of wire in each card, thirty pair of which are turned out per day. It is estimated that each machine will make seventy-five thousand teeth in ten hours, the three working up eleven thousand two hundred and fifty feet of wire.

The demand for these cards is very pressing; already the company have been applied to enter into contracts for the delivery of a large quantity to the Confederate Government, and also to the State of Virginia. The shares of stock have already risen very considerably, and seem to be still rapidly on the increase.—[Columbus Times.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, May 5, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

Letter from Montgomery.
The Hospitals of Montgomery—The Soldier's Home,
or Ladies' Hospital—Stonewall Hospital—Madison
Hospital—St. Mary's Hospital—Concert Hall—
Wayside Home, &c., &c.

Montgomery, April 30, 1864.

I took a stroll this morning among the Hospitals of this city, and thought a general sketch of their whereabouts and condition, with their general capacity, might not be entirely

uninteresting at this time.

The Soldiers' Home, under the management of the ladies of Montgomery, with Mrs. Judge B. S. Bibb as President, is one of the very best conducted institutions of the kind in the Confederacy. It was the first established in this city, and has ever been deservedly popular among the sick and wounded soldiers. For a considerable time it was supported entirely by the voluntary contributions of the citizens, and has had at one time within its enclosure over four hundred patients. The unwearied care and skillful attention of surgeons and nurses have resulted in the restoration to health and service of a very large number of soldiers, who would, under ordinary circumstances, have died or been disabled.—There are this day but 145 patients in this institution, some fifty having been returned to the army during the last week.

To show the comparative state of the several Hospitals here, I submit the following brief statement:

Ladies' Hospital—Patients, 145; cooks, 5; nurses, 14; matrons, 4; laundresses, 7; surgeons, 3.

Stonewall Hospital—Patients, 81; cooks, 10; nurses 13; matrons, 4; laundresses, 13; surgeons, 4.

Madison Hospital—Patients, 77; cooks, 6; nurses, 23; matron, 1; ward masters, 2; laundresses, 6; surgeons, 4.

St. Mary's Hospital—Patients, 112; cooks, 4; nurses, 26; matrons, 5; laundresses, 7; surgeons, 4.

Total now in Hospitals—Patients, 415; cooks, 26; nurses, 76; matrons, 14; laundresses, 31; surgeons, 15.

In addition to these institutions, there is an establishment fitted up for the reception of patients by the General Superintendent, Dr. J. W. Gentry, and known as Concert Hall, which, in time of need, can accommodate a respectable number of patients. The capacity of these united institutions will be little short of 2,000. Besides these, there is the Wayside Home, where the weary and hungry soldiers, as he passes through the city, can always find a wholesome meal and a night's repose.

The liberality of the citizens, or, we might better say, their *just appreciation of the soldier*, has been no where more strikingly manifested than in the little city of Montgomery. The citizens give of their means liberally, cheerfully and continuously. They have not wearied in well doing. And Montgomery has the honor of having first started a home for the orphan children of our soldiers. Over one hundred thousand dollars have been subscribed in this city for this noble charity. May we not, in the language of the good book, say to every other city, town and county, "Go ye and do likewise"?

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, May 11, 1864, p. 1, c. 6

Who Can Beat It?—We are informed by a reliable gentleman, that Miss Nancy Neely, daughter of Mr. James Neely, of this county, wove twenty yards of cloth on Friday last, between sun-up and sun-down. Who cares if the Yankees do blockade our ports as long as we have such girls in the Confederacy? Is there another young lady in the county, State or Confederacy that can weave twenty yards of cloth per day?—[Brandon Republican.

In a walk about the city a day or two ago, we dropped in at the Card Factory of our enterprising fellow-citizen, J. M. Keep, and looked over the establishment. He has now four machines running, which turn out from 20 to 50 pairs per day. He prepares all the wire in the establishment, drawing it to the proper size from coarse wire, but is nearly ready to manufacture

it from the common bar iron.

For the information of our readers we obtained from him his terms, prices &c. He sells the cards at \$8 per pair. He takes tanned sheep and other skins at fifty cents per square foot, and untanned at from one dollar to one dollar and fifty cents per skin, according to quality, in payment. His orders are far ahead of his manufacturing facilities, but other orders will be filled as above as rapidly as possible.—[Selma Reporter.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, May 12, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

[Correspondence.]
Battle-Flag of the 8th Alabama.

Headq'rs 8th Ala. Regiment,
Near Orange C. H., Va.
April 8th, 1864.

Sir: I have the honor herewith to transmit to you the tattered old battleflag of the 8th Alabama Regiment. It waved at Yorktown, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Gaines' Mills, Frazier's Farm, Manassas 2d, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. Four of Alabama's noblest sons have died with it in their hands. Two hundred and twenty eight have, under it in battle, sealed, with their life's blood their devotion to their country's cause. Besides these, those, who have shed their blood, while battling under its folds, are counted by the hundred.

This regiment was the first from the State that volunteered "for three years or the war." On the 29th of January last it re-enlisted, unconditionally, "for the war." At the expiration of our first term of service, which we look back to with proud feeling, that Alabama's name and fame, in our hands, has not been tarnished in a single combat, it has seemed fit to us to transmit to you, the watchful guardian of Alabama's weal and honor, this battle scarred flag. In summer's heat and winter's storm its brilliant hues have faded. By shot and shell its bright threads have been severed. Worn out in service, we present it to you as a token of our past and an earnest of our future conduct.

Respectfully.

H. A. Herbert,
Lt. Col. com'dg 8th Ala. Reg't.

To His Excellency Thos. H. Watts, Governor of Alabama.

Executive Department of Ala.,
Montgomery, April 12, 1864.

Lt. Col. H. A. Herbert, commd'g 8th Regiment:

Dear Sir—By the hands of Lieut. Dunn, I have received your letter, and the flag which accompanied it. In behalf, and in the name of the people of Alabama, I accept this tattered and torn flag, as the emblem of a noble cause, and the memento of deathless deeds by Alabama's dauntless sons. The sadness occasioned by the knowledge, that so many brave Alabamians have lost their life blood in defense of its honored folds, is turned into admiration for the heroism of its immortal defenders. Though its once "brilliant folds have faded in the summer's heat and winter's storms, and though it, now, shows the havoc made in its bright threads by shot and shell," still, it will be preserved and doubly dear, on account of these evidences, at once, of

Yankee perfidy and Confederate prowess.

While Alabama looks with a mother's pride, on all her battle-scarred heroes, she rejoices in the truth, that none have shown more devotion to the calls of freedom, and none are entitled to more grateful remembrances and praises, than those of the 8th Alabama, and none will receive a heartier welcome home, when peace shall crown their efforts in behalf of liberty and independence.

I have the honor to remain

Your friend and obt. serv't,

T. J. Watts,

Governor of Alabama.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, May 13, 1864, p. 1, c. 6

"At the Sanitary Fair in New York the married ladies are distinguished by black aprons, the unmarried by white; California and other widows by aprons hemmed with yellow."

And this leads us to remark that we regard such a distinction as decidedly lacking in true modesty. It is an attempt to combine matrimonial speculation with charity, and shows that our women are partaking largely of the demoralization which has taken possession of society. In other days no truly modest, sensitive lady would allow herself to be thus labeled—to appear in public with "To Let," or "Taken," or "Just Vacated, and to Let Immediately," conspicuously ticketed on her as a part of her attire.—[Chicago Times.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, May 14, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

Camp Elton, Lowndes County, Miss.,

May 11th, 1864.

. . . Miss Belle Edmondson has been arrested and sent to Alton.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, May 14, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

Wrapping Paper!

35 reams PRINTED HEAVY BOOK PAPER, of sizes suitable for Grocers, Bakers and Butchers' use. For sale in large or small lots to suit purchasers by

F. L. Cherry, 98 Dauphin st.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, May 15, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

The knitting factory of J. Judge & C., of Columbia, S. C., turns out from 2,500 to 3,000 pairs of socks per day. Seventy hands are employed in the factory, and some five or six hundred at their own houses in finishing them after the knitting is done.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, May 15, 1864, p. 3, c. 3

[From the Houston Telegraph, April 23.

Mansfield, La., April 15, 1864

. . . I yesterday visited the several hospitals in this vicinity, seeking some of our Texas boys. . . The streets of this city are daily thronged with the ladies carrying food and comfort to the

sufferers. They watch over them with all the affection of mothers and sisters. Surrounded by all the horrors of war, the daughters of Louisiana prove ministering angels in the cause of suffering humanity, and like the good Samaritan, they never tire in watching at the couch of suffering.—God bless them. The majority of the wounded of the enemy are in our hands; they are attended by their own surgeons, and our authorities give them every facility to assist them, and they receive as kind treatment as those of our own army.... SIOUX.

In the Saddle, 3 miles from the Extreme Front,
Near Grand Ecore, April 17.

. . . Skirmishing is going on daily, and a few prisoners brought in. They all admit that they were badly whipped the other day, and say the "Texas fellers" fought like tigers. A number of their officers told me that they had never seen such bravery as displayed by the Texans; the 16th Army Corps had never before met such a number of Texans, and they all say they now believe the stories they have so often heard of the Texans' fighting qualities. The prisoners all lay the defeat on Gen. Banks—say he is no General, &c.—We fought the flower of the United States Army, and I must say that the Western men acted bravely, but they could not stand the Texan yell and fearful charge. The loss of the enemy in officers is very large, many being among the wounded. I visited the battle-fields of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill a few days ago.

[at Mansfield] The annals of history do not record a harder contested field. Thousands of dead horses are strewn over the field, and the stench is horrible. I was forced to run my pony at the height of his speed over many portions. The majority of our troops who fell were buried in the city cemetery, while those of the enemy are buried upon the field. They were buried in trenches side by side as decently as possible.

When our cavalry pursued, after their rout, hundreds were cut down, and all along the road to Pleasant Hill, 20 miles, is strewn with the carcasses of dead horses and occasionally a new made grave is seen by the road side. . . . Many of our killed were buried on the field in separate graves. . . But few horses, comparatively, were killed here, but the slaughter of the enemy was fearful. The dead are buried together in scores, and it was an awful sight to view the scene. I could trace with my eyes the spots where the most desperate carnage had taken place. . . Sioux.

In the Saddle, near Grand Ecore, La.,
April 18th, 1864.

. . . A flag of truce, borne by Col. G. W. Chilton and Maj. G. W. McNeel, of Gen. Bee's staff, held communication with the enemy a short time ago. The Federals desired to send supplies and Surgeons to their wounded, and we agreed to receive and receipt for the stores, but would not let their Surgeons pass into our lines. The Federal truce officer, who was a Colonel, paid a high compliment to the bravery of our troops on the field, and acknowledged the defeat. He was courteous and gentlemanly towards our officers. . . . Major W. T. Techling [sp?], A.A.G. and Col. G. W. Chilton, are reported to have acted nobly in the terrible charge where the gallant Colonel Buchel fell mortally wounded. . . The road after leaving Mansfield to this place is strewn with dead horses which fell by the pursuit of our cavalry. Many of the stately residences along the route are blackened ruins, the fences destroyed by fire, and a scene of desolation and devastation is seen on every side. I wondered what the object was for an army and people who professed to belong to a Christian nation, to thus devastate the land they profess to come to save—oh shame! where is thy blush? I had formerly believed that many of the stories of the burning of dwellings, robberies of churches, &c., were exaggerated, but after seeing these things with my own eyes I am now satisfied they are true. A Catholic Church in the Spanish settlement

near Double Bayou bridge was sacked and the church ornaments carried away, even the window curtains were taken. This cannot be denied.

In the knapsack of one of the 10th army corps was found the jewelry of a young lady. Ear-rings, breastpins, and even her underclothing was there. I will do the enemy the justice to say that the orders of their Generals severely punish outrages of this kind, but many of the inferior officers encourage their men to do these acts, and even share with them in the spoils. These incidents are no bombast or misrepresentation. I can vouch for their truth. Well may we say, "Oh Union, what atrocities are committed in thy name!" . . .

Sioux.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, May 17, 1864, p. 1, c. 6

Clinton, La., May 5, 1864.

. . . Great dissatisfaction is evinced by the planters that a company of men were allowed to carry cotton to the Yankees under the plea of procuring cotton cards, &c., for soldiers' wives. From the well known character of the parties concerned in this traffic, it is feared that if charity, like roseola, were to strike in upon them the consequences would be dreadful. They were generally men who would not hesitate to pursue any means to advance prices in this the winter of the discontent of our poor. . .

This seems to be a gay season in this section of Louisiana; the crops are coming on finely, good looking, well-dressed soldiers are numerous, and as a consequence pic-nics, fish-fries, balls, &c., are ditto.

A grand tournament was given near Clinton a few weeks since, in which twenty knights participated. Near a thousand ladies were present, and the riding was superb.

Apropos of amusements, one of the "unwashed" advertised a "gran dorg fite" to come off at his house, and stated that preachers, women, conscript officers and *other non-combatants* are requested to keep away. Admission one dollar, payable in kind—sweet potatoes the kind preferred. As an inducement to the sanguinary chaps, he states in a *nota bene* that a Kotton spekulatur will be shot for the amusement of the close of the performance. . . .

Redwood.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, May 17, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

[From an Occasional Correspondent.]

Columbus, Miss., May 14, 1864

. . . Since I wrote you have received the statement which I promised you from the indefatigable Quartermaster here, Major W. J. Anderson, formerly of your city.

During the past seventeen months he has furnished the army with 51,000 jackets, 50,000 pairs pants, 7,191 coats, 1,859 overcoats, 27,440 shirts, 15,278 pairs drawers, 20,415 hats and caps, 51,277 pairs boots and shoes, 23,220 pounds cooking utensils, 3,000 tents, 3,700 blankets; and within this period he was frequently out of material, and on several occasions operations were necessarily stopped for one to three weeks.

A large portion of the material for jackets, pants and coats was furnished by the Choctaw factory, from which he is now receiving monthly about 18,000 yards of jeans and linsey. Most of the shirting goods was woven by ladies in the country for Sherman & Ramsay of this place, who were under contract to furnish the goods. The hats and caps were manufactured in this place by Hale & Sykes, and the skillets and ovens by Hale & Murdock, and Major Anderson will be able to supply all of these latter articles that may be required in the Department of Alabama

and Mississippi and East Louisiana. Messrs. Sherman & Ramsay have until very recently supplied about 6,000 yards shirtings monthly and more than two-thirds of the shoes were manufactured in Lowndes, Oktibbeha, and Choctaw counties, of which from 2,500 to 3,000 pairs are received monthly.

Cooped up as he is, away off here in Northwest Mississippi, Major Anderson has accomplished wonders, and it shows what an energetic business man can and may accomplish, as well as what our country (and even a limited portion of it) can supply. The foregoing figures will no doubt astonish you and your readers, and I give them in order that other parts of the Confederacy and the army may be encouraged and that other officers may be incited to deserve the mead as Major Anderson does, of "well done good and faithful servant." More anon. Rip Van Winkle.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, May 18, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

A Detroit cavalry captain was astounded a few days since when one of his new recruits walked up to him and declared that soldiering was rather disagreeable, and that said recruit, being a female, would quit the business.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, May 28, 1864, p. 1, c. 5

[From our special correspondent]

In the field near Marietta,
Tuesday, May 24, 1864.

. . . One of the saddest aspects of the retreat from the North of Georgia is the crowd of refugees it has pressed upon the lowlands. These unfortunate people are flying in every direction and by every conceivable mode of conveyance, panic-stricken and heart-sick. Many of them have left their homes in such haste that they have brought nothing with them, and have not only the bleak prospect of exile before them, but that worse promise of absolute want. Their appearance is pitiable. For the most part they are irresolute and uninformed, the women in tears and the men in fearful perplexity. You may see them on the highways jogging along in a hopeless sort of manner, in search for a hiding place, or at the little stations along the railroad, huddled together in box cars, negroes, dogs and household goods indiscriminate. Here a handsome mirror, there a pot or kettle, a divan, a milk pail, a family picture, a coop of chickens, a watch dog lying upon a Brussels rug, a cat on an ottoman, a crock of butter and basket of eggs amid a profusion of broken china, parlor curiosities and pantry niceties, nice no longer. Doleful, expressibly doleful. Let the grim picture pass on. . . . Shadow.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, June 4, 1864, p. 2, c. 3.

Atlanta, Thursday May 26--12 M.

. . . It is very ugly in you I am sure to make merry with these poor refugees in their odd, old wagons and quaint, out-of-date carriages and awkward, unmartial mode of getting away from the enemy. Alas, poor souls! The procession moves slowly by my window. See the pater familias, haggard, hopeless of aspect, but resolute as a martyr, riding on a bay filly, and keeping the cows and sheep in line; in the vehicle (it is very unfashionable, truly, and would hardly pass muster with my old friend Cayce, but still it has four wheels, is drawn by two beasts, and does move) in this vehicle, there is the good dame, very lugubrious, shrill and irritable, yet full of pluck; a pair of shy girls, peeping out of sun-bonnets; three little toddlekins, curious and excited, and any number of baskets, buckets and tin pans, hung upon strings, or heaped in the bottom of the

carriage. A favorite dog leans his woolly head wishfully through the spokes of a spinning wheel, and is as uncomfortable as anybody else. On the slow-going family pack pony just behind, a black nurse carries the baby. Two or three carts and a farm wagon follow. Then a train of negroes, little and big; and, finally, the hopeful scion of this illustrious line, age 17, brings up the rear upon a sorrel colt, which he annoys into various pranks and capers to the evident delight of the smaller members of the moving community. And thus they pass along the dusty highway, en route for _____. Aye, for where? Do they know? Perhaps they do, but many of them are without compass or purpose, trusting to God's good mercy and providence to shelter them from the storm, now that they are out of reach of the Yankee. It is a dolorous pageant. You may smile at it, but take care your dimples do not catch a tear. . . . I began to talk about the refugees. They are typical. In these doleful processions of old men and women and infants I see a representation of the great, undying Southern heart. It may'nt [sic] be very cool or prudent, but it is resolute, brave and earnest. Give it strength great God in its hour of trial. Give it faith. Give it a knowledge of Thy truth, justice, and loving mercy, and all will be well in the final end.

Shadow.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, June 5, 1864, p. 1, c. 3

Letter from Houston

We have received from our Houston correspondent a letter of the date of April 28th, the principal part of which has, of course, become obsolete during its wanderings. We give below some portions which have not lost their interest. . . . Blockade goods are very high, the rate being three times the cost, which is double ante-war prices, and then twenty-five times that, or about 150 for 1. Among these is printing paper, which the newspapers in this city lately bought at \$600 per ream, letter paper \$300; domestics \$25 per yard, shoes \$100 per pair, etc. etc. Happily our people are nearly independent of blockade goods. Had we a paper mill in this Department it would help us wonderfully.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, June 7, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

[From our special correspondent]

New Hope Church,

Thursday Morning, June 2, 1864

Camp life is always indolent. Except the few hours taken up by drills and inspections, the soldier has the length of the day and night to himself, to sleep, to sing, to game, or to read, if happily he can find a book or a newspaper.—Camp life around New Hope is especially idle and lazy. You hear a deal about skirmishing and night attacks which never happens.—For nearly a week the enemy has not harassed [sic] us. There have been occasional spats between the pickets, and there is a never-failing source of variety in the concert of the sharpshooters; but for the most part such random shells as fly in the air are harmless, and such vagrant bullets as sing only casual in their way and unintentional.—It is true, one may come by his death as surely from an undesigning bullet as from the most murderous purpose of an unerring rifle; but a body feels less peril from the former, and goes about among them with much greater freedom, and I may say, good feeling. For myself, when one of them whisks by my ear, I take it as very kind and complimentary that it came so far and no farther, and hail it as an evidence that my time has not yet arrived.

I was speaking of leisure. We have plenty of it. You may roam from one end of our line of battle to the other, and find as little active labor as you have ever chanced to find among such a large number of hearty, well conditioned men. They loll in groups under the trees, and cool themselves from the growing warmth of the sun. The country here is very desolate--not a house more attractive than a miserable cabin can be seen. There are no fields nor gardens, nor sign of verdure nor tillage. Beds of sands meet the eye where it searches for patches of green, and blackjacks where it vainly looks for oak, ash and hickory. The population, like the soil, is poor and disaffected. Most of the men are off in the woods, and the women are silent, ignorant and surly. It is the midnight corner of Georgia, and deplorably off-cast and foggy. Every now and then the scouts pick up a recreant, dwelling in the fastnesses of the hills, and invariably he is proven to be a miscreant. Just now a young fellow was brought in charged with being a spy. His hair is as white as tow, his eyes very red, and his age twenty-two. He is a native of Dallas, and the charges against him are likely to be made good. Yesterday, an old man who lives across the branch was discovered piloting a Yankee out of our lines. And last week we caught a bushwhacker trying to dodge into the lines of the enemy. How sad it is that all of our Southern States have just such spots upon them, and what a pity we cannot raise ourselves and shake them from us as foul, unnatural and full of trouble, as mean, degrading, out-of-keeping with ourselves, our homes, our aspirations! . . . Shadow.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, June 7, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

While I am writing an amusing colloquy is in progress near the camp-fire between old Joyce, the scout, and a pert young buttermilk ranger:

Buttermilk—"What sort o' gun's that, ole man?"

Old Joyce—"That's a volcanic rifle."

Buttermilk—"How many time will 't shoot?"

Old Joyce—"Ten thousand times if you keep it long enough."

Buttermilk—"Yes, but without loading?"

Old Joyce—"Nary time."

Buttermilk—"You're a smart ole man."

Old Joyce—"Well, you aint a very smart boy to ask sich questions."

Exit Buttermilk in disgust.—[Cor. Appeal.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, June 8, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

Blockade Running Statistics.

[Correspondence of the London Index.]

Nassau, N. P., March 17, 1863.

Running the blockade became a business in this port in November, 1862. Thinking that reliable statistics of this important trade will be not only of interest to the commercial community, but equally so from a political point of view, as affording a standard for [illegible] the efficiency of the blockade. I subjoin a table carefully compiled and corrected up to the date of March 10, 1864. This table comprises the names of all steam vessels belonging to this port which have run, or attempted to run, the blockade from this port between the dates mentioned, the number of round trips and runs made by each from and to this port up to March 10, or until lost or captured. Where vessels belonging to this port have made trips to or from others, the

number of such trips, so far as known, is also given, but my figures in this respect are, of course, not so complete as in the case of arrivals and clearances here.

You will please observe that most of the boats here enumerated were wholly unfit for the purpose to which they had been hastily applied under the inducements of the large profit, and are very different from those which have been more recently built, and expressly for blockade running. Still, even now, it is by no means an uncommon thing for a five or six knot boat to make several successful trips, while the better class pass the blockading squadron almost as carelessly as if none such existed, frequently in open daylight. The average life of a boat, which from the subjoined table would appear to be about five runs, is, therefore, in reality, much higher, and may be safely estimated, with proper management, to be at least four round trips, or eight successful runs.

Taking all the craft, good, bad and indifferent, together, you will find that out of eighty-five steamers, eleven only failed on the first run, thirty-seven have been captured, and twenty-five lost from various marine accidents, while twenty-two are still safe, after having paid for themselves many times over. But, perhaps, the most striking way of explaining the annexed table to the ordinary reader is to say that of 428 [? hard to read] attempts to run the blockade from this port alone, [illegible] have been successful, and only 62 (or about one in seven) unsuccessful. If, as should fairly be done, the number of trips made by the same vessels from other ports be added, the proportion becomes still more favorable to the blockade running interest. I need only add that of the vessels enumerated several have changed their names at various times, in which case I have identified them under one name, generally the last.

*List of Steam Vessels engaged in Blockade Running
to and from the Port of Nassau, N. P., between
November, 1861, and March 10, 1864.*

Name	From Nassau		Other Ports.	
	Trips.	Runs.	Trips.	Runs.
[fate]				
[list of ships]				

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, June 10, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

Letter from Montgomery.

. . . One of our enterprising citizens has entered into a contract to furnish the Card Manufactory of this place with *two hundred and fifty thousand dollars'* worth of wire, suitable for making cotton cards. The buildings, with the greater part of the machinery necessary for the work, have been secured, and it is expected the operation of drawing out the wire will soon be commenced.

We have this morning exhibited a portion of the machinery being prepared here for the manufacture of buttons, a manufactory of which is to be immediately started in this city. This, though comparatively a small affair, is yet of much importance to the people generally, who have been paying from 75 cents to \$1 for a dozen of very common bone buttons. We congratulate the community on the prospect of soon having *home made* buttons at less price and of better quality. We wish abundant success to those who have embarked in the enterprise, and hope soon to see other manufacturers of needful articles springing up amongst us. . . .

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, June 12, 1864, p. 1, c. 3
[From our Special Correspondent.]

Clinton, La., June 4th, 1864.

A gentleman just from the other side of the river brings the news that the country through which Banks and his army marched is a desolate waste. Not a house of any sort is left standing in the track of their march. Not a pound of provisions remains to those unfortunates whom fate placed in the path of that invading army. It was when Banks was coming back that all this burning and robbery were committed. In going up, the people were spared—but in coming back, whipped and humbled, with Dick Taylor's avenging legions on his heels, Banks let loose his rabble with unlimited license. All that was not stolen was destroyed by fire. The forest portion of Louisiana is a blackened ruin. Women and children had to flee to the swamps at night, their track lighted by the blaze of their own dwellings. When the enemy left Alexandria, they set fire to the town, and a portion of that also is in ashes. The New Orleans papers say the fire was an accident; but it is curious that such accidents always occur when Yankee troops are present. This pitiful pretence [sic] shows that the enemy is not altogether lost to shame—and that, while mean enough to burn down houses over defenceless [sic] women and children, they yet have the grace (such as it is) to attempt to conceal the enormity of the crime by cool and scientific lying.

Gov. Allen has sent trains of wagons, laden with provisions, from Shreveport, to the relief of these starving families. Happily, the fertile fields of Texas furnish an abundance of food—and happily, also, Banks, as is his usual custom, has supplied hundreds of wagons for transportation. Those poor, houseless Louisiana families will not starve, at least—and, for shelter, they can do as the ancient Druids did, and sojourn under the shade of "God's own temples," the groves.—Some people are very much shocked at the vandalism of the enemy in Louisiana. So was I shocked at such things in the early stages of the war, but I have long since gotten over feelings of that sort. It is the natural disposition of the race. Has not Gen. Sherman proclaimed, in a labored essay on the subject, the duty of *absolute extermination*—not of property only, but of life? Have the people of the South yet to learn, at this late day, what is to be their fate when in Yankee power?

Those citizens of Alexandria, who "took the oath," when the enemy was there, have, I am glad to say, gotten themselves into trouble. Some of them escaped to New Orleans under the protection of their friend Banks, while those who remained behind have been promptly arrested by Gen. Taylor, and held for perjury and treason. The unmanly and pitiful excuse that they were "forced" to take the oath does not go down that that through-going patriot and soldier, Dick Taylor. He himself might have said he was "forced," swallowed the oath, and saved two hundred thousand dollars' worth of property thereby. No man is "forced" to take that oath, nor any other, unless in peril of his life—and if he takes it dishonestly, whatever his excuse, he is guilty of perjury, which is scarcely less venal a crime than treason. Those who took the oath and then ran off with Banks to New Orleans—together with the two patriotic gentlemen who "represented" the Parish in the Abolition Convention—may as well bid a long farewell to their homes; for, with the splendid artillery which Banks was kind enough to supply our forces with, Red River can be held against any Yankee fleet in existence, and Alexandria will never again be in the enemy's possession. . . . Crescent.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 1, 1864, p. 1, c. 6

Letter from Montgomery.

Montgomery, June 29.

Think of a nice iced julep, a sherry cobbler, a brandy smash, a hail storm, and all those other creature comforts for which the inner man languishes and sighs in these steaming days. We are sorry you can't indulge in these luxuries, as has been your practice in days of Auld Lang Syne. But we are pleased to say that the comfort-loving portion of this goodly little Confederate city expect soon to be in a condition to enjoy these old time luxuries. We are reliably informed that we are soon to have amongst us a real genuine manufactory of ice—think of that you unhappy fellows of Mobile, who drink your spring water at a temperature of some sixty degrees Fahrenheit, more or less. The very thought refreshes us and, in imagination, we revel over our sweet artesian water, cooled by a fine lump of ice, and made more palatable by a smack of sherry or sparkling hock [? illegible] Don't die of envy now, but wait until our manufactory gets to turning out some dozen tons a day, and then we shall be happy to see you up, and share our luxuries with you.

We are not jesting—the day is too hot for that—we are speaking only the words of soberness and truth. One of our ingenious, practical and enterprising citizens having recently seen an ice manufactory in successful operation has determined to establish one here in Montgomery. We learn that a good portion of the machinery has already been secured and the balance will be prepared as rapidly as possible, when the freezing process will be commenced. It is a consummation most devoutly to be wished for, and it is hoped that no untoward circumstance will interfere to disappoint our hopes. . . . B.H.R.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 1, 1864, p. 1, c. 5

Pepper Catsup.—Take green peppers, fully grown, (the bell pepper is best), cut a small hole in one side; put them in a kettle of water, taking care that the peppers shall get filled with the water. Let them boil until the rind assumes a whitish look. Dip them out on a dish to cool, and drain all the water from them. Peel the skin off; pull out the stems with the seed; work the pulp well, and return into a clean kettle, with a quart of vinegar to each pint of pulp; then put in three tablespoonsful of white mustard seed, some of black, and one spoonful of whole cloves, and salt to your taste. Let it boil half an hour, and when cool bottle in wide-mouth bottles. It makes bread alone palatable, and meals delightful, gives an appetite when one is wanting, and is alike good for the sick and well.—Field and Fireside.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 1, 1864, p. 1, c. 5

Gen. Lee's Daughter.—Winder Hospital, near Richmond, covers over 60 acres of ground, had 30 surgeons, 3 chaplains, 6 divisions and capacity to accommodate 3,000 patients. Some of the most refined and beautiful young ladies of Richmond daily visit the hospital. A short time since Gen. Lee's daughter was writing a letter for a wounded soldier in the Winder. "Tell my mother," said the brave boy, "that just as I fell I saw that grand old man, Gen. Lee." A bystander asked, "Do you know who that is writing for you? That's General Lee's daughter." We may imagine that soldier's eyes opened *slightly*. Mrs. Gen. Bragg is often to be seen there ministering to our suffering heroes.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 2, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

Northern Women—The Democratic Watchman, Bellefont, Pa., says:

We can scarcely go into a house at the North where some of the property of Southern ladies is not seen in possession of women who have sent forth their brethren and friends to

plunder and devastate the South. Books, musical instruments, and everything portable, are stolen wherever our armies march, and conveyed North. This crusade upon the women of the South is urged on by their sisters in the North, and we have heard threats from females which the most brutal soldier in the army would scorn to execute. In every town, village, steamboat and railroad car, all over the land, will be found the fairest of the sex advocating the destruction of their sisters of the South. We can only account for it by supposing that the devil has sought to destroy the human family through the same medium he used more than five thousand years ago. It is horrible, and cannot fail to bring upon us the wrath of Heaven.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 2, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

It is no fanciful chimera of the brain, no wild mental hallucination, but a plain and simple fact, that we at last have a toilet soap manufactory in Mobile; a soap guaranteed in every sense of the word. We have tried it, and unhesitatingly take great pleasure in giving it a hearty recommendation as a well perfumed No. 1 toilet soap, and consider it a duty of the people to extend to the firm of Cook & Dromgoole a liberal patronage so long as their soaps give satisfaction. Their make of "Brown Windsor" is splendid, and if the ladies ever use such an article, we advise them to try it. It can be found at No. 8 Water street, where it can be had wholesale and retail.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 3, 1864, p. 1, c. 4

Home Manufactured Ice.—Capt. Camille Girardey, of Augusta, is manufacturing ice for the hospitals, by means of carbonic acid gas and water, under the influence of steam and atmospheric pressure, in a machine invented by M. Carrie, of France. The machine is capable of producing one ton per day.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 3, 1864, p. 1, c. 4

Send Rose Leaves.—Surgeon J. J. Chisolm, Medical Purveyor at Columbia, S. C. has requested the papers to ask contributions of rose leaves from the ladies of the Confederacy. All the blue pill required for the army has been from last summer's contributions, and the medical department would be again under obligations to the ladies if they would assist in collecting these, to be used in manufacturing medicines for our sick soldiers.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 5, 1864, p. 2, c. 8

Notice.

The public are hereby cautioned against harboring or trusting my wife, Julia A. Holley, on my account. She has left my house without any provocation, and without my consent, or — therefore I will not be responsible for or pay any of her contracting.

L. P. Holley.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 6, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

A Card.

In Monday Evening's News there appeared a card cautioning all persons not to trust me on account of L. P. Holly, because I had left his house without provocation, &c. Even the utter repugnance which I have to appearing in print cannot keep me silent under this charge. There may be some who, *possibly*, might believe L. P. Holly. I was scarcely married to him when his unmanly and cowardly conduct began. Was it no provocation that he should introduce into the house in which his wife dwelt, those unfortunate creatures, the reproach of womanhood? No provocation that, in his unmanly wrath, he should fling across the room the woman whom but a few weeks before he had sworn at the altar to love, cherish and protect?

These are *only some* of the reasons which *compelled* me to leave the house of L. P. Holly.
Julia A. Holly.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 6, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

The Last Invention Out.—A Yankee revelator, hailing "just from Richmond," furnishes the New York World with an elaborate description of the defenses of Richmond, which he describes as the most stupendous, perfect and formidable that military art and negro labor could make them. But after dwelling at length upon every device of the Virginians for shedding Yankee blood, he winds up with this account of a conspiracy against their stomachs:

"Before leaving the defences [sic] of Richmond, I must mention a new and novel invention by Capt. Holden, of the rebel army. It is nothing more nor less than a stink ball, designed to be fired into the works of besiegers to stink them out.—About the middle of April I was one of several civilians who, upon invitation, accompanied a party of officers to Atlee's Station, on the Central Railroad, ten miles from Richmond, to witness some experiments with this ball. The ball is an iron shell, containing combustible and destructive material, as well as odoriferous matter, and in appearance is similar to the stink ball in use many years ago. It is designed to be thrown by mortars, but in the tests on the occasion referred to, the fuse was lighted and the shells allowed to fulminate where they were placed. The stench which followed the explosion was the most fetid and villainous that ever assaulted the olfactories of men. Coleridge said that he counted in Cologne seventy seven

'Well defined and several stinks.'

But if he had been at Atlee's on the day of the experiments alluded to, he would have recognized them all, and seventy-seven thousand more. The concentrated stink of all the skunks, polecats, niggers, pitch, Sulphur [sic], rasped horses and horsehoofs, burnt in fire, assafoetida, ferris and bug weeds in the world could not equal the smell emitted by these balls. But not only is the smell itself intolerable, but it provokes sneezing and coughing, and produces nausea, rendering it impossible for men to do duty within reach of it. A single ball will impregnate the atmosphere for fifty yards round, and the fetid compound entering everything it touches, emits the stench for a long time. The opinion of all who witnessed the experiment was, that the ball was a fair offset to Greek fire, and Gen. Winder, and several others of rank who were present, expressed the belief that it would prove more effective for driving off besiegers than any thing ever invented. Be this as it may, if Richmond is ever threatened by siege, the sneezers, as the inventor facetiously calls his balls, will form a prominent feature in the defensive operations.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 7, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

A Card.

The card of my wife, Julia A. Holley, published in the Advertiser and Register of yesterday, is false in all its material statements. It is wholly false that I introduced into my dwelling abandoned women, as charged. I keep a retail drinking house on the corner of St. Francis and Cedar streets. I kept this house long before I was married to Julia A. Holley. This fact, and the location of the house, were known to her before we were married. The drinking saloon is on the first floor, and we lived on the second floor. Some of the "unfortunate creatures" named in her card do come into the drinking saloon as customers, and are waited on and treated as other customers for their money. But that any of them were ever in the dwelling portion of my house, with my knowledge or consent, since my marriage, is wholly false. During the whole time we lived in the second story of this house, the mother of said Julia resided with us.

It is also untrue that "I flung her across the room" as stated in said card. Without any sufficient reason, she had removed from the room we had occupied to another room in the same house, and had remained there for three days all the time promising to return. At the end of that time she came into my room and commenced abusing me, and using very improper language. I requested her several times to go back into her room and desist from the use of such language. She refused, and persisted in such conduct, when I took hold of her and put her into the room and shut the door. That night she seemingly repented of her conduct, we made friends, and again occupied the same room.

Next morning, at the instance of herself and mother, I went to rent another house to live in, and found one, which I agreed to take on condition it suited my wife, promising to return that evening with her to look at it. On my return home, to my surprise, I found my wife and her mother gone, taking with them not only her own clothing, but part of mine.

She remained away one week, I making all reasonable and proper efforts to induce her to return, which she refused to do. I then published a notice warning all persons that I would pay no debts of her contracting. It was not only my legal right, but my duty, to protect myself against her contracts under the circumstances, and it is the usual way such notices are given.

I am satisfied that I would have no domestic difficulties if it were not for the unwarrantable interference of others. I have not [sic] doubt she is advised and urged to act as she does in this matter, and her card, neither in its language or matter, is her work, but it is the suggestion and dictation of others. And if these persons persist in intermeddling with my affairs, I may take some measure not agreeable to them, to put a stop to it.

Newspaper cards cannot settle such troubles. If my wife can establish the charges in her card against me, there is a legal forum for her to resort to, and I recommend her and her advisers to take that course, rather than publishing falsehoods against me in the newspapers.

L. P. Holley.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 7, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

Girls Wanted.

Two young girls to work at "Hope Paper Mill" on Springhill Road. Will live at the Mills—Apply at the office corner of Water street and Planters.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 7, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

A Potter Wanted.

One well skilled in the business of making Earthen Vessels of all kinds of Plain Ware, such as Plates, Cups and Saucers, Basins, Pitchers, Jugs, Jars, &c. One who can come well recommended can find employment at a fine salary. Apply to the undersigned at No. 50 North Commerce street, Mobile.

Toomer & Sykes.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 7, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

Scene in a Justice Court in Texas.—A Bull Yearling Case under Consideration.—"Yess, gentlemen, this prisner cum to my house a rarrin' and cussin', with weepuns in his hands, saying: "Cum outer that house you d___d long-legged, yew-necked, cat-hammed, pigen-heeled, sway-backed, knock-kneed, swing-shouldered, sore-backed, egg-sucking, one-suspendered, copperas-necked, punkin-headed, thieving son of ___ plunder, and there's what kin make ye *whoop for the* [illegible!!!]

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 10, 1864, p. 1, c. 5

From East Tennessee.—The Atlanta Register extracts as follows from a letter, written by a lady:

Tennesseans will see that their noble women are unconquerable, and bid them come home only when the Confederate army marches triumphantly through their State. "I have one request to make of you, and that is, allow none of our friends to come into the Federal lines, as their presence gives a great deal of trouble. Do not think we are all subjugated, for I do assure you we are not. We see from the papers that Lee has gained a victory in Virginia, and we expect the same from Johnston. Don't be uneasy about us. We are doing the best we can. The Yanks have taken both of our mules and the wagon and oxen. But never mind, I can get along. I am trying to buy a blind horse to plow. I would rather you would not come home yet awhile, for I do think the rebels will be in East Tennessee this summer. Tell ----- the rebel ladies of ----- are not subjugated, and when we are together some of us will halloo "hurrah for Dixie" every little while. Tell the rebels if they don't want to see old ladies act foolishly, they must shut their eyes when they come through—for we are almost crazy to see them."

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 10, 1864, p. 1, c. 6

Letter from Johnston's Army.

Marietta, Ga., July 2, 1864.

It is not my purpose, Mr. Editor, to give you a summary of the news, or to speculate on "the situation" in Georgia. Suffice it to say that the morale of an army was never better maintained. Every department of the army gives evidence of complacency in organization and efficiency in management proving our great leader to be not only master of the situation, but a "master of the art of war."

Our soldiers, with unabated confidence, spirit and purpose, present an unbroken front to the foe. Their fortitude, their hopeful, cheerful spirit amid the privations and perils of this arduous and protracted campaign is such as to challenge the admiration of every beholder, and cause the heart of the patriot to bound with grateful emotion.—The unanimous verdict is that "such soldiers can never be conquered."

A marked feature of the campaign is the presence of a large number of citizens, who have

come from various portions of the country, in the capacity of "relief committees," volunteering their services to follow the fortunes of the army, and look after the wants of sick and wounded soldiers. The "relief committee" has become "an institution" in the army of Tennessee. There is quite a number of these committees attendant upon the army here. They are composed of physicians, clergymen, and other citizens exempt from military duty. Among them are men of the highest respectability and intelligence. They bring with them such supplies of clothing, provisions and delicacies as are needful for the wounded and sick, and as cannot be furnished by the Government. It would do good to the hearts of mothers and wives at home, to witness the labors of these good Samaritans, around the couch of the suffering soldier, now bringing him some refreshment, now, with the kindness of a father or mother, lifting the wounded body or adjusting a shattered limb, or again speaking words of hope to the dying, and catching the last words of affection for the loved and absent.

These committees keep near the army, moving as it moves, and by their assiduous efforts, accomplish much good. Their conduct merits high commendation. Here is the true sphere of operation for our elderly men and exempts, whose patriotism may prompt them to aid in the achievement of our independence. The people, at last, seem to be arousing to action, and intensely earnest in the accomplishment of the grand ultimatum. Said a friend to me, not long since, "one thing I see, the whole country is in the army." A two-fold good is accomplished by these associations. Not only do they palliate the sufferings of the sick and wounded, but by their very presence they animate the hearts of our brave soldiers, who lie in the trenches and bare their bosoms, a living bulwark to the enemy. Our fathers, our brothers, are near us, to speak words of cheer amid our toil and peril, to minister to us if wounded, to weep over our graves if we fall. There is inspiration in the thought, and the fires of patriotism blaze out with an increasing ardor and a brighter glow.

The object of this communication is to call the attention of West Alabamians and Mississippians to the existence of these Committees, and to their usefulness as "institutions" in the Army of Tennessee. They represent several of the Confederate States. Many localities from Georgia are represented and some portions of East Alabama, but as yet, West Alabama and Mississippi have no representation among them. There are many brave soldiers here whose homes lie beyond the waters of the Alabama and Tombigbee rivers. Their hearts beat high with hope and firm resolve, as they think of friends and homes far away. Will not some of those friends unite in the formation of associations such as we have mentioned, for the purpose of alleviating the sufferings of the sick and wounded, and for the encouragement of their brethren in arms?

We do not speak reproachfully of our friends at home. We know that their hearts are as large and generous, and their spirits as patriotic and brave, as any to be found in the Confederacy. But we would stir up their patriotic minds by way of remembrance, and point out a field of usefulness which we know they would delight to occupy.

The Government, and some of the railroad companies, furnish transportation for all supplies for the use of soldiers in the field. Transportation is also furnished to all members of these relief associations.

We are glad to learn that a Mississippi committee is already in process of organization, and is expected to be in successful operation in a few days, and we hope it will not be long until such organizations will be gotten up in every part of our Confederacy, to follow the fortunes of our armies, to inspire the hearts and minister to the wants of our soldiers.

Solus.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 10, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

Gen. Philips' paper mill, at Roswell, was burned on Tuesday morning. The General sent them word that "the mill belonged to a man who had fought them from the beginning of the war, and who would continue to fight them to the bitter end; that he had been taught from childhood to hate them as enemies to him and his, and that he would die hating them; that he did not ask any favor from them, and they might burn to their heart's content." These bold words of defiance, as a matter of course, did not have any influence in protecting the property. It was dismantled completely before the proprietor retreated. He remained in sight of the place until he saw the flames consume it.—[Atlanta Register.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 12, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

On the Front, Chattahoochie River, Ga.

July 7, 1864

. . . Not a day, scarcely an hour, passes that the roads are not filled with refugees, moving to they don't know where, but anywhere to get beyond the presence of the Yankee vandals. They travel and carry their plunder on every sort of vehicle they can start, and it is distressing to witness them, old and young, men, women and children, leaving their comfortable homes to seek an asylum among strangers, and perhaps suffer and die from exposure and want. Verily, the Yankee Government is running up a big account, but there will surely come a day of reckoning. . . . Rip Van Winkle.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 12, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

Atlanta, July 6, 1864

. . . It is a sad thing to think of, a sadder one to see, the forlorn condition of the thousands of women who flock hither. Whence come they? Aye, and where fore? Is it for food, or love, or loneliness? Is it to starve if virtuous, to be trodden under the wheels of the chariot of lust, if not? Is it to live in miserable hovels? or worse, to be regularly inhaled [?] and stuck up for show and sale in a hotel or fourth-rate boarding house? Sad human nature! I do pity these poor girls from my heart. Some of them are helpless and innocent. Others are desperate and vicious. All are drifting to destruction. Misfortune, which makes strange bedfellows, brings the good and the ill into one company, and the whole perish together in poverty and debauchery.

What a romance might be written by a sympathetic observer of human nature and stirring events, from the parapet of this old bridge. Why is it that some one among the [illegible] Bohemians, who live in clubs and eat in the restaurants, and are for all the world the same class of nervous, [illegible] accomplished men who sustain Punch and uphold the Sorbonne—does not dip his pen into the seething crucible which refines the elements of domestic tragedy upon the frontier, and give us a Confederate edition of *Les Miserables*? I met another Fantine last evening upon this very bridge, a girl with great blue eyes, and cheeks not thoroughly sunken from want, with lustrous hair and pearly teeth, and the light of abandoned wretchedness faintly stealing in hues of livid blue across her features. She leaned over the railing and peered dismally into the web of shop and hovel far below. Had a river flowed beneath she would not have gazed so long. Instead of seeing those soiled skirts and that queenly figure recede through the mist and pass out of sight, I should have heard a splash and a gurgle, and seen the widening circles of the tide narrow slowly into smoothness, as the broad circles of the life of quiet and sorrow thus ended, closed over the form of its victim. Presently her eyes were raised. They were red and wet with tears. She slowly faded out of sight. What was her grief?—Was it the bitter sense of poverty,

the sharp pang of honor lost, or disappointed love? Who knows? Not I, in faith; and yet the very stars seemed to shine an unfriendly light upon her as she glided down the path and in among the haunts—

"Where hunger and vice, like twin beasts of prey,
Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair."

Not many months ago there arrived at a Confederate port, upon one of the most notable of our blockade runners, a very unassuming woman—scarce such, indeed, for she was hardly out of her teens—of an extremely handsome person. She had come to Nassau from Paris, and sailed thence for the South. She brought with her an abundant wardrobe, and sufficiency of means to last her two or three years at the present rates of living. Her object in visiting this country was to discover the fate of an only brother, a Colonel in our service, who had placed her near Geneva at school when the war began. She had not heard from him during six months, became anxious, and finally set out upon the long and perilous journey. Her anxiety proved too well founded,—Her brother had been killed at Gettysburg, and she found herself alone and a stranger in her native land. She went first to Augusta, then to Mobile; here she lost a trunk containing all her gold. At this critical juncture in her affairs she met a very handsome field officer—fell in love—engaged first in a flirtation, then in an amour—and accompanied him as far as Atlanta on his way to the front. He fell at Chickamauga. What her life became you can guess. She died last week, and was tumbled into the ground in the public cemetery. There's a story for you—weep over it!

Outside of Atlanta about a mile, upon one of those pleasant lanes which lead off into the country, there is a neat cottage, surrounded by a thick bosk [sic] of shrubbery, and overshadowed by a luxuriant magnolia tree. It is occupied now by an old negro woman who has charge of two pretty children, orphans, a boy and girl. The father fell in one of the late combats in front, the mother died last winter.

"And thereby hangs a tale."

Five years ago in New Orleans the parents, who are now I trust one in Paradise, were man and wife, and were living happily together when the city was surrendered. The separation enjoined at that time was meant to be but temporary; the husband entered the army, the poor lady was left behind. Six months later she received tidings of his death, which was reported to have occurred on one of the battlefields in Virginia, where he had been wounded and captured. Among the atrocities of Butler the Beast, the banishment of this bereaved woman—ere she had time to recover from the shock of the announcement—stands conspicuous for cruelty. She was sent with her two little infants across the lines, because certain papers were alleged to have been found in her possession. She came to the South without a friend in the world, and worked for her bread in Montgomery, whilst her husband lay in a Yankee prison. When exchanged, he returned to his command almost heart-broken. All his letters to New Orleans had received no answer, and he remained in ignorance as to the destiny of his wife. He was again wounded at Missionary Ridge, and his wife saw his name by accident among a list of casualties. She hastened to Atlanta, found him in a hospital, and nursed him until his recover, when he took the little cottage I have named and placed her there. But her health was already gone. Suffering exposure and labor had brought on a pulmonary disease, which ended in a rapid consumption, and she died in February. The husband survived her only a few months. The children are left nearly destitute in the care of the negro nurse, an old family servant who followed her mistress through her troubles. They are protected and supported by a society of benevolent Louisiana ladies. . . . Shadow.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 13, 1864, p. 1, c. 6

In Line of Battle on West Bank of
Chattahoochee, July 6, 1864.

. . . Reinforcements being greatly needed at the front, after leaving Tensas landing (24th May) the brigade [Quarles'] was hurried through to Atlanta. At every station on the route we were received with the liveliest manifestations of patriotism, and several young ladies on their way to school threw their dinners to the soldiers as the train passed. Several of the boys also wrote notes and threw them to the fair sex, to which many have since kindly and patriotically replied.

Sergeant Purdy, of the 4th Louisiana, was made the recipient of a nice dinner at Notasulga, accompanied with the following note:

"A school-girl gives you her dinner, and oh! how willingly would she do without it any day if by so doing she could benefit the brave men who are fighting for our liberty. Soldier, when on the battlefield, think of those who can only pray for you, and let it nerve your heart and hand with greater strength and courage. Victory be your battle-cry.

Maggie Thompson,
Notasulga, Ala.

Does not so patriotic a fair one deserve the very best of a soldier for a husband, after our struggle is over? I think so. . . Leumas, 4th La.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 14, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

Letter from Pollard.

Pollard, Ala., July 12, 1864.

. . . The weather has been very warm for the past four days, and at present seems to be getting no better very fast. It is the study of every one after breakfast to devise some means to kill time during the day. Nothing to read; too hot to play a little game of draw; so there is no other way but to sleep it out, unless it happens to be your day for guard, which only comes every other day. At six o'clock in the evening we are treated to a drill of one hour, with jackets buttoned to the chin, which is a very pleasant pastime, I can assure you, this weather. But when night comes a new life seems to have been imparted to every one. The depot is generally crowded with anxious watchers for the train from Mobile, and when it arrives you hear the old familiar sounds uttered by the ragged little urchins of "Here's your Mobile Evening News; have a paper, sir?" and one can almost imagine himself on Royal street.

The papers are purchased by all who are lucky enough to have a stray shinplaster about them, when the crowd retires to a large pine torchlight in front of the celebrated Hotel de Wade, where a dozen voices are heard at once reading the telegrams. Another half hour is killed in discussing the news, when all come to the conclusion that the Confederacy is all right yet; after which conclusion the crowd disperse, some to their camps, while others may be seen starting off with an old violin in the party, going, no doubt, to some shindig, where the *barefooted* fair sex of Pollard go through the giddy mazes of a piney woods reel with a spirit that is scarcely equaled by the fair ladies of your city. . . . Teetotaller.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 16, 1864, p. 1, c. 8

Blockade Runners.

We find the following caustic article in the Sunny South:

My Dear Sir: For a good while I have been wanting to give some of the Aberdeen people a piece of my mind, so bad that it makes the ends of my fingers ache to think of it. I have for some time been casting about in my mind to find some means by which to accomplish this all-important piece of business, and at last I bethought me of your valuable little "Sunny." I am only speaking of those who go to Memphis, that renowned place where our fair ladies go to take the *oath of allegiance* to their particular *friend* and *protector*, Abe Lincoln.

I will not reproach the name of woman by calling blockade runners by that almost sacred name; for what true woman who cares one iota for herself or her country, and last of all, but not least, of our brave and gallant soldiers, would place herself in a condition to be subjected to insults, and *swear* and act a *falsehood*? They are not true-hearted Southern women, but ladies who cannot wear "Dixie Silk," that is, the noble and patriotic homespun, but must have the finest and best their favorite city (Memphis) affords. I will not believe one word that such a person would tell me, even were she on oath; for if she will first dishonor herself by going there she will not scruple in deceiving her most intimate friend. If she is not for us she is against us, and if she is against us what surety have we that she will not deceive us. I think it is a blessed good thing that the honor of our soldiers is not in the keeping of blockade runners, for if it was they would be apt to come up minus. If a woman will not preserve her own honor she will not preserve that of another. Some ladies who go to that den of thieves seem to have buried the remembrance of the past in oblivion; for they have lost husbands, fathers, brothers and lovers in this most unjust and cruel war, but still they actually go there to buy insults and black dresses to mourn for their loved lost ones. Wonder which is the blackest, their mourning without or their hearts within? We see Memphis goods promenading the streets daily.—McClellan hats and McClellan sleeves and waists are quite the rage, and Garibaldi dresses are so elegant they can't for their life resist the temptation to wear them. I have several times been laughed at and made the subject of rude remarks by the hopeful daughters of two of our *fair town ladies* (who are noted for going to Memphis and wearing Yankee finery) because I had on patriotic homespun, a very little persuasion would induce me to give their names, but I will refrain, and impute it to ignorance. Some of these ladies are compelled to take feather beds with them to sleep on during their journey there and back; greenbacks look so tempting they conclude to sell them when, oh! shades of the mighty! they find instead of feathers they have carried cotton. Was there ever such a stupid or [illegible] of in all the known world? They are covered with confusion and anger to think their servants had cheated them so as to have *stolen* their feathers and put cotton in their stead; but they determine to make the best of a bad matter and sell the cotton as though it were feathers. When they hold up their white and dimpled hands to wear, it is a wonder they do not drop to their sides with shame and refuse to do their "holy office." If their hands are soft and white they have a harder and darker substance within, which they call a heart; but it is a disgrace of that real and genuine article for which it is named.

Hoping, Mr. Editor, you will favor us by letting our humble letter appear in your columns. I remain your friend.

A Little Southern Girl.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 17, 1864, p. 1, c. 8

Manufactured Ice.—We are indebted to Mr. North Saturday, for a specimen of the ice manufactured in Augusta. It is produced in the form of a hollow cylinder, probably four inches in diameter, and an inch thick when frozen. The specimen we saw had wasted considerable in transportation.—It is more porous than natural ice, and in substance resembles what is called

snow-ice. We found on experiment that it was quite as cold as any other trophy of the Frost King, and quite as agreeable an addition to a beverage.—[Macon Telegraph.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 17, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

Atlanta, Tuesday Night, July 12, 1864.

. . . When I wrote you a month ago that Atlanta would fall, yourself, and numbers of my friends of the Atlanta press, were somewhat violent in your dissent, and yet the latter have packed their traps and are now branching out in search of new places of refuge. The Confederacy goes to Macon. The Register to Augusta. The Intelligencer to Milledgeville. And the Appeal, which is considered a bird of ill omen, is pluming its wings to descend like a raven upon the unoffending capital of Alabama.

The city is a mere shell. Never a house to let was more vacant. Commissaries and Quartermaster's stores, Government machine shops, and private property have been hurried away to different quarters, while only the soldiers, and those citizens who cannot remove, are to be seen where but a few days ago, there was so much of busy life. No one expects anything. Will the city stand? No. Will it fall? No. The troops are like veterans, the women and children are bewildered.

Yet, there has not been much panic. Confusion and excitement did prevail, but very little fear.—The fright bubbled over six weeks ago, when I wrote you that very true description. . . . Shadow.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 20, 1864, p. 1, c. 5

Houston, July 4, 1864.

. . . Our women are busy as ever plying their wheel and loom and preparing to put their husbands and brothers in possession of comfortable clothing against the not far distant winter. . . All eyes and ears are now turned to catch the reports from the East. We are about ten days to two weeks behind the course of events there, and as all intelligence comes by chance we feel the greater anxiety. Let me remind all travelers this way to call at the office of the Advertiser and Register and bring files of papers. X.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 20, 1864, p. 1, c. 8

That Hat.—The Retort.—One of our most irascible old habitues of the city retains the time-honored fashion of wearing a high top glossy silk hat. A few evenings ago he was trying to get safely over that nuisance, the Whitehall Railroad crossing, when he was startled by a shout from some soldiers, who were advancing toward him. They yelled at him—"Come out of that three story louse roost." "Got any honey to sell?" "Here's your bee gum." "Mister, do you wear mournin' on that air churn, kase your cows is all dead?" "Mister, are your cows dead?"

Shaking his stick at them furiously, he retorted—"Yes! I should think they were, from the way I hear their calves bawling."

The soldiers took the joke in high glee, and laughed themselves out of hearing.—[Atlanta Intelligencer.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 21, 1864, p. 1, c. 5

Mr. Warren Adams, the indefatigable and successful letter carrier, arrived here yesterday, having left Houston, Texas, on the evening of the 4th inst., bringing with him a large mail for the soldiers in the armies of Georgia and Virginia. He brought intelligence of an encouraging

character concerning operations west of the Mississippi. He left last evening with the hope of going through to the army of Gen. Johnston, and will return in about ten days. He is a careful and a responsible man, and letters entrusted to his care will be punctually and faithfully delivered.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 21, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

Letters for Trans-Mississippi

Will be taken by Warren Adams, at Five Dollars, with postage paid, to the 31st of July inst. Send to the care of Advertiser and Register.

References, H. O. Brewer & Co., W. G. Clark.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 24, 1864, p. 1, c. 4

On the Cars,

Atlanta and West Point R.R., July 18, 1864.

. . . I have bidden farewell to the "Army of Tennessee," the "Army of Mississippi," and many dear and valued friends and am making tracks "tuther way" as rapidly as I know how. All "under orders."

Farewell General—Red but always "Ready."—Farewell Paul, and Slover, Bond and Hall, the Sykes', Hawes, Martin, Hull, Sneed, Campbell, McNairy, and Brother Bozman, and all the boys. Heaven's blessing be with you, and descend upon you always. I shall speak of you, and think of you, and write of you often, and Brother B., Tar-heels bids me say, in the language of the poet, that—

If on time's receding shore

Amid its berries, roots or ruins,

We are to meet here never more

Them chickens all belong to you'ens.

Rip Van Winkle.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 24, 1864, p. 1, c. 8

Picture of the War.

Jack Hardin, or the Old Soldier of the Arizona Brigade.

[From the Texas Telegraph]

* * * He was passing by our camp with a simple nod, driving before him a miserable pony that should have been discharged with a pension.

"Stop, old soldier, and give us the news. What command are you from?"

"Baylor's regiment, Major's division. Wo, there, Starvation, and browse the leaves a little. "Hain't had a mouthful but piney woods grass for four days."

"Is that a specimen of your cavalry horses that have had the forty-six days' running fight."

"Not exactly. I had a first-rate horse I got from a dead Ohio Yankee, t'other day, but I met a fine boy going to the army, limping yet from a wound at Pleasant Hill, and he had broke down this horse and was trying to walk. As I was going on a furlough, I took his nag and gave him mine, and I have been driving him and walking ever since."

"Put him to the trough there; he shall be fed. Where is your command now, and what doing?"

"Chasing the d---d Yankees yet—down below the Atchafalaya—giving 'em h—I."

"You don't seem to have much affection for the rascals. Why are you going the wrong way to find and punish them?"

"Well, Captin'. I've been thinking o' that, and have half a notion to turn back. But then you see I'm 55 years old and I have not had no furlough or lost a day in three years and three months; and I drawed with the rest of the boys and it was my luck to get it. I offered it for a pound of tobacco, but none of 'em had more'n a chew, and so I started; sort o' shamed too 'cause I hadn't no family, but a little girl with her mother's people way down in San Antonio. Hain't no home myself. So I told the boys to give me all their money and I'd go out and see my child and bring in a load of country tobacco. They said hurrah for old Jack Hardin, they did; and they gave me their little change. They've only given me a short furlough and I think old Starvation can't make it to San Antonio and back, so I'll gist go out to Hardin county and see my old uncle, git my tobacco and come back and let some of the other boys go."

"Have you been through all the fights without getting wounded or taken prisoner—Arizona and all?"

"Everywhere, and never got a scratch; but good many times I thought it was all up. You've hearn of Glorietta, I reckon. Well thar was the d---st place I ever got into. I was left with the sick to watch the teams, and all of 'em went into the fight and 'fore I know'd it, here come the Yanks to cut off our train and teams and all. I did manage, God knows how, to chase off twenty mules down a holler and hid behind the rocks, and they never did find me nor my mules; so I saved that many, and that was all that was saved. It saved the lives of our poor sick boys, for they couldn't walk, and every d—d thing besides was gone up."

"But you have a new homespun coat; where did you secure that piece of good luck. The dead Yankee that gave you a horse was not dressed in homespun, was he?"

"No, I was in a sort of hurry when I got his horse, or I'd pulled on his long boots, seein' he wouldn't need 'em any more. But d—n his blue coat! I'd go naked 'fore I'd wear that! You see the hailstones was mighty thick and I might o' got hurt by delayin'. This coat ha, ha! I got curious. As I came along in the jayhawker thicket a feller jumped up from behind a tree and run like a quarter horse. I reckon he'd been asleep. I examined his bed and found only this coat, which had been his pillow. It fits me mighty well, and as I had none I just borrowed it. My old uncle, they say, is rich and I wanted a coat for fear he wouldn't own me. And that d—d jayhawker, he hain't got no rich uncle to visit. I reckon, if he kept on agoin' he's at Orleans by this time."

Having replenished his pony and his appetite, he trudged on saying, "Might obliged, Captin'; good luck!"

Three days later I was astonished at a hearty salute from old Jack Hardin, passing by with only a "gwine back, you see!"

"Hold on here, my old soldier—halt, and give us the news of your rich uncle."

"Well, I heard at Jasper that he'd moved away out 'tother side of the Warloup [sp?], and I thought it warn't no use to be follerin' him, so I jist gathered up as much tobacker as the pony could travel under, and started back to camps. You see, I hain't got no home and nobody, but the boys cares for Hardin, and the tobacker will give him a welcome. I bet they'll hurrah when they see me and old 'Starvation' with the load. Then they might git into a fight, and they'd miss old Hardin equal to a squad of doctors among our wounded men. They'll miss me—they will if any

on 'em gits hurt." And he started off.

"Stop. You shall not be cheated out of your furlough. Just report to the sergeant in camp, and put old "Star" in the cavallard. He shall be fed—and you, too, till you recruit."

"Thank you, Captin'; I'll do that. But you're the first man has offered me shelter since I started. These d---d fellows this o' way don't know that a soldier's human—they think he's a feller to gouge, and charge him a month's wages for a night's lodgin'. D---n 'em! They need a Yankee raid up here. I hearn one making a mighty fuss out here, cause one of his niggers has to work for the Government at the breastworks. I axed him how many years he'd carried a musket in the war himself. This sort o' flummoxed him, and he said he was 45.

"And I'm 55," says I, "and would fight the Yankees if I was 65, ef I could see to draw a bead."

Three days after I called for Jack, thinking to make him a courier to Gen. Taylor, as I needed one; but he was gone—left early that morning, leaving me a message of "bleeged," and saying to the sergeant:—"Tell the 'Captin' that he knows now how to treat an old soldier. That I'm washed clean, well rested, got my belly full, and horse, too, and am good for another three years now, or for the war, if it takes forty years to whip out the Yanks."

Let the readers of this sketch remember the name of old Jack Hardin, of Baylor's regiment, Arizona regiment, as a model patriot and soldier.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 24, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

A Yankee Curiosity.—A friend of Mr. J. G. Gibbes, who recently ran the blockade from Nassau, brought with him several packs of a novel style of playing cards, concocted by some ingenious artist who probably desired to touch the hearts as well as pockets of "Southern sympathizers." To this end he collected fifty-two portraits of Southern generals and statesmen, had them neatly engraved, printed on cards of the usual size, and in one corner located the hearts, diamonds, spades and—we have forgotten the other name—which are to be handled in the course of the game. Our leaders are thus ingeniously made to turn up as "trumps" at various stages of the play. Many would be recognized anywhere, but the artist has, in one or two cases, proved himself sadly at fault. Hon. Barnwell Rhett, for instance, figures as Brig. Gen. Thomas H. Rhett, while the Hon. Mr. Simmons, formerly Speaker of the House, looms up as Maj. Gen. S. G. Simmons. The collection of portraits embraces, among others, those of Hampton, Stuart, A. P. Hill, Stonewall Jackson, Lee, Johnston, Beauregard, Bragg, Price, Polk, Hardee, Longstreet, John H. Morgan, Toombs, Stephens, Mason, Slidell, Cheatham, Gustavus Smith, Lovell, Van Dorn, Capt. Maffit, Capt. Semmes, Ben McCulloch, Zollicoffer, Floyd, Humphrey Marshall, Brig. Gen. Gov. Bonham, Magruder, Crittenden, Hanson, Bowen, Ewell, Kirby Smith, Fitzhugh Lee, and Pillow.—[South Carolinian.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 30, 1864, p. 1, c. 4

Columbus, Miss., July 27, 1864

. . . There is one thing that struck me so forcibly on my late trip (as it has often done heretofore) that I cannot resist the inclination to speak out. It is the habit of ladies in traveling about so much on the cars, and frequently unattended. Scarcely a train leaves any point without having ladies aboard, and that, too, at a time when every car is crowded *full*. Many of them, I learned, were travelling for pleasure! Home must be an irksome place, indeed, when one has to travel in these times for pleasure. If the gentle ones only knew, or could hear, one-half the remarks that are made on the subject, I am sure they would stay at home, unless called off to visit some sick

or wounded brother, son or husband, in either of which cases they are not only excusable, but act properly. Being an admirer of the sex, and one who would do anything in my power to promote their enjoyment and happiness and to shield their reputation from reproach, I venture these remarks in the best possible spirit, and trust that they will be received as intended. . . . Rip Van Winkle.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 31, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

The Rankin girls.—Many of our most wealthy, intelligent and lovely young ladies have gone into the manufacturing business, and some of them we are told, have made it quite profitable. Hat, cap and bonnet factories have sprung up in every direction, and almost every man you meet wears an elegant new hat presented to him by one of those home made manufacturing establishments. Our girls have become really industrious; they make beautiful cloth out of the raw material, and then make it up into clothing for the soldiers; they make beautiful hats for their fathers, brothers, sweethearts and themselves; they make beautiful palmetto fans; some of them make their own shoes, and make them very neat and durable and when the war is over they will all make the very best of wives.—[Brandon Republican.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, July 31, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

A Sweet Little Maiden Checkmated.

[From the Montgomery Advertiser.]

I have the following from a connection of the party, and I believe it to be a veritable truth:

"Miss F. M., hearing so much of the *patriotic citizens* of our country, selling cotton to Yankees and it being stored within the Yankee lines; she determined to apply the torch. She left her home, and was absent two days and nights, giving, of course, great uneasiness and unhappiness to the family; the eldest son of the family being in the army, and only about 18 years old; the fair F*****, not yet "sweet fifteen." She returned with short hair, and, upon full inquiry, it was admitted she had dressed in a suit of her brother's clothes, having cut off her hair to prevent detection, and traveled on foot, shewing herself to no one, and went to the point where the cotton was stored, and to her regret she had been forestalled by the Confederate scouts, and she only reached there in time to see the cotton burning. Her food was a hard cracker and blackberries for the two days.

"I doubt not our boys would have gladly postponed the job had they known there was such a sprig of the old revolutionary stock left, and so fair a maiden as the sweet F***** M.

"A Refugee."

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, August 3, 1864, p. 1, c. 4

Lint for the Wounded.

Mr. Editor: I beg permission through the columns of your paper, to make a suggestion to the children of Mobile, and in reference to the purpose of which I am persuaded you will heartily concur.

Little children, I write unto you because you have much time to spare, and because your

little fingers can perform as much service, and therefore do as much towards administering to the comfort and care of the thousands of brave wounded soldiers as older ones can. I wish you to ask your parents and friends for old linen table cloths, napkins and such like—tear them into pieces about two or three inches square, then pull out the strands, and make all the lint you can for a week to come. Bring it to the Soldiers' Reading Room, where I will be most glad to welcome you with it every day until 4 until 6 o'clock in the afternoon. I wish to take it to the hospitals, where it is much wanted by all the poor sufferers, and who will, I am sure, call down God's blessing on the heads of the children of Mobile. Try then who can make the most, and send me away with a "heap" of lint for our suffering braves.

Your friend,

B. M. Miller, Post chaplain.

P.S. —The above is by no means designed to exclude the co-operation of young ladies and gentlemen of larger growth, who may also find many leisure hours to devote to this god-like charity at such a time as the present.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, August 11, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

Indigo.

[From the Charleston Courier.]

Editors Courier: The present high price of indigo may render some information on the culture of the plant and some simple processes for extracting the coloring matter, not unacceptable or inopportune to a portion of your readers. They are compiled from the valuable work, "Resources of the Southern Fields and Forests, by Dr. Francis Peyre Porcher:"

Indigo (*indigofera tinctoria*) was once cultivated in South Carolina to a considerable extent, and the remnants of indigo plantations, with the vats in which indigo was prepared, are still to be seen in the lower districts. In quality it is inferior to the wild indigo (*indigofera argentea*), but the increase of production will more than make up for the deficiency in price.

The soils best adapted to it are the rich, sandy loams, though it grows moderately well on most lands, provided they are not wet. The ground should be well broken, and kept light and free from grass by the plough. Lime, poudrette, ashes, &c., favor the growth of the plant, without injuring the coloring matter. The seed should be mixed with ashes or sand, and sown in drills, fourteen inches apart, four quarts of seed to the acre, about the 1st of April. When it first comes up it should have the grass picked out with the hand.—When an inch or two high the grass between the rows should be cut out with the hoe or scraper, and the soil loosened about the roots. Three weedings are enough before the first cutting, which should be commenced as soon as the plant throws out its bloom.

The following process of manufacturing indigo, in small quantities, for family use, is from the Southern Agriculturalist:

Cut the indigo when the under leaves begin to dry, and while the dew is on them in the morning; put them in a barrel, and fill this with rain water, and place weights on to keep it under the water; when bubbles begin to form on the top, and the water begins to look of a reddish color, it is soaked enough, and must be taken out, taking care to ring and squeeze the leaves well, so as to obtain all the strength of the plant; it must then be churned, which may be done by means of a tolerably open basket, with a handle to raise it up and down, until the liquor is quite in a foam. To ascertain whether it is done enough, take out a spoonful in a plate, and put a small quantity of very strong lye to it. If it curdles, the indigo is churned enough, and you must

proceed to break the liquor in the barrel in the same way, by putting in lye, which must be as strong as possible, by small quantities, and continuing to churn until it is all sufficiently curdled; care must be taken not to put in too much lye, as that will spoil it. When it curdles freely with the lye, it must be sprinkled well over the top with oil, which immediately causes the foam to subside, after which it must stand until the indigo settles to the bottom of the barrel. This may be discovered by the appearance of the water, which must be let off gradually by boring holes first near the top, and afterwards lower, as it continues to settle; when the water is all let off, and nothing remains but the sediment, take that and put it in a bag (flannel is the best,) and hang it up to drip, afterward spreading it to dry on large dishes. Take care that none of the foam, which is the strength of the plant, escapes while churning, but if it rises too high sprinkle a little oil on it.

The following is a method successfully used by a negro on a plantation in St. John's Berkley, to prepare a dye from the wild indigo:

Cut the plant, put it in a barrel, and cover with water. In about three days it commences to foam and is then ready to churn. Take out the leaves, pressing the liquid out of them. It is then to be whipped up in a churn with a stick made like a dasher. When it foams, a greased feather applied to the surface will check the foam. In order to test whether the process is sufficiently advanced and the blue color extracted, it may be tested in a white plate put in the sunlight; the thickened grounds will be visible. About a quart of strong lye water, or lime water, should be first thrown in to settle it. This should be done before it is churned. If the coloring substance appears to be sufficiently separated, draw the supernatant water carefully away. The remaining or sediment should be placed in a bag to drain, and afterwards may be moulded [sic] into cakes.

For the manufacture of indigo on a more extensive scale, large vats and other facilities are needed. The produce is about sixty pounds of indigo to the acre, and each hand can cultivate three acres.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, August 14, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

Flag for the Forty-third Mississippi.

The following correspondence has come to our hands after a long delay:

Columbus, Miss, May 20, 1864.

Will Colonel Harrison and his gallant "Forty-Third" accept this banner as a slight token of the appreciation felt for the unflinching discharge of their duty in their country's defense.

When the star of battle waxes red, and the din of war grows loud, may the colors waving over their heads remind them that warm hearts at home regret their hardships and watch their progress with anxious hopes and earnest prayers.

And may they in the glorious future, as even in the honorable past, truly take for their motto: "non nobis solun [?] sed [?] patria et amicis"

Very respectfully,

Helen Cozart.

Headquarters, 43d Mississippi Regiment,
Line of Battle, May 29, 1864.

Miss Helen Cozart: I enjoyed the honor this day to receive by the hands of Mr. Henry McCune, the beautiful banner presented by yourself to the 43rd Mississippi regiment. If any consideration could heighten the feelings of gratitude and pleasure inspired by this fitting token

of pure patriotism and unalloyed friendship, it would be the chaste and elegant terms in which the present is so modestly tendered.

Accept the gratitude of a soldier's heart, and be assured that whilst the beautiful folds of that battle flag wave over us, our hearts will draw fresh inspiration and courage, and our arms be more nerved to strike the invading foe. In the hour of peril, when the fierce rolling tide of battle, like a tempest of fire sweeps against our struggling columns, our hearts shall not grow fast, or our arms grow weary, for we then will remember, "that warm hearts at home regret our hardships, and watch our progress with anxious hopes and earnest prayers."

With sentiments of high regard,

I am very respectfully,
Richard Harrison, Col. Commanding

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 10, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

The Macon (Ga.) Confederate says: "We notice many refugee families encamped in tents in groves around the city. They appear to take things quite cheerful and easy." Surely, with a little effort, these sufferers might be squeezed into houses in a large town like Macon. The people of that town have been and are in such imminent danger of being driven from their own houses, that it is natural to suppose they would feel an active sympathy for those who have been.—[Fayetteville (N.C.) Observer.

We assure the Observer that many of the landlords of Macon feel great sympathy for the refugees—and raise the price of their houses one thousand per cent. to prove it.—[Confederate.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 10, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

Whittemore Cotton Cards.

One Case Whittemore Cotton Cards. For sale by

L. Brewer & Co.,
Nos. 9 & 11 St. Louis street.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 10, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

Shoes—Shoes.

A small lot of Ladies' and Misses' SHOES at old prices (\$50) Fifty Dollars, at the old Stand of Henry and Stoddard, 37 Water street, between Conti and Government street, Mobile.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 11, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

The Grecian Wriggle.—Since the adoption of the prevalent fashion of trailing dresses, our male readers have doubtless often watched with a species of admiring awe the dexterous manoeuver by which the ladies manage to avoid besmirching their trains in the wet and dirt of the streets. It has not been until late, however, that we learned the technical name of this move, and that masculinity may no longer burst in ignorance on the point, hasten to say that it is called "*the Grecian Wriggle*."—[Richmond Dispatch.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 15, 1864, p. 1, c. 6

The Women of Virginia.--A writer in a Yankee paper gives the following sketch of the noble women of the Shenandoah Valley:

The faces that look down from the windows of the Valley have, in many instances, a strange and fascinating beauty. Between them and one who glances up, that glamour fatal to Pyrrhus rises to cheat the senses and inform the heart with the most persuasive lies. There is no tenderness in those faces. Their charm is far different from that known to Northern countries. It is a steel cold languor, to witness which is chilling to the soul. One who commences speech with these damsels finds himself wondering what sort of beings have arisen on this soil in place of the children of Eve. Here are smiles, and courtesy, and refinement; but, ah! how very like a cymbal is the hollow something in the sound of all! These women have suffered. War is nearer their hearts than ours. It is a sterner thing by far. Their hearts are in it, buried, some of them, in graves that thicken every day upon the soul.

Along this valley, in which, from the Potomac to Staunton, there is no law nor safety, the scourge of battle is a monthly episode. All the horror, all the sacrifice of war knocks at the door of every mansion on the way. Property and life are things of chance. People make few plans for the future. To-morrow may shatter them forever. Marriage is little thought of. All marriageable men are under arms, and marriageable women let them go with little murmur.--There is no use in murmuring.

War is the one great passion to which both sexes are alike devoted, and for which both are ready to make any sacrifice. These women seem to have tacitly accepted the fact that until the war is over courtship is a mockery that had better not be thought of. The maiden who says good-bye to her lover, makes up her mind for the worst that can befall. Death is the rival of love, and death, nine times out of ten, is conqueror. Is it strange, then, that we who seek for tenderness in the hearts of these women must seek deep? Wrong as is the cause, it has a more wide-spread, and a bitterer, deeper devotion among the masses in this region than has ours.

One of the most beautiful of all the women in the Valley, who visited the North before the war, and was a belle at several watering places during the summer months, refused last week to take the hand of an old friend, in Federal uniform, who presented himself at her door. I have heard no less than half a dozen damsels say, in a tone of perfect calmness, that they had rather have every friend they have killed, and die themselves, than have the South submit to a restoration with those whom they esteem to be its enemies. I believe they meant what they said, and would abide by it to the letter. Such women as these are influential enemies, and it will be said by many that they deserve all the insult and harm they have received in return for their enmity.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 14, 1864, p. 1, c. 5

The Atlanta Exiles.

The first train for the reception of the exiles from Atlanta was sent up this (Monday) morning, and we presume the operation of removing them will proceed daily until all are taken away. Those who are helpless, we understand, for the present, will be taken to Barnesville, and provided with food and quarters by the State. It is purely conjectural what the number will be. The permanent population of Atlanta was about thirteen thousand, but it is probable that half the number fled from the city to escape the shells of the enemy. Of those who remained, no doubt

numbers will elect to go North; and of the sum total we must deduct the negro population, who are not under sentence of exile. Besides these, Sherman, we understand, claims the Fire Brigade and all detailed men and railroad employees in the city as prisoners of war, and insists upon exchanging them for prisoners at Camp Sumter; and moreover, he informs Gen. Hood, that he will not receive in exchange men whose term of military service has expired. Failing to secure such an exchange as this, the whole posse will be sent to some Northern military prison, and this will still further reduce the number of exiles southward.

Modern war are [illegible]sy be challenged in vain for an edict from military satrap so utterly and inexcusably barbarous as this. To drive out a non-combatant population from their houses and effects, with nothing but the clothes upon their persons, is a military measure which we think is without example since the expulsion of the Moors from Grenada—a tragedy which called forth all that was patriotic in the pen of Irving. Little did that genial and brilliant writer imagine that the arms of his own countrymen would be prostituted to a perpetration of a similar deed in the 19th century. So horrible is the war upon helpless women and babies, that we might look for such an outrage as this to evoke a universal burst of indignation from Christendom; but the world does not like us, and no measure of outrage or tyranny against the South excites any degree of repugnance to the perpetrators.—[Mac. Telegraph.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 23, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

The Fashions.

We have no such member of our editorial staff as a fashion editress, a circumstance which we greatly regret on account of all who are similarly situated with the lady subscriber who sends us the following appeal, and who seems, by withholding her name, determined that we, at least, shall not recognize her. Perhaps some of our fair friends, can supply our deficiencies:

_____, Ala., Sept. 20th, 1864

Messrs. Editors: Will you not for the benefit of some of your country friends devote a small portion of your time and space to "the Fashions"—We all wear homespun dresses and home made hats, but do not like to be entirely out of the fashion, if we are almost out of the world; we are deprives of many a little trip to the Gulf City on account of our old-timy [sic] clothes. There are no beaux here to catch, but a few of our brave soldiers get a short leave of absence sometimes, to visit their friends, and of course we all wish to dress becomingly as we can. You will probably say that fashions are not always becoming, which is very true; yet, it is not every one who has taste sufficient to choose fashions for herself. If any of us are fortunate enough to get a calico dress, which does not happen often, the style of making costs us many an anxious thought; and if you do not give us a few hints occasionally, I fear our city friends will not recognize us when we meet them; which would be exceedingly mortifying to at least one of your subscribers.

Receipts.

Office Mucilage.—Dissolve twenty grains of alum and (if it can be procured) two grains of corrosive sublimate in one gill of boiling water. Stir in enough sifted wheat flour very gradually, breaking down the lumps with a wooden or bone spatula (not an iron one) to make a thick batter. Boil until it becomes a homogeneous paste. It is more adhesive than gum arabic

solution, and will keep an indefinite time, the alum preventing fermentation and the corrosive sublimate the deposition of the eggs of insects. The latter ingredient is not essential, but improves it.

Pounce.—Finely pulverized rosin makes a good pounce, and will prevent blotting if applied to an erased surface on writing paper. It should be rubbed in with the finger and polished off with a piece of silk. The paper can then be written over and the ink will not run.

M.W.C.

Aberdeen, Miss., Sept. 19th, 1864.

Remark—We would remind our readers that great caution should be used in preparing the mucilage with corrosive sublimate, and the utensils used in the preparation should be very carefully cleansed.—Ed.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, September 27, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

Condition and Spirit of the Mississippians.

A correspondent of the Clarion, who, though a loose thinker, (as he has fallen into the vile trick of calling this war "a revolution"—that is, a rebellion,) is a shrewd observer and holds a graphic pen writes as follows, after a recent tour:

A journey across the State impresses one with the conviction that present evils are imaginary rather than real. Only here and there have I seen women and children in absolute want. On any street in any great city before the war, a loiterer would have observed more of penury than is visible along the highways in the poorer counties of Mississippi. I have seen white women toiling in the fields in Eastern and Western States of the former Government, but not so frequently in those of the South. However strong such evidence might be deemed of extreme poverty, I have encountered no soldier's family who had not food to share with the wayfarer. The rich complain more, because of the deprivation of former luxuries, than the poor because of the want of the necessities of life. The conclusion is almost irresistible that many complaints which we are accustomed to hear are fanciful rather than real; it is certainly true that those whose actual necessities are greater complain least. The poor endure the incidents and misfortunes of war with greater fortitude than the rich. Two years ago there was among a large class of the population of the Gulf States a strong prejudice against the leaders of the revolution. The people said it was a war originating in the negro question, in which they felt not the slightest interest; that those alone should incur the dangers and hardships of a soldier's life whose property was at stake; but now the truth is palpable to the meanest intellect. The contest in which we are engaged involved not only the prosperity of the South, but every question of human freedom, even life itself.

I have yet to find a woman, however impoverished, whatever the losses she has sustained, though sons, brothers and husbands are absent or have fallen, who does not adhere with unwavering fidelity to the cause of independence. With them there is an undefined horror excited by a remote allusion to Yankee domination. They prefer a war through all time to a day's subjection to Federal despotism.

Yesterday I stopped before a cabin door and inquired the way to Mr. C_____'s. As is usually the case, since Gov. Clark organized his army, there was no one at home but the "old 'oman" and her daughters. As well as I can recollect the following colloquy ensued:

"Good morning, madam; will you be kind enough to tell me the way to Mr. C_____'s?"

"Yes sir. You see that ar cornfield thar—it's a purty big field too. Me and Nance and Jinny, my two daters, works it—we do; ever sence Guvner Clark tuk the old man away. The wurrums has mitey nigh et up all the fodder and cleaned out the grass. Me and Jinny and Nancy will go to fodder stacken to morrow."

"Go round that and come to squire Belotes and hees gone to the war, and left his old 'oman sick and his one-eyed dawter; she has fits, and they say Guvner Clark awt to be hung for takin away all the men and leevin the wimmin folks to take care of themselves. She aint a very knowing 'oman—she aint got no idear of what's commin ef the Yankees gits the country. Thar's my son Bill what's bin all through the wars in old Ferginny and in Tennissy. He sez that the Yankees is allers wus to pore folks and heeze hearn Dutch soldiers claimin little farms along the roads whar they marched. All of us is intew the war now. Look here stranger do you know my son Billy?"

"To what *regiment* did he belong, madame?"

"He belonged to Bragg's for sum time, and now heeza gone to Philadelphia, I hear'n."

"I don't know your son, and would thank you to tell me what road I must take to reach Mr. C_____s."

"Yes, sir, I was just a goin to tell you that you go round that ar field of corn and that road will take you to Belote's, and when you git thar you must go in and see the old 'oman. She's sorter def and not heerin much, don't know nuthin. She's the only Unioner in all this country. Don't tell her nothin about Guvner Clark; ef you do she'll rare. Ef it takes all the men in the Masssissip to whip the Dutch niggers and Yankees, and Guvnor Clark will conscrip the wimin, me and Nance and Jinny will go. We've done talked it all over and kin do fine ef the men don't bother us."

I rode away well satisfied that I had at least learned that the poorest and most unlettered of our people have begun to comprehend the results of the revolution. If we are once disarmed, ten thousand disciplined soldiers can maintain the foreign despotism. A desultory warfare would continue while men like Forrest live, but pitiable will be the condition of this people when the women of the country would have their sons and husbands abandon the leaders of our armies and denounce those who, like Governor Clark, would make every citizen a soldier. The old lady has reasoned accurately and well.—Better that the women of the South should become soldiers than submit to degradation, wrongs and outrages at the hands of brutal disbanded Federal armies.

The illustration gives of the spirit and feelings of the people is not an isolated instance. I saw a mother whose son had recently fallen in one of the battles near Atlanta. She said, when speaking of her misfortune, "that she would never weep again because of the loss of her poor boy, if assured that his death would contribute to the independence of his country. But to lose him and then to be ruled by our merciless foes, is more than a mother can endure. I have solved the mystery of Roman patriotism; a mother's love has been merged in a broader, nobler affection for the land of my birth, but I cannot survive the loss both of my son and country. It is this possibility that causes me to weep."

Such women are not peculiar to Mississippi. Everywhere the same matchless heroism and unyielding fortitude has been evinced by mothers and daughters and wives. Wisely enough Lincoln and his myrmidons wage a relentless war upon the women of the country. Denounce him and Sherman and Butler and Hunter and Milroy as we may, they have concluded justly that while the women live the South can never be subjugated. From all that I have seen or heard the abandonment of Atlanta by Hood and the surrender of the Forts at Mobile have begotten none of that despondency which followed the fall of Vicksburg. Let come what may our independence

must be achieved. Such is the fixed purpose of this people.

S. L.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 11, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

The wife of a Confederate surgeon, who remaining with her husband at the hospital after the battle of Jonesboro, spent four days within the enemy's lines, says, in writing to the Columbus Sun:

It was with difficulty I could repress expressions of indignation by my little son, who was accosted by almost every one who saw him, as a young rebel, &c. At one time as a Yankee was expatiating upon the philanthropic magnanimity of the Union army, affirming that "our soldiers never disturb private property," he replied, with an air of triumphant sarcasm, "anyhow, I saw one of your Generals pass here today with ten chickens tied to his saddle."

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 12, 1864, p. 1, c. 4

Tangipahoa, La., Oct. 6, 1864

. . . I saw "mine host," Dr. T-----, doing something last evening that was new to me. Crockery and glassware of the ordinary kind being well nigh obsolete in the Confederacy, and especially in Tangipahoa, the doctor was simply manufacturing his own glassware. As his process is cheap, easy, simple, and worthy of imitation, I will describe it.—Take a claret bottle, or any kind of a glass bottle—bottles of thin white glass with flat bottoms are the best; hold the bottle firmly by both ends; let another person, having a cup of water ready, pass a stout cotton cord twice round the bottle, and create a friction by pulling the ends of the cord to and fro rapidly for a minute or so; then let him jerk the cord off, dash the water on quickly, and, presto! you hold in one hand as serviceable a tumbler or goblet as you need wish, and in the other a neat but not gaudy glass candlestick! The bottle should be held with a strap, piece of leather, or other substance with a hard straight edge, firmly around it at the intended point of severance, in order to keep the cord in one place during the friction, and to secure straight and smooth edges to the glassware. Old bottles can be put to good use in this way.

I.G.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 18, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

Gen. Rosecrans and Confederate Ladies.

Gen. Rosecrans has issued the following order:

Headq'rs, Department of Missouri,
St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 13, 1864.

"Special Orders No. 259.

"The papers in the case of Miss Sue M. Bryant, of Booneville, show that she wrote a letter sending her "never dying love to the bushwhackers," and praying God to bless them in all their undertakings.—That she subsequently denied under oath having any sympathy for them. That from her friends' letters in her behalf she had evidently persuaded them to believe she was arrested merely for wearing and displaying colors which were meant to proclaim her an enemy of her State and country, which she must have known to have been untrue.

"The letters of Miss Bryant and Miss Mayfield will be published, to warn thoughtful parents and teachers, whether Christians or not, of the fearful downward course of the youth of

our State, when educated girls, of respectable parents, write such letters; and express sympathy with outlaws, thieves and murderers, more degraded than the savages who murder the inhabitants of our frontier settlements.

"By command of Maj. Gen. Rosecrans,

J. F. Bennett, A. A. G."

The letters in question are published with the order. The following is an extract from one of them:

Marshall, Saline County, Aug. 2, 1864.

My Own Sweet Mintie: Give a careless glance at the heading of my letter, and you will perceive that I am in my precious old county, and enjoying myself more than words or pen can tell. I have enjoyed myself, but brother has to leave tomorrow, and then we have no more pleasure. It was reported the bushwhackers were coming to town last night, and you never saw such running in your life among the Feds, negroes and Union people. There were only three men in Marshall. Don't you think we ladies had a pleasant time? I received a long sad dear letter from Lou M. She is well, and enjoying herself very well. She will be in Booneville this week. Don't you wish you could see her old rebel self. I do. While I write you can hear the distant roar of some cannon that is bringing some poor _____ to his long and narrow home. "So mote it be." It is in the direction of Glasgow. If you see the bushwackers, give them my never-dying love, and say to them, "Go! bless them and all their wise undertakings."

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 28, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

The Fall Fashions.

For the delectation of our lady readers, we clip the following from the New York Herald of the 21st inst.:

Fancy feathers are now greatly in vogue for *neglige* hats--those of the cassowary, the flamingo, the hawk, the pheasant, the peacock, and even the parrot.

The very small veils, which cover the face so coquettishly, are worked with jet beads and fringed with chonille [sic]. These small veils differ in form. One is called the "mask veil," and is made of lace and edged with chonille [sic], tipped with beads; this form covers the face as a mask. Another kind is called the "Josephine Veil," and is larger than the mask; it is round, and has black lace ends, and is likewise fringed with jet. Then there are the white lace veils, edged with fringe of the same color as the bonnet, and tipped with white bugles; these are particularly becoming. Veils are worn all round the brims of hats, being long in front, and decreasing at the sides, until at the back they are comparatively short.

Curls find a place in almost every head dress, but only at the back and sides; never in front. Plaits worn as coronets are again resumed, and considered very distinguished.

The hair is arranged in a very complicated style for evening parties, etc.--gold combs and flowers at the back are the usual ornaments. Combs are made much more elaborately than formerly, and are enriched with a gold fringe; but during the day time the style of arranging the hair has latterly become much more simple. Many young ladies are wearing the antique bandelets or fillets, bound around their heads; these narrow bands are made of velvet, embroidered with blue or white beads; they are tied at the back, and terminate with flowing ends; it is a very good style, particularly for those who have regular features. |

Little boys wear the *toque*, or Russian cap, with the brim turned up, and trimmed with a

wide velvet ribbon to match with the dress. The cap is ornamented with a white or red pigeon's wing, or with an aigrette of peacock, eagle, or pheasant's feathers. Little girls also wear the *toque*, but with a long curled white feather, and a very tiny aigrette in front.

A novelty in kid gloves is to wear them with five or six small buttons, and coming therefore very high up the wrist. The high wrist of the undersleeve then comes over the glove.

The prettiest effects of color can be legitimately and picturesquely obtained now by aid of the new curtainless bonnets. Seize the chance while it lasts, if you do not object to being deemed rather in advance of the fashion and a little peculiar, it is not likely to last very long--it is too fantastic. Everybody knows how everybody wears her hair at this present period. The roman coin arrangement "has obtained," as the phrase is; and so we all draw it back tightly over the ears, bind it with a velvet fillet, and tie it up in a more or less luxuriant club behind. No more effective arrangement for displaying the shape of the head, if the head has any shape at all, was ever designed. That it is felt to be graceful and good in itself, is proved by this fact, that those autocrats, the milliners, have adapted bonnets to suit the hair, instead of, as usual, forcing the hair to adapt itself to the bonnet.

The great gain in the altered bonnet shapes is this, that it admits of flowers being placed immediately upon the hair, and every artist knows that this is a great gain. To be sure we have always had flowers in front of the bonnets, but though they were under the brim, they were either separated from the hair by tulle or pressed down so low on the forehead that the effect was missed altogether; besides, the hair is usually dressed in such a way upon the temples that it is utterly impossible for it to form the soft elastic background for flowers that is now afforded by the luxuriant club at the back. There will no longer be any difficulty in painting a woman in her bonnet, provided she will stand in such a way that the artist can do justice to the fair substitute for the banished bavolet.

A scarlet japonica, a crimson or a buff tea rose, on dark hair, would be a delicious bit of color, a soft flexible bit of lace or tulle falling down to meet it, every leaf thrown up by the dark brown or black background. Why, the sight would almost reconcile a woman to the possession of dark locks, even though she does live in these days of the glorification of golden hair. It would be such a thing as Giorgione painted--such a thing as Philip has found heretofore nowhere save in Spain. What if the sense of beauty, suddenly awakened, should throw off entirely those rigid lines which have too long surrounded the female head out of doors, and joining hand in hand with fashion, should insist that the votaries of the latter do henceforth wear soft wireless combinations of cloudy lace and silvery tulle, rendered distinctly by deft selected flowers alone. Remembering the spoonshaped bonnets of a while ago, it can be hoped such a result may be achieved.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, October 28, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

Wool is Scarce—A Substitute—My wife is using a substitute, which is cow hair. The process is, whip the hair clean from dirt and lime; wash and dry it well, and mix with cotton; spin fine or coarse as needed. It makes excellent gloves, socks, blankets, and men's clothing. Said to be warmer, heavier, and more lasting than wool. I expect to wear cow hair clothes this winter. Many ladies are doing this, but all do not know of this plan, and if the editors through the country would publish this, thousands of our soldiers this winter might be warmly clad.—Hillsboro Recorder.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 2, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Matches.—How could we now do without these conveniences? which yet within the memory of us old folks were not even known—that is, in the form which the word "match" at present suggests to the mind. No wonder they were about the first thing we Confederates started to manufacturing. They came to us, until recently, from all quarters, but most of them, we suspect, were forwarded to more distant points, and now we hardly see any at all but Cherry's, whose manufacture, while it is the best extant, (there may be others as good, they cannot be better), is at the same time ample for the demand. He is constantly employing new hands, and advertises this morning for three or four girls.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 3, 1864, p. 1, c. 8

Manners and Customs.

A lady from one of the rural districts in Georgia, thus writes to the Columbus Enquirer: I am a country woman. Have been in your city. I was shocked. I saw—you'll scarcely believe it. I saw—can hardly tell it. I saw women in the streets with their dresses held so, that you could see their underskirts all around and ever so high; indeed you could scarcely tell that they had on any dress at all. Would not look at the face of any one thus seen, for fear it might prove to be some one known and my respect be lessened.

These are the women, Mr. Editor, who run after officers—who, in time of peace, wear their costume too low in the neck at parties, and who would adopt the bloomer style if fashion dictated. If they were married, where were their husbands? I sighed to think they might be fighting in the front, their wives meanwhile making such unusual street displays! If they were single they must be orphans—or surely no mother permitted her daughters thus to act when they were out. I moaned! It seemed this war was all in vain—that it was useless waste of life—the precious blood spilled upon our ensanguined plains, fighting for women who blazoned their nether skirts in the public streets. *O, tempora! O, mores!* I groaned—thinking that if these are the women of our Revolution, what would the grandchildren be? In a state of progression they might conclude to wear no dress at all. Just think of it—a Confederacy founded upon women who walk the streets *a la* petticoat! Let us hope that the grandchildren will blush as they relate in whispers this astonishing fact in Southern History.

My dear countrywomen! soiled dresses are better than soiled modesty; better to have dust on your clothes than strictures on your manners; modesty is of far more value than money—and if your dress costs too much to trail, then wear a plainer one, or one short enough to clear the sidewalk. This do for the sake of those poor fellows at the front; be worthy of their great sacrifice. You may curl your lip and say, "evil be him who evil thinks." Just so—don't make one think evil.

The women of Georgia have walked the streets for a hundred years and never found any necessity for such display. Strange that it should now so urgently exist—that neatness cannot be preserved in any other way. My countrywomen surely will refrain when they are informed that it is a Yankee fashion ten years old. We first saw it at the North with much disgust and blessed the fates that made us Southern born. Our disgust is none the less because in our own streets the custom is seen. Any one who has seen the Yankee ladies cross Broadway, or travel by railroad, knows that they care no more about showing their knees than they do their faces; and if you care

no more for showing theirs than they do—and in ten more years, you will be walking the streets with your faces painted and enameled as theirs are now. Oh! be warned in time.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 8, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

Northwest Mississippi, Oct. 31, 1864

The weather having been frosty and invigorating everybody is busy at work making provision for another year. Military operations in this quarter of the Confederacy seem to be in *status quo* and all eyes are turned in other directions for exciting intelligence. Having a few moments respite from labor I don't know what I can do therefore, better than give your readers another blaze of light on agriculture. In this I am not romancing, but giving plain statements of facts in the hope that others may profit thereby. Let me say in the beginning, however, that no kind friend has yet sent me those seed of the African sugar cane, but I am expecting them every day and have no doubt they'll come after a while.

If your readers need any light upon the cultivation of Peas, I think I am prepared to afford it. My neighbors all yield the palm, and in this branch of agriculture I stand alone in my glory.

The first I planted, I didn't raise any. I planted my peas and corn in the same field, and I didn't know therefore whether it was the fault of the corn or the peas. I had always understood in human affairs that two families would not prosper well together, and I thought probably the peas and corn were going it somewhat upon the same principle. The next year I planted my peas away off to themselves. I didn't make any that year either, and then I knew it was the fault of the peas. The next season I "fixed things," for a bully crop in a small way. I paid a neighbor ten dollars for four bushels of very prolific peas known in my neighborhood as the Whippoorwill Pea. I selected a good place and gave my overseer particular instructions, and he gave the negroes particular instructions, and I went off, and he says he went off, but the peas were well planted. That is, they were sown just thick enough to touch, which we all thought quite close enough together, and it certainly was a great economy in area, for the whole four bushels covered not quite a quarter of an acre of ground. They came up finely and flourished like a green bay tree. I thought of their reputation for prolificness [sic?] and knowing I had four bushels lying in the ground so closely that they jostled each other every time anything walked over them, I bought lumber and built me a granary. I got it completed before frost, and a week or two afterwards went out one afternoon with a couple of youngsters and gathered all my peas, shelled and measured them. I made a peck, but I must confess it was not full measure. I concluded Whippoorwill Peas were not as prolific as they were cracked up to be, and can't recommend them.

The next season a neighbor very kindly gave me a bushel of the beautiful white "Lady Pea" and I went to Memphis and bought another bushel of white navy beans. I determined these should be planted right, and so I planted them myself. Both these varieties being a favorite at my family board, I gladdened the heart of Mrs. Rip Van Winkle by promising her an inexhaustible supply of each, and both she and the little Winkles commenced dreaming of white beans and lady peas, and kept it up till I fancied I could see peas and beans twinkling in their eyes. They waited patiently however and so did I, and we're waiting yet, and as the planting took place in the spring of 1861 we begin to think it high time they had come up. I haven't planted any since.

In 1859 I bought everything except cotton seed (of which I found a supply on my place). The next year I should have had even *that* to buy had not my neighbor, Prince, very kindly given me a supply.

In 1860 I made corn to sell and became very uneasy lest we should all grow lazy in

consequence, or my neighbors should think me selfish. My uneasiness didn't last long, however, for I commenced buying again the next year, and have kept it up ever since, and my popularity is now so firmly established that I believe I could distance any man in the Beat for constable.

During the past summer my corn was splendid.—It was rather *too* splendid, for it attracted the attention of my neighbors cattle and hogs, and my own, together with that of my goats and mules and every playful little squirrel in all the woods round about, and they came very near eating it all up. I couldn't find it in my heart to blame them much, for I know strong temptation is hard to resist.

After fattening them all, however, I had my fences put up again, and still thought I should deliver a liberal tithe to the Government, and sell some five hundred bushels. I've got it all in now, and have concluded not to sell any, as I didn't gather quite enough to fatten my few remaining hogs. Mr. Secretary Seddon may as well scratch my name off his list of contributors to the support of the army in the way of corn. I really think, however, I can make out a support, by distributing a few hundred dollars among my neighbors and relieving them of two or three hundred bushels of corn.

Last year my sweet potatoes grew so enormously large that I had to beg plantings of my neighbors the past spring. This was very inconvenient, and I determined to stop it. I succeeded finely, for this year they are so small that I shall be able to supply the whole country with plantings next spring—that is, provided they don't all rot as heretofore.

One year I bought half a gallon of pumpkin seed, which I afterwards found was just five times as many as I wanted. I planted them, however, in a rich bottom and promised each of my neighbors a wagon load of luscious pumpkins in the fall. They forgot to send for them which was well enough as I have had neither a pumpkin nor a seed since. It was no doubt very fortunate, for they are apt to make the children sick.

Last fall I sowed twenty-five bushels of good wheat. This year I got twenty bushels of wheat and twenty-four of the most elegant smut you ever saw. No one else in the neighborhood raised any smut at all, and you know it is a splendid fertilizer.

I planted a bushel of beautiful winter Irish potatoes last June, which I got from my neighbor, Col. Sarringer. I dug them yesterday, and got three dozen and one of the prettiest little red fellows you ever saw. My children thought they were marbles, and as marbles had "played out," I considered it a bright idea and gave them to the little *he* Winkles for ring sport. What other farmer or planter raises his own marbles? I'd like to know *that*! I'm going into it largely next year. If any one wants marbles they had better speak in time.

I am fond of the *unique*. My neighbors don't seem to have any taste that way, and they are constantly commenting on my gates and fences. True, the latter are pretty tolerable rickety, and so low that my boys jump them easily, but who wants a fence so high as to hide everything, and at the same time lose the amusement of seeing the pigs and goats jump over like flocks of crows! My gates swing sometimes, and sometimes they don't. When they don't swing they generally drag, and when they don't drag, they invariably fall down. It is a sort of pleasant warfare between me and my neighbors, but as I can't convert them to my way of constructing a farm, I still have the satisfaction of being singular.

Two years ago I built me a fine large ginhouse—Last year the best part of it fell down. It was built upon an entirely original plan, and what is left of it has taken a strong northward inclination, and stands at an angle of about forty nine degrees. I expect to wake up some morning and find it flat.

I built me a large splendid stable. A big wind came along a few weeks ago, and the top

of stable squatted down flat to let the wind pass over. It seems not to have gotten over its scare, for it hasn't straightened up yet. My neighbors who see it look upon it as one of my "new notions," and shake their heads and turn up their noses. They have seen flat top dwelling houses and stores, but are not accustomed to flat-top stables. I don't think any of them will take it as a model, but it answers a splendid purpose, for the rain that drips—or rather pours—through, washes off the stock, and keeps the ground soft and mushy under foot, so that the feet of my mules and horses will not get cramped from standing on hard ground or plank floors. This is the season for muzzling dogs. Fortunately my crop of persimmons is so heavy that I don't have to muzzle my dogs at all. Persimmon beer, persimmon puddings and persimmon tarts, and all those tempting little delicacies of which this popular berry forms a component part, are now in full blaze. The children are fat, the dogs are fat, and I am fat also. The heart feels glad and jubilant, and matters do not look half so gloomy and dark as they did before frost. Tarheels says:

Glorious vegetable! though sometimes rough,

'Tis hard, when ripe, to get enough.

Much slandered fruit! thy praises be

Sung by far better bards than me;

Yet for their strains I will not wait,

Proud staple of the Old North State.

I love thy beer, and puddings too,

Who does not? Echo answers who.

I love to suck thy juicy meat,

Ripe and yaller, soft and sweet.

Let others slander as they please,

I love to climb persimmon trees,

And eat the fruit both raw and done,

Which after frost is *number one*.

Etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.

I have one objection to persimmons as a crop—They render clothing an expensive item, for the little *he* Winkles will wear out their breeches climbing the trees. However, it's good exercise for them, and keeps their blood in healthy circulation.

As I have no startling news to wind up with, and conclude I've written enough on agriculture for this time, I'll close. You shall have more of my experiences hereafter.

Rip Van Winkle.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 9, 1864, p. 1, c. 6

Correspondence of the Evening News.

Letter from Northwest Mississippi.

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

Northwest Mississippi, Nov. 2, 1864.

This is one of the worst days I ever saw for writing a letter. It has been drizzling all day, and so dark that one can scarcely see to write. Just the very weather for the Blue Devils to cavort around freely in, and they are never particular where they light or who they perch upon, whether welcome or not. Plague take the things, I am writing now to drive them away. I had the company last night of a preacher and a steward, but they left me this morning, notwithstanding

the weather, and now I am alone, except the usual surroundings of a house full of Van Winkles, and a yard full of geese. The latter seem to regard me with especial favor, but I am doubting whether to consider it a compliment or not. My honored grey-haired sire, however, was wont to teach me long years ago that it was best to have the good will of a dog than his ill will, and upon the same principle I receive kindly the friendly demonstrations of my geese.—But there is another reason: These much slandered birds of all the inhabitants of the poultry and barn yards are my exclusive property, and I am their especial protector, for the amiable matron who presides over the honored establishment of the Van Winkles, claims no part nor share in them, and does not mind having a fat gander's head chopped off any more than she does lighting my pipe for me.

Now, everybody knows a fat goose isn't to be sneezed at in cold weather any more than a bowl of egg nog, in stocking "Juniata," therefore, I invested eight dollars in geese at fifty cents a head. This was in those good old times, however, when toddies and cocktails were a dime a "pull." I laid in a supply of other fowls, to-wit: fifty two hens, four roosters, nine turkeys, thirteen ducks and seven guineas. Mrs. Van was delighted with all except the geese and the guineas. I had to take them off her hands at cost and I began to count on supplying the Memphis market with fat young geese, and with guinea eggs. About four weeks afterwards I ascertained that twelve of my sixteen geese were of the gender that don't usually lay eggs, and all my parched corn and other egg-provoking purgatives were entirely thrown away, and sixteen warm, cozy nests I had made were only useful as monuments of my skill in poultry and architecture. This was *too bad*, and Mrs. Van Winkle gave the cook a carte blanche upon my investment, which made the feathers fly I tell you. We had roast goose for dinner, cold goose for supper and goose hash for breakfast till our voices became attuned something similar to a broken clarinet and our necks began to become elongated like those that receive most attention at a "gander pulling." The summons to the dinner table to pay our respects to the fourteenth roast goose found us pecking around the crib door for stray grains of corn (which candor constrains me to say, according to the best of my recollection, we found very scarce). I told Mrs. Van privately that this thing must be stopped, or the little Winkles, if not the big ones too, would turn to geese. This wise conclusion was acquiesced to, and an order issued from Domestic Headquarters accordingly.—Thus two geese were saved from the general slaughter. These being both of the laying gender, I sent off to one of my neighbors and got one of the other gender, and immediately passed an act allowing a gander to be a Mormon. The next season we had thirty-four goslings. We raised eighteen, of which, after divers consultations and many misgivings, we ventured to eat one, and an old blue sow ate the balance. About six months afterwards, a stray goose took up at Juniata, and remained and "quarkeed" about the yard until she put the law of possession fully on my side, and I pitied her forlorn condition, and mounted my horse and rode around "in search of a *husband*" for her till my good neighbor Mrs. Oglesby very kindly gave me one. I hadn't said anything to Mrs. Van about what I was up to, intending it as a surprise. I went home, therefore, in high spirits, and sent a boy off for my gander. The dinner bell jingled and I walked into the dining room, and there was a large fat fowl smoking on the table. It was my goose.—Mrs. O. became apprised of my misfortune, and instead of one sent me a pair. I bought ten more and I've got just ten now.

Madam turned over the poultry yard to a couple of fair damsels and then we *did* count. They had to appropriate a certain number of eggs to my dogs, and then the only difficulty was to effect an arrangement with the boys in relation to the chickens and turkeys and ducks. All their efforts to do this, however, were futile. I had an old blue sow who would watch the horse rack in front of the gate all day long, and whenever she saw a horse tied there she seemed to know at

once that some beau had called to see the girls, and she would slip up and seize a turkey or hen and cut out. Sometimes, however, she would make a mistake, for the arrival of a person to see me on business would fool her, and when she slipped up at such times she caught—not a fowl but—thunder! The warfare became so serious that the old Blue, finding herself too greatly outnumbered and too closely watched, concluded she had better leave and she left. This was two years ago, and I haven't seen her since, but there are a good many commissary agents about here.

The poultry raising must have been eminently successful, for we kept all the hawks in the neighborhood fat, and notwithstanding the departure of old Blue, I still had six sows left, every one of which had her fowl for dinner daily for six months in the year as regularly as a cook forgets to send the last biscuit in the house. They enjoyed spring chickens especially, and it was truly consoling to reflect that these were a source of enjoyment, even though we were not participants. But we got the benefits after all, for the chicken-eaters had two pigs, and as the sows ate the chickens and we ate the pigs, we, of course, got a portion of the chickens, too, though candor forces me to confess that I am not yet fully convinced of eating chickens by proxy.

On the morning of the 29th of December last, we—that is, Mrs. Van Winkle—had seven ducks, thirteen turkeys, and about ninety chickens, while I had thirty-one guineas and twelve geese. The rosy-cheeked damsels were in high glee! Mrs. Van Winkle was in high glee! The little Van Winkles were in high glee! And as I had smelt of a couple of glasses of eggnog, I had to be in high glee too. "Bardy" came staggering in with a thundering big gobbler, as tall as himself, swung across his shoulder, dead as a North Carolina smoked herring. I felt sure of a good dinner off frozen turkey. Half an hour afterwards he brought in another and two hens. Fifteen minutes later he came in, accompanied by two little darkies loaded with guineas and hens. In two hours we had two barrels full. They were freezing faster than we could eat them, and the cry was "Still they come!" The matter grew interesting, and the most common cry at Juniata for a week was, "Ma! Ma! here's another turkey," or "chicken," or "guinea." The affair didn't wind until Juniata became as bare of turkeys, chickens, and guineas as old Ben Butler is of principle. We didn't even have a rooster left to ring out his clarion notes at the advent of day. The consequence was late sleeping became "all the go," and we forgot how chicken was served up. One night, not long ago, the crowing of a stray rooster by bright moonlight woke up the entire plantation, and started some of the most truly startling ghost stories fancy ever pictured. The little Winkles look upon egg shells as such wonderful curiosities, that they are collecting quite a cabinet in the neighborhood.

We were somewhat disposed to murmur, but when we subsequently learned that nearly all our neighbors had been losers in the same line more or less, by what they called "chicken cholera," we submitted cheerfully, thankful that the "Wandering Jew" confined his operations to the poultry yard. There is one serious deprivation connected with this matter, however, which bears heavily on my mind. Egg-nog has "played out" at Juniata. Alas! in the touching and expressive language of Tarheels—

I vainly walk and look around,

And listen for the welcome sound,

Of cackling hen at stable door;

It falls not on my eager ear,

Shrill and musical and clear,

But passing breeze says, "Egg-nog no more!"

I come in from the morning air,
And stick my fingers in my hair,
 And gaze steadfastly on the floor;
While something whispers in my ear,
In tones that almost force a tear,
 "Old fel,' you'll get egg-nog no more!"

These ghostly whisperings have cast
A cloud of gloom upon the past—
 Those good old egg-nog days of yore—
For when I get my spirits up,
And Fancy holds a brimming cup
 Of not—I hear, "Egg-nog no more."

Now, I am one who never begs,
But if some friend who has the eggs
 And other things all well in store—
Don't think upon my forlorn state
And shie me from each cruel fate—
 I fear I'll have "Egg-nog no more!"

Poor Tar Heels, I feel for him, but being in the same identical "fix," I can't do him any good.

Let us hope, however, for the "better day a coming."

I miss my guineas more than all the fowls, and hope some kind breeze will blow me up another stock. I do so much love to hear them *sing*, and so much more to eat *their eggs*.

My forte is Farming and Stock raising, but Madam is a splendid Horticulturist and Pomologist, to say nothing of her skill and taste as a Florist. She gathered three pears, thirteen peaches and a superb specimen of a crab apple this year. We thought of preserving them in spirits, but that article was rather scarce.

Our garden is a magnificent one—in size, and after five y ears of hard work and close attention we constantly expect to raise a few onions next season, if the hogs do not as usual violate the law of breaking the close and rooting up the whole garden. We can very well afford to dispense with this another year, for it has been thoroughly rooted up on an average three times a year for the last five years. I rarely ever make a personal inspection of the garden myself, but I can vouch for the attractiveness, for I don't think there is a living thing upon my plantation that does not at some time or another, find its way in there, and nothing ever goes in and comes out without leaving evidence of its fondness for vegetables or mischief, one, we can't exactly determine which.

Now, *somebody* may suspect, after reading this letter, that the Rip Van Winkles were not moulded [sic] for farmers. This is all a mistake. We are simply public spirited, enlightened specimens.—We don't want to make *all*, and thus glut the market, or excite the envy of our neighbors. We therefore steer for a safe middle course, and if we do fall a little short of this, what of it? These are war times, and everything is uncertain in war.

Upon a general summing up, therefore, we feel greatly encouraged, and shall continue to pursue our agricultural labors.

I am going to try sorghum next year; just wait and see how it turns out.

One other remark and I am done. My cattle, and sheep, and hogs are fond of roving, and I have—or *ought to have*—lots of each traveling around promiscuously. If any of your readers, therefore, see any strays *anywhere*, I request them to inform me, so that I may get them home, for I have very little doubt all the stray stock of this kind in the State is mine. At least I *know* one thing, no place can be found where they will fit better in filling the cracks and odd corners and vacancies.

Rip Van Winkle.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 10, 1864, p. 1, c. 8

Female Soldiers.—Mary and Mollie Bell, alias Tom Parker and Bob Morgan, were brought to this city, via Central cars, last night, dressed in soldiers' garbs. Mollie was interesting and sprightly, and looked every inch a snug little soldier boy; her cousin, Mary, was rather reserved and gloomy, and did not make such a favorable impression as the other. They are from Southwestern Virginia, have been in the service two years, and it is said that during that time they have followed General Early through all his battles, killing more than a dozen Yankees with their own guns. Capt. Boswell, Assistant Provost Marshal, committed them to Castle Thunder till such time as other provisions can be made for their welfare.—[Richmond Whig.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 10, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

Chinese Tea Plant.—Its Culture, &c.—Editor Cultivator: Thea or Chinese Tea Plant is an evergreen that attains its maximum growth in ten years, and from two years old and upwards yields the tea of commerce.

All its leaves may be gathered for use three times a year—say in April, July and September. I am now gathering, and without detriment, yes, with evident benefit to the tree, for without removing the leaves at the proper season, they are shed off by the habit of its growth. The leaves may be plucked off with a careful hand by thumb and finger or a pair of scissors. It flowers from September until Christmas, thus producing the nut for propagation the next year. Three nuts are enveloped in a capsule, which, when ripe, burst the capsule and fall to the ground, if not gathered in season by an attendant. Every flower yields this product in a healthy state, and is a heavy bearer of fruit.

The best Mode of Planting.—Plant the nuts in virgin soil from the woods, in boxes an inch or two in depth, which should be watered in a dry season, occasionally. In the fall season or winter, transplant in holes dug two feet deep and filled with soil, pressed tightly down, so as to prevent the plant from being drowned by heavy rains. They should be set five feet apart in rows, if you use compost for manure or any kind. The long drouths [sic] which visit us in summer will tell upon the tea as upon the grape or your fruit trees, which I consider their greatest curse.

In five years the tea trees have attained six feet in height and width and yield many pounds of tea annually. It is a handsome tree covered with beautiful white flowers in the winter season, and, with an icy jacket on, exceeds in comeliness any hot-house or forest bush.

The pulp of the tea nut is a certain prophyletic [sic?] in the treatment of our treatment of our autumnal intermittent fever. It may be prescribed as quinine with much less detriment to the head. A nut contains four doses for an adult.

A. L. Acee, M. D.

Bellevue, Talbot County, Georgia.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 10, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

Flag Presentation.—An interesting flag presentation took place at the War Department last evening. A courier from Gen. Lee's army entered the office of the Secretary of War, bearing ten Yankee battle flags, when the following dialogue occurred:

Courier.—Mr. Secretary, here are some more of the same sort of old battle flags I have been bringing you from time to time. What shall I do with them?

Secretary.—Take them to the least crowded of the four acre lots where we keep such lumber, and see if you can manage to make room for them; if not, you must carry them to Castle Thunder.—[Richmond Dispatch.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 10, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

Experiments in Dyeing with Coal Oil and Sorghum.—Some very interesting experiments have lately been made by Henry Erni, chemist of the Department of Agriculture, in testing the coloring material in coal oil, and some sorghum seed. By combinations with different chemicals he finds that a great variety of colors can be produced from each of these substances, some of them very brilliant in tint and delicate in shading, down from the deepest to the palest. I have just been shown some beautiful specimens of silk and merino by him—small pieces, simply for trial. The prevailing colors were purple, red and green. Of the red there is almost every shade known, from Solferino down to the daintiest peach-blow. There are different tints of purple, also, and the beauty of them is that they are "fast colors," in the old foggy time meaning of that expression, before fast people came into date. These specimens had been tried with soap and boiled, but still hold their own.—[Northern paper.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 11, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

. . . Speaking of the other sex reminds me. Did you ever see any of the Northern growth? Did you ever compare them with the home production?—There is a slightual [sic] difference, my bower. Any where between Erie Lake and the Maryland line, the rustle of a dress, the glance of an eye, or the soft tones of the voice, fail to stir up a quickened action in the heart of a down South masculine.—But strike the border, my bower, and blood begins to tell. You look upon the graceful, the pretty little feet, the sweet smile; you hear a lute when they speak to you, and when you take one of them by the hand, you feel like a forty-octave organ was playing Meyerbeer's best all around under your vest. God bless the women—the women of the South in particular! My bower, I have made up my mind, if I ever marry, I shall select a woman for my wife.

. . . It were useless to attempt a description of my daily life in durance vile. It's all of a whatness, and if I told you that, one day, I was politely invited a number of times to take a flying visit to regions warmer than Johnson's Island, I could only vary the recital by saying that, next day, the invitations were more frequent, and interspersed with gentle appellatives not mentioned in polite and refined gatherings.

It is enough to say that the supply of rats was unequal to the demand for pies; that flour was interdicted as an article of diet; that rations were diminished more than one half; that I died; that after being dead for three days I was released; that I was resurrected within the limits bounding God's own country—yes, that I am here!

I am going to stay here.

It is a blessed privilege to die on Johnson's Island, my bower, and be released; and I feel particularly jolly and especially happy in a contemplation of the fact. Since my resurrection, however, and advent among the chosen ones, I have discovered that "France needs soldiers," and

that, in our extremity, it is possible even your services may be required in the tented field. Your extreme modesty is patent, my bower, and I know that no inducement of an ordinary character could force you to adopt the common and vulgar method of volunteering. It is, therefore, probable that you will shortly join a highly respectable and very patriotic company of conscripts. Maybe you will be sent up in the mountains of Tennessee and Georgia, or, probably, manfully and bravely post yourself in the trenches around Petersburg or Richmond. Either of these are honorable positions, my bower, and many a gallant Lapetone has become so attached to the business during the first day's work, that he will never write home to his ma again. Ferruginous conchology is a delightful study, my bower, and concussions, when exquisitely sudden and unexpected, have an effect upon the nervous system indescribably pleasant—to a man who has paid his washerwoman, and has nothing else to live for. But I simply refer to these things to tell you what a rich store of pleasure is before you when you go in. Now for a little advice.

If it is your good fortune to be placed among the advanced pickets, never quit your post to make a raid on buttermilk, when you can get whiskey by going two miles further. Pickets are driven in, sometimes, my bower; and should such be your happy lot, make it a point never to run, unless you see a reasonable hope of reaching the main line as soon as the enemy. Never attempt to dodge a bullet—you can't do it—and the chances are that if you could dodge one, you would run your head against another. If you kill a Yankee, never quit him till you have emptied his haversack; it saves the Government that much rations, my bower, and rations saved are rations made.—Everybody wants to kill Butler. Don't you do any such absurd thing, my bower. It would do no good, and the murder would ever haunt your tender heart, causing you to lead a life of misery.

Finally, my bower, if you should be captured, try and get gobbled by a cullud pusson. The sensation will be so entirely strange that you cannot but like it. Find out if they are going to take you to Johnson's Island; they'll tell you. When satisfied of this fact, say your prayers, my bower, and give the nigger fifteen cents to kill you. It will be money in your pocket, Jacque.

But I must close. Address me at the 290 hospital. Give a large blue bucketful of my choicest love to the lady you board with, and tell Klubs' washerwoman that interesting individual has renewed his allegiance to the best Government the world ever saw.

Exultingly yours,

Asa Hartz.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, November 16, 1864, p. 1, c. 8

Col. Tennent Lomax, of the 3d Alabama Infantry, was no less remarkable for his dignity of bearing than for his gallantry upon the field. He was also a man of great military pride, and spared neither time nor trouble in perfecting his command in all the minor as well as more important duties of the soldier.

Among the members of his regiment was a Dutchman, rejoicing in the familiar and euphonious soubriquet of "Schnider." Now Schnider had less penchant for tactics than enjoying a cozy nap. Schnider was upon post—it was the third watch—and Schnider's eyes but little higher than the moon. The Colonel was going the "grand rounds."

"Who ish dere?" demanded Dutchy.

"Grand Rounds!" was the answer.

"To hell mit yer Grand Rounds! I dought it was der Corporal mit der relief."

The consequence was Schnider received a severe reprimand, with his instructions how to receive the Grand Rounds.

"When the Ground Rounds approach you, sir," said the Colonel, among other formalities,

"you must 'turn out the guards."

"Yah!"

In course of time it came Schnider's turn to go on guard again. Early in the night the Colonel had occasion to pass beyond the lines at Schnider's post.

"Halt!" said the faithful guard as he approached. The Colonel disregarded the summons and continued to advance. "Halt, I say! who ish dere!"

About this time, the Colonel's foot came in violent contact with a grub, which caused him so much pain as to exclaim "*God Almighty!*"

"Turn out the twelve Apostles!" roared Schnider. "God Almighty ish on der rounds!"

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, December 7, 1864, p. 1, c. 6

A Yankee Officer Gives Birth to a Child.—The New Orleans correspondent of the St. Louis Republican tells the following story:

A few days since a picket guard was sent out from Morganza under command of a corporal, and some time during the twenty-four hours after leaving the camp, the officer of the guard gave birth to a fine healthy child! I did not learn the sex of the embryo outpost; but it may be properly and truly called the "Child of the Regiment." This woman has been in active service in the field for over two years, but probably her term of military service expired about the time the child was born, and she will be sent North to dream over the felicities of a life on the "tented field."

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, December 13, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

Sacking Atlanta.—The Macon Messenger learns that after the Federal army left Atlanta, respectable-looking farmers came into the city, probably to the number of one hundred, with their wagons, and even women with ox carts, to plunder the property remaining in dwelling of absent citizens, and thinks they even broke into one of the churches, in their rapacity for further dispelling the unfortunate who had been driven from their homes by the infamous orders of Gen. Sherman. Such men and women should be marked as the most degraded class of thieves by the people of Atlanta.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, December 20, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

Christmas Week!!

and

Christmas Presents!

Elegant Embroidered Handkerchiefs.

Embroidered Setts—Collar and Sleeves.

Misses' Embroidered Collars and Setts.

Point Applique Lace, suitable for Ladies Collars.

French Work Collars.

Blue, Purple, Black and White Check Dress Silks.

Black Silk Mantles—latest styles.

Misses' and Boys' Winter Cloaks.

Elegant Parasols—latest styles.

French Flowers for Hats and Bonnets.

Ribbons, Scarfs, Shawls, &c, &c.

All of which are suitable for Christmas and New Year's Presents, to be had at

A. S. Johnston's

102&104 Dauphin street.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, December 25, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

[For the Register and Advertiser.]
Christmas 1864.

Christmas time has come again,
 But ah! where are the merry chimes
Which on the air their glad refrain
 Rang forth in other happier times?

Where now the gladsome youthful throng,
 Who "Merry Christmas" used to greet,
With merry laugh and joyous song,
 In every house, in every street?

Where now that soul-inspiring sight
 When "Santa Claus" disclosed his treasure,
Of youthful faces beaming bright
 With thankful love, delight and pleasure?

Where now the merry ringing laugh,
 As friend meets friend on Christmas morning,
The friendly "Christmas nog" to quaff,
 All thoughts of gloom or care ignoring?

The bells hang silent in their towers,
 Our country mourns her valiant dead;
E'en happy Childhood, trembling cowers,
 Responsive to a nameless dread!

E'en Santa Claus must not be named,
 His stores are scant, his servants scattered
His sturdy limbs are hacked and maimed,
 His cheerful visage worn and battered.

When friend meets friend, a heaving sigh
 The merry laugh of yore replaces,
They sadly pass each other by,
 Resolve marked on their war worn faces.

Thou God, who on the day did'st give
 Thy only Son to save mankind,
Thou by whose power and grace we live,
 In whom we hope and comfort find;

Ah teach our cruel, heartless foe
 To leave us what to us belongs,
And to their homes contented go,
 And cease henceforth in heaping wrongs

Upon a people who would fain
 In peace enjoy their peaceful homes,
And in their native land remain
 Amid their sires' and grandsires' tombs.

And teach us Lord, our lot to bear
 With truly Christian resignation,
That we have sinned, we're well aware,
 And merited this visitation.

But judge us leniently, Oh Lord,
 And bless our arms in Freedom's cause;
Teach us to seek Thy holy word
 And be subservient to Thy laws;

And grant us grace to persevere
 In Freedom's cause while life remains;
Teach us, Oh Lord, to banish fear,
 To bear with loss, to smile at pain;

And bless our martyred patriots brave
 Who in the cause of right were slain,
And grant, we all beyond the grave
 May in Thy mansions meet again.

Montague.

MOBILE REGISTER AND ADVERTISER, December 30, 1864, p. 1, c. 8
[From the Southern Confederacy.]

The Opium Eater.
by Memet.
Before Taking a Dose.

Life's pathway to me is dreary,
I am sick and cold and weary.

Would my lonely walk were done,
And my heavenly race begun!

Once to me all things were bright,
Things that now seem dark as night;
Is the darkness all within,
Dark without from inward sin?

The present dark: eyes dim with age
Can see no joy save memory's page;
The present, future, ne'er can be
Bright as the past they once did see.

My hair is turning quite gray now;
I see some wrinkles on my brow;
My teeth—they must be falling too,
And corns are growing in my shoe.

I muffle up my aching face
And pray from pangs a moment's grace.
Ah, now the misery seeks my head—
Would I were with the painless dead!

There is a cure for pain and grief—
Come, Opium, come to my relief!
Soothed by thy influence, I shall find
A moment's rest and peace of mind.

After Taking a Dose.

Ah, now I sit in bowers of bliss,
Soothed by an angel's balmy kiss!
Delicious languor o'er me stealing
Is now my only sense of feeling.

The breath of flowers perfumes the air;
The forms around are, oh, so fair!
The once cold air seems warm and bright,
And I, too, seem a thing of light.

My hair is not so very gray,
Some dye will take that hue away;
A little powder shall, I vow,
Hide the small wrinkles on my brow.

My teeth are sound; I feel no pain,
Their slight ache was but sign of rain,
And then the twinging of my feet
Was nothing but a dream, a cheat.

To me the night, though dark, seems day,
Colored by Hope's most beauteous ray;
No sorrow hence shall give me pain,
I know I'll never weep again!