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### Montgomery Weekly Advertiser, 1864

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MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER  
1864

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, January 6, 1864, p. 1, c. 5

[Communicated.]  
Christmas at the Soldiers' Home.

There was a jolly good time generally through Montgomery on Christmas day. Everybody seemed to think a duty to enjoy themselves upon that occasion. "Hard times" were forgotten for the time being and good will and plenty of good things, were every where to be seen. The "Soldiers Home" was the scene of much pleasant enjoyment, which it did one good to behold. Early in the day the ladies of the society under whose management this admirable institution has been established, began to assemble bringing with them large contributions for the contemplated celebration. The eyes of the soldiers sparkled, and their countenances beamed with joyful anticipation of the coming feast. Soon the clatter of merry voices were heard, and the drumming of spoons and forks beating up the eggs for the Christmas beverage of EGG NOG, was delightful music to the ears of the invalid soldiers who had not seen the shadow of such good things since they left their homes. While this busy note of preparation was going on the soldiers in the number of some two hundred or more had collected together in the main hall of the building and having improvised a band of ethiopian minstrels from their number entertained themselves, and a crowd of visitors with songs and well executed airs upon the violin, banjo and bones. Soon the young ladies were seen bearing the foaming glasses of the luscious egg nog, and distributing them to all the soldiers. Every ward was visited and every invalid soldier had a gannymede to present him with a cup of the true nectar--then came the preparations for dinner; and surely the soldiers will long remember the sumptuous entertainment prepared for them by the ladies of Montgomery. From ten o'clock until two there were constant arrivals of roast turkeys, geese, ducks, fowls, old and new hams, beef in all its varieties, roasted pigs, looking so brown and crisp that they would have tempted an anchorite or dervish from his faith; then the rich, yellow sweet potatoes dressed in various ways to please the most fastidious tastes. After all this came the pies and puddings of all rich and racey [sic] characters, and piles of fragrant cakes, and sweet oranges, altogether presenting a scene of good cheer, which surrounded as it was, by the smiling faces of women in their loveliest character of ministering angel to the wants of humanity, has nothing more lovely upon this chequered [sic] earth. The dinner with all its enjoyment came to an end, and the well pleased soldiers again assembled in the hall and the band of minstrels were once more introduced, and renewed their pleasing entertainment. There was a large number of visitors during the day, and particularly during the performance of the minstrels. At the close of the evening performances, Mr. B. H. Richardson, of Baltimore, being present, in response to a call from the company, made a few brief and appropriate remarks which were well received by the audience. We noticed amongst the active ladies of the occasion Mrs. Judge Bibb, Mrs. Crawford Bibb and Mrs. George Bibb, Mrs. and Miss Bell, Mrs. Reese, Miss Chisholm and many others whom we had not the pleasure of knowing. This occasion will not soon be forgotten by the soldiers. Its moral effect upon their minds and its beneficial effects upon their health cannot easily be estimated. The soldier who finds such appreciating friends at home will remember it upon the battlefield, and his arm will be nerved with new power when he knows that he is not only battling for political and social liberty, but that the smiles and the

approval of God's last best gift to man is to be his sure reward. All honor, say we, to the noble and liberal women of Montgomery, and may their own homes ever be brightened by the smile of love and the sunshine of prosperity.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, January 6, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

#### Home Industry.

As the time is at hand when families are making their plans and preparations for the ensuing year, we deem it appropriate to offer a suggestion. Much more than heretofore should housekeepers and farmers make their arrangements for meeting all their wants by home industry and enterprise.

It will not do to rely on importation.--Already the blockade has closed all our Atlantic ports except Wilmington; and twenty grim steamers lie as watchers off the mouth of the Cape Fear, like so many grimalkins at a mouse hole. We shall have no reason to be disappointed or surprised if the port of Wilmington should be closed ere many months. Nor must we rely on our factories. Look how the prices of their products have already ascended until they have become unpurchasable by the multitude. This is all according to "the laws of trade" we are told, and therefore to be approved and applauded; but a protection must be found, and it is to be found in home production. Besides, the number of these mills has been reduced by fire, and the machinery of those that remain will not last forever.

A hundred reasons combine to urge upon every family to look to its own resources. The hand card and the hand loom and the spinning wheel, whose music is sweeter far than that of the piano, should be found everywhere. All who can should grow their patches of flax and cotton.

All should have sheep, if but a few. Our forest furnish dyes as various and as bright as the tints that make their foliage so glorious at "the turn of the leaf." With these materials, there is no reason why our ladies should not be clad in beautiful apparel, the product of their own industry and taste, while they may clothe their husbands and sons fine enough for kings. There is not a farmer's wife who may not easily provide for all her servants, and make some to sell besides.

And how much more independent and happy should we all be if thus providing for ourselves. A fig for blockaders, we might well exclaim; nor would be any longer exposed to the extortioner's grip. And those eventualities of the future in which we have alluded would bring no terror to us. Earnestly, therefore, do we advise every one to use every means and make every arrangement in his power to provide for the clothing of his family from his own resources, and thus make himself independent of manufacturers and blockade runners--Richmond Sentinel.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, January 13, 1864, p. 1, c. 5

Sometime ago, a dashing fellow from the army created a tumult among the ladies by swelling around at parties in a roundabout, enormous cavalry boots up to his hips, big loud jingling brass spurs, and gauntlets that almost swallowed his arm pits. Thus arrayed, he pranced gaily, one evening at a party, up to a young lady, saluted her and attempted to pull off his gauntlet in order to shake hands with her. The huge glove refused to come off and while he was struggling at it, she said, with ineffably sweet sarcasm: "Never mind, sir, never mind, you needn't dismount." The rebuke was so keen that he left the city next day and has never since been heard from. It is supposed he "jined" the infantry and got himself killed at the first opportunity.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, January 13, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

The good of our country, the advancement of our cause, the comfort of our brave defenders in the field, self-interest--in fact a hundred reasons, says the *Augusta Chronicle & Sentinel*, combine to urge upon every family to look to its own resources. The hand card and the hand loom, and the spinning wheel should be found every where--in every family. All who can, should grow their patches of flax and cotton. All who can should have sheep, if but a few. Our forests furnish dyes as various and as bright as the tints that make their foliage as glorious at "the turn of the leaf." With these materials, there is no reason why our ladies should not be clad in beautiful apparel, the product of their own industry and taste; while they also may clothe their husbands and sons. There is not a planter's wife who may not easily provide clothing for all her servants, and make some to sell besides. Ladies in the cities also can do much towards providing cheap and substantial clothing for their families, if they only had the mind so to do. Where there is a will, there is generally a way. A little energy, a little determination, a little effort put forth in the right direction by ladies who do nothing, would accomplish a great deal.

How much more independent and happy we should all be if we thus provided for ourselves as we ought to. Much more now, than heretofore, should all housekeepers and heads of families make their arrangements for meeting all their wants by home industry and enterprise. Earnestly, therefore, do we advise all to use every means in their power to provide for themselves and their families from their own resources.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, January 20, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

From Chattanooga.

The editor of the *Columbus Sun* has met a friend who has just succeeded in escaping from Chattanooga. The gentleman had been ordered North of the Ohio river with his family. At one of the railway stations between Stevenson and Tullahoma, he succeeded in eluding the guard, made his way to Decatur, and from thence to a point within the Confederate lines. Here is the account he gives of the position of affairs in Chattanooga:

Numbers of families had been sent to Louisville and Cincinnati, in the same manner, whilst their comfortable homes in Chattanooga and vicinity have been appropriated by Northern adventurers, and in some cases even by free negroes from Ohio, who have a nominal connection with the army. The pews in the different churches have been torn out and used as fuel, whilst the buildings were occupied as hospitals, and the ground surrounding them converted to burial grounds. Nearly all the enclosures around the private dwellings, and in some instances, even the dwellings themselves, had been torn down and used as fuel. Private parks and gardens were filled with the half buried Yankee dead; it being no unusual sight to see the decaying limb of a dead Yankee protruding beyond the surface in the gardens and ornamental grounds attached to private residences. All the shade trees and shrubbery had been completely cleaned out, and even for some distance beyond the city, not a tree of any kind had been left standing. The cemetery had even been invaded by the lawless soldiery; the enclosures torn away, in many instances the tombstones and monuments removed, broken up, or converted into fire places and card tables in the Yankee camps.

The place is filled with free negroes and fugitive slaves, whose insolence had become so intolerable that ladies rarely ever ventured beyond their town thresholds, even in broad daylight.

Three instances had come to the personal knowledge of the gentleman referred to above, in which negro men from Ohio, who held positions in the army, had made proposals of matrimony--in writing--to respectable ladies. We mention these incidents because they are well authenticated, and because the people generally are interested to know what kind of treatment may be expected from those who are waging this free nigger crusade against us.

No person is permitted to keep anything for sale or do any business whatever until after he has taken the oath of allegiance to the Federal Government. Sometimes bond and securities were also required in addition to the oath. consequently a few persons who had heretofore held positions in the Confederate army and many others who were considered good Confederates, had taken the oath and given bond and security for the poor privilege of opening their places of business in competition with Northern adventurers who had come down with the army. Union men, although not forced to a choice between the oath of allegiance and expatriation, had in numerous instances been robbed of everything, and their families left almost penniless.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, January 20, 1864, p. 1, c. 5

Refugees.--Every day, says the *Atlanta Register*, trains arrive here filled with refugees from North Georgia. Aged sires and matrons, lisping, prattling babes and budding womanhood, are forced to flee from their beautiful homes, endeared to them by many pleasing reminiscences and fond associations, and seek refuge among the opulent and generous residents of Middle Georgia. Hastily gathering up what furniture is necessary for their comfort, with their slaves, who are glad to escape from the hated foe, these people have left their homes and farms behind. Extend to them a cordial greeting, and "do unto them as you would have them do unto you," were you in their situation.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, January 27, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

Directions for Knitting Socks for the Army.--The following directions, which have been furnished by a lady of much experiences, 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-one 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 on the plain row each side of the same 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.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, January 27, 1864, p. 3, c. 3

A friend, who has tried persimmon seeds in coffee, says he will defy any man to detect the difference in the 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, says the Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, February 3, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

Camp 12<sup>th</sup> Alabama Regiment, }  
Near Orange C. H., Va., Jan 21, '64 }

Mr. Editor:--You will confer an honor on me by giving this a place in your excellent sheet. My subject is one that has been neglected too much of late, that of shoeing the soldiers. We are nearly all barefooted up here, and I don't see any prospect of our being otherwise soon. I would like to know whose fault it is. Is Alabama unable to furnish her own troops with shoes? Could there not be agents found to attend to this matter? North Carolina furnishes her troops with shoes, and why is it that Alabama cannot? We must have them, and that pretty soon, or we will have to hang up. Just think of men's having to do duty barefooted, with snow on the ground several inches deep, it is even the case. If it had not been for the good folks at home, I would have been in that deplorable condition myself. Those who have no friends at home to supply them have to do without. I hope our good Governor will see to it in the future. We need socks also; will the fair daughters of Alabama please send us some, after they furnish Gen. Johnston's army. We don't mean to complain, but would like to be remembered, for it is very cold up this way.

S, 12<sup>th</sup> Alabama.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, February 3, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

The Atlanta *Intelligencer* says that Miss Belle Boyd, the distinguished Virginia lady who was so long locked up in a Washington prison, arrived in our city several days ago from a visit to her friends, and is now stopping at the Atlanta Hotel. We learn that Miss Boyd will shortly leave the Confederacy for Europe, where she will remain for some months. Her many admirers will, no doubt, regret to hear that the South will shortly be deprived of the presence of one of its most patriotic and heroic women, whose adventures in our struggle for independence will form one of the most interesting events of this war.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, February 3, 1864, p. 2, c. 2-3

#### The Noble Spirit of Our Countrywomen.

The following is an extract of a letter from a highly intelligent lady of Mobile to a member of the House of Representatives:

It has been suggested in one of the Richmond papers that the people of the Confederacy be called upon to yield up their plate to be coined to sustain the credit of the Government.

A mere newspaper or any unauthoritative call, would be of no use, but I feel full confidence in the willingness of the women of the South, if a proper appeal is made, to give up every article of luxury, whether of personal adornment or household elegance to advance the sacred cause of freedom.

If the time has indeed arrived, and I truly believe it has, to bring forward our treasures

and place them at the service of the Government, let Congress make an appeal to the women of the South in the shape of an address. Whether indemnity in the form of Confederate bonds should be proposed, or whether a free will offering should be called for, let wiser and better informed minds determine.

In either case, freely, joyfully, would all be rendered. I judge others by myself. I am prepared, upon the instant, to give all that I possess. I should esteem it a fitting and sacred use of an inheritance. I think there will be a peculiar propriety in addressing the call for plate to the women; for in them, by esteem and opinion, is vested the ownership of all strictly household riches. Such is the liberality and indulgences of American husbands, that I imagine it would occur to very few men to question any disposition their wives might make of household gear.

I beg that you will consider this matter, and consult others--thoughtful and experienced men--and act as your combined judgment dictates; but, my dear sir, let no mistaken tenderness and consideration for your countrywomen prevent you from calling upon them for this or any other sacrifice that the true interests of the country call for.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, February 3, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

The Surgeon General at Richmond has written to Mr. William Summer, of South Carolina, for a supply of roots of the plant some times known as *Side Saddle* flag, which has been much lauded in English medical journals for the cure of small pox. It counteracts the violence of the disease and completely prevents pitting. The object of the Surgeon is to test its efficacy for the benefit of the soldiers. Some years since it was found growing abundantly in South Carolina.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, February 3, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

One of the banished ladies from Vicksburg furnishes the *Mississippian* with the following order from Gen. McPherson, who bids fair to rival Beast Butler in the war on defenseless women:

Vicksburg, Dec. 27, 1863.

The following named persons: Miss Kate Barnett, Miss Ella Barrett, Miss Laura Latham, Miss Ellie Martin, and Mrs. Mary Moore, having acted disrespectfully towards the President and Government of the United States, and having insulted the officers, soldiers and loyal citizens of the United States, who had assembled at the Episcopal Church in Vicksburg, on Christmas day for divine services, by abruptly leaving said church at that point in the services where the officiating minister prays for the welfare of "the president of the U. States, and all others in authority," are hereby banished and must leave the Federal lines, within forty-eight hours, under penalty of imprisonment.

Hereafter, all persons, male or female, who by word, deed, or implication, do insult or show disrespect to the President, Government, or flag of the United States, or to any officer or soldier of the United States, upon matters of a national character, shall be fined, banished or imprisoned, according to the grossness of the offense.

By order of Maj. Gen. McPherson.

Jas. Wilson, Lt. Col.,  
Provost Marshal 17<sup>th</sup> Army Corps.

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Headquarters 17<sup>th</sup> Army Corps, }  
Provost Marshal's Office. }  
Vicksburg, Dec. 27, '63. }

The parties ordered to proceed outside the Federal lines by circular from these Headquarters, dated Dec. 27, 1863, will report at the railroad depot, at 10 o'clock, a.m., tomorrow. They will be permitted to take their private baggage. A conveyance will be in readiness at Big Black bridge, with flag of truce to take them into the Confederate lines, or so far as the flag may be permitted to proceed.

By order of Maj. Gen. McPherson.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, February 3, 1864, p. 4, c. 3

### Appeal to the Ladies of Alabama.

Office Quartermaster General of Ala., }  
Montgomery, January 25<sup>th</sup>, 1864. }

The large demand from the Alabama Regiments in the field has nearly exhausted the stock of socks for our soldiers. Under the instructions of his Excellency, Governor Thomas H. Watts, I appeal to the women of Alabama, whose devotion has never yet faltered, to enable the State to perform its duty to their husbands, sons, brothers and friends in the service of their country, and looking to the State of their cherished pride to protect them from the winter frosts. The enemy is threatening our border, but thus far, under God, the stout hearts and strong arms of these gallant men have held them at bay and preserved the sanctity of your homes and persons. Give them the ordinary comforts of apparel, and again their arms will hurl back the foe.

To you alone must we look to accomplish the present object, and the Aid Societies are especially called upon to contribute to this necessary and important work. Your smiles have cheered, your prayers have blessed the soldier, let your action reward his gallant deeds and nerve him for success.

Judges of Probate are respectfully requested to assist, by giving publicity to this notice, by collecting and disbursing the amounts due to individuals and societies, by receiving contributions and purchases, and shipping, when a sufficient quantity is obtained, to Col. Wm. R. Pickett, A. Q. M., Montgomery, and Captain A. J. Pickens, A. Q. M., Mobile, at the expense of the State.

One dollar and twenty-five cents per pair will be paid for good cotton socks, and two dollars for woolen, upon presentation of accounts at this office, or to the Assistant Quartermaster to whom shipped. These socks will be furnished to the soldiers at cost, and all contributions will diminish the price to the soldier.

Duff C. Green,  
A.M. Gen. of Alabama.

MONTGOMERY MONTHLY ADVERTISER, February 3, 1864, p. 4, c. 2

Initiation of a Novice.--A most interesting ceremony took place last week, at the Ursuline Convent, in Columbia, S. C. This was the reception of a young lady into the community.--The *Carolinian* of Sunday gives the following particulars:

The sisters of this institution are bound by their vows to chastity, poverty and obedience. A candidate for membership, after being admitted into the convent, passes two years as a novice,

at the end of which time it is her option to return to the world or to assume the final vow which binds her for life. The young lady above mentioned was Miss Fennel, formerly of Pensacola, Florida. She was to enter upon her novitiate.

The ceremony began with the entrance into the chapel of a youthful candidate and the Mother superior, accompanied by a procession of nuns, who walked in double file, with lighted tapers in their hands. The latter, separating on either side, left the young lady, with her superior, before the Bishop. The appearance of Miss Fennel at this moment was interesting indeed. She was dressed as a bride, in white Italian silk, with orange blossoms in her hair. She wore, also, ornaments of rubies set in pearl. The costume had a beautiful significance.

After a few questions as to whether she entered the convent of her own free will, the Bishop, in a quiet discourse, proceeded to explain the tone [?] and objects of the community. This concluded, the candidate was led from the chapel by the Mother Superior, and in a very short while was again conducted back, having in her brief absence exchanged her bridal robes for the habit of the order. Then followed the present of the rosary of beads, and the most touching ceremony of all. Prostrating herself on the floor the young maiden was covered with a black pall, typifying her death to the world. On her body, as she lay there, flowers were strewn as upon a corpse by several little girls arrayed in white, who stood near.

During the ceremony some beautiful hymns were sung by a choir of the youthful pupils of the institution. The whole proceedings were full of solemnity and pathos.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, February 10, 1864, p. 1, c. 3

#### Texas Items.

Our State is filled with refugees from Louisiana and Arkansas. Thousands upon thousands of negroes have been brought here for security. These negroes can be of little service in raising the crop, and they must be fed. So must the army, now \_\_\_\_ strong, nearly every regiment of which is cavalry, and its transportation pack mules. So must the coast planters, who, for security, are falling back to places beyond the danger of raids. The temptation to raise cotton has been greatly removed by the cutting off by the Yankees of the Rio Grande trade. Until that was done, cotton was worth 60 cents per pound all over the State, and 12½ cents specie at San Antonio. This was a temptation that few could resist.

I give you the prices of the necessaries and comforts of life here. They will enable you to judge of our condition better than a column of description of the state of the country, viz:

Flour, \$100 per cwt; corn \$5 per bushel; bacon, \$3.50 per pound; lard \$3; salt, \$1 per pound; eggs, \$3 per dozen; butter, \$5 per pound; potatoes, \$5 per bushel; calico, \$8 to \$10; ladies' shoes, \$75; cavalry boots, \$150 to \$200; army gray, \$60 per yard, though the Quartermaster sells it to officers at \$6.50; star candles, \$12; wood, \$35; negro hire, \$75 per month; printers' wages, \$1.75 per 100 ems; printing paper, \$150 per ream; gold 17 to 20 for one.

The expedition of Gen. Kirby Smith against Little Rock has fallen through, for a variety of reasons.--Houston. Cor. Mobile Advertiser.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, February 10, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

Many of the citizens of Florence, and other towns in North Alabama, have left, and others are leaving their homes to find farther South a city of refuge from Yankee raids. Many of them have established themselves in the venerable, but beautiful city of Tuscaloosa.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, February 10, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Gen. Duff C. Green has left with the Eutaw (Ala.) *Whig* a sample of thread spun from the flakes of cotton without the usual process of carding. The specimen is equal to any coarse thread made from the carded roll, and for making coarse cloth will answer the same purpose. If once tried by our farmers, we think they will be induced to abandon cards entirely in the manufacture of negro clothing. The following is the *modus operandi* of preparing the cotton: "Gin the cotton slowly, so as to throw large flakes through the flue, which are caught in a hamper basket placed under the flue, and take to the spinning wheel, without pressing the cotton."

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, February 24, 1864, p. 1, c. 3

From the Atlanta Appeal.  
Abolition Rule in North Alabama.

Tyranny at Huntsville--The Citizens True--The Exiled--A Martyr to the New Policy--Federal Brutality--Heroism of Ex Gov. Chapman--Gold and Greenbacks--Huntsville Devastated, &c.

Editors Appeal: It is but a short time since I left Huntsville, Ala. The iron hand of despotism is upon the people, not perhaps as roughly nor as gross as two years ago, when the impotent Mitchell commanded there; nevertheless, the hand is iron, and thumb screws are in it, which daily are tightened, slowly and surely, a little more and a little more.

The people, as a body, are true to our cause, and the principles involved in it; yet there are a few, four or five at the most, who are not only untrue, but vilely and fetidly dishonorable in their conduct toward men who are honorable, and whose degradation to their unholy level is a prime object in their movement. It would do no good to name them; the absentees, refugees and exiles from Huntsville, know them; but personal wrongs inflicted by these men, tempt strongly to name, and hold the wretches up to a just, a blasting reprobation.

A few days ago, a body of gentlemen, unexceptionable in character, and conservative by age, were exiled upon a fourteen hour's order to leave, because they refused to take an oath of allegiance to a Government they abhor in their inner souls. The promptness and alacrity with which they obeyed the order, appeared to chagrin the domestic traitors, and rather exasperated the enemy in possession of the place. This is evidenced by a change of policy after the departure of the gentlemen alluded to--because, the grace with which they left indicated that it was not trial at all to their faith, or spirit of martyrdom if you choose to so call it. They--the officers in charge--have determined not to make any more exiles by sending the recusants of the oath South; they will, henceforth be ordered so North, and buried in Northern bastiles [sic].

Already they have immured one heroic old soul, Wm. McDowell, in the penitentiary in Nashville. They intend to murder him, and in this way--but, thank heaven, they have elected one who, god willing will be up to the emergency. If his country calls on him for the sacrifice, I know of no man (and I know him well) who will more cheerfully, more heroically make it.

As another indication of Yankee barbarity, brutally, cruel and relentless, I will mention an incident, all the more cruel because it involved not wound to the body, nor torture of the nerve and flesh, but terrific convulsions of the soul itself, and the more painful because that soul, or rather those souls, are up to the highest standard of moral perfection, and susceptible of keenest torture. The venerable ex-Gov. Chapman received an order, on the 19<sup>th</sup> of January, to leave his home and family at 9 o'clock a.m., on the 20<sup>th</sup>; and when, in the arms of his family, bidding adieu to loved ones, on whom the winds of heaven had never blown roughly--at that painful moment,

as if to sound the depths of their own depravity, and the unknown depths of sensitive souls, a Yankee order was thrust into his hands, requiring wife and daughters to vacate their premises by 2 o'clock p.m., the same day, not allowing any article to be removed, and a guard was placed to carry out the order. The circumstances, with the fortitude manifested, presented to me a spectacle of moral grandeur occasionally read of--rarely witnessed.

Whilst speaking to the heroism of the old Governor, I will mention an incident that occurred in an interview between him and the Yankee colonel commanding that post. The Governor, knowing he would be compelled to leave in a day or so, to secure some of the commonest claims of humanity towards his family during his absence, approached the Colonel, who replied: "Gov. Chapman, I believe that is your name?" "Yes, sir," "Did you not, in a public speech in Huntsville, say that to secure secession you would sacrifice you property and life?" After a moment's hesitation, the venerable man replied, with emphasis, "No sir. To the best of my recollection, Colonel, I have made no public speech since the revolution commenced. I was in Europe at the time. You know my principles, Colonel, from the conversation I have had with you; and though I do not recollect any such speech or expression, by principles, as you very well know, lead in that direction. And lest you might suppose I would desire to evade consequences and responsibilities attachable to such principles," rising to the full height of persons and dignity, "I will say it now, and more--not only will I sacrifice myself and property, but, sir, wife and children to the preservation of the holy cause." . . .

The streets are becoming foul, the groves and woodland around the town being swept away, all the lesser houses about the town are being torn down to floor and weatherboard winter quarters for them. Every house in the city has been surveyed for occupation by them--not in a desultory manner, but regularly and systematically. It is the duty of an officer, one Lieut. Cliff, to assign those quarters, thus according to rank or personal standing (if any) at home, are they placed in palaces of average respectability in appearance. Col. G. P. Burney's mansion is assigned as headquarters for Gen. Sherman & Co. A regular system of operating is thus instituted, and as an entering wedge to confiscation, this is the object of this procedure. But, through all, the people are true and devoted. I would mention more, but already I have written at too much length.

You may rely on the women--God bless them--in North Alabama. I do know, however, one or two disgraceful and unpatriotic exceptions.

Exile.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, March 9, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

#### Cow Hair Fabrics.

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 durable cloth for pantaloons, or for negro 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 looms) develops an important means of supplying to a partial extent 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 partly 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 Enq.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, March 9, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

We invite attention to the following card of Mr. Reid, formerly of New Orleans, to Louisiana Refugees. We have little doubt his appeal in behalf of the sufferers of Adams' brigade will be promptly responded to by such refugees as have means. Mr. Reid, with characteristic liberality, proposes to head the list with a handsome donation.

To Louisiana Refugees.

In behalf of the soldiers of Adams' Louisiana Brigade, five hundred of whom are now suffering for shoes, I appeal to our wealthy refugees residing in Mobile, Montgomery, Ala., Atlanta, Lagrange, Savannah, Ga., Richmond, Va., Wilmington, and elsewhere, to form themselves into an association (as the Kentuckians have done,) for the purpose of supplying this Brigade with clothing and shoes. I suggest that the Louisiana Refugees of the above named places meet and send delegates to La Grange, Ga., to assemble this end. Let subscriptions be at once taken up subject to the call of the Treasure of the Association, who shall hereafter be appointed, and as a Louisianan, I will head the list by subscribing one hundred dollars.

I respectfully ask for our country's cause, that the several newspapers at the points above named, publish this notice in their editorial columns.

Sam C. Reid.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, March 16, 1864, c. 2, c. 5

Female Printers.--The *Mississippian* makes the following suggestion in view of the scarcity of printers:

"Some of the many intelligent girls who work for a living, should learn the art of printing. Ladies make excellent compositors, their delicate, tapering fingers being exceedingly well calculated for picking up type--particularly the smaller kinds, such as nonpareil and minion [?]; and certainly no lady would object to handling pearl or diamond. It would be altogether a profitable affair for them, for they could make more money than females generally do at other employments. Printers are now scarce in this country--most of them being in the army."

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, March 23, 1864, p. 1, c. 4

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.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, March 23, 1864, p. 3, c. 2-3.

Headq'rs Granbury's Brigade, }  
Dalton, Ga., March 4, 1864. }

Mrs. A. J. Lyle, President, Ladies Aid Society:

Madam: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note of the 23d Feb. accompanying the blankets sent to my command "on behalf of the Masonic Lodge of Cusseta."

The Texas soldiers of this army, debarred from receiving such comforts from their own families, accept this testimonial with the liveliest gratification. It causes them to feel that while cut off from communication with their own loved ones by the fortunes of war, there are still friends on this side the great river, whose warm hearts appreciate the sacrifices they have made, and whose fair hands are ready to minister to the wants of the exiled soldier.

Please accept, madam, for the noble society you represent, and the honored fraternity who made the donation, the assurance of our high appreciation of the timely gift, and believe me,

Very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
H. B. Granbury,  
Brig. Gen. Texas Brigade.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, March 30, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

#### A Laughable Affair.

A correspondent of the *Southern Confederacy* writing from Newport, Tenn., relates the following:

A laughable affair took place yesterday evening at Mr. Jack's not many miles from here, that was fun for the boys, but death to the officers engaged. During the evening quite a party of young ladies and officers of the Division met the aforesaid gentleman's, just outside the picket lines, for the purpose of having a social party and a good time generally; but alas! for the mutability of human affairs--they found out, (as the sequel will prove,) that

"Pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flower--its bloom is shed--  
Or like the snow falls in the river,  
A moment white--then melts forever."

No sooner had they commenced to amuse themselves according to the bent of their inclinations--some to playing cards, others to courting slyly in corners upon easy sofas, while the balance of the party were all attention to the warbling sweetness of a fair Miss, who was doing up in appropriate style on the piano, "When this Cruel War is Over," their whole enjoyment was upset by a party of mad wags of the 8<sup>th</sup> Texas Cavalry.

Learning of the party, some fifteen or twenty of them not having a proper fear of military law before their eyes, and moved and instigated by the power of fun loving mischief, determined to give them a scare and have some fun at the expense of the officers.

Accordingly, they set out from camp, and reaching the road a quarter of a mile ahead of the house, they sent one of their number a hundred yards ahead, to personate a rebel, then putting spurs to their steeds, they dashed down the road after him, shooting and shouting, "Stop! you d--d rebel; stop!" The ruse had the desired effect. A servant heard them coming--rushed to the door, exclaiming: "The Yankees! The Yankees are coming!"

The officers had heard the firing, and no sooner the word Yankees escaped the negros' [sic] lips than they all made a frantic rush for the door, overturning in their "hot haste," music stands, card tables, chairs, sweethearts, and everything else that stood in the way of their exit, reaching which, they struck a bee line for the woods and camp, tumbling over ditches, and fences, and lastly the crowning fear, plunging in and swimming Pigeon River, leaving behind in

their hurry, pistols, horses, overcoats and hats. Nor did they halt until they reached camp, where they found the second brigade of Colonel Dibrell's Division drawn up in battle array, having been alarmed by the firing, to whom they unfolded a terrible tale of raiders. The next morning the true story leaked out to the extreme mortification of those engaged, but to the edification of the Court.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, March 30, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

(For the Advertiser)  
"The Two Empty Sleeves"  
By Maggie A. Jennings.

O dear, how long this month doth seem--  
    Will April ever come?  
Old time fly on like a sunny dream,  
    For my Hal is coming home.  
My Hal--and the young wife shades her face  
    With her tiny dimpled hand,  
As the embers of light in the fire-place  
    Are making palaces grand.  
My Hal--and the tears are falling fast;  
    Her heart is glad though she grieves--  
For she thinks of the love she won in the past,  
    And then--of the two empty sleeves.

She thinks of another April morn,  
    When he asked her to be his wife;  
When the flowers looked gay and the springing corn  
    Was bursting into life.  
She thinks how she blushed as he held her hand,  
    In his own so broad, so fair;  
And the happiest being in all the land,  
    She plighted her troth to him there.  
She thinks how he folded his strong arms around,  
    Like the oak which the ivy enwreaths--  
And her tears fall fast--there's a sobbing sound--  
    As she thinks of the two empty sleeves.

Never mind--and the little wife stifles a sigh,  
    As she bends o'er her work full of pride;  
Hal's coat must be finished, he'll come by and by--  
    And sit down there close by her side.  
He will look in her face and whisper her name,  
    And call her his child-wife once more;  
And ask her if she's happy, if she loves him the same  
    As she did in those bright days of yore.

Ah! she knoweth her answer--thine, ever thine!  
True love a bright trace still leaves,  
And I know, Hal, you love me--that still you are mine  
Although you have two empty sleeves.

He'll talk then of "Daisy," the treasure God gave,  
Who has slept since my Hal went away;  
And fore'er in the valley where white lilies wave,  
She slumbers all night and all day.  
I know he will think how he held her baby hand,  
And bade her "come walk to Papa";  
God took little Daisy to Paradise land,  
Whilst my soldier was battling afar.  
I know he will mourn, he will miss her sweet smile,  
But I'll love him the more that he grieves;  
I'll kiss the tears away, his sorrows I'll beguile--  
My Hal--with his two empty sleeves.

Those strong arms are gone, never more will enfold me  
Fair hands ne'er be pressed to my brow;  
O! Hal!--I once loved--the half I can't tell thee,  
But I love thee still better now.  
I'll be hands for you Hal--I'll brush that dark hair,  
And tenderly bathe your bronzed face;  
I'll watch o'er you, Hall, with tenderest care,  
E'en grief shall not leave a trace,  
For you fought long and well--I am a proud wife;  
The proudest that now on earth breathes;  
And the dearest object I shall ever meet in life,  
Will be Hal, with his two empty sleeves.

Moss Vale, March 21, 1864.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, March 30, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

Correspondence of the Atlanta Register.  
Providence in this War.

Athens, Ga., March 21, 1864

Eds. Register:--A portion of Terry's Rangers, 8<sup>th</sup> Texas cavalry--on their way from Rome, Ga., to East Tennessee, being temporarily encamped near this place, it was arranged by their Chaplain, Rev. Mr. Bunting, that a sermon should be preached to them by Dr. Lipscomb, Chancellor of Franklin college, or the University of Ga., which is located here. The discourse was delivered yesterday--the Sabbath--in the Presbyterian Church. I will attempt to furnish for your columns a brief abstract.

The first point to which the Doctor called attention was Providence in this war. A belief

in Providence is essential to true manhood, as well as to the accomplishment of great results. Wellington said that the issue of every battle depended on Providence. Napoleon declared that from the moment he crossed the bridge of Lodi, in his celebrated charge at that place, he felt that he was a man of Destiny. God is in this revolution, as He is in all the events of history.

Divine Providence is strikingly manifest in our separation from the North by the sword. It was the only way in which our independence could be secured. Just as the Colonies, having grown too vast and powerful for management by the English Government, and able to set up for themselves, sundered the ties that bound them to the mother country by a successful appeal to arms, so the South had withdrawn from the Federal Union, and taken up the sword to make good her right title and position as a distinct and independent nation.

Providence is seen in the division of the churches. Ecclesiastical ruptures preceded the dissolution of the civil government, and prepared the way for it.

Providence is discovered in the struggles required to give up the Union. Our attachment to it was fervid and strong.--We loved it and gloried in it, and our hearts were wrenched away from it. It was a magnificent dream--that of one vast empire stretching from ocean to ocean, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the lakes of the North. The splendor of the dream was ennobling, but the illusion is gone. In spite of all our affections and prejudices, Providence has led us out of the Union, and made of us a new Confederacy. How hard it was to get the Jew out of Peter. Washington was opposed to separation from Great Britain, and wished to remain an Englishman, but Providence made him an American. Luther at first had no thought of attempting to overthrow the papacy. If he had foreseen the troubles and difficulties of his future career, he would never have dared to enter upon it. But Providence blindfolded him and dragged him up to the cannon's mouth--into the very jaws of danger and death. He was led forward step by step, and constituted the Reformer of the Church and Leader of Protestantism. Through similar struggles, and guided by the same divine hand, the South has been conducted in the great movement tending to the establishment of a new and independent form of government.

In the remainder of his discourse, Dr. Lipscomb forcibly presented the infinite justice of God in its relations, to our sinfulness against himself. Toward man, we may properly justify our course, but in His sight we are, like Job, *vile*, and ought to abhor ourselves, and repent in dust and ashes.

J. H. M.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, March 30, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

An Honorable Relic.--The battle flag of the 12<sup>th</sup> Virginia Regiment is to have inscribed on it the names of all the bloody battles in which the regiment has been engaged, and then be presented to the city of Petersburg. The flag has been perforated by 300 musket and rifle balls, and several times struck by cannon shot and shell.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, March 30, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

A Novel Marriage License--The following is a copy of a marriage license captured on a Yankee by our troops at Gallatin, Tenn., a few days since:

Provost Marshal's Office,        }  
Gallatin, Tenn., July 27, 1863.}

This is to certify that John R. White has permission to marry Milly Walls for two years, or during the war.

Albert Lamb,

Capt. and Provost Marshal.

Approved: E. A. Paine, Brig. Gen.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, April 6, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

Yankee Atrocities in North Alabama.

The darkest chapter in the history of this cruel war if not in any other war, will record the atrocities of the Yankees wherever in the Confederate States they have been permitted to march their thieving, brutal hordes. Their deeds so in violation of all the rules of civilized or humane warfare, entitle them to a place in history with the Goths and Vandals who overran and laid waste Southern Europe. Intent upon their barbarous errand, they have shown themselves entirely wanting in the instincts of common humanity, much less possessing any of the traits of a civilized or humane people. They have not been satisfied to take possession of a portion of Confederate territory; they must need make it a waste howling wilderness, by destroying the provisions, buildings, fences, agricultural implements, stock, &c., and driving defenceless [sic] old men, women and children into the woods, in many instances setting fire to their houses over their heads. In no portion of the Confederate States have they acted more barbarous and cruel than in the Northern portion of Alabama. A journey through parts of Jackson, Madison, Limestone and Lauderdale counties would recall to mind, the descriptions of Greece through which the Turkish fire and sword had gone, or the utter destruction of whole sections of Poland by the Russian hordes. We have lately been put in possession of the facts in detail of certain Yankee atrocities in Limestone and Lauderdale counties, which it is well to put on record for the information of the world.--In the former county, the outrages were committed by the 9<sup>th</sup> Illinois Regiment, Commanded by Lieut. Col. Jesse J. Phillips of Bellville, Illinois.

On January 25<sup>th</sup>, Gen. Roddy, with a small portion of his command, attacked the forces of Lieut. Col. Phillips, who were encamped near and in the grove of Mrs. Coleman, the widow of Judge Daniel Coleman, deceased. The enemy's pickets were driven into the encampment, when they, with those of the forces who were in camp, took shelter behind the dwelling house of Mrs. Coleman. They fired a few rounds and fled in perfect consternation.

One of our secret scouts who was in the enemy's lines a day or two after the raid, says that the treatment of Col. Phillip's men to Mrs. Coleman and family was unparalleled in the history of the war. Our men having accomplished their purpose, were scarcely out of sight, when the Yankees rushed back to their encampment perfectly infuriated because of their defeat.-- To avenge themselves, they rushed into the house of Mrs. Coleman, with fire brands and built up a large fire in one of the handsomest parlors. The mother and daughter implored them not to burn the house, but they heeded not their entreaties. They pushed them violently out of the house drawing pistols on them both. In a few hours that portion of the command which was on a scout at the time of the attack by Gen. Roddy, which was commanded by Maj. Kuhne returned to camp. They rushed into the house of Mrs. Coleman, and commenced plundering. Mrs. Coleman appealed to Maj. Kuhne to control his men and so give her his protection as a defenceless [sic] female. He ordered her from his presence, saying: "Woman, go away, I have no protection for you. Men, pitch into her house, and sack it from bottom to top."

The vandals needed no encouragement from their officer, but immediately obeyed his order to do their work of destruction. Mrs. Coleman had with her two little boys, her only protection, she having lost in this cruel war two as noble and brave sons as is now [sic?] mother

ever had, and her oldest son absent in the service of his country. Her little boys were torn from her in the night, put under guard and carried to the jail.--Their mother plead with the Colonel for their release, when he added to her already unutterable anguish by saying that he would have to send the older one of the boys to Northern prisons--he however relented in a few days, after torturing their mother sufficiently, as he thought, and released the boys from their imprisonment. Mrs. Coleman and daughter were driven from their home in the night to seek refuge in the town of Athens, which was about one mile distant. The furniture, which was of the finest rose wood, was split up. The marble slabs to the bureaus and wash-stands, were broken into pieces, mirrors were shattered--handsome Brussels carpets cut up into saddle-blankets--beds dragged out into camp with all the bed clothing, including the finest blankets and Marseilles quilts.

The portrait of Judge Coleman, also that of Mrs. Coleman were so pierced by their bayonets that they could not be recognized. All of the table ware and several pieces of silver were taken out into camp. Several handsome silk dresses and other articles of clothing belonging to the family were taken. A little trunk which Mrs. Coleman prized more than anything else, because it contained the mementoes and letters of her noble sons who had given their precious lives for their country were broken open, and the precious contents destroyed by their infamous hands. The books of a large and select library were scattered through the camp and destroyed. All of Miss Coleman's music was taken. After the completion of their work of destruction, the officers, Major Kuhne and others, took possession of the house and are now quartered in it. Mrs. Coleman, daughter and two sons, were ordered out of the Yankee lines. Mrs. Coleman's health would not admit of her coming out, hence her order was rescinded. Miss Coleman and her two little brothers are now exiles in our lines.

Col. Phillips took Mr. Crenshaw, a respectable citizen of Limestone, into his tent and demanded his money. Crenshaw handed his pocket book and some loose change he had in his vest pocket. Colonel Phillips asked if that was all, Mr. Crenshaw replied no, and Phillips demanded the balance and took from his person five thousand dollars belted around his person.-- This man is trying to equal Butler, the Beast, and is the Representative of the Lincoln Government.

In Lauderdale county the conduct of the enemy has been as bad as in Limestone. This county is continually ravaged by bands of Tories, who have been armed by the enemy. They are stealing all the horses, mules, and cotton.

On the 2d February, John Wesson, a Tory, shot and killed Lewis C. Moore, an aged and highly respectable citizen, a member of the commissioners court. Wesson is a young man, and had been reared in Moore's neighborhood, and Moore was in the act of shaking hands with him when Wesson shot him.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, April 6, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

#### Gallantry of Irishmen.

The 5<sup>th</sup> Confederate Regiment of Infantry, commanded by Major R. J. Person, a well known resident of Shelby county, Tennessee, is now attached to Gen. Polk's brigade and Cleburne's division at Dalton. When the army was being organized, those old veterans who had been in the service ever since the commencement of hostilities, came forward and expressed their willingness to re-enlist for the war no matter how long it lasted. This regiment is composed almost exclusively of Irishmen, and though a great number might have left the service on

account of their nationality, they preferred to stand by the "Banner of the South" until her independence was recognized throughout the world. Too much praise cannot be given to these brave sons of Erin's happy isle for their unswerving fidelity to the cause they have thus far so nobly supported.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, April 6, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

Potatoes.--The following suggestions from an old book may prove valuable:

If potatoes, how much severe frosted, be only carefully excluded from the atmospheric air and the hill not opened until some time after the frost has entirely subsided, they will be found not to have sustained the slightest injury. This is on account of their not having been exposed to a sudden change and thawing gradually.

A person inspecting his potato hill, which had been covered with turf, found them so frozen that, on being moved, they rattled like stones. He deemed them irrecoverably lost, and replacing the turf left them as he thought, to their fate. He was less surprised than pleased, a considerable time afterwards, when he discovered that his potatoes, which he had given up for lost, had not suffered the least detriment, but were in all respects remarkably fine, except a few near the spot which had been uncovered. If farmers keep their hills covered until the frost entirely disappears, they will find their patience amply rewarded.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, April 6, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

We have been presented with a specimen of soap made by Mrs. Frederick, of Orangeburg, South Carolina, out of corn shucks and ley. The soap is of excellent quality, quite hard, and its cleansing qualities are very good. The process of manufacture is quite simple. Cut up your shucks as fine as possible, and boil them in strong ley until the soap is sufficiently thick. In the absence of grease, this is a most economical mode of making soap.--Rebel.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, April 6, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

#### Ingenious Correspondence.

The following extracts says the Richmond *Enquirer*, are from a letter which was written by a lady of Kentucky a short time after the battle of Missionary Ridge, but which was only received a few days ago. As the letter had to be examined, it was necessary to frame the language in such a manner as to escape the vigilance of the Yankee officials. Consequently, she speaks of the contest between the North and the South as of a law suit between different members of the same family, and addresses her "rebel" brother as one whose interest was identified with her own:

"How does our dear mother bear up under her recent losses? (the defeat at Missionary Ridge). How strange it is that the cause should have been decided against her at the last general assize, when she so manifestly had justice (strong position) on her side. It must have been from the inefficiency of her chief councillor [sic] (General Bragg). I need not tell you, my dear brother, to do all you can to encourage her. I think she has much cause for hope, for that part of our estate which lies here (Kentucky) wears a more promising aspect than ever before. We hope and expect that the Spring Courts will give us decided advantage, though God alone knows how long we may be kept out of our just rights. Not always, for I feel assured the hour will come when

"Bertram's right, and Bertram's might  
Shall meet on Ellangowan's [?] height."

"This life that our dear mother leads since this unfortunate lawsuit, is so different from that to which she has been accustomed, so full of hardship and suffering, that I wonder she ever smiles except when she talks of vengeance.

"She has one comfort at least to solace her, and that is, that those of her children that are true, are true to the "last of their blood and their breath."

"Sorry am I that I cannot be with our dear mother to help console and strengthen her in this the darkest hour of her trial; but I suppose my duty is here in the house of our degenerate half coward relative, to listen in silence to the abuse heaped upon our mother."

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, April 13, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

### An Appeal in Behalf of the Indians.

Montgomery, April 5, 1864.

Whilst on my way to Richmond under other engagements, it was urged upon me the duty to represent to the good people of the Confederacy, east of the Mississippi, the distressed condition to which the women and children of their Indian allies in the Creek and Cherokee nations have been reduced by the calamities of the war; and to evoke, earnestly, aid for the relief of those suffering people from the utter destitution with which they are visited. Their country lately the abode of plenty and blessed with the [illegible] of home and civilized progress, has been invaded and occupied by the enemy, their property wantonly destroyed, their fields laid waste, their homes laid in ashes, and their families driven ruthlessly from their borders, subjected to lamentable want and distress.

Especially have these hardships fallen upon the Cherokees. Homeless and naked they are now wandering among strangers in search of food and raiment, and dependent upon the charity of their less afflicted brethren for shelter in their refuge. These suffering people were prompt to embrace the cause and link their fortunes with the destiny of the people of the South whose interest and civilization are theirs.

The quota of warriors which the nations bound themselves to furnish in the treaty of alliance with the Confederate States have been greatly exceeded in the numbers sent into the fight, and seven regiments from the Indian country are now in the service, organized with the forces operating West of the Mississippi. These, the natural protectors of their families, are thus withdrawn from them, and their helpless, impoverished children and wives are left pining in beggary and wretchedness.--Will the good people of the Confederacy permit this scene of suffering and distress to widen upon their faithful allies on the border? Will they not generously respond by their contributions of relief to clothe the nakedness and comfort the hearts of these unhappy people? In days to come, when Southern independence shall have been established they will have upon their Southwestern borders a loyal and watchful band of allied friends, who will not themselves nor let their children forget, this timely relief, to their stricken families in the hour of distress.

Richard Fields,  
Late Chief Justice Cherokee Nation.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, April 13, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

From the Virginia Army.

The following extracts from a private letter written by a gallant youth to his father will serve to show the spirit of the boys in camp and to indicate somewhat the preparations going on for any terrible conflict in Virginia;

Camp Near Orange C. H. Va. }  
March 25<sup>th</sup>, 1864. }

A heavy snow storm prevailed all of yesterday and the day before. The snow covered the ground to the average depth of twenty inches, and the dull leaden appearance of the sky, to-day, betokens a continuance of snow or sleet. Yesterday amidst the beating of drums and the sounding of trumpets, Battle's brigade was thrown into battle array, without arms or accoutrements and marched down to challenge Daniel's (N. C.) brigade to "mortal combat" with snow-balls. We threw out sharp-shooters, scouts were sent out, videttes were posted in trees, in short the pomp, circumstance and all the paraphernalia of an actual attack was strictly observed. The North Carolinians having gotten "wind" of our approach hastily prepared for battle and pretty soon our skirmishers were sharply engaged with those of the enemy and an occasional snow ball passed over our heads, from the retiring pickets. Presently our brigade emerged into a large open field at the farther extremity of which stood drawn up in line of battle Daniel's N. C. Brigade. A wild cheer ran along our line, which was promptly echoed from the other side. We immediately pressed forward at a double-quick drove in the sharp-shooters of the enemy and closed with their line of battle. As Southerner was opposed to Southerner and the reputation of each was at stake, both sides fought at once with great fury and desperation. The combat raged furiously until the air was literally filled with snow balls and the woods resounded with the tumultuous shouts of both sides and the cries of the leaders to "Stand your ground, my men." We drove the North Carolinians for a while, until they flanked us, when we retired. They now attacked so vigorously as to drive us nearly a mile even to our quarters. Our General now rode out and ordered us to "charge and never stop charging." This time we made a terrific simultaneous charge and once more closed with them. The shock was irresistible, and they fell back but we followed up our advantage with such vigor and fury as to change the retreat into a general rout.

We captured the enemy's colors and General commanding whom we unhorsed and rolled in gloriously in the snow. We pursued the demoralized North Carolinians through their quarters and took possession of them. We then arranged the cartel and exchanged prisoners. We then drew off our forces parting each with mutual good feeling. Hundreds of the men attested the fury of the battle by "bleeding noses and black eyes." The snow fight was a strange and novel scene to me, and surpasses description.

We are this evening cooking rations preparatory to going on picket on the river to-morrow morning where we will stay a week.

From the large amount of rations accumulating in Richmond, I think that city is destined to sustain a siege, the duration of which none can tell.

C. T.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, April 13, 1864, p. 4, c. 4

Living in Richmond.

The Richmond correspondent of the Knoxville and Atlanta *Register* thus treats of the economy of living in Richmond:

You doubtless know that the economy of living is reduced here to a science. I will give some items. Some families give their negroes but one meal a day--dinner. Others allowance [sic] their children to a piece of cold bread for breakfast; a slice of bread, one hard-boiled egg and no vegetables for dinner, and a piece of dry bread for supper. At a female boarding school, not in this city, where \$1200 is charged for less than 9 months' board, exclusive of tuition, the girls have in the morning a slice of dry bread and a very little sour sorghum, no tea or coffee or milk; for dinner, a small slice of meat and one Irish potato; and for supper, a bit of dry bread lightly greased with butter and good cold water to wash it down. Refugees in this city, once wealthy, have been known to live on bread and water for months at a time; yet of all people, refugees complain the least, and indeed you hear little complaint from any body.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, April 20, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

### The Wail of the Cotton Spinner.

The following touching lines are taken from a late English paper, and exhibit a fair picture of the intense suffering created among the Manchester operatives by the lack of cotton produced by the long-continued war in this country. It is worthy of being preserved for future reading.

Dead--Dead--Dead!

Far better it should be so;  
To lie in a pauper's coffin there,  
Than Sin's temptation to know.  
For O, my girl was bonny and fair,  
But beauty's a curse you see,  
When hunger and want, disease and care,  
Such merciless fiends can be.  
It was for her sake, that day by day,  
My heart grew heavy and sore;  
Till hope itself seemed ebbing away  
From my life's dark sunless shore.

Dead--dead--dead!

She was starved to death, I say,  
Because of the fierce and cruel strife  
'Mid our kinsmen far away.  
Man, look on her face, so worn and pale,  
On her hands, so white and thin;  
Here was a spirit that would not quail  
From striving her bread to win!  
But yonder, closed is the factory gate,  
The engine is red with rust'  
And what could we do but starve and wait  
Till peace should bring us a crust?

Dead--dead--dead!  
    With her brother lying ill,  
And her father shivering on the step  
    That leads to the silent mill!  
Alone I kneel in my blinding tears?  
    Alone in my black despair?  
My heart o'erburdened with gloomy fear,  
    Yet far too bitter for prayer!  
Why do you prate how the world still grows;  
    More kind and more wise each day?  
War's bloody flame still glitters and glows,  
    The olives of peace decay.

Dead--dead--dead!  
    Oh God! that my curse should fall  
On the heads of those whose selfish aims  
    Have worked such woe for us all!  
Man, blame me not for my burning word  
    Nor bid me these thoughts disclaim;  
For death has riven the silvery chords  
    That swell'd through my anguished frame.  
True, I'm only a woman, whose heart  
    Lies struck by a mortal blow;  
But, Oh God! how keen's the bleeding smart  
    A mother alone may know!

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, April 20, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

The Private Soldier.--The hero of this war is the private soldier--not the officer whose dress is embroidered with lace, and whose name garnishes the gazette--but the humble and honest patriot of the South, in his dirt stained and sweat stained clothes, who toils through pain and hunger and peril, who has no reward but in the satisfaction of good deeds; who throws his poor, unknown life away at the cannon's mouth, and dies in that single flash of glory. How many of these heroes have been laid in unmarked ground--the nameless graves of self devotion. But the ground where they rest is in the sight of Heaven. Nothing kisses their graves but sunlight; nothing adorns their dust but the sobbing wind; nothing disturbs their dust but the wild flowers that have grown on the blood crust of the battle-field. But not a Southern soldier has fallen in this war without the account of Heaven, and death makes its registry of the pure and the brave on the silver pages of immortal life.--Pollard's "Two Nations."

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, April 20, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

From Our Dalton Correspondent.

Dalton, Geo., April 15<sup>th</sup>.

. . . The Yankee female surgeon, (?) Miss Mary Ellen Walker, who came riding boldly up to our pickets a few days ago, a straddle of a fine horse booted and spurred, in bloomer costume, under

pretence [sic] of sending in a letter to some of our people, will be sent to Richmond and from thence transferred to a place of safe keeping, until the end of the war. Her being attached to the yankee army as a Surgeon, was no doubt heralded on purpose by the yankee papers to carry out her designs as a spy in our lines, coming up on purpose to be taken prisoner, and relying on her position as *Surgeon* to be exchanged. But our people on these *pints*, are becoming as *smart* as the Yankees. . . .

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, April 20, 1864, p. 3, c. 3

### The Soldier's Return.

The following touching lines, which we take from the *Alabama Beacon*, were suggested by the visit of a Southern soldier to the home of his boyhood, then within the lines of the enemy. They will, we think, be read with some little degree of interest, by those whose hearthstones have been desecrated.

I've been to our old home, mother,  
    I've stood there all alone,  
No wife, no child, no mother dear,  
    To greet with love's sweet tone;  
But all was desolate and wild  
    Where once it had been gay,  
A desert where an Eden smiled,  
    And dear ones far away.

I sought your quiet chamber, mother,  
    That place of peace and prayer,  
But oh! no smile to welcome me,  
    No mother's form was there;  
No words of comfort cheered my heart,  
    No fervent fond caress,  
On other ears now sadly fall  
    The tones that used to bless.

I listened--not a human sound  
    Of those I loved was heard;  
I called--not e'en my brother's voice  
    Returned an answering word;  
'Twas silence all, for vandal foes  
    Had left their seal and blight,  
Had darkened e'en the widow's home,  
    And turned her sun to night.

Wave upon wave of surging thought  
    Swelled in my saddened breast,  
As thinking of my darling ones,

I sought their place of rest;  
That rifled room, that hearthstone cold,  
Once warm with love and glee,  
Awoke dire vengeance in my soul,  
For wrongs done them and me.

My tender wife to drudgery doomed  
My babes beneath their rod.  
While I, torn from their loved embrace,  
Can only trust in God.  
Oh! Thou of justice, truth and right,  
Avenge our wrongs and woes,  
And hurl, with thine almighty arm,  
Destruction on our foes.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, April 20, 1864, p. 4, c. 4

The Battle Flag of the 8<sup>th</sup> Alabama.

Hd. Qrs. 8<sup>th</sup> Alabama volunteers, }  
Near Orange C. H. Va., }  
April 8, 1864 }

Sir: I have the honor, herewith, to transmit to you the tattered old battle flag of the 8<sup>th</sup> Alabama Regiment. It waved at Yorktown, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Gaines' Mill, Fraziers' 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 29<sup>th</sup> January last, it re-enlisted, unconditionally "for the war."--At the expiration of our first term of service, which we look back to with the 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. Commanding 8<sup>th</sup> Ala. Vols.

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

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Executive Department of Alabama, }  
Montgomery, April 12, 1864. }

Lt. Col. H. A. Herbert,

Commanding 8<sup>th</sup> Ala. Volunteers.

Dear Sir: By the hands of Lt. 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 and 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 as 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 8<sup>th</sup> 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 ob't serv't,  
T. H. Watts,  
Governor of Alabama.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, April 20, 1864, p. 4, c. 5

New Slave Mart.

Thomas L. Frazer & Co.

[Late firm of Crawford, Frazer & Co., Atlanta Ga]

Negro Brokers,

Market Street, above the Montgomery Hall,

Have fitted up, and are now prepared to receive and accommodate at their mart, all Negroes which may be consigned to them. They will buy and sell on Commission, and forward proceeds with promptness and dispatch. They keep constantly on hand a large and well selected stock, such as

Families, House Servants,

Gentlemen's Body Servants, Seamstresses,

Boys and Girls, of all descriptions,

Carpenters, Blacksmiths,

Shoemakers, Field Hands.

They respectfully refer to the following well-known gentlemen, viz:

Hon. John A. Elmore, Major J. L. Calhoun, Wm. Taylor & Co., A. P. Watt, Shular & Ardis, Montgomery, Ala.; J. C. Coleman & Co., Mobile, Ala.; Henry Meinhard & Bro, Savannah, Ga.

Thos. L. Frazer,  
Montgomery, Ala.  
A. Frazer,

W. E. Smith,  
Auburn, Ala.

W. H. Fitts, Agent.

P.S.--City patronage respectfully solicited. All orders carefully attended to.  
mar23d1m-w3m

Savannah Republican, Mobile Register, Atlanta Intelligencer, Columbus Times, copy in daily one month, and in weekly three months, and forward bills.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, April 20, 1864, p. 4, c. 6

#### Cotton Cards.

I have located myself at Haw Ridge, Ala., for the purpose of repairing Cotton Cards. Having been at the business for the past two years, I am prepared to put new teeth in, and where the leathers are damaged I am prepared to put new leathers in. I will be at Evergreen, Conecuh county, Ala., on the 5<sup>th</sup> April next, and will remain there until the 18<sup>th</sup>, where I will be prepared to repair as many as five pair per day. I will also learn as many as two persons from each county in this State, of they desire to go into the business. They will be prompt in meeting me at Evergreen, as above stated.

The scarcity of cotton cards makes it necessary that there should be at least two expert repairers in each county.

Persons desiring to learn the trade, can do so by paying me \$500. Where the money cannot be paid I will take stock at fair prices. My charges for repairing is from \$10 to \$15, and all work warranted to give entire satisfaction.

Haw Ridge, Ala.

Eli Clark,  
mar6-4

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, April 20, 1864, p. 1, c. 1-2

#### Augusta Manufacturing Company.

The *Chronicle & Sentinel* publishes some facts connected with the operations of this enterprising company.

The present company went into operation about five years ago, and under the direction of a liberal and sagacious board, commenced the system of improvement and discipline which soon resulted in placing the Augusta Manufacturing Company at the head of Southern enterprise of the kind. With the increased facilities secured, the productive capacity of the company has reached an average of 20,000 yards per day. They employ 750 hands, principally girls whose wages are about \$46,000 per month. They run 15,000 spindles and 462 looms, consuming fifteen bales of cotton daily.

These goods are not thrown upon the market, but are sold to the Confederate and State Executives, to benevolent associations, counties and indigent persons, at what is called government prices.

From a statement furnished the *Chronicle & Sentinel* by the President of the Company, it appears that 4,200,384 yards of goods were sold from January 1<sup>st</sup>, to November 14, 1863.

These goods sold at government prices, according to the act of Congress, at an average of

50 cents per yard, yield \$2,100,192. If the same goods had been sold at the current market price, averaging \$1.50 per yard, they would have produced \$6,300,576.

Thus it will be seen says the *Chronicle & Sentinel* that during the nine months operations to which we have referred, this company have virtually contributed, \$4,200,384 to the various objects connected with the war, and to worthy objects of relief. This is indeed a proud record. And the company continue to pursue the same liberal course, and the record of their operations for the current year will be equally creditable though the price of cotton has forced them to increase their charges for goods. It may be said that they have realized immense profits, and can afford to be thus liberal. Their profits have been the legitimate result of well directed enterprise, and while there has been much clamor about market price, they were as much entitled to it as the farmer, mechanic or merchant, and in not availing themselves of it they deserve at least exemption from the popular clamor against "extorting corporations." They furnish a conspicuous exception to the rule that "corporations have no souls."

Aside from the goods furnished as above, they exchange large quantities for produce which they sell to their operatives at government prices. In this way several thousands of this class of our population are well supplied with the necessaries of life, and really live better than any other portion of the community, for much that they get in exchange for cloth cannot be bought for money.

Particular regard is paid to the moral character of the operatives, and any known deviation from reputable conduct is followed by prompt dismissal from the employment of the company.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, April 27, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

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 into operation, but at last has been able to produce an article equal to, 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.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, April 27, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

A German statistical writer remarks that the invention of the sewing machine has enabled one woman to sew as much as a hundred could sew by hand a century ago; but, he continues, one woman now demands as much clothing as a hundred did a century ago--so the situation is not so much changed after all.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, April 27, 1864, p. 3, c. 2

#### A New Book by Miss Evans.

Miss Evan's [sic] new book, entitled "Macaria, or Altars of Sacrifice," published by West and Johnson, Richmond, Va., has appeared. It can be had at the Book Store of W. S. Barton, Montgomery. The following is the dedication:

"To the Army of the Southern Confederacy, who have delivered the South from despotism, and who have won for generations yet unborn the precious guerdon of constitutional Republican Liberty. To this vast legion of honor, whether limping on crutches through the land they have saved and immortalized, or surviving uninjured to share the blessings of their unexampled heroism bought, or sleeping dreamlessly in nameless martyr graves on hallowed battle fields whose historic memory shall perish only with the remnants of our language, these pages are gratefully and reverently dedicated by one who, although debarred from the dangers and deathless glory of the tented field, would offer a woman's inadequate tribute to the noble patriotism and sublime self abnegation of her dear and devoted countrymen."

The book comprises nearly two hundred heavy double column pages.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, April 27, 1864, p. 3, c. 2

Reply of "Mechanic" to "Vigilant."

Montgomery, Ala., April 23, 1864.

Eds. Av.: In your issue of yesterday I notice an article signed "Vigilant," in which he says, "we have it from undoubted authority that there are parties in this city regularly engaged in enticing off mechanics who have been detailed for work at this place and carrying them through the lines, whether to the Yankees direct or not we cannot say," and requesting "all good citizens who can give any information on the subject to do so."

Now, believing myself to be one of the last named class, and having my country's good at heart, and having lived in this city for some time past, (at least long enough to get all the "ropes,") I propose to divulge to "Vigilant" the whole *modus operandi*.--In the first place I will demur to the word *entice* and substitute instead *drive*. Now that there are men in this city and county, driving mechanics off is too true, and the way in which they go at it is sure, and not very slow at the present time. I will explain it all to you in a few words. In the first place the detailed mechanics here get from three to five dollars per day for their labor. We will take a medium and say four dollars, which is twenty-four dollars a week. Now it will take a peck of corn meal a week, which will cost \$1.75, and seven pounds of beef a week, which will cost say four dollars a pound, (and it has been five) which makes \$28 for beef. Beef and bread per week for one man \$29.75. Then there is fire wood and room rent, by no measure an inconsiderable item, and by the time you foot up all the necessary expenses of living in this city, (be as economical as possible,) you will find it not far short of fifty dollars. Now I ask "Vigilant" or any other man how to live on twenty-four dollars when it really costs fifty, and how is a man to support his wife and children when he does not get half enough to support himself. Go to the market, shops and stores and price articles of necessity for family use, and see if you can buy them with your wages at four dollars a day. An ordinary hat will cost eighty dollars, a pair of shoes sixty, and a new suit of clothes is out of the question altogether when a spool of cotton thread to make them with costs three dollars. But it is useless to enumerate items, for every one knows the height they have attained. But this I will say, if prices do not decline or wages advance, every mechanic will be driven out of the country that can get out, for "the laborer is worthy of his hire," and if he does not receive wages enough to feed and clothe himself, he has a right to infer that his services are neither wanted nor needed, and the sooner he leaves the better it is for him. A negro can go here to the transportation office and get his rations and thirty dollars per month, while a white man who has served a regular time at, and become master of a good trade, does not get wages enough

to buy that negro's rations. Now, how can we live? If there is not an alteration in the present condition of affairs, we will have to hunt some place where our labor will yield us at least a living.

Mechanic.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, April 27, 1864, p. 3, c. 4

The editress of the Boston *Olive Branch*, having received a communication from Nashville, Tennessee, inquiring whether some female printers could be obtained there to go to Nashville, replied as follows:

"Every girl in Boston, who is old enough to work in a printing office, has a lover, whom she would be just as likely to trade off for a Tennessee article as she would to swap him for a grizzly bear. The idea of a Boston girl, who goes to operas, patronizes Julien's concerts, waltzes once a week, eats ice cream, rides in the omnibus, wears satin slippers, and sometimes kisses the editor, going to Tennessee, except she goes as the wife of one of your first citizens, (editors excepted,) is truly ridiculous.--Would not a girl in a nice silk dress, pantalettes, and shiny gaiter boots look well trudging through the mud and mire of Nashville, to an old roost of a printing office, the walls of which are covered with posters offering rewards for runaway niggers, while in one corner of the room two old darkies are jerking away at a Ramage press, and in the other the editor squirting tobacco juice all over the floor? Wouldn't she be in a nice fix when the editor and some great brute of a fellow, whom he had offended, got to play at the game of shooting revolvers across the office at each other's head? Who would make the fire when the devil had run off or the editor was drunk? Who would go home with her dark nights? Who would take her out to ride on Sunday afternoons, and go to church with her on Sunday? No, sir--a Boston girl would not go to Tennessee for love or money; she can get enough of both nearer home."

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, April 27, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

The following letter from a correspondent of the *Selma Reporter*, written at Lacy's Spring, Morgan county, April 13<sup>th</sup>, gives late news from North Alabama:

Editor Reporter: The Yankees are still in possession of Decatur, and have ordered every family, save Mrs. McCartney's, the owner of the only hotel in the place, to leave. In consequence of the devastation and ruin caused by the enemy in that portion of the Tennessee Valley south and west of the river, many of these families have been forced to seek shelter and food within the enemy's lines in Limestone county. . . Mr. John Robinson's [?] fine residence near Huntsville has been seized for a permanent hospital. . . In short, they are committing every act which the devilish ingenuity of Yankee minds can invent to harass and break the spirit of the people of North Alabama. Some of the men, under the state of things, have taken the oath voluntarily, and many have been forced to take it, or abandon their families to the cruel treatment of the most merciless foe of either ancient or modern times. But to my own certain knowledge the great mass of the men are true to the cause of liberty and Southern independence, notwithstanding the tyrannical treatment to which they are subjected, and await with a urgent hope the coming of the hosts of Joe Johnston to break the shackles that now bind them. The Ladies here, as everywhere else over our country, are as firm and unyielding as the broad bases of their own native mountains.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, April 27, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

Miss Dr. Mary E. Walker.--A correspondent of the *Macon Confederate* describes her:

She is apparently of about twenty-eight or thirty summers; a little worn, but still passably good looking. Hair dark and gathered under a silk nett [sic]; figure about five feet six, and rather thin.

Her costume is a novel as her position--"Bloomer" costume of blue broadcloth, trimmed with brass buttons; yankee uniform hat, with cord and 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 and manner the "unrectified Yankee," but her manners are better than the majority of her tribe.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, April 27, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

Arrest of a Female Soldier.--On Sunday evening a female soldier, attired in full uniform, was arrested on the levee. She is about twenty one years of age, and gave her name as Elizabeth Price. She stated that Cincinnati was her home, and that she had served in the army for over two years. Her lover enlisted in the army, and the desire to follow and share his fortune prompted her to don the attire of a soldier and leave the comforts of home. She thinks that she has seen enough of service, and desires to return to her home in Cincinnati.--Louisville Democrat.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, May 4, 1864, p. 1, c. 5

#### Saving Her Bacon.

We were told yesterday of a circumstance by which an old lady saved her bacon, which, we think, should be repeated to counterbalance some of the "cute tricks" of the Yankees which we so often hear of.

It appears that just before Grierson made his way to West Point, considerable alarm preceded him throughout the country where he was expected to travel, and every person did all he could to save his valuables and movable property, to prevent it being stolen. A certain old lady who resides only a short distance from West Point, learning that the advance guard of the marauding party were advancing, and were within a short distance of her house, was in great distress as to what disposition she should make of her bacon, as she had a quantity in her smokehouse. Everybody about the place was hiding away their valuables but the old lady, who stood wringing her hands and crying out, "my conscience," "bless my soul," "where on the face of the yearth [sic] can I hide my meat from these cursed Yankees?"

The Yanks hove in sight. On the instant a brilliant idea struck the old lady, and she sang out to her son, "You Jeemes, come here and help me throw this meat into the yard." And at it they went, spreading the yard with the bacon. In a few moments the Yanks made their appearance, and dashed into the yard. The first thing they saw, of course, was the meat. "Ah!"

exclaimed one, "You have got plenty of meat here; the very thing we want." The old lady being close by and listening, replied, "Yes, we have got plenty of meat here, sich as it is; and if yer want it, yer can have it and welcome, for I shan't touch a mouthful long as I live; for, this morning them derned rebel sogers come here and took every bit of my meat, and done something with it, and flug it in the yard, and thar it can lay till it rots before I eat it."

The Yankee took the hint, thought it was poisoned--and she "saved her bacon."--Mobile Tribune.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, May 4, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

Love Letter to a Soldier.

Camp 33d Alabama Regiment, }  
Dalton, Ga., April 23, 1864. }

Mr. Editor: I send you a true copy of a very amusing love letter received a few days since in camps, with permission to give it a place in your interesting paper. I have the consent of the party to whom it was directed, to give it publicity, and if it will not deprive your paper of matter of more interest, I would be glad you would place it in one issue.

Apr 12<sup>th</sup> 1864

Alabam Coventun county

Dear lover, I sot myself to right yu a fu lines to let yu no I am wel an hop thes fu lines wil cum saft to yu an fine you ingoin the best of helth I wont you to cum an se me for I want to se yu wus than evry bodde else in this world; hit wud giv me a hope of satesfacshun to se youre loven face wonst more but I fer hit wil be a long time before that happy da cums, for hit semes long sense I seed yu, Jack you mus tak good here of yoself an be a gud sholger an I hope the time wil sune cum when yu can cum hom an se me, Jack I broak the ring you sent me was sore when I broak hit but I cud not help hit, you must send me a nother to remember you, Bill T\_\_\_\_\_ married Su D\_\_\_\_\_ Jack the gurls is all abot to di abot you and thay ar all abot to marey old men an shinplasters an if you don't herey an cum hom you wont get marry wone but old refused wones, Jane h\_\_\_\_\_ sends her lov an best respects to you an sas you must send her a ring she ses she wants to se you verey bad she ses you are the pirstest thing she ever saw, Jack every body nerly is gone to the yankees.

Havin rot all that will interest you I will cum to a close by saing I remane your lovin frend until Deth, so fure you well

from Sara J\_\_\_\_\_ to jack T\_\_\_\_\_ mister

PS, when this you se remember me tho mene miles a part we bee.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, May 4, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

Our latest advices from the front leave the Yankees close inside their fortifications at Decatur, and the Confederate besieging forces closing up. All the families save two or three have been forced to leave Decatur by the enemy...--Moulton Democrat.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, May 4, 1864, p. 3, c. 4

Broom Corn and Brooms.

As some planters have grown broom corn, it may not prove amiss to give a few hints about how to make brooms. The best way is to pull to pieces an old broom; but, as everybody may not be able to do this, I will give the most important steps. Procure some strong twine, or string. Bore a hole in the end of the handle, and make one end of this twine or string fast either in this hole or any other way; fasten the other one to any convenient place or object, then holding the handle in the hand, put the brush closely around the handle, turning the handle and fastening each straw tightly with the twine. When the straw has been thus put all around, wind the twine tightly two or three times around it, cut off the ends or butts [sic] a little above the ring of twine, then wind the twine obliquely and tightly around the handle until far enough to put on the second and last, row of straw; put that on like the first or lower row, wind the twine tightly three or four times around and fasten the end either by a tack driven through a knot in the twine or by a neat staple. Then press the broom a few inches below the end of the handle between two sticks or any other contrivance, pass a couple of bands of twine around it, and fasten them in places by stitching them through the broom, and the broom will be finished.--Fastening the further end of the twine to some object, and drawing the twine tightly, by holding only by the handle, will be found to save the hands from blistering, besides enabling the twine to be drawn much more tightly.--Southern Cultivator.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, May 11, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

For the Montgomery Advertiser.  
The Field Pea.

Has any planter in Montgomery county, or near to, any other field pea than the least valuable of all--the Speckled Pea? It yields well, perhaps better than any other, and why it is so generally planted in this money worshipping age. It is hard to cook and not as palatable as several white peas, or any of the Crowders, and not so good as the old Cow Pea, which has been let almost run out, and because it was so ready to rot, not worse than the Speckled. This pea was sent me by my friend Robert Chisholm, of Beaufort, S. C., about 20 years ago, called Shinney Pea, since which time it has been scattered and taken a great variety of names, known some 30 years ago, perhaps, in North Carolina as the Jack Pea--so I was told in Mississippi. I want a better pea, even if it does not produce so much. There are many better peas for the table and equally as good for stock. The Crowders, especially the Gray Crowder, is about as prolific, and far superior for human food. I never used the speckled before this season, and hope never to be forced to do so again.

M. W. Philips.

Cliett's [or Clieft's] Station, Ala., April 22, 1864.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, May 11, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

Camp Gracie's Brigade, }  
Abingdon, Va., April 25, 1864 }

. . . [after having been on a foraging trip into North Carolina] Our troops are often guilty of outrages for which no punishment could be too severe. These things are usually kept concealed, but one crime successfully hidden is the parent of a whole brood, and I have no disposition to keep these outrages from the public. Forage trains, wagoners and wagon masters, with a few exceptions, are little better than gangs of rogues, who go about seeking what they can plunder.--

This evil can be easily remedied if officers will do their duty, the mischief can be stopped at once. Put honest men with wagons and cashier a few quartermasters and the trouble will end. Until this is done, no man's hen roost or smoke house is safe from these plunderers.

Gen. John C. Vaughan's brigade passed through a portion of North Carolina while I was out there. I have been with many armies and seen many acts of outrage and depredation, but "*General Varn's* men," as they called themselves, are a disgrace to our cause. They stroll through the country, steal horses not [?] henroost, break into houses, insult women and frighten children.

"General *Varn*" travelled three days ahead of his command, leaving them to march on as they pleased, without control, and without a rear guard to prevent straggling. I could tell of some of their acts that would make any honest soldier blush for the disgrace that stains our uniform--If Gen. Vaughan cannot command his brigade, let him give it up to some one who can. It is hoped that the conduct of Gen. Vaughan and his band of thieves may be brought before the proper authorities and that the guilty may be punished. His brigade has made more enemies to the South in North Carolina, than the Yankees have since the war began, and it is the duty of the Government to see that a stop is put to such proceedings. I have written boldly for a private, but my statements are true, and I can supply proof of the outrageous conduct of this brigade if called on. I hope a copy of this letter may find its way to *General Varn*, in order that he may see that there is one private who disapproves of *stealing*, and in favor of discipline in our army.

43.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, May 11, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

Dr. Mary Walker.

The editor of the Richmond *Dispatch* has received the following letter from Dr. Mary E. Walker, prisoner of war in Castle Thunder, and says the utter ignorance of the reporter with reference to the "physiological" adaptation of ladies' dresses must be urged as his excuse for the grave mistake complained of by the fair writer--the scientific and physiological bloomer who, like an unfortunate exotic, blooms solitary and out of place in our inhospitable latitude:

Castle Thunder, }

Richmond, April 21<sup>st</sup>, 1864 }

Sir--Will you please correct the statement you made in this morning's *Dispatch*, in regard to my being "dressed in male attire." As such is not the case, simple justice demands a correction.

I am attired in what is usually called the "bloomer" or "reform dress," which is similar to other ladies', with the exception of its being shorter and more physiological than long dresses.

Yours, etc., etc.,

Mary E. Walker, M. D.

52d Ohio Vols, U.S.A.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, May 18, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

Prompt and Patriotic.--A young man named Hilton, of Lancaster District, S. C., who has volunteered and done service, and twice been discharged for disability, was lately accepted as a soldier by the examining Physician, and ordered by the enrolling officer to report to the camp of instruction the Wednesday following, it being then Saturday. His wife wove cloth next day

(Sunday,) made it up into pantaloons on Monday; he left Tuesday and duly reported to camp of instruction on the appointed day.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, May 25, 1864, p. 3, c. 2

### Georgia Women.

A correspondent of the Columbus *Sun* who was wounded on Saturday last, and who is now in the Montgomery, Ala., Hospital, writes as follows: "All honor to the noble women of Georgia! As we went on to the front, they honored us with flowers and boquets [sic], cheered us with the waving of handkerchiefs, and animated us with smiles. On our return wounded, they met us at every station, nourished and strengthened us with invigorating cordials, soothed and consoled us with kind and sympathetic words. Again I say, all honor to the women of Georgia, on the line of the railroad from Resaca to Atlanta. We have been here thirty hours, and I have not seen a woman, except two or three hired nurses. For the honor of Alabama, I trust her daughters will learn a lesson of humanity from their Georgia sisters."

Mr. Editor:--I see in the *Appeal* the following ill-natured fling at the ladies of this city, by a correspondent of the Columbus *Sun*. We suspect the writer is one of those "hospital rats" who got demoralized on the first scratch, or was "stung with a bung" and retired early from the fight.

He says "we have been here (in a hospital in Montgomery,) thirty hours and have not seen a woman except two hired nurses. For the honor of Alabama, I trust her daughters will learn a lesson from their Georgia sisters."

It is a notorious fact that from the day the wounded began to arrive, the ladies of Montgomery have crowded our hospitals, bringing all kinds of food, bandages, linen and delicacies, and have been untiring in their efforts to relieve the wants and sufferings of our soldiers. They have beset the Surgeons to tell them what to do. Citizens and ladies have come in from the country, some of them many miles, bringing articles for the hospitals, and begging to be allowed to carry the sick and wounded home with them.

Some of the most refined and cultivated ladies of the city have devoted much of their time to the hospitals, feeding and cheering the wounded, and often dressing their wounds with their own hands. We have been in the service since the beginning of the war, and have seen many hospitals full of wounded men. No where have we seen more sympathy and devotion, not even among the far famed daughters of Richmond, than has been, and is now being shown by the noble women of Montgomery, Ala.

A Surgeon.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, May 25, 1864, p. 3, c. 3

Army of Tennessee, Allatoona, Ga. }

6 miles south of Etowah, Friday, May 20, 1864. }

. . . This retrograde movement was attended with but slight straggling and indeed less than I have ever before witnessed on a retreat. The feathers of geese and chickens marked the retrograde parts of our army through Cartersville, many families deserting their little farms and cottage homes. In Cassville great distress prevailed, and numbers abandoned their homes, leaving all but a few trunks of clothes.--The ladies of Cassville greatly feared the brutality of the Yankees, having waved their *black veils* to Streight's men, when they were brought through as prisoners, as an indication of what they deserved. Magnificent fields of wheat and corn on either side were

abandoned to the enemy, and similar scenes of heart ache and sorrow prevailed, which attended our abandonment of Middle Tennessee in June last. . . .

I must take this opportunity to speak of the great praise due to the "Battle Field Relief Associations" from the different sections of Georgia and Alabama, who have, so far, rendered the most humane services to our wounded, and to whom our soldiers are greatly indebted, and express their deep gratitude. Indeed the formation of these committees have had a most beneficial effect upon our army, our soldiers declaring that it is now worth while to get wounded to receive the attentions so profusely dealt out, and that a man is now sure that he will not be permitted to die like a dog.

The committees most active and unremitting in their attentions were the Tennessee Relief Association, Maj. James F. Cummings, President; the Atlanta Executive Aid committee, from Atlanta, Mrs. Isaac Winship, President; the Dougherty County (Georgia) Battlefield Relief Committee, Mrs. Perry C. Duncan, President, whose husband was one of the signers of the South Carolina ordinances of secession; the Louisiana Refugee Committee from Columbus, Georgia, Henry Goodrich, of New Orleans, President; the Montgomery (Ala.) Relief Committee, I. T. Tichenor President; the Forsyth County (Ga.) Committee, Rev. J. E. Carter, chairman; and the Auburn (Ala.) Relief Committee, Dr. John H. Drake, chairman, under the medical direction of Surgeon Louis A. Bryan, of the Auburn Texas Hospital. The devotion of our ladies along the road to the wounded, and their distribution of flowers to the soldiers, deserves all praise. . . .

Ora.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, May 25, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

#### Blockade Profits.

We hear it frequently asserted that there is no profit upon cargoes brought in and sold here, and that the only profit is on the outward cargo. Let us look at a few things where we have a chance of comparing the Nassau prices with those obtained here yesterday at auction. We take the Nassau quotations from the Bahama *Herald* of the 4<sup>th</sup>: . . .

Cotton Cards--Nassau, Whittemore, No. 10, \$13 to \$14 per dozen. English, No. 10, \$11a\$12; Wilmington, \$36 to \$60 per pair--\$36 to \$60 for \$2 . . .

Sulph. Quinine--Nassau, \$2.25 per oz; Wilmington, \$59a\$80 per oz.--\$25 to 36 [?] for \$1

. . .

Now here is an average of \$56 for \$1, that is to say two hundred per cent on Nassau prices, allowing for exchange the full current rates, and all the articles we have quoted are, we are pretty sure, included among the articles not prohibited. It will not do to say that at these prices goods will not be brought in, or that the profits are not sufficiently remunerative to tempt capitalists to take the risk. The venture is a paying one both ways, and would be so were prices lowered one half.--Wilmington Journal.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, June 8, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

Army of Tennessee.}

Marietta, Ga., Sunday, May 29, 1864}

. . .Some enterprising Yankee typo has issued the first number of the Rome *Union*, on the form of the Rome *Courier*, and asks what has become of Mr. D[??]nell, the former editor, but supposes he will resurrect at Atlanta. The Yankee scamp speaks of the regret he feels in

publishing his paper under the "circumstances"; hopes the people will soon come back under the old flag, and states that they have not come to destroy, but to build up and improve, and still expects that Rome will yet flourish as the Roman capitol of old. The editor returns thanks to Mrs. Jones and daughter for flowers presented to the heathens, and also the Widow Lumpkin (*nee* Miss Crutchfield, of Tenn.) for delicious wine, which she refused our soldiers.

Marietta is nearly deserted by the many refugees who had found a home here, they having fled further South from the terrors of the enemy. The permanent inhabitants, however, still remain, among whom is Mr. Erby Morgan, (a brother of Gen. John T. Morgan, of Wheeler's cavalry,) whose liberal hospitality to our soldiers, for a long time past is deserving of all commendation. . . . Ora.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, June 8, 1864, p. 1, c. 3

Army of Tennessee, }

Marietta, Ga., May 30<sup>th</sup>, 1864. }

. . . Sherman's brutality has eclipsed that of Beast Butler, and he has become the Hyena of beasts. I learn from good authority that he has lately issued a proclamation at Rome commanding all the implements of husbandry to be delivered up to be destroyed, and ordering all mules, cattle and horses to be turned over to the Yankee brutes. Houses have been stripped even of provisions, and rations dealt out to families. The late order of the Secretary of War prohibiting mothers, sisters, fathers or relatives from visiting their wounded and dying sons or relations, in the hospitals near the battle field, is a great hardship, however judicious it may be in order to prohibit improper persons from visiting our lines. The women of our country are its glory; their toils and sacrifices are the brilliant jewels studding the peerless diadem with which our martyred soldiers' blood has crowned the nationality of our young Confederacy; and shall they be denied anything at the mandate of our government? Shall the holy wish of a mother or sister go ungratified, their longing hopes and heartstrings snapped, at being denied the privilege of receiving the dying words or looks of a beloved son or brother? Most certainly discriminations should be made, and this boon of consolation gratified.

Ora.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, June 8, 1864, p. 4, c. 1-2

Private Letter from a Lady near  
Spottsylvania.

Sunday Morning, May 10[?], 1864.

My Dear Brother: I will write you a few lines this morning and send by our scouts, as I know how anxious you are about us. Well, in the first place, we are in the Yankee lines, and have been for two weeks, or very nearly. They crossed the river last Wednesday week and were here by nine o'clock Thursday morning. Infantry first came and were drawn up in line of battle across the yard and field and also in the spring field, made our house headquarters and gave us a guard, so we were protected in a measure. They pulled down all of our fencing to make breastworks. You would not know the place, nothing standing except the gates. The first day they came in they took our horses. About three o'clock the infantry fell back in the pines and cavalry came up. They told us they had two brigades of cavalry here; all that I know is the hills were literally covered with their cavalry. They went up near Mr. Dabye's [?] that evening, and

about 4 o'clock were attacked by our men. Hampton's brigade of cavalry charged them through our field and captured some of the blue devils at our spring. Only six were killed in this engagement--do not know the number of wounded. We were very much frightened, and thought it a *big fight*, but we had not seen anything. Friday, Saturday and Sunday heavy fighting was kept up, and we had to stay in the basement all the time without a mouthful to eat, or a spark of fire or a ray of light. We came up from the basement Sunday night. About nine o'clock our men were here, and had succeeded in driving them (the Yanks) from their breastworks and back into the pines, between here and our old place. We could not hear each other speak for the roar of musketry and the yells of our dear brave boys. After pressing back the Yanks some of our men came in the basement to see if we were safe, and after the fight Gen. Hampton came to the house to see us. But Monday evening was the general engagement here and in the neighborhood, and oh, so many were killed and wounded. The Yankees carried all off the field they could, but our men pressed them so closely, they had to run and leave a great many. Oh, it did my soul so much good to see the Yanks skedaddle. They have a number of killed and wounded now lying on this field. One old dead one is lying behind our barn, and you can see them everywhere you go. I think there are ten in the cornfield. Mr. Bradshaw has some wounded Yanks at his house. We have four we attend to out on the field; they cannot live, but still we cannot let them suffer. Their wounds have never been dressed; we simply wash their faces and carry them water and something to eat. I have said I never would do an act of kindness for one of them to save their lives, but I feel altogether different when I see them suffering. We have them in pens, and oil cloth and blankets thrown over them. One asked me yesterday if I would write to his friends after his death, and asked me to pray for him. I never saw men so hard to die in my life; I would be glad to see them dead and over their suffering, but I believe some of them will live a week longer.

Mr. Bradshaw's house is completely riddled with shot and shell. Our house is not injured a great deal. A great many small shot struck, and our men threw grape shot and shell in the yard, and strange to say, not one struck the house. One large shell was thrown in the garden and one close to the kitchen; neither exploded, but we found a great many pieces that did explode.

Mother was awfully frightened, but I did not feel at all frightened; I did not think we would be killed. I was afraid the house would take fire, but thank God, our lives were spared, though everything else was destroyed. We have nothing in the world but what little we managed to conceal in the house. Our house was only searched once, and by the meanest kind of wretches, one came and tried to get into the milk closet, but I stood before him and would not let him go in. We had a guard, such as it was, but they were the meanest devils on earth, they killed all of our hogs, even the little pigs, and the cow as it was too poor to eat, but they said they were *Secesh* cows, killed every hen and took all of our food; broke every lock on the place; our corn, oat and wheat fields are nothing more than the main road; pulled all the pailings from around the yard and garden and played destruction generally, but if we can only whip them and gain our independence, I am willing to give up all, yes everything. We have three boxes of crackers they left in their retreat which we are living on, we have neither corn, meal, or flour, we managed to save a little bacon but we know not how soon they may come and find that.--I was always glad when the officers were here, they would keep little better order. We have not seen any of them to-day, saw four of their scouts yesterday. Their army is between here and the Court House, we know not at what moment they may come back, all the servants of the neighborhood have been persuaded or driven off, we are afraid to go outside of the yard. Indeed I had almost forgotten to tell you they took me to headquarters, over in the pines. Yes mother and I were walking in the

garden to see where one of their wounded had bled, and the first thing I knew they had us marching to headquarter[s], I asked them to let mother return to the house, as we had left no one there but a servant girl, they said certainly she could return, so I was escorted by a *Captain and Lieutenant* to headquarters to be questioned about our picket post, but I let you know their information did them more harm than good, for I did not tell them one word of truth. I would have sooner died there and then, than given them one word of information. I had seen and talked with our pickets, but they never knew it. Oh! brother you do not know how much impudence they gave us, but I abused them and gave them word for word. Mother begged me not to notice or have anything to say to them, but I was determined to abuse them. They asked me at headquarters if I had a brother in the army and if he was a volunteer, I told them yes, I had three brothers in the army and all volunteers.

Dick and Oscar are detailed as scouts through here. I see them almost every day, they have taken a great many prisoners about here; we cannot hear from Babe, we are very unhappy about him but hope his life is spared. You can hear more about how the fight is going than we can, as we are in the Yankee lines, although they are fighting not more than four or five miles from here now. Sister's house is a rebel hospital as the Yanks call it, she had one Yankee and he died, some of our men have died there, poor fellows, I feel so much for them, we were very much afraid they would make our house a Yankee hospital. Their Doctor told us he would have to do so, but they had to get out of the way too fast. I would be glad to have some of our poor men to nurse if we had anything to give them to eat, but we have not seen any of our wounded or dead. Messrs. Chancellor, Kent and Boling are prisoners. Mike and John are with the boys, I expect they ran off as soon as they heard the Yankees were coming. We have a girl in the house and they ordered her not to cut wood or do anything for us as she was as free as we were now, they offered to pay her to go with them, but she did not go. I cannot give any idea of the desolation of the neighbourhood [sic], but I hear, like ourselves, all is gone. The Yankees have not the slightest idea but that they will make the trip to Richmond this time, I only hope and pray that they never may. I saw a good many mounted negroes and they said there was ten thousand in Fredericksburg, commanded by Burnside's. I could freely kill them every one; excuse mistakes as I cannot collect my ideas I am really not myself now, you must not answer this as we would not get it, I will write again in a few days.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, June 22, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

Army of Tennessee, Kennesaw Moun., }  
3 Miles N. W. Marietta, Midnight, June 16. }

. . . This afternoon many ladies visited Kennesaw mountain to get a view of the Yankees and watch the shelling the enemy's battery, to which we seldom replied, but when we did this evening, we struck and dismounted one of their guns.--But for the firing in the valley, the bevy of ladies seated about, gave the occasion the air of a pic-nic in times of peace. The enemy's railroad trains are plainly seen coming in to Big Shanty, and their whistle heard very distinct. . .

Ora.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, June 22, 1864, p. 3, c. 3

Alexandria Burnt by the Yankees.

By the destructive fire at Alexandria the buildings covering 26 squares were burnt, with most of the household furniture that was in them. Several hundred families were thus rendered houseless and homeless. Two houses were known to have been set on fire by pillagers who follow the army, and the flames spread with such rapidity that every building in the progress of the fire was destroyed.

The homeless people live under the shelter of boughs and brushwood, and in other temporary habitations. The houses cannot be rebuilt for want of the material and labor.

Steam transports have already come down the Red River from Shreveport to Alexandria with bacon and corn meal for the destitute inhabitants of that town. The transports are all small enough to come over the falls.

Hundreds of negroes, who were run off into Texas on the approach of our army towards Alexandria, are now returning, and come in on ox and mule teams. They will be immediately set to work in the cultivation of corn, as no cotton will be raised in that whole region this year.

The rebels are sending transports from Alexandria to the Washita river. They propose to sell the cotton to the buyers who manage to get through the lines, and who will succeed in pushing the cotton through to New Orleans or some other point.

There are some five thousand Union prisoners at Tyler, Texas, which is about 100 miles from Shreveport. They are well supplied with provisions, consisting chiefly of bacon and corn meal.

Major Gowan, of the cavalry division staff, whose capture near Alexandria has already been mentioned, was compelled to walk nearly all the way from Alexandria to Shreveport, and the entire distance from Shreveport to Tyler.

Major General Dick Taylor is the fortunate possessor of Gen. Lee's mess chest, and Col. Stryker had the pleasure of eating and drinking at the table where General Lee's crockery was used.

Gen. Lee's headquarters tents are much liked by Gen. Taylor, who, together with his staff enjoys the protection which they afford from the sun and rains.

Nim's battery wagons are used in the transportation department of Gen. Taylor's headquarters.

The Chicago Mercantile and Nim's batteries are very highly prized by the rebels, and they assert their determination never to permit them to be recaptured, but to inflict the greatest possible damage upon the Union forces by hurling shot and shell from those batteries.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, June 29, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

[Summary: Atrocities in Mississippi by Federal troops, including rapes, by "Avengers of Fort Pillow," led by Sturgis, poor microfilming or bad original]

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, June 29, 1864, p. 3, c. 2

#### Picture Number Four.

Mr. Editor:--With Picture No. 1, I was delighted, I lived over again the enthusiastic events of ever memorable 61, when I was "ready and willing" to send my husband to the tented field. I well remember the day when the officers were to be chosen from a company who had enlisted for the war. My husband was unanimously chosen to be their Captain. I was proud (not of the office) but of my noble husband, who was going to drive the vandal foe from our sunny

south. Not Cornelia herself was more proud of her jewels than I of mine, and truly I recognised [sic] no devotion to myself that was not first sanctified upon the altar of my "adopted country," and in saying this, I know I but echo the words and feeling of thousands of my fair sisters. We made all sacrifices with a willingness and cheerfulness, and had not great progress in the arts of war made it unnecessary, we would have given our tresses also. But as the trenchant pen of "Micare," has drawn the picture so vividly, I will not mar its beauty by any extra touches; but will take a cursory glance at "picture No. 2." With a deep sigh I exclaim

"Alas! for the rarity  
Of christian charity  
Under the sun."

And I remarked to an old lady at my side, that No. 2, is a deplorable picture, ah! said she "and a deplorable truth," perhaps it is, and yet, (although I would be the last of my sex to uphold any deviation from the strict paths of virtue, listen to the foul tongue of slander, give countenance to female "vigilance committees," or aid and comfort to the enemy, by putting on "costly array"), I cannot help thinking all the time of that "charity" which "vaunteth not itself," but "suffereth long." Thank you Mr. Editor for not endorsing "all" of the indignant strictures of the fair "Micare." I will hope and pray for the women that another change may "come o'er the spirit of their dream," and that it will speak in actions louder than words, that patriotism and love of virtue not dead in the hearts of my fair country women.

Picture No. 3, is very well drawn and very true in its outline, by a large number of women is faithfully represented. It is not to be expected that many mothers can leave their sphere of usefulness at home, and go to the hospitals to sooth the suffering soldier, or attend all the "aid societies;" but I am sure they will not consider their labor of love ended, but will do all they can to aid their country in this time that is trying women's souls, as well as men's.--It is also very natural for them to try to keep their husbands at home, and if they are "serving their country as well," I am sure no one ought to complain. But "Une Mere" says with considerable sangfroid, "The very work which we then did," (i.e. in the first year of the war) "has passed into the hands of the *sewing women*, to whom it rightly belongs, and whose subsistence depends upon it."

On this peg, Mr. Editor, I propose with your permission to hand picture No. 4. "The seeing women!" Who are they? Who

"With fingers weary and worn  
With eye lids heavy and red,"  
Sitting here "in unwomanly rags  
Plying the needle and thread."

Ah me! the majority of them are the wives of our brave soldiers, who are fighting the battles of freedom, and many of them refugees; and as these are pictures of the "Women and the War," they certainly ought to have theirs drawn. Yes, they are "sewing women," and their "subsistence depends" on their work, and what a meagre [sic] "subsistence" it is. A lady exile from New Orleans, (whose husband is a prisoner in the Custom House in New Orleans) who never did any sewing before but her own--in a letter to me says: "I go out every day, sewing, and I get only four dollars; it is killing me, but I must do it or starve." While the price of everything else is gone up out of reach, the price of sewing is not so high as it was before the war. Before the war, the "sewing woman" could get one dollar and a half for making a pair of pantaloons; with that she could get a nice calico dress, and many little useful articles too numerous to mention, or she could get enough provisions to last a week; now, perhaps, she could get four dollars for making the same garment. What can she buy with that? Not a yard of cloth;

not food enough to keep gaunt hunger out one day,

"Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,  
And flesh and blood--so cheap.

What wonder that thousands of them are driven to forsake "virtue and chastity," or that licentiousness is getting to be a "growing evil." Who, let me ask, is to blame? Not the lean visaged speculator that has filled his coffers, cheating soldier's wives. Not the extortioner who is luxuriating on his ill gotten gains. Not the blockade runner, who brings luxuries to the rich and whose wives out-dress the Empress Eugenia, one of whom remarked, that she was "afraid the war would last until it brought the rich down on a level with the poor." Not the villain who insinuates himself into once happy homes, with smiles on his face, and Satan in his heart. Oh, no, these had nothing to do with the demoralization of the women. Precious innocents, they uplift their hands in holy horror when they contemplate the sad picture of female depravity. If it were not a fact that they are all well supplied with brass buttons, I should vote them one a piece, for their *untarnished* love of *virtue*. It is to be hoped that the gifted "Micare" will devote a chapter to the "Lords of Creation" for their especial benefit, thereby doing her country more service than in bringing out in such bold characters, the faults of her own sex.

"What numbers, once in fortune's lap high led,  
Solicit the cold hand of charity!  
To shock us more, solicit it in vain."

Suzette.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, June 29, 1864, p. 4, c. 5

The Montgomery  
Hat and Blanket Manufactory,  
Corner of Perry and Jefferson Sts.,

Is now prepared to manufacture Hats. Also, will make Wool rolls, so necessary now for knitting Socks, etc., for our Soldiers.  
Particular attention given to orders.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, June 29, 1864, p. 4, c. 6

Wool! Wool!

Joseph Goetter is the only authorized agent at Montgomery to exchange Shirtings, Sheetings, and Cotton Yarns or pay cash on the most liberal terms for Wool, every lock of which is an imperative necessity to the Government to provide Clothing for the army. Let it come in that we may have time for manufacturing.

In order to expedite this important work, the State has been laid off into three Districts, the following constituting District F.:

Marengo, Montgomery, Tallapoosa, Green, Wilcox, Macon, Coosa, Talladega, Dallas, Russell, Autauga, Randolph, Lowndes, Chambers and Perry.

Inducement!

Any person or persons joining together who will forward to this place, as much as Five Hundred Pounds will be given transportation for themselves and Wool from any point on the Railroad, or navigable streams to this place, and back the same, with the articles exchanged for.

This notice shown to railroad agents or officers of boats, with the wool consigned to him officially, and marked Wool District F, will secure transportation.

Bring along the Wool, and do not let me be under the necessity of impressing, as the army is in great need of cloth for the Soldiers' clothes, and we must have the wool now, so the Factories can work it up.

All communications addressed to Joseph Goetter, agent for Wool District F, at Montgomery, Ala., will meet with prompt attention.

By order

Geo. W. Cunningham,  
Maj. & Q. M. in charge of State.

W. M. Gillespie, Capt. & A. Q. M.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, July 6, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

Army of Tennessee, near Marietta, }  
Monday, June 27, 1864. }

. . . All the public buildings on the square in Marietta, have of late been converted into hospitals for the different brigades and divisions of the army, besides a general receiving and distributing hospital, at which the wounded are received from the field, operated on, and sent off to hospitals in the rear. At present we have but very few sick and wounded in the hospital, they having been generally sent to the rear soon after being received.

The large and spacious hotel here, is occupied as the hospital for Wheeler's cavalry corps, of which Surgeon F. A. Stanford, a most accomplished and scientific operator, is the Medical Director. The great care and attention paid to the sick and wounded at this hospital, which also has a special ward for badly wounded cases sent from the infantry, is deserving of special mention, as well as the strict regard paid to the cleanliness of the wards, every cot having clean sheets daily put on it, and the same exactness to sanitary rules as prevail in city and State hospitals. This hospital is under the immediate superintendence of Surgeon Geo. N. Holmes, whose distinguished professional abilities, besides his great feelings of humanity for the suffering, and his unremitted attentions to the welfare of his patients, have won for him a high reputation, and whose qualities, some of the *butchers* in the army may well take a lesson from and endeavor to emulate. The most perfect system prevails in this hospital, and it gives me great pleasure to take occasion to speak of it, because from negligence, deficiency, or in competency, exhibited at times in the Receiving hospital, I am informed quite different results might be produced if more cautious attention was paid, and careful skill exercised.

Surgeon Holmes has labored hard to bring about this perfection in the organization of military hospitals, and has been zealously aided by his indefatigable and finished assistants, Doctors R. E. Hill, O. V. Garnett, and J. W. Barknell. A record is not only kept of the case of the patient, but of all his effects that may be on his person at the time, so that in case of death, the relatives of the deceased can obtain the same with all the particulars. . . .

Ora.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, July 6, 1864, p. 1, c. 4

Gen. Lee's Daughter.

A correspondent of the *Biblical Recorder*, writing of the Winder Hospital near Richmond, says it covers over 60 acres of ground, has 30 surgeons, 3 chaplains, 6 divisions, and capacity to accommodate 3,000 patients. Five of the divisions are appropriated exclusively to North Carolinians. He adds: One very pleasing feature of this, and in fact all the hospitals of Richmond, Petersburg, Lynchburg, and Charlottesville, is the large element of females one finds among the attendants. Some of the very first women in the country are matrons and nurses in these hospitals, and we found in Richmond, for instance, some of the most refined and beautiful young ladies of the city, daily in the hospitals; not going there once or twice a week, but every day, and attaching themselves to particular wards and divisions, that they might work to better advantage. A short time since, General Lee's daughter was writing a letter for a wounded soldier in the Winter. "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 Gen. 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."

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, July 6, 1864, p. 1, c. 3

#### Blackberry Wine.

Mash the berries, put in a clean jar (that has not had pickle or lard in it). To each gallon after mashed put ½ pint boiling water; let this stand 24 hours, then strain through a cloth, squeezing out all the juice. To each gallon of juice put one pound of sugar; fill a jug or demijohn, keeping some of the juice to fill up with as it ferments, and throw off the scum. Let it remain open for ten days, then cork tight and put in the coolest place you have. I have made wine by this receipt, and think it equal to port. Please publish this, for the benefit of those who will make it for the use of hospitals.

Respectfully, yours, &c.

Mrs. Greene.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, July 6, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

#### Desolation in Georgia.

A correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, writing from Kingston, Ga., June 1, says: Before the rebellion, Kingston was, to use the vernacular of this region, "a right smart place." It boasts some eight hundred inhabitants, several large stores, three or four hotels, and considerable cotton trade with the surrounding neighborhood. But war's dread desolation, and a destructive fire, which accidentally took place in February last, have rendered the town one of the most miserable, straggling looking places to be seen any where between here and Nashville. The inhabitants have dwindled down, by removals and enlistments in the rebel army, and there are not more, at present, than about one hundred citizens resident in the village. These are mostly women--lean, lank and scrawny--who spend most of their time in the blissful occupation of snuff dipping and tobacco chewing. It seems to me that female life--that of the poor whites--would be a perfect blank, were it not for a bladder of snuff and a pine stick.

The railroad--the Western and Atlantic, built by the State--runs east and west through the center of the village, which is inclosed [sic] by an amphitheatre of small hills, none which,

however, present a natural fortification. To the south runs a babbling little brook, called Two run, which empties into the Etowah river, about four miles from here. On the east side of the village, in the valley of the Two run, are encamped six or seven regiments, all waiting transportation to the front. Among them I noticed the 11<sup>th</sup>, 12<sup>th</sup> and 14<sup>th</sup> Kentucky, 65<sup>th</sup> and 24<sup>th</sup> Illinois, 1<sup>st</sup> Tennessee and the 91<sup>st</sup> Indiana.

The women here are intense rebels; they speak of the Northern army in a very disparaging manner, and 'ourn,' with the highest praise. A few of them, from policy, have robed themselves with a quasi loyalty, but say little about the rebs. A remark made by one of the snuff-dippers, in spite of its vulgarity and profanity, is worthy of a passing notice. Several of the boys of the 65<sup>th</sup> Illinois went to draw some water from a neighboring well, when the woman asked them, "To what regiment do you belong?" To this the boys replied, "To the 65<sup>th</sup> Illinois." After looking a moment she exclaimed with an oath, "When you'uns meet the rebels how they'll get it!"

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, July 6, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

Captured flags and banners, to the number of at least three or four hundred, are packed away at the War Department. They have been received from every portion of the Confederacy where a battle has been fought or a victory won. There are big flags and little flags, banners, markers and guidons; some of silk, and some of bunting--some plain and some embroidered; some bloody and stained with the gore of the bearer, and others as white and virgin as when they came from the fanatical hands of the "committee of presentation."

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, July 6, 1864, p. 3, c. 4

To Gen. N. B. Forrest.  
By Rosalie.

Brave Forrest like a storm-king sweeps  
O'er the vile invader path,  
In thunders of vengeance that echo afar;  
And he flashes like Freedom's orient star,  
Or Heaven's lightning of wrath!  
And woe to the foe,  
When he deals the blow,  
For his heart is nerved anew;  
By the memory of those,  
Who in death repose--  
The faithful sons of sires true!

Noble Forrest like a lion springs,  
On prowling Goths who come  
With demon hands and hearts so black;  
To fire, pollute and ruthless sack?  
Desolate our hearths and homes!  
With vengeful sting  
He's "on the wing",

As a torrent he sweeps along;  
And his warriors brave,  
Like old ocean's wave,  
Surge over the Hessian throng!

Brave Forrest, like a comet flash,  
Darts through the shades of eve,  
And his pathway you may trace,  
By the foeman's livid face,  
Who snuff his coming in the breeze!  
O, twine his name,  
With the laurel of fame,  
Carve in letters unfading and bright--  
Embellished with glory,  
Each thread of the story,  
That eye may read and lip recite!

Noble Forrest like an eagle sweeps  
Down on the vandal prey;  
With glittering sword in noon-day's blaze,  
At dewy eve, 'neath moonlight rays,  
Our "war eagle" leads the way!  
When in the East,  
The moon of Peace,  
Breaks o'er our sunny land--  
'Mid the heroes brave,  
And banners that wave,  
May we greet him and his patriot band!

Montgomery, Ala., July, 1864.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, July 13, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

Roasting.--A friend in this city has given us the following easy mode of roasting potatoes, apples, or eggs, which we publish for the benefit of soldiers and others:

Take your potatoes, or whatever you wish to roast, and after washing them clean, wrap them up in a paper two or three times over. When this is done, put them in a can of water and squeeze them until the paper is wet to the potato; squeeze them well and make a place in the embers, lay them in and cover them with hot ashes, with no coals. After they have lain a proper time, take them out, and the paper will be found to be perfectly dry and not burnt; and on opening the paper it will be found very hot and damp the nearer you go to the potatoes--and the potatoes will be soft and clean, and peel much easier and cleaner than when boiled. An Irish potato when boiled loses half its sweetness, but when prepared in this manner it does not lose its sweetness, but is better tasted. Apples when roasted in this way are not like what they are when baked, black and burnt, but have a beautiful brown cast. Eggs thus prepared are much better than by any other mode of cooking them, and will cook in less time than when boiling, if you have good hot embers.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, July 13, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

From Texas.

The Jefferson *Bulletin* says:

The crops are magnificent throughout the greater portion of Eastern Texas. We are told by a gentleman who has traveled over many counties that the prospect for a fine crop of wheat, never was more flattering than now. We have plenty of rain.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, July 20, 1864, p. 1, c. 3

A Rival of Molly Stark.

Every school boy knows the history of the revolutionary heroine, who tore up her flannel petticoat (the ladies will excuse us for spelling such a sacred word aloud) to make cartridges; but Molly Stark has her rival. A few days ago, a number of wounded soldiers arrived at Chester, and, as our noble women there always do, they bestowed upon them every attention, gave them food, rest, and rebandaged their wounds. It appears, however, that the bandages one day were exhausted before all the soldiers were supplied. Whereupon, one of the ladies, with a combination ingenuity, patriotism, impulse and generosity common to the gentler sex, stepped aside, lowered something which fell to the ground, lifted her pretty feet out of it, and, then tearing it into strips, deliberately proceeded to replenish the supply of bandages required.

It was one of those touching incidents which human nature can scarcely help admiring under any circumstances; and we venture the remark, that there was not an arm or limb bound by that tidy bit of embroidered linen, that didn't feel a "heap" better, from mere association if nothing else.--South Carolinian.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, July 20, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

Army of Tennessee, Before }  
Atlanta, Wed. July 13<sup>th</sup>, 1864 }

. . . The whirl of excitement which existed a few days ago in Atlanta has quieted down, and all is again as serene as of yore, or as if there was no hostile army in our front. I have been so accustomed to look upon Atlanta as the extreme rear, especially when our army was at Dalton, that I cannot realize the fact that the *Front* is now on the Chattahoochee.

The Georgia girls are duly appreciating the gallantry of the Texans who have so nobly fought in the defence [sic] of Georgia's fairest daughters. A few days ago, Miss Mary A. H. Gay, in behalf of the ladies of Decatur, Ga., presented Smith's and Granbury's Texas brigade, Cleburne's division, with a sack of socks, for which the "Lone Star boys are truly grateful and have returned their thanks through the gallant Major Jno. Y. Rankin. . . .

The Louisiana Relief Committee, represented by the jolly, whole-souled Col. Thom. Murray, and that popular and deserving old sailor, Captain Harry Cassiby [sic?], have been here for several days, looking after the wants of the Louisiana boys, while Mr. Dupre, a most humane and generous gentleman, of the same Committee, had gone to provide for their wants. Last night, after the aforesaid first two gentlemen had retired to their quarters in the Trout House, and were snoring at the rate of a packet steamer coming down the Mississippi before the "light of other days had faded," a loud knock at the door aroused the Captain, when some one, in the

rough voice of a "Goober-grubber" demanded to know if the "Macon Committee" was there? "The Making Committee?" repeated the Captain. "Yes, sir, the Macon Committee," growled the Goober grubber. "Never heard of a Making Committee," replied the Captain, "We've been here almost a week and haven't made a d\_\_\_\_\_d cent yet!" The Goober-grubber immediately retired.

The soldiers of our army must have their joke at any expense, and any one who comes within hail anyways decently dressed, or enjoying the luxury of clean clothes, or a "boiled shirt," is sure to excite their pardonable envy and draw the fire of the "sharpshooters." Some days ago, at the commencement of the present warm weather, a Quartermaster rode along by the boys in a clean suit of white linen, which attracted their general attention, and soon they opened fire. "Come out of that shroud," cried one; "you ain't dead, I see you kicking." "Take them grave clothes back to that dead man," cried another."--Go back and get your band box you come out of, for you will want it out here for a coffin," while shouts and screams of laughter run down the whole line, and the Quartermaster in white, was forced to put his horse in a lope to escape further fire, but before he got by, another cried, "Give that poor woman back her sheets and pillow-case!" . . .

Ora.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, July 27, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

#### Incidents of the Yankee Advance Up Red River.

The Clinton Louisiana correspondent of the *Mobile Advertiser* furnishes the following incidents in his last letter:

I heard one or two incidents, a few days ago, of the late Yankee advance up Red River, which although not as entertaining as old Abe's "little jokes," may interest your numerous Louisiana readers. When the Yankees passed the plantation of Governor Moore--the immediate predecessor of the present Governor Allen--they burned his dwelling house, his sugar house, his stables, his barn, his negro quarters, his fencing and, in short, everything inflammable on the premises. The Governor's nearest neighbor, who owned a fine plantation and residence, "took the oath," and was spared. But when Banks retreated and Taylor was following him up, this neighbor became alarmed and went off with the Yankees. When the old Governor came home after the enemy had all been driven off, and found everything in ashes, he very quietly, without saying a word to anybody, drove over to the deserted mansion of his neighbor and took full possession--and is now driving around in his carriage, drinking his fine wines, using his fine furniture, and altogether enjoying himself. He says if his old neighbor ever comes back and asks him for pay, he intends to give him an order on Banks.

When the Yankee army was going up towards Natchitoches, Banks stopped one day at the house of a lady on the roadside and took dinner.--When he left he told her that in three days from that time he would be in Shreveport. Exactly three days afterwards Banks rode hurriedly up to the same house and asked for water. "You have made," said the lady, "a quick trip to Shreveport, General!" As Banks was about to reply there was seen a rush of flying horsemen, and was heard, a short distance off, the rattle of musketry, as our brave fellows were driving back the beaten foe. He did not stop to answer, but dug his spurs into this horse, and disappeared down the road in a cloud of dust.

Old Judge C., of Point Coupee parish, when the enemy came along, called an officer and

asked to have a guard put around his house to protect the ladies and children of his family from insult. "I suppose," said the officer, sneeringly, "you are like your neighbors back here--mighty good rebels until we come along, and then you all profess to be Union men." "Did any of them tell you they were Union men?" asked the Judge. "Yes, several." "Then they lied," said the Judge, "for, to my certain knowledge, there is not a Union resident in this part of the parish. As for myself," he continued, "I tell you frankly I wish the devil had you all." "Sergeant!" called out the officer, "bring a guard and protect this old gentleman and his family. He is the first honest man I have met in this country." . . . Crescent.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, July 27, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

Bonnets.--Yesterday evening at market we saw a head gear made from that curious article, the bonnet gourd. It was worn by a negro woman, and had a condemned appearance, but it reminded us of the fact, that in the production referred to there exists a material for tasteful articles of dress. We have been acquainted with it for more than twenty years, and we saw bonnets manufactured of it at some of the fairs at Mobile the year before the war. Probably some of our near neighbors could give information where the seed of the gourd could be procured, and furnish information respecting the manufacture.--Mobile News.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, August 3, 1864, p. 1, c. 3  
[Summary: Orphan's Home of East Alabama resolutions]

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, August 3, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

For the Advertiser.  
A Sweet Little Maiden Checkmated.

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 *patriot 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.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, August 3, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

The Burning of Governor Letcher's Residence.

We print below a document destined to become historic. The calm, dispassionate and truthful recital it gives of one of the most wanton and barbarous acts of the war needs no comment to awaken the indignation of every manly bosom. It is due to Governor Letcher to say that this letter was written with no view to publication, and in response to a private communication addressed him by the Mayor of Richmond. The passages omitted relate to personal matters.

Lexington, Va., July 5, 1864

Finding the Yankees would take the town on Saturday, the 11<sup>th</sup>, I left home near midnight Friday night and went to Big Island, in Bedford, where I remained until Wednesday morning following, when hearing the vandals had left, I returned. I had previously heard that my house had been burned with all its contents. The threats made by the Yankees against me for the past two years, satisfied me that they would destroy my house when they came to Lexington; but I always supposed they would allow the furniture and my family's clothing to be removed.

When the Yankees took possession of the town Dr. Patton, Medical Director for Hunter's army, and who hails from Marion county, Va., went to my house, told my wife he was unwell, and said he must have a room in the house. He took the room, supped and breakfasted, and when breakfast was nearly over, remarked, in a manner half jocular, half earnest, to Lizzie, that it was the last meal she would take in the house. Shortly after he left, without taking leave of any one of the family, nor was he again seen by any of them.

The threats made by soldiers on Saturday evening induced my wife to fear the house would be burned, and she expressed her fears in the hearing of Dr. Patton and Capt. Towns, of New York. Capt. Towns very promptly said that I being a private citizen, and the house being private property, burning it would be an excusable outrage, and proposed at once to go to Hunter's Headquarters and ascertain. He went, and was directed by Hunter to assure my wife that the house would not be disturbed.--The sequel shows that the sole object of this assurance was to quiet her apprehensions, and then prevent anything from being removed.--About half past 8 o'clock a.m., Sunday, Captain Berry and his Provost Guard rode up, and the officer called for my wife. She came to the door when Berry informed her that he was ordered by Hunter to fire the house. She replied there must be some mistake, and asked for the order. She then said to him, "can it be delayed until I can see Gen. Hunter." The order is peremptory, he replied, and; you have five minutes in which to leave the house." She then asked leave to remove her mother's, sister's, her own and her children's clothing, which was insolently refused. Immediately thereafter camphene was poured on the parlor floor and ignited with a match. In the meantime, my daughter had gathered up an armful of clothing, and was going out, when he discovered her, ran forward and fired the clothing in her arms. He then poured camphene on the wardrobes, bureau drawers and ignited the clothing--taking out my clothing, which he said he intended to take North.

Every house on my lot was burned save a small granary over my ice house. Not a particle of flour, meal, or anything edible was left all having been carried off on Saturday.

My mother, now in her 78<sup>th</sup> year, lives on the lot adjoining my own, having with her one of her grand children and a servant. After my property had been fired; the fiends fired her stable, located about forty feet from her house, with no other view than to burn her out also.--The house caught twice, and would have been consumed but for the untiring efforts of Capt. Towns, who made his men carry water and extinguish the flames. This Captain behaved like a gentleman towards my own and my mother's family.

Genls. Averill, Crook, Sullivan and Duffee, denounced the whole proceeding as an

outrage, in violation of all the principles of civil warfare, and stated that Hunter alone was responsible for these atrocities.

I feel gratified to you and other kind friends in Richmond for their generous sympathy and kind tender of a home. There are no people on the earth who have been more uniformly kind than the good people of your city, and I appreciate the kindness, as does all my family. Accept our thanks for it.

So soon as I can visit Richmond I will do so--perhaps this month.

I am truly and in haste, your friend

John Letcher.

Joseph Mayo, Esq., Richmond, Va.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, August 3, 1864, p. 3, c. 3

Columbus, Ga., July 26, 1864.

. . . There has been a great commotion among the Atlanta papers. Most of them are on the wing and don't know where to locate. Like Noah's dove when first sent out, they can find no firm land to rest on. The *Intelligencer* announces that they have located at Macon. The *Register* has gone to Augusta, but the *Appeal* and *Confederacy* at last accounts, were still undecided where to locate, though the former will probably go to Augusta, and the latter stop at Macon. The *Appeal* was prematurely frightened away from Atlanta by some of our troops falling back through the city to make a flank movement. They thought it was the entire army evacuating, and immediately packed up. Atlanta is the best place in the Confederacy to-day, for a good daily newspaper.

M. B.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, August 3, 1864, p. 3, c. 3

Miss Mollie Howard, of Flower Plane, Smith county, Miss., wove 22 yards of cloth one day last week, with the common shuttle. Such industry in young ladies is highly commendable.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, August 3, 1864, p. 3, c. 5

From the Army of Tennessee.  
Special Correspondence of Savannah Republican.

Atlanta, July 22, night.

. . . The morning hours passed slowly and solemnly. Every face wore a look of despondency.-- Shells were dropping in the streets, and sad groups of women and children, with a temporary supply of provisions, were wending their way to the woods. During the night straggling ruffians had broken into the stores, robbed them of such of their contents as they wanted, and scattered the remainder through the streets.--During the morning these demoralizing scenes were repeated. Abandoned women broke into the millinery shops, and men in the uniform of soldiers gutted and pillaged premises from roof to cellar in the search of whisky and tobacco. The office of the Southern Express Company underwent this process before day, and I enjoyed the melancholy privilege of seeing boxes, papers and everything mentionable thrown into "confusion worse confounded," on all sides. I dwell on the subject with peculiar dissatisfaction, because of my own losses, which leaves me minus of everything, from teeth brush to blanket, except the clothes in which I stand. While this indiscriminate pillaging was in progress, wagons, stragglers,

citizens and negroes plunder-laden, were hurrying out of town, fully impressed with the idea that Atlanta was about to be abandoned. Under these circumstances it is no wonder that the officers of the army were in a measure despondent, and regarded the fortunes of the day as decidedly unpromising.--Not until evening did this mood change. . .

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, August 3, 1864, p. 3, c. 7

The One-Armed Man's  
Dry Goods Store,  
No. 14, Market Street.

My customers have a right to know what I, as a merchant keep in my Store, and I as a merchant have a right to let them know the articles I have on hand. Sit down and copy on your memorandum what you need of the following articles:

Lace Mitts, Muslins, Calicoes, Delanes [sic], Flannels, Linens, Lawns, Swiss, Coat Linen, Pants Linen, Towels, Homespun, Insertions, Edgings, Linen Kerchiefs, Veils, Barred Muslin, Worked Collars, Windsor Soap, White Thread, Collars, Hooks and eyes, Florence Silk, Children Stockings, Silk Fringes, Fish Hooks, Corset Steels, Hoop Skirts, Ground Coffee, Tobacco, Children's Shoes, Black Lace, Side Combs, Fans, Cotton Cards, Spun Yarn, Shoe thread, Pegging Awls, Sewing Awls, Shoe Pegs, Shoe Lasts, Suspenders, Needles, Thread, Pins, Gloves, Paper, Envelopes, Tapes, Soda, Copperas, Buttons, Pens, Silk Thread, Straw hats, Ink, Shirtings, Sheetings, Bed Ticking, Pipes, Scissors, Pocket books, Snuff, Tacks, Ladies' Hose, Elastic, Ribbons, Drawers, Shoe Islets, Bonnet Straw, Gilt Buttons, Gun Powder, Gun Caps, Shoes, Boots, Snuffers, Pocket Knives, Razor Strops, Tacks, Mirrors, Socks, Blacking, Twine, Knitting Needles, Working Cotton, Twilled Tape, Linen Tape, Black Silk, Clothes Brushes, Hats of all kinds, White Gloves, Undershirts, Bed Lace, Linen Thread, Matches, Shoe Strings, Napkins, Hair Pins, Coat Buttons, Red Flannel, Fine Combs, Tooth Brushes, Lamps, Beads, Cavalry Boots, Ladies' Gaiters, Musquito [sic] Nets, Lilly White, White and Brown Linen Coats.

W. P. Wreford,  
Formerly "Crockett", the Knife Mar. [or Man]

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, August 3, 1864, p. 3, c. 6

Sacking Atlanta.--A letter from Atlanta dated the 25<sup>th</sup> says:

"The cavalry sacked the city the other day, robbing even poor women of their spoons. It was the most disgraceful affair of the war. I am cut off from my family who are at Stone Mountain, and besieged. The city will be defended at every hazard, and to the last extremity. Sherman's shells keep up a lively time night and day."

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, August 3, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

The Cadets.--The Cadets of the University of Alabama, says the *Selma Dispatch*, having tendered their services to the Confederate Government, and being accepted, are now in our city awaiting orders. They go into the service with the University organization--Col. Garland and Lieut. Col. Murphy commanding. They number 231, and will be heard from if allowed to face the invader. We have the promise of full reports from them as soon as they enter the field. The special prayers of many loving hearts will attend them all.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, August 3, 1864, p. 4, c. 7

Cotton Cards.

Cotton Cards exchanged for Dog, Sheep, Goat, Deer, Mule or Horse skins, either tanned or untanned.

At the Montgomery Cotton and Wool Card Factory.

J. D. Hutchison, Agent.

Cotton Cards.

Cotton Cards exchanged for Dog, Sheep, Goat, Deer, Mule or Horse skins, either tanned or untanned, at the "City Cotton Card Factory," No. 88 Court street, over Myer & Marx's Store.

J. C. Clinton.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, August 10, 1864, p. 1, c. 4

We make the following extracts from a private letter just received from the editor of the *Texas Republican*, under date of July 12<sup>th</sup>:

"We received a few days ago, for the first time in several months, a mail from beyond the East bank of the Mississippi. Among the very few papers which came by it, was one, a solitary one of yours. It did me good to see once more the old *Advertiser*, its fact not so bright as of yore, but pleasant to look upon, as the face of a cherished champion and friend. The publishers on this side of the river have been sorely tried. Paper could be procured only through Mexico, and at enormous prices. A ream 26x38, which formerly cost \$5, will now reach the enormous figures of \$1,000 landed in Houston, or \$1,200 at this place.

My paper (the *Texas Republican*) published at this place), has been suspended since January, for the want of paper. I expect to commence issuing again in a few weeks.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, August 10, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

Fight Among Union and Copperhead Ladies.

The New Albany *Ledger* learns that a most painful tragedy occurred near Mauckport, Harrison county, Ind., on Sunday last. A young lady by the name of Miller went to the church wearing some sort of a "butternut" emblem.--This created a considerable feeling among some of the Republican ladies of the congregation.--After the services were over, Mrs. Timberlake, wife of Henry Timberlake, and nephew of Col. John Timberlake, volunteered to go and take away the emblem. She rushed towards Miss Miller, and a general fight occurred among the women, when Colonel John Timberlake came into the crowd, apparently greatly excited. A young man named Henry Lehmire, who accompanied Miss Miller to the church, warned Timberlake not to interfere, Lehmire himself endeavoring to separate the lady combatants--Timberlake replied to Lehmire, "You are nothing but a rebel anyhow." Lehmire warned Timberlake not to repeat the language. Timberlake replied, in a still more defiant manner, "you are a d---d rebel \_\_\_\_\_," and, some accounts say, struck Lehmire in the face, and put his hand to a side pocket as if to draw weapon, whereupon Lehmire drew a pistol and shot twice, both shots taking effect. The first ball passed through Timberlake's hand and into his shoulder, the second entered his side and

passed through the heart, causing instant death.

The affair, as may be imagined, caused great excitement in the neighborhood, where a bad feeling had prevailed for some time. Timberlake was formerly lieutenant colonel of the 81<sup>st</sup> Indiana. Lehmire was a young man--a mere boy in fact--who is said by those who know him to be of gentle disposition. He at once proceeded to Coydon, where he surrendered himself and was put in jail.--St. Louis Republican, 14<sup>th</sup>.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, August 3, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

The Scare in Madison, Ga.,--During the threatened raid upon Madison, Ga., a few days since, the Columbus *Sun* says, some of the Commissaries became so badly frightened that they opened their stores and told the citizens to help themselves. After the panic had worn off the Commissaries returned to their post and demanded their goods.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, August 3, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

The disgraceful acts of rapine and plunder, says the *Advertiser and Register*, perpetrated by some Confederate soldiers in Atlanta, and alluded to by Mr. De Fontaine in his Savannah *Republican* letter, which we copy, and also by our own correspondent "Ben Lane," has, we learn, been severely punished by Gen. Hood. Five of the ringleaders have been shot, and eighty others are in arrest for trial. We are glad to see that Gen. Hood holds the reins of discipline with a firm hand over his own forces at the same time that he watches and punishes the enemy in the front.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, August 3, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

A letter from Social Circle states that the raiders were very insolent at that place to the ladies. They went into the houses and plundered them of everything they desired. Five houses were burned, also a building containing commissary stores.--They also took off several small boys. What their object could have been in kidnapping these youths, we are at loss to divine, unless it was to torture their mothers. This is a species of cruelty not hitherto resorted to, so far as we are informed, by any but savages.--Chronicle & Sentinel.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, August 3, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

Cavalry Camp Near Decatur, Ga. }  
July 22, 1864 }

Mr. Editor: . . . It has become popular to designate the days of our first revolution as "the days that tried men's souls," but our recent movements have tried their *soles* in such an increased ratio, that I no longer marvel at the enhanced value of boots; the demand is much greater than the supply; the shoemakers are public benefactors and I shall pay them \$500 for my next pair with pleasure, especially if they will take my note for the amount. To a man drawing the magnificent salary of \$24 per month, the price of clothing is no object. I am now writing with my nether man encased in a pair of \$220 breeches, and would inform Mr. W. of Montgomery that I am well satisfied with the investment; the unmentionables fit elegantly, and the beautiful white cord down the sides has rendered the wearer irresistible to those of the fair sex who ruminate in North Georgia, and of whom I get an occasional glimpse. Although removed from the society of the ladies, I still hold them in affectionate remembrance, and the possession of anything calculated to recommend me to their favor, is a source of inexpressible gratification.

I regret to state, however, that many of our *ci-devant* beaux have become so demoralized by the war as to ignore the very existence of women; one would imagine from their general

appearance and behavior that they had been weaned very early in life and had known no female influence since. Do the ungrateful wretches forget who first contracted their primitive trowsers [sic] to render an attack in the rear with the corrective rod more effective? Do they forget who, in later years, monopolized all their pocket money, by necessitating monetary transactions with ice cream venders and livery stable proprietors? Do they forget the anticipatory enjoyment of liquidating the accounts of milliners and dressmakers? If they do, they are lost, irretrievably lost. The vision of *that prospective cradle* of their own will hardly work their salvation, if they are already indifferent to the neat little slippered foot and docked ankle, formerly pictured by their vivid imagination as rocking that cradle.

I hope my remarks will open their eyes to a sense of their unfortunate condition; I hope they will remember that they owe all they ever had to their mothers and all they ever expect to have to their wives, and I hope the reader will forgive this digression. I have been thinking so long of a pair of magnificent black eyes I saw yesterday, that I have grown callous to every other subject but the ladies.

For the sake of variety, we had turned the tables on the Yankees and were chasing them in a style unheard of since Mrs. Potiphar's celebrated love-chase. We chased them out of their breastworks, out of the woods, out of the fields and out of Decatur, until out of very weariness we stopped. My own mad career was checked, just before reaching Decatur by a crack on the jaw with a spent ball; bleeding at every pore, I went to a house in the rear to get washed and bandaged, and having been suffering with a sick head ache all day, I gracefully extended myself on the porch to sleep. My slumbers were interrupted by a sweet voice inquiring if I wouldn't have a pillow, and on opening my eyes to see from whence the fairy sounds had issued, I was entranced by a vision of feminine loveliness that entirely obliterated all further idea of sickness. I expressed my assent to her query and the young lady hastily prepared me a couch, when with a look of unutterable love, I threw myself on it and sighed; she probably thought the sigh was the result of bodily pain, as she murmured her sympathy and sat down beside me to brush off the flies.

I told her that a head ache was my inducement to seek the shelter of her roof, and that I should ever feel grateful for the inventor of head aches for the pleasure I was then deriving from her society. She immediately procured a wet towel to spread over my temples, and while adjusting it, our eyes met?

"Oh magic of love, unembellished by you,  
Has the garden a blush, or the herbage a hue?  
Or blooms there a prospect in nature of art,  
Like the vista that shines through the eye to the heart?"

Words cannot express the feeling of *all overishness* that took possession of me at this moment, suffice it to say I fainted; a more matter of fact narrator would have modified this expression; he would probably have stated that, judging from the sound, I slept.

On recovering, (or awaking) I still saw my attentive friend at her post, and she commenced a conversation by saying that my face was very much swollen, and inquiring if I suffered much from my wound. I attempted to reply, but found that while there was nothing to apprehend, the wound had enlarged my jaw to an extent that rendered talking very difficult. I therefore remarked that I suffered more mentally than physically; that it was painful to the extreme to be obliged to leave my kind nurse; that I should ever entertain sentiments of the warmest gratitude towards her; that it would, hereafter, be the one object of my life, to resume at the first opportunity an acquaintance so agreeable; and that as it was getting late, I had better

start for camp. When I clasped her hand and bid her good bye, she told me I would find some difficulty in eating for a while. I had never thought of this before, and the idea of subsisting on spoon victuals completely prostrated me, I was unable to reply, to think that a notorious gourmand like myself would have to come to mush, rendered me speechless. I only recovered my senses by hearing the voice of my charmer utter in accents of heavenly sweetness, "I reckon you-ens had better get some nice gal to chaw your victuals for you." I left.

I learn that the enemy has tapped the West Point Railroad and a rumor pervades in camp the Yankee raiders have reached Montgomery. The boys are furious and swear vengeance on every blue-belly they find up here.

As there is no assurance that this letter will reach you while the mails are so interrupted, I will stop at once, hoping the Home Guards succeeded in repelling the invaders before they reached the city.

Buttermilk.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, August 3, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

Scene in the Market.--Yesterday afternoon as we were perambulating in the midst of hundreds of others in the Southern Market, gazing at the great quantities of every commodity that were there exposed for sale, we finally found ourselves near a large coop of gophers, over which was standing a couple of very modest looking well dressed ladies.

"What did you say these were, sir?" inquired one of them of the owner of the stall.

"Well some folks call them gophers, others Pensacola chickens," said he.

"Yes," she remarked, "them's the kind she told us to get; give us a hen and a rooster.--  
Mobile Tribune.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, August 17, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

Ants.--A lady says that she was greatly troubled formerly with ants in her cupboard, in which she kept not only dishes, but victuals; but that the accidental breaking of a bottle of spirits of camphor in the cupboard cleared them all out. She considers camphor a sure remedy against ants in all cupboards, safes, dairies, closets, &c. It will not cost much to try it.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, August 17, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

Exportation of Georgia Women by Sherman.--We read with much doubt the statement that Sherman had ordered all the factory girls at Roswell to be torn from their homes and sent North, first, from the inhumanity of the act, and secondly, because we could see no good object to be accomplished by it. It turns out, however, to be true, as will appear from the following dispatch, which is copied in the Yankee papers:

Louisville, July 22.--Another installment of fifty Confederate women, from Georgia, arrived here to-night. Three hundred and fifty more are reported at Nashville, and will be forwarded here on Tuesday next. They are to be sent out of the limits of the United States.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, August 17, 1864, p. 3, c. 3

#### Unsoldierly Conduct of Roddy's Men.

The following is an extract from a private letter to the editor of this paper which shows up unsoldierly conduct on the part of some of Gen. Roddy's command. The writer is a

gentlemen very way worthy of credit and his statements may be relied on as correct; he is himself a soldier. It is just such conduct that is fast leading many of our people to the conclusion that there is scarcely a shade's difference between our own cavalry and that of the enemy in their marching through the country. There may be some sort of justification in the case of the Yankees who are at war with us and are laboring to do us all the damage they can by raids and otherwise. There is none, however, for the Confederate cavalry who are expected to protect the property of the country instead of emulating the vandalism of the enemy. Such acts are a disgrace to the name of a Confederate soldier, deserving the condemnation and detestation of all good, patriotic citizens and soldiers. The perpetrators should be ferreted out and severely punished. Gen. Hood has lately made examples in his army of such thieving characters who broke into the stores and dwelling houses of Atlanta. Seven or eight of the ringleaders were publicly shot by his order, and about sixty more are awaiting his decision. Gen. Roddy ought to take steps to punish those of his command guilty of such pillages and depredations as referred to in this extract; he ought to do it in vindication of the good name of his brigade as well as of his own character as commander. This disregard of the rights of private property, if not checked during the war but suffered to continue, will ripen into serious consequences after peace is restored. It will, and is, demoralizing our army; a portion of the cavalry at least, and if not promptly and severely punished, may work serious detriment to our cause. The public very properly attach most of the blame to the officers who are so wanting in their duty as to allow the men under their command to commit such outrages. It is their duty to control their men and protect instead of destroy and waste the property of the country.

"We have had a party of Roddy's command in this neighborhood for several days, and a more rude, ungentlemanly, thieving set, no people were ever cursed with. They camped on Maj. Hall's place and burned his fence next his cornfield, and let the stock in, they have wasted and destroyed more corn than would have fed them a month. They have ruined his garden; they would cut out the bud on young cabbage and leave it. They have killed hogs, chickens, turkeys, &c. They have marauded the entire country for miles, destroying watermelon patches, peach and apple orchards, not only taking what they wanted but destroying all that were green. They may be friends to our country but one may well exclaim, "the good Lord deliver us from our friends." They have injured Col. Porter very much, wasting green corn, pulling down fences and riding through. Somebody is to blame and I suppose it is their officers. They ought from Col. Roddy down to be dismissed from the service. If our armies were all like this command we would soon have nothing to fight for.--There is but the merest shade between them and the Yankees. I talked to several and also to some officers, and they would rather apologize for the men. These men they have injured are raising crops for the benefit of soldiers, soldier's wives and widows and this is poor encouragement from our own people. They put their horses in Col. Porter's gin lot where his wheat is and did a good deal of damage. Porter is damaged not less than \$500, and Hall double and perhaps more. Knowing these facts I think you should let the country know it through your paper."

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, August 17, 1864, p. 4, c. 7

To Cotton Card Makers.

I will tan Sheep, Goat, Dog and Coon Skins, for making Cotton Cards, at one dollar each. When they are tanned and dressed for making shoes, I charge one half for the other.

J. [?] Sweat,  
Ramah [or Kamah], Ala.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, August 17, 1864, p. 4, c. 6

Indigo.--A friend informs us that a servant has prepared excellent indigo from the wild plant, which is found in abundance near this city. We are promised a specimen, and shall be pleased to receive any hints or directions which will aid and encourage and direct any other efforts towards the use, application and development of our own resources.--Char. Courier.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, August 24, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

#### Gen. Roddy's Command.

We publish below a reply to the charges against Gen. Roddy's command, contained in the extract from a private letter to the editor of this paper, which appeared in our issue of yesterday. The author, who is connected with the General's escort, called upon us yesterday with the article, and seemed rather indignant. The gentleman who wrote the letter we know to be reliable and trustworthy, and a soldier, and as he wrote of what he was in position to verify, we supposed that his statements had good foundation. Hence our own comments which were based upon the statements of that gentleman. We never do intentional injustices to any one.

#### Justices to Gen. Roddy and his Command.

Mr. Editor: In your paper of this morning you give an extract of a letter in relation to the above command, as well as a lengthy comment from yourself, which I am sure you would not have done had the facts been properly stated.

About the first of June a portion of General Roddy's forces were sent from North Alabama, *where they were greatly needed*, to Mississippi, and put under orders of Major Gen. Forrest. They there met, and had the glory of assisting in the overthrow and destruction of the enemy under Sturges, and had scarcely rested from the days and nights of exposure and fatigue incident thereto, when they were again called to the field to repel and drive back the advancing enemy under Smith. The hospitals where the suffering wounded lay, as well as the gallant dead on the battlefield, fully attest the part they bore in these engagements. Not one day of rest was given to these worn and gallant men; but ever ready to obey the command of those appointed over them, they left their jaded stock at West Point, Miss., and were conveyed to Atlanta.--After a few days spent at the front in fortifying a position assigned them, they were ordered to return, and arrived at this point on the 6<sup>th</sup> inst., after nearly whipping the enemy at Newnan, Ga., their stock reaching here on the 8<sup>th</sup> inst.

Now, all this while, these "rude, ungentlemanly, thieving set of men" have been led on traveling rations--hard bread, *musty, mouldy* [sic], *worm-eaten hard bread*, and very salty bacon.--they have been deprived of cooking utensils, have eaten their meat raw and this detestable bread without murmur or grumbling. I now wish to show you the meanness of the author of the extract, the falsehood it contains, and consequently the injustice of your comment.--Roddy's command commenced crossing the river at this place on the evening of the 9<sup>th</sup>, by stream and ferry boats, crossing one brigade that evening under a heavy pelting rain, and went into camp along the river bank from the ferry to Col. Porter's, wherever there was timber to tie

the horses. The men were wet, (without tents) had no axes to fell trees, and they may have consumed some rails by which to dry themselves, and I am certain they got as many roasting ears as they could eat. This is the damage done to corn so much complained of. True, they eat corn out of Hall's fields--further than this none of his corn was consumed, as those who passed the road the following day can testify. On the contrary, piles of shelled corn they drew here, could be seen wherever the horses were tied, and the poor of the country were gathering it up to subsist upon, while Maj. Hall has thousands of old corn in his cribs and his crop now made, and the writer publishing General Roddy's men for eating roasting ears, when at the same time these gallant men had no money to pay the enormous high prices that the farmers asked them for vegetables, for none of the command has been paid off for 12 months.

In the portion of the command here, there were 1680 horses, consuming daily 350 bushels of corn, and per month, 10,500 bushels. Thus you see that the writer's assertion "that more corn was destroyed than would feed them a month," is a *falsehood*, and himself a *disgraceful slanderer*. There was no white person on Hall's farm, and the servants, more liberal than their master, gave the soldiers leave to get vegetables from a very large garden attached to the premises. This I know to be a fact, and there yet remains more vegetables than Major Hall's large family can consume. That hogs were killed, I believe to be *false* and the idea must have arisen from the surgeon of one of the commands getting some hog hair to use about the pad of his saddle, and not consuming it, was taken for granted that a hog was killed, and Gen. Roddy and his officers branded. As to orchards, can Major Hall or any one else say he had fruit previous to the 9<sup>th</sup> inst.? I was at Col. Porter's on the day after the command, and after several hours conversation with his overseer, I failed to hear a complaint against Gen. R's command, and I know no horse injured Col. Porter's wheat. "Col. Roddy," forsooth! "Col. Roddy should be dismissed from the service." You jackanapes! Gen. Roddy has risen from captain to brigadier general, with a commission of more than 12 months, and now commands a division of the *best* cavalry in the service.

The writer says: "There is the merest shade between them and the Yankees." Has he ever seen a Yankee? I doubt it. Has he ever seen any of the depredations committed by the enemy upon citizens? If not, if he will visit the northern portion of this State he will there see the damnable acts they have committed. After seeing their work of destruction, he will acknowledge that he has slandered General R's command.

"They have damaged Porter to the amount of \$500, while Hall is more than double." This is a base falsehood. But, if they did, what is that amount at the present high prices. It would not feed a hungry command at the enormous price the soldiers have to pay for all they get.--Does not Hall and everybody sell vegetables and fruit at the highest market price. Such stay at home patriots ought to be visited by a band of Yankees and perhaps they would know how to appreciate hungry rebels, who, when in North Alabama, fight Yankee thieves daily, to prevent the Middle and Southern portion of the State from being overrun.

Now, Mr. Editor, in justice to Gen. Roddy and command, I pronounce your informant's production a *base, slanderous falsehood*, and if he is a soldier, let him return to his command immediately, and I think he will be of more use to the country in front of Atlanta, than writing base articles for publication.

J.

[For the Advertiser.]  
Song of the Refugee.

As I sit 'neath the boughs of the Mulberry tree,  
That shelters my new found home,  
My busy thoughts fly to a place far away--  
To a home, that I once called my own.

How oft 'neath its roof, in the sweet summer time,  
I have heard the low hum of the bee;  
And I sigh but to hear that soft murmuring sound,  
For oh, 'twould be music to me.

At night, when the sky was aglow with the moon,  
'Neath its soft creamy light I have strayed,  
And played with the shadows that danced at my feet,  
By the rose and the clematis made.

I have heard the soft fall of the sad autumn rain,  
As it fell on our low humble roof,  
And my thoughts spun the thread that I then dared hope  
Would glean in my coming life's woof.

But my sweet dreams, alas! how sadly they've chang'd,  
The dew drops have all turned to tears;  
And the colors once bright, as sombre [sic] have grown  
As the clouds when the sun disappears.

I have left my old home, but sighs of regret  
Fill my heart when I think of it now;  
And I crush back the tears when I think of the spot  
Where my own darling mother lies low.

Now the hoarse cannon's roar and the musketry's din  
Peal out on the calm morning air;  
Where once the gay laugh of our happy home band  
Was heard with no burden of care.

May God nerve the heart, and strengthen the hand,  
That fights for my loved Southern home;  
May He shield the proud warrior that boldly defends  
The home that I once called my own.

Toccoah.

Montgomery, August, 1864.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, August 24, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

Wesleyan Female College.--It is stated that an application has been made to the Secretary of War for authority to seize the College buildings and appropriate them for hospital uses, and that such an order is daily expected. These buildings are now used, during the college vacation, for the accommodation of numerous refugee families, as well as those of the College faculty, and it will puzzle their crowded tenants to find a lodgment short of the wilderness, if forcibly dispossessed.

But such dispossession must be in defiance of law. The court of this circuit has already deeded that private domicus cannot be impressed for the purpose; and we apprehend such an order would endanger a collision between the Confederate and State authorities. We hope it will not be given.--Macon Telegraph.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, August 24, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

Horrible.--We are informed that when the Yankees entered Decatur, Georgia, an old gentleman, the Rev. Mr. Holmes, met them with a gun in his hand.

The hellish fiends, in order to wreak revenge on the old man for this act, bound him in the house and then fired the building, burning him with it.--Such outrageous cruelty is enough to provoke the heavens to wrathful vengeance and change every sprig of grass into venomous adders to sting the villains to destruction. We think the very rocks and stones should cry "revenge" for such brutality.--Southern Confederacy.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, August 24, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

From the Spirit of the South.  
Valuable Recipes.

Mr. Editor:--I send you the following recipes which those who try them, will find they are of great value, and should be in the possession of every housewife in the country. You will confer a lasting benefit by giving them a place in your columns.

Recipe for Making Pickles

A peck of green Tomatoes sliced, one dozen large onions sliced also, sprinkle them with salt and let them stand until the next day, when drain them, then use the following spices: four ounces of Mustard, one and a half ounce of black pepper, one ounce of whole cloves, one ounce yellow mustard seed, one ounce of allspice, on ounce of ginger, one ounce of mace, three tablespoonfuls of brown sugar; (if convenient, half ounce of horse raddish, [sic]) put into the kettle a layer of tomatoes and onions, one of spices, alternately, cover them with cold, strong vinegar, (wet the mustard before putting it in,) let the whole boil twenty minutes and you will have pickles so good that you will be pestered by all your friends for the recipe.

To Keep Green Corn.

Take ears of the right age for boiling, pull off the outside of shucks, leaving only the thin ones next to the corn; tie the shuck over the end of the ear with a thread, and then pack them in salt and set them in a cool place. They will keep until mid winter.

## Solidified Milk

This is made by adding to 112 pounds of fresh milk, 28 ounces of white sugar and a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda; it is then evaporated in a water bath a moderate temperature, being stirred and agitated all the while, but so moderately as to avoid churning; in three hours it assumes a pasty consistency and by constant manipulating and warming, it is reduced to a rich creamy-looking powder, it is then exposed to the air to cool, weighed into parcels of a pound each, and pressed into a brick shaped tablet, which is covered with the foil. This will keep for any length of time, and may be grated and dissolved in water for use, answering all the purpose of ordinary milk even to the making of butter. It can be packed in tin boxes, when the tin foil is not to be had. White sugar is recommended, but brown sugar will answer, though it makes the stools [sic?] dark.

Yours truly, W. B. W.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, August 24, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

[Communicated.]  
Scripture Taxes.

For the meditation of Confederate planters, who having a surplus of wheat and corn, and other provisions, refuse to sell to non-producers:

Hear this, O ye that swallow up the needy, even to make the poor of the land to fail:

Saying, when wilt the new moon be gone, that we may sell corn? And the Sabbath, that we may set forth wheat, making the ephah small, and the shekel great, and falsifying the balances by deceit?

That we may buy the poor for silver, and the needy for a pair of shoes; yea, and sell the refuse of the wheat.

The Lord has sworn by the excellency of Jacob, surely I will never forget any of their works.

Shall not the land tremble for this, and every one mourns that dwelleth therein?--And it shall rise up wholly as a flood; and it shall be cast out and drowned, as by the flood of Egypt.

And I will turn your feasts into mourning, and all your songs into lamentations; and I will bring up sackcloth upon all loins, and baldness upon every head; and I will make it as the mourning of an only son, and the end thereof as a bitter day.--Amos viii, 4,3,10

He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him; but blessing shall be upon the head of them that selleth it.--Proverbs xi:36.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, August 24, 1864, p. 3, c. 2

## The Wayside Home.

Mr. Editor:--In behalf of this benevolent institution, permit me to ask you the favor of reminding our friends in the country, that it is supported wholly and exclusively *by voluntary contributions*, when these contributions become "like Angel's visits, few and far between," the poor furloughed soldiers cannot avail themselves of its benefits on their way to and from their respective homes, but have to suffer in many instances for the want of that temporary food and

nourishment that all who remain at home should be willing to provide for them to the best of their ability.

If the Wayside Home were not in existence among us, the poor travel tired soldiers would have no way to obtain their meals upon the road but by applying to the doors of our citizens. Is it not far better for us to extend our aid liberally to the Home itself, where every soldier may feel sure of obtaining good nourishing food, than to let so excellent an institution languish from absolute neglect. These brave men have left their own homes and all that makes life endurable, and can we do too much for them in return? Certainly we cannot!

Those who place a proper estimate upon the invaluable services these brave men are now rendering in the Confederacy, will bear in mind that hundreds of soldiers pass through the city every week, and have no place to obtain food and shelter but at the Home. If they love the soldiers and the cause for which they fight, they will contribute a part at least of their means in money or provisions, leaving them with Albert Stassberger, Esq., the excellent superintendent, at 102 Commerce street, or at the Home Buildings, corner of Bibb and Coosa streets.

Amicus.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, August 31, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

#### Seasonable Suggestions.

To those who are fond of the Okra, Tomato and Lima Bean, we would commend the following directions for their preservation. If carefully observed, these vegetable luxuries may be enjoyed in almost as much perfection at mid-winter as if they were fresh from the garden.

#### Okra for Winter.

Take the pods when tender, cut them in slices or cross cuts half an inch thick, spread them out on a board or string them, and hang them up in an airy place to dry, and in a few days they will be ready to put away in clean paper bags for winter use. For soups they are as good as when fresh in summer.

#### Tomato for Winter

Gather the Tomatoes when they are quite ripe, most full of water, and most full of the Tomatoe [sic] principle, that is to say in sunny weather in July or August. It is better that they should be small, or only of moderate size. Scald them in boiling water. Peel them, and squeeze them slightly. Spread them, on earthen dishes and place the dishes in a brick oven, after taking the bread out. Let them remain there until the next morning. Then put them in bags, and hang them in a dry place. For soup, they may be used without preparation; for stews, soak them in warm water a few hours beforehand.

#### Lima Beans for Winter.

Take the green Beans, a little younger than they are usually pulled for boiling in summer, and spread them thinly on the floor of the garret, or any airy loft. They will dry without further

trouble then turning them over once or twice. When wanted for use soak them in warm water for twelve hours before cooking.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, August 31, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

#### A Cure for Diarrhoea [sic].

Numerous requests having been made to republish the receipt for diarrhoea [sic] and cholera symptoms, which we gave in our paper some weeks ago, and which was used by the troops during the Mexican war with great success. We give it below, with a very important correction of an error made in the first formula, as to the size of the dose to be given.

Laudanum	2 ounces.
Spirits Camphor	2 ounces.
Essence Peppermint	2 ounces.
Hoffman's Anodyne	2 ounces.
Tincture of Cayenne Pepper	2 drachms
Tincture of Ginger	1 ounce.

Mix all together. Dose--a teaspoon full in a little water, or a half teaspoon full, repeated in an hour afterwards, in a tablespoon full of brandy. This preparation will check diarrhoea [sic] in ten minutes, and abate other premonitory symptoms of cholera immediately. In cases of cholera it has been used with great success, to restore reaction, by *outward* application.--Inq.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, August 31, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

#### War Fashions for Sunday.

A poor widow, with several children, who supports her family with her needle, unable to afford the style of dressing to which she has formerly been accustomed, and which is common among the church-goers, stays away from the house of God. Another widow has recently assigned a similar reason for never going to church. And an entire family of six persons--respectable people, refugees--live near the writer, who absent themselves from the sanctuary because, in the depth of their poverty, they have to dress in the cheapest attire.

Probably every one is acquainted with instances of the same kind. The feeling of aversion to appear at the church in poor apparel, is especially strong in those "who have seen better times." It is readily granted that the feeling is a wrong one; but it does exist, and it does keep many persons, especially women and children, from the house of God. Now, what is the best way of removing the difficulty which keeps perhaps several thousands of persons in our country from attending church, though they live quite near enough to go? In a few instances, the hand of benevolence might give the clothing desired, but, to many, such a gift would be offensive. The best way of meeting the difficulty is the fashion of dressing very plainly for the sanctuary. Let ladies "of the first circle" go up to worship dressed in plain calico. How appropriate such a style as this, which the poor and the rich can alike adopt, for the house of God, before whom all classes are on a level! How much better suited to the sanctuary, where we go to confess that we are spiritually poor and needy, than the richer attire, which is often but the exhibition of pride and vanity! How much more delicately and truly do we express a brotherly and sisterly feeling for God's poor, by adopting the style which adversity compels them to adopt,

than by sweeping by them in costly plumes and flashing silk!

Should this plain, cheap style of dressing for the Sabbath become general, it will be comparatively easy for the poor to provide themselves with Sabbath clothing, without making them the recipients of charity. And if those in easier circumstances should give to the treasury of the Lord the difference between their present wardrobe expenses and what their expenses would be on the plan suggested, a large account of destitution might be relieved from the funds thus saved. We recommend the whole subject to the prayerful attention of Christian ladies.--Pastor.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, August 31, 1864, p. 3, c. 3

#### Valuable Recipes.

##### Substitute for Copperas.

The *Macon Messenger* says, it has received from good authority the following recipe, which answers every purpose in dying, where copperas is used in setting colors, or for dying copperas color: Half pint vinegar, half pint syrup or molasses, three gallons of water. Put the above into an iron pot with nails or other rusty iron, and let it stand twenty days. It is of no use to buy copperas for dying at the present prices, while this will answer every purpose.

##### Substitute for Quinine.

In the absence of quinine, an effective substitute would perhaps be acceptable to some of our readers. Red pepper tea and table salt answers every purpose for chills. Say a table spoonful of salt to a pint of tea, commencing some hours before shill time, and drinking copiously of the beverage, never fails to keep off the chills. This is from an intelligent physician, who uses it very successfully in his practice.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, September 7, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

Tired of His Boarding House.--Asa Hartz advertises from Johnson's Island, in a Northern journal, for a substitute to take his place in the military prison there:

Wanted, a substitute to stay here in my place. He must be thirty years old; have a good moral character; all digestive powers, and not addicted to writing poetry. To such an [sic] one all the advantages of a strict retirement, army rations and unmitigated watchfulness to prevent them from getting lost, are offered for an indefinite period. Address me at Block 1, Room 12, Johnson's Island, Military Prison, at any time for the next three years, enclosing half a dozen postage stamps.

Asa Hartz.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, September 7, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

#### Let's Go There.

The following is an extract from a letter published in the *Wilmington Journal*, from Shelbyville, North Carolina, the writer being now an inmate of a hotel there. As many may have doubts as whether there is any such eating in the world as that described, we can only state that

the *Journal* is a respectable and reliable paper:

At five bells in the morning all hands are piped to breakfast. Bill of fare: Coffee and tea, and cream, broiled chickens, fried chickens, stewed chickens, ham and eggs, omelettes [sic], boiled and fried eggs, lamb hash, cold mutton, hot rolls, butter cakes, tea biscuit, milk, syrup, cold water, &c. At \_\_\_ bell, P. M., all hands to dinner--soup, vegetables, roast mutton, roast fowls, stewed and fried chickens, cold ham, potatoes in various styles, onions in various styles, squashes in various styles, cabbages in various styles, cucumbers, beets, biscuits, fresh butter, white fine bread, apple pies, peach pies, blackberry pies, sweet milk and butter milk, fruit dessert. At five bells, P.M., tea and all kinds of nice fixings; clean rooms, clean beds, clean house, and a plenty of servants, and all for *ten dollars per day*.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, September 7, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

Short Skirts.--A late Paris letter speaks of the Empress appearing on a late public occasion with skirts so short as to disclose her dainty little boots tied round the ankle with a fancy cord and tassel. The ladies of the Confederacy, we presume, will not adopt short skirts until they can obtain better shoes, but will some abridgement might be practicable. The fashion of the trailing skirt is behind time about the length of this war.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, September 14, 1864 p. 2, c. 7

#### Montgomery Indigent Relief Committee.

We wish to speak a few plain words to the citizens of Montgomery, city and county.--About a year ago, a committee of six gentlemen appointed for that purpose, set in operation the present *practical* system of benevolence. A supply store was established, a wood yard opened, a Superintendent appointed. Has it occurred to you to enquire why, comparatively, so few cases have applied to your individual charity? Why the poor did not suffer last winter from cold and hunger? Why your doors have not been besieged daily by those seekers after bread?

We can answer. Throughout the entire winter, their hearthstones were warmed by the wood furnished by the Committee. And from the inception of the enterprise, until the present, they have been supplied daily with such articles of food as we are enabled to procure.

There are now supplied by us daily one hundred and twenty families. Every week we dispense one hundred and thirty bushels of meal; every month an amount of salt proportioned to size of families. Flour, sugar, rice, we give in small quantities, and only in cases of sickness.

We were fortunate enough last winter, to procure molasses in sufficient quantity to last several months--the supply is now exhausted. Our corn is well nigh gone. We have no wood in the yard. Winter will soon be upon us. What shall we do? Close up the store, give up the wood yard, dismiss the Superintendent? Tell these people that we have nothing, that we can get nothing for them? No, you will not allow this. You will give corn, wood, peas, potatoes, molasses, rice, flour. You will say to us: "Go on in your work. These people are represented on every bloody battle field. Many of them have been made widows and orphans by this war. We will not let them suffer. In God's name, feed them, warm them." Well, listen to us.

We want 10,000 bushels of corn. We want 1500 cords of wood to commence the season with. We have but a short time now in which to lay in this supply. Give us the money, or give us the supply. How much money? Corn, at perhaps four dollars per bushel--\$40,000. Wood, at perhaps twenty dollars per cord--a low estimate--\$30,000. Seventy thousand dollars. It is

practicable to raise the money. What will you give? and you? and you? The papers mention gentlemen who propose a thousand dollars each towards the wood. Very well; there are many here who can give this, and more. Farmers are making Sorghum syrup. Can they not donate a portion for soldiers' families? Can they not give potatoes, peas, corn? We are ready to receive supplies at once. If you subscribe money, call on the Chairman, Dr. Sam E. Norton, or on any one of the Committee, or G. P. Keyes, at the Supply Store, opposite Jacob Sutter's, on Tennessee street. We trust that those of our citizens who are hauling wood to the city will notice this appeal and for humanity's sake immediately respond. We trust that all planters will at once respond to this call.--We confidently believe that the people of the city of Montgomery will come up to the full measure of their ability, and will sustain their reputation in a generous, liberal community.

S. E. Norton, }  
A. J. Noble, }  
W. W. Waller, } Committee.  
W. C. Jackson, }  
Geo. H. Smith, }  
C. G. Gunter. }

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, September 14, 1864, p. 3, c. 3

#### Yankee Outrages in North Alabama.

Russellville, Aug. 23, 1864.

Ed. Advertiser: I would it were in my power to give you some faint idea of the condition and suffering of the citizens of North Alabama, or rather those south of the Tennessee river, in the counties of Morgan, Lawrence and Franklin. Situated between two fires--the Yankees on the north, along the river and in Decatur; and the mountains on the south, filled with Tories and bushwhackers--both making continual raids, burning, robbing and murdering. The condition of the patriotic citizens and true Southerner in these counties, has been indeed deplorable.

For two months past they have been left without protection. The hell hounds from Decatur have roamed over the country almost unmolested. Houses have been burned, farms laid waste, women insulted, and men either murdered or carried off to Yankee prisons.

Early last Thursday morning, between three and four o'clock, more than four hundred of these fiends in human shape, entered the town of Moulton, in Lawrence county, taking the citizens completely by surprise, capturing Lieutenant Daniel H. Fuqua, enrolling officer for the county, and Sergeant French of the 27<sup>th</sup> Alabama regiment, both of whom they murdered in cold blood. Lieut. Fuqua was a native and resident of Henry county, Tennessee. He was a young man of fine intelligence, a brave and chivalrous soldier, and a most excellent officer. His untimely end will be deeply deplored by his country, his friends, and all who knew him. The spirits of the departed dead call aloud for vengeance on their murderers. Let the retaliation of our government be deep and full, or if it fails to do anything, let their friends take it in hand and seek a revenge so fearful that an enemy may never know mercy at their hands. The enemy declare their intentions to give no quarter to officers or men on conscript duty. They forgot that hundreds of their comrades, prisoners of war, are almost daily guarded by officers and men on such duty, and that they have both the *power* and *will* to retaliate. They will soon find that numbers of these prisoners will be recorded as having escaped their guards in such a manner as not to trouble us again.

Before leaving Moulton, the enemy destroyed all the records and papers of the Judge of Probate and Clerk of the Court's office, beside committing various other depredations. They stated that they would visit this place soon, and finish the rest of the officers on conscript duty in the district. They evidently expected to find all of them in Moulton, as they surrounded the houses where the Commandant of the District and Surgeons of the Medical Board had been boarding, but fortunately these officers had removed their headquarters to this place.

We are rejoiced to hear that Gen. Roddy, with his command, is on his way and will be seen in the valley again. We hope that he may not only be able to keep the Yanks closely confined in Decatur, but that he may shoot or hang every tory and deserter in the country. We are almost isolated from the rest of the world; our mail communications seem to be entirely suspended, and we have to trust entirely to traveling citizens and soldiers for news.

J. B. H.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, September 21, 1864, p. 1, c. 5

### Something to Eat

A great many people are unhappy, if they can't get a beefsteak for dinner--or lament the failure of the vegetables this season. We pity the helplessness of such poor creatures. The earth, the air, the waters abound in materials for food. Almost any thing that you can crack, is good to eat. Since the refreshing rains, with an ingenious friend of ours, we have been gathering mushrooms. He is a person of exceedingly active appetite, and is ever ready to lend us his experience in the preparation of a breakfast. With prejudices against what we had vulgarly associated with the agaric muscarius, or Devil's Snuff-box, and which we ascertained from our friend was a fungus putting up from decayed vegetables, or decomposing animal matter--we have found the champignon a most delightful article of food--a rare and notable delicacy. Care must only be taken in the selection, the rules for which may be found in Miss Leslie's familiar Cookery Book. The *Agaric Campestris*, or common mushroom, is found out on the commons, in grassy lanes, in meadows, &c. It is cooked with milk, butter, and crackers--seasoned with salt and pepper. Care is to be taken in the distinguishing between the good and the bad, as we have remarked, as the eating of the Toad stool has the effect of [illegible] you.

Among the most difficult articles of food to procure now are bread and salt; that these are not absolutely necessary, is proved by the fact that the Laplanders never taste either: they substitute animal oils and exercise.

*Rats* are another well known, but neglected source of commissary supplies. The Chinese have them in their markets, just as we have hares and partridges.

Frogs are said to be of excellent flavor--and are numerous, almost any evening on Main street. An excellent article, akin to this is *fried snails*. They are generally relished in Paris. Almost any well is full of them (not fried.)

The young Rook is eaten in England, and as we know of no difference between the rook and the crow, we do not see why young crows may not be eaten, or indeed, in war times, old crows.

For consumptive people, snakes are excellent: the recipe for making viper broth may be found in the pharmacopoeia.

This month of August is the season for locusts; and numbers may be gathered in any yard. Locusts and wild honey, it may be remembered, were the food of a celebrated character,

whose example we recall to our Baptist friends.

In China, the common earthworm is also served at good dinners. They are, we believe, eaten either cooked or raw. Birds' nests are also greatly devoured in China--unpromising as they look to the palate. Hens nests would probably answer--though, of course, less delicate. The head of the ass is also greatly fancied by the Chinese, as well as cats and dogs, (the latter already known to be numerous here from statistics already published.)

The old Romans stuffed their pheasants with assafoetida--but this, we take it, is hard to get now. In his feasts in the manner of the Ancients, Dr. Smollet speaks of a very pleasant desert which was a sort of jelly, composed of a mixture of vinegar, pickle, and honey, boiled to a proper consistence, and [illegible] called among the ancients the *laser Syriacum*, and esteemed so precious as to be sold to the weight of silver money.

The article commonly known as "bad egg," is eaten with vividity in Cochin China, but we have an unconquerable aversion to it.

"A world to the wise is sufficient."--we merely throw out these hints. Talk about starving the South!?Charlottesville Chronicle.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, September 21, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

#### The Poisoned Texan--After the Battle.

Macon, Miss., Sept. 5, 1864.

At sunset of the 22d of July, six miles southeast of Atlanta, the soldiers of Hardee's corps were bearing off the dead and wounded from the battle field. In silence, as saddening as the melancholy duties of the wearied soldiers, the blood-stained bodies of fallen comrades were wrapped in their blankets and deposited in shallow graves. Anxious faces were grouped about each corpse. None smiled, no word was spoken, not a tear fell from eyes that were humid, but never full. Hands blackened with powder, with touch as tender as a woman's, moved aside the tangled masses of hair, often clotted with blood, from the faces of the slain; with keen agonizing earnestness each attendant at the grave gazed on the features of the fallen. A blanket was wrapped about the body, leaves strewn over it, and the cold clods enshrouded and confined the mortal remains of the true nobility of earth.

A wounded Texan was borne from the battle field. A poisoned bullet had passed through his thigh. A Chaplain, Mr. C\_\_\_\_\_, of Tennessee, when he looked at the wound and knew that neither the bone was broken nor the artery severed, rallied the stalwart soldier because of apparent sadness. For a moment there was no answer, but looking the Chaplain steadily in the face he finally said, in steady tones, "I am dying." His leg grew black, and soon the discoloration extended to his body. "I do not fear death," said the soldier. "Too often have I faced it. Pray that God may pardon and bless me, and those I love."

I never heard a more eloquent and touching appeal to the Great Giver of all good, than this which fell from the lips of the man of God. The body of the dying hero was racked with indescribable torture. A shudder would now and then convulse his muscular frame, but his thoughts were fixed steadily on the Invisible, the Unknown.

When the Chaplain arose, the Texan asked him to write to his wife. "Tell her that my boy may know it, how I died." Claspng his hand across his breast, he yielded up his life as calmly as if he himself had willed it. Not a muscle of his face was distorted. He clenched his teeth and closed his eyes and held his limbs motionless by the sheer force of his resistless will.

In a moment of time, there was an eternity of agony, but the dying hero triumphed over death, as was his wont over mortal foes. He lay upon his blanket a model of perfect manly beauty.--There was, after dissolution, no trace of pain on his lip or brow. The long heavy lashes lay upon the sunburnt cheek; his long raven locks, damp with the dew of death, clustered profusely around his noble forehead; his firmly set lips, his muscular form, his attitude, that of a hero stricken down by a power which humanity is impotent to resist, were sublimely impressive.--There was no need for tears beside the body of a man like this. His proud, lofty spirit would have contemned [sic] the tribute to his greatness.--Soldiers conscious of the majesty of departed worth, passed by respectfully, with measured tread. They said "the bravest of the brave has fallen."

The early abode of the dead is far away.--His wife is yet ignorant of the calamity that has befallen her. "Tell her tenderly," were the last words of the dying Texan.

Shall we vainly imagine the anguish of the wife of such a man, or the utter desolateness of her home? Shall we speculate upon her and mark her moistened eyes and sad pale face, on which hope shall never smile again? The wakeful nights when she shall press her cheeks against the sweet fatherless child of her love, the efforts to live and impress upon the memory of her boy the virtues of the father--shall we reflect upon all this, and how that boy will hate the race with which coward's cunning and villain's device resorts to poison to give fatality to wounds?

That the Texan widow is now an every day history, its crushing weight is none the less keenly felt by the anguished sufferer. The son, inheriting the spirit of the father, will treasure up his wrongs. There will be two graves; one a shallow one on a hill side in Northern Georgia; the other among the evergreens of Texas, whose occupants fell by the same murderous hand.--Rebel.

MONTGOMERY ADVERTISER, September 21, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

The Shreveport *News*, of August 27, says that on Saturday before, about eight hundred federal prisoners left that place to be exchanged. The point of exchange is the mouth of Red river.

MONTGOMERY ADVERTISER, September 21, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

The Atlanta Exiles.  
Continuation of the Correspondence between  
Gens. Hood and Sherman.

The following is a continuation of the correspondence between General Hood, commanding the Army of Tennessee, and Major General Sherman, commanding U. S. Forces at Atlanta:

Headquarters Military Div.     }  
  of the Mississippi.     }  
In the Field, Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 9, 1864.}

Gen. J. B. Hood:

Commanding Army of Tennessee--Confederate Army:

General: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this date, at the hands of Messrs. Ball and Crow, consenting to the arrangements I had proposed to facilitate the removal South of the people of Atlanta, who prefer to go in that direction. I enclose you a copy of my orders, which will, I am satisfied, accomplish my purpose perfectly. You style the

measures proposed "unprecedented" and appeal to the dark history of war for a parallel, as an act of "studied and ingenious cruelty." It is not unprecedented, for Gen. Johnston himself, very wisely and properly, removed the families all the way from Dalton down, and I see no reason why Atlanta should be excepted.

Nor is it necessary to appeal to the dark History of War, when recent and modern examples are so handy. You yourself burned dwelling houses along your parapet and I have seen today fifty houses that you have rendered uninhabited because they stood in the way of your forts and men. You defended Atlanta on a line so close to town that every cannon shot, and many musket balls from our line of investment that overshot their mark, went into the habitations of women and children. Gen. Hardee did the same at Jonesboro, and Gen. Johnston did the same last summer at Jackson, Mississippi. I have not accused you of heartless cruelty, but merely instance these cases of very recent occurrence, and could go on and enumerate hundreds of others and challenge any fair man to judge which of us has the heart of pity for the families of a brave people.

I say that it is a kindness to those families of Atlanta to remove them now, at once from the scenes that women and children should not be exposed to, and the "brave people" who [illegible] to commit their wives and children to the [illegible] barbarians who thus, as you say, violate the laws of war, as illustrated in the pages of its dark History.

In the name of common sense I ask you not to appeal to a just God in such sacrilegious manner. You who in the midst of peace and prosperity have plunged a nation into war, dark and cruel war, who dared and badgered us to battle, insulted our flag, seized our arsenals and forts that were left in the honorable custody of a peaceful ordnance sergeant, and seized and made prisoner of war the very garrisons sent to protect your people against negroes and Indians.

Long before any overt act was committed by the, to you, hateful Lincoln Government, you tried to force Kentucky and Missouri into rebellion in spite of themselves, falsified the vote of Louisiana, turned loose your pirates to plunder unarmed ships, expelled Union families by thousands, burned their homes, and declared by an act of your Congress the confiscation of all debts due Northern men for goods had and received.

Talk thus to Marines, but not to me, who have seen these things, and who will this day make as much sacrifice for the peace and honor of the South, as the best born Southron among you.--If we must be enemies let us be men, and fight it out as we propose to do, and not deal in such hypocritical appeals to God and humanity. God will judge us in due time, and he will pronounce whether it will be more humane to fight with a town full of women and the families of a brave people at our backs, or to remove them in time, to places of safety among their own friends and people.

I am, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
W. T. Sherman,  
Major General.

(Signed)

Official copy:

Eth. B. Wade, A. D. C.

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Headquarters Army of Tennessee, }  
September 12, 1864. }

Maj. Gen. W. T. Sherman,

Comd'g Mil. Div. of the Mississippi:

General: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 9<sup>th</sup> instant, with its enclosure, in reference to the women, children, and others whom you have thought proper to expel from their homes in the city of Atlanta. Had you seen proper to let the matter rest there, I would gladly have allowed your letter to close this correspondence, and without your expressing it in words would have been willing to believe that whilst "the interest of the United States," in your opinion compelled you to an act of barbarous cruelty, you regretted the necessity, and we would have dropped the subject. But you have chosen to indulge in statements which I feel compelled to notice, at least so far as to signify my dissent, and not allow silence in regard to them, to be construed as acquiescence. I see nothing in your communication which induces me to modify the language of condemnation with which I characterized your order. It but strengthens me in opinion that it stands "prominent in the dark history of war, for studied and ingenious cruelty." Your original order was stripped of all pretences [sic], you announced the edict for the sole reason that it was "to the interest of the United States." This alone, you offered to us and the civilized world, as an all sufficient reason for disregarding the laws of God and man. You say that "General Johnston himself very wisely and properly removed the families all the way from Dalton down." It is due to that gallant soldier and gentleman to say that no act of his distinguished career gives the least color to your unfounded aspersion upon his conduct. He depopulated no villages, no towns, nor cities, either friendly or hostile. He offered and extended friendly aid to his unfortunate fellow-citizens who desired to flee from your fraternal embraces. You are equally unfortunate in your attempt to find a justification for this act of cruelty, either in the defence [sic] of Jonesboro' by Gen. Hardee, or of Atlanta by myself. Gen. Hardee defended his position in front of Jonesboro' at the expense of injury to the houses, an ordinary, proper and justifiable act of war. I defended Atlanta at the same risk and cost. If there was any fault in either case, it was your own, in not giving notice, especially in the case of Atlanta, of your purpose to shell the town, which is usual in war among civilized nations. No inhabitant of either town was expelled from his home and fireside by the orders of either Gen. Hardee or myself, and therefore your recent order can find no support from the conduct of either of us. I felt no other emotion than pain, in reading that portion of your letter, which attempts to justify your shelling Atlanta without notice, under the pretence [sic] that I defended Atlanta upon a line so close to town, that every cannon-shot and many musket balls from your line of investment, that overshot their mark, and went into the habitations of women and children. I made no complaint of your firing into Atlanta, in any way you thought proper. I make none now, but there are an hundred thousand living witnesses, that you fired into the habitations of women and children for weeks, firing far above, and miles beyond my line of defense. I have too good an opinion, founded both upon observation and experience, of the skill of your artillerists, to credit the insinuation that they for several weeks, unintentionally fired too high for my modest field-works, and slaughtered women and children by accident and want of skill.

The residue of your letter is rather discursive. It opens a wide field for the discussion of questions, which I do not feel are committed to me. I am only a general of one of the armies of the Confederate States, charged with military operations in the field, under the direction of my superior officers, and I am not called upon to discuss with you the causes of the present war, or the political questions which led to or resulted from it. These grave and important questions have been committed to far abler hands than mine, and I shall only refer to them so far as to repel any unjust conclusions, which might be drawn from my silence. You charge my country with "daring and badgering you to battle." The truth is, we sent Commissioners to you respectfully

offering a peaceful separation before the first gun was fired on either side. You say we insulted your flag. The truth is we fired upon it and those who fought under it when you came to our doors upon the mission of subjugation. You say we seized upon your forts and arsenals and made prisoners of the garrisons sent to protect us against negroes and Indians. The truth is we expelled by force of arms insolent intruders, and took possession of our own forts and arsenals to resist your claims to dominion over masters, slaves and Indians, and all of whom are to this day with unanimity unexampled in the history of the world warring against your attempts to become their masters. You say that we tried to force Missouri and Kentucky into rebellion in spite of themselves. The truth is, my Government from the beginning of this struggle to this hour has again and again offered before the whole world to leave it to the unbiased will of these States and all others to determine for themselves whether they will cast their destiny with your Government or ours, and your Government has resisted this fundamental principle of free institutions with the bayonet, and labors daily by force and fraud to fasten its hateful tyranny upon the unfortunate freemen of these States. You say we falsified the vote of Louisiana. The truth is, Louisiana not only separated herself from your Government by nearly a unanimous vote of her people, but has vindicated the act upon every battle-field from Gettysburg to the Sabine, and has exhibited an heroic devotion to her decision, which challenges the admiration and respect of every man capable of feeling sympathy for the oppressed, or admiration for heroic valor. You say that we turned loose pirates to plunder your unarmed ships. The truth is, when you robbed us of our part of the navy, we built and bought a few vessels, hoisted the flag of our country, and swept the seas in defiance of your navy around the whole circumference of the globe. You say we have expelled Union families by thousands. The truth is, not a single family has been expelled from the Confederate States, that I am aware of, but on the contrary the moderation of our Government towards traitors has been a fruitful theme of denunciation by its enemies and many well-meaning friends of our cause. You say my Government by acts of Congress has confiscated "all debt due northern men for goods sold and delivered." The truth is, our Congress gave due and ample time to your merchants and traders to depart from our shores with their ships, goods and effects, and only sequestered the property of our enemies in retaliation for their acts declaring us traitors and confiscating our property wherever their power extended either in their country or our own. Such are your accusations, and such are the facts known of all men to be true.

You order into exile the whole population of a city, drive men, women and children from their homes at the point of the bayonet, under the plea that it is to the interest of your Government, and on the claim that this is an act of "kindness to those families at Atlanta." Butler only banished from New Orleans the registered enemies of his Government. You issue a sweeping edict covering all the inhabitants of a city and add insult to the injury heaped upon the defenceless [sic] by assuming that you have done them a kindness. This you follow by the assertion that you will "make as much sacrifice for the peace and honor of the South as the best born Southron." And because I characterize what you call kindness as being real cruelty, you presume to sit in judgment between me and my God, and you decide that my earnest prayer to the Almighty Father to save our women and children from what you call kindness as a "sacrilegious, hypocritical appeal."

You come into our country with your army avowedly for the purpose of subjugating free white men, women and children; and not only intend to rule over them but you make negroes your allies and desire to place over us an inferior race, which we have raised from barbarism to its present position, which is the highest ever attained by that race in any country in all time. I

must therefore decline to accept your statements in reference to your kindness towards the people of Atlanta, and your willingness to sacrifice everything for the peace and honor of the South, and refuse to be governed by your decision in regard to matters between myself, my country, and my God.

You say "let us fight it out like men." To this my reply is, for myself, and, I believe, for all true men, aye women and children, in my country, we will fight you to the death. Better die a thousand deaths than submit to live under you or your government, and your negro allies.

Having answered the points forced upon me by your letter of the 9<sup>th</sup> September, I close this correspondence with you, and notwithstanding your comments upon my appeal to God in the cause of humanity, I again humbly and reverently invoke his Almighty aid in defense of justice and right.

Respectfully,

(Signed)  
(official copy)

F. H. Wigfall, A. D. C.

Your obedient servant,  
J. B. Hood,  
General.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, September 21, 1864, p. 3, c. 2-3

#### A Card to the Public.

A good deal having been said about an affair that happened on my plantation last Saturday night, 10<sup>th</sup> inst., in justice to myself I deem it proper to make a public statement of facts.

During the past two years I have lost a large amount of property by stealing, consisting of potatoes, apples, watermelons, poultry, hogs, and cattle. Last winter several of my pork hogs were found with very severe cuts on their bodies whilst in my corn field, about half a mile from Mr. Charles H. Molton's negro houses.

The entrails of some hogs were found in the same field but I could not find out the thief.-- My overseer last fall informed me that some persons were stealing a great many of my potatoes from the field adjoining Mr. Molton's plantation, and nearer to his negro quarter than to my house. My overseer also said that he saw tracks coming from the direction and going in the direction of Mr. Molton's negro quarters.

Those and other circumstances induced me to believe that my property, hogs and potatoes, were stolen by Mr. Molton's negroes. I also lost three head of cattle from the same field last winter and have never been able to find them, or even hear of them. This year I planted about fifteen acres of watermelons in the same field and allowed my negroes to plant some. In July, when they commenced ripening, they were stolen so rapidly that for a long time neither myself nor negroes could get a ripe one to eat. I then determined to put a stop to such depredations, if possible. I was told by my negroes that their watermelons were generally stolen when we had dark nights and whilst they were at the house at dinner, say from twelve to two o'clock. I took a position, with a double barrel gun, loaded with squirrel shot, in my field, on the first Monday in August last, and caused one of my negroes to take a position in a different place, with a gun, near the fence dividing my field from Mr. Molton's plantation. Just before one o'clock a negro man entered one of my negroes' patches and commenced examining for ripe watermelons. I run near to him before he saw me, and I ordered him to stand; he paid no

attention to me, but run off.

I bursted the caps of both barrels at him whilst running, and when he was near my negro, (who was concealed,) I ordered him to fire, and he bursted a cap, and the boy escaped. (We had just been in a hard rain and our guns were very wet.)

That afternoon I rode where Mr. Melton's negroes were at work in the woods near my field, and saw four of his negro men and told them what I had done. They told me they knew which negro it was and that his name was John.

In the woods where they were working I found a large quantity of watermelon rinds, one of my negroes having informed me a day or two before that he had been robbed of upwards of forty in one day.

I told the four negro men I saw, that I kept a loaded gun in my plantation day and night, and that my orders were to shoot any person, white or black, caught stealing any of my property- I told them to tell every one of Mr. Molton's negroes what had happened that day and that they would certainly be shot if caught stealing from me.

Things went on well then for some time. I lost nothing more, till recently. I have had my poultry stolen. My potatoes, and a late crop of watermelons just ripening have been depredated on largely. Last Saturday night I was at my plantation, superintending the boiling of syrup. It being a bright moonlight night, I ordered a negro man to go to my watermelon patch and shoot any person he caught stealing and bring him to me. About nine o'clock I heard a gun in the direction I had ordered the boy to go. I immediately had my horse saddled and rode rapidly to my field.

I met my negroes (three besides the one with the gun having gone,) going home with a negro man tied, who said he belonged to Mr. Molton and that another negro of Mr. Molton and himself had gone to my field to steal watermelons. My boy informed me that he shot at the negro farthest from him, thinking he could catch the one nearest to him, as only one barrel of the gun was loaded and that with squirrel shot. The negro shot at escaped and the other was caught. I would here state that they both had baskets and had commenced gathering watermelons. I took the negro by Mr. Mrs. Hall's plantation, on the road to Mr. Molton's and in the presence of Mr. Sidney B. Hall, gave him fifteen stripes, which all will admit was a very moderate whipping. I then went to Mr. Molton's plantation with the boy and called for Mr. Molton's foreman or driver, there being no white man on the plantation.

I told his Foreman what had passed, and that I expected the other boy was shot. The Foreman and myself then went to look for the boy, with a light, but could not find him. I told the Foreman I would meet him again Sunday morning, if the negro did not go home, and assist in looking for him. It was then about one o'clock Saturday night, and I returned home, and went again Sunday morning, about sun-rise, with several of my negroes, to look for the boy. Mr. Molton had five negroes looking, and we found him in the woods, from one to two hundred yards from my fence, shot in the abdomen. I examined the wound and told the Foreman to go or send immediately to Montgomery for Mr. Molton, and tell him the boy was badly shot; to come himself and bring a Doctor. I then hastened home, taking one of Mr. Molton's negroes with me, and prepared some whiskey for a stimulant and sent it to the boy by Mr. Molton's negro. My negroes remained with the wounded boy till the cart arrived, and assisted him in the cart and he was carried home. I have learned since that the boy died Sunday night, and I have been informed by one of Mr. Molton's negro men, that no Physician saw him.

Last Monday I saw Mr. Molton, and told him the circumstances. He said he only blamed me for loading my gun with such large shot. I told him I loaded with just such as I had; that I

had nothing but squirrel shot, which I had before the war, and that I had to resort to such measures to save my hogs and other property, to prevent my family from starvation. Last Friday I saw Mr. Molton again in Montgomery, and he said to me that the loss of his negro was a severe one to him. I told him I was sorry for it. He then said he thought I ought to pay him for the negro. I told him very emphatically, that I *did not think so*, and that I never would unless compelled by law; that if a jury of Montgomery county decided that I should pay for a negro who happened to be shot in a vital part with squirrel shot, whilst in the act of stealing my property, then, and not until then, would he get his money.

I told him I desire him to shoot me or my negroes, whichever he caught stealing his hogs, or any other property, and that I would never call on him for pay; that I reserved to myself the exercise of the same privilege, and should hereafter shoot, or cause to be shot, any person caught on my plantation in the act of stealing, and that I would protect my property as long as I lived, if I had to shoot five hundred men to do it, be they white or black. And now, having given a detailed account of the circumstances, I leave it to an impartial community to say if I was not justifiable.

I have been unfortunate this year, and lost upwards of one hundred head of hogs by the prevailing disease of the country--what I have left I am trying to save to feed my negroes with next year, and it is generally known in my neighborhood that I *feed* my negroes and give them meat every day. My property, compared with Mr. Molton's is small. He has two plantations in Mississippi and about fifty negro men in the coal mines of this State, engaged in getting out coal, and, by reason of having so many negroes, he was enabled to put the requisite number in the coal business, as I have been informed, by which he was exempted from the army. But because I do not own so much property, or as many negroes as Mr. Molton, I have yet to learn that it licenses his negroes to prey upon my property any more than it would be right for Gen. Hood to give up and surrender to Sherman because of his superior force, or for Gen. Lee to refuse to fight because Grant had the most men.

I have lived in Montgomery county for upwards of forty years. I practice the golden rule "Do unto others as I would be done by." I endeavor to support my family honestly. I gain my bread by the sweat of my brow. I make no money by speculation. I protect my property and provide for my family to the best of my ability; for I believe in the language of the Good Book, that "he that provideth not for his own household is worse than an infidel."

And now, having said this much, I close by publicly declaring to the world, what I said to Mr. Molton, that I will protect my property at every hazard, as long as I live, though it cost me the lives of five hundred men.

Wm. H. Ogbourne.

Montgomery, Sept. 17, 1864.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, September 21, 1864, p. 3, c. 4

From Atlanta.

Refugees report generally kind personal treatment from Gen. Sherman and his officers. Whatever exceptions may have occurred, have been in violation of orders--instances of individual pilfering, which cannot always be prevented in an army, and in many cases have been detected and punished.

A friend whose wife was left an invalid in Atlanta, and came within our lines a day or

two since, says that at her request Gen. Sherman came to see her, and finding her unable to attend to the arrangement of her movables for transportation, had them all boxed up nicely and transported into our lines, even to her wash tubs.

The Federal General held three hours conversation with her and justified at length his order for the removal--insisting that in his exposed position--liable to be cut off and besieged, it was the part of humanity to require that non-combatants should not be exposed to the privations and perils to which his army must probably be subjected--and worse, because he could not provide food for a large population. Goods left behind were stored, and duplicate receipts given, with the promise that they should be safely returned.

Refugees report that Sherman's army is going North by thousands and his force is now very small. Whether this movement is confined to men who are going out of service, or embrace reinforcements to Grant they were unable to say.--Macon Telegraph.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, September 21, 1864, p. 3, c. 4

Bibles for Hood's Army.--Sixteen thousand copies of the Bible and Testament arrived in Selma yesterday evening, en route for Hood's army. They are the first installment of fifty thousand presented to the troops of the Confederate States by the American Bible Society, at New York! They came by way of Memphis.--Mississippian, 16<sup>th</sup>.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, September 21, 1864, p. 3, c. 5

#### Ladies not to be Conscripted

Elegant Cloth Cloak?

Large Glass tumblers,

Sheep Shears,

Cotton Cards

Powder and Shot, Carpet Tacks, &c.

At the One Armed Man's

Dry Goods Store

14 Market Street

S. F. Wreford.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, September 21, 1864, p. 3, c. 5

Cotton Cards.

Cotton Cards exchanged for Dog, Sheep, Goat, Deer, Mule or Horse Skins, either tanned or untanned.

At the Montgomery Cotton and Wool Card Factory.

J. D. Hutcheson,  
Agent.

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MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, September 21, 1864, p. 3, c. 5

Keep it Before the People  
The One-Armed Man's  
Dry Goods Store,

14

Market

14

My customers have a right to know what I, as a Merchant keep in my store, and I as a merchant have a right to let them know the articles I have on hand. Sit down and copy on your memorandum what you need of the following articles:

Stock on Hand:

Lace Mitts,	Muslins,	Door Locks,
Tooth Brushes,	Calicoes,	1[illeg.] inch Screws,
Linen Towels,	Delaines,	[illegible]
Homespun,	Flannels	Flax Thread
Insertings,	Linens,	Crochet Needles
Linen Kerchiefs,	Muslins,	Buttons
Worked Collars	Swiss,	Silk Thread
Bonnet Straw	Edgings	Shirtings
Gilt Buttons,	Veils	Sheetings
Fancy Soap	Collars	Straw hats
White Thread	Elastic	Bed Ticking
Gun Powder	Ribbons	Scissors
Pocket Knives	Drawers	Pocket Books
Razor Strops	Shoes	Ladies' Hose
Twilled Tape	Gun Caps	Blacking
Linen Tape	Books	Bed Lace
Florence Silk	Snuffers	Linen Thread
Silk Fringes	Tobacco	Matches
Fish Hooks	[illegible]	Shoe Strings
Corset Steels	Needles	Napkins
Hoop Skirts	Lamps	Hat Pins
Ground Coffee	Beads	Coat Buttons
Children Shoes	Buckles	Red Flannels
Black Lace	Thread	Fine Combs
Side Combs	Pins	Tooth Brushes
Cotton Cards	Gloves	Steel Pens
Cotton Yarns	Paper	Silk Ribbon
Brown [illegible] Coats	Envelopes	Brown Linen Coats
White Linen Coats	Shoe Thread	Childrens' Stockings
Pegging Awls	Copperas	Soldiers' Buttons
Shoe Pegs	[illegible]	Linen Floss
Suspenders	Ink	Cotton Floss
Clothes Brushes	Pipes	Knitting Needles
Hats of all kinds	Snuff	Violin Strings
White Gloves	[illegible]	Guitar Strings

Undershirts  
Cavalry Boots  
Ladies' Gaiters  
Musquito Nets  
Castile Soap  
Shot

Mirrors  
Socks  
Twine  
Sleys  
Watch  
Soda

Lemon Syrup  
Six [?] Neck Ties  
Gold Lace  
Candle Wick  
Watch Guards

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, September 21, 1864, p. 3, c. 6

Calico!

Calico!

100 Pieces of Dark Calico, 100 Fine Hats at

D. Browder & Co.  
24 Market Street.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, September 21, 1864, p. 3, c. 7

J. Jackson's  
Dyeing and Scouring Establishment

*Montgomery Street, one door from the corner of Washington Street, Montgomery, Ala.*  
All kinds of Gentlemen's wearing apparel cleaned, renovated or dyed, and made to appear  
new.

Also Tailoring of every description, neatly executed, and done with dispatch.  
Ladies' wearing apparel cleaned, renovated or dyed as well as can be done in any house  
North.

All sorts of Military Goods done at short notice.  
Goods not called for within three months will be forfeited.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, December 28, 1864 [next issue on reel, virtually  
unreadable. Next issue is May 1, 1866]