

2016

New Orleans Picayune, January 3, 1863-March 7, 1865

Vicki Betts

University of Texas at Tyler, vbetts@uttyler.edu

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.uttyler.edu/cw_newstitles

Recommended Citation

Betts, Vicki, "New Orleans Picayune, January 3, 1863-March 7, 1865" (2016). *By Title*. Paper 112.
<http://hdl.handle.net/10950/752>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Civil War Newspapers at Scholar Works at UT Tyler. It has been accepted for inclusion in By Title by an authorized administrator of Scholar Works at UT Tyler. For more information, please contact tbianchi@uttyler.edu.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE
January 3, 1864 - March 7, 1865

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, January 3, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

A Young Lady's Soliloquy.

Uselessly, aimlessly drifting through life,
What was I born for? "For Somebody's wife,"
I am told by my mother. Well, that being true,
"Somebody" keeps himself strangely from view:
And if naught but marriage will settle my fate,
I believe I shall die in an unsettled state.
For, though I'm not ugly—pray, what woman *is*?—
You might easily find a more beautiful phiz;
And then, as for temper and manners, 'tis plain
He who seeks for perfection will seek *here* in vain.
Nay, in spite of these drawbacks, my heart is perverse,
And I should not feel grateful "for better or worse,"
To take the first booby that graciously came
And offered those treasures, his home and his name.
I think, then, my chances of marriage are small,
But why should I think of such chances at all?
My brothers are all of them younger than I,
Yet they thrive in the world—why not let *me* try?
I know that in business I'm not an adept,
Because from such matters most strictly I'm kept,
Why *am* I not trained up to work of some kind?
Uselessly, aimlessly drifting through life,
Why should I wait to be "Somebody's wife?"

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, January 8, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

Chewing Tobacco.

In Store—

40 ³ / ₄	boxes	Virginia	pounds,	A. B.,	Natural	Leaf.
15 ³ / ₄	"	"	"	"	Mason	Gray, Nat. Leaf.
18 ³ / ₄	"	"	"	"	John	Robinson, " "
40 ³ / ₄	"	"	"	"	Magnolia,	" "
35 ¹ / ₂	"	"	"	"	Hazel	Dell, " "
30 ¹ / ₂	"	Missouri	"	"	Peachleaf,	" "
50 ³ / ₄	"	"	"	"	A. Thomas's	10s.
20 ³ / ₄	"	"	"	"	Aberhard's	8s.
20 ³ / ₄	"	"	"	"	Lemoine's	Navy, pounds.
25 ³ / ₄	"	"	"	"	Chr. Peper's	" "

40 1/8 " " " " " hf. "

30 1/8 " " Prairie Bird, quarter pounds.

The above Tobaccos will be sold at the lowest possible prices. The attention of the trade is particularly invited to this large assortment.

---Shortly expected---

400 caddies Pancake and Twist.

For sale by

Mayer Brothers,
51 Tchoupitoulas street,
between Natchez and Poydras.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, January 8, 1864, p. 1, c. 3

Holiday, Birthday and Every Day

Presents.

Albums are the Thing.

Prices Reduced.

Photographic Albums, Frames, Cases, Pins, &c., the largest variety and the best and cheapest in the city.

Card Photographs of over 200 Federal and Confederate Generals, at \$2.25 per dozen.

Twenty five different views of the fortifications of Port Hudson.

Artists' Materials at New York prices.

Any and everything pertaining to Photographic goods can be obtained of

S. T. Blessing,
24 Chartres street.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, January 8, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

This being the anniversary of "the glorious Eighth," a day in the annals of New Orleans ever memorable, the Picayune will not be issued this afternoon nor tomorrow morning. Its next appearance will be tomorrow afternoon.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, January 8, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

Southern Ladies Going North.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce says:

The number of women who have recently arrived in this city and Baltimore from rebeldom, is so much greater than usual, that the people are wondering what it all means. Women are proverbial for their sagacity under desperate circumstances, and it may be they are getting away from beneath those pillars of the Republic which Mr. Keitt and his friends talked so wildly about clasping, and then tumbling them down to the ground. Most of these women are interested in real estate lying north of the Potomac, and while they come here to perform the farce of being loyal according to circumstances, they boast that their husbands or sons are fighting against the old flag in the armies of the South.

150 dozen Cotton Card—No. 10A.
50 dozen Wool Cards—6 and 8.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, January 8, 1864, p. 3, c. 2

I. O. O. F.
Regalia and Dress Ball.

A Regalia and Dress Ball will be given by the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, on Thursday Evening, February 4, 1864, at the New Opera House, (corner of Bourbon and Toulouse streets, for the benefit of the Widows' and Orphans' General Relief Fund.

Applications for Ladies' Invitation Tickets must be made in writing, (stating the place of residence of ladies for whom invitation tickets are desired,) and left at the Office of the R. W. Grand Secretary, Odd Fellows' Hall, or with any one of the Managers.

No invitations issued after Tuesday, February 2d.

Committee.

M. W. G. M. L. Homes,
R. W. G. S. H. Bier,
D. G. M. J. S. Burke,
P. G. M. H. Millspaugh,
D. D. G. M. J. G. Hirdes,
 G. Nungesser,
 J. L. Henry,
P. G. J. Potter,
" N. W. Wolverton,
" R. L. Bruce,
" A. Porteous,
" G. W. Roper,
" A. W. Hunter.

P. G. C. Antognini,
" J. A. Brown,
" J. Brownlee,
" G. Tiemann,
" R. G. Abbott,
N. G. Ths. Moran,
" John Meyer,
V. G. W. L. Williams.
A. Estein,
E. Blakeley,
E. Rive,
J. O'Connor.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, January 8, 1864, p. 3, c. 2

Christmas and New Year's Holidays
Steam Chocolate Manufactory and Con-
tionery. [sic]
D. Lopez,
85.....Chartres Street.....85

House Estab-
lished

Cor. Conti.
1852.

Wholesale
and Retail.

Informs his numerous patrons above Canal street that from the 15th inst. he will offer for sale an immense and varied assortment of Fancy Paper Boxes, which recommend themselves both by their neatness and good taste.

Mr. Lopez respectfully begs the public not to forget his house because not situated on

Canal street, for it will bear [illegible] great advantage all comparison of its articles with those of any other house in this city.

Fine Bonbons, at 75c per lb.; Cream Chocolate; Chocolate Pralines; Cordial Chocolate; Croquet Richelieu; a large assortment of Miniature Cordials; Cream Bonbons, at 25 and 50c per box.

The public is respectfully invited to call and examine the establishment before the Holidays, so as to be well convinced of the superiority of all its articles.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, January 8, 1864, p. 3, c. 6

Beauty of Youth.
The Circassian Liquid.

For the removal of Freckles, Morpew, Sunburn, Tan, and the cure of Ringworm. Prepared by L. Davis, at New Orleans, and sold by authorized agents.

T. W. Wright, 21 Chartres street,
also, John H. Pope,
corner Jackson and Prytants sts.,
and P. Pouliot, 449 St. Charles,
lately Nayades street,
B. & Abrams,
42 and 44 Camp street.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, January 8, 1864, p. 3, c. 5

Havana Cigars—Havana Cigars.
To Arrive by schooner Talisman, a Fine Assortment Invoice
--of—
170,000 Cigars and Cigarettes, such as—
Figaro,
Upmann & Co.,
Cabarga,
Clay, Calhoun and Webster,
Partagas
La Retica,
Cabanas,
Intimidad, &c., &c.,

Of all desirable vitolas, and in boxes of 25, 50, and 100.

Cigars, suitable for New Year's Presents.

For sale at the Jewel Coffeeshouse, 105 Gravier street, and at the Cigar Store "La Intimidad," 124, corner of Gravier and Carondelet streets.

Joseph Santini, Importer.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, January 8, 1864, p. 3, c. 5

E. Rolland, Wig Maker,
No. 43 Chartres street, between Customhouse and Bienville streets,

Informs his numerous customers and the public that he has removed to 42 Chartres street, where all goods in his line, and all the finest Perfumery will be found as heretofore, at reduced prices.

A Hair-Dressing Saloon for the Ladies, and a Shampooing and Hair-Cutting Saloon for Children, are attached to the store.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, January 8, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

Prof. J. Vegas's
Dancing Academy,
172 Canal Street,
and
Eagle Hall Brytania Street.
Days of Tuition at Canal Street

Children's Class—Mondays and Fridays, from 4 to 7 P.M.

Ladies' Class—Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, from 10 A. M. till 12 o'clock, M.

Gentlemen's Class—Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 7 till 9 o'clock, P.M.

Days of Tuition at Eagle Hall:

Children's Class—Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, from 4 till 6 o'clock, P.M.

For terms apply to Prof. Vegas, or to Blackmar & Co., 74 Camp street.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, January 8, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

Orange Grove Nursery,
Toll-Gate, Metairie Ridge.

Martin Haynes takes leave most respectfully to state to his friends and the public that he has on hand a large stock of Fruit, Flower and Ornamental Trees, for sale. His Green Houses are also well stocked with a choice selection of Plants, embracing a great variety. Would also call attention to my Sweet Orange Trees, some thousands of the best quality, with a large amount of Shade Trees. All of which I am prepared to sell on the most reasonable terms.

Martin Haynes.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, January 10, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

Edward A. Yorke,
Wholesale Grocer
and
Commission Merchant,

7 and 9 New Levee,
Offers for Sale the Following Goods,
--in Store and Landing—

. . . 100 boxes Star Candles.
100 hf. boxes " "
100 boxes Starch.
100 " Borden's Milk. . . .
And a full assortment of Can Meats, &c.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, January 10, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

Letter from Antelope.

[Special Correspondence of the Picayune.]

New York, Dec. 30, 1863.

New York has seldom witnessed a more gay or "merry" Christmas than the one just past. Santa Claus and Kriss Kringle were here, there and everywhere, and money was literally poured out like water. To get into some of the silk, jewelry, fancy, millinery and toy stores at any moment during the whole of the day preceding, was almost an impossibility—so crowded were they with anxious buyers—while at night, or "Christmas Eve," the streets presented the appearance of a carnival. The markets were also filled to overflowing, and wagons stood for whole squares leading therefrom, unloading their contents to the eager and joyous crowd. The theatres, to use a popular phrase, were "crowded from pit to ceiling," and to all outward appearances there was nothing to indicate but what we were blest above all other lands.

And the joy and merriment were sincere beyond all doubt! Not a hollow notch could be detected anywhere! There was no sham, no forced putting on of gayety, but it was deep and spontaneous. I have pondered on it much since—pondered, sorrowed, shall I say, wept? Had a quarter of a million been laid in the dust? Was our hearth-stones vacant, and was the Angel of Destruction still abroad? The merriment was earnest—the laugh rang loud—the hilarity was bounding—the eye flashed brilliantly—it was not a dream! . . .

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, January 10, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

Warm Goods for Cold Weather
--At—
S. N. Moody's
Gentlemen's Furnishing Emporium,
Corner of Canal and Royal Streets.

Just received, by last steamers—
Scarlet and White Shaker Flannel Undershirts and Drawers.
Woolen, Merino, Cashmere and Canton Flannel Undershirts and Drawers.
Heavy Hosiery—Every description.
Traveling and Campaign Wool Overshirts
Seasonable Gloves—Every description.

Wool and Cashmere Mufflers.
Silk and Wool Scarfs [sic] and Ties.

--And a Complete assortment of—

Winter Furnishing Goods for Gentlemen
At the Lowest Cash Prices.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, January 10, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

M'Me Caprell,

The only known Clairvoyant and Spiritual Physician who has the gift of locating the exact seat of disease in your system. All are amazed at her immense powers of Clairvoyance, when in a trance state of mind, in revealing the Past, Present and Future prospects of life with truthful fidelity. The afflicted, the curious and skeptical—all are invited to call on M'me Caprell. Residence, 127 Customhouse street, between Bourbon and Dauphin streets.

M'me Caprell.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, January 12, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

The rebel prisoners at Fort McHenry have been carrying on an extensive correspondence with their friends in Dixie, through the assistance of R. Dalton, a soldier of the 19th Maine, and various parties in Baltimore. Col. Fish has arrested Dalton and a number of others, and secured a rebel mail of a thousand letters.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, January 13, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Mrs. Delia Lee was tried for attempting to smuggle some cartridge balls into the Confederacy. The cartridges were found in the center of her trunk when she was about to leave on a lake schooner, but she declared before God and all his holy angels that she did not know how they got into her trunk; that she did not put them in, and that they were put in without her knowledge. Her pass was revoked and she was confined to her late residence for a month. She protested that she had no means of living for a month, and trusted that the charitable folks in court would not let her and her child starve.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, January 17, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

The Great Clairvoyant,
M'me La Blanch,

The wonderful Clairvoyant, Astrologist, Spiritual and Medical Physician, whose extraordinary powers are the constant theme of the skeptical who have tested M'me La Blanch's powers of mind; all are firm in the belief that the sick or afflicted in body or mind should call at once on the favorite and confidante of all.

M'me La Blanch's residence, No. 102 Bienville street, between Bourbon and Dauphin streets.

Consultations given in French and English. Terms moderate to suit the times.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, January 24, 1864, p. 3, c. 2

Costumes and Dominoes
to Let.
M'me Groux, from Paris,

No. 93 Conti Street, between Bourbon and Dauphin, New Orleans.

Fashionable Dress Making
Several Seamstresses wanted.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, January 27, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

To the Editor of the Picayune:

Please announce to the community the death of one of its oldest and most deserving members, Mother Regina Smith, who departed this life a little after 3 o'clock this morning, January 26. Deceased was a native of Louisiana, and born at Grand Coteau on the 5th of October, 1806. Whilst yet in the bloom of youth, surrounded with ease and comfort, and with bright prospects of future happiness before her, she heard the whispers of a secret, yet clear voice, that said to her, "Leave all and follow me." Obedient to that interior call, at the age of seventeen she bid adieu to home, to parents, friends and all, to consecrate herself to the service of the poor, among the heroic daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, and for more than forty years she labored with ever-increasing zeal, and charity in the arduous duties of her sublime vocation. In 1829 she came with the first Sisters of Charity to New Orleans, who took charge of the Poydras Asylum. From thence in 1834 she headed a little band of devoted companions, who went to brave suffering, contagion and death, in all its forms, in the wards of the Charity Hospital. At her dismal post, the undaunted heroine of charity ever remained, except for an interval of five years. So long familiar with scenes of death, the angel of comfort and consolation to so many, in their last hour, she could not be unprepared for hers. Death to her was indeed like a gentle slumber, so calm, so sweet, that those beside her bed perceived it not. It was only on examination that it was discovered she had fallen into that sleep from which the soul awakes in eternity.

Her funeral will take place from the chapel of the Charity Hospital, at 3 o'clock P.M., January 27.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, January 29, 1864, p. 1, c. 5

Paris Fashions.

The latest Paris fashions state that the bonnets of the present season are worn moderately high; very close at the side. Le Follet declares that the Mary Stuart is no longer admissible. They are generally—indeed, almost always—made with a mixture of materials. Thus a very pretty bonnet for negligé had the front and curtain of black velvet, with the soft crown of quilted satin—blue or violet; at the side, a tuft of black and colored feathers, fastened by a band of velvet; feathers inside, and satin strings. Another had the front and curtain of velvet, pine-apple color, which is just now so fashionable; the soft crown of plaid plush; very short piled, the colors blue and white. At the side, a bouquet of blue velvet flowers, with fern leaves, formed with pine-

apple colored feathers. No blond across the top; merely a bandeau of blue velvet, and fern leaves to match those on the outside. Plaid velvet strings. Plaid trimming for bonnets is still much in favor, and will continue to be during the winter. White and plain colored satin capotes are gaining favor. They are trimmed with flowers, or feathers and lace, or even simply with lace. The strings must be of satin ribbon. White and colored plus bonnets are also gaining favor. The plush used has a very short pile, and is therefore more durable than that used formerly.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, February 3, 1864, p. 1, c. 5

Escape of Prisoners from Tyler, Texas.
Arrival of Two Federal Lieutenants.

The Times, of this morning, has a lengthy account of the escape and arrival there, from Tyler, Texas, of Lieuts. Whitsett and Green, of the 26th Indiana, who were captured at Morganza last fall. We quote from the Times as follows:

Lieuts. Whitsett and Green left Tyler the afternoon before Christmas, and arrived at Natchez on the 26th ult., making the entire distance of three hundred and fifty miles in a little over a month, including a week lost at Shreveport. The manner in which they effected their escape was as follows:

The prisoners at Tyler are confined in a stockade enclosure, but of late have been paroled to go anywhere they pleased within half a mile of the stockade. Some Federal prisoners, (enlisted men,) en route from Houston to Shreveport, with the understanding that they could from there be sent within our lines, encamped on the evening of the 24th of December, near the stockade at Tyler, and the two lieutenants, being tired of rebel hospitality, conceived the idea of going off with the Houston squad. Luckily the rebel colonel in command of the prisoners at Tyler, came in swearing terrifically about some alleged violation of the parole on the part of some of the officers, and threatened to take up all the paroles that had been given.

Lieuts. Whitsett and Green became very indignant, and delivered up their paroles, saying they would not stand it to be talked to in that manner, and that the people didn't amount to much anyhow. They then borrowed paroles from two other officers, went outside and quietly mixed in with the enlisted men on their way from Houston to Shreveport, sending back the borrowed paroles to the rightful owners. They marched to the Houston squad to Shreveport, and there remained a week. Becoming alarmed for fear of detection, or that the prisoners would be detained, they took informal leave, and crossing Red River struck out in an easterly direction for Natchez.

Several officers of negro regiments are in confinement at Tyler. They were kept forty-eight days in iron, but are now treated exactly as other prisoners. There are over a hundred officers confined there, of which the following is an incomplete list:

Major R. C. Anthony, 2d Rhode Island Cavalry; Capts. F. W. Noblett, 1st Indiana Artillery; Wm. P. Coe, 176th New York; S. G. Baily, G. T. Crofett, A. Wells, Wm. H. May, Jas. R. Jenkins, A. D. Hopkins, 22d Connecticut; S. J. Thomasson, 176th New York; Lieutenants John A. Woodworth, 23d Connecticut; John F. Peck, 23d Connecticut; O. H. Hubbard, 23d Connecticut; John Babcock, 23d Connecticut; David Hirshey, 1st U. S. Infantry; P. W. Lyon, 176th New York; Charles Kirby, 176th New York; John G. Stevens, 23d Connecticut; J. B. P. Robbins, 176th New York; Daniel G. Wellington, 176th New York; Charles Bailey, 23d Connecticut; Charles Owen, 25th Connecticut; Albert Allen, 1st U. S. Infantry; John W.

Buckingham, 23d Connecticut; Charles E. Page, 4th U. S. Infantry; James E. Delamater, 91st New York; Caleb Brennan, 2d Rhode Island Cavalry; Charles G. Hurlbut, 23d Connecticut; George W. Higgs, 176th New York; Daniel G. Gillett, 176th New York; J. F. Petry, 176th New York; H. W. Moore, 4th Massachusetts; Frank Sherfey, 1st Indiana Artillery; James M. Sampson, 4th Massachusetts; Freeman H. Chase, 12th Maine; L. Stevens, 176th New York; F. D. Vrelenburg, 16th Illinois Cavalry; William Bulky, Charles Lonny, Edwin Kirby, 12th Connecticut; Second Assistant Engineer, R. W. Mars; Master's Mate, Henry Weston; Acting Third Assistant Engineer, Henry Johnson; Acting Third Assistant Engineer, R. McLaughlin; Lieut. Col. Leake, 20th Iowa; Lieut. Col. Rose, 26th Indiana; Lieut. McDowell, 26th Indiana; Lieut. Robertson, 26th Indiana; Lieut. Collins, 26th Indiana; Capt. Adams, 19th Iowa; Capt. Sprott, 19th Iowa; Capt. Roderick, 19th Iowa; Capt. Fisher, 19th Iowa; Lieut. Johnson, 19th Iowa; Capt. Wood, 19th Iowa; Lieut. Powell, 19th Iowa; Lieut. Wright, 19th Iowa; Lieut. Powell, 19th Iowa; Lieut. Wright, 19th Iowa; Lieut. Key, 19th Iowa.

Several officers, captured at Sabine Pass, arrived the day before they left, but they could not give their names. All the prisoners at Tyler were in excellent health. Lieut. Robb, of the 19th Iowa, and Lieut. Walton, of the 34th Iowa, being wounded in the engagement at Morganza, were not taken to Tyler, but left at Alexandria.

While at the house of Col. Gray, (of the 28th Louisiana, at whose house the prisoners stopped one night,) they learned that Mouton's division had been to the Mississippi, at Gaines's Landing, for the purpose of crossing arms and ammunition from the east side, which feat they successfully accomplished. They passed within five miles of Mouton at Harrisonburg, on the Ouachita, and the lost night they passed in rebeldom they slept within hearing of the drums beating tattoo.

Two enlisted men of the 26th Indiana, named Moorehead and Beach, were shot by the guard at Tyler, on some trifling pretext. Moorehead was instantly killed and Beach wounded.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, February 3, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

Mardi Gras.—We learn that the Provost Marshal General has consented to allow the festivities usual in our city on Mardi Gras.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, February 4, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

A New Dance.—The "Prince Imperial." Among recent Parisian importations is a new dance, styled "Les Prince Imperial." As it will no doubt be as eagerly welcomed by Young America, of both sexes, we reproduce the plot, or text, whichever it may be styled, of the "Prince Imperial:"

Fig. 1. La Chaine Continue des Dames.—First and second couples lead to the right and salute; gentlemen give left hand to the lady of right hand couple, retaining their partners' left hand; cross over to the place of their vis-a-vis; ladies' continued chain; face partners and salute; all chasse to the right and left; turn partners.

Fig. 2. La Nouvelle Trenis—First gentleman and opposite lady forward and turn with both hands, stopping in front of the single lady; cross over, the single lady passing between the couple and turn with opposite gentleman; forward four and back, half ladies' chain and swing cross corners.

Fig. 3. La Corbeille—First gentleman lead his lady to the centre, facing him and salute; second gentleman the same; third gentleman the same; fourth gentleman the same; ladies' hands around; gentlemen forward and join, with ladies forming a large circle; expand circle, close and

turn partners. Other couples repeat.

Fig. 4. La Double Pastourelle—First four forward and back; first lady and second gentleman join the couple on their respective rights; the six forward twice; the remaining two forward and back; forward to the right and salute; four hands half around; half right and left to places.

Fig. 5—Le Tourbillon.—Ladies to the right, and turn each gentleman with right hand, the gentleman also turning with right hand; first lady and opposite gentleman forward and back; forward again and salute; all forward and salute. Repeat the figure until every couple has repeated it, and then the finale. Ladies to the right and turn; all forward and back; forward again and leave ladies in centre and salute. This finishes the quadrille.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, February 4, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

Birds on a Battle-Field.—At the battle of Stone river, while the men were lying behind a crest waiting, a brace of frantic wild turkeys, so paralyzed with fright that they were incapable of flying, ran between the lines and endeavored to hide among the men. But the frenzy among the turkeys was not so touching as the exquisite fright of the birds and rabbits. When the roar of the battle reached the cedar thickets, flocks of little birds fluttered and circled above the field in a state of utter bewilderment, and scores of rabbits fled for protection to our men, lying down in our lines on the left, nestling under their coats and creeping under their legs in a state of utter distraction. They hopped over the field like toads, and as tamed by fright as household pets. Many officers witnessed it, remarking it as one of the most curious spectacles ever seen upon a battle-field.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, February 7, 1864, p. 3, c. 4

Fashionable Jewelry.—It seems that the current of favor is setting in strongly towards corals, turquoises, amethysts, and topazes, all of which have been rather out of vogue for a few years past. The new style of corals is particularly pretty, the pretty product of the patient submarine worker being mixed with gold, pearls, enamels, and a variety of jewels, and with the happiest effects.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, February 7, 1864, p. 3, c. 4

Artemus Ward says there are no daily papers published in his town, but there is a ladies' sewing circle, which answers the same purpose.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, February 7, 1864, p. 3, c. 4

Flag Presentation and Parade.—The new brigade of Cavalry which has lately been raised here under the command of Col. Dudley, was the fortunate recipient of a very handsome battle-flag and attendant honors yesterday, at the foot of the Clay Statue on Canal street. The presentation address was made by the eldest daughter of Major Gen. Banks, the Commanding General of this Department. Owing to our distance from the spot we could not distinguish her words, but we noticed that for so young a lady she comported herself with great self-possession and naturalness. Col. Dudley accepted it in a short and pretty reply, and thereupon due honors were paid to the banner by the brigade; which afterwards passed in services before the Commanding General who was present, and, of course, the most conspicuous object of public attention. He was accompanied by quite a numerous suite of ladies and gentlemen, who gave variety to the scene.

The fine band of Gilmore added to the occasion the sweet strains of music, with which in our ears, the scene and we passed, passed away together.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, February 9, 1864, p. 5, c. 1

Mardi-Gras.—To-morrow is Mardi-Gras—Fat Tuesday—the dividing line between the Christmas and New Year holidays and the Lenten Fast of forty days, beginning with Ash Wednesday. Among the closing features of the festal season are the unusual number of weddings in all the Catholic churches for a few days past, to be followed, no doubt, by many more this evening and to-morrow. In by-gone days Mardi-Gras was a great day in New Orleans, and the streets were scenes of long processions of grotesque maskers in carriages, on horse-back, on mule-back, and on foot—while the banquettes were crowded with spectators and "independent" male and female clowns, harlequins, dominoes, diaboli, and so on. There will be an attempt to revive something of this old jollity and gayety to-morrow. The costumers advertise a liberally supply of masques and costumes, and masked balls are announced at various places to-morrow night, while the theatres and other amusements will no doubt be liberally patronized.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, February 10, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

The Lenten Fast.—Yesterday, variously known as Shrove Tuesday, Mardi Gras, and Carnival Day, so far as its celebration was concerned in this city, was not only a *carni vale*, a farewell to meat, but it seemed a farewell to the old merriment and hilarity that once distinguished this day in New Orleans. The few maskers in the streets were, as Mrs. Partington said of her children, "mostly boys and girls;" the merriment was almost melancholy; the fun was a farce. It may be that this day, like St. Valentine's, has been handed over to the children; but the elders enjoyed themselves, more or less, at the masked balls last night, and the theatres were well attended.

To-day, Ash Wednesday, commences the Lenten Fast, which continues through forty days, or, excluding the six intervening Sundays, the fast extends to Easter Sunday. It is the theory of the Church, though not wholly the practice of the faithful, that during this season there will be an abstinence, not only from meat on prescribed days as laid down in the regulations of the Archbishop, but from worldly amusements and dissipations. The Catholic Church holds almost constant, and the Episcopal Church very frequent services during Lent time; and during this period of humiliation, no doubt thousands of penitential supplications will be offered from many altars, and merged with these will be many devout and earnest prayers for peace.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, February 11, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

Boy Soldiers.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, writing from Blain's Cross Roads, Tenn., says:

Across a little creek is a place they called Shieldstown. The spirit of war is among the boys of six, eight, and ten years old, and the fight raged fiercely between the Shieldstowners and Knoxvilleers. They used slings and Minie balls, which they used with great dexterity. They had camp fires built along in a line. Every morning each party appeared on its own side of the stream, drawn up in array, ammunition was distributed out of a bag, fifteen rounds to the man, and they commenced. Old soldiers of the 9th Corps, who have been through many a storm of shot and shell, kept at a respectable distance as they hurled their Minies with vigor. One day the Shieldstowners made a charge at the single plank that crossed the stream, the Knoxvilleers ran, all except one little fellow about eight years old, who stood at the end of the plank, swearing oaths

like Parrott shells, calling them cowards, and, by a vigorous discharge of Minies, repulsed the assault. The casualties amounted to bruises and cuts in all parts of the body, rather serious to look at, or to think what they might have been; but every little fellow was proud of his wound. So it went on for several days, when one bright morning, as they were drawn up in full fighting array, and only awaited signal to commence, suddenly appeared some women in rear of each; a half dozen were caught up, severely spanked, and led off. The rest were disconcerted and dispersed.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, February 11, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

A Festive Night.—Notwithstanding the fact that the Mistick Crewe of Komus is an institution of the past, and no longer enlivens Mardi-Gras with \$50,000 entertainments, still the carnival festivities of last night were by no means to be sneezed at. While the evening was yet young the streets were thronged with gay masqueraders, on foot, on horseback and in carriages—Canal street particularly being crowded to an unwonted extent. Later in the night a hundred ballrooms were opened to motley gatherings, and amid the whirl of gay dancers and the flow of voluptuous music the hours passed merrily away. And so, after a night of merriment the flesh and the devil were objured, and with slight symptoms of a headache the city entered its long lenten season.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, February 12, 1864, p. 5, c. 1

Another Lady in the Ranks.--A few days ago, says the Wheeling Register, eight or ten confederate prisoners were captured by Gen. Sullivan's men and brought to Harper's Ferry. They were placed in the guard-house, and nothing more was thought about them until Wednesday last, when a guard gave it as his opinion that one of the inmates of the guard-house was a female. The story proved to be correct, and the gay young Miss was removed from the prison. She was given a complete outfit of ladies' clothing and released, when she appeared in the streets as the belle of the town. She is about sixteen or eighteen years of age, and of rather prepossessing appearance. Upon inquiry it was ascertained that her parents lived but two or three miles from Harper's Ferry, and were quite wealthy. Soon after the war began her lover joined the Confederates and left for Dixie. This was too much for her to endure, and she resolved to follow him. She stole through the lines, sought out the regiment, and joined the same company in which her dearest friend had enlisted. So well had she disguised herself that he did not recognize her, and they drilled together several days before she made herself known. She was persuaded to return home, but soon went back to the regiment again. For the past year the love-sick girl has been going to and fro, until she was finally captured, as above stated. She refused to take the oath, and she is determined to return again.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, February 13, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

Cock Pit.

The Splendid Cock Pit, corner of History and Good Children streets, will be opened for the season on Sunday Morning, 14th inst.

M. Martinez, Proprietor.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, February 13, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

Two young men and Miss Rosa G. were tried for tearing down a United States flag from a chandelier, at the Firemen's Mardi Gras ball room at Algiers. The number of witnesses was legion, and on the flag question there seems to have been a good deal of excitement and some diversity of opinion. At first the flag-staff got loosened so that the flag in question drooped down below the others that were hung around the chandelier. Whether it was purposely loosened or not, does not appear, but the fact was noticed and an excited individual re-arranged it and vowed vengeance on any one who should subsequently disturb it. In the whirling of the dance a female hand, supposed to be attached to the body of Rosa G.—though that fact was not proven—caught the corner of the flag and it drooped down as before. The excited individual again adjusted the flag. Being thus down several persons touched the flag and one finally pulled it down altogether. His name was Harrington, and the consequences to him were anything but pleasant. He was knocked down quicker than lightning and the excited witness described in glowing terms how he punched him with his boot. Finally he got away, jumped over the gallery, slid down an awning post and escaped, for in the gleam of pistols and bowie knives which succeeded the fall of the flag, his chances of a long life were by no means flattering. After exhausting all the witnesses on hand the Judge discharged Miss Rosa and the young gentleman who had promenaded with her at the ball, leaving Harrington to bear the entire weight of all developments in the case which may be hereafter made.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, February 14, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

Havana Cigars.

132,400 Genuine Havana Cigars, and
20,000 bunches Havana Cigarritoes,

Of the most celebrated brands and sizes—For sale at moderate prices, by Wholesale, at No. 37, Common St., by the Importer.

Jayne Magi

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, February 14, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

The new week opens with St. Valentine's Day. We wonder that one of the theatres was not shrewd enough to bill "Valentine and Orson" for to-night. It is the day theoretically devoted to love and love matters; an old story makes it bird-mating day; that is, our little feathered friends are supposed to watch the almanac and to wait patiently for the advent of February fourteenth before they pair and present their little bills. Years ago, grown up people used to write love messages, tender, poetic and passionate to the objects of their affections; or, sometimes, anonymous and abusive "sells." The custom, if continued, is now continued mainly to the children, and for children it is a harmless amusement.

Church-goers to-day will have an opportunity of contrasting the melancholy minor music of Lent-time with the grand chorals that will be suppressed now till Easter. The Sundays in Lent, of which this is the first, are not fast days, but "every seventh day is a blessed feast, recurring like wells in the desert of Baca, and like pools filled with water, lest we should faint by the way." So says Coxe in his "Thoughts on the Services." Therefore the faithful, without fear and without reproach, may dine joyously to-day, and thereby gain strength for the new duties and labors of the new week to-morrow.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, February 14, 1864, p. 4, c. 4

The Algiers ball-room flag case was taken up and concluded. A number of witnesses testified that when the flag was pulled down it was done by a female hand and arm. It had been testified to that Harrington admitted that he had been properly served for pulling it down. This Harrington denied. His version of the story was, that he had approved of the conduct of the officer who arrested him, and stated that if he had been guilty of tearing down the flag, the punishment he received was by no means too great. This, he alleged, had been tortured into an acknowledgment of his guilt. The fair Rosa G. when put upon the stand, stated that she did not know by whom the flag was torn down, and that the excitable individual who made such a fuss about it had a spite against her ever since Confederate times, when she used to laugh at the ridiculous figure he cut as a Confederate lieutenant. Under the circumstances, the Judge gave the prisoner the benefit of the doubt and discharged him.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, February 19, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

Monday, February 22, 1864.
In Honor of the
Birthday of Washington,
A Grand National Concert

Will take place at the Foot of Canal Street, near the Levee, commencing at 9 and ending at 10 A.M.

The Band will be made up of all the available Musicians in the city and in the Department; and the Programme will contain an interesting selection of

National and Popular Airs,

including Hail Columbia, Washington's March, Star Spangled Banner, Yankee Doodle, English National Anthem, God Save the Queen; French Air, Partant Pour la Syrie; Russian Anthem, God Save the Emperor.

Also—The Storm Galop, Soldier's Return March, the Marseillaise, and a Finale Furioso, representing the Din of Battle. The whole to be accompanied by

Forty Pieces of Gen. Arnold's Artillery.
Conductor.....P. S. Gilmore.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, February 19, 1864, p. 3, c. 2

Quantrell's Love of Flowers.—Mr. George Ford writes from Lawrence to a Rochester nurseryman:

The seeds we purchased from you last season came up remarkably well. The German asters were very fine, some seventy being in full bloom at the time of the Quantrell raid, and were the means, providentially, of saving our house from pillage and destruction. Quantrell, with a dozen of his gang, came to destroy the place; but when appealed to by my wife to spare her house, he (Quantrell) said it was too pretty to burn, and should be saved.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, February 19, 1864, p. 4, c. 2

Kate Wark was up for smuggling liquor into camp and selling it to soldiers. It was discovered that her dress was iron-clad with stout hoops, around which several tiers of flat bottles were conveniently hung. She had sold most of her cargo when arrested, but a few stray bottles still dangled to the hoops, and the liquor in them blushed at the unseemly exposure made by the arresting officer. Kate was sent to the Workhouse for two months to torture old junk into knotless oakum.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, February 21, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

To-morrow, February twenty-second, the anniversary of Washington's birthday, will be celebrated as a holiday. The banks and public offices will be closed; Mr. Gillmore announces a monster concert; there is a masked ball at the Opera House at night; the theatres offer attractive bills; and abundant opportunities are presented for public and private celebrations.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, February 23, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

Soldiers' Letters.

The mail! The mail!

And sunburned cheeks and eager eyes
Come crowding round the captain's tent,
Each outstretched hand receives the prize
For fond perusal meant
Unless distressing news be told,
These letters naught of pain convey,
For friends at home will never scold
The lad that's far away.

The mail! The mail!

And toil-stained palms are closing there—
How rough! how very coarsely moulded [sic]!—
On dainty missives, fresh and fair,
By lily fingers folded.
For kindly thoughts pursue the youth
Who battles with his country's foe,
Nor soiled attire, nor guise uncouth
Prevents their genial flow.

The mail! The mail!

A father's words of pride and cheer;
A mother's trembling admonition;
A sister's blessing—oh, how dear!
A brother's generous wishing.
And many missives, frank and bright,
From early friend and neighbor boy;
Each page a volume of delight—
A brimming cup of joy.

The mail! The mail!

And stillness rules the boisterous throng,
And "silence half an hour" prevails,
The heaven of those who wait so long
The coming of the mails.
Each reads his own, and these alone,
No soldier seeks to play the spy,
And letters, wheresoever thrown,
Are safe from every eye.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, February 24, 1864, p. 1, c. 3

The streets last night were filled with pleasure seekers, some going to the theatres, and "other some" to the Bal Masque at the Opera House. The theatres were very liberally patronized last night, and celebrations of Washington's birthday, in public and private, were very general.

The Bal Masque was given under the patronage of Mrs. Banks and was largely attended. The costumes and characters were various and excellent, the music was good, and the festivities were prolonged to a late or rather very early hour this morning. There was a very large number of military and naval officers and citizens present.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, February 24, 1864, p. 1, c. 6

Desolation Along the Mississippi.
The Ruined Homesteads.

The Mississippi river correspondent of the Chicago Times, writing from Baton Rouge, Jan. 31st, says:

The country along the river between this place and Natchez presents a sad spectacle. Much the largest number of residences and plantation houses are destroyed. Everywhere may be seen blackened chimneys—all that is left of once magnificent mansions and extensive negro quarters. There can be frequently counted from fifteen to twenty chimneys in a cluster, with not a vestige of a house left to support them. Nor are such sights uncommon for miles along either side of the river. Not one plantation is left unburned; the torch has been applied indiscriminately. Nothing but ruin and desolation meet the eye on every hand. What few plantation buildings remain undestroyed are abandoned, the doors demolished and the windows broken, but little is left of the once pleasant village of Bayou Sara.

I visited an abandoned plantation about fourteen miles above the ruins of the above named town. About fifty yards back from the river bank stood what had once been a large, magnificent, tastefully-built mansion, three stories high, with a large double gallery in front, and an observatory on top. A short distance further back were extensive negro quarters, looking like a Northern country village. The changes which destroying war has produced on this spot would sadden the heart of the most abandoned, and will scarcely be credited by those who have not seen with their own eyes. I passed through the house, garden, and family burying-ground, observing minutely the changes produced. Not a vestige of a fence could anywhere be seen. The house was completely gutted of everything valuable, except a few book cases, clothes presses, bedsteads, and a private billiard table. The large doors were broken down; some had panels punched out. Windows were broken in, as if they had been stoned by a squad of school

boys. The articles of furniture above named were completely demolished. The railing of the stairway was smashed to pieces and the fragments carried away. One of the billiard tables was robbed of the cloth that covered it. The floor was strewn with fragments of books, periodicals and private letters. The plastering on the walls was broken by a club or camp-axe, and a bayonet had been driven against its polished surface, causing a huge, unsightly hole to appear.

From the house I passed into the garden. Here odoriferous flowers and delicious fruits in other years were succeeded by noxious weeds and briars. The green-house, once filled with all manner of tropical plants and flower-pots, was now completely destroyed. The glass was all broken out, and the flower pots either carried away as relics or demolished. A few venerable, lonely fig trees were all that was left to indicate what had once been an orange grove or a fig orchard on the plantation. Passing on, a little lakelet now assumed the appearance of a pond on the prairie.

I now came to the family burying ground, where the bodies of two or three generations had apparently been deposited by tender and loving hands. Large vaults had been constructed of brick and stone. Beautiful marble urns had been torn from their accustomed places, broken and scattered over the grounds. Every vault had been broken into, coffins opened, and sometimes broken to pieces.

At Baton Rouge nothing remains of the once magnificent State House but the blackened walls, which stand as sad monuments of the destruction war visits upon a nation.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, February 26, 1864, p. 5, c. 5

Paris Fashions.

A Paris letter of Jan. 24th says:

A new blue and green have been contrived by the scientific dyers of silks, which keep their color so distinctly and vividly by candle-light as to throw all previous dyes into the shade. These, and a beautiful violet, which does not redden by candle-light, are the favorite new colors, replacing the oak shades so fashionable last winter under the names of "Russia leather," "Queen's hair" and "Wood." Figured silks, plaid stripes, small and large *Chine* flower and brocades keep their place in public favor; but the plain shades are considered the newest and most fashionable for evening dresses.

I see I have forgotten to mention that the head-dresses for the toilets first described were of blue and white asters, of velvet, for the blue dress; a bunch of water lilies with green and white riband [sic] grass, for the green one; and for the amethyst one, a crumple of the same velvet as the trimming, with a humming bird in a nest of white tulle.

For ball dresses, the usual materials—lace, tulle, organdy and muslin—are as fashionable as ever; trimmed with ribands [sic] and flowers. Dresses of this kind change but little from year to year.

Embroidery is much worn on morning dresses and wrappers, which thus trimmed, often cost as much as an evening dress. Bands of bright plaid silk or velvet are also worn in materials of a single color.

Crinolines are worn smaller on the front and sides, but sticking out to a great length behind, so as to form a train. The petticoat, worn over the crinoline, is made in two parts; viz., an upper piece, but slightly full, so cut as to form a point behind; this upper piece comes down to the knee. To this upper piece is sewed a deep flounce, falling very near the ground; nearly plain

in front, and growing gradually fuller towards the back. The bottom of this flounce is trimmed with one deep frill of four inches, or two of three inches, or three of an inch and a half; with a heading of narrow tucks above each. The frills, starched and fluted, are not only extremely pretty, but serve to support the edge of the dress, and to keep it from drawing in below the crinoline. They are all made and set on by the sewing machine, the lavish amount of beautiful "stitching," so exquisitely and rapidly made by these admirable productions of American genius, being extremely ornamental as well as strong.

The newest sleeves and collars are square; the full part of the sleeve coming about half way down the arm, where it is set into a deep cuff, without revers fastened by three buttons. These are not becoming to many arms, and will probably not meet with general acceptance. Shirts of fine linen, with small pleats of embroidery, are much worn by young people, with colored skirts; a band like the skirt, with a point base and below, in front, and terminating in a long sash behind.

Bonnets are worn very much over the front, and close at the sides; all the trimming being perched over the forehead.

Head-dresses are worn very high over the forehead; but as this style is not becoming to all faces, a good deal of latitude is necessarily permitted. The hair being now generally turned back off the face, twists of velvet are much worn, the thickest part of the twist fitting into the hollow of the hair over the forehead, the twist diminishing over the ears and ending in a narrow velvet riband [sic] of the same shade, the ends of which cross under the fall of hair behind, and tied in a coquettish bow, with long ends, on the top of the net.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, February 27, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

Kate Hector and Mary Finney, for violating the city ordinance which prohibits women from drinking in a public bar-room, were sent to the Workhouse for sixty days. They were decidedly tight, though their reputation is that of loose women.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, February 28, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

Cats at Sea.—Considering how much the cat abhors cold water, our readers must often have wondered why seafaring men are so fond of taking the animal with them on a voyage. This is explained by two circumstances. Marine insurance does not cover damage done to cargo by the depredations of rats; but if the owner of the damaged goods can prove that the ship was sent to sea unfurnished with a cat, he can recover damages from the shipmaster. Again, a ship found at sea with no living creature on board is considered a derelict, and is forfeited to the Admiralty, the finders, or the Queen. It has often happened that, after a ship has been abandoned, some domestic animal—a dog, a canarybird, or most frequently a cat, from its hatred of facing the waves—has saved the vessel from being condemned as a derelict.

[Once a Week.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, February 28, 1864, p. 3, c. 7

Monkey Shines.—Monkeys are mischievous creatures—always have been and always will be. Yesterday as an exile from the glorious land of music, painting and poetry, was traveling through the streets of the Garden District, accompanied by his hand organ and his monkey, he got into a quarrel with the monkey and administered to him such a castigation as the offence required. Fearing a future repetition of what was considered ill-treatment, the monkey concluded to make a contraband of himself and become a fugitive from service. The

hurdygurdyist pursued and endeavored to recapture the ape, but the mischievous creature sought refuge beneath the steel-ribbed crinoline of a beautiful young lady and refused to be dislodged. The alarm of the lady under the circumstances may be more readily imagined than described. Trembling with agitation, and yet afraid to proceed to extremities for fear the ugly intruder would use his teeth or claws, she found herself completely non-plussed. There were men standing round, but modesty forbade their interference. What, indeed was to be done? Nothing. So the lady was obliged to remain quiet until the ugly beast concluded that it would be safe to retire, and he did so with a grin, as if laughing at the novelty of his late retreat, and the manner in which he had fooled his master. Our legal opinion in relation to this matter is, that any monkey that cuts up such shines should be deliberately killed.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, February 28, 1864, p. 8, c. 1

The Bullfrog Hunter;
A Romance of the Louisiana Swamps.

That our Gallic friends are fond of good living is a fact too patent to be denied, but some of their dishes, at first, rather go against Anglo-Saxon tastes. We will instance the bullfrog and the snail. They may be, and doubtless are, very nutritive and very palatable, but before they can be properly appreciated by many people a very natural repugnance to them must be overcome. In this city that repugnance has been very generally met and mastered, so much so, indeed, that among our ancient population few will be found that would turn up their nose at either frogs or snails.

So much by way of prefatory flourish.

Bullfrogs, being a highly relished luxury, are in great demand in every fashionable restaurant, and demand without a supply would be monstrosity in political economy. Hence the existence in our midst of that strange rover of the swamps—the Bullfrog Hunter.

Accidentally we became acquainted with one of these hunters a few days ago. His name was Dick, and he subsequently introduced us to his companion Jack. Dick was a talkative fellow, and we had no difficulty in so far playing the detective as to worm out of him the mystery of his mode of life.

When engaged in their business the bullfrog hunters wear as little apparel as the grand old gardener and his wife did before the celebration of the first apple season in the choice retreats of Eden. After a year or two they become such expert divers, that, if they see a frog setting on a log, bewailing his lost daughter, they stealthily approach the bereaved progenitor, and when he dives, dive after him and catch him before he has measured [fold in paper] sub-aquaeous progression.

But bullfrogs are not the sole aim of the bullfrog hunter. His pursuit is a mixed one. The turtle, the tarapin [sic] and the alligator alike minister to his necessities and wealth.

Far in the recesses of the swamp, where the melancholy cypress is draped with its gray-beard moss, twelve or fifteen feet in length, the hunter plies his way on his mixed mission.

Between the bullfrog and the turtle there is a state of perpetual warfare, and singular as it may appear the former hops or swims for protection to that monarch of the swamps, the alligator. Wherever an alligator's sleeping hole is found, there dozens of bullfrogs are certain to be congregated, and the hunter glories whenever the saurian monster is discovered. His first object is to drive the alligator from his hole. This he does by stirring him up with a long pole, if

small, and by irritating aid of a snapping turtle, if full grown. The turtle is attached to a small chain to which a long, stout cord is fastened, and then sent into the alligator's sanctum. As his highness of the swamps dislikes to be disturbed when picking his teeth after his morning meal, a row ensues, and the alligator in his ire chases out the intruder, the latter being forced to retreat by the cord and chain. After a while the anger of the alligator cools down apace, and the hunter is rewarded by two or three dozen bullfrogs, which he catches with his hands, his scoop-net or in any other manner most convenient. The yearling bullfrog is eight or ten inches in length, and all those of a more tender age are discarded by the hunter. Those from two to three years old are considered the best, and are worth in the market from \$2.50 to \$3 per dozen. Turtles also command a ready sale, their flesh being sold at the restaurants and their shells to the comb manufacturers.

When the frog and turtle business is dull the hunters shoot alligators and skin them, their hides being worth seventy-five cents or a dollar each, and their fat worth about twenty-five cents each.

Thus in swamp and lagoon, in bayou and morass, an adventurous industry becomes rewarded; the reptile even is found to be a source of wealth, and man, the explorer and subduer, flourishes at the same time that he adds new chapters to natural history.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, March 1, 1864, p. 3, c. 1
Fashionable Anthem.

Long live our glorious Queen
Who won't wear crinoline—
 Long live the Queen.
May her example spread,
Broad skirts be narrowed,
Long trains be shortened—
 Long live the Queen.

Oh, storm of scorn arise;
Scatter French fooleries,
 And make them fall;
Confound those hoops and things,
Frustrate the horrid springs
And India rubber rings—
 Deuce take them all.

May dresses flaunting wide,
Fine figures cease to hide;
 Let feet be seen.
Girls to good taste return,
Paris flash modes unlearn,
No more catch fire and burn,
 Thanks to the Queen.

[Punch.]

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, March 4, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

Improving.—The appearance of Lafayette Square was very much improved by the work done upon it yesterday. In the first place, the walks around and through the square were shelled, though nobody was killed; the trunks of the trees were whitewashed; the seats for the five thousand school children were finished; the evergreen festoons were arranged so that they could be run up in hot haste, like grapevine telegraphs, over the temple of Liberty; the flags and transparencies were all brought forth; the Chinese lanterns—various and multiform in shape and color—were hung up between the Corinthian columns of the City Hall; the electric fuses to touch off the parks of artillery in the cannon chorus, were all arranged; and the rehearsals, mental and musical, were had all over the city. We heard one fellow, an Irishman, who of course had the privilege of making a bull, say that the music was to be canonical. We asked another fellow, who was boring a hole with an augur in a piece of spruce—the whole platform is composed of spruce from the State of Maine—what he was doing that for? He said that he was one of the inaugurators, and could not be questioned by any save members of the committee. As we left we noticed that the trees on the square were preparing to leave also.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, March 4, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

Deter's Worsted Store,
Corner Canal and Carondelet Sts.
Just Received from Berlin
A Full Supply of
Zephyr Wool. Zephyr Wool.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, March 6, 1864, p. 3, c. 3

West-Views of the South.

[Editorial Correspondence of the Daily Wisconsin.]

New Orleans, Jan. 31, 1864.

To-day we are enjoying the softness of a July day at the North. The air is summery. The sun is bright and warm, and the people cultivate the shady side of the streets. I was advised to go to the Sunday morning French Market, near the Cathedral. You should go early, and it is a curious sight to a Northern man to witness the merchandizing and bargaining that is going on on Sunday. To attempt to enforce the observance of the Sabbath in this city would create a rebellion which the United States army could not put down. The south half of New Orleans is a section of Paris in full bloom—for be it understood that not merely the market, but the stores are open—some of these are wholesale establishments. After they get through buying and selling they go into the temple near by to worship God. I have spent a good deal of time in the French portion of the city, and the more I see of it the more am I struck with the contrast with the Puritanical character of those who settled the Atlantic States. . . .

After leaving the Cathedral I sauntered into the market, and the buyers and sellers were as busy as ever. The dry goods booths were in full blast. Every conceivable article can be purchased in this Sunday market. There are boot and shoe stands, and tinware booths. At the neat refreshment tables in different portions of the market you can obtain better coffee for 5 cents a cup than you will get at the other splendid city cafes at 15 and 20 cents a cup. The excellence

of its coffee is a noted feature of the French Market. The orange stands present a very handsome show, as the oranges are piled up like rows of small cannon balls. Good sweet oranges sell for 30 cents a dozen. They are much cheaper in November; then you can purchase for a penny a piece. The first of January freeze spoiled thousands of oranges. There is no question that Louisiana is an orange country hardly inferior to Cuba. You can get as good a sweet orange here as in Havana. Many suppose that Cuba raises the only super-excellent orange; but this is a mistake. Here the orange tree is as common as the apple tree at the North. Many of these are sour oranges, but the better quality is gradually being introduced in all the gardens and plantations.

But the most curious feature in the markets is the mixed races which there assemble. All the colors in a painter's box are visible on the faces. You will see ebon black, dirty white, chocolate brown, yellow, pure white, greenish yellow and every color but blue. But these mixed races get along very well, and are very good natured towards each other. They have mutual interests, and they work cordially together in the great enterprise of supplying New Orleans with its daily pabulum. One can see in a moment that there is not half so much prejudice against color as at the North. You will witness at the cafes in the market a handsome looking Frenchman serving out coffee and cakes to some burly son of Africa. He will wait on him with real courtesy—because he knows the African will pay his charge as surely as his white customer. Most of the well-dressed ladies who come to the market are in mourning—I see the war everywhere. . . .

Before I arrived at New Orleans, I was urged not to miss a visit to the cemeteries. Well, I have been spending the Sunday afternoon at the old French Cemetery, south of Canal street. At the North, the words "bury the dead" signify that the body is put under the ground. Here all the burials are above the ground. The marshy soil will not admit of a grave, and therefore the bodies are entombed above the ground. As you enter these cemeteries, along the outer wall seem arranged large brick ovens, four ranges high, in which is deposited a coffin—brick up the orifice and then they are buried. At first the sight of these graves made me shudder, as many of these burial ovens have become dilapidated, and you feel as if you were among the bones of the dead. These ovens, for so I must call them, are for the medium classes—those whose purse is light. The wealthy have square brick, granite, or marble tombs, on a very small lot of their own. Some of these are in very good taste—massive and handsome. The inscriptions are frequently in letters of gold, and confined to the year of the birth, and the day of the death—all in the French language. In the cemetery I was in I saw no tombs later than 1860, but you can see the wealth of New Orleans in many of the tombs from 1830 to 1860. These cemeteries never cover but one square, about two acres—they are then separated by a street. They are scattered all over the city. It is not considered healthy at the North to have cemeteries in the cities. Yet there are probably at this moment more people in the cemeteries of New Orleans than there are living who walk the streets. The practice of burial within the city is too firmly rooted here to be broken up by Yankee innovations.

The most noticeable feature of the French cemeteries is the ornamentation of the tombs in the oddest form imaginable. In the season of flowers, these are very much used; but when they are not to be had, you will notice black and white or silver paper cut into wreaths hanging on the tombs. When they are appended to the oven tombs, and become dilapidated by the rains, they look so quaint that it was far from impressive. In the costly tombs there are elegant porcelain vases imbedded in the granite or marble, for the purpose of holding flowers. We think that this would not be inappropriate in our Northern cemeteries. There we cultivate and adorn a lot—here

a lot, on account of the value of the land, is the tomb itself—for the cemeteries here afford only narrow walks, and not a tree is to be found. Oh, how I miss the grand old woods of our Northern cemeteries!

I have had the usual ride to Lake Pontchartrain, six miles from New Orleans. You traverse the famous Shell Road, which is nothing more than a good gravel road. It was made by the excavation of a canal to the lake. Upon the mud thus taken out and heaped up in a turnpike form were thrown shells taken from the lake. These shells are nearly as large as a soft shelled clam, and when broken up make an excellent roadway. The Shell Road is about the only drive that the New Orleans fast men have, and is, therefore, one of their notable resorts. The lake is shallow, but the water is clear. The banks are muddy and stumpy, and as compared with our beautiful Northern lakes is very unsightly, but down here where decent water is scarce, Lake Pontchartrain is one of the watery pearls of the South. The bathing is good, as the bottom is sandy and pleasant to the feet; but, as a lady informed me, now and then an alligator makes his appearance and bites off somebody's leg, and there are shoals of small fish generally known as bullheads, which unpleasantly insinuate themselves between the feet. They do not bite, but they as it were run against you, and are particularly unpleasant to nervous people. All this we assert upon the authority of a Southern woman. Before I leave this country I intend to try a bath in Lake Pontchartrain, which may be called the Rockaway of New Orleans. The summer houses around the lake look more dilapidated now, because during three years of civil war nothing has been done to maintain the elegancies which, in former prosperous years, were so visible at a New Orleans fashionable watering place.

W. E. O.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, March 4, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

Romance and Reality.—We have just been put in possession of the facts of a sad case of monomania, which had a terrible termination. A young lady residing in Brooklyn, N. Y., about nineteen years of age, about a year since became inspired with the idea that she was a second and modern Joan of Arc, called by Providence to lead our armies to certain victory in this contest. The hallucination was a strong one; and a change of scene being suggested by her physician, she was brought to Ann Arbor, in this State. Her mania, however, increased, until it was found necessary to confine her to her apartments. She, however, succeeded in making her escape, came to this city, and joined the drum corps of a Michigan regiment, her sex known only to herself, and succeeded in getting with her regiment to the Army of the Cumberland. How the poor girl survived the hardships of the Kentucky campaign, where strong men fell in numbers, must forever remain a mystery. The regiment to which she was attached had a place in the division of the gallant Van Cleve, and during the bloody battle of last Sunday the fair girl fell, pierced in the left side by a Minie ball, and when borne to the surgeon's tent her sex was discovered. She was told by the surgeon that her wound was mortal, and advised to give her name that her family might be informed of her fate. This she finally, though reluctantly, consented to do, and the colonel of the regiment, although suffering himself from a painful wound, became interested in her behalf, and prevailed upon her to let him send a despatch [sic] to her father. This she directed in the following manner:

"Mr. _____, N_____, Willoughby street, Brooklyn. Forgive your dying daughter. I have but a few moments to live. My native soil drinks my blood. I expected to deliver my country, but the fates would not have it so. I am content to die. Pray, Pa, forgive me. Tell Ma to kiss my daguerreotype.

"Emily.

"P.S.—Give my old watch to little Ephh." (The youngest brother of the dying girl.)

The poor girl was buried on the field on which she fell, in the service of her country, which she fondly hoped to save.

[Detroit

Advertiser.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, March 6, 1864, p. 7, c. 1

A Strange Story.

"Truth Stranger than Fiction"—Lizzie

Compton, the Soldier Girl.

[From the Rochester Union.]

The young female noticed yesterday as having sought to be received into the 3d Cavalry turns out to be Lizzie Compton, the young soldier girl whose career has been noticed by the Western and Southern papers.

This girl was taken to the police station yesterday. It was supposed that she was an adventurer like many who have appeared in a similar disguise, and was therefore regarded as a disorderly person. The chief found her in Worden's saloon talking with a young man, and told her that she was wanted by the Police Magistrate. She replied that she would go to him, but begged that she might be permitted to go out of the saloon unattended that she might not appear to be under arrest. Her wish was complied with, and Lizzie, in a few minutes, stood before the Magistrate—a fine specimen of a young soldier ready to give an account of herself.

She stated that she was about sixteen years of age, assuming that she had been correctly informed as to the date of her birth. Her parents died in her infancy, near Nashville, Tenn., and she was left, as too many children are, to the tender mercies of unfeeling wretches. She was put into the field to work at an early age, and was never taught any duties of the household. When a child she wore a frock—but really was never fully clad in the apparel of her sex. At the age of thirteen, when the rebellion commenced, she put on the clothes of a boy and worked about the steamboats on the Western rivers. At length she sought a place in the army as a bugler, on which instrument she soon excelled.

Lizzie has been eighteen months in the service and in seven or eight regiments. She got into the ranks by fraud—taking the place of some person who had passed muster and was discharged as soon as her sex was discovered. Among the regiments in which she served were the 79th New York, 17th and 28th Michigan, and the 2d Minnesota. Her first engagement was at Mill Springs, and she relates minutely the details of the fall of Zollicoffer. She was captured with her company and paroled by the guerrilla Morgan near Gallatin, Tenn. She fought at Fort Donelson, Shiloh, and several other places in the West. Finally she went to the Army of the Potomac and got into the 79th New York. At the battle of Fredericksburg, early in July, she was wounded by a piece of shell in the side; and the surgeon discovered and disclosed her sex, which led to her dismissal after recovering in the hospital. Her secret was twice betrayed by surgeons. While in a Western regiment she undertook to ride a horse which none of her companions dare mount, and being without a saddle, she was thrown and injured, which led to betrayal.

This girl, familiar with the use of a musket, understands the manual perfectly, has performed picket and other duties of camp and field, and delights in the service. She recites

camp incidents and scenes with the ardor of a youth of twelve, and longs to be with her old companions in arms. When asked if she had no fears, she replied that she was some "skeered" in the first battle, but never since, and she added that as she had done nothing to lead her to believe she would go to a bad place in the next world, she was not afraid to die.

The girl has no education—can do no more than recite the letters of the alphabet. Nor has she had religious instruction, except what she has accidentally received. Yet her notions of morality are such as do her credit. She refers to the degraded females who follow the camp and who mingle with the soldiers, with language of loathing and contempt. Indeed, she appears to think that if she consents to assume habiliments of her sex and become a woman that she is liable to become like one of these. She has the instincts of a boy—loves boyish pursuits and is bound to be a man. She declares that she may yet be a gentleman, but that she can never be a lady. She solemnly affirms that she is innocent of crime, and her affirmation will be taken by any one who hears her narrative.

Lizzie is five feet one inch in height, and weighs 155 pounds, and is of course of rather stout build. She has light hair, fair complexion, and in her half military suit with high boots, and pants tucked in the tops, she has the appearance of a rosy soldier boy of fifteen years. She carries with her a paper from the Chief of Police of Louisville, Mr. Priest, stating who she is, and commending her to the favor of the railroad superintendents. She came to this city a few days since, and went to New York to see Barnum, who had written to her. He was not then in the city, and after spending a day or two there, she became disgusted and started Westward. She arrived here without money, and sought to enlist to provide for herself. She was not discouraged at her failure. She declared that she could work at any business a boy could do, and would earn her living if permitted to do so. She was told that the statute forbade a woman wearing a man's clothing, and that she must abandon the practice. She would not promise to make a change—indeed she insisted that she would prefer any punishment—death even—rather than be compelled to act the part of a woman.

Bail was entered for the good behavior of the soldier girl, and she took the cars to go where, we know not. She will no doubt appear soon in some other locality.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, March 6, 1864, p. 8, c. 5

Speaking of ladies lifting the dress in the streets to avoid the contamination of mud, the Round Table confesses to a dislike to the practice on the promenade, though not lifting it by the help of an "elevator." It says that the habit, as generally practiced by the ladies, gives every woman the appearance of that respectable but diminutive inmate of the barnyard known as a bantam hen.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, March 9, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

Rose Chewing Gum.

Just received. Sold by

V. Lamantia,
Wholesale and retail,
Fruit Store, 101, corner St. Charles.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, March 11, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

Cotton yarn, from No. 5 to 20, from the Lane Cotton Mills, Jefferson City, are advertised for sale by Sullivan & Chase, 40 Carondelet street.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, March 13, 1864, p. 8, c. 5

Threads.

The metal sleeps in its hidden vein,
The blue-eyed flax waves over the plain,
The silk-worm spins on the mulberry leaf,
Days are spinning their joy and grief.

Threads are twining manifold,
Of flax, hemp, cotton and silk and gold;
For joyous beauty, for soldier proud,
For work-dress cable, halter, and shroud.

From fields of sense and mines of thought,
Threads of life are twisted and wrought;
We are weaving character, weaving fate,
And human history, little and great.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, March 17, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

To-day is St. Patrick's day "in the morning"—celebrated in the church, and especially by the Irish Catholics as the festal day of the saint who christianized Ireland, and who is Ireland's patron saint. The old history of the saint will be revived to-day—his imprisonment, his mission to then heathen Ireland, his expulsion of the reptiles, his introduction of Christianity, and all the old time traditions attaching to the venerable name. In former years in this city (as it will be in almost every other city to-day) the saint's day was celebrated by a public procession, and parade, and much display. Singularly, too, it is almost always a rainy day—St. Swithin is hardly more pluvius than St. Patrick—and if the display is to be more than usually fine or extensive, the rain will generally be proportionately profuse. There is no announcement of a public celebration here to-day, and no rain need be looked for. St. Patrick's and other churches will probably and properly commemorate the festival.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, March 18, 1864, p. 5, c. 1

This was "St. Patrick's day in the morning," and a bright and beautiful day it was; a very uncommon thing, as history and experience informs us, for the 17th day of March in New Orleans. Whether the first shad appeared to-day in New York and Philadelphia or not, according to time-honored custom, we shall know in good time. We will mention for the regrets of those who failed to be present, and the satisfaction of those who were, that high mass was said at St. Patrick's Church at 9 o'clock this morning, and that the glad and hopeful faces of our friends from the Green Isle add every where to the budding promises of this joyous spring day.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, March 18, 1864, p. 5, c. 5

The New York Tribune has the following valuable information from a special

correspondent at Matamoros, under date of Jan. 29, 1864. The strictures, of course, will be taken "*cum grano salis*": . . .

Dr. Peebles, Mr. Baldwin, and Mr. Zencke, the printer, who were arrested by Magruder for getting up a placard headed "Common Sense," are now strictly confined in a cellar in San Antonio. For some weeks it was supposed that they had been lynched, but it now appears that, though under the strictest confinement in a cellar, they are no longer stinted in food, though but ill-supplied with bedding.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, March 24, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

Plantation Clothing.

Assorted Cottonade Pants.

" Denim Pants.
" Linen Duck Pants.
" " Drill "
" Fancy " "
" Hickory Shirts.
" Denim "
" Check "
" Calico "

Brown and Bleached Drill Drawers.

Women's Denim Frocks.

" Fancy Cotton Frocks.

Mosquito Bars—Double and Single.

2000 Lindsay [sic] Suits.

City and Country Buyers
Will find it to their interest to examine my Stock.

Prompt attention paid to orders.

George Searing,
29 Magazine street,
Corner of Gravier.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, March 27, 1864, p. 1, c. 4

Easter.

To-day is Easter Sunday. The church calendar sets Easter down in its list of festivals as second only to Christmas; but it is really greater, since the one hallows but the advent of the Redeemer, while the other which celebrates the completion of the atonement and commemorates the resurrection, gives also to the faithful the pledge of their own immortality. It has well been called "the queen of festivals." Its celebration has been observed from the earliest days of Christianity. The joyous spring time in which Easter falls; its promises so beautifully typified by Nature herself at this season; the hopes and memories and associations which cling to and hallow

the day will always make it the favorite festival of the year.

The celebrations of the day in times gone by were various and sometimes curious. In England in the olden time the boys on Easter morning ran about the streets singing

Christ is risen, Christ is risen;
All the Jews must go to prison

--a tolerable rhyme, but an intolerable sequence that the Rothschilds of our day would fail to discover. Every one knows the old tradition, once a popular belief, that the sun danced Easter morning at its rising. So current was this belief, that old Sir Thomas Browne took upon himself to hope that he should not disparage the resurrection in stating, as he gravely and quaintly does, that "the sun doth not dance on Easter-Day." No, it "doth not;" but it generally shines out a clear and joyous spring welcome, and a rainy Easter day is almost as much an anomaly as a fine St. Patrick's day. The antiquity of the festival dates so remotely that it is difficult to determine the precise origin of the name. By some it is thought to have come from the old Saxon festival at this season of the year in honor of the goddess Eastor, who in turn is presumed to be identical with Astarte. The Saxon word Oster, meaning to rise, is assumed by some to have been corrupted to Easter. We need not tell our Creole friends that the French "Paques" (Easter) is derived from the Greek *pascha* which makes the English word paschal. "Odd" as may be the derivation of the word, it is not less peculiar than many of the former fancies and freaks that attended the festival. The universal custom of eating bacon in many of the rural districts in England on this day is assumed to be an expression of abhorrence of Judaism, but we are inclined to believe that the inhabitants of the "rural districts" of the mother land will eat bacon any Sunday when they can get it. Eggs and Easter are so associated that in juvenile minds in all Christian countries they are nearly synonymous. With Sir Thomas Browne's punctilious regard in respect to "disparagements," we trust that no political allusion will be discovered in the statement that "colored" eggs are exceedingly popular to-day. The English papers about Easter time convey minute instructions to their readers how they may color their eggs of any hue. In the Greek church as well as in the Roman and English churches, it is customary to present colored eggs to the priests; they are exchanged as gifts among friends, and the wealthy have been accustomed to make presents of gilded eggs, like those laid by the goose of the fable. Many, indeed nearly all of the old time customs and celebrations of the day have died out, even in Merrie England, the very name of holydays, or have fallen entirely into the hands of the children. It is nevertheless still, and doubtless always will be, a day of festive gatherings, for the renewal of old or the formation of new friendships, for an interchange of congratulations, and a season of gaiety and joy. The Lenten Fast with its solemnities, its supplications, its mournings, and its tears, has given place to a season of hope, of pleasurable expectation, and the strains of penitential sadness for the past forty days are followed by anthems and songs of praise.

For, to-day the Church puts off its robes of mourning and decks its fonts and altars with flowers. The melancholy minor music of Lent time is forgotten in the exultant strains of Easter, and the festival always calls together crowded congregations in all the churches. In cities wholly or partially Catholic much is made of the music to-day. In our own city, celebrated always for its musical talent, we doubt not the church choirs to-day will do their best. At St. Patrick's, the St. Eugenie mass will be sung; at St. Therese's, the St. Cecilia mass will be given; at the Immaculate Conception (the Jesuits'), the music will be, as it is always, excellent; and all the city churches, Catholic and Protestant Episcopal, will make fine music a prominent feature in their services, while the attendance, as is usual on Easter, will be very large.

And amid all the joyousness of to-day, there are hearts and homes North and South that

will sadden with the thought that this is the fourth Easter sun that rises over the land still torn with civil strife. The thousands of graves—graves of the young—that wait their opening at the last great Easter will not be forgotten; and with the praises and benedictions of to-day; from countless hearts and altars, from earth to heaven will be wafted earnest and tearful prayers for peace.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, March 27, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

A Female Spy in Uniform.—The Chattanooga correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, in his letter of March 6, speaks of the rigorous system of passes inaugurated by Gen. Steadman, the Federal commander at Chattanooga, and adds:

While there were no day guards on the streets, spies entered the city daily and were never caught. This is now a garrison town, one, in a military point of view, of great importance, and the safety of our forces here and the interest of the army in the field demand that the administration of affairs should be most rigorous, that the disloyal may not pass in and out of our lines at will, with valuable information for the enemy. I have a case in point before me, which is a fair illustration of the good effects of this espionage. The authorities had information that a female spy in uniform was in the city, collecting information for Gen. Johnston. The guards were instructed to exercise a close scrutiny over pedestrians, and examine passes minutely. The result was that, last week, a daring female Confederate was arrested by the guard, in the uniform of a Federal captain of artillery, who proved to be the one whose acquaintance the authorities were anxious to make.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, March 27, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

From Natchez.—The Natchez Courier, of Tuesday last. . .

On Saturday last four Federal soldiers, who were taken prisoners last summer by the Confederates at Morganza, La., came into Natchez and reported. They were in a most destitute condition, with scarcely any clothing to hide their nakedness, and barefoot, having walked hundreds of miles to reach the Federal lines. Their accounts of their suffering in Confederate prisons would fill volumes. When taken at Morganza they were marched to Texas, and then to Shreveport, where they left from five to six hundred more Federal prisoners in the same destitute situation. They have subsisted most of the time of imprisonment on corn meal and an occasional piece of beef. All their good clothes were taken from them, and they were compelled to wear the rags in which they presented themselves at this post. On their passage through a portion of Louisiana, they were recaptured and taken to Columbia for imprisonment. Here they soon made their escape again, by prying the jail door from its hinges. When once out they released several Confederate deserters from other rooms of the same prison, and would have succeeded in liberating every one in close confinement had not daylight come upon them too soon. From Columbia they made their way to Natchez, though often in peril, by swimming bayous and rivers, and tedious walking.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, March 27, 1864, p. 6, c. 3

Paris Fashions for March.
[From Le Follet.]

The Siberian state of the temperature in Paris during the latter part of February has acted as a check upon the out of door exhibition of the novelties usually brought forth on the more genial approach of spring, and has encouraged the enjoyment of evening parties and quiet soirees, to which the termination of the Carnival ordinarily puts a stop. These prolonged festivities have served to develop the fashion of exaggeration in coiffures, and the headdress of several ladies who pride themselves upon their taste have become so many amphitheatres, composed of a pile of flowers, feathers, ribbons, velvets and precious stones. On considering these ornamental piles, one is led to ask how the wearers can contrive to enter the low and narrow blue or whitelined broughams now so much a la mode; it is, indeed, well known that, on account of the headdress, as sometimes of the crinoline, polite husbands mount on the box by the side of the coachman, but during the days and nights of low thermometers just experienced such a sacrifice has not often been possible, even avec la meilleure volonté du monde.

Polite husbands really deserve some indemnity for the display of so much amiability; and we think they will find it in the announcement that what the headdresses have gained in dimensions the more permanent bonnet is to lose in the coming spring. The chapeaux are no longer to be high floral expositions, but almost flat over the forehead, close fitting to the outline of the face, and small in proportion every way—thus returning to the style so long adopted in England, which often indicated in Paris the nationality of the pretty British tourist contrasted with the Parisian belles, who now affect the black silk or velvet bonnet, ornamented with jet, *par preference*. Other colors, mostly in velvet, are admissible, but neutral shades are the most *distingue*.

Evening Dress.—Lilac and taffety [sic] robe, with open corsage. The lapels are in red, blue, and green plaid velvet, buttoning over the waist by a double row of buttons. The waistband and cuffs are likewise in velvet plaid; but from the former depends a long and wide silk tartan streamer. The chemisette is embroidered and provided with a small upright collar, fastened with a narrow light blue cravat.

Ball Dress.—White tulle robe, trimmed with six flounces of hollow plaits. Over the robe are placed three jupes of plain tulle, forming a tunic, and drawn up at the side by a bouquet of flowers to which they are attached. Pointed corsage, provided with drapery, fastened at the shoulders and in the centre with small roses. The coiffure is of the latest mode, the hair being raised in front and ornamented with an abundance of flowers.

Carriage Dress.—Light green velvet robe of the style known as the "style Princesse," trimmed above the seam, round the pockets and on the sleeves with rolls of fur. The front of the skirt and of the corsage is closed with black velvet buttons. Brown velvet bonnet of the modified form, decorated with a feather fastened to the top of the crown by a large rose, similar to that ornamenting the front of the chapeau.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, March 27, 1864, p. 7, c. 1

Leap Year, Eighteen Sixty-Four.

Creation's lords, give way,
Your term of power is o'er;
The ladies now bear sway—
'Tis Leap Year, Sixty-four.

To sue for ladies' hands
 You have the right no more;
'Tis theirs to make demands—
 'Tis Leap Year Sixty-four!

Oh, all you nice young men,
 Who hymen shunned before,
You'll not escape again!—
 'Tis Leap Year Sixty-four!

From the Wright to John O'Groat's,
 From Land's End to the Nore,
The Fair wear the *culottes*—
 'Tis Leap Year, Sixty-four.

[London Punch.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, March 27, 1864, p. 7, c. 1

Are Hoop Skirts Healthful?—The latest news from Paris announces the important and most interesting fact, that hoop skirts had made their appearance there which are five yards around; so much for the foolish report that they were to be abandoned! This arises the question as to whether they are beneficial to health. The New York Sun gives the following ray of light on this vital subject:

It is conceded by all observers that the modern hopped skirt is one of the most healthful devices of the age. No sensible person can fail to appreciate the benefits. We do not advocate the hoops worn during the primitive and anti-shoddy days of our grandmothers, made of substantial hickory, but those made of light flexible steel. A medical writer says:

"If we must live in houses warmed by furnaces, and eighteen feet by five stories high, for pity's sake let us distribute the load of dress our climate requires, so as to allow every part of the body to be used to carry it up stairs. Let the jacket or the shoulder straps give the chest its share of the work; in a word, let our wives and daughters shoulder their loads, if they would have their days prolonged in the land." We cannot exactly see the necessity of a hoop of such ample dimensions as those reported to be worn in Paris; but it should be of sufficient diameter to allow a full step; if it restricts the step in the slightest degree, it is too small. The heavy quilted skirts, formerly worn, were most pernicious to health; and even the light hoop skirts worn should be hooked to the jacket, and not allowed to rest upon the hips. The lower limbs should be free and unrestricted in their motions; quick and energetic walking contributes greatly to the growth of the vital organs, and in order to insure this the hip must be relieved of the enormous weight of skirts formerly worn.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, March 27, 1864, p. 7, c. 2

"Our Own."

The New York Leader for March 5 publishes an amusing letter from its "Own" correspondent, who is also "McAr-one." It is a more than mere imitation of the usual style of "our own correspondents" in the field generally:

Before Richmond, March 2, 1864.

My Dear Leader—I am again at home in the saddle. I write this on horseback, holding my sabre [sic] in my teeth. The foe is all around us. The news I am about to give you I have known for some weeks. I did not, however, consider it proper to publish our movements prematurely. Nothing definite is yet known of our whereabouts. Me and Fitzpatrick are at the head of ___ men. We also have a battery of ___ guns, provided with ___ cartridges. It is reported that we have taken Richmond. There is no truth in the report at present.

Gen. Custer made a grand divertisement on Sunday to draw the rebel cavalry troops from us. He drew them. He got tangled on the question of roads. There used to be a very good road from the Rapidan to Spottsylvania Court House, but the rebels moved it back into the country. Custer, therefore, could not find it, and had to take to the woods all night, drawing the rebel cavalry after him. At one time they caught up with him. A desperate hand-to-hand fight began, and lasted four hours. The rebels, as is their custom, outnumbered our men five to one. Three men were partly killed, and one gently wounded. Our soldiers fought like tigers. It is considered almost certain that some of the enemy were hurt. Nothing definite is yet known.

Having conquered the whole force of Stuart's cavalry, and opened a clear road to Richmond, our troops withdrew, and have returned. Meanwhile, me and Kilpatrick were dashing around in another direction, to come at the back part of Richmond. The 5th Regular Cavalry captured a rebel battery, blew up the caissons and men, spiked the guns and horses, and left without losing a single man. They lost a few married ones, though. Heavy firing has been heard over the left, all this morning. It is presumed to be caused by guns going off. Nothing definite is known, as yet.

Our object in coming here is to pillage Richmond, burn the capitol and maybe Jeff Davis, and then to plant the star-spangled banner upon the smoking ruins; that is, if the ruins don't object to smoking. An intelligent contraband, whom I captured last night, tells me that an army of twelve hundred thousand men—not conscripts—could take Richmond without much difficulty. I judge so, too. Send me twelve hundred thousand men. Lee's forces are reported to be much astonished at the manner in which me and Kilpatrick got around them. But then Lee is such a good natured cuss; anybody can get around him. This is said to be the most successful cavalry raid of the war, so far. It is still going on.

The defences [sic] of Richmond are very feeble. They consist mainly of quaker guns, and our scouts say there are but two armed men and one armed boy in the fortifications. Nothing definite, however, is known of the matter as yet. But the fact is that the entire South is played out. Its armies have been reduced to almost nothing by desertion and disease. This is reliable.

The following figures plainly show the facts in the case. Figures never lie:

Desertion per diem.....	100
" " month.....	3,000
For two years, as above,.....	312,000
Total of Lee's army, two years ago.....	300,000

The balance have undoubtedly died in the hospitals, or been killed on the field. The result leaves Gen. Lee with twelve thousand men less than none. I don't quite understand it, but it is according to the statements of the newspaper correspondents generally, and therefore must be true. Their currency has depreciated so that a plate of cold ham would cost, in Richmond, two hundred and thirty dollars in gold. The only reason it doesn't, is that there isn't a plate of cold ham in Richmond. This is a fact.

Further, the Southern rulers are dispirited, and would gladly accept President Lincoln's

invitation that they should come and be hanged, like good boys, were it not for their pusillanimous fear of public opinion. This is beyond a doubt. I may mention, in the same connection, that the great mass of the people in the Confederacy are strongly in favor of the Union. This I know to be true. Putting all these items together, it is easily seen that the backbone of the rebellion is broken, and it cannot hold out thirty days longer. This is above questioning. The papers said so, two years ago. My chief bugler, who is just come in to warm his bugle, says that he understands something has happened, somewhere. More things are expected to happen, shortly. Let the haughty chivalry of the South tremble. An avenging angel is at the portals of their doomed city. His eye flashes flames of lambent destruction. His hand wields an invincible falchion. He belongs to the unterrified Democracy of the Union. He goes in for a vigorous prosecution of the war, and his name is

McArone.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, March 27, 1864, p. 8, c. 3

Severe on Pure Ivory.—An exchange says, maliciously: "You carry a beautiful cane—it costs \$3.50--\$1.50 extra on account of its beautiful pure ivory head. Your wife has a costly fan, with a pure ivory handle. In your pocket is a pure ivory-handled penknife, very pretty and fine. On your table is a set of knives and forks, with pure ivory handles, and a little extra expense they have cost for being pure ivory. The ring in which are the reins of your costly double harness is pure ivory. The handles of beautiful parasols are of pure ivory—and so on, with many articles useful and ornamental. But it happens that the 'pure ivory is manufactured from the shin bones of the dead horses of the United States army.'"

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, March 29, 1864, p. 1, c. 3

Easter Sunday fully sustained its traditional reputation for fair weather yesterday. The French Market was literally "attractive" yesterday morning—that is, it attracted more than an ordinary crowd. The stalls in the lower market made an Easter display of colored eggs, and the bouquet business was lively. In meats there was a grand exhibition of lamb—not Southdown, but down South lamb—and spring lamb was the basis of many good dinners in this city yesterday. The churches at morning service were crowded; in some of them the aisles as well as pews were filled. The music at St. Therese's, under the direction of Mr. La Hache, was very fine. At St. Paul's (Episcopal), Dr. Guiou's, the music was excellent, and there was a fine floral display in honor of Easter. M. Curto, the director of the excellent choir at St. Patrick's, gave the St. Cecilia mass in superb style. M. Colignon, the director of the Jesuits' choir, fully sustained the reputation of that church for splendid music. In other churches the music was unusually good, and the services everywhere were impressive and grand. The streets were quite gay with the crowds of people whom the very fine weather tempted to take a stroll, and the clouds that gathered towards evening, kindly withheld their rain, in consideration of the festival, till this morning.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, March 29, 1864, p. 1, c. 3

From Brazos Santiago.—The U. S. transport steamship Alabama, John H. Bowen, commanding, (E. C. Patten, purser,) arrived this morning from Brazos Santiago, via Aransas Pass and Pass Cavallo, Texas, with 150 refugees from Texas.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, March 31, 1864, p. 1, c. 5

Refugees.—The Loyal National Union Journal, of Brownsville, Texas, is sharp on Refugees. He says:

It is curious to observe the movements of Texas refugees. About one-half of them who come in eagerly take the oath of allegiance, and go straightway to the camps of the Texas Cavalry and appear in a suit of blue the next day. They do not want to lose an hour, but evince the greatest pleasure in enlisting under the stars and stripes. The other half come in reluctantly and take the oath and then want to go North to see some uncle or distant relatives in the free States. Having sneaked out of rebeldom, they now want to hide or remain neutral. Many of them, who have served two years in the rebel army, have the sublime impudence to ask for a free passage up North to their friends! They have no idea they ought to help the Government they have outraged, but rather that they ought to have a pension for laying down their arms.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, April 1, 1864, p. 1, c. 5

Raising Negro Troops for the Confederate Service.

The New York Tribune's correspondent, who was compelled to accept an office in the rebel War Department, but made his escape, makes, from Washington, the following statements of the discussion in Confederate counsels as to arming the slaves. He asserts that the slaves do oftentimes fight bravely for their masters, but thinks they would not do so as a class:

. . . In truth there are a considerable number of negroes bearing arms in the Confederate army now. They are not so employed by any order of the War Department, nor are they generally formed into companies by themselves, but when they fight they fight side by side with the white soldier. These negroes for the most part belong to the officers and men of the commands to which they are attached. In the Confederate service a private may, if he choose, be accompanied by a servant, on paying a certain sum for his rations. This is not allowed by any regulation, but it is a privilege that has been permitted from the beginning of the war; and in the cavalry especially a large number of the men, as well as the officers, have their servants to feed and take care of their horses, cook, and do such chores as may be required of them. Many, in fact most of these negroes have been favorites with their young masters at home and are greatly attached to them, and if given a swig or two of rebel lightning (corn whiskey) are ready to fight to the death by their sides.

When an engagement is about to take place such of these negroes as are willing to fight are equipped and go into battle with their masters. In March last I was sent as courier by the Secretary of War to Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, and was with his command in Col. Owen's (the 3d Virginia) Regiment, belonging to Fitzhugh Lee's Brigade, at the battle of Kelly's Ford. This regiment is a very aristocratic one, being composed of young men, nearly every one of whom claims to be of an F. F. V., and there are fully a quarter as many negro servants in the command as soldiers. At the battle referred to, these negroes fought magnificently by the side of their masters, and several of them were killed. The servant of McClellan, adjutant of the regiment, displayed a courage and desperation that challenged the admiration of all who saw him, and the day after the fight he received from Col. Owen the present of a handsome sword for his bravery.

This Adjutant McClellan, by the way, is a first cousin of Gen. George B. McClellan, the Union hero of seven days' battles around Richmond. He is a fac-simile of the General, at least in

appearance, and for his devotion to the rebel cause was recently promoted to major on Gen. Stuart's staff.

But to return for a moment to the negro soldiers: Gen. Bragg, in a communication to Mr. Seddon, stated that at the battle of Stone's river, four companies of negroes, which had been formed out of servants attached to the army, and officered by white men, conducted themselves with great credit, exhibiting a fearless determination not excelled by the best soldiers of his command. He recommended the immediate organization of 200,000 soldiers of this class, to be distributed in companies and regiments in the armies then in the field.

But you may rest assured that, although there are a few slaves who would fight for their masters in aid of the rebellion, that nine out of ten of them have now too large a sense of freedom to assist in riveting tighter the chains of bondage upon themselves and fellows; and I believe that the arming of 200,000 of them would, in effect, be equal to an addition of 300,000 soldiers to our armies.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, April 2, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

Southern Handiwork.—The Commercial, of Cincinnati, has been shown a specimen of the handiwork of a Southern lady, that was remarkable for its novelty as well as for the skill and industry displayed. It was a pair of knit pantaloons crotchet work. The work was firmly and neatly done. The pants are seamless, and though worn for a year, are as good as new. The artist was Mrs. W. H. Makin, of Columbus, Ark. During the blockade in that region the lady's husband needed a pair of pants, and as there was no cloth to be procured, she took up her crotchet needle, and with plenty of home spun yarn got up an article superior to any thing a merchant tailor could turn out—genteel in appearance, and good for "three years or the war."

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, April 3, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

Refugees from Mississippi.—The Times, of this morning, has the following:

An officer from Fort Pike informs us that since Sherman's raid into Mississippi, a great desire to escape from rebeldom has possessed the people of that State, who are flocking down to Fort Pike. Recently thirty five arrived in one day. On Thursday last another party arrived with the information that seven hundred Mississippi refugees were coming in a body. Sixty or seventy are now stopping on Henry Island, on Pearl river.

When these poor people, coming into Fort Pike, catch a distant view of the old flag, they make the welkin ring with cheers of enthusiasm and gratitude at a sight so rare and glorious to them, and often express their desire to be immediately marshaled under its folds, that they may deal their blows against the destroyers of their country's peace.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, April 10, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

Where is My Wife?

Mr. Editor: Dear Sir—I ask your aid and your sympathy, for I am a bereaved man. It is now three weeks since I have laid eyes upon my wife, though night and day have I been in search of her. You may have seen me as I vibrated between Union Square and the armory of the Twenty-second Regiment in Fourteenth street. I have seen many of my friends pass me—and you among them—but my wife I have not seen. Have you seen her?

Let me tell my story: it shall be short. The day after New Year's she was seized with the

Sanitary Fair fever, but in a mild and harmless form, as I thought then. It began by her appealing to me to help the poor soldiers, and do my part in putting down this accursed rebellion. Have I not done so? She knows, and you know, that I went through the Peninsular campaign, and would have remained in the army until now had I not been disabled. You may not know, but she knows, that I have contributed a tenth of my income—and it is not large—to different charities that have for their object the promotion of the soldier's welfare. But the point was, what would I do for the Sanitary Fair? I told her I would do all I could, and as an earnest of my purpose I added that I would attend to household matters if she would devote her spare time to working for the fair. The offer was readily accepted, and a few days later I was made not a little proud by seeing in my morning paper her name as the head of one of the most important committees on the Metropolitan Fair. Little did I think then how much sorrow that would bring me. But, sir, have you seen my wife?

For two months she was out most of the time calling upon persons to solicit their aid for this most deserving charity; and when she was at home I could get no chance to see her, for she was overrun with callers, each one having very important business. Bundles of all shapes and sizes began to arrive. The garret was long since filled with them, and the balance has been stored in the back parlor. And, what was more provoking, the packages used to come just at night, when I had lighted my post-prandial cigar and could not bear to be disturbed. But my wife was so earnest (she is positively bewitching in her enthusiasm) that I hadn't the heart to refuse, so I went to work and helped carry the bundles in the house and store them where she wished. When the job was finished I was glad to retire, though I had not read my paper. My wife—but have you seen her?

My wife, I was about saying, disappeared just three weeks ago—no, it was three weeks and a day. She went out in the forenoon, and has never returned. I see her name every day in the morning and evening papers. Yesterday I read in the Tribune: "The committee on ----- are meeting with great success, due mainly to the personal exertions of Mrs. ----- . We mean no disparagement of the other members of the committee, but we know that they all admire the self-sacrifice and untiring energy which Mrs. ----- has displayed in this good work. Indeed, the information comes to us from one of the committee, and we print it as a simple act of justice to a noble, patriotic woman." This is very gratifying to me, but would be much more so could I only see the [fold in paper] have been to the committee rooms again and again, but she has always "just gone out." I have hung about the building in Fourteenth street in hopes of seeing her, but in vain. Everybody has seen her, but nobody can tell where she is. This week I have been about the new building now erecting on Union Square, and have heard of her time and time again, but have not seen her. Once I thought I caught a glimpse of her dress whirling around the corner of Fourteenth street and Sixth avenue, and I started to run, but owing to the effect of the wound received while I was in the army, I had to give up the chase. I got very much out of breath, too. Still I would not have minded it so much if I had only found my wife. Have you seen her?

I am sure you have. Everybody has—except her husband. My friends meet me and congratulate me so warmly on the achievements of my wife that I can't help blushing with marital pride, and when I inquire if they have seen her, I get the same answer: "Why, of course we have. She is everywhere. How very strange that you have not met her!" Well, I suppose I must give up all hopes of seeing her till the fair is closed. Three weeks more without a wife! Perhaps I may meet her at the fair; but I don't count much upon that.

I have written her a great many letters—at least two every day. Some I write in prose and some in verse, though I don't pretend to be a poet. (One of my poems was published in the

"Lyrics of Loyalty," but it was the poorest I ever wrote.) To-day I have written a few verses to her which I inclose [sic]. Perhaps she may see them if they are printed in your paper, so here they are:

To My Wife:
(If She Should Never Return.)

O dear and fair, O dear and fair,
From home these long weeks straying,
Hast thou at last been raffled for
That thus you're strangely [illegible]ying?

O bundle dear! My chandelier,
Light of my youth's ambition!
How sanitary once you seemed—
Alas, your changed condition!

Afghan of all my earthly joy,
Pin-cushion of my heart,
Alas that worsted on the brain
Should force us thus to part!

Dear angel of the crowded street
I once possessed the pleasure,
Of seeing for myself at times
My fondly cherished treasure.

But now I seek for her in vain,
Frantic with household cares,
While this is all the comfort left,
"The fair are at the Fairs."

Sweet belle of all those halcyon days,
(Confound that door-bell's ringing!)
Methinks in dreams I see thee now,
(And still those bundles bringing!)

O land that never had a Fair,
Sweet Paradise above,
When through with all this toil and woe,
O take my wandering dove!

I suppose she is very busy now, for I am told the fair is to open next Monday. Poor woman, how tired she must be! Perhaps more so than I am with my long search for her. But I shall keep on searching. Who knows but I may meet her sooner than I expect? I wish the fair were over. But I must stop writing and renew my walk on Fourteenth street. If you should see my wife, please inform me where I can find her, and believe me yours in patriotism and sadness,

Frank Frantic.

--Round Table.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, April 10, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

A Woman Cultivates a Slight Moustache and Marries a Woman.—A woman in soldier's clothes was arrested in this city last week, on account of complaints from Manitowoc that she had married a woman in that place, taken her money and decamped. Upon learning of her arrest here, officers from Manitowoc came through and took her to that place for trial. We learn that she formerly lived at Bay de Noquet with her husband, that her husband lives now somewhere on the shore of Lake Michigan, that she has been absent from her husband nearly two years, part of the time in camp at Madison in a soldier's uniform; that she speaks two or three languages, has cultivated a light moustache, and, like some of the counterfeit money now in circulation, at first glance is well calculated to deceive. She has been brought to a sudden halt in her wild career, and we trust will be taught a lesson that will make her a wiser and better woman in the future.

[Green Bay Advocate.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, April 10, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

A Female Spy.—The Richmond Dispatch announces the committal of Mrs. H. L. Knox, of Mobile, to a cell in Castle Thunder, on a charge of being a spy and conducting herself in a manner injurious to the Confederacy. Mrs. Knox, however, was subsequently released on parole, and now the rebels have her under surveillance at the Spottswood Hotel, in Richmond, until her examination can take place.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, April 10, 1864, p. 6, c. 2

"American Society During the Civil War."

George A. Sala is very severe in his sketchings of American society, as he saw it in Washington. In a letter to the London Telegraph, dated Washington, Feb. 14, he writes:

As for the appetite of the men folks, there is little to be wondered at in it. They have always in view at meal times a high moral purpose. They have a duty to perform. They pay three dollars a day for their board at Willard's, and they are determined to have their money's worth for their money. Thus, there is breakfast from 7½ to 11, dining from 1½ to 3, dining again at 5, tea at 7½, and supper at 9. You may always be eating, and there do seem to be guests at Willard's who never miss a meal, but are continually gorging. Some art is requisite, some finesse has to be exercised, however, to obtain a meal to your liking. There is nothing on the table save the knives, forks, and glasses, the castors and the condiments, such as celery, anchovies, dried melts, cod's sounds, olives, salted cucumber, beet root, and cold slaugh [sic]. No dishes are handed to you, and unless you be loud of voice and authoritative in gesture, you will not find the waiters very attentive to you. But a prodigious bill of fare lies before you, and from it you mentally select such dishes as you think will suit your palate. Then you beckon a black waiter, and in a deliberate and determined tone tell him what you want. He grins from ear to ear, rolls his eyes and glides away. If you have feed [sic] him, or you look good-naturedly, and he thinks you will fee [sic?] him, or he has taken a fancy to you, he speedily returns with a tray full of oval white dishes, containing the viands you have ordered.

If he does not care much about you, or is engrossed in attending to a regular boarder who

has bribed him to be attentive all through the winter months, you may have to wait many minutes—perhaps half an hour—before you obtain anything at all; and then very probably the waiter has been oblivious, and brings you the wrong things. There is, in all cases, one peril against which the stranger should be warned. Order but a few dishes and you are lost. The negro will put you down as a "mean cuss," a "one-horse" sort of a person and systematically neglect you. But order half the dishes set down in the bill of fare, and he will at once entertain an exaggerated notion of your importance, and almost fly to execute your commands. The first time I breakfasted at Willard's I said, modestly, that I should like a cup of tea, some dry toast, an egg, and a little toasted bacon. It struck me that the waiter regarded me with a very contemptuous look, and that he retired from my presence in a very slow and supercilious manner. I waited, and waited, and waited, but no tea, no toast, no egg, no bacon came. There was sitting opposite me a dapper little man with a large beard and embroidered shirt front, with diamond studs, a cut velvet vest, and a pea jacket. "Here, you," he cried to the nearest Ethiop, "bring me some fried oysters, some stewed oysters, some tenderloin steak and onions, some scrambled eggs, pork cutlets, some fish balls, some dipped toast, some Graham bread, some mashed turnips, some cold ham, some buckwheat cakes, some hot coffee, and some blanc mange. I've paid my money, and by—*I mean to see the show!*" The only way to get on in America is, having once paid your money, to insist on seeing the show. If you don't the people will think you are mean spirited, and trample on you. See it. See the show. Have the animals stirred up with a long pole. Pinch the spotted girl, to see if it is real flesh, or only tights she has on. Pick the kangaroo's pouch. Make the pelican bleed again for your gratification. You have paid your money. Don't be imposed upon. Take all. Halloo with stringent voice. Curse and swear, in a land in which execrations are rife. Brag louder than the greatest braggadocios in the world. If need be, lie—lie with face of brass and lungs of leather. "Crack up" your own country to the detriment of all others. Vow that we won the battle of Fontenoy. Swear that Peter Morrison was the greatest philanthropist of the age. Declare that Mr. Roebuck is ninety feet high. If a man spits on your boot, spit on his waistcoat, and then "guess you did not aim low enough." If you find his letters lying about, read them; if he tells you anything in confidence, publish it in the newspaper; keep on moving; go ahead; go into business; smash; recuperate; drink with everybody; talk dollars from sunrise to midnight. Do this, and the Americans will admire you, and you may admire them. They will say you are a "smart man," and at last you will be spoken of as a "remarkable" man. But if you pay your money and don't walk up to the booth; if you are nervous and abashed; if rudeness pains and bestial [sic] manners disgust you; if you strive to substitute temperate arguments for frothy declamation, and rational proof for impudent assertion; if you tell the truth and are modest and a gentleman—you can never hope for success in this young, adventurous, and astonishing country. You had better "clear out" before you are "run out." You had better go home by the next Cunard steamer, for you are clearly not fitted for the institutions and people of the United States.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, April 15, 1864, p. 1, c. 5

The Era issued the following, in an extra, this morning:

We received, this morning, intelligence from our army in Western Louisiana of the highest importance. A fiercely contested battle, of two days' duration, has been fought, in which the enemy were badly whipped, and driven back after the most stubborn and desperate resistance. . . .

Two Young American Ladies.
A Sketch by Sala.

The following is from one of M. Sala's letters from Washington City:

I said that all ladies can talk. A flow of sharp, shrewd, intelligent, and as a rule, well-chosen and correct language, is the shining attainment of all American ladies, and from the school girl upwards. And the school girls themselves talk with an ease of volubility that would astonish the superintendents of many ladies' colleges at home. There is no hesitation, no blushing, no stammering, no twiddling of the fingers, no plucking at bouquets, or nervous unhemming of handkerchiefs. The vapid inanities that pass between partners at an English ball would be here scouted. To be shy is to be unpatriotic. The American young lady goes straight to the point, and has a great deal to say upon it. "How is your health? How long have you been in the country? Do you like it? Have you had a good time? What do you think of the action of the nation in the present struggle? Are you not struck with the deeds of valor performed by the nation's armies? Have you read Longfellow's 'Wayside Inn'? When is Tennyson's 'Boadicea' to appear? Was not England convulsed with enthusiasm at the apparition of the Rev. Ward Beecher? Don't you think the room wants oxygen? Are not the monitors triumph of mechanical construction? Have [fold in paper] You are at first delighted, then amazed, and at last puzzled, for the intelligent and well read young lady continually addresses you as "sir," and every now and then she asks you a question so naive, so artlessly ignorant, that you pause to inquire of yourself whether she can be more than six years old.

There is another young lady whom you do not meet at hops—whom you seldom see in hotel corridors. She is a very different kind of young lady altogether. She is more than pretty; she is often beautiful. Her eyes and hair are dark. She speaks without a twang, but she sometimes slurs the "r" at the end of the word. She is very queenly and dignified, very graceful, very accomplished, and very lazy. She is the *grand dame de par le mond* that old Brantome loved to draw. In repose she is melting and gracious; roused, she is haughty, vindictive and terrible. Sometimes, when the curtains are drawn closer and the street is very quiet, she will deign to sing and play. Watch her at the pianoforte, her jeweled fingers vibrating on the keys, her rich voice now victoriously thrilling in the "Bonnie Blue Flag"—now in deeper, sadder accents, dwelling on the stern words to which the beautiful old German students' song of "Gaudeamus igitur" has been adapted. But this young lady is, politically speaking, naughty. That which she sings is treason. To hum even the air is to be suspected. This young lady is disloyal. She is a rebel. She is only to be met with in nooks and corners of the North. she deserves to be arrested by a corporal's guard and sent down South—down South, where her sister is already; her sister who, born to wealth and station, lapped in luxury and splendor, is there in the jungle and the swamp, there without a shoe to her foot or a shift to her back; there with nothing to eat but rancid bacon and raw corn, and little enough of that; there, swathed in squalid tatters, like the goose-girl in Grimm's story; there, without comforts, without medicines, without hairbrushes, without, often, a bed to lie upon—but there, indomitable and unquenched, in the midst of hundreds of black bondservants, who do *not* murder her and her children while her husband or her brothers are far away at the war.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, April 17, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

"Pray, Miss Sophy, what are you making?" said a gentleman to a young lady who was at work upon a garment of a straight up-and-down description in white calico. "A Sophy cover, sir," was the demure reply.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, April 17, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Spring Bonnets.
[From the Round Table.]

As the latter part of March generally witnesses the millinery opening, of course bonnets are the first consideration, this event being supposed to decide the styles for the ensuing season. That it does to a certain extent is undoubtedly true, but it certainly does not among those who are considered authorities in the world of fashion. The public millinery opening is not what it once was; it is no longer recognized by first-class artists, and is only attended by milliners in the country, the trade in town, and the numerous class of poor, proud women and girls who want to steal an idea from which they can make their own bonnets, or raise a little pocket money by making one on the sly for some less clever acquaintance.

The preparations, made weeks in advance, include such designs as they have been able to select from the down-town jobbers, but rarely exhibit novelties of real elegance and value. Houses whose reputation enables them to import on their own account, keep their secret quiet as the grave. Not even their work-women are allowed to see the whole of any design—one completes one part, and another another. They announce no public opening, but somewhat later in the season issue a few private circulars, or cards of invitation, to a sort of *artistique* soiree, or matinee, when these exclusive evidences of taste and genius are exhibited to only the most cultivated and appreciative eyes. These, as a general rule, bear about as much resemblance to the styles arranged for public exhibition as Hyperion to a satyr, and could not be recognized as belonging to the same era.

Take, for instance, the prominent characteristic of the mass of spring bonnets, as seen in the show rooms of the ordinary establishments, and it will be found very much that of last season—high-top, with trimming piled upon it to increase its alpine dimensions; this is very different from the depression over the forehead and closely fitting sides which mark the latest and most becoming designs. The really elegant bonnets are also noticed as being models of simplicity, while others seem to have been intended for horticultural shows, from the profusion with which they mingle fruit and flowers in one indiscriminate mass of decoration. The fashionable bonnet of the season is very pretty and *distingue*. It is nearly always uniform in color, with only just enough of contrast to relieve the monotony. A contrast of the entire trimming with the body part of the bonnet is certainly allowed, and even authorized by very distinguished taste; but even in such cases, no mixture but the two colors is employed, plain trimming being the only exception to the rule.

An exquisite bonnet of "Ophelia" crape is ornamented with a soft, branching plume of precisely the same shade, the lower stem of which droops down to the shoulder. A shower of crystal falling over a ruche of rich blonde, and a cluster of red pomegranate blossoms, completed the face trimming, unless the wide scarf of blonde tied under the chin belongs in the same category. Another charming bonnet is of pale blue crape, ornamented with a monture [sic?] of blue forget-me-not, and wild roses, tied with long slender blonde barbes, which floated over the

soft, graceful crown, and even below the curtain. This also had blond brides to tie over wide strings of taffetas. A white Neapolitan bonnet, fine as lace, was embroidered with all the artistic effect of French needle-work in delicate crystal. The cape was of Mexican blue velvet, covered with blonde in a shell pattern; and the face trimming, a shell of blue velvet and blonde, a large and lovely pink rose, from which a bee was sucking the sweets, and an aigrette of spun glass. Black crinoline and black straw are in great vogue for useful bonnets. They are very simply and becomingly trimmed with blue and green tartan, with a pretty aigrette in front of field grass and blue daisies.

Bonnets of gray straw and small black and white checkered silk, with soft (cap) crowns, are most in favor for traveling purposes. The trimming is simply a large cluster of narrow ribbon bows with ends, pinned near the top, or high on the side of the crown. Gray straw bonnets trimmed in this way have cap crowns in check or plaid to match the bows and curtains.

Of round hats there is not at present much to be said; the styles will not be determined until later in the season. From present indications, however, we should judge that the size would be decidedly smaller, the crowns lower, and the brims very narrow and curled at the side.

[fold in paper] of rice straw, trimmed with a scarf [fold in paper] which terminates in wide, long ends, cut diagonally, and finished with elegant straw ornaments. A rich buckle, composed of hair, straw and crystal, clasped in front by a large pompon, made of high, straight loops of beautifully striped ribbon-grass.

Straw trimmings, by the way, are a great feature of the season's decorations. They are very beautiful, and quite as costly as rich lace and imitation jewels. They are straw borderings with pendant attachment, straw bands for jockey hats with rich tassel—narrow straw ribbon daintly [sic] striped; an immense variety of loops and clasps and staffs, and curious ornaments of all kinds, with knobs, rings, chains, knapsacks, and all sorts of vagaries attached, of delicately woven hair. But the triumph of straw art is the production of a sort of straw guipure, very rich and very effective, and manufactured in barbe like bands. Straw flowers are also made with transparent leaves, terminating in aigrette plumes, which compose charming montures, in conjunction with blue corn-flowers upon bonnets of Leghorn for instance, with curtain of Mexican blue.

Flowers of all kinds are reproduced this season with wonderful fidelity to nature. Almost every variety of the rose known to the florist may be selected from these artificial exhibitions, so perfect is their structure, so minute their shading. There are also specimens of laurel, variegated tulips, and the beautiful carnations, all of which are choice and somewhat rare. There are three combinations which we may mention as very good for the outside trimming of straw bonnets. One is the "watteau" monture, a mixture of china blue forget-me-nots, wild roses, and *amourette* grass. Another is a cluster of large purple violets with natural oats, and straw aigrette. The third, pink rock coral, mounted on ivy, and divided into slender branches.

A very simple yet stylish head dress is composed of a large notched rosette of narrow Mexican blue ribbon, with a pea sea shell and aigrette, and very long floating ends, terminating in a frill of rich blonde, headed with fine pendant jet. Another style has a scarf of pink, arranged as a half wreath, with a floating end. Over the forehead it is massed with a cluster of lovely roses, a shell crescent, and meadow grass. A rose with a glittering bud in its heart confines the scarf also, below the ear.

Breakfast caps are simply charming *coiffures* composed of a *fanchon* of lace, with square barbes, and blue, violet, or rose-colored ornaments.

Plaid threatens, as we mentioned last month, to become a nuisance, and we therefore warn lady readers against employing it to any extent.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, April 17, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

The Protector of Colo. Straight Arrived from Dixie.—The Baltimore American says:

There has arrived in Baltimore a refugee from Richmond, Mrs. Lucy A. Rice. Her case is one greatly deserving of public sympathy and liberal aid. Mrs. Rice, despite the tyranny that reigns at Richmond, has always preserved her loyalty to the Union, and evinced a warm sympathy for the sufferings of our officers and men who have been imprisoned in Richmond. Her house was for nine days the hiding place and refuge of Col. Straight, Major B. B. McDonald, and another officer, after they escaped from Libby Prison, and were awaiting an opportunity to get out of the city. In secreting them and providing for their wants during those nine days, while the whole city was being searched for them, Mrs. Rice subjected herself to a risk that can only be comprehended by those who understand the vindictiveness of the Richmond authorities, and the extreme pains and penalties they would have visited upon any one aiding our officers, especially Col. Straight, in making their escape. Mrs. Rice, however, accepted all this risk, and she brings with her letters from Col. Straight and Major McDonald, in which they warmly acknowledge her services.

Mrs. Rice has reached our lines in a destitute condition. She has been forced to abandon all she possessed in Richmond, while her remaining means have been exhausted by the expenses incurred in reaching our lines.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, April 17, 1864, p. 3, c. 2

Mrs. Lincoln and the Disembodied.—There is a story going the rounds of the capital to the effect that Mrs. Lincoln, a few days since, consulted the spirits on the subject of the next Presidency, and that the disembodied stated very emphatically that she would not be the mistress of the White House longer than the 4th of March, 1865. Mrs. L., though hitherto an orthodox member of the rappings fraternity, expressed her disbelief in "manifestations," and departed the "circle" fully persuaded that the medium was a charlatan.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, April 17, 1864, p. 3, c. 3

Gossip from Dixie.

The New York Express of the 30th ult. says:

A gentleman called upon us to-day who says he left Atlanta, Ga., about a fortnight ago. He is a Northerner by birth, and left the Confederacy to escape the conscription. He had been a resident of Atlanta for several years, and has resided there continuously during the war. He came into our lines via Cleveland, Tennessee. He says when he left Atlanta there were not many Confederate troops there, but the hospitals were filled with the sick and wounded. The railroads leading from Atlanta were all in good order, but the rolling stock, owing to constant usage, was in need of frequent repair. The Government foundries both in Atlanta and Rome were running day and night turning out ordnance and small arms. The mechanics and working men employed in these foundries were mostly foreigners and nearly all of them are said to be skillful and experienced men. There was no lack of provisions or other necessaries of life, though prices were exorbitantly high, in consequence of the depreciated currency and the schemes of

speculators. An immense quantity of foreign dry goods had found their way into the Confederacy, through Wilmington last fall and winter, and these have been found amply sufficient to supply the more urgent necessities of the people. In Central and Northern Georgia there were several looms in operation, turning out coarse cloth for the army. Paper, which had all along been very scarce, was getting plentier, owing to the establishment of newspaper mills in various parts of the State. There are four newspapers now published in Atlanta, namely, the Confederacy, the Intelligencer, the Memphis Appeal, and the Knoxville Register. In regard to the general progress of the war, the general sentiment of the people seemed to be that Gens. Lee, Johnston and Longstreet would be able not only to hold their ground, but to make occasional raids into the North. They have every confidence in Jeff. Davis, and express themselves certain of ultimately achieving their independence. Nevertheless, our informant says, there is under these professions a conviction that they will have to eventually succumb before the superior numbers, wealth and resources of the North, but that conviction, of course, seldom finds audible expression. At Atlanta, as everywhere else, Mr. Lincoln's emancipation proclamation was published in the rebel journals. There was no effort made anywhere to keep it a secret. The rebels were in the habit of speaking of it with disrespect. There has been no trouble with the negroes in that part of Georgia during the war. They never were more docile, or more obedient, though they knew as well what was going on as their masters.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, April 17, 1864, p. 8, c. 2

Inhumanity of the Humanitarians.

At a meeting of the working women, held in Cooper Institute, New York, recently, one of their number made a statement of prices paid for the making of various articles, exhibiting them to the audience. The following are some of the statements of prices paid for work on articles exhibited:

A pair of drawers, made of white cotton drilling, 1800 stitches, sewed on the machine and well made, completely finished with buckles, button holes, straps and strings. The woman who made these drawers was a smart operator, and could finish four pairs per day working from 7 o'clock in the morning until 9 o'clock in the evening, receiving four and one-sixth cents a pair, or sixteen and three-quarter cents for her day's labor; resting, she says, long enough to make herself a cup of tea and eat a piece of bread.

Another very large pair of cotton flannel drawers, two thousand stitches, done by hand, double seams felled, with eyelets, button holes, buttons, stays and strings. The working woman to furnish her own thread--a rule adopted by employers since the price of a spool of cotton has risen from four to eight and ten cents. This woman, the mother of three children, was very poor, and came to the rooms of the Working Women's Protective Union, No. 4, New Chambers street, where she threw down the work, saying she had been working on these drawers for seven months and could not work any longer for the price paid. Said she, "I may as well starve without work as to work and starve at the same time." An inquiry revealed the fact that the wealthy firm who employed her paid five and a half cents per pair of these drawers, of which she could make two pair per day, remarking, "If I get to bed about daylight and sleep two or three hours, I feel satisfied."

A haversack pocket, made by hand, containing upwards of six hundred stitches and three button holes--two yards of sewing. This article was manufactured by a woman who thus tried to

support her sick husband and four little children. Each pocket required on hour's faithful labor, and the compensation received was one and one fourth cents, or twelve and a half cents for ten hours' work. She furnished the thread.

A coarse flannel army shirt, large size, made by hard sewing. Collars, wristbands and gussets put on with double rows of stitching all round. The seams all felled, three button holes, buttons and stays, requiring upwards of two thousand stitches. The woman who made this garment was sixty years of age and too deaf to go to the store for orders. she has worked on these shirts since the war broke out, receiving seven cents each--one of them being a good day's work for her. Younger women might make two or perhaps three in twelve hours, furnishing their own thread. This old lady occupied, with another woman, a damp, dark basement, where she strained her eyes in the day, and sewed by the light of her neighbor's lamp during the evening. At the end of the week her net earnings, after paying for needles and thread, amounted to thirty nine cents in currency.

A fine white cotton shirt, with a fine linen plaited bosom, nicely stitched and well made throughout, containing eleven thousand five hundred sewing machine stitches, six button holes, felled seams, etc. Two of these shirts are finished each day by the operator, who employs nearly every moment of her time, finds her own thread, and receives for the garments sixteen cents each, or thirty-two cents for more than twelve hours' labor. These shirts sell for three dollars to three dollars and fifty cents in the retail stores. Their total cost to the employer is one dollar and fifty nine cents.

Ladies' collars and cuffs, containing 1700 fine sewing machine stitches, the outer edge being ornamented with an insertion of various colored trimmings. These articles of ladies' wearing apparel are made for twenty one cents per dozen sets--a set consisting of the collar and two cuffs. Three dozen sets are made per day by a good operator, working early and late. The thread is paid for by the woman who takes out the work. A dozen sets will cost:

One yard of linen.....	\$.90
One yard of muslin.....	.25
Fourteen yards of trimming at 8c. per yard ...	1.12
Labor and thread.....	.21
	<hr/>
Total.....	\$ 2.58

This retail price per set in the Broadway and Bowery stores is 75 cents. The wholesale prices are not less than \$5 per dozen sets.

A fancy flannel shirt, well made on a machine, 1500 stitches, six button holes, and seven buttons, double stitched wristbands, bands and gussets. This article was made for eight cents, and is sold in the gentlemen's furnishing stores for \$2.50. The cost of the article to the merchant is \$1.12.

Board, which was formerly \$1.50 per week, is now \$2.50 to \$3.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, April 21, 1864, p. 1, c. 6

Selma, Ala.
Its Importance to the Confederates.

A correspondent of the Hartford (Ct.) Press, who recently returned from Selma, Ala., where he has lived for five years, furnished that paper with the following highly interesting

account of that city and its importance to the Confederates as a place for the manufacture of war material:

Selma is situated on the west bank of the Alabama river, on a perpendicular bluff of limestone. It is fifty-six miles west from Montgomery—the capital of Alabama—by land, and ninety-seven by the Alabama river. It is three hundred and eight miles above Mobile by the river.

The importance of Selma to the Confederacy can hardly be over estimated. As a shipping point for iron, coal, ammunition and commissariat stores, it is one of the most important in the South. As a manufacturing depot for ammunition, shot, shell, cannon, powder, canteens and clothing, it is of vast importance.

The Selma Arsenal, brought some two years ago from Columbus, Miss., at the time of Gen. ----'s raid into Mississippi, employs some three hundred operatives and turns out immense quantities of guns, ammunition, wagons, etc., daily. A large number of boys and girls, and some few negroes, are employed, though most of the workmen are detailed from the army for that purpose. They receive a soldier's rations and three dollars per diem. The buildings are not yet completed. They are built altogether of wood, with the exception of one part that was formerly an old warehouse and cotton shed, and was built of brick.

The arsenal is under the supervision and command of Lieut. Col. John L. White. The stores manufactured here are shipped to all parts of the Confederacy. The naval foundries at Selma are also turning out large quantities of shot and shell, and some very heavy cannon. The foundry was started by Mr. Collins J. McRea, (now an agent in Europe for the Confederate loan,) and sold to the Government by him as it then stood for the sum of \$500,000. The much dreaded torpedoes are cast at this foundry. The whole establishment is under the immediate control of Capt. Cates ap R. Jones.

The Selma navy yard, under the command of Com. E. Farrand, has built two iron-clad steam floating batteries. They now lie at Mobile and are not intended to go outside at all. The iron-clad screw gunboat Tennessee was also launched at this yard. She was a boat of considerable beauty and speed, and carries four guns. They are now building one of much larger dimensions than the others. She is 225 feet long, and I believe is to carry six guns. Her woodwork was nearly complete when I left, and some of her machinery was in. She had six boilers and two engines. Her cylinders were thirty inches only in diameter. This one is to be a side-wheel boat. The other three were all propellers. She had none of her plating on, as that is put on after launching. Her builders are Capts. Shirley and DeHaven, and she is the only gunboat now building on the Alabama river. One large side-wheel iron-clad gunboat has been built at Montgomery; one or two on the Tombigbee, and several old river boats overhauled and rigged up at Mobile, either one of which one shot would blow to atoms.

I noticed in a pictorial weekly, (Harper's, I think,) a drawing of a rebel ram at Mobile. The form of the boat is very good, but it has the appearance of having plain smooth sides of wood or iron, whereas the sides and stern are formed of compressed cotton bales, strapped on with iron bands. Her turret is plated with old river packet and converted into a ram, and I think would go to pieces herself if she attempted to poke her nose into anything very solid. She is an ill-formed, ugly looking craft, and has the appearance of having been got up for a big scare.

Besides the large Government works at Selma, there are a number of smaller establishments, got up by wealthy men for the purpose of getting contracts with the Government, thereby keeping out of the army themselves. Among these are several foundries, a powder mill, a cotton card factory, three wagon and ambulance factories, and some extensive

sheds for the manufacture of nitre [sic].

The Government manufactures large quantities of clothing also, having two establishments for that purpose.

The Quartermaster and Commissary Departments at Selma are also very active. A considerable stock of stores are generally on hand in both these departments. The commissary Department always has a large quantity of rice and flour on hand. The latter is baked up into army bread or crackers, then shipped to Mobile or Montgomery.

There were no troops at Selma, with the exception of the Provost Guard, whose duty it was to guard the Government property, railroad depots and steamboat landings. The fortifications consist of a single ditch surrounding the city, ending at the river above and below the city limits.

Selma is the eastern terminus of the Alabama and Missouri river Railroad, which runs to Meridian and Jackson, which places were lately occupied by Gen. Sherman.

Selma is also the Southern terminus of the Alabama and Tennessee river railroad, which runs within nine miles of Jacksonville, in the northern part of the State. This railroad runs directly through the richest mineral country in the South. In fact the coal mines of Alabama supply every arsenal, foundry, gunboat, and every manufacturing establishment in the Confederacy. With this indispensable material for the manufacture of munitions of war; and this is the only place in the Confederacy where coal abounds now in their reach. The same may be said with regard to the iron mines of Alabama. They produce an inexhaustible supply of metal, equal, it is said, to the best in the world, and it has been proved to be of inestimable value in the manufacture of cannon. Nearly one hundred tons of pig iron passes over this road daily, the most of which is reshipped to the different armories and arsenals throughout the Confederacy, and is rapidly converted into missiles of war.

The Alabama river is fortified at one place only between Mobile and Selma. It is nearly two hundred miles from the latter, and is considered quite formidable. It commands a stretch of about four miles of the river, and some heavy guns are mounted on the works. It is called Choctaw Bluff.

The celebrated salt works of Alabama are ten miles west of this place, where the largest part of the salt used in Alabama, Georgia, and Mississippi, for the past two years has been made. Salt water is found at these works at a depth of from ten to fifteen feet. Wells are dug and curbed, furnaces built of the lime rock, of which there is an abundance near, and large kettles similar to long rows on these furnaces. The water is drawn from the wells by large pumps, and conducted to the furnace by means of troughs made for the purpose. The water is then boiled down. The fires are kept up night and day under the kettles. This business employs a large number of both blacks and whites; besides being a very profitable business, the salt makers were exempt from military duty, which made it very popular. The salt made at these works sold as high as thirty dollars per bushel, though salt was considered to be the highest of anything in the Confederacy.

Selma fifteen years ago was a small village, but grew very rapidly up to the commencement of the war. Since then nothing has been done except the Government works. A large hotel in course of erection was left about half finished. Stores, whose shelves once groaned under the weight of the products of Northern industry, are now either closed entirely, or at most have a few boxes of tobacco, a few pieces of osnaburgs, or perhaps some articles that have run the blockade at Wilmington, Charleston or Mobile.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, April 21, 1864, p. 1, c. 5

Jayhawking in St. Landry.

The following is from the Plaquemine (Iberville parish) Gazette and Sentinel, of the 11th inst.:

We had a conversation a few days since with a gentleman who resides near Opelousas. He had just arrived here, or at the Park, with a flatboat load of cotton. He gives a terrible picture of affairs in that parish, growing out of the outrages and depredations of the Jayhawkers. They are banded together, he says, in large numbers, mostly young men, the majority of whom have served in both armies, but having proved traitors to both, make outrage depredation upon the peaceful citizens their profession and their support. In self-defence [sic] the citizens are forced to unite for their protection and for the extermination of those lepers—one of the curses springing out of civil strife, and one of the terrible evidences of the demoralization resulting through it.

Several of these marauders were caught and shot a few days since, one of whom was a very young man, and met death in a fearful manner, through his cries and supplications; he had to be shot twice. A few days previous the jayhawkers were pounced upon in their camp, routed and dispersed, and several killed. Ten thousand pounds of good bacon, horses, arms, etc., were captured. Our informant was present and had several balls put into his horse. The jayhawkers show no mercy to their victims, but take all they have, even to leaving them naked. They robbed an old widow lady but a few days back, taking every thing she had, even to her clothing, leaving her in a semi-nude condition. She was rich, and the miscreants found out where her money and plate were only after the old lady had been tied to the tail of a horse and the animal had actually started off with her, when she divulged the place of its concealment. This diabolical act gave renewed indignation among the people, and active measures were taken to ferret out the villains. At length, on last Friday week, a young man was observed endeavoring to sell some article which a bystander recognized as having belonged to the old lady above mentioned. A party was soon collected together. The man confessed his guilt after he found it was useless to deny it; he divulged where the old lady's valuables were to be found; and a few minutes afterwards he was shot, and, by his request, in the back.

Our informant is known to gentlemen in this town, whom we should judge to be a man of reliability.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, April 27, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

A lady in an omnibus in Washington, espied the great unfinished dome of the capitol, and said innocently, "I suppose those are the gas works?" "Yes, madam, for the nation," was the reply of a fellow passenger.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, May 6, 1864, p. 1, c. 6

Army Penchant for Newspapers.—George Augustus Sala says, in his last letter to the London Telegraph:

The American soldiers console themselves for their enforced abstinence by sucking any quantity of lollipops, by smoking any number of short pipes, by chewing any number of quids, and by reading any number of newspapers. The consumption of journalism in the Federal armies is tremendous, and the perusal of newspapers appears to yield the men unceasing and unflinching

delight. I have heard that on the battle field of Antietam, in the intervals of the bloodiest charges, the rowdy little newsboys would come scampering along the ensanguined ranks, crying "extra" of the New York papers. It is certain that you can scarcely pass a soldier's tent in this great camp without finding one or more of the occupants intent on the study of the printed sheets which are vomited forth every morning by the New York press.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, May 8, 1864, p. 6, c. 1-2

The Ethics of the Toilet.

An odd little book has fallen in our way suggesting a curious difficulty in our modern social ethics. The work, or rather pamphlet, calls itself a hand-book for ladies' maids, but is really, we suspect, intended for a very different class—for the factory girls, and servant girls, and girls in the country whose passion it is to look like ladies, and who do not quite know how. Dress they feel does not efface the difference in caste, and they would like to go a step farther, and this book is sold at a shilling in order to teach them the way. At least it is not very probable that wives of the class which keeps personal attendants would either suffer from the more vulgar forms of skin disease, or consult their servants about them if they did. Supposing the book intended for the classes we have mentioned, its teaching is not a little curious. The compiler, who says he is much indebted to some French original, is apparently honest enough, really understands the virtue of clean water and plenty of it, and has acquired some distant idea of the value of strong rough towelling [sic]. We might take him for an apothecary, but that he seems to be afflicted with a sort of ladies' maid conscience, and to feel a necessity for apologizing for some of his own recipes. He expatiates upon the advantages of different methods of dressing the hair with a gusto which suggests the perfumer, and is positively subtle in the distinctions he draws between "Bertha's plaits" and the "style Marie Antoinette," the "Alexandra" and "Solferino" clustering, the "trellis coiffure" and a marvelous arrangement which, as he says, "suits only a very marked style of countenance, and "would injure a very open face," and which is called the "Charlemagne." He is placidly cheerful about the removal of wrinkles by a hasty process of "filling in" with a mixture of white wax, spermaceti, rosewater, and "balm of Tolu," and gives without preface or comment a recipe for removing freckles, which we venture to say, by the way, is entirely delusive; but he is distressed at the application of beer to the hair, a practice which, he says, is very common and very dirty, and is positively vexed with himself for suggesting the best kinds of rouge and pearl powder. He is careful to premise that health is the best cosmetic, and that cold water clears the skin better than any preparation, and is extremely anxious that cosmetics should be used only during the day. His "patrons," he fears, may sleep in them, and that will injure their "transpiration." He even warns all readers that the use of "pearl white" may lead to paralysis, as its basis is white lead; but, having satisfied his conscience by these remarks, he proceeds to give all the receipts, including the dangerous one, with most painstaking minuteness. As a further salvo, however, he places in front of his long list a preparation which we quote for the final line, a delicious specimen of would-be artistic reasoning. "One of the safest plans for coloring the cheeks, and which is effected without deadening the skin or impeding the necessary transpiration, is to take a fragment of bright crimson silk, and having dipped it in strong spirits of wine, to rub it over the cheeks till a moderate tint is apparent on the skin. The great value of this complexion aid is its transparency, for it admits of the increase of color by the natural mode of blushing."

Clearly the writer believes that though a decoction of ribbon is justifiable, and rouge and pearl powder are used, and perhaps must be used, by people of every grade, there is something a little wrong in using them, something which though not exactly wicked has a flavor of immorality about it, and requires defence [sic] or apology. Middle-class society in Europe, at least, pretty much agrees with him, and though it buys cosmetics every day, and uses them every night, thinks it necessary to deny their propriety, and blame under its breath the people who visibly employ them. There is a dislike of "paint" in all European nations, more especially among the lower classes, which seems as strong as an instinct, and the presumption in favor of instincts is almost always great. Yet it is very hard to prove that there is any moral or social reason against the use of cosmetics, or any reason at all stronger than the disrepute brought on the practice by its prevalence among the disreputable classes of society. Why should a woman who may wear purchased hair without reproach, or fill up gaps in her teeth, or use almost any conceivable device in the way of dress, be ashamed to admit that she brightens the color on her cheek or smoothes an otherwise furrowed forehead? Yet there is no doubt that she is ashamed, and as little that the feeling is not altogether conventional. It is not because of the injury to health, for though men may one day learn to consider the habitual disregard of sanitary laws as a crime approaching to suicide, opinion has not yet been cultivated up to that point of refinement or precaution. Nor is it because of the physical nastiness of all these modes of adornment, for the recipe we have given is not nasty, and those who use it would be just as ashamed of acknowledging its use as of discussing the merit of their pearl powder. Nor does it spring from the idea suggested by the handbook which has been the occasion of these remarks that cosmetics are "unfashionable," for they are fashionable or otherwise by fits and starts, while the discredit attached to their use is permanent—has hardly varied even in intensity since the days of Charles I.

The only apparent reason for a condemnation so exceptional is that cosmetics are deceits, that they involve an acted falsehood, and ought, therefore, to be avoided as strictly as any other lie. That rule, however, sound enough in itself, is rather capriciously applied, for nobody objects to a wig, though a gentle ridicule attaches to its concealment, and people talk readily about false teeth, even when they are employed for "deception," and not simply to preserve the health. Nobody either rebukes devices in dress which involve far more of deceit, thinks of condemning tight lacing except as a stupid practice, or feels morally indignant because tailors and milliners alike know the use and abuse of padding. Nor can the feeling spring from an old religious belief, a relic of Catholic teaching and Puritan opinion, for the old divines blamed extravagant shapes for the hair, and low dresses, and vanity generally, quite as bitterly as they condemned rouge; yet all their rules on these points are broken without a thought of shame. Yet there must be a principle somewhere at the bottom of this, as of every other prejudice, and the unconscious feeling of society seems to be something like this: All men and women are bound to conceal any deformity, and have a right to look as well as they can, provided they keep within the law which tacitly enforces honesty even upon the toilette. Everybody has a right to glass eyes, for an empty socket gives pain, or to conceal baldness, for baldness in some men and all women is a deformity, and deformities are unpleasant, and unpleasant things are never to be paraded. Everybody has a right also to-day to wear false hair, because everybody knows that with existing coiffures there must be falsity, and so there is no deception. So there exists a claim to supply a wanting tooth, for that does but maintain the appearance nature had originally given. But no one has a right to add a totally new quality, to assert, as it were, a beauty which nature had not given, and for a man to wear stays, or a brunette pearl powder, is equally objectionable, the covering in

both cases involving the social guilt of deception, and in a greater or less degree the moral guilt of falsehood. Nobody objects to an actress wearing rouge, because all actresses wear it, and there is no deception, but worn in a room it involves a falsehood both as to appearance and to age.

It is a weak explanation, that, when all is said, but it is the only one which meets the visible ethical difficulty. Men of the modern school all reject the old notion of mortifying personal vanity; they all admit that it is the business of women to look as well as ever they can, and yet they all indistinctly feel that even if pearl powder makes them look better pearl powder ought not to be worn. Even a hairdresser writing for ladies' maids on the art of suppressing pimples, and therefore in the position which best allows a cynical regard for his "art," and his art only, still acknowledges that the instinct somehow worries his mind. Why?—English paper.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, May 14, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

An Infamous Order.

The Alexandria correspondent of the St. Louis Republican writes as follows, under date of April 27th:

In a former communication I wrote you the particulars of firing into the steamer Superior below this place last week, and also spoke of the order issued by the commander of the troops on board. I have obtained the proof of the issuing of the order by Lieut. Col. Parker, of the 3d Rhode Island Cavalry. I am permitted to publish the following letter:

Alexandria, La., April, 1864.

J. M. Tomeny, Assistant Special Agent, Treasury Department, Memphis, Tenn.:

When on board the steamer Superior, on the 22d inst., about twenty-five miles below here, the boat was fired into by guerrillas, and three persons were killed and thirteen wounded. There were three companies of the 3d Rhode Island Cavalry, under command of Lieut. Col. Parker on board. As the boat came on up, I heard Col. Parker give peremptory orders to his men to fire on every white man, woman and child seen on the shore. The order was executed, and two unarmed citizens, while standing on the levee about fifteen miles below here, waving their hats to the boat, were fired upon, and both fell to the ground supposed to be killed. I have since learned that the men were loyal, and had taken the oath of allegiance to the United States.

John C. A. Braun, Agency Aid.

The truth of this letter can be established by every one aboard the boat. The Superior and the gunboat convoy fired four or five shells into Mrs. Wilson's plantation houses, six miles above the place where the boat was fired into. This was done by way of "retaliation." Mrs. Wilson is a highly respected, well-known Union lady. When the firing began the negroes—some forty in number—ran out on the bank, almost frightened to death. I was told by a Federal officer on the Superior, that the boat ceased firing for fear of hurting some of the colored people. They did not, he said, want to hurt them, and seeing no white people about, the firing was stopped. It was no difference how many innocent white men, women and children were slaughtered in cold blood, but the colored people, dear creatures! Not a hair of their heads must, for the world, be touched. This is a specimen of abolition philanthropy without a parallel.

Our neighbor, the Times, says "reports of similar atrocities have been circulated in this

city. If the statements can be proved against Col. Parker, he would deserve the severest punishment.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, May 20, 1864, p. 1, c. 6

A Movement of "Loyal Ladies."—A Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune writes:

A patriotic society was formed here to-day called "The Ladies' National Covenant," whose object is to abolish the use of foreign silks, satins, laces—indeed, the whole family of millinery and feminine adornments—with a view to keep the gold in the country. Mrs. Senator Lane, Mrs. Senator Wilson, Mrs. Stevens, the authoress, Mrs. Spaulding, of Ohio, Mrs. Woodbury, of Vermont, Mrs. Lowe, Mrs. Loan, and many other ladies of high social position, took part in the proceedings. This pledge was offered:

"For three years or the war, we pledge ourselves to purchase no foreign articles of apparel, after the 4th of July next, when American articles can possibly be substituted."

Evidently the eight last words would take the life of a non-importation movement; but the pledge was just about to be adopted, when Mrs. Nichols, of Kansas, rose, and very soon demonstrated the folly of a combination against foreign gewgaws, which permitted every woman to judge for herself whether she could get along without them. There was a restiveness under her remarks on the part of some of the ladies who had inaugurated the movement. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who happened to be in the room, then got up, and, in a speech of a very few minutes, carried the meeting without opposition to a vote to strike out the objectionable words of the pledge. Misapprehension lent official influence to the force and truthfulness of her remarks. When she sat down, a whisper went through the church, "That's the wife of the Secretary of War."

Note: [NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, May 25, 1864 skips to July 9, 1864

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, July 9, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

In resuming, after a brief suspension, the publication of the Picayune, we deem the occasion fitting and favorable for a declaration of the principles upon which we propose hereafter to conduct it. These will be found in no material sense diverse from those upon which it has ever been our intention and wish, and no less since the restoration of the authority of the United States in this Department than before, that it should be conducted...In resuming the privilege of publication, it is our intention to support the Government of the United States and steadily to advocate all measures necessary to the establishment of its authority in all parts of the country. . . .

NEW ORLEANS DAILY PICAYUNE, July 17, 1864, p. 4, c. 2

Summary: Article on the Free State of Jones, formerly Jones County, Mississippi

NEW ORLEANS DAILY PICAYUNE, July 21, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

A Soldier Turns Woman and a Woman Turns Soldier.—Such was the case with Tommy McGliner, of the 17th Ohio Battery, and Mary Williams, of the respectable rear portions of this city. Both drank too freely, which caused their arrest and the discovery that Mary was a man and Tom a woman only in apparel. Mac. lost two months' pay and Mary went to the Workhouse for a year, but whether she is privileged to pants or not we are unable to state, but rather think not.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY PICAYUNE, July 26, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

About a thousand Union prisoners, mostly taken over a year, and some nearly two years ago, arrived in this city on Sunday, having been exchanged. Among them were some officers and seamen of the navy. Col. Burrell, of the 42d Massachusetts, a nine months' regiment, has been a prisoner since January 1st, 1863, double the time of the entire term of the regiment. Major Cowan and Lieut. Simpson, who is a member of Gen. Banks's staff, are also returned. The men look hearty and healthy, but are deplorably ragged, coming from a country where a whole shirt is a luxury, and unpatched pantaloons are the badge of the aristocracy. They are being well cared for now by their sympathizing comrades and superior officers.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY PICAYUNE, July 29, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

A Woman's Revenge.

The Nashville Times publishes a letter from a young woman, who tells how she pursued and shot a rebel to avenge the murder of her lover. The scene of the tragedy was Martin's Creek, Tenn. The woman's lover was a Dr. Sadler, whose Union principles had rendered him obnoxious to the rebel inhabitants, three of whom hunted him down, and killed him. The manner of his death is thus narrated by the young woman.

I had met Peteet, Gordenhire, and Turner on the road, and told my brother there that they were searching for Dr. Sadler to kill him. Sure enough they went to the house where he was; and strange to me, after his warning, he permitted them to come in. They met him apparently perfectly friendly, and said they had come to get some brandy from Mr. Yelton, which they obtained; and, immediately after drinking, they all three drew their pistols and commenced firing at Sadler.

He drew his, but it was snatched away from him; he then drew his knife, which was also taken from him. He then ran round the house and up a stairway, escaping out of their sight. They followed, however, and searched till they found him, and brought him down and laid him on a bed, mortally wounded. He requested some of his people to send for Dr. Dillin to dress his wounds. It is strange to me why, but Sadler's friends had all left the room, when Turner went up and put his pistol against his temple, and shot him through the head. They all rejoiced like demons, and stood by till he made his last struggle. They then pulled his eyes open, and asked him in a loud voice if he were dead. They then took his horse and saddle and pistols, and robbed him of all his money, and otherwise insulted and abused his remains.

The young woman (whose initials "L. J. W." are only given) determined on revenge, but kept her resolution to herself lest she should be prevented; and on a subsequent day proceeded to a house where she learned Turner (against whom she seems to have especially directed her revenge) was stopping, and deliberately shot him dead. She thus tells the story:

I asked Mrs. Christian if Turner was gone. She pointed to him at the gate, just leaving. I looked at the clock, and it was just 4½ o'clock, P.M. I then walked out into the yard, and as Turner was starting called to him to stop. He turned, and saw I was preparing to shoot him. He started to run. I fired at a distance of about twelve paces, and missed him. I fired again as quickly as possible, and hit him in the back of the head, and he fell on his face and knees. I fired again and hit him in the back, and he fell on his right side. I fired twice more, only one of these shots taking effect. By this time I was within five steps of him, and stood and watched him until he was dead. I then turned round and walked toward the house, and met Mrs. Christian, and her

sister, his wife, coming out.

They asked me what I did it for. My response was, "You know what that man did the 13th of December last—murdered a dear friend of mine. I have been determined to do this deed ever since, and I shall never regret it." They said no more to me, but commenced hallooing and blowing a horn. I got my horse and started home, where I shall stay or leave as I choose, going where I please, and saying what I please."

NEW ORLEANS DAILY PICAYUNE, July 29, 1864, p. 3, c. 7

"Curly," the Hero of the Regiment.

We find the following touching account in the local columns of the Louisville Journal of the 13th inst.:

During the progress of this war many incidents have been brought to light partaking so much of the character of wild and thrilling romance, that, to those not given to idle day-dreaming, or to indulge in speculative theories, or bright, glowing visions, they seem more like the sportive creation of fancy than the embodiment of reality; and, in many cases, when we hear of these remarkable incidents, we are loth to believe, because we did not witness their occurrence with our own eyes. We are always more ready to believe when seeing a thing than when hearing of it. The war has developed many heroes, not only among men, but among animals. We learn of the coolness and sagacity of the war-horse, the devotion and fearlessness of some petted bird, and, lastly, of the noble faithfulness and heroism of the dog. The horse, without betraying an emotion of fear, bears his gallant rider into the very jaws of death; the bird proudly flaps its wings and adds its song to the screech and roar of battle; and the dog bravely advances with his loved master when the regiment sweeps forward in the terrible charge, and he is fearless and even sportive amid the fearful sheet of flame, the thundering echoes, and the carnage of the dread battle field. If the master falls, he watches by his side, and fondly licks his bleeding wounds. Brave in spirit, and faithful in sagacity, the dog is the proudest of the heroes of the dumb brute creation.

Yesterday we gazed upon one of these dog heroes, and learned his eventful story. Three years ago, when the 11th Ohio volunteer infantry left Columbus, Ohio, for the field of war, a young lady presented to company A of the regiment a beautiful, bright-eyed spaniel. The dog was young, and became the pet of the company. The men guarded it at first as much for the bright eyes of the fair lady as for the docility and sagacity of the animal. The spaniel was named Curly, and it early formed a warm attachment to the company, and shared in all its triumphs and dangers. The regiment was first thrown into Virginia, and in all of the bloody scenes of the Eastern campaigns—the sanguinary battles fought by McClellan. Curly followed his company, and amid the smoke, flame, fire, and carnage, exhibited a coolness and bravery marked and astonishing. It mattered not where the company charged, it was followed by the faithful dog. At two different times Curly was severely wounded on the battle-fields of Virginia. The members of the company kindly dressed the bleeding wounds and nursed their pet until he was again able for the march. The old 11th, with Gen. Hooker's corps, was transferred to the Army of the Southwest. At the battle of Chickamauga the faithful dog was again wounded, and separated from the regiment. The men thought that he had been killed, and gave up all hopes of ever seeing him again. About three weeks after the fight the regiment was surprised to see the wounded dog coming limping into camp. As soon as he found his old company, Curly exhibited the wildest

joy. He was reduced almost to a skeleton, and appeared to be suffering deeply. Yet, when fondled by the men he barked and wagged his tail with unmistakable delight. Skillful nursing and kind attention had a powerful influence on the dog, and he rapidly recruited in strength, and grew much better. At the storming of Lookout Mountain, the 11th Ohio added in the gallant charge, and bravely faced the storm of leaden hail. Again Curly was unfortunate; he was severely wounded in the right shoulder by a Minie ball, from the effects of which he is now suffering. When the 11th passed through Nashville some two weeks ago en route for home to be mustered out of the service, the faithful animal in the bustle of the movement, was separated from the men and left behind. On arriving at Louisville, the regiment offered a large reward to anybody who recover and restore to them their idol—the noble, faithful Curly. The reward prompted parties to make diligent search, and yesterday the dog was received from Nashville at the office of Capt. Dunn, to be forwarded to Columbus, Ohio. He is still suffering from his last wound, yet wears a cheerful look. Around his neck is clasped a steel collar—placed there three years ago—with the following inscription: "I am company A's dog; whose dog are you? 11th Ohio Volunteer Infantry U.S.A."

We understand that this noble hero of the canine species will be forwarded to the Governor of Ohio to-day, who intends to make him an honorary member of the capital. He returns from the battle-field a "war-worn veteran," marked with honorable wounds, and with a history of which the proudest might well be proud. Noble Curly, faithful dog! the State of Ohio should gratefully cherish your memory as the noblest of your species!

NEW ORLEANS DAILY PICAYUNE, July 30, 1864, p. 4, c. 3

The Vicksburg Haunted House.
The Ghost Identified by an Officer.

The Herald of the 22d has the following "startling intelligence:"

We are not disposed to give credence to what are called "ghost stories," although it cannot be denied that almost every age in the world—every civilized and uncivilized country, and every village, town or city, has its legends; its "haunted house" or houses, and its believers in the marvelous and supernatural. We had supposed, however, that the famous city of the hills, the "Gibraltar of the Mississippi," was an exception to the general rule, and that within its walls of fortifications no enemy, even from the world of spirits, would dare venture to intrude.

It is true this vicinity has been a scene of deadly conflict, and not a few of our brave defenders and intrepid enemies have proved their devotion by their life's blood, and their bodies now "lie mouldering in the grave," somewhere not far from the city, but we can see no reason why, especially in this season of the year, any of these departed ones should seek to locate themselves in this region above ground, especially with the present condition of what should be the city sewerage. The imperfect drainage of the city and the insufficiency of the transportation for garbage, we would think would induce even the most unfortunately located of the departed spirits to prefer their location to that of Vicksburg, while these blest ones who have found the happy shore would certainly evince a strange want of appreciation of that land where, as Dr. Watts says:

"Everlasting Spring abides
And never withering flowers,"

ever to desire to return to this city of stagnant pools and broken, filthy gutters; yet unwilling as

we are to give credence to any of these stories of the supernatural, especially under present circumstances and in this city, we are assured on the most reliable authority, of the following statement:

On the night of Tuesday last, at about 12 o'clock, an officer residing in this city, was suddenly awakened from his sound sleep by a rustling sound, and on looking at the foot of his bed he saw an apparition in the form of a man dressed in white. The figure had entered the room without opening a door or window. It was tall, gaunt, and hungry looking, with the appearance of mutilation near one eye, the head being bound round and producing the impression of severe ill-treatment, such as is common with those who fall in with rebels, after having taken the Federal oath, and served the United States Government.

The officer spoke as soon as he could recover from the first feeling of alarm which such a spectre [sic] would naturally produce, and sufficient was communicated by the apparition to satisfy the former of its identity with a man who escaped from the rebel army in June, 1863, and who was employed by him during the siege of Vicksburg, on a steamer up the Yazoo River, but who was subsequently arrested by the Provost Marshal on a suspicion of disloyalty, or of being a spy. This, however, was not proven against him, and he was employed by the Provost Marshal.

Having served in the army, he would, of course, meet with rough treatment at the hands of the rebels if he was so unfortunate as to be taken prisoner.

As soon as the identity of the apparition with this individual was established beyond a doubt, he vanished from sight without opening a door or window of the room wherein he made his appearance.

Since the occurrence above related the same unearthly looking object has been seen several times hovering around the premises late of an evening, and has been seen by others besides the officer to whom he first appeared.

Early of a morning, too, loud knockings of a mysterious character have been heard in the building, but whether from the same cause has not been discovered.

Should he make another appearance, our informant has promised to keep us posted.

We, for prudential reasons, withhold the names of the individuals to this singular occurrence, and shall not at present divulge the precise location of the "haunted house," preferring to await further developments, if any should appear, to throw light on this mysterious affair.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY PICAYUNE, July 31, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

The United States mail steamship Matanzas, Wm. Leisegang, commanding, will leave her wharf this afternoon at 4 o'clock, for New York direct, with a full freight, the United States mails and the following passengers:

H. Rosenzsig, Capt. Hopkins, Capt. Sanford, Capt. Peck. W. W. Miller, Lieut. Jenkins, Lieut. Stevenson, J. Schirer, E. Eichelberger, Lieut. P. W. Lyons, Lieut. Col. Duganne, Lileut. J. Bassett, Lieut. Jas. Wilson, S. E. Locke, E. Rickert, Col. Jas. C. Clark, Lieut. C. Emerson and servant, J. E. Feytas and servant, Jules Paquot, H. Humble, Capt. Geo. Sherine, Lieut. D. F. Eddy, W. H. Cowdin, A. N. Proctor, Col. J. P. Burrell, Lieut. B. P. Stouzle, Lieut. T. H. Newcomb, Capt. Cyrus Savage, Lieut. S. F. White, Lieut. Jas. Sampson, Lieut. H. W. Moore, F. P. Martinez, Judge Whiteker and lady, two children and lady friend; Mrs. Nahar, Mrs. Bellcone and two children, Miss S. Thompson, Mrs. J. Segey and son, Rev. E. H. Alden and lady, M. Barnett, Jno. Barnett, Jr., J. Caprell, Capt. Irwin, Lieut. Sherman, Lieut. Gillitte, Capt.

Thompson, Lieut. Wellington, Lieut. Kirby, Lieut. Babcock, Capt. Coe, Lieut. Pettie, and 32 in the steerage.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY PICAYUNE, August 6, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

A funeral passed our office on yesterday. We heard the drums and fifes far off, advancing with measured slowness, filling the air with the solemn Portuguese hymn; to our long accustomed ears the most solemn of all the marches for the dead. When it reached us we found it to be the simple cortege which accompanies a private soldier to the tomb. There was no sumptuous hearse with nodding plumes conveying the body to its last resting place, nor were long strings of carriages attendant upon the ceremony. A few of his comrades marched in front with reversed muskets, a few by his side as pall bearers, and a few in the rear as mourners. With sad, solemn and regular step they thus bore him to the tomb.

To our mind the funeral of the private soldier, in its simplicity and unadornment, far surpasses in grandeur any of those by which the great and honored among men are wont to be buried. In every effort to show and display on such occasions there is so much of stage effect and vanity, that it only affects the mind as a performance for the benefit of the actor. It ceases to be a tribute to the virtues of the deceased or a memorial of love borne towards him. The funeral of the humble private was touchingly appropriate.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY PICAYUNE, August 6, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

The Memphis Bulletin tells a "strange story" about a lady of that city being called upon by an uncouth looking female, who represented herself as a refugee, and detailed her sufferings so movingly as to awaken the pity of a lady. The refugee woman wanted employment as a servant, and the lady induced her husband to give the woman employment as lady's maid and general house servant.

The new servant is represented as getting along with the work much as a mule would have done; but all might have gone on well if she had not one day done or said something which made the lady think that Betsy, after all, was not a woman. The husband laughed at the idea, but the lady told Betsy not to come into her room any more, as she would attend to the chamber herself in future. "Finally the husband's eyes were opened by catching the domestic performing in the back yard a strange operation in a still stranger manner for one professing to be a woman, and he at once accused her of being a man. The accusation was at first denied, but Betsy was obliged to cave, and finally did own up to the charge. For further satisfaction the husband held a private examination of the person of the accused, when he found all the proof necessary."

There was some talk of arresting him, but as he had done no harm this was foregone. He is said to have come of a good family, but to be a dissolute youth, of about 21 years of age, well known at Memphis. The only excuse he had to give when asked the reason of his strange conduct, was that he wanted to find out how many virtuous women there were in Memphis.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY PICAYUNE, August 6, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

The Taunton Gazette says the appearance of the "female soldier" in our exchanges is even more regular and frequent than that of the pious youth whose Bible stopped so many rebel bullets.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY PICAYUNE, August 11, 1864, p. 4, c. 2

Sentence of a Female Rebel.

Mrs. Mary E. Sawyer, of Baltimore, Md., having been found guilty, by a special military commission, of corresponding with the enemy, and assisting parties within our lines to correspond with the enemy, and of furnishing letters of a contraband character from within our lines into those of the enemy, has been sentenced to be imprisoned until the termination of the present rebellion, and be employed on labor for the benefit of the Union soldiers, in such prison as the Secretary of War may direct. The female prison has been selected as the place of confinement.—Ibid.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY PICAYUNE, August 12, 1864, p. 1, c. 6

The Employment of Women.—The New York Sun says:

At present the printing business seems to have received the largest accession of female help. Many country newspapers are exclusively "set up" by women, and there are few provincial printing offices in which they are not employed. In this city, in the offices of several weekly papers, the compositors are exclusively females, and in many large book and job printing offices there is an increasing per centage of feminine "typos." Other trades have also undergone a salutary change in this respect, and the old prejudices of workmen against the employment and competition of the other sex, are rapidly disappearing. In the country, and especially in the Western States, it is remarked that the absorption of the male members of families render it a matter of necessity that their female relatives should even cultivate the land, and it is no longer an unusual sight to see the latter working in the fields, and guiding reaping and mowing machines.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY PICAYUNE, August 14, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

Exchange of Prisoners of War.

Headquarters Department of the Gulf,
New Orleans, August 4, 1864.

General Orders, No. 107.

The following named Officers and privates, being of the number of prisoners of war delivered on parole at Red River Landing, La., June 17, 1864, and being an equivalent of one hundred and ten (110) privates, are hereby declared duly exchanged, in accordance with an agreement entered into July 22d, 1864, between Col. Chas. C. Dwight, United States Commissioner of Exchange for the Military Division of the West Mississippi, and Major Ig. Szymanski, Confederate States Commissioner of Exchange for the Trans-Mississippi Department:

Col. Frank Emerson, 67th Indiana Volunteers,
Capt. Robert B. Ennis, 160th New York Volunteers,
2d Lieut. George W. Gibson, 162 New York Volunteers,
2d Lieut. Squire Pinkston, 19th Kentucky Volunteers,
2d Lieut. Harrison S. Poulter, 19th Kentucky Volunteers,
Durkee, Elliot D., Quartermaster Sergeant, Company G, 6th Mass. Cavalry Vols.
Kahco, William, Quartermaster Sergeant, Company K, 6th Mass. Cavalry Vols.

Gardner, William, Sergeant, Chicago Mercantile Battery.
 Hangen, G. D., Sergeant, Company I, 47th Penn. Vols.
 Mayer, Charles, do. do. C, 173^d N. Y. Vols.
 Lathan, Joseph E., do. do. B, 15th Maine Vols.
 Reinmiller, Peter, do. do. K, 47th Penn. Vols.
 Stephenson, Chas. L., do. B, 130th Ill. Vols.
 Wood, Benton, do. do. F, do. do.
 Dunn, A. N., Corporal do.....K, 29th Maine Vols.
 Fuchs, Conrad, do do C, 49th Ill. Vols.
 Gregory, Walter, do do F, 173^d N. Y. Vols.
 Avey, Geo. W., do do I, 83^d Ohio Vols.
 Gibson, John D., do do D, 19th Ky. Vols.
 Hoff, James, do do E, 47th Penn. Vols.
 Thompson, Jas. S., do do G, 153^d N. Y. Vols.
 Ford, Charles H., Musician, do C, 160th do.
 Barron, Wesley, do do B, 160th do.
 Rhubottom, M., do do F, 160th do.
 Spink, Edwin F. do do G, 160th do.
 Sherwood, Edward, do do C, 160th do.
 Kellog, L. T., Private do. D, 160th do.
 Atkinson, William, do. do. B, 49th Ill. Vols.
 Bilgen, Jesse W., do. do. E, 130th do.
 Buttrick, John, do. do. E, 77th Ill. Vols.
 Byrnes, John, do. do. C, 165th N. Y. Vols.
 Buckley, Thos. P. do. do. C, 165th do.
 Conklin, John, do. do. F, 173 do.
 Coleman, Wm. J., do. do. K, 31st Mass. Vols.
 Doherty, Patrick, do. do. H, 30th Maine Vols.
 Dare, Samuel, do. do. C, 165th N. Y. Vols.
 Eckard, Peter, do. do. D, 120th Ohio Vols.
 Evans, George, do. do. C, 162^d N. Y. Vols.
 Fisher, Jacob s., do. do. F, 120th Ohio Vols.
 Fleetwood, Washington, do. K, 67th Ind. Vols.
 Freshwater, Jacob, do. do. G, 96th Ohio Vols.
 Gray, Francis, do do. E, 165th N. Y. Vols.
 Haley, John, do. do. F, 130th Ill. Vols.
 Herron, Oscar, do. do. B, 29th Wis. Vols.
 Harbrecht, J., do. do. G, 173^d N. Y. Vols.
 Irez, Israel, do. do. E, 96th Ohio Vols.
 Kirst, Peter, do. do. E, 153^d N. Y. Vols.
 Legg, Asa H., do. do. I, 114th N. Y. Vols.
 Wooster, Illiah J., do. do. C, 2^d La. Inf. Vols.
 Moses, Perry, do. do. F, 96th Ohio Vols.
 McGlinn, Peter, do. do. D, 30th Maine Vols.
 Mathews, Edward, do. do. C, 47th Penn. Vols.
 Miller, Marx, do. do. I, 162^d N. Y. Vols.

Painter, David,	do.	do.	E, 120 th Ohio Vols.
Packard, W. N.,	do.	do.	E, 23d Wis. Vols.
Ramsay, Aaron,	do.	do.	I, 130 th Ill. Vols.
Roberts, Ed. E.,	do.	do.	G, 28 th Iowa Vols.
Rushton, Stephen R.,	do.	do.	E, 24 th do.
Roberts, Theo. N.,	do.	do.	E, 28 th do.
Schwyhout, M. S.,	do.	do.	H, 96 th Ohio Vols.
Scofield, J. H.,	do.	do.	F, 29 th Wis. Vols.
Stafford, John L.	do.	do.	K, 67 th Ind. Vols.
Urdike, Wm. A.,	do.	do.	F, 130 th Ill. Vols.
Vankesteren, Wm.,	do.	do.	C, 178 th N. Y. Vols.
Watkins, Jno. B.,	do.	do.	E, 67 th Ind. Vols.
Wolf, Peter,	do.	do.	173d N. Y. Vols.

Officers and enlisted men above enumerated will join their respective commands without delay.

By command of Major Gen. Banks,
George B. Drake,
Assistant Adjutant General.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY PICAYUNE, August 14 1864, p. 3, c. 3

The Era has also the following this morning:

Acting Master John Dillingham, who was captured off Sabine Pass, January 21st, 1863, while in command of the United States ship Morning Light, arrived at this port in the Arkansas. Capt. D. is paroled by Major Gen. Magruder to effect his own exchange for Capt. Chas. Fowler. His parole is limited to six months. He informs us that the rebel authorities are most anxious to exchange the whole crew—that they had been marched from Camp Groce to Shreveport, a distance of 300 miles, and paroled for exchange. The Captain subsequently marched back to Camp Ford, near Tyler, as the Federal authorities would not receive them. There were at Camp Ford, when he left, about 3600 prisoners, in a crowded, unhealthy state. Capts. Crocker, Johnson, and Morgan, of the gunboats Clifton, Sachem and Signal, with their several commands, are still at Camp Ford, anxiously waiting for exchange.

Capt. D. was sent to the blockading fleet off Sabine, where he arrived July 24th. He has been a prisoner over eighteen months, in various parts of Texas, including two months in the State Penitentiary. He received his appointment in the navy in May, 1861, and had been on active service in the Western Gulf Blockading Squadron up to the time of his capture. While on the Princess Royal off Galveston, waiting transportation, Thomas H. Sheppard, Signal Quartermaster of the Morning Light, and Edward Scanlin, citizen prisoner, arrived on board, having made their escape from Camp Ford. They traveled the whole route to Houston, subsisting upon green corn and watermelons [sic]. There they procured a skiff, and arrived at the fleet August 6th. Taking the route and state of the country into consideration, this is one of the most remarkable escapes during the war. We cheerfully publish a list of the officers and crew of the Morning Light, now remaining at Camp Ford, in hopes of conveying information to their anxious friends:

Acting Master H. W. Washburn, Acting Master Wm. W. Fowler, Acting Master's Mate George H. Rice, Acting Master's Mate J. L. Chambers, John H. Williams, John Bowen, John T. Griffith, Daniel George, Wm. Jenkins, Charles Lane, John McLellan, Antonio Galusha, Charles

Ryan, Fred. Van Rouk, Joseph Hafley, Francis Murray, Henry D. Buck, Daniel Burke, Alphonso Matthews, Edward Noble, William Thomas, John Taplin, Henry Snyder, George Dawson, Lawrence Bartly, Wm. Barnett, John Holsey, M. F. Wilson, John Little, James Worden, James Collins, James H. Collins, James Mason, Wm. Brock, Thomas Eagan, Wm. Blaney, Charles R. Bliss, Augustus Johnson, Augustus Wade, Michael Boyle, William Ferry, Wm. Sweeny, M. C. Polson, Michael Kenny, John Williams, J. D. Oliver, Mich'l Segru, G. H. Traverse, Peter Lynd, Charles Mosely, W. H. H. Gilbert, Geo. Midas, W. H. Clark, George Owens.

Henry Newhall and Capt. Steward Lyons were left at Shreveport, and are supposed to have escaped.

Capt. Dillingham states that, while at Houston, Gen. Magruder agreed to parole the remaining men from the steamer Harriet Lane, bark W. G. Anderson and Cayuga, viz:

Allen Dodd, Frank P. Burke, Ben. F. Cline, Henry Bartell, Conrad Van Dine, Henry Stewart, Patrick Costello, Edward Cody.

We also learn from Capt. Dillingham the following interesting facts:

There are now at Sabine the following named ladies, who are permitted to leave Texas by order of Gen. Magruder, but who cannot be received on board the blockading fleet:

Mrs. Brunow and two children, wife of a German preacher now in New Orleans.

Mrs. Norton, wife of H. B. Norton, Esq., formerly a member of the Texas Legislature, and now an officer in an Ohio regiment. A Miss Steele is with Mrs. Norton.

Another lady from near Indianola, Texas, with two children, was with Mrs. Hamilton at Galveston, with permission to leave. Her husband is in our lines, and belongs to Davenport, Iowa.

Col. Griffin, commanding the post at Sabine, wishes our Government to send a steamer to take these persons away, as they can only be allowed a Government ration, which is not fit subsistence for women and children, and he cannot do anything better for them.

There are also at Galveston, Mrs. Barnard Crone and four children. Mr. Crone is pilot on the Gulf blockading fleet.

Capt. Shear's wife and children. Capt. Shear is in command of a steamer from New York to New Orleans.

The following persons arrived on the Arkansas at this port:

Mrs. Griffith, of Johnson's Bayou, with 7 children. Mr. Griffith is in the Federal lines. Mrs. James Taylor, with 4 children. Mr. Taylor, her husband, has been a pilot for the U. S. navy, and was captured at Arkansas Pass last winter.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY PICAYUNE, August 24, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

Destitute Condition of Southern Refugees in Louisville.

The Louisville Journal of August 13 has the following:

Through official sources we learn that there is much suffering among the Southern refugees now in this city. It is indeed heartrending to gaze into their sad, pale faces and contemplate their bitter lot. Driven from their sunny homes, where "peace and plenty smiled," by the stern realities of war, and sent to wander destitute and lonely in a land of strangers, dependent alone for favors upon the provisions made by Government, and the kindness and charity of a cold, unfriendly world for existence, no wonder that the eyes grow weary with

weeping, the faces become haggard with want, and continual sadness dwells with them.

Almost every train from the South brings a number of these refugees from Dixie. Louisville is but poorly prepared to supply them with comforts. They are huddled together in a barracks provided for that purpose, and furnished with Government rations. Worn out with travel, heartbroken with grief, and destitute of worldly means, they are transferred from the scenes of their once happy homes to be furnished a "place to stay" inside of cheerless walls in the great cities of the North. Sickness follows, and dark despair sits upon the brows of all. Old men, women and children are crowded together, with but little provisions made for comfort.

They have no downy beds upon which to stretch their limbs, none of the soothing quiet which should belong to the sick room, and no delicacies, or means to purchase them, to tempt the appetite, and add strength to the feeble form. No kind, soothing words are whispered into their ears, no sunshine gleams for them, but all is desponding, dark and cheerless. What wonder then is it that the feeble patients die in such large numbers, and are hurried to rude, unknown graves, far from the bright sunshine of their own joyous clime! We do not overdraw the picture; the strokes are not too highly colored.

Let the philanthropic people of Louisville visit the barracks of the refugees in our city, and there behold the sorrow, destitution, and suffering presented. If they will but make the visit, it will require no appeal from us to arouse them to a sense of Christian duty. The need is pressing; the case is urgent; the suffering is great; and relief in some shape must be speedily obtained. Clothing is wanted—clean linen is wanted—delicacies are wanted—pleasant homes are wanted—and, more than all, kind, cheering words are wanted. We hope that, for the honor of our city, some relief may be afforded to the suffering refugees.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY PICAYUNE, August 28, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

A Western Barbecue.—The barbecued meat which gives the characteristic name to these parties, is the sweetest meat, from the manner in which it is cooked and the appetite the occasion usually gives, ever cooked by mortal hands, the delicate brown and crisp morsels reminding one of the glowing description given by Charles Lamb in his dissertation [sic] of the roast pig. The mode of preparing this Western country master-piece of cuisine is the simplest. No iron or metal of any kind comes in contact with the flesh during the process, and no stone coal or smoking wood is used. A deep pit is dug in the earth, some six feet long by three wide and four deep, in which a bed of live coals is thrown. Choice cuts of beef, mutton and young pork, sometimes a whole pig or lamb, barbed on a long, thin, sharp poplar cue are placed in rows across the pit, and slowly turned over the live coals by swarthy black cooks, who swab the dripping pieces, from time to time, with rags fastened on a stick and dipped in butter. In this way the meat is done slowly through and through, and no part burned. Roast lamb, pig and beef barbecued together, with home-made bread and coffee, makes a repast eaten with the appetite which the excitement of the drive and the country give, which, in our estimation, rivals the ambrosial and bromatic feasts of the Olympians.—St. Louis Republican.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY PICAYUNE, August 31, 1864, p. 4, c. 3

A Lady Spy in Maryland.

Some towns in Maryland require a tri-annual rebel raid to convince them of their true position.

A female spy was captured in Pleasant Valley, dressed in male attire, named Sarah E. Mitchel alias Charles Wilson. She claimed to be a member of Imboden's cavalry. She was taken to brigade headquarters, where certain peculiarities of outline aroused the suspicions of a medical officer—

Her music voice, her woman's grace,
Half saucy and half shy;
Her sex shone in her blushing face
And in her melting eye.

When the doctor accused her of being a female she admitted it, and said her name was Sarah E. Mitchel, sixteen years of age, and a native of Winchester.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY PICAYUNE, September 2, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

Unconscious Bigamy.—A Western paper has the following:

When the war first broke out, a young man of Steubenville, Ohio, volunteered. He was reported killed at Perryville, and subsequently his wife received a metallic coffin which purported to be the body of her husband. She buried it with all due ceremony and affection, and after more than a year elapsed she married again. A few days since an exchanged prisoner passed through Steubenville, and left a message from the husband supposed to be dead, that he would probably be soon exchanged, and would be home again. Her present husband is a worthy man, and the case becomes somewhat embarrassing.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY PICAYUNE, September 7, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

Shoddy.

I know by the stick he so knowingly twirled,
And his waxy moustache something snobby was near;
And I said, "were Pug perfum'd and tail gently curled
Up under his elbow, he'd match this one here!"

I knew that the damsel who tripp'd by his side,
With her street-dabbled frock, and her "Ah, au revoir,"
Was born of the Shoddy, now top of the tide,
And belonged in the kitchen, and not the boudoir!

Said I "Chateau Briand, it seemeth, my friend,
If this lad had a musket instead of rattan,
And the girl some poor soldier-boy's stockings to mend,
One would look more a woman—the other a man!"

C.B.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY PICAYUNE, September 8, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

Long-bearded men are the rule not the exception now-a-days. Look back twenty years, and how few then would so much violate the proprieties of life as to let his hair grow where the Almighty had planted it?

We recollect a clergyman who, within that time, withdrew from the priesthood simply because his bishop disapproved of his long and fiery beard. He has disappeared now, and is

probably in his grave. Were he to appear on earth again, would he not wonder to see the greater number of his clerical brethren "bearded like pards?" Once a big black beard was the distinguishing mark of the brigand, now it is symbolmatic of peace. Once the shaven chin was necessary to the messenger from God; now it more often discloses the detective and the burglar.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY PICAYUNE, September 8, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

The Mexican Fairs.

The Metemorelos Fair will commence on the 30th of July, and continue until the 9th of August.

The Cadereita Fair will commence on the 13th of August and continue to the 23d of the same month.

The Monterey Fair will take place from the 8th to the 22d of September next.

[Montera Morning Star, July 24th.

We presume the fairs of the "old country" are like unto them; but one who has never trusted his life across the ocean, would find in these fairs, the announcement of which we take from a Texas paper, food for many a gay and lively recollection.

In Mexico, without railways, stages, towns near each other, or a population living compactly, except in the towns, these fairs are the event of the year. Thither travel the manufacturers of those curious, water-proof, elegant, soft and exquisitely fine woven blanket shawls, of the unequaled Paras saddle-trees, of the Paras wine, of the earthenware and quaint images of Guadalajara, of the hardware and cutlery of Leon, of the gamusa, (the dressed goat and deer skins,) and the tanned leather of the mountains, and all other various articles of home production, not excluding the *piloncillos*, little loaves of coarse but very sweet sugar, and the *mescal*, or whiskey, made of the *maguey*, or "century plant" with us.

Here, too, come the dealers in foreign merchandise, in English cotton sheetings and shirtings which the Mexicans then called *imperiales*, and doubtless now are more than ever willing so to designate, and in all those things of ornament and utility which commerce affords them, from rebosos to missals.

Last, not least by any means, here come the players, the magicians, the mountebanks, the bull-fighters, the dealers in monte, the musicians, and all who give merriment and amusement to that light-hearted people—ever ready for a *fiesta* and a *fandango*.

Thus it is that to the annual fairs of the principal cities and towns they look forward with the utmost interest and anxiety, and from them and by them date most of the chief in interest of the events of their domestic life.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY PICAYUNE, September 10, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

Confederate Supplies.

Montgomery, Sept. 3.—We mentioned some time since that Major Noble, the Confederate States agent, had bought some 500,000 bushels of corn in the Valley of the Mississippi. It is just pouring into our city, and with huge amounts here before, it would look as if some modern Joseph had been inspired to collect and store up provision against the time of famine. We have seen more corn during our sojourn in this city than in all our life time before.

And notwithstanding the immense quantities sent forward to our armies, it absolutely looks as if there were no end to it. Like the widow's store of oil and meal using does not diminish the quantity.

This morning I went through the Confederate Shoe Shop lately established amongst us. We found some forty odd hands, turning out daily from 100 to 120 pairs of good *sewed shoes*. There is a sewing machine in the establishment, which puts on the soles substantially. The operator told me that he could sew from fifteen to twenty pairs per hour if they were cut and fixed for him.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY PICAYUNE, September 14, 1864, p. 1, c. 7

A Remarkable Water Cure.
A Female Nurse Transformed Into a Man
and Marries.
[From the Utica Herald.]

The following are the leading particulars of an occurrence in a neighboring town in Chemango county:

About a year ago the wife of a prominent citizen of the village of New Berlin repaired to a fashionable water cure, in this State, for hydropathic treatment of her bodily ailments, leaving her husband at home with a young woman as his house-keeper, in her absence. It was the good fortune of Mrs. Z. at the water cure, to secure the services of one of the nurses whose name was Miss Sallie M. Monroe. Miss Monroe was large, handy, and careful; and, under her kind ministrations, Mrs. Z. soon so throve in health that she was able to come back to New Berlin in a few months. She brought home with her the faithful nurse, who continued to bathe and pack and douche her in her own house. Miss Monroe also, upon the recommendation of Mrs. Z., rendered similar services, as a nurse, in the water cure way, to several respectable ladies in that village, and was much esteemed for her skill and usefulness. In a few weeks Mrs. Z. discovered that, in her absence at the cure, her husband had been oblivious of his obligations in the matter of marital fidelity, and she forthwith indignantly commenced proceedings against him for a divorce. Mr. Z. was a nice, good man, as the world goes, but not being able unfortunately to deny this particular impeachment, he made no defence [sic], and permitted her, unopposed, to obtain a bill of final separation. Mrs. Z. was consoled during the progress of the divorce suit by the sympathies of her tender nurse, who was scarce ever absent from her side.

But by and by Miss Monroe went away to New York upon business. She returned again to New Berlin this spring, metamorphosed and disguised, for she was clothed in the habiliments of a man throughout—hatted, booted, breeched, and bearded—looking, and being a veritable man. She was now Dr. Monroe, and her cards of business and of visiting were "S. M. Monroe, M. D." In explanation of the great "presto change," Sally alleged that it was only during her stay in New York city that her masculinity of sex had been made known to herself through the scientific examination of distinguished surgeons. She had been a man all her life without knowing it. "S. M. Monroe, M. D.," at once commenced to pay honorable attentions to Mrs. Z. as a lover. He was accepted; they were married by a clergyman in the village of Cooperstown, and are now man and wife in the Christian town of New Berlin. There were some good women at the water cure, and some good women in New Berlin village also, who startled a little when Sallie's transformation was announced. Mr. Z. contemplates, under the advice of counsel,

measures to open a divorce case, and to knock the bill endwards. Public feeling has suffered a revulsion, and is now wholly on his side. He is well and favorably known in Utica. Incredible as this story is, it is nevertheless true, and is another realization of the remark, "Truth is stranger than fiction."

NEW ORLEANS DAILY PICAYUNE, September 15, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

Mrs. Augusta Fitzhugh, tried before a Military Commission at Natchez, for an attempt to smuggle through the lines twenty-seven yards of Confederate gray cloth, which is held to be tantamount to a violation of her oath of allegiance, has been found guilty and sentenced to forfeit the goods, pay a fine of \$1000, and to be sent over the lines after she pays this amount.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY PICAYUNE, September 17, 1864, p. 4, c. 2

Escaped Federal Prisoner Arrested by a Woman.

Mrs. Patterson, of Sumter county, a few days ago arrested and returned a Federal prisoner who had escaped from Camp Sumter. The prisoner came to her house, she being alone, and asked for breakfast. Under pretence of preparing it, she procured a double barrelled [sic] gun from another part of the house, and presenting it to Mr. Prisoner, told him to march before her or she would kill him. In this position she kept him marching for seven miles, until she had turned him over to the guard at Camp Sumter.—Macon Telegraph.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY PICAYUNE, September 23, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

An Effect of the War.—While the men of this country have been using their powder and shot upon each other, the forests in both the North and South have become alive with game of all descriptions. Hunters who can procure ammunition, and freedom to use it, have rare sport, and even the soldiers in camp amuse themselves with all sorts of pets which they have caught and tamed. The citizens in some sections of Minnesota, it is stated, are slaughtering bears by the hundred.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY PICAYUNE, October 5, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

Late Texas News.—We have been favored with copies of the Houston Telegraph of the 19th, 23^d and 30th ult., from which we extract the following news:

They had received in Texas the New Orleans Era of the 13th announcing the arrival here of Acting Master Dillingham, released on parole by Major Gen. Magruder for the purpose of effecting an exchange for Capt. Charles Fowler. In consequence of a remark that Capt. Dillingham "immediately made application to the commanding naval officer for permission to proceed to Mobile and for assignment to a ship there," the Telegraph says, "it is unfortunate for Capt. Dillingham's prison companions that he should have so soon violated his parole. Doubtless the proposed parole for the balance of them will now fall through."

NEW ORLEANS DAILY PICAYUNE, October 8, 1864, p. 4, c. 4

Syrups, Cotton Cards, etc., in the "Confederacy."—A Montgomery letter to the Mobile Register, of the 20th, says:

The syrup is coming in from all quarters. The whole Confederacy ought to be sweet.

And if the saccharine qualities of Imphee and Sorgho can sweeten its inhabitants they surely will be. Scarcely a planter throughout the country that has not his mill and his kettles busily going. There is no estimating the quantity of syrup that will be made. Already the price has been reduced to one-third its former value, and it is destined to be lower still. Success to the planters. May their dispositions be much sweetened, and the prices of other articles slide down correspondingly with that of the syrup.

We yesterday visited the card factory of the Rev. Mr. Davis. We found the machines busy at work. During the coming week they will be turning out about fifty pairs per day of as pretty and as substantial cotton cards as need to be looked at. We learn that the works for the manufacture and drawing of the wire are rapidly approaching completion, and will soon be able to turn out all that is needed of this essential article.

So we get on, step by step, relieving ourselves of that helpless dependency upon Yankee enterprise which was so long the bane of our country.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY PICAYUNE, October 9, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

A "female duel" took place lately at Montgomery, Ala. A correspondent of the Mobile Tribune, in describing it, says:

The weaker vessels who engaged in it having chosen their seconds among the frail sisterhood around them, a difficulty arose which no one had contemplated—what were to be the weapons? A fist fight was voted decidedly low, shooting within corporation limits was against the law, and knives were of course not to be thought of. It was finally determined to fight with brass door keys, and at it they went, illustrating the poetical truth, that

"Hell has no fury
Like a woman scorned."

In a few moments the young lady from Georgia had laid the fair representative of Missouri *hors du combat*, and as soon as it was discovered that both parties, eyes were blackened, the gentle demoiselles were separated and conveyed to their respective apartments to repent at leisure. While the whole nation is engaged at war, the duel of two courtezans [sic] can hardly be wondered at.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY PICAYUNE, October 12, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

Refugees from Atlanta.—We learn from the Louisville Journal that on the 29th sixty refugees, mostly women and children, arrived at that city by steamer from Nashville. They were a sorrowful looking band, and sought homes on the Indiana side of the river.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY PICAYUNE, October 12, 1864, p. 4, c. 4

The Raw Recruit;
Or, How to Enlist Soldiers in Dutch.

The reader must picture a stout, big-bellied, short-haired recruiting officer, with a blue cap, broad, stiff frontispiece, a short sword, blue uniform a size too small, and a raw customer from "faderland," with wooden shoes and a long-tailed gray coat. The officer was after recruits for a German regiment, and thus went for his susceptible countryman:

"Lo! dere, Hans be dat you?"
"Yaw."

"Come mit me to be a sojer man."

"Nein!"

"Yaw! come! It be so nice."

"Nein! I gets shoots."

"Nix! Py tam, it is better as good. It been foon all de vile. You inlist mit me you gets nein hundred tollars bountish."

"So?"

"Yaw. And you gets such nice clothes as never vas. Shust look at me!"

"So?"

"Yaw. And in the morning ven de trum peats, dat is de gurnel's gompliments to come an' git your schnapps mit him."

"So?"

"Yaw. And purty soon, bime by, trums peat again, and dat ish de gurnel's gompliments to come eat some sour krout un sassage mit him, py tam."

"So, mynheer?"

"Yaw, dat ish so. Den purty soon, bime by, der trum peats, and dat ish de gurnel's gompliments to ride mit him in der carriage to see your vrow or your Katrina. And den you rides mit him all over de city, and no costs you one tam cent. And bime by de trum peats, and dat ish de gurnel's gompliments to come and schmoke a bipe mit him! And den bime by, purty soon, right away, de trum peats like de tuyfel, and dat ish de gurnel's gompliments to come and git your nine hundred tollars bountish, I tinks, but I guess not, py tam!"

"Yaw! So goot!"

"Yaw! And den der General and der President shakes hands mit you, and you eat krout mit der Bresident's vrow and shust live like one fighting rooster, py tam! And den in a little wile you say der Bresident be one nice man, and you gets another hundred tollars bountish, and der President makes one grand general mit you, purty soon I guess, but I tink not. You go mit me?"

"Yaw!"

NEW ORLEANS DAILY PICAYUNE, October 14, 1864, p. 1, c. 6-7

Southern Manufactures.
[From the Richmond Enquirer.]

. . . Female industry is a question of profound importance, demanding the earnest attention of those whose duty it is to assist in its organization and direction into fields of profitable industry. Before the war, at the various agricultural and mechanical fairs of the country, hand looms, of light and simple construction, but astonishing capacity of weaving, were exhibited, and took many premiums. Why have not manufactories been established for constructing these looms in large quantities, and so cheap as to come within the means of the poor widows of the soldiers, enabling them to make a good support. We have seen a knitting machine in this city, which will knit three inches per minute. Such machines out to be manufactured in large quantities. It may be urged in objection to the introduction of machinery, that it restricts the labor of females, one machine doing the work of many hands. This objection has been urged against the sewing machine, yet it would be fortunate if every woman in the State was possessed of one of these excellent little servants.

As we at first remarked, there are a thousand channels in which the industry of the poor

women of our land can be, and ought to be directed, encouraged and established, in view not only of the present exigency, but in contemplation of their self-support for years to come. We trust our capitalists and business men of enlarged views and generous sympathies will interest themselves in this matter, and bring their wealth, energy and directive intelligence to the important work.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, October 19, 1864, p. 4, c. 2

About Refugees.

During the eight months ending September 30, 1864, 10,311 refugees--men, women, and children, from all portions of the Southwest--were received and provided for in the refugee camp near Memphis. Of this number 4908 were over the age of fourteen, and 5403 under that age; 9066 were sent to Cairo, where they are received by a special agent of the Government, who provides them with food, shelter and transportation to all points north of the Ohio River, as they may choose their destination. There were remaining in camp near this city and in houses within the city, on the 1st inst., 1245. The camp is in charge of Lieut. Davidson, of Company E, 108th Illinois Infantry, who was specially detailed for this duty. Each refugee is allowed one ration per diem. The value of a ration is 19 cents. The cost of supplying those now in this city and vicinity is \$236.55 per diem.

At the present rate of fare to Cairo, it costs the Government, for transporting them to that point alone, including five days' rations allowed to each person, ten dollars per head. The expense of transportation at this rate, from this point to Cairo, during the time above specified, was \$90,660. This is exclusive of the cost of bringing a goodly number hither from along the Mississippi, White, and Arkansas Rivers, and from points beyond the army lines, during raids and invasions. Three-fourths of those now here have comfortable quarters in confiscated houses in the city, good food and clothing. They draw their supplies on the 1st, 20th and last days of each month. Besides the numbers given above, many hundreds are provided for, who stay in this city only long enough to obtain passage on boats bound North, connecting with boats from below.

There are also many hundreds who pass up on through boats without stopping. The refugees are, with very few exceptions, indolent, lazy, shiftless, filthy in habits and person, aimless and hopeless. As a general thing, they are well contented to remain in the camps, and show no disposition whatever to do for themselves, preferring rather to live at the expense of "Uncle Sam," until forced to go North, to make room for new arrivals. Some will squat on the landing for days, with no shelter, too listless to report to the officers appointed to provide for them. In fact, many have died from exposure to the weather, before found.--*Memphis Bulletin*.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, October 20, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

A Grand Secesh Wedding Ceremony Spoiled—A day or two ago, a beautiful young lady belonging to a wealthy secesh family of the city, made arrangements for celebrating her nuptials with one of the "chivalry," by a grand display of rebel colors and flags. Seven hundred invitations were sent out, embracing all the respectable sympathisers [sic] of the city, and the union was to be celebrated by a brilliant demonstration against the Union. The military authorities got wind of the affair, and when the wedding night arrived, a force of detectives was stationed near the house, with orders to gobble up the young couple, the "preacher man," and all the guests, provided the programme was attempted to be carried out. Each detective was to

seize upon a wedding guest, and like the Ancient Mariner, "hold him with his glittering eye" and gleaming revolver. This catastrophe was prevented however. The bride received an intimation of the proposed descent, and instead of having a grand wedding jubilee, the seven hundred guests were notified to stay away, and the ceremony was performed in a private and unostentatious manner, in the presence of only some half dozen quiet spectators. The red, white and red roses, red, white and red wine, red, white and red flags, Confederate cakes and rebel creams, &c., were stowed away in dark closets, and remain unseen and untasted, save by a select and favored few.

[St. Louis Democrat.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, October 25, 1864, p. 1, c. 6

A Female Detective.—Frank Noyes, the captivating courtesan [sic], who formerly consorted with Charley Noyes, was up before the Recorder on Friday morning for being dressed in male attire. Her attorney stated that a thieving beer jerker had stolen some jewelry from his client, and in order to recover it, Frank had disguised herself, and by this means succeeded in recapturing her property. She had the appearance of a hard-looking boy, her hat being too big for her head, and her pantaloons too long and small for her limbs. She was let off on payment of cost.

[St. Louis Democrat.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, October 27, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

A. L. Hay, agent clothing department, publishes an appeal to the ladies of Louisiana to exchange made-up clothing for imported goods. Calicoes, cottonades, &c., will be exchanged at the rate of nine yards for three pair pants, drawers, shirts or jackets.

Is There No Remedy?

Under this caption, the Bulletin (Jefferson, Texas,) says: We hear of robberies and thefts being committed every night or two in our town, which is supposed to be the work of negroes.

There are many negro ranches through the country, without overseers, left for weeks by themselves uncontrolled. These are places of general resort, which afford the negroes the best opportunities for concocting their devilish designs, and has a tendency to create disaffection among the other negroes. The owners of the negroes are more at fault than the negroes themselves. They exercise no control over them at all--allow them to hire their own time and make their own trades, which has a baneful influence upon the other negroes, and should be prohibited. No negro should be allowed to trade and traffic, and hire his own time, and we should like to see the old South Carolina law adopted in regard to dress--suffering them to wear nothing but homespun. Nothing but humiliating steps like these will keep them in their proper place. What step will the honorable County Court take in the premises?

Sickness.

The Tyler Reporter says: The latter part of the past summer and the present fall have constituted, perhaps, the most sickly period which has occurred in Eastern Texas for many years. The diseases have been varied, mostly without apparent cause, and attended by great fatality, especially among children. We hope to see a change for the better as cool weather advances.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, October 28, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

Another Strike Among the Female Operatives at the Confederate States Laboratory.—On Saturday last the several hundred female employees in the Confederate States Laboratory on Brown's Island struck for an equality of wages. The female operatives are divided into two classes, and their wages have been regulated accordingly. The young unmarried females, without incumbrance [sic], are paid five dollars per day; those married and with families to support receive seven dollars per day. In addition to this pay both classes are entitled to three pounds of flour per week, at fifty cents per pound, and one pound of meat at four dollars per pound. The strikers demand that the wages of the two classes shall be made uniform; that both shall be paid seven dollars per day for their labor, which they contend is little enough at the present rates demanded for food, clothing, fuel and house rent.

The class receiving seven dollars per diem are on a strike, too, and declare they will not return to work until the demands of the five dollar class are complied with. We understand that on Tuesday a committee of the "strikers" waited on the officers of the laboratory with a statement of their grievances. Capt. Wm. N. Smith, superintendent of the laboratory, was in favor of acceding to the demands of the employees, but Lieut. Col. W. L. Broun, commanding, would not yield, and yesterday an advertisement of "300 females wanted," to take the place of the strikers, appeared in the city papers.

[Richmond

Examiner.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, October 29, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

The ladies of our city have organized for the relief of the poor. Their system of relief is the most just and effectual we have ever known. Every person relieved is visited and found to be needy and deserving aid, before this is bestowed. Nothing is given which is not indicated by the peculiar want of the person, and the relief is bestowed in kind, not in money. To the hungry are given bread, potatoes, or other food; to the cold, coal or wood; to the naked, clothing. These ladies are constantly at work soliciting aid and bestowing it; but as there is immediate need of supplies now, at the opening of the cold season, they will hold a fair at the Opera House, beginning on the 8th of November, and closing on the 14th, opening every day at 10 A.M. The tables will be presided over by the most charming young ladies of the city. Will not all our people lend a hand to this most deserving of all charities? Our poor are now chiefly such as never before in this land have seen want, and whose self-respect will not allow them to ask alms.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, November 1, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

The Spanish Benevolent Society has for several days notified its members and Spanish inhabitants in general, through our columns, that on this day, as is their invariable custom, they will take up a collection in aid of orphans in the Third District. The Committee of the Society will be present at the St. Louis Cemetery No. 2. In the afternoon the tomb of this association, one of the most elegant in the cemetery, will be blessed with religious ceremonies. The society exemplifies in the noblest manner every recurring day of this festival, the earnest, unostentatious and bountiful charity of the Spanish race, wherever dispersed throughout the globe.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, November 2, 1864, p. 2, c. 14

Yesterday was as fitful and unsettled as a pouting young wife on being denied her first request for a new bonnet. One moment tears and showers—another smiles and sunshine. But

notwithstanding the unsettled weather, the various cemeteries were thronged with visitors from "early morn to dewy eve." They presented a scene of melancholy gaiety, in strange contrast with the solemn tombs and affectionate devotion of the living for their cherished dead. We believe the custom of religiously observing all Saints' Day is (in the United States) peculiar to New Orleans, at any rate to Louisiana. Hence it was that thousands yesterday witnessed what they will long remember as one of the most interesting and novel reminiscences of their stay in our once prosperous and happy city.

We visited most of the cemeteries during the day, where we found many of the tombs beautifully decorated and strewn with odorous flowers, breathing perfumes sweet as those of spice-breathing Araby. Festooned wreaths of natural and artificial flowers garlanded for those whose friends outlived them. By the side of the mother dropping tears for death-sleeping innocence, or the sister weeping over a sister or brother loved; or pouring out her heart's treasure for the mother idolized, is the interested stranger, in lively conversation or deep wonder at woman's devotion. By his side is the dusky African, once the happy slave, kneeling and offering up earnest and heartfelt prayers for master or mistress, now in the "cold, cold ground."

In the same cemetery, unknown, unmourned for, save by the sighing winds which make melancholy music among the leaves of the weeping willow, sleep in death's clutching embrace the strangers from far-off lands! For them no funeral light is burned, no orison is offered, no flowers strewn, or garlands wreathed. "May you die among your kindred" is more comprehensive and fuller of holy, affectionate meaning than we are apt to conceive.

At the gates of all the cemeteries we noticed a number of innocent little girls soliciting contributions for the various charitable institutions of the city, and was gratified to see that their laudable and praiseworthy efforts were crowned with success.

The Firemen's cemeteries, in which repose the ashes of many who have distinguished themselves at the peril, and some with the loss, of their lives, in the defence [sic] of the property of their fellow-citizens, were, as usual, largely visited, and the tombs they contain appropriately honored. Among these was that of Orad Ferry, who was killed at a fire on the 1st of January, 1837, opposite the old Camp Street Theatre. In the same tomb were deposited the ruins of John W. Haines, who lost his life at a fire, corner of Royal and Bienville streets. There, too, lie other active firemen, honorably remembered as having done their duty nobly.

The last resting places of our worthy and lamented friend, A. D. Crossman, Mayor of the city from 1846 to 1854, of James H. Caldwell, one of the most active and useful benefactors of the city, who died last year in New York, in the 73d year of his age, and of other notable dead, were visited by large numbers with marked feelings of deep interest. So were the Printers' tomb, founded by the Typographical Union, in 1855, the Odd Fellows' Rest, and the cemeteries of many other associations.

As usual the pious and devoted sisterhoods of Charity were conspicuous in the part taken by the visitors in doing honor to the memory of the dead.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, November 17, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

How they do things in Arkansas.—A letter from Little Rock says:

You would be amused to see some of these Rackensackers. A company of Union guerrillas, or "Mountain Feds," as the rebs call them, were organized in front of the courthouse last Tuesday. The captains of the different squads got their men together and addressed them. One of the candidates then gave the order: "All you fellers that belongs to this yer crowd git into one string t'other side of the road. Now count from one end to t'other." After this performance

was gone through with the rival candidates canvassed their respective claims, and the aforesaid spokesman again came forward and said: "All you fellers what wants me to be yer captain, just step forward two paces!" The centre of the line bulged out, then one side would rush up a little with staring eyes, and finally the whole line subsided into a corkscrew. One individual spoke up—"Captain, I reckon you'r 'lected." "I callate," and the captain modestly installed himself, saying: "You fellers kin now be sworn in and come in the mornin' and get yer ammnition and rations." "I say thar, a'int we goin' to have guns?" asked one of the privates. "Don't know anything about that, but you kin git your amnition and rations."

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, November 17, 1864, p. 4, c. 3
Punch on Cigarettes.

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

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

Ladies fair, with due respect,
For one reason I object,
 Which is this:
Sure young breath is sweet to me,
And a maiden's lips should be
 Fit to kiss.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, November 19, 1864, p. 4, c. 2

Western Texas in War Times.

"Sioux" is writing from Western Texas to the Telegraph. He is evidently much influenced by "pretty girls." He writes thus from Seguin:

The valley of the San Antonio River, after leaving the city, is very beautiful, but after passing the head of the river the land is dry, and for a number of miles few settlers are to be found. The land is of a dark, sandy loam, very rich, and were it not for the droughts, could not be beat for farming land. As we approached New Braunfels, the county seat of Comal county, we find tasty farms throughout the valleys. These farms are worked by German citizens, and look very thrifty. All kinds of crops are raised in the greatest abundance. Wheat and other small grains grow luxuriantly. Large flouring mills are doing good business along the Comal River.

The stream runs close by the town, and furnishes a powerful water power. Manufacturing establishments of different kinds are in successful operation. The Germans are very industrious, and everything needed is manufactured by themselves. Their farms and houses are constructed with the strongest materials, and some of them are very tasty in their architecture.

As we approach the city of New Braunfels, we find the farms all fenced in, and regular roads laid out. These roads are the best of any I have met with in the State. The city has some very beautiful buildings. Among them are the Guadalupe Hotel and the Court-House. The largest part of the buildings are built of stone. This is a beautiful kind, having a surface as white and smooth as marble. The streets are well laid out, being wide, and shade trees line the walks throughout the city. The citizens are very clever, and feel proud of their city.

The blockade has no terrors for these people, as they manufacture everything needed. The women are very ingenious and industrious. They do not look upon labor as a crime, and I have seen scores of pretty girls that would take the premium over some of our pale faced parlor beauties working in the field. They are brought up to labor, and they seem to feel proud to be seen at it. Many of them are highly accomplished, too. They can thum the piano, and not in the least behind any in education. Schools are numerous in the neighborhood. The people are very fond of reading, and they liberally patronize newspapers. A paper printed in the German language does a thriving business, and has a large circulation.

The Guadalupe River runs about one mile from the town. The water of the river is clear and cool. As we cross the river, we find thrifty farms on every side. The land, as we approach Seguin, is of the best quality; in fact all the lands in the valley cannot be beat for farming purposes. The land is rolling as we near the city, and tasty residences are to be met on every hand. This town is very old, and in former days done quite an extensive business, but all is changed now. The city has a very beautiful church, and a few other buildings, but many of the houses are going to decay. The citizens are very patriotic and liberal. The merchants are doing but little trade now, and specie is the only currency used in this region, as well as throughout Western Texas. The city is filled with pretty girls, and it is astonishing that there are so many. I wonder if they all expect to get husbands. They now rate at five for one, commercially speaking. I have formed a good opinion of the people of Western Texas; they show but little of that disgusting thing called codfish aristocracy, and treat all as their merits deserve. There is not that habit of sending their servants to the gate to see what a traveler wants, and to check his entrance into their house as though they were thieves, but that frank open hearted hospitality that has characterized the old Texan families from the earliest days, and which one meets upon the soil of old Virginia.

From Gonzalez he sends this:

After a hard ride I find myself in this once flourishing city. This place closely resembles Seguin in the manner it is laid out. The city shows plainly that it has once been a great business town. Nearly all the stores are now closed, and many of them are rapidly going to decay. The Guadalupe river runs close to the town. The city is built on an eminence that affords a fine view of the surrounding country—the city is surrounded with many fine farms, and the crops are of the best kind. The town has a number of very pretty buildings, churches, &c. It is the county seat of Gonzalez county. The exterior of the courthouse shows it was planned for a tasty building, but the war compelled the citizens to stop work on it and it is unfinished.

The Confederate States Court, Judge Devine presiding, is now in session here. The docket is very heavy. A number of treason cases are to be tried at this session. Judge Devine is very popular throughout Western Texas and always endeavored to do his duty fearlessly. Col.

Green, of San Antonio, is acting as District Attorney for the district. I find that there are many schools in this city and neighborhood. Educational institutions seem to be well patronized here. A spicy paper, called the Gonzales Enquirer, is published here, and seems to be well patronized by the people. The merchants are doing but very little trade now. All the towns of Western Texas are rapidly going to decay. The people are sociable, enterprising and industrious. This town is destined to be a thriving city at some future day. The hotels of Western Texas can't be beat for the quality of their fare, but the traveler has to pay the specie for his bill. The Keyser House of this town is one of the best houses in the West, and the traveler is sure to get the worth of his money. I find but very little sickness in Western Texas. All the people are boasting that the Western country is far more healthy than any other portion of the State. The scores of pretty girls to be seen everywhere will confirm this fact.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, November 22, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

A short woman, no matter how strongly her natural taste may lead her on a contrary direction, should confine herself absolutely to single colors, fine stripes, or small figured goods, and never be tempted by any caprice of fashion, to the adoption of any large, showy patterns.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, November 26, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

A Northern-born citizen who had been residing for some time in Columbus, Ga., but who did not fancy being conscripted, started off in the month of March, 1863, to go to Richmond, and thence, if he had luck, further North. . .

On arriving at Richmond, the writer went to the Spottsylvania [sic?] House, of his experiences whereat and whereof we give a specimen:

The fare at the "Spottiswood" was very plain, but well cooked, and the remembrance of old English housewife art was seen in the excellent light biscuit and home made bread placed before us. The house was filled with officers connected with the "army of Northern Virginia;" the only privates to be seen were those much petted members of the "Washington Light Artillery," an organization formed in New Orleans, and who boasted, and with much apparent reason, that they could "fire quicker and with more accuracy than any other artillery in the world." The young men connected with this corps belonged to the first rebel families of the famous Louisiana metropolis, and although their song was "Oh I wish I was in Louisiana," yet they appeared to be having a pretty good time in Virginia, from the way in which they knocked the billiard balls around and imbibed bad whiskey at the bar. These young gentlemen, for they were mostly youths, dressed in the finest grey cloth, plentifully embroidered with gold lace and faced with scarlet cloth, presented a very striking contrast to the ragged "butternut" of the poor country private, who shivered in his rags, off "to the front."

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, November 26, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

A Fantastic Feminine.—A dashing nymph of the town called at the provost marshal general's office yesterday, to obtain permission to wear the semi-military costume in which she was arrayed. This gay and festive costume consisted of a cap ornamented with army gold lace, a regulation feather, and a rebel star, making a very unique head piece; also, a fine cloth cloak trimmed with army gold lace in great profusion, and with rows of military buttons on the breast. The bird of strange plumage gave her name as Maggie Bennett, and stated to Col. Darr that such dresses as hers were quite common in Chicago, and she begged the colonel to be so kind as to permit her to wear the toggery in St. Louis. The colonel looked at the huzzy out of the corner of

his eye, and inquired where she had procured the fancy costume. He told her to step into a private room and divest herself of cap and cloak, and he would send to her residence for more fitting apparel for her.

Maggie, who had counted largely upon the power of her charms, was shocked to find that she had waked up the wrong customer, and going into the room, the serpent cast her glittering skin, and waited until her "other things" were brought from Jenny Patterson's hotel. Col. Darr took possession of the cap and cloak, and intends placing them among the trophies of the war. The cloak cost \$82, and is one of the gayest ever worn in the streets of this city.—St. Louis Democrat.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, November 26, 1864, p. 4, c. 2

Another Women Sentenced to be Hung in St. Louis.—Mary Jane Smith, according to the sentence of a military commission, is to be hung to-day in St. Louis for destroying military telegraph. The same commission afterwards found Emily E. Weaver, of Batesville, Ark., guilty of being a spy, and sentenced her to death; the sentence was disapproved on the ground of inconclusive evidence, and the prisoner was ordered to be discharged. Miss Weaver and Mrs. Missouri Woods caused quite a sensation in St. Louis a few months ago by an ingenious escape from the Gratiot street prison.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, December 8, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

Washington Chit-Chat.

"Perley," the Washington correspondent of the Boston Journal, in a recent letter, among other things, says: . . .

Fashions.

The young officers who manage, through political influence, to get themselves detailed on "special duty" hereabout, are becoming fearfully excited about their personal appearance. At the beginning of the war round head cropping was the martial fashion, and some heads used to look as though they had not only been closely clipped, but sand-papered, while the favorite hue of complexion ranged from a deep brown to a miscegenative yellow. But now our sons of Mars affect the cavalier hats, with long curls, a Vandyke beard and moustache and a pale complexion. The regulation uniforms are replaced by tight shell-jackets (which may account for the sometimes tight appearance of the wearers,) with corduroy small clothes, high boots, silver spurs and dainty riding whips. As for the Zouave style it has disappeared, and curiously enough those who entered the service with the Zouave drill and dress on the brain, have nearly all fallen out of the ranks. Probably the unearthly sounds which they uttered in place of good Anglo-Saxon words of command undermined their constitutions. At any rate we no longer hear "Olr-r-r ar-r-r-r!" "Or-r-r ar-r-r-r!" but "Shoulder arms" and "Order arms" in plain English.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, December 8, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

The Burnt Cork Opera Defended.

Dan Bryant, the well known and clever Ethiopian minstrel, thus champions that branch of the mimetic profession of which he is a nightly shining ornament:

The extraordinary article on Ethiopian minstrelsy which recently appeared in the Herald, demands a brief reply from some member of that profession. Personally, I have reason to feel gratified at one paragraph in the article, which contains a very kind allusion to myself; but in justice to a profession that has given to America its only original music, and which has certainly done its part toward amusing the public, I beg a brief space in your journal to reply to an article that abounds in errors of the most singular character. Your reporter states that "many minstrels are no musicians at all," while the fact is that the leading composers of America, whose music is played on every piano in the land, are or have been minstrels. Permit me to mention the distinguished names of Stephen G. Foster, C. Kopitz, Lon. Morris, L. V. H. Crosby, Marshall S. Pike, J. R. Thomas, Sam. A. Wells, Fred. Buckley, Dan. Emmett, Charles White, J. H. Ross, John P. Ordway, Wm. L. Hobbs, Max Zorey, Nelson Kneass, W. H. Griffin, and E. Bowers. Many other gentlemen of the minstrel profession, who have done some very clever things in a musical way, might be mentioned—I simply select the most prominent of them. There are only one or two vocalists in all the minstrel bands in this country who do not read and thoroughly understand music. Many of them, indeed, have been successful teachers of music.

Your reporter informs us that intemperance is the minstrel's besetting sin, while the simple, absolute fact is, that no man of intemperate habits can hold a situation for two days in any respectable band in America. I think I may say that the managers of minstrels are even more strict in this regard than theatrical managers are.

The statement that the managers of minstrels have a weakness for gorgeous jewelry is quite erroneous. As a class they are as plainly dressed gentlemen as one can meet anywhere. In fact, minstrels are quite like other people. They have homes, and wives and children, and are as devotedly attached to them as other human beings are to theirs. And believing that in their quiet, unassuming way they do far more good than harm—knowing, indeed, that they please the people—they modestly object to being written about by a gentleman who apparently don't know much of anything about them. They especially object to having such a gentleman let loose in the columns of a journal of the influence of the New York Herald.

The part of the writer's article where he so minutely describes the manner in which the cork is put on is accurate and will please the minstrels generally, because it will save them the trouble hereafter of answering a few questions on this important subject.

As to the matter of salaries, however, the writer again waxes flighty and unreliable, placing those items at about half the actual rates.

There are many other errors in this article. I merely point out the more glaring ones. Justice to a profession that has labored so long and so honestly for the entertainment of the public, demands that I should do this.

Very respectfully, yours,

Dan Bryant.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, December 8, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

Summary: Bold Soldier "Gals" Frank Martin and George Smith—most of article cut off.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, December 15, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

From Galveston.
Arrival of the U. S. Transport Clinton—
Exchange of Prisoners.

The U. S. transport steamship Clinton, Wm. H. Talbot, commanding, from Galveston Bay 12th inst., arrived yesterday afternoon, bringing 342 exchanged prisoners from Camp Grace [sic— Camp Groce], near Galveston.

The Clinton went into Galveston Bay on the afternoon of the 11th, and proceeded under flag of truce to a point between Fort Stevens and Fort Point, within a mile of the wharf, when she was brought to by a shot across her bows. She was then boarded by Capt. Scott, of Gen. Haws's staff, and Capt. Burchett, assistant agent of exchange, C. S. A., who stated that it was negligence on the part of the officer in command of Fort Point that had permitted the vessel to approach so near. In consequence of the severity of the weather outside, however, the Clinton was allowed to remain till next morning, when, at 9 o'clock, the steamer Franklin, (a blockade runner chartered for the occasion,) came alongside with the prisoners, accompanied by a band of music.

Besides these prisoners the Clinton brings the families of Gen. Hamilton, Judge Duvall, Col. Stencill, and others, numbering about fifteen. The necessities of the prisoners, who were in a most miserable condition, were amply provided for by Dr. Geo. A. Blake, agent of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, of this city, assisted by Dr. E. C. Bidwell, of the 31st Massachusetts Regiment.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, December 18, 1864, p. 1, c. 3

Christmas is Coming.

How many hallowed associations cluster around the approach of Christmas! To the young it is a pleasant evangel—its "far off coming shines" in many a blissful dream; to the old, an oasis in the pilgrimage of life—a quiet resting place, with its singing birds and sparkling fountains. In olden times its advent was marked by the busy hum of preparation. For many days prior to its coming (eventful and auspicious period!) our forefathers were engaged in getting ready for its proper observance, the wassail bowl, the yule-log, the Christmas tree, and the long train of merry sports with which to welcome it. The merry "lord of misrule" was in the ascendant. The evergreens which decorated the humble dwelling of the cottager, the palatial residence of the rich, or the cathedral altar, before which all were equal, were rendered vocal with the rehearsals of his carols. Invitations for family gatherings were sent to distant neighborhoods. Fervid hospitality "ruled the hour."

With something of the olden feeling we rejoice at its coming. Threatenings of autumnal frosts and winter snows have heralded its approach, and to our hearts it

"Comes gliding in with merry gleam—
Comes gliding in serene and slow,
Soft and silent as a dream;"

bringing with it to the Paradise of our home pleasant memories from the grave of the past—that grave where, in other seasons, death and silence reign undisturbed—treasures long buried—dreams, hopes, and aspirations, mayhap with the mildew of its vault clinging to them, "still to memory dear." We forget the present in the past. Again we revisit our childhood's hearth and home—the country school house—the old-fashioned church, embowered in all its wealth of

forest foliage—the church yard, on whose turf, beneath which repose the remains of many who gladdened our early life, sunlight and starlight have been the silent watchers for many years.

"Let the dead bury their dead." To us the approach of Christmas shall ever be a season of merry-making. Its coming renews our youth and "creates sunshine in the shady places" of our daily walks. We never weary of its approach. Its "footsteps on the mountain tops" greet our ears pleasantly. It comes to us with a freshness which can never grow stale.

"Dead leaves strew the forest walk"

as it comes, but they are touched by angel fingers, and the winds and snows greet them lovingly.

Let us all be merry in the anticipation of another Christmas. Old Santa Claus—the slow-motioned old fellow of our boyhood—is preparing for his annual visit. He has sent us a message. He is coming. He has fallen into the spirit of the age. He uses the telegraph to announce his intention, and the railroad to speed him on his way. With the sunshine of another Sabbath he will be in our midst. Let our hearts as well as our homes be opened to receive him.

"Jolly old elf!" He comes but once a year. On this, his annual visit, he will pass over many broken shrines and desolated fields—over many new made graves—graves of heroes honored in their country's proudest records—and, but by him, countless, countless unnoticed hillocks, under which rests unknown soldiers who have forgot their last battle and laid them down to sleep far from kindred and friends. Withered leaves will crisp under his footstep. Saddening memories will whisper mournfully around him. Still he will come to us joyously as of old. He brings no train of shadows with him, although he may have left many behind. He knows his vocation. He is the *avant courier* of merry meetings—the most gladsome of happy singers. He accompanies the shepherds on their way across the Delectable Mountains to greet the coming Glory with branches of palm and songs of praise. He bridges the waters of life with pleasant memories, and reflects upon the present some of the sunlight of the past.

We greet his approach. Under his kindly influences long locked up hearts "learn the luxury of doing good." The family insignia brighten. Precept and hope are linked together. Hearts-ease flowers in his smile. Past alienations are forgotten. Old friendships are revived. Hostilities cease. Flags of truce pass from heart to heart. The loved and lost who have passed into the flowery gates which lead to Paradise again revisit the household which their absence desolated, and with "beauty still more beautiful" cheer and animate it. The olive and the myrtle adorn its garden walks. Anthems of thanksgiving gladden its halls.

Thus kindly prepared for his coming, old Santa Claus will ever be a welcome visitor. Our tears have refreshed the wastes over which he travels. Our prayers have accompanied him on his journey, and when he comes we shall greet him joyously. Let us all "so conform the order of our lives" that we can go forth cheerfully to meet him.

Let us live in deeds, not years; in thoughts not breaths;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best;

And he whose heart beats the quickest lives the longest—

Lives in one hour more than in years do some

Whose fat blood sleeps, as it slips along their veins.

Reader, greet the approaching Nativity in such spirit. Another anniversary may we pray, have responded to the words of rejoicing heard on the plains of Bethlehem: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, and good will toward men."

"Young Gents" in Distress.

The Cincinnati journals are becoming almost as bad as those of New York in the character of their "personal" advertisements. We find three of the matrimonial or amorous sort in one number of the Commercial:

Wanted—Correspondence—By three good-looking young gents, who wish to correspond with so many young ladies as wish to respond. Photos exchanged. Address R. I. F., N. M. H. or R. T. E., Montezuma, Indiana.

What, in the name of all the jackasses in the world, is a "photo?"

Wanted—Correspondence—Two handsome, but tasteful clerks, wish to correspond with any number of young ladies, over fifteen and under twenty-five years of age. Object matrimony. Send photograph and receive one in return. Address H. L., Box No. 125, and J. L., Box No. 53, Danville, Kentucky.

The modesty of the advertisers is probably their greatest and best quality. Three of them declare that they are "good looking young gents," and the other two that they are "handsome *but* tasteful clerks," and they are generous enough not to limit the number of young ladies who may enjoy the rare privilege of writing them love letters. One would suppose that a partnership concern in the business of amatory correspondence would hardly be conducive to a free outpouring of tender sentiments, but then it is an affair more of bad morals than good taste, and a person who would engage in such a correspondence with a stranger wouldn't care if all the world read it.

We have, or have had among us, it seems, one of these pretty fellows who thirst after epistolary nonsense, from foolish or thoughtless girls:

Wanted—Correspondence—A young officer, whose father was a foreigner, (from New Jersey), mother a Spanish lady; they were married in China and he was born on the ocean, resided on the Hudson, educated in France, and appointed from Indiana; born an Episcopalian, raised a Swedenborgian, educated a Catholic, and now leans toward the Methodists; started in infantry, transferred to artillery, and for the last two years in cavalry; who railroaded under Schenck, was gobbled under McClellan, served in "Libby" under Winder, deserted Richmond under cover of night, helped take Vicksburg under Grant, and did not take Red River under Gen. Banks; in short, considerable of a cosmopolitan, but one of the steadiest of young men in the army; neither drinks, chews nor gambles, but has plenty of vices nevertheless; loves old cigars, old books, old friends, and young girls; prefers jewels of mind above those of mines, but prizes both; has sufficient of the former to keep him out of jail, and, (not counting a barrel of Confederate bonds and scrip accumulated in a three years' tour) enough of the latter to keep him (and a wife, if he had one) out of the poor house; is positive in all his traits, and detests negative characters; believes in love at first sight, and that marriages are made in heaven, knows we are often long in obtaining official notice of name; confident he has never beheld his heaven destined bride, unable to obtain leave of absence to search, therefore advertises for her; she lives somewhere in the West, is 16 or 18 years of age, and is just the girl that suits him; to her he confidently declares he has been as true as steel, never yet having been in love, or any ways near it, save once in Venice, he made love to a pretty Florentine, but she ran off the next day with an old Spaniard (so this don't count.) If we propose ratifying heaven's choice, it is time we are acquainted; write to me, dearest; tell me of your own sweet self, and what you have been doing

since your 14th birthday; tell of your present home, describe the scenes of your childhood, paint the pictures of your imagination; leave out the zephyrs, rivulets, green-sward, honey-suckles, butterflies, jay-birds and toads, they don't carry well in letters; I am far away, and they might spoil on the road. Address Capt. Montgomery Y. Leroy, New Orleans, Louisiana.

We think that few ladies, either old or young, will care, after reading the above, to have this son of a New Jersey foreigner open his pen and ink battery upon them. His "traits" are too alarmingly "positive" altogether.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, January 15, 1865, p. 7, c. 3

Sale of a Rebel Flag.—Mr. Joseph L. Henshaw sold at auction at the Merchants' Exchange, this noon, a rebel flag, made of silk, and presented to Capt. Chas. M. Morris, of the pirate Florida, by the Southern ladies of Paris. The flag was captured with the pirate, and sold for \$50, which is to be added to the fund of the Sailor's National Fair.

[Boston Paper.]

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, January 15, 1865, p. 7, c. 1-2

U. S. Female Prison, Fitchburg, Mass.

The Confederate Women There.

[From the Boston Journal.]

Since the year 1863 the National Government has used a portion of the jail to imprison secesh females, who have been sent to Fitchburg from Washington and other places for various reasons. These women are confined in the first and second tiers of cells, on the south side of the room. In the passage way off the corridors, there are a number of pot plants and birds, and this portion of the building presents a very cheerful appearance.

The first female sent to this place by the Government was Mary Murphy, 21 years of age, who was imprisoned on the 23d of November, 1863. She was arrested for attempting to destroy bridges by fire. She had procured matches and was on the way to commence her operations when she was detected. Mary was examined at Washington, and upon conviction was immediately sent to Fitchburg. She calls herself Jeff. Davis's wife, and seems determined to enjoy herself, notwithstanding her imprisonment.

The next received were Annie E. Jones, 20 years old, and Mary Jane Johnson, 22, who arrived at the place on the 24th of March, 1864. They were both camp followers, and suspected of being rebel spies. The first one, it will be recollected, created quite a sensation at the time of her arrest, when she was known as Major Jones. Some months ago she was transferred to another jail in this State, and soon afterwards, we believe, released on her own parole. She was very lady-like and seemed to be quite well educated. The "Major" has not yet left the State, and is stopping at one of our first hotels.

Mrs. Sarah E. Monroe, 27, arrived April 23, 1864. The charge against her was for harboring Confederate soldiers and guerillas. She resided near Spottsylvania, within two miles of the battle-field, until her house was destroyed by fire. She is a widow, her husband having been killed in the Union army. Mrs. Munroe declares that she is innocent; says she never had a trial, and thinks it perfectly ridiculous that she should be suspected of harboring rebels.

Mrs. Mary s. Terry, 40 years old, imprisoned July 6, 1864. There were four charges against Mrs. Terry, the first of which alleged she was acting as a spy. The Government failed to

prove the first three charges, but she was convicted on the fourth, which was to the effect that she came within the lines of the Eighth Army Corps in Maryland, contrary to the orders of the commanding general, and a sentence of one year's imprisonment was imposed upon her. Mrs. T. belongs in Baltimore, is well educated, and quite accomplished.

Mrs. Mary E. Sawyer, 34, arrived August 3, 1864, and was discharged on the 18th of the same month. She resided at Baltimore, and was accused of corresponding with the enemy from that city. Her husband was in the Confederate army at the time, and she admitted writing letters to him, but denied holding communication with any one else.

Rebecca Smith and Maria Kelley, each 20 years of age, arrived Sept. 24, 1864, to serve a sentence of six months for aiding and abetting soldiers to desert from the U. S. Army by furnishing them with citizens' clothes. The two girls were connected with a house in Washington that soldiers frequented, and they doubtless assisted a number to escape from the city.

Mrs. Elizabeth Buckley, 24, arrived Oct. 6, 1864, and is serving a sentence of one year. She was convicted of unlawfully selling citizens' clothes to a soldier knowing him to be an enlisted man in the U. S. Army. She resided at Uniontown, near Washington. Her husband is in the Union army before Richmond. In addition to her imprisonment, she was fined \$30.

Jane A. Perkins, 28, and Sarah Mitchell, 20, entered the jail Oct. 13th, 1864. They are prisoners of war. The first one states that she served in a Confederate battery three years, and has been wounded twice, once in the foot and again in the ankle. When captured she was getting water from a spring, being dressed at the time in bloomer costume, similar to that worn by a few "high-minded" females some years since. She also says that previous to being sent to Fitchburg she was wounded in the arm by a ball from a gun discharged by one of the guard of the prison in which she was confined, at another woman who was somewhat boisterous in her conduct. The ball first passed through a book she had in her hands reading, and then into her arm. Whether her story is true or not we don't know, but she exhibits a book with a bullet hole in it, to prove what she asserts. When the Mitchell girl was taken prisoner, she was attired in the uniform of a sergeant of the United States infantry service. She states that at one time she held a commission of lieutenant in the Confederate army. They were tried at Washington.

The last one sent to the Fitchburg jail by the Government was Mrs. Sarah Hutchins, thirty years of age, who entered the place Nov. 28th, 1864. Her arrest, which was made at Baltimore on the 3d of November, created some excitement and her subsequent trial and sentence gained for her a notoriety second only to that of "Major" Jones. She was charged with holding unauthorized intercourse with the enemies of the United States under martial law, by letters to Harry Gilmore, an officer of the Confederate army, attempting to furnish him with a sword, etc. Her sentence was five years imprisonment and a fine of \$5000. She is well educated and related to some of the first families of Maryland. A number of influential persons have interested themselves in her behalf since the arrest was made to obtain her discharge, and it seems by the dispatch published on Saturday, that they have been successful, and that the lady has returned to Baltimore. During her confinement in the Fitchburg jail Mrs. Hutchins associated with Mrs. Terry, when the prisoners were allowed to be together. The lady bore her imprisonment in a remarkably quiet manner, and was evidently determined to make the best of her situation.

Mrs. Terry is a sister-in-law of Senator Boteler, of Virginia, who now represents that State in the Confederate Congress.

The most of the prisoners apparently came from the lowest class of Southern society, and some can neither read nor write. As a general thing they are very quiet, but occasionally one or more manifest a desire to make everybody else about them uncomfortable, and the officer is

called to restore order. The Murphy, Johnson, and Perkins women were particularly noted for their turbulent dispositions. A short time since the latter was rather noisy, and paying no attention to the orders of the officer to keep quiet, he told her should be obliged to iron her and place her in a dark cell if she persisted. She did persist, and said that he or any other Yankee was not able to put irons upon her. After a violent resistance the officer succeeded in placing the "cuffs" upon her wrists, and she was escorted to a dark cell, where she was locked up over two days, before she would agree to behave herself in the future. Previous to coming to this conclusion, however, she attempted to destroy what few articles there were in the cell, and kicked in the centre of a little iron closet in one corner of her apartment. She is quite passive at the present time, but has a very bad temper, and looks as though it would require only a small effort to provoke her to a quarrel.

Upon entering the prison the females are obliged to exchange their clothing for that worn regularly in such places, and, sans hoops, they present a curious appearance. The majority of them are very plain looking, and calico dresses of a dingy color do not add materially to what little beauty they possess. They receive but few visitors. Their cells are unlocked at certain hours in the day, and they are allowed the freedom of the jail room. Some seem to be ashamed of their position, curtain their windows with newspapers, and upon the entrance of a stranger shrink back to the remotest corner of the cell. A few of the cells are ornamented with pieces selected from illustrated papers.

A library is connected with the jail and they are allowed to take out books every Saturday afternoon. The females receive the regular prison fare, but those who wish have the privilege of purchasing eatables. Few have the money to do this, and having no friends in this part of the country content themselves with what is passed into them. Mrs. Terry is rather more fortunate than the rest and receives "goodies," as she calls them, from the outside. The females are all in a good state of health, and should be very thankful when they reflect upon the suffering and privation experienced by their friends at the South, that they have so pleasant a place as South Fitchberg, and are intrusted [sic] to the care of such gentlemanly officers as those in charge of the Female Prison.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, January 18, 1865, p. 4, c. 1

A youth of feminine appearance was arrested in Wheeling, Va., a few days ago in the garb of a soldier, and turned out to be a young woman, who gave her name as Clara Hobson, of Jeffersonville, Ind., and declared she had served in the army two years without detection. The straight-laced magistrate cruelly sent her to jail for thirty days.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, January 25, 1865, p. 1, c. 4

Female Political Prisoners from New Orleans.—From the Cairo Democrat, of the 14th, we extract the following:

On her last trip from New Orleans to this place, the steamer Niagara brought up five female prisoners of war, three of whom were under sentence to the Alton Military Prison, and two banished from the State of their nativity. The names of the ladies sent to Alton are, Mrs. Mary Russell, Miss Mattie Oliver and Miss Mattie Reynolds. The first had committed the offence of having taken the oath of allegiance to both the rebel and Federal Governments, and the other two were charged with attempting to smuggle medicines from New Orleans into the rebel territory. The two that were merely banished have taken up their abode in Cairo, consequently we forbear giving their names or the offences with which they are charged. They

came up in the care of Lieut. J. L. C. Richards, of the 124th Illinois volunteer Infantry, who had also in custody 137 men, sentenced by military commissions and courts-martial to imprisonment for terms ranging from one year to life. Some of the male prisoners were of the most depraved class, being deserters from our armies and robbers and assassins belonging to the Confederate service.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, January 29, 1865, p. 3, c. 4

Jenkins on Male Toilets.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial thinks that it is a great omission on the part of the Jenkinsees who "write up" grand receptions, soirees, levees, etc., to confine their attention entirely to the wonders of female attire, and, having recently attended a presidential reception, he thus lets himself out on the costumes of the gentlemen and dandies visible on that occasion:

Mr. J—n S-m-h (I must adopt the regular Jenkins style of initials only) wore a coat, and a pair of pantaloons that would do honor to any tailor's shop. The latter were a little too long, and it was the general impression that the charming wearer would have looked better had he rolled them up a little.

Mr. J-n-s had on a hat of exquisite material. The block was imported for him especially. He also, like Mr. S---h, wore a coat and pantaloons. The former was of beautiful texture, and had pockets behind.

Mr. J—n-son was attired very fashionably in black broadcloth—coat and pants, together with a vest, which had two pockets and a convenient place for a watch.

Mr. R-b-son wore a shirt of beautiful material, painted in the bosom, and embroidered all around. It had just been ironed, and imparted to the wearer a very unique appearance.

Mr. B----- was remarked for the exquisite pair of shoes he had on. They had just been half-soled, and made delightful music.

Mr. F---- was splendidly attired, but the article which attracted most attention was his pocket-handkerchief, which was hemmed in a remarkable manner. A slight cold in the head made him use it frequently.

Mr. H----- was the cynosure of all eyes, on account of the beautiful and costly buttons on his pantaloons, which differed from all others in being "ilaos." [sic?]

Mr. S----- wore a magnificent undershirt of steel gray, with his name on the corner in indelible ink.

Mr. T----- displayed a beautiful pair of whiskers, which must have cost an immense sum. They were universally admired.

Mr. S----- wore a ring on his little finger, and the cuffs of his shirt were charmingly held in the embrace of mother of pearl.

Mr. W----- added to a very costly apparel, a pair of stockings that attracted great attention. They were upheld by India rubber garters of the finest finish.

Mr. R-----, (the enterprising tallow-chandler,) was much admired for the suavity of his manners, and the buttons of his vest.

Mr. C-----, (in the petroleum business) was beautifully perfumed with a new article of bear's grease. He smelled very sweet.

Mr. D-----, (in the dry goods line) wore a cravat which was tied with much taste, and a

standing collar which fitted his finely formed neck with great tightness.

Mr. I-----, (the celebrated spruce beer dealer,) was the observed of all observers, on account of his boots, which were the finest calfskin, and were said to be genuine rights and lefts.

Mr. K-----, (in the orange and peanut way,) wore a costly pair of woolen mittens, knit expressly for the occasion.

Mr. M----- took the palm for moustaches. They were in a high state of waxation.

Mr. L----- made a very graceful appearance in plaids. What was chiefly remarkable about him was the beautiful color of his shirt, which was of the finest brown muslin.

Mr. N-----'s finely molded form was set off to great advantage by a pair of suspenders of the finest texture, and a beautifully starched "dickey."

Mr. V----- was splendidly attired. In addition to a coat and vest, he wore a pair of pantaloons, which were buttoned up with neatness and precision.

Mr. O----- was the admired of all admirers, on account of a new and rare article of shoulder-brace and an exquisite truss which he wore.

I have endeavored, in the above, to be accurate and faithful, as a narrator of passing events, deemed by the general public to be of transcendent importance. I trust I have not sinned in omission or commission against any of the gentlemen who were present on the occasion, but that I have given to each the prominence to which he was entitled.

Mack.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, February 2, 1865, p. 2, c. 3

Ladies, These Scraps Are for You.

At a military ball in Boston, the managers introduced a new style of record for ladies' dancing engagements printed in gilt upon a pretty fan, which was provided with a ribbon of national colors for convenience in carrying it upon the arm, the whole forming a neat present for each lady. Pretty idea, is it not?

We learn from the New York Review that the prevailing modes for ladies were never so bizarre and brilliant as now; and the sudden irruption of crimson, yellow, blue, green and scarlet, gold braid and buttons, can only be traced to the effect of the prevailing military spirit of the country. Our gay zouave and chasseur uniforms have produced a sort of contagious fever for bright colors and singular patterns, which has at once seized upon the sex with which dress is an important consideration. And this military origin of the fashion further shows itself in the actual insignia of the soldier, which are complacently adopted by the ladies. Chevrons, army-buttons, corps-badges, etc., are now a standard portion of the modiste's wares; and if the rage continues, we may expect to see our wives and daughters actually wearing swords and carrying cartridge-boxes.

The New York Tribune relates that Mrs. A., accompanied by Mrs. B., recently paid a visit to Tiffany's, and bought there, aided by her friend's counsel, a very stylish assortment of jewelry for her own proper wearing. Before they had quite concluded their purchases, a stranger, whom we will call Mrs. C., came in, and after requiring the services of half the attendants, bought a far more extensive and costly assortment of richly set precious stones for the adornment of *her* person. Whereupon:

Mrs. A. to Mrs. B. (in an undertone)—"Evidently Shoddy."

Mrs. C. (overhearing)—"No, madam. Petroleum."

Another New York writer about Gotham fashions says:

At a large wedding reception, the other night, I mentally selected a few costumes remarkable for exquisite taste as deserving description. An exquisitely fine white tarlatane, high corsage made in close puffings over a low lining, long sleeves to correspond, and the skirt precisely similar, like a pile of fleecy midsummer clouds; over this was worn a gored light blue silk skirt, open to the belt in front, and gradually sloping away to nearly a point behind. Turquoise blue pins supported the waterfall, the hair in front frizzled and combed over a low cushion, ornamented with pink rose-buds and blue forget-me-nots. Another *distingue* dress was of amber silk festooned in deep scollops [sic], over a white puffed tarlatane dress, an amber silk boddice [sic] in deep points over the puffed waist, and whenever trimming was admissible it was in black velvet. The really beautiful black hair of the fair wearer was frizzled, twisted, rolled and pulled awry until the original beauty disappeared in this abominable fashion, which so few faces in unclassical America can bear.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, February 3, 1865, p. 1, c. 6
Cigarette.

Oh little tantalizing twists—
 Unsatisfying thing!
Six whiffs and one no more exists—
 Oft five the ending brings.

And yet for you I left my pipe,
 That brown and ancient bowl
Of ample size, and colors ripe,
 That oft had soothed my soul—

For you whose smoke smarts in my eyes,
 And tingles in my nose;
Whose odors of burnt paper rise
 Where its incense arose!

Return, O amber censer mine!
 Avant ye, cigarette!
And, Pipe with whom I woo the Nine
 My fickleness forget!

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, February 8, 1865, p. 2, c. 2

We have received the Brownsville Ranchero, of the 17th and 21st ult., from which we extract the following:

. . .The machinery for a cotton factory arrived in Texas this week. From the number of boxes we saw we should judge some one was going to have an extensive establishment. We are informed that the spindles will be humming a cheerful tune at no distant day. The exact point where the factory is to be established we will not state.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, February 12, 1865, p. 3, c. 5

"Fling out your banners on the outward walls!" We see it stated that the Washington and Baltimore ladies, secessiously inclined have found out a new way of "distinguishing" themselves now. Instead of wearing red and white favors, they wear two curls over the left shoulder.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, February 28, 1865, p. 1, c. 5

Another Amazon.—The people who dwell within the magic circle of the p----- hoops were never so pugnacious as in the present troublous times. A few days ago a drummer of the 7th Wisconsin was sent home from Chicago to her ma, because it was discovered that she was not so masculine as the regulations require.

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, February 28, 1865, p. 2, c. 1

Mardi Gras.—To-day ends the Carnival season, and to-morrow begins Lent. We have already described the signification and the significance of these terms, together with those so familiar in all Catholic communities—Mardi Gras, Shrovetide, etc., etc. In this city there are pleasant traditions of Mardi Gras; for the last three years traditions only; for during that period we have had no masqueraders, fancy dress balls, grotesque pageants and processions, "Mystic Krewes of Comus," and all that. We see that this season attempts are making to revive these pleasant observances, and to commemorate the close of the Carnival as is fit and proper, with appropriate old time observances.

"Old Drury," which used to lead off in these sports, is not behind hand, we see, in reviving them. Messrs. Eddy and Davey announce that they will give, after the performances at the St. Charles this evening, one of the regular, old-fashioned masquerades there. Mr. Meyers will conduct the orchestra, and there will be a brilliant array, doubtless, of taste, beauty and style. A reference to our amusements advertising column will show the reader where he should go for tickets of admission.

Alexander Zanfretta, Messrs. Allison and Wood, and a number of capable artists besides, announce that they will give a masked and fancy ball this evening, at the St. Charles Street Opera House, in honor of the festive occasion; that the orchestra of the Varieties Theatre has been engaged, and that Messrs. Oliveira and Greuling, the accomplished violinists, will conduct it. Here, too, there cannot fail to be a "hoigh ou'd toime."

And so at the new Opera House, where the Young Men's Benevolent Association, so famous of old for their skill in these matters, and at the Masonic Hall, where Columbia No. 5 gives a firemen's fancy dress and masked ball, there will be fine opportunities of enjoyment to those who love to

---"trip it as they go,
On the light fantastic toe!"

[NEW ORLEANS] DAILY PICAYUNE, March 5, 1865, p. 8, c. 4

Another Female Soldier.—A New England soldier, who has served three years creditably, and received three wounds, was sent in from camp to Washington, on Tuesday of last week, and made to exchange an infantry uniform for a bonnet, dress and hoops, the appropriate garb of her sex, which she had kept concealed from her colleagues.

[Washington paper.]