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Peoria [IL] Morning Mail, October 17, 1862-June 30, 1863

Vicki Betts

University of Texas at Tyler, vbetts@uttyler.edu

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PEORIA MORNING MAIL

October 17, 1862 – June 30, 1863

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, October 17, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

White or Black—Which Shall It Be?

The state of Illinois, more than any other in the West, has been the recipient of the discarded contrabands of the south—the helpless children and indigent women who are unable to support themselves, and suffering for the want of the necessaries of life, are thrown upon the people of Illinois, for subsistence. The suffering condition of these unfortunates has been set forth through the public prints, and human individuals have endeavored to the extent of their power to alleviate their wants.

The people of Illinois, in a little more than a fortnight will be called upon at the ballot box to testify their approval or disapproval of these encroachments upon the laws and the constitution of the state. They will be called upon to say whether negro service in the free state of Illinois should be permitted to come in competition with the laboring classes of our state who have made their homes with us, who are building for themselves a position in the community, and who if their own vocations be wrested from them, will become sufferers indeed.

Moreover the election will not be for the benefit of the people of Illinois alone. It will have an influence abroad; it will be felt throughout the North and may even penetrate the circles of governmental authority in Washington. If the state shall by a decided vote of the people declare itself in sentiment against the unwise policy which has been pursued, it may be the administration will take cognizance of such an expression of opinion and seek to relieve it.—At least let us hope so.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, October 19, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Another Proclamation Wanted.—"Eunice," in the Toledo Blade, wants another proclamation. By all means let her have it:

"My husband is an officer in the rebel army, and will never lay down his arms while Mr. Lincoln is President. There are many ladies in this state also who have husbands fighting against the North. As there is a proclamation to free the slaves of disloyal citizens, *why can't we have a proclamation to free wives from disloyal husbands.*

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, October 21, 1862, p. 1, c. 5-6

Interesting from Vicksburg.

From the Chicago Post.

Our readers will remember some mention made in these columns of Mr. Montgomery, a gentleman connected with the Vicksburg *Whig*, who endeavored to escape from that place on board a federal boat carrying a flag of truce, but was given up by the officer in command. The wife of Montgomery was formerly a resident of Chicago, and, together with her husband, was anxious to reach their friends in the north. Mr. Montgomery was taken from the federal boat and thrown into jail, but through the intercession of his wife with the rebel commander, was at length liberated and furnished with a pass to leave the city. With his bundle on his back, and wife and

two children—one four, the other six years old—bareheaded, he started on his long journey, and, after much hardship and innumerable hair breadth escapes, at last reached the federal lines at Memphis, from which place he proceeded to St. Louis. His statement, which is published in the St. Louis *Union*, contains much interesting information. We reprint the following, showing the

Effect of the Bombardment of Vicksburg.

Mr. Montgomery and his family were in Vicksburg all the time during the terrible bombardment of that rebel town by our gun boats. The shelling lasted eleven weeks, lacking one day, during which period 25,000 shells were thrown into that doomed city. Every building in town was hit more or less by shells and fragments of shells. The Baptist Church was struck four times and was injured the worst. Yet it is estimated that \$50,000 will repair all the damage done to the buildings. The damage done to the streets and pavements by the furrowing shells was repaired in three days, after the shelling ceased. The city being located on a number of small hills, sheltering the buildings from the iron storm, and saved them in a great measure from destruction. The sound of the mortars, the roar of the shells through the air, the terrific report attending the explosion of shells, the whizzing of the broken fragments of shells, the crashing of falling roofs, and the shattering of windows, altogether presented to the eye and ear one of the most terrific scenes ever witnessed in any siege.

During the night the glare of the streaming light from the burning fuses lighted up the heavens and made the scene doubly terrific. Many of the citizens encamped outside the town; those who stayed behind sought shelter behind the hills and in caves dug out in the high banks through which the road was cut. Yet amid all this terrible bombardment but one white person, a Mrs. Gamble, was killed. A negro was killed. Beside some of the soldiers, killed near the batteries, these were all the lives lost during those terrible days.

A memorable day in the history of the siege, was the bombardment on the 28th of June, which opened at 4 o'clock a.m., an hour before daylight. Ten boats of Commodore Farragut's fleet passed up in front of the city and commenced a terrific shelling. Commodore Porter's mortar fleet at the same time opened on the city, also the mortars of the upper fleet, and a park of artillery planted on the Louisiana shore, opposite. A continual shower of shot, shell, grape and canister were poured into the city with a fury and rapidity indescribable. It was estimated that 197 missiles of death were hurled per minute. The combined firing lasted two hours. The confusion of the citizens was frantic. Men, women and children in their night clothes were roused from bed and hurried for shelter to the caves outside the city. Gov. Pettis was roused from a warm bed in the Washington House, and skedaddled.

There were, of course, many hair breadth escapes. A shell tore up the earth in the midst of a crowd of citizens, and the dirt thrown up knocked every person down flat, without injuring them in the least. Men carried their fainting wives along in their arms—children screamed. Still, amid all this consternation and danger, it is wonderful that little injury was caused. Yet it is conceded on all hands that the greatest engineering skill was displayed by the besiegers. An engineer on Van Dorn's staff, who was present at Sebastopol, declared that the bombardment was the most terrific ever known.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, October 21, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

From Cairo.

Telegraphed to the Peoria Mail.

Cairo, Oct. 20.

Gen. Sherman from his list of secesh families in Memphis, has determined by lot who shall be banished from town as a punishment for guerrilla outrages on the river. Twenty families are thus ordered to leave our lines in five days.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, October 28, 1862, p. 4, c. 2

Good for the Girls.—The republican presses and the republican orators have been very much exercised of late, on account of the scarcity of laborers to gather the crops, and hence have argued that it was necessary to import negroes to do that business. This was proposed in a company of young ladies at Princeville the other day, when they said unanimously, they knew the corn crop was heavy, and men to gather it scarce, but rather than have the state flooded with negroes to compete with white men, they would themselves gather the crops. They could do it and they would, before they would consent to any measure which would degrade their brothers so low as to be obliged to labor by the side, or come in competition with negroes. We like that spirit. We shall not despair of the country when we have such women in the land. We never said "God bless the women," with more soul in it than in view of such a determination on their part.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, October 28, 1862, p. 4, c. 2

Police Items.—Hunting is very popular about these days. That is why Mr. Green concluded to go on a little trip to Indiana, "a huntin'." Whether that was the reason that "another man," or a woman in another man's apparel concluded to go too, we are not informed, but when a woman in that apparel came up by due course of law, with no suspension of the *habeas corpus*, nor of the Constitution, before Justice Cunningham, it appeared that there was an intent on the part of both to go "a huntin'" to Indiana. The justice didn't like the dress, and told the lady that she mustn't do so any more, to which she agreed.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, October 29, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

More Maiming.—The Terre Haute (Ind.) *Express* states that one of the drafted men in Linton township, Vigo county, after being drafted deliberately cut two fingers off his right hand for the purpose of evading the draft. The hand shows that two licks were made before the object was accomplished. A recent decision of the war department says that persons who purposely maim themselves shall not be exempted, and accordingly he will be taken to Indianapolis as soon as he recovers.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, October 29, 1862, p. 4, c. 1

French Goods.—Messrs. Alder & Nusbaum are now receiving a splendid stock of French lace goods of the newest styles and most fashionable patterns. There is scarcely a style that may be wanted that they cannot at once supply, or a pattern that they will not hand to a customer on demand. One of the firm, Mr. Nusbaum, is now east where he is buying another invoice of the same beautiful kin of goods.

But it must not be thought that the business of this house is confined to this kind of goods. Anything for ladies' wear can be obtained at the very lowest prices, consistent with a living profit. Everybody goes to Alder & Nusbaum's to trade, because they get what they want at fair prices.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, October 30, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Be On Hand.

Let democrats from all parts of the district be present in this city on Saturday next, to join in the great democratic demonstration on that afternoon and evening.—Hon. Wm. A. Richardson, R. T. Merrick, and others, will be present, and the largest mass gathering ever held in the district should be the result. Come and bring your wives, daughters, and friends with you. Let the occasion be one which will be long remembered with pleasure by democrats, and with horror by abolitionists.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, October 30, 1862, p. 4, c. 2

More Light.—Kerosene affords the most brilliant, the softest and most steady light of any substance we have tried. Mr. Otis, just below Parmeley's stable, on Adams street, has some of the best Kerosene we have seen. Besides this he has an assortment of lamps for burning it, of the prettiest and most fashionable patterns, which he sells exceedingly cheap. You will believe it when you call and see his goods, which you will find it for your interest to go if you want to buy.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, November 2, 1862, p. 4, c. 1

"All-Hollow E'en."—This old time anniversary which took place on Friday evening, was made the excuse by some of our wild boys for throwing unsavory missiles, putrid vegetables; taking gates off of the hinges, and sundry other pranks. This was probably "good fun" to the boys, but for those thus attacked it was not so desirable. This is the way a "very quiet" night was spent as stated by a contemporary.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, November 5, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Four Ladies were robbed in a Broadway, New York omnibus one day last week. The thief was a woman who wears false arms which hang innocently in her lap, while her real "pickers and stealers" are at work under the ladies' dresses."

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, November 5, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

The class of people who make fortunes out of army contracts are not generally book readers; they spend lavishly for dress and jewels, but scantily for literature. More diamonds have been sold within these last three months than in any equal time for years.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, November 5, 1862, p. 4, c. 1

Chapter on Shawls.—Time was when shawls were entirely monopolized by the female sex, and for one of the other half of the human race to get one upon his shoulders, would have caused staid grandmothers to raise their hands in holy horror. But after a time there came a change, and for awhile it seemed fair to conclude that the change would be so thorough as to transfer the shawl from one sex altogether to the other. But the fashion did not go that extreme, and both sexes now don and doff the garment which used to be worn by one alone. This fact makes it of the utmost importance that it should be known to all men and women that Adler & Nusbaum have the best assortment of shawls in the city.

Treason in Petticoats.

The New York *Times*' Washington correspondent telegraphed day before yesterday the following rather remarkable instance of female strategy:

We are informed that some employee in the War Department has forged a pass, permitting three men and a loaded wagon and a team to pass our lines. The wagon is said to be loaded with quinine and other articles of especial value to the rebels. It is expected that an effort has been made to capture the party.

LATER.—We have gained additional information in regard to the circumstances before mentioned of a wagon, with contraband goods, having gone through our lines, yesterday, towards Richmond. The precise facts are as follows:

The parties to the speculation are a person named Buck Bailey, who preached in one of the churches here on Sunday, and Miss Buckner, daughter of Mrs. Turner, who resides at Rectorville, Va., near Thoroughfare Gap.—These parties, who are related to one of the highest officers of the government, so worked upon his confidence as to procure his good offices in securing a pass for themselves, with which they succeeded in getting through our lines and within six miles of home before overtaken by the officers put on their track. On being arrested, which was accomplished about five o'clock this morning, Miss Buckner was consigned to the charge of some females in a dwelling near by, and searched. This proceeding resulted in discovering, in her bustle, of one hundred and seven ounces of quinine, together with a rebel mail—all intended for Richmond; and a further search at Fairfax Court-house brought to light a letter in secret cipher, concealed in her petticoat.

Mr. Bailey and Miss Buckner have been consigned to the old capitol prison, and Miss Turner, who is believed to be innocent, is permitted to remain in the family of her relatives.

Altogether, considering the high official character of three or four parties who have been unsuspectingly drawn into the affair, it is one of the most astonishing which has occurred during the rebellion.

John Morgan, the Guerrilla Leader.

If there is one man more detested and admired in Fayette county than another, says a Lexington, Ky., correspondent, it is the notorious John H. Morgan, a former resident of this place. The Unionists hate him as they do his Satanic Majesty, and the Secessionists are disposed to apotheosize him for his villainy. This fellow has made his name a terror in Kentucky on account of his outrages and barbarities, and has gained a wide-spread fame for daring, energy and sill as a military leader, though he has as yet done nothing to entitle him to such a reputation. Beyond the commission of outrages upon defenseless persons and wholesale plundering in unguarded neighborhoods, he has performed no act that entitles him to the consideration even of the Secessionists. He and his men know how to steal good horses and procure fresh ones when the old ones are exhausted, and by this means he is enabled to move rapidly to some undisturbed field of outrage. Deprive him of this peculiar talent, and he is nothing but John Morgan the negro trader, an unprincipled and vulgar swaggerer, who has made a half dozen attempts at

cowardly assassination, and who has contrived to preserve a respectable exterior by his skill in cheating at cards.

Morgan had some notoriety as a libertine, and is said to have cruelly wronged several poor and unbefriended girls in this vicinity, which perhaps accounts for the worship rendered him by the feminine rebels in Lexington during the late heyday of traitorism in that State. It has been said that women love best the men who wrong them most, and Morgan appears to be a shining instance of the truth of the aphorism. A year ago no woman who respected herself would have permitted him to kiss the dust from her gaiter; and yet a few weeks ago, females, who assumed to be fine ladies, crowned him with garlands, and vied with each other for the honor of his attentions—the attentions of a low-bred ruffian and a common blackleg. Secession makes wonderful revolutions in petticoats. Feminine voices modulated to sweetness by culture and refinement proclaim hero whom, a little while since, even to have known him would have been a degradation. So much for success! It is the world's bauble, and the bender of unwilling knees.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, November 7, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

The Capture of Sabine Pass.

The following details relative to the capture of Sabine Pass will be found very interesting. Captain Crocker, who commanded the Kensington and the expedition, is well known as the gentlemanly and popular commander of the steamer R. R. Cuyler, when running between New York and Savannah:--

From the New Orleans Delta, Oct. 23.

On the 1st of October the United States steamer Kensington, Acting Master Crocker, commanding, assisted by the United States schooner packet Seaman, and the bomb schooner Jonas, Captain Pennington, assailed the fort commanding the entrance to the Sabine Pass, drove the rebels from the fort, captured two twenty-four pound field pieces, spiked and destroyed two large eight inch guns, and anchored opposite the town; landed fifty men with one howitzer, marched five miles into the country, attacked a rebel camp of cavalry, consisting of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred men; found them drawn up in line of battle; fired one volley upon them, and charged at a double quick, when they skedaddled; dropping their arms and leaving their camp equipage; burned their camp and fourteen buildings used as barracks and store houses, containing a large amount of stores.

On the 5th instant Captain Crocker started with twenty five men on a river steamer (which he captured) to destroy the Taylor's Bayou river bridge. Found the bridge defended by about one thousand men, consisting of cavalry, artillery and infantry, protected by a strong breastwork. After using shrapnel and canister upon them for about an hour, the also skedaddled. Captain Crocker then landed twelve men, and, under cover of the steamer, destroyed the bridge, repulsing a charge from the rebel cavalry during the time, and taking several prisoners, among whom was Colonel Clifton, commander of the rebel forces. Captain Crocker has, within the last fifteen days, captured one fort, two camps, and burned thirty buildings used as barracks and storehouses, containing a large amount of ammunition and provisions.

He has also captured four schooners, two sloops and one steamer, beside quite a number of smaller vessels, which he has burned.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, November 7, 1863, p. 4, c. 1

School Books.—Our County Commissioner, knowing the importance of having uniform books in the schools under his supervision, has recommended the following list:

McGuffey's 1st Reader, new series—2d do., 3d, 4th, 5th.

McGuffey's Spelling Book.

Ray's Arithmetic, Part 1st—2d and 3d. do.

Pinneo, or Clark's Grammar.

Monteith's First Book in Geography—2d do.

Cornell's High School History of the United States—Map do.

Good Blackboard.

Slates for small scholars.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, November 7, 1863, p. 4, c. 1

Report

Of the School Commissioner of Peoria County, State of Illinois, to the Superintendent of Public Instruction, for the year 1862.

Peoria, Oct. 23, 1862.

Hon. N. Bateman, Superintendent Public Instruction.

Dear Sir—My report herewith submitted is not as accurate and full as I could wish. Many of the Treasurers have taken much pains to procure all the needful information; others have sent in meager and incorrect reports, while two townships have entirely failed to report. This has been occasioned, however, by the Treasurers leaving for the wars. Notwithstanding, the unparalleled excitement of the whole people on the question of the civil war, and the departure of many of our best teachers and staunchest friends of education for the field of carnage, to sustain and uphold the Constitution and the Government, that have given us our excellent school system, yet the schools of our county are making steady and commendable progress.

This result has been brought about myself by the united efforts of *first class* teachers and *working* school officers.

School Houses.

Of the one hundred and twenty-two schools visited, I found but thirty-two houses that were neatly fenced, seated and furnished, and had the necessary out-houses, &c. Twenty-one of the houses that I have visited are *miserable boxes*, not fit to be used for any purpose, they really belong to the history of the past, and I take great pleasure in saying that they are so considered by the Directors and patrons of the districts in which they are located; and as soon as the finances of the districts will permit, new and elegant buildings will take their places. The old fogy idea that any kind of a house will do for school has no advocates in our county.

Although but few buildings have been erected during the past year, owing to the political and financial condition of the country, those that have been built are of the best and most convenient style of school architecture, and reflect great credit upon those engaged in their erection, and the Districts in which they are located.

Many of the second class houses have been re-seated and furnished anew, provided with means of ventilation, maps, charts, &c., and can be considered quite comfortable.

Furniture.

Persons unacquainted with the duties of a thorough teacher in the school room, cannot understand that a school house must be provided with furniture suited thereto, as well as the dining-room of a dwelling house, but this is so. And I very much regret to say, that outside Peoria city and the village schools, there are but few school rooms that are adequately furnished. Most of schools in this county have more or less blackboard surface, but few have maps, charts, cards, globes, &c. To supply this deficiency I have labored diligently in my visitations during the last year, and with some degree of success.

Books.

In regard to the uniformity of text books there is much to complain of. I have adopted a series for the use of the schools throughout the county, and have urged their adoption by teachers and the different boards of directors. To carry this plain into execution, I have had the names of the books recommended, neatly printed on a card, and distributed generally among the teachers and people, and in some localities it works well. One serious impediment is the opposition manifested by parents to the purchase of new books; but this opposition is lessened when the object of change is fully explained. By the aid of teachers and school officers I hope to accomplish this much desired end.

Classification.

Most, if not all, of the schools that I have visited are well classed and have a certain number of recitations during the day and at stated times. If parents would see to it that their children are at school every morning by or before the time for the school to begin and that they are not absent three days in every week, they would give great aid to the teachers in the thorough classification and organization of the schools. Teachers are compelled to commence school by 9 o'clock. Why should not parents be required to have the scholars at school at the same time?

Teachers.

In order to make the examinations more thorough, and grade the certificates according to the instructions given in your circular, I notified teachers that they could be examined only on Saturday in each week; my being absent, visiting schools, during the remainder of the week made this rule absolutely necessary. It works well. The grading system will work wonders if the commissioners are only faithful in the discharge of their sworn duties. The only fault that I find with the law is that it creates one too many grades. We do not need the services of *third* grade teachers in Peoria county. We are opposed to paying a premium on ignorance.

The people say "give us good teachers, and we will pay good wages." In the name of the people and in behalf of the energetic first grade teachers of Peoria county, I protest against the law granting third grade certificates. Two grades are sufficient.

In this connection I would ask can there not be some method devised, which shall insure uniformity among commissioners. Under the present order or *dis*-order, the officer who gives good grades, whatever the qualifications of candidates, is sure to be esteemed by the class of teachers who need more knowledge and less presumption; while one who, recollecting his oath

of office and the wants of the schools, is more rigid in applying the law than the commissioners in adjacent counties, is likely to gain for himself the reputation of being unkind toward teachers, and discourteous toward his brother officers. It is frequently supposed by some teachers that if they succeed in obtaining a certificate in one county that they have a license to teach anywhere in the state, providing they have *the dollar* for the commissioner in whose county they wish to teach. Can this be remedied?

I find in my examination of teachers and schools that those teachers who have had the benefit of a course of instruction at the Normal School are, without exception the best drilled scholars, and succeed best in the school-room. The institution will confer a favor by sending to this county more of the same kind. Such teachers are and will be in demand.

Visitations.

It is impossible for me to see all the schools, within the time allowed by law, and do justice to the teachers and myself. The Legislature must allow more time and pay better wages or else the schools will never be properly visited. Why should School Commissioners be required to travel over the country for two dollars a day, (barely enough to pay their traveling expenses) when other county officers get twice as much for doing *light* work in their offices by fires that are *paid* for and *built* by the county?

The visits are kindly received by teachers, scholars and patrons. Many of the Directors and other school officers accompanied me on those visits and were well pleased with the progress of the schools. Let us have more visits from officers and patrons, and we will have better teachers and more first-class schools.

School Law.

Do away with the third grade certificate, and divide one-half the money among the districts without reference to the number of children in the same, and the other half in proportion to the attendance certified in the schedules, and it will meet the wishes of the people so far as I am able to learn. This last change is absolutely necessary if we expect the smaller districts to continue their schools.

The War.

We feel it; but I take pleasure in assuring the Department that Peoria county thinks it not too great a task upon her patriotism and her purse to spend fifty thousand dollars a year to educate her children, and at the same time send thirteen hundred of her fighting sons, with thirty thousand dollars of bounty in their pockets, to aid in putting down an unholy rebellion that now threatens the life of our political institutions.

C. P. Taggart,
School Commissioner.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, November 8, 1863, p. 4, c. 1

Ages of Teachers.—The oldest teacher who received a certificate from our County Commissioner during the last year, is aged fifty-nine years—a gentleman. The youngest is

fifteen—a lady. Then there are seven of the age of sixteen, all females, and there are nine of the age of seventeen, also females. The youngest male teacher is nineteen, and two of that age have received certificates.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, November 8, 1863, p. 4, c. 2

School Statistics.

We select from the annual report of the County School Commissioner of Peoria, C. P. Taggart, Esq., such statistical information as we deem will be of interest to our readers.

| | |
|---|------------|
| Whole number of schools in the townships | 150 |
| Whole number of scholars in attendance at all the schools | 7,818 |
| Number of children in school under six years of age | 4?0 |
| Whole number of male scholars in school | 4,017 |
| Whole number of female scholars in school | 3,801 |
| Whole number of male teachers | ??4 |
| Whole number of female teachers | 163 |
| Whole number of white persons under 21 years of age | 18,344 |
| Whole number of persons between the ages of 5 and 21 | 11,255 |
| Whole number of districts | 137 . . . |
| Whole number of school-houses | 130 |
| Number of school houses erected during the year | 5 |
| Whole number of private schools | 9 |
| Whole number of scholars in private schools | 271 |
| Whole number of graded schools | 26 |
| Number of school libraries purchased during the year | 00 . . . |
| Highest monthly wages paid to male teachers | 83.33 |
| Highest monthly wages paid to female teachers | 88.38 |
| Lowest monthly wages paid to male teachers | 41.66 |
| Lowest monthly wages paid to female teachers | 8.00 . . . |
| Average daily attendance in the county | 125 . . . |
| Number of teachers who have taught same school during one year | 244 |
| Number of teachers who have taught same school more than one year and less than two | 27 |
| Number who have taught same school more than two years and less than five | 11 |
| Number of those who have taught same school three or more years | 28 |

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, November 9, 1862, p. 2, c. 2-3

About Music.

Dear Mail:--I don't profess to be a connoisseur in musical matters, nothing more than an amateur, but am passionately fond of the science, and when I go to church my first thought is, will there be good singing. I must say, as a general thing one fails to hear a piece even passably performed in our western churches. If you will allow me through the columns of your paper, I

propose to set forth my views on church music. I don't intend to put myself up as an oracle or perfect critic, but merely give my ideas on the subject, and if I can be the humble means of making our church choirs pay more attention to the execution of their pieces, and in many cases make better selections, I shall feel amply rewarded for what little labor I spend in the cause.

Being a lady myself I suppose I have a perfect right to criticise [sic] both males and females alike. And I would here say to all musical persons that they must not deem anything I may write now or hereafter, as meant to be personal or offensive. I only have one object in view, namely: the improvement of our church music. The First Baptist church of this city have the material if they were properly trained to make a very good choir. In making their selections now, they choose mostly old pieces. This is a progressive age and I would advise them to buy a new book immediately. They commence a piece and sing it right through without once minding the musical mark, such as *piano*, *forte*, or *andante*. After getting voices to harmonize, the main feature to produce a perfect choir is expression. For that reason I affirm that the best choirs in the land are quartettes. Four persons can learn one another's style and can easier be of one mind than can eight or a dozen. Should the Baptist choir reduce itself to a Quartette, they would vastly improve upon their present singing.

I am confident, at present, their *Bass* at times is rather heavy, and one voice inclining to drag. Their *Tenor* is pretty good, but a little inclined to flat on the high tones. This can be overcome by throwing the mouth wide open and compressing or drawing the throat in a little. The *Alto* is very good except on the low notes where it is harsh; a little cultivation and the *Alto* would be first rate. They have an excellent voice in the *Soprano* so far as voice is concerned, but the lady lacks confidence—she is not always sure that she is right. But if she would let her voice out [illegible] get over her timidity she would do much better. This voice could have a good influence over the choir by paying strict attention to the words of the music and use her own judgment as to what portions should be sung loud and soft, fast and slow, and sing them accordingly, the balance of the choir would be sure to follow her. In the absence of an organ a melodeon is the finest instrument extant for church music, but care should be taken to secure a good performer to play it. Many persons agree because a person can play a piano well, they will also play an organ or a melodeon well. But such is not the case without considerable practice. The two instruments require altogether a different touch, and a person who could get depth of tone and a great deal of expression from a piano might not be able to produce either from an organ. In most cases a good pianist plays too *stacato* on the organ or melodeon. Such is the case of the performer at the Baptist church. I sincerely hope the choir of which I have been writing won't consider themselves flattered, or think that I am showing partiality by singling them out, for I shall take hold of some other choir next Sunday. Till then,

Yours frantically, B#.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, November 11, 1862, p. 4, c. 2

City Library.—The Library Committee have leased the second story of Nolte's new store next door to the Post Office, and the City Library will be removed thereto in a few days. This is a step in the right direction.—The old room is small, low, ill lighted, and poorly ventilated. The new one is spacious, easy of access, with a high ceiling, well ventilated, and as light as needful. It is seventy-two feet long and twenty-two feet broad, with ceiling fourteen feet in height. Three windows in each end, reaching almost from floor to ceiling, throw a light in every part of the room, and furnish ample ventilation.—The stair-case is as easy of access as possible, and the steepness of that where the Library now is, entirely avoided. The room, in every way, is

admirably adapted to the use to which it is designed. But there is another item connected with this business that must be mentioned. The Library Association is poor. The new room needs furnishing. Near two hundred yards of carpeting are required. Tables, book-cases, chairs, &c., are needful. Without assistance the Association cannot find the means to purchase these necessary articles. They should not be compelled to go into the new room without the means of furnishing it in a suitable manner. We propose that a course of lectures shall be procured to be delivered by men chosen from among our citizens, who will give their services to the good work, and a small fee charged for admission, the proceeds to be placed at the disposal of the Committee of the Association, to be used for the purposes above mentioned. We have men here among us who would come into this most willingly, and who will deliver lectures as entertaining and instructive as those which we have been paying for at the rate of fifty or a hundred dollars. We suggest this mode as being feasible, and best calculated to produce the desired result. Let the members and friends of the Library take hold of the matter at once. If this is not the best way, devise some other. This paper will cooperate in any plan to attain a successful end. Let the work be begun immediately.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, November 13, 1862, p. 2, c. 3-4

"These Are My Sons."

There came daily to one of the government hospitals in St. Louis, a lady whose tender care of the sick and wounded soldiers attracted observation. She was known as the wife of a citizen, and as an educated woman, who moved in refined society. Before the war commenced she was among the most cheerful and companionable in a large circle of friends. All the elements of life were in harmony. But very soon after the mad assault of corrupt men upon their government, Mrs. G.'s whole demeanor changed. Friends wondered, and asked for the cause. But she was silent. She went no more into society, but held herself away from public observation, shutting herself up, for most of the time, in her own house.

Conjecture was, of course busy; and many theories to cover the case were advanced and admitted—some near the truth, perhaps, but nearly all remote therefrom. The change in her manner and state of mind was complete; the warm, bright sunshine had passed and she was under the shadow of heavy clouds. All this was remarkable, in view of the fact that Mrs. G. was known as the woman of cheerful, reactive disposition; of clear, common sense thought, and of large self controlling power. Whatever trouble might come, her friends had faith in her ability to meet it with the calmness and dignity of a superior mind. Was it possible that a public calamity had been felt in her individual life so keenly!

Whatever the cause, Mrs. G. did not rise above it. She was present no more in the circle to which she had always lent a charm. Occasionally an old acquaintance would see her on the street, but with a manner so changed and subdued that she was scarcely recognized. The Sabbath always found her in church, sitting with bowed head, an absorbed and fervent worshipper; and as she moved down the aisle, after the service had closed, and out from the portico amid the crowd, instinctive delicacy in the minds of a large number of old friends let her pass without intrusion.

Thus it was with Mrs. G., when disease, in league with bullet, cannon, ball and bursting shell, began to crowd the hospitals of St. Louis with sick and wounded men, thus bringing into the very heart of the city, peaceful and prosperous a few months before, the ghastly fruit of treason. Among the earliest to enroll herself in the common sisterhood of charity, was Mrs. G.

Almost on the very day that the first wounded man arrived, she presented herself at one of the hospitals, and claimed a woman's privilege of ministering to pain. Her care was less for the sick than for the wounded, and less for strong men than for youth—tender boys, who had felt the kindling fires of patriotism, and gone forth in arms to meet the foes of freedom and law. Towards these she displayed all the interest and compassionate care of a mother, ministering to the mind and heart, as well as to the suffering body. It was remarkable how completely her life came down into this work, and how soon duty was absorbed by love.

Among those who were brought in from one of the many battle fields of Missouri, were three young men, the oldest not over twenty-two. One of them had lost an arm; and the other had received three bullets in his body. They were laid on the three beds, standing side by side; and the first woman's face that looked down in pity upon their pale, suffering faces, was that of Mrs. G. The first sound, so full of home and love—so soft and sweet to their ears, and like the voice of a panther, was the voice of Mrs. G. Do we wonder that, as their eyes looked up to hers, they grew blinded by tears?

Mrs. G. did not leave them when the surgeon came. The sight of his instruments pressed the blood back upon her heart, and she grew faint; but the eyes of a fair-haired stripling, whose hurt gaze turned from the knife and probe, and reached upward towards her, like clinging hands, held her to the post of duty, and compassion gave new life to her heart, so that all her pulses were strong again. The surgeon's best assistant, through all the painful work that had in mercy to be done upon the bodies of these young men, was Mrs. G.; and their best strength came from her tender and maternal voice. She was an angel to them, and thankful love filled their hearts and shone from their faces, in the calm, and ease, and rest that followed the torture, and not only filled their hearts and shone from their faces, but awakened by its ardor the purest and truest of all loves in her heart—a mother's love.

She did not leave them through the feverish night that followed, and only returned to her home in the gray morning that broke upon her self imposed vigils. Nature demanded rest. Mrs. G. was more exhausted than she had ever been before. It was not so much the watch that left her weak and with jarred nerves; feeling had been wakened into too strong a life and burdened with too consuming an integrity. It was late in the afternoon when Mrs. G. returned to the hospital. Her first visit was to the three young men with whom she had passed the night. They received her with grateful eyes and welcoming smiles. Something about them touched her more deeply than she had been touched by anything which she had seen during her walks of mercy amid sick and wounded and dying men. Sitting down, she talked first with one, and then with another, about themselves and their homes.

One had a mother far away in New England, and his lashes lay wet on his cheek as he spoke of her.

"She loves her country, and has given three sons for its defence [sic]," he said; and in pride of such a mother, his heart beat quicker, and sent the blood flushing to his pale face. "I will not tell how badly I am hurt," he continued; "she shall only know of your kindness, dear lady! My first letter will tell her of that!"

"Happy mother, to have brave and loyal sons in a time like this!" answered Mrs. G., her voice losing its firm tones, and sinking to a sad expression.

"Have you no son to give to your country?" asked the fair haired stripling, whose head had rested, a few hours before, against her bosom, while the knife and probe were making him sick with agony.

"I will call you my son," was replied after a brief silence. Mrs. G's voice was in a lower

key, but calm and steady. She seemed to have encountered a strong wave of feeling, that made all the timbers in her vessel of life shudder, but the stroke had proved harmless, and she was herself again.

"And you are my son also," she added, almost proudly, as she looked upon the other. "Worthy sons, I will give you a mother's care."

There entered at this moment two men, carrying a litter, on which a man was lying. A surgeon and nurse were in attendance. The large room was full of beds, and on one of these [the] man, who moaned in a low plaintive voice was placed. Mrs. G. did not stir from where she sat by the young soldier. Scenes like this were of almost daily occurrence, and did not disturb the order of duties of the institution.

"A wounded rebel," said the nurse, who came in with the litter. She crossed the room to Mrs. G., whispered the sentence, and then moved back again. She did not know what a thrill of pain her brief sentence had awakened.

A wounded rebel! The very bullet that shattered the bone, and rent the sensitive flesh of the loyal youth over whose couch she sat, might have been sent on its cruel mission by his hands. Yet was he now brought in, carefully to be ministered to in suffering, and saved perhaps from death. This was the very thought that flashed through the mind of Mrs. G., as the thrill of pain which the announcement occasioned went trembling away into stillness.

The moans of the wounded man had soon died away. He had first been taken to the surgeon's apartments, and after the abstraction of a ball, the passage of which had been more painful than dangerous, removed under the charge of a nurse, to the room where he now rested.

Mrs. G.'s interest in the three young men, who were now especially under her charge, found no abatement, but rather increase. In brief conversation with each of them, she gathered little facts and incidents and sentiments that expressed the quality of their lives, of a character still further to interest her feelings. Each had been tenderly cared for in early years, and each was loyal as well to all home memories as to the country he had gone forth to serve, bearing his life in his hands.

It was nearly an hour after the wounded rebel was brought in, when a nurse, crossing from a corner where he lay, came to Mrs. G, who was assisting the surgeon to dress the shattered limb of one of the young men under her care, and stooping down, said to her wit:

"It is your son, madam!"

"Who? where?" The color came and went in Mrs. G's face.

"The man who was last brought in."

"My son?"

"Yes ma'am, he says he is your son. Won't you come and see him. He wants you."

Mrs. G caught her breath with a gasp, but gaining her self possession, she answered with a calm eloquence of tone that was full of heroism:

"These are my sons!"

For an instant she looked proudly from face to face of the three wounded soldiers, and then bent over the task in which she was engaged. Her hand showed no tremor as she wound the long bandages about the tender limb, and in every minutia obeyed the surgeon's directions.

When the painful task was done, she wiped from the sufferer's pale forehead the clammy sweat that covered it, and laid her hand softly upon his temples, smoothing back the damp hair. No other's hand had in it a tenderer touch.

For a moment the surgeon drew her aside, and they stood in earnest conversation; then he moved away, and Mrs. G. resumed her place. Not long afterwards, the rebel soldier who had

been brought in was carried out again, the men who brought the latter in almost touching Mrs. G. as they passed. But she did not stir or look around. One, two, three hours, she was still in the hospital; but her loyal, heroic heart had taken up a burden, that no true mother's heart had strength to bear. The surgeon, who comprehended the case, was watching her with intense interest.

He saw, with eyes that could read signs which others might not understand, the gradual failing of power to sustain herself in this self-imposed ordeal, and more than once offered gentle remonstrances, which she failed to heed. But all things yield, when pressure is in excess of strength. Three hours after her wounded rebel son had been removed, by her order, with a nurse in attendance, to the house he had dishonored, Mrs. G. was carried thither insensible, having swooned from exhaustion of vital power in the unnatural conflict of mind to which she had been submitted.

On the day after, she was absent from the hospital; but on the third day she came in again, paler, and to some eyes sadder, and again ministered with loving care to the sons of her adoption.

Our homely prose has failed to give in fitting words this true and touching incident worthy to be enshrined by some true poet in deathless numbers. It should not perish.—Who will set in the jewels of song?

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, November 14, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Old boys have their playthings as well as young ones; the chief difference is the price.

If lovers would be sure their match was made in heaven, let them get married in a balloon.

The literature of the day is all of military character. Some stores advertise Hardee on Tactics, and others, Ale on Draft.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, November 15, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Adventures of a Loyal Maiden Among the Secesh.

Miss Fanny Britten some time since received a communication from the colonel of an Ohio regiment, then stationed at Lebanon Ky., to visit her brother there, who was in his command. Fanny was a resident of Cleveland, and availing herself of an opportunity to embrace a cherished relative, she made up a small bundle, put what she thought would be sufficient money in her purse, and started for the "debatable ground." Arrived at Lebanon she found that the regiment to which he belonged had changed its location, and uncertain how to proceed, she remained for a couple of weeks, until her money was almost exhausted, when she made up her mind to return homeward, and set out on foot for Paris, which, travel worn, she arrived at late in the evening, to find it in the hands of a large body of the enemy's cavalry. An entire stranger, she was taken into custody, and it being soon learned that she was an Ohioan, she was arrested as a spy and detained in the apartment of a house in the second story.

The guard, however, was rather loosely kept, and the next morning Fanny contrived to explore another room, where she contrived to discover a suit of masculine apparel, which she appropriated and found a tolerable fit. Thus disguised she made her way to the roof of the house, from which she managed to descend by means of a gutter-spout, when she went to an adjoining stable, and selected one of the best of a fine lot of blooded horses, with which she made her way undetected out of town.

She did not allow the grass to grow under the feet of her gallant steed, with which she soon reached Mayville, where she took a packet, and with her prize arrived safely in this city. Here she applied to the mayor to whom she related her adventures, and who recommended her to the Dennison House, where she was taken under the protection of the ladies, who supplied her with apparel suitable to her sex. She is a good looking, dashing girl, just such a one as it would be safe to bet upon coming out of a difficulty with *eclat* and enacting the *role* of a bold and fearless heroine. In the meantime the mayor, who has charge of the horse, which is a valuable Bucephalus, is in a muddle. It is a Bulwerian question, "what will be done with it?" but as we think the animal was, undoubtedly, at the time she captured him, in the hands of the secesh, he is Fanny's by all the articles of war. Let her carry him back to Cleveland as a trophy of her womanhood and daring.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, November 16, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Musical Criticism.

We publish this morning another musical criticism from our lady correspondent, "B Sharp," and in a private note accompanying it she informs us that upon each succeeding Sabbath she will discourse upon the choirs of other churches in our city. Not being a musician ourself, and scarcely competent to demonstrate the difference between a stave of music and a barrel stave, we must leave the determination of the question of merit in these productions with our readers. One thing "B Sharp" should, however, bear in mind; that perfection is scarcely attainable in anything sublunary, and tastes differ upon musical matters more than upon any other branch of science or art. We humbly suggest that her disposition for fault finding is inordinately developed and if her views of domestic economy are as rigid as upon music, we pity the man who obtains her for a wife. If she would benefit our church choirs, let her personally appear among them upon the Sabbath and by practical illustration teach them the lesson she would inculcate.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, November 16, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Letter from B. Sharp. The Universalist Choir.

Dear Mail: Since writing my last, I have heard some considerable singing in the good city of Peoria, and am very much encouraged, for I know if a proper interest was manifested, our churches might boast of choirs second to none in the West. There are an abundance of good voices here. I have never attended the Universalist Church until lately. Had been told that they produced the best singing there of any place of worship in the city, consequently went there expecting a musical treat, but was doomed to be sadly disappointed. They selected an anthem or set piece to be sung prior to the opening of service. It was a very good selection, but poorly executed. They showed a great want of practice. The most glaring fault was decidedly poor time. The next was poor pronunciation, and an indistinct articulation by nearly all, so much so, I venture to say, there were not a dozen people in the audience who could understand the words. For my part, I was sometime in making up my mind whether they were English or Latin words, but every word which ended in S had a peculiar hiss to it, which is a very common, and at the

same time one of the most disagreeable faults of a choir. All of these faults in a great measure are attributable to the conductor or leader. A person to properly train a choir must have all the virtues of Solomon, intermingled with a good stock of assurance and candor, and at the same time be affable and gentlemanly; he must not hesitate to tell any and every member of the choir any fault he or she may have; and after telling them, must insist on having his wishes obeyed. If he does not, he never will have a good choir, or produce good singing. A conductor's position is no enviable one, for he is sure to offend, as singers are notorious for their sensitiveness. But in order to succeed, he must offend some.

The evening I write of, the choir came very near breaking down. They had selected an old familiar tune, (long metre [sic] single, I think) and undertook to sing it double. A part of the choir sang it single, and the balance sang it double. That made sad havoc for sensitive ears, I assure you. It was not so much the fault of the singers, I presume, as it was the conductor's. He, on such occasions, should be very particular to explain to each and every member, how and in what way he proposes to vary from the music as written by the author. By so doing, all the effects of that error would have been lost upon that audience that evening.

Taste and judgment in musical matters differ as much, and perhaps more, than upon any other subject. My ideas may be at variance with others; and I wish it distinctly understood that what I write, I do not set forth as law, or as perfect by any means. Speaking of taste in musical matters, reminds me of one thing which I thought a very poor "style" in the Universalist choir, viz. at the end of every line in the hymns, they make a full stop, or pause equal to a whole rest. The effect is anything but artistic. In some places where there is not even a comma at the end of a line, they make the author say things entirely foreign to what he intended when he wrote it. This may be the fault of the organist, and a choir is generally guided very much by the instrument.

The Universalists have a number of very good voices, but like many choirs, they are sadly in need of training under a severe master. I say severe, because none other will ever perfect them. They have a good bass voice, but not quite heavy enough; a very passable soprano and alto. If the alto were a little heavier, it would be an improvement. I should judge one of the soprano voices to be a musician of no mean ability, but unaccustomed to choir singing. Or if she has been in the habit of singing in choirs, it has been in a Catholic or an Episcopal Church. At all events, with a little practice she will be an acquisition that any choir might be proud of. The tenor has considerable compass to his voice; but there is a lack of depth or volume to it; in other words, it is light and thin. He can overcome that if he will. Good tenors are scarce, and his is more than all ordinary voice now. Their organ is a very good, clear toned instrument, I should judge; but the player gave me a very poor chance to judge of the instrument's qualities, as he used only two stops during the whole evening. He plays with very little life or feeling, and with no expression at all. Yet he reads music readily, and if he would use some taste and judgment, would be a good player.

Mr. Conductor, if you would succeed, reduce your choir to a quartette; drill them thoroughly one or two evenings in each week, and don't be afraid to point out all of their faults, or be afraid to receive suggestions from any member, and if the idea be a good one, act upon it. And my word for it, in a month's time, you will be astonished at the improvement, and your congregation will shower compliments upon you.

I shall notice this choir again, and if there is an improvement, shall not fail to set it before the public. More anon.

B#

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, November 16, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

How Newspapers are Affected.—The *Detroit Tribune*, *New London Chronicle*, *Hartford Times*, *Press*, and *Courant* have increased their rates on account of the great advance in the price of paper and everything used in making up a newspaper. A great many other journals are preparing to do the same thing, or to reduce the expenses of publication.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, November 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Butternut bonnets, we see it stated, are "all the rage" among the ladies of Indiana.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, November 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Vengeance on a Seducer.

Major Phelps, of the 5th Virginia, was shot by Major Dayton, of the 4th Virginia, on the 17th ult., near Millersport, about twenty-five miles above Gallipolis, under the following provocations and circumstances:

Major Phelps, by forging a license, procured some one to marry him to a sister of Major Dayton. He being a married man could not legally marry her, and consequently took this plan to accomplish his ends. He carried her away from home, and no one knows where she now is. Major Dayton was informed by a letter from his father, and became almost crazed. He learned of Major Phelps being in Gallipolis, and went there, but the Major had started for Ceredo. Major Dayton followed on, overtaking him near Millersport, and shot him, four balls taking effect. Major Phelps lived a few hours, and before dying, acknowledged he had been served right. The mock marriage between Major Phelps and Miss Dayton occurred near New Creek, Virginia. Major Dayton had not been arrested by either the civil or military authorities. Major Phelps was formerly a minister, and resided near Ceredo, Virginia. Major Dayton was formerly a baggage master and afterwards a conductor on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, November 19, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Amusing Incidents in Hotel Life.

An amusing denouement occurred a day or two since at one of our principal hotels. We give the anecdote, suppressing the names:

For some weeks past a couple, supposed to be just married, have been much remarked at the hotel from their extremely youthful appearance. The husband in particular has attracted great attention from his youth, small size and delicate frame. Observations have been heard on all hands deploring the marriage of persons so very young—a mere boy and girl, apparently—and some curiosity has been expressed as to who they were.

On Saturday evening the husband—who has been smoking his segars [sic], drinking his cocktails and swinging his cane with a manly air that seemed much beyond his years—was discovered to be a woman. It appears that she is a married lady, and the mother of an infant some six months old. Her health being poor, and her husband thinking that change of air would be beneficial to her, she started on a traveling tour, taking with her a young lady friend. The two ladies soon found it inconvenient to be without an escort, and the married lady concluded to dress as a gentleman, while her friend agreed to act the part of his bride. Certainly they both

deserve infinite credit for the perfection which they acted their parts, and, as this is the only creditable part of the affair, it is but just to give them all praise for it. No one, for an instant, suspected the true state of the case, and the secret was only discovered finally through the bride's mother, who passed about a week with them at the hotel, and appears rather to have sanctioned the proceeding, but was indiscreet enough to mention the true circumstances of the case to another lady. Of course when four ladies are acquainted with any fact, secrecy is at an end. The case commenced to be noised abroad, was inquired into, and proved to be as the mother had said. The fair bride was taken to other quarters, while the bridegroom has been obliged to doff her manly clothing and air, and is now, we understand, under arrest, although allowed to remain in her room at the hotel. She considers the whole affair an excellent joke, and is said to bear her arrest with perfect equanimity.—*New York Herald*.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, November 21, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Charleston, Va., Nov. 14, 1862.

. . . One of the phenomena of this [fold in paper] the development of an intense hate towards our troops and government exhibited by the female rebels. I am led to this statement from the positive evidences of the fact witnessed by me since my arrival there. These females have generally descended from the high and dignified spheres of the social circle and domestic fireside, and metamorphosed themselves into the shape and status of politicians, columniators [sic] and traducers of their country and its flag. Nor does the picture end here. It is from these females, who have played the successful scouts and spies, that the rebel leaders have gathered their best information. These women, practising [sic] a deception on our own generals, sometimes in the guise of ladies and again in the disguise of the rustic, have been permitted to pass our lines, visit our camps, and those of the first named have been *feted* by our officers. It is unnecessary to individualise [sic] instances of this kind in passing the subject. I will only mention the names of Belle Boyd and Mrs. Greenhow as heading the list of one hundred female rebels who have made for themselves infamous reputations. I have an instance fresh to my mind which was related to me recently by an officer of worth, who told me of a case in which one of our two star generals was deceived most egregiously by one of these female rebel adepts. He was enchanted, as it were, by her personal beauty, her volubility of language and innocent manner. She was allowed the liberty of the camp for several days; but suddenly she was *non est inventus*. She gained the information she came for, and her departure was as mysterious as her advent.

I will forbear to mention names or localities, as that general soon discovered his mistake, and has repented sincerely for his fatuity. In justice to the officers of this department I will say the affair did not occur in Western Virginia. To explain the phenomenon I have referred to still further, I will add from my own experience that I have seen young ladies in this town who at a superficial view, from their appearance, apparent intellectuality and exterior accomplishments, seemed an honor to their sex. Presto, and the scene is changed, the social picture is robbed of its charms, when I have seen some of them contort and set all sorts of gyrations with their faces, as an officer would pass along the road, in token of their depreciation of the defenders of our flag. The grimaces of these rebel ladies have been followed with scurrilous and low remarks, which in some stances would disgrace a cyprian. There is a family in town, the head of which once held a federal position. This gentleman is known here as a Union man, but his example has not comported to his professions. This gentleman has a son in the rebel army who recently resigned his commission and returned home. He has another child, a daughter of twenty summers. This

young lady (?) is proverbially known throughout Charleston as a rabid secessionist.

Last winter, while a portion of our army was in town, her father frequently gave social parties to Federal officers. On these occasions she used to make them serve her to give vent to her secession proclivities, by innuendo and at times by downright insult to her father's guests. On other occasions, when Federal officers would visit her father's house, she would hide herself until they had retired. This young lady is considered a Virginian of the first water. She is known here as the mouthpiece of the whole family. The loyalty of all is very much questioned. . . .

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, November 22, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

A rebel paper published in Louisiana is printed on the inside of ordinary wall paper. The Houston *Telegraph* and Galveston *News* have come down to small brown paper such as grocers use. Probably if the war lasts a year longer there will not be a newspaper left in the South. The case of the Louisiana sheet indicates commendable economy. Subscribers can obtain their news and paper their walls for the same amount of Confederate shiplasters.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, November 23, 1862, p. 1, c. 3

Matrimonial.

The subscriber is in want of a "help meet"—a "rib"—a "better half"—in plain English, a wife. With this view he desires to correspond with some intelligent and refined young lady, not over 22 years of age, possessed of genial disposition and prepossessing appearance. The subscriber can provide a comfortable home and affectionate husband. His extreme timidity leads him to adopt this method of procuring a consort for life.

Address in strictest confidence.

Alphonse,
Box 361, Pekin, Ill.
Pekin, Ill., Nov. 19th, 1862.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, November 23, 1862, p. 4, c. 2

Letter from "B Sharp." St. Paul's Church.

Messrs. Editors: The writer executes her most profound courtesy to the editor of The Mail for his remarks upon her criticism in last Sunday morning's paper, and begs to lessen his anxiety "for the man who shall obtain her for a wife" by stating she is not in the matrimonial market. And for his suggestion that she should illustrate by practical example that which she advises others to adopt, she candidly and frankly acknowledges her inability so to do. In musical matters, as in others, a critic is seldom a good performer, and *vice versa*. Pray excuse me, sir. Maiden modesty, if nothing else, forbids.

Whoever has visited St. Paul's church in this city will corroborate my assertion that a neater and more tastefully arranged church can scarcely be found in the West. And the good people who are in the habit of attending divine worship there are certainly favored with a very eloquent and entertaining pastor. But with all these necessary adjuncts which in these modern times are considered indispensable to church worship, it is not to be wondered at that they are

without a choir? Or rather is it not strange that their choir should consist of only one person and that a lady, who sits in that gallery alone, and plays the organ? I am willing to admit that she is a whole choir, in herself, for without any attempt at fulsome adulation or vain flattery, I assert that she displays better execution than any one it has been my good fortune to hear in this city. Her style is unassuming and modest, yet artistic. There is a gentleness and delicacy of touch in her performance seldom noticeable in amateur performers, and which, particularly in the execution of sacred music, is indispensable to good and successful performance. The *thorough bass* to which the lady makes the instrument give utterance is admirable and seldom excelled in any of our western churches. The congregation are most assuredly favored in the possession of an excellent organist, then why in the name of Euterpe have they not a choir? This lady certainly deserves credit for the moral courage she displays by sitting alone the cynosure of eyes and the subject of criticism.

And with all these advantages before me, will it surprise you, Mr. Editor, that I found myself wondering if indeed I was in a city and a fine church, or in some country town and school house at "the four corners." Such an idea the fashionably attired congregation and the glowing words of the pastor contradicted. But why is there no choir? My womanly curiosity is aroused, and I assure you I must exercise the inalienable prerogative. And above all, why is it minus in an Episcopal church where above all other forms of worship it is so indispensable. As well might the Litany be discarded if a complete service is desired. Music is one of the established forms of the Christian religion, commended by the Deity, and sanctioned by mankind. There is as deep a lesson inculcated and as pure and holy sentiments are conveyed in the musical exercises of church worship as may be drawn from the Holy Word. The soul is purified and exalted nearer unto God himself. Why, I again repeat, has the Episcopal church no choir?

Is there any one to blame? Has there been trouble in the choir? Will some one inform me?

Congregational singing in an Episcopal church! Alas, can such things be in this enlightened age? If there be in that congregation one who appreciates music, whose heart throbs in harmony with all that is good, pure and holy in sentiment let him or her use their influence at once to the establishment of a good Quartette for the Episcopal church.

The time once was, Mr. Editor, (I well remember it, for I confess to twenty-five) when simple hearted, unassuming worshippers of the village church with reverent air and bowed head sang meek praises to the Lord; when the heart prompted the vocal utterances and attuned to harmony beat in unison with the pure and simple melody which emanated from the lips; when the village maiden untutored by a Rossini and *untortured* by Woodbury, lifted her sweet voice in purity, innocence and truth; when from behind the quaint old gallery with its red curtains drawn with systematic precision as the choir arose, came strains none the less acceptable above, because they were untrammelled by the trappings of modern music. Ah, those were days when there was needed no salaried *prima donna* as now, and whose especial province seems to be, as if fearful that the hymn would not reach Heaven, to give it a lift in that direction by the timely aid of an extra yell. That village choir and congregational singing; how I love to dwell in memory upon it. They sing no more unless it be in Heaven, and who shall say that around the Eternal Throne may not be heard in hymns of praise and anthems of rejoicing, the same, sweet sounds, and flute like strains of melody which years ago swelled up from that village congregation and its choir.

But times have changed. Sacred music must now be gilded with the decoration of the great masters, and since it must be, we as humble followers should conform to custom. Let the

communicants of St. Paul's bear it in mind.

As usual, B#

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, November 25, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

Griswold & Co.,
Grocers
Corner of Washington and
Liberty Sts., Peoria,

Offer for sale low for cash

Teas.

English Breakfast,

Finest quality of Souchong,

Oolong,

In half Chest, fine flavor and rich color.

" Extra for Family use.

Young Hyson,

Prime Pinguet [?] and Moynne.

Imperial,

Gunpowder,

Choice and Extra, some very fine.

Sugar,

Refined Sugars,

Of Stuart's make,

Crushed, Powdered, &c., &c.,

Porto Rico in hhds.

Cuba "

New Orleans "

Salt,

3,000 [or 8,000] barrels and sacks,

Fine and Coarse.

Peoria, Nov. 21, 1862.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, November 25, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

News from the Interior of North Carolina.

A correspondent of the New York *Herald* recently managed to make a trip from Newbern into the heart of North Carolina. He writes a long letter about it, from which we quote the following:

No matter where I went, or in what direction I looked, I found immense quantities of

corn. As regards this article there is not the slightest evidence of a tendency toward starvation, or so much as a lack of it. The fields are full of it and so are the barns.

I did not see nor find the whereabouts of a great deal of bacon, although I was told there was plenty on hand to suffice for a year to come.

On every plantation there is a superabundance of porkers. I asked one gentleman why they were not salted, when he frankly confessed to a strenuous want of salt. Of all the necessaries of life this was the only thing I found that they actually stood in immediate need of. To supply this deficiency the southerners, as far as I saw, have resorted to an ingenious mode of getting salt. They are hard to work digging up the bottoms of their smoke houses. At Kingston, one Capt. Carroway, of the Confederate cavalry service, has by this means procured an immense quantity of salt, so much as to surprise all his friends and neighbors. The salt thus made is very dark in color and poor in quality; but the people seem resigned to everything, and "it will do."

The soldiers are tolerably well dressed. All of them wear something of a grey uniform. I saw no bare-footed ones. Many had on good warm stockings, and were dressed quite neatly for mere privates. The women are doing everything they can to supply the troops with stockings, under clothes, and other et ceteras. It is these female creatures who appear mainly to keep up the secession excitement. They drive and keep their husbands and sons in the rebel army. They never refer to the Yankees except in the vilest terms, and it was thus that I found the wildest embitterment against the people of the North.

The boasting of the men about the productive abilities of the south is disgusting. A man will jingle his spurs, and significantly say "southern;" will throw out his chest and slap his breast, and wink and exclaim, "Home-made," or pull up the legs of his boots, and complacently remark, "tanned south, by God."

As there is a general lack of snuff, the women are of course, half crazy for it. As they cannot get in sufficient quantities for general use, many of the women have taken to the vile habit of chewing tobacco.

The negroes are beginning slightly to manifest a general spirit of insubordination. Owners of this kind of property are treating their slaves more kindly. Almost every day slaves are shot in various parts of the county for attempting to run away. The owners of Sambos are in constant dread as they go to bed at night, of finding only footprints in the sand next morning. Those who own a great many slaves are sending the most likely of them into the interior of the country. It is not an uncommon thing, on roads far from a military headquarter[s], to see contrabands tied hand and foot on their way to the interior. Some poor creatures are handcuffed, their feet tied and then throw[n] into wagons and carts and thus transported.

I found plenty of liquors everywhere I went, yet a general lack of whisky. There was plenty of apple brandy (the "new dip," as they call it) and peach brandy. To the new dip all hands appear to be immoderately addicted.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, November 25, 1863, p. 4, c. 1

Strange Affair.—We met a friend in the street yesterday and asked him "What's the news?" He answered by exhibiting a half dollar in silver. On inquiry it was found to be genuine. This is the strangest affair of the season, we do not understand it.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, November 25, 1863, p. 4, c. 1

Way They Do.—When a young man steals a kiss from a Lowell girl, she blushes like a "new blown rose," and says smartly, "You daren't do that twice more."—*Exchange*.

When a young man steals a kiss from a Peoria girl she draws herself up proudly, looks a little indignant, and says majestically, "Sir, put that right back where you took it from!" and he always "backs down" and does it.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, November 27, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Te Deum Laudamus.

To-day the great heart of the people of the north is lifted up in reverence and Thanksgiving to the Lord of Hosts. To-day man humbles himself before his Maker, with gratitude in his heart and prayer upon his lips. To-day with devotion, with penitence and with hymned praise we are directed to acknowledge at the altar, upon the hearthstone, and in the home circle, the bounteous gifts of Providence, and glorify the great Source of all good whose "Mercy and loving kindness endureth forever."

With all new England's faults, follies, and extravagances, with all her Puritanical predilections, with all her quaint notions and provincial ways, we have yet to bless her for the glorious gift of this time-honored Festival. As in the past, so in the present, it is observed with scrupulous exactness. It has survived the vicissitudes of fortune, the changes of circumstances, and prompted by a career of prosperity and abundance, its annual recurrence has ever been one not of mere formality, but of genuine heartfelt Thanksgiving. To-day even in the midst of fraternal strife, in the tumult of contention, national discord and civil war, it comes to us none the less hallowed and blessed. For it speaks to the heart hope for the time when these things shall cease to be, when a country re-united and prosperous shall again bless us, and the dove of peace once more hover over Columbia's happy and broad domain. It suggests a future filled not with the din of battle, the mighty tread of contending armies, and loved ones distant, suffering and dying, but it whispers to the heart hope of pleasant and peaceful associations, domestic re-unions and happy homes.

For this, welcome Thanksgiving, thrice blessed in they promise to mankind.

Though the record of the year has been marred by civil discord, and the page of its history stained with the blood of noble men who have offered up their lives wiling sacrifices for their country's restoration, though national calamities have fallen upon us, and civil misfortunes visited the land, yet the year has been one of plenty, productiveness and health. For if there be much to mourn in our bitter experience as a people, if our social condition be defective, it is attributable not to the judgment or vindictiveness of the Deity, but to the perversity and wickedness of mankind.

To-day, all grades, all classes of society unite in one common tribute to Heaven for the blessings with which we have been favored in the year that has passed, bespeaking a renewal, of them for the future. Thanksgiving is one of the common levelers of mankind. The high and the low, the rich and the poor alike, [illegible] at the same altar, chant the same hymn of praise, and unite in the same supplications to the Great Dispenser of mercies. The homely and the lovely stand side by side with each other, sorrow and joy are joined hand in hand, and the rustling silk of the aristocrat matron brushes the plain garb of poverty's stricken daughter. For one day in the year at least, fashionable "sets" are unknown, castes discarded, and the holocaust which the nation offers is the common contribution of *all* its people.

Let this day, sanctioned by custom, approved by Americans, and hallowed by the object to which it is consecrated, be observed throughout the length and breadth of the land. Let states,

towns, and cities join in thanksgiving and praise, and all voices and tongues unite to swell louder and higher the anthem, and the bending heavens echo back the chorus: "We praise Thee, Oh Lord!"

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, November 27, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Last Saturday was appointed and set apart, in Hardin county, Iowa, for a "chopping bee," to prepare and deliver to the families of soldiers in the field a supply of wood for this winter. A noble work!

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, November 30, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Letter from "B. Sharp."
Second Presbyterian Church.

Dear Mail:--The more I see and hear of church music in Peoria, the more I want to write about it, and the more I feel like talking plainly to the musical portion of the community through the columns of your paper. My friends say the more I hear and see the more I scold. But don't you believe it. I am no scold I assure you, but have a way of telling my thoughts very plainly, and if I speak thus on musical matters I sincerely hope no one will consider my sayings as personalities. I am not omnipresent by any means, yet I have an eye on all choirs in the city, and I know of some that are making a strong effort to improve, which I am sure will result in success. The Second Presbyterian church of this city has as poorly managed a choir as one could wish to hear. Mr. conductor I fear I must be a little severe with you, (of course you will allow it from a lady.) Do you drill your choir? Do you select your singers, or do you get anybody and everybody that you can to sing? Surely your choir shows a want of practice. And I am fearful that some of them have such bad ears for music that were their voices ever so good they never would be good singers. Such persons you should talk to mildly and kindly and advise them to exercise more cautiously. If you retain your present choir let me suggest to you to procure an additional Bass singer, as that part is not heavy enough at present. Your choir needs drilling on time more than anything else. I have heard them when I thought them singing *alternativements* or in the *ana reontic* [sic?] style. I have a great sympathy for poor timists, as I never could with all my hard efforts become a good one myself. Your choir also sing with very little expression. I have heard them commence a piece which I know the composer marked *affettuoso* at the beginning and *con spirito* towards the end, and I am certain they have performed it *piacere*, utterly regardless of the taste of the author. In some instances such variation would be in good taste and advisable, but such cases are very rare. Your instrument may be out of repair; if so, do get it repaired—if not, give the person who presides at it some good advice, and have your accompaniments played an octave higher than they now are, as the present rendering is truly startling. I could judge but poorly of the player's capability, style, or taste, as all I could hear from the instrument was an intermingling of low notes, and could distinguish neither the harmony nor the melody.

I will give you credit for rendering the words of y our music plainer and more distinctly than most choirs. You have an alto singer to be proud of. Her voice is clear, mellow, and sweet, and an acquisition to any choir.

I may be egotistical, but I will say to you, Mr. Conductor, as I have said to many others—reduce your choir to a Quartette. Practice as friends, speak plainly to one another of your faults,

and above all things, assert your authority in a mild way, and at the end of three months you will have a good choir.

Thine, B#

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, December 2, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

The railway fare from Shreveport, La., to Vicksburg is as follows: To Monroe, 110 miles, \$10; Monroe to Talulla [sic], by rail, 55 miles, \$8; Talulla [sic] to Vicksburg, 25 miles, by stage \$7 to \$9. The roads are said to be very good. It is by this railway that the rebels bring their supplies from Texas.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, December 2, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Fourteen young women of Brentwood, New Hampshire, went a few nights since to the house of an aged farmer who has sent three sons to the war, and husked out one hundred bushels of corn for him.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, December 3, 1862, p. 4, c. 1

Peoria City Library.—The books are nearly all arranged, and the room will be opened on Saturday, 6th inst.

The regular yearly meeting of the stockholders will be held on Tuesday evening, 9th Dec., at 7 p.m. in the new room.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted at a meeting of Directors held on the 2nd inst.;

Resolved, That the Librarian be, and is hereby directed not to deliver books to any subscribers who shall not have paid his or her dues up to 1st of July last.

Books added to the Peoria City Library this week: Lectures on the English language, by Marsh; Life of Nicholas Murray, by Prime; Life of Edward Irving, by Oliphant; Parson Brownlow; America before Europe, by Gasparis; City of the Saints, and trip to Utah, by Barton; Country scenes and country thinking, by Hamilton; Les Miserables, by Victor Hugo; Orley Farm, by Trollope; Miriam; Canoe and the Saddle, by Winthrop; Like and Unlike; Wife's Strategem; Stories of the Sea, by Cooper; Stories of the Wood, by Cooper, Canadian Hunters, by Ballaytine; Gorilla Hunters in Africa, by Ballaytine.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, December 5, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

Holiday Presents!
Ladies and Gent's Fine Furs!

Gentlemen having wives, sisters, mothers or lady friends and wishing to give them a handsome and useful present will find a fine assortment of

Ladies Capes,

Half Cape Victorines,

Collars,

Muffs and Cuffs,

To match in sets or separate pieces, all of our own manufacture and fine material. They consist in part of

Fine Russia and German Fitch, North-
ern Mink, English and French
Coney, Stone Martin
and Liberian
Squirrel.
Children and Misses Furs!
of all kinds,
Fur Gloves and Gauntlets,
For Ladies and Gents.
Beautiful Fur trimmed Hoods and Skating Caps,
For Ladies and Children

Gent's Fur Caps,
Mufflers,
Gloves and
Overshoes,

Also Fine
Hats and Caps.

Of all variety, on hand and made to order for Men, Youth and Children.
Old Furs Repaired and Made Over in the Neatest Manner.
The highest prices paid in Cash for Furs and Skins.

Bishop & Co's.,
Sign of Black Bear,

No. 47 Main st.

Peoria.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, December 7, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

An Iowa papers says: "Through the petty fooleries of parents who rail against teachers for punishing their children, half the common schools in Iowa are to-day not worth a continental." The teachers ought to go to work, then, and flog the parents as well as the children.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, December 7, 1862, p. 4, c. 2

Letter from "B. Sharp."
She Defends Herself.

Editors of the Mail:--Will you permit in my note to-day a slight digression from the usual line of discussion in order that I may publicly reply to a note which I have, during the last week, received from an anonymous correspondent through the kind courtesy of the Morning Mail office. The epistle is as follows:--

Peoria, Dec. 1, 1862.

Miss or Mrs. (as the case may be) B. Sharp:--The criticisms which have for some time

appeared over the somewhat egotistical *nome de plume* you have chosen have attracted my attention, and I feel an irresistible impulse to tell you plainly what I think of them. I claim to know something about music myself, and believe that I am considered quite *au fait* in musical matters. But I trust you will pardon me for saying your remarks in many instances were not only unjust but positively ungenerous. You have a fondness for lugging in jaw breaking musical terms, and picking flaws in the execution of every organist in the city. Perhaps you had better try the thing yourself and set us a practical example. Do you suppose nobody else understands music that you set yourself up as a judge of our church choirs? Where you imbibed your extraordinary affection for quartettes, I know not, but I do know that the choirs of Peoria, individually and collectively, are capable of producing as excellent harmony as any in the West.

One Who Detests Fault Finding.

Ha—ha—ha. Well—really! The chirography is that of a lady, and it is palpably evident that I have aroused the rebellious spirit of one of my own sex. Had it been from a gentleman I should not have dared to undertake discussion. Why, my dear, indignant little sister in crinoline, I had no desire to wound the feelings of any one. What I have said of church choirs in Peoria, has been to simply point out their most glaring faults, not in a spirit of fault finding but of kindly advice, for that they are possessed of grievous faults, even you, with all your partiality will admit, and if no one else will perform the needed office of critic—why I, incompetent as I may be, will do it to the best of my ability, (providing, of course, the editor of the Mail will permit.) It is not necessary that you should clench your delicate hand, shut your pearly teeth over my rosy lips, eject fiery sparks from your bright eyes, and mentally vow vengeance, while you assert that the choirs of Peoria are "capable of producing as excellent harmony as any in the West." I won't deny it, no, not I. More than this,—I will give them credit for more than an ordinary degree of musical talent. There may be innumerable Parodis, Piccolo[illegible], and Jenny Linds among them, and if there be they are so much the more to blame because they do not exercise, to a greater degree than now, the talent they really possess. I blame them not for lack of ability—of that they have an abundance—but I do believe them deserving of rebuke for offending sensitive ears with a dissonant combination of sounds, which they know to be wrong and for which there can be no excuse. A few hour's practice would remedy the difficulty, and then you and I, my dear *incognito*, would have no point in dispute.

The universal testimony of the noted choir conductors of the present day, is almost unanimously in favor for quartettes for choirs. That they are preferable, no one who has given the subject attention will deny. There are fewer unharmonious voices to blend, fewer discords to attune, fewer pupils to instruct, fewer faults to correct, and fewer singers to become offended when plainly told of their faults.

A quartette is sufficient to sustain all parts of a choir, and, with an organ, is all that is necessary for the largest church edifice. I do entertain a predilection for quartettes, my fair unknown for I am one of those who believes that music consists in a "concord of sweet sounds," rather than the combined efforts of a dozen diversely undulated voices.

If the singing of the choir be an indispensable form of divine worship, let it be done properly. As well ought the minister neglect his duty of preparation for sermon and for prayer, as the conductor of a choir for the sacred music of the church service. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well, you know, and if we possess a wealth of ability why not improve and enjoy it?

Next Sunday I shall notice another choir, and until then I remain,

B#

Annual Report of the Peoria City Library, for the Year 1862.

Considering the number of young men who have left the city to join the army, during the past year, and the various unfavorable influences occasioned by the war, the City Library has not suffered in its different items more than was to be expected. About thirty volumes of valuable and expensive works have been donated to the Library, by a gentleman who will not allow his name to appear. The usual annual grant of the public documents published by the government has also been made, and by these means the number of volumes at present in the room amounts to about 4,400. About 150 volumes which need binding and otherwise repairing, are necessarily kept out of circulation for the present.

The number of books lent during the year is 5,617. The number of members on the books is 320.

The tables in the room continue to be supplied with the newspapers most in demand, the British Quarterlies, Blackwood's Magazine, the North American Review, &c., &c.

The expense of removing the Library into the new room has been considerable. It has however been met by the liberal donations of three gentlemen: C. R. Carroll, Esq., T. S. Bradley, Esq., and T. S. Dobbins, Esq., who have contributed fifty dollars each for that purpose. That expense paid, a small surplus of \$17.25 is transferred to a fund, intended to be raised for the purchase of books. To that fund the friends of the City Library are invited to contribute.

A considerable increase to the stock of new books, is absolutely essential to the efficiency of the Library, and to that point, above all others, the attention of the new board of management must be directed. A noble example has been set by the three gentlemen whose names have been already mentioned, and there is surely sufficient public spirit in the community to lead others to contribute to the support of one of our most useful institutions.

In explanation of the large amount of quarterly dues yet unpaid, it should be stated that the delay has been occasioned partly by the long and tedious process of removing the Library from the old room to the new. It is expected however, that the sums yet unpaid, will be collected before the end of December. A great saving of expense and trouble would be secured, if members of the Library would pay their dues without waiting to be called on, instead of which simple and right method being adopted, the collector is frequently compelled to call two or three or more times, for a single dollar. With respect to the dues yet unpaid, the directors earnestly request that there may be no further delay.

The Directors congratulate themselves and the public on having secured a spacious and beautiful room, only one story from the street, for the reception of the books in the Library, which they have engaged on lease for ten years, at the rate of \$200.00 a year. The room is over the store of Mr. Henry Nolte, on Main street, and is now open at the usual hours.

By order of the Directors,

Thomas Griffiths, Secretary.

Report of Cash from 9th of December,
1861, to 9th of December, 1862.

1861.

Dec. 9.

To balance last report

\$4.59

| | | |
|---------|--|-----------|
| 1862 | | |
| Dec. 9. | Dues collected this year | 455.75 |
| | Balance lecture fund | 33.00 |
| | Donations of | |
| | Charles Carroll, Esq. | 50.00 |
| | Thos. S. Dobbins, Esq. | 50.00 |
| | Tobias Bradley, Esq. | 50.00 |
| | | <hr/> |
| | | 643.34 |
| | By Paid. | |
| | Rent to Restor, January, 1861 | 37.59 [?] |
| | Gas bill for year | 54.1[?] |
| | Insurance to July, 1862 | 30.00 |
| | Librarian salary from December, 1861 to December, 1862 | 200.00 |
| | Expenses at library—coal, &c. and freight on books from the Smithsonian Institute, and Con- gressional Works | 50.00 [?] |
| | Expenses in paid money from old room to new location | 80.00 |
| | | <hr/> |
| | Cash on hand | 11.20 |
| | Matthew Griswold, Pres. City Library, | |

Peoria, Dec. 9th, 1862.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, December 10, 1862, p. 4, c. 3

The City Library.—Elsewhere we publish the reports of the officers of the City Library for the past year. They do not show as prosperous a state as could be wished. The institution should be patronised [sic] more extensively and more liberally. It is worthy of it. More books are needed. No library can long command the patronage of the public that does not add to the number and value of the volumes upon its shelves. Some additions have been made of late, but not half what the prosperity of the association requires.

A step has been taken in the right direction in leasing the new room. It is comfortable and convenient, and spacious enough for some time to come. But the occupancy of this commodious room calls for greater outlay. A library room uncarpeted is a room unfurnished. About two hundred dollars are needed for this purpose alone, and it is a need that should be met at once. We have proposed theretofore a method to raise the funds for the supply of this necessity. It has not been seconded as far as we know. Now let some else propose the plan to accomplish it. If practicable, what support we can give it shall be forthcoming.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, December 14, 1862, p. 4, c. 2-3

Letter from "B Sharp."
The Congregational Church.

Mr. Editor:--I have been "snubbed" so often lately, on account of what I have written upon musical matters, that I am getting almost afraid to write or say a word upon the subject. Still I feel it my duty now I have begun, to push through the thankless task and endeavor to encourage a due attention in this good city to the cultivation of the native talent which is now laying dormant. Why can't we have a musical society here? I write whereof I know, when I say, if a proper inducement were held out to Geo. L. Root, that he would come here and organize a musical society and hold a convention. This has been done with great success in cities far inferior to Peoria in size, and met with success. Who is the gentleman who will make arrangements for a meeting of the singers of Peoria, and let us see if they will move in the matter. Amid all the excitement pertaining to the holidays, I know 'tis hard to devote much time to musical matters. Still everybody would turn out to hear a company of singers from Chicago. There is talent enough here, were it properly trained, and were music made a study as it is in Chicago, to get up as good an entertainment as can be had by getting singers from abroad. Gentlemen, if some of you don't take hold of this affair and appoint a meeting of the singers of the city, I shall take the liberty of appointing a committee myself, to do it. Not long since I visited the Congregational church of this city, and heard some very fair singing. I see the congregation are provided with books adapted to congregational singing, but aside from the choir I did not hear a voice join in the singing. If the congregation cares no more for their books than they appeared to when I was there, I would advise the choir to make a move to do away with them altogether and procure some book that would give them a greater variety of music. Congregational singing has proved a failure universally wherever I have known of its being tried, and simply for this reason: 'Tis only here and there that a person will sing, and they are so widely separated in the church that they cannot hear one another, and are sure to keep bad time. Should the whole congregation join in singing as one voice, it should do very well—provided none would sing except those who understood music, and had "good [illegible]." There is very little music in the Congregational singing book that choir leaders are not familiar with. And they learn to look upon them as old and get tired of them in time, consequently they lose all taste for practice, and look upon singing from them more of a task than a pleasure.

I prophesy that by getting new books the Congregational Choir will do more to make a good choir in their Church, than could be done by any other way. The *Basso* in this choir is not heavy enough for the balance of the choir. Another *Basso* is needed badly. The *Soprano* is very good; wants some good advice as to pronunciation and articulation. The letter S is a hard letter for them to loose after getting hold of it once. There may have been an *Alto* there, but I could not hear it. The *Tenor* is the best voice I have heard in the city, but is used with very little discretion. 'Tis naturally strong, and very likely unconscious of being too heavy for the other parts. The *Basso* and *Soprano* should be the most prominent parts in nearly all cases; the *Alto* and *Tenor* distinct but not prominent. The lady who presides at the instrument is a very sweet player; uses good taste, and *modulates* as nearly perfect as one can on a melodeon. With all her good qualities, she lacks confidence and brilliancy. I think should she once get over her timidity, she will surely excel in playing church music.

Hurriedly yours.

B. #

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, December 16, 1862, p. 4, c. 2

City Library.—Members of the City Library are hereby informed that the room will be closed until further notice, after 10 o'clock each forenoon, being open for the exchange of books from 8 to 10. The room will be open in the evening as usual. This arrangement is made to

enable the Librarian to collect the outstanding dues, which the directors hope may be paid without further delay.

By order of the Directors.

Thomas Griffiths, Librarian.

Dec. 15th, 1862.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, December 17, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

The Adventures of a Rebel Female.

The New Orleans *Delta* tells the following curious story of the adventures of a rebel woman:

A day or two since an adventurous female named Anne Williams was brought before the provost court for trial. She is quite a character. It appears that she resided in this city several years ago in a house of questionable character, but managed by some defective arts, which are best known to women, to win the affections of an Arkansas planter, who married her. She soon tired of married life, however, left him, and next appeared with our army at Utah, where she became acquainted with many under the name of Mrs. Arnold.

The rebellion broke out and Mrs. Arnold, alias Mrs. Williams, was next found doing the duty of a private soldier in the battle of Manassas as a member of the 7th Louisiana regiment. She was brought into public notice again last spring, just after the battle of Shiloh, having been wounded in the engagement as a member of the 11th Louisiana. On that occasion she visited this city, and was arrested for appearing in male attire, but on account of what was then called her patriotic conduct she was dismissed with honor.

Nothing more was heard of her until about two weeks since, when a complaint was lodged to the effect that she had robbed a lady in whose house she had been furnished an asylum, of a gold watch and chain and a gold thimble.

The police at once got on her track, and officer Coner finally succeeded in arresting her at Camp Lewis, where she was living as the wife of a soldier named Williams. She is a little *passe*, but still quite a handsome woman, with a very masculine nature. She spoke right sharply in her own defence [sic] before the court—said that although she had been to Richmond and in the rebel army, and participated in several battles, she had never descended to play the spy. She declared that she was now strong for the Union, and was raising her children up to revere the old flag. The police accuse her of having been engaged frequently to run the blockade with letters by parties in the city, and say that she is a very dangerous character. The judge, after hearing the evidence in regard to the robbery of which she stood accused, concluded that she was guilty of the crime charged, and accordingly sent her to the Parish prison for six months. This is a rather unromantic termination to a most romantic career.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, December 19, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

They pay \$3.50 for mink skins, at St. Paul, Minnesota, calling them the "American Sable." We can remember when they were not worth twenty cents.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, December 21, 1862, p. 4, c. 2

Letter from "B Sharp."
The Swedenborgian Choir.

I congratulate the parishioners of St. Paul's, Messrs. Editors. Rumor has it (and may rumor in this instance prove correct) that a choir is about to be organized in the Episcopal Church, from the many excellent voices which are numbered among those who worship there. May their efforts in this direction meet with a successful termination. Above all let them secure the services of the excellent organist who has hitherto presided at the instrument for she certainly posses the ability requisite to successfully conduct this most important branch of choir music. And in the future it will afford me, at least, great pleasure to listen to them and to record and commend their progress. Success to St. Paul's choir.

There are many choirs in this city, Messrs. Editors, possessing the necessary qualifications in voice, musical knowledge, and skill in execution for super excellent choirs, but which sadly neglect to use them. Among these I must class that of the Swedenborgian church. For in that church they have good voices for every part, but alas almost every part is carelessly behind its neighbor. Particularly is this defect discernable in the execution of chants—that style of devotional music so rightly classed among the most difficult which choirs must encounter. They require more distinct enunciation, and better and more perfect time, than the ordinary ritual of church music calls for, and it may be set down as a correct criterion that the choir which can execute chants correctly, without discordant sounds, with perfect time, and distinct articulation is adequate to almost any undertaking in the line of sacred music. I know the musical amateurs of the present day labor under the impression that because to all outward seeming they are the least complicated, therefore they are the least difficult, but let them study well the full meaning of a chant and they will discern intricacies sufficient to disabuse their minds of that idea. It requires more nicety of taste, better judgment and keener perception to perform chants well than any other class of music.

The great fault of this choir is that they do not take proper care to pronounce their words together; nor do they rely upon themselves sufficiently, but are greatly dependent upon the instrument as a guide. This necessarily involves loss of time at the commencement of each measure. Will they correct this?

The composition of the choir is o the whole very creditable indeed. They have a good *Basso* who with good voices (one of them at least) have yet an opportunity for improvement. This part of the choir I must cordially commend. Let the *Tenor* be softened in *Piano* passages, for even though the voice is fair, yet no musical ear desires to hear it heavily preponderate while *amoroso* marks the stave, and others obey the author. A good voice is the *Alto*, but occasionally somewhat heavy. Whether a lady or gentleman presides at the instrument I am unable to say, for I was unable to see the choir, but should judge it was the former. So far as harmony is concerned her execution is good, and exhibits a thorough knowledge of reading music, fingering, &c. But with all this I must be allowed to complain of a lack of judgment in modulation.

A little care and attention would make this choir a superior one, and they have but to draw upon the resources they are already possessed of to suit themselves, their congregation, and least of all

B#

Letter from "B. Sharp."
High Mass at St. Mary's.

Editor Mail:--I have hitherto done little but find fault with the musical arrangements of the churches of this city, and really feel a little ashamed of myself; but I cannot help it, for, first, I think the fault-finding is "called for," and second, it is my privilege, as a "confirmed old maid," to find fault, and I shall exercise my prerogative as I think it is deserved. I am one of those unfortunately constituted individuals known as "nervous," and, to save my life, it is impossible for me to quietly listen to a constant succession of "unresolved discords," or the promiscuous "coming in" of the various voices of a choir—out of tune and out of time,—as it would be for me to be easy when tormented with a raging toothache. Patience is a cardinal virtue, but in the above cases the supply is not equal to the demand.

For a number of years I have been in the habit, on Christmas morning, to attend the early service of the Catholic church. On this, the greatest festival of the year, no pains or expense is spared to render the service as imposing as possible, and as music enters very largely into the Catholic order of worship, it is on this occasion, generally, of the highest order. In the metropolitan churches the choirs are strengthened by the addition of at least a quartette of professional vocalists, and also full orchestra is called into requisition. Then and there can the lover of music enjoy a rich repast in listening to the artistic rendering of the sublime works of Haydn, Mozart, and some of the more modern masters. But in this city I did not expect all this, and therefore, when in company with some friends, we left our comfortable firesides, and encountered the storm and midnight darkness of Christmas, in our visit to the midnight service at St. Mary's church, it was not with the expectation of listening to the artistic, finished performance of the cathedral choir, but I did expect something—perhaps simple and easy of execution, but still tolerable. The choir commenced the service with the good old hymn, *Adeste Fidelis*, during the performance of which, I found that a large proportion of the singers were Soprano—and some very good voices, too,—the Alto very fair in one or two instances, the Tenor and Bass I did not sufficiently distinguish to note peculiarities. The organ—a sweet-toned little instrument—was very clumsily handled, or else the accompaniment to the *Adeste* has been most unharmoniously altered. Then followed the commencement of the Mass,—the *Kyrie Eleison*. The music was not familiar to me, but struck me as being very peculiar in its composition, or else _____. Then followed the joyful "song of the angels"—the *Gloria in Excelsis*—the opening strain of which was unmistakably familiar—it cannot be mistaken when once heard. I listened attentively for what followed. Surely, that strain was the commencement of the *Gloria* of Haydn's Third Mass—the Imperial—but where was the balance? It must be that some scribbler has surreptitiously appropriated that much to his own base use, or else the choir of St. Mary's have, in this instance, done what so many aspiring church choirs have before this accomplished in the same way—undertook more than they could succeed in doing well and made a signal failure.

During the entire service that little organ was not quiet for a moment, but persisted in "showing off" its capabilities of murdering harmony, and of putting in defiance all known and acknowledged musical laws. I verily expected it would attempt to accompany the sermon, but to my great joy it ceased its idle clamor at the moment the reverend father ascended the pulpit, but only to collect strength to commence with renewed vigor the moment the sermon was ended. I think the organist of St. Mary's is determined to earn his salary, and to that end has concluded to make up in quantity of his performance what he lacks in quality.

Myself and friends did not stay to hear the conclusion of the musical (?) portion of the service, but elbowed our way through the throng of worshippers, there assembled, and sought our homes.

Now, Mr. Editor, I wish to know why it is that second rate choirs will, on all occasions like the present, almost invariably attempt more than they have the ability to accomplish? Why can they not be satisfied with less difficult music? There is plenty of easy music of a very pleasing style for the use of Catholic choirs—Masses by Peters, Webbe, LaHache, and very many others—the tasty performance of which will give good satisfaction to all, both performers and listeners, and the choir of St. Mary's would do well to practice such and such only. If you have no Tenor—and Tenors are hard to find—get the three part Masses of LaHache, for Soprano, Alto, and Bass, which are very pretty and not difficult of execution, and if your organist is capable of performing well his part, you will in good time, by much practice, furnish a style of music gratifying to your honored pastor, to the congregation, and to yourselves, but until then the music will be, as it was on Christmas morning, a FAILURE. Yours, B#

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, January 4, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

A Female Soldier.

From the St. Paul Press.

Not long since there appeared a squad of men at Fort Snelling for the purpose of joining the regiment of Mounted Rangers, for Indian fighting. The Orderly in charge was very boyish looking, but of singularly neat and soldier-like appearance. The morning reports from this squad were neatly and correctly made out, and were always the first received at the headquarters of the Colonel, the young orderly taking them up and delivering them without a word, but giving always the proper salute in the most graceful manner. In like manner, too, the clothing and provision returns were also made out, and the necessary amount of food and raiment drawn by this young soldier for the squad he represented. Of course such apparently extreme youth and soldierly qualities did not escape the vigilant eye of the Colonel, who, believing the young soldier under eighteen, on two or three occasions, remarked to that effect; but the young man assured him that he was over eighteen, though he admitted, on further questioning to not being twenty-one. The Colonel made up his mind that he had run away from his parents, and so told him, but he assured him he would yet obtain the written consent to the enlistment. Thus matters passed along for several days.

About this time the highly esteemed daughter of a well to do and highly respectable farmer in an interior county in this State, suddenly disappeared, and no traces of her could be found. From remarks that she had made to her mother, wishing that she was a man, so that she could volunteer and hunt down the Indians, a suspicion was aroused that she had undertaken to carry her wishes into effect. Her father proceeded to Fort Snelling, where, in the person of our hero, he found his daughter. But how to bring her away was the next question, as neither of them wished the fact of her sex publicly proclaimed; so the old gentleman went to the colonel to get his *son* discharged on account of being under age; but the colonel told him he would have to take certain legal steps before she could be discharged. This would not do, as they would no sooner disclose her sex in court than in camp. As a last resort, the young man was introduced to the colonel as the daughter of the old gentleman, and she was then promptly discharged. The

colonel has, however, kept their secret, and to this day the soldiers forming her squad don't know the facts about their young Orderly.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, January 4, 1863, p. 2, c. 2-3

Winter Fashions in Washington.—A lady correspondent writes from Washington: The fashions are very comical, the height of the ladies' bonnets being absolutely ridiculous. Large white muslin bows, with lace-trimmed ends, are worn instead of breast pins on cloaks and walking dresses. This has the effect of making the women appear quite ministerial. Cloaks are pretty much all long sacks, and braided trimmings are most in favor. Frizzled hair is all the rage. Ladies cut their lovely locks about four inches long, and curl them at night over the forehead and close to the head. These curls are all combed through in a mass next morning, and stand out like a darkie's hair, precisely. I have seen many a dark skinned woman try as hard to get the kink *out* of her hair, as our ladies try to get it *in*.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, January 4, 1862, p. 4, c. 2

Letter from "B. Sharp."

Messrs. Editors: I wonder if you were as badly disappointed as I when you learned that we were not to hear "Patti" and Gottschalk. My indignation knew no bounds. I could but say—We are Peorians and Paw Paws, *a la Chicago Tribune*. Now we can wait patiently until Tuesday evening, when we shall surely have a musical treat.

I have heard through friends lately of several persons who are "piling up the agony" and abusing poor me wonderfully. Even some preachers of the gospel are *so* weak as to lose their temper and abuse me not a little. Surely if they have any fault to find they know how a communication will reach me. Yet with all their fault finding, they generally concede that my remarks have been needed, and in some cases are productive of good. I never have visited the First Presbyterian church as yet,—but I know that in anticipation of a visit from me, they have practiced faithfully and have very much improved their singing in the last two months. Hope on friends, your time will surely come.

Accompanied by a friend, I dropped in upon the good people of the First M. E. church not long since, and heard the best congregational singing that it has ever been my good fortune to listen to. They are badly in want of a good *Tenor*, however, and have no *Alto* at all, or if they have I failed to hear it. The *Soprano* is good, *Basso* very good. They are led by a melodeon, which is not heavy enough for the number of voices engaged, and people sitting a short distance from the instrument cannot hear it. I think I can suggest a plan whereby it can be heard better. It now stands in the body of the church and in front of the audience. By putting it back between the doors, thereby getting the audience in front, it will be heard much better. Then, select the most prominent singers and let them stand back of the instrument. Our Methodist friends will find the change a great improvement, I am sure, should they see fit to try it. The lady who presides at the instrument understands *thorough bass* better than many amateurs, and plays very well, but could she throw more expression and life into her playing, it would be an improvement upon the present style. Still she may not be culpable, for I should judge that she has a very poor instrument, and she may be doing as well with it as any one can. The Universalist choir were again unfortunate last Sunday. They had a new organist, and as the organ is badly out of repair, he met with anything but success, and the choir came very near "breaking down." The

Episcopalians are favored with a very good choir. Most of the singers are beginners and the community must not judge of their merits just yet. I am told they are going to have a new *Tenor* soon, but was not so fortunate as to learn who.

As ever,

B#

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, January 11, 1863, p. 4, c. 2

Letter from "B. Sharp."

The study of the Science and Practice of Music has evidently been greatly neglected in this city. Peoria has many churches of fine appearance both externally and internally. The city pulpits are supplied with pastors of more than ordinary ability; the various congregations appear to be composed of the families of men of wealth, taste and refinement, and who have pretty good ideas of the "unities." They well know they have good church edifices, good pastors, who furnish them with a supply of good sermons, and, as a general thing, they have an idea that they should have good church music. They well know that money built the church, and that the same article is very necessary to secure the services of an able and popular pastor—and the pastor of a church in order to be useful must be popular—but they do not appear to understand that a choir is not an exception to that general rule, "that which is worth having is worth paying for." They appear to think that the members of a choir have no desire of remuneration for services rendered, except the "honor." The thought of the time and money expended in acquiring that knowledge of Music necessary to enable them to sing with the "understanding" as well as the "spirit," does not occur to them; and, again, no choir, however pretentious, but must spend more or less time in practice, for unless a choir meets often for rehearsal, its allotted portion of the services is far from being productive of devotional feeling in the minds of the congregation. The members of a volunteer choir may feel somewhat interested in its success, but not sufficiently so as to sacrifice personal comfort and convenience to promote that success, and, consequently, from the absence of some one or more members from the rehearsal, the effect of the musical portion of the service is marred; or, the members may promptly assemble for practice, but, when Sunday comes, their places in the choir are vacant, and a similar result is the consequence.

I do not wish to be understood as particularly favoring the exclusive use of a quartett [sic] choir, enjoying the quarterly receipt of large salaries, but I do favor a quartett [sic] as a base—who may be paid a sum sufficient to induce them to be prompt, both at rehearsal and at church—aided by a chorus composed of such volunteers as may be willing to try and improve themselves in the practice of music, and who will be present at both practice and service; then with an organist *who understands his business*—a pianist will not do—the choir will be prepared for any and all emergencies which may arise. But in a choir of this construction, the greatest care must be taken that the choir is well-proportioned, for, otherwise the effect of the whole performance may be marred by an undue preponderance of one part over the others.

There is another subject of considerable musical importance, locally considered, of which I wished to write at this time, and that is, a musical society in Peoria. This city has its literary associations, library, and various societies organized for sundry purposes; it has a large number of churches, in the choirs of which are many, who, doubtless would be well pleased to unite in forming a society for the purpose of practice and improvement in musical knowledge. Nearly every city in the West, yes, in the entire Union, of even less pretensions than Peoria, can boast their Musical Union, or Mendelsohn Society, while most of even the small towns and villages

have their Glee Clubs, or similar organization, while we, of Peoria, have nothing of the kind. The excuse of "war times" will not answer, for amusements of all kinds are well patronized, and the churches well attended. It must be some other reason prevails, and my opinion is that every one is waiting for some one else to take the lead in the movement. If this is the case, why do not some of our public spirited young men take the matter in hand; issue a call for a preliminary meeting, and organize a musical society in Peoria which will be an honor to the city, and a source of instruction, and, indirectly, of amusement, to all concerned. I have spoken of this in a previous letter, and mention it again at this time, hoping that some one sufficiently interested in musical affairs will take the initiative in the organization of the Peoria Musical Union.

Yours,

B#

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, January 11, 1863, p. 4, c. 2

We are in receipt of the following communication from our fair musical correspondent:
Peoria, January 8th, 1863.

Dear Mail.—I am considered, by my friends, good natured, extremely so, but when I see one of my pet articles basely murdered, and even a portion of it entirely wanting, I feel a little inclined to scold. I write my articles as I wish them printed, and if you don't wish to publish them entire, do return them to me, but don't spoil the whole thing by the too free use of your scissors.

Yours, B. Sharp.

We are sorry to have raised the ire of our musical correspondent, and will acknowledge to carelessness, at least, in losing a portion of the manuscript furnished for her last article, but assure her that, in the future, more care will be exercised that such an accident may not again occur.—Ed. Mail.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, January 16, 1863, p. 2

"Whoever Dares These Boots Displace, Shall Meet ____." Some three hundred ladies and children, of "secession proclivities," were recently sent south from Washington under a flag of truce. Prior to their departure, their baggage was overhauled and large quantities of contraband goods were found and confiscated. One lady, says a letter writer:--

Who had seven pairs of gaiters, five pairs of boots, five pairs of morocco slippers, three pairs of dancing slippers of white kid, four pairs of india rubber over-shoes, and a pair of the longest legged cavalry boots, with double soles, studded with good spikes, heels tapped with jackass shoes of iron, and tops splendidly ornamented with an abundance of patch-work of waxed ends on a groundwork of patent leather, became very indignant at this cutting into her stock of shoe leather, and asserted that as they wore out two pairs per month, she was going south, with the prospect of being barefooted before she reached there.

"How about these, madam?" said the officer, as he politely insinuated the cavalry boots into her astonished gaze; "If you will put them on and wear them on your trip to Richmond, you can take them; but they can go with you under no other circumstances." "Done—I'll do it," said the heroine, and grasping the heavy leather in her hands, she retired behind the friendly crinoline of a group of sympathizers, and, planting her pretty feet—gaiters and all—into the depths of that monstrous foot harness, returned and awkwardly displayed them, double cased, to the gaping eyes of the this time astonished official. He kept his word. These boots went to a husband, a brother, perhaps to a son in the Confederate army; or, they may have been an intended Christmas present for Gen. Stuart. These secesh women do such things.

Letter from "B. Sharp."

Instrumental music, as an adjunct to the service of the sanctuary, is a subject which I approach with fear and trembling, for in this matter, perhaps more than any other connected with church music, "doctors disagree;" but in this, as in other musical matters, I have my own, perhaps peculiar ideas. As the music portion of the church service differs in the various christian churches, so must the comparative value of instrumental music vary. In the ritual of the Catholic church, for instance, a large amount of music is required; aside from the mass proper are numerous responses, offertories [sic?], etc., as well as the accompaniment of the celebrant priest in various portions of the service, as the *Pater Noster* and *Preface*. The music of the various portions of the Mass is not always of the most simple character,--in fact, the whole musical portion of the service requires the aid of an organist of skill and taste.

The Protestant Episcopal church is but little behind the Catholic in the quality of music required, and even in quantity the demand is far from being moderate, when the service is given as it should be.

The other Protestant churches are more moderate in their demands upon an organist, many of them requiring but about three hymns at each service, and the music of even that small amount is generally of the most simple and easy description, therefore it is not absolutely necessary for an organist in those churches to be a person educated to the profession; yet, even then, it is far better that the player be pretty thoroughly versed in a knowledge of Harmony, as thereby can rightly be obtained a relief from the monotony incident upon the frequent repetition of the music of an ordinary psalm tune.

As the organ is the representative, or rather a collection of the representatives, in tone and power, of the various instruments comprising an orchestra, the whole being under the control of one individual, the organist should have a knowledge of the quality of tone and power of the various instruments there represented, in order to perform with taste and effect the music that may be placed before him. He must also be intimately acquainted with the quality and strength of the various voices composing his choir, otherwise the vocal may, at times, be covered by the instrumental. He must know the weak points of his choir, that he may be the better enabled to render assistance in time of need. He must be able to "read at sight," otherwise he will be at fault and not prepared to render efficient aid to the choir at the instant it may be requested. Should an interlude be required between the verses of the hymn,--and it should, in a majority of instances, be demanded,--the organist must be able to respond to the requisition with good taste, and in strict conformity in musical rules. Many organists invariably repeat the music of the last line of the hymn sung as an interlude. This is in bad taste, for it produces a sameness which is almost unsupportable; but even this is preferable to the puerile fancy which exhibits itself in a meaningless succession of runs, shakes, chromatic passages and the like, or even the endeavors at modulation, which is effected in a manner of which "Father Schneider" never dreamed, except when under the influence of some horrible incubus.

In the accompaniment of a choir the organist should always remember that the instrument is but of secondary importance; that, as it is of primary consideration that the *words* set to the music performed should be *heard by the audience*, no desire for display should for a moment be entertained by the organist, but the accompaniment should be of the character demanded by the style of music and the strength of the choir, and if there be a fault, let it be that the

accompaniment is too weak rather than too strong.

The voluntaries of rigid, belong to the organist. Let the opening voluntary be of that subdued nature the occasions requires, and not as I recently heard in a church in this city, where the opening voluntary was of a noisy and boisterous character, in the style of a military march, and was immediately followed by the plaintive, sorrowing *Kyrie Eleison* ("Lord have mercy,") of the service. The closing voluntary should assimilate in character the service of the day, but may always be of a lighter nature than the opening.

The instruments in the churches of Peoria are as varied as the churches to which they belong differ in religious belief. The largest organ is in the Church of the Redeemer, (Universalist,) but is so out of repair as to be nearly worthless; and unless soon repaired they can count it as a dead loss. I certainly pity the officiating organist. St. Paul's Church (Episcopal,) contains a small organ of a peculiarly rich, full tone. The organist is said to be a very fair reader of music and is a close student in the art. St. Mary's (Catholic,) is possessed of an organ of a purity as well as strength of tone unsurpassed by any other in the city, but is very wretchedly handled. The organist is apparently a "green hand," but by hard study of the principles of harmony and continued practice may, eventually, attain a moderate degree of proficiency in the profession.

The other churches are provided with melodeons, as a substitute—and very good substitutes they prove in most instances, and, as they can be had at very reasonable rates, they are fast taking the place of small, cheap organs, which in a majority of cases are mere "boxes of whistles," and in reality of no essential service.

There are other matters I intended mentioning in this connection, but as I have extended the present article to a greater length than I at first proposed, I will wait until another time.

Yours,

B#

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, January 20, 1863, p. 4, c. 1

"Hoop-de-doo-den-doo."—The latest kind of hoop is called the "Small Quaker," and is, as the name indicates, moderate and quiet, leaving the drapery with a far more graceful sweep than the distended, extended, self-asserting frame work so often displayed. True good taste adopts the "Small Quaker," and drapes it gracefully.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, January 22, 1863, p. 4, c. 1

Fancy Dresses.—Mr. John A. Bush has on hand a large assortment of Fancy costumes suitable for Fancy-Dress Balls, masquerades, etc. His stock comprises the complete characteristic costumes of dramatic personages, among which are Richard III, Romeo, Duke of Arenza, Othello, Iago, Claude McInotte, and others, as well as pages, national costumes, etc. Mr. Bush has just become possessed of the entire wardrobe of an actor of note who has recently retired from the profession, which comprises many costumes of rare richness of material and decoration, and which he will dispose of at reasonable rates.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, January 27, 1863, p. 4, c. 2-3

Letter from "B. Sharp."

Editor Morning Mail:--There is one subject connected with musical affairs which is worthy of more than a passing notice, and which I have concluded to mention at this time, and

that is the universal tendency of singers to so *mis*-pronounce the words of music performed as to render it utterly impossible for an audience to understand them. This is nearly an universal habit, and is most certainly a result of carelessness, for it is just as easy, or easier, to make the proper divisions of the words, and to give them the true accent, as to persist in a style of pronunciation entirely unknown to the English language.

I recently attended service at the First Presbyterian church in this city, and at that time became more than ever convinced of the very bad effect produced by this defective style of syllabication.

The choir of this church is quite rich in female voices, there being, on the occasion mentioned, no less than seven female singers—some of them very good. The bass and tenor are light,—too light for the amount of soprano,—the tenor very weak, in fact, hardly distinguishable. The instrument is a melodeon, and from the fact that the bass and treble registers were, on that occasion, not of the same quality of tone, I should conclude it contained at least two sets of reeds, and I think three,—with a lady as presiding genius of the instrument.

But all this is not to my present purpose. The first hymn sung was that commencing,

"All people that on earth do dwell,"

the music selected being "Old Hundred," and the style of singing was such, that had not the minister read the hymn, I would not have been able to recognize the words from hearing them sung by the choir. Each singer seemed to have a method of pronunciation suited to his or her own fancy, and as no two agreed in hardly any particular, the effect was peculiar, to say the least, but it was a peculiarity not of the most agreeable order.

In all vocal performances the singer should attend strictly to the spirit of the words, and enter into the emotions which are expressed by the poetry or text used. Accent, in music, is a particular stress upon certain parts of the measure, or upon such parts of the music as may be directed by the composer; but accent, as applied to language is a particular stress or force of voice upon certain syllables or words, which distinguishes them from others. When a piece of music is composed with direct reference to the words of a certain hymn or sentence, the author is supposed to so frame his music that the accent of the words and the musical accent will exactly correspond; but if a different set of words is used, care must be taken that the emphasis requisite to a correct *reading* of the words be always retained in the *singing*, and if either is to be subordinate, let the music be the sufferer.

Another thing: the words are often, by careless singers, woefully mutilated—a portion of a word being, as it were, cut off from the last syllable and awkwardly joined to the following word. This is most apt to be the case in all words ending with S, which, in nearly every instance, is so transferred; in fact it may be set down as a general rule that in all cases where the first word ends with a consonant and the subsequent commences with a vowel, the consonant is cut off the one and immediately prefixed to the other, and as singers have no uniform method of so murdering the English language—some cutting off more than others—the result of the performance is a curious commingling of final syllables, and a manufacture of *new words*, not to be found in any dictionary, producing, in the minds of an audience, anything but the effect of the musical service of the sanctuary is intended to produce. And all is the result of sheer *carelessness*. A little attention paid to the words, their formation, and their meaning, and the knowledge that the music must be, in every instance, subordinate to the words, and this bad habit would be easily rectified.

I do not mention this matter in connection with the First Presbyterian choir, for the reason that it is alone in the matter. Every choir I have heard in this city is liable to the same censure, to a greater or less degree, and in one or two instances this fault is so patent that even the *habitues* of the church, who are supposed to be accustomed to all the peculiarities and vagaries of the choir, are not able to sufficiently understand even the first line of the hymn sung as to be able to find it in the hymn book.

There are other faults which this choir, as well as others, would do well to rectify, among which may be mentioned, that of changing the vowel sound in the words. It is very common for careless singers to change the vowel sounds, and dwell, not on the principal sound but on the closing; thus, in the word *great*, for example, instead of dwelling steadily upon the vowel sound of a, the singer changes it to e, and that which should be pronounced *greaa - - - t* becomes *greu- - - t*; so also in other words, as *ki—nd* becomes *ki-e-nd*, etc. To remedy this fault, the organs of sound should be immovably fixed from the beginning to the end of the sound; and not the least change be made in the position of the lips, tongue, throat, or even of the head or body.

There are other faults, easily rectified by proper care, which I intend to mention at some future time, but for the present forbear, as I wish to write a word of commendation for the choir of the First Presbyterian church, and that is this: This choir is better versed in time than any other in the city which I have heard. To be sure the music, used upon the occasion mentioned, was of a plain and easy description, yet it was very evident that this most important part in all musical instruction had not been neglected.

The members of the choir commenced together, kept together, and, as a very natural consequence, ended together, and had not this careless habit of pronunciation been so noticeable, I should have set this down as the best in the city; but as it is, I shall be obliged to look father; and, perhaps "fare worse." But I hope this fault will be corrected, for there are fine female voices in that choir, both *soprano* and *alto*, to which it would be a pleasure to listen. The *bass* and *tenor* are weak, or rather not sufficient in quantity for the other voices, and until strengthened by the addition of other voices, the lady presiding on the instrument should try and add a little more power to the lower octaves of her instrument, if it is of a style which will admit of such manipulation,—and then the lack of *bass* will not be so noticeable, the choir will appear to be more equally balanced, and the effect of the music be greatly heightened.

When next I visit that church I hope to be able to notice an improvement in the matter mentioned,—an improvement which would undoubtedly be hailed with pleasure by the congregation who are in the habit of worshipping there, as well as redounding to the credit of the choir.

Yours, B#

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, February 7, 1863, p. 3, c. 2

The Chemisette.

O Chemisette! the fairest yet
That e'er hid bosom purer, whiter!
Thou dost not know what envious woe
Thy veiling snow hath given the writer.
So trimly frilled--so plumply filled!
And then the eyes that shine above it!

I burn--I long--nor is it wrong,
 (At least in song,) dear girl to love it.

Sweet Chemisette! the coral set
 To chain thy folds in gentle duty,
Flings round a glow upon the snow
 To heighten so thy blushing beauty;
And ne'er before, on sea or shore,
 Did coral feel a softer billow--
Nor could the gold around it rolled,
 Though ten times told, deserve the pillow!

O Chemisette! below thee met
 A rosy ribbon binds her bodice;
And in her mein is clearly seen
 One half the queen, and one the goddess.
Her voice is low--how sweet its flow!
 Her upper lip disdains the under;
Her curls are like dark waves that strike
 A marble cliff--then rush asunder.

As clouds of spring on feathery wing
 Obscure the blushing heavens a minute,
So, Chemisette! thy silvery net
 Now veils the heaven that glows within it.
Oh, hear me up! I faint, I droop,
 My glowing pulses throb and tingle--
Immortal bliss! but grant me this,
 In such a heaven one hour to mingle!

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, February 7, 1863, p. 4, c. 1

Excitement at Wyoming.—A day or two since the little town of Wyoming was in a great flutter on account of the forcible spilling of a quantity of r. g. whiskey. It appears that on the evening of the fourth instant about twenty ladies of that town went to one of the whisky shops with which that burg abounds—no abounded—knocked in the heads of various and sundry barrels and kegs of the "fire water," then proceeded to another similar establishment where the same little trick was exhibited, then continued in their course to a third, the proprietors of which judiciously moved their stock in trade to the cellars of their dwellings and promised faithfully to stop selling the "critter."

The ladies having performed what they considered their duty, gave three rousing cheers, and retired in good order to their respective homes.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, February 8, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

O, God, Give Us Peace.

Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, closed his discourse a week ago last Sunday in these eloquent words, referring to our national troubles:

"Blow from the south, O winds of God, and bring us tidings of reconciliation and love! Blow from the north, O winds of God, and carry back the message of fraternity and peace. Scatter the darkness, roll away the clouds, and give unto us all once more the sunshine of tranquil rest! Under the shadow of thy wings, we make our refuge; *O God, give us peace.*

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, February 13, 1863, p. 2, c. 2-3

War and Romance.

From the Chicago Post."

During the late movement against Vicksburg the national transports were fired upon by a rebel battery at Skipwith Landing, not many miles from the mouth of the Yazoo. No sooner was the outrage reported at headquarters than the Admiral sent an expedition to remove the battery and destroy the place. The work of destruction was effectually done; not a structure which could shelter a rebel head was left standing in the region for several miles around.

Among other habitations destroyed was that of a Mrs. Harris, a widow lady, young, comely, and possessed of external attractions in the shape of a hundred and fifty niggers, which she had contrived to save from the present operation of "the decree" by sending them up the Yazoo river. But Mrs. Harris was a rebel—intense, red-hot in her advocacy of southern rights and her denunciation of northern wrongs. Although she had not taken up arms against the Government, she was none the less subject to the indiscriminating sweep of "the proclamation;" her niggers, according to that document, were free, and if "the Confederacy" failed she could only get pay for them by establishing her loyalty in a court of justice. Her loyalty to the Yankee nation!—not she! She was spunky as a widow of thirty can be. She would see Old Abe and every other Yankee in the happy land of Canaan before she would acknowledge allegiance to the Washington Government. Nevertheless, being all she possessed of this world's valuables, she would like to save those niggers.

"Nothing easier," suggested Captain Edward W. Sutherland, of the steam ram Queen of the West, who, attracted by the snapping black eyes, engaged in a friendly conversation with the lady, after burning her house down. "Nothing easier in the world, madam."

"How so, Captain?—you don't imagine I will take that odious oath, do you? I assure you I would not do it for every nigger in the South."

"But you need not take the oath, madam—at least not that oath."

"I do not understand you, Captain," said the widow.

"I said you need not take the oath of allegiance; you can establish your loyalty without—at least," with a respectable bow, "I can establish it for you."

"Indeed; how would you do it, Captain?"

"Simply enough. I am in the Government service. I command one of the boats in the western navy—technically called a ram, madam—down here in the river. Of course my loyalty is unimpeached, and, madam, I assure you it is unimpeachable. Now, if we could only say to the Government, those niggers are mine—"

The Captain waited a moment to see what effect his speech was producing.

"Well," said the widow impatiently tapping with her well shaped foot one of the smoking timbers of her late domicile.

"In short, my dear madam, you can save the niggers, save your conscientious scruples, and save me from a life of further misery by becoming my wife."

The captain looked about wildly, as if he expected a sudden attack from guerrillas. The widow, tapped the smouldering [sic] timber more violently for a few minutes, and then turning her bright eyes full upon the captain, said, "I'll do it."

The last arrival at Cairo from Vicksburg brings the intelligence that Capt. Sullivan, of the ram Queen of the West, was married, a few days since, on board the gunboat Tyler, to Mrs. Harris, of Skipwith Landing. Several officers of the army and navy were present to witness the ceremony, which was performed by a Methodist clergyman, and Admiral Porter gave away the blushing bride. She is represented to be a woman of indomitable pluck, and for the present shares the wild life of her husband on the ram Queen of the West.

In relation to niggers, Old Abe, or Captain Stanton, or somebody, may possibly raise a technical objection that in order to save them the marriage certificate out [sic] to be dated back to the 1st of January; but our opinion is it won't make much difference to the end.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, February 14, 1863, p. 3, c. 2

A girl soldier has been discovered in the camp of the 10th Ohio cavalry at Cleveland. She gave her name as Henrietta Spencer, and said that her home was in Oberlin, and that she enlisted to avenge her father and brother, who fell at Murfreesboro.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, February 22, 1863, p. 1, c. 6

Festival and Tableaux.
The Ladies Aid Society will hold a Festival at
Parmely's Hall,
Thursday Evening, Feb. 26,
For the benefit of our sick and wounded soldiers, on
which occasion the following Tableaux will
be presented.

Part I. (Tableaux Vivants.)

1. Cleopatra's Barge.
2. Cupid's Grove.
 - A. Cupid asleep.
 - B. Cupid awake.
3. First blow for Liberty--National Tableaux, representing scene of battle of Lexington, after the known engraving.
4. Otto Von Wittelsbach and the Papal legates.
5. Rape of the Sabines.
6. Minstrel's Curse. (in two scenes.)
7. Una among the Sylvans.

Part II. (Marble Statues.)

1. Death of Hector by Achilles.
2. Priam begs for Hector's corpse,
3. Death of Priam.
4. Allegorical representation of the Ladies' Soldier's Aid Society.

It is hoped that the public generally will feel interested in this effort to supply our sick and wounded soldiers with those necessary comforts of which they stand so much in need, and which can be furnished only by their sympathizing friends at home.

Tickets 25 cents each, (no half price) to be obtained at the Book Stores, and at the Ticket office.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, February 22, 1863, p. 1, c. 6

Sanitary Stores.

All packages, boxes, letters and sanitary stores destined for our Army at Vicksburg, Memphis, Murfreesboro and Nashville, will be left at the store of V. Dewein, Adams street.

A. P. Bartlett, }
 R. A. Yoe, } Committee.
 J. B. Headley, }

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, February 25, 1863, p. 4, c. 1

Illinois River Road

Trains leave Pekin 8 a.m.
 " arrive at Pekin 5 p.m.

The Steamer Nebraska, Capt. McCormick, makes close connections with this road and Bureau Valley.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, February 26, 1863, p. 3, c. 2

A true Union woman is like the sugar we sometimes get—a combination of sweetness and grit.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, March 10, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Beauties of the System.—The beauties of the Provost Marshal system is well illustrated by a circumstance that lately befell a lady, a resident of this city. She has a brother-in-law living in St. Louis, and a short time since paid him a visit. Preparatory to her going there she procured the usual female paraphernalia, among which was a bonnet, beautifully and tastefully trimmed by the delicate and loyal hands of some lady milliner of Peoria. In original and emphatic language, it was a "love of a bonnet," at least so thought the wearer, who, when arrived at St. Louis, may well be pardoned any little vanity she may have felt in wearing "that blessed bonnet," along the aristocratic avenues of that Provost Marshal governed city. She undertook to make a sensation and *she did*, for she had not proceeded above half a dozen squares before a representative of the Provost Marshal politely invited her to go with him to the office of his sublime principal. Another lady with her, was able to explain what was impossible for our

Peoria belle to do, because of her affright. The damning offence against the majesty of the laws of which she had been guilty was found in that "love of a bonnet." The Peoria artiste, not being thoroughly instructed in the laws that govern the matter, had actually put something or other on the bonnet in which the argus-eyed official saw the colors of the secesh Confederacy. The lady, after much explanation was released. Our informant did not learn whether she had to take the oath of allegiance or not.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, March 22, 1863, p. 3, c. 2

Lines to a Friend.

The following beautiful lines have come to us through the dead letter office, being held for postage. This will account for delay in publication.]

I am so lonely, darling!
 Each day—each night so drear!
And my eyes are filled full often,
 With many an unshed tear.
But I quickly drive them backward,
 For I am trying hard to be,
As brave as you would have me—
 I'm waiting hopefully.

But these freezing blasts of winter—
 They pierce my heart with pain,
For I think of you unsheltered
 From winds, and snows, and rain.
Full many an hour of watching,
 And weeks and months have gone,
Since you went forth to danger,
 And I was left alone.

When may we meet again, dear?
 Must spring and summer wane,
And cheerless pass the autumn,
 And winter come again?
Stay while there's ought of duty,
 And do it with thy might,
While I wait through all the darkness,
 The dawning of the light.

But surely 'twill come sooner—
 The white-winged angel peace—
To still the raging waters,
 And bid their surges cease,
In prayer at eve, when kneeling

In our sad and lonely room,
I will plead with God to guard you,
And bring you safely home.

S. K. D.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, March 24, 1863, p. 4, c. 1

A Copperhead.—We saw a lady—a lady in every sense of the term—at the market yesterday morning, with a "Copperhead" pin for a shawl fastening. We understand it was not worn merely as a matter of convenience, but as a badge to show she was for the Union and the Constitution.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, March 25, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

Aiken's [sic?]
Knitting Machine.

It the most useful and desirable article ever invented for a woman to earn money with, it will give her a most agreeable employment by which she can make great profits.

It can be made, in the hands of woman, to earn with ease and comfort, \$10 to \$20 per week. An old lady, too old to do anything else, can earn money right along by its use.

Aikin's Knitting Machine.

Young ladies who want to earn some money, can, by the use of this machine, employ a part or the whole of their time very independently and satisfactorially [sic].

A farmer, who raises wool, cannot afford to be without a machine. If he raised \$50 worth the machine will convert the \$50 worth into \$100 worth.

A farmer has girls growing up, he wants them to earn something. In no other way can they do it so respectably and agreeably as by the use of this machine.

Wives and families of Volunteers find in it their best friend and protector. Whole families can be supported by its use. Thousands attest to this fact.

Aikin's Knitting Machine.

It knits the material for a pair of Stockings in four minutes. In a day a woman can make and finish complete for market from one dozen to two dozen pairs.

The stitch it makes is precisely the same as that made with Knitting Needles, except in this: that the machine makes it firmer and more durable than the needles can possibly.

It knits the Stockings all but the tip of the toe; the heel is knit on the machine, narrowing and widening is done by simple motion of the [rib?] screw.

It knits a great variety of fancy work, such as Shawls, Nubias, Opera Capes, Under Sleeves, Comforts, Military Sashes, Sontags, Rigolets, Clouds, Head Dresses, Tidies, &c., &c.

Aikin's Knitting Machine.

It knits Under Shirts and Drawers, the most serviceable and durable that can be made; also, Table Covers, Suspenders, Purses, Cravats, Leggings, &c.

It is so simple that a child can comprehend it, and know the "why and wherefore" of it. A Sewing Machine may be used for years and the operator hardly know how the stitch is made.

It cannot get out of order, if well used, so simple is its construction. If it get out of order so that it can't be fixed in five minutes we will give the purchaser a new machine.

It is portable--weight complete but forty pounds, and can be carried as easily as a valise of same weight. The freight on it to any point is from 50 cents to \$1.50.

Aikin's Knitting Machine.

It can be made to earn more in one month than a Sewing Machine can in a year. It is an actual producer of goods for sale—goods for which there is always a market.

By its use a woman feels independent, and that she is "doing business on her own account." She knits yarn into stockings, sells them and knits more.

Every country merchant can employ one or more Machines with great profit, knitting the yarn he takes in into stocking for retail and wholesale trade.

It is no new, untried thing, but has been in most successful use in all the Factories of the East, so that now millions of collars worth of goods are every year made on it.

Aikin's Knitting Machine.

Some say, "Why, it will soon knit enough to glut the market!" No so. Twenty million dollars worth of such goods are annually imported. Stop importations.

It is used in Penitentiaries, Blind Asylums, and other public institutions, where there are many feet to clothe. Blind women can work it very successfully.

Soldier's Aid Societies, Mite Societies, &c., find this machine a most useful and satisfactory article. By its use they are enabled to accomplish much to enhance the comforts of the soldier and the poor.

Price of Machine Complete, \$50.

For other information, send for circular and samples of work. (Send stamp.) Agents wanted in every considerable town. Address

Branson & Elliot, General Agents,
120 Lake Street Chicago

N.B.—Should any of the readers of the MAIL desire this Machine, the Proprietor of this paper can order it for them at manufacturers' prices.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, March 25, 1863, p. 2, c. 6

Dentistry.
C. Stevens,
Operative & Mechanical

Dentist,
[illustration of upper plate]

Will insert Artificial Dentures at the following prices, on the best of materials.

Gold Plate.

| | |
|----------------------------------|---------|
| Upper setts [sic] Teeth, on gold | \$50 00 |
| Upper and under settsn [sic] | 100 00 |
| Upper setts [sic] on silver | 25 00 |
| Upper and under setts [sic] | 50 00 |

Caralite and Hard Rubber Base.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------|
| Temporary upper setts [sic] | 10 00 |
| Temporary upper and under setts [sic] | 20 00 |
| Permanent upper setts [sic] | 25 and 30 00 |
| Permanent upper and under setts [sic] | 50 and 60 00 |

Partial setts [sic] from \$2 50 to \$5 50 per tooth.

Teeth filled with gold in good style, from \$1 50 to \$3 00, and warranted.

Teeth extracted by electricity, relieving the pain in most of cases.

Good references given.

Office No. 53 Main street, up stairs, Peoria, Illinois.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, March 26, 1863, p. 3, c. 2

Sewing Women of England.

The London *Times* thus speaks of the condition of sewing women in London and represents a state of things truly deplorable:

The young female slaves of whom we speak, are worked by gangs in ill ventilated rooms, or rooms that are not ventilated at all, for it is found by experience, that if the air be admitted it brings with it "blacks" of a kind which damages the work on which the women are employed. Their occupation is to sew from morning to night, and night to morning—stitch, stitch, stitch, without speech, without a smile, without a sigh. In the gray morning, they must be at work—say at six o'clock, having a quarter of an hour allowed for breakfast. The food served out to them is scanty and miserable enough, but still, in all probability, more than their fevered systems can digest. From six o'clock, then, till eleven, it is stitch, stitch, stitch. At eleven a bit of bread is served out, and at one twenty minutes are allowed for dinner, a slice of meat and a potato, with a glass of toast and water to each. Then again to work—stitch, stitch, stitch, until five, when fifteen minutes are allowed for tea.

Their needles are again set in motion once more, stitch, stitch—until nine o'clock, when fifteen minutes are allowed for supper, a piece of dry bread and cheese, and a glass of beer. From nine o'clock at night until one, two and three o'clock in the morning, stitch, stitch! the only break in this long period being a minute or two, just time enough to swallow a strong cup of tea, which is supplied lest the young people should "feel sleepy." At three o'clock A.M., to bed; at

six o'clock A.M., out of it again, to resume the duties of the day. There must be a good deal of monotony in the occupation. But when we have said that for certain months in the year these young persons are worked in this manner, we have not said all. Even during the few hours allotted to sleep—should we not say a feverish cessation from toil?—their miseries continue. They are cooped up in sleeping pens ten in a room, which would, perhaps, be sufficient for the accommodation of two persons. The alternation is from treadmill (and what a treadmill) to the Black Hole of Calcutta. Not a word of remonstrance is allowed, or is possible. The seamstress may leave the mill no doubt, but what awaits her on the other side of the door? Starvation, if honest; if not, in all probability, prostitution and all its consequences.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, March 26, 1863, p. 4, c. 1

Pekin Democratic Ticket.—The democrats of Pekin Township put in nomination, on Saturday evening last, the following ticket. The *Register* says: "Take the ticket all in all, it is an excellent one, and its success will do credit to the township, and promote the material interests of our citizens."

For Supervisor, W. S. Maus; Assistant Supervisor, Peter Weyhrich; Town Clerk, Geo. R. Babcock; Collector, H. K. Alexander; Assessor, James Haines; Overseer of the Poor, Samuel G. Maus; Commissioner of Highways, T. N. Gill; Justices of the Peace, W. A. Tinney and Joseph Elliott.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, March 27, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

The Democracy of Pekin Large and Enthusiastic Meeting.

The Democracy of Pekin Township assembled in large numbers at the Court House in the city of Pekin, on Saturday evening last; and organized by calling J. McDonald to the chair and appointing H. P. Finnigan Secretary.

After the nomination of a town ticket, and the transaction of other business the following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Whereas, the Union has no existence separate from the Federal Constitution, but being created solely by that instrument, it can only exist by virtue thereof; and when the provisions of that Constitution are suspended either in time of war or in peace, whether by the North or the South, it is alike disunion; Therefore

Resolved, That the acts of the federal administration in suspending the writ of *habeas corpus*; the arrest of citizens not subject to military law, without warrant or authority, transporting them to foreign States, incarcerating them without charge or accusation, denying them the right of trial by jury, prescribing, in many cases, arbitrary; illegal test oaths on their discharge, and finally attempting to indemnify those responsible for the same under the law; in abridging the freedom of speech and of the press; in suppressing newspapers; in establishing a secret police; in declaring martial law over States not in rebellion, where the courts are open to punish crime; in attempting to enforce a compensated emancipation; in proposing to tax white men to purchase and elevate the negro; in the dismemberment of the State of Virginia—are each and all subversive of the Federal and State Constitutions, and the reserved rights of the people, and tend to a consolidated military despotism. In deep reverence for our Constitution, which has been ruthlessly violated, we do hereby enter our most solemn protest against these usurpations of

power.

Resolved, That while this war was conducted with the avowed purpose on the part of the administration and of congress to restore the constitution and the Union, and the constitutional authority of congress over the whole Union, we gave it our hearty support, and continued to do so until the administration made it a war for the liberation of the negro, and destructive of the constitutional rights of the States, and individuals; that we are and ever have been opposed to a war for the freedom of the negro, or the destruction of any right of any State or individual under the Constitution.

Resolved, That the conscription and indemnification bill recently passed by Congress are subversive of the sovereignty and rights of the States, and designed to make them mere dependencies upon the central Government, unconstitutional in their provisions, and dangerous to the liberties of the people.

Resolved, That the Government of the United States is vested with full power by the Federal Constitution to prosecute war; and that there is no "war power" outside the Constitution; that the President can execute the laws only by such means as the Constitution and the laws give him power to employ; and that the establishment of the doctrine that the President possesses, or that Congress can confer upon him, unlimited power over the land by a declaration of martial law, with immunity for wrongs and trespasses upon the rights of the people, is a calamity little, if any, less to be deplored than the success of the rebellion.

Resolved, That we will maintain our soldiers in the field, and at home, in all their social, political and military rights; and while we are proud of their capacity, and glory in their achievements, we deprecate their treatment by the Administration, and many of their officers; and we declare that they did not enter the military service to steal either negroes or cotton, nor to be treated like the serfs of a Czar, but as citizens, the equals in character, in spirit, in patriotism and in social relations, of any of their officers, or of the President of the nation; and we protest against their being compelled, in the ranks of the army, to become the associates of negroes, and the equals in degradation of the slaves in the South.

Resolved, That we condemn and oppose all secret political associations; they are the dens of demagogues, the enemies of the republic, and the assassins of liberty.

Resolved, That there can be no liberty where there is no freedom of the press; and that it is the ancient and constitutional right of the people to canvass public measures, and the merits of public men.

Resolved, That, under no circumstances are we willing to submit to the illegal and arbitrary arrests of our citizens; that the writ of *habeas corpus* must be restored, the rights of citizens respected, and civil, not military law be supreme, so long as civil law can be maintained; that we will protect and defend the constitution of the state of Illinois and the rights of her citizens against all and every violation, whether civil or military, from any quarter whatsoever.

Resolved, That the recent arrest of the Hon. Charles H. Constable for discharging his duty as an officer and a citizen, was an open attack by the military power upon the liberties of the people, and an attempt to destroy the judiciary of the State, whose duty it is by law to protect and preserve to the public their rights; and we call upon the governor of the state to demand his instant release, and the prosecution of the parties who were in complicity with the outrage.

Resolved, That we tender to Judge Constable the assurance of our heartfelt sympathy in this outrage upon his rights as an officer and a citizen; that we will not forsake him in any emergency, but will see that the majesty of the law is as amply vindicated as it has been grossly violated in his person.

Resolved, That at all times, and more especially the present, the people should keep themselves informed concerning the condition of State and National affairs, and to this end the circulation of good democratic newspapers should be encouraged; we therefore recommend the *Tazewell Register*, *Illinois State Register*, *Chicago Times*, and *Peoria Morning Mail* as reliable sources of information, and worthy of public patronage.

On motion the secretary was directed to forward a copy of the resolutions to Judge Constable, and also to Gov. Yates.

On motion the following gentlemen were appointed by the chair to act as the township committee for the ensuing year:

J. B. Cohrs, James Haines, B. S. Prettyman, C. A. Roberts and H. P. Finigan.

The chair announced that a meeting of the German Democrats will be held in the Court House next Wednesday evening, for the purpose of organization.

In response to the calls of the meeting, Mr. Prettyman took the stand, and in a speech of about an hour, ably and successfully vindicated the position of the Democracy as indicated in the resolutions. His speech was listened to with interest, and gave great satisfaction to the Democracy, who evinced their approbation by frequent applause.

Jonathan Haines, who had just returned from Washington, made some interesting remarks concerning matters and things in that locality.

On motion it was ordered that the proceedings of the meeting be published in the *Tazewell Register*, and that the *Chicago Times*, *State Register*, PEORIA MAIL, and other Democratic papers be requested to copy the same.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, March 27, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Impeachment of the President.

Pish! Pshaw! Pooh!—The Washington correspondent of the *Chicago Times* has the effrontery to declare that there is a movement on foot in New York city, looking towards the impeachment of the President at the opening of the next session of Congress, in the manner provided by the Constitution. The movement, he says, originated with the most eminent constitutional lawyers of the country, including two from the West, and is in the hands of men whose character for decision and firmness, as well as for courage, is a sufficient guarantee that they will carry it through.

We presume that this statement is a falsehood, "made out of whole cloth." The Copperheads may have the will, but they lack the courage, to attempt an outrage of this nature—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser*.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, March 31, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

The People Moving.

The signs of the times clearly indicate that the people of the Northern States are moving, and that we are in the midst of a great conservative, political revolution, which is destined to sweep every vestige of republicanism into oblivion. The movement which was inaugurated last fall, in the great States of Illinois, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Wisconsin, has been augmenting in strength from day to day. The people of Maine have felt the invigorating

influence of the conservative spirit, and another year will see that State free from the clutches of abolition misrule, and Connecticut is about to put the seal of condemnation upon a weak and imbecile administration.

The town elections which have thus far been held in various parts of the country, give evidence of the truth of our assertion that the people are moving, for they have resulted in unprecedented democratic victories and gains, astonishing to the abolitionists as they are gratifying to the true friends of the Union and the Constitution.

Wherever democratic meetings have been held, thither have the people flocked in untold numbers, and instances are not rare where democrats have walked a distance of twenty or thirty miles to attend them. Old men who had discarded politics and settled down to spend the remnant of their days in peace and quietude, are again buckling on their armor, and going forth to fight their battles o'er again, and young men are entering the political arena, casting their first vote for the party which for over sixty years has maintained the integrity and honor of the American Union.

This general uprising is deeply significant. On the one hand it exhibits the fact that the great heart of the people is right—that we are conservative and deeply and sincerely attached to the Union as it was framed by our Fathers, and are loyal to the Constitution and the laws. On the other, that the administration of President Lincoln is an entire failure, and there is but faint hope of a restoration of the Union under its present reckless, unconstitutional and illiberal policy.

Friends of the Union and the Constitution, take courage! Whilst you are giving the Government all the Constitutional aid in your power towards putting down the rebellion lose not sight of those important political questions which are now agitating the nation—and which with the success of the Democratic party are the only safety to the Republic.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 1, 1863, p. 1, c. 7

At Parmely's Hall.
Commencing
Thursday Evening, April 2,
And on Every Evening during the Week.
Also, on Saturday Afternoon.

Pearson & Cutting's
Great Original
Polyorama of the War!
Vast and comprehensive, officially authentic, and
minute in all its details.

The only popular, extensive and complete exhibition of the kind before the public, and the same that created so much enthusiasm in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and all the large cities wherever it has been exhibited.

Every scene sketched upon the spot, and painted with scrupulous fidelity by a corps of artists, under the supervision of the celebrated Pearson Brothers, of New York, Artists of Goodwin & Wilders' Poleorama and several of the most successful panoramas of the day.

But this their Great Original Polyorama of the War, is pronounced by the public and the press superior to all others, and the only correct, reliable and authentic representation of this great rebellion. Commenced at the first breaking out of hostilities, it has been in steady progress

down to the present time, and showing every event of importance connected with this terrible contest, from

The First Dread Signal at Sumter,

Down to the last Grand Battle, profuse with startling dioramic effects.

The beholder has before him, truthful to life in every particular, the Great Battles, with all their startling details—with a graphic view of cities, fortifications, fleets, and armies.

Together with Pearson's Grand Moving Diorama of the

Naval Battle in Hampton Roads!

The Merrimac comes sailing in actual ship—she attacks the Cumberland, which sinks beneath the moving water, Surrender of the Congreve—the National Fleet cut to pieces—the most determined resistance on record. Arrival of the Monitor—terrific engagement between the rebel monitor Merrimac, and the iron-clad floating battery Monitor—the most remarkable Naval Battle recorded—the Merrimac is driven back beyond Sewall's Point—and the little Monitor triumphant, amid the booming of cannon and the conflagration of the Congreve.

Doors open at 7 o'clock—to commence at ¼ to 8.

Admission 25 cents. Children 15 cents.

Grand Matinee, on Saturday Afternoon, commencing at 3 o'clock, for the accommodation of Ladies and Children, when Children will be admitted for 10 cents.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 1, 1863, p. 4, p. 2

Love Laughs at Locksmiths.—The old adage that love laughs at locksmiths was never more strongly exemplified than in a little affair of the heart, which had its origin in our sister city of Pekin, and culminated in Peoria last evening. It seems that a young lady and gentleman, who for some time past have resided in the former city, being smitten by the tender passion, which to allay and keep within the bounds of reason, it is necessary to call in the aid of a clergyman, had resolved to enter the sacred tie that "binds two willing hearts, and forthwith proceeded to lay their not unreasonable desires before the parents of the young lady. This being done with all due humiliation and respect, a scene occurred which would defy the pencil of a Hogarth to paint, or the pen of a Dickens to describe. The old folks raved and stormed, threatened the young gentleman with all sorts of disasters, and finally thrust him from the door, commanding him never to darken their domicile again. Here was a dilemma not exactly anticipated, but the case being desperate our hero proved himself a match for the "cruel parients," and came off more than conqueror. Through the aid of a friend he managed to communicate with the young lady, and an elopement was soon determined upon and put in execution. With the speed of the wind the lovers fled to this city, and stopping at one of our crack hotels, sent for a proper officer, and the twain were joined together beyond the power of man or woman to put asunder. So far all went well; but alas for all human calculations. Scarcely had the eternal vows of constancy been spoken, ere the parlor of the hotel was entered by the father and mother of the bride, who had got wind of the elopement, but arrived here too late to prevent what they declared was an "outrageous, inhuman and detestable transaction." Here scene No. 2 occurred, which is beyond our power to describe, and therefore we shall not attempt it, simply remarking that the old folks were not at all tenacious in the application of strong adjectives, and declared their opposition to

this rank secession on the part of their "only darter." Though the aid of mutual friends, however, the old folks finally became reconciled, and made a virtue of necessity, after being so completely outgeneraled and circumvented. The "wee small hours" of this morning found the actors in this matrimonial affair making merry over sparkling Catawba, and we doubt not ere this are on their way to the family hearth, where we trust their hereafter will never be marred by an unpleasant recollection, and that the First day of April, which has an irresistible charm about it so well calculated to deceive, will mark the beginning of many happy hours to the newly wedded pair.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 1, 1863, p. 4, c. 1

Double Strike.—We learn that the coal diggers are on another strike, asking an advance from four to five cents per bushel. Teamsters also strike to-day for an advance.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 3, 1863, p. 4, c. 2

The Polemorama.—A large audience filled Parmely's Hall last evening to witness the representation of the Polemorama of the war. We can say with truth that the exhibition was meritorious, instructive and pleasing, and was received with delight by the appreciative spectator.

Last evening's entertainment was indeed a pleasant surprise to all present. The majority of panoramas which exhibit in this country are mere daubs, spread upon canvass by indifferent artists, and carried about the country by itinerant imposters, who pick up loose quarters by this sacrifice of the raw material in paint and cloth. But the one exhibited last evening is executed with skill, and its representations are accurate and artistically portrayed. The scenes are true to nature, and in all appointments, perspective, color and shade give evidence of a master hand. The closing dioramic representation of the combat between the Monitor and Merrimac was exciting, and drew forth repeated cheers. The accompanying lectures are interesting and appropriate.

Another exhibition is given this evening. No better idea of the stirring events of war can be gained than by this work of art. Let our citizens, one and all, look upon it ere it leaves us.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 3, 1863, p. 4, c. 1

Baths.—Bathe daily, or at least once a week, and for that purpose Zitt & Reuter have fitted up a bath room in the rear of their barbershop, opposite the Fire and Marine Insurance building, where they are prepared to give all callers either hot or cold baths. They are accommodating gentlemen, and have fixed things up in a convenient style. For baths, shaves, and shampoos they are hard to beat, as any one will admit when once he has been there.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 4, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

The Situation Near Vicksburg.

The people of the country who have watched with anxiety the progress of affairs near Vicksburg; who have read with deep interest every scrap of intelligence from that locality, and who had hoped for ultimate victory in the face of repeated reverses, are now beginning to wonder what is going to be done next, and how many more lives are to be sacrificed, and how many additional millions of money are to be expended ere the desired end is attained. The scrupulous care which has been exhibited to keep from them correct information of the progress

of affairs, has led them also to believe that much yet remains to be revealed, which, when ventilated, will tell of incapacity and bad judgment, and of flagrant mismanagement in the conduct of the campaign in Mississippi.

The fact cannot be concealed that every attempt to gain for our own forces a closer proximity to Vicksburg and a better and nearer position for successful attack has failed. The Yazoo Pass route has been abandoned; two iron-clads beaten back and disabled, which endeavored to reinforce Farragut, who remains hemmed in in his wooden vessels, in hostile waters with the heaviest guns of the enemy bearing upon him. And last, the only hope of reaching the rear of Vicksburg—the Sunflower route—is closed to us, and our fleet is moored in its old position, with its effective force very materially reduced.

The position of Vicksburg is certainly not one to cheer the heart of the North. Where the blame lies may be developed hereafter, but we have to deal with facts—strong, stubborn facts, each one backed up by rebel guns and rebel fortifications, which have thus far proved too strong for overthrow.

What next is to be done? Is Vicksburg to be given up, and are we to acknowledge our inability to open the Mississippi, gain possession of the Southwest and strike the rebels at their most important point? In our country's name, we hope not. If our failure at Vicksburg be not the result of premeditated design, the people of the North will accept no such relinquishment. If it has been caused by the incapacity of commanders, let others more capable be put in their place. These things must be done, if the authorities who direct this war would clear their skirts of responsibility.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 4, 1863, p. 4, c. 1

School Vacation.—The school vacation will be one week, the next term commencing on the 15th, one week from next Monday. A longer summer vacation will be given.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 4, 1863, p. 4, c. 1

Easter Lunch.—Mr. Zierke, corner of South Adams and Fulton streets will give a free lunch with Easter Eggs on Easter Monday, the 6th inst.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 5, p. 1, c. 6

Opening Day
at 101 Main Street.
On Tuesday, April 7th, and during the week,
Mrs. Prescott
Will exhibit a most beautiful assortment of new
Spring Bonnets, Hats,
Ribbons, Flowers, &c.
Ladies, Call and Examine Styles and Prices.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 5, 1863, p. 1, c. 6

Diorama,
Panorama.
Last Two Nights Positively of

Pearson & Cutting's
Great National
Polemorama,
Monday & Tuesday Evs. April 6 & 7,
At Parmely's Hall.

Doors opened at quarter past 7, first scene at 8 o'clock, precisely.

Admission 25 cents. Children 15 cents.

Grand Family Vespertine on Tuesday at 3 o'clock, P.M., to which children will be admitted at 10 cents.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 5, 1863, p. 3, c. 2

Tell Abe Lincoln.

Tell Abe Lincoln that he'd better end the war,
Tell Abe Lincoln what we all came out here for,
Tell Abe Lincoln 'twas the Union to restore,
As we go marching on.

Tell Abe Lincoln to send our Hero back,
Tell Abe Lincoln that we mean our little Mac,
Tell Abe Lincoln to put him on the track,
As we go, etc.

Tell Abe Lincoln to let the nigger be,
Tell Abe Lincoln that we don't want him free,
Tell Abe Lincoln that for this he did agree,
As we go, etc.

Tell Abe Lincoln the Constitution is our guide,
Tell Abe Lincoln by the laws he must abide,
Tell Abe Lincoln to let his proclamation slide,
As we go, etc.

Tell Abe Lincoln with his Conscription Act,
Tell Abe Lincoln that this is a fact,
Tell Abe Lincoln "nary" knapsack on our back,
As we go, etc.

Tell Abe Lincoln and his wooly headed crew,
Tell Abe Lincoln his Suspension Writ won't do,
Tell Abe Lincoln we are going to put him through,
As we go, etc.

Tell Abe Lincoln on Antietam's bloody dell,
Tell Abe Lincoln there a thousand heroes fell,
Tell Abe Lincoln and his gang to go to h___,
As we go, etc.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 4, 1863, p. 3, c. 2

A Remarkable Case.—There is a lady in New York, who is nearly sixty years old, and is distinguished for the fact that she has never been out of mourning since she was a child. Her father died before she was born. She was put into mourning when a baby. The loss of friends in her youth, and loss in her family from her babyhood to this hour, has kept, and now the loss of her husband will keep, her in mourning to the day of her death.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 4, 1863, p. 4, c. 1

Base Ball.—The first game of Base Ball since the reorganization of the company, took place yesterday at the grounds between Jefferson & Madison streets, near Wayne. The ground is in very bad condition and it was very rough, but the boys managed to get much exercise and some amusement out of it.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 4, 1863, p. 4, c. 2

The Polemorama.—Our readers will be gratified to learn that the great original polemorama of the war is to continue on exhibition in this city for two days longer. Crowds have already visited it and still curiosity is not satisfied, for the eye only tires in viewing it from want of physical ability. The scenes exhibited are so life like in appearance that the figures almost appear as if stepping from the canvas, and then they are painted in the highest style of the art, such as an amateur delights in viewing. Among so many scenes that are perfect, we hardly know which to particularize as being the most interesting and instructive. The closing scene, however, being the naval combat in Hampton Roads, wherein the little Monitor drove the rebel Merrimac back to Sewell's Point, is alone worth five times the admission fee. The representation of the water, the sailing to and fro of the various vessels which took part in the contest, the booming of the cannon, and the final conflagration, leave an indelible impression upon the memory of the beholder. The matinee yesterday afternoon, for the accommodation of ladies and children, was numerously attended, and the little children particularly were immensely delighted. It is not often that our citizens have an opportunity to view scenes like these, possessing so much real merit, and the success which has attended this exhibition in this city is conclusive that they appreciate it.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 5, 1863, p. 4, c. 3

Easter Sunday.—To-day is Easter Sunday, the great festival of the ecclesiastical year, and an important epoch in the civil. The word itself is a slight change of Saxon Eostre, the name of a goddess, but significant of rising, an upward transition. Hence the numerous words in our language which convey the idea of rising, as East, the place where the stars rise into view; yeast, a material used to produce a rising; easter, the time when the sun crosses the equinoctial, and rises from the depression of his winter's course to a summer altitude. Eostre, or Eastre, was the personification of this idea, as attributes and actions have been defined in all ages and nations was worshipped as the deity who presided over these changes.

Among the earliest people of the earth this period was honored with peculiar rites, as

marking the opening of the natural year, and the upswing of nature into renewed life and vigor. The month of April, in which this epoch usually falls, takes its name from a Latin word, *aperio*—I open. It was the beginning of the annual operations of the shepherd and husbandman, and the first promptings of the devout were to offer up a sacrifice in kind at that period, as a propitiation to their gods, and a means of securing an abundance thro' the coming season. The Jewish festival of the Passover was celebrated at this period and is one of the best attested facts in their history, that they came out of the land of Egypt at this time.

The institution of the Lord's Supper, immediately before the betrayal of the Savior, was on the anniversary of the Passover, and was followed by his death and resurrection. He burst the bonds of death, and led captivity captive, and the Christian church, in all ages, has observed the occasion as one of especial rejoicing. The events of the Sabbath morn furnished the full proof that Jesus was indeed Messiah, inspired his scattered followers to go forth and preach the joyful tidings of a Savior risen, and gave the joyful assurance that death was but a slumber, not an eternal state, and that they all should in due season rise again, even as he who was the first fruits of them that slept.

The day is everywhere celebrated, in Christian countries, being honored by processions, and religious exercises of a peculiarly imposing character in all Catholic lands. The Greek church, which has its chief seat in Russia, is scarcely behind in its notice of the day, but ceremonies are rendered ridiculous by the universal kissings and presentations of eggs which there prevail. Everybody in Russia goes on a grand kissing tour, from which duty the Emperor himself is not exempt; he kisses a deputation from all the ranks of the army, and these in return distribute the imperial favor to their fellows. The salute is accompanied by the cry of "The Lord is risen," and draws forth as reply, "He is risen indeed." The Episcopalians feel themselves bound to honor the day, and in their churches the Lord's Supper is administered, and the rite of confirmation is often added. The dissenters do not, as a rule, pay so much deference to the day, but in most of their churches the services contain special allusions to the event, and in many of them the sacraments are administered.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 7, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Early to the Polls

Democrats, go early to the polls this morning. The abolitionists, *alias* the dark lantern Union Leaguers, though apparently inactive are secretly hard at work, and hence extra vigilance is needed on the part of the Democracy. Again we repeat, go early to the polls, and look sharp for fraudulent voting. This will be attempted, for in no other way can the abolitionists succeed.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 7, 1863, p. 4, c. 1

Ladies' Aid Society—The Soldiers Ladies Aid Society will meet at their rooms over Ellis' store, this afternoon. A full attendance is desired.

Mrs. H. C. King, Secretary.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 8, 1863, p. 4, c. 1

Clairvoyant.—We would inform the inhabitants of Peoria that Madame M. L. Low, on her way from Chicago to St. Louis, is again stopping at Mrs. Miller's boarding house South Adams street. She examines and prescribes for diseases, gives views of absent friends, reads the

past, present and future, for those who may be disposed to consult her. She may be found at home from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M. Fees \$1.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 8, 1863, p. 4, c. 2

The Town Election!
Glorious Democratic Victory!
The Dark-Lanternites "Scooped!"
Entire Democratic Ticket Elected!
An Attempt to Thwart Voters and How It Turned Out!

The annual election held yesterday for Peoria Township passed off very quietly; but little outside excitement being manifested by either party throughout the day. Although the Republicans, by a *ruse de guerre* in the morning, managed to elect judges of the election from their own "dark lantern" institution, that thereby they might control the election, and by delay prevent from voting many of the Democrats, who are mostly laboring men, and cannot afford to lose their time.

When two o'clock came, the hour which they had fixed for closing the polls, a motion was made for an extension of the time, until four, which upon being stated by the Moderator, was carried, and the voting continued with renewed activity, the only delay being made by the clerk, who was often obliged to stop and rule his poll-book, thereby consuming much time, apparently to the great delectation of the dark-lanternites.

At four o'clock the Moderator again declared the polls closed, but as the law provides that at a call of a majority of the electors present, the polls may remain open until six, a motion was made and seconded that the town business be postponed until six o'clock, and that the voting might continue until that hour. Upon putting the question the Moderator was unable to decide, and a division of the house was called, the result showing a proportion of three to one in favor of the extension of time until six o'clock, and the voting continued with renewed activity.

At five o'clock the laboring men began to arrive in large numbers, and a large line was formed, which rapidly increased in length until at a few minutes to six it wound around near the walls of the court room, out of the door, and finally extended down the stairs, at least two hundred legal voters being thus anxiously awaiting their turn to exercise the highest prerogative of freemen. As the clock struck the hour of six the Moderator promptly announced the polls closed, and although a motion was made and duly seconded that the polls remain open for one-half hour longer, the republican Moderator refused to take cognizance of the same, but declared the general business of the meeting must then be proceeded upon. Upon this, Judge Loucks desired, in behalf of himself and the two hundred legal voters of Peoria, who, by the arbitrary ruling of the Moderator, were thus debarred their right of suffrage, to have entered upon the town record their solemn protest against the proceeding, which privilege was very graciously accorded, and the protest duly spread upon the record.

Mark Aiken, who as chief scullion of the dark-lanternists, had done their dirty work through the day, here made a motion to adjourn the business portion of the meeting until two o'clock on Wednesday, which motion was lost, and the remaining portion of the general business was proceeded upon and quickly finished.

The following is the vote:

General Town Ticket.

[results listed]

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 9, 1863, p. 4, c. 1

Twine.—We notice among other articles comprising the stock of Messrs. Mayo & Wheeler, on North Adams street, a large and varied assortment of twine, also an article of twine lately introduced to the trade, manufactured of jute. This takes the place of the ordinary cotton twines and is afforded at much lower rate than the cotton. They have also a large lot of various styles of zebra twine, useful for all purposes where a strong but fine twine is required. At this place may also be had any desired description of cotton wick, and other articles in that line.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 9, 1863, p. 4, c. 1

Pekin.—At the township election Tuesday, the entire Democratic ticket was elected.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 9, 1863, p. 4, c. 1

The North West.—This new Peoria and Pekin packet, Capt. McCormick, arrived at the levee on Tuesday evening from Cincinnati, from which city she cleared the 30th ult., doing a fine way freight business on the trip.

The North West is a fine little stern wheel boat of about ninety tons burthen, containing accommodations for the thirty-two cabin and eight-five steerage passengers, and is furnished with all the latest improvements in machinery, fixtures and furniture.

She commences her regular trips between this and the celestial city this afternoon, and we doubt not that under the control of Capt. McCormick and his gentlemanly aids it will speedily be set down as the most popular institution of the season, and are confident that many will be the "high old times" enjoyed on board by pleasure parties from and to this and our neighboring city of Pekin.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 10, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Have Patience.

The Chicago *Tribune* says, "the latest private advices from our army at Vicksburg are all of the same tenor, and all amount to this: Have patience." The patience of the people is well nigh exhausted. "Hope long deferred maketh the heart sick." The people have been waiting on the promises of the Administration for a long time, and yet the prospect of putting down the rebellion grows darker and darker every day. Have patience, indeed! If the Administration could have infused into its composition a little of the spirit of a Jackson, no matter how small, the people would have patience. As it is, both patience and confidence are out of the question.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 11, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

Telegraphed to the Peoria Mail.

St. Louis, April 9.

The *Democrat's* special from Young's Point 3d, says several transports with troops and Ellets Marine Brigade and one iron-clad started up stream this morning. There is no prospect of active operations before Vicksburg for some time. A new canal has been cut three miles above

here to be eight miles long and empty in the Mississippi below Warrenton; three dredges and the African brigade are at work night and day. Farragut holds the river between Vicksburg and Port Hudson, Porter and Grant are reconnoitering up the Yazoo with a considerable force.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 14, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

The municipal contest in this city resulted yesterday in the triumphant election of the Democratic city ticket, and five out of six Alderman. The Democratic candidate for Mayor, Matthew W. McReynolds, receives a majority of two hundred and sixty-four, while the remainder of the ticket is elected by from four to five hundred majority!

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 14, 1863, p. 4, c. 4

The Old Folks.—We last evening attended the concert given at Parmely's Hall by Father Kemp's Old Folks Concert Troupe, and were gratified to notice the presence of a large and apparently well-pleased audience. The selection of music was from that sung by our fathers and mothers, and even grand-parents; such old-time fugues as were composed by Holden, Kimball, and others of "ye olden time," who, in their peculiar style of musical composition seem, at this present day, to endeavor to represent, in the close following of one voice after another in the fugue, the progress of the task of "whipping the devil around a stump."

The performers were appropriately dressed in the quaint old costumes of the last century, which alone attracted much attention from the younger portion of the audience. Among the costumes represented were those of George Washington and Mrs. Washington, Gen. Putnam, and others of note, and among other articles, was a venerable cocked hat said to have been worn by a lieutenant at the battle of Bunker Hill.

Several songs were sung by the various *artistes*, and well sung, too, among which we mention as worthy of particular notice, "John Anderson, My Joe," the "Sword of Bunker Hill," and the "Cottage by the Sea."

This afternoon will be held a grand Matinee at half past three o'clock, and this evening the second and last concert, to commence at eight o'clock, at which there will be no reserved seats, and we hope to see the Hall crowded.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 14, 1863, p. 4, c. 3-4

Providence, La., March 22, '63.

Dear Parents:--Having a few spare moments and the poor dim light of a candle to see my way by, I will pencil a line or so to you. . . .

General Grant is using every means to bring about a complete victory at Vicksburg, and in the opinion of the troops here he will not fail in his object. He is the man that *never* fails, and troops under him have no fear of his ultimate success over the great overthrow of the work now before him. The lion works of the rebels must fall; a great defeat stares them in the face more terrible than all the past combined. Terror will strike deep into every heart of those rebels who cherished hopes of success till this might crash fell upon them and their voice will be hushed forever. . . .

But to the end. We are expecting to leave here in a day or two far down the river to participate in the fight. The whole army is being concentrated some forty miles below here for the purpose of getting in the rear of the enemy so that we may entrap them if they may try to break out and escape. Grant wants to take the whole force prisoners if it can be done, and will do so if possible. As I said before, hard fighting will alone do it. This we are all prepared for and

will enter into it with a spirit never before manifested, knowing how much depends on the victory. We are hemming them in on all sides, and to-day, they hold no communication west of the Mississippi. Farragut has passed the batteries at Port Royal with gunboats of his fleet and now lays below Vicksburg waiting for orders to give the rebs a compliment in the way of a hundred and twenty four pounder. Two of his boats have gone up Blackwater river to batter down the railroad bridge across that stream. When this is done the enemy has no longer any communication with the east, but are left inside their works to work their way out as best they can, *if able to do it*. We think they can be prevented, at all events *we'll do our best*. Time alone will tell.

IRA.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 16, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Won't Do.

A merchant in New York, advertising for a boy, adds: "Lads who part their hair in the middle need not apply."

If the Administration had put that clause in their "proposals for Generals," the country would have been better served than it has been. Fremont in that case would never have been favored with a command.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 16, 1863, p. 3, c. 2-3

Life in the Rebel Capital. Letter from the Hon. Mrs. F.

A few days ago, one Mrs. Fulgum, from Richmond, Virginia, was arrested at the outposts, and a number of letters for rebels in Nashville were taken from her person. She gave the Provost Marshal some unsealed letters, probably to avoid suspicion, but one sealed and directed to "Mrs. Anna Hays, Nashville, care of ex-Mayor R. B. Cheatham, or Robert T. Smiley, Esq." was found in her custody. Upon perusal, this letter was smart and interesting. Your readers will certainly enjoy those portions which I have copied for the public. The writer is the wife of a notorious ex-member of Congress of the United States, and a member of the present Confederate Congress. Her son, Capt. H. S. 'F.', is Adjutant General on the staff of the rebel Major General McCown.

Richmond, Va., Feb. 6, 1863.

"My Dear Anna—I have an opportunity offered this morning for conveying a letter to you and enclose it gladly. * * * My little boy is named 'Malvern.' His papa called him after the battleground of Malvern Hill, where our braves fought so nobly. He begins to play, and tries to talk. He spits at the Yankee pictures, and makes very wry faces at Old Abe's picture. He is a great boy, and the best and prettiest baby I ever saw. He is much petted by the members of Congress who know him. Mr. F. is very much engaged in the House during the day. * * * *

"We are boarding at Mrs. Johnson's, on Governor street, just opposite Governor Letcher's mansion. It is a large boarding house, *high prices and starvation within*. Such living never was known before on earth. Tell grandma the poorest hut in the western district of Tennessee is a palace compared with this, so far as fare goes. We have to cook almost everything we eat in our

own room. In our 'larder,' the stock on hand is a boiled bacon ham, which we gave only eleven dollars for; three pounds of pure Rio coffee we gave four dollars per pound for, and one pound of green tea at seventeen dollars per pound; two pounds of brown sugar at two dollars and seventy-five cents per pound; one bushel of *fine* apples, about the size of a good common marble, which were presented to me by a member of Congress from Missouri; one pound of butter, about six months old, at two dollars per pound, and six sweet potatoes at fifty cents. We have to give a dollar for a very small slice of pound cake, at the confectioneries. I forgot to say I had a present of a fine jar of pickles and a piece of cheese from a member also. Well, so much for the way we live. You see the board is three dollars, each, per day, for F. and I, and half price for the servant, and then we get *nothing on earth to eat*. Yesterday, for dinner, we had nothing on the table but two eggs and a slice of cold baker's bread, and a glass of water. Well, linen such as we gave one dollar for at home, when I left, sells here at six dollars, and the commonest domestic two dollars, calico two or three collars per yard of the most indifferent kind. You may well believe I got but little. Richmond is strictly a Jewish city—all making fortunes out of the war, and having *less sympathy* for our dear old Tennessee, and Nashville in particular, than some Yankees have; for they have learned to respect us, whereas these Virginians are the most horridly envious creatures that ever called themselves men.

"The women are far below the standard of Nashville ladies, either in elegance or refinement. There is seldom a lady seen who shows the gift of high-born gentility here. Such have generally abandoned this city and retired to the country to keep recluse, so that the mongrel race reigns supreme on the street and at all frequented parts of the city. Still we have some very delightful acquaintances, who show their hearts and homes are near the sun. * * * We find Gov. Letcher's family real types of the Old Dominion gentry. He has a daughter just your size. * * * There are about a dozen unmarried members here who promised me to vote the capital where I wished if I would provide them a 'chance' with my little queens. They all agree the Nashville girls are the belles deservedly of the Southern Confederacy. * * * You have heard, I reckon, that Mr. Harris the minister, married a Miss Emily Johnson, of Jackson, Miss. She is worth a million in her own right. He drives his *coupe*, and is quite a dasher, and declares he never courted any girl in Tennessee. He has quit preaching and is very clever and hospitable in his house. Don't let any one see this, but you may read it to them, except _____; I don't want the Yanks to hear what I say."

The Honorable Mrs. F., having more to say, added another sheet of letter paper, of which the following is rather racy:

* * * "Joe Pickett is here from Memphis. He is courting a Miss M____n, a great belle—ugly and rich. * * * Gen. Price is here on business. He is a fine gentleman and very handsome. * * * Tell them [the writer's children—*Correspondent Commercial*.] Mrs. Jeff. Davis is not pretty, but a fine looking woman—dresses badly, in no taste. She is not much liked here, and is said to control "Jeffie," as she calls her husband. She has several children. She takes but little notice of them. They go about with their clothes tossed on in any way and every style. 'She has the public affairs to attend to.' Ask Aunt Kitty what she thinks of that.

"The President looks *careworn and troubled*. He is very thin, and looks feeble and bent. He prays aloud in church, and is a devout Episcopalian. Dr. Wheat and Mrs. Wheat are here. They came on to have the remains of Robert Wheat removed to this place. Mrs. Wheat is most heart-broken. She has lost her two oldest sons in the war.

"Ever your devoted friend and aunt,

"Chattie."

The italics are those of the Honorable Mrs. F.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 16, 1863, p. 4, c. 1

Ladies Aid Society.—The regular meeting of the Ladies Aid Society will take place this afternoon at their rooms over Ellis store. All the members are requested particularly to be present as there is a great deal of work that must be completed immediately.

Mrs. H. C. King, Sec'y.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 16, 1863, p. 4, c. 3

Beauties of a Provost Marshal's Court.—We are informed that a rather rich, but withall a rather humiliating affair came off a few days since in the Provost Marshal's office in the city of St. Louis. Michael Foley, a resident of Bath, Mason county, last week took a trip to St. Louis. While walking along the street he happened to meet a band of rebel prisoners. Their appearance in a uniform entirely new to him attracted his attention and without stopping, he continued to look at them, probably thinking that in this great and glorious country, which is at present under the law martial, it was no harm to look at a passing pageant, even if it was principally made up of rebels. But he had forgotten that Abraham is a man more careful of the loyalty of his people than any of his predecessors have found it necessary to be. He had not quite concluded in his own mind whether the procession was an object of pity or contempt, when he was touched upon the shoulder by a uniformed gentleman, who politely invited him to recreate himself a while in the Provost Marshal's office. Of course he accepted the invitation at once, since it has occasionally been noticed, that to decline an invitation given in that delicate sort of way, has an effect to confuse the programme.

When arrived at the Provost marshal's office, he was cross-question[ed] for an hour, insulted by pompous officials, threatened, and brow-beaten, to make him say something by which he could be convicted. During the examination the following questions were asked and answered:

"Are you a Democrat?"

"No!"

"Have you read the *Chicago Times*?"

"Yes!"

"Do you endorse it?"

"Partly!"

These questions seemed to throw some light on the cause of the arrest, but Mr. Foley, being naturally of an inquiring mind, naturally became the questioner, when the following colloquy, substantially, took place:

"Do you make a man's politics a test of his loyalty?"

"Yes, to a certain extent!"

We cannot avoid saying that the answer last recorded was, in our opinion, disingenuous. They make it a test of loyalty to a very *uncertain* extent!

After the examination was finished, and Mr. Foley had time to see what it all meant, he concluded that he was guilty of the crime of being dressed in a suit of homespun clothes, which, it seems, is sufficient cause of arrest in St. Louis, under the mild administration of a Provost Marshal.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 18, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

Peoria and Pekin
Steam Packet
North West
Will Leave Peoria 6:30 A.M. and 2 P.M.
Returning,

Will Leave Pekin 8:30 A.M. and 5 P.M.

Connecting, at Pekin with the Ill. River R. R., and at Peoria with the Bureau Valley R. R. down train 6:30 and up rains 10:45 A.M. and 8:15 P.M. with the L.P. & B. R. R., both East and West.

J. M. McCormick.

Orders for Goods Promptly Attended to.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 18, 1863, p. 3, c. 2

"A Keerful Shepherd."

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mormonism is still in practical operation amongst us. On last Friday a tall, raw-boned Saint, with a complexion very strongly resembling that of boiled tripe, arrived here from Pittsburg, with a couple of wives, but deeming his flock too small to start Salt Lakeward with, held forth as follows to an admiring audience, at a house over the canal, with a view to the perfection of the material necessary to the completion of his domestic felicity. His text was:--

"Men is skeerce and weemen is plenty."

"Brothers and Sistern--pertikiler the Sistern: I want to say a few words to you about Mormonism--not for my own sake but for yourn; *for men is skeerce and weemen is plenty.*

Mormonism is built on that high old principle which sez that it aint good for man to be alone, and a mighty sight worse for a woman. Therefore if a man feel good with a little company, a good deal of it ought to make him feel an awful sight better.

"The first principles of Mormonism is, that woman is a good thing, and the second principle is, that you can't have too much of a good thing. Woman is tenderer than man, and is necessary to smooth down the roughness of his character; and as a man has a good many rough pints in his natur he oughn't to give one woman too much to do, but set each one to work smoothing some particklar pint.

"Don't think I'm over anxious for you to jine us, for I ain't. I'm not speakin' for my good, but for yours; *for men is skeerce and women is plenty.*

"I said women was tenderer than man, but you needn't feel stuck up about it for so she ought to be--she was made so on purpose. But how was she made so? Where did she git it from? Why, she was created out of a side bone of man, and the side bone of a man is like the side bone of a turkey--the tenderest part of him. Therefore, as a woman has three side bones and a man only one, of course she is three times tenderer as a man is, and is in duty bound to repay that tenderness of which she has robbed him. And how did she rob him of his side bone? Why, exactly as she robs his pockets now-a-days of his loose change--she took advantage of him while

he was asleep.

"But as women is more tenderer than man, so is man more forgivener than woman; therefore I won't say anything more about the side bone, or the small change, but invite you all to jine my train, for I'm a big shepherd out our way, and fare sumptuously every day on purple and fine linen.

"When I first landed on the shore of Great Salt Lake I wasn't rich in weemen--I had but one poor old yoe, but *men is skeerce and weemen is plenty*, and like a keerful shepherd I began to increase my flock. Weemen heard of us, and our lovin' ways, and they kept a pourin' in. They come from the North, and they come from the South, they come from the East, and they come from the West, they come from Europe, they come from Aishey, and a few of 'em come from Afrikey. From being a miserable owner of one old yoe, I became the joyful shepherd of a mighty flock with a right smart sprinklin 'o lambs, friskier and fatter than anybody else's, and I've still got room for a few more.

"As I said before, I'm not talkin' partickler for my benefit, but for yourn; *for men is skeerce and weemen is plenty*. Still I'd a leetle rather you'd go along with me than not, pertickler you fat one with a caliker sun bonnet. Don't hesitate, but take the chance while you can git it, and I'll make you the 'bell yoe' of the flock. I'll lead you through the green pastures and high grass; show you where you caper in the sunshine and lay down in pleasant places; and as you are in pretty good condition already, in course of time, you will be the fattest of the flock. Jine in, jine in, jine in my train--jine in now; for *men is skeerce and weemen is plenty*."

The appeal was irresistible; at last accounts the "fat woman with the caliker bonnet" had "jined in," and two or three others were on the fence with a decided leaning towards the "Keerful Shepherd."

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 18, 1863, p. 4, c. 3

Letters to the Army.—Col. Norton, of the 17th regiment, will return to the army on Tuesday morning next, and will take any letters left at the store of John A. Bush, No. 7 North Adams street previous to that time, for the 17th, 47th, 77th and 108th regiments.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 18, 1863, p. 4, c. 3

Editorial Sanctum.—We gave ourselves the pleasure of a call at the office of our longtime friend, and editor of the *Tazewell Register*, John McDonald, Esq., a few days since, and found him all correct. He has a fine office, roomy and comfortable, to which he has lately added, or rather from which he has subtracted, a nice, cosy [sic] sanctum, where he can make himself comfortable and secluded, with a few of [his] friends. He gets up an excellent Democratic paper—strong for the Union—and for the rights of the people.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 21, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Pekin Charter Election.

At the charter election yesterday, in the city of Pekin, Barber, Republican, was elected Mayor over Prettyman, Democrat, by 104 majority. The Democrats elected two out of the four Alderman. The defeat of Mr. Prettyman will be hailed as a great Republican victory, yet when the question is fairly understood, it is no victory for the Abolitionists. Pekin is to day as firmly Democratic as ever. There were local issues involved in the canvass, which caused Democrats to

work all day for Mr. Barber, and the vote in that city always being a close one, the result is no matter of wonder. Democrats who voted against Mr. Prettyman did not endorse the proscriptive measures of the Administration; yet we are sorry they have given the Abolitionists a chance to lie about it, as they undoubtedly will. Our word for it, they will regret the course they have pursued towards the defeated candidate.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 22, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

The Conscription to be enforced in May.—It is announced on high authority that the conscription will be enforced in May—that is, the enrollment will be made during that month. The list of provost marshals and their regulations are nearly completed. The delay has been caused by section eight, which requires the appointment by the President of a surgeon and another civilian in each district, who, with the provost marshal, are to form a board of enrollment.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 22, 1863, p. 1, c. 6

From Vicksburg.

Telegraphed to the Peoria Mail.

Vicksburg, April 21.

Official dispatches received here last night say that a portion of Admiral Porter's fleet, with a large number of soldiers from General Grant's army, have succeeded in running the batteries at Vicksburg, and are now in a condition to either help Banks in an attack on Port Hudson or to make an assault on Vicksburg from the South.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 23, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Vicksburg Said to be Evacuated.

Our dispatches this morning announce the evacuation of Vicksburg. The news comes through rebel sources, yet little reliance can be placed in the rumor.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 23, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

The Siege of Vicksburg.
Uncertainty of the Capture of the City.

Correspondence of the World.

Federal Flotilla, Mouth Yazoo
River, Miss., April 9.}

The interest attached to the operations before Vicksburg will hardly be borne out by the facts. A greater contrast could hardly be presented than things as they are in General Grant's army and the combined fleets, and the light in which they are viewed by the people at large. Expectation is on the tiptoe at Memphis and all points north of that city to learn the latest news from below, and the slightest fact in relation to actual operations, which are very few in reality, is seized with the avidity of gluttony and worried into the most incredible shapes, which, in their

turn, change to the next eye, and are represented as "further particulars" or "corrections" of the meager account from which they sprang. This is unavoidable, however deplorable it may be, for considering the difficulties of transmitting intelligence and the many biased mediums through which it must necessarily pass, it is no wonder that the public is frequently cheated out of its just dues by those whose only desire is to cheat it out of its purse. To make this more clear it is necessary to state that the mail is very unreliable, that there is no telegraph nearer than Cairo, Ill., and that there is a strict military surveillance over matter for the public journals. With almost every boat leaving the fleets for the North there are interested and irresponsible parties who carry such accounts above as will best shape public opinion and feeling to our interests, and such people have little care how much damage may be sustained by others so they can profit by the deceit. As there is much in forestalling public opinion, these traffickers in principle know it, and, availing themselves of the opportunities afforded them to anticipate news through its legitimate channels, pervert truth and present it only in such a light as shall show them the way to gain.

The capture of Vicksburg is uncertain. The position, naturally strong, has been improved in every possible manner and there is apparently no abatement in the efforts to guard all its distant approaches by such means as the best military skill and foresight could suggest. While this is palpable to the most unsophisticated eye, expeditions are fitted out week after week in the vain hope that some of them may succeed in finding a vulnerable place to assail, and by carrying it, upon some hitherto unexplored passage into the rear of the city. This reminds one of the fellow who stood on his head to take off his boots; yet it is well to give the troops something to do, and these expeditions have some good result; they prove the impossibility of clearing the Mississippi river by circumvention, and they teach the geography of the country.

The batteries at Vicksburg are not casemated; hence, it is probable that they are a good deal of a bugbear to the iron-clad fleet, not yet fully tested in storming them. Last summer demonstrated that they could be silenced in two hours' bombardment, but the want then was troops to hold the city after the forts were carried. It is not unfair to suppose, then, that now, as the fleet is even more powerful than it ever has been, and that troops are abundant, either a want of co-operation or some circumlocution policy prevents the taking of the place.

The steamer *Magnolia*, hitherto occupied by Gen. Grant as his headquarters, has been set free from military possession, and the general, with his staff, has gone ashore at Milliken's Bend, La., a few miles above Young's Point, opposite the mouth of Yazoo river. The latter place has become dreadfully disagreeable and unhealthful. Thousands of troops had been encamped upon a few acres of swampy land for several weeks and the hygiene of the place was sadly neglected, for it was believed that the stay would be brief, and carelessness for the future engendered disregard for present precaution. In a space of a few hundred square yards it is not uncommon to see a row of tents, with no attempt at cleanliness, and half a dozen graves partially trodden under foot. This was an unavoidable condition several weeks ago, but now, with the daily improvement of the weather and the manifestations of a long stay, it should be the duty of the commander to enforce the most rigid discipline in the sanitary departments of the army.

The new headquarters of General Grant is a vast improvement upon Young's Point, for the land is higher, and there are no swamps for many miles around it. The "place" belonged to a wealthy planter, whose name it bears, and every care has evidently been taken in past years to improve it. High *levees* run the entire length of the plantation to guard against the encroachments of the Mississippi, and the now abandoned fields betoken the bounteous crops of cotton gathered in the years gone by. Milliken's Bend is generally regarded as one of the most beautiful places on the Mississippi river, but the eye accustomed to eastern scenery would find

very little in it suggestive of beauty. The land is flat and the soil rich, but no attempt has been made toward landscape gardening. The planter's home is generally surrounded with rude flower-beds and shrubbery, but outside that, his plantation has ever been regarded as a workshop or manufactory—simply to make money. It will require the work of years to restore these plantations that have been occupied as camp grounds to their former state of perfection.

The same dullness in the army characterizes the fleet, which still lies at anchor at the mouth of the Yazoo river. Haine's Bluff rejoices in the peaceful possession of itself, and its guns still grin defiance at the unassailing foe. Repairs are being made to the boats injured in the last expedition, which was not a success, in a military or naval point of view, and that settled air which indicates repose breathes softly around our fleet. The more anxious for fight men daily express the wish that the enemy would open the raft above and send down another Arkansas to stir the lazy spirit of the fleet and awaken action.

Some are of the decided opinion that Vicksburg is evacuated, with the exception of the few soldiers who are left to man the batteries, but the best information received contradicts this flatly, and the highest intelligence would seem to show that there remains but one way to make it ours, and this is by hard fighting.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 26, 1863, p. 3, c. 2

The Soldier's Dream of Home.

You have put the children to bed, Alice—
 Maude, and Willie, and Rose,
They have lisped their sweet "Our Father,"
 And sunk to their night's repose.
Did they think of me, dear Alice?
 Did they think of me and say,
"God bless him, and God bless him,
 Dear father, far away!"

O, my very heart grows sick, Alice,
 I long so to behold
Rose, with her pure white forehead,
 And Maud with her curls of gold;
And Willie, so gay and sprightly,
 So merry and full of glee—
O, my heart yearns to enfold ye,
 My smiling group of three.

I can bear the noisy day, Alice—
 The camp life, gay and wild,
Shuts from my yearning bosom
 The thoughts of wife and child.
But when the night is round me,
 And under its strong beams,

I gather my cloak about me,
I dream such long, sad dreams!

I think of a pale, young wife, Alice,
Who looked up in my face
When the drum beat at evening
And called me to my place.
I think of thee, sweet birdlings,
Left in the dear home-nest
And my soul is sick with longings
That will not be at rest.

O, when will the war be over, Alice—
O, when shall I behold
Rose, with her pure white forehead,
And Maud, with her curls of gold;
And Will, so gay and sprightly,
So merry and full of glee,
And more than all, the dear wife
Who bore my babes to me!

God guard and keep you all, Alice;
God guard and keep me, too;
For if only one were missing,
What would the others do?
O, when will the war be over,
And when shall I behold
Whose whom I love so dearly,
Safe in the dear home-fold?

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, April 26, 1863, p. 4, c. 1

Ladies' Aid.—We are requested by the ladies interested in the Ladies' Soldiers' Aid Society to say the next regular meeting will be held on Tuesday instead of Thursday, as heretofore. It is very desirable that there should be a full attendance, as it is designed to finish and send away to the soldiers what articles they have now on hand, as soon as possible. The meeting will be in their rooms and at the usual hour.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, May 6, 1863, p. 4, c. 2

Turn to the Right.—A vexatious circumstance which we witnessed a few days ago, when a gentleman and lady attempted to pass each other on the sidewalk and failed to do so until they had made half a dozen dodges each, impels us to say a word about passing on the sidewalk. For some cause, the inside, or the side next the fence or building, has been voted the honorable side of the walk, and hence gentlemen usually give that side to the ladies. It would be difficult, perhaps, to say why it should be so, but still the fact is as stated. But the same sense of gallantry that prompts a gentleman to give a lady the inside of the walk, also induces him to claim his right to that side when he meets one of his own sex. But suppose he meets a dozen of each in going

the length of a block? His path in that case would describe all the angles of a Virginia fence. It would be inconvenient, to say the least, and in a crowd, or in a multitude having any approach to a crowd, would be impossible and dangerous. The practice is founded upon a mere whim or caprice of somebody centuries ago, and it is time it was abated. Let the rule be adopted to "*Turn to the Right*" in all cases, and it will save many *vis-a-vis* encounters which a modest lady would most gladly avoid, and which a modest man always remembers with no increase of satisfaction. Let everybody "Turn to the Right!"

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, May 10, 1863, p. 4, c. 2

The High School Difficulty.

Editor Peoria Mail: Inasmuch as base, unqualified and unfounded falsehoods are circulated by the *Transcript* of Saturday morning, concerning a melee at the High School on the 8th inst., we think it would be a great injustice to the so called Copperhead portion of our school, if we would not make a fair, truthful and impartial statement of that occurrence, and its reasons. The difficulty originated out of an attempt of the Abolition part of the school, to purloin Copperhead breastpins, from the persons of those whom they denominated Copperheads, alleging as a reason that was a treasonable medal and that they would not suffer any person to wear it. At first this piece of vandalism was tamely submitted to and one breastpin was abstracted by force from its owner, who immediately provided himself with another.

On Friday afternoon thirteen of these young robbers circulated that their design was to take forcible possession of all breastpins made of copper cents and thresh the owners of the copperheads for being abettors of treason. This was easier said than done, as the result conclusively proved to all who saw the young Abolitionists after their encounter, and even Mr. Coy can testify to the fact that every Democratic boy answered to his name at roll call, but four of the young Abolitionists, from some cause, were absent and failed to answer to their respective names. Suffice it to say the attempt was made to purloin our *breastpins*, and although numbering seven against twelve we proved an overmatch for the braggarts by whom we were assailed. The origin of the difficulty the *Transcript* asserts to be that the Copperheads rejoiced over the defeat of Hooker. That charge can be answered by one word: *false!*

However, we are not much surprised at the base misrepresentations of that dastardly secesh newspaper, for all Abolitionists are Secessionists; still less are we surprised since we know the person connected with the school who has promulgated such a base tissue of falsehood. The *Transcript* calls our defense of ourselves and property "incipient treason." Even if the statement was a truth, "incipient traitors" like us could be reclaimed, but persons grown *in treason* are irreclaimable.

T. A. Murray,
L. Harmon,
Wm. Lynch,
S. Baily,
J. Langton,
A. Littleton,
Z. Frank.

Democratic Boys of Peoria High School,
May 9th, 1863.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, May 16, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Female Soldiers.—A Pennsylvania girl, who has been serving as a soldier in the Army of the West for ten months, says that she has discovered a great many females among the soldiers, one of whom is now a Lieutenant. She has assisted in burying three female soldiers at different times, whose sex was unknown to any one but herself.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, May 16, 1863, p. 4, c. 1

Country vs. Contra.—"Minnie" writes "As you editors are supposed to know everything, I wish to ask you which is correct, "contra-dance," or "country dance?" Our fair correspondent has asked a question very easily answered, but the true answer of which is not generally known. The meaning of the term is "a dance in which the partners are arranged opposite to each other." Hence the correct way of writing it is "contra-dance," literally meaning opposition dance. It is frequently written, even by those who should know better, "country dance." If "Minnie" will consult Webster she will find an answer to her question.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, May 19, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

Cairo, May 18th.

By arrival of the steamer Luminary we have news from Grant's advance to the 11th and Milliken's Bend the 14th.

It is reported that Generals Logan and Osterhaus are marching towards Jackson, driving Bowen before them, while Grant is marching up the Black River expecting to engage Pemberton near the bridge over that stream.

A letter dated Jackson the 12th ins., says, Bowen has been compelled to fall back from Raymond, and was hourly expecting that the federals would take possession of the town. The women and children and valuable stores had been sent to Meridian, and all the men had been forced into the rebel army. It is further said that Osterhaus had made large captures of men, artillery, ammunition and commissary stores a few miles from Raymond. Bowen's forces are estimated at 15,000 and Pemberton's at 50,000. The latter is reported strongly entrenched near the bridge, and a great battle there is eminent.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, May 31, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Peoria by a Visitor.

We cut the following flattering notice of Peoria, from the *Presbyterian Banner*, an excellent religious paper published in Pittsburg, Pa., by Rev. David McKinney, who is attending the session of the General Assembly:

Peoria is the second city in Illinois, in population, and the finest in the State in regard to beauty of site and healthfulness. It is situated on the right, or Western side, of Peoria Lake; which lake is an enlargement of the Illinois river, it is one and a half miles wide and seven miles long. The river is navigable hence to the Mississippi and St. Louis, for boats drawing thirty inches, at the lowest stage of water. There is, on this river, an immense amount of business. The whisky made here, and mostly sent away, is so nearly fabulous in amount, that we fear to make the statement. There is also an immense business done in the making of flour, which, with the whisky, corn, and provisions, employs a great amount of transportation.

Previously to the commencement of the war, this business was done almost entirely with

the South. That outlet being closed, shipments are now made to the East, principally by the railroads. The river route to Pittsburgh, and thence by rail to the seaboard, would be used in part, but that the Government has taken up nearly all the steamboats.

Peoria has a population of eighteen thousand. The city extends about four miles along the river, or lake, and about one and a half miles back. The ground rises as you recede from the water, at about three degrees, which affords perfect drainage. From the bluff, a hill of some fifty feet in elevation in the rear of the city, you have a prospect of the river, and of a beautiful country for many miles.

A small part of the city is compactly built; but the greater portion of it is scattered; that is, there are many vacant lots, and the occupied lots are large, say seventy by two hundred feet. There is hence an abundance of room for front yards and gardens; and space for trees and shrubbery. The buildings are tasteful, and some of them are fine. There are two Old School Presbyterian churches; and of other churches the usual variety.

The arrangements for receiving and entertaining the members of the Assembly, and other persons having business with the body, are the best that we have witnessed. Persons of all creeds volunteered to receive guests, and places were thus engaged for three hundred and sixty persons; and to most of them, members and others were assigned by name previously to their arrival. Committees were at the railroad depots, with omnibusses, on the arrival of every train, from Wednesday morning, and guests were transferred without detention or trouble.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, June 6, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

Songs Upon the Battle Field.

A brave and godly Captain, in one of our Western regiments, told us his story as we were removing him to the hospital. He was shot through both thighs with a bullet—a wound from which he could not recover. While lying on the field, he suffered intense agony from thirst. He supported his head upon his hand, and the rain from heaven was falling around him. In a little while a little pool of water was formed under his elbow, and he thought if he could only get to that puddle he might quench his thirst. He tried to get into a position to suck a mouthful of muddy water, but he was unable to reach within a foot of it. Said he, "I never felt so much the loss of any earthly blessing. By and by night fell, and the stars shone out clear and beautiful above the dark field, and I began to think of that great God, who had given his Son to die a death of agony for me, and that he was up there—up above the scene of suffering, and above those glorious stars, and I felt that I was going home to meet Him and praise him there, and I felt that I ought to praise God, even wounded and on the battle field. I could not help singing that beautiful hymn,

'When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.'

And," said he, "there was a Christian brother in the brush near me. I could not see him, but I could hear him. He took up the strain, and beyond him another and another caught it up, all over the terrible battle field of Shiloh. That night the terrible echo was resounding, and we made the field of battle ring with hymns of praise to God."

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, June 10, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

During the recent rebel raid into West Virginia, one of Gen. Jenkins' men stole a lady's hoop skirt, which so enraged the general that he ordered the fellow to wear it a whole month—so he was obliged to go with it around his neck, amid the jeers of his comrades; and to see him holding it up when riding his horse is said to have been ludicrous in the extreme.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, June 10, 1863, p. 4, c. 3

The Festival Last Evening.—The Festival at Rouse's Hall last evening, given by the Ladies' Soldiers' Aid Society, for the benefit of our sick and wounded of the army, was a grand affair, and equaled the most sanguine expectations of all the parties interested. It was attended by the beauty and fashion of the city—in short the whole city must have turned out, for a greater jam we never saw together on any occasion of the kind. The ladies looked extremely happy, for they saw that their work of mercy was being appreciated, and gentlemen also, were happy, because they had pleased the ladies with their attendance, with a "pocket full of greenbacks" to buy their strawberries, ice cream, cakes &c. We regret not being able to give a more extended notice of this festival, but our reporter declares that the crowd was so great, and the ladies so bewitchingly lovely and happy, that it was impossible to take notes, much less to catch even an idea and spread it upon paper.

The receipts of the evening must have been very large—how large we shall have to wait another issue to announce.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, June 10, 1863, p. 4, c. 1

A Riot Squelched.—Deputy Sheriff Stewart and officer Guill were sent for yesterday to suppress a disturbance at Kingston Mines, which bid fare to amount to considerable of a riot. There being a strike at the mines for higher wages, the men who refused to work attempted to interfere with those who remained, got tight, threatened to burn the town, and kicked up a muss generally. Ten of them were arrested and brought by the officers to this city, and for want of quarters in the county jail, the prisoners were confined in the calaboose. Their examination will take place to-day.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, June 10, 1863, p. 4, c. 1

Pekin Items.—From the *Register* of the 9th, we gather the following items:

We are sorry to learn that Col. E. S. McCook of the 31st Illinois, and a resident of this city, was severely wounded in the foot, during the late engagement before Vicksburg.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, June 12, 1863, p. 3, c. 1

A Beaufort (N.C.) correspondent of the Boston *Traveler* writes: "Most of the negro women here, as well as the poor class of whites are habitual 'snuff dippers.' It is rubbed upon the teeth and gums by a small stick, formed like a brush, for that purpose, and may be seen in most instances protruding from the mouth of the female addicted to this habit. Thus the complexion of the white person is no way improved by partaking of the color of the plant upon which they feed, and not unfrequently they are mistaken for mulattoes and [illegible] the appellation of contrabands.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, June 13, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Mrs.
S. A. Allen's
World's
Hair Restorer.
and
Zylobalsamum,

The great unequalled Preparations for Restoring, Invigorating, Beautifying and Dressing the Hair,
Rendering it soft, silky and glossy, and disposing it to remain in any desired position; quickly cleansing the scalp, arresting the fall and imparting a healthy and natural color to the Hair.

It Never Fails
To Restore Grey Hair
to
Its Original Youthful Color
It is not a Dye,

But acts directly upon the roots of the Hair, giving them the natural nourishment required, producing the same vitality and luxurious quantity as in youth.

For Ladies and Children

Whose Hair requires frequent cleaning the Zylobalsamum has no equal. No lady's toilet is complete without it.

Sold by Druggists throughout the World.
Principal Sales Office
198 Greenwich Street, New-York City.
Mrs. S. A. Allen's
Zylobalsamum.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, June 14, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

[illustration of mother and baby]
Mothers! Mothers! Mothers!

Don't fail to procure MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for CHILDREN TEETHING. This valuable preparation is the prescription of one of the best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years with never failing safety and success by millions of mothers and children, from the feeble infant of one week old to the adult. It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will almost instantly relieve

Griping in the Bowels, and Wind Colic

We believe it the best and surest remedy in the world, in all cases of Dysentery and Diarrhoea [sic] in Children, whether it arises from Teething or from any other cure. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None Genuine unless the facsimile of Curtis & Perkins, New York, is on the outside wrapper. Sold by all Medicine Dealers. Principal Office, 48 Dey Street, New York. Price only 25 cents per bottle.

Roback's
Stomach Bitters.
[illustration of bottle]
These Bitters

Are not offered to the public as a medicine that will cure all the "ills that flesh is heir to," but they are an honest, reliable, remedial agent, and are an efficient and agreeable regulator of the system. In all sections of the country, especially in the

Bilious Districts
of the
West and Southwest

where they [have] been introduced, they are recommended by the Physicians as beneficial if taken in proper quantities in accordance with the directions, as a preventative and cure for

Fever and Ague,
Liver Complaint,
Bilious Fever, Dyspepsia, Indigestion
Jaundice, Dizziness, Depression
of Spirits, Langour,

and all derangements of the Digestive Functions. For debilitated persons they are particularly recommended, giving an appetite and strength to the whole human frame.

These Bitters are scientifically prepared, and are made of a rare combination of Roots, Plants, Herbs, Barks and Seeds, which have been found most effectual by long Medical Experience, to possess the requisite tonic properties in

Relieving and Curing

the above complaints.

These Bitters are the poor man's friend, saving him many doctor bills, as well as the rich man's solace and comfort; invigorating the weak and debilitated, driving away melancholy, making a life of misery one of unalloyed enjoyment.

These Bitters have been introduced and are being used not only in the Hospitals, but among the soldiers, as an appetizer tonic and regulator of the system throughout the

Army of the North,

by and with the consent of the highest Government authority.

A Guarantee.

In point of strength, I will guarantee my Bitters to contain a larger proportion of real medicinal ingredients and virtues than any other Stomach Bitter in the market; and by comparison with others it will be seen at once, that they are stronger, and upon trial will be found more efficient than all others, they are agreeable to the taste, invigorating in effect, made of good materials and an article that all my customers purchase the second time with equal satisfaction.

It has been my purpose to put forth an article that will please all my customers and honestly do all that is claimed for them. I will not publish or make any claims for these Bitters that are not consistent or that their virtues will not warrant. Each bottle contains, as represented, One Full Quart, thus giving to every person, as regards the quantity, the worth of the money invested. Let everybody try them and they will be fully convinced of the truth of the above statements.

C. W. Roback, Proprietor,
Office and Manufactory:
Nos. 56, 58, 60 and 62 East Third Street,
Cincinnati, Ohio.
C. A. Cook, General Agent, Chicago.

Sold at wholesale in Peoria by Johnson & Cox, M. Henebery, H. G. Farrell, Chas. Fisher & Co., at retail by B. F. Miles, A. M. Breed, W. S. Headley and by Druggists, Grocers and Saloons generally throughout the Western States.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, June 14, 1863, p. 4, c. 4

The Women of Vicksburg.

A Correspondent of the *New York Times*, writing from Grant's camp, states that a federal captain who was taken prisoner during the siege, and who was kept in Vicksburg several days, reports the scenes in the city as fearful. He says:

The women and children all remain in town, although ordered at various times to leave the day our men left, a morning report showing the sad fact that, up to that time, 119 of these unfortunates had been killed by our shells, among whom is the wife of Gen. Pemberton. The women of Vicksburg are either brave beyond ordinary mortals or desperate in the extreme. Shells search every part of the town, and yet the children play as usual upon the streets, and the women seek no protection, but boldly promenade the public thoroughfares and attend to their household duties. In a house close to the jail our men saw several ladies, who sat in groups on the piazzas, moved leisurely about the house, and at times made the air melodious with voice and piano.

What quality is this shown by these women? Is it heroism, desperation, or what? Death is all about them—it hisses through the air, crashes through their edifices, smites down their innocent children and themselves, and yet they unconcernedly sit, sing, chat and laugh through it all—through a combination of horrors that would almost make a coward of the bravest man that ever drew a sword.

These things seem incredible; but they are true, for our prisoners unite in vouching for the fact, all phases of which they themselves heard and witnessed.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, June 14, 1863, p. 4, c. 4

The lap dog of the Empress Eugenia is thus described: "Her hair is of snowy whiteness and silky fineness, and fully eight inches long. The body is very small, as is also the head, but the tail appears an enormous fleece, and the ears of proportionate size. "Coquette" lives in a glass house, on the floor of which is a persian carpet. She lies upon a cushion covered with crimson silk, and seems a very dainty being. Her food and the water which she drinks, are placed in the corner of the aforesaid glass house, on a porcelain plate and silver cup, which she won for her late proprietor."

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, June 18, 1863, p. 4, c. 2

Matrimonial.—A single, unmarried bachelor acquaintance asks us to insert the following for him. He has evidently been a close reader of the advertising columns of the *Chicago Tribune* of late, and is fully convinced of the "benefits of advertising." We with pleasure give place to his "adv.," it may help him out of the unpleasant state of single blessedness in which he is now situated:

All that's bright must fade—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest.

I have lived solitary long enough; I want somebody to talk at, quarrel with—then kiss and make up again. Therefore I am open to proposals from young ladies and fresh widows, of more than average respectability, tolerably tame in disposition, and hair of any other color than red. As nearly as I can judge of myself, I am not over eighty nor under twenty-five years of age. In height, am either five feet eight, or eight feet five—forget which. Weight, 135, 315, or 531—one of these three; recollect each figure perfectly well, but as to their true arrangement, am somewhat puzzled. Have a whole suit of hair, dyed by nature, and pretty free from dandruff. Eyes, butternut brindle, tinged with pea-green. Nose built according to the Ionic order of architecture, with a touch of the Composite; and mouth between a catfish's and an alligator's—made expressly for oratory and the reception of large oysters. Ears, palmated, long and elegantly shaped. My whiskers are a combination of dog hair, moss and brier bush—well behaved and fearfully luxuriant. Am sound in wind and limb, and on the nigger question. Wear boots number seven, when corns are troublesome, and write poetry by the mile, with double rhyme at both edges—to read backward, forward and diagonally. Can play the jewsharp and bass drum, and can whistle Yankee Doodle in Spanish. Am very correct in my morals, and first rate at ten-pins; have a high regard for the Sabbath, and never drink only when invited. Am a domestic animal, and perfectly docile—when towels are clean and shirt buttons on. If I possess a predominant virtue, it is that of forgiving every enemy whom I deem it hazardous to handle. I say my prayers every night, musquitos [sic] permitting; and as to whether I snore in my sleep, I want somebody to tell me. Money no object, as I never was troubled by any, and never expect to be.

Address W. W. C., Peoria Post Office, enclosing life-size photograph, and also a small sum, say five dollars, in test of sincerity, as also to pay postage and other expenses.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, June 19, 1863, p. 1, c. 6
For the Peoria Morning Mail.

Mr. Editor:--I see a matrimonial notice in your paper whose address is W. W. C., in which he states he wants some person to talk at, quarrel with, then kiss and make friends. Now this is the kind of man I would choose in preference to all others, and in these wants I have no doubt of pleasing him, as it would give me the greatest pleasure in having a husband who would talk at, quarrel with, and then kiss and make friends, and it would be a delicious pastime to have a husband who would do so. Just think, to be talked at, quarreled with, then kissed and made friends with; how delightful, what a love of a husband. Oh! how I would admire such a man, and how happy I would be if it should be my good fortune to please your correspondent, and we are bound in the holy bonds of matrimony. And I think when he sees a description of my person he will have nothing to complain of more particularly my hight [sic] for six feet and six inches—very straight; never wear crinoline but have been tempted to do so since seeing that big hoop skirt hanging out at the dry goods store on Adams street. But in this matter I would be entirely governed by W. W. C., if I am so fortunate as to please him. As to my features, I do not know hardly how to describe them, but to gain such a love of a husband will make the attempt: My forehead is very low, and recedes from the eyebrows to the back of the head; eyes of a yellowish cast, and have been told are somewhat of the feline order. My face from the eyebrows is very long and narrow; nose a very prominent feature, and usually gives expression to the other features—mine, as I am informed, does it to a very great extent, it being very long and sharp, somewhat turned down at the point, and whenever a republican looks at it he feels very patriotic, as it so much resembles that of the glorious bird which is the emblem of America. I fell, the other day, and bruised my nose and made it bleed profusely, and in my misfortune I had their warmest sympathy, for it reminded them of our bleeding country. I am in hopes that W. W. C. will make no objection to me for this digression, as he must be a Union man, and that is the kind of a man I want. My lips are very thin, and when I open my mouth show a full set of teeth of pearly whiteness, and also show the roof of my mouth, which, I am sorry to say, is very black. I cannot account for the blackness of the roof of my mouth, unless it be one of the symptoms of abolitionism. My chin is long and sharp, and if it were not for my beautiful teeth, would proximate too close to the nose, but as long as I keep my teeth my whole features harmonize. My arm and hands are very long and slim. I let my nails grow and they are very sharp, but do not use them unnecessarily. My feet, which all ladies' men admire, are long and slim—unusually long and slim—and I wear No. 12s, gentlemen's size, but will not take any more leather to make my shoes than a lady who wears 4s or 5s, my feet being so narrow, and I know of nothing to compare them to that would give you any conception of their narrowness unless it would be a Republican's prejudice against the Democracy. I believe I have given a fair description of my person, and I am in hopes will induce W. W. C., without sending five dollars, to give me an introduction. And as a further inducement for him to do so, I will inform him that I begin to feel a strong penchant for the "American citizen of African descent," and I am afraid that the blackness which already appears at the roof of my mouth will extend over the entire system.

Kate.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, June 23, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

The consumption of wool in the United States during the past year has been unusually large, amounting in the aggregate to some 126,000,000 pounds. The quantity of raw material required for army supplies alone, during the past year, is estimated at 56,000,000, for the navy

1,000,000, for civilians' wear 65,000,000, and the amount required to replace cotton, formerly incorporated to a much greater extent in mixed fabrics, 10,000,000.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, June 23, 1863, p. 1, c. 7

[white letters on black background within label or card]

J. H. Thompson.

Practical

Plumber, Gas & Steam Fitter

[illustration of pump, chandelier and valve]

No. 28 Nth Adams St. Peoria, Ill.

Pumps, Bath Tubs, Showers, Wash Stands,
Water Closets, Rams, &c.

All Orders Promptly Attended to

[under card]

A Good Assortment of

Steam Gauges, Steam Whistles, Globe

Valves, Oil Cups, &c., &c.

Always on Hand:

A good supply of Deep Well Pumps, warranted not to freeze. A variety of Force Pumps.
The best assortment of Lamps west of New York.

Chandeliers,

Brackets,

Drop Lf. Pendants,

Globe Shades, &c.

Brass Work.

Having just erected and put in operation a Brass Foundry, I am prepared to execute all orders for work in Brass Castings and Finishing.

All orders promptly executed in good style and at fair prices.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, June 23, 1863, p. 3, c. 1

A young lady from the country being invited to a party, was told by her city cousin to fix up and put her best foot foremost, in order to catch a beau, "she looked so green in her country attire." The country lass looked comically into the face of her rather faded relative, and replied, "better green than withered."

Two women belonging to respectable uptown families in Buffalo, were detected at a place of amusement called the Melodeon in that city, last Saturday evening, clad in male attire. They had taken a back seat in the gallery for the purpose of escaping observation and detection; but the Chief was too sharp for them. After admonishing them in regard to their "unpretty" behavior, and on their promise to sin no more in this particular, they were allowed to go home.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, June 27, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

Hurrah for the
Fourth of July!
Fire Works.

I have on hand every variety of Fire Works, viz.—Crackers, Torpedoes, Bomb Shells, Roman Candles, Sky Rockets, Vertical Wheels, Serpents, Flying Pigeons, Triangles, and in fact every variety that are made, and will

Sell at as Low Prices

As can be bought in any market. Country Merchants in want of

Fire Works

Will find it to their advantage to call and examine prices. I am determined to sell at

Small Profits.
Revolvers.

The finest assortment of Revolvers to be found in Central Illinois, of all sizes, from the Navy and Holster arm, to the light and portable pocket weapon.

Remember the place, No. 7 North Adams Street, Peoria, Illinois.

N.B.—Just received a large supply of Photographic Albums, which I will sell low. Call and examine.

J. A. Bush.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, June 30, 1863, p. 4, c. 2

The St. Louis Excursion.
St. Louis and its Lions.
The Celestial Young Ladies try to Captivate a
Rich Bachelor--Kindly Act of a St. Louis
Gentleman--Homeward Bound--Mass Meet-
ing on the Packet.

Correspondence of the Peoria Morning Mail.

To "do" the lions of a large city in a short space of time that occurs between eight in the morning and four or five in the afternoon, is a thing impossible, and yet we presume but few pleasure seekers ever performed more in a given period. An early hour found a portion of the party promenading the beautiful grounds of camp Benton, formerly known as the St. Louis Fair Grounds. It is a lovely spot, nature having stamped it as among her choicest works, while the groupings of the noble forest trees with the picturesque locations of the numerous buildings add not a little to its manifold beauties. A large area outside the Fair Grounds proper, has been added to it and under the guidance of an officer every department of interest was visited. The extreme of neatness everywhere prevailed--not a speck of dirt was observable, and even the walks are daily swept of their superabundance of dust.

Another party of our excursionists visited that far-famed place known as Shaw's garden and pleasure grounds, which are situated a few miles from the city. The proprietor is a gentleman of education and refined taste, and spends his wealth freely in adorning his mansion and grounds. Tropical flowers and fruits here vie in beauty and taste with the productions of our own clime, and the rarest of plants are found growing in perfection. Beautiful paintings adorn his walls and statuary his walks, while the rustic elegance of nature's sylvan shade is in various ways closely imitated. Mr. Shaw is a batchelor [sic], but instead of being a recluse, takes great pleasure in entertaining visitors. We dare not write how the young ladies of the Celestial City endeavored to captivate him, for certainly the charms and graces which there shown, if not always observable at home, were certainly worth the exertion and stake played for.

We never visit St. Louis without spending an hour or two, if possible, in the museum, which contains the finest and most unique illustrations in natural history to be found on this continent. The collection of minerals, fossils, shells, &c., is very large, and weeks could be profitably spent by the student in their examination. This museum also boasts the greatest geological wonder in the world, a complete skeleton of that amphibious and carnivorous monster of the earlier period, called the Zeuglidon. It is *ninety-six* feet in length, and was found in Alabama in the year 1848, embedded in a limestone rock. It is the only specimen on exhibition, excepting one in the Royal Museum of Berlin, Prussia.

Time will not permit us to speak of a visit to the Exchange at the hour when merchants most do congregate--of the splendid collection of works of science and art in the Mercantile Library--of the gigantic proportions of the Lindell House, soon to be opened, which, for a hotel, eclipses anything of the kind in the world--of knees that were bent in climbing the magnificent dome of the Court House, which we trust are often bent for other purposes, or the many other objects of attraction which made quickly pass the fleeting hours.

The time for starting found all on board the good City of Pekin, where another splendid repast awaited the fatigued sight-seers. Here also another act of kindness and attention was warmly greeted by the ladies, which was no less than the donation by Wm. M. Harlow, music dealer in St. Louis, of a very fine piano for their use and amusement during the journey home. Unasked he had sent it on board requesting an acceptance of its use, and stating he would send for it on the return of the boat. Was no this a kindly act?

The weather was quite warm during the latter part of the trip, but not sufficiently so to interfere materially with the varied amusements of the day an evening. The minutes flew quickly by until the midnight supper hour, when all were generally very willing to seek repose soon after. It is well for the body as well as the mind, that such a season of continued pleasure is not often of long continuance, as it would soon unfit us for the realities of life. The largest share of the pleasures of the trip were in truth owing to the constant attention of Capt. Belt, Messrs. R. J. Whitley and Lew P. DeWitt, first and second clerks, while to the watchful care and skill of Messrs. Horace West and Chas. Becket, pilots, William Rendricks, Chief Engineer, and Jo. Keyke [?], Mate, may in a great measure be attributed our safe arrival home, and without resting for a length o time upon a sand bar during the present low water. To Putnam's quadrille band, consisting in part of Peorians, and which [section illegible at bottom of column] the state of the river, it was the morning of the Sabbath before the packet was enabled to reach the levee at Pekin. The bells were ringing the hour of worship and their notes seemed to welcome with joy their wanderers back to the loved circles of their own homes, and we doubt no many a thoughtful prayer was offered for the multiplied blessings received in the health and happiness so unusually

enjoyed, in the grand excursion of June, 1863, from Pekin to the Mound City.

Binks.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, June 30, 1863, p. 4, c. 3

Mass Meeting on Board the Steam
Packet City of Pekin--Great Enthusi-
asm--Resolutions of Thanks to the
Officers of the Boat.

Correspondence of the Peoria Mail.

On Saturday evening a mass meeting was held of the ladies and gentlemen composing the recent excursion party to St. Louis, on board the packet City of Pekin, for the purpose of expressing their gratitude to the officers of the boat, for the unremitting care and attention bestowed upon them during the entire trip. T. N. Gill, Esq., was chosen President and S. F. Hawley, Esq., Secretary. Committee on Resolutions--J. B. Cohrs, C. A. Roberts, and H. P. Finegan, Esquires. The following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The undersigned, citizens of Pekin, have lately visited the city of St. Louis, upon the new and elegant steamer "City of Pekin," and are desirous of expressing our sense of the agreeable and liberal manner in which we have been treated by the officers of the boat, therefore

Resolved, That the thanks of this company be, and are hereby presented to Capt. L. T. Belt, of the Illinois River packet city of Pekin, and to R. J. Whitledge, the accommodating clerk, with the other officers of the boat, for their uniform kindness, courtesy, and attention during the present exceedingly pleasant trip to St. Louis; leaving no want unfilled or wish ungratified, that could tend to the enjoyment and safety of any one of the large number under their charge.

Resolved, That the luxuries of earth, air, and water, so bountifully served up by Mr. George Wolf, are deserving of that high praise which we are now *too full* to utter, and that he richly merits the title of "Prince of Stewards."

Resolved, That the few days spent on the steamer City of Pekin have been a season of unalloyed pleasure, seldom equaled--that under her present management, we consider this boat the best and pleasantest in the passenger trade, and that she is fully entitled to the honorable *Belt* she now wears for being the *champion* packet of excursion parties.

Resolved, That the thanks of this company are also presented to Wm. M. Harlow, Esq., of St. Louis, for his kindness in presenting, unasked, the ladies of our party with the use of an excellent piano, and that for this and other acts of kindness we shall ever hold him in grateful remembrance.

Resolved, That the Secretary present a copy of these proceedings to the St. Louis, Peoria and Pekin newspapers for publication.

S. F. Hawley, Sec'y.

Steamer City of Pekin, }
Saturday evening, June 27. }

The following names are attached to the resolutions:

| | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| J. B. Cohrs, | Mrs. J. B. Cohrs, |
| C. A. Roberts, | " C. A. Roberts, |
| S. H. Thompson, | " S. H. Thompson, |

Col. E. S. McCook
H. G. Carey
H. P. Finnegan,
S. F. Hawley,
A. Foster,
W. A. Delaney,
T. C. Reeves,
T. N. Gill,
D. S. Stafford,
S. Burgess,
John Ridley,
A. Bradley,
F. Leterman, sen.,
F. Leterman, jr.,
J. B. Cartwright,
Capt. Clark,
John Proctor,
W. Oliver Fiske,
L. B. Greenleaf,
C. C. Cummings,
L. E. Crittenden,
R. W. Tinney,
W. E. Ketcham,
C. J. D. Rupert,
C. J. Bradley,
Lewis Beckwith,
S. A. Trowbridge,
C. R. Cummings,
S. T. Johnson,
Gus Cline,
L. B. Stout,
Wm. Saller,
L. C. Barday,
Fred. Maus,
"Binks,"
Miss Mary Reeves,
Miss Lutie Reeves,

" E. S. McCook,
" H. G. Carey,
" H. P. Finnegan,
" S. F. Hawley,
" A. Foster,
" W. A. Delaney,
" Wallace,
" W. D. Maus,
" Trumbull,
" Wildey,
" Tuttle,
" Bryant,
" Geo. Owens,
" Fish,
" Johnson,
" Robinson,
" Jno. Proctor,
" S. T. Courtland,
Miss Quimby,
" Mary Casey,
" Angie Mattlee,
" Sue Bradley,
" Lizzie Hatcher,
" Josie Payton,
" Lou S. Fiske,
" Maggie Burnett,
" Fannie Gill,
" Carrie R. Bailey,
" Sue Sevier,
" Anse Hamilton,
" Lizzie Waide,
" Liddie Hyers,
" Annie R. Cohrs,
" Fannie N. Finnegan,
" Florence Hawley,
" Alice F. Thompson,
" Emma R. Thompson.