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## Savannah [GA] Republican, 1863

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**SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN**  
**1863**

[Note: microfilm extremely difficult to read—faint, tiny, and often out of focus]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, January 8, 1863, p. 1, c. 6

Cotton Cards.—We have received a number of letters inquiring the price of cotton cards manufactured at the Penitentiary, and the chances of purchasing. In reply, we state that the machinery is running day and night which will soon be increased and that the cards (No. 10, the only size manufactured) are sold daily at six dollars per pair, to the widows of deceased soldiers, and to the wives now in the army; but that preference will be given to those persons who may bring sheep and goat skins, (raw or tanned) for which an exchange of cards will be made. Mr. Jones, the head machinist, has informed us that he is doing all in his power to supply the demand, in relation to which we design to make weekly reports for the benefit of all interested.—  
[Milledgeville Recorder.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, January 8, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

War and Love.

War and Love have various cares;  
War sheds blood and Love sheds tears;  
War has sword and Love has darts;  
War breaks heads and Love breaks hearts.

War makes foes, Love makes friends;  
War's soon over, Love never ends;  
War makes wrath, Love makes strife;  
War takes wealth and Love takes life.

War moves bold, Love moves sly;  
War makes us wrath, Love makes us cry,  
War's ruled by men, Love's ruled by the fair;  
War needs many soldiers, Love needs but a pair.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, January 10, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

The Outrages in Fredericksburg.—A letter in the Tribune, dated Fredericksburg, December 12<sup>th</sup>, says:

The old mansion of Douglas Gordon—perhaps the wealthiest citizen in the vicinity—is now used as the headquarters of Gen. Howard, but before he occupied it every room had been torn with shot, and then all the elegant furniture and works of art broken and smashed by the soldiers, who burst into the house after having driven the rebel sharpshooters from behind it. When I entered it early this morning, before its occupation by Gen. Howard, I found the soldiers of his five divisions divesting themselves with rich dresses found in the wardrobes; some had on bonnets of the fashion of last year, and were surveying themselves before mirrors, which, an hour or two afterwards, were pitched out of the window and smashed to pieces upon the pavement; others had elegant scarfs [sic] bound around their heads in the forms of turbans and

shawls around their waists.

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

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, January 10, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

An Account of Two Very Different  
Scenes—A Ball and an Execution.

A letter from Murfreesboro', Tenn., dated the 26<sup>th</sup> ult., gives an account of two scenes of camp life—a ball and an execution. The writer says:

On Christmas Eve the officers of the First Louisiana and Second Kentucky regiments gave a ball at the Court House in Murfreesboro', which proved a magnificent affair and complete success. The beauty and fashion of this little city and many distinguished officers were present. The decorations were exceedingly handsome. Among them I noticed four large "B's" constructed of evergreens: "Beauregard and Bragg, of La.;" "Buckner and Breckinridge, of Ky." Over the windows were the names, "Pensacola," "Donelson," "Shiloh," "Santa Rosa," and "Hartsville," all enwreathed with cedar. Conspicuous were numerous United States flags—Union down—trophies belonging to Gen. John H. Morgan, furnished for the occasion by his lady. New Year's Eve will be celebrated by another ball to be given by the officers of the 9<sup>th</sup> and 9<sup>th</sup> [sic] Kentucky regiments and Cobb's Battery. Truly the grim soldiers feel fond of laying aside their stern occupation for the smiles of fair ladies. I hope they may not experience another Waterloo; but instead, when begins the "sound of revelry by night," may the beauty and chivalry enjoy themselves without interruption from the cannon's opening roar.

In strong contrast with such scenes comes the announcement of five military executions in one day—one by hanging, the rest by shooting. The first was a spy, a traitor, and a thief, named Gray. The crime committed by the other four was desertion. It was my duty to witness the execution of one of the latter. As the brigade was being formed on three sides of a square, the clouds grew dark and heavy as if the very heavens frowned upon the bloody deed about to be enacted. The troops remained in one of the heaviest rain storms I ever remember, until the prisoner was brought in the centre of the square, riding in a wagon, followed by a hearse. After bidding a few friends adieu, he, with a firm step, without kneeling or being blindfolded, faced the firing party composed of one lieutenant, one sergeant, and fifteen men—twelve of the guns were loaded with balls and three with blank cartridges. At 12 o'clock Lieutenant B. gave the command "ready!" "aim!" "fire!" when the prisoner fell dead, pierced by eleven balls. Some of these men were arrested after an absence of six months. I would advise all deserters who may be skulking around the cities of the Confederacy, to return while Gen. Bragg offers them pardon.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, January 10, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

New Music.

Just Received:

"Stonewall" Jackson's Grand March	50c
President Davis' Inauguration March	75c
Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's March	75c
Beauregard's Manassas Quickstep	75c
Rock Me to Sleep, Mother	50c
Bonnie Blue Flag	50c

Copies sent by mail.

Schreiner & Oxenius.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, January 13, 1863, p. 1, c. 3-4

Fredericksburg, Dec. 27<sup>th</sup>, 1862.

Mr. Editor:-- . . . Our camps in many places were not struck because Gen. Lee was confident of the result. Therefore, the boys just left the lines where the foe had fled, and again the even tenor of camp life began as smoothly as ever. Again the buskin was resumed and Ethiopian tragedy and farce stalked across the stage. "What," you ask, "is't possible there is camp histrionics among the ragged rebels?" It is an existing reality. If you will come sometime and go with us to "Hood's Minstrels"—they show to-morrow night again—"Old Bob Ridley" will make your sides ache with fun. It is only a few hundred yards away just yonder in the woods. An enterprising number of young men from Gen. Hood's old Texas brigade formed a very fine company and have some very diverting amusement for camp. Their efforts to relieve the tediousness of the soldier's life has been kindly encouraged by the Generals, who are often seen mingling with the soldiers and laughing over the obsequious negro delineations. A few nights ago the Minstrels contributed by their performance over three hundred dollars to the sufferers in the city of Fredericksburg. Their fun has been turned to charity, and Humor made mistress of Philanthropy.

Christmas is with us, but she comes clad in the dark weeds of death—the land is wrapt [sic] in gloom—the grand Nativity in which all should give a free hand to fellowship and good will is welcomed with rivulets of blood—the shout of victor is mingled with the wail of sorrow for those who have bought it with their lives. Such is the decree of fate for our land, and the directing of an inscrutable [sic] Providence.

"Rise happy morn! rise Holy morn!

Draw forth the cheerful day from night,

Oh, Father, light the light

That shown when Hope was born."

Tout le Monde.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, January 16, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

A Yankee Love Letter.—The following specimen of Yankee literature was picked up on the battlefield, near Murfreesboro', by a Confederate soldier:

1000 eight hundred and 60 tew my Dear Thomas I embrace this oppertunity to let you knough as how I had a spell of aiger and I does hope these fue lines may find yew enjoying the same gods blessin why dont yew [illegible] a sweate line to tell suferin Kathrun all about her sweet Thomas, Oh my sweete Thomas my turtle dove my pidging, my dear Thomas how my pore sole is longing for to hear yer sweate voyce. I think I hear him singing jordan is a hard road to travel acs he come from his plow now Oh my deer Thomas cum home and lets get married so

no more at present but remane your lovin

Kathrun an T.

PS part sekkund James Blaslet has razed a fine house and [illegible] does live so snug she fits him sumtimes when he is a little antany over,, my sweate Thomas let us keape house and if yew love me I wont whip you indeed, nor I wont look at no boaddy else so I wont

Daddy says as how I must get married becaus I have run tue long already.  
so no more at present.

K. A. T.

PS part thurd, my pen is bad my inck is pale my luv to yew shall never fale for Thomas is my own true luv my piging duck and turtle duve so no more at present.

Ps. Noty Beany—mother is a most ded and Timothy says he dont keer for anything, so no more at present from yer lovin

K. A. T.

Noty Beny 2—I forget to say as how that are korn on my big toe dont hurt as it used to did so wonce more yer wife as it is to bee send 2 kisses and sez faree well yours till deth do us part. K. A. T.

final Ps. I has most forgot to tell that Jake has cum home from California, and is porrer than he went poor Jake he says as how California is all a hoax.

so no more at present from yer dotin

K. A. T.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, January 19, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

We learn that sweet Oranges sold at auction in this city on Saturday at \$25 per hundred—good, bad and indifferent.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, January 19, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

The editor of the Knoxville Register relates the following touching incident:

After the battle of Sharpsburg we passed over a line of railroad in Central Georgia. The disabled soldiers from Gen. Lee's army were returning to their homes. At every station the wives and daughters of the farmers came on the cars and distributed food and wines and bandages among the sick and wounded. We shall never forget how very like an angel was a pretty little girl; how blushing and modestly she went to a great rude, bearded soldier, who had carved a crutch from a rough plank to replace a lost leg; how this little girl asked him if he was hungry, and how he ate like a famished wolf. She asked if his wound was painful, and in a voice of soft, mellow accents, "Can I do nothing more for you? I am so sorry that you are so badly hurt; have you a little daughter, and won't she cry when she sees you?" The rude soldier's heart was touched, and tears of love and gratitude filled his eyes. He only answered: "I have three little children. God grant that they may be such angels as you." With an evident effort he repressed a desire to kiss the fair brow of the pretty little girl. He took her little hand between both his own, and bade her "good-bye, God bless you." This child will always be a better woman because of these lessons of practical godlike charity stamped ineffaceably upon her young heart.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, January 19, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

There was a scarcity of beef in the market on Saturday last, and prices, we learn, which started in the morning at 25c. per lb., suddenly rose to 40 cts. This may suit long purses, but the poor are not able to stand such figures.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, January 22, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

Near Fredericksburg, Jan. 12, 1863.

Editor Savannah Republican:

Now and then we try to steal a few moments and let you hear of us. "How is it," you will say, "that letters do not come oftener now that all is quiet along the Rappahannock." Well, to write in camp is a much greater task than one would imagine. Such thing as a retired spot in a volunteer camp is quite impossible to find, and one must have great powers of abstraction that can write with little to write about, and a Babel of voices that constantly hum around the camp fire. Yes, we are all still again; the triumphs of the west even have ceased to be discussed, and now the soldier reads the stars or the cold face of the moon as he paces to and fro on the sentinel post, or sits and chats by the cozy fireside of the winter hovel. Hardly two weeks ago Gen. Toombs' brigade was moved back to this place, ten miles distant from the lines, and ordered to make themselves at least temporarily comfortable, near Guiney Station, on the R. F. & P. R. R. Axes clamored in the forest, and the log huts rose like magic into little towns, and the little towns grew to busy thriving cities, as uncouth as one ever saw in Ethiopia. Most all of the "castles" have assumed the desired proportions, and a cozy nest of barons laugh, jest or sorrow over the scenes of the past, around quite a cheerful—however rude—fireside. Go into your warm beds or be cheerful, "old folks" at home; the soldier is not now so badly off after all. He has his straw bed at night under a good shelter, to which slumbers come as happy as to the prince's gorgeous couch, with now and then the brightest, loveliest dreams that ever attend poor mortality, or, by day, he enjoys beef and flour rations, [illegible] cum [illegible]. At times marvelous tales make the barons look grave, for they let loose the dormant images which fancy wreaths whenever the occasion is *apropos*, just to make the idle hours pleasant. There, perhaps, the oft told tale of the battle field is rehearsed, to speak of the virtues of some fallen comrade, who now rests, may be, where glory soothed him to sleep, or slumbers beneath the flowers a dear mother or a tender, affectionate sister has placed over him. Sometimes humorous tales bring forth the merriest peals of laughter, and the hours go lightly by. "Old Dred" makes us laugh in spite of ourselves—we call him *dred* for short; his name is Etheldred. "Boys," says he in his quaint sort of style, "I had a monstrous bully time down in Alabama wunst. You see I was sorter cortin down thar at old man Simpsons, and I tell you what he had just about as purty a female gal as I ever seen." Here Dred squirted some tobacco juice in the fire, rolled his quid round once or twice and continued. "The gal, I kinder believed, tuck to me, and one day, thinks I, I'll drap in and see what she'll say for hersel'; but drat me, do you think I could say any word? No, sir, jest sot there, and every time I thot I had somethin' to say, it seemed as how it would'nt do. Well, we sot thar, me sayin' nothin' to her, and she neither to me, till, thinks I, I'll tell her what a mighty good coon dog old Thunder was. Jest as I was bout to put in—and I do believe it would a sot as to courtin right way—in comes a little gal nigger, and says, says she: "Missus, dinner ready." Well, I tell you what, I was most politer that day than ever I was before or sence. I was powerful scared I'd done somethin' wrong before Miss Sary, and so I was powerful pertickerler. I tuck little bits o' mouthfuls, and chawd jest like I seed them perlite fellers do at the Perlaski House, when I was in Savannah wunst—did'nt open my murf, Capt., when I put in a chaw of somethin'. But I feeled mighty awkward, somehow or tuther, and I do believe I was skerder of that yer than I is of a bomb—I raly do. Sometimes the old lady, and sometimes the old man, would ax me somethin' and then I'd seem mighty nigh chokin trying to say yes or no to thar questions. Onst or twice I thot I saw Miss Sary a giglin arter me and then I sorter felt like I was reduced from my estimation. Then I skivird more diffikelty nor evir in trying to swoller before the gal. Bime-by the little nigger poked some ish taters at me, and bein mighty nigh cleaned out I tuck one or two of the smallest which war'nt more'n a mout-full a piece. They war all slicked over wid butter, and thinks I they

are just 'bout a mout-full. But just as I put in one, Miss Sary sorter snickered at somethin, and you think boys I did'nt swaller the tater whole. Well I did. It chocked me too, for it stop'd rite at my goozle and made me turn right black in the face.

"The old lady said *oh lordy*, and the old man riz and struck me sich a lick in the back till the tater jump'd clean-out again on the table. Now you just oughter heard Miss Sary laugh. Gentlemen I did lit [illegible] been back since. I tell you what I seen a heap of fun down in Alabam." Dred wound up his narrative by pulling at a fresh quid from a half plug which he drew from his breeches pockets and ejaculating, "Galls makes a man feel mighty curis somehow." His quaint style is the soul of humor, and he makes us laugh many a time that we would not. Therefore, when "the rain is never weary" or the dark and dreary days come of the rude old Winter, the soldier can laugh or be serious, joke with the jokers or let out in quick moments, the unfettered fancy that may go sweeping down the future to hunt up the bright pictures where Hope has promised when Peace smiles over our land once more. With the warm clothing which our untiring and ever affectionate mothers and sisters are constantly sending forward, the southern soldier may not be unhappy. Tis only the careless and imprudent who go about now in rags; all look warmly clad. This, we know, is most gratifying to the soldiers' friends at home. We think, however, it would be better now, if the Government would send such agents to buy this clothing from the mothers and fathers of the land, for this reason. If they continue to give, the supply will be exhausted finally, and Government manufactories cannot furnish the demand. But if each household is a manufactory, with means to purchase manufacturing articles, when one supply is exhausted, then no one need apprehend that the army will want good warm clothing in the future. Everything of this sort should be looked to, that we may ever be able to conduct this war until Northern fools are satisfied. . . . Tout-le-Monde.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, January 24 1863, p. 2, c. 3

Wanted Immediately  
Four Good Coat Makers  
and  
Two Good Pantaloon Makers,

To whom the following Prices will be paid:

Dress and Frock Coats	\$11.50
Business Coats	9.50
Business Sacks	8.00
Officers' Uniform Coats, from \$9.50 to	14.00
Pantaloon	2.50

Steady employment. Apply immediately at

James McCormick's,  
Wilmington, N. C.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, January 26, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

Handsome Donation.—Two ladies and gentlemen of Hamburg and Edgefield C. H., have presented Miss M. A. Buie a splendid service of silver, as a token of their appreciation of her patriotic and indefatigable labors in behalf of the Edgefield soldiers. The gift is a most appropriate one, honorable alike to the donors and fully appreciated by the worthy recipient. The

service consists of a tea set, cake basket, salt stands, spoons, forks, goblet and waiter, card case, powder box, egg cup, napkin rings, &c. They are splendid articles, with proper inscriptions, and will be highly valued by Miss Buie as a reminder of her efforts in a good cause and as mementoes of friendship.

[Augusta Chronicle & Sentinel.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, January 27, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

Here's another very pretty item, related by an officer:

A poor woman of Campbell county, Virginia, sent nine sons to the war in one company in the 42d regiment, one of whom was below conscript age. One of these has died of disease, another has been crippled by a wound, but the remaining seven are now "present for duty." Well, this mother of the Gracchi—said Gracchi being unable to go to see her—came to see them the other day. She is about sixty years of age, but walked to the post where her boys were on picket at the time, from Guiney's station, fifteen miles distant, in an incredibly short space of time. Do you wonder now at the performances of Jackson's foot cavalry, when they have such mothers? But to go on with the story: The accomplished officer now in command of the 42d having mentioned these facts to Gen. Jones, it was decided first, that the best ambulance in the brigade should convey her back to Guiney's whenever it should please her to return; and second, that she should dine with himself and staff. Hearing that the wife of one of the nine, as well as another woman, mother of three soldiers in the same regiment had accompanied the old lady, they too were invited. Dinner passed off very pleasantly. One of our guests (the mother of three) convinced us that we soldiers of the second war of independence, were much better off than those of the first, by telling us that she had often heard her father, who was a Revolutionary soldier, tell his boys that he didn't know nothing—that he had often waded through snow a foot deep in his bare shirt-tail!

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, January 28, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

Murders in Missouri.—The Jackson Crisis publishes the following statement on the authority of a gentleman direct from Missouri:

Col. Wm. R. Pennick, in command of a regiment of militia, not long since left St. Joseph with his troops in search of "bushwhackers," and having reached Clay county, arrested Chas. Pullins, who left Buchanan in company with Captain Gibson for the Southern army. Pullins was taken to Liberty, a mock trial was gone through with, and he was condemned to be hung. He offered to prove that he was a regularly enlisted Confederate soldier, but was denied the privilege, and accordingly hung. After hanging Pullins, Pennick proceeded two or three miles further and found two men sitting in a widow's door. He asked them if they knew of the whereabouts of any bushwhackers. Upon being answered in the negative, he proceeded a short distance when he was attacked and his regiment repulsed by men concealed in the brush. Pennick immediately returned to the widow's house, hung the two men he had seen there and burned the widow's house. Crossing the river into Jackson county, nominally in search of Quantrel, some of his men arrested a boy who was taking clothes to Quantrel's command. They went to the house of the boy's mother, who was a widow, seized and hung both her and her son. This man, Pennick, disgraces the position of Grand Master of the Masonic fraternity in Missouri.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, January 28, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

English Breakfast  
Tea.

500 lbs., at \$7 per pound, put up in one pound packages.

James Doyly,  
cor. Whitaker and Bay streets.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, January 31, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Athenaeum.  
Fun, Farce, Frolic and Foibles.  
Monday Evening, Feb. 2d, 1863,  
First Night of  
Mago Del Mage,  
The Celebrated Southern  
Wizard & Magician.

Presenting a grand display of Skill and Dexterity [illegible] with Mesmerism.  
For full particulars see small bills.

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

H. H. Kayton, Jr.  
Business Manager.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, February 4, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

The little children of New Orleans, who have inherited southern feelings and southern antipathies have been accustomed to sing the "Bonnie Blue Flag" and to cheer for Jeff Davis, when Yankee troops are passing. To suppress such demonstrations, Banks has issued a formal military order, announcing that he will hold the parents of such children for such offenses responsible to the highest military penalties.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, February 4, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

Something to Eat.—Our market has been very barren for the last few days, and what is offered is held at such prices as to make the contemplation a perfect torture. Corn meal four dollars a bushel; corned pork fifty cents a pound; turkeys five to eight dollars a pair, and other things—when there is any on hand—in proportion. From sharks, speculators, extortioners, and other vermin and wild beasts, good Lord deliver us.—[Raleigh Progress.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, February 4, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Maccaboy, Scotch and French Rappee  
Snuff,

At wholesale and retail, by

F. K. Lee & Co.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, February 6, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

To Prevent Pitting by the Small Pox.—Mr. Solon Robinson, in a communication in the

Plough, Loom and Anvil, recommends the following to prevent pitting by the small pox:

Get from the apothecary a little vial of stuff called liquid cuticle, and as soon as the postules [sic] are fully formed, apply a little of the liquid with a little brush or feather to each one. As fast as they get ripe, remove the scab and wipe away the matter clean, and apply the liquid again. If any one of them fill a second time, you must remove the covering and repeat the process. It will smart like fun for a moment, but, my word for it, when you recover you shall not find a mark upon that pretty face of yours to prove you ever had the disease. I am told the article is made of gun cotton, dissolved in chloroform. It forms an artificial skin over a wound just as good as the real one.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, February 6, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

The following is a sailor's description of a dance:

Haven't had any fun with the land lubbers till Thursday night at a dance. When I arrived in the cabin I found them under headway of a Spanish dance. Took my station in line with Suke Tucker—fell backed and filled, then shot ahead two fathoms—banked up to the starboard tack to let another craft pass, and then came stern on another sail—spoke her, and then bore round against the sun and fell in with another sail in full chase. Passed twenty sail on same course, and when half way across to the other shore, dropped astern, fell back—could'nt [sic] fill, so let go anchor, and hauled up for repairs.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, February 6, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

The leaves of the China tree, if plentifully strewed among woolen garments when packed away for the summer, are a complete defense from moths. They are also the best preventive of worms in dried fruit.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, February 6, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

#### Band of Music Wanted.

The 46<sup>th</sup> Regiment Georgia Volunteers encamped at White Point Garden in the City of Charleston, will pay from \$500 to \$1,000 cash per month, for a fine Band of Music. Address, immediately,

Col. P. H. Colquitt,  
Charleston, S. C.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, February 6, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

Athenaeum.  
Tremendous Success!  
Thursday Evening, Feb. 5<sup>th</sup>, 1863,  
Fourth Night of  
Mago Del Mage,  
The Celebrated Southern  
Wizard & Magician.  
Magic, Mirth and Mystery.

Presenting a grand display of Skill and Dexterity, together with Mesmerism.

A Grand Entertainment on Saturday for ladies and children, at 2½ o'clock, P. M. Doors open at 2 o'clock.

Admission to Dress Circle and Parquette, \$1; Family Circle, 50 cents; Colored Gallery, 25 cents.

For full particulars see small bills.

Doors open at 7 o'clock; Performance to commence at 7½ o'clock precisely.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, February 9, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

The Camp Itch—A Remedy Therefor.—A gentleman who has had much experience in the treatment of that loathsome disease, the itch, furnishes the following recipe for its cure:

For the benefit of our soldiers suffering with camp itch, if you think proper you may publish the following: Take iodide of potassium 60 grains, lard 2 ounces, mix well, and after washing the body well with warm soap suds, rub the ointment over the person three times a week. In seven or eight days the Acarus, or itch insect, will be destroyed. In this recipe the horrible effects of the old sulphur [sic] ointment are obviated.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, February 9, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Among the curiosities lately added to the Museum, is a mosquito's skull, containing the souls of twenty-four extortioners and the fortunes of twelve printers—nearly half full.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, February 9, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

Snuff, Snuff.  
Tobacco, Tobacco.

The undersigned have on hand 1,000 boxes of Manufactured Tobacco, from the lowest to the finest grades and will continue to manufacture throughout the summer. Also, a large amount of superior Smoking Tobacco, and also Manufacturers of an excellent quality of Snuff. Persons wishing to deal or speculate in any or all of the above, will do well to give us a call at an early day. Facilities for transportation are good. Our establishment is located twenty-six miles east of Hillsboro', N. C., twenty miles from N. C. Central Railroad. Address

J. L. Jones & Brother,  
Tally Ho, N. C.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, February 14, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Knitting Machines.—The Columbus Sun says that Mr. Keith, of that city, has a knitting machine in operation, which lays the nimble fingers of our fair ones completely in the back ground. Mr. K. has three of these machines, and is preparing to put them in operation when he will be able to turn out several dozen pairs of hose each day.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, February 14, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

A Liberal Inducement.—Mr. Waldron, the enterprising manager of the Thespian Family, offers \$300 for the best three act Drama, founded on the events of the war, and \$200 for the second best.

Home for Invalid Ladies.  
Correspondence.

Augusta, Feb. 5, 1863.

Ladies: The Convention of gentlemen connected with the daily press of the South, now in session in this city, have listened with lively interest to your eloquent appeal in behalf of a Home for Invalid Ladies of the South; and believing they can subserve your benevolent purpose in no other way more effectually, have instructed me to preface that beautiful paper with assurances of co-operation and sympathy, and to begin at once a series of publications which will give it a circulation almost co-extensive with the limits of the Confederacy. At the same time they direct me to assure you of their readiness to contribute to your noble work of benevolence in any other manner which may seem likely to be effective.

The Convention would mostly heartily, gratefully and proudly endorse a thousand fold more than you claim for our noble Southern women. They have made themselves illustrious. They will stand peerless in history—the brightest exemplars, in all time, of courage in daring and suffering—of faith, constancy and self-sacrificing patriotism and benevolence. Our pathway to independence has been watered by their tears, hallowed by their prayers, and consecrated by their unremitting toils. Men have faltered and fallen, but women never. Not an instance is yet on record, since the dawning of the revolution, where in danger and suffering have subdued the spirit of a Southern woman. Every vile tool and minion of Northern despotism in the South has borne testimony to their unconquerable courage and fidelity; and never yet has Northern oppression been able to tighten the grasp so closely upon the Southern heroine's heart, and to shut it against our suffering defenders.

In all the most terrible extremities of public distress, the southern woman has but shone more brightly from the very ordeal. In camp, in the hospital, at the wayside of the weary march, or the still more weary homeward pilgrimage of the wounded soldier—wherever there was a fight to be done, to feed, to clothe, to relieve, to cheer and to comfort—there the achievements of our noble women are recorded in the hearts of their countrymen. Nor do we forget that among the cities which have signalized themselves for the activity of their women in the service of their country, your enterprising Atlanta occupies a conspicuous position.

Accept, then, Ladies, our sincere wishes that in this new and additional scheme of your active benevolence, you may meet with a degree of success which shall gladden your kindly hearts.

In behalf of the Convention,

Jos. Clisby, President.

To Mrs. J. N. Simmons,  
" M. Louise Rogers.

Atlanta, Ga., Feb. 2, 1863.

To the Members of the Editorial Corps, convened at Augusta, Feb. 4<sup>th</sup>, 1863.

Gentlemen—We hope to be pardoned for intruding upon this intelligent body the subject that will be submitted, and which is, perhaps, already partly known to some of its members; but believing that among the most enlightened men of the country woman ought to find her most appreciative friends, we feel confident they will "hear me for my cause."

No true patriot but wishes to see the South independent in all internal resources, politically, morally and physically; and woman, with her timid intellect, and heart only strong in affection, need not tell these men of varied information and political scholarship, that our beloved country, the cradled home of Liberty, to be altogether independent must have internal resources adequate to our corresponding wants. As in very many other things, the South has been almost entirely dependent upon the North for personal attendance upon our invalid ladies whose situation and means made it convenient for them to visit some Northern State for medical advice, and remain in one of their institutions for women thus afflicted. But just before the beginning of the present war, the lady writers of the South volunteered to assist Dr. T. S. Powell, of Atlanta in erecting a "Home for Invalid Ladies" at the South in that city—a "Home" upon so commodious, elegant and efficient plan as to make it no longer necessary that our suffering women should be dependent for relief upon any foreign aid. Atlanta was chosen as being easy of access—for its cold, sparkling water, pure mountain breezes, and other healthful accessories; but, as the name indicates, the institution is designed for all suffering women, from the mountains of Virginia to the flowery plains of Florida, or the fertile shores of the Rio Grande. Dr. Powell has already purchased the site of the building, and will commence at once making improvements upon the grounds. So soon as the material can be procured he will erect the building, the cost of which will be defrayed from his own private means, aided by the future sale of the book of varied and elegant literature, contributed for the purpose by the lady writers of the South, and the manuscript of which is now in Dr. Powell's possession. We ask no assistance for the erection of the building; but the women of the South for the sake of their own sex and the delightful consciousness of "doing good," with what assistance they can get from our true and noble men, wish to *furnish* by donations the Home with apparatus, instruments, and all necessary appliances requisite for such an institution. This donation fund, in the hands of the Finance Committee of Ladies, will be presented to Dr. Powell to make these purchases in Europe; and though we make it a present to him, he, with a noble and benevolent spirit, pledges himself to return this fund in gratuitous medical attendance upon any indigent suffering woman of respectability who may apply to him after the "Home" is in successful operation.—And if Dr. Powell should die, he also pledges himself to *bequeath* these purchases to his successor, that he who succeeds him may continue this charity practice among those indigent invalid women.

It is thus seen that Dr. Powell asks nothing for himself; but, as we before intimated, the women of the South, now that an opportunity is offered in this way, are anxious to do this much to relieve the sufferings of their sex, and thus, in some degree, refute the imputation that woman does not feel a sufficient interest in the welfare of her own representatives; and pardon us for saying here, that Southern women are proud to know that now, if never before, they are looked upon by their protectors as something more than gilded butterflies of fashion and pleasure, and that when "the first grand epic of the South" is written [illegible] those of the gallant men who have so bravely borne the colors of the Confederate armies.

But though this benevolent and patriotic enterprise has so far met the cordial approbation and sympathy of the ladies, and our distinguished physicians, statesmen, scholars and others, who are aware that for us to succeed we must have the co-operation and support of the editorial gentlemen of the South. With their assistance, the ladies are confident they cannot fail to accomplish what they desire. Then, can we not hope, gentlemen of the press, that if this enterprise meets with your approval, you will assist us in any way in your power, as your judgment may deem suitable and best, and continue to do so until our plan is perfected and successfully executed?

We have called upon the ladies throughout the Confederacy to aid us; by sending one dollar each, as a contribution to the fund for furnishing the "Home," and if all who are able to contribute this very small amount, will do so at once, and send it to any of these gentlemen who may suggest this through their respective journals, or to the Committee of Finance at Atlanta, we can soon have the amount sufficient for the desired purpose; and we are confident there are very many ladies who will readily contribute this much if the suggestion is only made to them by the intelligent gentlemen of the press.

We do not think the war ought to materially interfere with the prosecution of this enterprise; but, on the contrary, believe there can be no more fitting time to display the energy, talent, benevolent spirit and enterprise of the South in every department that tends to our national and social advancement. We need the Institution now, and even if not now, we will, soon after the war is over, and its value will but be enhanced by the knowledge that its walls rose upon the soil of a land invaded by tyrannical foes, and trembling with the shock of contending armies. We know that it is through the refining influence of man's intellect that woman is the most justly appreciated, and we know that woman's suffering—her feeble form, pale cheeks and sunken eyes—mute, but eloquent pleaders for relief—cannot fail to move your compassion. Then, while we will be very grateful for any assistance, again we are confident that we cannot fail to accomplish what we wish towards the completion of this enterprise for the relief of our sex, if the editorial gentlemen of the South will only resolve that we shall succeed. Any of them who are disposed to favor us in this, if they will let us have their address, through Major Steele, we will then send them a package of circulars, so that they may be made fully acquainted with the plan previous to bringing it before the public. Very respectfully,

Mrs. J. N. Simmons,  
Chairman Finance Committee.

M. Louise Rogers, Cor. Secretary.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, February 14, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Deer Skins.

300 Dressed Deer Skins, for sale by

W. B. Adams.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, February 14, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Ground Nuts.

100 Bushels for sale by

Crane & Graybill.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, February 14, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Confederate  
Segar [sic] Manufactory.

5 Cases Killickinick Tobacco  
1,000 Segars [sic] (old crop Tobacco)  
20 boxes Soap (English)  
For sale wholesale and retail by

A. Ponce, Agent.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, February 14, 1863, p. 2, c. 6

Bugler Wanted.

Sixty Dollars per month will be paid for a good Bugler, clothing and rations furnished. Apply at this office.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, February 18, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

Complimentary to the Ladies of the South.—The annexed resolution was unanimously passed by the South Carolina Legislature at its late session. The unwearied exertions of the ladies of the South have been a wonderful encourager to the men of the South, and the efforts expended by them to ameliorate the sufferings of the soldiers, have infused new life and vigor into all our armies. Heaven bless our country women! They deserve the legislative record to their patriotism:

Whereas, The women of the South have contributed to the prosecution of our present struggle for independence all the aid and comfort their gentle but heroic hearts could devise, as well by the encouragement of their applause as by the manifold products of their skill and industry:

And whereas, the soldiers of the South, ever brave and patriotic, have been doubly fired to the discharge of their duties by the lovely charities and devoted sympathies of these patriotic sisters in a common cause.

Therefore, be it Resolved unanimously, That this General Assembly hereby testifies its admiring appreciation of their services, and warmly accord to them the praise of having contributed largely to the rapid progress of our country's deliverance from the threatened vengeance of a foe who seeks to desolate the homes of which they are the ornament and pride.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, February 18, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Proclamation of General Beauregard to Non-Combatants.

Charleston, Feb. 17.—The following proclamation from Gen. Beauregard will appear in the papers of to-morrow:

Headq'rs Dep't S. C., Ga., and Fla., }  
Charleston, S. C., Feb. 18, 1863. }

It has become my solemn duty to inform the authorities and citizens of Charleston and Savannah that the movements of the enemy's fleet indicates an early land and naval attack on one or both of these cities; and to urge that all persons unable to take an active part in the struggle shall retire. It is hoped, however, that this temporary separation of some of you from your homes will be made without alarm or undue haste—thus showing that the only feeling which animates you in the hour of supreme trial is the regret of being unable to participate in the defence [sic] of

your homes, your altars, and the graves of your kindred.

Carolínians and Georgians! The hour is at hand to prove your devotion to your country's cause. Let all able-bodied men, from the seaboard to the mountains, rush to arms. Be not too exacting in the choice of weapons. Pikes and scythes will do for exterminating your enemies—spades and shovels for protecting your friends. To arms! fellow-citizens. Come to share with us our dangers, our brilliant success, or our glorious death.

(Signed)

G. T. Beauregard,  
General Commanding.

The final preparations for the expected attack are being rapidly perfected. Our troops and people are calm and confident.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, February 18, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

The Order to Non-Combatants.—We invite the attention of our citizens to the order of General Beauregard requesting all non-combatants to leave the city. It will be found on the first page of this paper. The injunction that quiet and good order be observed in seeking a place of safety, is important, and all should keep it in view. There is no just cause of excitement, much less of panic, and we hope to see all who can, depart quietly with the consoling reflection that those whom they leave behind will do all in human power to save their homes from the desolation of the invader and enable them soon to return to their peaceable enjoyment.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, February 18, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

#### New Music.

Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still	50c
I See Her Still in My Dreams	50c
Maiden's Prayer (Instrumental)	75c
Juanita, (Song)	50c
Let me Kiss him for his Mother	50c
"Stonewall" Jackson's March	50c

Schreiner & Oxenius,  
107 Bryan and 94 St. Julian streets.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, February 20, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

A Battle Worn Flag.—The Adjutant of the 6<sup>th</sup> [?] Louisiana Regiment has left at this office the battle flag of that gallant corps. It is truly an eloquent memorial of glory. Its folds are in tatters, ripped and torn by a thousand bullets, through which they always floated victoriously. It has been through the battles of Middletown, Winchester, Strasburg, Port Republic, Cross Keys, Gaines' Mill, Malvern Hill, Cedar Mountain, Bristow, Manassas, Chantilly, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Shepherdstown and Fredericksburg.

There have been two color sergeants killed while bearing it; a third color sergeant and nine corporals of the color guard have been killed and wounded. The [illegible] T. T. Hays [?] The regiment has lost [illegible] commissioned officers killed and sixteen wounded, and is now commanded by Col. Wm. Mon[illegible], who was previously taken prisoner at [illegible]burg, and wounded at Chantilly. It has suffered heavily in the loss of men, but, as its ribboned flag and well earned reputation will attest, it has not suffered ingloriously nor in vain.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, February 21, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

Marrying by Telegraph.—On the 6<sup>th</sup> of February, a marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. Wm. Carr, chaplain of the 4<sup>th</sup> regiment N. Y. S. V., under rather novel circumstances, the clergyman and bridegroom being in the city of Washington, and the bride in the village of Fulton, Oswego county, N. Y., during the ceremony. The bridegroom is a member of the 4<sup>th</sup> regiment, and circumstances prevented his being in Fulton to fulfill his engagement with the young lady. By mail, the parties agreed to have a ceremony performed through the medium of the electric telegraph. The Oswego Times says:

The day and hour having been arranged, the parties repaired to the telegraph office at the respective stations, the fair bride accompanied by a female friend as bridesmaid. The gentlemanly operator at Fulton officiated as bridesman. The first despatch [sic] over the wire relating to the affair was from Washington, inquiring if the lady was present? An answer in the affirmative was returned, and the ceremony proceeded. Three messages were sent to Fulton and two transmitted to Washington, and the ceremony was completed. The last message from Washington was the declaration of the clergyman pronouncing the parties man and wife.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, February 21, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

Among the trophies of war displayed in the Virginia State Library, is a white silken banner, captured from a Philadelphia Turn Verein Regiment, on one side of which is the motto, "Gut Heil." The translation of these words is said to be "Good Luck," but the majority of visitors give them a phonetic signification, readily believing that the regiment to which the banner belonged "got hell" on the occasion of the capture."

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, February 21, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

#### The Review.

We seldom see so grand a military display as that which came off on the common south of the city yesterday. It was confined to the infantry and cavalry branches of the service and was witnessed by an immense concourse of citizens of both sexes. The day was fine, and from the number of ladies who honored the occasion with their presence, one would conclude either that they had very little apprehension of an attack or are not afraid to meet the Yankees in arms.

The troops commenced gathering at an early hour and attracted much attention as they passed through the city from their various encampments. Those who were present and counted the companies may form some idea of the number of each force; should the enemy desire information on the point they can readily obtain it by landing and seeing for themselves. Their long lines stretched from east to west, and glittering bayonets and sabres [sic], inspired confidence in the bosoms of all. All felt reassured, and a common sentiment of confidence seemed to pervade the vast multitude of spectators.

The Review commenced at 12 o'clock and lasted about two hours. General Beauregard, accompanied by Brigadier General Mercer and their respective staffs, looked every inch a soldier and seemed greatly pleased with the condition and spirit of the troops. The exercises closed with a skirmish drill of the sharp Shooters, and a charge of the immense column of cavalry, both of which elicited the admiration of all the military men present. The former, especially, was excellent. Every movement was executed with the greatest promptness and precision, showing remarkable proficiency in that peculiar and important branch of the service.

About 2 o'clock General Beauregard returned to the city, and the troops repaired to their respective camps.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, February 21, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

A Handsome Affair.—Quite a spirited and *recherche* entertainment was got up last night by the lady guests at the Pulaski House, as a compliment to our distinguished leader, General Beauregard, and Staff. At 9 o'clock a number [illegible] attired made their appearance in the Ladies' Parlor, where they were soon joined by their illustrious guest and a number of officers in dazzling uniforms, together with a few others from the walks of civil life. A fine band was in attendance, and an hour or more was spent in social converse and the merry dance. The General moved about among the "pretty faces and costly laces" with as much coolness and ease as if he were among the sterner duties of the battle field, and seemed to partake fully of the spirit of the occasion, whilst all appeared anxious to do honor to the hero of Charleston and Manassas.

The dance being over, the company repaired to the dining saloon, where, at the instance of the ladies, mine host of the Pulaski had spread for the entertainment of their guests a sumptuous repast, which, though almost *impromptu*, was got up in a style which the landlords of that establishment so well understand when the occasion requires it.

At a late hour the company broke up, apparently well pleased with the dance, the supper, each other, and all the world, and especially with their distinguished guest, who proved that he had gallantry for other fields than those of blood.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, February 21, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

London Illustrated News.—Among the visitors now in our city, we are pleased to mention the name of Mr. F. Vizately, the intelligent Pen and Pencil Correspondent of the above well-known and popular periodical, who is now journeying through the Confederacy with the view of acquainting himself of the leading points of military interest, the character of our people and institutions, and the general aspects of the revolution. Some of his letters have recrossed the Atlantic and found their way into southern journals, and whilst they are read for their general interest and the intelligent view of men and things, the friendly sentiments expressed for our struggling cause give him a claim to the hearty welcome and our kind consideration. He is stopping at the Pulaski House.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, February 21, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Sword Presentation.—On Wednesday evening last the officers and men of the Fourth Battalion Louisiana Volunteers presented Lieut. Col. McEnery with a magnificent sword. The presentation was made on dress parade, by Serg't J. K. Penny, of Co. E, in a brief and appropriate address, and was a complete surprise to the Colonel. On accepting the compliment, Col. McE. replied in a feeling manner. Altogether, the affair passed off most happily.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, February 24, 1863, 2, c. 1

Mr. Editor. I observe that you recommend that the ladies and children shall leave the city at once, for the very good reason that in the event of all waiting to go at the last moment, some must be left. Mr. Adams, the Superintendent of the Central Railroad, advertises to the same effect. And General Beauregard in his very eloquent appeal to the citizens of the State, urges upon the families of Savannah to go to a place of security until the attack is over.

Yet, notwithstanding these exhortations to the ladies to leave at once, none of them go.

This delay may be and probably is owing, in a great measure, to a report which has been freely circulated, to the effect that Gen. Beauregard informed the ladies present at one of the entertainments recently prevalent at the Pulaski House, that he was glad to see so many ladies remaining in the city, notwithstanding the threatening attitude of the enemy; and that there was no danger whatever in their remaining, for Savannah can never be taken, that his proclamation was not intended for Savannah, but for Charleston, which is even now at the mercy of the enemy.

I, for one, Mr. Editor, do not believe that Gen. Beauregard ever uttered these words. I suppose he complimented the ladies on their bravery and said some polite things, but it is very unlike that gallant and sagacious chief to publish a proclamation and then destroy its effect by privately stating that he did not mean what he said.

And yet that report is current, and implicitly believed in by many families. Do you believe it? Can you not authoritatively endorse or correct it?

Common Sense.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 4, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

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

These are now being manufactured into extracts, tinctures and other articles indispensable for hospital use. Many other medicines are being manufactured besides those made from domestic plants, and all with a very great saving to the government. Tannin, a very scarce article and worth in the market \$8 per ounce, is produced at this depot at the cost of \$12 per pound. Chloroform, an article of prime necessity in surgery, is made for \$4 per pound, the market price being \$20. Sweet spirits of nitre [sic], an article much used in the army, and exceedingly scarce, and bringing in the market \$6 per pound, is made here at less than ninety cents per pound.

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

Such examples of official industry and tact are worthy of public mention and high praise. If every administrative army officer had labored as faithfully to save the Government money, it would make a difference of millions upon millions in the footing up of the Confederate National debt.—Advertiser & Register.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 4, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

The Petersburg Shot Tower has proved a decided success. For weeks past shot of the most beautiful character have been dropped, and the proprietors have now on hand, and for sale, a quantity sufficient to supply all demands, from No. 2 upwards. In form and finish these shot approach the perfection of the celebrated Baltimore shot.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 4, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

We are requested to state that old linen and cotton rags for bandages are wanted by the Medical Purveyor. All persons having such will leave them at the drug store of W. W. Lincoln, corner of Bull and Congress streets.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 4, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

#### 200 Tailoresses

Wanted Immediately, to work at my store. None but experienced Coat and Pants Makers need apply.

H. Haym,  
176 Bron\_hion street.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 5, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Southern Women.—On the occasion of the recent departure of women for the South, from Washington, some remarkable developments took place. A Yankee correspondent says:

One lady 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 overshoes, and a pair of the longest legged cavalry boots, with double soles, studded with good spikes, heels tapped with shoes of iron, and tops splendidly ornamented with an abundance of patch work of waxed ends on a ground work of patent leather.

"How about these, Madam?" said the officer, as he quietly 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 lost 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 somebody in the Confederate army, or they may have been an intended Christmas present for Gen. Stuart. These secesh women do such things.

[Richmond Dispatch.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 5, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Tyranny in Tennessee.—The most infamous order, which has yet fallen from the pen of an Federal officer, has been issued by tacit consent in Middle Tennessee. The order reads simply to the effect that there shall be no further cultivation of the soil in that section. All farming implements are to be seized, all farmers found in a field are to be arrested and all crops destroyed. It is not enough to insult the weak and the old; it is not enough to degrade the true and loyal; it is not enough to light a march of invasion with the burning homes of the defenceless [sic]; nor is it, in the eyes of these desperate men, enough to fill their pockets, whilst they glut their revenge with the wages of personal corruption. A deeper—blacker—more damning sin than these, lies yet before them—the disturbance of the soil which God has bidden to grow. Next to the invasion of the churchyard, no crimes has yet equalled [sic] this. We speak advisedly. Our information is obtained from a source neither to be doubted nor questioned. The Federals are doing this—have done it and are doing it. Plowmen have been torn from their share, and even women are prohibited from sowing grain.

Columbia, Tenn., Feb. 27, 1863.

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

The "Chevalier" and a tribute to Gen. Sidney Johnston, original compositions by Lt. Col. Hawkins, were admirably read by that gentleman and greeted with much applause. The ladies who participated in the concert, were all dressed in most admirable taste, and indeed with no little extravagance, and made the first display of feminine apparel and attire we have seen in the South since the commencement of hostilities. Perhaps it is due to ladies still further South, to say that these fair belles of Columbia have been enabled to dress better and more tastily than their less fortunate sisters further Southward, from the fact that they have been able during the Yankee occupation of their country, to select such articles of dress and *virtu* as others were unable to procure on account of the blockade.

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

While speaking of Southern institutions and Southern ladies, I must claim pardon for the greatest oversight in having failed ere this to chronicle the action of one of our most self-sacrificing Southern daughters. This is Miss Harriet Foster, of Florence, Ala. When it was learned that a bloody struggle, resulting disastrously to Southern harms, had taken place at Corinth, and that the Confederate army had been compelled to retire, leaving bleeding and lacerated thousands to the mercies and cares of the enemy, a pall was thrown over the country; thousands were paralyzed with pale faced fear. But one of these was Miss Hattie, then safely esconced [sic] in her comfortable home at Florence, and secure from all danger. Gathering together, in a few hours' time, bandages, lint, and a few medical supplies and articles of comfort

for the suffering—scarcely caring for her own wearing apparel—she resolutely set out for the scene of blood, war and excruciating suffering. Reaching Iuka, she found that a hospital for the wounded Southrons had been established there, and procuring hastily a boarding house, she at once made her appearance at the hospital, tendered her services as nurse, spent the long, long, weary hours of the Summer days among the maimed and wounded soldiers, far away from the care of friends and home, tending to their every want and care, and alleviating the sufferings and trials of the many. There were those present who *mechanically* attended and waited upon the unfortunate as a part of their duty, but Miss Hattie was not one of these. She proved herself a ministering angel through those long, trying days and tiresome night watches, and brought home to the soldiers that they had indeed amongst them a Florence Nightengale. By her constant presence, always breathing hope and comfort, many a poor fellow had recollections of the loved ones at home brought to his mind, and formed a resolve that he *would live* for them, and buoyed up through her gentle influence, he has gained hope and strength and finally health. For three long months this ministering angel absented herself from her home of comfort and luxuriant ease, and dwelt among strangers, to afford her aid to those poor fellows far away from the scenes of their nativity and adoption, lying bleeding and mangled in the hospitals of the enemy. Let the land re-echo with the praises of this noble pattern of Southern woman; let every soldier bless her who has aided and watched hour after hour, day after day, week after week, aye, month after month, by the side of his suffering comrades in arms, and let thanks and blessings in the shape of prayers be offered up from the lips of the mothers, wives, sweethearts and sisters of our dauntless Southern soldiers for their benefactress and ministering angel, Miss Hattie Foster.

N'Importe.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 5, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

Richmond, Feb. 22d, 1863.

. . . By dark the snow ceased to fall entirely. We soon had huge log heaps, and once more were tolerably comfortable. Lieutenants Williamson and Heard, of the Eighth Regiment, called upon me, and among other items of interest, told me how they effected an exchange of papers with the Yankees at Fredericksburg. They constructed a little boat about two feet long, loaded her with tobacco and Richmond papers, and taking her some distance above, adjusted the sails and started her across. In large letters, the names "Alabama—Captain Semmes," were painted upon her. As soon as she landed, one of the Yankees proposed to destroy her, with a stalwart Irishman stepped forward and said, "No, faith and be jabers, if she's the "Alabama," we'll parole her and turn her loose!" Loading her with coffee and a New York Herald, he started her back to his side, which she safely reached after a half hour's sailing.

Although the weather was cold, the ground white with snow, I slept very well upon two logs by the fire, without blankets. A drizzling rain set in Wednesday morning, and continued the blessed day and night. It was a most disagreeable day. The mud was deeper, the clothes and blankets of the men were thoroughly wet, and the confusion in the regiments was more complete than ever. Order could not be preserved. Every man marched for himself, irrespective of rank or company. At about 2 p.m. we halted in a marshy woodland, where the undergrowth was thick, but the trees were very large and scattering. It was simply impossible to render our position at all tolerable. I directed my company to burn rails, and report the number, to be paid for, and gave all permission to get into houses, if they could. I fared sumptuously at a Mr. Terrell's, a mile from camp, where I got a good supper and breakfast, and slept in a "big, fat" feather bed. I could hardly realize that I was a soldier!

On the following day the roads were even worse, if possible, by reason of the recent rains. We waded a creek which was half-leg deep. The water covered a large bottom which was washed full of holes, rendering foot-hold so uncertain that even our Adjutant's horse fell with him, throwing him over his horse's head upon his all-fours, causing the Adjutant to take an unsolicited and rather chilly bath! We reached Hanover Junction by 1 or 2 o'clock, and bivouacked in a pine thicket. The sun set clear, and after dark the stars shone brightly, the new moon adding to the general good cheer by appearing in a cloudless sky. Here we drew hard bread, bacon and sugar. The latter we made up into syrup. The former we eat without any preparation. . . .

On Saturday we marched through Richmond. Gen. Toombs' appeared upon a colonnade, and was most enthusiastically cheered by the brigade as it passed him. He has a hold upon the affections of his old brigade which time nor adversity can shake. We crossed the James on Mayo's Bridge, and passed two miles beyond Manchester. We bivouacked in a low marshy flat, where we could get nothing but green pines and sweet gums to burn. It commenced snowing heavily at dark, and this morning the ground was covered a foot deep. Having neither tents nor blankets, I sat up all night, and the fire melting the snow as it fell upon me, my overcoat was thoroughly wet. Nearly every man was buried in snow. It was really amusing to see them rise from their snow beds, where they slept soundly enough. . . . V.A.S.P.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 5, 1863, p. 1, c. 6

#### Wool for the Soldiers

The General Committee of Savannah, for the relief of our soldiers in Virginia, are in want of a large amount of WOOL, to be woven into CLOTH for our soldiers. The subscriber, Chairman of the Manufacturing Committee, invites those who have Wool for sale to give him the preference over purchasers for speculators, and to send their Wool to him as soon as possible, for which he will pay the market price.

Donations in Wool or Yarns for weaving into Cloth for the soldiers, will also be duly acknowledged.

Joseph Lippman,  
Chairman Manufacturing Committee.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 5, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

A Good Move.—We find the following among the advertisements of the Richmond Enquirer:

*Telegraphic Notice*—The Telegraphic Companies have determined to afford to all disabled or discharged soldiers, and youths properly recommended who may desire it, the opportunity to acquaint themselves with the art of Telegraphing, with a view to give them positions as operators upon the lines as occasion may require their services.

For this purpose extra instruments will be put up at offices most convenient to the applicant, and instruction will be furnished without charge.

For further particulars apply to Mr. Geo. W. Rady, Division Superintendent, or to myself, at Richmond, Va.

J. R. Dowell,  
General Superintendent.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 5, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

A rich reward in money and fame awaits the inventor who discovers a new source and mode of supplying paper. Cannot some ingenious citizen establish a paper mill for the use of corn shucks or other material that can be found in abundance?

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 5, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

The Man Who Won't Pay the Printer.—A country editor, who works for glory and prints on trust, is responsible for the following anathematical aspirations on the man who won't pay the printer:

May he have sore eyes, and a chestnut burr for an eye stone. May every day of his life be more despotic than the Day of Algiers. May he never be permitted to kiss a handsome woman. May his boots leak, his gun hang fire, and his fishing lines break. May his coffee be sweetened with flies, and his soup seasoned with spiders. May his friend run with his wife and his children take the hooping cough. May his cattle die of murrain, and his pigs destroy his garden. May a regiment of cats caterwaul under his window every night. May his cows give sour milk and rancid butter. In short, may his daughter marry a one-eyed editor, and his business go to ruin, and he go to-----the Legislature.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 5, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Encouraging—The following lines are in circulation among our exchanges, and contain food for reflection to those of our lady readers who began to wonder why "nobody comes to woo:"

"There never was a goose so gray,  
But some day, soon or late,  
An honest gander came that way  
And took her to his mate."

Don't despair, girls—the war will be brought to an end one of these days, and the gallant fellows who are fighting the Abolitionists and hard crackers will come to claim their bounty. Every girl is entitled to a husband, and if she fails to get one it is because there is none worth her having; otherwise he would come "up to the scratch," and pop the question. We never see an "old maid," as they are scandalously called, without thinking that some man has neglected his duty.

Girls to the right of us,  
Girls to the left of us,  
Girls to the front of us,  
Waiting and wondering.

But under the rules of society, it is

"Theirs not to question why,  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs but to wait and sigh—  
Some young man has blundered."

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 7, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

Outrages in Rutherford, Tenn.—No people in Tennessee are more loyal than those of the county of Rutherford, and they are now paying severely for their staunch adherence to the Confederacy even in the presence of Federal bayonets. Their property is being destroyed, their

houses pillaged and burned, their churches desecrated, their slaves carried off, and every imaginable indignity offered to the citizens, regardless of age and sex.

We understand that the Yankees have not left a fence standing within a circuit of five miles around Murfreesboro', and that fires are of nightly occurrences.

The destruction of the fine residence of Judge Ridly, with his library, papers and furniture has already been noted. But we have recently had information of an outrage of a still more gross a character. A few nights since a party of Federal soldiers under charge of an officer visited the house of Isaac Jatung in Rutherford, violently seized his person, and taking him into his own yard cruelly and shamefully whipped him on the naked back. His wife and daughters appeared upon the porch and attempted to remonstrate with the soldiers, when they fired a volley at these innocent ladies.

We can scarcely believe that it is possible for Gen. Rosecrans to order those atrocities, but he certainly countenances them, and should be held strictly accountable.—[Shelbyville Banner.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 7, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Savannah, March 6, 1863.

Mr. Editor:--In your issue of the 6<sup>th</sup> inst., I find an article signed "A Soldier," to which I think a reply is necessary.

The writer very properly says that in times of trial like these which now press upon us "we should humble ourselves in the very dust of humility and seek the protection and assistance of Almighty God." He then asks, "Where are the Reverend Clergy?" As one of the body of Clergy I answer, "At their posts, doing the very things which this soldier calls upon them to do, and exhorting their people to follow their examples." For the information of "A Soldier," and others in the camps who may desire to unite in humiliation and prayer, I subjoin a list of the services which are held in this city, so far as I know their arrangements.

Prayer every morning (Sundays excepted) at 7 o'clock a.m., at St. John's Church.

Prayer every afternoon (Sundays excepted) at 4½ p.m., at St. Paul's Church.

Prayer on Wednesdays and Fridays at 11 a.m., at Christ Church.

Union Prayer Meeting Society, Wednesday afternoons at 4 p.m., at the Independent Presbyterian Lecture Room.

Lecture at the Independent Presbyterian Lecture Room every Monday evening at 7½.

Besides these, I have not doubt that there are weekly services at the Baptist and Methodist Churches, of which I am not informed.

In answer to the enquiry, "Where are the people of God," I answer that many of them are present every day at these various meetings, offering earnest supplications for their city and their country, and especially for the soldiers.

One of the Clergy.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 7, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Wanted.

Some of our hospitals are much in want of red pepper, sage, cotton strips for bandages, and other articles useful to the sick or wounded. Let those who have any of these articles send them to the Republican Office without delay for distribution among the needy.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 7, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

Savannah Wayside Home  
(Late the Pavilion Hotel.)  
Under the Direction of the Georgia  
Relief Hospital Association,

Is now open, in charge of the Ladies of Savannah, for the accommodation of Soldiers, when passing through the city. An ambulance will be in attendance on the arrival of the railway trains.

All Soldiers, whether Georgians or not, traveling on furlough, either home or to camp, are welcome to the care and comforts of this Wayside Home.

Donations, in money or provisions are solicited from the patriotic and benevolent.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 9, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

The Provision Question in Richmond.—A Richmond correspondent of the Charleston Courier, writing on the 3d, says:

The food question is alarming to persons of limited exchequer. Family flour is quoted today at \$30 per barrel. No kind of fresh meat can be obtained for less than a dollar a pound, and some of the butchers have closed their stalls from inability to purchase stock. Butter will be up to \$3 before the close of the week; indeed, twenty firkins were sold at auction this morning at \$2.62. The "leading" hotels now charge \$7 per day, furnishing in return a meagre [sic] bill of fare; and proprietors of private boarding houses are trying to mimic the hotels.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 10, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Worse and Worse.—Not less than fourteen of the largest boarding houses in Richmond have closed their doors the present week to table boarders, on account of the scarcity and unprecedented high prices of all the necessaries of life, and more will follow their example soon.

At the large hotels the price of board and lodging per diem is six dollars, and if prices continue to advance in the same ratio in the future as they have in the past, boarding will advance to ten dollars per day.

Richmond Examiner 6<sup>th</sup>.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 10, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

Charleston, March 6.

. . . Our southern railways are beginning to feel the wear and tear of the war to an extent that must give rise to serious apprehensions for the future. The locomotives and rolling stock, as well as the rails on many of the roads, are fast wearing out, and but little effort is being made in any quarter to replace them. So far has this deterioration proceeded, that it has been found necessary to adopt a new schedule on the lines between Richmond and Montgomery, the object of which is to reduce the rate of speed and allow more time for the trains to make connections. The change, while it lessens the speed and increases the time, will render the connections more certain, and thereby really expedite both travel and the mails.

You will remember that the attention of railway companies and the government was called to this subject, nearly a year ago, in one of my letters from the West. The evil has been allowed to continue, however, and now the roads are barely able to do the transportation of the government. What will be their condition a year hence? Iron bars and iron locomotives, like

human hearts and muscles, will wear out in the course of time. If something be not done soon the enemy, whose means of transportation are abundant both by land and water, will have greatly the advantage of us in the rapid movement of troops.

The roads in Georgia have not been so heavily vexed as those in other States, and are therefore in comparatively good condition. In this, as in her freedom from invasion, the State has been singularly fortunate. The Charleston and Savannah road, and the Charleston and Northeastern road, were just completed when the war broke out, and with certain lateral lines in other States, are in good condition; but with these exceptions, the condition of the railroads in the Confederate States is of a character to excite the serious concern, and call for prompt action, both of the government and the people.

If some other plan should not be adopted, it may become necessary for the companies owning the lines chiefly used by the government, to buy the iron, locomotives and cars on the branch roads, in order to repair their tracks and keep up their rolling stock. The government itself may intervene, and require the parties to come into such an arrangement. . . .

P.W.A.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 10, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

#### Information as to Christian Effort in Savannah.

Mr. Editor: A communication in your paper signed "A Soldier," implies a want of information. "One of the Clergy," in the paper of this morning, gives the appointments in the Episcopal Churches, and says "I have no doubt that there are weekly services at the Baptist and Methodist Churches, of which I am not informed."

He is correct in his suppositions. In the Baptist Church there are, beside the regular Sabbath services, a prayer meeting on Tuesday afternoon, and a lecture on Thursday evening at 7¾ o'clock. At all our meetings soldiers are ever welcome.

Then, the Board of Baptist Missions have two missionaries here, whose whole time is devoted to the religious interests of the soldiers, Rev. D. G. Daniell, long and well known in Georgia as a pastor and agent, and recently a chaplain of the 29<sup>th</sup> Regiment, and Rev. A. D. Cohen, formerly a pastor at Newbern, N. C., but driven from his home by the enemy, and recently a chaplain in the Army of the Potomac. These ministers of experience, intelligence and unquestioned piety, devote their time to preaching in the camp and hospitals, and distributing tracts, hymn books and Testaments. They have circulated thousands and tens of thousands of pages of printed truth. The tracts are free from all sectarianism. They also circulate all the religious papers they can get of an evangelical character.

Then, the Rev. J. H. Campbell, for thirty years an efficient Baptist preacher, is acting as army evangelist, and sustained by voluntary contributions from the citizens of Georgia.—Surely then, this is something for the cause of religion in this day of trials. And yet this is but the work of one denomination represented in the city.

To the soldiers, the labors of these men and the religious reading are gratuitous. We wish we could do more; but we do not desire that it should be supposed by any that we are doing nothing.

For more than two years, during the whole war, all the religious denominations of the city, who were willing to unite, *have met every week to pray for the country*. This meeting is held on Wednesday afternoon. Never has there been one week of the war which has not been

thus whitened in Savannah by this concert of special prayer. These meetings are conducted in rotation by the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Baptist pastors. The soldiers may rest assured that we shall not forsake our altars, nor cease to cry to God for blessings on them and our country.

God grant that our soldiers may be pervaded by the spirit of God! May they [illegible] the sin which is a reproach to any people, and seek that righteousness which exalteth a nation.

In the language of Dr. Palmer, we feel that as ministers of the Gospel, we can carry our country's cause before God, and leave it under the shadow of his throne.

March 7, 1863.

S. Landrum.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 17, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

Richmond, Va., March 10, 1863.

. . . It is a source of regret that we have no room to pay our compliment to the stay-home-boys. We intended to extol the ingenuity of some of that class in this letter—the ways and means resorted to, for resisting the polite requests of conscript and enrolling officers to "fall in." May be we can at some other time. Boys, we don't intend to neglect you, but excuse us this time.

Why, Miss D---, did you ask us if we would accept those socks? Gracious me! let me tell you. We had on hand a small piece of candle (was'nt [sic] saving it for "draw" by-the-by) say inch and a half long, which we on reception of them, immediately "combusticated" and having donned [sic?] said socks, elevated our feet *otium cum dignatate* on the tent pole and eyed the same with the utmost satisfaction for exactly (by town time) three-fourths of an hour. Then we took them off and put 'em away to keep till peace and low quartered shoes come again. Will it ever pass from our memory, that checked shirt which was home made? Never. How delightful to have something that reminds us of our noble mothers and sisters at home, whose busy hand are showing contempt on every Yankee fabric. We almost hate a man now who wears broadcloth, because he reminds one of that most dispicable [sic] race on earth—Yankees.

Our homespun is a sign of plenty and independence in the land, and that the dainty hand of fashion is not restraining our developing resources.

In our last we were speaking plainly of those single fair ones who encouraged their "lovyers" in staying at home, and mentioned casually that Anna Prucilla was no such, and that "devil" perhaps of yours had it "not sick." Such intelligence is extremely gratifying, but we didn't write it. We meant that she was a superior young "oman," who had hastened "Yours Respectfully" forward with kind and patriotic speeches, declaring she'd cry if we fell and plant flowers over our resting place, and we went—we *had* to go.

Tout-le-Monde.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 17, 1863, p. 1, c. 3-4

[From the Jackson Appeal.]  
Federal Rule in New Orleans.

Jackson, March 9, 1863.

So much curiosity is shown in Mississippi for any details, however trivial, of Yankee misrule and Butler's course in New Orleans, that a few desultory remarks and anecdotes from an eye witness, may prove acceptable to your readers.

A Richmond editor says that the departure of Gen. Butler in safety was a disgrace to every citizen in New Orleans. This sanguinary man cannot have reflected that New Orleans is

the gathering point for the runaway negroes from the whole interior and the gulf coast, and that there were 15,000 of New England's choicest thieves in and around the city, restrained only by the relentless severity of a commander who would allow no other hand to share the spoil. Butler's assassination would have been the signal for the incendiary and the pillager; and 30,000 of the loveliest, true-hearted, and most helpless of God's creation would have been at the mercy of a horde more barbarous and loathsome than the Huns and Goths and vandals of the lower empire.

Gen. Butler wore a coat of mail, which was clearly discernible under his clothes, and extended to his hips. In his office two revolvers lay continually on his desk, which he often handled, to impress or intimidate. Until after the entire population had been disarmed, he never appeared on the streets except in a carriage, with three orderly sergeants, and surrounded by a troop of horsemen, all armed to the teeth. As he lay stretched back on the cushions, his glances were as cruel, restless and suspicious as a tiger cat's. His behavior was full of ostentation and bravado. His manners showed him to have been bred in a vulgar station, and no glitter of authority could impress the beholder that he was aught but a *parvenu* and a pretender.

A silk banner was presented last November, by the colored people, to a negro regiment stationed on the Gentilly road, in the rear of the city. Every dray, furniture car, wagon and other conveyance, was employed from early morning to carry down crowds of jubilant Ethiopians of both sexes to the camp. Songs in honor of John Brown, Massa Butler and Uncle Abe rung upon the air from the throats of those who used so melodiously to swell the boatmen's chorus upon the Mississippi steamers. In the evening General Butler, with his numerous and splendid staff, rode down to officiate at the presentation. He made a long and incendiary speech, urging the black to redeem themselves from the taunts of their masters that they would never stand the smell of powder and the gleam of bayonets. Col. Stafford, commanding the regiment, replied in extravagant terms; but the only thing he said worth mentioning was, that one negro, as a soldier, was, any day, worth five white men. He, doubtless, deduced his comparison from himself and his fellow soldiers, and was therefore justified in his assertion. This Stafford, before the war, was a New York detective. He is a blackguard, and of the Bowery—an Israelite from his linements [sic], and "mine ancient" to the magnanimous Butler. The lamented Duncan once spurned him like a dog, but he slunk away and reported to Butler, who "approved his course" in not resenting the insult.

Another of Butler's pets is "Colonel" Jonas H. French, whilom provost marshal general of Louisiana, but degraded by Banks to be a police officer in New Orleans—a place which he accepted rather than join the army at Baton Rouge. In the first named office this man committed unparalleled extortions and outrages. Although entitled to nothing but his pay as a captain on staff, his profits were from one to two thousand dollars per day. When Banks arrived to supersede Butler, he directed his staff officers to make inquiries in a quiet way among the citizens, and was soon convinced that the stories about French were less than exaggerated. The "colonel," who is by trade a soap pedlar [sic], and is a showy looking fellow, is the leader of the Yankee *ton*. Banks' advent caused great excitement among the official thieves; the "colonel" remarked to a crowd of them who came to advise with him, "By G—gentleman, this thing has gone too far. I hear that my name even, has been mixed up in it." During Butler's reign French had three carriages, with a span of bloods for each, four buggies, and several saddle horses. He is now reduced to locomotion.

Every fine residence in New Orleans is occupied by Yankees. The house of Mr. Surget on Rampart street, has been the headquarters of Brigadier-General Arnold, who, while laboring

under a surfeit of Mr. Surget's wines, had the city cars passing in front, to travel at a snail's pace, that all might know that his highness was ailing. The paintings and furniture have all been sent away, and the cellar emptied. Lacock's house, close by, is the barracks of the 12<sup>th</sup> Maine. Mr. J. P. Harrison's is now inhabited by Banks and his family, and Sheppard Brown's by Governor Shepley. A beautiful house on Prytania street, above Jackson street, was taken by some officers of the line, who, on being called to the field, left their paramours in possession, and the house is now a common brothel. George Eustis', Judge Rost's, and scores of other private dwellings have undergone the same pollution. Butler seized the house of Dr. Campbell for his family, appropriated the sumptuous furniture and plate, and had a lieutenant and two privates sent to Fort Jackson with ball and chain for two years for stealing two of his silver spoons, marked with Dr. Campbell's initials.

A poor Irish woman, far advanced in pregnancy, was heard by one of Butler's innumerable spies to say that the priest had told her under no circumstances to take the oath. She was dragged before the general, who flew into one of his paroxysms [sic], heaped upon her the foulest epithets, and directed an orderly to confine her in a dark room, on bread and water, until she divulged the name of her reverend adviser. This she refused to do, and she was probably released by Banks.

The most disgusting and characteristic act of the Hyena's career (more revolting even than his causing the tomb of Gen. Albert Sydney Johnston to be burst open, and his coffin searched for gold and silver) was the affair of Mrs. Phillips. This lady is the wife of a gentleman in Alabama, who was formerly M. C. from that State, and law-partner of the Hon. Reverdy Johnson. She was standing on her balcony adjoining, when the funeral of a lieutenant, killed whilst marauding near Baton Rouge, passed along the street. Being observed by an officer to smile at some remark, she was forthwith reported to the commander-in-chief, who had her arrested and brought before him on the charge of indecently rejoicing at the Yankee's death. He offered the alternative of the oath and a public apology, or unlimited solitary confinement at Ship Island. She refused the apology and the perjury, and was subsequently sent down to the island.

About the same time a man named Kellar, who keeps an old book store, labelled [sic] the skull of a Mexican, which had been left in pawn by a medical student, with the word "Chicahominy," and placed it in his show window. For this grave offense he, also, was condemned to Ship Island, and the general order published on the subject stated that he should "be allowed no communication verbal or otherwise, with any person on the island, except with Mrs. Phillips." Keller, who is a many of family, was induced to believe this was the notorious Matilda Phillips, a wealthy courtesan, as well known in New York, Boston and San Francisco, as in New Orleans, begged this part of the order to be rescinded. Accordingly another general order was promulgated, abrogating "so much of general order No. \_\_ as authorized the said Keller to hold communication with Mrs. Phillips." Such was General Butler's subterfuge striking at the good name of a virtuous wife and good mother to relieve himself of the odium attached to his unmanly conduct.

"Are there no bolts in heaven, save what serve for the thunder?"

Another general order was published, advising the negroes that whenever a slave reported his or her master or mistress for having weapons concealed about their dwellings, and the weapons were found as reported, the slave should be liberated directly and the owner incarcerated. The result has been, in instances without number, that the slaves have thrown old muskets, sabres [sic], or pistols into obscure corners with their own hands, given the information, been freed, and their innocent masters are now suffering on the dreary sands of Ship Island, with

ball and chain, hard labor, and salt-horse rations. The testimony of a slave is received without comment or objection. The indignant remonstrance of a Confederate is cut short with "Silence, sir! the oath of a traitor and a rebel is not worth that of a loyal black."

Will Confederate soldiers believe that on the 20<sup>th</sup> of February, 1863, the day on which the last cartel of exchange left New Orleans, a company of infantry was ordered to charge, and discharge with fixed bayonets, on the thousands of women and children who thronged to see us off? Two women were wounded by the gallant New Englanders—one of them seriously—but many a brave girl seized the bayonet with one feeble arm and fearlessly stood her ground, whilst with the other she wafted us her blessings and adieus. This command was given by a ferocious looking Hessian Major, who spoke broken English, and subsequently sent for a battery of light artillery to complete the work of desperation by trampling the refractory "she-adders" under the horses' hoofs. The 20<sup>th</sup> of February was a glorious day for secession in New Orleans. Gen. Banks must have been amazed and delighted at the display of "Union sentiment" among her citizens. It showed him that, after sending her thousands and her tens of thousands of brave men to fight in our holy cause, her women, undaunted by the power of the unscrupulous oppressor, and scorning the luxury and wealth which needed but the worthless "oath" to be thrown at their feet, were still as zealous and constant in their hour of trial and distress, as when the fields of Manassas and Bull run bore the fresh footprints of the routed Yankees.

All the late reinforcements to Gen. Butler are Hessians or Prussians. They are strangers to the English tongue, and the commands are given in broad Dutch. The men are generally good looking, and evidently recruits and deserters from the Hesse Dutchies, Netherlands, Prussia and other German States. They have been recruited with baits of cotton farms in working order in Texas, and the spoils of Southern homesteads. How startling will prove their real welcome when "these whiskered pandours and these fierce hussars" shall meet the grim rangers of the Texian prairies.

Permit the writer to ask, can the gorilla raise 300,000 men more in his dominions to carry on this war? No, sir! After recruiting his exhausted regiments from the negro slaves, and scouring continental Europe for mercenaries to so little purpose, the moment he endeavors to enforce his conscription measures an intestine struggle will spring up more (an immediately) fatal to its vitality than secession.

There is great disaffection among the soldiers and sailors in Louisiana. A gunboat lieutenant told the writer that three hundred Massachusetts soldiers had been sent to New Orleans from Ship Island for mutiny and beating the blacks, and that one hundred and thirty resignations had occurred among the officers of the flotilla (his own among them), but had been refused, and the parties classed as deserters. He said the cause was Lincoln's proclamation. *Credat Judaeus Apella non ego*. It was the retributive fate of the Harriet Lane and the Hatteras, and the frowning batteries at Vicksburg and Port Hudson which cooled their warlike ardor. Let our heroes yet a little while breast the tide of invasion as they have breasted it during the past two years, and Uncle Abraham himself will sympathize with the South in a few months.

The 26<sup>th</sup> and 27<sup>th</sup> Massachusetts are disaffected, and threaten to lay down their arms when called into the field, and the sailors of the Hartford, the Pensacola, and the gunboats are arrested in scores for vociferating through the streets that they "won't fight for the bloody nager."

If the negroes have not usurped more privileges, or committed greater outrages in New Orleans, it is not for lack of encouragement from the Yankee officers. It is due to their conscious inferiority which, as in the beasts of the field, forces them to cower and quail beneath the reproachful and threatening eye of the white man. They are still unaware of their prerogative

[sic] in lower Louisiana.

If this pleases you, I may write again.

J.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 17, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

Useful as Well as Ornamental.—We noticed, while passing on Saturday morning last the residence of Capt. L. M. Coxetter, in Pitt street, (the patriotic citizen, the fearless privateer, and now the courageous commander of the fine steamer Havelock,) that he has recently placed on the portico of his domicil [sic] two small and very pretty brass guns. Their neat and tastily arranged carriages, together with the beautiful polish of the guns, certainly present a fine appearance.—Char. Courier.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 17, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Laying of the Corner Stone and Dedication of a New Catholic House of Worship.—For several years the Catholic community of Savannah needed additional church facilities. Under the care of the late Right Rev. Francis Xavier Gartland, First Bishop, the Church of St. John the Baptist on Drayton street, was enlarged, yet there continued a necessity for an additional building. The Right Rev. John Barry, Second Bishop, used every exertion on his part to procure a suitable place, but he was called away from earth before he could consummate his desire. The present, and Third Bishop of Savannah, the Right Rev. Augustin Verot, in July last purchased the commodious brick building on the southeast corner of Liberty and West Broad sts., and after some alterations and improvements he has succeeded in making it convenient and suitable for the purposes designed—a house of worship.

At ten o'clock this morning the solemn services of laying the corner stone and dedication of the building to the worship of Almighty God will take place at the Church. At half-past nine o'clock the procession will form at the Church of St. John the Baptist, on Drayton street, and move to the new Church in the following order:

The Cross-bearer, in surplice.

The young ladies of the Congregation, under the charge of the Sisters of Mercy.

The boys of the Sunday School, carrying flags of different colors, and preceded by their banner.

The Crozier-bearer, Sanctuary boys and Acolytes.

The Right Reverend Bishop and Clergy, in surplices.

The members of the Congregation of St. John the Baptist and citizens generally.

The corner stone will be laid in the sill of the front entrance door, on Liberty street. The sill bears the following description:

THIS BUILDING WAS CONSECRATED INTO A  
CHURCH, BY A SOLEMN BENEDICTION,  
MARCH 17<sup>TH</sup>, 1863.

-----  
MAMMONAE EREPTUM DEO DICATUM SUB INVOATIONE SANCTI PATRII.  
-----

Translation.—"Taken from Mammon, dedicated to God under the invocation of Saint Patrick."

After the conclusion of the services a collection will be taken in aid of the funds of the

Church. The benevolent and liberal of all congregations are invited to witness the solemn services.

Persons having any foreign coins, medallions, continental currency, or contributions that they may desire to have placed in the corner stone will please deliver them to the Bishop, or any of the clergy, before the procession leaves the Church of St. John the Baptist.

The name of the building will be decided by a vote of the congregation present. It is generally understood, however, that it will be called "St. Patrick's Church."

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 17, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

Will Open This Day,  
One Bale  
Navy Blue Flannel  
For  
Gentlemen's Shirts.  
For Sale by  
DeWitt & Morgan.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 17, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

Theatre.  
A. Waldron, - - Lessee & Manager.  
Tuesday Evening, March 17  
Opening night of the  
Thespian Family, or Queen Sisters,  
and  
Palmetto Band,

when will be presented an entirely new and original Military Operetta, written and composed by Prof. J. H. Hewitt, entitled,

The Vivandiere,

With other Entertainments as will be expressed in the bills of the day.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 17, 1863, p. 4

To Mothers of Boys  
from  
13 to 16 Years Old.  
Special Notice!

George S. Nichols & Son, being compelled to close their Clothing Business, have on hand the following Summer Goods, which they will sell at less than half what such goods can be made for now:

12 Black Cloth Frock Coats

150 Fancy Check and Brown Linen Frocks and Sacks  
18 Black Merino and Drap d'Ete Frocks  
15 White Linen Frock Coats  
36 White Irish Linen and Duck Round Jackets  
18 Brown and Check Linen do  
30 pair White Linen Drill Pantaloons  
75 White, Buff and Fancy Marseilles Vests  
N.B.—All of the above are for boys 13 to 16 years old.  
Those in want will do well to call soon, at the old stand.

Gibbons' Building.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, p. 1, c. 2

[From the Richmond Whig.]  
A Model Hospital—Mr. Wigfall's Bill.

To the Editor of the Whig:

Mr. Wigfall has introduced a bill in the Senate, which, if passed into a law, will probably work a revolution in the present benificent [sic] Hospital system established by Congress.—What is that system? Perhaps some account of the operations of one of the Richmond hospitals would furnish a better illustration of the system than any outline I could give. To that end, let us select General Hospital No. 4, where your correspondent has had an opportunity, in the course of a somewhat protracted illness, to investigate the present system.

General Hospital No. 4 is located in a pleasant part of the city, not far from the Capitol, and was opened in June of last year. Soon after the battles in front of Richmond, its management was confided to the Care of Dr. James B. Read, of Savannah, an accomplished gentleman and an experienced physician and surgeon. Dr. Read is assisted by a corps of assistant surgeons, one of whom is assigned to each of the wards into which the hospital is divided. . . .

The distinguishing feature of the present system, however, is the introduction of females into the hospitals as matrons and nurses. It is now well established that the mortality in those establishments where women have been employed is much less than in those where only men have been engaged. My stay in Hospital No. 4 brought me in contact with only three of the matrons—there is one to each ward—and, therefore, I can only speak of the manner in which these three performed their duties. It is due to the women of the Confederate States, who have done so much to support our cause, that the names of these ladies be given. They are Mrs. Lewis [illegible], Mrs. William Grant, both of Richmond, and Mrs. James B. Read, wife of the surgeon in charge.

Mrs. Webb is chief matron, and as such she exercises general care and supervision over the domestic economy of the entire establishment. This lady is gifted with a talent for administration which I have never known surpassed by any woman, and which is equal to the demands of any station to which a female can be called in this country. The whole domestic machinery of this large establishment is kept in regular and healthful operation. Nothing escapes her watchful eye. Not a particle of dirt or filth is suffered to accumulate in any part of the building or premises, and no employee is permitted to neglect his or her duty. The rooms, halls, and passage ways are kept as clean as any private house in Richmond, whilst every possible attention is given to the sick that the most tender solicitude can suggest.

Mrs. Grant has charge of one of the wards, where she exercises the same beneficent authority that the chief matron does over the whole establishment, and where she has mitigated the sufferings of many a sick and weary soldier by her kind and cheerful ministrations. She and Mrs. Webb have been engaged in the good work from the beginning, and were the first, with two other ladies, to open a private hospital in Richmond.

To Mrs. Read is confided the superintendence of another ward, and the additional duty of looking after the linen of the entire hospital, and the clothing of all the patients and the employees—a duty which gives full scope to her energy and industry. One has only to glance at her ward, or the bedding of the establishment, to be convinced of the manner in which she discharges her multifarious duties. Another matron (Mrs. Lear,) has charge of the cookroom. The cooking in this model hospital is equal to that we find in most private families. All the bread is baked on the premises, and is excellent, and the meals are served with a regularity and cleanliness that is truly inviting to the war-worn invalid.

These noble women occupy the highest social position, and were reared as tenderly as the most delicate lady in the land; yet they have voluntarily abandoned their pleasant homes, and labor day after day, in rain and sunshine, in winter and summer, in the holy cause of caring for their country's sick and wounded defenders. They read the Bible to such as desire to hear its word of heavenly comfort; they encourage the faint and despondent, gently restrain the impatient and imprudent, and kindly find time amid all their labors to write letters for such as are too feeble to write themselves. It is to them, too the dying soldier whispers his last message of affection to his absent mother or anxious wife. Who shall say these angels of charity are not doing a good work! a work equal in its beneficent results to that performed by the best officer in the field. . . . A.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 20, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

Artemus Ward's Toast—Woman.—Tu yure sex, commonly kawled the phair sex, we are indebted for our bornin as well as many other blessins in these lo grownns of sorrow. Sum poor sperreted fools blame youre sex for the difficulty in the garden; but I know men are a deseetful set, and when the apples had bekum plum ripe, I have no dowt but Adam would have rigged a cyder press, and like as not went onto a big bust and been driv off onaware.—Yure 1<sup>st</sup> muther was a lady, and her dawters is ditto, and nun but a triflin kuss will say a word agin you. Hopin that no waive of trubble may ever ride across yure peacfurl brests, I konklude these remars with the following centyment:

Woman—She is a good egg.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 20, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

The Richest Man in Louisiana.—A correspondent of the Boston Post, portraying the utter disruption of society in New Orleans, says:

There are none of the leaders of fashion here. The ladies who moulded [sic] society have moved into the Confederacy—their husbands and sons—"in the ranks of death you will find them." Many merchants, to be sure, have sat out the rebellion with folded arms, waiting patiently for the solution,—Mr. John Burnside is one of these. He is, I presume, the richest man in Louisiana. He owns numerous plantations, and his mansion on Washington avenue—with its park, as large as your Boston Public Garden, and its pictures and marble illustrations of taste and wealth, and its ever-blooming flowers—is one of the [illegible] in America. It was erected for James Robb, but when he failed it fell into the hands of Mr. Burnside. It is a palace, and its

possessor is a king. He is an Irishman and a bachelor, with ways so winning, hospitality so beautiful, that the mystery is that he is still a bachelor. He is a retired merchant; still he finds much to do to keep and save what he has during a life of honorable venture gained. Already hundreds of his negroes have been enticed away from his cotton and sugar fields; and the guerrillas have destroyed one of his plantations—the finest one on the abundant banks of the Mississippi. Mr. Burnside's experience is the experience of all the planters of the South. He has too much wealth to be impoverished; but those who had at the beginning of the war their entire fortunes staked in landed estates are ruined forever.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 20, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

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

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 20, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

The Mobile Register says: "The printers of the Confederacy have heard no news since the beginning of the war that gives them more satisfaction than that of the resignation of Gen. Sigel, Sigle, Siegle, Siegel, Seigle, Seagull—or whatever his name may be. They are rid of him now, and why they are glad it is easy to guess.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 20, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

During the examination of a medical student he was asked: "When does mortification ensue?" He replied, "When you pop the question and are answered "No."

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 20, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

The Queen Sisters.—There was a very fair house at the Theatre last night, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. The performance was highly creditable, particularly in the new dramatic sketch, "The Veteran, or '76 and '62"—a pleasing afterpiece, in which the leading characters personating veterans were admirably represented. Bill offered for tonight—"Sweethearts and Wives," "Charcoal Sketches, or the Soldier, Sailor, Tinker and Tailor;" besides the usual accompaniments of singing, dancing, and music.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 20, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

A Substitute for Bread.—Now that meal is hard to get about our villages and towns, we recommend lie-hominy as a good substitute, at least as a change. The simple plan of preparing it is follows: To a gallon of shelled corn add a half gallon of good ashes. Boil together until the husk begins to come off the corn. Then rub briskly to clear the grain completely of husk. Wash the corn clear and boil it for ten or twelve hours, adding water from time to time to keep it from burning. It is then ready, and has only to be warmed over for use as it is needed. It is perhaps better fried. This is said to be more wholesome than big hominy, and it is as good diet as corn bread, if not better. It is easy to prepare, and saves the toll. Most housekeepers know how to make it; but a few may not be informed on the important subject, and we pen this paragraph for their benefit.—Edgefield Advertiser.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 20, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

New Music.  
"All Quiet on the Potomac To-Night."

This beautiful and very appropriate Poem has been set to music and pronounced a success.

This piece, in order to assist in carrying out BISHOP ELLIOTT'S beautiful suggestion, is dedicated to the

UNKNOWN DEAD.

Schreiner & Oxenius.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 20, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

Wanted.

Two competent Buglers for 4<sup>th</sup> Regt. Ga. Cavalry. Application will be made for the transfer of any enlisted man, and a liberal salary guaranteed in addition to his pay. To one not liable to duty, steady employment and good wages. Also wanted, two or more Bugles.

Duncan L. Clinch,  
Col Comd'g.

N.B. Clinch, Adj't.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 20, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

One Hundred  
Gunsmiths and Machinists  
Wanted.

Wanted at the Pistol Factory, in Columbus, Georgia, good Machinists and Gunsmiths. Piece Work will be given, and all who remain with us over three months will have their traveling expenses refunded.

Haiman Bro. & Co.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 20, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

Shoe Factory  
For Sale.

I offer my Shoe Factory, located at Augusta, Georgia for sale, together with all the materials, fixtures, findings, &c., connected with it, being the best selected stock of English, French, and German leathers to be had in the Confederacy. Together with the Factory I will sell the stock of manufactured work at Savannah, with several Colored Men, accustomed to fine work on ladies' and gentlemen's shoes.

To those who would invest, no better opportunity can offer. Address

Lewis C. Teebau,  
Savannah.

To the Teachers of the South

Raleigh, N. C., Jan. 12, 1863.

At the last annual meeting of the State Educational Association of North Carolina, held [illegible] of October last, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

*Resolved*, That this Association recommend a general Convention of the Teachers of the Confederate States, to be held at \_\_\_\_\_, on \_\_\_\_\_, 1863, to take into consideration the best means for supplying the necessary text books for schools and colleges, and for uniting their efforts for the advancement of the cause of education in the Confederacy, and that the Executive Committee of the Association be directed to correspond with Teachers in the various States on the subject.

We have thought it would facilitate the accomplishment of the object of the above resolution to suggest a time and place for the meeting of the Convention referred to, and we accordingly recommend that the meeting take place at Columbia, S. C., on Tuesday, April 28, at 8 o'clock, p.m.

The importance of this movement will be readily appreciated by every friend of our beloved country and we feel sure that no class of persons can be more useful in achieving, under God, the independence of a nation than those who are engaged in training the hearts and minds of the young.

The integrity of society itself demands that at least those of our text books which relate to moral and political science should not be prepared by persons who hold opinions in conflict with those on which our institutions are based, and if our schools are to be purged of the semi infidel literature of the world, we will never have a better opportunity than the present for the commencement of this good work.

We would add, in addition, that our national enemies arraign us at the bar of the civilized world, as a people of inferior moral development and especially, and every consideration which can appeal to our pride, to our patriotism, and in our manhood, as well as to our sense of duty to God and to our fellow men, should prompt those who labor in the moral domain, to be up and doing.

We cannot afford to permit any exigency which our vindictive foes can bring upon us to arrest our efforts in behalf of those agencies which, next to religion, do most to promote the welfare of society, and we know that if the rising generation is properly instructed the lapse of time will, by the blessing of providence, but insure that independence for which those, who are now on the stage of action, are so heroically contending.

Believing that these views meet with your hearty concurrence, we respectfully and earnestly invite you to meet us in counsel at the time and place specified above, fully believing that by the Divine favor, we may thus be enabled to lay, in this day of trial, the foundation of a work which will rebound to the honor and prosperity of our noble country.

With much respect, we are truly yours,

C. H. Wiley,  
Sup't of Common Schools of N. C.  
J. D. Campbell,  
Editor of N. C. Journal of Education,  
Willis J. Palmer,

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 25, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

How shall we Feed our People?

Mr. Editor: The subject of provisions for our city is becoming more and more important. Our city authorities, in looking at it, thought best to request the railroads to refuse to carry any out. This, so far as rice is concerned, may do good; but it is questionable whether we have anything else. For the past few days it has been difficult to buy bacon to supply families in this city, and many persons could not find corn meal, even in small quantities; so the shipment of these articles need not be prohibited.

But this is not the difficulty, the evil is this: The retailers of provisions have been forced to go or send to the country for supplies—they have tried to obtain them—have bought some small quantities, brought them to the depots of the Gulf Road, there to be stopped by government agents, even small packages and parcels, and there remain, while soldiers' families and others of the city require them.

It is well for those agents to be diligent in obtaining food for the army, but surely there is no necessity for stopping food from coming to this city to feed fifteen thousand inhabitants. Nor is this intended, but the present practice of railroad agents, and others, has brought this state of things upon us. Parties, for the past few days, have sent to points on the Gulf Railroad for meal to be forwarded *by Express* to this city, thus trying to supply immediate necessity. Now is it not the true and best policy to let some bacon, meal and corn come to Savannah to supply its inhabitants? The charge of speculation and extortion, so far as these articles are concerned, has no application whatever, for there are more of them in the city.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 26, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Printing Paper.—The Southern Recorder says: "Our last bill for printing paper, such as we now use for the Recorder, was at the rate of \$14 per ream. Of the propriety of raising the price of subscription our readers can judge, when we state that paper of the same size formerly cost \$3, which, compared to present rates, shows an advance of nearly five hundred per cent.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 26, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

A Female Aid-de-Camp.—The Baltimore Clipper says Antonia J. Ford was the principal spy and guide for Capt. Mosely [sic] in his recent raid on Fairfax Court House, and aided in planning the arrest of Gen. Slaughter, Wyndham and others. She was arrested and brought to the Old Capitol Prison on Sunday last, with \$1,000 Confederate money on her person. The following is a copy of her commission:

To all whom it may concern: Know ye that, reposing special confidence in the patriotism, fidelity and ability of Antonia J. Ford, I, J. E. B. Stuart, by virtue of power vested in me as Brigadier General, Provisional Army Confederate States, hereby appoint and commission her my Honorable Aid-de-Camp, to rank as such from this date. She will be obeyed, respected and *admired* by all lovers of a noble nature.

Given under my hand and seal, Headquarters Cavalry Brigade, at Camp Beverly, 7<sup>th</sup> October, 1861, and first year of our Independence.

J. E. B. Stuart.

By the General,  
L. T. Bryan, A. A. G.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 26, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Golden Spurs to Gen. Lee.—We had the pleasure of examining at the Jewelry establishment of Mr. John Hill on 14<sup>th</sup> street, yesterday, a pair of very magnificent spurs, of solid burnished gold, which were imported through the blockade, from citizens of Maryland, as a present to General Lee. They are each engraved, on the inside, with the following inscription:

"Stemulus Dedit Virtus,

Presented to Gen. Robert E. Lee, by his friends and admirers of Prince George county, Maryland."

The gift does honor to the patriotism and credit to the taste of the givers.—Rich. Enq.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 26, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

Take Care of Your Commas.—A New York paper, in announcing the wreck of a vessel near the Narrows, says:

The only passengers were T. B. Nathan, who owned three-fourths of the cargo and the Captain's wife.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, March 27, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

Profits of Extortion.—That our readers may have some idea of the enormous profits now being made by a certain class, we take the following extract from the Richmond Enquirer of the 3d instant;

For instance—take the Crenshaw Woolen Factory and the Belvidere Paper Manufacturing Company. Those concerns were lately examined before a committee of the Virginia House of Delegates on extortion, and business facts of a startling character were brought to light.

President Crenshaw deposed on oath, that his company, on a cash capital of \$200,000 had declared and divided a dividend of \$530,000, with \$100,000 "subject to dividend, should the directors think it desirable."

President Whitfield, of the Paper Mill, deposed on oath, that the net profits for the year 1860, 1861, and 1862 combined, amounted to \$235,750," on an "actual capital of \$41,000," and he added, that fully three-fourths of the dividend mentioned above, was made in 1862, or \$172,000 profits in one year on \$41,000 of actual capital. A stock-holder of the Belvidere Manufacturing Company informs us that since the war began he has received dividends on \$1,000 of shares, amounting to \$6,460—an amount which he considered, if not extortionary, at least improper, and he donated [illegible]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, April 6, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

There is a blanket and hat manufactory now in operation at Jackson, Miss. The blankets are very superior, being made of wool felted on thin cotton goods. They seem to be much warmer than woven blankets, though scarcely as durable. The hats are quite stylish, and will wear till a man tires of them.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, April 6, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Rags! Rags!

We desire to purchase any quantity of clean linen and cotton rags, to be made up into paper, and we are willing to pay the highest market price in cash. They will also be received in payment of all dues to this office.

Will our subscribers everywhere interest themselves in this subject. Every family can save a good supply of rags during the year, just how few do it even when such economy can be made productive. It has now become a question of life or death with the newspapers of the country, and they must go down if the people do not come to the rescue. To save the Press they have only to save their rags. All parcels forwarded to this office will be faithfully weighed and accounted for. Let all send what they can—even small packages will not be despised. Let the children do it, if the grown people are too much engrossed with the war or scheme of speculation.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, April 8, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

Camp Near Petersburg, Va.  
April 2d, 1863.

. . . P.S.—Pardon me, Mr. Editor, for adding to this already lengthy letter, but an incident occurred in my company, since writing the above, which will not only interest the friends of the "Decatur Guards" but the public generally. Gambling, to some extent, 'Kenos,' 'Rouletts,' 'Feather and Anchor,' 'Chuckaluck,' 'Mexico,' 'Flying Jinny,' 'Seven up,' 'Poker,' and other games common in the army, was practiced by members of my company. I tried to devise some means to break up the vicious practice, so far as my company was concerned; but there was no law or regulation forbidding [sic] it. I at length resolved to appeal to their pride as gentlemen. I asked all who would pledge themselves to refrain from gambling and use their influence in assisting me to put down the vice, to bring their guns to an order at the command. Every gun came down with a clang that showed how deeply in earnest they were. Only two hesitated for a single instant, and one of these had been part owner of a 'Keno'—a Texas gambling machine.

My heart felt lighter than it had for months. I was unspeakably happy, for it had been my pride and boast that mine was one of the most moral companies in the service. There is not a bad man in it. I would that as much could be said of all Georgia troops. V.A.S.P.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, April 8, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

A Dusky Volunteer.—A correspondent of the Mobile Advertiser, writing from the camp of the Thirty-eighth Alabama Regiment, relates the following:

Some weeks ago, a young man came to camp and proposed to volunteer. He was accepted, there being nothing in his physical appearance to indicate the singular denouement which followed six weeks afterwards. While on drill he was recognized and claimed as a runaway slave. He enlisted by the name of Solomon Vernoy; but after his arrest owned up to be nick named Pieg, and being a runaway. He says that he has a boss, but that "by right" he is free. He says that his mother was a domesticated Indian, who was unlawfully sold into slavery, and run off from Kentucky. His looks do not indicate the African, and if he gets a good lawyer and sues for his "by rights," there will be a pretty law suit, since the master will have to rebut the

presumption of color by proof. He must, at least, admire the patriotism of Vernoy, or Pieg, as the case may be.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, April 8, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

Blackberry Wine.—The following is said to be an excellent receipe [sic] for the manufacture of superior wine from blackberries:

Measure your berries and bruise them, to every gallon adding one quart of boiling water; let the mixture stand twenty four hours; stirring occasionally; then strain off the liquor into a cask, to every gallon adding two pounds of sugar; cork tight, and let stand till following October, and you will have wine ready for use, without any further straining or boiling, that will make lips smack as they never smacked under similar influence before.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, April 8, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

A celebrated philosopher used to say, "The favors of fortune are like steep rocks; only eagles and creeping things mount to the summit."

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, April 8, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Sassafras Blossom a Substitute for Green or Black Tea.—If the blossom of the sassafras (which will now soon be in full bloom,) be gathered and dried in the shade, be used in making tea, instead of the root, it will be found an excellent substitute for tea, which now sells at from twelve to fifteen dollars a pound. By many who have tried it, it is pronounced to be a most delicious and palatable beverage. Why should not some of our country friends try it and send some to this place, as well as the large quantity of the root, which finds a ready sale at remunerating prices, it might be found to be a useful article in the Hospitals, as also in the army and would, consequently, command ready sale. It will cost but little time and labor to try it.—  
Examiner.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, April 9, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Passports are now issued in Augusta at 25 cents each—the proceeds to be handed over to the Augusta Purveying Association for the benefit of the city poor. This is a good idea. No one will refuse to pay the amount where so much good can be accomplished by it. We hope to see the same rule adopted here.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, April 9, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

An Item for the Northern Press.—The Lynchburg Republican says that in the interior of some of the Southern States flour is so scarce that children three and four years old have never seen biscuits. The father of a family being on a visit to Savannah, took home with him some biscuits for his boys, aged three and five years old. Observing the eldest with a coal of fire on the top of his biscuit, he asked him what it meant. "To make the darned critter poke his head out," answered the boy, "that's the say, dad to make terripins [sic] crawl." The father laughed a hearty haw, haw, and left. It is to be hoped this contraband news will not reach the enemy, whom it would greatly rejoice.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, April 9, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

Dangerous Feminine Amusement.—A new amusement for women has been invented out in Winstead, Connecticut, as a sort of relief to the skating fever, when the ice is bad. They stick

a penknife into a door about three feet from the ground, and kick at it; if they hit it they take it out and stick it in higher up. This was getting to be a favorite exercise, and a good many girls could kick pretty high. But the amusement has come to a sudden end through an accident to a young married lady of the lace, who, at the first vigorous kick, went over backwards upon the floor, injuring herself severely.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, April 9, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

One grain of corn in the earth is as a bullet in the heart of a Yankee soldier; and a ridge of potatoes is worth any mile of breastwork from Vicksburg to the Rappahannock.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, April 9, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

The Augusta papers, in consequence of the uncertainty of procuring supplies of paper, owing to the destruction of the Bath paper mills, have determined, for the present, to furnish their paper at the rate of \$5 for two months, and have fixed the rate of advertising at \$2 per square of ten lines.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, April 9, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Theatre.  
Thursday evening, April 9.  
Overture to the Crown Diamonds.

To commence with the Farce of

State Secrets.

Southern Girl's Song  
Music

Miss Laura.  
By the Palmetto Band.

To conclude with the Melo Drama (for the last time) of

The Scouts; or, the Plains of Manassas.

Written by Prof. J. H. Hewitt, and performed in Augusta and Richmond with the greatest success.

In rehearsal the Nautical melo-Drama of "Black Eyed Susan."

Box Office open daily from 10 to 12.

Admission to the Dress Circle and Parquette, \$1; Second Tier, 50 cents; Gallery, 25 cents.

Private Boxes, \$5 to \$10.

Tickets for sale at the Hotels, Music and Book Stores.

Doors open at 7¼ o'clock; to commence at 8.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, April 13, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Amazonians.—On Thursday and Friday last, feeble outbreaks of females armed with pistols and bowie knives, headed by a few vagabonds, were made in Augusta, Milledgeville and Columbus, in this State, for the purpose of helping themselves to merchandize at what they

considered fair prices—all of which were promptly suppressed by the proper authorities.

The Columbus Sun, alluding to the affair in that city, says:

This is some of the legitimate fruits of what Gov. Brown is pleased to call "impressments" for the benefit of the *people!* It began in this State with that functionary, two years ago, in Atlanta, or other markets in Georgia, where salt was selling at ten and twelve dollars per sack, and has culminated in just such riots and lawless outbreaks as we witnessed in Columbus this morning.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, April 13, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

Jacksonville.—The editor of the Lake City Columbian paid a visit to Jacksonville, and gives the following account of the destruction of that town by the Abolitionists:

Probably about one-third of the town was destroyed by the fires set by the enemy. A heavy rain and the efforts of the few citizens remaining, with the heavy aid of our troops as soon as they reached town, extinguished the flames in many of the buildings. Of the Churches, but two were burned—the Episcopal and the Catholic. The residence of the late Judge Pearson, and another dwelling near the former, was destroyed. Around the Catholic Church, pretty much all the buildings for the space of two blocks, were consumed. The Washington Hotel and the former residence of Mrs. Foster, and all for the space of two blocks in their rear, were destroyed with the exception of Mr. Hern's house on the upper corner. The Court House and Jail were consigned to the flames. The four stores in the two-story brick block on Ocean street, north of Hoeg & Ambler's block, were entirely destroyed. On Bay street, the following buildings were totally consumed: Bisbee & Canova's block, T. O. Holmes' block, Mr. Kipp's house, Mr. Bisbee's, Judge Dorman's, Dr. Baldwin's, and the four brick stores below Hoeg & Ambler's owned by Messrs. Canova, Blackwell and Miller; also a brick store near, on the street running north. On the hill above the late Judson House, the buildings were entirely swept away, including the residences of Messrs. Geo. R. Foster, Emery, Gibbs, Fairbanks and several others whose names are unknown to us. In fact, from the railroad Depot to Mrs. Haddock's place, (a distance of two miles,) there is not a building of any description left standing; even the brick church being burned and the brickyard destroyed. Besides this, an almost irreparable injury has been done to Jacksonville by the destruction of her beautiful shade trees. It was evidently the intention of the villains to destroy the whole town; but as usual, in their infamous and cowardly undertakings, they only partially succeeded.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, April 15, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

#### All Right Again.

A few days since it was a problem whether the Republican would continue its regular visits to its large list of subscribers or not. The destruction of the paper mill from which we drew our supplies, rendered the prospect gloomy indeed. We are gratified, however, to be able to inform our readers that we have succeeded in contracting permanently for ample supplies of paper, and have reason to believe that we shall be subjected to no interruption during the war. Our arrangements, however, involve necessarily a large additional expenditure of money, and we shall be compelled to increase our prices in order to meet it. Our new terms will be published as soon as they can be definitely settled, and we trust to our subscribers to sustain us in a movement dictated purely by the necessities of the times.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, April 15, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

More More.—We learn from the Raleigh Progress that a number of women, most of them very abandoned, collected at Greensboro' the early part of this week and intended to make a mob demonstration similar to that at Richmond and other places, but by the promptness of the authorities, the contemplated disgraceful proceedings were frustrated.

We are informed also, (says the Progress) that an attempt was made by a number of "hard cases" at Durham's Depot, on Wednesday. They threatened to break open the warehouse at that place and help themselves to flour, and even had carts there to take off the flour, but they concluded after demonstration, to put it off until Saturday.

In both cases, we learn, the women represented themselves as soldiers' wives, but in fact most of them were not, but on the contrary the most degraded and worthless characters that could be congregated in the neighborhood from whence they came. Profligate, unprincipled men, too, we are assured were hounding them on in each case.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, April 15, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

Different sounds will travel with different velocity—a call to dinner will run over a ten acre lot in a moment and a half, while a summons to work takes from five to ten minutes.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, April 15, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Among other incidents of the battle of Murfreesboro', we heard of one the other day, in which a soldier observed a rabbit loping across the field under a heavy fire. "Run, cottontail," he said, "If I hadn't got a reputation to sustain, I'd travel too!"

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, April 15, 1863, p. 4, c. 3

Cotton Yarns  
Ten Bales  
Yarns,  
Numbers 5 to 12,

For sale by

Henry Lathrop & Co.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, April 16, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

#### Woman's Mission and Ministrations.

There is no country in the civilized world where quite the same devotion is paid to woman as in our own sunny domain. There is no land where woman, occupying in society her own appropriate place, deserves and receives a more unqualified homage, or exerts a more general and potent influence. Our present struggle for civil liberty and the heroism of Southern women were not necessary to our high appreciation of the sex. We were taught to love and to honor glorious womanhood as one of the attributes, and one of the evidences of true nobility in man. But never did woman furnish such illustrious proofs of worth, goodness and greatness, to demonstrate how much she merited our devotion, as in this glorious struggle for home and country the women of the South have shown!

As if to inspire us with a new creation of virtue [sic]—as if to exhibit new phases of

loveliness—to enthrone the sex in the holy places of our affections—to impress the public mind with a new sense of their worth—to exhibit to the world the highest attributes of character—to cheer the brave—to soothe the sick—to minister to the wounded—to endure labor—to incur danger—to despise ease and luxury—to make unwonted sacrifices—to surrender, at the altar of liberty, those dearer than life—still to utter the words sacred to patriotism, "let us defend the country, or perish!"—to ply all human agencies, and to call on God for help—to astonish our enemies, and interest the gazing world with a devotion as holy, a courage as sublime, as ever marked the great characters of history, the women of the South have gone forth to cheer, to save, to comfort, and to bless!

It is not affirming more than simple truth to say, without their aid our struggle could not have been maintained. Their influence and their ministrations have saved the country—By their efforts, in large part, the troops have been clothed and warmed. They have blessed the sick and restored the sinking in the hospitals. They have nerved the arm and inspired the courage of the soldier in the shock of battle. For them we feel we are enacting the deeds of glorious manhood. To them the dust-stained, toil-worn veteran looks for the laurel wreath when the battle is won. To the sanctity of home and the purity of the domestic circle the patriot looks for the safety, glory and strength of the country.

With the help of God, they must save the country, if it is saved; they must purify it, if it is pure; they must elevate the standard of virtue; they must frown vice into the hidden recesses of its own shame; they must banish the extortioner, or mark him for infamy; they must, and they will improve and bless the world. They are heaven's messengers. Ever true, kind, merciful, pitying, sympathizing women! Last to leave the victim on the cross, first to crown triumphant virtue, and to hail the conquering heroes who drew the sword for truth. Next to our worship and our supreme reverence for God, is our worship and our devotion for noble, self-sacrificing woman!

With the aid of such a power, and God's approval, we shall triumph gloriously, and our country shall yet be free as the eagle that cleaves the sky. These reflections have been suggested by reading the proceedings of a convention of some of the matrons of Mississippi, held at Meridian on the 4<sup>th</sup> of March, 1862, to organize a "Confederate Soldiers' Aid Society," for the better accomplishment of the objects suggested by the style of the association. The army will bless these ladies, and all those associated with them; and the country will record their names, and preserve their memory, as among the treasures of its inheritance.—Mississippian.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, April 16, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

Texas Militia.—The Texas Pioneer says Gen. Magruder has ordered that, if the militia, which have been called for the defense of the State, will organize into companies, and have their arms, ammunition, equipage, &c., boxed and sent to the Ordnance Office at Houston, they may be disbanded and allowed to return home. They will be required to muster once a week, in order to go into action whenever called upon; but the "arrangement is made in the hope and expectation that the militia will not be called away again from their industrial pursuits."

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, April 18, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

State Operations for Clothing the Troops.—Col. Foster's Report under the \$1,500,000 appropriations for clothing the Georgia troops, shows up to the 25<sup>th</sup> [?] March last he had issued on requisitions from Confederate Quartermasters, 4,648 hats, 4,556 coats, 5,288 pair pants, 4,858 pair drawers, 5,449 shirts, 6371 socks, 5,744 pairs shoes. He had then on hand 129 hats, 7,273

coats, 9,237 [?] pair pants, 11,867 pair drawers, 10,400 shirts, 1,976 pair socks, 5,878 pairs shoes. Also 12,983 yards osnaburghs, 18,850 yards shirtings, 6,410 yards kersey, 970 yards duck, 35,068 pounds leather. Expenditures and contract engagements to date amounted to \$1,200,000. If it is intended to clothe the troops during the war he asks a further appropriation. He has purchased and is tanning several thousand pounds of green hides, and has sent agents to Savannah, Vicksburg and Texas to buy hides, leather and wool. The noble women of Georgia have responded patriotically in furnishing socks, and they are daily coming in.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, April 18, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

Cheap ink.—We write this paragraph with a very black, free-flowing ink made by boiling in water the bark of the bay or dwarf magnolia, cut into small pieces. The ink appears to us to be the equal in every respect to any other we have seen, and is easily made from a material obtainable almost anywhere in the low country. It seems as though it would permanently retain its color, at least some writing done nearly a month ago looks blacker than it did at first.

[Wilmington Journal.]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, April 28, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

The Latest Fashions.—The London Illustrated News, containing the fashion plates, has arrived through the blockade—from which it would appear that the costume of the ladies is returning to a simple style. Hoops are resuming rational dimensions, and the ballroom dress, compared with the past styles, is almost denuded of adornment. This change is especially true in relation to street costume. Trains have entirely disappeared. The dress falls hardly below the ankle [sic], leaving the whole foot exposed.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, April 29, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

The People of North Carolina  
Dismal Swamp.

Dismal Swamp, N. C., }  
April 21<sup>st</sup>, 1863. }

Mr. Editor:--From the above captain you may judge that we have gone nearly to the "jumping off place." I never was so near out of the civilized world. But let this dismal region come in at its proper place. I will continue the narration of our expedition in order.

The day I last wrote from Gatesville, and after my letter was sealed, there was enacted, at Col. Cumming's headquarters, one of the most interesting, comic, and amusing hypodromes [sic] recorded in the annals of this war. In the evening, a dozen or more young ladies from Gatesville visited our brigade, paying especial honors to the 20<sup>th</sup> Georgia. They were neatly and appropriately dressed, and tolerably good looking to boot, but most of them came out in "go-carts"—a vehicle in common use in this region. They went by singing "Wait for the Wagon," &c., and were heartily cheered by the boys. When they reached Col. Cumming's headquarters they all descended from their "carriages", and were entertained by the band and songs by Thad. Murphy—an amusing character who had gained considerable reputation in comic shows and negro minstrelsy. Col. C. was pressed to address them, but declined. The evening passed off pleasantly enough.—When the hour of departure arrived, the young ladies were in the most gallant manner escorted to their "go carts"—some drawn by horses, some by mules, but the

greater part, by oxen! One young lady, and a pretty one too, exclaimed "Where's my carriage?" The "*carriage*" drove up and wheeled about for her to get in. What do you suppose that "carriage" was? A little two wheeled cart, with a body 3 by 5 feet, and drawn by a little red two year old bull! Now that's a fact! During our entire trip through northeastern North Carolina, I have not seen but two carriages, a half dozen buggies and three sulkies. But I have seen five hundred go-carts! They are fashionable. But the funniest features of this funny mode of locomotion is that all, male and female, stand up to drive. The first time we saw two girls standing up in one of those two wheeled carts busily plying the whip to the pony between the shafts, there was a universal burst of laughter from all beholders. But they became so common as to create no remark; on the contrary, a buggy or sulky became a matter of some importance, if not of surprise.

The citizens of Gatesville gave an entertainment the same night and invited the brigade. It was intended as a supper and ball; but the jealousy and misguided pride of some gold laced officers broke it up. There was too large an attendance of privates to suit them, and they determined to carry the day. The soldiers seeing what was in the wind, determined to "stick 'em out." It was little less than a "row"—disgraceful to the brigade. It is understood that *brandy* was at the bottom of it.

The next day (Saturday) we passed through Gatesville, on our way to the "Block House," on Chowan river, distant about twenty miles. Numerous Secesh flags hung from the windows, and the children cheered for the "Jeff Davis boys." Gatesville is rather a pretty town. The Court House is large, and the churches speak favorably for the morals of the people. The streets and walks are well shaded, and, with a little attention, it could be made one of the prettiest towns in the eastern portion of the State.

Fish, eggs, butter, milk, chickens and potatoes were abundant and cheap. Southwestern Georgia cannot surpass this country in the production of potatoes. I never saw finer, sweeter yams. For once I got my "fill" of eggs and shad.

Two or three hours by sun we halted at an old church, near a large swamp, and within two miles of the entrenched camps and block houses of the Buffaloes, but they were gone.—Had we been a day sooner we could have captured the whole *possee comitatus*. There was one company of Massachusetts men and renegades, numbering about one hundred and fifty. They were in great distress, fearing we would come down upon them before the transport from the Yankee fleet, off Newbern, I suppose, come to their assistance. They are said to have been in despair, and would have surrendered without resistance. But about three o'clock of the morning we reached them, a transport came up the Chowan and carried them off. Before leaving there, they destroyed their block houses.

The Chowan is very wide and deep—capable of floating a vessel of heavy burden. It affords an abundant supply of the choicest shad, rock, mullet, perch and pike. The people are all good livers in this section, and many are wealthy. Mr. Elliott had stolen from him 55 negroes, and I heard of some farmers who have lost from 100 to 400.

This class of citizens have been sorely persecuted by the Buffaloes or renegades. There is a hybrid breed of traitors, called "sawed horned Buffaloes," because they do not take up arms and engage in open acts of war, but profess to be friends to whichever party happens to be in power. They are said, however, to favor the Yankees most, by informing them of our movements. They bring news to us also, but their tales are not credited.

On the following day the enemy were reported as having crossed the swamps by the turnpike and moving towards Gatesville to get in our rear. In consequence of this report we

marched twenty or twenty-two miles by a circuitous route to Sandy Crossing, where we halted for the night. The report was exaggerated, only a small scouting party having appeared at the west end of the pike. At 12 m yesterday we reached the Dismal Swamp turnpike. The 17<sup>th</sup> regiment was detailed to guard this pike while the rest of the command proceeded with the expedition.

It is useless for me to attempt a description of the swamp or the country in which we are stationed. In the absence of a map, and my ignorance of the geography, or topography, of the country, I am at a loss to understand any thing about it. It is the wildest, strangest country I ever saw. The sun rises in the south and sets in the north! The swamp is dark and dismal, and impassable to every creature but bears, wolves, panthers, *et id genus*, which are said to be numerous. In many places a man will sink to his neck in the quagmires. The water looks as black as tar; the fish are black; every thing except man is black, and he is swarthy enough. The people are ignorant beyond anything I have seen in the States. I have asked every man (citizen) I met the name of the county, and at last was told by a soldier. He says it is Perquimon county. It ought to have been *persimmon* county. Possum Scuffle District! Some told me it was Colmmon co.; some McColmmon; some Gates, Aquamine and Pasquotank. It is positively affirmed that some of the people don't know that there is a Southern Confederacy. One family was very anxious to learn how Gen. George Washington is "getting on with his army!" They have never heard of Lee, Jackson, Longstreet, or Beauregard! In one precinct near the Dismal Swamp the people, it is said, vote for Henry Clay at every election! They think he is running for President. I think there is a slight mistake here. It is Jackson—old Hickory—they vote for. Whigs don't live in "sich" a swamp. Not one half of the people have ever heard of the battle in front of Richmond—or the last battle of Manassas! This must be the region from which came the honest "tar heels"—the victim and source of so much raillery and jest.

The enemy's cavalry pickets are two miles in front of us at the toll gate, where the pike turns southward towards South Mills. They destroyed a barn near the gate last night, containing from 300 to 500 barrels of corn. We have one section of artillery, one company of cavalry, and can hold in check a force of ten thousand men.

But I am spinning my narrative to too great a length. Bear with me one moment and I am done for the time.

I know not what direction Gen. Benning will take, nor how long this regiment will remain here.

We are in total ignorance of what is going on at Suffolk. Can hear nothing reliable.

It is reported and believed that the Yankees have evacuated Elizabeth City. We get no papers, and very few letters. If we stay here long we will all become "tar heels" or hoosiers.

More anon.

V.A.S.P.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, April 29, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

Marriages in the Army—A Caution.—A letter from Raleigh, North Carolina, contains the following paragraph. It needs no explanation:

Some of our soldiers who have wives and children at home, have married again among the Virginia girls. The sweet, lovely damsels of the Valley and Fredericksburg little think as they take these gay young gentlemen for "better or for worse" that they have left other devoted wives and prattling chaps behind. An instance of this sort "leaked out" a short time ago. A "nice young lieutenant" of a Louisiana regiment wrote a very long, endearing letter to his wife and children in Louisiana, and about the same time wrote a most affectionate, loving letter to his

newly married bride, who was staying a few miles away from the camp, and accidentally, but unfortunately for him, he sent the wrong letter to each, so that his lovely bride got the letter intended for the wife of his "busum," and she the other. I guess that made a "fuss in the family," of not in both families.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, April 29, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

#### Cuffee in Yankee Harness.

A gentleman who crossed the Mississippi within the last few days brings a Yankee Circular from which we extract the following rules and regulations governing work on plantations in Louisiana in the hands of the Federals.—What with the fines, lost time and bad marks the poor negro will have a small showing of cash at the close of the year.—Col. Times.

#### Rules and Regulations.

1<sup>st</sup>—We agree to work on this \_\_\_\_\_ Plantation for one year, and to do such a day's work as was done in former years.

2<sup>d</sup>—We will obey the manager in all things, and assist him to enforce these Rules against all offenders.

3<sup>d</sup>—Lost time will be deducted. Lazy work will cause a deduction of wages. Tasks will be given when possible.

4<sup>th</sup>—We will go to work at day-light, and will work until dark, taking the usual number of hours for meals. For being too late at getting out, ten minutes after the last tap of the bell, a fine of ten cents. Habitual laziness, stealing, quarrelling, for breaking any other Rules, expulsion from the place, with loss of all back wages to the hospital fund. All fines go to this fund.

5<sup>th</sup>—All hands will be in their cabins at the last tap of the bell, and to remain there till the first tap of the bell in the morning, under a fine of ten cents for each offence.

6<sup>th</sup>—The wages are one dollar per month for women and boys; two dollars for field hands, and three dollars for mechanics—or one-twentieth of the crop; with clothing and rations usually furnished.

7<sup>th</sup>—Each hand will be responsible for loss of damages to stock, tools, or other property.

8<sup>th</sup>—Each family will be allowed half an acre for a garden.

9<sup>th</sup>—No liquor will be sold or brought on the place by any one, under a fine of one dollar for the first offence. Liquor will be kept in the Hospital, and sold for the general fund.

10<sup>th</sup>—No one will leave the place without a written pass.

11<sup>th</sup>—We will appear in clean clothes, on every Sunday morning—fine, ten cents.

12<sup>th</sup>—All disputes among ourselves will be brought before the manager, whose decision we will abide by.

13<sup>th</sup>—During grinding, we will make our usual watch, being entitled to ten cents each night, and fifty cents for each Sunday's work.

14<sup>th</sup>—If over five hogsheads of sugar are raised to each hand, the proprietor will divide five dollars for each hogshead over that number. The hand who has the greater number of credit marks and the fewest number of bad marks, will be entitled to the highest prize (\$25.00) with five prizes of \$15.00 each, twenty of \$10.00, and the balance will be divided equally among the hands.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, April 29, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Lost,

A Lady's Gold Chatelaine, with a small desk key attached to one end and a bunch of charms at the other. The finder will be liberally rewarded by leaving it at this office.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, April 29, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

A May Party  
Will Be Given At  
Masonic Hall,  
Friday Evening, May 1<sup>st</sup>, 1863,  
Under the Auspices of the  
Young Men's Literary Association.

-----  
Committee of Arrangements.

D. G. Purse,  
M. J. Doyle,  
Lewis Lippman,  
John C. Duggan,

John McConaughy,  
John Ryan,  
Martin Duggan,  
L. McSor\_ey,

E. H. Smith.

Tickets of Admission may be obtained from the Committee only. A limited number will be disposed of and none sold at the door.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, April 30, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

A Worthy Deed.—The Augusta Manufacturing Company, through their President, Wm. E. Jackson, Esq., have generously allowed ten bales of sheetings and shirtings of their manufacture to be taken to Lake City, Fla., to be sold to the families of sick and disabled soldiers, and families of soldiers in the service, at a small advance on cost. It will enable very many families, whose means are limited, to obtain the goods at less than half the rates charged by merchants. Such acts of kindness should not pass unnoticed in these days of high prices, and this is recorded with the hope that the example may be followed by many who are able to come to the relief of the needy in this time of trial.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, April 30, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Georgia Buttons.—We have before us a liberal sample of bone and wooden buttons, from the Macon Button Factory, which has sprung into existence and is prospering under the auspices of our enterprising fellow-townsmen, Mr. C. W. Brunner. He had no machinery, models, tools or other implements except of his own invention, to commence with, and not a man connected with the establishment has ever before been inside of a button factory.—The company have not six machines in operation, which turn out from 30,000 to 40,000 buttons per day. The specimens on our table are strong and excellent in every respect, a slight polish being all that is necessary to

make them complete. It is through the agency of these small beginnings that we are becoming a free and independent people as well as by our arms.

The company are in need of bones in large quantities. See advertisement in this issue.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, April 30, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

### Famine at the South.

In spite of all the efforts of Confederate journals North and South to conceal the fact, or deprive it of importance, no doubt remains that very serious bread riots have taken place in Richmond and other southern towns. In these riots the women have been the leaders; and that fact alone proves that absolute hunger must have been the cause of them. Women do not get up street riots, break open provision shops, and pillage bakeries and flour stores from political sympathies, nor from resentment against high prices. When their children are in peril of starvation, they become capable of anything. Nothing short of that extremity can have provoked the demonstrations admitted by the Rebel papers to have taken place in Richmond, in Raleigh, in Salisbury and many other Southern towns.

In each of these cases the rioters were women—"mostly soldiers' wives," say the North Carolina papers, that give account of the latest transactions. And these papers, more honest than those at Richmond, candidly admit that the women were prompted by hunger, their spirit sharpened, perhaps, by "hatred against speculators." The women armed themselves with hatchets and axes, broke upon stores that were not willingly opened to them, and took barrels of salt, flour and molasses, which they had hauled to the market house and divided equally between those who needed it. This was a real hunger riot, and no cloak for indiscriminate robbery, as pretended in Richmond. The Raleigh, N.C., Standard, in giving an account of it, exclaims with feeling, and with despair: "Bread riots have commenced, and where they will end God only knows."

We do not wish nor expect to create hopes of advantage over the rebellion by the mere representations of scarcity of provisions in the South. The best reliance—as it is, indeed, the only one—that a wise and powerful government should have, is the arm of military power delivering irresistible blows upon the enemy in the field. But it is certainly sound policy to consider the physical condition of the enemy we are contending with, and take advantage of any moment of weakness and exhaustion that may come upon him. That time with the Rebels we surely believe is now. We have cumulative evidence that a scarcity of food never before paralleled exists in the South, that is weakening the Rebel army, disturbing the Rebel rulers, and overturning the most inveterate traditions and usages of Southern society. This is the time, then, to press our armies upon the enemy, and still further disturb and disorganize his agriculture. Two months hence it may be too late. He may have then harvested his crops and passed the point of famine.—N. Y. Times.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, April 30, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

### May Day.

This day having been observed from time immemorial, in our city, as a holiday, no paper will be issued from this office to-morrow—Should news of importance arrive previous to our next day of publication, it will be communicated in the form of a slip, or extra.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 4, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

A Remedy for Small Pox.—The German Reformed Messenger has received a letter from a friend in China, in which it is stated that a great discovery is reported to have been recently made by a surgeon of the English army in China, in the way of an effectual cure for small pox. The mode of treatment is as follows: When the preceding fever is at its height, and just before the eruption appears, the chest is rubbed with croton oil and tartar emetic ointment.

This causes the whole of the eruption to appear on that part of the body, to the relief of the rest. It also secures a full and complete eruption, and thus prevents the disease from attacking the internal organs. This is said to be now the established mode of treatment in the English army in China by general orders and is regarded as a perfect success.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 4, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Theatre—An entirely new play, of the patriotic type, from the pen of Mr. Hewitt, will be presented to-night. Those who have read it in manuscript speak very highly of its merits. The leading parts will be sustained by Miss Fanny, Master James and Master Andrew.

A new song, entitled "All is quiet along the Savannah to-night," the words by Miss Sinclair, and music by Mr. Koenigsburg, will be sung by Miss Laura. The entertainment will, no doubt, draw a full house.

It will be seen that Mr. Waldron, whilst putting money in his own purse, is not unmindful of other objects which have claims on all who are able to aid them. He has set apart to-morrow (Tuesday) night for the benefit in behalf of the Savannah Wayside Home, an institution which is doing much for the relief and comfort of our traveling soldiers. Let our citizens see to it that not a vacant seat or standing place is left in the house.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 4, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

An Editor's Climax Capped.—The senior editor of the Charleston Courier has been adding to his personal comeliness and comfort for the Summer, by the presentation, from a lady, of a beautiful palmetto hat, of her own manufacture. The example is a good one, and worthy of imitation.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 5, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Dr. E. H. Norwood, of Whitesville, Ga., says that a strong decoction of Sassafras roots will remove lice and vermin from all animals—including those cases for which fine tooth combs were formally [sic] used.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 5, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

[From the Mobile Advertiser and Register, 1<sup>st</sup> inst.]

### The Yankee Raid in Mississippi

The recent Yankee incursion in Mississippi is still the object of much speculation as regards its real object and the numbers composing it. . . .

At Starkville they took from the stores such articles as they desired. They visited most of the houses, appropriating the watches, jewelry and money. They did not visit the Court House at all. They stated there and at other places that this was but an advance guard, but that in two or three weeks an army was coming that would make a clean sweep, and that they would burn every house in Columbus. . . .

It was supposed that a portion left Starkville to destroy the buildings of the Mississippi Manufacturing Company at Bankston, in Choctaw county; but they did not go there. They, however, captured a team and wagon load of hats going from the factory to Columbus. The hats they distributed amongst the negroes who were with them, and took the team long with them.

They compelled a great many negroes to go with them, but a great many are returning to their homes, and they say the rest will return as soon as they can escape.

They took all the good horses and mules, money, jewelry and silver-ware they could find. At one house in Lowndes county, a portion stopped and called for milk. This was handed them in fine cut-glass goblets, which, when they had drunk the milk, they dashed to pieces on the ground. A squad stopped at one house and demanded dinner. The lady replied, "not a mouthful." They tried to persuade her without effect; for she would not cook for men acting as they were. They said, "You may think us bad, but we ain't nothing; for you'll see hell along here in a few weeks!" When asked why they did not fight us in an honorable manner, they replied they had tried that and could not make it work, and were now going to try another plan. They all admitted they could not subdue us by fighting, but intended to starve us out. Among other information picked up from them, it was stated that there is a force of 3,000 negroes in Corinth drilling daily. All the invaders appear to have been from Illinois. . .

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 5, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

A correspondent of the Richmond Sentinel says a young lady in Winchester, Va., went to Milroy to get a permit to buy forage for her father's cow, when the general asked:

"Are you loyal?"

"Yes," she replied.

He began to write the permit.

"To the United States or the Confederate States?"

"To the Confederate States, of course," she replied.

"Then I shall give no permit. This infamous rebellion must be crushed."

"Well," said she, "if you can crush it by starving John Arnold's old cow, do it and be drot to you!"

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 6, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

The Flag and Seal at Last.—A correspondent of the Richmond Examiner proposes to relieve the Congressional Committee on a Confederate Flag and Seal. He suggests the following, which we approve of till the close of the war, at least. It is intelligible enough and simple:

Design—Man paddling his own canoe.

Motto—"D—n England and France."

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 6, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Grand Ball at Masonic Hall.—We are requested to announce that a Ball will be given by

the Queen Sisters, at Masonic Hall, in about ten days. It will be a select and grand affair, and would advise ladies to be prepared in time.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 6, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Poppy.—We have a considerable quantity of the seed of this valuable medicinal herb in hand, which will be cheerfully distributed among those who are inclined to embark in the production of opiate, a drug much needed in the Confederacy.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 6, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

New Music.—We are under obligation to Messrs. Schreiner & Oxenius, of this city, for a new piece of music entitled "Gen. Mercer's Grand March," composed by Mr. Schreiner, and printed in Macon.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 8, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

The war upon women—waged only here and there two years ago—is becoming universal. The stubborn fealty, lofty patriotism, and fiery spirit of the women of the South, which ought rather to excite a noble admiration and would do so in a generous foe, only begets persecution from the cowards, which composed the Yankee army. There is hardly a gentleman now holding rank in the army of Rosecrans. A consummate scoundrel himself, his officers take pattern after him, and mostly resemble him. Let our troops remember, when they go into battle, that they are fighting the cowards who have persecuted their wives and daughters, robbed, pillaged and burnt.—Rebel.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 8, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

A Female Soldier Boy.—A young woman, apparently about 17 years of age, attired in military apparel, was arrested in this city, Tuesday, and lodged in jail, until some satisfactory information in regard to her can be obtained. She says that she is a married woman, that she is from Mississippi, and was with a company stationed near Charleston; and that, having lost her dresses, she was unable to procure any other clothing than that in which she was attired. She probably pants for glory, but "seeking the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth" doesn't accord with woman's sphere—doesn't suit her at all. But if girls do take to britches and guns, woe betide old Uncle Abraham. He will soon find use for that inevitable Scotch cloak and cap.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 8, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

Rhode Island Orthography.—A box was sent from Providence, Rhode Island, recently, with the following address: "John McPherson, squire, kumpinary C, sekund regiment rode ilan privitears, Washington, d. ce., Kamp klose to the Wrappanok, an ak wy kreak."

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 8, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Theatre.—Last night the house was well filled, and the drama of "Toodles" was well appreciated by an intelligent audience. Master Andrew sustained the part of Toodles with his usual ability.

The ludicrous farce of "Wanted 1000 Milliners," brought down the house with laughter. Masters Oliver and Andrew sustained the leading parts with considerable spirit.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 11, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Theatre.—A new piece, "The Jayhawkers", altered from the popular play of "Jessie Brown, or the Relief of Lucknow", will be brought forward to-night. Norah McGhee, whose interesting story we published last year, is the heroine. It should command a full house.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 12, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

Personal.—A splendid pic-nic will be given by the ladies of this city and county to General Forrest and his brave men in the beautiful grove of Mr. W. R. Smith on Saturday next. An elegant horse will be presented to the General by the citizens on the occasion.

We are informed the City Council of Rome has presented Mr. J. H. Wisdom, of Gadsden, Ala., and a former resident of this place, with a beautiful silver service for giving timely notice of the approach of the Yankees, which he did by tiding [illegible] miles in a few hours. We are glad the Council paid Mr. Wisdom this well-deserved compliment—Rome Southerner.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 13, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Flag of Truce Letters.—We would state, for the information of persons who may write to friends abroad, or in the enemy's lines, that no flags of truce are now allowed on the Georgia or Carolina coast, and all letters should be addressed via Petersburg, Va., and flag of truce to City Point, and a three cent piece inclosed [sic] to pay the United States postage. Letters that have been sent to this office up to the present time have been forwarded to their destination.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 13, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

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

If you want good blackening, take a half bushel of China berries, and having them well picked from the stems, put into a kettle, and add three gallons of water; boil down to one gallon, then strain the liquor, through a sieve, from the seed and skins, and add as much pine wood (the richer the better) soot as will make a good black, and it is ready for use. A point [sic] of good, or a quart of weak vinegar, (or stale beer,) first mixed with the soot will make it better, and if you add the whole of one egg to half a gallon of the liquor it will be best and equal to any Yankee blackening. This blackening costs little besides trouble; and we have seen boots cleaned with it inferior to none in gloss, and it will not soil a white handkerchief. Let it stand several days before you bottle it off.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 14, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Macon Button Factory.—In referring to this enterprise some days ago, we omitted to give deserved credit to Mr. F. W. Maura, a worthy mechanic of Macon, who invented the entire machinery used in the establishment, and that without any previous knowledge on the subject.

In addition to the specimens of their work alluded to some days ago, we have a sample of large wooden buttons, suitable for soldiers' coats, &c., which are the best we recollect to have seen.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 14, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

At Brownsville, Texas, molasses is selling at 50 cts. per gallon. Shoes, of good make, eighteen dollars per dozen. Hats, at the same price.—Domestics, twenty cents per yard. Two hundred barrels of flour sold at auction at ten dollars and fifty cents per barrel.

[From the New Orleans Era, April 24]  
From New Orleans—Great Riot in the Varieties Theatre.

There was an exciting time in the Varieties theatre last night. The house was crowded, and many ladies were present, as it was a benefit occasion. The play of Richelieu had progressed to the conclusion of the first act. The curtain fell, and quiet reigned throughout the theatre, while without the elements were at war—the thunder rolling, lightning flashing in the windows, and the rain pouring down upon the roof. The orchestra prepared to play as usual, when there was a sudden shout raised as if by preconcerted signal; the "Star Spangled Banner" was displayed in the second tier, and a general demand was made for "Hail Columbia." The orchestra hesitated, and the demand grew more loud and determined—the excitement increased—but still the music tarried.

A portion of the audience began to leave, and calls of "come back, come back;" "let no one leave"—"he is a coward that flies now"—"we will have 'Hail Columbia'"—mixed with shouts and all kinds of noises—threats and violent language—conspired to make the scene one of the most stormy and boisterous we have ever witnessed. One man who was leaving with a lady stopped to expostulate, saying it was unjust to call for national airs while there were Confederates in the house; but he had scarcely spoken the words before he was surrounded by an angry crowd of Union men, and a struggle ensued in the dress circle, during which we saw a pistol drawn. This served to increase the fright among the ladies, and several of them fainted. Still the orchestra refused to answer the demand.

In the midst of this exciting scene Mr. Baker appeared on the stage. He was received with applause; and, upon asking what was the meaning of the demonstration, he was informed by Dr. Dostle that this being a Union city, the audience were determined that the national airs should be played; that the theatre had had a prosperous season, and had been patronized by Union people, and no symbol of the Union had been displayed, or national air played, during the entire season—and the present company were determined that "Hail Columbia" should be played before the performance proceeded any further.

To this Mr. Baker answered, that he held permission from the military authorities and license from the city to conduct the theatre, and he had received strict authorities to allow nothing of a political character. "'Tis a lie, 'tis a lie," from all parts of the house. That only four weeks since he had received such orders from Captain Kilborn, and he dare not disregard them; therefore he could not comply with the demand.

The audience interrupted him with the demand that the national airs should be played, and would listen to no further reasoning. Mr. Bowers now appeared on the stage, as also Mrs. Baker, and attempted to speak, but it was in vain—there appeared to be but one determination on the part of the majority of the audience then present, and that was Hail Columbia or a row. Mr. Ives, the mayor's secretary, now made his appearance and attempted an explanation, to the effect, that under the orders of the mayor, it was not permitted to play the national airs. His voice was drowned in a renewed outburst of vociferations, and he was compelled to withdraw, when an officer, wearing the uniform of a major (Major Foster, 128<sup>th</sup> New York volunteers,) stepped upon the stage from one of the private boxes, and commanding silence, said he would take the responsibility. He ordered the orchestra to strike up Hail Columbia, and the order was reluctantly obeyed. The old tune was greeted with cheer upon cheer; and the Union men having

carried their point, resumed their good humor, and it was announced that their demands having been satisfied, the play could proceed. Many of the ladies returned to their seats, and good order again prevailed, and the play went on.

But we discovered another storm brewing, which we felt must soon burst with greater fury upon the house than the first. When Mr. Bowers made his appearance there was much applause from a portion of the house, which subsided amid hisses from another portion of the house. He stepped forward to the footlights and inquired: "What is the meaning of those hisses?" repeating the question several times before he was answered, when some one said: "Because we wished to hiss." He then said that he would be happy to meet the man who hissed outside, where they could settle the matter. This episode caused some hard feelings and harder words, and one gentleman threw his card upon the stage. Dr. Dostle quieted any further demonstration at the time by saying: "Gentlemen, let the play go on, and we can settle all these private matters tomorrow."

The curtain had fallen on the third act, and the signs of a renewal of the difficulty were so portentous [sic] that we thought it advisable to see some ladies, in whose company we were, and who were trembling with fright, out of the building. When we returned, loud cries were being made for music; but the musicians, after the first difficulty, had gathered up their instruments and notes, and skedaddled. The call was responded to by hoisting the curtain for the fourth act. The disturbance, however, continued. The audience were determined not to let the play go on until the orchestra had responded to their call for Yankee Doodle.—The audience [sic?] persevered, but the audience out-persevered the actors—still there was no music. Again were the wails of the theatre shaken by the shouts of the people, and everything was indeed "confusion worse confounded."

The noise attracted the provost guard at this juncture, and they entered, just as a rush was made by several parties for the stage. One gentleman had got on the stage and struck at Vining Bowers, who drew a small stage sword which he wore, and throwing up a guard, cried, "Stand off, sir;" the gentleman at the time appeared to be in the act of drawing a pistol. The scene of excitement was now far beyond description, ladies and gentlemen rushing precipitately in fright from the theatre—the actors and actresses hurrying excitedly around the stage—people, maddened by passion, rushing forward in a menacing manner—while the provost guard marched in and at once took possession of the stage.

The guard having succeeded in establishing some sort of order, Capt. Davis, of General Bowen's staff, promptly ordered the theatre to be closed. Lieut. Col. Hopkins empowers us to say that this order was not authorized—and that the guard could have restored order without closing the theatre.

Col. Hopkins was at the St. Charles hotel, and hearing of the disturbance, at once reported it to Gen. Bowen, who issued an order immediately, and sent it to the theatre to be read to the audience, which order would have put an end to all further disturbance; but, unfortunately, it did not reach the theatre until after it had been closed. We append the order of Gen. Bowen, under which the management of the theatre will in future be required to conduct the establishment.

There was but one arrest made during the evening, that of a gentleman who sprang upon the stage during the excitement, and drew his pistol on Bowers, when that gentleman's sword was drawn, and the person arrested was a Union man. We are happy to be able to state that notwithstanding the excitement, there were no accidents, and nobody was hurt.

The following is the order of Gen. Bowen, referred to above:

Office of Provost Marshal General, }  
Depart'mt of the Gulf (208 Carondelet street). }  
New Orleans, April 22, 1863. }

Mr. Baker, Manager Theatre:

It is reported that you have declined to cause national airs to be played at your theatre at the request of the audience, for the reason that you have been forbidden by the mayor of the city. No such order can be recognized or held as valid in the presence of the United States army. You will, therefore, cause the national airs—Hail Columbia, Star Spangled Banner and Yankee Doodle—to be played before the audience leave your theatre this evening.

James Bowen,  
Brigadier General, P. M. G.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 15, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Castor Oil.—We have a small supply of Palma Christi seed at our office, which we will distribute to such as desire to promote the manufacture of Castor Oil.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 15, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Bread.—Good flour is selling in Augusta from \$30 to \$40 per barrel, according to quality. In Savannah holders are asking from \$40 to \$80!

This shows why the bakers of Savannah are unable to respond to the reduction on bread in other cities. Will none of our merchants bring flour into the city that can be sold at a reasonable price?

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 15, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

Fish Lines.  
Cotton and Silk Lines.  
For sale by

John H. Deppish,  
Gibbons' Range.

Fish Hooks.  
An Assortment of Fish Hooks,  
For sale by

John H. Deppish,  
Gibbons' Range.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 16, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Substitute for Copperas.—To the Ladies: Copperas is composed of sulphuric acid, or oil of vitriol and iron, and is called by chemists sulphate of iron. A better material for dyeing, and the one invariably used by dyers, is called acetate of iron, and let it stand several days; the vinegar will eat off or dissolve the rust, and when it ceases to act on the iron, pour off the clear liquor and use it as you would copperas, and you will find it a much better article, and cost you

nothing.

E. N. Elliott, Chemist.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 16, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Flag Presentation.

Isle of Hope, May 15, 1863.

Editor Republican:--A beautiful battle flag was presented to the 1<sup>st</sup> Volunteer Regiment, at the [illegible] the Isle of Hope, by the Ladies [illegible] on the afternoon of the [illegible].

Lieut. Col. [illegible] D. Capers, of the 12<sup>th</sup> Battalion, represented the Ladies, and in a most chaste and eloquent address, in which the Colonel eulogised [sic] most appropriately the heroism and devotion of the women of the Confederacy, he entrusted to the keeping of the Regiment this "insignia of honor, justice and truth."

The flag was received by Maj. Martin Ford. The Major's reply was full of ardent patriotism and his eloquent energy. His address to the Color Guard was especially appropriate and closed a most interesting day for all present.

An Oglethorpe.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 18, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Gen. Gustavus W. Smith.—We are gratified to learn that this distinguished gentleman has been appreciated in Georgia and assigned to the control of an important interest. He has been chosen President of the Etowah Iron Mining Company, in Bartow county, who have one among the finest works of the kind in the country. It is said, and we believe correctly, that, in order to secure his valuable services, the Company transferred to him stock to the amount of \$25,000, besides voting him an annual salary of \$7,000.

We congratulate the Etowah Company on their good fortune in securing such superior scientific acquirements and business qualifications in the direction of their important interest.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 18, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

Direct Importation from Paris.

F. Gradot

Has just received from Paris the following articles:

Ladies' and Misses' Corsets, Ladies and Gentlemen's Kid Gloves, Ladies' and Misses' Congress Gaiters, &c., Ribbons, Velvet, Silk, Crape, Flowers, Dotted Lace, Illusion Blonde Lace, Black Pointe de Laine Lace Shawls, Thread Lace Veils, Fancy Soap, and many other goods too numerous to mention.

F. G. informs the Ladies and Customers that his invoice of Shoes is to be sold at Mr. L. Robider's store, Broughton street.

All these goods are now ready for inspection.

118 Broughton Street.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 18, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Smoking Tobacco.—Mr. M. Molina has presented us with a bag of the "Zarona Smoking Tobacco," a new brand just put upon the market by Messrs. Marshall & Thornton, of Richmond, Va. It is handsomely prepared, free from stems, and a friend who is a veteran at the pipe (we don't smoke) pronounces it a perfect solace.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 18, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

#### Wool Hats.

The undersigned has on hand a supply of coarse Wool Hats, substantial and durable, lined and bound with homespun, which he will sell by the case or by the dozen. Send in your orders soon, as wool hats are bound to go up, owing to the great advance in the price of wool and other material.

J. A. Turner,  
Eatonton, Ga.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 19, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Brandon, Miss., May 16.—Five gentlemen who rode to Jackson to-day, and traversed the place while there, report that the city was evacuated by the enemy about two o'clock. They are supposed to number about 40,000, and they retreated in the direction of Vicksburg. Firing was heard by the party in that direction, and they suppose Pemberton was in their rear.

Before leaving Jackson, the enemy burnt the Confederate House, the railroad depots, Green & Phillip's factories, Storm's foundry, Lenoir's hat factory, together with a block of buildings on State street, including the Medical Purveyor's and other government offices. Both bridges over Pearl river were destroyed, together with several miles of railroad track.

It is reported in Mobile that some of this burning was done by the Confederates before they retired. The Confederate House was burned by the proprietors.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 19, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

#### The Spoils.

Although Hooker crossed the river without baggage, the spoils of the battle field have proved unusually valuable. Already fifty thousand muskets and rifles have been picked up and secured, and are being sent to Richmond by rail. The quantity of great coats, knapsacks and rations, thrown away by the enemy, exceeds anything that has occurred during the war.—  
Richmond Examiner, 15<sup>th</sup>.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 19, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

The flag presented to the First Regiment, alluded to in our paper a day or two since, was the handiwork of the lady of our worthy fellow citizen, A. N. Miller, Esq. We were in error in stating that it came from the ladies of Savannah. It was her own work, and solely the gift of this patriotic lady.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 20, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

The Late Fire at Richmond.—The large fire at Richmond on Friday last, and of which telegraphic announcement was made in these columns, is thus alluded to by the Richmond Dispatch:

"The large fire of Friday morning, which destroyed the Crenshaw Woolen Manufacturing Mill and part of the Tredegar Iron Works, was the most serious that has occurred in the South since the war. But it is gratifying to know that, though the woolen mill cannot now be restored, there is no irreparable injury done to the iron works. The delay that may occur in the completion of some unfinished work for the Government will be of no consequence. It is probable, indeed, that nothing that is now needed will be delayed at all. The works have been of so much public service that this assurance is quite gratifying. The Crenshaw Mills furnished [illegible] to the Government; but, of course, means will be taken to get it from other sources. The fire happens at a period of the year that gives ample time before the next inclement season for the Government to make all necessary arrangements for this purpose."

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 21, 1863, p. 1. c. 2-5 [Summary: splendid letter from Mahone's Brigade, describing battle of Chancellorsville]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 21, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Save the Rose Leaves.—Rose leaves, says the Southern Cultivator, are extensively used in the manufacture of blue pills, and are in great demand for preparing this valuable medicine. The gardens of city and country now abound in roses, and we are sure that the ladies will see to it that the leaves are made to subserve this purpose of utility. Surgeon J. J. Chisholm, of the Medical Purveying Department, in Columbia, S. C., invokes the aid of the ladies in collecting a supply, and we trust our lady readers everywhere will heartily respond to the call.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 21, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

The Arrest of Miss James.—The following is a copy of the letter to Miss James, of Baltimore, intercepted by the Federals, and upon which she is imprisoned in the Baltimore jail:  
Richmond, Va., March 15, }  
Tuesday Noon. }

My Dear Fannie:--Your letters have just been received, and the pleasure it gave us you cannot imagine. Harry was perfectly delighted with his uniform. The goods you spoke of in your last have been received, and were a perfect God send. The quinine and liquor were very much needed. Those I presented to our Government as you desired, and the other things were sold at cost. Will you please forward goods to the amount of the enclosed order immediately? We have great demands for several items in the list, as they are needed by our Government, and knowing your promptness in filling all such orders, we can rely on your dispatching the goods at the earliest possible moment. I received the *carte de visite* of \_\_\_\_\_, whom you suspect as a spy, and have given it to our authorities. There will be a strict eye on him. \* \* \*

They request me to tell you, Fanny, to keep quiet, and don't let them have anything on you, as you can do much more for us, where you are; and if they should find you out, why—take the Yankee oath three times a day if they wish it, just before every meal. You have taken many a bitter dose of medicine, and it won't taste a bit worse than the rest.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 21, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Miss Fanny C. James, daughter of Mr. John James, of Baltimore, has been arrested in that city and committed to the Baltimore jail to be tried by the civil authorities under the treason act of Maryland, under the charge of giving aid and comfort to the rebels, in corresponding with a lady friend in the South.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 22, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

From Jackson.

The following letter to the Mobile Register, dated Jackson, 6<sup>th</sup>, shows that the citizens were not altogether unprepared for the enemy's advance, and had time to remove a great many valuables:

Jackson, May 6, 1863.

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

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 22, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Save the Rose Leaves.—Rose leaves, says the Southern Cultivator, are extensively used in the manufacture of blue pills, and are in great demand for preparing this valuable medicine. The gardens of city and country now abound in roses, and we are sure that the ladies will see to it that the leaves are made to subserve this purpose of utility. Surgeon J. J. Chisholm, of the Medical Purveying Department, in Columbia, S. C., invokes the aid of the ladies in collecting a supply, and we trust our lady readers everywhere will heartily respond to the call.

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the Yankee oath three times a day if they wish it, just before every meal. You have taken many a bitter dose of medicine, and it won't taste a bit worse than the rest.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 22, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Cargo Sale.—Messrs. LaRoche & Bell, Wednesday last, sold the cargo of the steamer President and others from Nassau. The following prices were realized: Turk's Island Salt, 53 to 85 cents per pound; Coffee, \$3 to \$3.60 per pound; Copperas, 75 cents to \$1 per pound; Morphine, \$23 per oz., Quinine, \$23.50 to \$25 per oz; Saltpetre [sic], \$2.15 per lb; Carb. Soda, \$2.55 per pound; Cream Tartar, \$1 per pound; Epsom Salts, \$1.25 per pound; Nails, \$90 per keg; Matches, \$12 per gross; Blankets, \$19 per pair; Cotton Cards, \$26 to \$30 per pair; Prints, wide and narrow, \$1.75 to \$2.50 per yard; Ladies' Gaiters, \$19.50 per pair; Misses; Gaiters, \$14 per pair; Men's English Sewed Shoes, \$14.50 per pair; Letter Paper, \$45 to \$50 per ream; Green Tea, \$7 per pound; Ladies' Hose, \$25 to \$45 per dozen.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 22, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Choice Family Groceries.—E. Ehrlich—whose family grocery at the corner of Jones and Barnard streets, has established a reputation throughout the city as "The Store" where everything the times can furnish are always at hand—advertises in to-day's Republican a variety of most acceptable groceries just added to his stock; among which will be found Crosse & Blackwell's "Chow-Chow," which for some time had almost become forgotten, together with other good things with which the knowing ones will at once provide themselves. Give him an early call.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 23, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

Released.—We are happy to record the arrival at this place of Mrs. Mary Samuel, her two daughters and son, who have recently been released from confinement in the bastille of the North, where they were subjected to treatment of the most brutal and outrageous character.

Mrs. Samuel and her daughters were arrested on the first of February, and her son was seized by the United States authorities on the 1<sup>st</sup> of January, 1863. They were dragged from their home in Nashville, while peacefully attending to their legitimate business, and without trial and upon a mere suspicion of disloyalty to the United States government, were incarcerated at Camp Chase, Ohio, for three months. They were afterwards transferred to Columbus, and from thence to Washington, D. C. At each of these places they experienced the worst of ill usage, poor fare, miserable accommodations, deprived of all clothing excepting such apparel as they wore, insulted by insolent and depraved soldiery, and made the objects of every indignity.

While in Washington, Mrs. Samuel had a guard stationed in her chamber night and day, and they were paraded in company with others three successive days through the streets of the city to induce the belief that new lots of prisoners had at each time arrived.

The family is destitute. Every thing valuable, money, clothes, jewelry—all has been taken.

They have come to cast their destiny among us rather than dwell with a people lost to every feeling of honor and humanity.—Atlanta Confederacy.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 25, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Moss Rope.—Among the articles of domestic manufacture which the necessities of the times has produced, is moss rope, pronounced by those who have used it superior to cotton, and almost, if not quite equal to hemp. We saw a bale of this kind of rope yesterday, made by

Messrs. Segure & Bryars, of Union Springs, Ala., who design to go largely into its manufacture. It was made from the moss so common throughout the Gulf States, and appeared to be strong and durable. As it will not be affected by the weather, it will serve an excellent purpose for baling cotton. We understand it can be manufactured for much less than the cost of common hemp rope.

[Montgomery Advertiser.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 25, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

[From the Brandon, Miss., Republican]  
The Yankee Occupation of the City of Jackson—  
Terrible Destruction of Property.

In order to ascertain the amount of damage done by the Yankees during their forty-eight hours occupation of the city of Jackson, we went over and took a careful survey of the place yesterday morning, and give below the result of our observations. We could not get a complete list of the property burned and otherwise destroyed owing to great confusion in the city. The following buildings were burned:

Green's Cotton Factory, together with all the machinery, 300 bales of cotton, and all the buildings connected with the factory, Phillips' factory, and all the small buildings connected therewith, J. A. Stevens' foundry, Bailey's cotton shed, containing a large quantity of tar, lime, cement, &c., Catholic Church and parsonage, Mrs. Bakewell's house, and contents; Confederate House, together with furniture &c., Railroad depot, and all the buildings immediately west and south of the same; State penitentiary, with all the machinery; flouring mill, near Phillips' factory, all the houses on State street, from Shaw's store to Graves' corner, including Green's Banking House; Ambrozier's grocery, Allen & Legon's store, and Grave's large brick building, with a number of small intervening houses; all the houses on the south side of Pearl street from State street to the Mississippi Baptist office, including the Confederate Quartermaster's office; a number of sheds or were houses, near the old old depot of the Southern Railroad, containing an immense quantity of cotton, sugar, molasses, &c., and a number of old cars, belonging to both railroads, all the houses in front of the City Hall, and Market house, except Mrs. Sanders' boarding house and one or two small shops, Lemley's hat factory, Robinson's warehouse, General Freeman's dwelling house, all the buildings belonging to the fair grounds, rope factory and salt petre [sic] works; the railroad and city bridges across Pearl river, and all the bridges and trestle work on the Southern Railroad for several miles; all shops where government work was being carried on. All the stores in the city were pillaged, their contents either carried off or thrown into the street and burned. The Mississippian office was broken open, the type thrown in the street and the presses and furniture broken up. The Post Office was rifled of its contents. The Governor's mansion was broken open and pianos and furniture destroyed.

The Episcopal church was entered and the whole interior effaced. Nearly all the private residences were entered and trunks broken open, fine dresses torn to pieces, and all jewelry, silver ware and provisions taken. Dr. Knapp's office was broken open, his dental instruments carried off and his furniture destroyed. Capt. L. Jullian's book store and bindery was destroyed. J. W. Gray & Co's drug store was partially destroyed. Jo. Morgridge was an extensive sufferer by the depredations of the vandals.

E. Vorden's loss in sugar, molasses, &c., is estimated at \$200,000. D. W. Busick lost

heavily in his tobacco commission store. Allen & Ligon lost all their books, paper, money and merchandize. Dr. S. C. Farrar lost his horses and mules. J. M. Rawlins lost his carriage and carriage horses. Almost every horse, mule, cow, and hog in the city was taken. Watches and breastpins were forcibly taken from gentlemen on the street. Negroes, from 300 to 500 were taken from the city and adjacent country, and as an inducement for them to go they were promised commissions in the Yankee army, and about 100 of them were armed before they left the city.

Intelligent gentlemen estimate the total loss of property in the city at five millions of dollars.

On Friday morning a squadron of cavalry came over to Rankin and tore up the railroad about 4 miles, and a few rails at other places to within two miles of Brandon. They ransacked the private dwellings for arms and ammunition, taking away a few negroes, horses and mules. Among the chief sufferers in the raid were Mrs. S. M. Hamilton, 14 negroes; Austin Neely, 14 negroes; A. J. Neely, 6 negroes; A. P. Miller, 4 negroes; G. W. Rains, 2 negroes; Gen. P. Henry, 1 negro and 3 horses, &c.

It is asserted and believed that in the retreat between Jackson and Clinton, many houses were burned and nearly all the horses, mules and cattle driven away.

We could learn no particulars of the fight at Raymond, except that our loss was about 200 and that of the enemy from four to five hundred. It is reported that we whipped the one my [sic?] very badly at Edwards' Depot on Friday, and that we captured his immense wagon train. We have no doubt of the truth of the report.

We can get nothing reliable as to the position of the two armies, but we think it quite likely Grant's army will be totally destroyed before the end of this week.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 26, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Moss Rope.—Among the articles of domestic manufacture which the necessities of the times has produced, is moss rope, pronounced by those who have used it superior to cotton, and almost, if not quite equal to hemp. We saw a bale of this kind of rope yesterday, made by Messrs. Segure & Bryars, of Union Springs, Ala., who design to go largely into its manufacture. It was made from the moss so common throughout the Gulf States, and appeared to be strong and durable. As it will not be affected by the weather, it will serve an excellent purpose for baling cotton. We understand it can be manufactured for much less than the cost of common hemp rope.

[Montgomery Advertiser.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 26, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Changes in the Medical Staff.—Dr. H. V. M. Miller, Chief Surgeon of this Military District, has been transferred to Rome. Dr. John M. Johnston, who has been in charge of the principal hospital, corner of Broughton and Jefferson, has been made Chief Surgeon of the District, and removed his headquarters to the Barracks. Dr. William G. Bulloch has been assigned to the principal hospital.

We took occasion, some days ago, to make a visit to the principal hospital, and found it in all respects creditable to the management. It is probably the largest establishment of the kind in the State, consisting of one ward 60 by 90, and five wards 30 by 90, besides spacious rooms for dining, apothecary's shop, linen and baggage, offices, &c., &c. The wards are all comfortably furnished and kept perfectly neat and clean. Sweeping and scouring is the regular order of the

day, and, with admirable ventilation, the apartments are obliged to be pleasant and wholesome. The female employes [sic] of the establishment are all capable and energetic, evincing a most praiseworthy interest in behalf of the suffering soldiers. Dr. Johnson turns over the establishment to his successor in excellent order, and we have an assurance in the well known character and professional abilities of Dr. Bulloch that the institution will continue to reflect credit on the army and the country.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 26, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Millen Wayside Home.--The ladies of Burke county have completed their beautiful and patriotic arrangements at Millen, and are now dispensing their hospitality daily to large numbers of traveling soldiers. We dropped in a few evenings since and found a well supplied table and every comfort prepared for our brave defenders, the gentle hands that provided these benefactions rendering them doubly acceptable. We wish them every success in their praiseworthy undertaking, and as they rely on contributions and their own means alone for the support of their "Home," we hope the public will deal liberally with them. Will not the friends of the soldier in Savannah lend them a helping hand? We feel assured they are so disposed, and we would add that, to save them trouble, all contributions left at this office will be promptly acknowledged and forwarded.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 26, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

[Communicated.]  
The Needle Women.

Mr. Editor: Heretofore, during the war, the wives and daughters of our poor soldiers from this city have been enabled to obtain, through their needles, a support, in working for the government on clothing, tents, &c. Of late this work has been removed to interior towns, and none left to be done here—thus cutting off the sole dependence of hundreds of industrious females. I speak, Mr. Editor, in behalf of those poor people, and ask, through your columns, that some consideration for their condition be had by our government officials, who have the disposal of this encouragement to the poor. Cannot the work be distributed—a portion to Savannah as to other cities—and thus help those whose condition is rendered dependent exclusively on the patronage of the government.

Impartial.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 26, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

50 Tailoresses  
Wanted Immediately,  
for  
Pants, Shirts and Drawers.

H. Haym, 174 Broughton st.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 27, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

A Letter from Mrs. Hall.

Augusta, May 23, 1863.

Mr. Editor:--Having read in the morning papers of this day, May 23d, a set of resolutions drawn up and signed by J. N. Taliaferro, Capt. and Edward Clayton, Secretary, of the "gallant Walker Light Infantry," of this city, now encamped at the Isle of Hope, in which they make a most earnest appeal to the citizens of Augusta to send beyond the lines, or place in confinement, certain persons whom they accuse of giving "aid and comfort" to the enemy. Now, as I do not wish any innocent person to suffer for my misdemeanors, I take this method of acknowledging my crime—if crime it be. I have a son, dear to me as live, who is detained in Washington by circumstances beyond his control, and with whom we can hold no communication from this side by letter, as we have written a dozen of them, which he has never received.

Hoping to find one in the groups of Federal prisoners who would take a letter or message to him, I went with one of my daughters to see them. Shall I say, that that Providence, who has guided me through a long life of three-score years, directed me to one who I think (though among our enemies) is a gentleman and a Christian. I stopped in front of him, beckoned him to come to me, and asked him if he was going to Washington, and if he would take a letter for me; also, if he knew the Rev. Dr. Hall of the Church of the Epiphany. He said he did, and would take letters or bundles or anything for us with pleasure, as he was Paymaster of the Indianola, taken at Vicksburg, and was obliged to report at Washington as soon as he was exchanged. I returned home and got together such photographs as we had of my family and but one letter, that had been written the night previous, and went down again in the afternoon before the train left to give him the package (to which were then added two letters from some friends in this city) and sent some messages to my son. The second time I went I took my whole family of children that he might report to my son that he had seen us all, which I did not think a crime, and as I have been taught from my earliest infancy to "Do unto others as I would have others do unto me," under like circumstances, I extended to him some little courtesy which I thought due to a gentleman.

Mr. Editor, I make this confession publicly that the innocent shall not suffer for the guilty, and I also think my devotion to the good of my country, from the first dawn of this ungodly strife up to the present moment, must be understood by all right-minded persons. One of my daughters presented to the Confederate Guard a bouquet in consideration of his kindness in allowing us to converse with the prisoner. My greatest object in holding this communication with the prisoner was to let my son know the particulars of my heart-rending sorrow for the death of my gallant son, Edward, who lost his life at the head of (his) Cox's battalion of Georgia sharpshooters in the bloody battle of Murfreesboro'. Yours, most respectfully,

Margaret C. Hall.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 29, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

German Ladies' Association

The German Ladies' of Savannah are invited to assemble in Concordia Hall School on Wednesday, 3d June, at 4 o'clock in the Afternoon, in order to form an Association for the benefit of those families whose fathers or husbands are in the army.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 30, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Last Friday in May.—This is the occasion of the annual inspection by the Mayor and Aldermen of the Savannah Fire Company, and is always a source of much enjoyment to the colored firemen, free and slave, under its command. In their parade yesterday afternoon, they presented a neat and handsome appearance; their uniforms bright and clean; their engines tastefully decorated and in good condition; and their happy countenances told that there could be no greater pleasure to them than "running wid der masheen," or joining in their chosen songs and choruses. In passing along the Bay their engines were decorated with Confederate and battle flags as well as wreathes of flowers. They sang with a hearty good will the "Bonnie Blue Flag," and at the chorus they swelled out in very good accord the "Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears the Southern Star." Their conduct was very orderly and done them credit.

The following was the order of the procession:

The line was formed on South Broad street in front of the Fireman's Hall. After inspection by the Mayor and Aldermen, the companies passed down South Broad to East Broad street, through which to the Bay, thence as far as the Exchange, where they were dismissed.

It being a rainy day, and a large number who are employed by the Government being absent, it was a much better turn out than we expected to see.

The following are the officers of Savannah Fire Company for the present year:

Chief Fireman—Wallace Cumming.

Second Chief Fireman—C. C. Casey.

Third Chief Fireman—J. L. Haupt.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 30, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

#### Our Virginia Correspondence

In Virginia Somewhere, }

May 24<sup>th</sup>, 1863. }

. . . Solemn as it is, we cannot help recalling a funny incident connected with the black flag. On the morning after the night of the 18<sup>th</sup> September, the army had crossed the Potomac with the enemy pressing upon our heels, but dared not cross after us. They cursed and swore at us from the opposite bank, threatening every minute to make a general advance.—We happened to go into the little village of Shepherdstown, which is just on the south bank, above the ford where the army had crossed the river, and in passing by the door of a small dwelling we stopped to get some water. A black flag hung in the portico, much to our astonishment, and we wondered whether the bold people of that dwelling had been wrought to such desperation by the enemy as compelled them to hang out that awful sign of resistance. An elderly lady appeared at the door as soon as our footsteps sounded on the doorway, and relieved our doubts. She was tall, stout, red-headed, with a firm look, and carried in her hand a bright barreled pocket revolver. She asked what we wanted and we answered water. "Very well," said she, "do you see that," pointing to the flag. We answered in the affirmative. "That means no quarter, and this," pointing to the revolver, "is to shoot the first man that goes into that yonder cabbage patch." It is most sincerely hoped that the Yankees will give us as little cause to exercise our firmness as we did that good Virginia lady the use of her firearm. . . .

Tout-le-Monde.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 1, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

For Sale,  
500 Pairs  
No. 10 Cotton Cards,  
In Lots to Suit Purchasers.

H. Haym,  
176 Broughton Street.  
Savannah.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 2, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Dry all the fruits and vegetables possible this year. They will be needed by our armies. Beets, carrots, and other roots, may be gathered and dried, and tomatoes, okra, &c., sliced and dried, then packed away in cloth bags or boxes. Fruits of all kinds should, also, be dried in quantities for our brave soldiers. The Southern Cultivator says: We will give an article on this subject in our next number; but it is now time to begin the work, as some vegetables and fruits are becoming plentiful.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 2, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

A Beautiful Flag.—We have been shown a splendid battle flag, made for the Sixteenth North Carolina regiment, by Miss R. C. Semon, of this city.

The flag is of double silk, fringed with silver tinsel. Upon either side are marked in white silk the names of eleven battle fields where the regiment has won for itself a noble name: Raices' Mill, Ox Hill, Fredericksburg, Frazer's Farm, Harper's Ferry, Seven Pines, Cedar Run, Sharpsburg, Mechanicsville, Manassas and Shepherdstown. The name of Chancellorsville is to be added to the list, as the regiment was engaged in that fierce battle, and there the Colonel and Lieutenant Colonel were both wounded, having hitherto escaped unhurt through all previous mentioned battles.

The cost of the flag is one thousand dollars, and is one of the most beautiful we have ever seen.—Rich. Enquirer.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 2, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Mysterious Disappearance.—On Thursday morning last, about the hour of seven o'clock, Mrs. Mena Landgraff, wife of Charles A. Landgraff, who is now a member of Company D, First Battalion Georgia Sharpshooters, left her residence, situated at the corner of Broughton and West Broad streets, for the purpose of going to the market house and returning. At the time she left she had about her somewhere in the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty dollars, and wore a lilac calico dress, light plaid silk apron with a frill; the sleeves of her dress was trimmed with a different colored calico than that of her dress; a white straw hat trimmed with red ribbon, and a thick pair of shoes—black silk mantilla and white collar, and carried a basket of reddish color. At the time she left I had every reason to believe that she would shortly return home to breakfast, but from that hour she has never been seen by me. She was seen in the market by several purchasing her meats.

I make this statement known to the public in as much as I was living with her, and feel confident that some foul play has been done. I call upon the public officers and citizens to use their honest efforts in ferriting [sic] out this thing in order that the guilty may be brought to that punishment so much deserved.

Miss Ellen Kennedy.

Savannah, May 30<sup>th</sup>, 1863.

Any information given will be thankfully received.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 2, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Found Drowned.—The body of a white man, aged about twenty-five years, wearing a striped shirt and pants of homespun, corresponding with the clothing worn by the Confederate marines of this post, was discovered floating in the Savannah river yesterday morning about Fort Jackson, having being drowned. Coroner Eden held an inquest—verdict in accordance with the above.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 3, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

#### Vandalism in Jackson, Mississippi.

The following extract from a letter received from Jackson, Miss., is but in keeping with the conduct of the enemy against whom we are battling.

\* \* \* "I must tell you of some of the outrages committed by the vandals. Besides destroying every pound of food they could find in the stores and on the plantations, they destroyed furniture, fences, killed milk cows and hogs, leaving them lying on the ground. Even good old Bishop Green was visited very hardly. They took his sermons and scattered and trampled them in the mud—took a favorite prayer book and cut it up; chopped the piano and melodeon to pieces, and even carried off his robes. At the Church they carried off the robes and offertory plates.

"They robbed a woman with four children of her cow and pigs, took her last pound of meal from her refusing to leave her any for her children, and even took off a cake that was cooking, saying they intended to starve them out. Ladies' wardrobes were sacked, the clothing torn to pieces, and everything like jewelry was carried off. One prisoner taken yesterday had fifteen watches, besides jewelry. Fences, hedges and shrubbery were wantonly destroyed—indeed, every outrage that a fiendish malignity could suggest. But I will not shock you further with the recital of these cruel wrongs."

\* \* \* \* \*

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 3, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

"General," says Jinks, "I always observed that those people who have a great deal to say about being ready to shed their last drop of blood, are amazin' partic'ler about the first drop."—Rebel.

There is a wine merchant in our town who fills up the intervals of trade with mending shoes. In other words he is himself a "sherry *cobbler*."—Ib.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 3, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

[From the Augusta Chronicle and Sentinel.]

Cheering News from Arkansas.

We have had the pleasure of an interview with a gentleman recently from Camden, Ark., who has kindly furnished us with some facts in regard to the situation of affairs in that State, which cannot fail to be of great interest to our readers. Our informant is a gentleman of rare cultivation, strong good sense, and pleasing conversational powers, and his knowledge of affairs in that quarter is ample and reliable.

The social condition of the people of Arkansas is most encouraging. The war has proved to them a blessing, in the sense that it has brought out the resources of the country, taught the inhabitants self reliance, and developed their slumbering energies. In the enterprise and activity, born of the emergency, the State has become a perfect hive of industry. Factories, machine shops, forges, foundries, etc., abound, where articles for home use, and for the use of the army, are abundantly supplied. Salt wells have been found, and the manufacture of salt is carried on extensively and successfully. The tanning of hides, for the past eighteen months, has been beyond all parallel in the history of the State. By precaution and foresight, cotton and woolen cards are plenty, and many families are engaged in carding, spinning and weaving cloth, both for domestic purposes and for clothing the soldiers. Our informant mentioned some households where eight hundred yards had been wove the past year, who intended this year to increase the amount to one thousand yards. Under the quickening influence of the time, the whole State is alive with industrial enterprise.

The crops this year, we are happy to learn, are very bountiful, and the breadth of wheat sown, and now nearly ready for harvest, is at four-fold that of any previous year. All kinds of provision crops will yield generously.

There is no suffering among the poor of Arkansas. The Legislature appropriated a millions and a half for the benefit of the poor and the families of soldiers. And, in addition labor is everywhere wanted, and commands liberal compensation. Under such circumstances, it is impossible to resist the conviction that the people are even better off than before the war commenced.

We are glad to know also, that the most unlimited confidence is felt in the officers who have been placed in command of the army in that quarter. The soldiers—officers and men—are perfectly enthusiastic in their love for their leaders, and especially is this the case with Gen. Price—"Old Dad," as he is called. One has only to mention his name to the men, and they instinctively set up the wildest huzzas for the old hero. Generals Kirby Smith, Price and Holmes are a tower of strength, and under their leadership the men will march anywhere and do any deed of daring. Our army in that quarter is all right we are quite sure.

The citizens of other portions of the Confederacy have entertained the idea that Arkansas was almost entirely given over to the tender mercies of the enemy. This is a mistaken notion. They have actually invaded but a small portion of the State—a fact accounted for by the excellent fighting qualities of the Arkansas boys, who are a perfect terror to their enemies.

The Indians are generally quite favorable to the South, and have given the people no trouble. The amicable feeling among them has [been] greatly encouraged by the frequent visits of the Poet General, Albert Pike, among them.

The gratifying condition of affairs at present in Arkansas, our informant thinks, is in a great degree due to the promptness, energy and perseverance of Gen. Hindman, who took the command there at a critical period, and saved the State by swelling an army at 12,000 men to one of 50,000 in sixty days. His services, until he was superseded, were invaluable, and should and will be appreciated by our Government.

One the whole, the statement which we listened to, and which we have here perhaps but

imperfectly set down, is of the most hopeful character, and if any fears are felt for Arkansas, we think they may be dismissed. Her career, glorious as it has been in the past, we predict will be yet more glorious, and we feel a glow of pride that she is as honored and prominent member of the fair sisterhood of Southern States.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 4, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

[Written for the Richmond Whig]

"Oh! He's Nothing But a Soldier."  
By A Young Bebelles, Esq.

"Oh! he's nothing but a soldier"  
But he's coming here to-night,  
For I saw him pass this morning,  
With his uniform so bright.  
He was coming in from picket,  
Whilst he sung a sweet refrain,  
And he kissed his hand at some one  
Peeping through the window pane.

Ah! he rode no dashing charger  
"With a black and flowing mane,"  
But his bayonet glistened brightly,  
As the sun lit up the plain.  
No waving plume or feather  
Flashed its crimson in the light—  
He belonged to the Light Infantry,  
And he came to war—to *fight*.

"Oh! he's nothing but a soldier,"  
His trust is in his sword—  
To carve his way to glory,  
Through the servile Yankee horde.  
No pompous pageant heralds him,  
No sycophants attend,  
In his belt you see his body guard—  
His tried and trusty friend.

"Oh! he's nothing but a soldier,"  
And a stranger in our land;  
His home is in the sunny South,  
By the blue Gulf's golden strand.  
But I wish I knew his people,  
Some little of his past,

For father's always telling me  
About our *social caste*.

"Oh! he's nothing but a soldier,"  
But his *eyes* are very fine,  
And I sometimes think, when passing,  
They are piercing into mine.  
Pshaw! "he's nothing but a soldier,"  
Come, let me be discreet;  
But really, for a soldier,  
His toilet's very neat.

"Oh! he's nothing but a soldier,"  
But last night he came to tea—  
What an interesting soldier—  
But then, he's rather free.  
'Twas two o'clock this morning,  
Before he took his leave;  
He has my ring—the fellow!  
But what's the use to grieve?

He has been again to see us,  
The *gentleman* in grey;  
He calls to see us often—  
Our house is on his way  
At times he sadly seeks the shade  
Of yonder grove of trees,  
I watched him once—this soldier—  
I saw him on his knees.

One day last week I asked him  
To tell me of his home.  
He answered, pointing to his camp,  
"Where'er these brave ones roam."  
I asked him once to tell me  
Of his mother, sister dear;  
A funeral cortege passed along—  
Said he, "you have them here."

"Oh, he's nothing but a soldier,"  
But this I know right well,  
He has a heart of softness  
Where tender virtues dwell;  
For once when we were talking,  
And no one else was near,

I saw him very plainly  
Try to hide a startling tear.

We are speaking of Manassas,  
Of that first great bloody day,  
When a handful of our "brae ones"  
Held the Yankee hosts at bay  
'Twas here he lost his aged sire,  
While fighting by his side;  
He sleeps beneath the crimson turf,  
Where roil'd that bloody tide.

"Oh, he's nothing but a soldier,"  
But within that eye so clear,  
There lurks no craven spirit,  
No timid glance of fear  
For though at pity's pleading  
It can melt with tender light,  
I've seen it flash like lightning  
Across the brow of night.

"Oh, he's nothing but a soldier,"  
Such as pass us every day.  
*He* calls them "Ragged Devils,"  
But you know that's just his *way*.  
But there is one thing very funny,  
One thing I can't explain  
That when this soldier goes away,  
I wish him back again.

"Oh, he's nothing but a soldier,"  
And a stranger yet to fame;  
But they tell me in the army,  
That the "Boys" all know his name;--  
The Yankees, too, have heard it,  
They dread his battle shout;  
They have no wish to meet him,  
This dreaded Southern scout.

"Oh, he's nothing but a soldier,"  
Yet you'd call his features good;  
That *cut* he got at West Point,  
While fighting under Hood.  
He has a halting in his gait,  
A trifle in the knee;

He brought it back from Sharpsburg,  
Where he went with General Lee.

"Oh, he's nothing but a soldier,"  
But his triumphs are not few;  
He has seen our glorious battle flag  
In all its trials through;--  
At Seven Pines he followed it,  
On the heights at Gaines' Mill  
At Williamsburg, at West Point,  
In the smoke of Malvern Hill.

Oh, he's nothing but a soldier,  
But, then, it's very queer—  
I feel somehow when absent  
I'd rather have him near.  
He's gone to meet the foeman,  
To stay his bloody track--  
*O! Heaven shield the soldier,*  
*O, God, let him come back!*

\* \* \* \* \*

He is back again, this soldier,  
With his eyes so deep and clear,  
And his voice like falling waters,  
Maketh music to my ear.  
One empty coat-sleeve dangles,  
Where once a stout arm grew,  
But this soldier says, in hugging  
He has no use for two.

"Oh, he's nothing but a soldier,"  
And I know that on his form  
He bears the scars of conflict  
And of many a battle storm.  
But I wouldn't give this soldier,  
In his simple, humble home,  
For all your perfumed monkeys,  
That strut about the town.

He is back again, this soldier;  
He is sitting by my side,--  
To-morrow, ho! for Texas.  
With his young Virginia bride.  
True, "he's nothing but a soldier,"

But I'm now his loving wife;  
Pledged, through good report, or evil,  
To dwell with him through life.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 4, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

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

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 4, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

To Choose a Wife.—Lay a broom in the way she has to pass. If she steps over it, don't take her; but if she picks it up, and puts it carefully away, or goes to work with it, choose her if you can get her.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 6, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Wool Cards,  
Cotton Cards,  
Mosquito Netting,  
For sale by

N. Lyon.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 6, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Notice.

Parties wishing to send letters to Foreign ports will have them ready by to-morrow (Saturday) night. I will take them via Nassau. All letters mailed at Nassau for Foreign ports, are required to be pre-paid 25 cents. Letters, before being received by me, must be submitted to Gen. Mercer for his approval.

J. M. Haywood,  
Broughton street.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 6, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

[For the Savannah Republican.]  
The Stage.

Mr. Editor:--Amid the confusion of war, and the din and clash of arms, it is pleasant occasionally to turn to those sources of amusement with which in days of yore we were favored. Among them all, none perhaps afforded more pleasure and instruction than the Stage. Nothing, the Pulpit and Press excepted, at the same time, has and does contribute more to the formation of

public moral sentiment. A proper appreciation of its merits is a certain indication of a high state of refinement in society.

While we do not set ourselves up as a critic of the stage, it is our purpose in this article to throw out a hint or two in relation thereto, which common sense would seem to suggest. They may or may not be correct; if they are not, we hope some one sufficiently versed in such matters will set us right, for we would not under any circumstances knowingly inculcate a false sentiment on any subject.

First, then, a sound and discriminating judgment should be used in the selection of the plays to be presented. They should contain nothing offensive to good taste or morals; while at the same time they should, as nearly as possible, be true to nature painting the scenes of practical every day life; something that could be understood and taken home as a source of information and profit to every one. Then as to the performance. The players should, in our judgment, represent their respective parts as if they were the original characters. The scenes of the lay are generally represented as having transpired in the presence of these alone who participate in them, and not of a vast assemblage of people, or even fifty or a hundred. The actors therefore, as a general rule, should not address themselves to the audience or give themselves any extraordinary trouble to learn what effect a fine sentence, or a kingly or queenly toss of the head may have on the spectators; in fact, they should be oblivious to their presence. This toss of the head may do very well, and give effect to some particular character in some instances, but we think we have seen it on some boards oftener than we ever have in the scenes of real life, nay, we are unkind enough to think it is sometimes done more for the purpose of "showing off" the "parts" of the performer, than common sense or the spirit of the play would require. To illustrate in part our meaning, we will give an incident, or short criticism as you may choose to term it, as given by Fielding, whom by the way we consider good authority on such matters.

In the chapter describing the behavior of Partridge at the theatre, he says: "Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the stage? 'O la, sir,' said he, 'I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of anything, for I know it is but a play; and if it was really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance and in so much company; and yet, if I was frightened, I am not the only person.' 'Why, who,' cries Jones, 'dost thou take to be such a coward here as thyself?' 'Nay, you may call me a coward, if you will; but if that little man there on the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life.' He sat with eyes fixed partly on the Ghost and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open. The same passions which succeed each other in Hamlet, succeeded likewise in him.

"Little more worth remembering occurred during the play, at the end of which Jones asked him which of the players he liked best. [Illegible line—fold in paper] nation at the question. 'The King, without doubt.' 'Indeed, Mr. Partridge,' says Mrs. Miller, 'you are not of the same opinion with the town; for they are all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player who was ever on the stage.' 'He the best player!' cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer; 'why, I could act as well myself. I am sure, if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in the scene, as you called it, between him and his mother, when you told me he acted so fine, why, any man, that is, any good man, that had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me; but indeed, Madam, though I never was at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country, and the King for my money. He speaks all his words distinctly, and half as loud again

as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor."

Of this passage an excellent writer has remarked, that Partridge "is represented as a very bad theatrical critic. But none of those who laugh at him possess the tithé of his sensibility to theatrical excellence. He admires in the wrong place; but he trembles at the right place." Precisely so. It is not loud declamation, nor fine tosses of the head, which make the accomplished player; it is the one who makes us feel that if we were placed in the same position, and the circumstances were real, we would have acted in the same manner.

But the length to which this article has been extended admonishes us to conclude. The views we have advanced may subject us to the charge of fogyism; but we care not. If we succeed in directing public attention to this subject, our main object will have been accomplished. We have heard within the past week or two that actors were to be imported from Europe for the Richmond stage. This should not be. We have ample talent in the Confederacy for the theatre. It only needs cultivation to insure the richest fruits. The Thespian Family possess every qualification to insure the most flattering success in this line, and of honoring alike themselves and their country. Let them continue their efforts, which have so far been eminently successful. Let the public appreciate them as it should, and in due time, it is our deliberate opinion, they will compare favorably with the best players in Europe or America. We trust we shall hear no more of foreign importations for the stage. We are struggling now for commercial independence; let us also strive for literary and theatrical independence. And this may and can only be obtained by the cultivation of talent in our own country. Let the public extend to it aid and sympathy, and it will never have cause to regret it.

Amicus.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 6, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

English Mustard.

50 tin cannisters [sic] 10 lbs. each of Coliman's celebrated London Mustard, just imported, and for sale by  
Claghorn & Cunningham.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 8, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

Heights of Fredericksburg, Va., }  
June 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1863. }

. . . The scene from Lee's Hill—so called because it was from that point Gen. Lee directed the first battle of Fredericksburg—is imposing and suggestive. The valley of the Rappahannock, with its wide-sweeping plains and cannon crowned hills, is spread out before the beholder like a vast panorama. To the left are Marye's bloody heights, where McLaws made his gallant fight in December, and where Cobb offered up his life in defence [sic] of his mother's birthplace. In front of those heights is the half ruined town of Fredericksburg, now garrisoned by Barksdale's impetuous Mississippians and occupied by a few miserable inhabitants who still cling to their homes under the very muzzles of the Federal guns. To the right and below is the wide, fan-shaped plain upon which Burnside deployed his immense host, and where Jackson fought and Gregg perished. On this side of the plain and far down to the right sweeps the range of hills occupied and successfully defended by the Confederates in the first great battle. In front and beyond the river, above and below, loom up the bare hills of Stafford, their crests crowned with batteries and their slopes checkered by a hundred camp roads and pathways, and covered with

rifle pits and breastworks. Wagon trains and detachments of artillery, cavalry and infantry show themselves in the gorges between these hills and manoeuvre on their slopes. Beyond the heights a thousand spiral columns of blue smoke ascend from the camp fires below, and here and there in the far distance great bands of dust are outlined against the northern horizon like immense yellow rainbows. Tents and white wagon tops dot the hills and glisten in the evening sunlight, whilst squads of teamsters and idle soldiers stroll listlessly about, and their hard served horses pick such scant herbage as the wasted and trampled soil offers. The pickets, the eyes and ears of the two armies, are guarding either bank of the river; the signal men wave their mysterious alphabets from the hills, and high over all soar the monster balloons of the inquisitive and anxious enemy, who have not yet recovered from the last stunning blow given them by Gen. Lee and his invincible legions. Meanwhile, the two armies lie back of the hills in the timber, like tigers in the jungle, ready to spring upon each other as opportunity may occur.

In this valley and behind these hills are gathered the muscle and manhood of the continent. What vast power! what engines of destruction! Thus far the smaller, but more active and intelligent combatant has had the best of the conflict. Better led, and with a better cause and more hardy and enterprising material, let us hope that Triumph will continue to crown our standard and that the enemy we have so often beaten, will ere long lay down his arms and give us peace. Lee's army was never in better condition, or so well prepared to maintain the combat, if the adversary shall so decide.

P.W.A.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 8, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Fresh Lager Beer.

A supply just received from the Brewery of Jacob Kauffer, Hamburg, South Carolina, will be on Draught.

This (Monday) Morning, May 8,

At the Planters' Hotel.

George Gemenden, Proprietor.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 8, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

40 Ounces  
P. and W. Quinine,  
Received and for sale by

G. M. Heidt,  
Corner State and Whitaker sts.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 9, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Tullahoma, June 2d.

. . . While Roddy had taken his entire force, except Hannon, to pursue the invaders, numbering about 2,000 mounted infantry and a battery of light artillery, on the south bank, the force on the

north side, numbering 800 mounted men and two mountain howitzers, learning of the success of their diversion on the opposite side of the river, advanced rapidly and were met by Hannon's regiment beyond Florence, but pushed them so vigorously that the latter were compelled to retire to Florence and beyond, while the Vandals, much to their delight, entered the place, commenced their work of destruction, and fully accomplished the object of their expedition, burning two large and very valuable cotton factories, upon which the people of the Tennessee valley were dependent for their supplies, and from which large quantities of cloth were procured by the army. These factories were the property of Martin, Weakley & co., and in their loss the Confederacy suffers severely. The Vandals then proceeded to burn the Masonic Hall, hotel, livery stable, blacksmith shop, and such other buildings as might have proved useful to the Confederates; and having been in the town for two or three hours, accomplished their mission, got drunk, abused the inhabitants, and were finally driven out by Hannon in a brisk little fight, in which the latter suffered the loss of Captain Locke and Major Jenks, captured, and but few were killed, wounded or captured on either side. The Vandals fell back, pursued by Hannon, who despatched [sic] couriers to Roddy to endeavor to intercept the party, and a force from Columbia was sent out for the same purpose. It was reported on Saturday that Roddy had cut them off from their boats and was driving them back towards Florence, but this proved untrue. Our forces which went in pursuit have not yet returned, nor have they been reliably heard from. In the engagement between the enemy and Hannon we were very fortunate in not losing a battery of artillery which had been sent without escort to the aid of the latter. It got in between the two forces, and was driving directly to the Yankees, unaware of their presence, when it met them on the march. The officer in command of the battery proved to have good sense and presence of mind, and coolly directing one piece to go into battery and fire on the enemy, he put the rest of the artillery upon the retreat while the Yankees were getting into line of battle, and then withdrew his other piece without loss, and ran back in safety to Athens.

The result of the whole affair was that Roddy was completely outwitted and deceived, and that the vandals accomplished everything they desired, and up to the latest advices had escaped unchastised. . . N.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 10, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

#### The Pic-Nic at the Isle of Hope.

Camp Davant, Isle of Hope,  
June 7<sup>th</sup>, 1863.

Mr. Editor:--Since the war had begun we had given up every hope of that sweet and special enjoyment with the ladies which we were wont to do in times of peace and plenty. But our removal to the Isle of Hope, in the beautiful village of Parkersille, has enlivened and buoyed us up.

The Isle of Hope is indeed a charming place. On one side, the lovely shores of the Skidaway, rolling along in splendor and majesty, which, when seen at a distance, seem the ideal of a poet's dream; on the other, the tall and majestic pines murmur their grand and solemn music along the shore, which, when combined with the lasting roar of the surf, seem the music of some fairy land. 'Tis a picture that would attract the eye of the lover of the picturesque and beautiful. Therefore, Mr. Editor, it is not surprising that such a place, with such scenery, should attract some of the fairest of your city, especially as it is a spot so conducive to all kinds of social

amusements. Some of the officers and soldiers of the Fifth Regiment of Cavalry were lucky enough to procure government wagons and horses, which were immediately pressed into service for the transportation of the ladies. This novel mode of conveyance seemed to heighten their spirits, so that when they arrived on the scene of action they were in a humor for anything that would add to the enjoyment of the trip. A room was soon procured and made ready, and musicians obtained, in order that nothing might be lacking to the intended amusement of the party.

Everything being now complete, couples on the floor, the dance began—and a dance it was—one that revived the days of "Auld Lang Syne," and brought wildly to our recollection the time when peace reigned supreme, and our beloved land was enjoying the freedom it is now striving so hard and heroically to obtain. It has been said that the ladies contribute more towards the gaining of our independence than the soldiers. It is true; for what could have revived our somewhat drooping spirits more than the presence of so much beauty? And what would cheer us on more in battle than the recollection of the "girls we left behind us?"

Preparations for the "inner man" was by no means the least important item in our programme, for we had a dinner that would delight the taste of an epicure.

All was pleasure and gaiety, stern discipline was forgotten for the time, and officers and soldiers gave themselves up to the delight of the present moment. Every kind of amusement was started and entered into with good gusto, until evening brought to a close a day of enjoyment that will ever be remembered as one of the happiest of our lives.

As we have already trespassed on your patience longer than we intended, we close this article with an adieu to the ladies, sincerely hoping that they will favor us again with their presence, for they come like a ray of sunshine to dispel our gloom and scatter sweet flowers of happiness and cheerfulness along our pathway.

D. R.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 10, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Lecture To Night.—By a sudden withdrawal of a portion of our troops from this vicinity, families in many instances have been left in very destitute circumstances. This coming to the knowledge of the lady managers of the Wayside Home, they are endeavoring to relieve them. To aid them in this good work, the Hon. H. R. Jackson will deliver a lecture to-night in the Masonic Hall, to commence at 8 o'clock—the proceeds of which to be applied to further their laudable undertaking. The subject of the Lecture will be: "The radical and fatal defects in the civilization of the United States of America."

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 10, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

President Davis has had a flag presented to him on behalf of some ladies of Washington city. It was brought over by a gentleman to whom it was entrusted, and was presented to the President by the Rev. J. P. Davison. It was received by the President with many thanks to the noble-hearted ladies who made it and sent it as a testimonial of their zeal and devotion for the South.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 10, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Letters by Flag of Truce.—The following rules are enforced by the officers of the United States Government, in regard to letters offered for transmission under flag of truce by way of City Point:

1. No letter must exceed one page of a letter sheet, or relate to an other than purely domestic matters.
  2. Every letter must be signed with the writer's name in full.
  3. All letters must be sent with five cents postage enclosed, if to go to Richmond, and ten cents if beyond.
  4. All letters must be enclosed to the commanding general of the department of Virginia, at Fortress Monroe. No letter sent to any other address will be forwarded.
- "All letters sent to Fortress Monroe without a strict compliance with these rules, except for prisoners of war, will be transmitted to the dead letter office."
- Equivalent rules will be applied by General Winder, to all letters sent from the South to Fortress Monroe, for parties in the U. States.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 10, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Military News Through the Spiritual Telegraph.—The Chicago Journal of the 11<sup>th</sup> ult., says:

Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, the spiritual medium, of this city,—ranked among the most reliable, in the estimation of spiritualists of the country—declared last evening to a party of gentlemen, that a joint naval and land attack was made upon the forts of Charleston harbor on Friday and Saturday last, and that two of the forts had been demolished, but that Fort Sumter was still held by the rebels; that two of our gunboats had been sunk and three others disabled; that there was no fighting yesterday, but it would be renewed to-day.

Mrs. Hatch, two weeks ago, predicted to those same gentlemen, that Hooker's army would cross the Rappahannock, within a fortnight, and be successful. She was reminded of this prophecy last evening, and she insisted that her prediction had substantially proved true; that Hooker had crossed, and that his retreat was not the result of defeat. She further stated, last evening, that Hooker had again crossed the Rappahannock, and would this time be certainly successful.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 10, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

An order from the Federal War Department directs that within the States of Tennessee and Mississippi, wherever the Federals have the rule, all citizens shall be registered in three classes: First, avowed enemies; second, neutral foreigners; third, loyal citizens. The first class are to leave their lines by or before the 16<sup>th</sup> of June, and their property confiscated—the second are to take an oath of neutrality—the third to bear certificates of loyalty. No goods of any kind are allowed to be sold except by special permit, except to those showing evidence of loyalty.—Jackson Mississippian.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 10, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

We have just seen a gentleman from the neighborhood of Edward's Depot, who informs us that the vandals are making a clean sweep of everything in that vicinity. They have burnt every gin and mill, and in many instances every building on nearly all the plantations—arrested the men and taken them off, leaving no white person but the women on the premises, and when the negroes remain they are armed. Our informant thinks that a small force would be able to repel these robbers. Can't our military authorities do something for that neighborhood!—Jackson Mississippian.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 10, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

Many of our soldiers being constantly subject to change of waters and trying exposure, suffer from the flux. An almost immediate remedy for this painful affection of the bowels is found, says an old head, in the use of sage tea, with some red pepper stirred in it. Let it be drank at intervals, and in a short time the patient will be entirely relieved.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 11, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Shelbyville, Friday, June 5

. . . It will be interesting for those who have kindred and friends in this army to know that one hundred thousand pairs of shoes have equitably been distributed to its soldiers since the first day of January. Nearly the entire army is well shod, but there is a certain class of men who trade off their shoes for things less needed and less substantial, and these must, of course, go shoeless, as but one pair of shoes is allowed each three months. . . . N.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 11, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

The First Peaches.—Ripe peaches were gathered from the garden of Mr. C. A. Ellis of this city, on the 8<sup>th</sup> inst. They were of the Early Tillotson variety, and are several days earlier in ripening than usual, which is, from the 16<sup>th</sup> to the 26<sup>th</sup> of June.

[Macon Messenger, 10<sup>th</sup> inst.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 12, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

More Banished Families.—Several families from St. Augustine, Fla., arrived in this city on Wednesday night, by flag of truce *via* Hilton Head and Pocotaligo, among them Mrs. Smith, the mother of Gen. Kirby Smith, Mrs. B. A. Putnam, wife of Judge Putnam, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Pacetty, and others.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 12, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Wool Wanted  
For the Army

Depot Quartermaster's Office, }  
Savannah, May 15, 1863. }

The undersigned is prepared to pay the following prices for Wool, delivered in this city:

For washed Wool	\$2.50 per pound,
" unwashed, free from burs	2.00 " "

Herman Hirsch,  
Major and Quartermaster.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 12, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

C. S. Marine Barracks,  
April 18, 1863.

Musicians Wanted,

For Company E, Confederate States Marines; four Musicians—two Drummers and two Fifers. Apply for further particulars at the Naval Office, on Liberty street, between Bull and Whitaker.  
J. E. F. Tattnall,  
Capt. C. S. Marines, Commanding.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 13, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Culpeper Court House, Va.,  
June 6<sup>th</sup>, 1863.

. . . Your readers will be glad to hear that Gen. Lee's army is in excellent condition and spirits. The health of the men was never so good; and they are well clothed and pretty well shod. Thus far I have seen but two barefooted men, and they may have laid aside their shoes merely for the march. The horses, wagons and harness are also in better condition than they have been for twelve months past; whilst our supply of ordnance and ordnance stores is abundant. The people at home, however, should persevere in their patriotic efforts to manufacture all the clothing, leather and shoes they possibly can; for they will all be needed by or before next December. I am not informed of what the Government is doing to procure supplies for the army; but it may safely be concluded that with all their efforts, they will not be able to obtain sufficient supplies for the men in time for next winter. Let the people never forget that but for their prompt response to the appeal for clothing and shoes last fall, Gen. Lee could not have fought the battle of Fredericksburg in December. That was one of the most brilliant and decisive victories of the whole war; and every man and woman, every boy and girl, who gave a pair of shoes, a yard of cloth, or a pair of socks to the brave men who defeated the enemy on the frozen plains of the Rappahannock, help to win the battle, and is entitled to a part of the honor conferred by the victory.

But I must close. I write in a pine thicket overlooking the town, and the mail boy is impatient for my letter.

P.W.A.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 15, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Army News.—We have succeeded in reorganizing our corps of army reporters, and shall hereafter be supplied regularly with the latest and most reliable news from every important division of the army, except that in Mississippi, where correspondents are not allowed. Our own "P. W. A." is in the front with the Army of the Rappahannock; "N." one of the most thorough and intelligent reporters of military movements developed by the war is with the Tennessee branch of the Army of the West; while the ever welcome letters of "V.A.S.P." and "Tout-la-Monde" will continue to reach us from the vicinity of Fredericksburg.

These arrangements have been made with a largely increased expense, but we look to the public to save us harmless. We have no expectation of making money as long as the war shall last, but as the readers of the Republican will enjoy peculiar advantages while hostilities shall last, we may reasonably claim from them an active interest in our behalf.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 15, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Owing to a failure in our regular supply of paper, we are compelled for a day or two to issue the Republican on a half sheet. We hope to be righted up during the week, and even to increase the size of the paper by the close of the month.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 15, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

Shirtings, Osnaburgs,  
and Yarns,

From the Curtright Manufacturing Company, Greene county, Georgia, for sale by  
Cohen & Hertz.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 15, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

New Music.

Paul Vane Lorena's Reply (Webster)	50 cts.
Strike for the South (Pierpost)	50 cts.
Keep me Awake, Mother, (Koenigsburg)	75 cts.
Dreams (Hodge)	

John C. Schreiner & Son.

P.S.—Wanted for re-publication, a copy of "Give me a Home by the Sea," by Hosmer.  
J. C. S. & Son.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 23, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

Shelbyville, June 18<sup>th</sup>.

. . . Forrest's forces on Friday last went in pursuit of a woman to whom suspicion had been attached. She had reached the Yankee pickets in front of Franklin when they came in sight, but on they dashed, driving in the Yankees and capturing their "booty." She proved to be a Miss Cushman, a theatre actress, claiming relationship with the celebrated Charlotte, and had upon her person plans and drawings of our fortifications, and the disposition made of the latter. It is said that she was a crinoline scout for McClellan in Virginia, and performed valuable services. Her fine talents are, doubtless, occupied at present time in planning an escape from Columbia, where she is under guard. . . .

N.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 24, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

A Celestial Among Us.—Among the prisoners received at the Libby recently is Ching-Chang, or, in English, China Hague, a member of the Second Louisiana (Yankee) regiment, taken near Port Hudson. Chang wears a cue of respectable length, and the first enquiry he made after his entry was in regard to the supply of rats to be obtained. As the Libby is overrun with them, Chang anticipates a good time.

[Richardson Examiner.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 25, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

Huntsville, June 18.

Railroad travel between Shelbyville and Wartrace is quite an annoying curiosity. The distance eight miles, and railroad time taken to travel it, an hour and a half and two hours. A friend wishing to go south at the same time with ourselves, left Shelbyville on horseback, twenty minutes after the train had left, and made the best time to Wartrace, where the southern connection is made. The rails are so worn, and the bed of the road is in such bad condition, that

it is not considered proper to run the cars faster than five miles an hour! As the locomotive approaches within a mile of the Shelbyville depot, a down grade is encountered, the locomotive disconnects itself from the cars, trusting their advance to the declivity of the grade, and runs ahead to the engine house, where it is switched off the main track in time to let the cars following pass on to the depot. . . .

From Wartrace south the Nashville and Chattanooga run is in fine order, a reserve car is kept for ladies, water is regularly supplied and the Conductors are courteous and attentive. Messrs. Cole and Whaling, who expend their energy in the management of the roads, deserve credit for their efforts. From Wartrace to Stevenson one fortification after another is passed in rapid succession. The fine works, forts and abatis, and especially Fort Rains, at Tullahoma, are objects of intense interest. Every bridge and trestle along the route is well guarded night and day, and a small fort and stockades are to be observed at every bridge of any importance. The latter were introduced and built by the Yankees in large numbers and still remain to mark the presence of the defeated invaders. They are formed of heavy oak posts placed upright from the ground, extending fifteen feet high, with musket loops pierced through about breast high, for the purpose of firing through. On the outside a trench is dug and the earth thrown at the base of the stockade. These are, indeed, most formidable defenses for a small force, and it were as well for the cavalry to dash against the mountain side as charge one of these stockades. But they afford no resistance to artillery, are only intended to shelter guarding forces from surprises of cavalry and bushwhacking attacks. At Estelle Springs a large fort, erected by Yankee hands, still remains, and strong Confederate works lend an interest to the point. The houses which once adorned the place were laid in ruins by the vandal torch, and the brick chimneys still standing, and the walls of what was once an extensive mill or factory, only remain attesting to the former village. The next object of interest is the famous tunnel cut through the mountain. It forms an arch half a mile long, through which the train passes, enveloped in utter darkness for the few minutes of its passage. It presents an excellent opportunity for a lover to kiss his sweet heart without being seen. A very strange incident occurred in its dark confines a short time since, which will scarcely bear publication. Two seats in the car facing each other were occupied respectively by an Irish lady returning from a visit to a relative in the army, and opposite to her a young man of twenty, with neatly curled moustache and head ornamented by long luxuriant tresses, with a mild and refined expression of features. As the cars approached the tunnel, one of the railroad hands told the guard he was going to have some fun, and to be on the alert when the tunnel was reached. As soon as darkness covered every object in the cars, this coarse fellow entered and took improper familiarities with the Irish lady, who imagining that it was the person opposite, seized the poor fellow by the hair, which was removed in handfuls, scratched his face, and screamed energetically for assistance. When the cars emerged to the open air, the real scoundrel had disappeared, and the innocent young gentleman of mild appearance disclosed to view, a very sorry physiognomy from the effects of the outraged celt whose fingers still clung to his raven locks. An outraged community was "on the rampage," as Joe hath it in *Great Expectations*, and the poor devil was placed under guard and sent back to the army to await his trial. After having been subjected to this worse than martyrdom, the unfortunate youth was sent on his way rejoicing, but determined probably in all futurity to avoid railroad tunnels.

Large numbers of ladies continue to travel to and from the army, and at the present time I doubt not that a larger number are in its vicinity visiting relatives than ever before. It is a source of extreme disgust to persons of good taste to observe the public use of snuff in "dipping." At last art has been called into requisition to provide ornamental "sticks," upon which the delicious

substance is dipped and rubbed against the gums, for the gratification of the lady like dippers, with this handle in their mouths. The ornamentation of the stick usually consists of a curl at the end, like the narrative of a young porker, and various figures cut on the body of it. I saw these sticking out of the mouths of many ladies on the cars, at first producing the impression that they were smoking. *O tempora! O mores!*

The train leaving Shelbyville at 6 a.m. reaches Chattanooga in twelve hours, and makes connection at Stevenson with the Memphis and Charleston road, which carries passengers to Huntsville, reaching that point at 6 p.m. This road is now in operation to Tusculumbia, a large bridge over the Tennessee having been rebuilt by the government. The Central Southern Railroad has been put in operation by the government, from Decatur to Pulaski, and will soon be completed to Columbia. Through its aid large supplies are brought from the interior of Middle Tennessee, Maury and other rich counties. N.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 29, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

### Blockade Runners—Another "South Sea Bubble!"

Charleston, S. C., May 28.

Mr. Editor:--The mania for speculation is perfectly frightful. People are rushing madly about Broad street and East Bay, with eager and excited looks, talking of nothing but "Calypso stock," "Ella and Annie stock," and others equally fancy. New companies are forming, millions are subscribed in cash for new steamers, and the vendue masters are on the very pinnacle of fame. Visit the steamers, you see able-bodied men standing around the decks and saloons, and you ask yourself, how is it? I am standing guard on the dock, at \$11 per month, and young men, "to the manner born," are sporting fine clothing, jewelry, &c., as pursers, super-cargoes, &c. Men we have never seen before pass current as captains of steamships. Passengers arrive and depart without examination, and thousands of bales of cotton are going forward monthly, some to Europe, much of it to the abolitionists. I recollect very well that when public opinion in Charleston caused a brig, loaded with cotton, to be unloaded, so strong was the feeling against cotton shipments, the cry was raised, "How shall we pay for arms, &c., except with cotton?" Quere—How much of ordnance stores, clothing, &c., have been received through the blockade in the last sixty days? and if so received, has it not passed into the hands of speculators, who modestly ask the government twelve times the first cost? To the proof: I know of a lot of grey plains, such as Naylor, Smith & Co. sold always before the war at 40 to 45 cents per yard, going into a government storehouse at \$6 per yard. This is a sample of what they call "bringing goods for the government!"

How long are the tax payers, who, by the way, are, to a great extent, the army itself, to stand this wholesale plunder? How long are our neatly dressed, well mounted enrolling officers to stand idle, while enough men for a company can be found to-day on board blockade running steamers, whose proper place is with a musket on their shoulder?

Everybody is being carried along irresistibly by this strong current of money making. Steamers arrive daily, with everything that can possibly bring a fancy price, and depart with cotton cargoes, perhaps for our enemies. The precious summer months are gliding by, and when the wants of our noble army can no longer be unnoticed, the country will be startled with another expose from "P.W.A.," which will cause us to strip our wardrobes to keep our gallant kinsmen and friends from being frost bitten on the borders.

Is the government torpid or public opinion dead to the vital interests of the army and the cause?

A Carolina Soldier.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 29, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

#### Career of a Female Volunteer.

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

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

She then visited New Orleans, was taken sick, and while sick the city was captured. On recovery she retired to the coast, where she employed herself in carrying communications and assisting parties to run the blockade with drugs and cloths for uniforms. She was informed on by a negro and arrested and brought before Gen. Butler. She made her appearance before Gen. B. in a Southern homespun dress. She refused to take the oath—told him she gloried in being a rebel—had fought side by side with Southern *men* for Southern rights, and if she ever lived to see "Dixie" she would do it again. Butler denounced her as the most incorrigible she rebel he had ever met with. By order of the Beast she was placed in confinement, where she remained three months. Some time after her release she was arrested for carrying on "contraband correspondence," and kept in a dungeon fourteen days on bread and water, at the expiration of which time she was placed in the State Prison as a dangerous enemy. Her husband, it so happened, was a Lieutenant in the 13<sup>th</sup> Conn. regiment, and on duty as provost guard in the city. He accidentally found her out and asked if she wanted to see him. She sent him word she never wanted to see him so long as he wore the Yankee uniform. But he forced himself upon her, tried to persuade her to take the oath, and get a release, when he said he would resign and take her to his relations in Connecticut. She indignantly spurned his proposition, and he left her to her fate. When Gen. Banks assumed command he released a great many prisoners, but kept her in confinement until the 17<sup>th</sup> of May last, when she was sent across the lines to Meadesville with

the registered enemies.

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

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 29, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

Liked to Have Spoken Too Late.—The Chattanooga Rebel relates the following as having occurred in that city:

As one of the hospital wagons was proceeding slowly toward the grave yard the other day with a load of coffins, the driver was disturbed in his chant, (he was whistling "Dixie" to the time of a dead-march,) by a rattle in his rear. He turned and looked in some trepidation upon the long, narrow boxes. Rap! Rap! The reins fell from his hand. Thump! Thump! Then a voice cried out: "Hallo! ho there!"—Driver was sorely frightened and replied: "What's the matter? Can't you rest quietly and peaceably? What's the use of takin' it so hard for?" "But I'm not dead!" returned the voice, making a desperate effort, and wrenching out two screws from the lid. "The devil you say!" "No I'm not, let me out of this." "Oh, so long! You'd better be quiet, we'll be there presently." "Be *where*?" "Why to the grave." Another prodigious plunge and three more screws out. Lid by this time half off and one arm and part of a leg protruded. "Oh, Lord," roared the terrified driver, "don't! they'll lay the whole of it to me." "Well, let me out, then." The driver cracked his whip, the horses dashed forward, and away went the dead and the semi-dead, and the wouldn't-be-dead at all, at a gallop, the coffin of the obstreporous [sic] corpse croaking, and rocking to and fro, and the voice of its inmate crying, "Wait till I get out o' her, and if I don't give you \_\_\_\_!" At length the grave yard was reached, where the poor fellow was relieved by the workmen and sextons present. He was full of fight and swore roundly against the "darn'd rascal that wanted to bury him dead or alive," but on explanation and expostulation he agreed to be pacified, and rode back to town sitting upright in his own coffin. He is now well and will join his command in a day or two.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 30, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Recipe for making Worcester Sauce.—Mrs. Dr. Gage, of Union District, sent to the State Agricultural Society of South Carolina, in 1858, the following recipe for making Worcester Sauce which is said to be excellent:

Take one gallon of ripe tomatoes, wash and simmer them in three quarts of water, boil it half down and strain this through a sieve. When all is drained, add two table spoonsfulls [sic] of ginger, two of mace, two of whole black pepper, two of salt, one of cloves, one of cayenne; let them simmer in the juice until reduced to one quart, pour in half a pint of best vinegar, then pour the whole through a hair sieve, bottle in half pint bottles, cork down, tightly seal, and keep in a cool place.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 30, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Rowdiness at the Theatre.—We regretted to see that a crowd of noisy, shrieking boys were allowed to take possession of the Theatre last night, making it any thing but a pleasant place for decent people. It is the duty of the city government to preserve order in public assemblies, and we feel sure it is only necessary to bring the matter to the attention of the Mayor

in order to secure exemption from such annoyances for the future. The nuisance has become intolerable, and if not corrected the Theatre will be abandoned by all respectable people.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, June 30, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

Williamsport, MD, June 17.

Our movements since leaving Guinea's Depot, have been a series of rapid, long marches, with only one fight, (Martinsburg,) which occurred on Sunday, although we deployed around Berryville, but were too late.

After passing Front Royal, our division left the main column of Gen. Ewell's forces. The main column proceeded on to Winchester, while we left the turnpike and debauched around by Berryville, capturing there a good many military stores, etc. We pushed the enemy rapidly before us, killing and capturing them, until they reached Martinsburg, where, being reinforced, they made a stand, and Gen. Rodes commenced deploying his column for the attack. In the meantime our artillery opened, and in the brief space of 20 minutes—before our infantry could get into position—we had the enemy flying in great haste from the "ragged rebels." We pressed forward and captured a large quantity of stores, forage, fie guns, and every sort of thing valuable to an army.

. . . But of all the sights I have ever seen, none can compare with this little town. On crossing the Potomac and entering the place, I was at the very head of the column. Not a soul, save a few boys and scattering Confederate cavalry, graced the scene. All the stores and every house was closed; and every window, and even curtain, was down, as if the sight of a rebel could not be tolerated. On advancing further into the town, a few faces (woman's curiosity) occasionally protruded from a window, and groups of men could be seen gathered on the street corner. At one corner, about a half dozen young girls were collected, who waved their handkerchiefs quite bravely, and cheered us. I cut all the buttons from my coat to give to these girls, for which I hoped to get in return breakfasts, dinners and suppers. But generally, the women looked very grum, as if hesitating between a laugh and a cry, and the men looked serious, and were as mute as blocks of granite. All betrayed an evident fear. After dark, I went to town from our encampment, and saw a good many ladies on the streets. All declared their sympathy with the South, but said they were afraid to make manifest their preferences, as their names would be repeated whenever the Yankees returned.—But the men remained silent.

Little, however, did we care for those things, and yesterday Gen. Rodes opened all the stores, and made the proprietors sell to soldiers for Confederate money. Of course articles of every description were immediately advanced—coffee, for instance, 50 cents per pound and every other article in like proportion; but no great extortion was allowed.

In the evening, all the men and officers, save the staff officers, were ordered out of town, and the government impressed everything it wanted, paying in Confederate money, and if that was refused, paying none at all.

The merchants had concealed their goods in every conceivable place, but a rigid search soon brought them to light. The people say nothing to all this, but you can see that they sell with a very bad grace. . . .O.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 2, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

"Batt. Ga. S. S., Wilson's Brigade, }

Walker's Division, }

Camp near Vernon, Miss., June 24, '63. }

. . . Our battalion is attached to Col. Wilson's brigade; (Col. W. is now acting Brigadier General;) the forces under him are the 29<sup>th</sup>, 30<sup>th</sup> and 25<sup>th</sup> regiments Ga. Vols. and the 4<sup>th</sup> Louisiana Battalion. . . I don't believe there is a tent in the army, and I don't know that there is any more sickness than when we had our full share of them—to be sure it is by no means as comfortable or as pleasant, but then we are not troubled with lugging them about. I have been wet to the skin I suppose twenty times since I have been here, but feel none the worse; I think it does one good.

At Yazoo City our baggage was cut down to the limited supply of what we could pack on our backs, and not being particularly fond of that kind of work, having had a benefit, my wardrobe is exceedingly short—I will give you a list: 2 pair of socks, 2 shirts, 2 pair drawers, 1 pair pants. I left everything else I had, which did not consist of a great deal, in care of Col. White, who kindly offered to take care of them for me at Yazoo City. . . B.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 2, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

To My Wife at Parting.  
By J. B. L. B, (C. S. A.)

Nay dearest, chase these tears away,  
    Tho' they enhance thy beauty,  
My country's call I must obey—  
    The stern command of duty.  
Unclasp these circling arms that hang  
    Their snowy links to bind me,  
And let me think, without a pang,  
    Of the wife I leave behind me.

Again, the "written orders" call—  
    One kiss and then we sever,  
And oh! believe whate'er befall,  
    My heart is thine forever.  
I swear it, by this lingering tear,  
    Unchanging thou shalt find me,  
As I believe the love sincere  
    Of the wife I leave behind me.

And when this farewell hour is past,  
    And hope comes gently stealing,  
Like a morn's fair tints that radiance cast,  
    The days return revealing;  
Thou'lt own how vain it was to mourn  
    The lot that fate assigned me,  
And smiles will meet my glad return  
    To the wife I leave behind me.

Knoxville, Tenn., June 28, 1863.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 2, 1863, p. 2, c. 7-8 [note: Latin names hard to read and may be mistranscribed; some numbers may also be mistranscribed]

Confederate States of America.  
 Medical Purveyor's Office, 4<sup>th</sup> District.  
 Macon, Ga., July 1<sup>st</sup>, 1863.

List of Indigenous Plants Wanted at This Department.

Botanical Name	Common Name.	Part Used	Price
Asarum Canadense	Wild Ginger.	Dried Root	30 cents per pound.
Capsicum	Red Pepper	Dried Pods	25 "
Cicutum Maculatum	Hemlock	{Dried Leaves	15 "
		{Seed	30 "
Cornus Floridae	Dogwood	{Inner bark, freed from {wood and coarse outer bark {and well dry	10 "
Colombo		Dried root	30 "
Calamus		"	20 "
Eupatorium Perfoliatum	Boneset	Leaves and Flowers	5 "
Euphorbia Ipecacuanhic	Ipecacuanthe Spurge	Dried Root	50 "
Gentiana Catesbaei	American Gentian	"	25 "
Gelsaminum	Yellow Jasmine	Root	10 "
Hyosiamus Niger	Henbane	{Leaves	25 "
		{Seed	30 "
Humulus Lupulus	Hops	Dried Flowers	1 dollar "
Juglans Cinerea	Butternut	Dried Bark and Root	10 cents "
Liriodendron	Tulip or Poplar Tree	{Dried Inner bark freed 3 {from wood and coarse {bark	"
Lavendulum	Lavender	" Flowers	50 "
Pinckneya Pubens	Georgia Bark	Inner Bark dried	20 "
Prunus Virginianus	Wild Cherry	Dried Bark	5 "
Podophyllum Peltatum	May Apple	Dried Root	30 "
Panax Quinquefolium	Ginseng	"	80 "
Rubus Villosus	Blackberry	"	5 "
Senega	Seneca Snakeroot	"	75 "
Sanguinaria Canadensis	Puccoon Root	"	30 "
Spirea Tomentosa	Hardhack	Plant	5 "
Statice Caroliniana	Marsh Rosemary	Leaves	20 "
Sinapis	Mustard	Seed	30 "
Serpentaria	Snakeroot	Dried Root	75 "
Sarsaparilla		"	30 "
Triosteum Perfoliatum	Fever Root		20 "
Ulmae	Slippery Elm	{Dried bark freed from {outer coarse bark	5 "
Sesamum	Bene	Seed	20 "

Dried Apples			\$2.00 per bushel
" Peaches			3.50 "
" Pumpkin			1.00 "
" Okra			5.00 "
Rhus Glabrum	Sumach	Leaves, Bark and Root	10 cents per pound
	Marsh Mallow	Root,	50 "
	Potato Fly		\$2.00 "
Ricinus Communis	Castor Oil	Beans, hulled	\$7.00 per bushel
"		" not hulled	\$3.00 "

The within named Articles, if carefully gathered and dried in the shade, will be purchased at the Medical Purveyor's Office in Macon, Ga.

By order of the Surgeon General

W. H. Prioleau,  
Assistant Surgeon and Medical Purveyor, C.S.A.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 3, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

New England Ideas.—The High Priest of Yankeedom, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in a late speech said: "If the war should last twenty years and I should lose every child, I would regard it a light sacrifice for the establishment of New England ideas, religion and schools at the South." Why? What is there so excellent about New England ideas, religion and education, asks the Richmond Whig that it should be thought desirable, at such a cost, to impose them on a resisting people! Do they produce manhood in men and purity in women—or pusillanimity in the former and prostitution in the latter? Do they found a Church in which "brotherly love" prevails—a society in which virtue, peace and fraternity rule—a Government characterized by wisdom and integrity, and that guards the rights and liberties of citizens from aggression—or the reverse of all these—a Church in which religion is a mockery, where, instead of love there is hate, instead of peace, discord, instead of humility arrogance, a Church that is a whited sepulchre, full of all uncleanness—a society depraved by every vice and polluted with every immorality—and a Government that seethes from surface to bottom with corruption, and that has robbed the people of nearly the last vestige of liberty.—"New England ideas" have destroyed the greatest Republic that ever existed, and are now deluging a continent in blood. The South could well consent that the war should last not "twenty years" but twenty centuries, sooner than it should end by the establishment of New England ideas and religion here.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 4, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

[Communicated]  
Appeal to the Citizens of Savannah.

Mr. Editor:--The efforts I have made for the spiritual welfare of the soldiers in and around your city are known to yourself and some of your readers. Of late I have made an earnest effort to establish a Depository of religious reading for them, but find great difficulty in keeping it supplied. Two thousand Testaments, which I expected from Richmond, have failed to reach me because the Express Company have not been able to forward them. The Confederate States Bible Society can afford only a partial supply. Under these circumstances I have to request your citizens to aid me in this work by sending to the store of W. H. Stark, Commission Merchant,

Bay st., foot of Barnard, second-hand pocket Bibles, Testaments, Hymn Books, and small religious works of any kind—such, for instance, as comprise the Evangelical Family Library—and kindred works. Hymn Books are especially needed, the scarcity of paper having stopped the publication of such books for months past.

Let me remind your city readers that our soldiers need *food for the mind* as well as the body, especially during these wearisome days in camps, and barracks, and hospitals, which they are dragging out for their defence [sic]. I trust that hundreds and thousands of volumes will soon be forth coming for this object, for they are *greatly needed*.

It is respectfully suggested to the city pastors, that by calling the attention of their congregations to this request, they might aid in the promotion of a good work.

J. H. Campbell,  
Army Evangelist.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 5, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

Liberal.—The Chicora Importing and Exporting Company of Charleston have recently brought on their steamers from Nassau, about twenty cases of Scriptures for the Bible Societies of the Confederate States, of South Carolina and of Virginia.—the freight on which amounted to about \$10,000. This sum the Company has generously remitted to these Societies, and have thus brought the entire religious public into their debt.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 6, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Turpentine as a burning fluid.—A correspondent of a North Carolina paper writes:

Turpentine has been recommended in your paper as a material for light. After having tried it I am surprised that more general use is not made of so cheap and easily procurable a substitute for oil and spirit. In a kerosene lamp, with a moderately large burner, the chimney being about two inches in diameter, we find that spirits of turpentine, procured at a still along the line of railroad at \$1 per gallon, yields fully as good a light as "Palmetto Oil," or any other burning fluid whatever. Turpentine is not at all explosive or dangerous, and in the lamp used by us, in which the draft is well concentrated upon the flame, there is no necessity to use a wire to cleanse the wick. Why should any one suffer for want of a light, with so cheap an agent in our reach? The only difficulty is in procuring a good lamp. We suspect that Palmetto Oil, Terebene, &c., are little more than a tolerably pure turpentine.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 6, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

Cure for Drinking.—In Paris they cure delirium tremens by subjecting the patient to the constant vapor of spirits. They soak his food in brandy, and give him nothing that does not taste or smell of it. Shut in a cell, and breathing nothing but alcoholic fumes, nature at last vindicates itself, and the patient loathes the smell and longs for the air. A cure is made in about four days.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 7, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

It is oftener woman than her wrongs that needs to be redressed.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 9, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

Southern Woman's Song.

Air—*Strike for Tyrol and Liberty* (From the Opera of "William Tell.")

Cast we our weaker hearts away,  
Grasp we the swords of men to-day,  
Join in the shout with shriller cry,  
Strike for the South and Liberty.

Why should we shrink from thus avenging  
Foes who spare neither sex nor age?  
They have been deaf to woman's wailing,  
Let them beware of woman's rage.

Cast we our weaker hearts away,  
Grasp we the swords of men to-day,  
Join in the shout with shriller cry,  
Strike for the South and Liberty.

Show to the world the flame has caught,  
Fight as our fathers ever fought;  
"War to the knife," has been their cry,  
"War to the knife," let us reply.

Vengeance may speak childhood's treble,  
Freedom may wield the urchin's sling;  
Guided by Heaven a stripling's pebble  
Smotes to the earth a Giant King.

Cast we our weaker hearts away,  
Grasp we the swords of men to-day,  
Join in the shout with shriller cry,  
Strike for the South and Liberty.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 12, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

A Graceless Crowd.—The Columbus Times says the young men and women of that city, when they go to church, indulge in conversation, smoke pipes or cigars, chew tobacco, spit on the carpets and steps &c. This is very naughty of them indeed, especially of the "young women," who, we thought, never carried their tobacco operations beyond "dipping."

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 13, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

A Yankee Girl's Love Letter.—The following epistolatory effusion was picked up on the battlefield of Chancellorsville by a friend of the Milton, N. C., Chronicle, in which paper we find it:

Dear Beloved friend David Titus

I take this opportunity to inform you that I Received your letter and was Very glad to hear of you that you air injoying good health and hope that you may Remain So ontill I shall see you and Speak with you face to face and further I will informe you that ther is a Report hear that ther was a letter Sent to moorstown to me from you with Ear Rings in it [The rascal stole them, no doubt—ED] but I did not git any So I want you to send me if you Did Send Such a letter or

not and further I desire of you to Send me your likeness as Soon as you Can further I will Say  
that when you Come to old Northampton I hope you will make no Step ontill you Come to my  
Dwelling Place [Now she comes to the post.—ED] for  
my love for you I Cant Describe  
it is beyond Degree  
and in my Bosom is no Rest  
ontill your face I see

I hope the time will Shortly Come  
when Soldiers will be free  
and you come travelling home again  
Sit down the Side of me

and then in matromony bright  
I hope we may be Joined  
and live so sweetly hear on Eerth  
the time to us Resined

November 24, 1862.

Lucy ann Hildenbrand.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 14, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

#### How to Get the News.

The present campaign of Lee into Maryland and Pennsylvania, is one of the most remarkable and sanguinary in the history of the world. Our special army correspondent, "P. W. A." we believe, is the only regular reporter with the army during these mighty events, and hence the record, true, faithful and graphic in all its part, is only to be found in the Savannah *Republican*. He is an eyewitness to the whole drama, and our readers will be the first to peruse the stirring recital.

We are daily expecting the first installment of his series of interesting letters, and would suggest to the reading public that *now* is a most favorable time to send on their subscriptions to the *Republican*. Not a letter should be lost.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 14, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

[From the Mobile Register.]  
The Yankee Raiders in Tennessee.

The following extracts from private letters received from Strawberry Plains will show something of the tender mercies of the Federal raiders and Tennessee renegades at that point. Mrs. F. A. Butler writes:

Dear Mother: The bridge was burned, depot and commissary. Frank's store, our lodging room and our house were about taking fire just as the (Federals) left; some men—paroled Confederates—brought water, and kept it from burning. We are utterly ruined, but, thank God, Mr. Butler escaped a few minutes before they got in. They told aunt Tillah "he would have seen

hell, if he had been here," and told some one else they would have burned him. I can give no idea of the destruction. All our houses are rifled from garret to cellar. Every article of clothing I have is utterly destroyed—not a vestige left, scarcely—not a pound of meat nor provisions of any kind.

Our private letters were rifled, and are now scattered everywhere around their camp fires. Mary's guitar was carried off.

The books are some torn, some stolen. Your negroes escaped, after trying to hide as many things as they could. Uncle Jeff worked faithfully, as did Ed. and the women.

The warehouse was burnt, Ben. Mitchell's and Mrs. Nelson's house and everything she had. Not a change of clothing was left for her children.

We are almost destitute, but I am not discouraged, nor have I grieved for a moment.

The very trees in the yard are wilted at their poisonous presence.

If those are my best friends, may I be saved from all such.

Ah! mother, all your precious treasures and mementoes of other days are gone. But you and Mary can bear it bravely, I know, like true Southern women, as you are.

Your clothes are torn in rags, what few they did not steal. They tore down the window curtains, filled them full and carried them off. Every drawer, box, wardrobe and trunk are empty, and the floors are covered with trash, papers, flour, sugar, rice, etc.

Mr. Puckett and Capt. Ford showed the right spirit, though they lost all their clothing. The cannon balls passed through the store, one through Dr. Goodman's house, and Frank's old house by the stable is torn to pieces by the balls. They fought all around the hospital.—But it is useless to add more. We have waked this morning after sleeping as soundly as if we had all our goods, chattels and children around us.

They rifled the negroes, stole their money, tore up Alice's silk dress and bonnet, &c.—They are not satisfied, you may depend on it. This is only the beginning. Stay where you are.

Yours truly,

Sallie B.

Mr. Butler writes: Thank God we are all spared our lives, though I am a sufferer to the extent of many thousand dollars, which I cannot now estimate. I saved my most valuable papers, books, and money, and, thank God, myself and children and negroes, with some of my household furniture. I have no complaint to make, as I have always said and believed that I would suffer if the Federals should ever get here. They did not leave me an ear of corn, a blade of hay, a pound of bacon, or indeed anything that they could consume or destroy. Such are the facts. The good book says we shall be tried by fire. I have offered up my all to God and my country, and by these I expect to fall or stand.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 14, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

Theatre.

Lessees  
Acting & Stage Manager

C. H. Erwin & Co.  
E. R. Dalton.

Tuesday Evening, July 14<sup>th</sup>, '63.  
First time of the thrilling Melo Drama, in 3 Parts,

entitled,  
Therese, The Orphan of Geneva

Carwin, (an Advocate)  
Therese (the Orphan)

Mr. Hubbard  
Miss E. Bridges

To conclude with  
The Merry Cobbler;  
or, Contentment vs. Riches.

Christy Strap, (a Cobbler)

Mr. Russell

In Rehearsal, the Drama of Christmas Eve; or, A Duel in the Snow.  
Admission—Dress Circle and Parquette, \$1; Second Circle, 50 Cents; Gallery, 50 Cents.  
Private Boxes, \$6, \$8 and \$10.  
Doors open at 7½ o'clock. Performances to commence at 8, precisely.

Masonic Hall.  
Harry Maccarthy  
and  
Miss Lottie Estelle.  
Tuesday Evening, July 14, 1863.

Characters.

Humphrey Dobbins, Seth Comstock, Hans Vonunderdrumekke [sp?], Wm. Haeland,  
Nancy Doolittle, Paddy Maguire. Zeb Dususkin, Robert Ridley.

Songs and Ballads.

Trust to Luck; Gee wo Dobbin; Medley of Thirty Airs; La Tyrolean; The Bonnie Blue  
Flag; My Johnny was a Shoemaker; Widow Machrae; What's the matter, Susie; Old Uncle Ned;  
Robert Bidley, Esq.

Dances.

Yankee Dance; Highland Fling; Dutch Dance; Irish Jig; Robert Ridley; Arkansas  
Traveler.

Doors open at 7½ o'clock. Performance to commence at 8 o'clock.  
No half Tickets. Tickets to all parts \$1.

To prevent confusion, Ladies and Gentlemen will get their Tickets at the Confectionary  
and Book Stores.

E. Banker, Agent.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 15, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

Mrs. Mattie Patterson has been sentenced by Gen. Rosecrans to three years in the State prison at Jeffersonville, Indiana, for playing the spy within the Federal lines. Mrs. Patterson came through from Shelbyville some two weeks ago, and on the very day of her arrival at Murfreesboro', was detected in the act of sending a despatch [sic] to Maj. Clare, Inspector General on Bragg's staff. The despatch [sic] informed the Rebel Major that Rosecrans was evidently about to move against Bragg. She was, of course, immediately arrested, and upon subsequent trial by military commission, was found guilty as charged, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. Gen. Rosecrans, however, commuted the sentence as above indicated, fixing the term at three years. Mrs. Patterson claims to have been once a resident of Stephenson county, Illinois, where her parents now reside. Five years ago she went to Jackson, Mississippi, and there became acquainted with and married her husband, Patterson.—New York World.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 15, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

Theatre.

Lessees,  
Acting & Stage Manager,

C. H. Erwin & Co.  
E. R. Dalton.

Wednesday Evening, July 15<sup>th</sup>, '63.  
Sheridan Knowles' exquisite Play, in 5 acts, of  
The Hunchback.

Master Walter  
Sir Thomas Clifford  
Master Modus  
Fathom  
Julia  
Helen

E. R. Dalton  
S. H. Hubbard  
C. T. Nelson  
D. Russell  
Miss Bridges  
Mrs. Caulfield

Will conclude with the Farce of

Paddy Miles's Boy.

Paddy Miles, (with songs)

S. H. Hubbard.

In Rehearsal, Shakspeare's [sic] Plays of Macbeth and King Lear. Also the Drama of Christmas Eve; or, A Duel in the Snow.

Admission—Dress Circle and Parquette, \$1; Second Circle, 50 Cents; Gallery, 50 Cents. Private Boxes, \$6, \$8 and \$10.

Doors open at 7½ o'clock. Performances to commence at 8, precisely.

Masonic Hall.  
Wednesday Evening, July 15.  
Third Night of

Harry Macarthy  
and  
Miss Lottie Estelle.  
In Their Grand Personation Concert.

Programme:

Characters.

George Augustus Podges, Esq. Joe Bowers. Sally Black. John Smuggins. Wm. Haverland. Katty Tyrrell. Barny O'Toole. Widow Tyrrell. Zeb. Duckskin.

Ballads.

To the South. Don't be addicted to Drinking. Joe Bowers. Medly Duett. Volunteer. The Cove what Spouts. Bonnie Blue Flag. I don't think I'm ugly. Mother, he's going away. Molly Dear. Happy Land of Canaan. Let her Rip. I wish I was in Dixie. Nip Up.

Dances.

Dixie. Double Irish Jig. Nip up.

Doors open at 7½ o'clock. Performance to commence at 8¼ o'clock, and terminate at 10½ o'clock.

Tickets to be had at the Music Stores and principal Hotels.

Front seats reserved for ladies.

Pianos tuned by Prof. Benedict by applying to the Agent at the door.

Come early and secure a good seat.

E. Banker, Agent.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 15, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

The Female Lieutenant.—"Lieutenant Buford," the female Lieutenant from the South, arrived in this city, and sent to Castle Thunder, has been released by General Winder. The charge of being a Yankee spy was never alleged against her, and she is indignant that such a thing was ever insinuated. She persists in sporting her military costume, and it was this that got her into trouble with the Richmond authorities. Her real name is Mrs. S. T. Williams, and her husband is a 1<sup>st</sup> Lieutenant in company E, 13<sup>th</sup> Connecticut regiment, under Banks, in Louisiana. Her father is Major J. S Roche, of Mississippi, but she was born in the West Indies. Her people were wealthy, and her annual income before the war was \$20,000, most of which she spent in getting medicines for the Confederate Government. Her penchant was to follow the army in a private ambulance with medicines, bandages, and servant, and apply herself to the relief of the wounded, though she was known to lend a helping hand with the musket at several battles in which she participated.—Richmond Examiner.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 15, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

To Clear a Room of Mosquitoes.—Take of gum camphor a piece about one third the size

of an egg and evaporate it by placing it in a tin vessel and holding it over a lamp or candle, taking care that it does not ignite. The smoke will soon fill the room and expel the mosquitoes. One night not long since I was terribly annoyed by them, when I thought of and tried the above, after which I neither saw nor heard them that night; the next morning there was not one to be found in the room, though the window had been left open all night.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 15, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

A Good Retort.—An elegantly dressed young lady recently entered a railway carriage in Paris, where there were three or four gentlemen, one of whom was lighting a cigar. Observing her, the Frenchman asked if smoking would incommode her? "I do not know, sir, no gentleman has ever so far forgotten himself as to smoke in my presence."

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 17, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

The colors of the 41<sup>st</sup> and 53d and 3d Illinois Regiment of Pugh's Brigade, taken at Jackson on the 12<sup>th</sup>, are claimed by the 32d Alabama, the 3d Florida, and the 47<sup>th</sup> Georgia Regiments, as their trophies.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 17, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Theatre.

Lessees.  
Acting & Stage Managers.

C. H. Erwin & Co.  
E. R. Dalton.

Friday Evening, July 17<sup>th</sup>, '63.  
Shakespeare's Great Tragedy, in Five Acts, of  
Othello!  
The Moor of Venice.

Othello  
Iago  
Cassio  
Roderigo  
Desdemona  
Emelia

E. R. Dalton.  
S. H. Hubbard.  
C. T. Nelson  
D. Russell  
Miss Bridges  
Mrs. Caulfield

Owing to the great length of the Tragedy, no Farce will be presented.  
To conclude with a Favorite Comic Song by D. Russell.  
In Rehearsal, Shakespeare's Plays of Macbeth and King Lear. Also the Drama of Christmas Even; or, A Duel in the Snow.  
Admission—Dress Circle and Parquette, \$1; Second Circle, 50 Cents; Gallery, 50 Cents.  
Private Boxes, \$6, \$8 and \$10.  
Doors open at 7½ o'clock. Performance to commence at 8, precisely.

Masonic Hall.  
Friday Evening, July 17.

Fifth Night of  
Harry Macarthy,  
and Miss Lottie Estelle,  
In their Personation Concerts.

Introductory sketches. Adolphus Loveick [?]. Sady Baker, Sam Jones, Alfred Travers,  
Sal [?] Pikeland, Bill Noble, Miss Malinda.

Ballads.

Rock me to Sleep. Love and Pastry. I should like to change my name. Catty  
Avou?ne?n. Sally's Misfortune. Laughing Finale. The Volunteer. The Soldier's Grave. Boys  
with the Auburn Hair. Scott's Ride to Richmond. Southern Marseillaise. Down to Kentucky.

Dances.

Arkansas Jig. Ethiopian King. Down to Kentucky.

Admission \$1. Children and servants 50 cents.

Doors open at 7½ o'clock. Performance to commence at 8¼ o'clock.

To prevent confusion at the office, Ladies and Gentlemen will please get their Tickets  
during the day at the Music Stores and Hotels. E. Banker, Agent.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 19, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

Theatre.

Lessees,  
Acting & Stage Manager

C. H. Erwin & Co.  
E. R. Dalton.

Saturday Evening, July 18<sup>th</sup>, '63.  
The thrilling Melo-Drama of  
Michael Erle,  
The Maniac Lover.

Michael Erle  
Phillip D'Arville  
Miles Melville  
Mary Woodward  
Julia Spring

E. R. Dalton  
F. W. Atwater  
C. T. Nelson  
Miss Bridges  
Mrs. Caulfield

To conclude with the Drama of  
Ireland As It Was.

Ragged Pat, (a broth of a boy)  
Dan O'Carolan

S. H. Hubbard  
E. R. Dalton

Judy O'Trot  
Honor O'Carolan

Mrs. Caulfield  
Miss Bridges

In Rehearsal, Shakespeare's Plays of Macbeth, and King Lear; Also the Drama of Christmas Eve; or, A Duel in the Snow.

Admission—Dress Circle and Parquette, \$1; Second Circle, 50 Cents; Gallery, 50 Cents. Private Boxes, \$6, \$8 and \$10.

Doors open at 7½ o'clock. Performances to commence at 8 precisely.

Masonic Hall.  
Saturday Evening, July 18<sup>th</sup>.  
Sixth Night of  
Harry Macarthy,  
And Miss Lottie Estelle,  
In their Personation Concerts.  
Programme To-Night—Characters.

Robin Roughhead, Biddy Maguire, Saundy McFlie, Jenny Macalaster, The Southern Soldier, The Confederate Soldier, Norah Delany, Teddy O'Sanh, The Daughter of the South, The Gentleman from Africa.

Songs and Ballads.

My Own Native Land, I'll pack up and Travel, The Boys of Kilkenny, The Rose of Allandale, Bonnie Jean, Lass If You Me [sic?], Liberty for Me, Tol de rol de ray, Scott Taking the Oath, Stars and Bars, Teddy O'[illegible], Paddy's Wedding, Southern Marseilles, Banjo Solo.

Dances.

Double Highland Fling, Double Irish Jig, Ober de Mountain.

Admission \$1. Children and servants 50 cents.

Doors open at 7½ o'clock. Performance to commence at 8¼ o'clock.

To prevent confusion at the office, Ladies and Gentlemen will please get their Tickets during the day at the Music Stores and Hotels.

E. Banker, Agent.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 19, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

For Sale.

Cologne, Alcohol, Rose Water, Orange Flower Water, Lilly White, Prepared Chalk, Carmine Hair Grease, Slippery Elm, Nutmegs, Spice, Cloves, Ginger, Scotch and Maccaboy Snuff, Kulie Bricks Stove Blacking, Opodeldoc, Pain Killer, Mustard, Matches, Washing Soda, &c.

Robert H. Tatem, Druggist,  
Corner Jefferson and McDonough sts.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 20, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

Destitution at Vicksburg.—The Chattanooga Rebel of Sunday says: Col. Fountain E. Pitts, Divine, Orator and Soldier, one of the heroes of the siege of Vicksburg, arrived here yesterday from the South. The Colonel states that during the siege the boys of Pemberton's army eat [sic] up hundred mules, preferring them infinitely to the poor, tough beef cattle. Rats were offered for sale at \$2 a piece, and in demand, just before the surrender.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 20, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Theatre.

Leasees.  
Acting & Stage Manager

C. H. Erwin & Co.  
E. R. Dalton.

Monday Evening, July 20<sup>th</sup>, '63.  
Will be presented the Tragic Play, in 5 acts, of  
Fazio,  
Or, The Italian Wife's Revenge.

Giralda Fazio  
Duke of Venice  
Sartole  
Bianca  
Aldabella

E. R. Dalton  
C. T. Nelson  
S. H. Hubbard  
Miss Bridges  
Mrs. Caulfield.

Favorite Comic Song

D. Russell

To conclude with the laughable Farce of  
Brian O'Linn.  
The Irish Mormon

Brian O'Linn, (with song)

S. H. Hubbard.

In Rehearsal, Shakespeare's Plays of Macbeth and King Lear. Also the Drama of Christmas Eve; or, A Duel in the Snow.

Admission—Dress Circle and Parquette, \$1; Second Circle, 50 Cents; Gallery, 50 Cents. Private Boxes, \$6, \$8 and \$10.

Doors open at 7½ o'clock. Performances to commence at 8, precisely.

Masonic Hall.  
Monday Evening, July 20<sup>th</sup>.  
Seventh Night of  
Harry Macarthy,

And Miss Lottie Estelle,  
In their Personation Concerts.

Programme To-Night—Characters.

Humphrey Dobbins, Seth Comstock, Hans Vonuncerdrumeldyke. Wm. Haeland. Nancy Doolittle. Paddy Maguire. Zeb Duskskin, Robert Ridley.

Songs and Ballads.

Trust to Luck, Gee wo Dobbin, Medley of Thirty Airs, La Tyrolean, The Bonnie Blue Flag, My Johnny was a Shoemaker, Widow Machrae, What's the matter, Susie; Old Uncle Ned, Robert Ridley, Esq.

Dances.

Yankee Dance, Highland Fling, Dutch Dance, Irish Jig, Robert Ridley, Arkansas Traveller [sic].

Admission \$1. Children and servants 50 cents.

Doors open at 7½ o'clock. Performance to commence at 8¼ o'clock.

To prevent confusion at the office, Ladies and Gentlemen will please get their Tickets during the day at the Music Stores and Hotels.

E. Banker, Agent.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 20, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Chambersburg, Penn., June 28, '63.

Gen. Longstreet's corps crossed the Potomac Friday morning, and proceeded to within three miles of Greencastle, Pennsylvania. We ate breakfast in Virginia, dinner in Maryland, and supper in Pennsylvania. It is but a short distance across Maryland from Williamsport—say 11 miles.

At Williamsport, Gen. Hood halted his division an hour and issued a whiskey ration. While I believe a too free use of the "ardent" is injurious, particularly to the soldier, I believe the troops were benefitted this time; for all the previous night and until 3 o'clock that evening they were exposed to a cold, drizzling rain. Furthermore, we had to wade the Potomac, and were not allowed to strip. In thirty minutes after the whiskey was issued, Hood's division presented the liveliest spectacle I ever saw. Good humor and wit ran high, and it was difficult even to hear one's self talk. But, as was to be expected, a few made "use and abuse" synonymous terms. Some men don't know when they have enough of a good thing. Cases of intoxication were, however, very rare.

We passed through Greencastle yesterday morning and Chambersburg at 6 o'clock in the evening—distant 11 miles. Greencastle is a considerable town, numbering about 4,000 inhabitants. The doors were all closed. The people looked sad and down cast. A few, however, talked cheerfully and expressed a hope that peace would soon be made. The "Rebs" replied that "peace would certainly be made as the rebel army had *got back into the Union!*" We saw but one family that was really bitter against us, and they were renegade Virginians.

The Second Georgia band played "Dixie" as the long column with flying banners marched through Greencastle. The air was played so well that it called forth long, loud cheers from our boys. A young man standing on the side walk, remarked, "That's what we used to play going down South." The Rebs took fire at his taunt like a tinder box, and had not the fellow "dried up" quickly, he would have been handled roughly.

Chambersburg numbers about 8,000 inhabitants. It is decidedly a handsome town, and can boast a number of superb public and private buildings. The tower of the city hall was crowded with eager spectators, and many beautiful ladies, and handsomely dressed gentlemen, thronged the side-walks and balconies, gazing in wondering amazement at the host of rebels passing through.

Many old farmers expressed their surprise at our numbers, saying they did not think there were as many men in the entire South! When they ask our strength, the boys reply that we number about 300,000!

One fellow in Chambersburg replied to the question, "Where is Milroy our commissary?" that he was at Harrisburg, and would feed us on powder and lead! He had no answer for the question, "Why are you not there to help him?" Some of the citizens are glad we are here, as the conscription law is suspended. Anything to avoid being drafted.

The country thus far is unsurpassed for fertility and beauty. The wheat, oat, barley and clover fields resemble the prairies of the West. The farmers have the most magnificent barns I ever saw. A Dutchman's pride is in his large well-filled barns. All the residences are neat, but substantial buildings of stone and brick, about one fourth the size of their magnificent barns.

Our quartermasters and commissaries have impressed a great many fine horses, mules and beef cattle. Very little private property—that is, poultry, vegetables, bee hives, &c., and no household furniture, no pantries or milk houses have been disturbed by the soldiers. Orders are very strict in this respect. . . .

Since the preceding pages were written I have seen and heard enough to change materially the character of one paragraph therein contained. The 38<sup>th</sup> Virginia, on duty in town last night, entered the stores and took everything they wanted. Members of this brigade went to town this morning, and finding the stores open, took what they wanted. Chickens, bacon, vegetables, honey, butter, &c., are coming into camps in large quantities. Much of it was bought, the citizens readily taking Confederate money; while hundreds of soldiers are scouring the country, taking everything they can appropriate. Virginians and North Alabamians are retaliating upon the Pennsylvanians for the depredations committed upon their homes.—Report says that the citizens shut themselves up and the soldiers have everything their own way. A respectable young man in the 15<sup>th</sup> Georgia says the streets of Chambersburg are strewn with gloves and fragments of goods.—General Lee should and will punish such vandalism, even against our enemies.

V. A. S. P.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 20, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

### Are We Defeated?

By a Georgia Lady.

At such a time as this, when words of despondency are on the lips of so many men, we claim to be heard in behalf of our sex and ourselves. It is a dark and gloomy hour; bitter disappointment and grief wring our souls, but whatever others may do, we do not despond. It is

no time now to question our fears for the future, or dwell on the loss of past hopes; no time for idle regrets, or surmises of "what might have been;" whether our first step was an error, and secession an evil; these last thoughts are traitorous and cowardly, but however opinions may vary or fears dismay, there is no alternative now.

We beg to remind those who cry out at every disaster "we are whipped!" that there is no such thing possible as submission; no way left but to breast the storm, and knowing this necessity, even coward hearts may fight in very desperation.

Our present difficulties, coming so unexpectedly in the midst of continued successes, astonished and stunned us; but we have recovered from the blow, and with awakened energies spring up to face our dangers. Our hopes had been too highly flattered, our fears too easily lulled; our people, we blush for shame as we record it, were dancing and "making merry," when our brave men, at all points, were facing the cannon's mouth.

The very day Vicksburg capitulated, hundreds were sporting in heartless mirth. Did not such a people deserve chastisement? Do we not yet need the rod? But heartsick and weary as we are with this cruel struggle, we will continue it as long as there is a mountain refuge, or a valley retreat.

Women of the South! do your spirits faint, or your hands falter? You, who no nobly urged on this work, will you sustain it still? Are you not ready, if need be, to fill every possible post at home, and send the last man to the field? We do not pretend to gloss over matters. Charleston and Savannah may fall; other points may follow—it is what we anticipated twelve months ago; but if the worst has to be met let us meet it in such a way as shall turn temporary defeat into ultimate victory.—Let the enemy exhaust himself in repeated attacks and barren victories, we are not, we *can not* be whipped! As the exigencies of war press us more closely, the people of the interior will open their hearts and homes to those of the seaboard and frontier, and we will still bid them defiance. God is still with us. Our brave boys may fall—we may perish—but our country shall survive, and our children inherit its fair borders in peace; but let us remember with desperate determination of purpose, that there is no chance to retreat—no hope in submission. One only alternative is left to those who breathe Southern air and claim Southern soil, and that is, fight to the death!

J. M. F.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 20, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

#### Horrors of War—Brutality of our Enemies.

The Panola correspondent of the Knoxville Register tells a tale of wrong done the people of Mississippi, which makes one shudder. It says:

The deeds of violence, outrages and crimes, committed by Federal soldiery in this State, especially between Jackson and Vicksburg, are without a parallel in any age or country. There are no terms used in all the calendar of crimes which could convey any adequate conception of the revolting enormities perpetrated by our foes. Women have been robbed of their jewels and wearing apparel—stripped almost to nakedness in the presence of jeering Dutch; earrings have been torn from their ears, and rings from bleeding fingers. Every house has been pillaged, and thousands burned. The whole country between the Big Black and the Mississippi, and all that district through which Grant's army passed, is one endless scene of desolation. This is not the worst; robbery and murder are surely bad enough, but worse than all this, women have been

subjected to enormities worse than death. Not only have these crimes been committed by white men, but they have stood by and made negroes guilty of deeds which you would blush to record.

Negroes, men and women, who can leave their homes, are forced or enticed away. The children alone are left. Barns and all descriptions of farm houses have been burnt. All supplies, bacon and flour, are seized for the use of the invading army, and the wretched inhabitants left to starve. The roads along which Grant's army has moved are strawn [sic] with all descriptions of furniture, wearing apparel and private property. In many instances husbands have been arrested and threatened with instant death by the hangman's rope, in order to make their wives reveal the places of concealment of their valuable effects. The poor women are made to ransom their sons, daughters and husbands. The worst slaves are selected to insult, taunt and revile their masters, and the wives and daughters of their masters.

A lady, whose delicacy I will not offend by giving her name, was forced to entertain at her table a number of Federal officers. Her husband, a man of great wealth, had been an officer in our army. He escaped to the swamp on the approach of Grant's followers, and felt his wife in no danger as he vainly imagined—The Federal officers came and demanded the preparation of dinner. The lady spread for them a luxuriant table. They compelled her to occupy a seat in their midst, and when they had eaten like famished wolves, they stated that crockery and glassware were scarce in the South, and drawing the cloth from the long table, broke everything. I know not how to tell the story as it was given to me; what followed is too horrible, too revolting to relate. Let the committee of Senators, with Mr. Clay at their head, whose duty it is to gather evidence of the deeds of our enemies, inquire, and I will furnish facts and evidence which shall constitute a chapter of horror and depravity such as never blackened the pages of human history.

Everywhere fences are destroyed, and cattle driven into the fields. Orchards and evergreens are cut down, and all this is done, as we are told by prisoners, to make famine an agent in effecting our subjugation. After beholding all this wide-spread destruction, after witnessing the woes inflicted upon helpless women and children, and listening to the wails of famished negroes, it is almost a relief to come upon some deserted village. From the towns, the people apprehending danger, fled to the country for safety. They returned a few days afterwards to find nothing but heaps of smouldering [sic] ruins.

What people would not fight even to avenge such wrongs! and what people would not fight to ward off such foul wrongs and unparalleled sufferings!

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 22, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Our Dead and Wounded.—Our capital letters have been all employed in advertisements for a week past, and we have been unable until to-day to commence the publication of the list of Georgians killed and wounded in the late battles near Gettysburg. We have some fifty pages of manuscript, containing the sad details, and shall devote a large space to them daily until the entire melancholy story shall have been laid before our readers. The casualties in a number of regiments have not yet come to hand, but are expected daily.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 22, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Cotton Yarn Without Cards.—Mrs. Elizabeth Everett, of Vernon, Fla., sends us two samples of cotton yarns spun without any previous preparation of the cotton by carding but from the cotton as taken from the Gin. The thread is remarkably uniform in size and has every appearance of thread which is spun in the usual way. One of the samples before us, was spun by Mrs. Hamilton, a lady 68 years of age. It is the opinion of those ladies as well as of others who

have tried to experiment, that they can spin half as much yarn in this way as from the rolls.—  
Columbus Sun.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 22, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

Theatre.

Lessees	C. H. Erwin & Co.
Acting & Scene Manager	R. R. Dalton
Asst. Stage Manager	C. T. Nelson.
Scenic Artist	F. Sandrue

Wednesday Evening, July 22d, '63.

First presentation of the excellent moral Drama, in 3 acts, entitled,  
The Drunkard;  
Or, the Fallen Saved.

Edward Middleton	S. H. Hubbard
Mary Wilson	Miss Bridges
Miss Spindle	Mrs. Caulfield

To conclude with the laughable Farce of

Brian O'Linn.  
The Irish Mormon

Brian O'Linn (with song)	S. H. Hubbard
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In rehearsal, Shakespeare's Plays of Macbeth and King Lear. Also the Drama of  
Christmas Eve; or, A Duel in the Snow.

Admission—Dress Circle and Parquette, \$1; Second Circle, 50 Cents; Gallery, 50 Cents,  
Private Boxes, \$6, \$8 and \$10.

Doors open at 7½ o'clock. Performance to commence at 8, precisely.

Masonic Hall.  
Wednesday Evening, July 22d.  
Ninth Night of  
Harry Macarthy,  
and Miss Lottie Estelle,  
In their Personation Concerts.

Programme To-Night—Characters.

Mr. Aminadah. The Bould Soger Boy. The French Artizan and the Tri-color. Miss  
Arristacia Brown. Grand Aunty Gray. Bryan. William Haverland. Zeb Duckskin.

Songs and Ballads.

Maryland Refugee. Teetotal Society. Bould Soger Boy. March de Marseillaise. Mama won't let me marry. The Irish Emigrant's Lament. Bonnie Blue Flag. Confederate Wagon. Banjo Solo. Negro Refrain. I'll throw myself away.

Dances.

Medley Dance, Sailor's Hornpipe. I'll throw myself away.

Thursday BENEFIT of the Families of those of Savannah killed and wounded at Morris' Island fights, near Charleston. The proceeds to be placed in the hands of the Mayor.

Admission \$1. Children and servants 50 cents.

Doors open at 7½ o'clock. Performance to commence at 8½ o'clock.

To prevent confusion at the office Ladies and Gentlemen will please get their Tickets during the day at the Music Stores and Hotels.

E. Banker, Agent.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 23, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Theatre.

Lessees	C. H. Erwin & Co.
Acting & Stage Manager	E. R. Dalton
Asst. Stage manager	C. T. Nelson.
Scenic Artist	F. Sandrue.

Thursday Evening, July 23d, '63.

First time of the thrilling Drama, in three parts, from the French of Victor Hugo, entitled  
The Twin Brothers;  
Or, The Chamber of Death.

Capt. Burdan	Mr. Dalton
Margaret of Burgundy	Miss Bridges

To conclude with the laughable Farce of  
The Irish Tutor.

In rehearsal, Shakespeare's Plays of Macbeth and King Lear. Also the Drama of Christmas Eve; or, A Duel in the Snow.

Admission—Dress Circle and Parquette, \$1; Second Circle, 50 Cents; Gallery, 50 Cents. Private Boxes, \$6, \$8 and \$10.

Doors open at 7½ o'clock. Performances to commence at 8, precisely.

Masonic Hall.  
Thursday Evening, July 23d.  
Tenth Night of  
Harry Macarthy,  
and Miss Lottie Estelle,  
In their Personation Concerts.  
Benefit  
of the  
Families of those of Savannah  
Killed and Wounded at the Morris'  
Island Fight near Charleston,  
The Proceeds to be placed in the hands of the  
Mayor.

A Grand Bill for this Occasion

As the Hall will be crowded I would advise the Public to get their Tickets during the day, at the Music Store, Hotel or Hall. Don't fail to come.

Admission \$1. Children and servants 50 cents.

Doors open at 7½ o'clock. Performance to commence at 8¼ o'clock.

To prevent confusion at the office, ladies and Gentlemen will please get their Tickets during the day at the Music Stores and Hotels.

E. Banker, Agent.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 24, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

#### Blockade Running.

There seems to be a general outcry of indignation against this illicit and unpatriotic traffic. Its moral effects upon our people are most disastrous. In the first place, to trade with the enemy and thereby sustain his industry, is but little less than treason. In the second, it throws out temptations to ruinous extravagance among the people. Thirdly, and a most serious objection, it builds up a large and individual class of capitalism whose interest lies in a continuation of the war and a ceaseless flow of the blood of their countrymen. Lastly, it is the agency by which the currency of the enemy is sustained and our own discredited and brought to an unjust and ruinous discount. As an evidence of this truth, we need only mention the disgraceful fact that a dollar in gold will buy fifteen dollars of Confederate money; (such a transaction took place here yesterday) and filthy "greenbacks," which no man in his senses believes will or can ever be paid, are actually worth three dollars of our money, in our own Confederacy.

All this comes from running the blockade, by sea and land, and the facts put patriotism and national pride to shame. We have received many letters on this subject of late from some of the most considerate men in the country, and they all unite in denouncing the trade as demoralizing and corrupt. We agree with them fully, and more than a year ago urged our Congress to prohibit the export of cotton by individuals or private corporations. For ourselves we would almost as soon see it go to the Yankees as to England. Not a bale should be allowed to go out except such as is sent by the government to be exchanged for military stores and to pay its

debts abroad.

As regards those contemptible little traders who lurk along the lines and swindle the government by slipping in goods without paying the lawful duty, every mother's son of them should be taken up and lodged in the nearest penitentiary.

The country demands that Congress take some definite and rigid action on this subject at the earliest day practicable, and as the session is some time off, the President should, as a military measure, close every port of the Confederacy to such a commerce, with such exceptions as in his judgment sound policy might dictate.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 24, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

A Woman Among the Prisoners.—"Lieut. Buford," alias Mrs. Williams, was sent from Richmond to Atlanta on the 16<sup>th</sup>. The Examiner says: "She quite took Castle Thunder before she left. She got acquainted with every [illegible] about, and by her bustling manner and [illegible] ways threw the commandant quite in the [illegible]."

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 24, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

Theatre.

Lessees	C. H. Erwin & Co.
Acting & Stage Manager	E. R. Dalton
Asst. Stage Manager	C. T. Nelson.
Scenic Artist	F. Sandrue

Friday Evening, July 24<sup>th</sup>, '63.

The great Tragic Play, in 5 acts, by R. Lalor Shiel, of  
Evadne;  
or, The Hall of Statues

Ludivico	Mr. Hubbard
Colonus	Mr. Dalton
Evadne	Miss Bridges

In consequence of the extreme length of the play no Farce will be presented.

In rehearsal, Shakespeare's Plays of Macbeth and King Lear. Also the Drama of Christmas Eve; or, a Duel in the Snow.

Admission—Dress Circle and Parquette, \$1; Second Circle, 50 Cents; Gallery, 50 Cents. Private Boxes, \$6, \$8 and \$10.

Doors open at 7½ o'clock. Performance to commence at 8, precisely.

Masonic Hall.

Friday Evening, July 24<sup>th</sup>.

Eleventh Night of

Harry Macarthy,

and Miss Lottie Estelle,

In their Personation Concerts.

Programme—Characters.

Robin Roughhead. Bidy Maguire. Saundy McFile. Jonny McAlaster. The Southern Soldier, The Confederate Soldier, Noah Delany, Teddy O'Bann, The Daughter of the South, and the Gentleman from Africa.

Ballads.

My Own Native Land, I'll Pack Up and Travel, The Boys of Kilkenny, The Rose of Allendale. Bonnie Jean, Lass, If You Love Me, Liberty for Me, Tol De Rol De Ray, Scott Taking the Oath, Stars and Bars, Paddy's Wedding, Southern Marseillaise, Banjo Solo.

Dances.

Double Highland Fling, Double Irish Jig, and Ober de Mountain.

Admission \$1. Children and servants 50 cents.

Doors open at 7½ o'clock. Performance to commence at 8¼ o'clock.

To prevent confusion at the office, Ladies and Gentlemen will please get their Tickets during the day at the Music Store and Hotels.

E. Banker, Agent.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 27, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

Theatre.

Lessees	C. H. Erwin & Co.
Acting & Stage Manager	E. R. Dalton
Asst. Stage Manager	C. T. Nelson
Scenic Artist	F. Sandrue

Monday Evening, July 27<sup>th</sup>, '63.  
Coleman's great tragic play of  
The Iron Chest!

Sir Edward Mortimer	Mr. Dalton
Fitzharding (his half brother)	Mr. Nelson
Willard (his secretary)	Mr. Hubbard
Samson Mawbeld	Mr. Russell
Lady Helen	Miss Bridges
Blanche	Mrs. Caulfield

To conclude with the laughable farce of

The Irish Tutor.

Teddy O'Rourke

Mr. Hubbard

In Rehearsal, Shakespeare's Plays of Macbeth and King Lear. Also the Drama of Christmas Eve; or, a Duel in the Snow.

Admission—Dress Circle and Parquette, \$1; Second Circle, 50 Cents; Gallery, 50 Cents. Private Boxes, \$6, \$8 and \$10.

Doors open at 7½ o'clock. Performances to commence at 8, precisely.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 28, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

A Silk Dress Spoiled.—Among the United States flags captured from the enemy and exhibited at the Libby prison, is one taken at Murfreesboro' which has a history. The material of the flag is the silk wedding dress of Mrs. Frank P. Blair, donated by her, in a fit of extravagance, in honor of Frank's election to the colony [sic] of a Dutch regiment last summer. The flag bears the motto, 'From St. Louis Friends,' in German letters. The silk is stained by the blood and brains of the standard-bearer, who fell, knocked in pieces by a shell, with the flag in his grasp.—Richmond Examiner.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 29, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Cotton Cards, Cotton Cards,

288 Pair the very best Cotton Cards, No. 10's,  
6 dozen English Lanterns, very fine.  
Just received and for sale by

Lovell & Lattimore.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 29, 1863, p. 2, c. 6

Cotton Cards, Nails, &c.

500 Pair Cotton Cards, No. 10, best quality  
100 kegs Nails, assorted  
50 pair Trace Chains  
60 pair Haims  
30 dozen Mill and Hand Saw Files  
3 dozen Flat and Square Bastard Files  
75 boxes Tobacco  
50 bushels Coast Salt very fine  
2 barrels Sugar  
50 casks fresh Beat Rice  
30 barrels Spirits Turpentine.

Geo. Patten.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 28, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

Theatre.

Lessees  
Acting & Stage Manager  
Asst. Stage Manager  
Scenic Artist

C. H. Erwin & Co.  
E. R. Dalton  
C. T. Nelson.  
F. Sandrue.

Tuesday Evening, July 29<sup>th</sup>, '63.  
The trilling Melo-Drama of  
Michael Erle,  
The Maniac Lover.

Michael Erle  
Philip D'Arvill  
Miles Melville  
Mary Woodward  
Julia Spring

E. R. Dalton.  
F. W. Atwater  
C. T. Nelson  
Miss Bridges  
Mrs. Caulfield

To conclude with the Drama of  
Ireland as It Was.

Ragged Pat (a broth of a boy)  
Dan O'Carolan  
Judy O'Trot  
Honor O'Carolan

S. H. Hubbard  
E. R. Dalton  
Mrs. Caulfield  
Miss Bridges

In Rehearsal, Shakespeare's Plays of Macbeth and King Lear. Also the Drama of  
Christmas Eve; or, A Duel in the Snow.

Admission—Dress Circle and Parquette, \$1; Second Circle, 50 Cents; Gallery, 50 Cents.  
Private Boxes, \$6, \$8 and \$10.

Doors open at 7½ o'clock. Performances to commence at 8, precisely.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 29, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

The Mayor of this city acknowledges the receipt of one hundred and eighty dollars and fifty cents from Harry McCarthy, the proceeds of his Concert for the benefit of the widows and orphans of those who were killed at Battery Wagner on the 17<sup>th</sup> and 18<sup>th</sup>, belonging to Captain Buckner's command of Phoenix Riflemen. The amount has been handed over by the Mayor to Captain J. T. Buckner for the proper distribution.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 29, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

[Summary: Theatre. Lady of Lyons, or, Love and Pride, to be concluded with The Irish Tutor.]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 30, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

"Jeffersonian" is responsible for the following good one: A few days since a train of cars freighted with Federal prisoners stopped at the Atlanta station, when the prisoners amused themselves talking to the news-boys on the platform. A Yankee officer said to one of the apple boys:

"What do you ask for your apples?"

"Dollar a dozen."

"Do you take greenbacks?"

Apple boy cocked his little toe-head, winked one eye knowingly, and replied, with his thumb to his nose:

"No; but *we take blue bellies!*"

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 30, 1863, p. 2, c. 4  
[Summary: Theatre. Lucretia Borgia, the Poisoner, to conclude with the laughable farce of Merry Cobbler, or, Contentment vs. Riches]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, July 30, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

St. Andrew's Hall  
Will Shortly Appear  
Charley White's  
Mammoth, Excelsior  
Opera Troupe  
Fourteen Talented Artists!  
Tim Morris and Frank Leslie,  
The Two Stars,  
Appear Nightly.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 1, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

#### A Substitute for Soap.

Editor Savannah Republican:

As soap is very scarce and dear, it will be a great relief to our noble soldiers and their families, and so the public generally, to inform them that saw dust will clean the hands and face better than soap, and in half the time. This is particularly the case with blacksmiths and those that are used to heavy work.

In places where saw dust is scarce, a hair sifter should be used to pour the water from the washbasin to catch the saw dust, as it can be used over again as often as you please, either wet or dry. By using this economy a peck of saw dust would wash a regiment of soldiers for years; and it has another advantage, it does not smart the eyes like soap. [rest of article torn off]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 1, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Amusements.—Christy's Minstrels gave their first entertainment in our city last evening to a crowded house. We were not present, but have been informed everything passed off pleasantly and satisfactorily. They give their second concert to-night.

"Rory O'More" will be repeated at the Theatre this evening. The piece embraces the entire company, is admirably brought out, and will doubtless draw another good audience.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 1, 1863, p. 2, c. 5  
[Summary: Theatre. Rory O'More; or, an Irishman's Fortunes, to conclude with the roaring farce of Slasher and Crasher]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 3, 1863, p. 2, c. 4  
[Summary: Theatre. The Marble Heart! or, The Sculptor's Dream.]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 5, 1863, p. 2, c. 4  
[Summary: Theatre. The Wife; or, The Father's Grave, to conclude with the laughable Farce of Nan, the Good-for-Nothing]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 6, 1863, p. 2, c. 6

New Music.

Southern Trooper's Song	\$1.00
What are the wild waves saying? Duett [sic]	1.00
Lula is gone. Republished	0.75
Ever of Thee. do	0.75
Carrie Bell	0.75
Signal Corps Schottish	0.75
Battle Flag Polka	0.50

Just received by  
John C. Schreiner & Son.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 6, 1863, p. 2, c. 5  
[Summary: Theatre. Richelieu! or, The Conspiracy.]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 6, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

English Homeopathic Cocoa,  
A Delightful Beverage,  
In One Pound Papers,  
For Sale by

A. A. Solomons & Co.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 7, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

Our Late Correspondent, "V. A. S. P."

We have received the following letters in response to our request for information concerning the history and family of our late deceased army correspondent, "V. A. S. P.", who fell at the head of his men in the recent struggle at Gettysburg. We take the liberty of giving them to our readers, with whom he had become a great favorite. His brief life contains a lesson of energy and laudable ambition which the young men of the country, however adverse their

circumstances, would do well to lay to heart:

Sparta, Ga., July 26, 1863

Mr. Editor: Having been well acquainted with your late correspondent, Capt. Virgil A. S. Parks, who was killed in the battle of Gettysburg, I will answer your questions concerning his family relations. Both of his parents died when he was a small boy. He had two sisters who married and settled in Texas soon after the death of his parents. These sisters he had never seen since their removal, which occurred about twenty years ago. I believe he had no brothers. His ties of kindred were few and feeble, but those of friendship were numerous and strong. In this community he had a number of warm friends who were made such by the exhibitions of the many manly and noble traits which adorned the character of the stranger boy who, some years ago, sought a home and an education on our midst. He came among us without money as without acquaintance; and the academical and legal education which he afterwards attained, was procured with means tendered to him unasked by one who was struck with admiration for his character and sympathy with his forlorn situation. When he joined the army his residence was in Bainbridge, but his home, with the dear ties that cluster round the same, was in Sparta. He was cherished as a son and as a brother by one of the most estimable families in our community. He is deeply mourned by them all, but most by *one* who stood to him in the sacred relation of betrothed. To her, therefore, I beg to suggest, may appropriately be addressed any communication which you may desire to send to mother or sister of the lamented deceased. I will undertake to deliver to her any package or message which you may entrust to me for her. Respectfully, yours,

Linton Stephens.

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Bainbridge, July 23, 1863.

Mr. Editor: I read this morning your notice of the death of my esteemed friend, Captain V. A. S. Parks.

My acquaintance with Captain P. commenced in February, 1861, on his arrival here to commence the practice of law, and it soon ripened into the closest intimacy. He was a high minded, modest, honorable man, and a consistent Christian. Had he lived he would have attained a high position, and his amiable qualities would have created troops of friends.

When quite a child his parents moved to Texas from Middle Georgia, taking him with them and leaving, I think, a son and, perhaps, two daughters. His mother died soon after reaching Texas; his father married again and shortly after died. His step mother moved to Arkansas, and then went somewhere North, leaving him in Arkansas among strangers. Poor and infirm, and with but twelve and a half cents in his pocket, he started for Middle Georgia, where he knew he had relatives, and succeeded in reaching them.

His early education had been neglected. His friends sent him to school and college, and coming under the notice of Judge Linton Stephens, he received that aid and countenance that enabled him to finish his education and enter upon the study of law. Then he made the friendship of Hon. A. H. Stephens and T. R. R. Cobb, to whom he was warmly attached, and whom (the three) he seemed never to tire of praising. After full preparation he removed to this place, and soon after entered into partnership with W. O. Fleming (son of your Judge Fleming, and now commanding Company F, 50<sup>th</sup> Regiment Georgia Volunteers,) who was in the same battle in which Parks lost his life.

Having left for the West when quite a child, he knew but little of his relatives. His

brother resides somewhere in South Carolina, and his sisters in Middle Georgia.

When he joined the army he left his business in my charge. In December last—always thoughtful—he wrote me, dated "in line of battle," and enclosed his will, constituting me his executor, saying "my relatives knowing nothing of my liabilities, or what may be due me, would not, therefore make such a disposition of my little affairs as I desire."

\* \* \* \* \*

Yours truly,

John M. Potter.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 7, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

[Summary: Theatre. Ingomar, The Barbarian, to conclude with the Farce of Love in All Corners]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 8, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

### The Climax of Vandal Fiendishness.

Mississippi has been reserved for the final capping of the climax to Yankee brutality. Not satisfied with burning, devastating towns, cities, farm houses and plantations, their barbaric instincts found vent in the perpetration of an act at which humanity revolts. We are informed that Mrs. Fort, a widow lady residing in Madison county, six miles from Canton, a sister of Benjamin Ricks, a wealthy and influential citizen of that county, was recently stripped, and upon her back was inflicted five hundred stripes with a leather strap, by two Yankee brutes. She was so badly maimed and bruised that fears were entertained for her life. If such acts as these do not fire up the blood of Mississippians and Southrons everywhere, then, indeed, may we conclude that, justice has fled to brutish beasts. It is, however, only another dark chapter in the stock of fiendish Yankee monstrosities.—Mississippian, 1<sup>st</sup> inst.

The Montgomery Mail of the 3d inst., contains the following additional particulars:

Two gentlemen from Canton, Mississippi, called upon us this morning, and related substantially what follows, which we conceive to be the most shocking and heartless brutality of which the incarnate fiends of Abolitiondom have been guilty during the present war.

Mrs. M. R. Fort was a lady about sixty-five years of age, of the highest respectability, and supposed to be worth some forty thousand dollars. She was visiting the house of a friend six miles south of Canton, some two weeks ago, when some Yankee officers hearing of her wealth, and believing that she had gone to the country for the purpose of hiding her money, went, with a gang of negroes, to the house, at two o'clock a.m., took her out of bed, and whipped her until six o'clock—four hours—to make her tell where her money could be found. She had no money, and of course could not satisfy the savages. The wretched lady died under the torture of the lash.

There are but two scenes of the barbarous and bloody drama which has been enacting against the southern people for the last two years, and without a word of rebuke from the Yankee government, and but an occasional feeble remonstrance from their press and people. And now, what is to be thought of the southern men who would either secretly or openly entertain a thought of, much less advocate, a reconstruction of the Union and the taking of these blood-thirsty villains by the hand as brothers of the same name and country. Better, far better, that the earth should open and by one mighty convulsion take into its bowels every living thing that inhabits our soil. We tell the unsuspecting people that the man who holds such sentiments in his

heart, is an enemy to them and their country and should be shunned as a viper.—[illegible abbreviation of newspaper]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 10, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

Culpeper C. H., Va., Aug. 2, 1863

. . . The rest here has been of much service to men and animals. We came out of Maryland with nearly ten thousand barefooted men, and all had suffered more or less in the wear and tear of clothing. These wants have been pretty well supplied by the quartermasters, who have displayed commendable zeal in the matter, and by some of the State authorities. The German shoes furnished the men just before they started to Pennsylvania were of a very inferior description. They were low quartered russets, light and thin, and the leather very poor. Such shoes would answer the purpose of a vine dresser, a gardener or an artisan, who had but little walking to do, but are totally unfit for a soldier, whose marches are long and frequently over rough roads and through drenching rains. They last from three days to six weeks, generally not longer than a week or two, especially if the weather is wet or a river is forded; for the leather being inferior, the soles spread when they get wet, and soon become part of the uppers, as it were, from which they separate when they get dry again. . . It remains to be added in this connection, that the English shoes issued to the men since our return to Virginia, are well made, and that the leather is excellent. The only defect in them is the narrowness of the bottoms—a defect which all shoe dealers have noticed in boots and shoes of English manufacture. It is a little remarkable that our agents in Europe, instead of making their selections from the stock on hand, do not have shoes made to order—that is, a strong, substantial army shoe, suited to the general shape and size of the feet of Southern men. To march well or to fight well, a soldier must be well shod. Wide-bottomed, roomy shoes, which can be securely tied to the feet, and which fit snugly around the ankle, are the best. Such as we have, the supply has not been sufficient to meet the demand; there is still a considerable number of men who are barefooted.

P.W.A.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 10, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

The Ladies of New Orleans.—One of the Vicksburg prisoners who came by way of New Orleans, informs the Montgomery Mail that when the boat arrived thousands of the ladies of New Orleans crowded as close to it as the guard would allow them. There were [illegible] many gentlemen to greet the prisoners. The ladies proposed to the Federal officers to furnish the prisoners with some fresh provision. Leave being granted enough provisions including every delicacy, wine, brandies, two hogsheads of ice, &c. for the sick, were brought to last the prisoners to their respective homes. New clothing enough to give every man of them (four hundred in number) a suit, was piled upon the wharf; but the Federal officers would only allow such of the prisoners as were destitute of any particular article to receive anything of the kind. Every boat bringing prisoners to New Orleans was greeted by the ladies in the same way.

Next day, when the boat left, a similar crowd of ladies and gentlemen were present. Thousands of snowy handkerchiefs waved adieu to the prisoners, while the shouts and cheers of the men on the shore and on the boat rent the air.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 10, 1863, p. 1, c. 6

[Summary: Theatre. Benefit of the Union Society—Merchant of Venice, after which A

Beautiful Double Polka by J. C. Duesberry and Ed. Banker, to conclude with the Stage-Struck Barber, to conclude with a choice selection of Music by the Savannah Quartette Club.]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 11, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

Death of "V. A. S. P."

Bainbridge, Aug. 6, 1863.

Mr. Editor:--I received a letter to-day from Lieutenant J. H. Martin, now commanding the company of the late Capt. Parks, and as I know you feel an interest in all that related to our friend, I copy a portion of the letter:

"Capt. Parks was wounded when we first entered the field, but remained in command until we had charged the battery and ran the Yankees off the hill. He was then persuaded to go to the rear. He started back, saying that he would go shelter himself behind a rock, the was the last that any of the company saw of him until after the firing had almost ceased, when we were informed that he was killed.—He was found in the most dangerous and exposed spot on the field. He was shot through the head. I have been told by one who saw him fall that he was instantly killed—having fallen without speaking. His loss to the company is great, and in conjunction with his friends and relatives we mourn his loss. He was truly a Christian soldier, and exerted a beneficial influence in the circle in which he moved."

What Lieutenant Martin writes is true—he was a Christian and a brave soldier, and I am constantly hearing of the "beneficial influence he exerted."

"None knew him but to love him,  
Nor named him but to praise."

Yours truly,

John M. Potter.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 11, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

A Heroine.—Amid the excitement and confusion in Wytheville, when the Yankees were surging through the streets, Miss K. displayed a spirit and coolness which contributed in no small degree to the successful resistance of the invaders. She stood at one of the corners of Church street, (as we are informed by a correspondent,) and though exposed to the bullets of the enemy, she cheered and encouraged the brave citizens to meet and fight the enemy. It seemed as if one word from the beautiful heroine would prove sufficient to make a brave and patriotic soldier of the greatest coward. Should the Vandals revisit Wytheville, they will find Miss K., and others like her, ready to act their part.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 11, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

A Good Suggestion.—The Atlanta Confederacy says that a patriotic lady in this city proposes that regular hospital corps of women be organized for every hospital in the Confederate States, to nurse and take care of the sick soldiers, and take entire charge of the hospitals—having the assistance of enough negro men and women to do all the heavy work; and that all men engaged in hospitals be sent to the field. The suggestion is a good one, and cannot be acted on too soon.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 12, 1863, p. 2, c. 4  
[Summary: Theatre. Wednesday evening—Richard III; or, The Battle of Bosworth Field.  
Thursday evening—The Lady of the Lake]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 12, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

#### Theatrical Notice!

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Profession, of acknowledged ability, who are willing to subscribe to established Theatrical rules, desirous of an engagement for the Savannah Theatre, commencing on the 17<sup>th</sup> inst., will apply by letter, stating business and terms, to

Miss Eloise Bridges,  
Managess, Savannah Theatre.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 13, 1863, p. 2, c. 5  
[Summary: Theatre. Thursday evening—The Lady of the Lake, to conclude with The Widow's Victim. Friday Evening—Othello; or, The Moor of Venice, to conclude with A Grand Olio Part, Singing, Dancing and Duetts [sic], Solos, Burlesques, etc., etc.]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 14, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Orange County, Va., Aug. 7<sup>th</sup>, 1863.

. . . The rest at Culpeper, as was remarked in my last letter, was of great service to the troops and animals of the army. The men not only had time to rest their weary limbs and sore feet, but to wash and repair their tattered garments, and to receive partial supplies of new shoes and clothing. More time is necessary to restore thirty or forty thousand horses employed in the service of the army to the condition in which they were when they started from Fredericksburg. From the 1<sup>st</sup> of July until our return to Culpeper, their work was very heavy and the supply of forage scant. The cavalry horses were on duty all the time, and those in the artillery service, whose work is hardest of all, suffered no little. There is but little opportunity to water or feed the latter during a battle, whether it last for one day or for three days, as at Gettysburg. When the army is in line of battle and in the immediate presence of the enemy they sometimes stand for a week, day and night, in the dew, the rain and the sunshine, with their heavy harness on, and with but little water or feed. And on a march, the only time when the horses can be watered is early in the morning or when they stop at night, unless there be what is known as a noonday halt, which is long or short according to the exigencies of the service. It is customary to march an hour, and then rest ten minutes, but it is impossible to find shade sufficient on the road for an entire corps or division, and hence the horses, and sometimes the men, have to stand and swelter in the hot sun during those brief intervals of rest. If the drivers were to stop to let their horses drink when they cross a stream on a march, it would delay the rear of a single corps nearly a half of a day. The simple stepping over a log laying across the road, will throw the rear of a column of infantry or cavalry farther behind than one who has never marched with an army would suppose.

Horses suffer as much from want of shoes as men, especially on the turn pikes and rough, rocky roads in Virginia and north of the Potomac. It is almost impossible for them to travel on such roads without shoes, and when they are forced to do so, as they frequently are, they suffer severely. It is not easy to replace shoes on a march, though the army is provided with a number of farriers and portable forges and a supply of ready made shoes and nails. I have found it

necessary myself to rise at day break and tug away at the bellows of a village blacksmith shop for three weary hours, in order to have a shoe replaced which my horse lost the day before.

Jomini lays down the following maxim: "The two great problems of warfare are, perhaps, how to find a harness that will not hurt a horse's back, and shoes that can be used by the men without causing sore feet." He adds the following advice: "Horseman, give all thy care to the putting on of the bridle and saddle; always keep on hand four spare horse shoes, with as many nails as are necessary to fix them on and have more besides. Foot soldiers, look for shoes that will fit you easy."

Having in a previous letter spoken of shoes for the men, I need only add now that they should be made of the best leather to be had, and they should be roomy, have wide substantial bottoms, and fit snugly around the ankles. Their clothing should also be roomy. Close-fitting garments not only chafe the wearer on a march, but they soon wear out. In regard to horses in the army, there is nothing from which they suffer more than harness and saddles that do not fit them. They are frequently wounded in battle, and seldom have sufficient forage; the service required of them is the hardest to which they can be put, and the drivers are often unfeeling wretches who take but little thought of their condition. But when to all these ills which horse-flesh is heir to, is added saddles and harness improperly constructed, and bare feet on flinty turnpikes, it will be perceived that the animals in the army have a hard time of it. There are probably 20,000 horses here to-day which have sore backs and shoulders such as a man at home never saw. In a majority of cases, neither the collars, nor the hames and saddle-trees fit well. The wood of the latter is not properly seasoned and will spread and let the whole weight of the rider down on the fleshless backbone of the horse, while the collars and harness are for the most part manufactured out of leather not properly cured, and soon cease to fit the animal that has to carry them.

The horse is the noblest animal subjected to the domination of man. He has rendered most valuable services in this war, and has to a considerable extent supplied the want of water and railway transportation. I raise my voice then in behalf of these willing, noble creatures, and bespeak for them better treatment in the future. The service in which they are employed is necessarily severe, and they have their camp diseases like the men; but their condition might be greatly improved by the exercise of a little forethought in regard to forage and shoes, in the manufacture of the harness, and in the preparation of the wood used in the hames and saddle-trees. It is not an unusual thing to see these hard workers standing on the roadside, too lame to proceed, or with backs and shoulders which render them unfit for further duty. They gaze at you wistfully as you pass along, and seem to beg for assistance. But they cannot travel, and are left behind to perish. The charger whose glories are reflected from many a battle field, and the artillery horse which has stood faithfully to his place amidst bursting shells and hustling cannon balls, are wounded or worn down in the service, and left to share the same inglorious end. What would you not give to have one of these disabled creatures at your home where you might nurse him and care for him, and restore him to health! The parting between the rider and his charger is often painful and touching, and I have known the latter to remain behind with his faithful animal for many days, though environed with dangers, and all to save the friend who had borne him so often through the battle unscathed. "Take my horse home to my wife, my mother, or my aged father," is the last request of the dying warrior. P.W.A.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 14, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

[Summary: Theatre. Friday--Othello; or, the Moor of Venice, to conclude with A Grand Olio

Part, Singing, Dancing, and Duetts [sic], Solos, Burlesques, etc., etc.; Saturday—The Drunkard, after which Bingen on the Rhine, to conclude with the Virginia Mummy, or, Russell Buried Alive]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 15, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

The Yankee Despotism in Tennessee.  
The Oath Extorted of the Citizens.

The following Yankee order is being displayed through Middle Tennessee, in every village, at every military station and cross road:

Headquarters, United States Forces, }  
Fayetteville, Tennessee, July 23, 1863. }

*Orders.*—The continued residence of avowed enemies of the Government of the United States within the Federal lines, being attended with injurious results, the following orders are announced for the information and guidance of the inhabitants of this vicinity:

All white persons above the age of eighteen years will be required to subscribe to the Oath of Allegiance to the government of the United States, and file proper bonds for the faithful observance of such oath with the Provost Marshal at these Headquarters, within eight days from the publication of the order.

The failure of any party subscribing to the oath of allegiance to faithfully observe the provision of the same, as above ordered, with subject the party thus failing, not only to the forfeiture of their bonds given, but to the forfeiture of all other property, together with such other punishment as may be ordered by a military commission.

All parties failing to comply with the provisions of this order within the time specified will be sent South of the lines of this army.

Indications having been observed of an intention to organize "bushwhacking" or "guerilla" bands, and to practice unlawful warfare upon the Federal troops in this vicinity, notice is hereby given that citizens will be held responsible, with their lives, for any outrages committed by such bands in their respective localities, and their houses and all other property will be destroyed.

By command of Brigadier General Robert B. Mitchell.

Capt. John Pratt, A. A. G.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 15, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

Scarcity of Ice.—The supply of ice in this locality is nearly exhausted. If there is any to spare in the interior, let the owners send it here. We heard yesterday of a sale at \$15 per bushel. In consequence of this advance, the restauranters have advanced the price of common whisky juleps from \$1.50 to \$2.00 and "French brandy" ditto from \$2.00 to \$2.50.

[Richmond Whig.]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 15, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

[Summary: Theatre. The Drunkard, after which Bingen on the Rhine, to conclude with the Virginia Mummy, or, Russell Buried Alive]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 17, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Mule Meat—A Pretty Story Spoiled.—Every now and then, through our exchanges, we hear of large quantities of mule meat having been consumed at Vicksburg by—officers! The Meridian Clarion says: "We have yet to see or hear of the first private who ate the delectable flesh of the mule during the siege of Vicksburg, and we have seen, conversed with and heard from a great many hundreds of them."

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 17, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

To Wounded Soldiers.—The Rockingham Register says that the pain caused by gun-shot wounds, and wounds of any kind, will be relieved almost instantaneously by holding the part affected over smoking lard. Put the lard on burning coals in a shovel or pan convenient to handle, and let the wounded part be brought as close as possible to the lard, the smoke and fumes arising from which will act like a charm upon the part affected. The gentleman who informed the Register states that he has seen it tried repeatedly, and never knew it to fail. All who are suffering from wounds should try this simple and easily applied remedy.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 17, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

Camp Near Chancellorville, }

August 9<sup>th</sup>, 1863. }

. . . As it is, everything is said to be quiet along the lines, including the noisy cavalry rows that are being enacted constantly with more "fuss" than blood by a great deal. It is said cannon were heard in the direction of Culpeper C. H. to-day, but the men go to sleep talking of it, saying, "Pshaw! that's nothing but cavalry." Any farmer can recall the ludicrous engagements that sometimes occur between two hostile Guinea fowls—in fact one may say every one has seen this excellent illustration, of a cavalry battle, in which a combatant flees until the other stops and then pursues till time to flee again, and so on.

It is not necessary or interesting to say how many forces are near Fredericksburg, but it may be said some have traveled again over those grounds which history will hand down to every age to come. Yes, the sacred grounds of the gloomy "wilderness" were passed where the graves of the foe hold the head quietly, and our own immortal patriots sleep sweetly on their glory. The enemy's works are still plainly visible facing in every direction, a plain exhibition of the trepidation which seized him when Jackson's cannon began to thunder behind his right flank. The works look north, south, east, west, in fact to every point of the compass, as though the approach of the terrible Rebel General was expected to be ubiquitous. Private holes in banks by the wayside and other steep places seemed designed to hold the carcass of some precious Yankee coward whose heart smote him when Rebel shells began to fill the air with their awful screams. The knapsacks of the dead, fragments of cast off clothes, broken rammers of some murderous cannon, pieces of shells, whole Shrapnel shot and other indications of the once terrific battle field still strew the wayside of the old plank road. The carcasses of the dead horses have not yet ceased to emit offensive odors, and the forest trees are marked where the cannon shot raged, by the dead branches, torn, shattered, and withered to an Autumn hue by the Summer's sun. But, standing by the red clay batteries on Marye's Hill, the scene is one of greater desolation. Everywhere the forest have disappeared, and the young, precocious shrubs of Spring and Summer have clothed the earth in a matted undergrowth. The numerous army of the South that once could be seen peopling every hill and dell are gone, except an occasional soldier, who, straggling from his distant camp, is observed, plodding the dreary roads.—The fields are bare of

grain, the fencing all gone, and the rank weeds of neglect—a kind effort of nature to fill the void—supply the place of cultivation. Across the river the distant hills beyond the devoted little city stand out, and the bare untravelled [sic] roads of the enemy's make still checker the country in every direction. Grim fortifications frown along the line, but no cannon are there to make the frowns impressive. 'Tis not difficult, though, for one who has seen them as in days gone by, when they looked from a hundred embrasures [sic], to imagine them looking fiercely over into our lines, even while gazing into their vacancies across the sultry fields. It was mid-day, and the August sun was pouring out his utmost effulgence, as the command wound around the formidable hills of the old line. One saw the former scenes through the clouds of dust that filled the air, and through the mist of heat that radiated from the ground, which made strange feelings of desolation and desertion come over us.

But the prospect was not improved by a visit alone to the city. What do you see? As you wind round the hill—under Marye's height—you come on the stone fence where Cobb fought the Irishmen. The field is there—overgrown with weeds, where the drunken hirelings came, and the Georgians slew them, looking very grave. Its glory is marred because its price was our beloved fellow-citizen and statesman Cobb, and the good Georgian who looks on it must turn away in sadness. Pass on to the town, through the lanes and streets half covered with weeds and grass. A few pigeons are seen fluttering before you, or sailing about the housetops, quite solitary. In the city, now and then, you see, may be, a group of citizens, may be soldiers on duty, sitting leisurely under some shades discussing common topics. Up and down the dusty ways is the absence of every sign of animation or bustle—trade, commerce, industry, all gone. It was a grateful relief in passing out to hear the tinkling of the only blacksmith's solitary hammer in the city just on the suburbs. Closed doors look you blandly and sorrowfully in the face wherever you turn. A few of the inhabitants have come back in the hope that their cup of sorrow and suffering had passed. Has it?

Passing by a nice dwelling on Common street the merry melody of a piano was heard. The memories it brought were of home—of friends—of "days that are no more." Drawing near to listen, astonishment took the place of delight when it was discovered that the fair performer inside was rendering "Jim Crack Corn, Don't Care" in a style that denoted little regard for the pressing emergencies of the times. Besides, a great hole was visible in one of the closed shutters, where the fragment of a bomb had torn its way through into the parlor. But that was common in every house, and, no doubt, to this the inhabitants, like the soldier to death, has grown indifferent and unmindful of it. The old church steeples still bear the marks of vandalism and Yankee meanness. Cannon balls have pierced them, through and through in many places. On the banks of the river the crumbled houses show the signs of the fierce bombardment that was opened on the place before the famous crossing in December. Our pickets sit among the weeds and in the old deserted walls there now, watching across the water. With the help of your fancy, see how it stands.

The enemy are said to have no pickets lower than the United States Ford. Probably he is not going to advance for sometime yet. He will, doubtless, wait for the drafted fools. It was rumored in camp—yes, the report of a scout—that transports were seen on the 7<sup>th</sup> passing down the Potomac. Probably reinforcements for Charleston. Their hearts are set on that place, and may they never get it but in ashes—if at all. Probably before this reaches you the base of old Sumter will rock again under her thunder. If "a body" had anything, he'd take "something" to her good luck.

Tout-le-Monde.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 17, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

The editor who kissed his sweetheart, saying "Please exchange," is believed to have exceeded the proper "liberty of the press."

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 17, 1863, p. 5

[Summary: Theatre. Special Notice! The Favorite Actress, Miss Eloise Bridges, Having entirely recovered from her severe indisposition, will appear during the week in a round of her Favorite Characters. Monday—The Hunchback, to conclude with the screaming Farce of Nan, the Good-for-Nothing]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 17, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

#### A Deserter's Confession.

We have received the following through the post office. The writer, very naturally, declines to give his name, but there is an air of candor and deep feeling about it that seems to mark it as the genuine experience of a soldier. His case is, doubtless, that of thousands, and would to God that all in like condition would follow his example:

Editor Republican—Dear Sir: My conscience forces me to make public the following confession. I am a soldier in the Confederate service. I was a volunteer on the 4<sup>th</sup> of March 1862, and received my bounty of \$50. I should have been among the first volunteers without bounty, but that I had a large family and was a poor man. But I was as anxious to be freed from the yoke of the Yankees as any one, so am I now. I was ready to peril my life for freedom—I am now. But I loved home and the dear wife and children, and the snug little farm which had always furnished us an ample support. I was sent to Virginia with my regiment soon after the battles around Richmond. We went with Gen. Lee (God bless the glorious old chief) in the campaign in Northern Virginia and Maryland. My Captain always selected me as one for any important duty. This brought many hardships and perils, notwithstanding I was proud to be thus distinguished among my comrades, for I went to discharge my duty and help to gain our independence as far as I could. But in an evil hour I began to give way to dreams of home. The dear wife, six lovely children, the snug little home—were they all doing well? I feared not. I continued to dream and think of home. I had not heard from home for a long time. I asked for a furlough for 30 days. I thought it would and ought to be granted. The application failed. I was sadly disappointed, and yielding in an evil hour, deserted. Every man who looked at me in the face seemed to say "*deserter*" to himself, as I was on my way home. I was never half so unhappy in my life, notwithstanding the near prospect of home. I went on, thinking the pleasures of home would quail the goadings of conscience. When I arrived, such a welcome greeting shone on the face of my wife and children! "My dear James," said my wife, seating herself upon my knee and putting her arms round my neck, "how glad we are to see you, we have such a good crop, and God has blessed us so while you have been in the army. How long is your furlough?" I started as though stung with the fang of a serpent. "What is the matter, James?" said my wife; "have you a wound?" I was obliged to confess the whole. "Oh! James! what shall we do? what will the neighbors say? what will General Lee think?" She did not know but that General Lee knew me as well as my own captain. When a neighbor came about he was sure to ask, "how long is your furlough?" I evaded in some way. I was almost mad.

I saw but a moment's happiness—when my wife first greeted me—until your paper

reached me the other day with that glorious proclamation of our glorious President—I sat down and cried like a child. "God bless the President," welled up from my heart with my sobs. After all, he understands the trials and longings for home of the poor soldier, and does not attribute their absence to a desertion of the cause. May God bless him—he is right. My wife read it, we cried together. My arrangements were speedily made, and I am now in your city on the way to join my regiment in Virginia. I have never been reprimanded by an officer. Was in the second battle of Manassas, at Antietam, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. I go again to return no more, even if life is spared, until independence is gained.

A Soldier.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 18, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

#### Music.

We are indebted to Mr. Schreiner, Music Dealer, &c., St. Julian and Bryan Streets, for the following sheet music, published now for the first time in the South:

"I dreamed that I dwelt in Marble Halls." By Balf.

"What are the Wild Winds Saying?" By Glover.

"You are going to the Wars, Willie Boy." By Hewitt.

"Lula is Gone." By Foster.

All published by Messrs. John C. Schreiner & Son, Macon, Ga.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 18, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

"The Southern Punch."—The first number of this sprightly and mirth-provoking weekly has come to hand. It is published by Overall, Campbell, Hughes & Co., Richmond, Va., and edited by John W. Overall. The number before us is very respectable for a beginning, and promises well for the future.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 18, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

[Summary: Theatre. The Marble Heart; or, the Sculptor's Dream, to conclude with La Manola, J. C. Duesberry.]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 19, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Tobacco.—This commodity, so long stagnant, has popped up to an enormous price until it is close on the heels of its friend and associate, whiskey. Let them "rip." The higher the better for the people. It would be a good thing, almost worth the expense, if this war could only break people from the use of both. Whiskey is now ranging from \$40 to \$50 per gallon, and the prospect is that best brands of tobacco will command \$10 per pound in less than six weeks. There is none made and chewers are obliged to have their cuds. The rise is legitimate, being based on the laws of demand and supply, not like the indispensable article of flour, which the farmers are keeping up to an enormous figure, with an abundance of it in the country.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 19, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Gen. Lee and a Pennsylvania Girl.—A correspondent of one of our exchanges relates the following:

When the army was passing through Pennsylvania, the ladies frequently came out of the

houses to show their feeling of hostility to us, and to display some evidence of it. At one place a beautiful girl ran down the steps of an elegant mansion, and, standing on the terrace in front, waved a miniature United States flag in the face of our troops. Behind her, applauding the act, was grouped a party of ladies all richly and fashionably attired, evidently belonging to a family of some note. The troops passed by quietly, offering no insult to the finished beauty as she flaunted her flag in their faces. At that moment Gen. Lee rode up. His noble face and quiet reproving look met her eye, and the waving flag was lowered. For a moment she looked at him, and then throwing down the miniature banner, exclaimed audibly, as she clasped her white hands together—"Oh! I *wish* he was ours!" The flag was not picked up, but with hands still held tightly together, and a sad, thoughtful face, she went back to the porch. No further attempt to show Union sentiment was made by those ladies.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 19, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Where are all the ladies who, when the war broke out, were going to wear nothing but homespun during the war?—Augusta Constitutionalist.

They are wearing out their old summer dresses, to be sure. You would not expect them to wear heavy homespun with the thermometer up in the nineties.—Mobile Advertiser.

A still better reason is that calico is cheaper than homespun, besides being more comely. Our observation teaches that homespun is about the dearest every-day dress a lady can wear, and having had to foot several bills in that line, it has cured us completely on the subject of domestic manufactures for ladies' dresses. What with trimming to make them look decent, the fading after the first introduction to the washtub and consequent, early abandonment, it is poor economy to indulge in homespun dresses.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 19, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

[Summary: Theatre. The Twin Brothers; or, the Chamber of Death, to conclude with the Musical Farce of The Swiss Cottage]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 20, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

That Effective Blockade.—The Charleston Courier gives a list of forty-three vessels which arrived at Charleston from foreign ports, from the 1<sup>st</sup> of January to the 1<sup>st</sup> of August, of the present year, and a list of forty-nine vessels which arrived at Wilmington during the same period, making a total, at two ports alone, of ninety-two!

This is an interesting statement to be placed side by side with the following article of the Treaty of Paris, which was signed by England, France and the United States, and purports to settle the law of blockade:

Article No. 4—Blockades, in order to be binding, must be *effective*: that is to say, maintained by a force sufficient *really to prevent access to the coast of the enemy*.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 20, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

Rifle Cannon Manufactured in Florida.

Orange Springs, Marion Co., }  
August 1<sup>st</sup>, 1863. }

Mr. Editor:--Our enterprising fellow-citizen, Capt. J. W. Pearson, commandant at Tampa,

has had two splendid rifle cannon manufactured at his machine establishment at this place, of a superior quality of wrought iron, one a 6, the other a 9 pounder, all, I am informed, at his own expense. The first one is already at Tampa, and on trial has struck a vessel three miles off; the larger one is to be forwarded in a few days. Capt. Pearson, as well as the machinist, Mr. Horace Waterbery, deserves great credit. It is hoped that these two rifle guns, with his veteran company of over a hundred men, will be more than a match should the enemy attempt to land. We want more men like Captain Pearson.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 20, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

The greatest ordeal that you, our dear Mr. Exempt, will have to go through for the balance of the war, and many days after it, will be the "chiff" leveled at you by the ladies.— These flippant, though charming persons have no compassion for the robust male invalid, whose warlike exploits are confined to the trenchers rather than to the trenches and whose change of base is only from roast lamb and asparagus to "rognous santes" and "petite pois." There is not the least danger that your society will be sought by the fair syrens [sic], as it has been by the conscriptor, but you will do well to avoid throwing yourself in their way, unless you have a particular desire to experience the sensation of a man made up into a parcel with gun flints and gimlets, and forwarded over a corduroy road, in an express wagon, to some part of New Mexico, in the dog days.—Rebel.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 20, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

[Summary: Theatre. Love's Sacrifice; or, The Rival Merchants, after which, by request of many citizens, Mr. Dalton will read the beautiful Poem, by Miss Carrie Bell Sinclair, entitled, "'Twas Night upon the Battle Field," to conclude with a Grand Double Polka, by Messrs. Duesberry and Banker. Friday—A Romance of a Poor Young Man.]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 21, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

[For the Republican.  
The Confederate Soldier's Horse.  
by C. Drew.

"Take my horse home to my wife, my mother, or my aged father, is often the last request of the dying soldier."—P.W.A.

Take him home to my wife, to my love-cherished wife,  
To the field waving greenly with corn,  
And the cot where we wedded so early in life  
And the home where our children were born.

Take him home to my wife—she will know the old friend,  
As he comes down the lane to the gate,  
And a flash o'er her heart, ere the message I send,  
Will bear her the news of my fate.

And my three darling boys—I can see them, I think,  
As three stars, dimly twinkling above,  
Looking deep in his eyes from their big shaggy brink,  
To fathom the depth of my love.

Take him home to my mother—'twill kindle the light  
A moment, of eyes growing dim,  
To know that her son he bore well through the fight,  
Alas! she can never see *him*!

Take him home to my father—my war-battered horse,  
So trusty in charge or retreat—  
'Twill 'suage for a while that fond father's remorse,  
To know that I fell at his feet.

Ay! true hast thou been through the peril, my steed;  
Go back to thy green-pastured Earth.  
A grave will be mine on the soil where I bleed,  
Be thine on the soil of my birth.

Lake City, Fla., Aug. 17<sup>th</sup>, 1863.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 24, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

"The military courts! forsooth!" exclaims old Mrs. Spinaway, "the military courts everything in this district, and they hain't no mention of marrying, neither."

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 24, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

[Summary: Theatre. Richelieu; or, the Conspiracy; Grand Medley Dance; Lecture on Woman's Rights]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 25, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

[Summary: Theatre. The Honeymoon, to conclude with The Youth Who Never Saw a Woman]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 26, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

[Summary: Theatre. The Wandering Boys, to conclude with The Loan of a Lover]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 27, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

Tombstone wit sometimes contains as much truth as merriness; here is a specimen:

A wag going into a church-yard, saw this inscription on a tombstone:

"As I am now, so you must be,  
Therefore prepare to follow me."

To which he affixed the following:

"To follow you I'm not content,  
Unless I knew which way you went."

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 27, 1863, p. 2, c. 5  
[Summary: Theatre. The Wandering Boys, to conclude with A Loan of a Lover.]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 28, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Squirrel Skin Shoes.—Squirrel skins tacked down to a board, the hair next to the board, with hickory ashes sprinkled over them for a few days, to facilitate the removal of the hair, and then placed in a strong decoction of red oak bark will, at the end of four days, make excellent leather, far stronger and tougher than calf skin. Four skins will make a pair of ladies shoes. We hear that the ladies of some of the interior counties are wearing these shoes, and find them equal in softness and superior in durability to any other. The longer the skins are left in the decoction of bark the better the leather. By this plan anybody may have a tanyard, and make their own leather, as the skins are easily and cheaply procured, and any vessel holding a gallon will serve as a vat. Any one will do well to try it.—Richmond Whig.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 28, 1863, p. 2, c. 5  
[Summary: Theatre. Aline, the Rose of Killarney, to conclude with the Musical Sketch of Perfection, or the Maid of Munster.]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 28, 1863, p. 2, c. 6

The Salt  
Has Arrived  
For the Families of Soldiers.

All soldiers' wives, soldiers' widows, widows having a son or sons in service, etc., whose names have been registered by me, are hereby notified that the Salt has arrived, and is ready for distribution, at the store of Mr. Lewis N. Falligant, near the market. In order that there may be no misunderstanding whatever, I make the following statements for the information of all interested:

- I. No Salt will be delivered to any one except by a check from me, and no duplicate checks will be issued, except under very peculiar circumstances.
- II. The holder of each check will be entitled to one half bushel of Salt by paying four dollars for the same which amount is to be paid Mr. Falligant upon the delivery of the Salt.
- III. All participants who have failed to procure a check from me for their Salt can do so by application to me at the Court House, any time between the hours of seven and one, and two and seven o'clock, and soldiers' families whose names are registered on my books are earnestly solicited to come forward at once and receive their checks, or send some one authorized by note to procure the same for them.
- IV. In all cases where persons are unable, from sickness or other like causes, to come for their Salt in person, the same will be delivered to any one, upon such party endorsing his, her or their names upon the back of the check.
- V. For the purpose of issuing checks I will be found at my office for twenty days and no longer, and it is desired that persons residing in the county, at Cherokee Hill, White Bluff, Ogechee, and other districts, will come for their checks, without delay.
- VI. Mr. Falligant will distribute between the hours of nine and two, and three and seven o'clock.

Phillip M. Russell, Jr.  
Agent of Chatham County,  
Georgia.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 29, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Chattanooga newspapers.—The Offices and Editors, Printers, &c., of the Rebel and Confederate, are now in Marietta, and will open up there in a day or two. Success to them.—Atlanta Confederacy.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 29, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

[Summary: Theatre. Perfection; or, the Maid of Munster, to be followed by the thrilling Melodrama entitled The Outlaw of the Hills, to conclude with the laughable Farce of The Rough Diamond.]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 31, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Mysterious Disappearance.—The Augusta Chronicle mentions the fact that two or three "last ditch" patriots of that city, who wore large cockades in 1860, and held themselves in readiness to insult whomsoever dared to talk of co-operation or refused to "spill," as they have done, "the last drop," recently converted their all into specie and sterling exchange, and have disappeared with their families. They have gone no one knows whither—perhaps to plant a colony of "cavaliers" some where in New Providence.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, August 31, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

[Summary: Theatre. The Willow Corpse, to conclude with the pleasant sketch of The Mechanic and the Nobleman.]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, September 3, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

[Summary: Theatre. The Lady of Lyons; Fancy Dance; to conclude with the laughable Farce of The Eton Boy.]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, September 3, 1863, p. 2, c. 6

#### Special Notice.

Mr. J. C. Duesberry will, at the request of many citizens, open a School for the instruction of the art of Dancing and Calisthenics, as soon as a sufficient number of Pupils are subscribed.

All the Fashionable

    Quadrills [sic],

        Lancers,

            Imperials,

Round Dances,

    Double Dances,

        Fancy Dances,

            Reels, Contra Dances, &c.

Will be taught

Having taught, for the past five years, in Georgia, he only needs refer to his patrons of Augusta, Macon, Columbus, Atlanta, and several families of Savannah.

A list can be seen at Messrs. Schreiner & Son's Music Store, on St. Julian Street.

Attached to the School will be a Gymnasium.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, September 3, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

[Summary: Theatre. The Lady of Lyons, to conclude with the laughable Farce of The Eton Boy.]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, September 4, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Waller's Tavern, }

Spottsylvania Co., Va., Aug. 26, 1863. }

. . . There are other rumors which will be dissolved into thin air by the return of the autumnal equinox: such, for instance, as that the Federal army is in a state of demoralization, that the men are deserting the service in unusual numbers, and that but few troops will be raised under the late Conscription law. Desertion is an every day occurrence in both armies; and after a bloody battle, whether the result be disastrous or otherwise, there is always more or less disorder and irregularity, or demoralization if you please. In these respects we cannot boast of better fortune than our enemies; and we only deceive ourselves when we indulge in hopes to the contrary. It were wiser, then, to remove the beam from our own eye, ere we volunteer to pluck the mote from the eye of our adversary.

As for the Federal draft, it will be enforced, and the 300,000 conscripts called for will be raised—if not one way, then in another; if not at one time, then at some other time.—There are more than three times 300,000 men in the United States who have waged a life-long battle with hunger and nakedness—enemies far more cruel and relentless than the Confederate soldier; and this beggarly horde will be glad enough to exchange the fruitless struggle with the grim, gaunt, fleshless forms of Famine and Disease, for a contest with those warm-hearted, impetuous and less implacable foes who fight under the Southern Cross. When they enter the Federal service, they may be, and probably will be, stricken down by disease or killed in battle; but as long as they survive these dangers, they will receive abundant supplies of food and clothing. This is something—an important something, too—to a man who has rarely known what it is to have enough to eat or clothing sufficient to keep himself warm in winter. Such men are now presenting themselves as substitutes; and even diseased men, totally unfit for service, are offering for a consideration to take the places of those who have been drafted. Should there be any lack of this kind of material out of which to manufacture an army for our subjugation, the want can be, and will be, easily supplied by the needy hamlets, the dungeons, the poor houses and hospitals of the Old World. Ship loads of these human vermin are now being wafted to Northern shores by every gale that sweeps from Europe. Such wretches make but indifferent soldiers, and many of them may desert in the future as they have done in the past; but however raised, and of whatsoever material composed, the fact still remains; there will be an army in the field for the Confederates to meet and beat back, until Mr. Lincoln's term of office shall have expired, or some foreign Power shall intervene to stop the effusion of blood.

It is worse than folly to attempt to hide these unwelcome truths under a bushel. From the beginning of the war the people have displayed greater firmness in the presence of danger, more patience and fortitude under adversity, and a higher type of patriotism, than those in authority; and yet the latter have on divers occasion, evinced an unwillingness, if not a downright fear, to

divulge to them the true condition of affairs. The truth, when known to be the truth, never alarms a brave man, or a brave people. It is darkness, doubt and falsehood that create dismay and confusion, and not the sunlight of truth. The same dangers lurk in the dim woods by day as by night, and the same spectres [sic] haunt the graves of dead men by the noonday sun as by the moon's pale ray; and yet men of firm nerves would prefer to tread those gloomy solitudes by the light of day, when they can see and understand for themselves the whole extent of the dangers by which they are surrounded. So in times of great national peril people, when permitted to look their true situation squarely in the face, instead of giving way to unmanly fears and wasting their energies in combating imaginary foes, go to work like courageous men, and measure their efforts and their sacrifices by the dangers which threaten them.

This truth has found many illustrations during our present struggle. At this very moment we find the people in some parts of the country abandoning themselves to a feeling of despondency and ready to exaggerate recent disasters, simply from a want of correct information; distance and doubt lend wings to their fears; whereas the veterans of many a battlefield, who sleep nightly on their arms in front of the enemy, who have met the enemy again and again, and know exactly how strong he is, and how great the danger, feel no uneasiness whatever. All the latter require is that they may be fed and clothed, and their decimated ranks filled up by willing spirits from home; let this be done, and all will be well in the end.

It is not contended that all the movements of armies and affairs of state should be made public. Secrecy, and even mystery, are elements of success in the field as well as in the cabinet. But it is believed and asserted that in times of manifest peril, when the only hope of relief rests upon the people, nothing should be hidden from them, a full knowledge of which is necessary to prepare them for the work expected at their hands. For this reason, they should be informed that they have an incompetent Cabinet at the head of affairs, to the end that they may prevail upon the President to change it; and a weak, plodding Congress—that they who alone have the power, may send wiser and better men to the national legislature. They should be told also that the cause which engages their hearts and hands, has suffered serious damage at Vicksburg, Port Hudson, and Gettysburg—that our loss of men and arms has been heavy—that the enemy is raising another large army—that there is but little prospect of foreign recognition or intervention—that no terms can be obtained from our foes short of confiscation and slavery, and that the only alternatives left us are victory or bondage and beggary. Let them know also, on the other hand, that while the despots at Washington, and the contractors and speculators at the North, are clamorous for a continuance of the war, and affect to be confident of final success, the great mass of the people ardently desire peace—that our enemies can never be successful so long as we are true to ourselves—that the Federal Government, rotten to the core, is ready to tumble into perdition—that we have the sympathies and good wishes of the friends of national freedom throughout the world, and that the Judge of all the earth has never forsaken those who love and fear Him, and are resolved, with His help, to be free.

When the people understand and appreciate all this, they will prepare their bodies and souls for the dangers that environ them; and when this is done, our peace and independence are secured. P.W.A.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, September 4, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

[Summary: Theatre. Rob Roy! or, Auld Lang Syne. To conclude with the laughable Farce of The Eton Boy.]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, September 7, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Letter from the Twenty-Fifth Geo.

In Camp, Sept. 1<sup>st</sup> 1863.

. . . are now encamped at the East Tennessee and Georgia Railroad, eleven miles from Chattanooga and six from the river. . . The change in temperature is very marked, the nights being quite cool, especially as to us who have but scanty wardrobes and hardly a blanket to ten men. Many are barefoot, and at night, having no blanket, have to lie upon the naked ground, so that we naturally dread the approach of frost, which will fall early, if we are to judge from present appearances. If the government is unable to supply our deficiencies in clothing, it is to be hoped that the fight, now expected, will come off soon, so that we could, if successful, furnish ourselves from the army of the enemy. . . Polk.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, September 8, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

From East Tennessee—Evacuation of Knoxville.—An officer just from East Tennessee states that Knoxville has been evacuated by our forces, and that the citizens of the place have nearly all left, taking with them such articles of property as they could conveniently save.

The enemy are about thirty miles from the town, but had not occupied it up to the time our informant left; but there was nothing to prevent them from taking possession, except being afraid to make the movement. It is likely, from what we learn of the disposition of our forces, that it will not be a healthy move on the part of the enemy. The people from Loudon, below Knoxville, as far up as the latter place, are fleeing with their negroes to Bristol. The abandonment of Knoxville is considered a strategic move by those capable of judging. A gentleman who left the town on Sunday last says that it presents a most dismal appearance, the houses are all closed, and no living thing was to be seen, except a few stray dogs. The country beyond, as far as Loudon, is pretty much forsaken by the patriots, although there are enough Union men left to give an air of life to some portions of it. The Union men are said to be jubilant in the expressions of their views. We trust there is enough hemp left in the Confederacy to meet their case after a while.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, September 8, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Outrageous Extortion.—The article of Sweet Potatoes, of which the crop is most abundant, is now held by our marketman at 50 cents per quart, or *sixteen dollars* per bushel! Will nobody volunteer to break down such swindling? If not, we propose that every family in the city resolve to eat no more potatoes.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, September 9, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Dr. Saunders and Dr. Stout, Surgeons of Bragg's army, have called on the people of Marietta for hospital accommodations for some 1,500 or 2,000. For this purpose all the buildings on the South and east side of the public square, including the Court House and the Marietta Hotel have been impressed. Also the African Methodist Church and the first stories of all the buildings on the north side of the Square, except Bacon's corner.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, September 11, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Army of Northern Virginia,

September 1<sup>st</sup>, 1863.

Nothing could be quieter than the two armies which confront each other along the banks of the Rappahannock. Even the cavalry, that prolific source of rumor and excitement, seem to have subsided into the involuntary armistice which prevails throughout the lines. This condition of affairs affords them ample opportunity to indulge in their favorite pastime of swapping horses, and scouring the country in search of buttermilk and other good things. Should the article the trooper desires be a fine saddle horse, if he is an honest man, he will purchase him, or exchange his own for him. If he is not an honest man, he will conceal himself until night and then take the horse without saying a word or paying a cent. So with the bridle, saddle, halter and blanket, if they happen to be convenient. Milk and butter in the spring house, honey in the bee hive, vegetables, fruits and green corn are appropriated with the same unscrupulous disregard of the rights of others. The good things are consumed; the horse and his accoutrements are put into service, or sold to some unsuspecting infantry officer in want of "a mount." The following night the horse disappears. The infantry officer supposes he has strayed off; the cavalry man knows better. But should the horse not disappear in this way, the farmer, or rightful owner, comes along after awhile, claims the horse, proves his property and takes him home, and the unwary purchaser, like the innocent lad in the Vicar of Wakefield, finds himself "sold."

You must not infer from this unvarnished statement that all of the cavalry, or a majority of them, or even a considerable portion, are guilty of these disreputable practices. On the contrary, the material of which this arm of the service is composed, is in the opinion of many superior to that of the infantry, and equal to the artillery. Nevertheless, there are enough bad men among them to bring partial discredit upon the whole service, and to call for this public exposure of their conduct.

For my own part, I see but little difference in the material which enter into the composition of the several arms of the service. In the beginning of the war, the sons of wealthy country gentlemen, especially in this State, preferred the cavalry. The young men in the cities and towns, including professional characters, selected for the most part the artillery; whilst the great body of the people throughout the country, including many professional men, and the rich, as well as the poor, generally chose the infantry. To this general rule there were at the time many exceptions; and now, when the call of the President embraces the whole country, we find every profession and condition well represented in the several branches of the public service, except in the departments at Richmond. In this latter service clerks and men who write good hands, are apt at figures and possess a certain amount of clerical skill, are generally employed. Congress has sought to have disabled soldiers substituted in these departments, but it has been found impossible to do so to any considerable extent, owing to the want of previous training for the duties required at their hands.

How is it then, you are ready to inquire, that any portion of the cavalry, however inconsiderable, should engage in these discreditable practices? The answer is simple: The Cavalry man (leaving out the consideration the fact that there are bad men everywhere), is allowed only nominal compensation for the loss of his horse, unless he is actually killed in battle. The horse cannot be replaced except by an outlay of from five to fifteen hundred dollars. It is not always convenient or possible to raise this large sum; and hence a temptation is presented to the man. In addition to this, there is a lamentable want of discipline in the cavalry service.—Hampton's brigade, and some other commands, are distinguished for their good conduct in camp, as for their gallantry in the field; but it cannot be disguised, however often it may be denied, that Gen. Stuart has failed to give his men that training, and to subject them to

that degree of discipline, without which it were folly to expect of them either obedience or efficiency.

There seems to have been no foundation but the public desire, for the report that prevailed some weeks ago in regard to the appointment of Gen. Hood to the command of all the cavalry forces in Virginia. Such a change would have given almost universal satisfaction to the army, including the cavalry themselves, notwithstanding the letters and communications to the contrary with which the Richmond press was recently flooded. These unconscionable puffs deceived nobody, and least of all the army. With Gen. Hood in command, the cavalry in Virginia, with its excellent material and the accurate knowledge which the men now have of the topography of the country, might be made to equal, if they did not excel, the brave cavaliers of the South-west, the followers of Morgan and Forrest, Wheeler, Whorton [sic] and Adams.

It was stated in a former letter that the horses in the army have a round of camp diseases, through which they have to pass like the men. Recently those animals which were picketed or grazed in the district known as the "poisoned fields of Orange," have had a new disorder added to the list of ills which horse flesh is heir to. This district embraces the lower portion of Orange county and the upper portion of Spottsylvania, including in the latter the Wilderness, the scene of Jackson's last grand flank movement. The soil is exceedingly sterile, and the people, for the most part, indigent and uneducated; and hence, in the opinion of some, the descriptive name of "poisoned fields." According to others, there is a noxious weed which grows in this district, known as St. Johnswort, and which is poisonous to all horses and cows having white feet; and it is to the existence of this plant that they ascribe the origin of the name. Without attempting to describe which of these parties is right, it is certainly true that the horses taken to those portions of Orange and Spottsylvania counties were attacked by a singular malady. It manifests itself in the feet, between the hoof and pastern joint, and consists of red, fiery blotches or sores, not unlike cancers in the human system. These sores extend and eat into the flesh rapidly, and, unless arrested, the horse soon becomes disabled. Horses of all colors were attacked, but those having white feet suffered most. In the case of the latter the disease would extend to all parts of the body where there was any white, and especially to the nose. It was invariably accompanied, for the first few days, by fever and loss of appetite.

The remedy is simple but violent. It is this: Wash the feet with warm water and soap, and having wiped them dry, throw two or three shovelfuls of hot ashes and live coals, from red oak bark or hickory upon each of his feet. This should be repeated for two, three or four mornings, according to the condition of the animal, and the feet bathed as often every day.

In the meantime the horse should be exercised gently, and not allowed to graze while the dew is on the grass. After the application of fire has been discontinued, the affected parts should be washed daily with a decoction of mullen leaves or red oak ooze until the cure is complete. In some cases cures have been effected by the application of caustic. In others, the feet have been saturated with spirits of turpentine and then set on fire. The principle is the same in all these remedies. If taken in time, the disease may be removed in two weeks; otherwise, it will require months, the animal in the meantime being wholly unfit for use. I tried the first remedy on my own horse and found it very successful.

P.W.A.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, September 11, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

The Queen on Crinoline.—Her Majesty has addressed the following remonstrance to the ladies of England:

Windsor Castle, August 1, 1863

Ladies: The Queen has commanded me to express the pain with which her Majesty reads the account of daily accidents arising from the wearing of the indelicate, expensive, dangerous and hideous article—crinoline. Her Majesty does not refrain from making known to you her extreme displeasure that educated women should by example encourage the wearing of a dress which can be pleasing only to demoralized taste. For the miserable idiots who abjectly copy the habit of those conventionally termed their betters, it is impossible to entertain anything but pity. But to the ladies of England this appeal to abandon the present degrading, dangerous and disgusting fashion, is made in the belief that they will show themselves the rational and decorous persons whom they are supposed to be.

I have the honor to be, ladies, your most obedient and humble servant,

C. B. Phipps.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, September 11, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Profane Swearing.—The desire without wishing to usurp clerical prerogatives, to call the attention of the army of the present day, to an order issued by the "Father of his Country," in regard to the vulgar and degrading vice of profane swearing.

"Colonel Washington has observed that the men of his regiment are very profane and reprobate. He takes this opportunity to inform them of his great displeasure at such practices, and assures them, that if they do not leave them off, they shall be severely punished. The officers are desired, if they hear any man swear, or make use of an oath or execration, to order the offender twenty-five lashes immediately, with a court-martial. For a second offense he shall be more severely punished."

One would infer from the above that the officers in Washington's command were not expected to indulge in profane language. Certainly no man should be an officer, who is habitually guilty of such a mean and senseless vice. No wonder that young men, pure as innocence itself when they enter the army, come home to astonish their parents by strange utterances, when their superiors set the pernicious example. Officers should bear in mind that they are not only responsible for what is generally meant by the efficiency of their command, but that they are also responsible to a very great extent, for the moral condition of their men.—Mississippian.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, September 11, 1863, p. 2, c. 5  
[Summary: Theatre. A Romance of a Poor Young Man.]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, September 11, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Madame Teresa,

The Lecture to have been given on Thursday Evening, Sept. 10, 1863, at Masonic Hall, by this distinguished lady, the daughter of Sir James Tate, and grand-daughter of Lady Elizabeth Appleby of Yorkshire, is postponed until Monday Evening next, the 14<sup>th</sup> inst.

Subject of the Lecture—The War.

Admittance, \$1. Tickets can be procured at the Pulaski House, Scriven House, Marshall House, and at the door of the Hall.

The proceeds of the Lecture will be placed in the hands of the Ladies in charge of the Wayside Home in this city, for the benefit of said institution.

Army of Northern Virginia,  
September 4, 1863.

. . . Meanwhile, the army is not idle here. The interval between the acts is not left wholly unemployed. Fresh supplies of ammunition have been obtained; newer and better arms have been distributed where any were needed; clothing and shoes have been supplied; the men are exercising and drilling; the animals are resting and improving, and the whole army is preparing for other struggles and other triumphs. Not the least important subject which now engages the attention of the chiefs, relates to the organization of a corps of engineers. This necessary adjunct of an army should have been provided at the beginning of the war, but better late than never. The corps is intended to embrace pioneers, pontonniers, sappers and miners, as well as engineers proper.

The duties of the engineer are important, and often laborious. If it be necessary for the traveller [sic] to be informed beforehand of the roads over which he is to pass, the streams he is to cross, the mountains he is to scale, the defiles he is to thread, and the robbers he is to encounter; how much more important is it that the commander of an army and his chief officers, upon whom depend the safety of their troops, the welfare and honor of their country, and the success of the campaign, should possess the same information? This information cannot be had without the aid of engineers, a part of whose business it is to thoroughly reconnoitre [sic] and map the whole country occupied, or expected to be occupied by either army.

This duty is usually performed by a party detailed by the chief of the Engineer Bureau. It should be done early, and the maps deposited in the office of the chief of the bureau in Richmond, where copies are prepared and sent to the department, corps, and division commanders in the field. These maps are on a sufficiently large scale to show accurately the roads, streams, cleared and uncleared land, elevations and depressions of ground, fords, bridges, [illegible], residences, [illegible] &c. Particular care is taken to show not only the direction but also the condition of roads, which are classified and each class shown by a different line or mark. It is necessary that all neighborhood and private ways, as well as public roads, should be laid down, as frequently a proper knowledge of roads will enable a General to save much marching by sending his train on one road and his troops by another, thus making the march more rapidly and with less fatigue to his troops. The maps should also go sufficiently into details to enable the General to know where he may encamp his troops on a march. Leaving out of consideration the question of attack and defence [sic], camps on a march should always, if possible, be located convenient to wood and water.

This duty, as above stated, belongs to the party specially detailed by the chief of the bureau; but the engineer acting with the army in the field should take every opportunity of proving the accuracy of the maps, acquiring through their assistance a thorough knowledge of the country. It is his duty, after the line of battle is established, to lay out all works for the strengthening of the line; and it is the duty of the engineer troops, with the aid of such details as are necessary, to construct such works under the superintendence of the officers of their corps. It is also the duty of the engineer, when the line of battle has been established, to acquaint himself most thoroughly with every rod of ground in the neighborhood, both in rear of the line and in front as far as it is safe to reconnoitre [sic]. He should know not only where the strong and weak points of his own line are, but also those of the enemy. His knowledge should be such that he could inform his general of the country to be passed over, either in an advance or a retreat; and roads, forts, bridges, &c., should be prepared for both as far as practicable.

As has already been stated, an engineer corps for the field is now being raised. Its organization will be the same as the regiment, with a Colonel, Lieut. Colonel, Major, company officers and men. Perhaps it would be more proper to speak of the men as engineer troops. Officers have been detailed to go home to raise volunteers for this inviting service. Among others, Capt. John Bradford, of Florida, an excellent officer, has gone South to raise a company. I would commend him and the service in which he is engaged, to the public generally, and especially to all persons within the conscript age. P.W.A.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, September 12, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

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

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, September 12, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

Superior  
Segars [sic], Tobacco, Snuff,  
Pipes, Matches, &c.

M. Molina being in service, and his Agent having died recently, his stock of superior Segars [sic], Tobacco, Snuff, Pipes, matches, &c., has been removed to the store of the undersigned, who will attend to the sale of it.

The friends and patrons of Mr. Molina are respectfully solicited to continue their favors as heretofore.

W. R. Norriss,  
Bull st., Masonic Hall.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, September 12, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

Miss Belle Boyd is again in the Old Capitol prison at Washington. She was captured at Martinsburg, Va.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, September 12, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

Canton Flannel.  
One Bale Heavy  
English Canton Flannel.

Just received by  
DeWitt & Morgan.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, September 12, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

Canteen.—This word received its present form from the French, who adapted it from the English, and who have since taken it back with the French modification. As originally spoken by the Saxon, it was simply tin can, but the Gaul, as is his wont, placing the noun before the adjective, and pronouncing the letter i as e, brought it out cantin, pronounced canteen. Adopting a thousand other French military terms, the dull Englishman took back his own original word in

a new shape without any inquiries on the subject, and hence we now say canteen instead of tin can.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, September 12, 1863, p. 2, c. 6

[Summary: Theatre. Love in Humble Life. After which, the Romantic Drama of The Corsican Brothers. To conclude with the screaming Farce of Nan, the Good-for-Nothing.]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, September 14, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Honey.—A correspondent says that the Medical Director of Ewell's corps, a successful surgeon and practitioner, has discovered by frequent trial, that honey, applied by a light brush or other convenient means of the kind, is a most effectual remedy to prevent fly blows in wounds. It is at the same time very soothing and grateful to the wounded part; and as this question has often been discussed during the war, hospital nurses and those entrusted with the care of the wounded soldier, should preserve the recollection of this simple and convenient remedy.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, September 14, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

#### Suspension of the Marietta Paper Mills.

We take the following from the Chattanooga Rebel of the 10<sup>th</sup>:

The mills of the Marietta Paper Company, near this place, the largest establishment of the kind in the Confederacy, has been suspended for the want of laborers, all of their hands having been taken into the army. The stoppage of an establishment of this magnitude and of this description is not merely an inconvenience, it is a positive misfortune, not only involving the people, but the government itself. Every one is aware of the scarcity of paper throughout the Confederacy, and the high prices which it bears, and the stoppage of this mill is precisely what may under similar circumstances happen to all. Then we should be entirely deprived of paper, either for government or individual use. Newspapers would stop, and all correspondence be suspended.—The necessary blanks for the army could not be furnished, its accounts could not be kept, or its efficiency maintained. The Post Office Department would expire with the absence of paper with which to carry on correspondence, and we should be reduced to the expedients of savage nations who only communicate at a distance by means of special couriers, and pieces of bark.

It is a question whether or not it is worth while to reduce us to this condition of things for the services of the very limited number of men employed about these establishments. It does not seem so to us. When the Confederate Congress, after serious deliberation and thorough discussion, determined to maintain a free press within the Confederacy by the exemption of editors and employes [sic] of newspaper establishments, we do not suppose they intended to destroy their own work by the prohibition of the manufacture of paper. For that would have been simply ridiculous. They enact that a free press is absolutely essential to public liberty, and that it shall be protected, and then deprive it of the very first essential of existence. Surely this was not intended. And we imagine the difficulty can be remedied. It certainly ought to be. But the government itself is interested. An immense amount of paper is used for printing the thousands of blanks used in the various departments, and especially in the army. These blanks are of vital consequence to the management of our armies, and the proper control and understanding of its vast accounts, and the paper cannot be dispensed with.

If then, the necessities of the government, and the requirements of sound policy and public convenience, demand that the Paper Mills should be let alone, we would ask why this the largest Mill in the Confederacy is summarily strangled by the seizure of the hands by the government? Is it the fault with the government, or is it in the failure of the paper company to protect their hands? Has the company used proper diligence, and employed the necessary means to prevent this result? The public is interested in knowing.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, September 14, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

### Another Woman's Appeal.

Editor Savannah Republican:

Shall a feeble woman essay to speak? Her voice cannot be heard in public halls, nor her example given on fields of carnage, but her pen can tell the tale of an anxious heart overflowing with love for her country, and her prayers can ascent to heaven from her private chamber, pleading for that country's success and independence. The political sky of our country is overcast with dark and lowering clouds, too thick and dark for mortal eye to penetrate. Our rights and our country have been invaded, and we, in attempting to repel that invasion, have been baffled, and met with reverses so many, that we seem to stand appalled, and know not where to look for a guiding hand, or which way to escape. My countrymen, 'tis to you I speak! look not to treacherous England, to procrastinating France, or to that hated, dreaded subterfuge, reconstruction, as a way to escape from this unholy war—this heart breaking, this devastating war. No! rather than be again united to the vile creatures who have desolated our hearts and homes, let us with one accord resolve to die or be free. The soil of our country has trunk deep of her best blood—wailing and weeping are heard from one end of the land to the other—hearts mourn the loss of the dearest and best, and shall we forget for what they died, and with failing courage cry, hold! enough! Shall we be willing to call their murderers friends? Or will you, our gallant defenders—you, who have hitherto stood so bravely between us and ruin—you on whom we rely next to our God—make the firm and undying resolve "never to give up the field" until we are free? With this resolve I believe I can safely make the assertion that you will be sustained to the glorious end, by every true woman of the Confederacy. O! for the flashing fancy of a Curran, the persuasive eloquence of a Clay, or the burning, patriotic zeal of a Patrick Henry, to rouse you, to urge you never to yield to Abolition rule.

The comforts and endearments of home are sweet, and are doubtless craved by the absent loved ones—but O! recollect that it devolves upon you to maintain inviolate those sacred precincts, and to merit and win, by your valor, the smiles and affections of those who have entrusted their all to your keeping. What and where would our homes be, were we overrun by Lincoln's merciless hordes. The picture is too horrid to contemplate. Who, so lost to self-pride as to be willing to submit (and I consider reconstruction nothing else) to those who have always been our inferiors in everything, save trickery and gain? Come war, come famine, come extortion, come anything but the wrath of God, rather than reunion with the North. With a determined will, and a trusting reliance on Him who ruleth wisely, the coveted prize will yet be won.

One Whose Heart Has Bled By This War.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, September 14, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

[Summary: Theatre. Ingomar, the Barbarian, to conclude with the screaming Farce of Slasher and Crasher.]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, September 14, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

The appeal which we publish to day is from the bereaved sister of one of Georgia's noblest dead, who, after a long brilliant service, fell in the cause of Southern Independence on the bloody field of Sharpsburg. Let the men of the South read it and gather courage and hope from its noble sentiments.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, September 16, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

[Summary: Theatre. Camille; or, The Fate of a Coquette. Fancy Dance by J. C. Duesberry.]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, September 18, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

[Summary: Theatre. Lucretia Borgia; the Poisoner!, to conclude with The Jealous Wife.]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, September 23, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

Black Bombazines.

William Shear,

Augusta, Georgia,

Has just received a supply of French Black Bombazines, of extra quality, to which he respectfully invites the attention of the Ladies.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, September 23, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

[Summary: Theatre. Christmas Eve; or, A Duel in the Snow. Fancy Dance by Miss Annie Deland and Mr. Duesberry; previous to the Drama will be performed the laughable Farce of the Dead Shot.]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, September 25, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

The female Lieutenant, "Harry Bufford," *nee* Mrs. Williams, whose history in connection with this war is full of romance, has, it is said, married a gentleman of Georgia by the name of DeCaulp, and has been commissioned with the rank of Captain. She is a native of Mississippi.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, September 29, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Drugs Wanted.—Mr. W. H. Prioleau, Medical Purveyor of this district, at Macon, is in want of Mustard Seed, for which one dollar per pound will be paid; also the inner bark of the Dogwood (*Cornus Florida*) properly dried, for which thirty cents per pound will be paid delivered at his office in Macon.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, October 1, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Americus.—The people of this patriotic city, says the Macon Telegraph, principally the ladies, sent up yesterday for two hundred of the Confederate sick and wounded. Col. P. H. Oliver came as a committee of one, to take them in charge, and they will leave by this morning's train. We guarantee that the brave fellows who go to Americus will find such care and quarters

as do not often fall to the lot of the soldier. Honor to Americus! Milledgeville, Eatonton and Oglethorpe, have also asked and received detachments of sick and wounded.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, October 1, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

#### New Music.

We are indebted to the courtesy of the author for the following:

Battery Schottisch: composed and respectfully dedicated to Col. Edward C. Anderson, commanding the Savannah River Batteries, by Lieut. Hermann Bechter, C.S.A. John C. Schreiner and son, Macon.

Also to Mr. Schreiner of this city for the following, all of which are from the press of the Messrs. Schreiner, Macon, Ga.:

Savannah Park Waltzes; composed and dedicated to Mrs. Charles F. Hamilton, by Hermann L. Schreiner.

Smith's March; composed and dedicated to Gen. Percifer F. Smith (the hero of Contreras) by T. J. Marten.

Also, for the following re-publications, of the "Musical Album" series:

Not for Gold or Precious Stones.

Kathleen Mavourneen

When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, October 5, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Barefoot Soldiers—The Chattanooga Rebel says: "Georgians! the recent great victory which drove back the enemy from your borders was won in part by barefooted men! Think of that—you that have tanyards, and you also that have money to buy leather. If you want to ride rough-shod over the enemy—shoe the defenders of the Confederacy."

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, October 12, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

#### Lost Handkerchief.

A very fine linen cambric lady's Pocket Handkerchief, deep embroidered Valenciennes lace border, the name of the owner in the center of the Handkerchief—was lost on Tuesday night last, somewhere between the corner of State and Habersham streets and the Catholic Church. The finder will be suitably rewarded on leaving it at the Republican office.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, October 12, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

A Liberal Donation.—The Roswell Manufacturing Company of Roswell, Cobb county, have generously contributed \$5,000 for the relief of the wounded soldiers of Bragg's army.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, October 12, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

#### Explanatory.

The Republican, like many other enterprises of its time, has had its share of the misfortunes of war—such as no human foresight could anticipate, and no effort prevent. For the first time in a career of over sixty years, for two days of the week just past no paper was issued from this office. This suspension was caused by the impossibility of procuring timely transportation for our paper from the Mills to Savannah, resulting, as we are informed, from the pressure of troops and government freight upon the trains. We had two shipments on the way, started four days apart, and the latter of which should have reached us several days before our supply on hand was exhausted. Remonstrances, by telegraph and letter, were of no avail. The last effort had been expended, and we were compelled to submit.

The subscribers to the Republican, we feel sure, are generous and just enough to appreciate these difficulties and hold us blameless. We make our re-appearance this morning, and we shall not have cause to lament a similar miscarriage for the future. We may add that the pressure upon the mills is very great, and the Press generally find it impossible to get more than a short supply of paper at a time, else we should always be prepared against such disagreeable contingencies.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, October 13, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

To the Women of Georgia.

Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 9, 1863.

You responded nobly to my first appeal to you for socks. But few anticipated the measure of our success. From my heart I thank you for what you have so cheerfully and so promptly done. You have enabled me to make many a war worn soldier bless the dear women at home, [illegible] placed your love tokens on his weary feet.

Women of Georgia, and such others as contributed to my sock fund, in the name of over 10,000 soldiers, do I most cordially thank you. But you must enlarge the circle of your benevolence [illegible]. Let us devise and execute liberal things. It will take, besides what I have on hand, nearly 50,000 pair of socks to carry our Georgia heroes comfortably through the coming winter. Send in those already knitted under my late call. Ship to me at this place as before directed. Organize at once, throughout Georgia, into Societies, and let your Secretaries, with the approval of your Presidents, make requisitions on me for the number of bunches of yarn which each Society will undertake to work into socks. I hope to make arrangements for an ample supply of yarns for the purpose contemplated. Notify me of your nearest railroad point, and I will forward the yarn required. Continue to place the name upon each pair of socks knit and sent. I am keeping a faithful record of the names of my fair colleagues in this good work, with an account of the amount of work done by each one. May I not hope to put upon every Georgian in the army needing them a good pair of socks before Spring. Methinks I hear a hundred thousand women, answering, Yes, send on your yarns; we will soon fill your bill. By the gloom which has lately been over us, let me exhort you to redouble energies for those who are your only preservers, under God, from a far deeper gloom and an intolerable destiny. By the groans of our wounded and the deaths of our noble sons on our battlefields all over the South, whose deeds of imperishable glory, have illustrated names that mankind will not willingly let die, let me exhort you to strain every nerve to hold up the courage and strengthen the arms of those still surviving the shock of battle! By the brightness of the future, opened up by the glorious and God given victory upon the banks of that stream of death, the now historic

Chickamauga, let us thank God, take courage and press forward till we conquer a peace.

Let the loss of some dear father, husband, son, brother or loved one, serve you to redoubled determination never to cease struggling till we are thoroughly and totally divorced from those whose hands are red with the best blood of the Confederate States. Cheer our soldiers, discourage desertions, hurry off able-bodied furloughed men to the front and stimulate them to prefer honorable deaths in the face of the enemy, to dishonored lives prolonged by shrinking from duty. Women of Georgia, you have done much in our great and bloody struggle. You can and will do much more, and your heroism will be admired wherever and as long as true patriotism shall find a lodgment in the human heart. Let the example of the three patriots of Switzerland, headed by the heroic William Tell, who took a solemn vow to cease not in their efforts until Switzerland was free from the horrid tyranny of the infamous Gesler, fire our hearts to choose annihilation rather than subjugation. The one will give us an honorable record, the other a sickly existence under the most abhorred of despotism. The one is the result of a degraded self-abasement, [illegible] men fail us, let us have multiplied examples of the Maid of Orleans, who, when wounded by an arrow, drew out the arrow, exclaiming, "It is glory, not blood which flows from the wound." But I need not write about yielding, with an humble reliance upon the God of battles, if we, men and women, will but do our duty before another year shall roll over us, the bloody sword will likely be sheathed, and the bright banner of peace will gloriously waive over our ransomed homes.

Ira R. Foster,  
Q. M. Gen. of Georgia.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, October 14, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Atlanta, Oct. 11, 1863.

. . . Gen. Hood was doing well yesterday, and his physician considers that he has passed the crisis. The wounded here are receiving every care and attention. I return to the front as soon as I can complete my outfit for the winter. A suit of winter clothes at \$500—think of that!

P.W.A.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, October 16, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Sea bathing costumes in France are regulated by the government, which regulates everything. A writer speaking of their effects on the wearers, says that the men resemble wet statues, not much like Apollo, and the women look "like magnified brown rats on their hind legs."

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, October 16, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

The Natchez (Mississippi) Courier, which was once the boldest champion of our cause, has gone over, soul and body, to the Yankees. Good riddance to bad rubbish.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, October 16, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

Confederate Pepper.—We copy the following receipt from the Rockingham Register, for making a condiment equal to the best pepper:

Take eight or ten pods of red pepper, strong as you can make it; then add 1 pint of wheat and boil until it gets strong; then dry and parch it brown very slowly. Then grind and it is fit for use.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, October 17, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

Tragic.—Quite a tragic affair, we are informed, took place recently in Coosa county, the particulars of which are briefly as follows: Two soldiers of the \_\_\_\_ Alabama regiment, who had been captured about fourteen months since, and who had not been heard from by their families during that time, were recently exchanged, and hastened, with all possible speed to their respective homes in Coosa, expecting, of course, to find an affectionate welcome. But, alas! their wives had re-married in the meantime—having concluded that the object of their earliest affections had gone to the "land of hereafter." No. 1 was apprised of the circumstance when within a mile of home, and the shock was so overwhelming that he fainted and died. No. 2 journeyed on, little thinking that his spouse would be so unfaithful. He reached home, and was received by his wife in an uncontrollable fit of weeping. "What can be the matter with Betsy?" he asked of a neighbor who chanced to be in the home. "I can't imagine," replied his friend, "unless it is because she's got one husband too many." The truth flashed upon him. He succumbed, sickened, and at last accounts was despaired of. The individual who had been acting as his substitute, on being informed of the arrival of the principal, sought his presence immediately, assured him that he didn't mean any harm, and departed at once to parts unknown. |

There is a moral in the above which we need not point out. May it be observed.—  
Mississippian.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, October 19, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

[For the Republican]

Savannah, Ga., Oct. 13

To the Ladies of Savannah,

Mr. Editor:--Will you allow me a short space in your columns, through which I wish to address a word to the Ladies of Savannah. In your issue of a few days ago, I noticed an appeal from Mr. Ira R. Foster, the Quartermaster General of Georgia, to the Ladies, in which he says there are now fifty thousand pairs of socks wanted before our troops in the field can be supplied. He makes a proposition, which I think a very good one—that is, to form societies for the purpose of knitting socks for the soldiers, and promise to furnish as much yarn as each society will volunteer to knit into socks. Surely every Georgian will respond to the call. I, for one, am willing to enter the field at once. Now, are there not others who will unite with me to assist in forming in our city a society, to be called "The Ladies' Knitting Society." I will put the ball in motion, and if a few others will join with me we will keep it going until the good work gets bravely on in our midst, and thousands shall reap the benefit of our labors. Let us hear from the fair daughters of Savannah on the subject. Let every one respond to the call.

Socks for the Soldiers.

Oh women of the sunny South

We want you in the field;

Not with a soldier's uniform,

Nor sword, nor spear, nor shield;

But with a weapon quite as keen—

The knitting needle bright—

And willing hands to knit for those  
Who for our country fight.

Then let the cry go far and near  
And reach you every one—  
Socks! socks are needed—send them on  
For every gallant son!  
Shall those who bear the Summer's heat,  
And Winter's cold and rain,  
Barefooted trudge o'er bleeding fields,  
Our liberty to gain?

No! Georgia's daughters will arise,  
And answer to the call;  
We'll send you socks for our brave boys,  
Some large, and others small.  
With every stitch we'll pray that God  
Will shield each gallant form;  
And while they fight with willing hands  
We'll work to keep them warm.

Our brave boys shall not bear alone  
The burden of the day,  
We'll toil for them with willing hands,  
And watch, and hope, and pray!  
With useful hands to work at home,  
And fighting men abroad,  
We'll conquer if we only place  
A holy trust in God.

We cannot sit with idle hands,  
And let our brave boys fight;  
Not while the motto on each heart  
Is Liberty and Right!  
What though we cannot wield the sword,  
We're with you, hand and heart,  
And every daughter of the South  
Will bravely act her part.

We're in the field—then send us thread,  
As much as you can spare,  
And socks we'll furnish for our troops,  
Yea, thousands through the year.  
Ho for the knitting needle, then,  
To work without delay.  
Hurrah! we'll try our best to knit

A pair of socks a day!

Carrie Bell Sinclair.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, October 19, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

A Substitute for Socks.  
[Correspondent of the Register & Advertiser]

Marion Station, Oct. 7, 1863

In your issue of the 23d inst. I noticed a letter from a soldier on the subject of "covering for our soldiers." Many an appeal will, no doubt, soon be made to that effect, and I feel confident will be nobly responded to by the patriotic self-sacrificing ladies of the South.—Woolen socks will be needed; nevertheless, as there may be many a soldier who will be sadly deficient and unprovided in that respect, owing to the high price of wool, and to the growing scarcity of cotton, I thought it might not come amiss to call the attention of the soldiers to the following facts that came under my notice while travelling in Europe. During a winter's stay in France, I noticed that, as a general thing, the peasantry and soldiers wore no socks at all, but spread in the bottom of the boot or shoe a layer of soft beaten straw or hay, of sufficient thickness, without producing any *pressure* on the foot; the reason of this is obvious, since any pressure on the foot prevents the circulation of the blood, and consequently causes cold feet. The novelty of the system induced me to try the experiment, and I can, therefore, from experience, testify to its utility in point of comfort and economy; for while I used hay as a substitute, I never suffered from cold feet, nor had even occasion to grieve o'er

"Heel-worn, to [illegible] sock",  
The greatest of all griefs, to bachelors of three score."

The advantage of the substitute I have suggested will appear plain, when its philosophy is considered, for what are generally the external causes that produce cold feet, beside the one above mentioned? Want of cleanliness, socks seldom or never washed. But allow even these to be clean, yet the moisture which arises from perspiration, and is absorbed by the socks being unable to evaporate, renders them damp, and necessarily produces cold feet; but all this is obviated by the simple substitute I have suggested. Moreover the hay so far from hurting the feet, by producing a gentle friction has a tendency to worm them, while any moisture arising, meeting with no absorbing surface, evaporates as rapidly as engendered, and thus the feet are kept dry and warm.

If necessity, the mother of invention, taught those trans-atlantic savages, perhaps centuries ago, the use of hay as a comfortable substitute for socks, let not our high toned soldiery, in this our pressing necessity, and in this enlightened country, consider it a retrograde step in civilization to "go and do likewise." I would advise them to give it at least a trial; and, if it is found to answer, let the wool be saved, be used in providing warm clothes for the "covering of our soldiers."

In view of the approaching winter, I have frequently mentioned these facts to the soldiers in the hospital, with the request to communicate them to their comrades, on returning to their respective comrades; but believing that my object will be more speedily accomplished by giving publicity to them through your columns, I determined to write to you, leaving it to your judgment

to reject or insert this communication, if you think it proper.

With sentiments of the highest respect, I remain, gentlemen, yours, etc.

F. W. Damus,  
Chaplain, P. A. C. S.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, October 19, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

German Ball.—We invite attention to the card of the German Ladies' Association, who will give a ball to night, for the benefit of the German soldiers' wives. We hope their praiseworthy efforts may receive a generous patronage, and that even those who cannot attend will buy tickets, and thus offer their mite to swell the receipts of the evening. We are requested to say that no tickets will be sold at the door.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, October 20, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

New Goods  
Just Opened:

1 case Winter Poplins,  
1 case Gents' West End Neck Ties,  
1 case Gents' hemmed Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs,  
30 dozen Scissors,  
Black English Crapes,  
Black Crape Collars and Cuffs,  
1000 yards Plaid Homespun,  
For sale by

DeWitt & Morgan.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, October 20, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Worthy of Imitation.—The butchers in Richmond have agreed to purchase their beef at 25 cents gross and sell it at 50 to 60 cents nett [sic]. Can't the Savannah butchers adopt some similar arrangement to reduce the pressure upon the poor during these hard times?

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, October 20, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Young Ladies' Soiree—We learn that a party of young ladies, anxious to contribute their mite to the holy cause of relieving the sufferings of our sick and wounded soldiers, have entered into an association, and will give an entertainment, of the nature of an evening party, at the residence of Mrs. Sturdivant, corner of Liberty and Montgomery streets, this (Tuesday) evening, at 7 ½ o'clock. Our young men will certainly see to it that they are liberally patronized. The proceeds will be forwarded to the sick and wounded of the Army of Tennessee.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, October 21, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

Good Advice.—Gov. Smith of Virginia, in his address to the citizens of Danville, besought the people of all ages, sexes and conditions to practice economy, the men to quit wearing their fine paraphernalia and to clothe themselves in habiliments more becoming a people engaged in such a struggle as we have on our hands; to economise [sic] not only in raiment, but also in food, even recommending the discontinuance of the use of meat except once a day. To

the ladies he appealed, to pursue the same policy, and told them as he had told "the fine ladies of Richmond," that they must darn and double darn their old dresses, and never buy any of the new-fangled Yankee made fabrics so temptingly displayed in the shop windows of the merchants.

This advice should be read and followed throughout the land as a religious and patriotic duty, though we doubt if it will be. Lucky speculators and their families roll in silks and luxury, and their non-speculating neighbors, who heretofore have been far better off, seem to feel it their highest duty to follow the bad example. It seems impossible for people to be independent in thought, and to stop asking themselves "what Mrs. Grundy will say." It is this aping after the rich that is ruining the country. In times like these it is far more respectable, as well as patriotic, to live plainly and economically, than it is to pipe, and dance, and try to *shine* in the midst of bloodshed and distress. Let our people, and especially the ladies, think a moment on this view of the case.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, October 21, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

An Effectual Cure for the Earache.—Take a small piece of cotton batting or wool, make a depression in the centre [sic] with the end of the finger, and fill it with as much pulverized black pepper as will rest on a half dime. Gather it into a ball and tie it up; dip the ball into sweet oil, and insert it into the ear, covering the latter with cotton wool and use a bandage or cap to retain it in its place. A most instant relief will be experienced, and the application is so gentle that an infant will not be injured by it.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, October 21, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

A Funeral Oration for the United States. The latest "national" notion of the Yankees is a grand national cemetery, which will be inaugurated on the 19<sup>th</sup> prox., on the battle ground of Gettysburg. Edward Everett has been selected orator, and has consented to serve.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, October 21, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

In Front of Chattanooga,  
October 16<sup>th</sup>, 1863

. . . Enquiry at the Quartermaster's Department, in Richmond, and personal observation in the armies of Gen. Lee and Gen. Bragg, leave no doubt that the greatest want of the troops this winter will be for blankets. It is not probable that there will be an adequate supply of either clothing, shoes, or hats, or even of provisions, unless we recover East Tennessee; but the chief want, as already stated, will be blankets. Arrangements were made sometime since to procure supplies of clothing and shoes, and if our adventures are attended by auspicious gales, the army will be able to get through the winter, with such help as the people at home can, and doubtless will, render. Their response to the call made upon them last winter was the sublimest incident of the war, and will be recorded in history, as it has already been in "the books" which are kept beyond the sun, and in which all our accounts, whether for good or evil, are entered with an unerring hand.

As in the past, so at this time, I would address my appeal chiefly to the women of the Confederacy. The men have always done their duty in this respect, but the women have done more than their duty—they have helped their husbands, fathers, and brothers to do theirs. True, they do not enter the field, nor brave the blast of battle, nor use cannon, minnie rifles and swords; and yet the vast army of heroic women who have given their hands and hearts to the cause, have done their parts as well as their brave brothers in the field. The weapons they employ are the

Needle, the Spinning Wheel and the Loom, Words of Encouragement to the weary and faint-hearted, and kind and generous Deeds in the hospital and by the wayside. With these arms they have done as much to defeat our wicked enemies as an army of resolute men. If they have not met these enemies in battle, they have met them at the loom and around the couch of the wounded and sick. If they have not gone to the field in person they have ever been there in spirit. In every blanket they have given to the soldier, in every pair of socks they have put upon his bleeding feet, in every garment they have woven for his manly limbs, they have been present in the hour of battle, and have given blows for the freedom of their race. It is to these heroines of the needle, the loom and the spinning wheel that brave veterans who have for three years stood between them and danger, now turn for relief. Shall their appeal be made in vain? Not as long as there is a blanket, a yard of carpeting or of cloth, or a sheep skin, that can be spared. . .

P.W.A.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, October 24, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

The Onion as a Preventive of Chills.—We publish the following communication from a gentleman who has enjoyed a long and an extensive practice of medicine. It will be seen that he has tried the onion as a cure for ague and fever for fully fifteen years, in this State and in Eastern North Carolina, and has never known it to fail. Quinine is worth in our drug stores from fifteen to twenty cents per grain, and it will take from five to fifteen dollars worth to cure an attack of ague. Would it not be well, therefore, for sufferers with this disease to give the onion a fair and impartial trial, according to the directions contained below? It is a simple remedy, and within the reach of all:

Mr. Editor: In your issue of the 6<sup>th</sup> instant, I notice in your local columns, that you complain that fever and ague are prevalent in your community, while quinine is very high. A raw onion eaten two hours before the time of the chill or ague, I found a preventative when quinine has failed. I have used it in this State and in the eastern portions of North Carolina, in the marshes near Albemarle Sound, without failure in an instance. When any person is taken with ague and fever, let them take an emetic, after its operation take an active mercurial, say 4 grains of calomel, 4 grains of blue mass and one grain of ipecac made into two pills, the pills to be taken at an interval of 2 hours. Then after its action eat the raw onion with salt, pepper and vinegar to suit the taste. I have tried it for the last 15 years. There is also a plant in the country, known among the non-professional as "bone set," that is almost as good for chills or ague as quinine.

Petersburg Express.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, October 24, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

"Peace does not appear so distant as it did," says Mr. Lincoln. Neither does the Millennium, replies the New York Argus.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, October 24, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

About Editors.—A "poick" out West, or elsewhere, was recently inspired to compose the following:

I wish I was an editor, I really do, indeed. It seems to me the editors get everything they need—(except money.) They get the largest and the best of everything that grows, and get free into circuses and other kind of shows—(by giving an equivalent.) The biggest bug will speak to them, no matter how they dress; a shabby coat is nothing if they own a printing press. (Policy)

At ladies' fairs they're almost hugged by pretty girls who know that they will crack up everything the ladies have to show. (Bully!) And thus they get a blowout fee at every party feed, and the reason is because they write and other people read. (That's what's the matter.)

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, October 24, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

The men who can stand up against the chain lightning whiskey and tangle-foot peach brandy now sold at out-of-the-way places in this section, are styled "iron clads."

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, October 24, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

It is a pathetic saying, as old as Homer, that in peace children may bury their parents, but in war parents bury their children.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, October 26, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

"Personne" and "P.W.A."—"True Tennessean," the Missionary Ridge correspondent of the Atlanta Register, makes the following allusion, in his letter of the 21<sup>st</sup> to his contemporaries:

"Since I began writing, "Personne" and "P.W.A.," correspondents of the Charleston Courier and Savannah Republican, have spent an hour at our quarters, during a thunder shower, both of whom we found to be intelligent and interesting gentlemen—quite as entertaining in conversation as attractive in writing. The latter is still cruising in the craft of celibacy; the former has been twice married, and, when speaking of his state of life, remarked, "with him the interrogation point (?) had been twice answered, but with his friend, if he should be fortunate, there would be an exclamation point (!) in admiration of the occurrence."

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, October 26, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Cure for Chills and Fever.—Mr. Editor: By inserting the following receipt for the cure of chills and fever, in your paper, you will confer a great benefit upon the public. It is a remedy I have used for years, and have found it in many cases more efficacious than quinine.

Receipt—Mix with a wine glass of vinegar the seed taken from the pods of three red peppers, and drink one hour before the expected return of the chills.

A. Physician.

[Columbus Enquirer.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, October 26, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

South Carolina  
Southern Porcelain Ware.  
10 dozen Tea Cups and Saucers,  
9 dozen Tumblers,  
6 dozen Plates,  
8 dozen Bowls,  
2 dozen Spittoons,  
4 dozen Pitchers, (assorted,)

Just received and for sale by

J. J. Humphries.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, October 28, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

[Army Correspondence of the Mobile Adv. & Reg.]  
Letter from Tennessee.

Army of Chattanooga, Oct. 16.

. . . Only three or four hundred of the citizens remain in the town [Chattanooga], including a few ladies, all of whom are much restricted in their movements, and liable to arrest for appearing within the vicinity of the fortifications. Some are in a state of destitution, owing to the consumption of supplies, and are compelled to depend for subsistence upon the Federal commissariat. Chattanooga is almost unrecognizable, houses being desecrated and property generally ruined. . .

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, October 28, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Cloak Cloths  
One Case of  
Colored Melton Cloths,  
For Ladies and Children,  
Cloaks,  
Zouaves,  
&c. &c. &c.

Just received by  
DeWitt & Morgan.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, October 29, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Leeches! Leeches!  
Six Thousand Superior  
Sweedish [sic] Leeches,  
Just Imported and for Sale by  
M. J. Solomons,

Bay Street.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, October 30, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

"Munificent Donation.—The most munificent donation which we have yet had the pleasure of recording," says the Augusta Chronicle, has been made in this city. W. E. Jackson, Esq., President Augusta Factory, yesterday sent a check to Mayor May for forty thousand dollars, to be applied in aid of soldiers' families and the poor of Augusta. This princely gift is in keeping with the past reputation of the Augusta Factory for liberality and patriotism. They furnish weekly a large amount of cotton goods to the Purveying Association to be sold at low rates to the needy; they employ a large number of operatives who are daily made the recipients of their kindness and generosity; and in thousands of other ways, unheard of in the public at large, their charities are dispensed. Long may they wave!"

We submit, though, that while it must be conceded that this company is making a most

excellent use of its profits, the large amount which it is able to give away affords incontestable proof that it has demanded extortionate prices from the public for its fabrics. Would it not be better for all concerned that it should give less in charity and do more in the price of goods towards putting down the fell spirit of extortion that is ruining the country?

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, October 30, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

### A Young Girl Killed on the Battle Field of Chickamauga.

The Brooklyn (N.Y.) News relates the following remarkable incident of the war:

About a twelvemonth since, when disaster everywhere overtook the Union arms, and our gallant sons were falling fast, under that marvelous sword of rebellion, a young lady, scarce nineteen, just from an academy in a sister State, conceived the idea that she was destined by Providence to head our arms to victory, and our nation through successful war. It was at first thought by her parents, a highly respectable family in Willoughby street, that her mind was weakened simply by reading accounts of continued reverses in our arms, and they treated her as they would a sick child. This only had the effect of making her more demonstrative, and her enthusiastic declaration and apparent sincerity, gave the family great anxiety. Dr. B. was consulted, the minister was spoken to, friends advised, and family meetings held, interviews with the young lady by her former companions in the academy were frequent, but nothing could shake the feeling which had possessed her.

It was finally resolved to take her to Michigan. An old maiden aunt accompanied the fair enthusiast, and for a few weeks Ann Arbor became their home. The stern command of her aunt alone prevented her from making her way to Washington to solicit an interview with the President for the purpose of getting command of the United States army. Finally it was found necessary to restrain her from seeing any but her own family, and her private parlor became her prison.

To a high spirited girl this would be unendurable at any time, but to a young lady filled with such a hallucination it was worse than death. She resolved to elude her friends, and succeeded, leaving them clandestinely, and although the most distinguished detectives of the East and the West were employed to find her whereabouts, it was unavailing. None could even conjecture the hiding place. This was last April. She was mourned as lost. The habiliments of mourning were donned by her grief-stricken parents, and a suicide's grave was assumed to be hers. But it was not so. The infatuated girl, finding no sympathy with her friends, resolved to enter the army disguised as a drummer boy, dreaming, poor girl, that her destiny would be worked out by such a mode. She joined the drum corps of a Michigan regiment at Detroit, her sex known only to herself, and succeeded in getting with her regiment to the army of the Cumberland. How the poor girl survived the hardships of the Kentucky campaign, where strong men fell in numbers, must forever remain a mystery.

The regiment to which she was attached had a place in the division of the gallant Van Cleve, and during the bloody battle of last Sunday the fair girl fell, pierced in the left side by a minie ball, and when borne to the surgeon's tent her sex was discovered. She was told by the surgeon that her wound was mortal, and advised to give her name that her family might be informed of her fate. This she finally, though reluctantly, consented to do, and the colonel of the regiment, although suffering himself from a painful wound, became interested in her behalf, and

prevailed upon her to let him send a despatch to her father. This she directed in the following manner?

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_, N\_\_\_\_\_, Willoughby streets, Brooklyn: Forgive your dying daughter. I have but a few moments to live. My native soil drinks my blood. I expected to deliver my country, but the fates would not have it so. I am content to die. Pray, pa, forgive me. Tell ma to kiss my daguerreotype.

Emily.

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

We are permitted by the afflicted parents to give the despatch [sic] as it came over the wires, suppressing only the family name.

Here, then, is a short incident of war which might read like romance. But to the unhappy family, who are now bowed down with grief, romance loses its attraction, and the actual, sad, eventful history of poor Emily will be a family record for the generation yet to come.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, November 2, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

### The Southern Cross.

The following poem was printed in the Baltimore Republican, and caused the suppression of that paper and the arrest and exile of its editor:

Oh! say, can you see, through the gloom and the storm,  
More bright for the darkness, that pure constellation?  
Like the symbol of love and redemption its form,  
As it points to the haven of hope and d the nation!  
How radiant each star, as the beacon afar,  
Giving promise of peace, or assurance of war!  
'Tis the Cross of the South! which shalt ever remain  
To light us to freedom and glory again!

How peaceful and blest was America's soil,  
'Till betrayed by the guile of the Puritan demon,  
Which lurks under virtue and springs from its coil,  
To fasten its fangs in the life-blood of freemen.  
Then boldly appeal to each heart that can feel,  
And crush the fowl viper 'neath Liberty's heel,  
And the Cross of the South shall in triumph remain  
To light us to freedom and glory again!

'Tis the emblem of Peace, 'tis the day star of Hope,  
Like the sacred "Labarum" that guided the Roman  
From the shores of the Gulf to the Delaware's slop;  
'Tis the trust of the free and the terror of foeman.  
Fling its folds to the air, whilst we boldly declare,  
The rights we demand or the deeds that we dare!

While the Cross of the South shall in triumph remain  
To light us to freedom and glory again.

And if peace should be hopeless and justice denied,  
    And war's bloody vulture should flap its black pinions,  
Then gladly "to arms!" while we hurl in our pride,  
    Defiance to tyrants and death to their minions!  
With our front in the field, swearing never to yield,  
Or return, like the Spartans in death on our shield!  
And the Cross of the South shall triumphantly wave  
As the flag of the free or the pall of the brave.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, November 2, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

Mr. Editor.—You were in error in saying that the report about the cessation of the supply of Gas originated with the candle dealers. It was put forth by several Market Square Jews, (I use the term in no offensive sense religiously,) who performed the same feat last year with like success. These men infest every street corner, and pick up every pound of produce before it reaches the hands of consumers, seeking their own profits first. I could point out every one of them. They have sent agents into the country to buy for them at low figures. Meantime they put forth a story here to enhance prices and increase their profits. The chandlers have nothing to do with it—and I know positively that when this sudden rise took place, not one of them had a large stock on hand, and consequently had nothing to gain by it. These extortioners are the persons altogether responsible for this increase of price.

Take another article—calicoes. About a month ago these were selling at \$4 per yard—one of these same men from Augusta, who has relations in this city, purchased all he could buy for speculation—and calicoes are now \$8 to \$10 per yard. The chandlers, Mr. Editor, would much prefer to have the prices lower, and the risk less in proportion, than to be, with their fellow citizens, sufferers by the extortionate demands of these merciless speculators.

One of the Accused.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, November 3, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

An Appeal for Clothing, Shoes and  
Blankets for the 26<sup>th</sup> Ga. Regiment.

Savannah, Ga., Oct. 19<sup>th</sup>, 1863.

To the Citizens of Glynn, Wayne, Pierce, Ware, Clinch, Coffee, Appling, Lowndes, [illegible] and Twiggs Counties:

I may be pardoned for appealing to you in behalf of my old comrades of the 26<sup>th</sup> Georgia Regiment—They are nearly all from your counties—they are your kindred—and the time was when you and they held me responsible for their comfort, and applauded the energy and industry that secured all that of right they could claim, and supplied them with every article necessary in the camp and field. . . They are poorly clad—barefooted and almost destitute of blankets. Shall this state of things be allowed to exist while it is in your power to afford relief? I think not. . . I have just returned from a campaign with these men—and I write what I know—what I have seen and felt. I have been with them in the camps, the march and on the battlefield, and though they

are too proud to ask you to furnish them, I tell you they need blankets, shoes and clothing and you must supply them—the nights in Virginia are already chilling . . . The Government cannot supply all, and but few of the soldiers who, like Gordon's Brigade, are kept constantly close up in the enemy's front, are furnished with any thing from the remote parts and store houses in the rear.

Respectfully your obedient servant,

[Illegible] W. Styles.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, November 5, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

#### Savannah Wayside Home.

This admirable institution was opened on the 6<sup>th</sup> of March, 1863, since which time it has dispensed its benefits to 5,136 soldiers. It received in the commencement \$700 from the Georgia Hospital and Relief Association, and since, in contributions from individuals and from lectures pronounced in its behalf, \$6025.

In consequence of its large number of beneficiaries since the battle at Chickamauga, and the exhorbitant [sic] prices of articles of food, its funds are nearly exhausted. Its Lady Managers are satisfied that this simple announcement will summon to its relief and aid the liberal contributions of those interested in this excellent and necessary work.

Mrs. E. L. Campbell is Treasurer.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, November 5, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

A Yankee army correspondent, writing from Bealton, Va., says: "A doctress was here last night, a Miss \_\_\_\_\_, from Maine, good looking, and about twenty-five, I should think, wears bloomers, and rides a horse as men do."

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, November 5, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

#### New Music.

Dear Mother! I'll come Home again (My Mother Dear)	\$1.00
Do they think of Me at Home	0.75
Would I were with Thee!	0.75
Oh! whisper what thou feelest	0.75
Why do I weep for Thee?	0.75
I will meet Thee	0.75

John C. Schreiner & Son,  
Congress street.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, November 5, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

[Summary: Theatre. Ironclad Opera Troupe; Don't Fail to see Tim Moris and Frank Leslie in their budget of fun!]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, November 5, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

The "Iron Clads.—An Ethiopian exhibition never fails to command a liberal patronage in

Savannah, and the "Iron Clads" form no exception to the rule. We are a poor judge of such performances, but if the crowd that congregate nightly to hear their jokes and melodies are any evidence of merit, we would say that our new visitors compare very favorably with their successful predecessors. Another exhibition will be given to-night, the particulars of which will be found in our advertising columns.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, November 6, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

New Music,  
Published by  
Geo. Dunn & Co., Richmond, Va.,  
and  
Julian A. Selby, Columbia, S. C.

Annie of the Vale—Music by J. R. Thomas, author of "In my Cottage by the Sea."  
When this Cruel War is Over—Music by Henry Tucker.  
We Have Parted—Poetry and music by Miss Ella Wren  
Kathleen Mavourneen—F. N. Crouch.  
Harp of the South, Awake!—S. L. Peticolas.  
My Wife and Child—Poetry by Gen. Jackson, of Ga.; music by F. W. Rosier.  
See at your Feet a Suppliant One!—Balfe.  
Rock Me to Sleep, Mother—Music by J. H. Hewitt.  
Mother, is the Battle Over?  
Virginian Marcellaise—Original French music.  
Keep Me Awake, Mother—Denek.  
The South—J. H. Hewitt.  
Southern Soldier Boy—as sung at the Richmond New Theatre, in the "Virginia Cavalier," by Miss Sallie Partington; words by Captain G. W. Alexander, A. A. G. and A. P. M. Air, "The Boy with the Auburn Hair"  
Who Will Care for Mother Now—Poetry by C. C. Sawyer, author of "When This Cruel War is Over." Music by C. F. Thompson.  
In the Press, and Will be Ready in a Few Days:  
In two Parts—Part I, of C.S.A. Improved Huntan's Instructions for the Piano Forte, and New Ballad, "Farewell Enchanting Hope"—Music by Lessing.

All Printed on Good Paper, with Ornamental Titles  
Retail Price—One Dollar Each.

The Trade supplied at "half off," with an additional five per cent when one hundred of any one piece is ordered.

Blank Music Lines on the best cap paper, \$1 per sheet of four pages—forty per cent off to the Trade.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, November 8, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

Travel by flag of truce between City Point and Fortress Monroe has been stopped entirely by the Lincoln authorities to all persons whomsoever, except strictly prisoners of war. Parties—

ladies and children—now in the city, desiring to go North by flag of truce, to rejoin their friends there, may as well comprehend the state of the case at once. It is the positive orders of the cold-blooded Stanton, Yankee Secretary of War, than whom a more unfeeling man does not live. Major Mulford, the commander of the flag of truce boat, is a kind-hearted man, and would disobey orders if he dared, but dares not. It cannot be done without a passport from Washington. About three weeks since the widow of Gen. Helm, killed at Chickamauga, who is sister of Mrs. Lincoln, the Ape's wife, desiring to go North to rejoin her friends in Kentucky, wrote to both of them by flag of truce, asking a passport from the proper authority, but no notice whatever was taken of her request.

Communication by brief letter is still tolerated by Stanton, but we suppose that meagre privilege of parted friends will soon be cut off.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, November 13, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

#### Covering for the Soldiers.

The constant demand for blankets for the soldiers, has induced the Lady Managers of the Wayside Home to make arrangements for receiving any donations which the citizens may feel disposed to make for the purpose. Persons wishing to give their carpets, to be made up into blankets, are notified that they will be received by Capt. Hardee, at the Home. If already made up, will be so much gained—but if this is not convenient, the ladies will have them made a suitable size; and being desirous to give the employment to the needy women, will be glad of any friends for aiding the work.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, November 14, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Vanity Sacrificed to Patriotism.—At the marriage of a couple at Mt. Crawford, Va., the bride appeared for the ceremony in a full dress of real Confederate—that is, old time lindsey-woolsey, made with her own hands. The bridegroom wore a woolen suit of gray, the product of the country. After the ceremony, the couple started for Richmond, she hiding her blushes beneath a cute little straw hat, (the straw of which it was made having grown on her father's farm) made by herself, and protected from the insinuating familiarities of rude Boreas, by the ample folds of a Confederate cloak, of the same material as her bridal dress, and made by the same fair fingers.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, November 17, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

#### Paper Making.

Editor Savannah Republican:

In every issue of our Southern Press we perceive advertisements of Rags! Rags! Rags! and many appeals to the people to economize the same.

The public no doubt have responded to these appeals, but, notwithstanding, paper is daily diminishing in quantity and increasing in price, and without any hope of importation remedying the evil; neither are the paper mills of the Confederacy able to lessen the exigency.

A question arises to the public minded, what can be done to ameliorate in some degree this dilemma? The first point presenting itself is, have we the necessary paper mills in the

Confederacy to manufacture enough paper to satisfy, in some degree, the present limited demand of publications? On a careful examination of the subject it will, doubtless, appear that we have. The next inquiry is, why do they not manufacture the same. The reply is, because the rags are not to be had, and there is no other material that the present high prices of labor will warrant the manufacture in making use of, for though we have an abundance of material in our great staple, suitable to this purpose, yet paper made out of cotton, at the present prices, increases the cost to the enormous figure we now have to pay for the same, and as cotton is bound to rise in price and value, so naturally must paper.

It is well known, Mr. Editor, that cotton will not make as good and strong writing paper as linen rags, except by subjecting it to very expensive manipulations, and as the supply of linen rags will soon be entirely exhausted, it is time that we should look around us and examine all articles that can take the place of the flax fibre [sic] and that are cheaper than cotton.

Fortunately our Southern country possesses more than one article to supplant the use of rags for the better qualities of paper, and I will take the liberty of pointing out some of them and the necessary process of preparing the same for the paper manufacturer.

First of all our attention is claimed by (*Josypium Herbaceum*) our own cotton shrub. Secondly, by (*Morus Papifora Sativa* and *Morus Alba*) the Japan and Chinese Mulberry. Thirdly, by (*Populus Angulatu*) the Carolina Poplar and (*Poplar Argentia*) Cotton Tree, called on the Savannah River Cotton Wood. Fourthly, by (*Jucca Filamentosa*) Thready Adam's Needle, commonly called Bear or Silk Grass. Fifthly, by (*Iuncus Effusus*) our common Rush. Sixthly, by (*Apocynum Cannubinum*) Indian Hemp. Seventhly, by (*Urtica Divica*), the Great Nettle. Eighthly, by (*Althea Rosea*), the Garden Hollyhock. Ninthly, by (*Viscus Album*) the Mistletoe. Tenthly, by (*Ilix Cassine*) the Dahoon Holly of Florida, and other indigenous plants. [note: the Latin may be mis-transcribed]

The above plants are principally used by the Chinese and Japanese to make their cheap and excellent paper, and deserve from us at least an investigation, and undoubtedly a few experiments would prove that they are all as good, if not better, than the rags we now use.

As a proof that these assertions are correct, I quote several statements: the first is an article from the Savannah Republican. (I found the same repeated in Turner's Cotton Planters' Manual.)

"We called attention some months ago to specimens of hemp made from the bark stripped from cotton stalks and left at our office for public inspection. We now learn from the New York Day Book that specimens of bark have been exhibited to paper manufacturers at the North, which is found to be of fibrous character, and is considered to be well adapted for the manufacture of good paper."

"The best period for preparing this cotton hemp will be as soon as practicable after the packing of cotton has been finished. The plants should then be pulled up and dew rotted, like hemp or flax, and afterwards broken up and the bark separated from the wood of the stalk. The specimens of clean bark exhibited to experienced paper makers was considered equal to good rags worth six cents per pound, or about \$120 per ton, and was pronounced the best substitute for rags of any raw vegetable material known to the trade."

This is plain and to the point, but as few of our planters are acquainted with the mode of preparing hemp or flax, I will add below how cotton stalks should be prepared for the paper mill, as well as other plants enumerated above.

To secure the cotton stalk successfully, it should be cut close to the ground, (to pull it up is an easier operation, but the roots will interfere in after manipulations) place them evenly on

the ground to dry for a week. When they are dry, they must be tied into bundles and put up in stacks to keep them from becoming moist in sultry weather, (the cover of the stacks ought to be water proof.) They are merely put in stacks in case the planter has not time to attend to the preparing of them at once.

There are two ways to prepare them for market, either by dew rotting or by water rotting. The last process is preferable.

In dew-rotting the stalks are spread out in a field or grass plot, and exposed to the weather for two or three months. The best plan, however, when the crop is large and the fields are not needed immediately for tillage, is to leave the cotton stalks lying in the fields to rot.—They are sufficiently rotted when the ligneous part of the stalks are nearly decomposed and the fibre [sic] begins to separate from them. In six weeks the stalks will be ready, (if a wet season) for breaking; this operation is performed by a common brake. To determine if the stalks are sufficiently rotten or not, a few can be broken on the brake, and if the fibre [sic] detaches easily from them they are ready for manipulation.

The water-rotting is best carried on at a running stream or a clear pond, but it can be successfully performed where there is a good pump or well, but in the latter case, a large water-tight tank or box has to be prepared and the water changed twice a day.

In a creek or stream a pit should be prepared to receive the bundles of cotton stalks—they are placed in on end and secured by a few boards and weights. But the better plan is to make a frame ten feet square and four feet deep of stout rails, nailed or pinned to strong upright pieces. This frame is filled with the bundles of cotton stalks, standing on end or laid in rows cross-wise, but closely packed. The frame is then immersed in the creek or anchored in the stream. If the weight is not sufficient to sink it, the stalks are covered with boards and stones until it sinks under water.

If the weather is warm five or six days will be sufficient to soften the stalks sufficient that its outside bark will come off. As soon as this is accomplished take them [illegible] and spread the stacks singly on a lawn or grass plat, let them lie there for four or five weeks, turning them over twice a week. This process will make the [illegible]. When ready for removal [illegible] and carry them to a barn or close [illegible]. The stalks are now ready for braking.

As many planters may not be acquainted with a *brake*, I will quote a description of [illegible] Johnson's Farmers' Encyclopedia:

"The brake is generally [illegible] brake which was [illegible] has always employed here [illegible] though longer than the common flax [illegible]. It is a rough contrivance, [illegible] about two and a half feet high. The [illegible] consists of two jaws with [illegible] in each, the lower jaw fixed and immovable, and the upper one movable, so that it may be lifted up by means of a handle inserted in a [illegible] block at the front end of it. The lower jaw has three [illegible], or teeth, made out of [illegible] oak, and the upper two arranged approaching to about two inches in front, and in such manner that the slats of the upper jaw [illegible] between those of lower. These slats about six or seven feet long and six inches in depth, and about two inches in thickness in their lower edges; they are placed edgeways, rounded a little on their upper edges, which are sharper than those below. The laborer takes his stand by the side of the brake, and grasping in his left hand as many of the stalks as he can conveniently hold with his right hand he seizes the handle in the [illegible] of the upper jaw. Three successive strokes break the woody and reedy parts of the stalks into small pieces or [illegible], which fall off during the process. He assists their disengagement by striking the [illegible] or with a small wooden paddle, until the interior bark is entirely clean, and completely separated from the woody particles."

The fibre [sic] is now ready for the market, but some (paper) manufacturers might [illegible] on account of its not being fine [illegible] purposes. In that case the planter can subject the fibre [sic] to an additional manipulation, like hemp, which is called scutching and hackling, but I hardly think this will be necessary as the washing and rotting process at the mill will destroy any woody substance and [illegible] of the fibre [sic]; therefore I do not think it will be necessary to describe the operation of scutching and hackling.

The common nettle and the Indian hemp are prepared like the cotton stalks—similar to the above described process.

The mulberry, the cotton tree, the Carolina poplar, and the Dahoon holly should be prepared in the following manner. Cut the young shoots of these trees into pieces of about three feet long, and collect the same in bundles; boil these bundles in water containing a good deal of ashes. If the wood is too dry it must be steeped in water for twenty-four hours before boiling.

The bundles are kept boiling in a closed kettle till the bark at the ends of the [illegible] separates from the stem [illegible] they are then cooled, and the bark is separated and cleaned.

The bear grass and the rush are prepared by tying the leaves in bundles; then boil and pound them till the soft vegetable [illegible] and the flesh of the bark is disengaged from the strong fibre [sic]. After this the same is easily washed in clean water.

Another, but not as good a process, is to let them rot in the water or bury them in the earth until rotted. The fibres [sic] are then washed and ready for the manufacturer.

Before I close this rather lengthy communication, I will add a few words regarding Garden Hollyhock, (*Althea rosea*,) the Asiatic Holly (genus *Ilex*) and the Mistletoe (*Viscus arbum*, *verticillatum*.) These three plants are used by the Japanese and Chinese for their fibrous bark, and they prepare them for making paper as other vegetable matter. They use them principally in certain combinations with the above enumerated plants, on account of their glutiluous [??] and viscuous [??] qualities and an extract is made of them and added to the pulp instead of the sizing now used in our paper manufactories.

In our present crisis these plants would, if used instead of the size now used, save many dollars. The size is generally prepared by peeling the root of Hollyhocks and [illegible] into small pieces and infusing the same [illegible] night in water. The clear liquid is mixed with an extract of rice prepared by putting the rice in an unvarnished earthen pot, which is [illegible] agitated gently, and then more briskly. New water is next put in, and the whole [illegible] through a linen cloth. The [illegible] determined by the viscosity of the substance.

In conclusion, let me beg the [illegible] planter to investigate the subject [illegible] and let him not be deterred by the fear that it may require too much labor, for the principle part, such as breaking and hacking, can be easily performed during leisure hours by the negro men, who, no doubt, for a stipulated price per hundred pounds, would gladly earn something for themselves during the long winter evening, while to the master it would be beneficial in keeping them at home and out of harm. And let me also request our principal planters to benefit their country by preparing some of the above mentioned fibres [sic] for paper mills, and afterwards publishing the result of their experiments, so that the public can form an idea of the national importance of the subject, and thereby induce the majority of the planters that adopt the fibre [sic] culture of the cotton stalk and others suitable indigenous plants.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, November 18, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Our Suffering Army—To the Citizens of Savannah.

We desire to appeal earnestly to our citizens in behalf of suffering Georgians now encamped among the bleak mountains of Tennessee. The First Battalion Georgia Sharpshooters are men for whom we would claim their immediate and [illegible]. In a rigorous climate, exposed to all its inclemencies these cold November days and nights, these brave men are guarding the portals of our homes, all of them without proper provisions for bodily health and comfort, and very many without a shoe or sock on their feet or a blanket to cover them when asleep. This is more than humanity can bear, and as a necessary consequence they are sickening and dying under the terrible ordeal. With the hope of relief from home, they have deputed one of their number, Lieut. Molina, to repair to Savannah and make an appeal in their behalf for such comforts as the Government finds it impossible now to provide. He arrived here yesterday, and that all may fully comprehend the nature of his mission and the necessity for prompt and liberal action on their part, we copy the following official letter from the commander of the Battalion.

Headquarters Wilson's Brigade,  
Near Chattanooga, Nov. 10.

Lieut. Col. G. W. Brent, A. A. G.:

Colonel—I have the honor very respectfully to request that Lieut. M. Molina, Co. D, 1<sup>st</sup> Batt. Ga. S. S., be granted permission to visit Savannah, Ga., for fifteen days, for the purpose of procuring from the various Relief Associations (and by voluntary subscriptions) at that place and its vicinity, blankets, shoes, and other articles of clothing, for the men of the 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion, Ga. S. S.

As Commandant proper of that corps, I have respectfully to state that every possible exertion has been made to procure from government (through the proper channels and in conformity with Regulations) the articles referred to, without success. The men are in a destitute and suffering condition, being without blankets, having lost them, with their knapsacks, in the first retreat from Jackson, Miss., and a number barefooted.—This battalion was raised and organized in the city of Savannah, is well known and thought of there, and I feel quite assured that Lieut. Molina's visit to that city in behalf of the destitute soldiers of the 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion Ga. S. S. will be productive of much benefit to them, enabling him to procure covering for at least a great number of the men, if not the whole.

Trusting that the commanding General will grant the permission applied for and thus relieve the actual suffering of the soldiers of the 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion Ga. S. S.

I have the honor to be, Colonel,

Very respectfully your ob't ser't,

[Signed] Arthur [illegible],

Major 1<sup>st</sup> Batt. Ga. S. S., Com'dg Wilson's Brigade.

Here is the picture; and now can our people look upon it unmoved? Will they not come to the relief of these brave men, and do it without a day's delay? How can it be done? We will tell them. To procure shoes at this time is out of the question, but such articles as socks, thick underclothes, and covering are at our command, and should be freely offered, even though it should cost us something of luxury, or even of comfort. Those who remain quietly at their homes should certainly be willing to divide with the poor soldier who shivers under the cold blasts of winter for the protection of those homes. Blankets are not to be had, but is there a man or woman in Savannah who will consent to enjoy the luxury of a *carpet* whilst these brave defenders are without a covering for their bodies? We hope there is not one. Then let some of the thousands of carpets in Savannah be taken up and devoted to saving the soldiers from

exposure and death. They can be readily converted into blankets of convenient size, and those who are unable to do the work can be accommodated by sending their carpets to either of the editors, who will see that they are made up and got ready for shipment.

The ladies can certainly furnish a few hundred pairs of socks in the course of a week and if the Government Quartermaster will supply the osnaburgs we engage to have it speedily converted into warm underclothing. Let us move straightway in the matter, and move effectually.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, November 18, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

#### Ladies' Knitting Society.

Ladies engaged in knitting socks for the Society will please hand them in on or before Saturday morning, to be forwarded on to the Quartermaster General of Georgia. The weather is getting cold, and our soldiers are greatly in need of them.

Carrie Bell Sinclair,  
President Ladies' Knitting Society.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, November 18, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

#### Fashions for Winter.

Confederate ladies (except perhaps the wives and daughters of fortunate blockade runners) are not expected to do much in these war times in the way of the following fashions, yet it may afford them a bit of pleasant reading to let them know how the *ton* is done up among their fair sisters across the waters. To this end we quote from the "Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine" for October:

Winter fashions are being created and decided soon in the recesses of fashionable dressmakers' and milliners' repositories, but the autumn fashions are best to be admired on the shore at Biarritz or Trouville.

Two things strike one as particularly novel in ladies' costume at Trouville; first, the very pretty chamos [??] colored leather boots, coming half-way up the leg, and either buttoned or laced at the side, the tops being ornamented with a silk cord and two small tassels; and, secondly, the *cannes*, or, in plain English, walking sticks, sported by the most elegant among the votaries of fashion.

These canes are simply wooden sticks, more or less carved or ornamented, with flat gilt tops, and finished off, like the boots, with a cord and tassel. It is to be hoped that these novelties in female attire will not be admitted to town; they are very well to climb rocks with, or to walk in the deep, soft sand so tiring to the feet, but they would be quite absurd in the streets or in the parks. This is, however, no reason why they should be condemned by Fashion, since wisdom is so very rarely consulted in her decisions.

Another thing which rather astonishes us is to see how very much jewels are now being worn even in out-of-door dress. The style in vogue is the Oriental—crescents, large round sequins and long drooping ornaments being preferred.

Very large ear rings, brooches, clasps, and studs are worn to match, in dimensions hitherto unheard of, and either in plain gold or in gold and coral, or enamel. These jewels, being

but a passing whim of fashion, need not be of the purest gold or precious gems. Even French ladies, who have always been very particular on this point, now wear imitation jewels without the least scruple.

Combs for the hair now come within the sphere of jewels. They are made with a wide, flat piece, turned back from the teeth, and composing a very rich ornament, set with gold and precious stones. These combs are worn in the back hair. Smaller ones are also sometimes used to keep back the hair in front.

Necklaces of very thick chains have become indispensable with a low dress, and are also worn with the high chemisettes and Swiss bodices. The large round jet or coral beads are preferred for demi-toilette, and married ladies often wear the thick gold chains.

Crinolines still hold their own, but in Paris they are decidedly being worn much smaller, especially at the top; they are less round, and consequently more graceful in their appearance.

The skirts of dresses are likely to be very full and immensely long.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, November 19, 1863, 2, c. 2

The Sharpshooters.—Quartermaster Hirsch informs us that he has on hand an ample supply of under-clothing which he will turn over to Lieut. Molina for his needy comrades. So far very good. Now let the ladies send forward the socks and the house-keepers their carpets, and we shall be able to secure out boys in the mountains at least against freezing.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, November 19, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

#### How to Spin Cotton Yarns without Cards.

Gov. Shorter has received the following communication on this subject from Hon. Wm. C. Clarke, the Senator from [illegible] and Marengo, which we publish for the valuable information it contains. A specimen of the yarn can be seen at the Executive office.

Capitol, Nov. 12, 1863.

His Excellency John Gill Shorter,

Dear sir—A constituent of mine, Col. R. R. Pickering, of Marengo county, is making excellent cotton yarns, for the manufacture of bagging and heavy clothing for negroes, without the use of cards. He gins the cotton slowly, so as to throw large flakes through the flue, which are caught in a hamper basket placed under the flue, and taken to the spinning wheel, without pressing the cotton. Col. Pickering informs me that his best spinners average eight cuts per day. Since he made this discovery, he has abandoned the use of cards in making coarse yarns. I share with you a specimen of the yarn for exhibition.

Believing this a matter of much importance to our country, I have taken the liberty of making this communication.

Very respectfully,  
Yours, &c.,  
W. E. Clarke.

Montgomery Advertiser.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, November 21, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

Sweet Water, East Tennessee,  
November 11<sup>th</sup>, 1863.

. . . The country is a very beautiful and fertile one, but the people are strongly Union, most of them having left their homes at the approach of our army and taken refuge behind the enemy. This is shameful, and every speck of property of theirs which falls into our hands should be instantly confiscated. Those citizens who remained say that the enemy forced many to take the oath, and afterwards spread the report, when our army advanced, that we made it a capital offense and hung all those who took the oath, if caught afterwards. By this means many were made to leave their homes, but it is not a proof that the cowardly Union sentiment does not abound, for there are people here who refuse to sell, except for greenbacks or specie, anything they have. No steps are taken to suppress it, and the soldiers see it daily practiced with impunity. Some of our paroled soldiers were forced to take the oath and even made to advance into greater crime by joining the enemy against their own homes. Woe be unto their necks if Longstreet catches them. . . .

Tout le Monde.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, November 24, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Chattanooga.—The Chattanooga correspondent of the Louisville Journal of the 12<sup>th</sup> says that Chattanooga is a very uncomfortable place when our Lookout batteries begin to play. Hunger pinched children go about the streets of Chattanooga picking up the crusts thrown away by Federal soldiers. The citizens are all to be sent North to shift for themselves.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, November 24, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Repairing Cotton Cards.—Owners of cotton and woolen cards will find something of interest to them in the card of Mr. Sutton, which appears in this paper. We have witnessed his operation of re-setting the teeth of cards which have become useless, and it is certain that they were made to do very good carding. Our only doubt was as regards the durability of the repairs, but he is willing to guarantee his work for a twelvemonth, which, we believe, is almost as long as a new pair of cards will last.

The plan of Mr. Sutton is extremely simple, and was invented by Rev. James Palen, of Bartow, Jefferson county, whilst Mr. S. Z. Murphey, of the same place, is owner of the right for the greater portion of Georgia and South Carolina, Mr. Sutton being agent of the latter.

The very high price of cards makes this discovery a very important one, especially to the poor, whose cards are repaired at a very low price. We direct attention to the advertisement of Mr. Sutton.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, November 24, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

#### Cotton and Woolen Cards.

I will reset the teeth of Cotton and Woolen Cards so as to do good carding. If left at my residence, corner of Bull and Chariton streets, I am at home every other week from the country, in which I travel to repair cards.

Francis Sutton.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, November 25, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

Death of a Sister of Mercy.—Sister Alloysius, an aged and useful Sister of Mercy, died at

the Academy of St. Vincent de Paul, in this city, yesterday, after a brief illness. Her funeral will take place this forenoon at the Church of St. John the Baptist.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, November 26, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Keep to the Right.—One of the conventionalities of society, generally ignored by people in this city, is the useful one of "keeping to the right" when perambulating the streets. If everybody would observe this rule, there would be less of that awkward faltering and dancing to the right and left to avoid collisions which one sees every day upon our crowded sidewalks. Let every person "keep to the right" in future.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, December 1, 1863, p. 2, c. 4 [Summary: Confederate Women and the War—much illegible on microfilm, but may be readable in the original; taken from the Mobile Advertiser and Register]

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, December 2, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

[near Dalton, GA] . . . It commenced to rain at 11 o'clock, and by day it was pouring down in torrents. The roads, already heavy enough, now became indescribably bad. It was a horrid night. But a poor woman, the mother of ten children, her husband and oldest son in the army, gave me shelter at one o'clock, a fire to dry myself by, and a bed to rest upon, not forgetting a bundle of fodder for my horse. A dozen others, attracted by the cheering light seen through her window, applied for admittance, and room was found for all in that humble cabin. God bless that good woman and shield her husband and son from the dangers of the battle field! The light in her window was not hid under a bushel. Alas! how the poor do shame us by their charities! . . . P.W.A.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, December 4, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

The Alabama Legislature has passed a joint resolution to cut up the carpets in the State House, to make blankets for the soldiers.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, December 4, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Ringgold.—The destruction of this town by our Abolition foe, adds one more to the long list of crimes that is destined to make their name and nation [illegible] ion all times. There was no military necessity for such an act. It benefited them in no wise, except to gratify their hellish spleen in throwing hundreds of women and children out of doors at a most inhospitable season of the year. It was in open violation of the usages of civilized nations, and an act of malicious vandalism that should make them hated and despised by the whole human race.

It is against such a foe we fight—lawless, cruel, remorseless—and yet we prate of treating them when in our hands as civilized and honorable foes! The *halter* is the only desert for such an enemy.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, December 4, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Carpets for Blankets.

Mr. Editor:--We take the liberty of publishing the following letter not merely for the sake of inciting others to perform their duty to our army fully and at once, but to correct an error that

obtains to some extent in reference to the fitness of carpets for blankets, and which, when corrected, will furnish, we trust, very many more blankets for our suffering soldiers, now being rendered unfit for our defense by not being provided with the means of enduring the rigors of winter among the mountains.—There is but one kind of carpeting not adapted for covering for the soldier, and that is the Brussels. All other kinds subserve a most excellent substitute for blankets. This is said to be the experience of our men in Virginia. We trust no one will be hereafter deterred from sending what he ought to spare, without serious discomfort to his family. Our countrymen must sacrifice, in this hour of peril and of trial, their ease and much of their comfort, or we will hear that cry, more fearful than the knell of death, ringing in our ears, "woe to the conquered,"

John H. Mead, Auditor.

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Greensboro' No. 30, 1863.

Mr. J. H. Mead, Auditor—

Dear sir: Last night here was very cold, the first very cold and unpleasant night we have had so far this fall or winter. I could have slept comfortably under the quilts and other bed clothing we have, (having given most all our blankets to poor soldiers), but for the constant recollection how our poor soldiers about Chattanooga after hard fighting can brook these cold nights. I could not get it out of mind, and hence a sleepless night. I resoled to look and see to-day what I could do for their comfort. I have already given most all my bed blankets. I have on a floor a pretty good old Scotch carpet I [could] take up and do without, but, then I see carpets do not do so well. Besides this, I have a linen crumb cloth to my table. This will make four good blankets. I write to know if you can make the carpet avail. I have no lining—which I see is recommended—but your Society could do this if I sent them to you. Do let me know if you can make these things serviceable to our poor soldiery, and I will send to you, as I know you, and know my pittance will go through you to our defenders of our soil. Oh, how can any one withhold from these calls, if anything can be given to aid and help our brave boys. Drop me a note and I will respond.

Yours truly,  
Jno. Cunningham.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, December 4, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

Presentation of a Flag to the 5<sup>th</sup> Ga. Cavalry.

Camp Dismay, Adams' Run. S. C.,

Mr. Editor:--Though far away from home, and cut off from home influence, we find that we are not forgotten by the ladies, and are glad to say that we still occupy a place in their recollections and their hearts. So we have come to the conclusion that, go where we may, even to such a dismal, out of the way place as this, their blessings will every follow us, and their prayers will ever shield us.

Some of the ladies of Liberty county, Ga., feeling a deep interest in our welfare, actuated by motives of patriotism, and simultaneously by a desire to make glad and buoyant the hearts of the soldiers now struggling for our independence, came all the way from their homes in Georgia, for the purpose of presenting a flag to our regiment. They were accompanied by Mr. James D.

McConnell, formerly a member of Co. G of this regiment, who presented the flag in behalf of the ladies, with a speech that did honor to himself and made us fully appreciate a boon which came to us blessed and consecrated as it was, with woman's holiest prayers. It was received by Col. Anderson, who thanked them with a few very appropriate remarks, and then introduced Capt. McCall, of Co. F, who received the flag in behalf of the regiment, very eloquently and very gracefully.

And now, Mr. Editor, to speak the feelings of every soldier of this regiment, the ladies of Liberty may rest assured that their kindness shown to us by such a beautiful and delicate gift, is fully appreciated. And, since we have the flag in our possession, we have sworn by all that is sacred, ere the foot of a mercenary invader shall pollute its beautiful folds, the proud and chivalric sons of Georgia will baptize it in their hearts' best blood.

Respectfully,

D. R.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, December 4, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Theatre.—Matters moved on swimmingly at the theatre last night. Mr. John Dais, an experienced actor and manager, appeared, and, with Dalton, made quite a strong team in "The Robbers."

The beautiful Scotch drama of "The Bride o' Lammermoor" is announced for to-night, Miss Bridges as "Lucy Ashton," Mr. Davis as "Edgar Ravenswood," and Mr. Dalton as "Hayston." It deserves a full house.

P.S.—If our policemen are in the habit of attending the theatre, we beg leave to inform them that one of their duties is to teach ill bred men and boys the difference between rational applause and rowdyism.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, December 8, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Twenty-Sixth Georgia.—We are informed that the regiment is sadly in need of clothing and other comforts, and we appeal to their friends at home to bestir themselves and save these brave men from suffering. In this connection we refer to the letter of Mrs. Blain, to be found on this page.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, December 8, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

Tebeauville, Dec. 3d, 1863.

Editor Savannah Republican:

I received a letter from my son, Lieut. Col. J. S. Blain, of the 26<sup>th</sup> Regiment Georgia Volunteers, in which he asked if an appeal can be made to the citizens of Glynn county, or those who formerly resided there, in behalf of the Brunswick Riflemen of that regiment. They are in want of shoes, socks, and under clothing. I would send you an extract from the letter, but prefer that you should make the call n them in your own words. By so doing you will oblige me very much and by doing a great kindness to them.

Persons wishing to contribute can send their contributions to Mr. W. H. Potter, Agent of the Georgia Relief Association, stating that it is for the Brunswick Riflemen, 26<sup>th</sup> Regiment Georgia Volunteers, to be applied for the purchase of shoes. I have received a small sum for their benefit, which I will thank you to acknowledge for me in your paper. I think it would be better for them to send their contributions to Mr. Potter, for the reason that the relief needed could be afforded sooner. They are now facing the enemy without shelter, and winter is no doubt on them now with severity.

Yours respectfully,  
Mary E. Blain.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, December 9, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Sister Mary Claire died at the Academy of St. Vincent de Paul, in this city, yesterday. This makes the second death among that noble sisterhood in the last few days.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, December 9, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Masquerade Ball,  
at the  
Masonic Hall,  
On the 21<sup>st</sup> of Dec'r, '63,  
Under the patronage of the Young Gentlemen  
of Savannah,  
For the Benefit of the  
Wounded & Sick of Bragg's Army  
-----  
Peter Laurens, Superintendent.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, December 10, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Write to the Prisoners.

There are thousands of persons in the South who have friends and relatives imprisoned at the North, and are unaware that there is a channel of communication open to them. By writing upon one side of half a note sheet, on private affairs alone, and enclosing it, with a five cent silver piece to pay Yankee postage, to Gen. Winder, Richmond, letters may be sent North.

Our surgeons, says the Richmond Whig, lately released from Johnson's Island and other Yankee dungeons, describe the arrival of mails containing letters from home for the prisoners as effecting in the extreme. The eager anxiety of all, until the mails are opened, the intense joy of those who get, and the deep dejection of those who do not get letters, cannot be told in words. We can well understand that, to the poor fellows cooped up for weary months in prison, the "sounds from home" which letters bring are hailed with a delight beyond the power of language to convey. And after weeks of longing and waiting, to see others receiving letters while they receive none, must be bitter, indeed, for it seems to indicate neglect at a time of all others when kindness and attention should know no relaxation or cessation.

A letter is a great joy to a prisoner; it costs little to the writer, and no occasion of sending one should ever be permitted to pass. So far as our experience goes, the Yankees have been very faithful in conveying letters both to and from prisoners. We trust that every one who has a relative or friend in prison and can wield a pen, will avail himself of the opportunity afforded by the flags of truce, and that hereafter as few as possible of the poor fellows will be disappointed when the mail from the South is opened.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, December 15, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

The Eagle Manufacturing Company of Columbus, Georgia, have given \$10,000 towards

the fund for the enlargement and continuance of the Southern Christian Advocate, now published in Augusta, Ga., as the organ of the Methodist Episcopal Conference of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, December 15, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

Many of the citizens of Rome are moving, and preparing to move, further South, in order to be out of harm's way, if possible. The danger of a raid is now more seriously apprehended than ever.

The Rome Southerner was suspended, probably for the war, after last week's issue, the Editor having entered the service for the war.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, December 16, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Excellent Lager.—Mr. O'Meara, proprietor of the Billiard Saloon over the Express Office, has placed us under obligations by the present of a pitcher of Kauffer's superior Lager Beer, from Hamburg, S. C. We recommend it as a pleasant and wholesome substitute to all whiskey and brandy drincken [sic], and they will always find it fresh and of the best quality at Mr. O'Meara's establishment. Mr. Kauffer has an extensive brewery at Silver Springs, near Hamburg, and the ale of his manufacture is the best we have seen in the market. He does the public a real service in substituting and making popular a nutritious and comparatively harmless beverage, in place of the vile corroding decoctions that are now poisoning so many in the South. We hear that he supplies families as well as the trade.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, December 20, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

#### Rebel Women.

B. F. T., army correspondent of the Chicago Journal, in one of his letters from Tennessee says:

I shall never be done admiring the patriotic faith and undying devotion of the loyal women of the land, but I must tell you that the rebel women of the South are worthy in everything but a sacred cause of their Northern sisters. There is nothing they will not surrender with a smile, the gemmed ring, the diamond bracelet, the rich wardrobe. They cut up rich carpets for soldiers' blankets without a sigh; they take the fine linen from their persons for the bandages.

When 400 of Longstreet's men came up to Nashville, prisoners of war, about the roughest, dirtiest, wildest fellows the sun ever shone on, and a flight of stairs in the building they occupied fell, killing and wounding a large number of them, you should have seen the fair young traitresses come forth from the old aristocratic mansions, bearing restoratives and delicacies in their hands, mingling in the dingy crowd, wiping away the blood with their white handkerchiefs, and uttering words of cheer, should have seen them doing this, with hundreds of Union soldiers all around, the smiling back upon the rough blackguards of rebels as they left. But in all there was a defiant air, a pride in their humanity strange to see. Of a truth they carried it off grandly.

And almost all those girls were in mourning for dead rebels, brothers, lovers, friends whom those same girls had sneered into treason and driven into rebellion, and billowed all the South with their graves, and the least they could do was to wear black for them and flaunt black from the window blinds. Clothed be their souls in black! I said they were worthy of their sisters

at the North, in all but a righteous cause, but I said wrong. There is a bitterness, there are glimpses of the Pythoness, that make you shrink from them. But they are fearfully in earnest, they are almost grand in self-sacrifice. Oh, that they were true and loving daughters of the flag!

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, December 20, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

A lady sometimes keeps charms upon her watch guard, but it is more important that she keep watch and guard upon her charms.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, December 21, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

#### A Defiant Memphis Woman.

The following communication from a Memphis lady, is clipped from the Bulletin of a recent date:

#### Thanksgiving Day.

The President of the United States has set apart to-morrow as a day of thanksgiving for our great successes. We, in our simplicity, supposed that the loyal people of Memphis would be pleased to participate in such a service, and so suggested. This mere suggestion has called forth the following significant [? hard to read] spirits which we subjoin without comment:

Editor Bulletin: You call attention to Lincoln's appointment of a day of thanksgiving for the successes which have blessed our cause, and you hope the day will be properly observed. By "our cause" you mean the Union cause.

I wonder how you think the people of Memphis can thank God for the successes of the Union Abolition cause. You pretend to think that a great Union sentiment has sprung up in Memphis, because you say that upwards of 11,000 persons have taken the oath of allegiance. Let me tell you, if they have taken it, they did not do it of their own free will, and they don't feel bound by it; they had to take it under a military despotism, and don't feel bound to regard any oath forced upon them in that way.

Do you believe that any preacher in Memphis will appoint services in his church at Lincoln's direction? Let one dare to try it. They know better. They know full well that the people of Memphis give thanks over Union disasters with sincere hearts, but don't rejoice at Union victories, as you call them. The women of Memphis will stick to the Confederate cause like Ruth clung to her mother in law, and say to it "where thou goest, I will go, where thou livest I will live, where you dieth I will die, and there will I be buried."

But where are your great successes? Your own papers say that Lee brought off a train of captured spoils twelve miles long, and that Morgan destroyed seven or eight millions of dollars worth before all Ohio and Indiana could stop him. Pretty dear successes, this. Still I won't rejoice over it at Lincoln's dictation.—but wait till President Davis's day comes round. Perhaps by that time Meade may get another whipping, and if you don't see rejoicing and thanksgiving, then you may well believe that you and your officious kind [illegible] half that exists in Memphis. Now you won't publish this perhaps, because it don't suit you. You can say the reason is because I don't put my real name to it. You can do as you please about it. I choose to sign it

Mary Lee Thorne.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, December 21, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

A Noble Little Patriot.—If the Yankees [illegible] take a peep into the hearts of the Southern people—men, women, and even the little children, and we may go farther and add the slaves—they would give up in despair the [illegible] delusion that they will ever conquer and enslave us.

We have had occasion, from time to time, to offer in these columns many evidences of this [illegible] of the "rebel" sentiment among our population of every kind. There is hardly a child ten years old in the Confederacy that has not done something "for the soldiers," and their little hearts bleed as deeply as the rest over the tales of blood and suffering that come in from the field and the camp. The knitting of socks, gloves, and neckties has been a regular employment among them, and many a dollar has poured through our hands alone, that are the product of their savings and handwork. We have before us now the noblest contribution of them all. Little Bessie Hamilton of Bryan county, has sent us an excellent pair of socks, and one hundred dollars, which, in a note accompanying them, she begs us to give as a "Christmas present" to the sick and wounded soldiers. We shall carry out her request, and no doubt Heaven will bless both the gift and the patriotic girl who made it.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, December 24, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

. . . I would acknowledge the receipt, from the editor of the Savannah Republican, the day before I left Dalton, of a box of English russet half boots, and a few blankets and socks, all of which were immediately distributed to bare-footed and needy Georgians. The articles were much needed, and were received with many expressions of gratitude. There are several hundred men still left who are without shoes, while the thermometer is down to 12 deg! How long shall this crying shame continue? Have the shoes reported in hand by the Chief Quartermaster of the State been distributed? If not, that officer can never find a time when they will be needed more. .  
. P.W.A.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, December 24, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

#### Ladies' Knitting Society.

Having received from the Quartermaster General a large supply of knitting thread, members of the Society, or any one interested in the soldiers, can be supplied by calling on me any time during the week.

We have been unable to supply all who have come forward and entered their names as members of the Society, having been entirely out of thread for the last two or three weeks. But we have now on hand enough for eighty or ninety pair of socks, and we hope those interested in the matter will come forward now and assist us in getting them done as early as possible. With the beginning of the New Year, let us renew our efforts in behalf of the suffering soldiers, and do all that we can for their comfort.

Carrie Bell Sinclair,  
President Ladies' Knitting Society.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, December 24, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Sardines,  
Mackerel,  
Codfish,  
Sperm Candles,  
Green and Black Tea,  
Preserves,  
Coffee, Sugar,  
French Brandy,  
English Ale,  
Scotch Whiskey,  
and  
Numerous Other Articles  
Call and get your Christmas Supplies early

R. Ehrlich.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer, corner Barnard and Jones street.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, December 25, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

"A Merry Christmas"?

Ah! no. We cannot find it in our heart to utter such a wish in these solemn times. The day for merriment with [illegible] a people has passed. We are dealing with the fearful realities of blood. We are in the midst of a revolution and the angel of death and desolation stalks abroad through the land. Brother is in arms against brother, a deadly and terrific strife, on the part of one for liberty and his own fireside—on the part of the other for vengeance, subjugation and a remorseless tyranny. Nearly every household in the land is clad in mourning for dear ones departed; want and distress extend their bony arms and embrace thousands upon thousands of a once happy and contented people; avarice wields its might sceptre [sic] among us and bring low the widow and the orphan, the naked shoulders of our brave troops are bared to the rude blasts of winter, and their shoeless feet crimson the frozen earth on the battle-field and the march. Verily, this is no time for rejoicing, for present making, for the revelry usually [illegible line in fold of paper] the sun of 1863 goes down in blood, and the stoutest heart must grow sad when it sees his sickly lingering rays cast athwart a land [illegible] by the tread of hostile armies and resounding with the [illegible]. We hope nobody will have or desire a merry Christmas.

The close of another year is an [illegible] to reflection, for good deeds to the public, for repentance of our manifold shortcomings, for resolutions of amendment, less [illegible] and more patriotism for the future—and for [illegible] of the Most High to watch, [illegible], reform, protect, and guide us in all our struggles to come.

Thus improved, the Christmas of 1863 will [illegible] upon the precious [illegible], and call down its mercies and blessings upon this suffering land of the South. In the stead of jollification and mirth, we wish for all our readers that quiet but happy contentment of having discharged their whole duty at a time when God and our country required [illegible] at their [illegible].

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, December 25, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Two Great Novels!  
St. Denis' Fourth Series  
Les Miserables,  
Victor Hugo,  
and  
Silas Marner,  
By Miss Evans.  
Stonewall Brigade Quickstep,  
John [illegible]

Just received by  
John C. Schreiner & Son.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, December 28, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

Cure for Itch.—That almost intolerable complaint, the camp itch, may be speedily and effectually relieved by the acetate of copper. This can be prepared by placing a copper cent, or any other piece of copper, in a small quantity (say two table spoonsful) of strong vinegar for some twenty-four hours. Then apply to the parts affected three or four times a day, each morning washing them with fine soap and water.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, December 28, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

State Carpets for the Soldiers.—The Montgomery Advertiser states that, in accordance with the requirements of an act of the General Assembly of that State at the recent session, the carpets in the rooms of the State capitol in that city are being taken up for the use of the soldiers from Alabama. They are to be used in lieu of blankets, which cannot be procured.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, December 28, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

A New Year's Ball will be given at Masonic Hall on Thursday evening next, on which occasion the Palmetto Band assisted by several German Professors of Music will perform.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, December 30, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

We acknowledge the receipt of \$20, the proceeds of a "grab bag," got up by two little girls, Danella and Lucy. They offer the amount as a contribution towards the relief of the sick and wounded soldiers in Atlanta, Ga., and request us to forward the same, which has been done.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, December 31, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

A Christmas Rhyme.  
by Carrie Bell Sinclair.

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!  
I would weave a joyous lay  
For the loved ones who are absent  
On this holy Christmas day;  
For the brae who are in battle  
I would breathe a holy prayer,

Oh! Father, in thy mercy,  
Shield the loved ones that are there!

Blessings on the war-worn soldiers  
Marching through the winter rain,  
Health to the patient sufferer  
On his weary couch of pain.  
Can the heart at home be merry  
While our war-stained banner waves  
On a distant field of battle,  
O'er so many new made graves?

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!  
Oh! [illegible] a mockery.  
Bring no costly Christmas token  
Twine no festive wreath for me;  
Only bring me welcome tidings  
Of the dear ones far away,  
Of *one*—oh! he is lonely  
In his prison home to-day.

There no smiling faces greet him,  
And no kindly voice to cheer;  
Not a sound of mirth or gladness  
Making merry Christmas there;  
While the hearth at home is lonely,  
Dimmed is all the household joy;  
For the loved ones there are thinking  
Of the absent soldier boy.

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!  
Oh! hearts so light and gay,  
Have you bought a single token  
For some suffering one to-day?  
Do you miss, amid glad greetings,  
The one who is not here  
And wish him Merry Christmas!  
Though it cannot reach his ear?

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!  
Still the glad sound ringeth out;  
For each guileless little prattler  
Has caught the joyous shout;  
Here, too, little hands are busy,  
Playing with a Christmas toy,

While the mother smiles in blessings  
On her darling little boy.

'Tis not merry Christmas to her,  
Nor the father far away;  
He would give the world to bless [?] her  
And his little boy to-day!  
By the camp-fire he sits dreaming,  
Thinking of the cheerful light  
That will burn upon the hearthstone  
In his distant home to-night.

There are eyes that watch with weeping  
On this holy Christmas day;  
Thinking only of the loved ones,  
Of the loved ones far away;  
There are hearts now sadly pining  
For an absent one to come;  
Leaving [?] for his smiles of gladness  
To make sunshine in their home.

Ah! It may be Merry Christmas  
To the happy and the gay,  
Who have no loved one in battle  
On this [illegible] Christmas day;  
But a shadow dark is creeping  
Over many a household wall,  
Where the gloom of sorry hangeth  
Like a mournful funeral pall.

They have gathered holly berries  
And the evergreen so bright,  
And garlands they are twining  
For the walls at home to-night;  
But my thoughts will sadly wander  
To another land than ours,  
And the cypress wreath be woven  
Amid all my Christmas flowers.

Savannah, Ga.

December 25<sup>th</sup>, 1863.