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American Citizen [Canton, MS], July 6, 1861-November 6, 1863

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AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS]

July 6, 1861 - November 6, 1863

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], July 6, 1861, p. 1, c. 1

Painting,
Glazing, Paper Hanging,
Graining, Marbling,
and
Imitations,

Executed promptly, and in superior style, by

W. H. & G. C. Wilson,

Canton, Mississippi.

Orders from the County solicited.

aug18,1860

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], July 6, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

The Citizen on a War Footing.—It will be seen that we have reduced The Citizen to its original size. This has been rendered necessary by the scarcity, as well as the high price of paper. The demand for paper in the Confederate States is much greater than the supply, and it is necessary that every printing establishment should economize in the use of the article as much as possible, on order that the supply may not be entirely exhausted.

When we enlarged our paper, three years ago, we had a large advertising custom, and our business was flourishing in every department; but now it is quite different. We have but few advertisements, and there is scarcely anything done in the job printing line.

All this is incident to the times and the state of the country. When the war is over and times become again prosperous, should our business justify it, we will again resume our larger size. For the present, the Citizen, like hundreds of its cotemporaries, must go forth "curtailed of its fair proportions," asking the indulgence of its friends and patrons.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], July 6, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

The Concert on Thursday night, for the benefit of the "Madison Guards," was a splendid success. The largest and most brilliant audience we ever saw in Odd Fellows Hall, assembled on this occasion. We had no idea that Canton and vicinity, at this time, could turn out such an audience.

The performances of the "Amateurs" not only did credit to themselves, but went far beyond the expectations of the community.

Where all did so well, it would seem invidious to mention particularly any one of those who contributed to the entertainment, but we must be permitted to say, that to Mrs. A. D. Sheldon—who did—in stage parlance—the "heavy business" of the evening—were the audience most indebted for their enjoyment.

Miss Rosa Love, Miss Priscilla Lewis, Miss Amelia Edwards, Mrs. Sheldon, Prof. Brown, the Messrs. Colquhon, Prof. Hartwell, "and others," the "Madison Guards" will long be under obligations for their generous labors in their behalf.

The proceeds of the evening, we thin, were not less than \$150, which will materially help

the "Guards" in their laudable endeavors to get off to the seat of war, which is to them the "paramount object of patriotic desire."

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], July 6, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

The Fourth of July.—This ever sacred and venerated day, was observed in our town by a suspension of all business, and by religious services in some of our churches.

The state of war which now exists in our country, prevented the celebration of the day as a great *National Sabbath*, by the usual ceremonies of reading the Declaration of Independence and an oration, but we doubt not that every one appreciated the sufferings and sacrifices made for us by our patriotic forefathers, and resolved to emulate their noble example. Indeed we had some little evidence of this spirit in the bellicose disposition evinced by some of our usually quiet and peaceably-disposed citizens.

The day passed on, however, without much bloodshed; and to-day (the 5th), once more "quiet reigns in Warsaw."

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], July 6, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

Home Manufacturers.—The Baton rouge Comet says they lately sent an order to Richmond, Va., for type and printing materials, which was filled as well and as satisfactorily as it would have been done in New York or Philadelphia. That is the way to pay off the Abolitionists. On this subject we publish the following from the Cincinnati Enquirer:

"*Something to Think about, but not Cry about.*"—Under the above head, the Cincinnati Enquirer publishes and introduces with the following remarks a very suggestive article from the New York Tribune, on the effects of the embargo on the commerce of the West:

We ask for it a general perusal, and we ask it that the people of the West may see what they have lost by quarreling with the South on the negro question. The Tribune shows that two-thirds of the commerce of Cincinnati—the shipments of manufactured articles and produce—was with the towns on the Mississippi. It also shows that the South lived not by what it raised at home, but by what others raised abroad. In other words, that the North virtually owned the slaves, while the real owners were our overseers, to manage the plantations of the South, for our benefit and advantage. It shows that we of the North, with our agriculture and manufactures, have been using the south, without any expense to us, to fill our coffers and pockets—to give employment to our manufacturers, ship builders, mechanics, furniture makers, foundry men, boot and shoe makers, manufacturers of coarse cloth, &c., and affording a fine market for our surplus produce, hogs, corn, potatoes, hay, flour, &c. The South has turned its attention to manufacturing and to the raising of all it needs in the way of food. Two-thirds of all our manufacturing and exporting business is cut off. Whether the blacks will be helped morally and physically is further along. It is now all over, and there is no use crying about spilt milk.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], July 6, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

Central Academy, }

July 1, 1861. }

Mr. Editor: The Military Aid Society of which I gave you notice in my last, met according to appointment on Saturday, the 29th ult. Most of the ladies of the vicinity attended, and after some preliminary talk, proceeded to the organization of the Society by electing their officers, which are as follows:

Mrs. Harreld,

President.

" R. C. Saunders, Vice-President.
" R. N. Newell, Secretary.
" E. Cordts, Treasurer.

Committees for carrying out the objects of the Society were then appointed, and the ladies entered forthwith on the duties of their station.

The "Madison Rangers" were then drilling on the grounds of the Academy, and the President, attended by her staff, went directly to the Captain, and asked him for his contribution. This appeal was answered by the donation of \$50; the 1st Lieutenant, never behind his Captain in danger, or in the race of honor, followed with a ditto; and by the time the lines had been gone through, over \$200 in money, or clothing, was subscribed. This, with what additions it will receive from those whose business prevented their attendance, will, I trust, enable the Committee of Work to find plenty to do for all the ladies, whose actively charitable fingers never moved in a more honorable task. . . .

Hudson.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], July 6, 1861, p. 3, c. 3

To the Public!

At the solicitation of many friends, I have determined to lay off some LOTS at my place,

The Artesian Springs,

and sell them to Families. Those desiring Lots will please *see me early*, or in my absence leave their names with Messrs. Cassell & Baughn.

The price of Lots from one hundred, to one hundred and fifty dollars. Those who desire it can purchase on time, by paying interest.

I desire to know, very soon, who wants Lots. Hand in your names now while the opportunity offers.

The Hotel will be kept up.

Improved Lots can be purchased, if desired.

Wm. R. Luckett.

July 6th, 1861.—3m

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], July 6, 1861, p. 3, c. 7

About Marriage!

"Marriage is a feast at which the grace is often better than the dinner," is a truth quaintly expressed, which is often forgotten by persons in their haste to be married. It is an estate which should not be lightly entered into, or especially by *young* persons, and against which the statute provides thus: "Marriage license shall be issued by the Probate Clerk of the County in which the female usually resides, and if the female be under the age of eighteen or the male under the age of twenty-one, the consent of the parent or guardian shall be given personally before the clerk, or the written consent of such parent or guardian shall be produced, which shall be proven by the oath of at least one creditable witness," &c.

As there are doubtless a number of young ladies and gentlemen in Madison County who contemplate entering the "*blessed estate*," in regard to whose age the undersigned may be altogether ignorant, all young persons, therefore, who are intending to marry, will please take notice that henceforth the undersigned will, in every case, require the consent of the parent or guardian in accordance with the statute, or satisfactory proof that the parties are of proper legal age.

Feb. 9—tf

Geo. Ward,
Probate Clerk.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], July 6, 1861, p. 3, c. 6

Ambrotypes
For Seventy-five Cents!
J. E. Hurlbert

Would inform the public that he is now, ready to execute the different styles of Photographic Portraits. Owing to the panic in general, and the collapsed condition of his pocket-book in particular, he will finish pictures at about half the regular price. All are invited to avail themselves of this opportunity for securing miniatures which will be found not only correct likenesses, but also fine specimens of the art.

Dec. 15, 1860.

50-tf

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], July 13, 1861, p. 1, c. 7

Arkansas women.—The Little Rock Gazette hopes it will not be considered boastful when it states that the ladies of that city, since the war began, have performed an extraordinary amount of patriotic labor. They have made nearly or quite three thousand military suits, upwards of fifteen hundred haversacks, and probably five thousand shirts, and have also covered over twelve hundred canteens.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], July 13, 1861, p. 4, c. 1

Some Notes on Street Politeness.

1st. Whenever a gentleman walks with a lady upon the street, it is expected that he will show her all proper attention, unless the lady happens to be his wife.

2d. Whenever a gentleman wishes to shake hands with a lady friend, it is expected he will either have on gloves or not, as the case may be. If the latter be the case it is supposed that he has washed his hands sometimes during the previous twenty-four hours, and that his finger nails are not long enough to scratch.

3d. A lady should always be dressed when promenading the streets.

4th. It is expected of a gentleman who smokes, drinks beer, whiskey or brandy, and associates with ladies, that he carry a bottle of "jockey club," a fine tooth comb, and an ounce of cloves and cardimon [sic] seed equally mingled.

5th. A gentleman should always proceed a lady in going up stairs or in crossing a muddy street—why, we can't for the life of us, imagine—but we know it is *ton*—for a fashionable lady friend told us so the other day.

6. A gentleman should always appear on the street with a clean shirt—when he can get one.

7th. In entering a store with a lady let her go first—For, as most of the doors were made before crinolines came in fashion, it may be that your services will be required to enable her to "make the trip."

8th. Ladies should always wear clean petticoats, or be careful not to lift their dresses too high in making a crossing.

9th. If a lady stops a gentleman in the street, and asks of him some information that he will not furnish it.

10th. It is impolite for a gentleman while in presence of ladies, to drink wine or whiskey oftener than once in five minutes, and smoking a cigar is positively vulgar. A meerschaum pipe—genuine—is just "the thing."

We hope our readers will bear the above rules in mind. Any deviation from them will be a flagrant violation of good breeding, and would impress strangers visiting our city with a poor opinion of our attainments.—Memphis Avalanche.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], July 13, 1861, p. 4, c. 2

Oh! The Women.—The N. Y. Times thus tells how one of the Yankee colonels was caught by the Virginia "Rebels:"

One of the officers of the Second Connecticut Regiment, whose name I could not learn, beyond the fact that he was the officer of the day, was yesterday decoyed by two women, to accompany them home, about a mile beyond his post, upon the pretense that they were afraid to go alone. One arriving, he was invited in, and shortly after the house was surrounded by rebel pickets and the officer taken prisoner. The whole thing was evidently a trap to secure the officer, and the women were, doubtless, decoy ducks. This is the third Connecticut man that has been thus taken.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], July 20, 1861, p. 1, c. 3

Practical Hints to Soldiers.

The following is Seyer's [sic?] series of small recipes for a squad, outpost or picket of men, which may be increased in proportion of companies.

The following recipes were written in reply to a request, in January, 1855. Each recipe is for two men, but may be increased by adding to the proportions:

Camp Soup.

Put half a pound of salt pork into a saucepan, two ounces of rice, two pints and a half of cold water, and, when boiling, let it simmer another hour, stirring once or twice; break in six ounces of biscuit; let it soak ten minutes; it is then ready; adding one teaspoonful of sugar and a quarter one of pepper, if hand.

Beef Soup.

Proceed as above, boil an hour longer, adding a pint more water.

Note—Those who can obtain any of the following vegetables will find them a great improvement to the above soups:

Add four ounces of either onions, carrots, celery, turnips, leeks, greens, cabbage or potatoes, previously well washed or peeled, or any of these mixed to make up four ounces, putting them in the pot with the meal.

I have used the green tops of leeks, and the leaves of celery, as well as the stem, and found that for sewing they are preferable to the white part for flavor. The meat being generally salted with rock salt, it ought to be well scraped and washed, or even scalded in hot water a few hours, if convenient; but if the last cannot be done, and the meat is therefore too salt, which would spoil the broth, parboil it for twenty minutes in water, before using for soup, taking care to throw the water away.

For fresh beef proceed so far as the cooking goes, as for salt beef, adding a teaspoonful of salt to the water.

Pea Soup.

Put in your pot half a pound of salt pork, half a pint of peas, three pints of water, one teaspoonful of sugar, a half one of pepper, four ounces of vegetables cut in slices, if to be had; boil gently two hours, or until the peas are tender, as some require boiling longer than others, and then serve them up.

N. B.—For a regular canteen pan triple the quantity.

Recipes for the Frying Pan.

Those who are fortunate enough to possess a frying pan will find the following very useful:

Cut in small slices half a pound of solid meat, keeping the bones for soup; put your pan—which should be quite clean—on the fire; when hot through, and an ounce of fat; melt it and put on the meat; season with a half teaspoonful of salt; fry for ten minutes, stirring now and then; add a teaspoonful of flour; mix all well; add half a pint of water; let it simmer for fifteen minutes; pour over a biscuit previously soaked, and serve.

The addition of a little pepper and sugar is an improvement, as is also a pinch of cayenne, corry [sic] powder, or spice; sauce and pickles used in small quantities would be relishing; these are articles which will keep for any length of time.

As fresh meat is not easily obtained, any of the cold meat may be dressed as above, omitting the salt, and only requires warming; or, for a change, boil the meat plainly, or with greens, or cabbage, or dumplings, as for beef; then the next day cut what is left into slices, say four ounces; put in the pan an ounce of fat; when very hot pour in the following.

Mix in a basin a tablespoonful of flour; moisten with water to form the consistency of thick melted butter, then pour it in the pan, letting it remain for one or two minutes, or until set; put in the meat, shake the pan to loosen it, turn it over, let it remain a few minutes longer, and serve.

To cook bacon, chops, steaks, slices of any kind of meat, salt or fresh sausages, black puddings, &c.: Make the pan very hot; having wiped it clean, add in fat, dripping, butter, or oil,

about an ounce of either, put in the meat, turn three or four times, and season with salt and pepper. A few minutes will do it. If the meat is salt, it must be well soaked previously.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], July 20, 1861, p. 1, c. 5

Quarrels.—Two things, well considered, would prevent many quarrels. First to have it well ascertained whether we are not disputing about terms rather than things; and, secondly, to examine whether that on which we differ is worth contending about.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], July 20, 1861, p. 1, c. 5

An old woman once said that her ideas of a great man was, keeful of his clothes, don't drink spirits, kin read the Bible without spellin' the words, and kin eat a cold dinner on washingday, to save the wimmin folks from cooking.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], July 20, 1861, p. 1, c. 7

Scene of the Gate of Paradise.

A poor tailor being released from this troublesome world and a scolding wife, appeared at the Gate of Paradise.

Peter asked him if he had been in Purgatory.

'No,' said the tailor, 'but I have been married.'

'Oh,' said Peter, 'that's all the same.'

The tailor had hardly gone in before a fat, turkey-eating alderman came puffing and blowing.

'Hello! you fellow,' said he, 'open the gate.'

'Not so fast,' said Peter. 'Have you been in Purgatory.'

'No,' said the Alderman; 'but what's that to the purpose? You let in that half-starved tailor, and he had been no more in purgatory than I.'

'But he has been married,' said Peter.

'Married!' exclaimed the Alderman, 'why, I have been married twice.'

'Then please go back again,' said Peter, 'Paradise is no place for fools.'

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], July 27, 1861, p. 1, c. 7

How We Should Act in the Presence of the Dying.

It is a most solemn and impressive scene to witness the departure of an immortal spirit from the body into the world of spirits; and to demean ourselves properly on such an occasion is very desirable. It would seem that the character of such a scene would suggest at once the proprieties becoming a death room; but it is a fact which has been painfully noted by some whose duties call them often to the dying bed, that persons are sometimes thoughtless, or at least mistaken in their views of propriety at such a time. We may reasonably suppose that while it is often the case that persons are entirely unconscious in their dying moments—many others are fully conscious and keenly sensitive to every thing that occurs, and others still are in a confused state of mind, which may or may not be effected [sic] by outward things. In any event it would seem that the following considerations might not be out of place.

1. Let there be no more persons in the room than are necessary, unless by special request of the dying one. If there should be a large number of relatives and friends, let them come in one or two at a time and retire.

2. In walking across the room, let it be done slowly and softly.

3. Let those who are in the room be seated, and at some distance from the patient, unless it be one or two dear friends who can control their feelings. By all means avoid crowding around the bed.

4. Avoid all impertinent questions to the dying one, such as "Do you know me?" "How do you feel now?" and even questions in reference to their religious state had better be dispensed with, unless the case is a very clear one. In general it is best to allow the patient to speak on his own motion.

5. Let there be as little conversation as possible, and that in a subdued tone.

6. It may not be amiss for some one present occasionally to quote an appropriate passage of Scripture, or a verse of hymn.

7. If the patient desires it, or is sufficiently calm, prayer offered briefly and in a low tone is always in place.

8. Let there be no sobbing or violent demonstrations in the room, nor within hearing. If any cannot control themselves let them be removed.

9. An appropriate or favorite hymn, or part of a hymn song, especially at the request of the departing one, is quite in place and would be very soothing to many.

Doubtless the kind words and officers [sic] of dear friends must be comforting to the spirit in its struggles with dissolving nature; but in many instances, it would be far better for the poor sufferer to go on through the dark waters than to be annoyed as dying people sometimes are. Friends would often be far better employed in a distant room on their knees than to be engaged as they are. Especially would we avoid that torturing process of asking those whose evidence has been indisputable, after they are speechless, to hold up their hand as a further sign of victory when no more is needed. Oh, stand upon the verge of the eternal world with solemn awe as you see your friend going down into the dark waters of death; and not only give him all the consolation you can, but just at that moment take a look beyond present things, such as you are unaccustomed to do.—Southern Christian Advocate.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], August 3, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Mississippi Central R. R. Depot.—The above named company have recently built a very handsome depot house, on their grounds, in West Canton, which is highly creditable to the enterprise of the company, to the builders, and an ornament to the town.

The building is of brick, 122 feet long, 40 wide, with platform all around, 12 feet wide, and extending at North end 108 feet by 64 feet wide. There are four offices—two at South end, 20x20, used for Superintendent's and Paymaster's offices, and two at North end, same size, for Freight Agent's office and sleeping room. The roof is of sheet iron, and extends over side of building nine feet, and over the ends four feet.

The building was erected under the supervision of that accomplished architect, Mr. B. C. Gough, who did the wood work. The brick work was done by Mr. E. Moody, and is said to be the best work ever done in Canton.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], August 3, 1861, p. 2, c. 7

Effects of the War in New York.
A Procession of Starving Women.

Here is the other side of the picture, a phase of the infamous war that the Lincolnites and Unionists do not hold up to their readers to see. We copy from the N. York Journal of Commerce of the 16th:

["] A large number of hungry women with babies in their arms, gathered on Monday in front of the branch office of the Union Defence [sic] Committee, No.24, Fourth Avenue, expecting aid from the committee. That office not having been re-opened, the half-famished creatures marched, two by two, to the City Hall, in search of the Mayor, who was not there. Tired with their long walk, and ravenous for food, they became wild with disappointment on learning that the Mayor was not in. One of them threatened to drown herself and child. Another said she was willing to starve, but her baby should have food even if she stole it. A third stated that she would never have allowed her son to enlist (in the Mozart Regiment) if he had not promised that his mother would receive \$2 a week from the city.

These frantic expressions of grief and rage were at last silenced by one of the Mayor's clerks, who directed the poor women to the rooms of the Union Defense committee, in Pine street. Thither they went, and rushed into the apartment, crying out, "We are starving," "We want money." Gen. Wetmore, Secretary of the Committee, kindly explained to the clamorous crowd that there was no money on hands [sic] but that several gentlemen were trying to raise some, and would probably be ready to relieve them in a day or two. He advised them to go home. This advice, though undeniably well meant, did not fill empty stomachs, and the poor women continued to plead for money and food, alternating their entreaties with execrations upon the war, the Committee and the city authorities for a long time. Finally, finding that their implorations availed nothing, they one after another withdrew from the Committee's rooms, to seek for cold charity in the streets, or to go home and starve.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], August 3, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

Ladies' Aid Society.

We have been requested to state that there will be a meeting of the Ladies of Canton and vicinity, at the Courthouse, on Monday morning next at 10 o'clock, for the purpose of organizing a *Ladies Aid Society*, the object of which is to take active measures to furnish our soldiers in the army with winter clothing.

All the Ladies—old and young—are urgently invited to attend, and lend their assistance in this praiseworthy undertaking.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], August 10, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

Ladies' Aid Society.

In response to a call made through the papers, the ladies of Canton and vicinity met in large numbers at the Courthouse last Monday.

Circumstances prevented us from attending, hence we cannot say what was done. We relied confidently on being furnished by some one of the many ladies present who write with

ease, grace and facility, with an account of the meeting and its proceedings. We have been disappointed, however. It seems that the editor is expected to do everything, even to performing the duties of Secretary of a ladies' meeting. Were our auricular organs slightly more acute, we should be most happy to do so.

Of course a Ladies Aid Society was regularly organized, and the Ladies have entered enthusiastically and industriously upon their patriotic and noble work of making up winter clothing for our soldiers.

The work cannot be prosecuted too industriously, as the mornings and evenings in Virginia, are even now, unpleasantly cold.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], August 17, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

Sisters' Relief Association.

August 16, 1861.

Mr. Editor:--On the 1st of August, the ladies of this neighborhood met at the residence of Mr. T. L. Holliday, four miles from Canton, and organized the "Sisters' Relief Association."

The following is a list of its officers:

Mrs. Judge Love, President,
" T. L. Holliday, Vice President,
" T. J. Love, Treasurer,
Miss Rosa Love, Secretary.

It is the desire of this Society to co-operate with the other Societies of Madison county, and we therefore make this publication in your paper.

Rosa Love, Secretary.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], August 17, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

Sharon Aid Society.

August 14, 1861.

The object of this Society is to assist in providing suitable clothing for the "Madison Rifles" and "Confederates."

Resolved 1st, That the payment of one dollar is requisite to constitute membership in this Society,

2d, That the ladies in the vicinity of Sharon are requested to unite with us in this work.

3d, That the Society meet at 9 o'clock A. M. every Tuesday, at the Female College.

4th, That a fine of twenty-five cents is required for each absence, without excuse.

5th, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the Citizen and Commonwealth.

Mrs. C. M. Rousseau, President.

Mrs. Dr. Cross, Vice President.

Miss Eliza J. Mann, Secretary.

Mrs. C. Bledsoe, Treasurer.

Members:

Mrs. Robinson,
" James Reid,

Miss Effinger,
" Henderson,

" J. J. Lamar,
" Benthall,
" Magruder,
" Dr. Effinger,
" Asa Coleman,
" D. H. Gilmer,
" Wiggins,
Miss Florida Lewis,

" Ellen Magruder,
" M. Hart,
" M. Bole,
" M. J. Harvey,
" M. Gilmer,
" L. Gilmer,
" L. Bole,
" Kate Coulter.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], August 17, 1861, p. 3, c. 6

Army Cloth!

15 Bales Woolen Jeans, for Winter Clothing,
Aug 17,61

At

E. & M L Virden's.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], August 24, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Quartermaster's Office, }
Army of Mississippi. }
Jackson, August 20, 1861.

Messrs. Robinson, Mayson & Co.,
Canton, Miss.:

Gentlemen:--Will you be so kind as to act as our Agents in your town, for the purpose of receiving and forwarding such blankets as the citizens of your county may see proper to give or sell to the State, for the use of the Army? If so, please announce the fact in your county papers, and call upon the people to send on their blankets to you. Such as are given, you will please receipt for, and purchase such as are in the hands of those who are not willing to give but will sell them, payable in State Treasury Notes, at a fair price.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

Joseph Bennett,
Ass't Quartermaster Gen'l.

Messrs. Robinson, Mayson & Co., have kindly consented to act as Agents, as above requested, and will take pleasure in receiving and receipting for any contributions that may be made.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], August 31, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

Winter Clothing, Blankets, &c.

The various Soldiers' Aid Societies in this county are diligently at work making up winter garments and knitting socks and scarfs [sic] for the soldiers. The work was not begun a moment too soon, nor can it be prosecuted with too much industry and vigor. In Virginia and in Missouri the nights and mornings are already disagreeably cool, and very soon the chilling blasts of winter will be keenly felt in those regions. Those who have gone forth to fight our battles on the open plains, enduring all the rigors of a colder climate, whose only covering is the canvas and whose bed is the cold ground, should receive our first attention, and no pains or expense should be

spared to render them as comfortable as their case will admit of.

The Board of Police of this county, we learn, has already purchased four hundred and sixty blankets for the companies from this county. These, together with private contributions, will very nearly supply all the volunteers from Madison with blankets. But the work should not stop here—the people of Madison should not be satisfied with furnishing her own gallant sons. Many other counties in the State have furnished soldiers for the service who are fighting for us and our property. Some of these counties are very poor, having but a small slave population, and are not able to furnish the companies they have sent to the field. Madison, being one of the largest and wealthiest counties in the State—having a heavy slave population—should help make up the deficit.

Robinson, Mayson & Co., are the Agents for this place, to receive such blankets as the people, in their liberality, may contribute for the benefit of the soldiers, and to receive and receipt for such as persons who do not feel able to give may be willing to sell to the State, receiving pay for the same in Mississippi Treasury notes.

The reason of the application to *purchase*, is, the supply of blankets in New Orleans and other Southern cities is exhausted, and as we cannot get any from the North (and we would not have them if we could), the army must look to private individuals for the necessary supply.

In families, "comforts" and "quilts" can be made to supply the place of blankets, while for the soldier these last named articles will not answer, as they are too bulky to be portable. Let every family, then, give or sell all the blankets they can possibly spare, and supply their place with "comforts."

Precious in the sight of the people should be the lives of their defenders, and we should make every reasonable sacrifice to render comfortable our soldiers in the tented field.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], August 24, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

Camden Female Military Aid Society.

In pursuance of a previous call, the ladies of Camden and vicinity met, on Monday, the 12th inst., at Madam Furlong's, and elected the following officers:

Mrs. Dr. Olive, President;
Miss Ida McWillie, 1st Vice-Pres't;
Mrs. Henry Adams, 2d "
Mrs. Dr. Watts, 3d "
Mrs. T. A. Carr, Treasurer;
Miss Sue Hamblin, Secretary;
Madam Furlong, Ass't Secretary.

The following preamble and six first resolutions were then presented by Mrs. Carr, and adopted by the Society:

It is with feelings of deep regret that we look upon the unhappy state of our beloved country at this time. The dark clouds of discord that have been gathering on our political horizon for a quarter of a century or more have at last burst upon us, and we are forced into the horrors of civil war. In the halls of the Federal Congress—the sanctum to which we all once loved to look for wisdom and counsel—we now find our avowed and open enemies, legislating to devastate, sack and ruin our dear sunny South.

Scarce had the bugle notes of war died on the Southern breeze, ere our brave countrymen,

as if by magic, appeared on the tented field. Let it ever be our pleasant duty to cheer and comfort our brave and lion-hearted soldiers, Therefore, be it

Resolved, 1st. That we, the ladies of this vicinity, form ourselves into a Society, to be styled the "Camden Military Female Aid Society," composed of a President three Vice Presidents, Secretary and Treasurer, who will preside as officers of said Society.

2d. That the object of the Society be to aid our soldiers from this vicinity, now in service, better known as the "Camden Rifles," and any other company that may hereafter be called from our midst.

3d. That we render aid in making clothing or contributing money, and sending such comforts as we may be able.

4th. That the Secretary of the Society be required to correspond with the Captain of the "Camden Rifles" and his Lieutenants and furnish them with the names of the members of this Society, requesting them to let us know of any thing they may need.

5th. That this Society do truly and deeply sympathize with the families of our brave and heroic soldiers of the "Camden Rifles" who fell upon the battle field of Manassas, and that their memories be ever cherished with the fondest emotions of reverence and respect. Though we have lost the brave, the gallant, the intrepid McWillie, and the unconquerable Tucker, who dyed our flag with their life's best blood, the historian will write their names high on the pedestal of fame.

6th. That the ladies of this Society use their best exertions in procuring material for clothing and money to aid in this our noble work.

Moved by Mrs. Purviance that each member pay an initiation fee as fund for the Society.

Moved by Mrs. Russell that a copy of the fifth resolution be sent to the families of those who fell in the battle of Manassas.

Moved by Mrs. Covington that a note of condolence accompany this resolution.

Moved by Mrs. Dr. Cotton that these proceedings be published in both the Canton papers.

Moved by Mrs. Sutherland that the Society adjourn until Monday, August 26.

The following is a list of the members: [list]

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], August 24, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

Madison County Military Aid Society.

The official meetings of this Society will hereafter be held on *Monday* of each week, instead of Tuesday; and at such meetings Committees from all other Societies who may desire to co-operate with them are cordially invited to be present.

Contributions for alleviating the hardships and softening the severities to which a vigorous winter's campaign will necessarily subject our brave defenders, will be most gratefully received; and all persons wishing to contribute are desired to send to any of the officers of the Society:

Miss E. P. Henry, President,
Mrs. O. A. Lockett, }
Mrs. W. E. Dancey, } Vice Pres'ts,
Miss Ora Reid, Sec'y,
Mrs. E. L. Chambers, Treasurer.

Extract from a Letter from Arkansas.

We have been kindly furnished with the following extract from a letter from a lady now a resident of Arkansas, whose name will be familiar to, and is yet held in fond remembrance by all of the older inhabitants of Canton. Always, while residing here, foremost in every "good word and work," her old friends will not be surprised to find that she is zealously working in the patriotic and christian cause of supplying our army in the West with clothing, to render them comfortable during the winter campaign. We hope she may meet with a liberal response from the people of Madison. It is quite as necessary to supply the army in the West as that in the East:

Fort Smith, Aug. 17, 1861.

Our friends and neighbors were in the great battle near Springfield, Mo., and some of our best citizens have fallen. Truly, war, with all its horrors, is upon us!

The ladies of Fort Smith have been engaged for the last three months in making clothing for the soldiers, and the hospital receives every attention from them. If all the ladies of the South are doing their duty as faithfully as the ladies of Fort Smith, our soldiers will not be permitted to suffer for the want of comforts. Many of the soldiers are now in want of clothes, and it will be far worse when cold weather comes upon them, for Missouri is a cold, rigorous climate, to which most of our troops are unaccustomed, being from the South.

Fort Smith is the depot for the whole Western army, and a subordinate of the Quartermaster remarked to us last evening, that it frightened him when he thought of the approach of winter, for there was *not a single garment among their stores*.

Our people have been called upon to weave and knit, to make comforts, and give up their blankets. The Fort Smith ladies have made 3000 garments, and most of the cloth is exhausted. They have also sent to the seat of war a quantity of necessaries for the sick and wounded—linen, bandages, lint, cotton, fans, etc.

While praying to my Father this morning, the ladies of Madison presented themselves to my mind, as in days of old, ready and willing to render every assistance in their power to the suffering and needy. All have their hands full this year, I am afraid, but the protection of this frontier and the deliverance of Missouri are very important objects.

Ladies of Madison, I appeal to you! Let a portion of your contributions to the soldiers be appropriated to those in Missouri, and let a part of your labor be for them.

Direct any thing you may send to me, in the care of Bostick & Griffith, and I will see the contributions delivered to the Quartermaster.

Elizabeth Forester.

Any contributions to the soldiers in Missouri or elsewhere will be received and forwarded by the Ladies' Aid Society, which will hereafter hold its regular meetings in the Courthouse every Monday, at 9 A. M.

Ladies sending contributions will please designate the place to which they wish them sent.

The South Rich in Resources for Making Paper.

Mr. Editor:--A short time before the secession of these States, I fell in company with a New Jerseyman, professing to hold a patent for making *fibre* [sic] and *pulp* for the purpose of making paper, and had large contracts in the North for these articles. From him I learned the process, which is as follows:

Firmly fix a batter of four or six guns, made after the following dimensions: 16 feet long, 16 inches outside diameter, and the *inner* diameter 12 inches; turn off the end neatly so as to fit breech and muzzle thereto. A steam boiler of sufficient size to generate a volume of steam necessary to reduce the material to a condition sufficient for fibre [sic] or pulp, as the case demands. The raw material used for these articles is the cane found in lowlands all over the South.

These guns are filled with cane to the extent of their capacity to receive, and then the muzzle is screwed up and controlled by a trigger, which, after the cane has been under the influence of the steam let on for about twenty minutes, is let loose, and the whole contents rush out, accompanied with a report similar to that of a cannon; and the contents thus discharged are by that process reduced to fibre [sic], of which you can make the strongest paper in use. And if very nice and very white paper is desired, it is forced through small holes in the muzzle-head, which are stopped at pleasure by metallic [sic] plates.

There is no doubt but ten dollars per day may be realized for the service of every gun in battery. It will require six hands to operate the whole concern.

Wm. W. Kone.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], August 24, 1861, p. 3, c. 3

Correspondence of the Citizen.

Chapel Hill, Texas, July 26, '61.

Friend Bosworth: From present indications, the tide of war is destined to roll on and that with increased velocity, and while such efforts are being made for our subjugation by the Lincoln Government, no effort should be wanting on our part to repel the invader and insure success to our cause. . . .

Respectfully yours,
John H. Stone.

P. S. Our port (Galveston) is in a state of blockade, but Van Dorn is putting it in a thorough state of defense, and no fears are entertained but that we can hold it against all the troops that may be sent against it; perfect confidence prevails on this point.

The last three weeks has told badly on our cotton crops in this vicinity. The boll worm has made fearful havoc, some farms are literally stripped of forms and bolls, but we have ample time to make a good half crop yet if they stop at this. We are on the eve of commencing to pick.

Contrary to my expectation, we have had quite a sprinkle of the chills and fever, but they are quite light and manageable.

J. H. S.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], September 7, 1861, p. 1, c. 7

The Flag.—The ladies of Fredericksburg have recently held a meeting on the subject of

the Confederate flag. Mrs. Wm. A. Maury presided, and Mrs. Wm. T. Hart acted as Secretary.

They passed resolutions and a memorial to Congress. In these it is declared that the bars and stars fail to attain the objects of a flag, and that a Southern cross, on a field of blue, is to be preferred to it on every ground. They say: "The Southern cross is the glory of the Southern skies. Let us transfer it to the banner of the South, and glory in it, too. It is unique, symbolical and suggestive."

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], September 7, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

The Clothing Bureau of the Confederate Army.

The Richmond (Va.) Examiner, of the 24th ult., in the annexed article, furnishes interesting information on a subject which is now attracting universal attention in the Confederate States—we allude to the supply of clothing to the army:

In view of timely anxieties, which have heretofore been expressed in our columns as to the supplies of winter clothing for our troops, we have taken occasion to obtain information of the conduct, management and operations of the Clothing Bureau in this city. Our visit to this bureau has given us some novel and interesting impressions of the resources of the Government in this, as in other branches of the public service.

The Clothing Bureau in Richmond is intended for the supply of the entire Confederate Army. A scheme, however, is debated, we believe, in some of these States, to manufacture and supply clothing for their own troops. This will effect a valuable assistance to the central bureau, which, however, by itself, possesses facilities of manufacturing clothing of the vastest and most perfect description. Some obstacles in the way of its operation, which might be removed, and should be removed, are referred to hereafter.

The vast establishment on Pearl street, between Main and Cary, to supply clothing for the confederate troops, is under the efficient direction of Major J. W. Fergusson, of this city. A visit to it yesterday enabled us to testify to the admirable system which Major Fergusson has effected in this bureau. Every portion of the work has its appropriate department. In the upper story of the building is the cutting room, under the direction of superintendents and lively with the noise of shears. Lower down is the trimming room. Then the department for letting out the making of the clothes, the work being given out to the wives and relatives of soldiers, and to poor and deserving needlewomen. Lastly comes the packing department, where the clothing, blankets, &c., are packed and forwarded to the camps. The whole establishment is lively with busy workmen, and the mere spectacle of its aspects of industry is sufficient to repay the curiosity of the visitor.

The manufacturing facilities of this bureau much exceed the expectations of the public. We are informed by Major Fergusson that the facilities are such that, with proper supplies of material from the cotton mills effected by quartermaster's agents, sent through the South to secure, as far as possible, the product of the mills, the bureau will be able to supply from 75,000 to 100,000 complete winter suits for the soldiers by the time of the approach of the severities of winter. The North Carolina mills have already promised their entire product to the bureau in Richmond, as soon as they have completed their contracts with the State.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], September 7, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

A Hint for the Benefit of Soldiers.

Mr. Bosworth—I beg leave to make a suggestion through your paper which may, and I hope will, be valuable to our soldiers, for whose comfort, safety and health so much solicitude is felt.

The suggestion is simply this: that the ladies, the warm hearted friends of the soldiers, add to their other liberal and valuable contributions, an ample supply of red pepper—to be used, not only as a pleasant condiment to give relish to their food, but to be used chiefly for medical purposes.

As a medicine, it is peculiarly efficacious in the diseases incident to camp life, and with which our soldiers have been afflicted.

In cases of measles and scarlet fever, when used in tea, the pepper has the effect to throw out the eruption and prevent the evil effects caused by taking cold. For sore throat, and even diphtheria, it is an invaluable remedy; in the latter, however, it should be combined with salt. It is also excellent in pneumonia and influenza. Indeed, in our opinion, in nine cases out of ten, in the incipient stage of pneumonia, the liberal use of pepper tea, with a good warming of the feet at a camp fire, would effect a thorough cure. It is also good for chills and fever; and as it is a diffusive stimulant, as well as a tonic, we should think it valuable in typhoid fever—particularly as a preventive. It is a remedy which may always be at hand (that is, if it be furnished); every soldier may keep on hand a few pods stowed away in his knapsack, to be used when needed; and though it is preferable to use the pepper tea hot, yet, when it is difficult to procure hot water, the pepper cut up in a cup of cold water will soon furnish a first rate article of "cold tea" hot enough for comfort.

I was conversing with two volunteers, belonging to a New Orleans company, a few days since, when one of them remarked, "I don't mind the fighting, but I am afraid of the sickness in camp." The other informed me that a kind lady had furnished him with some red peppers, while on his way from the city; these he seemed to set a high value on, and was taking them along for a time of need.

That there has been, still is, and will be, a good deal of sickness among our troops, is a matter that none of us doubt; and we are aware, also, that there is a great deal of sickness at some points. It was only yesterday that I heard it stated, on reliable authority, that at Yorktown the troops were suffering severely from sickness, without medicine, and poorly furnished with medical aid.

In view of such facts, we have presumed to offer the above suggestions, with the request that the ladies will send their strings of pepper without stint.

Yours, &c.,
The Soldier's Friend.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], September 14, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

More Texas Volunteers.—Capts. Upton and Rogers' companies of Texas Volunteers passed through our city last Wednesday, en route for Richmond, Va. Capt. Upton hails from Colorado county, and Capt. Rogers from Washington. These companies constitute a portion of the third division.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], September 14, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

The Cherokees Tender a Regiment of Mounted Men.—The Fort Smith (Ark.) Times has

the following:

We have been favored with the following letter, which we take pleasure in laying before our readers. It is gratifying to see the whole South united in sentiment, regardless of race. The Cherokees are a war-like people, and Kansas Jayhawkers and Abolitionists will be made to feel their vengeance for aggression, which they have been committing for a series of years under the protection of the Federal Government:

Executive Department, }
Park Hill, C. N., Aug. 24, 1861. }

Maj. G. W. Clarke, A. Q. M., C. S. A.:

Sir—I herewith forward to your care dispatches for Gen. McCulloch, C. S. A., which I have the honor to request you will cause to be forwarded to him by the earliest express.

At a mass meeting of about 4000 Cherokees, at Tahlequah, on the 21st inst., the Cherokees, with marked unanimity, declared their adherence to the Confederate States, and have given their authorities power to negotiate an alliance with them. In view of this action, a regiment of mounted men will be immediately raised and placed under command of Col. John Drew, to meet any emergency that may arise. The dispatches of Gen. McCulloch relate to these subjects, and contain a tender from Col. Drew of his regiment, for service on our northern border.

Having espoused the cause of the Confederate States, we hope to render efficient service in the protracted war which now threatens the country, and to be treated with a liberality and confidence becoming the Confederate States.

I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully, your humble servant.

John Ross,
Principal Chief Cherokee Nation.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], September 14, 1861,

Cooper's Well,
Hinds County, Miss.

Owing to the large increase of guests at the Well, I would be glad to purchase the following, viz:

5000 Chickens,
1000 Turkeys,
1000 Geese,
1000 Ducks.

Butter, Eggs, and Irish Potatoes in abundance—cash paid on delivery at the market price.
Inman Williams, Proprietor.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], September 21, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

More Troops.—Two more companies of Texas troops, numbering about one hundred each, passed through here on Wednesday evening last, on their way to Virginia. One was from Milam county, the "Milam Grays," Capt. J. C. Rogers, and the other from Polk county, the "Polk Rifles," Captain John S. Cleveland.

Learning during the day that these companies would be here at night, our citizens made up a purse and gave them a soldier's repast at the depot, on their arrival, which they seemed to enjoy very much.

These Texas troops are a hardy set of fellows, and we regard one of them as equal to three Lincolmites.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], September 21, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

Clothing for the Soldiers.

The Soldiers' Aid Societies in the different parts of the county are requested to send in the clothing they have made up, on or before Wednesday next, the 25th inst. The clothing made up by the ladies of Canton and vicinity for the "Confederates" and the "Madison Guards," will be ready by that time, and it is desired that the Agent, Mr. A. W. Clark, shall leave here with it on Wednesday night, if possible.

The Clothing, of course, should be packed in boxes, and properly directed.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], September 28, 1861, p. 2, c. 2-3

Correspondence of the Citizen.

Flashington Hall,
Splurgem County.

Dear Citizen:--I have been intending for some weeks "to drop you a few lines" but have been occupied so constantly with that most delightful and patriotic work, "sewing for the soldiers," that I have not had one moment to spare; and now I have so much to tell you that I hardly know where to begin; besides I have one or two queries to propose, as to the propriety of certain things, concerning which, there have been some warm debates in our family circle, and I would like to have your views thereupon. Oh! I do think these "war times" are the most exquisitely delicious times I ever knew. I never enjoyed myself so much in my life before. There is but one drawback to my happiness in the contemplation of them, and that is those *horridly vulgar calicoes*, one will be obliged to wear; you know it is so entirely unladylike to appear in anything but silks or organdies, that one hates after being always accustomed to fashionable attire to assume the garb of our menials! Whenever I say anything of the kind, pa looks as cross as the wolf that eat [sic] "little Red Riding Hood," and says, "he knows the time when ma was glad to get a calico," and something about my venerable grandmother's Sunday woolsey petticoat and short gown," and he farther [sic] continues, "I'd like to know, Miss, where you'd get your French finery and nonsense, if your grandmother had worn silks and velvets? and made me a do-nothing lawyer or doctor instead of a *miller!* Don't take such airs on yourself, "Anthy," for pa will call me by that detestable soubriquet instead of giving me my full name, Isabella Ianthe.

But then about the dear soldiers—that is the subject of my waking and dreaming thoughts and with this subject I must entertain you. I don't know how young ladies can get along without such agreeable fellows. We always have some new plan of amusement on hand, *now* you know, at one time going to see our own military *drill*, at another *escorting* them to the cars when they leave us, and crying and kissing each other and witnessing so many *affecting scenes*, and sometimes going to see the various companies that pass through your town, for although we live twenty miles from Canton we never have missed seeing a single company yet. Ma has the carriage ordered often in the middle of the night, and at the time the Northern prisoners were

expected, as we heard they would go through your place about two o'clock in the morning, we arranged to leave Flashington Hall about 12, for we have the fleetest horses in the country,—indeed everything about our establishment is "fast" except pa, and he is such an old fogey he quite wears me out, and I become so impatient that he says "he believes young people now a days strike the 5th commandment out of the decalogue. Well, as I said, we had every thing arranged, but pa found it out and said if we dared to take his carriage horses or driver he'd *whip us all*. I suppose he intended to say he'd whip "Beauregard," the coachman, and in his towering passion he included us all. You see, dear Citizen, what trials we are subjected to, but to counterbalance these we have such nice times when we go to the cars to see the soldiers; giving them all kind of elegant presents, costly bibles, rings, chains, and watches, with bouquets, expressive of our admiration, you know; and some, who, occasionally in the warmth of their devotion, forgetful of that dignity and modesty so becoming to officers, (when unmarried,) to kiss the *extreme edge of their finger nails*—if this is true, I certainly would be as far as pa himself, from countenancing anything really unbecoming a lady belonging to our aristocratic and fashionable circles, but then, such armless little pleasantries as giving ambrotypes, gloves, rosettes from our persons with a kiss upon *them* to these irresistible "red coats,"—why, Mr. Citizen, where's the harm? Then pa is perfectly outrageous because I go to see the sick soldiers. Why, don't the blessed bible plainly say, "visit the sick?" How can we avoid so binding a duty and not commit sin? Dear uncle Turreydrop—he is ma's youngest brother, you know, and Capt. of the "Invincible Hearts,"—had to come to my rescue the other day when pa was enlarging on "the improprieties of the ladies of modern days," and said, "he would be very sorry if he had to carry a passport of his gentility in his pocket wherever he went, and asked pa how he would feel to hear that *he* had not been received with hospitality in the various places through which he passed, on his way to the seat of war." This sentence he pronounced in the true "Turreydrop deportment" style, and the *argument* silenced pa, at least he deigned no reply. Now, to, dear "*Cit.*," tell what *you* think of these things? How, otherwise, can we show our patriotism? There is one little inconsistency I have observed among my "uppertendom" associates, which I can hardly reconcile with their hitherto *beautifully consistent exclusiveness*, for instance: Matilda Sophronia Delancey, my most intimate friend is so aristocratic, that her nose (*naturally* retroussee,) turns up *instinctively* as she passes a mechanic on the street, and she would much rather entertain a rattle snake than invite such a person to her house, yet she has given several parties to the soldiers that have stopped here from time to time in town, and invites them to ride out with her in her splendid coach, besides riding on horseback. (Now, horror of horrors! suppose she should discover that she had been riding with a baker or a blacksmith and *actually* had entertained, nursed, or cooked for a shoe-maker or carpenter, and had invited such *vulgar* individuals to her house!) These little unaccountable freaks of my fair friends must be overlooked, I suppose. We are all *frail* creatures.

I am afraid I am wearying you, so believe me your loving little friend,

Isabella Ianthe.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], September 28, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

Fruits for the South.
In Time of War Prepare for Peace.

Among the necessary preparations a good Orchard is indispensable to the true delights of a Southern home. If you don't believe it, try it by calling on

Walker, Manhard & Co.,

Who have for sale, this season, as fine a collection of

Fruit Trees

As can be found anywhere. The trees are Well Grown, the varieties are the "*right stripe*," and in view of all these good qualities, the following prices are not extravagant:

Apple trees, 25 to 50 cents each, according to size;

Peach, 25 to 35 cents;

Pear, 50 to 75 cents;

Apricot, 50 cents;

Plum, 50 cents;

Grape vines 25 to 50 cents.

For persons who wish to purchase a large quantity, liberal deductions will be made.

Our terms are cash; but owing to the scarcity of this article at present, notes bearing ten per cent. interest will be acceptable; therefore, all who wish a splendid Orchard, "come and buy without money."

For further particulars, address

Walker, Manhard & Co.,
Canton, Miss.

Sept 28 '61-tf

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], October 5, 1861, p. 1, c. 7

Perry's [sic—Terry's] Texas Rangers.—Some Interesting Particulars.—The Houston Telegraph announces the arrival there on the 11th of the first company of Perry's regiment of Texas Rangers, under command of Captain Strobel, and adds:

Capt. Strobel is a worthy officer. Though a native of South Carolina, he was raised in Texas. His education was military, and was received under the gallant Ramson, who fell in the Mexican war, at the head of his regiment while storming Chapultepec. His company numbers one hundred and four men. Every man is armed with a double barrel shot gun, a six-shooter and a "Texas toothpick." This last is a two edged pointed knife, 24 inches long, and weighing about three pounds, and a man using it could cut another's head off and not half try. Every man in this company is more at home on horseback than anywhere else.

We see accounts in the Richmond papers of "astonishing feats" of Texas riders who pick up a loaded pistol from the ground at full gallop and fire it off under the horse's neck. This is no uncommon thing in Texas, and we speak within reason when we promise that half of Perry's regiment will do it when they get to Richmond. Two-thirds of Strobel's company will ride into an ordinary cavalry regiment and dismount half their men without touching hand or weapon to them. These boys are all splendid shots, not a man but would be ashamed to belong to the company if he couldn't hit his mark with a revolver at 80 yards.

They are all picked men, aged from 20 to 30 years, and with muscles like steel, and every inch game as a fighting cock. We promise President Davis that they can whip three for one of any number he will put them against, and not get in the least excited about it.

Perry's whole regiment will be made up of the same stock, and it will be worth any three regiments that were ever got together before in America. Victory goes with them! Victory will go with them wherever they go, let it be Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, or to Maine and back again.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], October 5, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

The Clothing Gone.—Mr. A. W. Clark, who was selected by the soldiers' Aid Societies of this county to carry on the clothing to the Madison companies in Virginia, left here on that mission on Tuesday night last.

He carried, we learn, over three hundred suits of clothing, with other articles sufficient to supply the Madison companies during the winter.

Many persons have visited "our boys" in the army, and have been welcomed with gladness and cordiality by them, but we suspect that the business upon which he goes will secure for our friend "Gus" an extra grip of the hand, and a thrice glad welcome.

He cannot be too warmly greeted by them, for no one has been more zealous than he in efforts to promote their comfort, and in the performances of good offices in their behalf.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], October 26, 1861, p. 1, c. 2

The Citizen has at last been compelled, by the pressure of the times, the high price of paper and the scarcity of money, to come down to a *half sheet*.

Our subscribers, we believe, will bear us out in saying that we have not heretofore spared pains or expense in our endeavors to give them their money's worth, and furnish them with a good, readable newspaper. Four years ago, when we had a good advertising patronage, we enlarged the paper at a heavy expense, and published it at that size after our business declined, and long after it warranted the increased outlay. In addition to this, we have frequently furnished them with "Extras," &c.

In consideration of this, now that the times have fallen heavily upon us also, we hope they will excuse our half sheet, as it is the very best we can do under the circumstances.

We assure our friends that we shall resume our full dimensions again as soon as we find it practicable to do so.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], October 26, 1861, p. 1, c. 2

. . . We wish, then, to advise those who owe us, that we will take any kind of country produce that is fit for the table, in payment of subscriptions. Bacon, beef, pork, lard, butter, chickens, eggs, &c., &c., will all be gladly taken. These commodities were the same to us as money, and will be received at the market prices. We will also take wood, and are now in need of several loads, as our "pile," both at home and at the office, is "growing small by degrees, and beautifully less."

Certainly, if we give up all hope of getting *money*, our friends will not turn the cold shoulder upon us (unless it is a shoulder of fine mutton), when we offer to take pay in "chips and whetstones."

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], October 26, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Tallow Candles.—As the blockade has cut off our supply of Star candles, and that article is now only to be had at the most exorbitant [sic] rates, it behooves us to look around for "light" elsewhere.

The tallow candle we are now using affords such a dim light, that we are reminded of this necessity. We have snuffed, and snuffed, and snuffed, until finally we are tempted to anathematise [sic] the wicket thing, and blow it out.

Will not some one send us a recipe for making a *good* tallow candle—one that will give a clear, brilliant light? Certainly the one that is before us could be vastly improved upon.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], October 26, 1861, p. 1, c. 3

Notice.

Persons who have borrowed Books from my Library and neglected to return them, will greatly oblige me by doing so, as it is very inconvenient to have them out of place.

Oct 26 '61

C. C. Shackelford.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], October 26, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

The Concert at Livingston.

Editor Citizen: It was the good fortune of the subscriber to be present at an amateur concert, given by the ladies of Livingston and amateurs from Canton, under the direction of Prof. Adolphus Brown.

The Methodist church was tastefully decorated with wreathes of evergreens and flowers; so beautifully was it adorned that complimentary remarks were elicited from all portions of the audience.

At the hour appointed the congregation began to assemble, and we have not seen such a turnout in this nice little town since the days of the old revivals. Every one could forget the grip of "Old Hard Times" to aid the self-sacrificing volunteer.

The first performers were the amateurs. A piano, a guitar and two violins, in the hands of ready musicians, made the company happy by discoursing mellifluously a spirited gallop, composed by an eminent musician of our own State, and styled by his friends to his honor, "Old Red." Every one must have enjoyed the rollicking first violin, the bounding guitar, the soft piano and flowing second violin, which seemed to fill up the interstices as does the graceful honeysuckle the delicate lattice.

Next came the whole band, led by a lady, at once beautiful and attractive, in that melancholy air, "Let me Kiss him for his Mother." Your informant is not given to sudden awful and grand sensations of sublimity, nor especially to wonder, but he confesses to a very peculiar feeling when the array of elegant and intelligent ladies, chosen from the *elite* of Madison, came forward to delight us and aid some brave soldier somewhere trudging a musket or chasing a Yankee.

We pass many of the compositions of those *grand* old fellows, Boieldieu, Herz, Shulhoff and Wollenhaupt, to notice only a few, and it is hard to *select* any one among so many pieces exquisitely composed and well executed. It made us think of a great many things besides flowers and pretty girls, to hear that admirable duett [sic], "The Last Rose of Summer," and it was impossible to listen to all four hands, each seeming to play a separate tune, or a most difficult *tremolo alto*, which followed the first like an echo; and an old grizzled farmer remarked to us as it ended, that he believed *he didn't have any gizzard at all!*

Written on the programme in pencil was the opera, "*Robert le Diable*," and while waiting for it a well disposed old friend who had studied French *once*, whispered over his side, "Bob the Devil comes next;" and while his neighbors were laughing we were brought to immediate attention by the rich-toned voice of the singer. It requires no little musical talent and teaching to master this piece; but it was so easy to follow the full voice of the performer, that it seemed simpler and sweeter than we ever heard it.

There was one piece which deservedly received applause—"The Madison Artillery March." It is one of Prof. Brown's own compositions, and in it you will notice a master's touch and style. May that noble company march to many a victory under its strains! With this may be classed "The Southern Marseillaise" and "God Save the South," by the whole band.

At the close, "Dixie" was vociferously called for and performed with spirit by the amateur band. With it closed the concert, every one feeling amply compensated and happier for the night's entertainment. And whenever such skill in music, matched with grace, is combined for an entertainment, it can never fail of success.

Yours, &c., L.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], November 2, 1861, p. 1, c. 2

From the N. O. Picayune.

A Southern Woman's Song.

Stitch, stitch, stitch,
Little needle swiftly fly,
Brightly glittering as you go;
Every time that you pass by
Warms my heart with pity's glow.
Dreams of comfort that will cheer
Through a winter's cold the volunteer;
Dreams of courage you will bring,
Smile on me like flowers in spring.

Stitch, stitch, stitch,
Swiftly little needle fly
Through this flannel, soft and warm;
Though with cold the soldier sigh,
This will sure keep out the storm.
Set the buttons close and tight,
Out to shut the winter's damp;
There'll be none to fix them right
In the soldier's tented camp.

Stitch, stitch, stitch;
Ah! needle, do not linger;
Close the thread, make firm the knot;
There'll be no dainty finger

To arrange a seam forgot.
Though small and tiny you may be,
Do all that you are able;
A lion once a *mouse* set free,
As says the pretty fable.

Stitch, stitch, stitch,
Swiftly little needle glide,
Thine's a pleasant labor;
To clothe the soldier be thy pride,
While he yields the sabre [sic].
Ours are tireless hearts and hands;
To Southern wives and mothers,
All who join our warlike bands
Are our friends and brothers.

Stitch, stitch, stitch,
Little needle swiftly fly,
From the morning until eve,
As the moments pass thee by.
These substantial comforts weave.
Busy thoughts are at our hearts—
Thoughts of hopeful cheer—
As we toil till day departs,
For the noble volunteer.

Quick, quick, quick,
Swifter little needle go;
From our home's most pleasant fires
Let a loving greeting flow
To our brothers and our sires.
We have tises for those who fall,
Smiles for those who laugh at fear;
Hope and sympathy for all—
Every noble volunteer.

Natchitoches, La., Oct., 1861.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], November 9, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Tallow Candles.—We publish two receipts to-day for making tallow candles, furnished in response to our inquiry of a week or two ago. We are obliged to our friends for their endeavors to throw light on the subject.

By the way, our friend Mrs. Andy Montgomery has done better than merely sending us a recipe. She has sent us a half dozen long, large tallow candles, one of which now illumines the page upon which we write. They are better candles than any made of tallow we have heretofore seen; but we have no doubt even these could be improved upon. They are too soft and burn out

too fast. The ingredient for hardening should be increased. Many thanks to Mrs. M. for her kindness in increasing our supply of light.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], November 9, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

A Receipt for Making Tallow Candles.

For 12 lbs of tallow, dissolve into one pint of boiling water half pound each of allum [sic] and salt-petre [sic], dissolve the above solution with the tallow, simmer over a slow fire until it ceases to throw off slow steam, then a half pint of new sweet milk, skim off the impurities that may arise to the surface. Mould in the common way, and you will have a superior chalk-white candle. Double the quantity of allum [sic] and salt-petre [sic] will do for hog's lard, but no milk. Prepare your wicks in a strong solution of salt-petre [sic] and allum [sic] and dry them perfectly before moulding [sic].

Recipe for Making Tallow Candles.

Take 2 lbs allum [sic] to every 10 lbs of tallow, dissolve it in water before the tallow is put in and then melt the tallow in the allum [sic] water. Immerse the wicks in lime water, in which a little salt-petre [sic] has been dissolved, and dry them before dipping. The light from such is much clearer, and the tallow will not run.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], November 9, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

We the undersigned members of the "Echo" and "Dixie Blues," Texas volunteers in view of the kindness and attention bestowed upon us by the citizens of Canton and vicinity during our stay in their midst, do

Resolve, 1st, That our warmest thanks are due them for the hospitable manner in which they have received and cared for us during our sojourn in the city.

2d., That we have found in Mr. A. W. Clarke, the courteous proprietor of the Stone House, a generous-hearted, upright and patriotic gentleman, who never hesitates to make any sacrifice necessary for the good of his country, one that is truly the soldier's friend and whose house is the soldier's home.

4th, [sic—no 3d], That our most grateful thanks are due to Drs. Harvey and Semmes, for their unremitting gratitude for their tender sympathy and acts of disinterested kindness and attention to us while sick, that our restoration to health is due to their professional skill and the blessings of a kind Providence.

5th, That we offer to the ladies our heart-felt gratitude for their tender sympathy and acts of disinterested kindness and attention to us during our sickness up to the time of our departure, who, with their own fair hands, have administered to our wants and by their presence and words of encouragement have cheered us in our afflictions. That they are all that is beautiful and lovely in woman, "ministers of mercy" prompted to noble deeds by the glorious spirit of patriotism which burns brightly upon the altar of every Southern ladies' heart and especially the daughters of the chivalric State of Mississippi.

6th, That the Canton papers be requested to publish the foregoing resolutions and that we also forward a copy of the same to the "Colorado (Texas) Citizen" and "Brenham Enquirer" for publication.

J. L. Bullington,
M. M. Feeder,
C. J. Rice,
S. T. Coffield,
R. K. Felder,

M. Cabaniss,
M. Cooper,
S. L. Perkins,
S. V. Patrick,
J. C. Buster.

Canton, Miss., Sept. 30th.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], November 16, 1861, p. 1, c. 1

Salt.—The last sale we heard of in this place was four sacks, for fifty dollars. That is what might be called a salty transaction.

Coffee.—One of our citizens showed us a few days ago, a bill for fifty pounds of coffee he had just bought in New Orleans for a friend. The fifty pounds cost \$55, besides drayage and freight!

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], November 16, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

Leesburg, Va., Nov. 2, 1861.

.....

Respectfully, your friend,
Ensis.

P. S.—We hear, friend Editor, a number of rumors, which speak of marriages about to come off among the girls and young men left at home. Please put your jovine veto upon all such proceedings. Among the *young folks*, all such transactions should have an interregnum—a truce—a quietus—until quiet is restored, when we can all have an equal chance in this lottery of love. The fair girls of Madison forget that they do injustice to the boys in Virginia and elsewhere, when they yield to the "winning ways" and entreaties of the more fortunate non-combattants [sic] at home. We did not know that we would thus lose and trip ourselves in the race for the favor of the beautiful and accomplished when we left to fight these battles of our invaded country. It was not for this that we have all along resisted the facinations [sic] which Virginia beauty has attempted to enslave us with; and it was with no thought of being forgotten that we have deluded ourselves with a bright anticipation of sunny smiles and welcomes from the girls at home whom we have seen, admired and expected to love, should a kind fate spare us a return.

Good-bye, sir,
E.

We think our young friend "Ensis" has been misinformed. If there are any weddings on the tapis, we have not heard of them. We believe the young ladies of Madison feel the sentiment that "none but the brave deserve the fair," and that they prefer "the boys" who have gone to the war to fight for them and their homes and firesides, to the "non-combatants" who have sought their ease and are taking care of their precious selves by staying at home. The girls naturally love a "bold soldier boy," and our friend "E." and his comrades need have no fears. Our girls will wait till the wait is over before the "present arms."

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], November 23, 1861, p. 1, c. 3

How to Get the Very Best Coffee at About Ten Cents a Pound.—In these war times it is quite an object to make economical investments in this article, but aside from this, the coffee that

you can make from this recipe will be found far superior to the very best you can get anywhere, either North or South, and those who give it a fair trial will be unwilling to go back even to the best Java.

Take sweet potatoes, and after peeling them, cut them up into small pieces about the size of the joint of your little finger, dry them either in the sun or by the fire, (sun dried probably the best,) and then parch and grind the same as coffee. Take two-thirds of this to one third of coffee to a making.

Try it, not particularly for its economy, but for its superiority over any coffee you ever tasted.—Norfolk Day Book.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], November 23, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

A Free Market.—In New Orleans, Mobile, and other Southern cities, free markets have long since been established, to provide destitute families with the absolute necessaries of life. We are glad to learn from the communication of Gen. Winter, that he has undertaken to open a free market in this place for the benefit of the poor and destitute, of whom there are already a considerable number in our midst.

We are quite sure that our friends living in the country who produce bread, potatoes, peas, and vegetables of every description, and raise beef, mutton, pork, &c., will contribute liberally from their abundance to feed the poor and keep the destitute from starvation. It is a move in the right direction, and every philanthropic heart will wish it success.

Mr. Editor: There are a number of poor women, with their families, in our town, suffering for the necessaries of life; their husbands and protectors have gone to the war. Provisions are enormously high, and such work as they are able and exceedingly anxious to do is not to be obtained.

Under these circumstances, we believe this community, especially the planting portion of it, will conceive it to be a pleasure, out of their abundance, to contribute a very small amount to this christian and charitable purpose; and to enable them to do so, I offer my services to superintend a "Free Market" to supply the wants of the deserving and suffering poor.

Any contributions of meal, potatoes, peas, meat, pumpkins, molasses, sugar, vegetables, &c., will be thankfully received, and, as far as possible, judiciously given out.

I have engaged a store-room in which to place any thing sent in for this purpose.

Respectfully, &c.,

Richard Winter.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], November 30, 1861, p. 1, c. 1

Death of a Soldier.—Mr. George Simmons, a member of one of the Texas companies that passed through this place for Virginia some weeks ago, died at the Clark House, in Canton, on Thursday evening, 28th inst., at 7 o'clock.

We learn that from exposure to the weather, on his way hither, the deceased took Pneumonia, which gradually assumed the form of Consumption, of which he died.

He was decently interred in our Cemetery on Friday.

Deceased was about 33 years old, and we learn has a mother residing in Warren county, Mo.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], November 30, 1861, p. 2, c. 5

To Make Good Candles.—A lady correspondent of the Houston Telegraph furnishes the following recipe, which, in our present condition, will be universally useful. Take half a pound each of alum and saltpetre [sic], pulverise [sic] coarsely, pour on it a quart of boiling water; take from 12 to 20 lbs. of tallow, according to its firmness. The former quantity for the oily tallow we get from a fat beef in summer, or for lard, and the latter for tallow that will stand in a cake; put it in an iron vessel near the fire, and when melted, stir in the dissolved alum and saltpetre [sic] and boil until the water is all expelled from the tallow. Have wicks made smaller and of finer thread than is usual for home-made candles; dip them in a strong solution of saltpetre [sic], and when perfectly dry mould the candle in the usual way. If any one, after giving this receipt a trial, goes in darkness, it is because their deeds are evil.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], November 30, 1861, p. 2, c. 5

Let Us Have a Dog Law.

Dogs and Sheep.—The following (says the Albany, Ga., Patriot) corresponds so well with our views, that we cheerfully give it a place in our columns. In this section of the State we have as fine sheep-walks as can be found anywhere, but the farmers dare not attempt to raise a flock, for fear of losing them by a pack of worthless dogs. We heard a few days since of a farmer who had succeeded in raising a flock of sheep, numbering over one hundred. In two nights, all but thirty were destroyed by dogs. Such is generally the case throughout this section.

We saw a family a short time since who begged their bread for support. They numbered nine whites and five dogs, making fourteen, all told. We asked the old man of the house, why he kept such a pack of poor dogs about him. His reply was, they were "good for coons." At that moment the idea struck us that they were "good for sheep." Then again we say, that in the main we endorse the following article on Dogs:

Editors of Southern Confederacy:

Dear Sirs: The time has arrived when the raising of vast numbers of sheep is a matter of great importance to us. Can it be done? It can, provided our Legislature will give the necessary protection; and surely under the present exigencies of our situation, it will. That protection should be the passing of a stringent dog law, to tax every person five dollars for every dog kept over one, and to make each man pay at least three dollars for every sheep killed by his dog, or dogs, to be collected in Justices Courts as in common cases for damages, and such dog, or dogs, if not previously killed by the owner or others, to be condemned by said court and killed forthwith.

This law would relieve our country of multitudes of these worthless animals, and save all that it takes to raise and keep them. Many families who are scarcely able to keep a supply of bread for their children, keep from two to four dogs. In consequence of the high price of wool, they have to be clad in cotton during the winter season, thereby subjecting them to much suffering from cold, and causing many to be burned to death. The mountains of Northern, the fields of Middle, and the pine lands of Southern Georgia, could soon be well stocked with large flocks of sheep, to supply our families with warm clothing for winter, our tables with fine mutton, and soon we could make wool one of our exports, were it not for the great numbers of worthless sheep-killing dogs. I therefore respectfully solicit the citizens throughout Georgia to

send up large petitions to our next Legislature, asking the passage of such a law for our protection.

Chattooga.

P. S. Editors who are in favor of this please copy.

We cheerfully give place to the foregoing, and hope something will be done to rid the country of dogs. Besides their sheep-killing habits, they are the most worthless creatures on earth and do no good commensurate with their expense. Why people will foolishly throw away their hard earnings by feeding a snarling cur, a yelping hound, or a pet poodle, we cannot understand. We know some families who are poor and are actually in want of the prime necessities of life, yet keep dogs, and feed them enough to supply many of those prime necessities, while the dogs do not benefit them to the amount of one cent. We know rich families who keep large Newfoundlands and poodles for pets, and feed them with the dainties of the land—enough to supply food for some poor children near by who are suffering for something to eat—the dogs meanwhile not worth a cent to their owners or any one else.

The bread and meat, milk and butter that is fed to dogs, and the sheep that they kill within the Confederate States, would bountifully feed our whole army and pay for its transportation to them, and supply families that are left to be cared for by us, while not a particle of good is rendered by them to their owners in return for all this waste. This ought not to be so, and we hope a stop will be put to it.—Southern Confederacy.

The necessity of sheep-raising is not less pressing in Mississippi than in Georgia, and we presume wool-growing is not less profitable here than there. We think our Legislature now in session should therefore do something for the protection of sheep by passing a law taxing dogs heavily. Our town, our county, our State, are full of "mongrels, puppies, whelps and hounds, and curs of low degree" that should be killed off. It is no uncommon thing to see—in poor families especially—as many dogs as there are persons, and the "old folks" will divide their last crust with their worthless curs, even at the expense of their children's stomachs. We hope the matter will be taken into consideration by our Legislature. Let everything that destroys but produces nothing be killed off.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], December 7, 1861, p. 1, c. 1

The Smith Quitman Rifles request us to return their sincere thanks to Miss H. F. Johnstone, of Madison county, for thirty suits of clothing, and to her mother for one hundred dollars' worth; and that the company is also under obligations to the Livingston and Pearl River Aid Societies for timely and appropriate contributions.—Mississippian, 5th.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], December 14, 1861, p. 1, c. 2

Report of the Ladies Military Aid Society.

We have made and forwarded (including pants, frock coats, drawers, shirts, under shirts and land gaiters) 1263 garments; knit 352 pairs of socks, 175 yarn scarfs [sic], 35 yarn visors and 50 pairs yarn gloves.

Forwarded one hospital box to Missouri, containing blankets, sheets, pillows, pillow cases, feather pads, hospital shirts, drawers, socks, lint, bandages, pepper, pepper gargle, cayenne

pepper, brandy, Port and Madeira wine, domestic wines, cordials, cherry bound, jellies, honey, corn starch, tapioca, farina, arrow root, sage, sugar tea, rice, candles, pickles, catsup and dried fruit.

Six boxes forwarded to Virginia with similar contents.

The gratuitous services of Mr. John R. Hargon, for nearly two months, calls forth our sincere thanks; and in behalf of the Society we tender our grateful acknowledgments for his patriotic devotion to the soldier's cause.

Miss E. P. Henry,
President.

Miss Ora Reid, Secretary.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], December 21, 1861, p. 1, c. 2

The new battle-flag, recently distributed to the regiments at Manassas, has for a device the "Southern Cross," the stars representing the States of the Confederacy being arranged in the form of that brilliant constellation. It is strikingly unlike the Stars and Stripes, and can hardly be confounded with any other flag.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], December 21, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

The following letter was sent by Mrs. Porter, of Nashville, to Gen. P. Henry, of Rankin, and the General has requested that it should be published in all the papers in the State.

The attention of our people have been called to the condition of the sick soldiers in the hospitals at Nashville in various ways. The Rev. John P Campbell, one of the Agents of the hospitals who is traveling through the country on this benevolent and charitable mission, addressed an impromptu meeting at the Court House in this place on Monday morning last. We were not present, and cannot say what success he met with in getting contributions; we fear it was small, however, as he announced by handbill he would address the people at night, but we observed that there was no meeting.

There are said to be at least 2000 sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals at Nashville. Such a large number of invalids must require many nurses, and a large quantity of suitable nourishment. No one could contribute in a more benevolent cause than this, or one that is better calculated to draw out our sympathies. The brave soldier who is wounded in our battles or falls sick while engaged in the service, must be cared for and nursed with assiduous attention. The noble women of Tennessee and other States are devoting their whole time to the nursing, but they need suitable supplies for the sick, and are calling loudly for them. We hope, indeed, we know, that the good people of Madison will respond liberally to the call. We respectfully refer our readers to the following letter from Mrs. Porter.

To the Friends of the Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

The Soldiers' Relief Society of Tennessee, having been authorized by the Acting Secretary of War, to retain the position which they have previously occupied in regard to the State Hospitals, have now entered upon the discharge of the duties appertaining thereto under the direct authority of the Confederate States Government. The Society has also at the special instance and request of Dr. Yandell, Medical Director of this Division of our Army, assumed a similar supervision and charge of the following Hospitals: State Hospital, College Street Hospital; 2d College Street Hospital; Front Street Hospital; Cedar Street Hospital.

Under the direction of the eminent Medical Director of this Division, and with the material aid which we hope to receive from the friends of the sick and wounded soldiers throughout the State, we expect to increase our means to such an extent that by the 13th inst., we will be able to accommodate comfortably at least two thousand patients, if the exigencies of the service should demand such provisions. The Ladies of the Society enter upon the discharge of this duty with a determination to do all in their power, at whatever cost of personal comfort or convenience, to alleviate the misfortunes and to contribute to the wants and the comforts of the gallant defenders of our homes, who may be stricken down by disease or by the casualties of war. While devoting our time and our energies, and our means to the accomplishment of this self-imposed duty, we look with confidence to the continued support and material aid from the patriotic ladies of Tennessee. The hospitals are now being rapidly filled up from the seat of war in Kentucky. The society therefore, urges families throughout the State to send forward the contributions at the earliest possible period. Send us clothing, blankets, comforts, provisions, or any article which may be useful or necessary for the sick and convalescent. All contributions to be addressed to Mrs. Felicia G. Porter, No. 38 Cedar street, Nashville, Tenn., which will be distributed to the different hospitals under the directions of the Medical Director. The Soldiers' Relief Society sends forth their appeal to the *citizens of Tennessee*, in the confident belief that it will meet a favorable response from every heart.

Felicia G. Porter,
President.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], December 28, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

Camp, Near Leesburg, Va., }
December 10, 1861. }

Editor Citizen:

. . . Yesterday was an important era in the history of the 7th Brigade. There was a grand and imposing review, when the troops, drawn up in close column, listened to the farewell words of Gen. Evans. He expressed great feeling at parting with his comrades; assured them of the honor and pride which he felt in them as commander of "the most distinguished Brigade in the Army of the Potomac," and delivered to each of the Colonels of the 13th, 17th and 18th Miss. Reg'ts a farewell order to be read at the dress parade of their commands. In a spirited speech he then delivered a battle flag to each regiment, and, with enthusiasm, told them of his confidence that Mississippians would always bear it untarnished and with honor. The four Colonels received the flags from Gen. Evans, bade him farewell in short and appropriate addresses, and bore them to their respective regiments, into whose hands they eloquently commended their safe keeping. Here the soldiers cheered until even Bricks felt chivalrous, and tears of generous heroism stood in the eyes of many a brave fellow. At that moment, as for the first time the beautiful Southern Cross floated above their heads and unfurled its silken folds, with glittering stars, upon the soft air of that bright day, vows of manly devotion and support went up warm from a thousand consecrated hearts—hearts that are leagued in with a high and holy purpose, strong in the thick mail of an honest intent, buoyant in the well-assured hope of victory in the combat with the minions of a despot and oppressor, and animated with a righteous resolve to secure their rights, avenge their wrongs, to beard their desecrating foe, maintain the right and follow and sustain this cross, so typical of their struggle, even to the bitter death. A venerable minister pronounced a solemn blessing upon these banners, and the whole brigade marched in

review by column of companies before our new Generals, Griffith and Hill. . .

G. W. B.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], December 28, 1861, p. 2, c. 6-7

Fight at Woodsonville.
Fall of Col. Terry.

The Nashville Banner has a full account of the fight in Kentucky, in the region of Green river, already reported by telegraph, from which we subjoin the following additional particulars:

At dawn on Tuesday morning, a body of men, consisting in part of Sweet's Artillery and a fragment of Col. Terry's Rangers, was ordered forward from Cave City, near which they were encamped. They proceeded towards Woodsonville, and, after they had passed the deep cut on this side of the depot and Dirt Road bridge, they found a party of the enemy. It was in the outskirts of Woodsonville. They had learned that the enemy had boasted that they intended cutting off "Terry and his d---d wild cats." This Col. Terry endeavored to defeat by turning a gap in an adjacent fence and unflanking them, but in this attempt was unsuccessful, as was also an effort to plant Sweet's battery. Before other preparations could be made, the fight became general along the fence. The enemy was on both sides of it, extending in a line all from a hundred and fifty to two hundred yards in length, and numbering six hundred strong. Our force did not exceed two hundred and seventy-five. Colonel Terry dashed on in advance, having said to Captain Walker, "Come, John, let's charge them and risk the consequences." Capt. Walker, Dr. Cowan, Capt. Evans, Paulding Anderson, the Orderly of Capt. Walker's company (whose name has escaped us), followed after a group, firing their six-shooters with great effect as they proceeded, killing numbers on either side of the fence, and scattering them to the right and left. They did not retreat, however. They stood up with intrepid firmness and courage.

As Capt. Walker rode round the fence, just after Col. Terry, he saw both ends of a musket behind a forked tree. The piece had just been discharged, and its owner was reloading. The Captain saw in a moment that if he passed he would inevitably be shot. There was but one recourse. Clubbing his pistol, he dashed directly on the soldier, firing where he supposed his head was. The enemy fired at the same moment. His ball cut off the belt of the Captain's bowie knife, ran round through his clothes, and inflicted a wound on his right wrist. The captain's shot leveled the Yankee for ever.

The fight lasted in this way along the fence for about fifteen minutes, when our boys reached the extreme end of it. Just here, Col. Terry—always in the front—discovered a nest of five of the enemy. He leaped in his saddle, waved his hat, and cried. "Come on, boys, here's another bird's nest." He fired and killed two of them. The other three fired simultaneously. One shot killed his charger. Another shot killed him. He fell headlong from his horse without a groan or a moan. He was killed instantly, the ball piercing his wind pipe and penetrating the lower part of the brain. At the same time, Paulding Anderson and Dr. Cowan rode up and dispatched the remaining three of the enemy. The man who killed Col. Terry was a huge, raw-boned German, well dressed, and armed with a fine Belgian musket.

The fight ended here. When Colonel Terry's fall was announced, it at once prostrated his men with grief. The enemy had fled. Sixty-six of their dead lay upon our field. Of ours only five. Slowly those were collected, and our troops fell back to a secure position. All in all, this is one of the most desperate fights of the war. It was hand to hand from first to last. No men could

have fought more desperately than the enemy. The rangers were equally reckless. The result, mournful as it is, in the loss of a brave and gallant soldier, a prominent officer, the idol of his men, and a loved and honored citizen, adds another page to the glory of our invincible arms. It opens the ball in lower Kentucky. Stirring scenes may be expected hourly in that crowded quarter.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], January 18, 1862, p. 1, c. 1

Our Virginia correspondent, Geo. Washington Bricks, Esq., complains that the Citizen reaches him so seldom. We assure him that the fault is not ours. We have never failed in a single instance to send a package of our paper to each of the Madison companies in Virginia, put up in strong wrappers with printed address. If they are not received, it is the fault of Uncle Jeff's officials.

Bricks desires us to insert as many local items as possible, for the benefit of the absent soldiers. We assure our friend Bricks that the absence of "locals" from our columns is no fault of ours. Local items are as scarce here as shad in Bear creek. Like Micawber, we are always waiting anxiously for something to turn up, but it won't. Our town is quiet, orderly and peaceable; everybody minds his own business, and everybody else does the same. We have no fires, no fights, no horrible accidents, or casualties of minor degree, to chronicle. Indeed, we are the most quiet, orderly and easy going people in the world, and enjoy the greatest immunity from broils, rows, family feuds and neighborhood imbroglios that afflict other communities. It is our painful duty occasionally to record a death, and now and then, even in these war times, we have the pleasure of gazetting a couple who have committed matrimony. If it were the fashion here, as in England, to record the advent into "this breathing world," of "precious little mortals," we should be kept right busy.

We are multiplying right fast down here, Bricks, and there is no danger of Madison being depopulated, even if all our brave boys up on the Potomac should be killed off—which, Heaven forbid.

Next week—when we are not running so far behind time, and have not so much type to set—we will look around, visit the upper and lower faubourgs of the "Celestial City," and see if we cannot find some items for the benefit of our absent soldiers. In the meantime, rest assured that "nobody is hurt."

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], January 25, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

An Appeal for Aid.

Canton, Jan. 22d, 1862.

To the ladies of the Madison Co., Military Aid Society, and all others interested in the welfare of the Soldiers:

I hope you will pardon the liberty which I now take in addressing you, and I assure you that nothing could induce me to do so, except an occasion like the present, which calls forth all the patriotism and energy which woman can possibly possess. Like the Spartan Mothers, let us make all the sacrifices which our country demands, and the more desperate the energy of the struggle to enslave us, the greater must be our exertion to prevent it. Let me beg of you not to feel at all discouraged, as the darkest hour is always just before the dawn. *This is the time* for us to work—*this* the time for us to make every exertion to place our fighting men in the field. How

are we to do this? By rendering such aid to the sick and wounded as will expedite their recovery, and enable them to meet the foe who is invading our homes and firesides. Mothers! let me appeal to you for help! You that have daughters at home that need protection, and you also that have sons in the army, who may be suffering for some of the little comforts which you can spare without much inconvenience. Do not leave the Confederacy to take care of its soldiers alone. I know it will try, and with the assistance of its patriotic ladies, will succeed. The one will furnish food and clothing for the healthy and vigorous, while the other will supply the necessities and alleviate the sufferings of the sick and wounded. It is needless for me to say anything more. I know that you are all ready and willing to assist in so good a cause, and only need to have that treacherous thing called memory jogged, in order to respond to your country's call.

Our box of hospital stores for Nashville is not yet filled, and I hope that you will avail yourself of this opportunity of contributing to the comfort of those who are making every sacrifice for you. The articles particularly needed are sheets, drawers, shirts, pillow-cases, pillows, linen, fruits, jellies, &c., &c. A little from each will accomplish a great deal. Send all contributions to Mrs. A. P. Hill, who will take charge of them at her residence. The next meeting of the society will be at the same place on Monday, Jan. 27th, and hoping it will be well attended,

I remain, respectfully,
Mrs. O. A. Luckett,
President of Military Aid Society.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], February 22, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Correspondence of the Citizen.

Chapel Hill, Texas, }
January 29, 1861. }

Friend Bosworth:--I have been thinking for some time of writing a short article for your valuable paper, but have delayed for fear my communication might crowd out some document of more interest than anything I could write in these war times; but I have concluded to let you be the judge, and venture a thought or two.

You and your numerous readers would like to know how the war affects us in this western world. To this there can only be one reply in the language of the day, "tight times," money scarce, and all articles of prime necessity high, except provisions. Corn is abundant, and worth 50 cents per bushel, shelled, sacked, and delivered at the depot, purchaser furnishing sacks. Pork, 6 cents per lb; Beef, 3 to 3½, and no scarcity. This State is furnishing the Confederacy with large numbers of beeves, and the war fever was never higher, and a determined spirit to push the war to a glorious termination never firmer than at this time.

Some fears are entertained in reference to raising money to pay our taxes; but by the sale of corn on the railroad and rivers, and meat in the west, a good deal can and will be done, even should the Lincoln blockade continue. Remove that, and the principal cause of our embarrassment is at an end. At one time we thought its days were numbered, but since the Federal Government has complied with the imperious demands of England, we begin to fear we were mistaken; at least think it very doubtful; and in view of it, deem it of the highest importance that there should be come concerted action amongst the planters in reference to the planting of cotton this season.

I am amongst the number who believe that if the blockade be not removed, it will be to

our interest not to plant a single seed, as the present crop, when thrown into the market, would command more money than two crops. Any one who has paid any attention to the history of the crop, must see that four million bales thrown into the European markets next fall, would bring us a greater sum of money than eight million of bales would. And then, with the one crop there would be a demand for years to come, which would insure us good prices. Now, will the cotton planter, in his great desire to make, break down and completely destroy his real source of wealth? The question is asked, What else can we do? I answer: Let us plant corn, raise hogs and other stock. But, say they, half our land planted in corn will make more than we can consume. Be it so. Then let the remainder go uncultivated, and let us employ our time in improving our farms, farm-houses, &c., instead of raising cotton; for these things would be to our profit, but to raise another crop of cotton, with the last one yet on hand, would be to our real injury. In a word, I see no good economy when I have a bale of cotton worth \$50 to \$60, in incurring the expense of raising another to add to it, when it is clear the two will not bring me more money than the one. Not only so, but by the increase, we shall throw such a surplus upon the market that we shall be compelled to desist, or ever work for a mere nominal price; for the past fully attests the fact, that the annual increase of the growth keeps pace with the demand.

One more thought and I am done, though the subject is one of great interest, and might be dwelt on to a much greater length. Who has rope and bagging sufficient for last year's crop? Where are these articles to come from for the next? What ruinous prices are now demanded for them! Increase the demand, and what will the price be? Answer who can. Oh that the planters would be wise, and hold their primary meetings everywhere, and come to a unity of action.

Very respectfully,
John H. Stone.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], March 8, 1862, p. 1, c. 4

Candles.—Our old Hinds county friend N. A. Isom, now a resident of Lafayette county, has discovered a new and valuable process of making candles from tallow equal to the star. It is this: To a quart of tallow add two or three leaves of the prickly pear, and boil out all the water that may gather. When of the right consistency, mould in the usual way.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], March 8, 1862, p. 1, c. 4

A Gentleman.—At table he is never in a hurry; he waits till a servant addresses him. In calling for anything, he never addresses a servant abruptly or sternly. Instead of saying, *Bread! Water!* —Bring me this! or that! as the case may be, he says, in a mild and civil tone, "I will thank you for the bread" "Will you bring me some water?" "Will you be good enough to hand me the sugar?" And whenever anything is brought he always addresses the servants, especially women, in a mild, civil tone, as if asking a favor, and not demanding a right; and he never rings his chamber bell unless for something that he cannot conveniently forego. Clerks and servants of hotels are often harassed by frivolous orders, especially women who undertake to play lady, and show consequence by being imperious and exacting. At table, the gentleman never talks loud, never stares at other guests, and especially never commits that indecency, so common to Englishmen, staring at women. He never makes remarks upon any one present; never looks up and around when eating or drinking, like a dog over a bone, and afraid of losing it. He never drinks or talks with his mouth full, or fills his mouth till a cheek is distended like that of a ground squirrel gathering his winter store. He never spits at table, or coughs or sneezes over his plate. He never looks about stealthily or boastingly, as if afraid or anxious to be gazed at, but sits quiet

and self possessed, taking for granted that the rest of the company have their own business to mind, and no leisure to be busy about himself. In a parlor, especially among women, he never stretches on a sofa, puts his feet in or on a chair, or on a table or window sill, or sticks them out at full length. He never sits with his feet stretched out, and his hands on his head, as if holding it on. He never makes general denunciations of parties or sects, in presence of strangers whose opinions he knows not, or in presence of acquaintances whose opinions are adverse. He defends his opinions when called upon, or omits it at his discretion, but never aggressively assails those of others in the social circle, or among strangers, or in any place where controversy is not expected.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], March 15, 1862, p. 1, c. 4

We have seen a lot of excellent candles manufactured by the "Southern Star Manufactory," an incorporated company of this city. Since the commencement of the blockade candles have been so scarce they could not be obtained except at exorbitant prices. We are glad, therefore, that we now have the means of supplying our wants in this respect, and hope that the enterprise will meet with the encouragement it deserves.—N. O. Delta.

We have had the pleasure of trying some of the candles made in New Orleans, and if they were manufactured at the establishment alluded to by the Delta, we must say it is a miserable failure. We paid a dime apiece for these candles. They seemed to have been made of tallow mixed with the intestinal fat from the swine; they "run down" in just one hour and twenty minutes, and while burning emitted an odor compared to which the exhalations of a slaughter-pen would be the Atta of Roses. The amount of light they afford may be judged from the fact that we burned all ours—a round dozen—at once. Phew!

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], March 29, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

We make no apology for the color and kind of paper on which this issue is made. It costs us vastly more than white paper formerly did, and long before this war is closed, the best and (pecuniarily) ablest papers in the Republic will be glad to get paper of any color and any size.

Since the dissolution of the Union, all this section of country was supplied with paper from the mills at Nashville. When that city fell into the hands of the enemy, of course the supply from that source was cut off. Since then we have ramified the whole Confederacy with letters of inquiry as to where paper could be had, but have not been able, as yet, to find any for sale at any price. We have sent orders to every point where paper is manufactured, and as soon as there is a ream to be had, we will get it.

In the meantime we beg leave to inform our friends, and the public generally, that we have enough colored paper to last us five or six weeks, before the lapse of which time we have a fair prospect of obtaining a supply of white paper—at least, the best quality that is now made.

We wish to inform the public, also, that we have on hand a large lot of jobbing paper of every size and of every color. We have fancy note paper, funeral note paper, letter paper, foolscap paper, commercial post, and all sorts. We shall be able to execute any kind of job, from a shin-plaster (having some "money-paper" too,) to a full sheet poster.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], March 29, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Suspended.—The Concordia Intelligencer, and the Oxford Intelligencer have both been discontinued for the want of paper.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], April 5, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

Down on the Plunderers.—Gen. Bragg is an officer not to be misunderstood. Here is a general order issued by his command from Bethel:

Bethel, Tenn., March 16, 1862.

With a degree of mortification and humiliation he has never before felt, the Major General has to denounce acts of pillage, plunder and destruction of private property of our own citizens by a portion of the troops of this command, which brings disgrace upon our cause. Men capable of such acts may swell our numbers, but will never add strength to our armies. They would do us less harm by serving in the ranks of the enemy, and if not prepared to abandon the vicious habits they have unfortunately contracted, had better lay down their arms and retire. Gallant men, not thus demoralized, stand ready to use them, and will do so with that firm reliance on an overruling Providence which a consciousness of right can alone give. The first step towards achieving success is to deserve it.

Commanders of all grades will be held responsible for the suppression of this great crime. Full compensation will, in all instances, be made from the pay of the offenders, and where this fails in its effect, summary punishment will be inflicted. The General will not hesitate to order the death penalty where it may be necessary, and will approve its execution by subordinates where milder measures fail. By order of Major General Bragg.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], April 5, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Religious Notice.

Confederate Union Prayer Meetings will be held each Tuesday evening at Odd Fellows Hall, and each Friday evening at Masonic Hall, at 4 o'clock, P. M.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], April 5, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Newspaper Epidemic.—Referring to the fact that there are now but three newspapers published in North Mississippi, the Oxford *Intelligencer* says:

Had we the capital Cræsus had, we could not continue the *Intelligencer*, for printing paper is not to be had now, at any price. We have used the last sheet we had in our office. We are extremely sorry that we have been thus starved out; but it could not be avoided on our part.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], April 12, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Our Paper.—We have the satisfaction of informing our subscribers that we have succeeded in procuring from a friend away over in Georgia, a lot of paper of a lighter hue than this, which will insure the publication of *The Citizen* for the next three months.—Before the lapse of that time we shall be able to secure another lot; and we think we hazard nothing in saying that our paper will be published during the whole of the present year.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], April 12, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Wounded Soldiers.—The Central Railroad cars from Grand Junction brought down on Friday night a number of soldiers wounded in the battle of Shiloh. The large store room belonging to Mr. Thomas Semmes has been converted into a temporary Hospital, where the wounded are now receiving every attention from our citizens, male and female.

We think a permanent hospital should be established here. Our people are fully able, and

we know they are willing to do all in their power to ameliorate the condition and assuage the sufferings of the brave soldiers who have been wounded, or fallen sick, while in the service of our country.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], May 2, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

The Concert Thursday Night Last.—The young ladies of the Canton Female Institute gave a Vocal and Instrumental Concert at Odd Fellows Hall, on Thursday evening, 24th ult., under the direction of their teacher, Mr. A. Brown, for the benefit of the Semmes Hospital, in this place.

The audience was the largest and most brilliant we have ever seen assembled here, except on one occasion—that of the Concert for the benefit of the "Madison Guards."—The programme for the evening was gotten up with Prof. Brown's usual good taste, and to say that the various pieces were admirably performed by the young ladies, were but faint praise. The Songs and Choruses, "by the whole company," were grand, and made the Hall resound again, filling every bosom with patriotic emotion.

We learn that about one hundred dollars were realized for the benefit of the Hospital. Well done for Prof. Brown and his fair young pupils. The sick and wounded soldiers will long remember them.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], May 2, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

If our paper lacks interest to-day it must be attributed to the fact that, since the surrender of New Orleans, we have been cut off from "the world and the rest of mankind." We have had but one New Orleans paper this week—the Picayune of Sunday—and from Vicksburg, only the Weekly Whig of Wednesday. These, with one Richmond and one Atlanta paper, constitute our entire budget of exchanges this week. Hence, the absence of our usual variety.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], May 9, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

To the Ladies of Madison County,

There are many little articles of diet, not furnished by the Government, that would greatly conduce to the recovery of the afflicted soldiers in our hospital, such as

Dried Fruit,
Irish Potatoes,
English Peas,
Beets,
Strawberries,
Jellies,
Pickles,
Capsup, [sic]
Etc., etc., etc.

The quick perception of the Ladies will detect any omissions in the above list, and their kindness will supply them.

W. B. Harvey, Surgeon.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], May 9, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Attention—Ladies.

A Full Meeting of the Aid Society on Tuesday next, at 10 o'clock, is earnestly requested. The object of the meeting will be to provide lodgings in the Hospital for the sick and wounded soldiers.

It is hoped that the Ladies in the country will generally attend.

The goods are ready for the needle.

No appeal is necessary.

W. B. Harvey, Surgeon.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], May 30, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

The Pioneer paper mill, near Athens, Ga., have been rebuilt, and are now in operation.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], June 27, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

A True Women.—The Talladega Reporter says that one of the Relief Committees in that county recently visited a widow lady whose only son is in the army, for the purpose of paying her the sum of six dollars and sixty five cents, her share of the 25 per cent fund for relief of families of volunteers according to the pro rata distribution recently made. On approaching the house he saw one of the old lady's two daughters in the field plowing, the other in the loom weaving, the mother carding and spinning. He made known his business, but the old lady promptly declined to receive the money, saying she thought she could manage to make a living and support her family as her son had left his bounty money with her. She requested that the money might be paid over to some of the many families in the county who were more needy than she was.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], June 27, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

Cow Peas.

Mr. Editor:--In reading the June number of your valuable agricultural journal, I was astonished to see an article from one of our citizens against the cultivation of one of our most valuable articles of food for man and beast—the cornfield pea. Why, sir, it is the best renovator of the soil we have in this portion of North Mississippi; and it not only reclaims, but preserves our land from wearing out, by shading and sheltering it from the burning sun of July and August, and the drenching and washing rains that sometimes fall in the summer and autumn, while it also supplies a coat of litter that nothing else will furnish to the land and which it greatly needs. I am fifty-six years old, and have raised peas in that good old State, South Carolina. I there raised, or helped to raise, peas, and saw good hogs fed on them, and fine bacon made therefrom. I lived some ten years in Alabama, and there raised peas, and made plenty of bacon with them; I have now lived 18 in Mississippi, and have raised peas and plenty of bacon also. I know many here that do not raise peas nor bacon, who have worn out their land, and are *en route* to Arkansas and Texas. I have never, to my recollection, lost a hog by peas, either young or old, stock hogs or bacon hogs; on the contrary, I have no doubt lost many for the want of them. My management in regard to my stock hogs, mules, horses, cattle and sheep, is simply this: When I begin to gather corn, (all my stock being hungry and lean enough,) from every load taken to the cribs, I throw off corn to them, till, by degrees, they get full, giving them plenty of salt. By the time I get all

the best corn out of the field, their appetites are appeased, and they go upon the peas full, and not so ravenous as they would do were they empty and hungry, and they all go to fattening, (for it is October, when the weather is favorable,) and continue to fatten as long as the peas last. My stock hogs and sheep generally winter on them by picking up the scattering peas. By spring, I have saved enough by the peas to feed my hogs pretty well until herbage and grass rises in the spring; then I give less till June, when the ground becomes dry and hard, from which time I feed pretty liberally again until I get them into my stubble field, when they commence thriving again.—When that source fails, I feed again until the peas are ready for use. My word for it, there is no danger from peas killing hogs. Try it all other Southern planters. It will help to keep your lands, and help to keep him independent in regard to meat and bread.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], June 27, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

A letter from Huntsville, Alabama, to the Cincinnati Times says:

The white inhabitants of this part of the country are the most rampant secessionists I ever met with. They will hardly speak to an officer when they meet him, but always look sideways, lest they might inhale his "Yankee" breath. No matter what the nation, creed, or color of a man, if he is for the Union he is a Yankee. The ladies—save the mark—are more vicious, fierce and rampant than the men.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], July 4, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

W. Toney, Esq., Eufaula, Ala., writes to the "Field and Fireside" that he planted a "war crop," consisting of 100 acres in two varieties of the Palma Christa seed to make Castor Oil; 75 acres in broom corn; 100 acres swamp land in rice; 4 acres in hops; 400 acres in corn; 100 acres in ground peas; 300 acres of corn land in cowpeas for hogs; 20 acres in potatoes, and half an acre in the Texas Mesquite, or Muskeete Grass. Mr. Toney is a sensible man. May he reap an abundant harvest.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], July 11, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

List of Deaths in Hospitals
at Canton, for the Week ending 12
o'clock July 10, 1862:

. . . July 7—Green Bennett, Co. B, McRae's Texas Reg.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], July 25, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Fireman's Parade.

On Tuesday the Mechanics Fire Company No. 1 of Canton, agreeably to a previous notice, celebrated their anniversary, by a dress parade. Notwithstanding the numerous disadvantages and difficulties under which the company since its organization, has labored in endeavoring to procure equipments, absolutely essential to its efficiency, yet nothing daunted by these obstacles and the want of many things necessary for their creditable appearance on such an occasion, the Company resolved that that [sic—they?] would do the best they could under the circumstances.

We have heard but one expression of opinion, and that highly favorable. Every one was apparently surprised and highly gratified, at the elegant appearance of the engine beautifully and tastefully decorated with Evergreens, Flowers and Flags, whilst the neat uniform of the firemen consisting of red shirts, white pants and black belts, presented a truly beautiful and firemanlike appearance.

We have been informed by a member of the Company, that it is the intention of the members to purchase a Gallery Engine as soon as the funds can be raised for that purpose. The Company also needs Hose and Hose Carriage Hooks, Ladders, &c., as it is the aim and desire of the members to render this an efficient A No. 1 Company, one in which our citizens may feel not only a pride, but a surety that in case the devouring and devastating Fire Demon should again threaten our beautiful town there will be a gallant band to contend with it for the mastery.

The Ladies of the Military Aid Society have already generously contributed one hundred dollars to the Company [sic]. The Board of Police, also feeling interested in its success appropriated five hundred dollars.

We think the Railroad Companies, Town Council and citizens generally should feel a deep interest in the perfect organization and efficiency of the Company, and we hope that every one will contribute liberally, as we feel assured, from the material composing the company that in the hour of trial and danger, its members will ever be found battling manfully and successfully to save the property of our citizens from destruction.

We publish below the names of the officers and members of the Company: [list]

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], August 1, 1862, p. 2, c. 2-3

Camp Meridian,

40th Reg. Miss. Vols., }
July 28th, 1862. }

Friend Bosworth:--Having been detained here since Friday morning last, with little prospect of getting "on to Richmond" (whither I had started) for a day or two yet, I conclude to "drop you a line."

Of all the places I have ever been compelled to remain at, this is certainly the most disagreeable. *I mean the city of Meridian. My quarters* are much more pleasant, however, than other unfortunate travelers have had during our sojourn.

On my arrival here I ascertained that a large portion of the army at Tupelo was being transported over the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, and that Gen. Bragg had put an embargo upon all travel. No "citizen" could be allowed to pass over the road until his troops had passed down. It was hard to submit to this order when one was expecting to be in Richmond by the time this blockade should be raised. But my country's cause demands the sacrifice, and I make it with as good grace as possible.

The hotel accommodations here are a disgrace to the name. The meanest fare possible at the highest price seems to be the order. There have been perhaps from three to five hundred persons detained here since Tuesday last. Many of these have sought and found repose upon the soft side of a plank, subsisting upon rations wisely provided before leaving home, and but for which their "bread-baskets" would have suffered from emptiness. Many poor men who had not taken this precaution, and being short of funds, have suffered great inconvenience. I have seen men, women and children lying around the depots for days and nights together, waiting

transportation. Quite a number of soldiers belonging to the army in Va. are here en route for Richmond, but Gen. Bragg's army takes precedence, and even these are not allowed to go. Then there are sick and wounded soldiers—old men trying to get through to minister to their wounded sons at Richmond, not one of whom can get along. Some of the latter have despaired and turned back; others have resolved to wait their turn. I would have turned back myself, but concluded it was better to hold on. Surely it won't be long till we can get through.

I said my quarters were better than some others. On my arrival here I learned that the 40th Miss. Reg. was in camp on the hill overlooking the town, and ascertained that My friends Col. Colbert and Lt. Col. Campbell of Leake and Attala were in command, and also that my Anglo-Spanish friend G. D. Bustamente was in charge of the commissariat. It occurred to me at once that it would be a good thing for me to "go into camp." It was not long before I met Capt. B., aforesaid, whose proverbial generosity was manifest, as ever, and I received a cordial invitation to join his "mess." . . .

Yours,
Cosmopolite.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], August 1, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

List of Deaths in Hospitals
at Canton, for two weeks, ending July 31, 1862:

. . . July 17—J. T. Penny, Co. I, 3d Texas Regiment.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], August 15, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

John Montgomery, living near Canton, Miss., sent us seventeen dollars for the free market, which has been handed to the proper persons.—Vicksburg Whig, 8th inst.

It affords us pleasure to record such acts of generosity and pure benevolence as the above on the part of our fellow-citizens. We learn that another of our generous and warm-hearted citizens, Mr. Eibe Cordtz, left at the drug store of Cassell & Baughn, on Monday last, twenty dollars for the relief of the indigent of Vicksburg. We have no doubt many others would "go and do likewise" if they knew who would receive the money and forward it to the proper person at Vicksburg. We have no doubt many others would "go and do likewise" if they knew who would receive the money and forward it to the proper person at Vicksburg.

We are authorized to state that all sums of money left with Dr. McKie, or A. J. Bransford, at the Provost Marshal's office, will be forwarded to Mr. Shannon, of the Vicksburg Whig, who will see that it goes into the hands of the proper persons.

We see that Yazoo City has raised and forwarded to the Vicksburg sufferers, *three hundred dollars*. Cannot Canton do as well?

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], August 8, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

The Vicksburg Sufferers.

The Whig of the 2d inst. says: "As there has been a call made on the philanthropic citizens of the State for assistance to support the needy who have been driven from their homes during the bombardment of our city, we beg leave to make an explanation. For a year past nearly

one hundred families, having relatives in the army, have been supplied weekly with provisions from what was called the "Free Market." The largest part of this supply was from individual contributions—the balance from the city and county treasury. When all had to flee from the shells of the Lincolnites, the free market was broken up—the regular business of those who were punctual contributors was destroyed, and they were unable to furnish their quota any longer. Had it not been for the city council, much more suffering would have existed among the class mentioned while encamped near the city. They are now returning to the city, but have nothing to do to make a living, and if they had money it would be almost impossible for them to procure food, for the reasons that the Yankees have put an end to our steamboating on the Mississippi, and we can get no supplies from that quarter; the Government has almost entirely monopolized the railroad, and we get but little from that source; and, lastly, the soldiers in our vicinity have eaten up almost our entire crop of vegetables and fruit. This is why we need assistance.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], August 8, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Another "Dangerous" Woman.

The special correspondent of the Philadelphia Press at Fort McHenry, gives the following information about Miss Susan Archer Tally, another of female spies:

"Among the recent prisoners at this fort, has been until the 28th of June last, a lady, a Miss Susan Archer Tally, of Norfolk who attempted last year to take a coffin full of percussion caps through our lines to Richmond, alleging that the body of her brother was in it. Suspicion excited, the coffin was opened, and the lady incarcerated. It was afterwards found that she had acted as a spy between the pickets of the two armies. She was closely confined in her room during the day, with the exception of a walk in the balcony before her window, and a stroll around the ramparts, for an hour daily, with the officer of the day. She was about thirty years of age, and a very good amateur artist. She took from memory a very good crayon portrait of Gen. Morris, commanding the fort and presented it to him. Liberty having been given to her, she has gone to her home near Norfolk."

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], August 22, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Relief for the Vicksburg Sufferers.

We are gratified to state that Dr. M. J. McKie, Provost Marshal, and his Assistant, Mr. A. J. Bransford, undertook the good work of collecting contributions for the Vicksburg sufferers. Up to Wednesday last they had collected the handsome sum of seven hundred and fifty dollars from the citizens of Canton and Madison county, and sent it forward. It is believed the contributions can be raised to one thousand dollars without difficulty. Now that the enemy has returned to Vicksburg, and the people will be compelled once more to flee from their homes, this aid will be doubly necessary and acceptable.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], August 22, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

A Nuisance.—We ask the attention of the Mayor of this city to the condition of the sidewalk immediately in front and west of the old Stone House. The large "nuckholes" there dug are good for a sprained ankle to some person passing there one of these nights, and those huge

hog wallows, and the swine that root and roll therein from morn till night, constitute a nuisance that should be abated. That the hogs should be allowed thus to depredate upon one of our principal thoroughfares—the highway to the postoffice—is not very creditable to the public functionaries of our city.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], September 19, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

The ladies of our town, with that consideration characteristic of them, gave our sick and wounded soldiers an excellent thanksgiving dinner yesterday.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], September 26, 1862, p. 1, c. 4

From current talk, and some personal observation, we are led to believe that a new mosquito has been recently invented in these parts. Whether he has been patented or not we are unable to say, neither have we seen any of the drawings or specifications upon which the claim for a patent, or even the entering of a *caveat* could be based.

What is claimed as original in this mosquito is the power he has of screwing his bill into the person operated upon, so that if the victim wishes to remove him, he must unscrew him, otherwise the sting will be left in, to the great irritation of the cuticle. He has also the peculiarity attributed to that Mexican bird known as the Rhumtyephoozle, who sticks his bill in the ground and whistles through his spurs. This mosquito while screwing his bill, and after it is screwed in, sings Yankee Doodle, and other anti-Confederate airs through his hind legs. So we have been informed and most potently believe. If on the other hand he were operating on a Federal prisoner, no doubt the victim would fancy himself listening to Dixie and other rebel melodies. He gives two to ten turns to the screw, according to size, age and wickedness.—Wilmington Journal.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], October 3, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

To the Ladies of Mississippi and Alabama.

Two months ago, a call was made upon the ladies of Mississippi to furnish socks for General Price's army. The gentleman who made the call, is informed that the ladies of Mississippi are doing all they can to answer it. Finding it impossible in many sections of the State to get wool, they are doing the next best thing--knitting cotton socks, which will be highly acceptable to our brave men. Each soldier ought to have at least two pairs of socks. As the manufacture of so many pairs (which ought to be done in a short time) may entail a heavy burden upon one State, it has been determined to appeal to the ladies of Alabama to aid in the work, more especially since Alabamians now compose a part of the army of the Tennessee. If each lady of these two States will furnish one pair of socks, it will give the army more than an abundant supply. These articles are for the use of the whole command, without distinction, and no lady knows but what the very pair she knits may be distributed to some noble fellow who is near and dear to her by the ties of blood or affection. The socks, whether of yarn or cotton, should be thick and of good length in the leg and foot. Hundreds of ladies will donate these articles, but there are many who cannot and ought not to give them. To such seventy-five cents will be paid for yarn, and fifty cents for cotton socks, by Major Brinker, at Tupelo.

Many packages can be sent up by private hands, but to facilitate matters, the Southern Express and the Pioneer Express companies have generously offered to transport to Tupelo free

of charge all packages of socks intended for the army, if deposited at any of the stations on the several railroads of these two States; and in cases where any of the socks are charged for, they will collect the bills and hand the money to the agent at the station where they were received. It is recommended that parties getting up a package should appoint a suitable person to see that it gets into the hands of the Express Company. All packages should be directed to Major Isaac Brinker, Post Quartermaster, Tupelo, and superscribed "Socks for the Army."

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], October 3, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Narrative of Mr. John Whelan.

At our suggestion, Mr. John Whelan, who has been a citizen of this county and city for the last ten or twelve years, has kindly furnished us with the following account of his capture by the Federals in Missouri—his treatment while a prisoner, and many other cruelties and barbarities perpetrated by the Lincolnites, which either came under his own observation or that of others whom he knows to be reliable. Can any one read of these atrocities without the desire to exterminate such a vile horde of barbarians from the face of the earth? Mr. Whelan assures us that instead of this being an overwrought picture, it scarcely comes up to the reality.

About the first of Sept., 1861, I received at St. Louis a passport for myself and fourteen servants, to go to Dent county, Mo., intending to make my way thence, *via* White river, home. Having arrived in Dent, I was arrested by U. S. troops under command of Colonel Littlefield, of the 14th Illinois volunteers, and who was at that time commandant of the post at Salem, Mo.

Littlefield forcibly took from my person my gold watch, a considerable amount of money and other articles of minor value, all of which he appropriated to his own use. He had the impudence to wear my watch upon his person, while I was a prisoner, and taunt me by saying, "Upon my honor [!], this rebel watch is a splendid time piece." After keeping me a prisoner and subjecting me to all kinds of insults for a week, he gave me up my negroes and mules, but retained everything else.

Before leaving, however, they gave two of my negroes pistols and bowie knives, telling them at the same time if they would use them properly and return to them, they should be protected. But, thanks to Providence, some of my other servants who remained faithful, and whom they were unable to reduce into their murderous designs, notwithstanding their promises of freedom and protection, informed me of their plans, when I searched their baggage and found the weapons concealed therein.

I then proceeded on my journey, when, on the fourth day, two of my negroes, notwithstanding they were handcuffed, slipped up behind me and let a large rock drop on the back of my head, which rendered me insensible, but the other negroes came to my assistance, and saved my life. The two would-be murderers made their escape to the Yankee camps, where, according to promise, they received protection. I tried to have them arrested, under a civil process, for an attempt to murder, but the commander said "no power on earth could get them out of his camp, and a slave was perfectly justifiable in using all the means which the God of nature gave him in gaining his freedom."

Being unable to travel on account of the wound I received, I was staying at a farmer's

house with my negroes, when a cavalry company of Kansas jayhawkers, under command of an abolition jayhawking preacher named Wood, came unexpectedly and arrested six of us, all of whom were on our way to the South. Amongst those arrested was a man by the name of George Cook, of Dent county, Mo., and as true a Southern man as ever lived. They were determined to murder him, and the plan they adopted was as follows: Wood told him he was released, and that he might proceed on his journey. After he had gone about half a mile, Wood sent two of his men to murder him. When they overtook him they commenced shooting at him without giving him any warning whatever, and a ball from a horse-pistol struck him in the cheek and passed out at the back of his neck. They then rifled his pockets and brought back his horses and wagon to their camp. Thinking he was dead and the true tale would never be told, they said they acted on the defensive—that he shot at them first, being hid from their view in the brush. But, contrary to their expectations, he recovered, and is now, I understand, in Price's army. On the same day they shot a boy only fifteen years old, while he was plowing in the field. They also shot an old man, more than sixty years of age, after they had taken him prisoner, his crime being that he had fed Southern soldiers. They took complete possession of the farmer's house where I was staying—slaughtered all the sheep and hogs—killed all the poultry, and carried away everything they could put their hands on. They also took with them, as a prisoner, a Mrs. Lomax, the charge against her being that her husband was a rebel. This lady they subjected to all manner of insults.

There was a poor widow living about four miles from Salem, Mo., whose entire support was two sons, aged respectively 18 and 16 years. These boys the poor woman cheerfully gave up to the Southern cause. Parting with them, she gave them her blessing, bidding them fight bravely for their country and liberty. The miscreants set fire to her house, and she imploringly besought them to leave her some provisions and clothing for her little children, but the fiends paid no attention to her entreaties, but destroyed everything they could see, even to the infant's clothing.

On the road to Rolla, the soldiers committed all kinds of excesses, such as wantonly shooting down stock, turning their horses into cornfields and burning down the fences. While I was a prisoner and guarded by some home guards, who are the meanest set of men on the face of God's creation—and, if possible, worse than the "Kansas Rangers"—I was continually insulted by them. They would put their guns to my breast and ask me could I stand fire; and they even pricked me with their bayonets. Smarting under their insults I told them that they were low cowards, whereupon their captain struck me several blows on the head with his sword, which left indelible marks, and the effects of which I feel to the present moment.

I had the mortification to see my two negroes that tried to murder me dressed in a new Yankee uniform, and fully armed and equipped.

The soldiers at Rolla go out daily, as they call it, scouting, but the proper word is stealing. They bring in all the stock they find and sell them for less than a fourth of their value to the officers, who ship them to Illinois and Iowa or sell them to the Lincoln government. When the farmers come in to claim their stock, they are invariably arrested as rebels and put in the guard house. Some of the scoundrels come to them after being in prison awhile and tell them that there are serious charges of disloyalty against them, and the best thing they can do is to go home and say nothing about their property, which advice they almost always follow. Sometimes they will ask a man if he is a union man or not; if he answers in the affirmative, then they will say "you can afford to give some property to the cause;" if they answer in the negative, they say their property is confiscated. While I was at Rolla, the Kansas 5th regiment went down to Texas county and murdered in cold blood seventeen citizens, slaying them wherever they found them.

They violated the persons of several women, one of whom was 50 years old; in fact, they committed crimes that would shock the most savage barbarian. A battalion of troops went to Pettas county and arrested Col. Field, who was an eminent lawyer in Louisville, Ky., for many years. When they had gone a few miles from his house they told him to ride a few yards in advance, having done which, he fell pierced by many bullets. They never gave either him or his family any intimation of the fate they were about subjecting him to. Having proceeded about ten miles further, they shot another man whom they met on the road, and then went to his house and told his wife that "they had killed her husband and she had better go and get his d---d body before the hogs eat it up." I could mention many more such acts as these that occurred while I was at Rolla.

I will now confine myself to what occurred at St. Louis while I was there. I saw an old friend who lived in Bates county, Mo., but was compelled to leave there. He said that the Kansas thieves had laid waste the whole of western Missouri. They had carried away all the movable property, negroes included, and burned down all the houses and fences.

About the time I arrived in St. Louis, the Yankees arrested about 1000 men on their way to join Price. They put them in prison in McDowell's college and gave them blankets that belonged to soldiers that had died of the small pox. This had the *desired* effect, for in less than two months, more than half of them had died. Several of them on their dying beds requested the services of a clergyman, but Halleck's reply was "under *no circumstances* would visitors be allowed to see prisoners." I saw a lady arrested and confined in prison for waving her hand at some prisoners as they passed by her residence. They kept in prison for a similar offense a poor Irish woman, and would not let her see her infant child of six months old. Her children were left entirely destitute, but some neighbors kindly provided for them. Some ladies got up a ball last spring at the residence of Dr. Coons, for the benefit of the poor. Provost Marshal Farrar hearing of it, said the ladies who had charge of it were rebels, and demanded the proceeds to be given him. The ladies respectfully declined to comply with his demand, whereupon he had them arrested and decreed that they should be separated from their families and homes and banished to a *free* State, and there remain during the war. All these things were done by order of Gen. Halleck. Halleck is considered one of the most tolerant and humane of the Yankee generals; what then may be expected from the others?

In the dark or middle ages, about which we hear so much said, it was considered a savage thing for a man on his deathbed to be deprived of the rites of his church, or, as it was called, "the benefit of the clergy." It is true, there were some extreme cases, such as conspiracy against the life of the Sovereign, for which the penalty was, "to be hanged, drawn and quartered, and deprived of the benefit of the clergy;" but the last part of the sentence was scarcely ever known to be executed. It only remained, however, for a yankee general to carry the sentence out in full. Yet, these same men pretend not to know the reason why the Irish Catholics of St. Louis are all Southern in feeling. But the Irish have sense enough to know who are their friends.

The organ of Lincoln, the New York Times, had an editorial a few months ago, in which the following, among other things of similar import, appeared: "Slavery and Popery are incompatible with liberty, and when we shall wipe out the former, we will then turn our attention to annihilating the latter."

The New York Tribune recently said, "We are now waging war against slave-drivers, but we will next turn our attention to their allies, the Irish." The Irish also know that in Massachusetts, the mother of abolitionism, their churches and convents were burned and their legislatures have refused to make any compensation.

Halleck frequently assesses, as he calls it, the rebel sympathizers. This mode of proceeding is quite summary. The Provost Marshal sends his detectives with a notice to their victims, that if they do not pay the amount assessed within six days, their property will be sold and 20 per cent. added on for damages. Many persons had all their furniture sold, not having even a bed left in the house. The last assessment, which was made a few days before I left, was for five hundred thousand dollars. I suppose that they will thus keep on until they take all the movable property from all Southern men in St. Louis. They say that the proceeds of the sales of this property are used for the support of the "loyal refugees." The refugees are low, vagabond whites, too lazy to work, and stolen and runaway negroes—of the latter, they have, I think, nearly 1000 in St. Louis.

The most of these negroes have received free papers, but whether or not, the owners would not dare to arrest them for fear of being themselves arrested for kidnapping by Provost Marshal Farrar. This Farrar, although born and reared in St. Louis, and the son of a Virginian, who some years ago was a large slaveholder, is now a most foul-mouthed abolitionist. I heard him say in his office that a negro was as good as a white man and that he would believe his word sooner than the oath of any secessionist. His office is always crowded with negroes, seeking their "free papers," and they are always waited on before the whites. If they say that their master is a rebel, or that they had caught the horse, or blacked the boots, or handed a drink of water to a man that spoke against the government, they received the document.

I have conversed with people from all parts of the State of Missouri, and I think that I may safely say, that there are more than 75 per cent. of the population true to the South. I must also say that some of the poorest counties have done and suffered more for our cause than the rich ones; for the latter, there, as elsewhere, are afraid of losing their property. It is also a notorious fact that some counties and individuals, who at first were the most loud in favor of the South seceding, have done much less for the cause than those who, at the commencement, voted for the Union.

Gen. Price was at first a Union man, and was President of the Union Convention which met at St. Louis last winter a year ago.

Gen. Schofield, the present commander of Missouri, has given orders that no more bushwhackers be taken prisoners, but that they be instantly shot. I understand that soldiers who are not uniformed according to his notion, come under the head of bushwhackers. Col. McNeil, acting on this order, had 25 men shot in Louis county, Missouri, during the last month, after they had surrendered themselves as prisoners of war. These men, with others, had engaged McNeil in a fair, open-field fight, but being overpowered by superior numbers, were compelled to surrender.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], October 17, 1862, p. 1 c. 1

During the past week there has been a great influx of sick, wounded and disabled soldiers into our town. The hospitals are all full of the sick and wounded, and our streets are alive with the disabled and convalescing. Many have been provided with more comfortable quarters by our generous and hospitable country friends, while all have been provided with food, &c., by the kind-hearted ladies of city and vicinity. The most of these soldiers are from Van Dorn's army, and many of them were in the battle of Corinth.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], October 31, 1862, p. 1, c. 1

Clothing for the Army.

It is a settled fact, admitted on all hands, that our government cannot supply our soldiers in the field with clothing. It behooves us, then, to inquire, "Are the people doing all in their power to supply the deficiency?" We fear they are not. We fear that there is too great an indifference prevailing in the public mind on this all-important subject. If our armies are not fed and *clothed*, they cannot fight, and if they cannot fight and fight successfully, we are a subjugated people, beyond all peradventure. Let every one who has a relative in the army, to see to it that he is well clothed. Let them not rest night nor day till *that* is accomplished. Having accomplished that, let him or her then "not grow weary in well doing," but go forward in the good work, and do all they can to clothe some other person who may not be so fortunate as to have relatives at home to care for them. You need not be afraid of doing too much. If the particular friend for whom you buy and sew should have more than he needs, rest assured he has a comrade in arms who is needy, and to whom he will turn over his surplus.

Since commencing this article our eye has fallen upon an article in the Richmond Whig on this subject, which we cannot do better than to transfer. The Whig, in referring to the army under General Lee, from which it has direct information, says that many of his soldiers have not changed their clothing since they left Richmond. They have slept in it, fought in it, crossed the Potomac in it, marched over dusty roads and through storm and sunshine in it; yet they have not changed it or washed it in all this time, because they had no other to put on when that was taken off. The reader will not be surprised to hear, therefore, that many of the troops are covered with vermin, and their clothing rotten and dirty beyond anything they have ever seen. There is no negro in the south who is not better off in this respect, than some of the best soldiers and first gentlemen in all the land.

The same journal understands that the government has already forwarded to General Lee's army over thirty thousand garments and a large shipment of shoes. This number of garments, allowing a coat, pair of pants and shirt to a man, will furnish suits, say, for ten thousand needy men. This will go far toward relieving the more destitute. The government has in its employ in Richmond fifty-eight tailors who cut out the cloth, and twenty-seven hundred women who make it up into garments—the whole turning out, on an average, nine thousand garments per week, or coats, pants and shirts for three thousand men. There are other establishments in other parts of the Confederacy, where clothing is being manufactured for the army, and the force engaged is sufficient, perhaps, to turn out twenty thousand garments a week. At this rate, estimating our army in the field at four hundred thousand men, it would require more than a year to furnish each man with a single suit of clothes. If we suppose the various government establishments will be able to supply two hundred thousand men by Christmas, there will still be two hundred thousand left who will have to look to the people at home for their outfits, or go without clothing. If the government should provide for three hundred thousand, the number left for the country to clothe would still be frightfully large—one hundred thousand men!

These figures are merely rough estimates, and are only intended to serve the purpose of directing the attention of the people to the magnitude of the labor before them. After government shall have done all it can, there will still be much left for the warm hearts and willing hands of the people to perform. And, if they would accomplish this labor in time to benefit those for whom it is undertaken, they cannot set about it too soon. The weather among the mountains in Virginia is already cold to the men who do duty for us with only tattered, dirty and threadbare garments upon their manly limbs. Let the people, then, everywhere, and in

whatever circumstances, commence the good work as soon as possible, and never leave off until one of the best and bravest armies in the world shall have been furnished with all the comforts it may be in our power to bestow. There are none so indigent that they cannot contribute something to the relief of such troops as ours. Let it be remembered that though destitute as they are represented to be and though many of them have gone without food for days together, and that at a time when they were making long marches and fighting bloody battles with the enemies of our country, still they are cheerful, patient and resolute as ever, and are ready now, as they have been at all times, to assert their birthright to be free. If the invader thinks differently he has only to seek them where they are, and he will soon be cured of his folly.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], October 31, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

The Ladies in the Hospitals.—The Military hospital at Montgomery comprises four commodious brick tenements. It can accommodate one thousand patients. A correspondent of the Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer thus notices one feature of it:

A feature—a noble one too—is apparent in this hospital. Six angelic Sisters of Mercy attended solely at this hospital, and you can perceive a spirit of devotion and kindness in their mild, complacent countenances. They are from Mobile, and their names are Sister Mary Adelaide, senior, Sister Johanna, Sister Prudence, Sister Mary Elizabeth, Sister Agnes and Sister Anastasia.

These good women have devoted their lives to doing good, and may heaven reward them for the sacrifices they have made for the benefit of suffering humanity.

During the passage of Bragg's army through this city, about seven hundred sick were left here and out of that number only twenty-two died, and it may be justly claimed a small percentage when most of the deceased were so far gone on their reception for treatment.

Recently a report was made to Congress of the condition of the hospitals in Richmond. It was shown that the mortality was astonishingly less in those establishments managed by women than in those where the other sex had sway. In one managed by the former it was only about three per cent. The lowest of those managed by the latter was about six per cent.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], October 31, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

Tallow Candles Equal to Star.

West Point, Miss. Oct. 5, 1862.

Editors Mobile Register & Advertiser:

It may be of interest to your numerous readers to know that, with not a cent of additional expense, tallow candles can be made fully equal in point of merit to the common star candle.

To two pounds of tallow add one teacupful of good strong ley [lye] from wood ashes, and simmer over a slow fire, when a greasy scum will float on top; skim this off for making soap, (it is very near soap already), as long as it continues to rise. Then mould your candles as usual, making the wicks a little smaller—and you have a pure, hard tallow candle, worth knowing how to make, and one that burns as long and gives a light equal to sperm. An ounce or two of beeswax will make the candle some harder, and steeping the wicks in spirits turpentine will make it burn much brighter. I write with one before me.

Yours,
W.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], October 31, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

The Women Forever.—Mrs. Nancy Vaughn, residing near Decatur, Georgia, arrested one of the "jail birds" who escaped from the Atlanta jail on the 16th. When Lieut. Col. Weems' squad came up, our heroine had the "bird" under mortal fear of a double barrel shot gun, and a most submissive prisoner.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], November 7, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

Destruction of the Arsenal at Jackson.—We learn that the public arsenal at Jackson, Miss., was blown up on Wednesday last, and about 80 persons killed. We have no particular, and hope the reports we have heard may be exaggerated. The explosion is said to have been the result of accident.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], November 7, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

The Canton Hospital.

The disasters of the late battle at Corinth have added largely to the number of sick and wounded in our hospital, and as Mississippi is likely to be the theatre of active military operations, it is probable that this institution will abide with us for some time to come.

It appears that Dr. T. J. Mitchell has supervision of the Hospital *vice* Dr. W. B. Field, and it is hoped that the interest of the soldier will not suffer by the change. It will not be out of place to make a brief statement of the facts, as we understand them, connected with this change; indeed, it is nothing but an act of simple justice to Dr. Field to lay the facts before the public.

It seems that, about the middle of September, Dr. Cage—former Post Surgeon—tendered his resignation to Dr. Pollen, Medical Director at Holly Springs; waiting some time, and receiving no answer, he offered his resignation to Dr. Hereford, Medical Director at Jackson, who promptly accepted it and appointed Dr. Field in his place. Dr. Field entered upon the duties of the Post, and continued to perform its duties acceptably to Medical Headquarters, until about the 20th of October, when Dr. Mitchell presented himself, claiming the office of Surgeon of the Post under appointment from Dr. Pollen—(Dr. Pollen being ignorant, probably, that an appointment had been made.)

Dr. Field, considering this claim superior to that of Dr. Mitchell, on account of priority of appointment, declined to yield the office; whereupon, Dr. Mitchell proceeded to Jackson, applied for and received the appointment from Dr. Crowell, lately appointed chief Medical Director of this department, by General Pemberton. To this appointment Dr. Field, of course, yielded.

We have given the history of this affair as we understand it. We make no comment, but will add, that such is Dr. Field's elevated tone of character and gentlemanly bearing, that he will carry with him, wherever ordered, the best wishes of all who know him.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], November 7, 1862, p. 1, c. 3

From Nashville—Hard Times There—
Symptoms of Starvation—The City
Overrun with Contrabands.

A Nashville correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, writing on the 11th, says:

Unless the river rises soon we shall be upon the verge of starvation. A forage party of four hundred and ninety teams came in yesterday, but brought nothing but hay and corn—not an ox, sheep or hog; but four wagons came into town this morning.

I will give you a correct list of prices of the necessaries of life:

Butter per pound.....	\$1 00@1 50
Chickens per dozen.....	5 00
Beef, veal etc. per pound.....	25@ 35
Vegetables (various) very high prices:	
Coffee per pound (none in store).....	2 00@3 00
Tea per pound (none in store).....	1 50@2 00
Sugar per pound (little in store).....	1 00@
Flour per barrel.....	20 00@
Potatoes per bushel.....	3 00@

The above table will give you an idea of how everything costs in this benighted place. Clothing, etc., runs very high.

The influx of negroes is great. They come in from all quarters. They enter town singly, in pairs, and in settlements. They will go into Union families, to jail, or any where, to get rid of their rebel masters. They will wash, drive team[s], act as servants, or any thing, but they will not go home. Most every body has a contraband. Every regiment has from ten to fifty. Nearly all the hard work at the hospitals, is done by these people. Gen. Negley is terribly bothered by these contrabands. The Provost marshal can not shake them off, and Surgeon Swift is overrun by them. Capt. Morton, who has charge of those who work on the fortifications, has the names of one thousand four hundred.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], November 14, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

From Texas.

We have the Houston Telegraph of the 29th ult. . . .

The Telegraph contains the following paragraph, worthy the attention of commanders of Texas regiments:

We regret to learn that there is great difficulty experienced in the several manufactories of arms in the State in getting hands to do the work, from the fact that they are in the service in the field, and commanding officers refuse to detail them to the manufactories. We think this unwise. However much we want men in the field it is certain good and well—skilled mechanics in pistol factories are worth ten times as much in the field. So of carding and spinning machine makers. We hope commanding officers will consider these things, and when they can help the factories out let them do it.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], November 14, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

From Murfreesboro.

From the first number of the Daily Rebel Banner, a new publication at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, we clip the following:

A jolly time this, for Murfreesboro. On every side the eye meets nothing but the pomp and circumstance, the soul-stirring din and picturesque tumult of glorious war—the steady tramp of veteran infantry, with banners streaming in the wind—the heavy roll of artillery, whose bright field pieces shine like mirrors in the sun, and anon the dashing charge of the cavalry, passing like phantoms in a cloud of dust. Every avenue leading to the city discloses the pleasant spectacle of arriving multitudes of men, women and children, with joyful faces, once more permitted to "go at large," to greet and be greeted, and to enjoy the blessed privileges of freedom. No more shackled hands; no more manacles; no more Yankees. The old times loom up again, out of the hazy terrors of an oppression of six months, which already begin to wear away, like the remembrance of some hideous nightmare.

Murfreesboro' presents quite a military appearance, and everything indicates a forward movement. . . .

Quite a *cortege* of goods was overhauled near Murfreesboro' yesterday afternoon, containing hats, boots, shoes, and other supplies much needed by the army.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], November 21, 1862, p. 1

Masthead: "The Price of Liberty is Eternal Vigilance"—back to seven columns

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], November 21, 1862, p. 1, c. 4

The Florida Indians.

Several paragraphs having gone the rounds recently that the Seminoles remaining in Florida had recently committed murders and depredations on white families in South Florida, we take pleasure in stating, on the authority of an officer who has just returned from that region, that they are perfectly quiet, and have not been guilty of any outrages. They now number about eighty fine warriors, and their chief has called them all in to the interior from the coast for fear they will be tampered with by our enemies. They are desirous of entering the Confederate service, and will soon be organized into a company and armed. Our old friend, Colonel A. v. Snell, who is a great favorite with them, will probably be charged with the mission, and it will be most effectually and faithfully attended to. When they do find a Yankee intruder, or a Thayer colonist, he will receive his perpetual pre-emption to Florida soil. They are the remnant of the small tribe of brave Seminoles, who held their native soils, South Florida, against the armies of the United States, led by Scott and the best generals in the service, during a period of over seven years, and were never completely subjugated. They will prove to be most valuable allies. They will protect a long line of Florida coast, and will be a terror to the Yankee invaders. They should henceforth be cherished and protected by the Confederacy, and a home in perpetuity should be laid off for them in South Florida.—Savannah News.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], November 21, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

Appeal on Behalf of the Soldiers.

Gov. Vance, of North Carolina, has issued the following address to the people of that State. Its patriotism will apply in every quarter of the Confederacy. He says:

After the most strenuous exertions on the part of its officers, the State finds it impossible

to clothe and shoe our soldiers without again appealing to that overflowing fountain of generous charity—the private contributions of our people. The rigors of winter are approaching, our soldiers are already suffering, and must suffer more if our sympathies are not practical and active. The Quartermaster's department is laboring faithfully to provide for them, but, owing to speculation and extortion will fall short. The deficiency must be supplied by the people. We shall have an active winter campaign. And how can our troops, if ragged, cold and barefoot, contend with the splendidly equipped columns of the enemy?

The articles most needed, and which the State finds it most difficult to supply, are shoes, socks and blankets, though drawers, shorts and pants, would be gladly received. If ever farmer who has hides tanning would agree to spare one pair of shoes, and if every mother would knit one strong pair of either thick cotton or woolen socks for the army, they would be abundantly supplied. A great lot of blankets, also, might be spared from private use, and thousands could be made from the carpets upon our parlor floors. With good warm houses and cotton bed clothing, we can certainly get through the winter much better than the soldiers can with all the blankets we can give them.

And now, my countrymen and women, if you have anything to spare for the soldier, in his name I appeal to you for it. Do not let the speculator have it, though he offer you enormous prices; spurn him from your door, and say to him that our brave defenders have need for it, and shall have it without passing through his greedy fingers. Do not place yourselves among the extortioners—they are the vilest and most cowardly of all our country's enemies, and when this war is ended, and people come to view the matter in its proper light, you will find that the most detested Tories are more respected than they. When they tempt you with higher prices than the State offers, just think for a moment of the soldier and what he is doing for you. Remember, when you sit down by the bright and glowing fire, that the soldier is sitting upon the cold earth; that in the wind, which is whistling so fearfully over your roof, only making you feel the more comfortable because it harms you not, he is shivering in darkness on the dangerous outpost, or shuddering through the dreary hours of his watch. Remember, that when you come forth in the morning, well fed and warmly clad, leading your families toward the spot where the blessed music of the Sabbath bells tells you of the peaceful worship of the God of Peace, the soldier is going forth at the same moment, perhaps half fed, after a night of shivering and suffering, to where the roar of artillery and shout of battle announces that he is to die, that your peace and safety may be preserved. Oh, remember these things, generous and patriotic people of North Carolina, and give freely of your perishable goods to those who are giving all that mortal man can give for your safety and your rights.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], November 21, 1862, p. 1, c. 7

Great Suffering in Apalachicola.

A correspondent of the Quincy (Fla.) Dispatch says:

Apalachicola to-day experiences as much, yea perhaps more, of Yankee insult and insolence than Corinth, Alexandria or Nashville have at any time. For the past three weeks, or since a few of Thigpen's gallant company dared fire into them, the Yankees in large force have been paying regular visits to Apalachicola and committing various depredations, destroying such property as they had no use for, carrying off such as they desired, and forcibly seizing without cause or complaint against and carrying off, the persons of private, unoffending citizens, and

compelling others to take to the woods for their greater safety. The weekly trip of the steamer Jackson, (whose accommodating and able commander, Captain Fry, has ever remembered Apalachicola in her adversity,) was the sole dependence of the citizens for supplies of provisions. Now it is over three weeks since any steamboat with supplies visited Apalachicola, and the citizens are suffering. I know families that have not had any breadstuffs in their houses for more than a week. There is no reckoning when breadstuffs can be had, for masters of steamboats cannot be expected to risk a trip, and without a boat there is no opportunity for those citizens who desire to leave, to get away. (What remedy can be offered them?) And there they are—our fellow citizens—cut off from their friends on one side, on the other, beset, menaced, insulted and outraged by our common enemy. Yes, see those five hundred old men, women and children, the fathers and mothers, wives and dear little ones, and fair sisters of brave volunteers *at the point of starvation*. God help and feed them.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], November 21, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

The Canton Hospitals.—In an article under the above head, in our issue of the 7th inst., in explanation of the circumstances attending the removal of Dr. Field and the appointment of Dr. Mitchell as Post Surgeon at this place, we used the following language:

"Dr. Field, considering his claim superior to that of Dr. Mitchell, on account of priority of appointment, declined to yield the office; whereupon, Dr. Mitchell proceeded to Jackson, applied for and received the appointment from Dr. Crowell, lately appointed chief Medical Director of this department, by Gen. Pemberton. To this appointment Dr. Field, of course, yielded."

In performing an act of simple justice to Dr. Field, we had no intention of doing the slightest injustice to Dr. Mitchell; we therefore make the following statement on behalf of the latter: On the refusal of Dr. Field to yield the office to Dr. Mitchell, the latter invited the former to accompany him to Jackson and lay their respective claims before Dr. Crowell, which Dr. Field declined to do. Whereupon, Dr. Mitchell proceeded to Jackson, and simply presented his credentials to the chief Medical Director of the department, by whom his appointment was confirmed.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], November 28, 1862, p. 1, c. 7

To Dye Wool Yarn a Durable Black Without Copperas.—Place in your kettle a layer of Walnut leaves, then a layer of yarn, and so on till the kettle is full, pour on water till all is covered and boil all day. The next morning pour off the liquor into another vessel, and put fresh leaves with the yarn in layers as before and pour the same liquor over it and boil again all day. Then hang the yarn in the air a few days, after which wash it and it will be a fine black.

The Walnut leaves should be gathered in the Autumn just as they begin to fall from the trees.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], December 5, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

The Madison Guards.—We have received the following letter from Capt. Dudley, of the above company, which we lay before our readers. It speaks a language in behalf of his company more eloquent than we could use:

Culpeper C. H., Va., Nov. 14th, 1862.

Mr. John F. Bosworth:

Dear Sir: You will do the "Madison Guards" a great kindness by stating in your paper that in about one month from this time, some one will be sent to Mississippi for the purpose of

procuring articles of clothing for the company, which may be donated by benevolent parties, or sent in by the parents of the members, to any one who would volunteer to take charge of them until the agent applies. Shoes, socks and pants, are the articles mostly needed. Not less than ten are barefooted and some have only soles strapped [sic] to their feet. It is painful to see them thus when snow is upon the ground, with stony turnpikes over which to march, and still more painful to contemplate the coming winter. The Government can do nothing. Private contributions alone can aid them. Forty-one of the bravest and best of those who bade farewell to Canton, on the 12th of July, 1861, now have their names entered on the rolls as "killed," "wounded," or "dead." They have been in three bloody conflicts—a heavy mortality attending each one—and have never flinched. This is their record to the present time. Recruits have joined us, and there are eighty-eight of us still left—food for death, hunger and privations. They determined when they left you, in those hours of their vexations and troubles, when so much cordial sympathy was given them, never to disappoint you in any expectations. The success of their efforts are yet to be seen.

Will not the beautiful girls and tender hearted ladies of Madison, whom we have never forgotten, remember us now in these hours of our greatest suffering? The clothing agent will discover when he comes to lift the heap.

Most respectfully, your friend,
Wm. Hal. Dudley, Captain

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], December 5, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Correspondence of the Citizen.

Camp Reid, Near Richmond, }
Nov. 17th, 1862. }

Friend Bosworth:--Permit me to transmit to you a correspondence relating to a flag which was presented to the Madison Artillery, by three young ladies of Richmond, on the 8th inst. As it is the only thing that has transpired worthy of note since our company left Canton, I send it to you for publication, if you consider it worthy of a place in the columns of your paper, hoping it may be of some interest to your readers and the friends of the company.

The flag is a very handsome and tasteful one, made of cherry colored silk bound with yellow, with a blue cross about four inches in width bound with white satin ribbon, extending diagonally across it, having thirteen stars worked in white, the central one being considerably larger than the others, with the names of Emma, Ella and Alice worked in blue; on the reverse side, the letters M. A., Madison Artillery, the staff being ornamented by a handsome blue silk cord and tassels. It is a beautiful design of the battle flag used in our Army.

It was quite a surprise to the company, no one being aware that anything of the kind was in contemplation. . . .

Winter quarters has been talked of several days, but nothing has been done as yet. We have made our present quarters very comfortable by building them flues and chimneys to our tents. The way they are constructed is by digging a hole about two feet square, on the inner side of the tent, the front side being considerably sloped; we then lay a large stone over it, partially covering it. The smoke is conducted out by a flue, built on top of the ground, of stone and mud, extending from the hole to the outer side of the tent, at an elevation of about twenty degrees; they are generally from two to three feet long, with a chimney at the end, varying from three to seven

feet in length; they throw out heat very well, and the draught nearly equal to that of a brick chimney.

Since the above was written our company has been ordered off. This morning, (18th,) about 4 o'clock, orders came for us to cook four days rations and be in readiness to march in two hours. . .

Wesley.

Richmond, Nov. 8, 1862.

Capt. Geo. Ward:

Will our friends, the Madison Artillery, accept this little *Flag* as a token of our high esteem? We regret that it is not in our power to have it larger, but knowing the difficulty in obtaining material, we hope you will overlook that deficiency. May it wave above you in the hour of danger and be as a guardian angel to shield and protect those who are fighting for *homes, friends* and *Liberty*, and may the career of the Company be ever bright and successful, and the *Flag* be but another link in the chain that shall bind you to your *soldier* home, *Virginia*.

Ever your friends,

Emma,

Ella,

Alice.

Camp Reid, Near Richmond, }
Nov. 6, 1862. }

Misses Emma, Ella, and Alice:

Dear Ladies:--I have the pleasure of herewith transmitting a communication from a Committee, appointed at a meeting of the Madison Light Artillery, held upon the receipt of the beautiful *Flag* presented by you this day, and conveyed in such handsome and complimentary terms in your note of this date.

I cannot sufficiently express for myself and Company, our grateful appreciation of your beautiful gift. Coming from the hands of those who possess such claims to our admiration and esteem,--most fit representatives of Virginia's fair daughters,--we shall ever look upon this *Battle-Flag* with pride and pleasure, and in the hour of trial and of danger, will derive new strength and inspiration from this token of their approval and esteem.

That we may so bear and defend it as to prove ourselves not unworthy of the interest you have thus manifested in us, and the sacred cause for which we are in arms, shall be our constant effort and highest aim.

Henceforward, the names of "Emma, Ella, and Alice," will be talismanic words with every Madison Light Artilleryman, inciting their hearts with the names of the loved ones in their Southern homes.

With renewed assurances of my high esteem, I am, Ladies,

Very respectfully,
Your friend and ob't serv't,

With the above, says an exchange, we were furnished a sample of thread colored as described, and find it all claimed for it. The method has been tested by a well known citizen, and there is no question of its value.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], December 12, 1862, p. 1, c. 4-5

A Baby Found on the Battle Field of the
Hatchie.

Extract of a letter from a private soldier in the 14th Illinois regiment:

Bolivar, Tenn., Nov. 10.

Let me relate to you a touching little incident, that will doubtless strike you a little strange. I thought it strange when I witnessed it; my comrades thought it "passing strange," if not wonderful. At the battle of Hatchie, when the conflict was waging fiercest, upon advancing midway between the contending forces, we found, what do you think? Not a masked battery—not an insidious trap, inviting but to destroy—not any visible engine of death—but a sweet little blue eyed baby, fresh from the womb of the mother that groaned and gave it birth. Sweet little thing, as I saw it there, hugging the cold earth, its only bed—the little tear on its cheek,

"That nature bade it weep, turned
An ice-drop sparkling in the morning beam"

Unalarmed 'mid the awful confusion of that tearful battle, with the missiles of death lying thick about it, and crowding close upon existence, yet unhurt, it seemed a wonderful verification of the declaration, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings I will ordain wisdom." That little "child of war," as it lay in its miraculous safety, seemed to say to me those words of profound instruction, "My helplessness and innocence appealed to God, and he preserved me in the midst of this wrecking carnage. If you will make your plain to Heaven, God will preserve your poor bleeding country."

Little child of destiny, born amid the flash of musketry, the thunder of cannon, and clash of arms, I will watch your course through life, and witness whether an existence so auspiciously begun, will pass by the masses unnoticed, and end without leaving a name "damned to everlasting fame!" Who would suppose that in the wild fierce battle of the Hatchie, where the field was strewn with the dead, and the shrieks and groans of the wounded rent the heavens with agony, a great army would pause in the thickest of the conflict to save harmless a helpless child? Yet the brave 14th that never yet has quailed in battle, did pause, and the officer of the regiment ordered our "little baby" to be carried to headquarters and tenderly cared for.

I remember of having read somewhere in Grecian history a story something like the one I have related. A little child was found on the battle field, and by an infuriated soldiery trampled in the dust. After the battle the victorious general said: "But for the blood of the little child that mars it, our victory would be complete." Thank God, the blood of no little child mars our victory.

The next day after the battle "our babe" was brought before the 14th, and unanimously adopted "child of the regiment." Three or four days later, strange as it may seem, a poor heart stricken, poverty pinched mother, came searching the battle field in quest of her child. My dear _____, imagine if you can the wild exclamation of thanksgiving that burst from that poor woman's heart, when informed that her child had been rescued, and with a mother's tenderness cared for. I saw the mother receive her child, heard her brief prayer for the soldiers who saved it,

and, with the blessings of a thousand men following her and hers, she took away
"Our little baby—
Little blue eyed, laughing baby."

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], December 12, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

The Meeting Last Monday, we regret to say, was a poorly attended, lukewarm affair. But few of the "sovereigns" responded to the call to come to the meeting, and the number of those who answered the call "To Arms! To Arms!!" was smaller and beautifully less. The truth is, the people are not enthused now and the spirit of "resistance" runs not rampant as it did two years ago. At that time, a call for a "resistance" meeting would have filled the Courthouse, and blue cockades would have been as thick as blackberries, even among our more staid and sedate population. How wonderfully the blue cockade patriots have "mellowed down."

--But we are glad to learn that—notwithstanding the failure on Monday—some sixty-odd men have enrolled their names on Maj. Drane's list, and thus signified their determination to aid in resisting the approach of the enemy toward this part of Mississippi. We believe that the Major's untiring perseverance and energy will yet raise a full company, in which case they will be entitled to elect their own officers. God speed the good work.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], December 19, 1862, p. 1, c. 7

Wooden Shoes—A New Article.--We were shown yesterday, and have now in our office, a pair of genuine wooden shoes, which seem better adapted for comfortable use than anything of the sort we have before examined. They are made of the Tupelo wood, are very light, and as they have neither joint nor seam they are of course impervious to water. They are made to fit the foot, are very simple, and an expert hand can make six to eight pairs a day.

The specimen under notice was made by a negro man belonging to our friend, Dr. W. [?.] Price, near Enterprise, Miss., and we are told that his plantation hands are all furnished with them, and that they are found to answer an excellent purpose. As this wood is abundant on most plantations, many of our planters may find it expedient and profitable to follow the example of Dr. Price. The negroes say they like these shoes better for every day wear than the old style brogans.—Mobile Advertiser and Register.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], December 19, 1862, p. 1, c. 7

Late Incident of the War.

It may prove interesting to the brethren of the "mystic tie" that some even among otherwise sworn enemies, *cannot* forget every obligation that world-wide invoke certain ones to consider unavoidable circumstances under which they may encounter each other.

It has been alledged [sic] that unknown Masons should never forget, discriminating between right and wrong in the abstract; however they may be, it is refreshing once and a while, to hear of a truth, as the following fact illustrates, that men are somehow made to square their actions by the Great Exemplar's Golden Rule, "as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."

A member of the Confederate corps having been captured by the Feds, and unfortunately at the time sporting a full-blown U. S. Major's habiliments (sword excepted) which he had helped himself to from *outfits* found in a Federal camp taken shortly before by the Confederates,

he was ordered by one of his captors to *divest*—when something like the following *passage at arms*, verbal, transpired:

Fed.—(Distantly and indignantly) "where did you get that Union cap, sir?"

Confed.—"In one of your camps we captured not long since."

Fed.—"No such thing—stole it off one of our dead men! Hand it back! Where did you get that jacket? That's one of our's! Hooked that too! Give it up!"

Confed.—"Didn't steal it—I got it where the cap came from out of a camp of your's we took."

Fed—(Fiercely) "Hallo! that's one of our under jackets you're coming to! off with it! You've been doing the big thing I see, and since you're so mighty fond of taking our articles, just fork over that watch you're wearing!" And (stepping up close to examine it, touching a miniature masonic G that the Fed seemed suddenly to have discovered upon his prisoner's front) "now I've got your ticker, what are you doing with *this!*" (tapping the emblem.)

Confed.—(Quietly bur firmly) I've got a *right* to that, sir!

Fed.--*** †***

Confed. --† ***

Fed—Humph!—*Here, take your watch!*

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], January 2, 1863, p. 2, c. 6

Artesian Springs.

From the 1st day of January, 1863, all persons wishing water from these Springs will have to pay 25 cents per gallon.

W. R. Luckett.

January 1, 1863.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], January 16, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

A Cheap Light.—Take a saucer and cover the bottom of it with lard, a quarter of an inch. Then cut a piece of newspaper in the shape and size of a silver dollar. Pinch up the centre about a quarter of an inch in height, so as to form a slight protuberance. Saturate the paper thoroughly with the lard, before lighting. Set fire to the little pinched up knot, and you will have a light about one-fourth the intensity of a candle. The lard in the saucer will last a week, two hours a night. The paper must be replaced once or twice a week.

Educational Journal.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], January 16, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

To the Ladies of Madison.

We have the very best authority for saying that the wounded soldiers at Vicksburg are absolutely suffering for the want of proper food, and other things necessary to promote the comfort and ensure the recovery (where recovery is possible), of men in their situation. An appeal is made to the ladies of Madison—upon whom a call has never been made in vain—to come to the relief of these suffering men—their brave defenders. What is wanted is wholesome and nutritious food—sausage meat, baked fowl, ham, light bread, pickles, sauces, etc., etc.,

together with all the delicacies necessary for the sick. The ladies need not be told what these are—they know better than we. A large quantity of lint and old linen rags is also wanted, for dressing and bandaging wounds.

We are requested to state that Dr. McKie will attend at Dr. Harvey's office on *Monday next*, for the purpose of receiving such articles as may be contributed for this humane and benevolent purpose. A prompt and noble response is expected.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], February 13, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Odd Fellows' Hall Hospital.

Canton, Miss., February 11, 1863.

Mr. Editor:--Allow me the privilege, through your paper, of speaking to the ladies of the proud old State of Mississippi, and the county of Madison—whose sons are among the first in intelligence and chivalric bearing, and whose fair daughters, are as pure and as lovely as the delicate flowers that bloom on her prolific soil.

With all their beauty, grace and elegance, I cannot believe they will fail to do the duty which is allotted to them (when they know what that duty is), any more than will their sons, brothers and husbands who have proven their courage and caring on every bloody field. Neither will I believe them less noble than their sisters in the northern portion of this State—but what a contrast between their *actions*.

After the battles of Iuka and Corinth, the wounded left on the field were gathered together (and there were many of us,) and bundled off to the former place. We had not been in hospital more than six hours before those blessed angels came ministering to our wants,—not only came with many little delicacies to tempt the appetites of the most severely wounded, but with bright smiles, soft and endearing words for *all*, that carried us back in imagination to the places of our birth, the homes of our childhood, the temples of our memory and affection—dear old Missouri. They came not only from one to five, but from twenty to fifty miles, all with outstretched arms and open hearts, claiming us as brethren, fighting a common cause.

What are the ladies of Canton and vicinity doing when we are in their midst—with no gleaming bayonet of the foe to remind us that we are prisoners in the hands of a merciless enemy? I have been here nearly two months, during that time but six ladies have visited this ward, of these not one the second time. Truly might they exclaim, "I came, I looked, and I left." All of these ladies have some relatives in our army,—perhaps a son in Virginia, a brother in Tennessee, or a husband near Vicksburg, and when they are wounded or stricken by disease, a *soft hand* smoothes the pillow or administers the nauseous drug—which does almost as much good as the drug itself.

Where is the soldier who has not heard of, and treasures in his heart the names of Mrs. J. K. Polk, Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Barrow, Mrs. Parrish, of Nashville—Mrs. Hallcott, and Fleming Holloway, of Richmond,—the ladies hospitals both in Richmond and Montgomery? These are all familiar names in every camp. There are just as noble spirits here, but sadly needs development.

Ladies! in making this appeal to your hearts and consciences, I do it, not for my own benefit; in a few days I will be where I can show my gratitude for the kindness received at Iuka, but I do make it, and hope it will have the desired effect upon the ladies of this community for those brave men you have now with you—with whom I've marched through snow and ice—with whom I have fought, and who have fallen upon your *own soil* defending *you and your little ones*

from the polluting touch of the vile men which would destroy you. Here are many now around me—some stricken by disease, others by the balls of the enemy, who have dear friends in a far off country—an aged mother, a loving wife, a tender sister—all exposed to the insults of the enemy. A principle dearer than life has banished them from these loving ones—come, and with words of kindness make them to feel that they are not sacrificing their lives for strangers, but for friends. Cheer them in this, their hour of gloom, and they will soon return to their respective commands, determined never to "stack arms" until we are a free, independent and happy people.
Missouri Private.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], February 20, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Destitution.—From the number of dirty, ragged, barefooted children we meet on the street, we think it altogether probable that there are a greater number of destitute families in our midst, than our citizens are aware of. It is a painful sight to see little children in the street, during such weather as we have had this winter, barefooted, bareheaded, and almost nude. It is true, there is an Overseer of the Poor in each Police District in the county, whose duty it is to supply the destitute with sufficient food to keep soul and body together. But this is not sufficient to prevent actual suffering in some instances. It is the duty of every citizen—especially those who are blessed with an abundance of this world's goods—to inquire into the condition of the poor, and to see that none are absolutely suffering for the want of food and raiment.

While we have no disposition to impose every duty upon the ladies—while we know that they have done, and are doing, much to alleviate the sufferings and distresses growing out of this war—we would humbly suggest that it is a mission for which Woman is peculiarly fitted, to ferret out cases of destitution and bestow charity and benevolence where those kindly and christian offices are needed. Let the ladies take the lead, and our word for it their efforts will be warmly seconded by their husbands, fathers and brothers.

An earnest inquiry into the state of our society will reveal the fact, we think, that there is a wider field for the exercise of those higher attributes of our nature, than any one has supposed.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], February 20, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

Correspondence of the Citizen.

In Camps, Near Goldsboro, N. C. }
February 1st, 1863. }

Friend Bosworth: It has been a long, long time since I wrote you—in fact, many months have elapsed since then, but months have become years since the fiery breath of war has caused the pulse to beat quick and high and the heart to thrill with commingled emotions of hope and fear. But I have stowed myself away in a quiet little corner of our "shebbang," [sic] filled my clay pipe (meerschaums have "played out") with the best article of Powhattan tobacco and now for a little "chit chat" with you.

I have somewhere seen a picture of contentment, in which is shown a young gent in a carpeted room before a blazing hearth, leaning back in a cushioned chair, smoking a cigar, with his feet in close proximity to the mantle, and at about an angle of eighty-five degrees with his body. I once thought it a pretty fair picture, and that it represented contentment to perfection, but my ideas in this respect have changed very much since then, for I now think that contentment is no where to be found save whilst sitting around my old dirt chimney with its blackened jams,

whilst a good pine fire blazes in the hearth and some half dozen potatoes are being roasted in the embers. Roasted potatoes! Mercy, how strangely I am affected about the abdominal muscles whenever I think of them. I believe there is a kind of telegraphic communication kept up between the brain and the stomach, and that so soon as the brain telegraphs to the stomach that there are roasted potatoes in prospect, the muscles of the viscera begin to contract, thereby showing that the intelligence is received and a general movement is commenced to receive the visitor and treat it "with distinguished consideration!" But I have wandered from my subject, for I commenced to speak of camp contentment, and might have written an able dissertation on the subject, and the world been greatly entertained thereby, but unfortunately there was an aberration and I failed. If posterity should regret this accident, let them know it was caused by an inordinate love of roasted potatoes.

Have you ever been in this portion of North Carolina? Never? Well, you must pay it a visit when the war is over. The country has the appearance of being quite fertile, with an abundance of everything that would make life pleasant; but there is a lack of that class of persons which is the first and fairest to a young man's eye. I speak of the ladies—of course pretty ladies are to be understood. And just here, let me say to the young ladies at home, that if they have sweet-hearts in our company they may consider them as safe mortgaged property so long as we stay in this portion of the old Tar State.

Orders have been issued to grant furloughs to one man in twenty-five. It created quite a fluttering in camps for awhile, and we were all dancing with joy over the hope of drawing a furlough—the married men, because they wished to see their wives—the young men, because they wished to see their-----sisters, I suppose. In accordance with this order four of the company have gone home on furlough. Tell everybody to write to us when they return, which will be about the 20th February, and be sure to send boxes of butter and hams—we will manage to do without the eggs. Four of the company will leave every month for home until the order is countermanded.

Every man in the company is well and at his post. We have gone into winter quarters—some have burrowed in the ground, others have built brush arbors and covered them with Yankee oil cloths—others have small board houses and those who prefer them, live in tents. We have a good time of it and are as merry as the day is long, except when it rains,—then we don't laugh very heartily.

The Yankees are about 50,000 strong at Newberne. They will probably attack Wilmington, Weldon and Goldsboro simultaneously, or mass their troops to attack in detail. I suppose our Generals have made preparations to give them an appropriate reception whenever they feel disposed to visit the neighborhood of our lines. I have trespassed more than I intended. Adieu.

Your friend,
Charlie.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], February 27, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

How to Preserve the Health of Our
Beloved Soldiers.

From the Mississippian.]

Supply them with vegetables the whole year round. Salads, of some kind or other, should

be boiled with the salt beef or pork; but, if no salt meats, they should be boiled in water, made a little salt, until they are tender; then to be drained and chopped a little, and put in a sauce pan, and fried a moment with lard; then moistened with spiced vinegar, and spread between slices of bread and served to the soldiers. Almost any kind of potherb plant will make salad. The water cress and the dandelion make the best and the healthiest. But when neither these, nor mustard, nor turnip greens can be had, cowslip, shepherd's purse, or even the *red or white clover* will do pretty well, if seasoned with spiced vinegar. Plain vinegar is not as wholesome as that which has had a little salt and alum added to it, and steeped with pepper and aromatic herbs tied up in a bag and suspended in the vinegar.

But it will not do to depend upon salad, or any one or a few articles of the vegetable kingdom, to preserve health. Most of plants flourish only for a short season. Nature gives a vast variety of them to fill up all seasons of the year. To obtain that variety, this (February) is the month when most of them should be planted or sown.

February is one of the best months in the year to sow peas, cabbage, lettuce, radishes, beets, carrots, turnips, asparagus, salsary [sic], the rhubarb or pie plant, tomatoes peppers, egg plants, (melons and cucumbers should be sown this month in hot beds.) The ochra [sic], early corn, horse radish, artichokes, pumpkins, cymbkins [sic] and cauliflowers, should be planted this month. A single gallon of kidney or snap beans will supply a company of soldiers with sufficient vegetable food for four or five weeks. It is a sure crop and easily grown. The tall growing sorts of beans are planted later; they run up the corn without injuring it. The crowder, the goober crop, and the white hominy, are the best varieties of the tall growing or pole sort of beans. The egg plant requires a rich, stiff soil; the cabbage requires very richly manured land; whereas the tomatoe [sic] is injured by fresh manure, and does not require a rich soil. The ochra [sic] is one of the best plants of the plantation garden; the tender pods form, with meat, a rich and palatable soup, by adding tomatoes and peppers. A large quantity should be planted, and the pods dried before they get hard and fully matured. The dry plant makes as good gumbo as the green.

An Old Physician.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], February 27, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

Correspondence of the Citizen.

Goldsboro', N. C. }
February 9th, 1863. }

Friend Bosworth:--Nothing of special interest has occurred since my last to you so far as military operations are concerned on this line of defence [sic], and with the exception of a considerable snow storm, which happened last Tuesday, nothing has intervened to change the usual monotony of camp life. Since then, however, we have had quite a lively time fighting battles on a small scale with snow balls which, although they are not so exciting as the deadly conflict and the "clash of resounding arms," are still pleasant, the more so as we have the gratification of knowing that we have no list of killed and wounded, as our most serious accidents amount to nothing more than being tumbled into the snow or some unlucky stray shot striking about the burr of the ear. We had considerable sport, too, tracking and catching rabbits in the snow, but it was something more than sport to us, for we were anxious to secure each moving "pound of flesh," as right well we knew what an acquisition it would make to our larder. But to fully appreciate the quiet satisfaction we all experienced after the chase, one must be

similarly situated around a huge log fire, and watch the aforesaid "acquisition" as he was being stewed for dinner. But the snow has gone, and, as for that, so have our rabbits, too; but we cherish the most lively recollection of our short acquaintance, and would be well pleased to give any of their surviving "kith or kin" a *striking* illustration of what is meant.

There is nothing attractive in the appearance of Goldsboro', and in times of peace one would pass it with as little notice as any other way-side village. In front of one of the hotels and under a cluster of large trees, you will see a number of benches arranged in the form of a square, where, no doubt, the good old "burghers" used to congregate and discuss all questions of interest in "committee of the whole." This was their forum, for here the village publican, much to his own satisfaction, would display to its full extent the profundity of his wisdom. Here Empires were created and Nationalities destroyed; armies were raised, equipped and appointed; campaigns planned and the severest battles were fought. Those benches are empty now, and commingling voices are no longer heard in the grove; no politician left to fret his uneasy life away; no ploughman there to ask the news; no coxcomb there, and all of those who nodded in the sun are gone—all gone; where, no one can tell; some probably in the army, others, no doubt, skulking from the conscript law.

The law has given to Goldsboro' an institution which is a curious contrivance to the eye of a Mississippian. I speak of the whipping post and stocks. As they have been in use "time out of mind," it is reasonable to conclude they fully answer the purposes for which they were intended; they are savage looking things and have a way of being adjusted for the suitable punishment of every species of villainy, which is truly novel to the unsophisticated but wonderfully accurate in its workings, as the initiated can probably testify.

The Female College is a large brick building and was, without doubt, well patronized before the war commenced, but it now looks as deserted and lonely as one could well imagine. All of those who gave life to it in days of peace are at home, and ere this have become accustomed to the music of the spinning wheel and the loom. What matters it if the war does continue another year? We will cheerfully risk our lives if it will only drive the pallor from the lips and bring the rose to the cheeks of the best four-fifths of creation. Yes, let them go to the wheel, to the loom, and think of becoming the wives of those who love them in an inverse ration to the hatred borne the Yankees.

The bugler winds his horn and we must all go out and practice the most approved mode of slaying our enemies. Adieu.

Charlie.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], February 27, 1863, p. 2, c. 3-4

Goldsboro', N.C., }
February 14th, 1863. }

Friend Bosworth:--You have heard of the Napoleon guns and of the telling effect they were used in those battles which go far towards making up the history of our young republic; how they thundered at Manassas and on every battle field since then, until the closing hours of Murfreesboro'. We have all along been anxious to have such guns in our battery and several efforts have been made to obtain them. At last we are gratified by the intelligence that a requisition has been made on the Ordnance Department at Richmond for six of these guns for our battery, and we felicitate ourselves with the anticipated pleasure of testing their good qualities on the ranks of our enemies. The howitzers and six pounder bronze pieces we now have can avail nothing against guns that can silence them at the distance of two or three miles, however

effective they may be against infantry when within range of their fire. So far as we can judge from observation, this section of the country is particularly favorable for the use of artillery, as much of the land is cleared of its timber, with sufficient rising ground for the successful manœvering of a battery.

A large number of the troops which the Yankees massed at Newbern, and which threatened Wilmington, Weldon and Goldsboro', have been removed, many think to Port Royal, to assist in the reduction of Charleston and Savannah, so that there is now nothing more than a mere garrison at Newbern. All that extensive and fertile district lying east of the Wilmington and Weldon railroad is once more within our possession to within a few miles of the Albemarle and Pamlico sounds; but it is little more than a barren waste, since everything of value has been destroyed or appropriated by the vandals. But amid these evidences of a cruel and barbarous warfare, it is pleasant to escape from them and think what a few years of peace will bring to the down-trodden portions of our Confederacy. The soil which is now made desolate by their presence will then be dressed in a robe of green; the noisy clankings of the anvil and hammer, the humming of the loom and the plane of the carpenter will be heard throughout our land, and a Nation will become opulent and happy beneath the genial sunshine of peace. Is not such a prospect as this well worth fighting for? Yes, year after year, if necessary, to save our land from becoming a barren desert, and our people from worse than an Egyptian bondage.

It would be imprudent to give any information regarding the movements of our army, lest such information should fall into the hands of our enemy, and be the cause of our own destruction. It has heretofore required the utmost skill and courage to parry their blows whenever made, but the Anaconda has done his worst to us and is now destroying himself in his own folds; soon we can look upon him as an [sic] harmless thing save to himself, and feel that all is well with us. He now writhes in his last agony. "Let the galled jade wince." *Sic transit Anaconda gloriam.*

The latest news from Europe has no special bearing on American affairs. Time was when we looked with anxious expectation for the arrival of every steamer, hoping to hear glad tidings of mediation, intervention or recognition, but that well nigh fatal illusion no longer disturbs us. We do not present our cause before Cabinets of Europe and beg a favorable consideration from them; we have too much of the pure Caucasian spirit to cringe before any earthly power, but we meet them as equals and *demand* that recognition which is due from one nation to another. The army has long since determined to fight as if there were no other people on earth besides the Confederates and the Yankees, and it matters but little with us what Europe and the balance of the world has to say about it. It has become a matter of ambition with the army, and nothing will satisfy that ambition until the North is forced to admit their inability to make us become a part of the "best government the world ever saw."

The farmers are now making preparations for the planting season. All of them, perhaps, have foresight and wisdom enough to plant large crops of corn, wheat, oats and rye. The present high prices of provisions is caused partly because of its scarcity—the supply is not equal to the demands of the army and the people. Extortion, lack of transportation and our inflated currency, are other causes dependent on each other. The extortioners have a particular place of punishment prepared for them, frequently alluded to in Holy Writ; let them ponder and reflect, for "verily they shall have their reward." Our facilities for transportation will not be improved so long as the war continues, and as for the last cause of high prices, Congress is now giving it especial attention, and by judicious legislation this will be removed. Let the planters, then, regulate their crops, and next year we will not hear the distressing complaints of our fellow-citizens. If we

hear of extortioners then, the community will rob the law of its victims and send them to a place where they can meet with more congenial spirits.

Charlie.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], March 6, 1863, p. 2, c. 6

Wanted Immediately,

10,000 Shuck or Bark Collars, for army purposes. Apply to W. J. Taylor.
Canton, Miss., March 6, 1863.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], March 20, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Summary: Col. James Deschler's protest of treatment of Arkansas Post prisoners, on steamer Nebraska, Mississippi River, January, 1863.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], March 20, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Correspondence of the Citizen.

In Camps, Near Franklin, Va., }
March 3d, 1863. }

Friend Bosworth:--After twelve days traveling, that portion of our company which came by the country roads reached our present camping ground in Southampton county, Va., near the confluence of the Blackwater and Nottaway rivers which unite a few miles from this and from the Chowan river. Our trip from Goldsboro', North Carolina, was quite pleasant, and as we passed through the most wealthy portion of the State, we, of course, fared sumptuously, and, passing, as we did through historic ground, we were continually seeking those places of interest which were made attractive by the strange spell which still lingers around them. At Halifax, N. C., we were shown the old house beneath whose roof the Mecklinburg Declaration of Independence was written. It was removed from its original site and is now used as a hotel. As we stood lingering around this old relic of revolutionary days, thinking of those bold spirits who first dared to defy imperial authority and throw off the yoke that bound them to an oppressive tyranny, we were shown a cluster of trees beneath whose shade a large portion of the army of Cornwallis was encamped as they were retreating to Yorktown. What a train of thought this information brought with it! Here we stood, as it were in the cradle of our liberties, and almost within a stone's throw once encamped the army which had come to repress the rebellion which first began beneath this same old roof. We could almost see the rebels as they retreated unorganized and undisciplined before the red-coated veterans of royalty. Driven from their homes, they toiled on bravely with the spirit of liberty burning brightly in their bosoms; beaten on every battle field and hunted for in every wood and copse that would give them a temporary hiding place; but though foot sore and weary they faltered not, but "periled all in the sacred cause of Freedom." We indulged these pleasant recollections until we were ordered to "fall in," which reminded us that the same contest for freedom was being waged against a more infuriated, implacable and inhuman foe. . . .

Charlie.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], March 27, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Tableaux and Charades.

The ladies of Canton will give a series of Tableaux and Charades, the second week in April, for the benefit of our gallant soldiers in the hospitals of this place. Notice will be given in our next issue of the evenings on which the entertainment will be given.

We sincerely trust that all well wishers of the country will contribute their money and their presence for so laudable a purpose.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], March 27, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Summary: "Pastor" discusses the nature and purpose of fasting during a day of "fasting, humiliation and prayer"

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], March 27, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

A Trip to Vicksburg, and What We Saw.

Impelled thereto by business engagements, we last week made a short visit to Vicksburg, taking in our route Calhoun, Madison, Tagaloo, Shotwell's tank, Jackson, Clinton, Bolton's, Edward's, Bovina, "and all intermediate *landings*." From the route we took, as indicated by the above names, it will be reasonably inferred that we traveled "by rail." Such was certainly our intention, but in it we failed. "The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft alee."

In our peregrinations we saw but little that was interesting or noteworthy, consequently we took no "notes," though we did take "note of time," as TIME—however much "*tempus*" may "*fugit*," was not a fast fugitive to us, but rather hung heavily upon our hands while away from "the *young* folks at home." In former times—before grim war's dreadful alarms resounded throughout the land—it was a pleasure and a benefit to any man to take a short respite and recreation from business in a trip to the "Hill City," or the "Crescent City;" but now, in these times of "war and pestilence and famine," the very worst punishment that could be inflicted upon a man would be to compel him to leave home and travel on railroads and take lodgings and *meals* at the hotels.

The first feature that presents itself to the mind of the wayfaring man is, the great number of soldiers that are continually "going to and fro, up and down in the earth," crowding all the cars on all the railroads;—the next is, the vast number of soldiers—officers, especially,—that are found at all the railroad depots of any note, and in all the towns along the lines of railroads. At Jackson we tarried a day. The city was alive with soldiers, and it seemed to us that every third man we met was an officer, had on shoulder straps, or a "spangle" of some sort to indicate that the wearer was something more than a "common soldier." The inquiry naturally arises, What are all these officers and soldiers doing out of camps? Why are they not with their regiments, on duty, in active service? There were, it seemed to us, a sufficient number of officers and men walking about the streets of Jackson to form a full regiment. How it is that so many men, able-bodied and healthy, are enabled to shirk their duty and keep out of the service, passeth our comprehension. While thousands are thus loitering about the cities, towns and railroad stations, all over the Confederacy, of no benefit whatever to the great cause in which we are engaged, the plea is made here in Mississippi by our sapient Governor, that the danger at present is so

imminent that not a man can be spared from the field, and that the very salvation of the country depends upon *retaining the militia in active service!*—many of whom are old men not fit for military duty, but who ought to be at home, superintending their crops and raising bread and meat to supply the demands of the army and the people. The Confederate authorities should at once call all stragglers to the field, *and Governor Pettus should disband the militia without further delay.* He has committed an error in keeping them in the field up to the present time; the longer he persists in that error—to gain a reputation as "a man of firmness and decision of character"—the greater will be the detriment to the agricultural interests of the State, and to his own fair fame. Disband the "melish," Governor, disband the "melish," and let them raise corn, and you'll raise yourself in the estimation of everybody.

We found Jackson decidedly "a hard road to travel," and had we traveled in a 'chaise,' we would have found it much more so. The several roads from the depot to the business part of the city are the worst we have ever seen—an almost unfathomable mass of mud. We saw a large horse in a small wagon containing a small trunk, threading his way through this loblolly. He "made the trip," but it was by straining every nerve and sinew to its greatest tension. We saw a four-mule team, with only one box in the wagon, come to a dead stall, while only two of the wheels were in the mud, the other two being on hard ground. The mules had to be taken out and the wagon abandoned for the time. But the *mud* is not all that makes Jackson a "hard road to travel." The spirit of speculation and extortion runs rampant in Jackson, as, indeed, does it in almost every other place in the Confederacy. We priced some things, which will give an idea of the whole catalogue of commodities. Seed Irish potatoes are \$30 per bushel; molasses, \$2.50 per gallon; sugar 50c., butter \$1.50 per lb; eggs, \$1.50 per doz.; soft hats \$30; boots, \$60; &c. "That is sufficient!" as Tom Haines said when he saw the elephant.

In reference to the important matter of something to eat, the following, told by the Hinds Co. Gazette, accords admirably with our experience:

["] A hungry friend of ours went into a hotel, not twenty miles from Raymond, one day last week. In due time the bell announced that dinner was ready. Our friend made rapid strides for the dining room. On entering it an official reminded him that \$1 was to be paid. He paid it and took a seat at the table. The table was large and well filled with hungry men, but contained but two dishes—*poor beef* and the commonest sort of *corn bread*. Our friend doubted the ability of two such dishes, without support, to appease his appetite. He modestly inquired of a waiter if there was no butter. The reply was affirmative, but with the remark, "that's extra." "Very well," said our friend, "bring me some any how." A piece as large as a turkey's egg was brought, with the intelligence, "four bits, if you please, sir." The four bits were paid. "Have you no milk?" inquired our friend. "Yes," replied the waiter, "but that's extra." "Give me a glass any how," said our friend. In due time a glass of milk appeared, with "four bits, if you please, sir." The four bits were paid. And thus our friend and the waiter when through with four eggs for four bits and a cup of rye and sweetened water for four bits, and two hard biscuits for four bits, &c., &c. When our friend got through he found that he had swallowed a very common dinner, and very little of it, and that it cost him just four dollars and a half! Is the country exhausted, or does that man at Jackson who wants "all the corn, all the meal, all the pork, and all the rice," get it *all*, and then let it out by the four bit's worth as above illustrated? ["]

In the still more important matter of lodging, this is our experience: we lodged at the "----- House," slept—or, rather, assumed a recumbent posture during a part of the night—with another gentleman, on a single mattress [sic], (not much margin on either side,) with about a handful of feathers to bolster up our head; not a single chair in the room nor to be had, and

"everything else in proportion." For these *elegant* and *commodious* accommodations we tendered to the clerk one dollar, on receiving which he remarked that a half dollar more was due. We were glad that it was not a dollar more, and handed it over with "promptness and dispatch."

On Wednesday, we reluctantly continued our trip towards Vicksburg on the cars. It was very desirable to have our life insured before entering upon this perilous journey, but so dangerous is it considered to travel on this road, that no company would insure a man's life for a sevenpence who intended to pass over it. We were glad, however, to perceive evidences of improvement along the road. The new President, Victor F. Wilson, is said to be an energetic, working man, and has gone to work vigorously in repairing the track.....We got on very well until we arrived within about six miles of Vicksburg when the iron horse was suddenly reined up, and it was soon announced to the anxious passengers that a culvert had caved in, and it was impossible for the cars to proceed.—The alternative was thus left to the passengers either to wait until word could be sent to the city and a flat car sent out, or to walk the distance of six miles. A majority, we believe, chose the latter horn of the dilemma, sharp as it was, and proceeded as rapidly as possible to lessen the distance between them and the city. We had not proceeded far before we came to a very long bridge spanning a very deep ravine; at each end of this bridge was stationed a soldier whose instructions were to let no footman pass. This is one instance of the foolish, absurd and preposterous orders sometimes issued by military men. Here we were with our Provost passes, permitting us to go to Vicksburg, but because we were not in the cars, we were not allowed to cross on the bridges, but were compelled to walk down and up three long hills, such hills as Warren county and the city of Vicksburg alone can boast of. As it was the last feather that broke the camel's back, so it was the walking up the last of these hills that "got us down." When we arrived at Vicksburg we were pretty much in the condition of the Yankee's "keow"—we had "well nigh gin eout."

What we saw and heard in the "Hill City" we must reserve for another chapter, as, since we commenced this article, much copy has come in of a more important and interesting character. We will say, however, our observations induce us to believe that Vicksburg can be held in defiance of any number of men that can be brought against her.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], April 3, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

The Speculator and Railroad men.—The Way it is Done.—The Columbus (Miss.) Republic, in commenting on the rascalities perpetrated by the speculators, and the frauds participated in by the railroad men, gives the following:

A little incident came to our knowledge of a certain party who had purchased a large amount of wool and a trifle over one thousand dollars worth of sugar. The wool was especially valuable and the sugar was also to be gotten through. After some maneuver on the part of the owner, he got a car and loaded it up, paying handsomely for the same, putting the sugar in sacks. When the car came to be switched on the track, the switchman demanded his part, and received, we believe, \$40. Soon after the engineer came along and declared that he never would take that wool and sugar through without half the sugar. It was given him. Soon after the conductor came along, and stated that the wool could go, but he must have the other half of the sugar. There was no appeal, and the other half followed the first. The wool came through. The owner had also paid freight in advance for both wool and sugar. So we go. Our people may suffer for the necessaries of life—our soldiers are put on half rations for the want of supplies, and speculators and railroad men may make fortunes.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], April 17, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Ladies Tableaux, &c.—The entertainments heretofore announced came off on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, and were pronounced brilliant and interesting in the highest degree by all who had the good fortune to procure admission. The Court room was too small to hold the crowds that pressed for admittance, and many were turned away. The entertainment is to be repeated to-morrow night.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], April 17, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Our Paper.—Owing to the non-arrival of a supply of paper, for which we sent in good time, we are compelled to appear before our readers to-day in this circumscribed form.

We hope it will be but a short time that our paper is thus curtailed of its fair proportions. But the supply of printing paper in the Confederacy is very small, and what there is seems to be monopolized by the daily papers that are making fortunes out of the war, and are thus enabled to literally buy up the paper mills.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], April 17, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Discouraging.—The Bath paper mills, opposite Augusta, Ga., the most extensive mills in the Confederacy, were destroyed by fire on the ---- inst. We learn by our exchanges, also, that the Charleston Courier, one of the oldest and most prosperous dailies in the country, has been forced to suspend for the want of paper.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], April 24, 1863, p. 1, c. 1-2

The Tableaux and Charades.
By a Man Over Forty.

Years ago I made two little girls happy by attending them to a panoramic exhibition of "*Italy, and a Journey from New York to Rome and back to Boston.*"

One of the little girls was five, the other three years old. Both were sweet. The oldest was very handsome. The youngest was thrillingly beautiful. I became as happy as the children (how could I help it?), and that happiness resulted in the following

Soliloquy.

I have frequently contended, half earnestly, half jocosely, that Art is more beautiful than Nature. I shall do so no more. The question is settled. As we took our panoramic trip, I saw many beautiful scenes painted by Art's most powerful pencil. I saw the red flames of the burning Missouri irradiate Gibraltar's rocky citadel, light up the blue waves of the Mediterranean, and lose their fiery pinnacles amid the silvery stars in the quiet sky. I glanced at the splendid edifices of Columbus' birth-place. I peered into St. Peter's old Cathedral, so symmetrical in its grand proportions, so "musical in its vast immensity." I gazed *upwards* at the Alps—

"The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps
And throned eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow."

I looked *down* on Como's calm lake,
"Shut out by Alpine hills from the rude world,
margin'd by fruits of gold
And whispering myrtles, glassing softest skies."

As the glowing canvas was unrolled, I saw and admired these giant efforts of Art, but the ardour [sic] of my admiration for them was moderated by comparison. Her rival, Nature, was also there, exhibiting a lovely specimen of her priceless handiwork. Nellie, the little three year old, sat by my side, swapping fans with her sister, whispering musical nothings into my ear, and unconsciously reposing upon the very climax of soul-lit loveliness. Soul gleamed through the indescribable, the inconceivable eyes,—now darkly bright with their meridian light, beamed on the white forehead, irradiated the jet pencilled [sic] brow and lashes, gave a vital glow to the vermilion of the cheeks, sparkled amid the golden ringlets, wrapt [sic] the whole countenance in beauty that seemed celestial, and tempted the spectator to think he had caught a glimpse of the glory which shall be revealed.

No. The stream cannot rise higher than the fountain. Art cannot be superior to Nature. The daughter should with docility obey the mother; and thus it is that, when Art is obedient to Nature, the resultant harmony is divine. Miserable indeed must be the human earth-worm who is deaf to this sacred minstrelsy; who hears no voice but the voices of Appetite and Passion; who cares for no music but that of the money-changer; who plods "his weary way to darkness" and to death, ignoring the poetry that whispers in every murmurous rill, sparkles in every luminous orb, and fills the atmosphere with its exhilarating effulgence.

Happy the man who has a sense to perceive and a soul to appreciate all the varying notes of this divine melody; who, without losing his common sense, catches, as he plods thro' the practical duties of life, joyous glimpses of the flowery vales, of "the grassy upland's gentle swells echoing the bleat of flocks," admires the budding beauties of spring, the maturer foliage of summer, the golden tints of autumn, the rugged beauties of winter; rejoices in every phase of female loveliness, and *goes into ecstasy* [sic] when innocent, unspoiled, sweet-faced, sweet-voiced childhood enchants him with its lovely look, its laughing glee.

The remembrance of this soliloquy of a by-gone day, of this ecstasy [sic] of "auld lang syne," was recalled by the Tableaux and Charades of the 15th inst.

I was glad to perceive that I was still a child; that I could laugh till my eyes became tearful at the affected gravity of the Professor; sympathise [sic] with the feelings of the graceful ward; dream with Longfellow as Hiawatha and Minehaha stood before me; look at the lovely Muses, and be thrilled by the mystic presence of the grand old poets who worshipped at their shrine; admire our own beauty—the Turkish Queen, and the blooming Houris around her; gaze into Anne Boleyn's blue eyes with the spell of hoary historical reminiscences upon me, and feel my heart leap with joy as the white-winged Fairies appeared, poised in every graceful attitude, their childish countenances radiant with innocence; their brightly beaming eyes peering up into the Heaven where their Father lives.

Enough. Perhaps too much. Yet I cannot close. Whilst remembering with pleasure the visible performers, let us neither forget the unseen Genius, who conceived the idea of intertwining with the beauties of Nature and of Art, the wreaths of Patriotism and Charity; nor the good Genii who aided her in its execution. Let us also remember with gratitude the munificent Giver, who gave these human instrumentalities the power—whilst comforting the soldier with the hope of a better day—to bless us with a vision of the Beautiful, and endowed us, the spectators, with a sense to perceive and a soul to appreciate the vision.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], April 24, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

Summary: Statement from a returned prisoner about the treatment received in Oxford, MS, Holly Springs, MS, and the old State Penitentiary at Alton, IL.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], May 8, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Tableaux at Brandon.

The ladies of Brandon will give an entertainment consisting of Tableaux, &c., on Tuesday evening next, for the benefit of the hospitals at that place.

The proceeds of a similar entertainment, given a few evenings since, was \$466.00. Well done for the ladies of Brandon.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], May 8, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

The Paper Famine.

The Raleigh State Journal, alluding to the high price of newspaper, and the difficulty of procuring it at almost any price, says:

What remedy is there for this state of things? We see but two: either an enormous increase in the price of subscription, or a suspension of the press. With paper at fifty cents per pound a weekly sheet cannot be issued for less than five dollars. This calculation excludes any profit. To preserve the profits of ordinary times, the price would be at least seven dollars. The dailies at that rate must go to fifteen dollars. To pay, outside of the large cities, a daily must go to twenty dollars.

There are a certain class of readers who will take a paper at any price. But these would take papers which were published nearest the sources of news. They would not take country papers at all, at the prices.

We can suggest one measure which might afford relief. The Government we understand has large quantities of cotton on hand, which was bought at a comparatively small price. If the paper mills could buy this cotton from the government at a price to cover all expenses and pay a small advance, they could afford paper at present rates and thus save the press.

But this plan we know would be objected to on the ground of affording Government aid to special private enterprises, a principle which has been repudiated in our politics for years, at least in theory.

This failing, we see nothing before us but the suspension of a large majority of the papers of the Confederacy.

The next question is, can a free Government be sustained without newspapers?—Can this revolution be successfully carried through a term of years of horrors, pillage and suffering, without the warning and encouraging voice of the press? We think a numerous press, and a free one, are synonymous terms. Let the journals of a country be reduced to a very few in number, and by a necessity of human nature they will become merely the advocates of all measures of the rulers of the land. They can, and will, demand place and emolument, or both, as the price of their services, and they will obtain their demands so long as they keep their covenant with power.

The press is not merely a private enterprise; it has become at this age of the world a part of every Government.

Men at this day are not content with the bare declaration of principles, shortly and curtly, expressed by the proclamations of their rulers. They have been accustomed to the analysis of every principle and every measure at the hands of the press, and like jurors, their duty is to sift, to weigh, to reconcile and to reject the argument and apply their conclusions to the facts of their condition.

The press is to the administration of the affairs of State, what the lawyers are to the administration of justice. Take either class away, and the government becomes a blind obedience, and justice an uncertain arbiter.

We say to the people that with the fall of the press they lose their best friend, and the ablest champion of popular rights and national liberty. But we see, in the present state of things no hope that the press can be sustained. We are not speaking specially of the concerns of this office. This paper is probably established as firmly as the majority of papers in the country, and in ordinary times its prospects would be flattering.—But unless we are mistaken in our calculations, the press of the State and of the Confederacy is standing certainly upon a very narrow base.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], May 15, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Vicksburg Whig Office Burnt.—We regret to learn that the office of the Vicksburg Whig with its entire contents, was destroyed by fire on Saturday afternoon last. In the present scarcity of printing material this is indeed a heavy loss. We hope our friend Shannon will be able to refurnish himself with material, and that the Whig will again rise like a Phoenix from its ashes, and soar again on the highest wing of popular favor.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], May 8, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

A Good Deed in Yankeedom.

Among the returned Confederate prisoners, to whom we alluded in our paper of yesterday morning, was a Georgian, who had had his leg shot off in the battle, in which he was taken prisoner by the abolitionists. While in New York city, awaiting his recovery, he states that he was visited by a Georgia lady, resident in that city, who purchased for him an artificial leg, of the best description, and which he now wears.

He refused to give us the lady's name; but some day, when this "horrid war" shall have been brought to a close, and our bloodsprinkled land is again blessed with peace, the names of the Southern heroines, who, by the force of circumstances, are compelled to live among the enemies of their country, but who avail themselves of that residence to succor and provide for their wounded and suffering countrymen, should, by all means, be made public, that they may be cherished in the memories of the Southern people along with the other heroes who are battling for Southern independence.

It may be well to suppress the names of these heroines, these devoted daughters of the South in a foreign land, for the present, but they should be preserved, and, at the proper time, be given to the public, and cherished as they so justly deserve.

The Georgian who had the artificial leg alluded to, was offering to bet that he could out run, outjump, or out walk any other one leg man—so proud was he of the excellence of the leg which the Georgia lady had furnished him.

Augusta Constitutionalist.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], May 22, 1863, p. 2, c. 1-3

Summary: Detailed report of the occupation and destruction in Jackson, MS, as reported by the Mississippian from the Mississippi Baptist press.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], June 5, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Read This.

There are at this time several hundred patients in the different hospitals in this place. The men are from almost every part of the Confederate States, far away from their families and friends, and deprived of the comforts to which they have been accustomed at home. Many of them are sick, and a large number are suffering from wounds received in the late battles in this State. Those that are very sick need delicacies, and the wounded are suffering for the want of clean clothes and all need the sympathy and attention of our people both in our town and county.

Coarse corn bread, and beef that would disgust a well man, badly cooked and not half seasoned, is the diet these sick and wounded soldiers have to subsist on. It is a crying shame against the country that this is so. If our brave soldiers were not men fighting for principle, they would inevitably become demoralized and dispirited by such bad treatment. Cannot something be done to improve their condition? If the Government is unable to do it the people can, *if they have the willing hearts* to do so. It is idle to talk of our inability, while we enjoy such comparative abundance at home. We should be willing to share what we have with these afflicted patriot soldiers, although it might put us to some inconvenience or cause us to practice some self-denial. Thus, by "bearing each others burdens," we would "fulfill the law of Christ," and minister great relief to those now languishing in our hospitals. We hope the people of the town and country will arouse themselves to this, the cause of humanity and the country, and will aid, according to "their several ability," in alleviating the distress of these soldiers. Our experience leads us to expect but little from the rich and affluent. We appeal to those in the more moderate and humble circumstances of life, to do what they can.

"In such sharp extremities of fortune
The blessings which the weak and poor can scatter
have their own seasons"—

We know the demands upon the people are heavy at this time. But we submit that the demands of our hospitals present the first and strongest claim to our sympathies, and we repeat that much can be done for them. It is only necessary to awaken a becoming public sentiment and *feeling* on this subject and all will be right.

We are authorized to say that a considerable sum of money, the proceeds of the Ladies Tableaux Exhibition in this place, is ready to be expended in the purchase of butter, eggs, lamb, chickens, &c., and that the people of the country are solicited as a favor to send in such articles as they can spare, for which they will receive a fair compensation. Messrs. Speed & Donoho have offered that such things may be received at their store, where also they will be paid for. Those who wish to contribute *without pay* can do so, and we hope that no very high prices may be demanded. Those who wish to contribute money can do so, and all may rest assured that whatever they give or sell will be faithfully applied to the use of the hospital. The disposition of articles thus obtained, will be under the supervision of some of our oldest and worthiest citizens who have kindly volunteered to take the matter in hand.

We will add that the hospitals are greatly in need of bed clothing, pillow cases, &c.

Many of the soldiers are also without a change of under clothing, having lost their supply in the retreats from Jackson and other points. Therefore, old shirts, drawers, pants, though badly worn, will be very acceptable.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], June 12, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Rags! Rags!! Rags!!!

We will pay eight cents per pound for all clean white linen or cotton rags, delivered at this office. *Money* will neither make nor buy paper; *rags* alone will do. If our friends will bring in the rags, we can soon procure paper and enlarge the Citizen, "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], June 12, 1863, p. 2, v. 1

A Praiseworthy Act.

General Hospital, Canton, Miss. }
May 30, 1863. }

Mr. Editor:

Since the evacuation of Jackson and severe marching of the few succeeding days, it has been my misfortune to be confined in Hospital some ten days in this place, where I found the Post Surgeon, Ward Surgeon and Master, and other attendants, very kind and polite, using every effort with their limited means to render comfortable and cheerful the unfortunate sick. 'Twas during this time, when quite sick, depressed in spirits and almost wearied of life, when my sad heart was cheered by one of those scenes so common among the women of our country.

A carriage halted before the hospital door, when all eyes were eagerly fixed upon the inmates, who called out to one of the clerks, handing a dish of jelly and other little delicacies for the more sick, while they called in person to the convalescing to come forward and receive some refreshments which they dispensed with lavish hands to some thirty or more joyful hearts. 'Twas both pleasing and amusing to see the grateful beneficiaries as they still clung around the carriage, as if reluctant to leave it, seeking rest on the wheels and elsewhere, while enjoying their unusual delicacy. After the ladies had retired—not amidst shouts and applause heard and known of men, but with the silent prayer of many known and heard only in Heaven, I sent and procured the names of these kind benefactors.

They were Mrs. Ada Latimer and Mrs. George Handy, one of whose face I saw, which was a true index to her character. I am told the refreshments were sent by a "pick nick party[]" from the country, but all of the contributors, though unknown, will be rewarded above. While noticing such acts of kindness, I would not overlook the kindness of Mrs. Cameron, of this town, to a gentleman whose acquaintance she formed on the first day of his arrival in town, and to whom she sent daily a plate of such food as to please the most fastidious taste. The writer is an entire stranger in Canton, but a close and grateful

Observer.

June 12, 1863*

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], June 19, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

The Paper Famine.—One object we had in view in our recent trip to Alabama and Georgia, was to procure a sufficient supply of printing paper to enable us to enlarge The Citizen to a respectable size, and place the continuance of its publication beyond all contingencies, except those incident to the war, and "accidents by flood and field."

Having written to the leading mills in the country, and our money and orders being invariably returned with the informative, "We cannot supply you—have many orders ahead of yours that we cannot fill," we concluded to see what virtue there might be in personal effort—determined to "reconnoiter the situation," "storm the works," and endeavor to bring off "supplies" by the force of argument, "moral suasion," sense, and blarney, superadded to *money*, which was once a sufficient motive power to "make the mare go" and even run the paper mill.

By persistent effort, a determination not to be turned away empty if there was any virtue in eloquent pleading, and a promise to canvass our county for *rags* when we reached home, we succeeded in purchasing from a mill a small supply of paper, for which we paid *eighty* cents per pound—*eight* cents having been the price before the war.

The difficulties in the way of transportation are as great as those of obtaining paper. We succeeded in getting our paper as far as Mobile, where we were compelled to leave it, the Express agents declaring it was impossible to ship it through, as there were at least five car loads of freight already awaiting transportation.

Thus our readers will perceive the almost insurmountable obstacles in the way of publishing a newspaper in these war times.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], June 26, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

A Word for Everybody!

We have been requested to solicit *all the people* in this and *the adjoining counties*, to bring in butter, eggs, chickens, mutton, roasting ears, vegetables of all kinds—and those living near are requested to bring milk, sweet or butter,—for the use of the hospitals in Canton.

In addition to the above-mentioned commodities, almost every one can spare a few

Old Shirts,

Drawers,

Pants,

Coats,

Sheets,

Pillow-cases,

Lint and bandages.

It is well known to all that a great battle is expected to take place very shortly between Gen. Johnston's and Gen. Grant's armies; in which event, many wounded will be sent to the hospitals in this place, and unless there is a supply on hand of the articles named, the noble men who are now defending our homes will suffer greatly. It is therefore urged upon every neighborhood to act in this matter without delay—to collect and bring the articles named to the depot of the Ladies' Aid Society, where they will be received by Mr. S. C. Cochran.

We hope the unceasing efforts of the ladies to mitigate the sufferings of the soldiers in the hospitals will be promptly seconded by the people generally.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], September 12, 1863, p. 3, c. 4

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 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.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], September 19, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

Our Suspension and Resumption—The Yankee Raid to Canton.

After a suspension of two months, we today resume the publication of 'The Citizen.' The cause of this *hiatus* in the visits of our hebdomidal [sic] to its patrons is well known—aye, too well known—to most of them. On the 10th of July, just upon the eve of the publication of the 27th number, volume 13, of our little weekly, it having become positively certain that Vicksburg had fallen and there was no efficient barrier between us and the Yankees, we began to feel weak about the knees, and though not at all alarmed or excited, thought it prudent, while we were able to do so, to follow the sage advice given to the venerable Daniel Tucker, and proceeded to "get out of the way." Knowing that the Yankees had generally sacked and destroyed printing offices in their march into the south, and having no reason to suppose they would make an exception in our favor, when we heard of their approach we followed the example set us by many (too many) of our Confederate generals, and began to *evacuate* the position we had so long held, not believing it sufficient, with the small force at our command, to hold it against a combined assault of the enemy. We retreated "in good order," bringing off nearly every thing valuable, including our "heavy metal." The evacuation was conducted so quietly that even our own citizens were scarcely aware that we had 'vamosed [sic] the ranche [sic]" until the deed was done; and it was generally conceded that ours was a "masterly retreat."

The Yankees were expected here every day after the fall of Vicksburg. On Sunday, 12th July, a considerable force of their cavalry approached our town on the Jackson stage road, and got as near as Bear creek bridge. Fortunately for us, Cosby's brigade of Texas cavalry happened to be here, guarding a valuable wagon train en route for Johnston's army. Cosby held the enemy in check that day, and might have captured the whole party, as it was afterwards ascertained that they numbered only about three hundred. As the sun retired towards Pearl river, leaving us again to the mercy of the Yankees. That was a right dark night. After a day of great excitement, all went to bed—some to sleep, "perchance to dream" of blue coats and all the horrors that follow in their wake. Of course the Yankees were hourly expected, but it seems they were not advised of Cosby's movement, and while he retired towards Pearl river they fell back in the direction of Vicksburg. On Friday, 17th July, Major General Jackson occupied our town with three brigades of cavalry—Cosby's, Whitfield's and Ross's—numbering about three thousand men. (And right here we must say, we had a foretaste of what might might [sic] be expected when the Yankees came. A portion of Jackson's command was a lawless, violent, insubordinate set of men. They pillaged and robbed our stores, and murdered one of our best citizens—Dr. W. A. Booth. Of course, Jackson's entire command are not to be held responsible for the acts of a few bad men, but unless those who discountenance such acts assist in bringing the lawless and turbulent to

justice, how are we to know the guilty from the innocent—those who participated from those who did not? None of the men who committed the outrages here on the 17th July, have been apprehended, and punished, as far as we can learn—not even the unprovoked murderers of Dr. Booth.) But to continue our outline of events: While Jackson's cavalry were here on the 17th, the enemy again approached within two miles of town—this time in large force, said to have been about twenty-seven hundred cavalry, supported by infantry. They, too, were "brought up standing" at Bear creek bridge by discovering that Canton was occupied by our cavalry, and being, we presume, well advised of its strength, deemed prudence the better part of valor, and did not attack. Skirmishing was kept up, however, during the day between the pickets, in which several were wounded on both sides. Our citizens, generally, were anxious to see a trial of strength between the enemy's and Jackson's forces, and were willing to submit to any sacrifices that the fortunes of war might entail upon them. They wished to soil to be consecrated by Yankee blood before their homes fell into the hands of the enemy. They wished to know that in after times "The Battle of Canton," or "The Battle of the Celestial City," would figure in the pages of history. Wirt Adams' regiment was here, and the gallant "McKie Cavalry," of our own county, was anxious to "open the ball." Lieut. Ad. Harvey, had he been permitted to do so, with even forty men, would have disputed the occupation of his home with the invader, and would at least have had the pleasure of spilling Yankee blood in the streets of Canton, winning for the place an honorable name in history and new laurels for his own brow. But Gen'l Jackson thought it imprudent to risk a battle at this place. At nightfall, therefore, his force retired towards Pearl river, leaving us to our fate. On the ever memorable morning of the 18th July, 1863, the Yankees, consisting of twenty-seven hundred well mounted and well equipped men, commanded by Colonel (ranking Brig.-General) Bussey, marched in and took quiet possession of our town. Guards were placed at all the street corners, and were also detailed to protect private property when asked for. Very soon the fiery element was called into requisition, and one railroad building after another followed in quick succession. The N. O. & Jackson R. R. depot, the shed at the junction, a large lot of lumber—in fact every thing belonging to that company except the office and tenanted cottages, was laid in ruins. The large and valuable roundhouse and machine shop, and the fine depot building of the Miss. Central Railroad, all of brick, were also destroyed, and the tracks of both roads were torn up for a considerable distance.

The entire loss in railroad property is estimated at \$2,000,000.

In reference to the treatment of our citizens generally by the Yankees, it was not so bad as had been anticipated. Here in town they entered but few dwellings, and committed but few depredations. Our friends, in the suburbs, however, and surrounding country, did not fare so well. The Yankees took provisions wherever they could find them, robbed the planters in many instances of all their stock, and took the negroes off that would go with them. Many of these, however, have got sick of their bargain and come back again.

Just at dusk on the night of the 18th, the Yankees took leave of us, retiring towards Vicksburg. About 9 o'clock that night, fire was discovered issuing from a shed in the rear of the building on the North-east corner of the public square, known as the red brick store, occupied by Mr. Witherspoon. The shed contained a lot of cotton, and the fire soon communicated to the storehouse. We were entirely without the means of arresting the flames, and the devouring element ceased not until every building on the north side of the square was laid in ashes. It is supposed by some that this block of buildings was set on fire by our own negroes or low-down white men for the purpose of pillaging the stores, but we incline to the opinion that it was done by the Yankees for the purpose of destroying cotton, a considerable quantity of which was stored

on that side of the square. Gen. Jackson had, unwisely we think, set the example of cotton burning the day before, having burnt the N. O. railroad car shed containing about 700 bales. Jackson having begun the work, Bussey concluded to finish it up, and celebrate his departure, as the former had his arrival, by a grand conflagration of our most valuable staple.

As we began this hasty historical sketch with ourself, so will we end it. A couple of Yankees were specially detailed to look up our office. Seeing them in it, we also ventured in. As we entered, one of them remarked he had "peaceable possession." We replied that such seemed to be the case. He said his commander was out of blank paroles, and he wished to print some. We told him to "pitch in," and wished him a good time in running the press, as it had been out of order two years and hadn't had a drop of oil on it in all that time. He was not to be bluffed off in that way, but remarked he "guessed he could grease her up and make her run." And, with true Yankee perseverance and industry, he set to work and soon had the "mersheen" in running order. After printing the paroles he washed the type off nicely, and left everything in "apple-pie order," not having *pied* a type in our office. Good for him—and for us also.

And so we are able to greet our readers once more, which we gladly do.

[This article was prepared and intended for our issue of last week, but was crowded out.]

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], September 19, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

Jail Notice.

The Jail never was intended to put unruly negroes in, unless they commit some higher offense than refusing to obey their owners, and in future you will please correct your negroes yourselves, as none will be received in jail except such as the law requires. Continue the way it is at present, and the jail will soon be worthless or worn out for the benefit of a few individuals for purposes never intended.

W. J. Taylor, Sh'ff.

Sept. 19, 1863.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], September 26, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

In our last issue, the publisher of this paper, in giving an interesting and racy account of the events causing the suspension of his paper, and the occurrences connected therewith, without any idea or intention on his part, has done injustice to the commanding officer of the Confederate cavalry then in this department. We were in possession of some facts which not only fully justified Gen. Jackson in evacuating this place without a fight, but reflected credit upon his firmness against the earnest remonstrances of his officers and men, in doing as he did.

It will be remembered that in addition to the infantry, cavalry and artillery force sent up from Jackson against this place, some one hundred and fifty wagons accompanied the expedition. These wagons it was supposed were intended for foraging purposes, and to carry off the booty stolen from our planters. Not so. *They were filled with armed soldiers, to deceive Jackson as to their numbers.* These soldiers were concealed behind the hedges near and on Mr. Briscoe's plantation, to line in ambush for our cavalry. If Jackson attacked their cavalry, they were to fall back until he got into the trap, and then a wholesome slaughter would have ensued, or the capture of the entire command. Gen. Jackson was advised of this by reliable scouts—hence his order to fall back in obedience to other orders from Gen. Johnston. These facts, we understand, were verified afterwards by Colonel (now General) Ross, who, like most of the

command at the time, thought a fight ought to have been given. Col. Ross at first very much opposed Gen'l Jackson's evacuation of the place, but when he received the report of his scouts, like a noble soldier, as he is, frankly commended the wisdom of the move.

Gen. Sherman himself has acknowledged to members of Gen. Jackson's and Gen. Cosby's staffs that it *was a trap* set for Jackson, and only regretted he was too wary to be caught thereby.

So, upon the whole, we think it was a wise and sensible movement, and showed the firmness of the officer to fall back rather than fight when death and disaster stared him and his command in the face, without any corresponding benefit to the Confederate cause.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], October 3, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

One day last week a pretty little Georgia girl, dressed up in neatly fitting male habiliments, applied to a lieutenant of Gen. Gist's command, at Rome, Ga., to be enrolled and mustered into the Confederate service. Her request was complied with, and she was about to be sent out to camp, when some one, suspicious of her sex, suggested that little ruffled petticoats and a more feminine occupation than that of the manual of the piece, would be more appropriate. She was accordingly, as we learn from the Rome Courier, sent before Gen. Gist, to whom she confessed her sex, saying she was from Gainesville, Ga., and that she had the consent of her parents to disguise herself in male attire, and enter the army to revenge the death of her brother, who, poor fellow, was killed in Virginia. She was sent to Atlanta under escort, but has since made her escape.--Rebel.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], October 17, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

On resuming the publication of *The Citizen*, we stated our purpose to publish it tri-weekly, or perhaps daily, when mail facilities should so improve as to insure its circulation. This desideratum has not yet been reached, as we have only a semi-weekly mail to those points where our paper circulates most. But even if we had a daily mail to all points, we could not issue oftener than we now do, simply for the want of the necessary help. We have not had a sufficient number of hands to insure the publication of the *Weekly* with that promptness we desire, and at the same time execute the job work that comes in....We have sent for a supply of paper, and when it arrives, if there should still be an army here, and we can procure the necessary assistance for the undertaking, we shall try the experiment of a tri-weekly publication.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], October 17, 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.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], October 24, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Comforts & Blankets for Soldiers.

We are glad that some of the charitable ladies of Canton have taken in hand the collecting of above-named articles for our needy soldiers. We will publish a list of the donors next week, and hope to have a long one at that. Blankets, comforts, carpets, shoes, or money to be used in the purchase of such things, will be gladly received and *immediately* appropriated. Our office is

large enough to hold every thing donated, and our hearts warm enough to return sincerest thanks for any ting to alleviate the sufferings of the soldiers in this war.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], October 24, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

For the Citizen.

An Appeal for the Soldiers.

Camp, near Canton, Miss., }
Oct. 19th, 1863. }

Mr. Editor: Many of the soldiers of the regiment to which I am attached are barefooted; many more are nearly so; many have not a single blanket of coverlet of any kind; some are nearly without clothes; and this sad condition is but the representative of most if not all the regiments who are cut off from communication with their homes. This spectacle is to me piercingly afflicting. Who is so callous as not to feel a pang of sorrow when he beholds the defenders of his country thus destitute and thus exposed, without remedy, to the frosts and chilling blasts of winter? The government is, no doubt, doing all it can to meet this exigency [sic], but winter is nearly upon us, and it is not yet fully met.

I am in daily intercourse with the army. It is my office and business to attend to their wants in sickness and when wounded, and preserve, as far as I can, their health. But how is it possible for men to keep well when they cannot sleep without being chilled with cold? Or how can they do duty when their feet are bleeding with wounds, or frost-bitten for the want of socks and shoes? And yet, with no other prospect before them, they murmur not. They are willing, as true patriots and good soldiers, to endure every thing. And what endurance! what hardships! what sufferings! Their enemies are amazed, and the world looks with admiration upon their fortitude and bravery.

Can not something be done for them? Are our people exhausted—impoverished? Can they not aid the government a little this winter in shoeing and clothing those who have not yet been supplied by the government? Many of those who have not shoes socks or blankets have not the means to buy them even if they could be purchased. Can these articles, so necessary to health and comfort, be procured for and given to them?

The Rev. Mr. Ross, who recently preached for several days to the soldiers of this brigade, (Buford's) on his return home informed his most excellent lady of the destitution of many of our soldiers. Her heart was at once filled with true christian sympathy and instead of shedding crockadile [sic] tears for an hour or two, and thus unburthening her soul, she mounted her horse and went out among the neighbors, and told them what her husband had said, nor did she stop until she had loaded Mr. Ross' buggy with quilts, blankets, coverlets and socks, and sent him back in haste to the brigade to prove his faith by his works. Noble christian patriot! Are there not others to follow her example? While thousand are being given for the distribution of tracts, books, and general religious literature among the soldiers,—which is, without contradiction, a noble work,—can there not be something given to clothe their bodies? The blasts and storms of winter will generate disease, and disease will bring on death and the souls of many brave boys will take their everlasting flight for the want of clothing and shoes, unless this matter is attended to. Good people will you not attend to it? Save your army, and you will save your country.

The writer of this article wishes to give one hundred dollars for this cause, but he cannot

get out to purchase them. If the Ladies Aid Society, or any benevolent person, will take this matter in hand, they can get this donation by inquiring at headquarters of the 12th La. Reg't.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], October 31, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Summary: List of articles contributed by Ladies and others for soldiers now in Canton and vicinity

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], October 31, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

To "Some of the Charitable Ladies of
Canton."

Camp, Near Canton, Miss., }
Oct. 27th, 1863. }

Ladies: I noticed in "The Citizen" of last week that you have engaged in the laudable and benevolent work of procuring blankets and coverlets for such of our soldiers as are destitute of those indispensable articles. Let me remind you that the article of socks is also indispensable.

I am informed by Major McGuire, Q. M. of Buford's brigade, that while he has assurance that shoes are being provided by the government, he has no knowledge that socks, sufficient for the army, have been, or can be, provided. It is important, in this noble work, to procure those articles which the government will most likely fail to supply. I would suggest, also, that in order to achieve the greatest good in your benevolent efforts, those soldiers who are cut off from communication with their homes, demand your first consideration.

I herewith deposit with the editor of "The Citizen" one hundred dollars, as a mite to aid you in your patriotic and benevolent work.

Winter is whirling his icy chariot along, and his stormy steed is making rapid strides toward us, and soon we shall feel the chilling and relentless blasts from his nostrils. Let not those who are secure around their comfortable hearthstones forget that their brave defenders have bared their bosoms to the pitiless storm, nor be content to sleep soundly until they shall know that every soldier is comfortably clad.

Wishing you abundant success, and an abundance of that joy of the heart—an unspeakable pleasure—which is realized alone by the truly benevolent as a reward of generous actions, I am, very respectfully, our friend,

A Surgeon.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], October 31, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

Bonnet for the Season.—The prevailing bonnet in Paris this fall, and of course in this country too, is the "Marie Stuart." The sides of this bonnet sit closely to the face, and the front is heart shaped, dropping slightly at the extreme edge toward the forehead. The crowns are usually made round and firm, though a few are soft and sloping. Velvet bonnets of gray and purple, and straw ones *cafe au lait* and silver in color, predominate.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [CANTON, MS], October 31, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

To the Ladies of Brandon,
Who exhibited such patriotic devotion to the Stars
and Bars on the recent visit of Adams' brigade.

Fair ladies of Brandon, with pain and regretting,
We bid you adieu, for to march we have orders,
But while we go forward we'll not be forgetting
The kind friends we leave as we go to the borders.

The many sweet faces so prettily riding,
With fair flowing ringlets we've seen at the drill,
Are still in the hearts of the soldier abiding,
With all their 'bright smiles' they are "haunting us still."

But the foe has again turned his face toward Brandon,
So we go to defend but will beg to assure
That none you have favored will every abandon,
The post which is often found hard to endure.

One thought of a loved one so gentle and tender,
Would nerve to the boldest of deeds on the field,
No foeman alive that could make us surrender,
And scorn we to any vile Yankee to yield.

So now, "au revoir," we will not say adieu,
For though now we take only the foe with our arms,
Yet when the war's over we hope to take you,
When you'll see no more Yankees but conquer---your farms.

T. J. Goe,
Co. C. 5th Miss. Regt.

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Negro Parties.—We have been requested by several of our citizens to call public attention to this evil, and to protest against the license which the owners of negroes grant them to give and to participate in these parties, or negro balls. These assemblages were of very questionable propriety in times of profound peace and quiet, but in times like the present—in the condition of things that now surround us—we think they are absolutely wrong, and cannot be defended upon any pretext or principle whatever. Our slave population, it is well known, are already demoralized to some extent—negroes continually exhibit signs of restiveness under the partial restraints to which they are subjected—and the privilege granted them of giving and attending balls, of being allowed to "make a night of it,"—of "tripping the light fantastic toe," tends unquestionably to their further demoralization.

At these negro parties, the supper tables groan under the burden of "good things." Pig and poultry, "ham and lamb and jam," preserves and pickles, cake and custard and chicken salad, and Charlotte Russe and Irish moss and Rio coffee abound. Where do all these rich viands and delicacies come from? We hear great complaints of the numbers of pigs and fowls that our

neighbors miss—indeed we have suffered greatly in this respect ourselves—and the soldiers stationed here are charged with appropriating these things. Our own opinion is that the negroes about town steal every thing they can lay their hands on to make up their fine suppers.

We believe the practice of allowing negroes to give these "entertainments" should be reformed altogether, and hope it may be done.

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Hurra for Yazoo.—We understand that the young ladies of Col. Rucker's family, of Yazoo county distributed to Gen. Buford's command twenty pair of socks, and will go twenty pair better. Beat that, Madison!—Help the gallant Kentuckians.

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The Hospital.—We ask attention to the communication on this subject. We are quite sure there are many ladies in town who would willingly bake good light bread for the hospital if the flour were furnished them, of which there is the greatest plenty at the Commissary's store. If the hospital surgeons will only perform their duty, there need be no want of good bread and wholesome food for the sick soldiers. Are those in management of the hospital quite sure they are doing their whole duty?

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To the Public.

There are few persons aware of the destitute conditions of our hospital; we therefore lay before them a few facts assured that we shall, as on a former occasion, receive prompt assistance as soon as it is known that we need it.

There are about sixty patients requiring good nourishing food, for whom nothing has been provided but beef and bread. There is neither lard or milk, so that any cook can form an idea of the black, heavy biscuit sent to the table, when he is still further informed that said bread is baked in a stove without pipe or damper.

Presents, however small, of chickens, milk, eggs, wine, coffee, fruit, &c., will be gratefully received.