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[Augusta, GA] Daily Constitutionalist, January-April, 1864

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DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA]
January – April 1864

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 3, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

“The Proudest Words.”—Writes a Chaplain in the force sent from the Army of Northern Virginia to the Army of Tennessee:

[“]When the din of war shall have died away and the sweet notes of peace shall be heard through our happy and redeemed country, the proudest words any lips may utter are, “I served as a private through the fierce struggle for Southern Independence. [”]

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 3, 1864, p. 1, c. 3

New Shoe Store
and
Gaiter Manufactory
L. Louis & Co.,
Broad Street.
Opposite Planters’ Hotel,
Augusta, Georgia.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 3, 1864, p. 1, c. 4

Blankets for the Soldiers.

A liberal friend had given me fifty blocks of Thread to exchange for Blankets for the soldiers. I offer one block of 5 lb Factory Thread for a blanket, the blankets so raised to be sent to the needy soldiers in Tennessee.

R. H. Vickers, Ag’t
Geo. Relief & Hosp Asso’c.
Washington Geo.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 3, 1864, p. 1, c. 6

Blankets for the Soldiers.

Office of the Ga. Relief and Hospital Asso’n. }
December 7th, 1863. }

To the People of Georgia —

In view of the fact, now well ascertained, that our soldiers cannot be supplied during the present winter with a sufficient number of blankets, the Georgia Relief and Hospital Association, by its executive committee, have determined to try and supply this want to some extent by the manufacture of what are called comforts or comforters. These can be made out our thinnest factory cloth, padded with bats of carded cotton, and quilted. The cloth should be as light as possible, and the cloth not too thick, otherwise the article will be heavy for transportation. Even with these precautions they may not be easily transported by the soldier, and may be soon lost; still we hope that with the increased experience of our troops, this may not be an invincible

inconvenience; and that at all events, they may secure warmth for the present winter. If no more be effected, this result will amply repay the cost and trouble.

The undersigned have been appointed a committee for the purpose of invoking the aid of our people in this work. We have already sought and found the assistance of the ladies of Augusta and its vicinity, whose energy during this unhappy war has been as untiring as their patriotism is ardent. These ladies, according to their custom, have responded to our call with an alacrity which has inspired our hearts with thankfulness and our minds with increased zeal and which encourages us to call upon patriotic citizens, especially the women, in all parts of our State, and invite them, wherever such cloth and cotton batting can be procured, to unite with us in this enterprise, this effort to protect our gallant defenders from the cold of the winter's night. The officers of the Augusta factory in a spirit of the most liberal patriotism, have offered to furnish us with the materials upon very low terms, and in such quantities as will enable us if all will assist who can do so, to send forward to the army several thousands of these comforts in a week or ten days. Other factories in our State will do the same, we doubt not, if application be made. The articles when finished, can be sent to our rooms in this city, and will be immediately forwarded to the troops. A vigorous effort on the part of our people can thus almost entirely remedy the grievance which we desire to remove, certainly among our own soldiers. Past experience teaches us not to doubt but that this effort will be made elsewhere in Georgia with energy like to that which inspired it here.

The cloth used by us here is thinner than shirting. Shirting will do--and is cut seven and a half or eight feet long by six feet wide. It would be better if dyed some color, but we have no time to wait for this to be done.]

All packages sent to be forwarded by the association should be addressed W. H. Potter, General Superintendent, Augusta, Georgia.

H. Starnes, }
C. J. Jenkins, } Committee.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 3, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

Outrages at Elizabeth City.—The Raleigh State Journal says it has the best authority for the following statement of the treatment to which the people of that unfortunate town are subjected by a portion of troops, negroes and Yankees from Beast Butler's Department. The death of every man, woman and child in the confederacy would be preferable to association, in any capacity, either as political equals or subjugated province, with the abolition savages who permit such barbarities. The Journal says:

[“] The negroes compel white women of delicacy and refinement to cook and wash for them. In one instance we heard of a body of these negroes entering a private house and demanding dinner, which they insisted should be cooked by the lady of the house. Whilst engaged in preparing the food for her negro guests, the scoundrels indulged in the most loathsome ribaldry, one of the, with his foot throwing the lady's clothes over her back and shoulder, while the rest sent up loud peals of laughter! These statements are surely enough to stir the blood of those who would go back to a fellowship with a nation of whites who cannot only permit this, but encourage it.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 5, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

Summary: Concert Hall—“Ingomar;” “P. P., or The Man and the Tiger”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 6, 1864, p. 1, c. 3

Beauregard Skirts—A hoop skirt manufactory has been established at Wytheville, Va., where the proprietors are said to be turning out an excellent article, called the Beauregard skirt. Would not the Belle Boyd, or Emma Sansom, or some other feminine name be more appropriate.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 6, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Concert Hall-- “Ben Bolt;” double dance; “Spectre [sic] Bridegroom”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 7, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Concert Hall—“Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady;” music; “Gale Breezely.”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 7, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Concert Hall on Friday—“Macbeth”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 8, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

Letters to Soldiers—An Incident.—the army correspondent of the Atlanta Intelligencer relates the following incident to show how welcome a letter from home is to a soldier, and how depressing it is when those at home neglect to write to him:

[“] I witnessed an incident yesterday going to show how welcome a letter is to the soldier, and how sad he feels when those at home neglect to write him. As I was riding to town I heard a man on horseback hail another in a wagon, and going up, handed him a letter. Another man in the same wagon inquired if there was no letter for him, and the reply was “none.” It was at that moment I noted the feeling between the two men by their changed countenances. The features of one lit up with pleasure as he perused the epistle in his hand—doubtless the letter of some dear wife or mother—and as he read it, a smile of joy would illumine his weather beaten face. This was happiness. It was an oasis on the desert of his rough life of danger and suffering, and no doubt was welcomed by him as the dearest gift a relative could send. With the other the opposite effect was observed. As soon as the word “none” had passed the lips of the man addressed, the look of anxiety with which the question was put faded away, and an appearance of extreme sorrow could have been seen plainly stamped on his features, while a feeling of envy at this more fortunate comrade was very apparent. This was unhappiness. The song of hope that had illuminated his heart when he inquired if there was any letter for him, had died away, and a feeling of loneliness and regret at the neglect of those at home took possession of him. Happy are they who have homes and loved ones to hear from! While it is the cruelest of all neglect not to write to those relatives in the army, if it makes them sad and unhappy, how much more must those feel whose homes are in possession of the enemy, and they cannot hear from their relatives.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 8, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

The Present Appearance of Vicksburg.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer, writing from Vicksburg, gives the annexed account of the present appearance of that city:

[“] Situated as an amphitheatre, Vicksburg rises gracefully from the water, the tall spire of its Court House looking majestically down upon the minor edifices below it, while on the bluffs back of it, to the north and south of it, are fortifications bristling with artillery. To look at the city from the door, a stranger not knowing of the famed siege, would not at first see that any harm had been done, but, by the aid of a good glass, the marks of shot and shell are visible on nearly every building, notwithstanding the efforts being made to patch them. A shell hole, made

by a fifteen inch projectile, may be seen on the roof of the Court House, which crushed entirely through the building and was found on the floor below in fragments. The windows of many houses have not an entire sash in them. The eaves and corners of houses are knocked out, door steps are broken by shells, doors are minus of pannels [sic], limbs of trees are scattered about in reckless confusion. The marks of street barricades yet remain; the caves where the women and children hid themselves during the terrible storm of battle, which waged furiously for six weeks, still remain, some of them alas! having fallen in, burying in their ruins the aged and helpless. Mourning habiliments meet one at every corner telling of the death of near relatives and loved ones. Back of the fortifications lines of graves of friend and foe cover the remains of graves of brave men who sleep the sleep which knows no waking. Such are the remembrances of the siege of Vicksburg.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 8, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Concert Hall—"Macbeth"; to conclude with an Olio—"France I Adore Thee!"; dance, La Esmeraldo

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 9, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Concert Hall—"Faint Heart Never won Fair Lady;" song "The Valiant Conscript;" melodrama "Idiot Witness"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 10, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

Summary: Concert Hall—"Love Chase;" "P. P. or the Man and the Tiger"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 12, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

Mrs. Anne Johnston, who formerly resided in Cincinnati, says the Nashville Dispatch, is on trial before the Military Commission here, for acting as a rebel spy, and smuggling saddles and harness from Cincinnati into the rebel lines. The articles were packed in barrels purporting to contain bacon, for the shipment of which permits had been regularly obtained.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 12, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Musical Publications.—Blackmar & Bro., the untiring publishers of this city, are continually issuing gems of composition which will suit all manner of tastes. They have published a neat edition of the "Monastery Bells," "Mollie's Dream Waltz," "The Silver Shower," and several other first class pieces. They have also on their counter Mr. Hewitt's new song of "Dixie the Land of King Cotton"—the words by Captain Hughes, of Vicksburg. The air is spirited and of the right character to become popular. We advise our lady friends to give Blackmar & Bro. a call—they will find a very large and choice collection of music.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 12, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

Summary: Concert Hall—"Macbeth;" olio "France I Adore Thee," dance

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 12, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

Osnaburgs, Shirtings, &c.

10 Bales 4-4 Sheetings
15 Bales Hickory Stripes
20 Bales Heavy Osnaburgs

For sale by

Jackson & Miller.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 13, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

“Economy is the Road to Wealth”—How to Save Money.—Coming leisurely across Broad street, yesterday, we met a spirited friend of ours going in great haste to the back part of the city.

“What’s your hurry, Ned?” we asked.

“Going to make six dollars,” was the self-justifying reply.

“To make six dollars? why, how are you going to do that, Ned?” we again asked.

“Why, you see,” was the reply, “Lager Bier is only fifty cents a glass to-day; and as I understand it is to be raised to one dollar a glass to-morrow, I’m a hurrying out to Charley’s to take 12 drinks of it before the advance takes place. So you see by that operation I’ll make exactly six dollars;” saying which he passed hastily on.

We could not help reflecting upon the philosophy of our friend’s economy, wondering what *ails* the *beer* selling; and what our *re-porter* will do for his lager at \$1 a drink.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 13, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

Summary: Concert Hall—“Macbeth;” olio—“France I Adore Thee,” dance

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 14, 1864, p. 2, c. 1-2

[Special Correspondence of the Constitutionalist,]

Letter from Longstreet’s Army.

Camp 10th Ga. Regiment, }
Near Russellville, Tennessee, }
December 31st, 1863. }

Mr. Editor: As I am lounging lazily in my cozy tent, with a cheerful fire blazing in my rude but substantially built chimney, I have concluded to while away an hour or two in writing something, however uninteresting the news may be, to yourself or others who may read what is here penned by this “isolated rebel,” who has not heard from the “old folks at home” for lo! these many weeks. I hope, however, the mail will soon come through, bringing a host of letters and copies of the Constitutionalist. . . .

From Bean’s Station we proceeded to our present camp, where we are making preparations for the winter; and while we are making ourselves as comfortable as circumstances will admit, let not our friends at home be unmindful of us; let them bear in mind that while we confront the enemy and give him battle upon all occasions, we too have to contend with the bleak and chilly winds of winter. I regret to say that we are in bad condition for a winter campaign. Two thirds of the men composing this regiment, and in fact of the brigade are in want of that very essential article of wearing apparel—shoes, without which, at this season of the year especially, soldiers must suffer severely, as we are called upon to do our duty under any and all circumstances. The weather is extremely cold and disagreeable, and as one of the many in the above unfortunate condition, I speak feeling on this very serious subject. Soldiers, (and the 10th

Georgia have a world-wide reputation for being such) like cavalry horses, to be effective, should be well shod. . . There is an eruption (not volcanic) in this camp which is quite prevalent, known as the “camp itch,” and very troublesome, in some instances rendering the victim “unfit for duty.” My hands are now very much swollen from it, and is quite painful at times. Medicine for the treatment of such cases, like shoes, is beautifully scarce, and growing “more so.”

Jan. 1st, 1864.—This morning was ushered in by a snow storm, and it is now falling pretty freely, otherwise things remain in *status quo*. . .

J. W. T.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 14, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

A letter from a highly intelligent lady in Knoxville to Captain Shirley, dated on the 31st ult., states that “it was a great disappointment to all that Longstreet did not take Knoxville. If he had made an attack at once he might have been successful, but he waited until they had fortified the place too strongly. The Yankees say that Knoxville is more strongly fortified than Vicksburg ever was. There is nothing to sell or buy, except what the sutler’s [sic] bring. Everything is scarce and high. I suppose the road will be opened to Nashville in a few days.”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 14, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

Summary: Concert Hall—“The Factory Girl; or All that Glitters is Not Gold;” “Slasher and Crasher.”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 14, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

A Grand Soiree,

Will be given by Thomas Russell at Masonic Hall, on Thursday Evening, Jan. 21st, for the benefit of

Longstreet’s Corps,

To enable them to purchase Shoes, &c.

Tickets, \$10 each. To be had at the Book, Music and Jewelry Stores, and at the Hotels.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 15, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

Texas News.

[From the San Antonio Herald of Dec. 5th.]

We hear that the whole country below us is rallying to the rescue. Everything is put upon a war footing. We predict that Gen. Magruder seconded by his gallant soldiers and the patriotic people of the coast counties, will give Banks, Hamilton & Co., a sound drubbing, or drive them to their ships before many weeks elapse. Meantime is San Antonio doing all that she ought? We fear not. There is too much traffic and speculation among us.

Since the appearance of the Yankees on our coast the people of Goliad, Karnes and DeWitt have turned out most gallantly in defence [sic] of their homes—and better fighting men are not to be found in the South. We have no doubt other counties have done as well, but we

have not heard the particulars. Should the heartless invaders get into the interior of Texas, they will meet with a reception that Jack Hamilton and Judge Davis have not led them to anticipate. These were brave leaders when at a distance; and their uncurbed imaginations pictured out to the credulous Yankee Union sentiment in Texas and Union sympathizers by tens of thousands, that have never existed. Now is the time to show their faith by their works. The would-be Governor of the great State of Texas, and the renowned and patriotic Davis should lead on their deluded followers to the easy conquests they have promised them, instead of taking shelter behind negro regiments, who are sent in advance to demonstrate to Texans the beautify of the Lincoln dynasty.

We take the following from the Victoria Advocate of Dec. 5th:

Little if anything was done (at Esperanza) on Saturday, but early on Sunday morning fighting was resumed with considerable severity by the enemy, which was spiritedly replied to on our side, both from the rifle pits and from the fort. The artillery practice on both sides is said to have admirable. Our men during the day were obliged to retire from the rifle pits, which were then occupied by the enemy, and rifled cannon planted on the south side of the fort, which completely commanded it on that face, throwing balls with great precision into the fort. The firing continued until dusk. Our loss was one man killed, Booth, and two wounded.

Shortly before the moon rose, signals were discovered showing that a gunboat has passed the fort during the darkness, and was near Decrow's Point. The movement completely commanded Saluria Bayou and the road to the fort, and the situation of the fort became critical. It was resolved to evacuate and destroy it.

The movement began at 9 o'clock, and the fort was blown up at about 11 o'clock. We are sorry to say that the destruction of stores and munitions was considerable, as well as of heavy siege guns. Whose the fault for building a fort in such a position, or whose the want of foresight for not providing adequate force to defend its weak points, we know not; certainly a large amount of time, labor and means has been used to little purpose.

Our men retired safely and without loss. G. Onderdonk, Hobby's regiment, one of the party sent to blow up the fort, is missing, and is probably a prisoner. Mr. J. C. Moody, of this place, is also missing.

On Thursday evening information was received here that the Yankees had landed in strong force at Deckrow's [sic] Point, and were marching across Matagorda peninsular [sic] with the presumed intention of reaching Velasco at the mouth of the Brazos.

Yesterday an express arrived stating that they were still below Saluria, and that two hundred tents were stretched. Allowing ten men to each tent, this will give them two thousand men.—But we must wait further development, and in the meantime carry on the good work of preparation.

Victoria.—The excitement we noticed in our last issue has culminated to a point in the right direction. We have had seven days of trial, to which the true character, the principle and the pluck of our people have been put to the severest test, and it is with pride we record it, that they have come out of the fiery trial like pure gold from the crucible.

According to the spirit and words of the resolutions passed last week, all the males in Victoria from sixteen and upward have been enrolled—the aged and decrepid [sic] for police duty, the able-bodied for service; and the result is a fine company of exempt volunteers, with a large reserve of others. This is very gratifying, but a thorough system of drill and discipline should be gone into at once, to make their service effective.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 15, 1864, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Concert Hall—"Richelieu;" "Irish Lion"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 15, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

Wanted to Hire,

Two good Moulders [sic]
One good Pattern Maker,
One good Machinist and Engineer.
Apply to

John D. Gray & Co.,
Columbia, Ga.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 16, 1864, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Concert Hall—"Ben Bolt;" double dance; "Dumb Belle"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 17, 1864, p. 2, c. 7
Summary: Concert Hall—"Robert Macaire;" song "France I adore thee"; "The Loan of a Lover"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 19, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

Lecture of Rev. C. W. Howard.—The Rev. C. W. Howard, will, on to-morrow evening, deliver a lecture at the Masonic Hall on the "Women of the Present Revolution." The subject is one of such attractive interest, and the lecturer so well and so favorably known to the citizens of our community, that it is unnecessary for us to do more than remind the public of the rich treat in store for all who attend. We hope that the reverend lecturer will have a large audience, and that a liberal sum will be realized for the benevolent purpose of the Georgia Relief and Hospital Association.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 19, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

The Rev. Capt. C. W. Howard.
"The Women of the Second Revolution."

Mr. Editor.—The Lecture which is to be delivered to-night has been prepared at the instance of our Association. It will make history. For nearly a year, the distinguished author has been preparing this address; which whilst it will impart to us the knowledge which belongs to history, will no doubt present the pleasing grace of an attractive elocution. For the first time during this crisis, justice will in this way be done to our woman, to whom for the elements of such success as has attended our efforts, we have been as much indebted as to our armies in the field. It is time that this tribute was paid to their virtues, and their untiring patriotism.

The proceeds will be for the benefit of our Wayside Home, now greatly needing such aid.

E. Starnes.
Chairman, Georgia Relief & Hos'pt Ass'n.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 19, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

Condition of the Army of Tennessee.—The regular army correspondent of the Columbus Enquirer, writing from Dalton on the 9th, makes the following gratifying statement: “In consequence of the extreme cold weather for the past two weeks, drillings in camp have ceased; fatigue parties grow slim every day; no business is carried on whatever, except what is absolutely necessary to be done; the trains arrive very irregular from Atlanta, our commissaries find it a difficult matter to keep a sufficient supply of the staff of life on hand to supply our wants. The severity of the weather will induce many of your readers to think that the troops must necessarily suffer.

Such, however, is not the case. I have yet to meet up with the first individual case of suffering in our division for the want of shoes and clothing. In making this statement I know very well that I run afoul of and contradict the statements of nearly every army correspondent upon this subject. My position in the ranks, with a gun on my shoulder, affords me a better opportunity of ascertaining the condition of the troops than those men who have snug quarters about the General in town. Dalton is not a “Valley Forge ,” nor is there much likelihood of its becoming so.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 19, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Concert Hall—“Robert Macaire”; “Charcoal Sketches”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 19, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

Wanted,

Twelve Negro Teamsters to drive Post Teams. Wages for good drivers \$60 per month. Apply to
J. T. Winnemore,
Major and Quartermaster.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 20, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

The City Council of Macon, in order to relieve as far as possible the pressure upon the necessitous families of soldiers and upon the poor generally, growing out of the extraordinary price of provisions, have determined to establish a city store, where provisions shall be bought by wholesale at as reasonable rates as possible, and sold to consumers at prime cost and expenses. To take charge of this business they have selected Elijah Cond, Esq., a gentleman of well known probity, and the owner of a large and commodious warehouse adapted to the business, and it will be carried on under his management, supervised by a special committee of the City Council.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 20, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

Lecture of the Rev. C. W. Howard.

The appearance of this gentleman was greeted by a large, select and appreciative audience. The subject—“the Women of the Present Revolution”—was handled in a masterly manner. His remarks were chaste, eloquent, and in every way appropriate to the noble theme selected for the occasion. He paid an eloquent and deserved tribute to the steadfast devotion and

self sacrificing conduct of the women of the South, who have devoted themselves heart and soul to the great cause of Southern independence. Speculators, extortioners, stragglers and skulkers were denounced in unmeasured terms, and held up to the contempt and scorn of our fair women as being unworthy the name of man. The discourse was listened to throughout with undivided attention, and frequently elicited enthusiastic applause. After the conclusion of the address a number of young ladies, assisted by a few gentlemen, sang a beautiful piece in harmony with the sentiments and views of the lecture. We regret that the lateness of the hour precludes a more extended notice.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 20, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

Letter from a New Correspondent.

Atlanta, Jan. 16, 1864.

. . . The war affords no topic of interest or special promise, save Gen. Morgan, whose triumphal progress back to the war-path is the current sensation of the time. His new command is reviving the volunteer spirit which has been long at low ebb, and every train contains young men in high spirits, on their way to the point designated for the reorganization of his command. I am not sure but recent legislation has had much to do with the exhibition of a volunteer spirit, but certain it is that Morgan's men evince a degree of ardor and enthusiasm, suggestive of the early period of the war, and which none of our other leaders inspire.

On the cars from Augusta to Decatur there were quite a number, whose merry voices could be heard above the whirr and rattle of the train, and whose elastic double-quick at the supper house evinced their capacity for successful foraging. The vigor and dash of such men will be an invaluable accession to our strength next spring, and afford cheering promise of a return of the brilliant campaigns which marked the early progress of the war. Young men in all portions of the State are raising companies or recruits for this part of the service, and large contributions are being raised for their outfit.

An entertainment is to be given for this patriotic object to-night, at the Atheneum, in which Wm. H. Barnes takes a conspicuous part. Mr. Barnes has, in connection with a select company of amateurs here, raised many thousands of dollars for objects connected with the war, and his zeal in the good work is unabated. I observed Capt. Ellsworth, Gen. Morgan's famous telegraph operator, selling tickets in the street, for this benefit of the command with which his name has been indelibly linked.

"From the front" there is nothing of importance. Both armies appear to be securely waiting in their winter quarters for the return of better weather. I heard a rumor to-day that the authorities of the State Road sent to ask General Johnston if he thought it advisable for the road to remove a large supply of cross ties which are now lying along the upper part of the line. Gen. Johnston's reply is said to have been that he considered the portion of the road now in use to be secure, and the removal of the cross ties or other property unnecessary. I give this only as a rumor.

Atlanta presents more than its usual phases of the bustle and variety of busy life. The scene as we arrived at the depot was peculiarly touching. The air was keen, and the ground stiff with ice and frost. As the motly [sic] throng hurried through the depot to the hotels it was heart-rending to see wounded soldiers crouched here and there under inadequate cover, waiting, perhaps, for the departure of the train which is to bear them home, perhaps, for the coming of

some of the ministering angels which attend upon the Wayside House, perhaps waiting for—they know not what—simply because they have o where else to wait. A little further, is hovering around a few coals, which faintly glimmered in the freezing wind, we observed a woman with three children, all half-clad in the off-cast rags of some inadequate charity. The children were all screaming with cold, and their emaciated appearance told too plainly a want of food. Handing them the little store a prudent hand had provided for the rations of the day, I proceeded to test the hospitality of one of the hotels.

I alluded to the busy aspects of the place. The streets are thronged constantly—the military elements predominating. What so many “gay and festive” men in the garb of soldiers are doing here, it is difficult to conceive. Guards may be seen on every hand, and supposing they were on duty for some purpose, I went to the Provost Marshal and got a pass. The guard, however, failed to discover men, and in all the throng I did not see a man halted. I therefore concluded that guard duty in Atlanta is a complete humbug—a soft place that has been provided for some favorite corps, or an empty excuse for keeping men on duty who had better be at home. Atlanta surely has not grown so great or so turbulent as to require an army stationed on its streets to preserve the peace. On the contrary, every thing looks peaceable and well ordered. True, every body is hurrying “in hot haste”—auctioneers—jump out on the pave and harrangue [sic] the passing throng on the virtues of their wares, engines whistle, drays rattle, news boys cry in clarion notes the latest editions of the city papers—papers which it is just to say evince a very high order of ability, enterprise, and independence, and a dignified tone most creditable to the profession. In all this hurry and tumult one is prone to stop and look around him, and inquire if it be possible that an inland city of a few year’s growth, has assumed such metropolitan aspects? So it is.

Business is called dull here, goods do not bring the fabulous rates that they have commanded. I saw several horses sold at auction—all good and desirable, at prices ranging from \$400 to \$1000. These horses would have brought nearly double these rates three months ago.

Recent advices through the lines of the enemy indicate that there is but a single corps of 15,000 men in Chattanooga, and that his main forces are scattered between Bridgeport and Stevenson, to be convenient to supplies. Flagrant outrages on all classes of people—Union as well as Secesh, are reported. Many of them are committed by the bushwhackers in the mountains, more for purposes of plunder than from any attachment to either side.

Are we making preparations adequate to the work of driving the enemy from the fastnesses of the Appalachian chain, and bringing the people in these loyal districts back under the folds of our national ensign?

Viator.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 20, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

Soiree at Masonic Hall.—A Soiree will be given at the Masonic Hall to-morrow, Thursday evening,—the proceeds of which will be appropriated to the benefit of the soldiers of Longstreet’s corp. Distressing accounts are now being received of the clothless [sic] and shoeless condition of these brave and gallant men. An opportunity is hereby afforded our pleasure-seeking friends to spend a pleasant evening, and to contribute to the alleviation of the suffering of our heroic defenders. Let all who can attend.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 20, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Concert Hall—“Ben Bolt;” “Crossing the Line”

Letter from Atlanta.

Atlanta, Jan. 17th, 1864.

. . . The streets are thronged with men in the attire of soldiers—many of them officers—and it cannot be that so many are here by authority. The local or Provost Guard of the city seem to have become oblivious to this stream of stragglers, and seldom interrupt them. Atlanta is crowded with all sorts of people, and Whitehall street presents a continuous panorama of faces. In such a crowd, all classes are represented, and yet good order is preserved, and an outward respect for law and decency maintained. This is doubtless owing to the earnest efforts of the Mayor and Council to suppress the liquor traffic. At a late sitting of Council various parties were fined \$75 for selling liquor without license. In consequence of this law the outward and shameless phases of intemperance are seldom seen. Here and there a “blockade runner” wends his winding way, a tottering monument of the evils of this illicit traffic.

There is a complete dearth of army news, our troops being quietly “cribbed, cabined and confined” in their winter quarters. Furloughs are being granted quite liberally, both in Johnston’s and Longstreet’s armies, and numbers may be found on every train on their way to see the loved ones at home. I have been glad to observe little evidence of despondency or demoralization among them. Let the people at home beware how they indulge in croaking and contaminate these heroes with the cringing spirit painfully prevalent in some of our avarice-smitten towns and cities.

Rumor says that few of Grant’s forces remain in Chattanooga, and that his army is scattered through the adjoining districts, on whose inhabitants they are visiting the most cruel indignities.

In the absence of news from the front, permit me to make a suggestion, in the name of humanity, relative to the comfort of soldiers and others. I have recently witnessed the most heart-rending suffering for want of fires at the depots, while waiting for the arrival or departure of trains. I this morning went in vain to each of the hotels, to warm, finding nothing but the most pitiful excuse for fires, and returned to the smoking embers in the open air near the car shed, to find a crowd of women, children, and wounded soldiers, almost freezing. It may not be the duty of the railroads to furnish fires for the crowds always gathered here, but it would be a noble charity if they, or the State, would give the matter immediate attention. I appeal in behalf of the hundreds of soldiers who daily wait here in these piercing winds, for the provision of some place where they can have fires, if shelter is impossible. I am happy in hearing witness to the unremitting and kind attention of the conductors and train hands on the Georgia road. Each car is usually well supplied with wood and water, and the soldier is made to feel that his comfort is thought of, and attended to with politeness and fidelity. The road is proverbial for the good management of every department, and the remark is common among the soldiers who have been annoyed by delays on other roads:--“We are on the Georgia Road, and are sure to make the connection.” The track is in good order, and well lined with wood-piles, and the cars exhibit little of the dilapidation of the times.

The provision for keeping war at the depot in Augusta is inadequate, but is not so much needed as here, where people are waiting at all hours for the arrival or departure of trains.

The recent action of Congress in reference to those having substitutes, has created a sensation here. Several circumcised commercial patriots have left on the underground railroad,

and others are checking their baggage for the same route. In consequence, and perhaps owing to other causes, in part, goods here are somewhat easier. There is room for a further decline.

Amicus.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 21, 1864, p. 2, c. 7
Summary: Concert Hall—"Toodles;" "Milly, the Maid with the Milking Pail"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 22, 1864, p. 2, c. 7
Summary: Concert Hall—"The Stranger;" comic song; "Slasher and Crasher"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 22, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

Cloth for Blankets.
Comforts for Blankets.

Office Ga. Relief & Hospital Ass'n,
Augusta, Ga., Jan. 20, 1864.

Through the liberality of the Augusta Factory Company, I am prepared to exchange cloth and comforts for blankets for the soldiers. I will give fifteen yards of light 7/8 shirting for one blanket, or two comforts, large size, for three blankets. Persons at a distance can send the blankets by Express to my address and write me their address and instructions how to send the cloth or comforts. Here is a good chance to supply the soldiers with blankets without depriving your families of bed clothes. Send the Blankets at once.

W. H. Potter, Gen'l Sup't.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 23, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

"God Save the South."—Blackmar & Bro., of this city have sent us their new issue of this patriotic anthem. This, they assure us, is the real simon pure, which so many pretenders have tried to imitate, being a copy of the original, published by Miller & Beachman, of Baltimore. It is handsomely printed, and is highly creditable to the publishers.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 23, 1864, p. 2, c. 7
Summary: Concert Hall—"Toodles;" "The Secret; or a Hole in the Wall"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 24, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

Home Industry.

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

It will not do to rely on importations. Already the blockade has closed all our Atlantic ports, except Wilmington, and twenty grim steamers lie as watchers off the mouth of the Cape Fear, like so many grimalkins at a mouse hole. We shall have no reason to be disappointed or surprised if the port of Wilmington should be closed ere many months. Nor must we rely on our

factories.—Look how the prices of their products have already ascended, until they have become unpurchasable by the multitude. This is all according to “the laws of trade” we are told, and therefore to be approved and applauded; but a protection must be found, and it is to be found in home production. Besides, the number of these mills have been reduced by fire, and the machinery of those that remain will not last forever.

A hundred reasons combine to urge upon every family to look to its own resources. The hand card and the hand-loom and the spinning wheel, whose music is sweeter far than that of the piano, should be found everywhere. All who can should grow their patches of flax and cotton. All should have sheep, if but a few. Our forests furnish dyes as various and as bright as the tints that make their foliage so glorious at “the turn of the leaf.” With these materials, there is no reason why our ladies should not be clad in beautiful apparel, the product of their own industry and taste; while they may clothe their husbands and sons fine enough for kings. There is not a farmer’s wife who may not easily provide clothing for all her servants, and make some to sell besides.

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

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 24, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

Summary: Concert Hall—“Still Waters Run Deep;” “The Rough Diamond or Cousin Joe”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 24, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

“Reduced.”
DeLaines, DeLaines.

5000 Yards beautiful DeLaines, at \$8 per yard.

G. R. Crump & Co.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 26, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

[Correspondence of the Constitutionalist.]
Letter from Charleston.

Charleston, Jan. 28, 1864.

War intelligence from the beleaguered city presents few new phases of interest, beyond the stereotyped reports which appear in the city papers. The enemy continues his fiendish bombardment, with little change, save in the adoption of shells with time fuses, which are designed to burst in the air, and to be more destructive than those heretofore used. Thus far, they have not realized the object sought, and during the last week the only injury inflicted to life or limb, has been the stunning of a soldier, and a slight wound on a colored woman. The number of shells thrown during the week, has been about one thousand, some of them from hundred pounder Parrott guns, and some from the Wiard [?] rifle. . .

The God of Justice reigns—and from the day when our flag was flung to the breeze on Sumter until now, the marks of His favor have been unmistakable in the preservation of the lives of the people, and in the success of our efforts for defence [sic]. The limited destruction of property by the protracted rain of shells, is as wonderful as the small loss of life. I walked through the streets where the effect of the shells is most apparent. Here a cornice is knocked off, there is a small round hole through the side of building, and at remote intervals the earth is torn where a shell exploded, and looks like the work of a porker in search of some hidden treasure.

Venders [sic] of the staples of the market sit serenely by their little stores, unmindful of the pyrotechnic salutations of their Yankee deliverers.

I bought delicious apples and cakes at one fourth the price charted two hundred miles away in the interior, where abundance and extortion seems to go hand in hand.

In reply to a question if she were not afraid, one of these old women replied, “Lor mars, we no feard now—we’s usen to em. Dey make big noise and fro trash all about—dat’s all—de good Lord perfects us.” Thus is the radiant trust of these people exemplified even in the spirit of this simple African. I confess that I could not feel thus indifferent to these missiles of destruction, and as they came screeching across the bay, I felt an instinctive inclination to change my base of observation. Extending my ramble to other portions of the city, the track of shells was here and there discernible, but they have not effected a tithe of the injury sustained by the great fire of two years ago, whose blackened outline stretches across what was once the heart of the city. In only two or three instances have fires been occasioned by them, and then the loss was trifling. In localities most exposed to the shells the old tide of business is suspended.

Here and there a pedestrian moves hurriedly along, and the rattle of a cart or dray is heard for a whole square. The blinds are closed, vases of rare exotics droop and wither on the lonely window sill, because there is no tender hand to twine or nourish them. The walk glistens with fragments of glass, rattled thither by the concussion of exploding shells, and little tufts of bright green grass are springing up along the pave once vocal with the myriad tongues of busy trade. If this be food for exultation to the malevolent foe, he is welcome to the tender morsel. I do not mean to say that any part of the city is abandoned. Here and there stores are opened, machine shops are active, and labor incident to the public defence [sic] is pushed vigorously forward, even in the most exposed districts. Still many branches of ordinary business, and most of the residents are removed, because it would be foolhardy for those not compelled by special duty to remain.

The Mills House and Charleston Hotel—those princely abodes of comfort and good cheer are closed; the Pavillion [sic] still invited the sojourner to its hospitable roof, most of the habitues of Hayne and parts of Meeting and King streets abandoned the merchants desk for the camp, or transferred their wares to points secure from Yankee guns.

That part of the city to which the cowardly vengeance of the foe has not penetrated is “a map of busy life.” The newspapers, post office, express office, banks, and many business houses are in successful operation and streets present a scene of animation not at all suggestive of a state of siege.

I trust the allusions to the effects of the bombardment will not be considered contraband. I have penned them for the eye of those who have known Charleston in other days, and who feels an interest in its destiny. It cannot aid or gratify the enemy to know how fruitless are his efforts to destroy a place which has so nobly resisted all the efforts for its conquest. You may hear from me at Wilmington.

Viator.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 26, 1864, p. 1, c. 3

Did You Ever.—Did you ever know a lodging-house landlady who would own to bugs?

Did you ever know a dancing-master's daughter who was not to excel Tagliano?

Did you ever know a man who did not think he could make sallad [sic] better than you could?

Did you ever know a house-maid who, on your discovering a fracture in a valuable China jar, did not tell you it was "done a long time ago!" or that it was "cracked before?"

Did you ever know a man who didn't consider his razor a better razor than your razor?

Did you ever know a shirt-maker who was not prepared to sell you as good a shirt for eighteen dollars the dozen as the one you've got on at thirty?

Did you ever know a red-haired man who had a very clear notion of where scarlet began and auburn terminated?

Did you ever know a lady with fine eyes wear green spectacles?

Did you ever know an amateur singer without a "horrid bad cold?"

Did you ever see a cool fat woman in black in the dog-days?

Did you ever know an author who had not been ill-used by the publishers?

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 26, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

The Marietta Rebel says that when the history of this war is written by an impartial hand, the chapter which records the noble conduct of our Southern women will constitute the most brilliant chapter. But what pen will be able to do justice to the glorious theme? What words can properly describe and give to future generations anything like a clear outline of the unyielding devotion, the sturdy fortitude and the unshaken faith which has marked their attachment to the cause of Southern independence from the commencement of the rebellion up to the present time. Their enthusiasm, the promptness with which they yielded up their loved ones to the support of what they believed to be a holy cause, the activity and earnestness they have displayed in providing for the comfort of the soldiers, their watchful and unceasing care of the sick and wounded, the angelic tenderness with which they have bent over the couch of the dying, and the words of comfort and consolation they have poured into the expiring hero's ear; these things can all be told.

But the story of uncomplaining anguish, of the unbearable sorrows of loving hearts, bereft of all that was dear, and about which the tendrils of affection had twined and wound themselves, until separation was the ruin of all hope, and entailed enduring woe—this must constitute the unwritten, but the saddest feature in the narrative of this horrid conflict, and must be transmitted down the stream of time, through the families, from generation to generation. Few families will there be, who will not have their tale of a father, husband, son or lover, who perished in a holy effort to prop the reeling cause of human rights, assailed by overwhelming odds, but defended with an unflinching spirit and resolution, which considered not the numbers of the foe, but with eyes fixed upon the sacred banner to be upheld, staked all upon the issue, and poured out life upon the bloody field. And what untold wretchedness they left behind? How uncomplainingly endured? The stifled sob, the heaving breast, the quivering lip, and grief's rough lines made daily deeper and more lain, by the iron finger of despair, speaks a language not given to words to tell, or pen to portray.

Can it be supposed that a God of justice takes no note of these bereaved hearts, and that he will not hold to a stern accountability the authors of all this woe? Does any one doubt, that

when the great account shall be made up, at the general judgment, every tear and sigh will demand indemnity, and every sorrow recoil with fearful power upon its guilty authors?

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 26, 1864, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Concert Hall—"Little Blanche;" "The Swiss Cottage"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 26, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

Imported Goods.

Dry Goods.

1 bale Red Flannel

3 bales White do

4 cases Merino Shirts

2 cases Linen Cambric Hdkfs

25 cases Fancy Prints

25 cases Bleached Shirtings

2 cases White Shoe Thread

3 cases Brown Shoe Thread

Hardware.

2 M. sett Knives and Forks

500 doz Pocket Knives, Ass'td

500 pair Wool Cards

10 pair Trowels, Assorted

200 pair Shovels and Tongs

20 doz Sledge Hammers

75 doz Rivetting [tear in paper]

200 doz Files, Assorted,

For sale by

Chamberlain, Isaacs & Co.,

262 Broad Street.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 27, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

Augusta Powder Mills.

A correspondent of the London Times gives a very interesting account of the Augusta Powder Mills, and pays a deserved tribute to the skill and untiring energy of Colonel Rains and the officers connected with the Government Works in this city. Col. Rains is a native of North Carolina, and the Old North State should feel justly proud of one who, by his indefatigable exertions, scientific researches and admirable tact and skill, has contributed so much to further the great cause in which we are engaged.

[“] A long conversation with Col. Rains, the Superintendent of the Government Powder Mills in Augusta, and also the manager of the Arsenal of Construction and of the cannon foundry in this city, has taught me more than ever to admire the ingenuity and energy which the Confederates have brought to bear upon their struggle. Starting without any powder mill in the Southern States, except a small one at Nashville, which soon passed out of their hands—without any large establishments for making machinery, and without a single trip hammer between the

Chesapeake and the Rio Grande—deficient in iron, lead, copper, tin, saltpetre [sic], cannon, small arms, everything save food, they have taught the world a lesson in regard to the impossibility of subjugating a brave people, which will point a historical moral for ages to come.

There are two men whose names are seldom heard in connection with the history of this war, but who have probably contributed more to the Confederate success than any other persons, with the exception of Lee, Jackson and Longstreet—I mean Colonel Rains and Captain Brooks. Each of them modest and unobtrusive men, absorbed in scientific researches, inexhaustible in the fertility of their resources, indefatigable in energy, they have presented during the last thirty months a record for the study of their countrymen, which will everywhere be read with profit whenever the history of this great revolution is fairly told. I have seldom had the advantage of encountering any man whose conversation was so instructing as that of Colonel Rains. His recapitulation of the difficulties which he has every day to supplement and circumvent by ingenuity, and the results of his work, as evidenced by his contributions to the Confederate armies, is such as to awaken amusement.

In a former letter, written some months ago from this town, I gave a short sketch of the Augusta Powder Mill. From that time up to the present hour the efficiency has been constantly on the increase, and as evidence of its prolific working, I may mention that since its opening on the 27th of April, 1862, Col. Rains has sent a million and a half pounds of powder to Richmond alone, exclusive of his contributions to Vicksburg, Charleston, Mobile and the armies of Gens. Bragg and Johnston. From his Arsenal of Construction he has sent off six million cartridges for small arms and 50,000 round shot and shell, to say nothing of caps, hand grenades and torpedoes. From his cannon foundry he is continually turning out 12 pounder Napoleons, 20 pounder Parrotts and howitzers; but the wealth of artillery already possessed by the Confederates is such that he has ceased to produce Napoleon guns with the rapidity which at one time characterized his proceedings, his rate of production having been one Napoleon gun per diem. The daily yield of the powder mills is now at the rate of 3,400 pounds a day, which might, if occasion required, be indefinitely increased.

But, with every important station in the Confederacy already surfeited with powder, with large supplies in the hands of Generals Beauregard, Bragg, Johnston, and at Mobile and Wilmington, (Gen. Lee, of course, draws his supplies from Richmond,) and with two other powder mills in active operation, it is of little importance that even this rate of production should be maintained. The ordinary consumption of powder in the Confederacy is rated at two thousand pounds per day; that is, of course, greatly increased by such sieges as those of Vicksburg and Charleston, which bring up the average to ten thousand pounds a day, occasioned by the large demands of the heavy artillery employed. It is a singular commentary upon this war, that a nation which, two years ago, produced not a pound of powder, should now think nothing of a daily consumption of ten thousand pounds, produced entirely from their own resources.[“]

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 27, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

[Correspondence of the Constitutionalist.]
Letter from Wilmington.

Wilmington, January 24.

Leaving Charleston by the North-eastern railroad at one o'clock P.M., passengers reach Florence—the junction with the Wilmington & Manchester road—about eight o'clock. The

distance is 102 miles. The country is monotonous and uninteresting. The lands appear to be unproductive, though here and there the commodious residence of rice planters may be seen half-hid among the distant pines. Is it not strange that so little respect is paid to this majestic growth, one of the most graceful and useful trees that adorn our native soil? What more beautiful park can be found than one adorned with a carpet of wire grass or rich Bermuda, and shaded by the stately forms of these towering monarchs of the forest?

And yet they are usually destroyed to make room for a second growth of gnarled and scrubby oaks, or a motley growth of sickly exotics, whose chief attraction is in the expense and trouble by which they are made to supplant those indigenous to the soil. It is refreshing to find here and there an exception to the ruthless custom of exterminating the pine from its proper place among the ornamental growth of our country.

From Florence to Wilmington the distance is, I believe, 104 miles. Daylight finds the train dragging its slow length into the smoky suburbs of this favorite emporium of turpentine and blockade trade. Sixteen years have made few changes in the features that then impressed my youthful observation; the ferry boat still subserves the purpose of a bridge across the Cape Fear, and the smoky turpentine distilleries adorn the vicinity, though they have long since suspended operations. Flat boats ply up and down the river, laden with the surplus staples of the country, which are doled out to purchasers at the levee. Steamers are plying between the city and the defences [sic] below, and the heterogeneous piles of army stores, country produce and blockade merchandise present quite an array of commercial activity.

A walk up town reveals many new and spacious business blocks, and elegant private residences which do not meet the eye of the traveler in passing through the city. I observe also new churches of very tasteful architecture which are the unmistakable evidences of refinement and virtue.

Trade is dull. The frequent disasters that have attended the blockade trade, have somewhat interrupted the regularity of communication with foreign ports. The latest Nassau dates are to the 13th. They contain nothing worthy of note. The levee presents a miniature picture of commercial life. Several splendid Clyde built Steamers of spotless white swing leisurely at their piers, or lie at anchor down the river. The increased vigilance of the blockade fleet has not caused any relaxation of enterprise or daring by these bold cruisers, though several have recently fallen into the hands of the enemy. I believe the Steamer, Advance is the last that has attempted to run in. She was run ashore on Monday, but it is understood that she will be saved, with a valuable cargo. Two large sales take place next week; one by Wilks Morris, Esq., whose name is familiar to every merchant in the Confederacy, and the other by Crenshaw Bros., a reputable Richmond house. These sales embrace a very large amount of goods, and the impression seems general that prices will rate low. Confidence is expressed by holders that after a temporary depression prices will continue to advance. They offer as a reason, that the quantity of importations is much diminished, while the old supplies of the country are exhausted, and the demand must therefore increase.

From my observation here, I am led to believe that the character of the blockade trade has been somewhat misunderstood. Their stocks embrace few positive luxuries or articles not essential to the comfort of our people, while they have added invaluable stores to the supplies of the Government.

Considerable uneasiness is felt here on account of the rapid spread of small pox. This loathsome disease is not confined to any particular class or condition, but has invaded some of the most respectable circles. The Mayor has issued an order that the people be vaccinated, and

appealing to all exposed persons to preserve the utmost caution not to communicate the disease. .

While the spirit of endurance and confidence is most encouraging here, occasional evidence of the evil work of croakers and traitors is observable. I saw three poor fellows tied together, under sentence of death, for desertion. I learn that they belong to this State. They are the victims of the traitorous teachings of Holden, who, if justice were done him, would fill their places.

I have had the pleasure of meeting a lady recently from Halifax, Nova Scotia, where she saw Mr. Charles Hallack, formerly of the New York Journal of Commerce, and more recently from your city. She reports him to be working and writing zealously for our cause, and enjoying excellent facilities for the exercise of his fine abilities. He desired her to assure any of his friends whom she might meet in the South, of his fidelity to the Confederacy, and of his hope and purpose to return. This lady is Mrs. N., a refugee from Louisiana. Her suffering among the Yankees and the blue noses would fill a volume. She was captured at Memphis, and subsequently confined in a loathsome dungeon, six feet under ground, at Alton, Ill., for talking with rebel prisoners. Her husband having been an Englishman, she appealed to the British Consul to protection, and through his influence was allowed to go through to Canada. Here she met kind friends, who soon arranged for her to run the blockade. She was on the ill-fated Margaret and Jessie, and subjected to a severe shelling from the Yankee fleet, in which she was struck in the hand, and somewhat disabled. She was finally put ashore at Beaufort, and taken to Fortress Monroe. Her British papers did not avail her with the beast, who is in authority there; and she was permitted to go to Washington, to communicate with Lord Lyons. After six or seven ineffectual attempts, she succeeded in obtaining a passport to go South per flag of truce. She then hastened back in triumph to the Beast, and exultingly showing her passport, told him that she had been to see his master, and had come to demand admittance through his lines. The bling-eyed old sycophant at once became most bland and conciliatory, and craved permission to secure her comfortable accommodations, until the truce boat left. She replied that one who had been so long exposed to the cruelties of the United States authorities had learned to provide for herself. Just before the boat sailed, he came in person to escort her to the boat. She ingeniously avoided accepting the offer, and declares that she would have sooner perished in Fortress Monroe, than be seen in company with the black-hearted outlaw. On the truce boat she met good friends, and is stopping here to seek rest from her long and toilsome adventures, which would have crushed the spirits and broken the heart of any but a true Southern heroine.

Mr. James Gray was captured at the same time with this lady, and is sentenced to two years' confinement at Fortress Monroe. She has communications from this gentleman to his friends, and will stop in Augusta to deliver them. She is a lady of high intelligence, and her sacrifices and services in our cause entitles her to the highest consideration.

Provisions are very high here, and hotels are not slow to keep pace with the advancing prices and the present charge--\$20 per day, and present as nearly an utter absence of the usual comforts of such establishments as it is possible to conceive. Corn is \$12 per bushel, meal \$15, and flour \$150 per barrel. Yet it is said that thousands of bushels of the former are rotting at the depots in the upper districts. Still the cars and depots reveal a considerable amount of cotton in transit to this port, where it commands \$1 75 cts. per pound. The question of transportation opens up a field for a volume, but your readers need not be reminded of the manifold inequities that have prevailed in that department.

I have had the pleasure of meeting Miss Buie, the indefatigable "soldier's friend," who is

pursuing her labors of love in their behalf, with all the zeal and industry for which she is proverbial. Her praise of Augusta, for its liberal response to her appeals, is unbounded.

Viator.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 27, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

Running the Blockade at Wilmington.—A semi-official statement relative to running the blockade at Wilmington, North Carolina, shows that from January, 1863, to the 23d of October in the same year—ten months—ninety vessels ran into Wilmington. During last August one ran in every other day, making fifteen in that month. In one day, the 11th of July, four ran in, and on the 19th of October last five came safely through the blockaders. At Charleston, during the six months ending in July, 1863, forty-three steamers ran in safely. These facts have been made public in Europe, though it is not at all likely that they will open the eyes of those who are determined not to see.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 27, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Concert Hall—“Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady;” comic song; “The Young Widow”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 27, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

Artichokes Wanted.

In small and large quantities, at

Corner Jackson and Fenwick Streets.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 27, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

Wanted
100,000 Bushels of Coal.

At the Government Foundry and Machine Works. Estimates for contracts will be received for delivery of Coals at salt works. Apply to

A. P. Girardey,
Major in Charge.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 28, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

The Spirit of a Patriot Woman.—We have before us, says the Richmond Sentinel, a letter from a lady of a Southern State, to a gentleman who had transmitted to her a message from her brother, that had turned traitor and ingrate to his mother State, and is now a Lincoln soldier in a Confederate prison. The following extract will show the scorn which wells up from every virtuous heart, in the contemplation of such infamy. Few, however, are able to give such vivid utterance:

* * * “As to holding any communication whatever with one who has proved himself, though brother in blood, alien in heart and sentiment, is very distant from my intentions.

As he has obtained his consent to turn traitor to the State that gave him birth, and to arm

himself against all I hold dear on earth, to enslave me and my little children, it is not hard for me to get my consent to leave him without help of mine. Tell him for me that he has, in his short and troublesome life, given me many a heart-blow, many a shock, but this is the severest of them all; that it shall be the study of my life to forget his very existence, so that his memory may not be a foul blot on all that is pure and bright to me now. If I extend him any aid, it is only as we are commanded to do good to them that hate us and despitely use us and persecute us; not for any tie of blood or kindred that exists between us, for it seems monstrous to believe that we were born of the same mother. For that dear mother's sake, I enclose him the slight pecuniary assistance which he has lowered himself so far as to ask from one against whom he is fighting. when he shall throw off his allegiance to a despot's rule, and wash his hands and heart clean of the blood stains resting upon them, and which are crying to Heaven for vengeance on his guilty soul, then will I consent to bury the bitter past, and acknowledge him as my brother, that 'was lost, but is found; dead, but alive again!' But, communicate with him as a Yankee soldier, the base hireling of a base master, *never*, NEVER, NEVER! If you wish, you can read this to him; but, upon no account, allow him to place his hand upon what I have written." *

* *

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 28, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

Dancing.—A batchelor [sic] friend in Selma, Ala., who has never been "moved by a concord of sweet sounds," or "tripped the light fantastic toe," gives the Mississippian his analysis of dancing. He says the sum and substance of the matter is this: A party of ladies and gentlemen assemble at the ball-room. They soon array themselves in opposing lines. Presently a young lady jumps up from the floor, shakes one foot and comes down again. Again she springs up and the other foot quivers. Then she turns round in her place, springs up and shakes both her feet. Her intelligent partner opposite performs the same operations. Then both rush forward and seize each other's hand, jump up again, shake their feet and stand still. The next lady and gentleman very rationally and soberly follow the example just set them, jumping, shaking and turning, and so to the end, and for no other reason than because black Cuffee sits in the corner yonder, drawing a horse-hair across a cat-gut.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 28, 1864, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Concert Hall—"The Serious Family;" "The Two Gregories"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 29, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

The Justice and Mercy of Butler's Rule in Eastern North Carolina.—The 18th inst., was the day in Eastern North Carolina for the inhabitants to "take the oath" or leave their homes. A letter to the Wilmington Journal from Hamilton, N. C., says:

. . . Butler claims to have restored justice to the citizens of North Carolina and Virginia, who have come under his rule. Here is an instance of their blasted justice: About ten days ago Miss Emma Blunt, a young lady of Washington county, was found dead near the picket stand.—A *post mortem* examination showed that she had been foully used and then knocked in the head with an axe. Suspicion pointed to one Moore, a free negro, living near the place. He was arrested, and the premises examined, and an axe with the eye bloody was found, covered with some loose fodder. It was subsequently proven that the negro was absent the night before—that he brought home a bloody axe, and hid it under the fodder. The print of an axe was found in the road exactly corresponding to the bloody axe. On being examined he prevaricated exceedingly,

and told several different tales. The one, however, that seemed most probable to Butler's Judge (?) was, that he saw several rebel soldiers armed with axes; that one of them offered him \$20 to tell him where Emma Blunt was, for he was going to kill her. You may naturally ask what was done with the negro? He was told that if he would volunteer he should be molested no farther. He volunteered, and was invested with the blue badge of tyranny and oppression, and a gun placed in his hands with which, in all probability, to murder another woman.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 29, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

Summary: Concert Hall—"Naval Engagements;" "The Limerick Boy, or Paddy's Mischief"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 30, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

Young Men's Library Association.—The annual report of the officers of this most useful association exhibits a gratifying result. Notwithstanding the blockade, several new works, from the pen of European authors, have been added to their already select and well-filled library. The periodicals embrace, the Southern Literary Messenger, the Record, the Illustrated News, the Southern Field and Fireside, and the Cultivator. The newspapers comprise the Constitutionalist, chronicle & Sentinel, Savannah Republican and News, Atlanta Appeal, Marietta Rebel, Charleston Courier and Mercury, Richmond Enquirer and Dispatch, Petersburg Express, Montgomery Advertiser, Mobile Register, Christian Advocate and Milledgeville Confederate Union. We commend the association to the generous support of our citizens as one which, on account of the beneficent results accruing from it, should be well patronized.

At the sixteenth annual meeting on Thursday evening last, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—George Robertson.

Vice-President—W. C. Jessup.

Secretary and Treasurer—A. G. Ives.

Librarian—John A. Millen.

Managers—John Bones; G. M. Thew, J. S. Bean, D. B. Plumb, Jas. W. Bones, R. S. Sayre.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 30, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

[For the Constitutionalist.]

Office, Ga. Rel'f & Hospital Association, }
Augusta, Ga., Jan. 28, 1864. }

Resolved 1st, That the thanks of the Ga. Relief & Hospital Association are due, and are hereby heartily tendered to the Augusta Factory, for continuing to supply us, at less than one-third the market price, with all the shirting used in our Manufacturing department, and for a large amount of Empire cloth, to be given in exchange for blankets, and for a recent grant of cloth weekly, at the same low rates, to be given in exchange for such articles of prime necessity as shoes, leather, &c., by which this association is enabled to procure these articles at less than one-third of their market value.

Resolved 2d, That the thanks of this Association are due, and are sincerely tendered to the Eagle Factory, of Columbus, for a continued supply of all the woolen goods used by us for manufacturing purposes, at very low prices, and for other favors.

Resolved 3d, That from our knowledge of the scarcity of the goods of the kind manufactured by these factories, and from our daily observation and personal knowledge of the fact, that they are striving to meet the wants of the country and so furnish the Government, and all Soldiers' Aid Societies, and soldiers' families with their manufactures at less than one third the market price, we feel it our duty to express the belief that any action on the part of the Confederate or State Government, calculated to diminish their capacity to manufacture these goods, would be a serious detriment to the whole country, and to express the hope that the authorities of these Governments will find it consistent with their duty to allow them laborers sufficient to turn out the largest possible amount of cloth, thread, &c.

Resolved 4th, That the Secretary of the Executive Committee of this Association, be, and is hereby requested to furnish a copy of these resolutions to Wm. E. Jackson, President of the Augusta Factory, and to Wm. M. Young, President of the Eagle Factory, through whom these Factories have courteously and liberally supplied us, and also a copy to the city papers for publication.

Resolved 5th, That the General Superintendent and Corresponding Secretary, in writing to the Governor of Georgia, be requested to furnish a copy of these resolutions to his Excellency, together with such other facts as may fully exhibit to this officer the relations of said factories to this Association.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 30, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

Summary: Concert Hall: "Toodles," quartette "Fling Forth our Southern Banner;" "The Dead Shot"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 31, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

New Music.—Messrs. Blackmar & Bro. favor us with copies of the following sheet music, just published by them. Schulhoffs Impromptu Polka," price \$2,00, Les Tures de la Gardes 2 ma Polka Militaine by "Ascher," \$2,00; Juanita \$1,25. We may be Happy yet, \$1[,]00.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], January 31, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Concert Hall: "Robert Macaire, or the Two Murders;" "Milly, the Maid with the Milking Pail"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 3, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

Summary: Concert Hall" "Toodles;" "Limerick Boy, or Paddy's Mischief"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 4, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

Letter from Mississippi.

Brownsville, Miss., Jan. 22.

Mr. Editor: I again take time to write you how affairs are progressing on Big Black, and in our extreme front. To all, except a close observer, everything is unchanged west of the N. O. J. & G. N. R. R., but, should strict inquiry be made, and the condition of the country closely scrutinized, a marked difference would be discovered—and that difference is for the better. The affrighted population, who so hastily deserted their homes in July have, for some time past, been slowly returning, until the country, which, a short time since, appeared so desolate and ruined, is

again, enlivened, and shows some sign of prosperity. Many persons returned, but they found naught but the charred remains of their dwelling and fences; but we notice their fences have been repaired, and enough attention given to plantation, to show that “that there’s life in the old land yet.”

It is particularly gratifying to know that amidst so much gloomy weather, there is much good fortune anticipated for and by the people in the front, where the ravages of war have so indelibly marked its unrelenting course, and so darkly stained the pages of Federal history with damning deeds of unheard of tyranny.

When the passions of the times have subsided, and the unprejudiced historian prepares to record the advance of the Federal army into the State of Mississippi, he thinks he will pause before he soils the immaculate page upon which he is writing, with a recital of such crimes; or rather hesitate to know whether his pen had better be dipped in blood, or await the invention of a darker [?] fluid than is known, so as to more surely impress upon his readers the deep meaning which he feels and knows he should, as an impartial writer, pass down to posterity.

Many planters here propose to bring half their hands to the front and leave half in Alabama, and attempt to make a crop at both places. This appears to be a good plan, and certainly insures a crop at one place or the other; and, perhaps, at both.

A more sanguine and permanent feeling pervades the whole country. The deep gloom which fell like a pall over this part of the land at the close of the last year, has slowly changed its sombre [sic] cast for a more cheering color, until beams of hope are spreading, with glorious radiance, around the hearts and hearthstones of our oppressed people. But let the shout of victory arise from any quarter of the land, and it will be hailed as the day-star of our redemption, the turning point of our struggle, and will elate many who are now depressed. . . . – Mississippian.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 4, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

Nellie Bryant, and three other female convicts, who escaped from the Penitentiary on the 23d ult., were captured near Augusta on the 25th, by an officer of the Penitentiary who went in pursuit of them. Poor Nellie! her soldier’s uniform didn’t save her. We understand that she made an attempt to join a company in Augusta, but before her arrangements were perfected she was pounced upon, and brought back to the Penitentiary, and, worse still, she will have to stay three or four years longer to pay for her sort absence without leave. We expect Col. Green will be so cruel that he will put her where she can’t ‘dig out’ again.—[Confederate Union.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 4, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

Summary: Concert Hall—“Hunchback”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 5, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

Aboriginal Visitors.—A family of Cherokee Indians, from North Carolina, passed through our city yesterday. They took up their headquarters at the City Hall lot, and excited considerable curiosity on the part of the rising generation, who were much interested in the skill which one of the Indians displayed in archery. The party were well recommended, and having received some donations, went on their way rejoicing.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 5, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

Summary: Concert Hall—“Hunchback”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 5, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

Now Ready

A Series of Valentines (eighteen in number) Sentimental and Caricature. Price \$50 per hundred. Trade half off. To be had at the Bock and Music stores.

Geo. Dunn & Co.
Richmond, Va.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 6, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

Cotton Cards.—The Milledgeville Recorder understands that the increased number of machines in the Penitentiary, for the manufacture of Cotton Cards, will do much toward supplying a great public need, and that Cards may now be had at the sale room at the old price of six dollars a pair, half in skins, and the other half in money. This is a change of the former rule, which required the whole price to be paid in skins. For the benefit of those desiring Cards on these terms, (and in no other way can they be obtained at the Penitentiary,) we again state the quantity of skins, and the price to buy a pair of Cards:

For sheep, goat, dog or deer skins, raw, the price allowed is 25 cents for 22 inches in length and five inches in width; and for tanned skins of the same description, the sum is 50 cents.—The skins must be sound, and without holes. It will take from two to three skins, according to size, to bring three dollars in exchange; the other three dollars will be received in money for a pair of Cards, under the present regulation.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 6, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

The Calico Dress.
[From the Knickerbocker.]

It is remarked by some one, some one unknown to us by name, but a sensible and plain-spoken man, whoever he is, that women in the middle ranks of society is in her true glory: not a doll, to carry silks and jewels; not a puppet, to be flattered by absurd adoration, revered to-day and discarded to-morrow, and always jostled out of the place which nature and society would assign her, by sensuality or contempt; admired but not respected, and desired, perhaps, but not esteemed, compared such an one with a wife who partakes of the cares and cheers the anxieties of her husband; who divides his toils by her domestic intelligence, and spread cheerfulness around her, for his sake sharing the reasonable refinements of the world, without being vain of them. Now this, as we have intimated, is well and truly said; and it reminds us of a few very clever lines which a western lady correspondent, in a kindly courteous note, now lying before, us, has desired us to “circulate” in the Table. With moderate crinolines, therefore, and no other redundance [sic] save that which Nature gives, ladies and gentlemen, “The Girl with the calico Dress” will have the honor of appearing before you.

A fig for your fashionable girls,
With their velvets and satins and laces,
Their diamonds, and rubies, and pearls,
And their milliner figures and faces;

They may shine at a party or ball,
 Emblazoned with half they possess,
But give me in place of them all,
 My girl with the calico dress.

“She is plump as a partridge, as fair
 As the rose in its earliest bloom;
Her teeth will with ivory compare,
 And her breath with the clover perfume,
Her step is as free and as light
 As the fawn's whom the hunters hard press;
And her eye is as soft and as bright--
 My girl with the calico dress.

“Your dandies and foplings may sneer
 At her modest and simple attire;
But the charms she permits to appear
 Would set a whole iceberg on fire.
She can dance, but she never allows
 The hugging, the squeeze and caress;
She is saving all these for her spouse--
 My girl with the calico dress.

“She is cheerful, warm-hearted and true,
 And kind to her father and mother;
She studies how much she can do
 For her sweet little sisters and brother.
If you want a companion for life,
 To comfort, enliven and bless,
She is just the right sort for a wife--
 My girl with the calico dress.”
 Pass this good “Girl” around.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 6, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

The Camp Jester. —We have been favored by the publishers, Blackmar & Bro., with a copy of a little work of seventy-one pages just published entitled “The Camp Jester or Amusement for the Mess.” From a cursory glance at its contents, we are favorably impressed, and think that it is admirably adapted to relieve the dull monotony of camp life, and kill the *ennui* to which our soldiers in the field are often subjected, being filled with wit and humour [sic].

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 6, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

Summary: Concert Hall—“Hunchback;” new national song and quartette “God Save the South!”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 7, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

Interesting Letter from Sullivan Island.

The Savannah News publishes the following exircsis from a letter from a former typo of that office to one of his “chums” in Savannah dated:

Battery Marion, Sullivan’s Island, }
February 2, 1864. }

Friend M:--When I closed my last letter to you (Sunday last), we had, up to that time, enjoyed comparative quiet. Since then the Yankees have opened a terrific fire on Sumter, interspersed now and then by an occasional shell at our batteries on Sullivan’s Island. The only harm done up to Monday evening was the wounding of a female, the wife of one of the regulars, who had both of her heels taken off by a piece of shell. . . .

Tuesday, Feb. 3.—There is an old saying, and a very true one, “that it is an ill wind that blows no one any good,” which was very truthfully illustrated this morning. Reveille had just beat and we had answered roll call, when the sentinel sung out that there was a vessel ashore on the beach, opposite Fort Moultrie. Away went the boys; and such a race as then ensued beat John Gilpin’s time; together [?], for visions of good things generally cheered us on. The vessel was soon reached, and, after wading out in the water a short distance, we boarded her in fine style. She proved to be a blockade runner, bound from Nassau to Charleston, with an assorted cargo. The officers and crew having deserted her during the night, we, of course, deemed her public property, and went in after our share of the plunder. It was truly a laughable sight to see us in and around her. Among our storming party were two Irish women, who, with the usual gallantry of their nation, were foremost in the fight.

Barrels, packages of blankets, dry goods, etc., were thrown overboard promiscuously, and at one time I thought one of Erin’s fair daughters had sunk to rise no more; but like a true Irish woman as she was she arose from the yeasty waves with a codfish in one hand, while with the other hand she held on to a barrel of Irish potatoes. She didn’t look much like the “Queen of the Naiads” as she arose from the sea exclaiming, “bad luck to the spelpeen wo did that.” I made my way down into the cabin, and, after filling my pockets with sardines, lobsters, pickles, jellies, etc., came across some pure old Bourbon, and in a short time we had forgotten our cares, and were as happy as princes. Shortly after, the iron clads saw her, and the first thing we knew a shell came screaming over her, and without waiting for further notice, we retired, or, as the Yankees would say, “skedadddled.” In fact we made as good time back as we did going.

A guard was stationed around her to prevent any one going on board after the Yankees opened on her, and one of the regulars refusing to obey orders, was shot through the head and instantly killed by one of the sentinels, and I hear that another was bayoneted. The 18th Georgia Battalion was foremost in the breach, and came out “right side up with care.”

It would do your heart good to take a look in our little shanties to-day. Bunches of bananas, oranges, pickles, coffee, tea, sardines, lobsters, condensed milk in cans, sweetened and ready for use, mustard, pepper, beef, etc., etc., and for a while we will live as princes. . . .

Your friend, A. C. W.,
18th Georgia Battalion.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 7, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

“Till H-ll Freezes Over.”—The Texas Telegraph offers to receive contributions in accordance with the following request.

Fort Point, Nov. 27, 1863.

Editor Telegraph: Can't some of our good friends send us some tobacco? Our money has been out for a long time; we don't draw any these times. A few twists of homespun would be a Christmas present that would rise the sunshine on our faces. We intend to "hand up our stockings." If they can't send tobacco, please send us the seed, and we will commence preparing the ground; for we mean to defend this place till h-ll freezes over and then fight the Yankees on the ice.

Private,
Company A, Cook's Regiment,
Galveston Island.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 7, 1864, p. 2, c. 7
Summary: Concert Hall—"Michael Erle, the Maniac Lover;" "The Spectre [sic] Bridegroom"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 7, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

Erina Ball.
Masonic Hall.
Monday Night, Feb. 8.
The proceeds to be devoted to a charitable object.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 7, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

Glass!
Southern Glass!

The undersigned, Sole Agent for Georgia, Alabama and South Carolina, of the Richmond Glass Works, at Richmond, Va., will remain in Augusta for a few weeks for the purpose of taking orders and making contracts for all kinds of Pressed and Plain Glassware. Sampler can be seen at the store of A. H. Jones, Broad street.

One Thousand Doz. Pressed Tumblers
Fifty Glass Vials

Received and now offered for sale.

Railroads and Hotels can be supplied with Lamp Shades, Chimneys, &c. All kinds of Glass made to order.

If sales will justify, a General Depot for the supply of dealers will be established here. The public are invited to call and see our samples.

H. T. Greenwood.

P. S.—I am also Agent for the Richmond Wire Factory and the Georgia Tack Factory.

H. T. Greenwood.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 9, 1864, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Concert Hall—"Robert Macaire, or The Murderers;" "The Lottery Ticket"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 11, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

Something for the Ladies.—Messrs. J. H. McDonald & Co., of Hamburg, have favored us with a specimen of prepared chalk, manufactured and prepared by them, labelled [sic] "Superior

Velvet Pearl Chalk, for beautifying the complexion.” Now, as we do not use the article ourselves, we cannot judge of its beautifying qualities, but on presentation to a competent judge, it was pronounced to be an excellent article, and upon the authority of our friend, we recommend it to our lady readers as one of the indispensables.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 11, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Concert Hall—“The new Drama of The Noble Soldier;” comic song; “The Swiss Cottage”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 12, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

To the Women of Georgia.—Colonel Foster, Quartermaster General in a card under the above heading pronounces the report that he sold the socks knit by the ladies of Georgia to troops in the field a malicious falsehood, and appeals to our noble women to come forward and assist in the good cause of knitting socks for our brave boys who are much in need of them. He has still [fold in paper] be in vain.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 11, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

Broken Glass Wanted.—It may not be known to our citizens that a Glass Factory, on an extensive scale, is about to go into operation in Savannah. A company, composed of men of character and means, purchased a site on the canal, just beyond the Central Railroad depot, some months ago, the buildings are already erected, and the preparation generally in such a state of forwardness as to justify the expectation that they will go into operation in four or six weeks. There is nothing more clearly indicated by the wants of the country, and we feel sure the enterprise will be liberally supported. An advertisement calling for broken glass will be found in this paper.—There are hundreds of bushels scattered about the city, and housekeepers should gather it up and put it to a useful purpose.—Sav. Rep.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 11, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

To the Women of Georgia.

State of Georgia }
Quartermaster General's Office, }
Atlanta, February 5, 1864 }

A report has been put in circulation in various portions of the State that the socks knit by the Ladies of Georgia for this Department have been sold by me to the troops in the field. Without entering further into the details of this vile and malicious report, I hereby pronounce the whole tale to be a malicious FALSEHOOD! I deny, and challenge the world for proof to the contrary, that there has ever been a sock sold by this department to a soldier of the Confederate army since my first appeal to the women of Georgia to knit for their destitute defenders. I hereby bind myself to present One Thousand Dollars to any person, either citizen or soldier, who will come forward and prove that he ever bought a sock from this Department, that was either knit by the ladies or purchased for issue to said troops.

This report has been invented, on the one hand, by the enemies of our noble boys, who rejoice in their sufferings, and are delighted when they suspend the efforts of the noble women in their behalf; on the other hand, by servile opponents of this department, who forget that, in

venting their unprovoked spite upon us, they are causing the troops of their State to march over frozen ground and the drifting snow with uncovered and bleeding feet.

Women of Georgia! again I appeal to you. This time I call upon you to frown down these vile falsehoods. I demand of him who peddles the tale the evidence I call for above. Until that testimony is produced, I implore you not to stay your efforts—I assure you, in the name of all that is holy and noble—on the honor of a man and an officer—that myself or any of my assistants have never sold a pair of socks that were knit by you. Every pair has been issued to the destitute troops as a gift, as about 17,000 gallant sons of the Empire State will gladly bear testimony.

Daughters of Georgia, I still need socks. Requisitions for them are daily pouring in upon me. I still have yarn to furnish you. I earnestly desire to secure a pair of socks for every bare footed soldier from Georgia; you are my only reliance. Past experience teaches me I will not appeal to you in vain.

Ira R. Foster,
Quartermaster General of Georgia.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA, February 11, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Office Southern Express Comp’y.

Augusta, Geo., }
February 10th, 1864. }

Much complaint being made of the delays by this Company in forwarding merchandise, I am instructed to advertise that the Rules of the Company require that Government packages shall take precedence over all others, and next in order packages forwarded by friends or Associations to officers and soldiers in the field or hospitals. The observance of this rule, together with limited facilities for transportation, necessarily cause delay in the forwarding of packages for merchants and others.

E. F. Ludwig,
Agent.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 11, 1864, p. 2, c. 7
Summary: Concert Hall—“The Artist’s Wife;” “Crossing the Line”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 13, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

A Bloody Charleston Letter.—The New York Tribune vouches for the genuineness of the following letter, which, it says, “intimates that the city of Charleston is mined with powder.” The apochryphal [sic] document will be found interesting, especially the mild intention of the truculent “Fred.”

Charleston, Nov. 8, 1863.

Dear Cousin: Fred has consented at last to let me come to Macon, so you may expect me in a few days. The other day a Yankee shell exploded just around the corner from our house, tearing a building to pieces, and setting two others on fire. Nobody was injured, as all the buildings were vacated some weeks ago. I do not believe there are two hundred ladies in town who are able to get away; but Fred declared that we should not leave while we had a roof over us, but now that he sees the danger we are in, he is glad to hurry us off. Most of the families

have gone to Dorchester, Summerville, Combahee [?], and even Walterboro; and every house in these places is crowded. Nearly every room is filled with beds and every bed has to accommodate three or four persons. So much for war. But I would willingly live in a sty the remainder of my life, if it would keep the Yankee miscreants out of our city. The majority of our people have left their furniture in their houses, expecting in a few weeks to return to them; but of course they know that if the Yankees take the city, their houses and furniture will all be destroyed. General Beauregard caused information to reach all, that if he finds it impossible to hold the city, he will leave it a mass of ruins.

No one will complain of this, as they know the barbarians have sworn to destroy every vestige of the Secession nest if they can take it. If they should ever enter our homes, may God have mercy on them, for I can't. If they ever enter the city, you will hear of the greatest earthquake ever caused by human agency. It will be a consolation to know, that should the vandals ever get here, they will never be able to reach Macon.

Gen. Beauregard is confident they can never get ten miles beyond the city in any direction, but he is fully confident they can never come.

It is mournful to go through our streets, once alive with beauty and fashion, and see them entirely deserted, with the exception of now and then one of our colored people, or a squalid Irish woman; but as I am to see you soon I will not write a long letter. Fred sends his love—but says he will not write until, dipping his pen in a Yankee carcass, he can write with red ink.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 14, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

St. Valentines Day.—This is known as “St. Valentines Day,” the day on which the young folks send to each other the anonymous love communications, puzzling the brains of the recipients to know who sent the missives. It is an old custom, and one which the war has somewhat interfered with but not entirely obliterated. If any of our friends wish to send us a Valentine, we suggest that a subscription to the Constitutionalist or Field and Fireside, would be very appropriate and acceptable; but as to our local editor, we leave him to the tender mercies of our fair friends, who are connoiseurs [sic] in the art of selecting and forwarding these popular missives.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 14, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

An Appeal to Georgians.

We call the special attention of every reader of the Constitutionalist to the following appeal of General Wright. General Wright, in a private letter to us, says “that repeated requisitions have been made on the Government for leather, but supplies cannot be obtained. Our only and last chance for success is upon the generosity of our people.” This gallant brigade has re-enlisted for the war, and shall these brave men who have suffered and endured so much without a murmur, and who have thus recently shown their determination to suffer on to the end of the contest, appeal to Georgians in vain. They have set a noble example to the people at home. They do not ask for shoes. These they are prepared to manufacture. Let the leather be sent forward at once to the care of the Georgia Relief and Hospital Association. Let both individual and concerted action be at once aroused in their behalf. General Wright says that his command heretofore has been weakened from fifteen to twenty per cent. in a few weeks after the opening of a campaign from a want of shoes. This should not be the case again, and the people

have it in their own hands to see that it will not be. We are glad to close this notice with the testimony of General Wright, to the fact, that the army of Northern Virginia was never in better condition or spirits than now, except a want of shoes, and that the whole army has either in fact, or will shortly re-enlist for the war.

Headqr's Wright's Brigade,}
Camp near Orange Court House,}
February 4th, 1864.}

I make an earnest appeal to the people of Georgia to furnish the troops of this command with leather suitable for making shoes.

We have established a shoe shop in camp, have made all our own tools, including lasts, knives, awls, &c; indeed we have everything necessary for the successful manufacture of shoes, including a large number of experienced workmen, but leather. This the generous people of our State we look to for. We propose to make shoes enough within the next sixty days, if we can get the leather, to keep the command in shoes until next winter. By your generous and liberal aid we can easily accomplish our undertaking. We have built a large shoe shop, and can work fifty to seventy five hands daily, if you will let us have the leather. If all who are able will send us one side of leather, the brave men of this command will not again suffer for want of shoes.

Remember while you sit by your blazing fires around your happy hearthstones, well clad and shod, that the veterans of Chickimasom'que [?], South Mills, King's School House, Mechanicsville, Manassas, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg and Manassas Gap, are standing watch and ward for your safety, barefoot and in rags in the frosts and snows of a Virginia winter. Then let there be no delay in this matter; send in your contributions, great and small at once to the Georgia Relief and Hospital Association at Augusta, who will forward to us in camp.

I appeal to the noble women of Georgia, to aid us in this enterprise. Will each of them act as our agent in procuring supplies of leather, and forward as above.

A. R. Wright,
Brig. Gen'l Commanding Brigade.

Let the name of the donor be plainly marked on each package, so that the proper acknowledgements may be made.

All the Georgia papers who are willing to aid us in our enterprise will please copy.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 14, 1864, p. 2, c. 1
Summary: Concert Hall: "The Artist's Wife;" "The Young Widow"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 16, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

New Publications.—We are indebted to Messrs. Blackmar & Bro., for a new work entitled Lady Audley's Secret, by the author of Aurora Floyd. It is from the press of S. H. Goetzel & Co., of Mobile, enterprising Southern publishers, who have contributed so much to the pleasure of our reading public. In the present scarcity of new reading matter, Lady Audley's Secret will be eagerly sought after.

Messrs. Evans & Cogswell, formerly of Charleston, now of Columbia, S. C., have placed upon our table a new valuable military publication—Andrews' Mounted Artillery Drill. It will supply a want long felt in the Confederate service. From the cursory examination which we have given the work, it appears to be based upon the "Instruction for Field Artillery," the Text Book at West Point. It is however much more convenient for the use of officers and men serving in

mounted artillery, and the West Point Text Book is hardly any where now to be found in the Confederacy. It is published in excellent style, the plates are well executed, and it does equal credit to Colonel Andrews, the author, and Messrs. Evans & Cogswell, the publishers. What we say is not intended as any unmeaning criticism. We speak from experience, when we pronounce it, intrinsically, one of the most valuable military publications of the day.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 16, 1864, p. 2, c. 7
Summary: Concert Hall—"The Honeymoon;" "The Lottery Ticket"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 17, 1864, p. 2, c. 7
Summary: Masonic Hall—Thursday, Feb. 18, first night of the engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Macarthy.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 17, 1864, p. 2, c. 7
Summary: Masonic Hall—First Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert, by Mr. and the Misses Sloman, Thursday, Feb. 18th. Programme given, but some titles difficult to read.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 19, 1864, p. 2, c. 7
Summary: Concert Hall—"Little Blanche;" "The Rendezvous"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 20, 1864, p. 2, c. 7
Summary: Concert Hall—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Macarthy's Personation Concert

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 21, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

Something for the Girls.

The Daily Mississippian, now published at Selma, Ala., amid all the excitement of the war finds time and space for some very excellent advice to the girls. As girls are very much alike, whether in Alabama or Georgia, the suggestions of our cotemporary will not be considered altogether *mal apropos* here in this beautiful city of Augusta, where there are some of the best, loveliest and most bewitching girls in the country, and where too, if the truth were known, and candor compels [sic] us to say it, there are a great many who seem matrimonially inclined, and who would not object taking unto themselves on of the sterner sex "for better"—but we omit the balance of the sentence, as we hope and trust when they do change their state, it will be for the best. Believing that the article can do no harm, but on the contrary, be productive at least of amusement if not much good, we preduce [sic] without further prelude, our cotemporaries article, which is as follows, and to which we invite the special attention of our young lady readers:

[“] You all want to marry, don't you, girls?—at least, you are making your calculations to do so some day, are you not? Of course you are—you all expect to marry; and the expectations of most, if not all of you, will doubtless be realized. You want good husbands, too. We hope you may get good ones, or none at all. Better live and die old maids than to pair yourselves off with worthless young men. Now, we think we can put you in the right road to get good husbands. That's just the road you have been wanting to find for some time, but some of you have missed it a long way. We will now point it out to you, and if you follow, in it, ten to one

you will find just such husband as you desire.

The important thing to be done is to render yourselves worthy of good husbands. You must put off the ways of children. You must study to make yourselves useful, as well as ornamental. You must, for a time at least, lay aside the fashionable accomplishments of life, and study those things which will be of use to you after marriage. A young man who is worth having is not easily caught. He must see something in a young lady to commend her besides beauty of person or useless accomplishments. You must set it down as a fixed fact, that a young man [who] is willing to marry you, knowing you to be destitute of useful accomplishments, is not worth having, and you should discard him at once. Just take it for granted that the young man is incapable of managing and providing for a family, as you are of assisting him. Therefore, to secure good husbands, you must prove yourselves worthy of them.

There are some girls who become very anxious to marry, and they put themselves forward a little faster than prudence or modesty would dictate. We would not accuse any of the young ladies we are now talking to of being guilty of immodesty or forwardness, but we have seen some in our day whose manners were anything but pleasing to a lover of modesty. And now girls, we want to get you to talk to that class for us, as it is not probable that an article in a newspaper would have any effect upon them. Whenever you see a young lady who is very boisterous—who talks and laughs very loud when in the company of young gentlemen—you ought to take her aside and advise her to be a little more modest—for she is the estimation of all worthy [sic] young men. And if you should ever see one so far forget herself as to talk or laugh in church, be sure to reprove her kindly for it. A gentle reproof may be of great advantage to her—it may cause her to reflect and see how unbecoming her conduct is.

Remember, young ladies, that your girlish days will soon be over. Very soon you are to become the wives and mothers of our country. You will ere long be called to fill the stations now occupied by your mothers. How very important then that you get good husbands and prepare yourselves to make good wives. Good old Paul left some excellent advice to the ladies on record. It was to this effect—that ‘women adorn themselves in modest apparel with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with braided hair or gold or pearls, or costly array, but with good works.’

Now, however anxious a girl may be to marry, she should never hang out a sign to that effect.—We have seen—and so have you, no doubt—young ladies whose every act bespoke as plain as tongue could speak, “You can have me, sir, for the asking.” Or, in other words, her actions were a continual repetition of the following line:

“O! I should like to marry!”

Whenever it becomes known that a young lady is in the market and is exceedingly anxious to get herself off at any price, she at once depreciates in value, and young men who really want wives become indifferent about her. They may flirt with her for a time, but none of them want her for a wife. They set no value upon a prize that is so easily taken. Therefore, girls, you can all see the necessity of putting a high price on yourselves. When girls set the proper value upon themselves and keep themselves in the proper sphere, they will not have to seek husbands by exhibiting themselves with the sign “to let” sticking out, but they will be sought out by the men who want good wives, and who are capable of taking care of them.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 21, 1864, p. 2, c. 7
Summary: Concert Hall—“The Hunchback;” “The Limerick Boy”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 23, 1864, p. 2, c. 7
Summary: Masonic Hall—"Second Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert by Mr. and the Misses Sloman", Tuesday, February 23d

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 23, 1864, p. 2, c. 7
Summary: Concert Hall—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Macarthy's Personation Concert

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 23, 1864, p. 2, c. 7
Summary: Concert Hall—"Pizarro", Wednesday, Feb. 24.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 24, 1864, p. 2, c. 1
Sheet Music.—"I remember the hour when sadly we parted"—a companion to "When this cruel war is over," has been placed on our table by Blackmar & Bro. It is neatly arranged and the words are very good.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 24, 1864, p. 2, c. 7
Summary: Concert Hall-- "Pizarro"; "The Happy Man"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 25, 1864, p. 2, c. 7
Summary: Concert Hall—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Macarthy's Personation Concert.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 26, 1864, p. 2, c. 3
A Patriotic Mother.—The annexed extract is taken from a letter written by a lady residing in Cobb county, Georgia, to a gentleman residing in Virginia. The noble spirit of devotion of the bereaved mother, shows that she is possessed of truly a patriotism worthy of being imitated.— Her whole soul appears to be wrapped up in the cause in which we are engaged. She says:
"Yours of the 1st of April has been received, bringing to me the heart-rending intelligence of the death of my son, which is the last one of three, who, to serve their country, left me a disconsolate widowed mother; and I can assure you that the greater portion of the time since they left, myself and the little children left with me, have subsisted upon bread alone, and all this I still feel like I could bear if, in the providence of God, our country can be saved from the merciless grasp of the cruel tyrants who are seeking our total ruin."

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 26, 1864, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Concert Hall—"Pizarro;" "The Happy Man"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 27, 1864, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Concert Hall—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Macarthy's Personation Concert

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 28, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

[Special Correspondence Savannah Republican.]
Letter from Texas.

Houston, January 21, 1864.

Matters in Texas are very much in the same condition as at the date of my last letter,

January 12th, which I hope has reached you safely ere this. The people are generally in good spirits, and determined to give the enemy the best fight there is in them whenever he comes where they can get at him. At present he only occupies the beach as far up as Matagorda peninsula, opposite Matagorda. Indeed, most of that peninsula is disputed territory. He also occupies Indianola, has visited Corpus Christi and Lavacca, and holds Brownsville in force. It has been thought that he designed in his progress up the coast to attack Velasco, and then march on Galveston, but ere reaching Velasco formidable obstructions were found, and he has been forced to turn back. At the latest dates we have, most of the troops on Matagorda peninsula had been crossed over to Indianola. If they make this the base of their operations, their next movement will doubtless be on Victoria, and if they have force enough, they may make an attempt on San Antonio or Austin. If they do, there will be a lively spring campaign.

Their gunboats daily shell portions of the beach below Velasco, with a view of disturbing working parties of Confederates, as well as of keeping the run of what our men are doing. No serious encounter has yet taken place.

The railroad from Lavacca to Victoria has been thoroughly destroyed, so that it may not be used by them in their operations in the interior.—Whenever they move on Lavacca it will be yielded to them without a struggle.

Affairs in this city are as quiet as usual. There are several gentlemen of considerable note just now among us. Gen. Whitfield, of Kansas fame, who commands a brigade of Texans in Mississippi, is among them. He is en route to his command, having recovered his health. Col. Phil Herbert, formerly United States Congressman from California, is also here, in command of the 7th Texas cavalry. Col. Jno. R. Taylor, Governor of Arizona and Representative from the 5th Congressional District of Texas in the Confederate Congress, has just returned from a raid, with 80 volunteers, on the jayhawkers in Northern Texas. They killed 8 and sent in quite a number of deserters.

Col. Solon Borland, of Arkansas, arrived here some weeks since, was taken ill with pneumonia, and died at the residence of Capt. Wm. Lubbock, near this city.

Gen. Tom Green, who by his gallantry in Louisiana has won the name of “Old Furious,” and who only knows one way to feel the enemy, and that is by fighting him, is also among us.

Gen. Magruder is very busy in conjunction [sic] with the State authorities in perfecting our defences [sic].—He is at present in this city, which from its central position it is presumed is regarded as the citadel of Texas. He is truly alive to the duties devolving upon him. . .

I enclose you a file of the Houston Telegraph, for the last ten days, and commend to your attention the sketches of Quantrell’s men therein.—These sketches will strike the east of the Mississippi reader as showing the war in a phase a degree more savage than they have been accustomed to. It must, however, be remembered that these men of Quantrell’s have all suffered barbarities on the part of the enemy such as only savages can inflict. Their homes have been burned, their wives and children murdered, their companions when captured have been hung without mercy.—When the horrors that have been inflicted upon them are remembered, no one can blame them for choosing for their watch-word, “Kill the Yankee!”

H. P.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 28, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

Summary: Masonic Hall—third Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert, by Mr. and the Misses Sloman, Feb. 29th.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], February 28, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

Summary: Concert Hall—"Robert Macaire, or the Two Murderers;" fancy dance; "The Secret"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 1, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

New Music.—We have received from Blackmar & Bro., two new songs beautifully got up by Geo. Dunn & Co., Richmond. Entitled "Why no one to love?" and "Something to love me." Since love is always the order of the day, both songs will suit the times admirably. They are pretty and worthy the attention of the ladies.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 1, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Concert hall—Personation Concert for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Macarthy.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 1, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

For Sale.
Buncombe Cabbage Seed,
Flat Dutch Turnip Seed,
And Other Assortments,
Wholesale and Retail, by
Atkinson & Shecut.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 2, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

Particulars of the Raid on Enterprise.

We are permitted to publish the following private letter from a merchant of this city, writing at Enterprise to his partner here, giving an account of the atrocities committed by the enemy during his occupancy of Enterprise:

Mobile Register.
Enterprise, Feb. 27.

Dear M-----: the yankee cavalry entered our village on Tuesday evening about half past three o'clock. In half an hour afterwards all roads leading to the town were strongly posted—then the infantry, 4,000 strong, came pouring in at double quick, and in ten minutes after the ravaging and plundering commenced. No place or house escaped them. Locks and bars availed nothing. Every room, trunk, wardrobe, and the beds and bedding, were plundered and torn up, nor did the negroes, whom they came to set free, as they said, escape those low down pilfering vandals. Not one negro cabin or kitchen in the town, and for miles around escaped, even to servants' underclothes, and as for horses, none escaped but those sent off for at least eight miles from their encampment.

Our town would have been sacked, and many houses laid in ashes but for those who had the presence of mind to apply for guards, and I say it, as creditable to most of their officers, that they were very prompt in furnishing guards to all who applied for them, but the damage was done before application was made, or before the people knew of the remedy. I was fortunate in procuring two of the cavalry very soon after their arrival, who never left my house until the danger was all over, so that my house and family escaped with comparatively little loss. We were lavish, however, with kindness and provisions, to all who came. Not so, however, with

regard to outside affairs. Every horse and mule (eight in number) were taken; my stock hogs killed, wagons, harness, saddles and bridles, fodder, hay, and some corn; poultry, even to the geese. On the plantation, my gin house, with sixty bales of cotton, besides my little crop of this year, which was in a shed on the lower part of the farm, together with five or six hundred pannels [sic] of fencing, were all consumed; and last, but not least, six of my negroes went off, and the leading cause was the women I sent to Mobile to be sold.

I should have lost only one had it not been for her, and he (Sam) was the betrayer of the camp where Jasper Winn, J. W. Winn, Dr. Wolverton and the bearer of this letter, together with half a dozen negroes and some fifteen horses, were all concealed in the woods some four miles from town. My loss will not fall short of \$28,000 or \$30,000 according to the present valuation of property. John Cochran has lost 151 bales cotton besides his two storehouses—indeed he has lost nearly all he had. W. E. Smith about \$35,000 in all, Doby some 8,000 perhaps 10,000; Dunlap has lost more perhaps than any one else about here, except Mrs. Linton, who had twenty-six negroes to go. I suppose not less than 300 negroes left here, and had it not been that the bridge was burned so early as Friday morning, some seventy-five more would have gone. [Illegible] left; Judge Byrne had four [illegible].

Every storehouse and workshop in the place was laid in ashes; all ginhouses and cotton, tanyards, and everything of a public nature, were consumed. Some eight or ten private buildings were fired, but only three or four burned. Nearly every family was threatened and several attempts were made to burn private dwellings, but from the vigilance of the guards and owners they were frustrated in their cruel, base designs. Every negro that was questioned about hidden property told and carried the enemy to the spot. My boy, Bob, was true as usual. He knew where I had valuable articles hid, but would not betray in a single instance, nor would he go with them had every negro in town gone. Some half dozen white persons went with them from Quitman, which I understand was nearly burned up—also Marion, Miss. The number of the enemy who came here was about 4,500, not more, and if we can believe the officers 25,000 is the outside figure who left Vicksburg. Every one here is down on General Polk—the Yankee officers even call him an old granny, and say if Johnston had been in command that an attempt to reach Meridian never would have been thought of. I was told by an intelligent Yankee officer that 15,000 or less ought to have stopped them by choosing their position, and Polk had at his command (including those whom he sent back to Mobile) more than that number. I have never seen a better looking set of men than these Yankees, and all armed and equipped in the best style. One of the men at my house had a short gun or revolver that would shoot six times, also Colt's horse pistol, six shooters, in his holsters, and a sabre [sic]. If a good shot, he might kill twelve men without loading a second time. Their men seem to be bold and fearless, and confident of success with equal numbers. I found many intelligent, honorable men among them, who regret as much as we do the desolations of the war, and some few say that when their time is out they will not enlist again—others rejoice and say that should the war last for twenty years, they will hold on. I forgot to say that Capt. Wolverson lost about thirty negroes. Dr. Price and Reese lost but little. Harris and Sim. Doby nothing, except the tanyard, in which Harris was interested. Laughlin lost his cotton and storehouses, together with two horses, wagon, &c.

We have a meeting to-morrow to do something for those who have lost their all. It is creditable to the General that he had some 200 bushels of corn hauled off from the warehouses to an open field for the poor before he burned the houses in which it was stored. No private corn of consequence was taken or destroyed, but the fodder suffered. I have five hands [?] left on the field, which perhaps will make me corn and potatoes enough to live on. The loss of my horses

and fences is hard on me at this season. I now say, keep out of the way of the Yankees—they are a cruel foe; ten times worse than I had any idea. Could I only relate individual insults, you would be shocked. Colonel Ward was taken out of his home in the night and the rope provided to hang him, and they would have done so, it is thought, had he not given up his money, which he had buried; also Captain Wolverton's house would have been burned had he not given his watch.—One white lady, a few miles off, it is said, was stripped naked and whipped, others cursed and every vulgar abuse that could be thought of wickedly heaped upon them, and those the most respectable in the town.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 2, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

The Knapsack.—The Confederate Spirit, and Knapsack of Fun; a humorous monthly, devoted to wit, humor and the Spirit of the Times, published by H. C. Clarke, Mobile, for the month of March; has been placed on our table by Blackmar & Bro. The publisher in the number before us gives notice that the publication office of the Knapsack will be removed to Augusta, where all orders for Clarke's publications should be addressed. Those indebted to H. C. Clarke will please remit and send their orders to Blackmar & Bro.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 2, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

Les Miserables.—We have been favored by Blackmar & Bro., with a copy of Jean Vageau [sic], the last number of Victor Hugo's great work, which has just made its appearance from the publishing house of West & Johnston, Richmond.—Those who have read the preceding [sic] numbers of this deeply interesting novel will be pleased to learn that the last is now before the public. It can be found at Blackmar's at \$3 per copy.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 3, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Concert Hall—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Macarthy.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 4, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

Another Instance of Beast Butler's Tyranny.

A Miss Ellen Roan, step-daughter of Captain McCarrick, of the Confederate Navy, residing with her mother, in Norfolk, where they once had considerable property, but which is now listed for confiscation, hearing that her step father was in Wilmington, on his way to Europe, made her escape from the enemy's lines, to bid him farewell. On returning from Wilmington, she resided for some weeks in Petersburg; and, after two ineffectual attempts succeeded in returning to Norfolk, a few weeks ago. Three days after her arrival at home, she was summoned before the "Beast," and went, attended by Father O'Keeffe, to whose church she belongs. Butler questioned her as to where she was, and what she saw, while in the Confederate States. She respectfully declined answering his questions. Upon which, he angrily threatened that he "would soon conquer her stubbornness." Father O'Keeffe here interfered, and informed Butler that it was not stubbornness, but a regard for her promise to observe secrecy in such matters, without giving which she could not pass through the Confederate lines. He was insultingly told to mind his own business, and the drunken tyrant swore "that before she passed from his hands, she should be transparent enough to see through her and enable him to learn all she knew." She was sent a prisoner to the Custom House and ordered to be fed on bread and

water.

Two or three days afterwards, her mother on applying to see her, was informed she was transferred to Fortress Monroe. Thither the distracted mother went and on her arrival there all the information the brutal official would give, was that her daughter had left the fortress. A private soldier, with more humanity, moved by the mother's grief, privately informed her that Miss Ellen had been sent to Fort McHenry, at Baltimore. Mrs. McCarrick, after her fruitless journey to Fortress Monroe, with much difficulty obtained permission from "the beast" to send a change of clothing, but he would not allow any communication, verbal or written.

Incarcerated in the pestilential casemates of Fort McHenry, this noble woman adds another name to the galaxy of heroines that will forever adorn the annals of the South. She is suffering a lingering martyrdom, sooner than say aught that might damage that cause which her gallant step-father and three brothers are engaged in defending. All honor to Ellen Roan, whose name will be blessed and remembered by future generations when the beastly spirit of her cowardly persecutor is sunk in that perdition which the slow but sure vengeance of God has prepared for all such cold-blooded tyrants as Butler and his Yankee myrmidons. We pledge ourselves for the truth of the above statement of facts.—Petersburg Register.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 4, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

We invite attention to the following card of Mr. Reid to Louisiana refugees. We have little doubt his appeal in behalf of the sufferers of Adams' brigade will be promptly responded to by such refugees as have means:

To Louisiana Refugees.

In behalf of the soldiers of Adams' Louisiana Brigade, five hundred of whom are now suffering for shoes, I appeal to our wealthy refugees residing in Mobile, Montgomery, Ala., Atlanta, LaGrange, Savannah, Ga., Richmond, Va., Wilmington, and elsewhere, to form themselves into an association, (as the Kentuckians have done,) for the purpose of supplying this brigade with clothing and shoes. I suggest that the Louisiana refugees of the above named places meet and send delegates to LaGrange, Ga., to assemble on the 22d of February to accomplish this end. Let subscriptions be at once taken up, subject to the call of the Treasurer of the Association, who shall hereafter be appointed, and as a Louisianan I will head the list by subscribing one hundred dollars.

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

Sam. C. Reid.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 5, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

Brutalities of Grierson's Thieves.—Among the forces of Grierson, which lately received such a signal defeat in North Mississippi, were a large number of Dutch and other foreign mercenaries whose outrages upon the unarmed citizens and defenseless women of the region through which they passed, is said to be without a parallel in the history of the war.

Everything of value that they could lay their hands on was either stolen or destroyed; jewelry was ruthlessly torn from the persons of ladies, amid the jeers and taunts of the savage vagabonds, and family relics of no value to any one, but the owners, were destroyed with a fiendish delight.

As an evidence of their brutality, we are informed that a Mr. Jarman, a highly respectable and gallant gentleman residing in the neighborhood of Aberdeen, was captured and shot by them. After he was dead, the fiends severed his head from his body, quartered him and left his remains hanging by the roadside.

Their excuse for the hellish act was that Mr. Jarman and a few others had fired on them in their passage through the country, and was, therefore a bushwhacker.

But they received their reward when they met Forrest.—Selma Mississippian.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 5, 1864, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Concert Hall—"Ben Bolt;" "Dead Shot"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 6, 1864, p. 2, c. 4
Summary: List of Federal Prisoners Interred in the Augusta City Cemetery, with dates of interment. 18 soldiers, only one unknown, gives regiment, company.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 6, 1864, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Concert Hall—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Macarthy

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 8, 1864, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Masonic Hall—Fifth Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert by Mr. and the Misses Sloman.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 8, 1864, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Concert Hall—"The Jacobite;" "Rendezvous"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 8, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

Straw Wanted.

Hard threshed Rye or Wheat Straw suitable for Artillery Harness Collars.

Apply to
Jessup & Hatch.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 9, 1864, p. 2, c. 5
Summary: Concert Hall—"The Jacobite;" fancy dance; "The Happy Man."

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 9, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Fresh Blockade Goods from Wilmington.
At Private Sale.

5 Bales Gunny Bagging.
20 Cases Wool Cards.
1 Trunk Hats and Hosiery.
1 Case Shirts and Undershirts.
1 Case Asst. Stationary.

1 Case Children's Gaiters.
1 Case Ladies' Gaiters.
2 Cases Men's Calf Shoes.

J. H. Taylor,
296 Broad St.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 9, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Laborers Wanted.

Twenty Negro Laborers wanted immediately for which the highest wages will be given. Address or apply at the office of the Bath Paper Mills.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 9, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

Coopers Wanted.

Six good and experienced Coopers can find permanent employment on Government Work by addressing

Mann & Shaw,
Woodville, Ga.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 10, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

Outrages of the Yankees on Their Retreat.—The Dalton correspondent of the Atlanta Register, says the Yankee abolition heathens, maddened in their disappointment at being foiled in their march on Dalton, under Thomas (whose headquarters were at Ringgold) took summary vengeance on the helpless old men, women and children in their disgraceful retreat. These white vampires pillaged, burnt, destroyed and murdered on their return along both the Chattanooga and Cleveland roads. Mr. Ault's mill and dwelling house were burnt on Mill Creek. Long's tannery was destroyed. Judge Davis' place on the Chattanooga road was completely ruined. Poor women with their children, were turned out from under their roofs at night, in the cold rain, and their dwellings fired. Old men were dragged from their homes and made to march with them at a hurried pace. At another house a poor woman died from the brutality committed by these demons. Indeed, I am credibly informed that every species of crime and wantonness was committed along both roads to Chattanooga and Cleveland.

Let our people understand that these are the means taken by those hireling barbarians to subjugate us. This is the fate that awaits us all if the whole Confederacy does not rise as one man, voluntarily, eagerly and willingly to drive back from our soil a race whose infamy and deep damnation no words can express.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 10, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Concert Hall—"Love in Humble Life;" fancy dance; "The Two Gregories"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 11, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

New Music.—Our neighbors, Blackmar & Bro., have sent us for inspection several new issues from their press, all of them handsomely gotten up—some of them in a style that will

compete with the finest Northern publications. They are: “Three Cheers for our Jack Morgan”—words by Eugene Raymond, music by Emmett; “The God-Bye [sic] at the Door”—words by J. E. Carpenter, music by Stephen Glover; “We met by chance,” and “Keep me awake, Mother”—words by Mrs. M. W. Stratton, and music by Henry Schoeller.—These pieces are all worthy the attention of the ladies. It may be worthy of remark that two of these pieces are neatly set up and printed by our enterprising friends Patterson & Co., and constitute the first music ever issued from the press of this city.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 11, 1864, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Concert Hall: “Little Blanche;” “The Secret”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 12, 1864, p. 3, c. 4
Summary: Concert Hall: “Ben Bolt;” “Limerick Boy, or Paddy’s Mischief”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 12, 1864, p. 3, c. 4
Summary: Masonic Hall—Sixth Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert, by Mr. and the Misses Sloman.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 13, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

The Augusta Factory.

We had occasion to visit this extensive establishment a few days since. We were agreeably surprised at the important improvements recently made, and the order and neatness observed in the various departments. It is, we believe, the largest manufactory of the kind in the State, employs over eight hundred hands, and manufactures upwards of twenty thousand yards of cloth daily, all of which is sold at Government price, which is about one-third of its market value. The employees are supplied by the company with goods and provisions at a much less price than they could buy them in the market.

The whole establishment is under the supervision of Mr. F. Cogin a courteous and affable gentleman to whom in a great measure is due the recent improvements.

This company has sold and continues to sell to the various charitable associations, and to the poor goods for their use, at the Government prices.—The liberality of this company speaks well for the patriotism of the stockholders and entitles them to the name of public benefactors.

We return our thanks to the company for the generous proposal to supply the employees of this office with goods at Government price.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 13, 1864, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Masonic Hall—Sixth Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert, by Mr. and the Misses Sloman; programme.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 13, 1864, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Concert Hall—“Sweethearts and Wives;” “Rough Diamond”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 15, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

From Texas.

Houston, Feb. 17.

Military movements on our coast do not appear to progress with much spirit. The Yankees have done nothing worth speaking of for a month past. They hold position at Indianola, Dickerson's Point, at the end of Matagorda Peninsula, at Saluria, Aransas Pass, and at Brownsville. Their entire force at these places is variously estimated at from 7 to 20,000. It is probable that the smaller number is nearest the truth. It is doubtful if they have nine thousand men, including Mexicans and negroes. They have offered the oath to no one except in the town of Indianola, and there they found not one in a dozen, old men and boys. It is said some took it, but a majority spurned the proposition.

The Yankees have been as conciliatory as their nature would allow. No property has been destroyed except of one or two absent rebels, who will get the worth of it out of the enemy, before the war is over. Occasionally the Yankee steamers shelled our woods at the mouth of the Cany [sic], and thence up to Evalaser, but no damage has been done so far, save the killing of a mule and the wounding of three others. The beach is thickly strewn with fragments of their shells for miles.

Lieut. Gen. Smith is at present here on a visit of inspection, to this part of his Department, both he and Maj. Gen. Magruder are spending the present week in the camp.

Brig. Gen. Slaughter has been made chief of staff to Maj. Gen. Magruder. . .

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 15, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

A Soft Place and a Hard Bone.—The following Jeremiad from a veteran in the ranks of the Georgia Relief will act as a damper upon the wish expressed by more than one patriotic individual, since the repeal of the Conscript Law, to enter the ranks of this charitable institution, in preference to the honor of serving under the immediate order of our greatest General. Patriotism and soft places, it will be seen, do not always go together. We are inclined to the opinion, that the Jeremiah of the Relief hit upon the shin bone of a mule, worn out in the service of Uncle Jeff, and not on that of an animal of the bovine species. We express this opinion, not from any positive knowledge of comparative anatomy, but from the fact of the entire absence of grease in the soup. In conclusion, we advise our friend always to put a little bacon into his soup hereafter, if he wishes it to look any thing like that of the good days of "Auld lang Syne," particularly when he uses shins of a doubtful origin.

But here is the affecting "Pome:"

I went to the market to buy me some beef,
As I'm boarding myself at the Georgia Relief;
I look'd all about, but none could be found,
Except very poor, at Three Dollars a pound!

I bought a Shin bone, to make one some soup,
And I stepp'd to one side to get out of the group—
Ask'd the Butcher the price. "With a kind of laugh,
Says he, "My Dear Sir, Two Dollars and a half!"

I paid him the money, and came home alone,
Thinking much of the soup I would have from my bone,
But when it was served it's as true as there's geese,
It was nothing but water, without any grease!

I called my boy, Felix, he came with a grin.
I asked him if *that* was the soup from the Shin?
He answered me: "Yes sir," says I "where's the fat?"
"No fat on him, Massa, did not you know dat?"

"To be sure, I knew there was not any tallow,
But who ever heard of a Shin without mallow!"
"Dat one had none; when I saw up de bone,
It was solid all free;--just as sure as you born!"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 15, 1864, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Concert Hall—"Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady;" double dance; "Kiss in the Dark"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 15, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

St. Patrick's Ball.
A Ball
Will Be Given at Masonic Hall,
Thursday Night, 17th inst.

The proceeds of which will be devoted to the sick and wounded soldiers in this city.
Admission \$10.

Tickets to be had at Blackmar & Bro's, and at the Globe Hotel.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 18, 1864, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Concert Hall—"The Jacobite;" double dance; "The Young Widow"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 19, 1864, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Masonic Hall—Concert, by Mr. and the Misses Sloman, for the Benefit of the Philharmonic Association, Saturday Evening, March 19, includes programme

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 19, 1864, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Concert Hall—"The Floating Beacon;" "The Dead Shot"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 20, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Captain Richard Fields, of the Cherokee nation, is now at the Globe Hotel in our city. He has been to Richmond, as bearer of dispatches to President Davis from the Cherokees, Creeks, Chickasaws, Choctaws and Seminoles and is spending a few days in Augusta for the purpose of soliciting contributions of money, to enable him to procure clothing for the women and children of the Creeks and Cherokees. In the early part of this war, John Ross, the principal chief of the

Cherokees, with about half of the tribe joined our enemy. Of the remaining portion, nearly all of the able bodied men are in the service of the Confederacy,—their numbers far exceed the quota which, in there [sic] treaty with our Government, they obligated themselves to furnish, and as appears from the late report of the Commissioner of Indians [sic] Affairs, as well as from the uniform testimony of others, they have proved themselves our steadfast friends and faithful allies. But their territory, which before the war, was occupied by a prosperous and happy people has been laid waste; their property destroyed; their women and children hungry, houseless and naked, are wandering among strangers. Shall we permit those whose fathers, husbands and brothers are are [sic] fighting for us, to suffer and die in want? will we not of our abundance give liberally for the relief of our friends and allies, of those who were once the proud proprietors of our own soil?

Captain Fields comes among us with the amplest credentials. But those who may be honored with a personal acquaintance with him, will require no testimony in his favor. He has been the Chief Justice of his nation, and has filled other high offices. He now returns with a commission for raising a battalion of warriors. He will probably call, on Monday, on many of our citizens; and will not those whom he may not visit, send contributions to him at the Globe Hotel?

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA, March 20, 1864, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Concert Hall—“Sweethearts and Wives;” dance; “The Two Gregories”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 22, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

Affairs in East Tennessee.

A refugee from Tennessee, who has just left our lines there, gives the most deplorable accounts of the situation of the unhappy people of that State. Both classes, Unionists and Confederates, have come under the ban of the two armies, and what property has been spared by one has been appropriated by the other. Most of the residents consist solely of women and children, and these have been stripped of all save what they have upon their backs, and the few blankets that protect them from the cold at night. They are clad in cotton rags, bare foot and hungry, and live only on the meagre [sic] allowance they have managed to buy or otherwise secrete. Negroes, once the property of well to do farmers, have returned to their homes, backed by Yankee troops and bayonets, and perpetrated unnameable enormities.—The wives and children of “rebels” are debarred from the purchase of even the necessaries of life, unless they first take the hated oath of allegiance, while hundreds and thousands have been driven into exile, and are now scattered through the army and through the more Southern States, where they seek the liberty denied them at home.

A favorite occupation of these blue-uniformed wretches, of late, has been, and still is, to march abruptly up to some quiet residence, occupied by women and children, give them twenty-four hours notice to leave, and then send them, under guard, across the lines, where they arrive penniless, friendless and alone.

God only knows the sufferings that have been endured in this struggle, but as sure as he over-[] the destinies of mankind, just so certain is the hand of avenging justice to fall with blighting weight upon these more than diabolical oppressors.

The foregoing, from the Columbia Carolinian, we are assured by a gentleman who has

been forced to leave his home in East Tennessee, is but too true. The Yankees are lording it over the unfortunate people of that section with a rod of iron. The people, as a general thing, are true to the Southern cause, and long for the day when their country will be rid of the presence of the accursed inhuman wretches who are now tyrannizing [sic] over them.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 22, 1864, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Concert Hall—"Sweethearts and Wives;" "The Two Gregories"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 23, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

Shot by a Woman.—A Mrs. Arlege recently killed a Yankee in Winchester, Tennessee. The vandal had come to her house and demanded entrance. Her husband was a refugee in Atlanta, Ga., and in this state of dependence she summoned all her courage and refused the Yankee entrance, telling him if he entered she would kill him. Thinking he would intimidate her, he dared to force the door open, when Mrs. A., true to her threat, shot him with a gun, killing him instantly.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 23, 1864, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Concert Hall—"Sweethearts and Wives;" dance; "The Two Gregories"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 24, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

Fire and Explosion at the Arsenal.

On Saturday morning, between nine and ten o'clock, an accident of an alarming nature occurred at the Confederate States Arsenal, in this city, creating for a time considerable excitement. The accident originated in the driving room of the building, used as a Pyrotechnic Laboratory, principally for the manufacture of rockets, and divided into three departments, a Driving Room, Mixing Room and a room for the paper work of the Laboratory. Mr. B. Kean, a careful and experienced workman, was engaged in driving the powder in a rocket, when it suddenly and unaccountably exploded. The fire immediately communicated through the cracks and openings of the door to the Mixing Room, where there was about twenty pounds of powder, causing a terrific explosion, and instantly setting the whole building on fire.

Some sixteen or eighteen workmen were in the laboratory at the time of the occurrence. All, with the exception of Emanuel Hogan, the young man who lost a leg at Battery Wagner, escaped.

Young Hogan, we regret to state, was burnt to death. He had been employed at the Arsenal only about ten days. There [fold in paper] doors to [fold in paper] their exit. To this fortunate circumstance [fold in paper] is attributed the safety of the majority of those engaged. It is supposed that Hogan, who was sitting by a glass door, in the smoke and confusion, lost his crutch and was unable to move.

The other persons injured were B. Kean, severely burnt about the head and arms; Geo. P. Williams, slightly; P. C. McSheehy, slightly; J. N. Scriven, slightly; B. Scanlan, slightly.

The first explosion was followed by two others, caused by the igniting of a fire ball, made up for experiment, and some twenty or thirty rockets.—The latter were piled on a table in the paper work room, ready for shipment. When they ignited they shot off in various directions, going through the weather boarding of houses, and making a general stampede. In addition to

the rockets there were from fifteen hundred to two thousand fuses destroyed. The building and shed attached were completely consumed. Fortunately, there was but little wind at the time, and the speedy arrival of the firemen, together with the exertions of the officers and workmen in the Arsenal, soon put an end to all danger of the fire spreading. Superintendent W. D. Hannifin, while the rockets were firing all about him, went and cut away the picket fence, along which the fire was making very rapid progress.

Mr. Welch, the foreman of the Laboratory narrowly escaped. He had just left the mixing room when the explosion took place.

Lieut. Calhoun, Inspector, had but a few moments previous to the occurrence visited the room, and as usual cautioned the workmen to avoid accidents, not to keep too much powder along side of them. The men replied that there was no danger, that no accident had happened for the past three years, and that none was likely to happen then. He had got but a short distance, however, when he was turned back by the report of the explosion.

The fact that but one life was lost, and that the damage otherwise was so small, is regarded as a Providential interference. The building destroyed does not interfere with the work at the Arsenal, which will go on as usual. The rule of the Arsenal is to keep as little ammunition and powder in store as possible, and this accident has shown the wisdom of that policy.—
Courier.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 24, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

Wood.—Our people are suffering for want of wood. The recent seizures of horses has kept the people from bringing a necessary supply of this article to our city. Major Smith gives notice that those who bring wood or provisions to market will not be disturbed. Let them therefore take care to avail themselves of the present high prices to bring forward supplies.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 24, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Concert Hall—"Ben Bolt; "Loan of a Lover"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 25, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

New Publications.—We have been favored by Mr. H. C. Clarke, book and music publisher, of Mobile, with copies of the following works which are neatly and creditably gotten up:

Charles Dicken's [sic] new Christmas Story, entitled Mrs. Lirriper's Lodging's. [sic]
The Confederate Flag Song Book, Nos. 1 and 2, containing all the new and favorite songs and ballads of the day.

I Remember the Hour when Sadly we Parted, Companion to When this Cruel War is over.

Mr. Clarke has on hand a supply of all the latest book and music publications, and will dispose of them on the most reasonable terms.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 26, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

The Press Association.—We had the pleasure of meeting Colonel Thrasher, Superintendent of the Press Association, who is now in our city for the purpose of making some preliminary arrangements for the Convention which takes place on the 6th of April. As matters of great importance will be submitted to the meeting, we trust that there will be a general gathering of our brethren of the press.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 26, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

Art Exhibition.—Lee Mallory’s War Illustrations, portraits of the Confederate Generals, Statesmen, and prominent men and women of the South, taken from life by Herr Van Ness, will soon be exhibited in this city, and afford our citizens an opportunity of enjoying an artistic feast. The portraits are from life. Accompanying the exhibition of each portrait will be given a short biographical sketch, introducing the principal events by which the subject may have become distinguished. We have been favored by Mr. Mallory with fac similes, in photographs, of Generals Lee, Jackson, Longstreet, Hood, Stuart, A. P. Hill and Morgan, which are excellent likenesses, and for which we return our thanks. This exhibition cannot fail to be interesting. Due notice of the first entertainment will be given.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 26, 1864, p. 2, c. 6
Summary: Concert Hall—“The Floating Beacon;” fancy dance; “The Secret”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 26, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

Grand Artistic Exhibition,
Lee Mallory’s
War Illustrations,
5th Series, Comprising the
Confederate Generals.
Illustrious Statesmen, and prominent Men and
Women of the South, exhib-
ited with the
Mammoth Stereoscopticon,
Or Great Mirror of Life!

A most wonderful and complete Aparatus [sic], and the only one in the Confederacy.
See advertisement on Monday.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 27, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

[Correspondence of the Constitutionalist.]
Letter from Dalton.

Camp near Dalton, Ga., }
March 23rd, 1864. }

We awoke this morning at reveille to find Mother Earth clothed in the habiliments, that in all ages have been looked upon as emblematic of innocence, pure white—snow—to the depth of about three inches. The “boys” resolving to embrace the opportunity, and have a little fun, had the “assembly” sounded in the different regiments. The signal was understood. The different regiments of this division, (Cheatham’s) formed to give Walker’s division, of Georgians, battle—The men of Gist’s brigade, being apprised of our approach, formed to receive us with colors flying, (which, by the way, consisted of ragged handkerchiefs, while some convenient sapling was made to take the place of a flag staff.) The charge was sounded. Walker had the advantage of position, and having selected his own ground repulsed us at the first charge. We

reformed, however, and charge after charge was made, but without success, and our shattered ranks had to await reinforcements, which, when arrived, another forward movement was ordered. We drove them from their position, captured several prisoners, among them their commander-in-chief, and also two stand of colors. They acknowledged a defeat, and the prisoners in our hands were released or exchanged under flag of truce. At this stage of proceeding a courier had arrived, with the information that Strahl's brigade was repulsed, and their camps captured by Jackson's brigade of Georgians, and soliciting aid, we immediately repaired to that part of the battle field. Jackson's men, however, on seeing our columns approach, wisely withdrew from the conflict. We made the General prisoner, however, and demanded a speech or a fight. He made a short speech, and hoped that we (Tennesseans) would whip the Yankees as easily as we did his brigade. Mutual cheers were then exchanged for Georgia and Tennessee, and peace once more reigned in camp.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 27, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

New Music.—We have received from Blackmar & Bro. two new pieces of music of their issue. They are the "199 Broad street Polka"—by that popular composer Edward O. Eaton, and the "Confederate Polka March" by Theo. Van La Hashe. Both these pieces are easy and effective. Price \$1.50.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 27, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Concert Hall—"His Last Legs;" "Lee Mallory's Stereopticon, or an hour with the Confederate Generals Jackson, Lee, Johnston, Beauregard, Longstreet, Morgan, &c., &c."

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 29, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

Summary: Concert Hall—"Lee Mallory's Stereoscopic. Jackson, Lee, Johnston, Beauregard, Longstreet, Morgan, &c., &c." "The Rough Diamond"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 30, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

Very Proper.—We understand that the Government is supplying the indigent families of soldiers, in the upper Districts of South Carolina, with corn at \$3.00 per bushel. This is very proper, and should be done wherever practicable.—There is much of the tithing corn and wheat in the country wasting for want of transportation, which might be sold at a low figure to the poor in the neighborhood. It would thus be saved to the Government and the people.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 30, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

Summary: Concert Hall—March 30—Lee Mallory's Stereoscopic; music; "A Kiss in the Dark"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], March 30, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

Summary: Concert Hall—March 31—Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert, by the Queen Sisters and Palmetto Band.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 1, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

Summary: Concert Hall—"Lady of Lyons;" "Poor Pillicoddy"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 1, 1864, p. 2, c. 6

Encourage Southern Enterprise,
The Undersigned Agent for the
Richmond Glass Works,
Richmond Wire Factory,
Goodwin Tack Factory,
at Richmond, Va., has now at hand
100 Gross Pressed Tumblers,
10,000 Lbs. Wire, from 6 to 10,

and will receive orders and contracts for all kinds of Glass Ware, Window Glass, Iron Wire, Tacks, Brads and Shoe Nails. My object is to supply dealers. All orders must be accompanied with the cash.

Direct all letters to care of A. H. Jones, 192 Broad St., Augusta, Ga.

H. T. Greenwood
Agent.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 2, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

A Word or Two to the Boys.—There is an Ordinance prohibiting the shooting of bows and arrows in the streets of this city, of which Ordinance the boys have shown a total disregard. As His Honor the Mayor truly remarked, in alluding to the subject in the Council yesterday afternoon, his attention having been called to it, it is unpleasant to deprive the little fellows of the amusement they derive from these juvenile sports, especially when they have so much trouble and so little pleasure, comparatively, to expect in later years, but when those sports become nuisances or dangerous, they must be stopped. And hence, these little fellows must give up this bow and arrow shooting in the streets, and repair to the Commons or the Parade Ground, where they will not annoy anybody or destroy anything.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 2, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

Summary: Concert Hall—“Fazio, or the Italian Wife;” “John Jones.”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 3, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

Summary: Concert Hall—“Camille; or, The Fate of a Coquette”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 5, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

The Trans-Mississippi and Mexico —Commission from Texas.—Colonel Dasheall, Adjutant General of Texas, and Colonel Shelby, Attorney General of Texas, have arrived here as commissioners from their State to represent her interests and views, and those of the Trans-Mississippi generally, to the confederate authorities. The State of Texas has been happy in the selection of two gentlemen of such weight of character and public value, and whose intelligence recommends them to attention. They will visit the Texas soldiers in the army of Virginia, and no doubt inspire them. The mission of these gentlemen is one of patriotic import, and brings us the most gratifying intelligence of the military condition of the Trans-Mississippi, and the high spirit of the people whom they represent.

It appears that Texas, cut off as she has been by the exigencies of the war, is discharging the duties of an independent empire; but this in happy accord with the interests of the Confederacy, which is the supreme consideration.—She has sent an agent to Europe to look after

her ordnance interests, and has also commissioned a special representative to Mexico, who will regulate with Maximilian the interests of trade across the Rio Grande.

Great enterprise is being shown in the erection of powder mills, cotton and wollen [sic] factories, &c. To employ the latter there has been secured, on Government account in Texas, one million pounds of wool. The amount of subsistence [sic] from last year's crop is said to be sufficient to last army and people five years. A specie [sic] currency is extensively used in trade, and Confederate money is not worth more than forty for one in gold. This depreciation is attributed to the contact with specie, which has flowed in from the cotton trade via Mexico, and is no evidence of want of confidence in the arms or virtue of the Confederacy; as it is a remarkable fact, that when gold was worth one to ten in Richmond, it was not worth [sic] more than one for two in Texas. The depreciation has been of late date, and is ascribed to the accidents of trade.

There is no praise too high [sic] for the gallant efforts of Texas to sustain and bind up together her interests and these [sic] of the Confederacy. It is characteristic of the imperial pride and chivalry of "the Lone Star."

The rumor that Brigadier-General Preston ([formerly Minister to Spain under the old Government) had been sent by the Richmond Government on a mission to Mexico, which has had some circulation to the newspapers, has no foundation in fact. General Preston was ordered to the Trans-Mississippi, and has since been furloughed to visit his family. Hence the absurd rumor of a diplomatic [sic] negotiation with Maximilian.—Richmond Examiner.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 5, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

[Communicated.]

Mr. Editor:--In consequence of the difficulty of getting suitable supplies for the sick soldiers in the hospitals of this place, voluntary contributions have been made from time to time by the citizens, and placed in the hands of certain benevolent ladies, who were so kind as to offer to prepare and distribute personally to the sick, such nourishment and delicacies as their condition might require, and the attending physician approve. These ladies have been thus devoting their time and work of mercy, to the great advantage and consolation of the suffering soldiers, ever since the opening of the military hospital in our midsts, and have uniformly been treated with becoming courtesy by the surgeon in charge, who seemed to vie with each other in offering them every facility for their charitable ministrations. Of late, however, all the sick have been sent to the 3rd Georgia Hospital (at the Academy,) and an order has been recently issued there, forbidding the ladies from distributing their supplies personally, and requiring that they shall give what they bring to the steward or to his wife. By this change the unfortunate soldiers are denied these little attentions, which none but woman can bestow, and the contributions of the good people are to be confided to strangers who may or may not appropriate them to the purpose designed by the donors.

This change, is said to have been made by the surgeon in charge without assigning any reason for so doing, without having heretofore intimated any objection to the mode or manner in which these gratuities were dispensed. Those who have any sympathy for the men who are now lying upon the hard bed of sickness as the forfeit of their exposure in the defence [sic] of our rights, should visit the hospital as often as they can, and judge for themselves whether the sick are supplied with food prepared in such manner as to promote appetite instead of exciting

disgtust [sic]; whether it is wise or humane to deny these sufferers the little privilege of receiving from the hands of the good Samaritan such things as they may relish; whether this is the time to throw obstacles in the way of disinterested ladies who are striving to allay the pangs of our noble soldiers by taking the place, as far as may be of their mothers and sisters.

Citizen.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 5, 1864, p. 2, c. 4
Office Second Georgia Hospital, }
Augusta, Ga., April 4, 1864. }

Wanted to Hire—Two active and industrious Irish Girls and three half grown Negro Boys for house work. Wages liberal.

Wm. H. Doughty,
Surg'n in charge.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 5, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

Smokers, Ahoy!

10,000 lbs., of Mayo's celebrated "Pickwick Club" in one pound packages. This Tobacco is superior to all other brands now made, except the "Lone Jack" and is but little inferior to that. For sale by

H. T. Greenwood,
192 Broad St.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 5, 1864, p. 2, c. 5
Summary: Concert Hall—"Camille"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 5, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

\$50 Reward.

Will be paid for the apprehension and delivery in any jail, so that I can get her, of the following described Negro Girl: She is about 14 years old, yellow complexion; the nail of her fore-finger off on the right hand. She took with her one white homespun, one red calico, and one worsted dress, and, also, a Palmetto hat. Her name is NANCY, but sometimes goes by the name of Sallie. She came, originally, from Mississippi, and was purchased from S. Cohen, Augusta, Ga.

Address me at Waynesboro', Burke county.

E. R. Lassiter.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 5, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

To Shoemakers
and Leather Finishers.

One Hundred good Shoemakers and Ten Leather Finishers and Curriers can find employment in the Government Shoe Factory under my charge at this Post.

Parties who have been heretofore exempted from military duty by reasons of their being engaged at these trades are reminded that they must now serve their country either in the field or workshop.

None but good Mechanics need apply.

C. W. Cunningham,
Major and Quartermaster.

Atlanta, Ga., March 1, 1864.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 5, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Candles.

50 Boxes superior Tallow Candles, made with nitric acid, and will keep hard during the Summer. They are wicked line, a sperm candle require no snuffing. They are of my own manufacture, and are warranted superior to any ever offered in this market.

H. T. Greenwood
192 Broad St.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 5, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

Our New Dress.

The Constitutionalist appears before its readers this morning in a new dress and an enlarged form which improvements, we sincerely hope, will compensate in a measure, for our shortcomings in the past, and be received as an earnest of our intentions to furnish our subscribers with a first-class daily newspaper.

This outfit has been procured at a heavy outlay and in conjunction with the increased expense attending the publication of a daily paper, we are compelled to advance our terms of subscription, to which we invite the attention of our subscribers. We shall spare neither labor nor expense to make the Constitutionalist worthy of the liberal patronage which it has so long enjoyed. Thankful for past patronage we earnestly solicit a continuance of the same.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA , GA], April 5, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

A Capture.—While our friend M. was on guard at the Academy Hospital, a few nights since, he discovered an individual attempting to escape in the darkness of the night, and being determined not to allow any of the Yankee prisoners in the Hospital to escape, of course, halted the individual, who gave a kind of grunt in reply, which one of the Sentinels near by avers sounded very much like “Mack!” With this reply our military friend was not at all satisfied as the password was anything but “Mack;” and thinking the fellow was “playing possum,” called the Corporal of the Guard, who being Corporal of a Company *de jure*, had the individual attempting to escape placed under arrest in the Grand *Jury* Room. He was fat and sleek, and very defiant, showing his teeth and growling at those who came near him.

It may be proper to add that the prisoner referred to was a young Possum, which, by chance of some kind or other, had got into the Academy Hospital enclosure, and was caught by

the sentinels on duty there.

When our friend M. was asked how he caught the creature, he replied: "I cannot say, like Cæsar of old, 'Veni! Vidi! Vici!' but being a modern *Seizer*, I can say "Possum! Posse! Potui!—I went! I saw him! I cotted him!" Somebody has probably put the Possum in the Potui by this time, and, with a Posse of good eaters, put him out of the reach of the bayonets and bullets of our lynx-eyed sentinels.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 5, 1864, p. 3, c. 2-4

Mercantile Changes on Broad Street and Vicinity.

For the information of our Augusta Soldiers in the Army, many of whom have not been home for some time, we have taken an inventory of the changes in and about Broad Street, during the past year or two, and now give the result as follows:

We will suppose that we are taking a walk up Broad Street, starting from the Lower Market, on the South side; and observing a lot of Beef and Pork hanging about a couple of doors just below Centre St., we are asked: "who keeps there?" The first is Boatwright, Beef and Pork Shop, at Togneri's old stand; and the other is J. V. Clark's People's Market, between the Grocery stores of H. T. Peay and D. Stelling. At both of these Shops meat can be obtained during and after market hours.

Crossing Centre Street, we observe H. Barr's Dry Goods and Shoe Store—a new establishment.

B. H. Broadnax's Store is closed, for it is now used as a store room for the Government Clothing Bureau.

Meister & Meyers, Cigar Manufacturers and Dealers in tobacco are located at Girardey's old Exchange Bar Room, and do a thriving business in the smoking and chewing line.

Mrs. Rigdon has taken Cohne's store, and sells Fancy goods.

Miss M. Murphy has a Millinery Establishment at Mrs. Tweedy's former store, at the corner of Broad and Monument Streets; while Mrs. Tweedy has removed her Millinery establishment further up the street, nearly opposite the Southern States Hotel.

Crossing Monument Street, we find an Eating Saloon, where the inner man can be refreshed, next to Gregor Renkel's store; and a little higher up, next to Mrs. Pritchard's Millinery Establishment, we hear the cry of "going! going! gone!" and see our old friend, Atkinson, whilom of the Evening Dispatch, and more lately of the Field & Fireside, "knocking things down" to the highest bidder. The firm is Atkinson & Shecut, Auctioneers and Commission Merchants, and the principal feature of their business is Night Auctions, which are always well attended.

At E. T. Murphey's old stand, corner of Broad and Washington Streets, is the Augusta Purveying Association, an institution originated at the suggestion of Hon. R. H. May, Mayor of the City, and assisted by some of our principal Capitalists, where the poor and the families of soldiers in the County are allowed to purchase provisions and homespun at cost prices.

Crossing Washington Street, a short distance above the late Augustine Frederick's Confectionery store, is H. L. A. Balks' Fancy Article store; and near by, at Sweeny's stand, is Mrs. E. Pughe's (formerly Mrs. Loring,) Millinery Establishment.

The large sign "Balzeau," opposite our office, denotes the location of Balzeau's Shaving and Hair Dressing Saloon, with a side gate, where ladies and children can get their heads dressed

in the “highest style of the art, regardless of expense.” This was formerly Mrs. O’Connor’s Millinery Establishment, but she has removed to Henry Daly’s store; while Mr. Daly has removed to Wright & Alexander’s store, under the Globe Hotel; and in the same store with Mr. Daly, B. H. Brodnax has opened an Exchange Office.

Next to Balzeau’s is the “French Store” of L. Guerin & Co., formerly V. La Taste—the “Goober-natorial candidate,” who is always *au fait* at a good joke or the cultivation of turnips and cabbage. Messrs. Guerin & Co., supply the community with cakes, candies, and all the sweet et ceteras—eatables and drinkables—of a well stocked Confectionery.

M. Mantoue has recently opened a Cigar and Tobacco store at Sumerau’s old stand, next to the French store and opposite Volger’s Cigar and Tobacco store.

Next to this is P. Hansberger’s Cigar and Tobacco store, under the Washington Hall, corner of Broad and McIntosh streets; the upper part of the building being occupied by J. T. Paterson’s Lithographing and Job Printing establishment.

Crossing McIntosh street, we do not observe any new signs until we reach Van Winkle’s store, where we find Messrs. Elberat & Freal, dealers in Dry Goods and other articles.

Next, we come to J. J. Broom’s store, above the Southern States Hotel, where we find Messrs. C. D. Carr and E. Q. Bell, dealers in Dry Goods and other articles.

At the store formerly occupied by H. J. Osborne, is the Jewelry Store of Messrs. Spencer & Teague, occupied also by C. C. Drake, as a Dry Goods and Fancy store; while Mr. Osborne has removed next to J. Strom’s Jewelry store on McIntosh street, though not at present engaged in business, we believe. Mr. Strom’s Jewelry store is in the old Constitutionalist Printing Office, the upper part of which is occupied by E. H. Singer’s Job Printing Office.

Crossing Jackson street, at the corner, is Mayer & Lippman’s Auction store, formerly Kauffer & Mayer’s.

On Jackson street, near Ellis, is G. Harbig’s Watch and Jewelry store; and in M. P. Stovall’s Warehouse lot, Mr. Van Winkle has erected three fine stores, one of which is occupied by Hunt & Schaub, Commission Merchants, opposite Schofield’s Tin Shop. At the corner of Green street is Robbe & Hyde’s Plumbing Establishment. A new building is about being erected opposite this store, on the Stovall lot.

Coming back to Broad street, the next new store above Mayer & Lippman’s is A. Waldron’s Liquor and Commission Establishment. Mr. Waldron is the Manager of the Theatre; and, having a good Dramatic Company and a large stock on hand, dispenses good liquors during the day, and pleasing entertainments at Concert Hall at night.

Chamberlain, Isaacs & Co., General Commission Merchants, at Carmichael & Bean’s, do a large business. At Alexander & Wright’s, we notice the sign of B. Phillips, Agent of the Georgia Salt Manufacturing Company.

At Eli Mustin’s Crockery store, R. H. Forrester has for sale a large stock of Dry Goods and Fancy Articles.

At F. Holman’s Crockery store, E. B. Long has for sale Dry Goods, Shoes, and Fancy Articles, in great variety.

J. Leiper sells Dry Goods, Shoes, and other Articles, at Lamback & Cooper’s Confectionery store; while up stairs, in Clara’s Hall, is the office of Col. Rains, Commandant of the Post.

Crossing Campbell, at the corner, at Wilcox’s store, is J. H. Taylor’s Auction store. Mr. Taylor is from Charleston, S. C., and has done an extensive business in the sale of cargoes of blockade goods.

A short distance above this, is C. F. Heusler's Eating Saloon and Cigar store, where one can stop to rest, take a bite or two, if he has money to pay for it, and smoke a cigar. Having thus rested and refreshed himself one can look around on Campbell street and observe another Eating Saloon, kept by Mr. Rhodes, a wounded soldier, and then resume his walk up Broad street.

Near by is the Dry Goods and Fancy store of John Greer.

The new Auction store of Messrs. Milner, Neblett & Crews, can also be looked into.

The familiar sign of Wm. H. Tutt, Drug store, it will be seen has taken the place of Spears & Hight.

H. A. Byrd has a Shoe store above this.

And at the corner of Butler's Alley is the Commission House of Spears & Dozier.

Crossing here to the North side of Broad street, and crossing down town again, we observe the following changes.

F. Petit's Grocery store just above Cumming street.

S. A. Rains' Grocery store at the corner of Broad and Cumming street.

Office of Maj. Winnemore, next to A. Stevens' Grocery store.

Fleming & Robinson, Grocery and Commission Merchants, formerly Fleming & Rowland. The latter, our old friend Charlie, has gone to the wars "where the dirty fighting's done," and has our best wishes for his safety and speedy return home.

V. Richards & Bro., Dry Goods and Fancy Articles in great variety next store below Bones & Brown's Hardware store.

Penton & Casey, at C. A. William's old stand, Commission Merchants, Dealers in Tobacco, and Agents for Virginia and North Carolina Tobacco.

C. V. Walker, Pollard & Cox is the new Auction House firm at Benjamin & Goodrich's stand—young gentlemen who have but recently "hung out their banners upon the outer wall," and bid fair to do well.

T. H. Walker, Dry Goods and Fancy Articles, opposite LaFayette Hall.

At the corner of Broad and Jackson streets, is the Auction House and Commission store of C. B. Day, well and popularly known as Charlie, of the Clinch Rifles, and of the 5th Georgia Regiment.

Churchill & Johnston, next to Henry Moore's Hardware store, Dealers in Dry Goods, Shoes and Fancy Articles, doing a large business in their line.

John Kenny's Tailoring Establishment is at Catlin's Music store.

Blackmar, formerly Blackmar & Bros., Book and Music publishers, between the Georgia Railroad Bank and the Bank of Augusta, formerly James Heney's Dry Goods and Millinery [sic] Establishment. The latest Confederate Music and other publications can be obtained here. Mrs. Heney's Millinery establishment is located higher up the street on the same side. The upper part of Blackmar's store is occupied by the office of Captain Parker, Provost Marshal, and by the School of Mr. A. Pelot.

Crossing McIntosh street M. Cohen & Co., Commission Merchants, occupy the old stand of J. & A. J. Setze, and do an extensive business in their line.

At the upper store of J. & T. A. Bones is the Depository of the Confederate States Bible Society.

Neal & Swords, Dealers in Tobacco of all kinds and qualities, are located at the store formerly occupied by E. Mustin & Co., just below J. & T. A. Bones' Hardware store.

L. Gambill's Exchange office is at Leckie's Umbrella stand, near the Express Office, while Mr. Leckie has removed to the corner of Ellis & Monument streets.

Passing the Express Office, is the Government Clothing Bureau, under the Augusta Hotel, at the corner of the alley, under the superintendence of the courteous and zealous Major Bridewell, now a candidate for Congress from the 4th Arkansas District.

A few doors below is the Tobacco & Commission store of George H. Crump & Co—where Tobacco, Dry Goods, and Shoes, and other articles can be obtained.

The Express Company have a second office in E. J. Sibley's store, corner of Broad and Washington streets.

On the opposite lower corner, at Edward Gallaher's old stand, is the office of the Commissary of the Post—Capt. Henry Cranston, a very popular resort for hungry soldiers on the arrival of the daily trains.

Next door is the firm of Flatau & Waterman, Cap Manufactures, and dealers in Dry Goods and other articles.

The store of Wm. V. Ker & Co., Auctioneers is located a few doors below, at the Barber shop stand.

As we have noticed all the other Auction Stores it may be proper to mention that Messrs. W. B. Griffin & Co. , still occupy their old stand under LaFayette Hall, on Broad Street. An Eating House is now located at the stand formly [sic] occupied by Messrs. W. V. Ker & Co.

We believe that we have thus chronicled all the principal changes in business in our city.—If we have omitted any it is unintentional and unavoidable on account of the large number.

Several of the new firms are refugees from other cities and States either in the hands of or closely pressed by the Yankees, and all are doing well. We may have omitted to mention some of the firms as Commission Merchants, but we have given the style of business in which they are engaged, and written enough, at any rate, to keep the boys amused for an hour or so in studying out the locations of these changes, and commenting upon the different appearance of Broad street compared with what it was a few years since, on account of the new signs and the new business firms. If we have succeeded in this effort to give them a little recreation in reflecting upon this hurriedly drawn panorama of "home, sweet home," we shall be repaid for the trouble which we have taken to spread it before them.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 5, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

[Communicated.]

Agusta [sic], Ga., April 5th, 1864.

Mr. Editor.—I am truly gratified to have it in my power to make the following statement. The Surgeon in charge of the 3rd Ga. Hospital has had the kindness to call upon me for the purpose of informing me that the order recently issued by him and of which I complain in my communication in this mornings Constitutionalist, were issued in conformity with his instructions from the War Department; that it is not his desire to deprive the sick of the articles of diet brought by the ladies; and that he will see that the ladies be not prevented in the future from distributing nourishments in person to the sick soldiers. I am authorized by the Surgeon to make known that he will be happy to have the ladies continue their kind offices as heretofore, with the simple proviso that they give the sick no other aliment than that perscribed [sic] by the attending physician.—The diet for each patient is prescribed in writing and fixed to the head of the bead [sic], so that there can be no difficulty in carrying out the instructions.

It is to be hoped now that all who can contribute something to the comfort of the sick will feel no backwardness in doing so either personally or by proxy. Nothing is more consoling to a poor sick soldier far away from his friends than the manifestation of interest in his fate by the discreet and benevolent women of the community in which he may be thrown. He feels then that although in the midst of strangers he is not friendless, and that if he has any favors to ask or any tears to shed, he need be neither afraid nor ashamed, for women will be there to listen and to sympathize.

Citizen.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 5, 1864, p. 4, c. 4
Summary: Concert Hall—"Camille"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 7, 1864, p. 2, c. 5
Summary: Concert Hall—"The Hunchback;" "Slasher and Crasher"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 7, 1864, p. 3, c. 2-3
Summary: Annual meeting of the Press Association of the Confederate States; representatives of the Columbia South Carolinian, Macon Telegraph, Augusta Constitutionalist, Atlanta Southern Confederacy, Mobile Advertiser & Register, Augusta Chronicle & Sentinel, Atlanta Intelligencer present; Raleigh Progress by proxy.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 7, 1864, p. 3, c. 1
"The Soldier's Suit of Grey."—This is the title of a piece of sheet music just published by Blackmar & Bro., from the Lithographic Department of our enterprising neighbors, Patterson & Co. The words are by Carrie B. Sinclair, and the music by E. Clarke Ilsley—one of the most scientific musicians in the South. The piece is neatly and tastefully executed, and will, doubtless, be popular with the ladies.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 7, 1864, p. 3, c. 1
A monument is to be erected by the Jews to the memory of Ezra, the scribe, the great restorer of their sacred writing. His tomb, in which his body has now rested for nearly two thousand years, stands in the desert near the confluence of the Tigris, and the Euphrates. The memorial scheme is under the charge of the Jews of Bagdad, and the monument proposed is the only one befitting the memory of a man venerated all alike by Christians and Jews. It is to take the form of a college for the study of the writings preserved through Ezra's care, for the benefit of the civilized world.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 8, 1864, p. 2, c. 5
Summary: Concert Hall—"Richelieu"; "John Jones"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 8, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Cotton Yarns.

12 Bales Cotton Yarns, for sale by

Estes & Clark.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 10, 1864, p. 2, c. 5
Summary: Concert Hall—"The Wife;" "Nan , the Good for Nothing"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 10, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Mutual Supply Association.

The following named Stockholders are entitled to a cord of wood each upon the payment of twenty-five dollars. Mr. J. Scully will deliver the wood upon receipt of the money, at the Georgia Railroad yard, on Campbell street, commencing Monday morning, the 11th instant. Those who do not go in person for their wood will please send written orders.

By order of

J. W. Horton, President.

[list]

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 10, 1864, p. 3, c. 2

We publish with pleasure the correspondence between Major V. J. B. Girardey in command of the Augusta Arsenal Battalion and Dr. Paul F. Eve, Surgeon in Charge of this Post. The sentiments which animates both of these meritorious officers in paying tribute and attention to such of the gallant ones as may fall victims either to disease or wounds, reflects the highest credit on them. And we say all honor to them for inaugurating in our midst an act of Christian and soldierly sympathy:

Headquarters Augusta Arsenal Battalion, }
March 29, 1864. }

Dr. P. F. Eve, Surgeon in Charge of Post:

Sir—I have observed upon more than one occasion, in passing the Hospitals of the Post, the remains of soldiers carried to the Graveyard without a single attendant or escort except the hearseman.

I cannot resist the impulse of calling your attention to this sad fact, and expressing my regret that the demands of the moment should impose an unmindfulness of the courtesies and considerations due the gallant dead; and a neglect most cruel and unnatural toward these braves who die from disease contracted in camp or from wounds received on the field of battle.

Is it because men are strangers, far away from friends and family, that we should allow them to be taken with so little ostentation to their last resting place? Men who sacrifice life in defence [sic] of country are never "strangers;" and soldiers who fight and suffer for a common cause are brothers and should be treated accordingly.

Have not our battles been fought and won by the noble privates? Why then should not a proper regard be shown them as well as their officers?

I know, sir, that you, nor the surgeon in charge of hospitals, are responsible for this condition of things, and in calling your attention to what I consider an act of inconsiderate injustice, it is with the view of enlisting your interests to change this callousness that has grown too habitual.

If you will direct your surgeons in charge of hospitals to give me notice when the corpse of soldiers will be ready for interment, upon the receipt of such notice I shall cheerfully cooperate with you, and order an appropriate escort from my Battalion, and as long as this brotherly attention can be extended and performed I will engage to do it.

With consideration of high regard,
I remain, very respectfully,
Your obedient serv't,
V. J. B. Girardey,
Com'dg Bat.

Post Surgeon's Office, }
Augusta, Ga., March 31, 1864. }

Sir: The Surgeon of the Post respectfully returns to Maj. Girardey his sincere thanks for his kind offer communicated this morning, and informs him that notice of it was promptly issued to the Surgeons in charge of the hospitals of the city.

Very respectfully,
Your ob'dt serv't,
Paul F. Eve,
Post Surgeon.

Maj. V. J. B. Girardey, Com'dg Batt.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 12, 1864, p. 2, c. 4
Summary: Concert Hall—"Time Tries All"; song "The Valiant Conscript;" "Crossing the Line"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 12, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

Youthful Heroes.—The patriotic ardor with which the youth of the South is imbued has never been equalled [sic] certainly not surpassed by the same class in any age or country. When the tocsin of war first resounded throughout our broad beautiful land, the Southern youth, as if by magic, sprang forth, with willing, cheerful hearts, in response to the call of their beloved country. From the mountains and the vallies [sic], from the fertile broad savannas, from the hills and sea washed shore the good, the brave, the noble, the hightoned, the impulsive, and the chivalrous sons of the South rushed into the bloody arena to grapple with the scum of Northern and European society—the base hirelings of baser and more depraved [sic] masters—for the liberty, the honor, the glory and rights which a grasping, unprincipled and tyranical [sic] despot would trample in the dust.

Well and nobly have they performed their duty. For three long years with heroic endurance and Spartan courage, have they continued the conflict and bore off the palm from the overwhelming forces of the blatant baffled enemy. The same fire which first glowed in their youthful bosoms still burns with a more intense ardor.

The lapse of three years of savage, brutal warfare on the part of the Abolitionists, has but served to add fuel to a fire which now blazes with a steady, brilliant flame, the effulgence of which shall never be extinguished, although it may be obscured by a passing cloud, until the last armed foe is driven from off our soil, and our country occupies that position among the nations of the earth to which she is already justly entitled. such is the spirit which animates all classes, old and young, rich and poor, high and low in the armies of the South, and such a spirit is unconquerable, no matter how superior the resources and numbers of the enemy.

The foregoing remarks were called forth upon hearing the particulars of an expedition undertaken near this city by a party of juvenile soldiers with a view to make their way to Dalton and offer their services to Gen. Johnston, to act as couriers in the place, as they said, of some of the able bodied men who act in that capacity. The party, of which this youthful company was

originally composed, consisted, as we understand, of ten members whose ages range from nine to fifteen. Having made all their arrangements, they appointed thanksgiving Day as the time to take up their line of march for the “front;” but four o’clock, the hour at which they were to start, came and only four out of the ten were present, the balance, we presume, having been arrested and placed in close confinement by their parents, who, while they admired the spirit, could not approve of the conduct of the juvenile warriors, in departing from their paternal roofs to enter the service of their country.

The quartette who had assembled according to agreement, determined not to be foiled in their cherished undertaking, mounted their steeds—a donkey, a shetland pony [sic], and two horses—took a last, long, lingering look at the scenes of their childhood, turned their backs upon their homes, and took up their line of march. At ten o’clock that night they halted near Berzelia, and encamped, having marched twenty miles.

When it became known that the party had absconded, one of their relatives took the train that night. On arriving at Berzelia, in company with a friend, he started in pursuit, and after searching about for some time, came suddenly upon the camp, was challenged by the sentinel pacing his rounds, ordered to advance and give the countersign, whereupon, without further parley, both gentlemen advanced upon the guard, took him prisoner, surprised the entire party, capturing four prisoners, together with all their stores, and brought them back in safety to this city, where they all arrived at an early hour on Saturday morning, much fatigued after their brief but romantic campaign.

When asked, by some person who met them on their march after starting out, where they proposed going, they replied: “Going to fight for our country, since some of those who are at home and ought to be in the field are evading their duty under one pretext or another.”

Whilst we cannot approve of the conduct of those lads in leaving home, we admire and commend the noble spirit which actuated them. They are heroes in embryo, and will one day, we hope, render valuable service to their country. With such a spirit pervading the rising generation, the subjugation of the South can never be accomplished until the grave closes over the last of her children.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 12, 1864, p. 3, c. 5

A Great Cotton Factory.—The Augusta Factory, which William E. Jackson is President, has far outstripped its rivals in the magnitude of its numerous and princely donations. The aggregate of what it has given to our cause would amount to many millions of dollars. Many fortunes have been profusely bestowed upon the poor and destitute; and its aid towards our Government has not been equalled [sic] by any factory in the Confederate States. The President of this company is a Jackson after the model of Old Hickory and the immortal Stonewall. Their generosity is of the true stamp, and is never known but to the recipient. But the people should know something at least of the work of this great and patriotic institution, so that in afterdays they may distinguish between those who have aided in building up, and those who have sought to destroy by the infamy and curse of speculation.

They furnish to the Augusta Purveying Association 8,000 yards of cotton cloth, weekly, since 1862; to the State Quartermaster, 10,000 yards per week; to the C. s. Government, (of which Col. Rains is at the head,) 10,000 yards, for cartridge;s [sic] the Georgia Relief Association, 5,000 per week, Maj. J. T. Winemore, the C. S. Quartermaster, 70,000 per week; many bales to counties and individuals as far west as Mississippi, and as far North as Virginia, and thousands of pieces to the people of its own glourious [sic] State. For the families of

soldiers and the poor of Richmond and the Valley; he has sent many thousands of yards to the establishment of C. B. Rouss, where it has been sold at cost—say from 50 cents to \$1 per yard—and given away to those who had no money to pay for it.

On on, Jackson, in your great and good work. Go on, and the soldier in his bivouac, and on the lonely picket-post, will thank God for the help you have given his loved one's [sic] at home! Mr. Rouss has entrusted as chief agent, Wm. Keister, for the collection and distribution of supplies—a man of unsullied reputation [sic] and untiring energy in the discharge of his duty to the poor and distressed of our country.—Richmond Sentinel.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 13, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

A Patriotic Planter.—David Dickson, of Hancock county, Ga., is known by name at least to many readers of our agricultural journals as one of the most successful and thriving planters of Georgia, and, of course, of the South. The following letter to the Milledgeville Recorder, will show his patriotism:

Sparta, Ga., January 21st, 1864.

Messrs. Orme & Son.—Dear Sirs: I had from eight to ten families living on my land, at the time the war commenced, and all the families whose husbands and sons left for the war, I placed free of rent. I will give you an account of two ladies whose husband left for the war, both of them had been raised to labor in the field.

Mrs. Cobb lives on a place that cost me three thousand five hundred dollars, at \$5 per acre, for the last two years. She has done the whole farm work, ploughing [sic], burning logs, carting, &c. She has six small childred [sic] unable to work. Last fall I met Mrs. Cobb at a Cotton Factory with five hundred and forty-five dollars worth of bacon and lard at the Augusta price, to swap for thread to cloth her family—all her labor of 1862. From her labor of 1863, she killed of pork at the market price, two thousand seven hundred and seventy-two dollars and fifty cents worth.

Mrs. Meeks lives on a place of mine, very poor, containing one hundred acres, which cost me \$4 per acre. Last fall she had bacon to sell to soldiers' wives at one dollar per pound, when the price in Augusta was three dollars. This winter she will kill more than two thousand dollars worth of pork, and have plenty of corn to do her this summer. She has three small children of her own, and takes one to raise belonging to some of her neighbors. She is hard down on soldiers wives that are doing nothing, and says that she is worth three times as much property as her husband left her, and wishes Tom to come home as she may feast him and rule him the balance of his life, and learn him to farm."

Since the war, to all the families on my land, up to this fall, I sold corn at \$1 per bushel.—This year I sell bread corn at \$1 per bushel, and \$2 for corn to feed hogs with. These two ladies will pay from five to seven hundred dollars in tithes to the Government—all of their labor of 1863. That is, if soldiers wives pay tithes.

David Dickson.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 13, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

Cotton Cards,

450 Pair No. 1 Cotton Cards for sale at reduced price, by

Geo. R. Crump & Co.,
Under Augusta Hotel.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 13, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

\$50 Reward.

Ranaway from the subscriber, on Monday, the 10th, my negro man Charles. Said negro is about 5 feet, 5 inches high, black complexion, teeth good and a little apart. He had on a suit of purple-dyed homespun when he left, and usually wears a slouch felt hat, considerably worn.

I will give the above reward for his apprehension and delivery in any jail so I can get him.—

Address

H. A. Merry.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 13, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

Garden Seeds for the Soldiers of the 63d.

The friends of soldiers, and especially of all connected with the 63d Georgia Regiment, will feel an interest in the card of Major Allen, published in this morning's paper. The proposition is one of a highly laudable character, and should meet with the encouragement which it so richly deserves. Let all our citizens who have garden seeds to spare, see to it that the garden of the 63d Georgia shall prove both useful and ornamental:

Headq'rs 63d Georgia Regiment, }
Thunderbolt Battery, }
Savannah, April 9th, 1864. }

Desirous of promoting the health of this Regiment by securing for its use, during the approaching warm season, a supply of vegetables, it has been determined to establish a Regimental Garden contiguous to this post.

I therefore solicit contributions of seed from our friends, such as okara [sic], tomattoes [sic], Irish and sweet potatoes, peas, and others in their possession, and trust that this appeal may meet with a prompt response, as the time for planting will soon have passed.

All contributions may be left at rooms of the Georgia Relief Association in Augusta, or forwarded direct to my address at Savannah, Ga.

J. V. H. Allen,
Major Commanding.

Chronicle & Sentinel please copy.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 14, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

A preacher made the following distinction in the definition of the two words "coquette" and "flirt." "A flirt is a creature with a heart, but without brains; a coquette is a creature with brains, but without a heart."

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 14, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

Seduction.—On Wednesday last James Mann, was found guilty, by the Superior Court of

Fulton County, of the crime of seduction.

It appears that this man had betrothed himself to one Miss Hamilton, a respectable young lady of this city, and in August last succeeded in taking advantage of her affection for him, and seduced the girl. She shortly after became pregnant, and under pretence that he would repair the injury he had done by marrying her, Mann commenced fitting up a house in this city. Before he had completed his arrangements, the unfortunate girl learned that he was betrothed to another young lady, whom he afterwards married. She immediately had him arrested on the charge of seduction, and he was tried before the Superior Court, at the session held this week in Atlanta, found guilty of the charge and will, no doubt, be sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of several years.

It is said that Mann displayed great feeling when the verdict was rendered, and wept bitterly. But we do not believe it was from remorse for what he had done. It was for the punishment he had to receive. No thought of the poor girl he had ruined, entered his mind. She is now and [sic] outcast from society. The finger of scorn is pointed at her as the seduced, and her family must bear a stigma on their names. Her head must forever be bowed down in shame, when other an [sic] more virtuous woman [sic] pass her by. Her whole life must be one of penitence for the crime he has committed against society in yielding to the wishes of a villain [sic]. This is the fate to which he has doomed her, and as we think of his crime, the punishment he will receive appears inadequate. No act of his, in after years, can remove the stain he has placed upon her fair fame. Virtue, that jewel of priceless value, once lost, can never be restored, but must ever leave a scar upon all that is good and beautiful in women. No matter how faultlessly love the form and features of a woman may be, when her virtue is gone, she appears hideous to the eyes of all but the debased and shameless.

This is what man has reduced her to. But no more on the subject. On yesterday he received his sentence, and will shortly be sent to the penitentiary, with hard labor to expiate, although but in a small degree, the heinous crime he has committed; while she, the victim of his unhallowed passion will return to her home, and there weep, with sorrow and shame, over the loss of that virtue she can never more possess.

We learn that a motion for a new trial will be made in this case, but the guilt of Mann appears so plain, that we do not apprehend any change in the verdict, if the new trial is even granted.—Atlanta Intelligencer.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 14, 1864, p. 2, c. 5
Summary: Concert Hall—"The Honeymoon;" "The Dead Shot"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 15, 1864, p. 2, c. 5
Summary: Concert Hall—"Fazio;" "Slasher and Crasher"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 15, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

A Worthy Example.—A correspondent of the Charleston Mercury says that the inhabitants of Social Hill, S. C., have received the refugees from Charleston with the greatest hospitality; they have rented houses at the lowest rates, and sell them tobacco at forty-five cents per pound; butter at one dollar per pound, and other articles at the same generous rates. One gentleman employs a servant to catch shad, and sells them to refugees at fifty cents each, allowing every family to purchase two. By their acts they prove themselves patriots and Christians; no Yankee there. We are one Confederate family; and it is the duty of every one of

us to use his heart, head and hands to serve his country and his neighbor as himself, and particularly those who have given up their homes for the honor and welfare [sic] of the State and Confederacy.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 15, 1864, p. 3, c. 2

A Snow Fight on a Large Scale.—A young officer in Gen. Lee's army, writing to his father in the city, gives the following account of the passtime [sic] of the gallant boys of the army of Virginia:

Camp of the 1st Virginia Battalion,}
April 8th, 1864. }

Since the date of my last we have had two severe snow storms, which have put the roads in a horrible condition. The soldiers seem to enjoy the snow exceedingly; for, as soon as it covers the earth, they commence snow-balling—first a company, then a regiment, and, finally, an entire brigade. During the last deep snow I had the pleasure of witnessing one of these sham-battles; it came off between Gens. Johnson's and Rhodes' divisions, and it was really amusing to see how they would fight for their ground. They were led on by their officers. Gen. Johnson commanded his division and Brig. Gen. ----- that of Rhodes. The snow-balls fell like hail; for a time the surrounding scenery and the combatants were completely obscured. Rhodes' men had nearly driven Johnson's force into the woods, when the Louisiana brigade was ordered to the rescue. Down they came with a terrific yell, led on to the charge by their gallant Brigadier, who rode in front of his line, crying out, "Boys, charge the tar heels!" He had scarcely got the words out of his mouth, when a snow ball, as large as a 36-pound ball, struck him directly in the mouth with such force that he came near vacating his saddle. Then came a yell which could be heard for miles, and the General was carried off the field *hors du combat*. Seeing this, Rhodes' men rallied and made a desperate charge upon their foes, and again Johnson's men had to "skedaddle" to the woods, with Rhodes at their heels. There was only one bridge over the creek which the pursuing party would have to cross if they continued their pursuit of Johnson's boys, who still retreated. The command was given then to charge over the bridge, which they did; but they soon regretted it; for, as the last regiment passed over the bridge, a brigade of Mississippians and Texans came up, and where they came from nobody knew, for they swarmed from the woods like bees from a hive, every man with his hat or cap full of snow-balls. Rhodes' men were in a bad fix now—between two fires.—As soon as Johnson's men saw that their allies had arrived, they turned round and ran Rhodes back to the bridge, which, however, the Mississippians had barricaded, and he had to surrender just when he thought his victory was complete.—Gen. Rhodes acknowledged that Johnson had completely out-generated him.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 16, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

Summary: Concert Hall—"Richelieu"; "Nan, the Good for Nothing"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 16, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

New Publication.—Blackmar & Bro. have placed us in possession of copies of the "Jack Morgan Songster," containing a number of popular songs, and the "Washington Artillery Polka," a piece of sheet music, arranged by A. E. Blackmar.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 17, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Concert Hall—"Macbeth! with Locke's Original Music"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 17, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Brooms, Seeds, &c.

Brooms—A Fine Lot.

Snap Beans—Two Varieties.

Indigo Seed—Fresh, 1863.

Sorgho or Chinese Sugar Cane Seed, the choicest kind, in large packages.

Also,

A general assortment of seasonable seeds.

For sale by

C. N. Frost & Co.,

276 Broad St.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 19, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

Richmond County Presentments.

We, the Grand Jurors sworn, chosen and selected for the first week, April term, 1864, beg leave to submit the following presentments: . . .

The number of children returned for the county of Richmond during the past year was 2,754.

All the teachers employed in the schools of the county entitled to the benefits of the Poor School Fund have received certificates of competency in terms of the law. These teachers are subjected to certain rules, which have been devised for the government of the schools under their charge, and are held strictly accountable for every infraction brought to the notice of the Board.

On the 26th of October, 1863, the annual report for the year 1863 was sent to the Governor, in accordance with his instructions.

The pay for teachers for the latter portion of the year 1863 was eight cents per day for each scholar who actually attended the schools. This rate has been increased to ten cents per day. Taking into consideration the high prices of all articles of absolute necessity, the extreme difficulty which persons once in comfortable circumstances find in procuring the means of subsistence, the increased rate now paid is still far short of what the teachers of poor schools have a right to expect from the justice to whom is delegated the management of educational affairs. But the demands of the country, in its present emergency, upon the tax payers are so great, that it is necessary that the greatest economy should be exercised in every department of the public business. Although no taxation would be more cheerfully submitted to than that which is designed for the advantage of poor children, who can only look to wise legislation and enlarged liberality for the education their immediate relatives and friends are unable to bestow upon them, yet it is proper that the burdens to be borne by the people should be so distributed as to make them as little onerous as possible.

The condition of the schools of the county will compare favorably with that of any past period. The majority of the teachers are persons of experience in their occupation; many of them have been long engaged, and are energetic and industrious. Some difficulty has been found in relation to books, which are extremely scarce, and sold at enormously advanced prices, but it is hoped that this inconvenience will not long remain without relief. Notwithstanding the great

distress existing in the country, the absorbing anxieties in relation to the struggle now progressing, and the necessity for employing all available means for its prosecution, the schools have been kept steadily in operation, and every exertion has been made to enlarge their usefulness. Recognizing, to the fullest extent, the importance of educating to the welfare and prosperity of a people who live under a republican form of government, and the controlling evils which must result from the exercise of power by the ignorant, the Board have endeavored, within the limits assigned them by the law, so to discharge the duties incident to their responsible trust as to advance the cause of knowledge.

David L. Roath, Ordinary.

. . . The number of inmates in the Poorhouse at the present time are twenty-eight. The number admitted during the past year at any one time did not exceed thirty-one. Only two deaths have occurred during the year. The inmates are tolerably well cared for; some of them are greatly in need of clothing, and we recommend the necessary clothing be furnished. The buildings are in a dilapidated condition, and we request the repairs necessary be immediately made. . .

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 19, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Concert Hall—"Don Cæsar de Bazan;" "The Spectre [sic] Bridegroom"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 19, 1864, p. 3, c. 2

Mortality Among Yankee Prisoners.—The Columbus Enquirer says that if some arrangement for the exchange of prisoners is not speedily effected, the Confederacy will derive but little benefit from it. A few days ago, while the cars were at Andersonville, the editor learned that the mortality among the Yankee prisoners at that point was frightful. One of the guard informed him that fifty-two died on the previous day, and that, since their arrival, the average of deaths per day was thirty-five. Small-pox, pneumonia and diarrhœa, are taken [sic] them off by wholesale. The cartel takes no account of dead men, and hence we trust that the exchange may be resumed before the ranks of these eight thousand prisoners are much further depleted.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 20, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

A Manufacturing Town.—Danville, Virginia, is becoming quite a manufacturing town. The Register says:

As a part of the machinery lately introduced into this town, we may mention an apparatus for knitting, which has just been put up, and is now in successful operation. It not being open to general inspection, we have not had the opportunity of witnessing the working of this machine, but we understand it is a valuable invention for saving labor, as it will turn out several dozen pairs of stockings per hour. It is something entirely new in this land. The Yankees have heretofore worked the machinery for the Southern people, and no doubt this is one of their machines brought hither to help along the needles of our good country women of the South.

We may add that we have now in Danville, established since the commencement of the war, two large woolen mills, two factories for making cotton cards, a match factory, and a knitting establishment. But there is plenty of water power yet unemployed.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 20, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Concert Hall—"The Wife;" "Cousin Joe"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 21, 1864, p. 2, c. 5
Summary: Concert Hall—"Macbeth! with Locke's Original Music"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 21, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Cotton Yarns.

20 Bales Cotton Yarns, for sale by

Estes & Clark.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 22, 1864, p. 1, c. 4

A Lawless Proceeding.—Yesterday forenoon a combination of women, numbering from fifty to one hundred, suddenly appeared at the grocery store of Er. [sic] A. F. Mira, on Whitaker street, near Broughton. While several of them entered the store, the balance remained outside. Those inside stated to Mr. Mira that they wished something to eat, and would have it. The proprietor of the store seeing from their numbers [sic] that he was at their mercy, told them that he would give them some bacon, and while in the act of so doing, those outside rushed into the store and forced Mr. Mira into one corner, when each of the party commenced helping herself to whatever came within reach. After having done this they retired.

The same party also went to the store of Mr. William McIntyre, on Market Square, and demanded provisions. Mr. McIntyre told them that if they actually stood in need of food he would supply them with a small quantity. He then distributed to them a quantity of bacon, &c. From this store they took nothing forcibly.

The store of Mr. John Gilliland, on the same block, was also visited by the same party. Here they entered commenced to help themselves to a small lot of bacon, which was hanging [fold in paper] of the women helped herself to such an article of bacon as suited her fancy and then hastily beat a retreat. Mr. Gilliland was determined that his property should not thus be taken, and immediately interfered, and succeeded in recovering a portion of it. Many of the women, however, succeeded in making their escape with their plunder.

While this proceeding was going on a large concourse of people had assembled in the vicinity of the stores attacked, and three of the women were arrested and committed to the guard house. They will be brought before the Mayor this morning.

Such are the facts of this disgraceful affair, as reported to us. That the present high prices of provisions have produced distress no one can doubt, and it is probable that some who participated in the riotous proceedings of yesterday were goaded to their course by the pressure of want, but if we are rightly informed many if not the majority of them had not even that excuse for the commission of acts of lawlessness. Be this as it may, there can be no necessity or justification for such acts of outrage and robbery. It is not generally the truly worthy, deserving poor who resort to such measures, and those who thus set the laws and public propriety at defiance forfeits the sympathy of the community. If there is indeed want and suffering let the sufferers make their condition known in the right quarter, and a community that has never turned a deaf ear to the appeals of the helpless and needy will give them relief.

We trust that our city authorities will investigate this matter, ascertain who they are that truly needs assistance, and take proper steps for their relief. Such action is not only due to the wives and children of soldiers in the service, to the helpless poor, and to the peace and good name of our community, but also to the best interests of the city. While the mob spirit should be

met with firmness, we should, in these times, act in accordance with the maxim of “help [sic] one another.” Let the turbulent be rebuked, but let not the worthy and law abiding poor suffer.—
Savannah News 20.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 22, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

Impressions of a First Visit to the Capital of South Carolina

. . . There are many beautiful and attractive residences in and around Columbia. The beautiful gardens planted, with rare and ornamental trees arranged with taste and elegance, give evidence of a resident population of high refinement and cultivation. The public buildings are an honor to the State. But all of them fade before the new Capitol now in the course of construction. The war has necessarily impeded the progress of this great work. Enough, however, has been done to excite the admiration of every visitor. It will be one of the finest specimens of architecture on this continent. We understand that several statues [sic] of some of Carolina’s most noble sons will adorn appropriate places in the building. Upon the front now are to be seen the fine faces of Hayne and McDuffie. Both are equally worthy of the honor, but in the latter we felt an especial pride, as Georgia was his birthplace. These splendid specimens of architecture are no idle contributions to the fame and character of the State. It serves to excite in the younger generation a disposition to emulate the character of the illustrious dead. It is not true, as Goethe expressed it, “we should cultivate the beautiful, for the useful will take care of itself.” The beautiful is always useful, and it should therefore be cultivated on account of its usefulness.

In a limited visit, amidst business engagements, time was not left of course to see all the attractions of the gay city of Columbia. Here, however, are located some of the most important institutions of the country. The note engraving establishments and the large publishing house of Evans & Cogswell would doubtless have afforded a delightful and instructive recreatory visit had the opportunity not been denied us by other and more pressing engagements.

Main or Richardson street, as it is indifferently termed, was thronged with gay soldiers and fair women. And a man without occupation could find no more pleasant past-time than thus seizing occasion to admire the beauty of Columbia’s fair daughters and their wonderful ingenuity displayed in elegant and showy costumes in these blockade days.

All Columbia is alive about the grand barbecue [sic] to be given to Hampton’s Legion, now commanded by Col. Gary, on the 22d inst. All soldiers present in Columbia and all honorably discharged from the service, are invited to attend. It will doubtless prove a most pleasant reunion between the people and soldier, and serve to show each to the other that while the duties of the latter in the field are more arduous those imposed upon the former are of a responsible character. Such re-unions should often take place, where occasion affords, as they serve to harmonize the views and feelings of both.

Carolina politics are very different from our own. Blood and race impress themselves so deeply on a people that it takes ages and generations of men to pass away before the peculiar principles which they instill are eradicated. The Huguenot [sic] of South Carolina of to-day is not the same Huguenot [sic] of the 16th century, but he is a Huguenot [sic] still. He has the same pride, the same unending pride, chivalry and nobility of character and with it much of the clanishness [sic] of his ancestor. Families exert more influence in Carolina than with us in Georgia. We heard much discussion among leading citizens about aspirants for different public offices. It is not unusual to hear the remark made that such and such a candidate is a favorite of such and such

a family. This is almost unknown among us. We write of it neither to approve or disapprove.

During our visit we had the pleasure of meeting with a distinguished and well informed citizen from North Carolina from whom we were glad to learn that Holden's chances for election to the Gubernatorial chair, of the old North State, are exceedingly slim, and are daily growing beautifully less.

Our visit is at an an [sic] end. We return home with our love for Carolina enhanced but with our love for Georgia as undiminished as ever.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 22, 1864, p. 2, c. 5
Summary: Concert Hall—"Romeo and Juliet;" "Cousin Joe"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 22, 1864, p. 3, c. 3

Suggestion.—If some of the female ladies who travel to and fro on the Georgia railroad are determined to "chaw" tobacco anyhow, it is to be hoped that they will do so on the sly. For decency's sake, if naught else, ye chewers, grant this request. The writer hereof has frequent occasion to travel on this line of locomotion, (in the ladies' car,) and he does not relish the idea of being spit all over by female masticators of the nauseous weed. Snuff-dipping is bad enough, in all conscience; but from a woman spitting tobacco juice—ministers and grace, defend us!—Reveille.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 23, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

More Lawlessness.—We learn from the Savannah News that some days since a party of women, numbering from twelve to fifteen, went to the Government warehouse at Valdosta, on the Gulf Railroad, and headed by one of their party who was armed with a pistol, broke into the building and took from it a quantity of bacon. No resistance was made, and the triumphant party loaded their plunder in a wagon and drove off.

In the same neighborhood a number of women entered a store and desired to purchase cotton yarns. The proprietor refused to sell for money, but was willing to exchange for bacon. As the women had no bacon to exchange, they forcibly took all the yarns in the store.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 23, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

The Provision Mob in Savannah.

The investigation of the disgraceful *emute* of Tuesday attracted a large crowd at the Mayor's Court yesterday morning. The first case called was that of Mary Welsh, who was charged with taking bacon from the store of Mr. John Gilliland, on Market square. Police officer Meace testified that he had arrested the accused with bacon in her possession. Several witnesses identified her as one of the women who entered Mr. G's store on Tuesday, and took bacon.—She was turned over to the Magistrate for prosecution.

Anne McGlin and Julia McLane were charged with disorderly conduct in the streets. Both of these women were in the crowd who entered the store and helped themselves to their contents. Policeman Dowd and Lieut. Reilly, and Sheriff Cole, were the witnesses called. It was proven that Mrs. McClane had taken no part in the proceedings, having been a mere spectator. She was discharged. Mrs. McGlenn, when arrested, had a small quantity of rice in her possession, which she said had been given her by Mr. McIntire.

No one appearing to prosecute them, and as there was no evidence that they had committed an offence, the Mayor, in consideration that they were the wives of soldiers in the army, and having been confined all night in the guard house, discharged them from custody. Each of these women had from two to three children, and as no evidence of any guilt had been proven against them, the Mayor warned them against the illegal proceedings of the previous day, and stated that as all of those who had appeared before him had been receiving support from the Justices of the Inferior Court, in food, wood, money, &c., as he was determined to punish all who violated the laws, and their names should be stricken from the books of the Court. The laws, he said, must be sustained at all hazards, and at every sacrifice. The occurrence of yesterday was disgraceful to the city. That there was great distress among the poor of the city, as he well knew, but no circumstances could justly [sic?] resort to riots and attempts at robbery. Nor must the impression be allowed to prevail that provision for the needy had not been made for the needy.

Since his coming into office in October last, between twenty and thirty thousand dollars had been appropriated by council to purchase provisions and fuel for gratuitous distribution amongst the poor. Aid has also been furnished by the State, and private charity has contributed generously. A recourse to such action as going about in crowds as done yesterday, was uncalled for and unjustifiable. If persisted in, they would lead to the most serious, and perhaps, fatal consequences, and he was determined to put them down, if the arm of the law could reach the perpetrators. When woman trampled upon law she forfeited those privileges as woman, they become criminals, and as such, they should be treated, if any were brought before him.

He called upon all good citizens within the sound of his voice to frown down all such attempts at riot and to aid the loyal authorities in promptly repressing them.

Mr. Welsh, the husband of the female alluded to above, has been in the Confederate navy since the commencement of the war, and has always borne a good character as a citizen and a soldier. In consequence of this and other considerations, Mr. Gilliland has resolved not to prosecute. As the matter was thus terminated without a prosecution, we trust that we will never again be called upon to chronicle an event so disgraceful to our city. As the liberality of our citizens has ever been profuse and unstinted when called upon by the really deserving, so should her fame be unblemished by internal disorder.—Savannah News.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 23, 1864, p. 1, c. 3

[From the Atlanta Intelligencer.]

Remarks of Judge Bigham on Sentencing James Mann for Seduction.

In Superior Court at Atlanta, Fulton Co., Georgia.

The State }

vs. } Seduction—sentence of the Court.

James Mann, }

You have been indicted for the crime of seduction. After a patient and impartial trial the Jury has brought in against you, a verdict of guilty.

Your crime is such an [sic] one that no true hearted man can contemplate it without feelings of unutterable scorn. Society looks upon it with alarm, and, throughout all of its home circles, trembles, and *shudders* at its commission. He who commits it is guilty of treason against all those mild affections which give charm to and make up the sum of domestic felicity.

The seducer is worse than the robber. The robber has the courage to encounter resistance. He makes his cowardly attack upon unprotected female weakness. The seducer is worse than the thief. The thief steals perishable goods. He steals happiness and character; yea, he steals the crown of female loveliness, which is virtue, and then tries to conceal the turpitude of his foul act in the more perfect ruin of his victim, by slander. The seducer is worse than the poisoner. The poisoner plys [sic] his black art to destroy physical life. He puts his woful [sic] chalice to the lips of the spirit and with fiendish atrocity; by false pretences of affection and protestations of devotion, allures a tender and delicate, but [fold in paper] Thus he adulterates life stream, and corrupts the cup of human joy. Obtaining possession of one of the fair daughters of the State by false pretences, he immolates her upon the altar of passion, and there heartlessly abandons her to the rude blasts of contempt and misfortune.

In these general remarks, I have faintly summed up the measures of your iniquity. The evidence in this case discloses that when you came to Atlanta you found a mother, weak and of delicate health, passed beyond the meridian of life, occupying lowly and unpretending lodgings, struggling with poverty, but blessed with the presence and assistance of four fair young daughters who bloomed around her humble board like olive plants. The husband of this widow and father of these girls had, but a short time before, winged his flight from the bosom of the family to another and better world, from the effects of disease contracted in the defence [sic] of the country. Well might that father, as he looked around upon these tender females, with whom God had crowned his honest nuptials, conscious of his patriotic services to our cause, reflect with consolation that his countrymen would consider it their sacred duty to defend, cherish and protect his family. And if a passing apprehension crossed his mind that such a wretch as you would make a serpent's [sic] path into the Eden he was about to leave behind, well might he have solaced himself with the confidence that the very defencelessness [sic] and poverty of his children would commend them to pity. The son of this widow and brother of these girls was then, and is yet, at the front defending the country from the inroads of an enemy charged with all barbarity, but whose cruelties have not yet surpassed the deliberate wickedness of your crime. Yes, he is defending that body of yours with which you have ruthlessly violated the person of his miserable sister.

You insinuated yourself into this circle; betrayed the confidence of of [sic] the mother, and won the affections of the poor girl whom you have despoiled of her chastity by systematically shaping your conduct in such way as best seemed to answer your mean purposes. At one time you would accompany her to a public ball, at other times to parties church, where the presence of ladies and gentlemen, engaged in honorable attentions to each other, it would seem, ought to have rebuked your evil designs and exercised the foul devil that prompted you to plot against this orphan. All the time you wreathed your countenance in smiles of tenderness. Yes, you "smiled and smiled, and still you were a villain." You stole the language of lovers sacredly dedicated to pure and commendable affection, and prostituted it on the execrable altar of your lusts. Thus did you deceive this confiding female into affection for you. Thus did you beguile her into believing you were wooing her to the marriage bed, while, all the time, you were wooing [sic] her to the bed of ruin and degradation. When we consider that your act has consigned her to a life of disgrace or of penitence, the sentence of the law which I am now about to pronounce on you, will not appear severe. I, at least, hope the example may deter others from the commission of this crime. Those who do commit it are felons at heart and I rejoice that our law so regards them.

The old English rule left parties exclusively to seek a remedy for seduction in suits for

damages, as if virtue stolen could be compensated for in filthy lucre; but now in Georgia the injured party may have her redress as formerly under that law, and society has a punishment prepared for the injury done to public peace, decorum and good morals. Under any view of this beneficent law it only remains for me to say, that in all cases that may be brought before me where the parties have been found guilty upon fair trial, no matter what the station in life of the party may be, be it high or low, in civil or in military life, I shall, without fear, favor or affection, enforce judgment to the full extent and limit of the law. The high character of my colleagues on the bench in Georgia, warrants me in saying that I doubt not but they will thus administer efficacious punishment to the end, that offenders may be deterred from the commission of this enormity in Georgia. Georgia's daughters are her jewels. Their peace, their purity and protection from insult, and from this deceitful [sic] injury, is charged upon her magistrates. They will not betray that trust.

The Judge then proceeded to sentence the prisoner to the Penitentiary, for the full space and term of twenty years.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 23, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

Criticism on Prayer.—The following resolution was introduced in the Yankee Senate a few days ago by Mr. Saulsbury, of Delaware:

Resolved, That the Chaplain of the Senate be respectfully requested hereafter to pray and supplicate Almighty God in our behalf, and not to lecture Him, informing Him, under pretense of prayer, his, said Chaplain's, opinion in reference to His duty, as Almighty, and that the said Chaplain be further requested, as aforesaid, not, under the form of prayer, to lecture the Senate in relation to questions before the body.

Mr. Howard objected to the resolution, and the Senate went into Executive session.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 23, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Concert Hall—"Romeo and Juliet;" "Marry Our Landlady"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 23, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

New Music.—We have been favored by our neighbors, Blackmar & Bro., with three peices [sic] of neatly arranged sheet music, "I Cannot Forget Thee," a ballad as sung by Madame Ruhl composed by Albin Disher; "Improvisatin" on the favorite melody "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still" by Theod Von La Lacke; and the "Washington Artillery March," arranged by A. E. Blackmar.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 23, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

The Prison on Lake Erie.

Under this head the Louisville Journal, of the 28th ultimo, publishes the following lines, written by "Asa Hartz," the correspondant [sic] of the Mobile Tribune. It may not be amiss to say that "Asa Hartz" is Major McKnight, of Gen. Loring's staff:

The full, round morn, in God's blue bend,
Glides o'er her path so queenly—
Dark shadows creep, fate into light,

And stars look down serenely,
A captive looks out on the scene—
A scene so sad and dreary;
And thinks a weary captive's thoughts
In prison on Lake Erie.

The happy, happy days of youth
Flit by him fast and faster;
The joys which gave no warning note
Of manhood's dire disaster;
The days when joy, and peaceful homes,
And firesides bright and cheery,
Come back to find him sad and worn,
In prison on Lake Erie.

A passing cloud flies o'er the scene,
The light, a moment banished,
Returns again, but now, alas!
The vision bright has vanished.
The happy view of childhood's throne
Leaves but a picture dreary,
To rest the aching eye upon,
In prison on Lake Erie!

How many moons will rise and wane;
How many months will languish—
Ere Peace, the white-winged angel, comes
To soothe a nation's anguish?
God speed the long'd and pray'd for day,
When lov'd ones, bright and cherry, [sic]
Shall welcome us around the hearth,
From prison on Lake Erie .

Asa Hartz.

Johnson's Island, February, 1864.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 24, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

[Correspondence Augusta Constitutionalist.]
Reflections after Visiting the Chapel
of Fifth Georgia Cavalry.

In Bivouac, near Cedar Creek, }
East Florida , April 18th, 1864. }

Although our regiment is the vanguard of the army and subject at any moment to start from their quiet repose, or their daily routine of duty, by the sound of "boots and saddles," when every man is required to mount in "hot haste" and hasten to the field of victory or death;

although we are far away from our homes and all the endearments that there belong, to check the evil and bring forth the Christian principles of man—and far away from the sweet sound of the church going bell that vibrates with silver music over hill and dale throughout our Christian land, where gather together, Sabbath after Sabbath, the loved ones that are left behind, who pour forth from agonized souls the prayer, supplicating high heaven for the protection of those far away, and a happy close of this cruel war; although we are far away from all these—from all that gives live a zest, and teaches man that there is something in the present worth cherishing, struggling, and dying for, yet we have not forgotten in whom to trust or on whose great arm to lean, in this our struggle to break the barriers that separate us from all we have left behind.—As the soldier stands upon his post, his eyes search the dim vista, struggling in mental agony to pierce through the distance that intervenes between him and those far away. Oh vain the search! No eye can penetrate! All is blank! He turns in agony to heaven and supplicates the speedy ending of the war. Whether upon duty or in the silent repose of the bivouac, he still clings to the dream of the happy days to come, and earnestly prays to the power above to cleave the dark veil that intervenes.

Around the bivouac fires at night may be seen, just after tattoo [sic], the nightly circle gathered together to listen to the eloquent words and soul-stirring appeals of our Chaplain. Oh, it does the heart good to see those war-worn men encircled around their camp fire, while the massive pines loom over their heads in the gloom of the night, with here and there a bright star twinkling through their boughs, beaming with the radiant light of heaven on the gladdening scene, to see their eyes sparkling with the light of joys to come, and their countenances glowing with spiritual animation, as they listen to the divine words flowing from the eloquent lips of Rev. D. H. Porter, of Savannah, whose soul seems to be embalmed with the fervid enthusiasm to which he has stirred his listeners. Oh cherish, ye men of the battle field, the pure spirit that adorns the christian brow. Oh twine ye a wreath—a wreath of glory that will decorate the halls of eternity! It is not alone by the camp fire that the soldier bends the knee and pours forth his spirit in prayer; for the Sabbath, at the hour when the Southern women, the angels of our land, meet in the house of God, [fold in paper] of prayer, and are listening to the eloquent strains of God's messenger, or bending low, pouring forth their supplications in behalf of our beloved land and its brave defenders; we too meet beneath the massive trees that wave a universal thanksgiving to nature, and listen to the earnest appeals or kind counsel of our beloved Chaplain.

On the Sabbath now we will bid the trees and scorching sunshine adieu, adieu to nature's temple, where the sunrays pour fervid with the noonday heat—thanks to the kindness and instrumentality of Lieut. Walton, there has been erected an extensive chapel, sufficient in area, and comfortable in seats, to accommodate all who wish to enter within its sacred precincts; it is not built with the magnificent granduer [sic] and superlative decorations that adorn some of the temples of God; it is pillared from the pines of the forest, and roofed from the rails of the field; the altar is somewhat rough in its structure, but will be made beautiful from the delineations that will flow from the lips of the occupant, though rough may be the footstool, yet will those words of love and prayer ascend to the gates of Heaven, and I trust the members of the 5th Ga. Cavalry will spend many a pleasant and joyous sabbath within those aisles where those with “Stars” and “Bars,” as well as those without, are taught to know that they are only mortal men and must answer for everything done in this life to the Great General above. He who commands all the armies, and commands upon the principles of justice, love and mercy.

Invocation.

The horrors of war have gathered afar
 Trailing their blood-stains over our land,
The track of the foe leaves misery and woe,
 With the musket, the sabre [sic], and brand;
The cry of the murdered arise from their graves,
Then crush ye the tyrant, and never be slaves!

Then kneel by this altar, swear never to falter
 While a foeman is trampling the sod;
Place all your trust in a cause that is just,
 Guided aright by an All-seeing God.
Strike ye my braves! strike ye the blow!
Leave the track of your vengeance wherever you go.

Around the camp fire, each night we aspire
 As suppliants to the Great Power above;
With Omnipotent Hand, to protect our loved land,
 Shielding our homes and the dear ones we love;
In God be our trust; and the last drop of blood
Shall darken the soil where our heroes have stood.

We never will yield, a victorious field
 To the insolent and proud vaunting foe;
Then never falter, but here 'neath this altar,
 Together, while all bending low,
In our hearts we will never despair,
But strike for our homes, the loved ones afar,
'Till peace crown our efforts, and close the dread war.

M.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 24, 1864, p. 2, c. 5
Summary: Concert Hall—"The Honeymoon;" "Marry Our Landlady"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 24, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

A Rich Burlesque.

The army correspondent of the Atlanta Confederacy indulges in the following amusing satire upon the system of issuing orders indiscriminately by many general officers. It was written by a private soldier; a very happy hit, and will be duly appreciated by those who, like him, have become well nigh demented trying to "keep the run of them:"

Headquarters Reserve Brigade, }
February 20th, 1864. }

[General Orders No. 30,217.]

In view of the numerous orders on the subject of Furloughs from the Army, Corps and Division Headquarters, and in order the more effectually to guard against the possibility of any

soldier obtaining a furlough or leave of absence, the following Regulations in reference thereto are published, and will be strictly observed is [sic] this command:

I. In all applications under General Orders Nos. 227, 14, 6, 18, 10 and 20 the certificates of company commanders must show,

1st. That “*Order* is Heaven’s first law.”

2d. That none are absent or desire [sic] to be absent on furlough or otherwise.

3d. That every man in the Company has re-enlisted for the war, and has signed a pledge to re-enlist for the same length of time, under the late military law.

4th. That the applicant has been a “gallant and meritorious soldier,” and has slain at least seven or eight Yankees in single combat. Scalps must be forwarded with application, or the certificate of a Medical Board who saw the same taken in action.

5th. In order that the above paragraph may be fully carried out and only the meritorious receive furloughs, a certificate is required that applicant has been chosen by lot.

6th. The number of barefooted men must be given together with the condition of the camps, and the number of cases of camp itch.

7th. “The vulgar fractions of each Company will be aggregated with the extra duty men,” wagon and ambulances, the square root extracted, and nine wagons out of every ten furloughed.

II. When a recruit is furnished, certificate of the mother of recruit must show that he was piously brought up, that he is not subject to desertion, inclined to cavalry, and that he is not now, and never has been, a *miner* or nitre [sic] bureau (Family Bible will in all cases be inclosed [sic] with the application.)

III. In case of officers applying for leaves of absence, certificate must show.

1st. That applicant is alive and well, and hope that Colonel George Wm. Brant, A. A. G. is enjoying the same blessing.

2d. That applicant has never been tried by General Orders or General Court Marshal.

3d. That he fully and entirely understands all orders upon furloughs and leaves of absence, as well as all other orders whatsoever that may have been or will be hereafter issued.

IV. No such plea as a desire to marry, or attend to important business or to visit a dying wife father or mother, will be considered. In the present crisis of our affairs, no person of common patriotism will entertain the idea of dying, neither will it be allowed. They must quietly await their turn under General Orders.

V. No application for furlough or leave of absence will be entertained unless folded according to form, prescribed in G. O. No. 5, and neatly secured with 6¼ yards red tape.

VI. The following persons are excluded from the benefits and operations of the foregoing order:

1st. All men who have been executed under sentence of a court martial.

2d. All married men who have either visited home or written to their wives within twelve months preceeding [sic] the battle of Missionary Ridge.

3d. All unmarried men who have at any time during the period of six months next preceeding [sic] the 18th of January, 1864, entertained the idea of a matrimonial alliance.

VII. No furloughs or leaves of absence will be granted in any case whatever.

By order of

Brig. Gen. Vidette,

Jerry Screws, Active Expectant Gen’l

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 26, 1864, p. 1, c. 4

A battlefield relief association has been formed at Marietta, Ga., and an efficient relief

corps appointed, who, after every battle, will at once repair to our armies with nurses, surgeons and supplies, to administer to the wants of the sick and wounded.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 26, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

From the Mobile Tribune.
From the Trans-Mississippi Department.

We are indebted to Mr. A. Wagner, of Natchez, who has just arrived from New Orleans, for the following items of news from the Trans-Mississippi Department. . . Brigadier General Tuttle has banished from Natchez Mrs. A. L. Wilson, for smuggling four pounds of powder to her husband in Louisiana; Miss Weirt for smuggling quinine to Louisiana; Miss Ophelia Myers, for writing a letter, saying that she was living under a Yankee despotism; Mrs. Calvert and daughter, for expressing rebel sentiments. All of them are of the most respected families of Natchez. Deserters entering their lines are, by order of Gen. Grant, compelled to take the oath and go North or return to the Confederacy.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 26, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Concert Hall—"The Marble heart, or the Sculptor's Dream;" the piece terminating with a Grand Tableau.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 26, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Concert Hall—April 28—"Metamora, The Last of the Wampanoags"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 26, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Seeds! Seeds!! Seeds!!!

Just received at the "Southern Cultivator" Office, 279 Broad St., (next to Estes & Clark's) the following desirable Seeds: Tomato, Pumpkin, Snap Bean, Fennel, Pop Corn, Watermelon, Collard, English Peas, Salsify, Beet, Squash, Lettuce, Okra, Radish, Cauliflower, Cucumber, Sunflower, Broom Corn, Sorgho, Indigo, &c., &c.

C. N. Frost & Co.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 26, 1864, p. 4, c. 2

Broom Corn and Brooms.—As some planters have grown broom corn, it may not prove amiss to give a few hints about how to make brooms. The best way is to pull to pieces an old broom; but, as everybody may not be able to do this, I will give the most important steps. Procure some strong twine, or string. Bore a hole in the end of the handle, and make one end of this twine or string fast either in this hole or any other way; fasten the other end of any convenient place or object, then holding the handle in the hand, put the brush closely around the handle, turning the handle and fastening each straw tightly with the twine. When the straw has been thus put all around, wind the twine tightly two or three times around it, cut off the ends or butts [sic] a little above the ring of twine, then wind the twine obliquely and tightly around the handle, until far enough to put on the second and last row of straw; put that on like the first or lower row, wind the twine tightly three or four times around and fasten the end either by a tack

driven through a not [sic] in the twine or by a neat staple. Then press the broom a few inches below the end of the handle between two sticks or any other contrivance, pass a couple of bands of twine around it, and fasten them in places by stitching them through the broom, and the broom will be finished. Fastening the further end of the twine to some object and drawing the twine tightly by holding only by the handle will be found to save the hands from blistering, besides enabling the twine to be drawn much more tightly.—Southern Cultivator.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 26, 1864, p. 4, c. 2

Too Many Babies.—The San Francisco Bulletin, in an article, says that “dead babies are found of late in an abundance and quite appalling—they are found everywhere, on corners and in cellars. It seems impossible for a man to dig potatoes in a garden, or excavate a post gate in his front yard, without turning up some little innocent that has been dumped there without coffin or shroud. Yesterday the body of a baby was found lying at one of the wharves in a tin can. Had it not been for this crowning revelation, this article perhaps would not have been written. But when it comes to canning babies, putting them up, so to speak ’for exportation,’ as though they were oysters, shrimps, cauliflowers, green turtle, or jellies, it becomes time to remonstrate. Formerly children were scarce in California. If the supply has become so large that the domestic market is overrun, and foreign exportation has become a matter of expediency, the fact is surely worthy of mention. Last evening, too, the body of a child four or five years old, and apparently as many days dead, was found on Geary street, near Hyde. But this incident of simply finding these unbound and unclaimed little volumns [sic] is too common of late to excite attention or demand remark; it is only when they are canned that the inquiring and indignant pen claims a right to scratch the public ear.—Hermetically sealed babies, carefully prepared, to keep in any clime! What a label for a can, and what a libel on humanity!

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 27, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

Steam Boiler Explosion.—The steam boiler of D. Murphy’s paper mills, Fayetteville, N. C., exploded Saturday the 9th, carrying away a portion of the building, and slightly injuring the machinery. Fortunately the explosion occurred late in the evening when the operatives had nearly all left the mill—there was no one hurt. The proprietors expect to be in operation again in three or four weeks.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 27, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

[Correspondence of the Constitutionalist.]
Letter from Richmond.

Richmond, April 21, 1864.

Like the way of a serpent on a rock, the plans of the Government seem past all finding out.—Many, inclined to grumble at the secrecy enveloping its designs before their fruition, seem to forget that this reticence, so annoying to them, is doubly so to the enemy, and, in so far as it leaves the generation of vipers in ignorance, is of benefit to the cause.

These reflections are suggested by the latest and most startling move of the powers that be, an inkling of which has, no doubt, ere this, reached you. This move is the sending away of several of the bureaux of the Government to the inland cities of the far South. Some of the bureaux have already almost completed their preparations for their exodus, and it is understood

that orders have been issued to others to hold themselves in readiness to remove. On Saturday last, the female *employees* in the note-signing bureau of the Treasury, were notified that their department was to be moved to Columbia, South Carolina, and all not disposed to accompany it thither, so as to resume their clerical duties in that place, would do well to resign. The scene, at the promulgation of these orders, is said to have been quite interesting.

Among the younger portion of the clerks, or *clerkesses*, as they ought perhaps more properly to be called, the prospect of a move, and the anticipated excitement of a change of scene and society were provocative of much hilarity. Among the elders, however, many of whom are refugees entirely dependent upon their salaries and unable, from many reasons, to leave this city, the news did not meet with so cordial a reception, and was even, it is said, the cause of not a few tears and not a little grief. When the pittance now furnished by the Government to these unfortunate ladies is thus withdrawn from them, they must inevitably suffer much distress. It is reported that the places of all who do not go will be filled by new appointments—said appointments, as the Treasury Solon is said to have determined, to be made *entirely* from the State of South Carolina—all applicants from other localities to be overslaughed in the most wholesale manner. In addition is the removal of this bureau, the offices of the First and Second Auditors and that of the Comptroller are, also, to be sent away. The preparations in the Second Auditor's are almost completed, and it will probably start some time during the coming week for its new quarters in Montgomery, Ala. Where the First Auditor's and the Comptroller's offices will be sent is not, as yet, known, though they will probably be sent either to Montgomery, or Macon, in your State. The Ordnance Department, further, is to go to Columbus, Georgia, at least that part of the Department not absolutely required to be in close proximity to the army here.

What other removals are in contemplation are unknown, though the Cabinet were in session to-day on the expediency of sending off several other bureaux, the President and General Bragg being much in favor of the step. . . .

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 27, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

The Great Barbecue.

Since the reception of the Palmetto regiment on its return from Mexico, Columbia has had no such festival as that of the ladies to the soldiers yesterday.

The place was happily chosen, the grounds of the Eastern Asylum affording ample room for the immense assemblage. The soldiers were escorted to the grounds by the fine corps of Arsenal Cadets, under Captain Thomas. In the centre of the grounds a staging, over which floated the beautiful banner presented to the Hampton Legion by the ladies of Matanzas, was occupied by His Excellency the Governor, the Honorable Speaker of the House of Representatives, the distinguished Major General Hampton, Major General Mansfield Lovell, the Rev. Dr. Palmer, the orator of the occasion, the Committee of Arrangements, and other eminent citizens. . . .

The speaking being now over, the ample barbecue was spread, and the soldiers did their duty there as faithfully as they have always done on the fields of glory and of strife. After the substantial were dispatched, still another entertainment awaited them. The sides of the area were flanked with booths, adorned with suitable devices of welcome, and amply provided with delicacies to tempt even more fastidious appetites than theirs. The pleasure of such a feast, too, was enhanced by the presence and hospitable offices of the ladies, who vied with each other in

words and acts of substantial welcome. Indeed we can not forbear the expression of our wonder, where in these days of blockade and hard times, so many good things came from. The sentiment of the people was exhibited in an expression we heard from one of the proprietors, full of the patriotism of the people: "To give these brave soldiers such an entertainment we would be willing to starve for a month to come." God bless the ladies and their glorious spirit in this immortal struggle.

During the whole entertainment the fine notes of the band of the Hampton Legion floated through the air, while the battle-flag, scarred by many a hard fought field, waved in graceful folds over head. The scene was full of interest. The weather-beaten soldier, the graceful maiden, with sweet words of welcome, the balmy air of long deferred spring, all contributed to give zest to the scene. One and one only sad thought protruded like a spectre [sic] upon the cheerful throng. It was for the dead soldier, who sleeps the sleep that has no waking in this world of ours. Under the green sod he rests from his labors. Peaceful be thy slumber, thou honored martyr, to thy country's cause. Green be the sod upon thy lamented grave, and greener and fresher still the memory of thy valor, thy sacrifice of even life itself upon the altar of the liberty of thy country.

[Columbia Guardian.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 27, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Concert Hall—"The Marble Heart, or the Sculptor's Dream;" the piece terminating with a Grand Tableau.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 27, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Concert Hall—April 28—"Metamora, the Last of the Wampanoags"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 27, 1864, p. 3, c. 2

Southern Ingenuity.—We learn from an exchange that a new machine has recently been invented by Mr. O. D. Pease, an employee of the Naval Iron Works at Columbus, Ga., which manufactures knitting needles almost as fast as a man can pick them up. He has already turned out no less than sixty thousand setts [sic] of these needles, besides faithfully performing all his regular duties as a Government employee during business hours. Mr. Pease had many difficulties to contend with before he was able to get the machine into operation, but at last has been able to produce an article equal to, if not superior to those that are imported. As there is a great demand for knitting needles, business men will do well to procure a supply of the different sizes, so that there need be no delay in furnishing our soldiers with plenty of socks on account of wanting the needles to knit them with.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 27, 1864, p. 3, c. 2

The Last of "Tim Morris."—Tim Morris, the negro minstrel, who was forty-six in Richmond but who will not be more than 35 when he gets to Baltimore, has run the blockade and reached the promised land. We find the following notice, of the escape of Tim in the Examiner:

An "Iron-Clad" Runs the Blockade—Tim Morris, *nee* Joseph Griffin, the irrepressible "Iron Clad," apprehended as a conscript has run the blockade by the way of Suffolk, paying fifteen hundred passage money. Him has gone. We will never more see his renditions of "John Morgan's got your mule," "Wood up," and the "Grocery store." Tim will make some fat contract with a Yankee manager, rattle his bones, and we shall read of the old songs we used to

hear. Tim went through, we understand, blacked up as an original African, and as he plays the character so well, we don't wonder at his success.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 27, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

From the Montgomery Advertiser.
Scenes in the Market.

The man who claims to be a phrenologist can pass an hour very advantageously by attending the market very early in the morning, and studying attentively the various shades of expression seen in the faces of those around him. In spite of the zealous exertions of the Conscript Bureau, all sorts of conditions of men will be found congregated there, representing the different nations of the earth, while their disjointed conversations resembles a second Babel more than anything else. By the time one has strolled through the market house, these fragmentary dialogues have become so tangled together that it becomes a hard thing to answer any proposed question definitely. We give a specimen of the general impression produced:

"Cup of coffee, Uncle Jack; hand me one of them crackers. I'm in a hurry."

"That's so; never see sich small eggs since the Lord made me; 'spect they'll be a dollar a piece, and then—"

"Knapp didn't own the mare, leastways, he warn't a going to run her; he belongs to meetin, *he* does, and—"

"You'd orter seen him put out. Maxwell had his eyes on him, and the durn fool nigger, he—"

"Hadn't any mutton, marm, or I'd have sent it up 'torectly. I can let you have a piece of—"

"Such a lovely bonnet; she wore it to Church last Sunday, and Miss Jane, she—"

"Got drunk as blazes. Somebody hollered, out, *Ap-peal!* and he just—"

"Refused five dollar bills, unless he could take off 33 1/3 per cent., a regular swindle, and reminds me of—"

"Whoa! mule! what er yer tryen to do now. I'll knock yer inter the middle of—"

"Dunder unt Blixen; I hafe got der baper orl right. Mein Gott, vot a peoples! Der tuyfel! I shoost makes a leettle monish, and dey wants to sent me to der—"

"Blingen on the Rhine. I wish they'd repeat it every evening. I'ts [sic] two months since—"

"Mother said that ten dollars a yard was more than she could give. Such calico was only fit for—"

"The 6th Alabama Regiment too, Holy Moses! didn't they catch it. And when the fight was over we—"

"Sold them sassingers cheaper than—"

"Oui, Monsieur; ze garcon he have been ze robbaire. He say I ave ze cheeken, non, jamais, Monseieur. Sacre? I tell him—"

"Them two dogs, they kin catch more rats in ten minutes than—"

"Printers who get a dollar and a quarter a thousand, in these times, why they can—"

"Steal shortning out 'en a woman's biscuit, unless it was put in lengthways. He used to—"

"Pray without ceasing; it is the only thing to save the Confederacy; we must have

absolute reliance in—“

“That bob tailed horse, see here; he was spavined when you—“

“Went to conscript camp and staid there about a week and then—“

“The scene’s would’nt shove, half of the actors was tight, and nobody knew anything about the play. It was awful, and then—“

“It was the sweetest baby you ever saw, pretty blue eyes and she had on a—“

“Barrel shirt marked in big letters “Deserted on post,” and they marched him up to—“

“That bar room! you’re a fool for goin there. I tuk a drink there Tuesday, and it made me—“

“Shout Hallelujah! yes sir, dar was seven of ‘em converted that day, an old Aunt Phillis, she—“

“Ain’t got no shalots, sold ‘em all mor’ en and hour ago I want—“

“Great news! Great news!! Morgan has taken lost of prisoners, Longstreet’s corps is in motion and—“

“Get out o’ that, yer blunderin vagabone.—Great news, sir; Here’s yer Advertiser. Only twenty-foive cints. Och! my darlint, hould on till I’m afther givin yees the change. *G-r-e-a-t* News!”

If amid this mimic Pandemonium, the stranger does not feel himself amply repaid for the trouble of early rising, by the sights and sounds invariably seen and heard at our city market, he is certainly one of those who find it hard to appreciate a good thing, and in future ought to sleep until he finds every one besides himself has returned from the market.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 27, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

Augusta Manufacturing Company.—In company with our associates of the press, we were highly gratified by a visit to the immense establishment of this company, while in attendance upon the editorial convention in Augusta.—The delegates were politely shown over the busy work rooms by President Wm. E. Jackson, and superintendent Cugin, and otherwise treated in such manner as to make the occasion one of the most pleasant episodes of the trip to Augusta. The kindness of the officials named will ever be gratefully remembered.

By the great improvements introduced since the present management assumed control of the affairs of the company—about five years ago—the manufacturing capacities of the works have been greatly increased, and the production of a No. 1 article of sheetings, shirtings and threads secured. With these increased facilities the productive capacity of the works has reached an average of 20,000 yards per day. Seven hundred and fifty hands are employed, principally girls, whose wages amount to \$46,000 per month. They run 150,000 spindels [sic] 462 looms, and consume fifteen bales of cotton daily. The goods manufactured are not thrown upon the market, but are sold to the Confederate and State authorities, benevolent institutions and associations, counties, indigent persons, at what is called Government prices; and in this way the sales from January 1st, to November 14, 1863, 4,200,384 yards were disposed of at an average of fifty cents per yard. If the same goods had been sold at the present prices, averaging say \$1,50 per yard, they would have paid into the treasury of the company several millions dollars additional profit. Of the amount sold in the time specified, the Confederate Government purchased 3,132,997 yards.

Augusta has within her limits many elements of future prosperity, but there are none more promising than the company noticed. That the efforts of the gentlemen upon whom the active management is devolved may be fostered by their neighbors, and in the end rewarded with

the highest measure of success, is greatly to be desired. The Augusta Manufacturing Company, should be emulated. We can be independent of the “lords of the loom” in the New England States.—Memphis Appeal.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 28, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

[Correspondence Constitutionalist.]
Letter from Richmond.

Richmond, April 22d, 1864.

Messrs. Editors—In a previous letter, mention was made of several governmental bureaux, as being under orders to remove from this city—the note division (which numbers, signs, and prepares generally Mr. Memminger’s money for circulation) to go to Columbia, S. C.; the Comptroller’s and Second Auditor’s to go to Montgomery, Ala. To-day it seems that the movement was to be still further extended till a mere show, a *simulacrum*, of a government was to be left here. It was stated, and very reliably too, that the First and Third Auditors’ offices were to be sent to Macon, in your State, whither also was to be removed the entire Post-Office Department, and the Treasury was to depart for some unrevealed locality, leaving behind it, in this bereft city, a mere depository. Such were the reported changes; and reported, as it would appear, from very good authority. Later in the day, however, the excitement among the officials was somewhat allayed by a declaration that all these orders for removal had been countermanded, with the exception of, in the case of the Note-signing Bureau, which is to leave for Columbia on Tuesday next, bag and baggage. What inducements this place can offer superior to those enjoyed here, it is hard to say. There is hardly any species of manufactures carried on in the whole of the Confederate States which is not actively engaged in here, while in Columbia there seems to be a most lamentable dearth of nearly every article requisite to the proper production and preparation of the Memmingerian billets. In order to concentrate them there all the extra risk [fold in paper] pence of transportation will have to be encountered, while as to the skilled labor, to be sent from here, it will be found more difficult to support than in this city. Board there is from \$75 to \$85 per week, and it needs but little arithmetic to see that a salary of \$250 *per month* cannot long sustain those rates. . . .

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 28, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Concert Hall—“Metamora! or the Last of the Wampanoags;” comic song “The Volunteer;” recitation “Bingen on the Rhine ;” to conclude with “Slasher and Crasher”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 28, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

The Edgefield (S. C.) Advertiser of April 27th, says that the Greenwood Card Factory is now in full blast, turning out about 130 pairs per week. The price is \$10 per pair, in new currency or Ten and Fives of the old issue at 33 1/3 per cent. discount.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 28, 1864, p. 4, c. 1-3

From the Richmond Examiner.
White Slavery in the North.

An interesting Paper—The Poor Whites in the North—How they Live—Fearful Picture of Destitution—The Laboring Classes in a state of Starvation.

The working men and women at the North are moving. Week before last they held a large demonstration in New Nork [sic], gotten up under the auspices of the working Women's Protective Union. The proceedings were interesting; an address, resolutions, &c., were adopted; speeches made, odes recited—but the most important thing that grew out of the movement was a most thrilling picture of white slavery at the North. A number of articles were exhibited, wrought by the hands of the poor needle-women in New York, with the prices paid for the fabrication of each article, and the exhibit confirms the fact—what we have always contended—that the poor whites at the North are far worse off than the slaves at the South; that there is a system of white slavery in the North far more exacting and inexorable than negro slavery in the South. The heart sickens at the picture of want and destitution revealed in this exhibit, and human nature revolts at that “humanity” which deluges the country with blood under the cry of “freedom” for the negro, while their own whites at home are being ground to the earth by a system of oppression and tyranny far worse than the bondage of the slave. Think of a poor, aged woman, working hard, day and night, and receiving for her whole week's compensation thirty nine cents in a depreciated currency. And yet this is but one of a hundred. Read the report below. It is official, made by the authority of the association, and is invaluable as showing the condition of the poor whites in the North, it is so full of interest that we are induced to give it in full. Let those in our midst, who think they are suffering from this war read this report and take comfort from the reflection that though suffering has been entailed upon us, we are yet far better off in this respect than our enemies. We wish every one to read this report through, and he will then understand whether slavery exists only in the South:

[From the New York News.]

* * * * *

A large number of articles of dress, made by working women, were then exhibited to the audience.

The following list embraces a few of them:

A pair of drawers made of white cotton drilling, 1,800 stitches, sewed on the machine, and well made. Completely finished with buckles, button-holes, straps and strings.

The woman who made these drawers was a operator, and could finish four pair per day, working from 7 A. M., until 9 in the evening, receiving four and one-sixth cents a pair, or sixteen and three-quarter cents for her day's labor—resting, she says, long enough to make herself a cup of tea and eat a piece of bread.

Another very large pair of cotton flannel drawers, two thousand stitches, done by hand, double seams felled, with eyelets, button holes, buttons, stays and strings. The working woman to furnish her own thread—a rule adopted by employers since the price of a spool of cotton has risen from four to eight and ten cents.

This woman, the mother of three children, was very poor, and came to the rooms of the Working Women's Protective Union, No. 4, New Chambers street, where she threw down the work, saying she had been working on these drawers for seven months and could not work any longer for the price paid. Said she, "I may as well starve without work as to work and starve at the same time." An inquiry revealed the fact that the wealthy firm who employed her paid five and a half cents per pair of these drawers, of which she could make two pair per day, remarking,

"If I get to bed about daylight and sleep two or three hours, I feel satisfied."

A haversack pocket, made by hand, containing upwards of six hundred stitches and three button holes--two yards of sewing.

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

A coarse flannel army shirt, large size, made by hard sewing. Collars, wristbands and gussets put on with double rows of stitching all round. The seams all felled, three button holes, buttons and stays, requiring upwards of two thousand stitches.

The woman who made this garment was sixty years of age and too deaf to go to the store for orders. She has worked on these shirts since the war broke out, receiving seven cents each--one of them being a good day's work for her. Younger women might make two or perhaps three in twelve hours, furnishing their own thread. This old lady occupied, with another woman, a damp, dark basement, where she strained her eyes in the day, and sewed by the light of her neighbor's lamp during the evening. At the end of the week her net earnings, after paying for needles and thread, amounted to thirty nine cents in currency.

A knapsack—army work—an article made of strong, coarse linen, sewed up with two thousand five hundred coarse stitches, entirely by hand, making eighteen felled seams. These knapsacks are afterward painted, varnished and trimmed by male workmen, who complete them for the soldiers.

Three of these knapsacks can be finished in one day, by an ordinarily good seamstress, working from six o'clock in the morning, and quitting about eleven, P. M. The operators furnish the thread, and receive for each completed article seven and a-half cents, or twenty-two and a-half cents for the day's work.

A fine white cotton shirt, with a fine linen plaited bosom, nicely stitched and well made throughout, containing eleven thousand five hundred sewing machine stitches, six button holes, felled seams, &c, &c.

Two of these shirts are finished each day by the operator, who employs nearly every moment of her time, finds her own thread, and receives for the garments sixteen cents each, or thirty-two cents for more than twelve hours' labor. These shirts sell for three dollars to three dollars and fifty cents in the retail stores. Their total cost to the employer may be summed up as follows:

Three yards fine muslin at 33 cents.....	99 cents.
Half yard fine linen.....	38 “
Labor and thread.....	16 “
Buttons.....	6 “
Total cost.....	\$1.59 “

A more common white shirt with plated muslin bosom, collar and wristbands, containing eight thousand stitches, six button holes, &c. The stitching is done coarsely on the sewing machine.

These shirts are chiefly worn by working men as their Sunday shirt. They are well made and servicable [sic] articles. Three are completed in one day by the operator, who buys the thread, and receives from her employer eight cents for each shirt. These garments generally sell for one dollar and twenty-five cents, costing as follows:

Three yards of muslin at 24 cents.....	72
--	----

Labor and thread.....	8
Buttons.....	<u>3</u>
Total cost.....	\$ 83

A large size linen duster, beautifully made on a sewing machine. Ten yards of seams felled and neatly sewed with 3,390 stitches, four button holes, three pockets, etc.

These linen coats are manufactured in the best manner for a first class gentleman's clothing store. The operator receives twenty-five cents for her labor, which sum also pays for thread and pressing. Two cannot be finished in one day. They sell for three dollars and fifty cents, and probably cost the dealer less than two dollars.

Ladies' collars and cuffs, containing 1700 fine sewing machine stitches, the outer edge being ornamented with an insertion of various colored trimmings.

These articles of ladies' wearing apparel are made for twenty one cents per dozen sets--a set consisting of the collar and two cuffs. Three dozen sets are made per day by a good operator, working early and late. The thread is paid for by the woman who takes out the work.

A dozen sets will cost:

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

This retail price per set in the Broadway and Bowery stores is seventy-five cents. The wholesale prices are not less than five dollars per dozen sets.

Ladies' collars and cuffs, with lace work upon them, but equally fine linen, upon which the operator can earn thirty-nine cents per day, receiving ten cents per dozen sets, and completing five sets in fourteen hours. The thread costing her eleven cents.

An army blouse, well made on the sewing machine, with over six thousand stitches, four button holes two pockets, &c.

These blouses are short, jacket-like coats made of blue flannel, lined throughout, pressed and finished, for which the working woman receives twenty-three cents, out of which she pays for the thread. A good operator can make two in one day. Some can complete three with the assistance of a baister [sic].

Fancy flannel Zouave shirt with vest front very beautifully made, containing about fifteen hundred stitches, and eight button-holes, &c.

The woman who made this shirt is the wife of a soldier in the army, who was never obliged to do anything for her own or children's support until the last few months. She stated that her husband had been a sea captain for many years, but had enlisted in the army with the expectation of being transferred to the navy, where he would receive better pay, but being disappointed in this, she had been compelled to seek employment to assist in maintaining herself and four children. The price she received for making this shirt is twelve cents. She stated that with some assistance in baisting [sic], she could complete three in a day with a machine. By hand she she [sic] could not complete more than one.

A ladies' robe skirt, front containing seventy-two yards of machine stitched tucks, upwards of twenty-six thousand fine stitches, evenly done.

The working woman stated that she received for this work one cent per yard, and that by constant application she was able to earn thirty-five cents per day. The work is troublesome, requiring baisting [sic] and marking of the tucks. The work was very neatly done.

An army blouse for officers, and a sack coat made of blue flannel, on a machine. The seams all double, sleeves lined, has three pockets, double-stitched, exceedingly well made, seven thousand stitches three button-holes and nine buttons. Requires double-baisting [sic] before being sewed.

It takes a woman ten hours of hard labor to complete and press this garment, for which she receives thirty-five cents. The woman who made it stated that she could not earn more than two dollars and fifty cents per week, on account of ill-health. She thought a healthy woman might earn one dollar per week more.

A fancy flannel shirt, well made on a machine, fifteen hundred stitches, six button holes, and seven buttons, double stitched wristbands, bands and gussets.

This article was made for eight cents, and is sold in the gentlemen's furnishing stores for two dollars and fifty cents.. The cost of material is:

Two and a half yards of flannel at 40 cents.....	\$1 00
Labor and thread.....	8
Buttons, &c.....	<u>4</u>
Total.....	\$1 12

According to the prices paid last November the

	Cents	
Clockmakers earned.....	30	per day.
Shirtmakers.....	40	per day.
Boy's clothing.....	68	14 hours per day.
Tasselmakers.....	70	do do
Umbrella sewers.....	50	do do
Hoop-skirt slides.....	12	do do
Hoop-skirts.....	50	do do
Photograph mounters.....	67	do do
Burnishers.....	50	do do
Tentmakers.....	36	do do
Sack coats.....	84	do do
Cavalry pantaloons baisters.....	32	do do
Linen coats.....	40	do do
Blouses (baisting).....	64	do do
Corsetmakers.....	50	do do
Button hole makers.....	67	do do
Military work.....	67	do do
Book sewers.....	75	do do
Press feeders.....	67	do do
Wool sorters.....	50	do do
Dressmakers.....	50	do do
Capmakers.....	35	do do
Bobbin winders.....	50	do do
Machine operators.....	80	do do
Vestmakers.....	40	do do
Fur quilters.....	60	do do
Preserve packers.....	50	do do
Milliners.....	60	do do

Artificial flowers.....60 do do
Cigarmakers.....80 do do

Board, which was formerly \$1 50 per week, is now \$2 30 to \$3.

While the articles were being shown to the audience a number of persons called for the names of the employers. The Chairman stated that the names of all employers for whom the above enumerated articles were made, were registered on the books of the association, and that it would not be wise to announce their names in public at present.

At the conclusion of the proceedings, Miss Teresa Esmonde, the well known dramatic reader, read the song of the "Song of the Working-women," which had been written for the occasion, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

Song of the Working Women.
By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

The war shout that rings up from battle
Thrills through the answering crowd,
When you free the slave as a chattle [sic],
The joy of freedom is loud.
But the prayer that comes from woman,
When she asketh bread for toil,
Is met with a clamor inhuman,
'Mid an eager rush for spoil.
Work! Work! Work! This is the answering cry,
"Our wives are fond of jewels, and widows were made to sigh."

We plead that our hands are a-weary,
That our hearts are sad with care—
That our hearts are desolate, dreary,
Our spirits sunk in despair.
We plead that our children are crying
For the food we cannot earn—
That hope in our bosoms is dying,
As a fire forgets to burn.
Work! Work! Work! Thus the answer rushes by,
"Our sons must have fast horses, and children were born to cry."

We say that our homes are darkened,
For the loved who gave them light
To the first war trumpet hearkened,
And went away to the fight.
Some have fallen low in the ditches,
And some lie stark on the plain;
We mingle sad tears with our stitches,
But when we dare to complain—
Work! Work! Work! This is the answering cry,
"We must make wealth by contracts, and soldiers enlist to die."

Then we plead that as gold goes higher
Our fuel is rising too—
That our hearths lack warmth and fire;
And the sewing that we can do,
With all our weary, toilsome stitching,
With all our tears and pain,
With our desolate midnight watching,
Is worse, oh worse than in vain,
Work! Work! Work! is still the answering cry,
“Heap coal and wine in our cellars—poor women were born to die.”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 29, 1864, p. 2, c. 5
Summary: Concert Hall—“Metamora! or the Last of the Wampanoags;” comic song “The Volunteer;” recitation “Bengen on the Rhine ;” to conclude with “John Jones”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 29, 1864, p. 2, c. 5
Summary: Concert Hall, April 30—“Othello”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 29, 1864, p. 3, c. 2

Affairs in Louisiana.

While waiting for “new news” from Red River, we copy the following from the correspondence of the Texas Telegraph:

Camp Carrol Jones, March 17, 1864.

We have escaped from the closest place that a small army was ever caught in by an overwhelming force. Fort DeRussy is situated on Red River, in Avoyelles Parish, about two miles from Marksville (the county seat). Red River makes a great bend to the northward, and sweeping round to the southeast, forms a peninsula below the Fort. Simmsport is on Atchafalaya Bayou near the point where it leaves Red River. At this last place Gen. Scurry was stationed with his brigade, consisting of Fitzhugh’s, Waterhouse’s, Flournoy’s and Allen’s regiments, forming our advance. Young’s brigade, formerly Hawes’, consisting of Young’s, Burnett’s, Hubbard’s and King’s regiments, with a battalion of sharpshooters under Major Parks, were stationed around the Fort.—All were under the immediate command of Major Gen. Walker. On Saturday, the 12th, the enemy suddenly appeared at Simmsport with a force of gunboats and transports. Four gunboats and four transports landed at that place 2,000 infantry and 300 cavalry, with two batteries. This occurred at 12 M. There were twenty transports and gunboats in sight. Twenty gunboats and transports had passed up the river, in addition to those in sight of Simmsport.

Gen. Walker having been apprised of all this, ordered Gen. Scurry to fall back in the direction of Fort DeRussy, on Sunday, the 13th. The troops around Fort DeRussy, with the addition of Randall’s brigade, (Randall’s, Roberts’, Clark’s regiments, with Gould’s battery,) were put in motion to cover the retreat of Gen. Scurry. Col. Byrd, of Clark’s regiment, with eight companies from the different brigades under Capt. Marold, of Flournoy’s regiment, and the Crescent battery held Fort DeRussy. At 9 o’clock P. M., the junction was effected at the long bridge over Bayou Boufe, ten or twelve miles below Fort DeRussy, and right in the centre of the

concavity of the river bend. We here bivouacked, awaiting the advance of the enemy. About 10 o'clock at night a messenger came into Col. Young's headquarters with a note purporting [sic] to be written by one of our officers on picket, stating that the enemy had re-embarked, and were going down the river. The note was forwarded to Gen. Walker, and fortunately obtained no credence. Early next morning we were placed in order of battle, and did not wait long before the enemy came in full force. The firing commenced on the left near a ford, about a mile below our position, at which place one of our regiments (the 22d) was on picket duty. The long bridge in front of us was burning and our whole force commenced falling back, after sending reinforcements to the 22d. I accompanied this body myself. The cannon had opened on Fort DeRussy, and the weight of the fire foreshadowed the fate of its brave defenders. The gallant Byrd and the brave Marold, with their devoted band, were left to "tread the wine presses alone."

We all felt that they were doomed, and the knowledge of this fact excited a feeling among our officers and men bordering on ferocity, and they were clamorous to be precipitated at once upon the enemy's masses, but the cool judgment of Gen. Walker prevailed, and finally saved his little army of veterans. Our detachment met the 22d coming out of the woods, with the enemy in close pursuit, and we joined them in the retreat to the main body of our forces. Here a little episode occurred, which may have been "amusing to the boys," but was anything else to one of the frogs. I had started on the expedition on foot from Marksville, but was recognized by Surgeon Hollis, who dismounted one of his attendants and mounted me on the veritable Rosinante, who sat (or rather stood,) for the picture of Don Quixote's redoubtable charger. Col. Young rescued me from this mortifying situation, by dismounting his servant and placing me on a great thundering grey, who had more spirit and action than brains and activity. The old saddle was tied on him with the usual amount of rope and raw-hide which invariably garnishes a negro's cavalry equipment, and the bridle harmonized the whole outfit. I had remained behind at the edge of the woods with a single cavalry soldier, to ascertain if any of our men were wounded. The enemy pressed onward, and we galloped away.—Then commenced a struggle with the grey, who was determined to leave at a pace which was undignified, and at the same time dangerous to the continuity of my rigging. I feared to restrain him from want of confidence in the bridle, and he had it all his own way. I saw a ditch ahead—braced myself for the leap which I could not avoid—and, just as expected, the headlong gray sprang twice as high and four times as far as was necessary to clear the obstacle, and struck the ground with a concussion that ruptured every ligament of my frail saddlery and dissolved all connection with his partner in the business. The soldier immediately arrested the rioter and returned him to me; but at the same time he pointed to a rising ground in front, and there were our batteries unlimbered and in position to sweep the precise position then held by myself—unwilling of course. Then began the mending of ropes and the abuse (wordy) of gray. All my fingers suddenly were transformed into thumbs, and in my hurry I *undid* what the soldier had done. He brought me to my senses by coolly remarking, "You had better take my horse and get away from here, if you are scared." "Oh, I am not in the least alarmed." "Who is afraid?" (as the boy said in the graveyard on a dark night.) I was jarred by the fall, and I hope that will account for my nervousness. I looked behind me towards the enemy, and fully made up my mind to inform the gentleman that "our difference was political and not personal." But gray is ready, and Barkis is willing, and away we go again, and are soon out of danger from our own people.

The loud booming of the artillery continues; our outposts have all come in; the long wagon train has disappeared; the field batteries are limbered up, and we commence our retreat. The enemy pour in like an inundation and speedily occupy our places and, spreading over the

country, cut off all communication with our comrades in the fort. We have no cavalry, with the exception of a small squad of Louisianians, and the impudence of the Federal horsemen is provoking. Oh! for Carter, or Parsons, or Green; but the men call in vain for them. Nobly would they respond if they could but hear the summons. We moved rapidly, but in order, towards the bridge over Bayou De Lae, which we reached about 1 P. M. Here we faced about, formed line and waited to dispute the passage with the enemy.—He declined making the attempt, and about dark we started again, to reach a point where a road from the river intersected our line of route, near Bayou Haffpower, at which place we fully expected to be cut off by the enemy. Our column was preceded by the battalion of sharp-shooters, under Major Parks. I stuck closely to them as silently and secretly they advanced towards the menaced point. The deep gloom of the forest, with the imminent danger of our situation, excited feelings closely bordering on the religious, and I will long remember the spectral illusions which haunted me on that occasion. Occasionally the stalwart form of Major Parks would emerge from the darkness, and his order given in a deep undertone, would startle us into action and make him appear the “ghostly cavalier,” suited to the time and circumstances.

We reached the place and found that the foresight of our General had provided for the danger, and it was already occupied by a brigade of General Morton, who had a shorter distance to march than ourselves. We filed past and pushed for Cheneyville, on Bayou Boeuf; marching rapidly, we reached this position about eight o’clock in the morning. We rested an hour and started again, to make the circuit of the enemy’s army. We marched about five miles and halted to rest and cook. At four in the evening we marched again and gained the hills behind Alexandria; here we encamped to afford the men an opportunity to sleep. We were still near the enemy, and early next morning we were aroused again to march on. We reached this place, and have stopped to fight. Our wagons are rolling rapidly to the rear, and Scurry’s brigade has been thrown forward to watch the enemy and engage him if advisable. In this retreat of 3,000 men from the front of 18,000 infantry, with cavalry, we were compelled to traverse a segment of a circle, any point of which the enemy could have pierced by a direct line or march. They have failed to do so—we have escaped from the trap—and can beat any such Generalship. We will fight to-day or to-morrow. More anon.

Your friend,

Geo. A. Ferris.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 30, 1864, p. 2, c. 5
Summary: Concert Hall—“Othello;” “Perfection”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], April 30, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

Courtship Extraordinary.

A married friend of ours who has a peculiar fancy for anything good, called our attention to the following rich *morceau* in the Petersburg Register which we are assured will be read with pleasure by all who can appreciate a good, partial joke. The blooming widow was cleverly taken in by the young damsel who played her *role* in such a capital manner:

[“] A most remarkable and romantic courtship occurred in this city last week, the parties to which were both ladies of respectability—the one a blooming and fascinating widow, and the other a lovely damsel yet in her teens. The latter acted the part of a gay Lothario for the occasion, and so completely deceived and won the affection of the former, that but for the secret

being divulged, almost on the eve of the nuptials, the couple would have undergone the ceremony of a mock marriage. Without mentioning names, we may be permitted to give a brief account of this extraordinary and original affair, which blasted the hopes of an expectant wife, and almost made a “married man” of a lady.

The whole affair was intended as a jest on the part of the originators—a bevy of girls, mischievous, wild and fond of excitement. Having heard that the widow avowed her intention not to enter the matrimonial state again, they determined to test the sincerity of her vows. They held several consultations on the important matter, and at last decided that one of their number should assume man’s apparel, and in every respect feign the appearance of a man, and after being formally introduced to the “lady” in question, should be assiduous in *his* attentions, in due course of time “fall in love,” and eventually court and, to carry the joke to an extreme, marry her. The programme was well planned and most brilliantly executed.—A young lady possessed of much personal beauty, fine conversational powers, dancing eyes, healthy complexion, handsome form, and peculiarly charming manner, was selected for the emergency.

A handsome uniform was procured, which exhibited her form to marked advantage; cap, cravat [sic], collar, boots and all the paraphernalia that make up a gentleman’s wardrobe, even down to a fancy cane. In order that a more manly appearance might be imparted to the face, a charming “moustach” [sic] and “imperial” were obtained. Being fully equipped [sic], this young lady stood forth a perfect *adonis*, whose power weak woman could scarce resist. A lady friend to both parties, who participated in the secret, by special appointment, introduced the newly fledged gentleman to the widow.—A pleasant evening passed, the gentleman engrossing the attention of his victim, and *vice versa*. At its conclusion, a modest request was made that a repetition of the visit might be allowed which was as modestly granted. Visit followed visit, mere acquaintance ripened into friendship, and friendship into love. An interesting correspondence ensued, the letters passing through the hands of a mutual friend, the last of which may be found below. Time brought matter to a point. So many pleasant evenings, such charming society, such mutual friendship, could not continue between man and woman, without a closer association. Marriage was proposed, the offer accepted, and supreme happiness on both sides was the result. Every hour they were separated seemed like a year, and every hour they were present with each other seemed but a second. All things else were forgotten, and wraped [sic] up in each other’s affection, they seemed indeed

“Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.”

The important day was fixed. The bridal arrangements were being made, when just on the eve of the ceremony which was to unite them—a false minister having been secured for the occasion—the widow was made aware of the plot which had been so successfully [sic] wrought about her. The finale is quickly reached. The match of course was broken off, and the false gentleman discontinued his visits. We shall not attempt to picture the chagrin of the lady who was made the innocent victim of these tricksome girls. Nor how her hopes of a happy marriage were rudely dashed to the ground. We drop the curtain upon the scene, leaving the imagination of those who have been disappointed in love to paint her sorrows.

The following are the letters of proposal and acceptance which passed between the lovers. It is proper to state that both ladies were well know [sic] in the city, and enjoy good standing in society. During the courtship the false gentlemen [sic] represented himself as a soldier stationed at Drewry’s Bluff. The whole affair points a moral:

The Proposal.

Drewry's Bluff, April 18th, 1864.

My Dear -----: You will pardon the liberty I take in calling you by this endearing name, for I assure you that there is none other so dear to me. I must confess that I love you. In all my wanderings since the commencement of this war, I have not met with one who, like you, could so engage my affections. You cannot imagine [sic] how pleasantly the hours pass when in your sweet presence, or how lonely I am when separated from you. * * *

* * * My heart prompts me to say that I can never be happy without you; and therefore, I offer you my hand and heart, praying your acceptance. If you refuse me, you will entail endless suffering on one who loves you dearly. * * *

I shall not be over until Sunday night, and then I shall be accompanied by a young gentleman. In the meantime, be assured that the time will pass heavily until I again see you.

Ever your devoted lover,

Benjamin.

The Acceptance.

Petersburg, April 19th, 1864.

My Dear Bennie: I seat myself with great pleasure to answer your most welcome letter, which came to hand this morning. I am truly glad to hear from you, and to learn you are well.

* * * You ask me, Bennie, if I would accept your hand. I will not refuse it, for, if such is your wish, it shall be my pleasure to give my hand and heart in return for yours. If I afford you any happiness by giving you my hand, Bennie, I do it with pleasure.

Be sure to come, and bring the young gentleman you speak of in your letter.

Good by, my dear, and believe me,

Your true friend.