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# [Augusta, GA] Daily Constitutionalist, May-August, 1864

Vicki Betts

University of Texas at Tyler, [vbetts@uttyler.edu](mailto:vbetts@uttyler.edu)

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DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA]  
May - August, 1864

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

Summary: Concert Hall—"Still Waters Run Deep;" song "Rock me to Sleep Mother;" to conclude with "State Secrets"

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

Summary: Concert Hall—"Masks and Faces;" "Perfection"; May 5<sup>th</sup>—"Venetia ; or The Italian Bride"

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

Tennessee Relief Association.—In view of the impending battle near Dalton the Tennesseans in Atlanta have organized an association called the Tennessee Soldiers' Relief Association, for the purpose of rendering such relief as may be in their power to sick and wounded soldiers from Tennessee and elsewhere, and in pursuance of this most worthy object the Secretary of the Society has issued an appeal to all who take an interest in providing for the wants of the gallant men of Tennessee, who are now guarding the hearthstones of our people from the Abolitionists who confront them; exiled from the homes of their childhood, and the defenders of our homes, this appeal in their behalf should meet with that liberal and prompt response from the citizens of Georgia and refugee Tennesseans which this mission of mercy and humanity demands at the hands of all our citizens who have it in their power to make contributions. Major Wallace, of the East Tennessee and Georgia Road, has issued an appeal in furtherance of this object, to which we invite attention.

The following named gentlemen are the officers of the association.

J. F. Cummings, President.

J. G. M. Ramsey, Vice-President.

John E. Hatcher, Secretary.

John Frizzell, Treasurer.

W. B. Hayes.

Rev. Dr. L. D. Huston.

T. A. Cleage.

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

Funny.—A soldier just from Johnson's army, gives the following amusing account of an examination of a lieutenant in camps a few days since. He says the boys had considerable fun over it and would like to see it in print:

Exchange.

Examination of Lieutenant -----

Question.—What is an army?

Answer.—A big crowd of men and officers, half fed and lousy.

Q.—What is the position of a soldier?

A.—Head up, heels down, eyes equally open; neither bow-legged, nor knock-kneed, dirty hands, whiskers long and hair short, bread-basket not too full, but rather empty.

Q.—What is the duties of a Brigadier General?

A.—To smoke fine cigars, look wise, put fellows in the stocks, claim all the glory, and try to be promoted.

Q.—The duty of a missionary?

A.—Holding meetings, holler loud, forrage [sic] for butter milk, and stray in the rear when danger is near?

Q.—The duties of a lieutenant?

A.—Wear his bars and to wish for more of them, get furlough to go home, and tell the men to “close up” on a march—“silence in ranks” on a drill.

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

Summary: Concert Hall—“Masks and Faces;” “Box and Cox”

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

#### Old Hats Made New.

Those having old Felt Hats (Wool or Fur) can have them thoroughly renewed, reshaped, stiffened, dyed and beautifully finished, by leaving them, on next Saturday afternoon, by five o'clock, at the Auction Store of Atkinson & Shecut. The hats should be marked with the owner's name and the size desired.

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

#### \$550 Reward.

Ran away, or was decoyed off by some white person on the 29<sup>th</sup> April, my Negro Boy Solomon. He is of a bright copper color, has kinky hair, is fifteen years old, heavy set, (though rather small to his age,) quite intelligent—knows the alphabet, can read words of two or three syllables, and is well posted in current events.—He had on when he went off a white cotton shirt, striped cotton pants, and a glazed military cap. I apprehend he was carried off by some soldier, as there were several seen lurking about the neighborhood at the time. I will pay Fifty Dollars reward for his arrest and lodgment in any safe jail, and Five Hundred for the person who decoyed him off, if such is the case.

Address me at Waynesboro, Burke County.

W. H. McElmurray.

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

Summary: Concert Hall—“Venetia, the Italian Bride;” song “The Valiant Conscript;” to conclude with “The Bachelor's Bed Room, or Two in the Morning”

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

Letter from Longstreet's Army.

Virginia, April 27<sup>th</sup>, 1864.

In spite of the grand preparations now being made to reduce Richmond, one cannot discover a nerve shaken there, anticipating the result. The clatter of machinery at the Tredegar Works is as deafening as ever—the huge columbiad turns over and over while the hard auger cuts out its great throat just as before—the iron ore runs from the furnace into the mould [sic] a white rivulet of fire, quietly and undisturbed—hundreds of wheels are buzzing and hundreds of workmen busy in the armory, constructing implements of war, all with as much nonchalance [sic] as if an ocean of fire stood between them and an insatiable enemy. Among the throng of soldiers that are daily crowding through the city to the army, the question is scarcely ever discussed. The merchant and speculator hurry through the streets intently wrapped in a purpose of *gathering in*, quite oblivious, seemingly, of all extraneous dangers, and fear no immediate perils as long as good terms are maintained between the street guard and conscript officers. Gay faces wreathed in smiles and flashy bonnets enliven the capitol square every fair evening when the “locals” turn out and the “cretur company” parades as if it were peace times. Provisions are scarce enough to leave the demand unsatisfied—the poor sewing women crowd around the government establishment, pale and careworn, for each day’s work that is to sustain life, the “Song of the Shirt” in every liniament [sic] of their anxious faces—the ragged news boy cries out in his usual piercing phrase: “here’s yer morning’s paper”—drays and wagons rumble over the stony ways until one must use high words in the streets to make his vis-a-vis understand him—officers in fine uniforms guard the hotels from cavalry raids, and have guarded them so long their faces are as fair as ladies’—the President is calm—Gen. Bragg is stern—everything is an unassuming picture of sublime indifference to outside dangers. Such comes from the confidence in Gen. Lee and that army before it, standing like an adamant wall against which tyranny has broken itself time and again.

In the army there is the same indifference to Grant’s gigantic preparations. The war-worn Southern soldier shrugs his shoulder as he looks across the Rapidan and says to his comrades, “somebody over yonder is going to be hurt before they get into Richmond.” His comrade replies, “yes, and a ----- sight of ‘em, too.” A dark eyed North Carolinian was hurrying on to the army with a number of his fellow soldiers from the same State. There was none of that white-livered, detestable, Holdenite fraternity among them. They talked like men. “Boys,” says the dark eyed one, “we can show our scars for Richmond, but I say we [fold in paper] fore they shall have it.” True courage, wherever it is found is sublime.” . . .

It is very strange how easily our people go in to fevers over foreign importations. There is considerable itching now to lionize the lately imported Yankee doctrix—Miss Mary Walker. At the sight of “skedaddle”—a new coined Yankee word by some correspondent—everything in the South got to skedaddling. If one bowed out of a parlor, he skedaddled; if a chicken flew, it was skedaddling. So horses skedaddled, dogs skedaddled, and the whole animal, and sometimes vegetable kingdom of the South, got to be a nation of skedaddlers. Having to travel some distance with her on the railroad, many facts as to her real character were noticed. She is as shrewd as any Yankee general is; quite ugly, and freckled to help it; has a sharp, Brother Jonathan nose and receding chin; talks very well, and the surgeons say, is educated in the way she professes. Her personal attire is decidedly manish, which she calls Bloomer, or reform. Her blue surtout is nothing but a military overcoat, and those pants crammed into the very largest size lady’s boots, is seen constantly imitated by the cavalry. Bloomer the mischief! Her fame seemed to outrun her, for at every depot there was a crowd to see the throw [?]; doors, windows, passways, and everything else where a head could exist, was occupied by whites, darkies,

mulattoes—great and small—in perfect *olla podrida*.

The correspondent of the Macon Confederate discovered that she was embarrassed when produced in camp at Dalton. The closest investigation failed to find her guilty of anything of that sort in the crowds that besieged her subsequently, not even when a dozen ladies on one occasion at a hotel tried to stare her out of countenance. President Davis—cruel man—will not furnish her a horse to caper through the streets of Richmond. The Enquirer consoles her by declaring she would have more attention than her modesty would like to undergo. He accuses her of modesty. Now let it be asked if it is modest for a Yankee lady prisoner to sit or lie in the guard's lap, or, *vice versa*, is it modest for the lady to hold the guard in her lap? More eyes than one saw this performed by the Surgeoness, and, Mr. Editor from Richmond, don't imagine that staring at her because she rides with a leg on each side the horse through Richmond, will bring forbidden roses to her cheeks. No sir; if she's not a scientific wretch, taken prisoner purposely to gad through the South, then this is a mistake. But she'll be the rage—she'll be a complete lioness—in spite of everything, and possibly the occasion of turning more old black silks into reforms than we can imagine.

Tout-le-Monde.

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

[Correspondence of the Mobile Tribune.]  
The Trans-Mississippi Department.

Shreveport, April 12, 1864.

The past week has been fraught [sic] with interest to us of the Trans-Mississippi Department. The news of the rapid and devastating march of the enemy, since the fall of Fort Du Russey, through one of the most beautiful and fertile regions of this Department, which is laid waste by our ruthless invader, has ere this reached you. Nothing escaped them. It was such a raid as the buccaneer Morgan used to make on the coast of South America. Fences were burned—the stock that could not be carried off were killed—the ladies were forced to give up their jewelry and plate—and many an old homestead, where peace and plenty once smiled, and the stranger and soldier were wont to find a place at the ample fireside and a chair at the bountiful board, has been consumed to ashes, and its household thrown out houseless, subject to the insults and rude jests of a barbarous enemy, and those quaint old French or Spanish stack chimneys, which stand like grim sentinels, are monuments of our Christian invaders' shame. This is no fancy picture, for could you pass through that portion of the country between Alexandria and Pleasant Hill, a distance of 130 miles, smouldering [sic] ruins and the putrid carcasses of domestic animals would greet you on every side. Pardon me for the digression, for I commenced this letter to give you the news.

After the fall of Fort De Russey (why and how it fell I leave to those who know to tell) our army fell back before a vastly superior force, though Dick Taylor offered them battle at Carrol Jones's, forty miles south of Natchitoches, which the Yankess [sic] declined. Taylor continued to fall back to within four miles of Mansfield, where he made a stand on the 7<sup>th</sup>. Result of the first day's fight; we captured 2800 prisoners, 110 wagons loaded with commissary and hospital stores, and 24 pieces of artillery. It was a brilliant victory, but we have to mourn the loss of some gallant and brave officers, among whom are

Killed—Gen. Mouton, Captain Alex. Chalmers, Capt. Chauncy Sheppard, Major

Caufield, Col. Beard, Col. Nobles, Col. Armand and Lt. Col. Walker.

Wounded— Col. King, Col. Raines, mortally, Col. Clark, mortally, Col. Phil. Herbert, severely, Major Sayres.

Second Day—Captured prisoners all day, principally from the 19<sup>th</sup> army corps, some from the 13<sup>th</sup>. Enemy in retreating burned many wagons and threw away thousands of guns and knapsacks. Nim's celebrated battery was captured the first day. We have 500 wounded at Mansfield and Kerchi [sic]—all doing well.

All of Mouton's division.

I append a copy of Gen. Taylor's official despatch [sic] to Lieut. Gen. Smith: . . .

On the 9<sup>th</sup> our "Murat of the West," Gen. Tom Green, engaged them at Carrollton's Mills, nine miles from the battle field of the previous day, when a terrific fight took place. The enemy were driven back with a fearful loss. Churchill, of Arkansas, followed up the victory capturing numerous prisoners, arms and baggage. On the 10<sup>th</sup> the enemy were attacked in some hastily thrown up entrenchments, near Pleasant Hill, eight miles from the Mills. They were driven out and are now in full retreat, being hotly pursued. The road is literally strewn with small arms, knapsacks and blankets. Prisoners are being brought in every hour. On the 11<sup>th</sup> Tom Green disappeared with his cavalry division. It is more than probable that the Yanks have found out his whereabouts ere this.

We feel secure here, though we are prepared for any emergency. The Federals cannot reach here by water, and we have a well disciplined army of veteran troops to repel any advance by land.

Gen. Fagan's Arkansas division has just marched through town to the tune of Lorena. They are a fine body of troops, and come to us with the prestige of success.

The 2d Louisiana cavalry captured and burned the Federal steamer Lacross at Snaggy Point, a few miles above Fort DeRussey. They first refused to surrender, but soon changed their minds. Our men went aboard, took what they needed, and 40 prisoners, who were paroled, and burnt her. In the action the enemy lost eight killed and wounded. We sustained no loss.

Day before yesterday seven gunboats and twenty-seven transports came as high as Loggy Bayou, twenty-two miles below here, by land, and sixty by water. After remaining some time, endeavoring to remove the obstructions, they left yesterday, Banks having succeeded in communicating to them his defeat. Last accounts of them were that four were aground, and would probably fall into our hands by today, or be destroyed by them.

Our army were never in better condition.—The citizens never seemed better disposed to second and support the movements of our military men, and are determined to raise crops, if in sound of the booming cannon.

The enemy advanced from Little Rock, but have been repulsed. All is right there. "Old Pap" has an eye on them, and when the time comes he and his veterans will be equal to the task. Marmaduke is doing yeoman's service. Dockery keeps up with his row. Everything argues well for the summer's campaign. Keep things straight "on your side of the creek;" we are confident all will go well with us.

I will write you again in a few days.

Yours,

Pegs.

P. S.—Up to 6 o'clock this evening 5,000 prisoners have been captured. Marmaduke repulsed Steele (Fed.) on the Little Missouri, in Arkansas. At the last accounts, he was on the retreat to Little Rock, having heard of Banks's reverses.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 6, 1864, p. 2, c. 5  
Summary: Concert Hall—"Venitia, the Italian Bride;" to conclude with "That Blessed Baby"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 6, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Sew So Sow!!!

Sewing Machine Needles.—A fine lot for Wheeler & Wilson's Machine.  
Grass Seed.—Hungarian, or "German Millet,"—can be sown *now*, and on good land, will do to cut in sixty days.

Chinese Sugar Cane Seed, Pure and genuine!

Brooms!—A lot of extra quality.

Garden Seed!—A general assortment, &c., &c., &c.

C. N. Frost & Co.,  
276 Broad St.,  
(Office Southern Cultivator)

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

Pic Nics.—These are now the order of the day, and our young friends of both sexes seem to be taking advantage of the bright cerulean skies and soft balmy air of May by indulging in the innocent recreations peculiar to this month. The canal is of all places we no [sic] of, the most beautiful and picturesque for amusements of this kind. An agreeable trip of about an hour and half brings you to the locks—a most romantic place and at this season of the year presenting a beautiful appearance.

The wide-spreading trees over the platform constructed for dancing affords an ample shade for the youths and maidens who desire "to trip the light fantastic toe in the giddy mazes of the dance," whilst those who do not dance can amuse themselves in various other ways. On Wednesday we had the pleasure of attending one of these social gatherings which was honored by the presence of some of Georgia's fair daughters among whom we noticed some of Carolina's lovely and accomplished maidens.—The occasion was of such a character as to be long remembered by all the participants. To all of our friends who go a pic-nicing [sic] we recommend the canal as one of the most agreeable places for spending the day.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 7, 1864, p. 3, c. 5

Summary: Concert Hall—"Richard the Third;" "That Blessed Baby"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 7, 1864, p. 3, c. 5

Southern Goods.

75 Gross Pressed Tumblers,  
20 Kegs Cut Tacks, 8, 10, 12 oz.,  
10 " 3d Nails,  
6000 lbs Wire, from 5 to 10.  
50 lbs. "Pick Nick Club" Smoking Tobacco, in one pound bales.

For sale at 192 Broad Street .

H. T. Greenwood.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 7, 1864, p. 3, c. 5

Cotton Cards.

7 Cases No. 10, English Cotton Cards.

Chamberlain, Isaacs & Co.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 7, 1864, p. 4, c. 1-2

Love at First Sight—A Story of Blighted  
Hearts and Broken Heads.

“Bricks,” a writer in the Atlanta Register, furnishes the following pleasant light reading, which in the absence of stirring war news, will be found highly diverting.

Soon after a big fight in which I was engaged, I bought an unexpired furlough of a friend of mine, who had no further use for it, and went down to Savannah to spend it, and to see a young lady to whom I had an idea of making love, having been told that she was as rich as a Confederate Jew. In fact, I went down with the fixed determination to marry her, but declined to do so, for the seemingly frivolous [sic] reason that the arrangement did not meet the approbation of the lady and her friends. Her brother, a colonel in the army, at home on furlough, seemed particularly a little disposed to deprecate the match, and vaguely hinted as much the second time I called by escorting me to the door with his hand ceremoniously grasping the collar of my coat, and kindly assisting me to descend the steps by projecting against me, to keep me from falling backwards, a cavalry boot weighing something less than a ton. After a mature reflection I was partially satisfied that my visits did not afford the entire family that high degree of satisfaction I had been led to expect, and I discontinued them.

Soon after this, while knocking around town one evening, I stumbled upon a theatre, and went in to witness the cold blooded murder of somebody’s tragedy. I found a seat in the pit. In looking around upon the array of beauty and chivalry in the boxes, my unsuspecting eyes suddenly fell upon the most beautiful girl that the world ever saw, or probably ever will see. There is certainly nothing like her to be found in sacred or profane history. The rapturous shock, the thrill of ecstasy [sic] I experienced on beholding her were tremendous in the extreme. The shock of the most powerful galvanic battery were a gentle touch of an infant’s caressing finger in comparison. I seemed to be driven through the floor, as it were, like a tenpenny nail under the sledge hammer of a Titan.

\* \* \* \* \*

This terrific sensation, which swept over my heart like a Niagara of delight, was what they call love at first sight. \* \* \*

I could not withdraw my gaze from her bewitching face. It rested there for hours! she smiled! Ye gods! what a glorious smile! My heart, my soul, my entire personal individuality floated away to the seventh heaven of love, leaving my wardrobe seated in the pit, an unconscious spectator of the gorgeous scene around it:

“I saw the soft light of love’s heaven

In the depths of her beautiful eyes—  
I drank the sweet rapture of heaven  
From the depths of those beautiful eyes.”

The curtain fell upon the last act, or it may have been upon the first; or it may not have fallen at all. Indeed, there may have been no curtain. I only know that the audience rose to go—at least *she* did, and I presume the rest did also, as I cannot see what motive they could have for remaining after she left. I can barely remember that there was with her a gray-haired gentleman, apparently about fifty—evidently her father. She rose to go mechanically. I rose to go too. It had been several hours since my eyes first fell upon her divine face and form, but

“So noiseless falls the foot of Time  
That only treads on flowers,”

that to me it seemed but the shadow of one beggarly moment. She threw her nubia over her head, clustered with curls, the least of which would have set a Stoic’s heart aflame, and, taking the arm of the gray-haired gentleman—evidently her father--descended to the street, where her carriage awaited her. She entered it. I would have given the wealth of the famed Lydian king to have been the driver, or even one of the horses. The carriage drove off. I siezed [sic] with both hands the board behind, where they strap the trunk, you know, and by taking very long steps, and a great many of them, I contrived to keep up.

After a run of about a mile, the vehicle drew up quite suddenly. I was not prepared for it. The board took me somewhere about the lower extremity of the vest, and doubled me up like a jack knife. My life was saved by a vial of paragoric [sic], which I happened to have in my pocket. The lady descended, and entered an elegant house. I walked over to the opposite side of the street, and stood gazing at the envious door through which she had disappeared, until the gray light of the coming dawn began to appear along the eastern horizon.

\* \* \* \* \*

I sought in vain to find out who the lady was. For several days I was quite distracted with heart-rending mixture of doubts, love and anxiety, and I had serious thoughts of applying for admission to some lunatic asylum.—Finally I determined as a *dernier resort*, to settle the matter by a *coup d’etat*.

I employed a hackman, who drove an open carriage. I pointed out the house to him. I pointed out a lamp post which stood in front of the door. “Now,” said I, “I’ll tell you what I want you to do; I’ll get into your carriage a few hundred yards up the street. Do you drive down the street pretty fast, run against that lamp post, throw me out upon the pavement, cutting my head or breaking my arm by the fall, and then take me up and carry me into that house, and tell the first beautiful young lady you meet on entering, that I have been seriously injured by the running away of your horses.”

That afternoon having put on a shirt which cost me forty dollars in Atlanta, I entered the carriage. I moved off quietly [sic] down the street until it arrived within a hundred yards of the objective point of the drive, when it dashed off at a somewhat greater speed than I had bargained for. However, I said nothing but held my breathe [sic] and waited the coming shock. Two of the wheels spun along beautifully very near the curb-stone. We were in twenty feet of the lamp-post—but it was not the right one! I sprang to my feet and frantically cried “hold!” It was too late. There was a terrific crash; the carriage stopped suddenly. I shot forward ten feet landing at the heels of the horses, just as they dashed off, leaving the vehicle a worthless wreck behind them.

\* \* \* \* \*

I came to my senses about three weeks after, and found myself lying on a wretched bed in the wretched backroom of a greasy Dutch huckster.

My scheme had failed miserable [sic]. The stake for which I played was a sprained ankle or broken arm; an elegant sofa in an elegant parlor, with an angel in hoops hovering about me, and adjusting with a delicate, loving fingers, the splint and bandages; the dawn of the *belle passion* in a pure young heart; a moonlight declaration; an acceptance, mingled with sunny smiles and delicious tears; a parson and a bridal wreath, and the happiest fellow in Georgia. The stake I won was a dislocated shoulder; a broken head; a fractured arm, and a shattered leg, together with the following bills, for all of which I executed my notes of hand, ostensibly payable at sight but really, I fear, at a very remote period.

That of the doctor for attendance \$100.—The druggists for drugs \$63. The huckster for room rent \$75. The carriage makers for repairs \$600. The nurse, for nothing, \$33 87½. Making the grand rascally total of \$931 87½.

The day I left Savannah [sic] I greatly added to my happiness by learning that the gray haired gentleman was the young lady's husband.

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

Summary: Masonic Hall—Mr. and the Misses Sloman, a Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert, May 11<sup>th</sup>, on which occasion will be introduced, first time this season, the new Musical Instrument the Alexandre Organ.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 8, 1864, p. 3, c. 2-3

[Special Correspondence of the Constitutionalist.]  
Letter from Army of Tennessee.

Spring Place, May 3d, 1864.

Here we are at this place, concerning which your readers have heard so much, since North Georgia became the theatre of war.

Spring Place is twelve miles due east from Dalton, and distant from Cleveland about twenty-two miles. . . . Spring Place is a neat little place, and in times of peace quite flourishing. It was a summer resort, and many are the pleasant memories of days of yore. If all was known, I suppose abundant material might be found, out of which to manufacture an interesting romance. It is said that in the "Auld Lang Syne," the only way to win the hearts of the fair maidens of this place, was to play with the children and cats.

The country between here and Dalton is beautiful and attractive, particularly at this time, when the woods are filled with the fragrance shed by a variety of pretty, sweet-scented flowers, and made vocal by the warbling notes of unnumbered little songsters.

"Gradual sinks the breeze into a perfect calm." Tattoo is over, and the weary soldier lays him down to sleep, whilst others—lovers of music—betake themselves to the town for the purpose of serenading the inhabitants. Soon the quiet of the midnight hour is broken by the sounds of vocal music, the gentle zephyrs bear the sweet strains with them in their unknown meanderings, whilst from the neighboring mountains flows back the soft, silent echo.

And this reminds me of a Parody I have heard upon "Annie of the Vale." It was written by W. E. Buck, Chief Musician, 2d Georgia Battalion Sharpshooters. As it may, at least, divert

the minds of your readers from the troubles of war for a moment, I append it, and you can publish it if you think proper:

Parody of "Annie of the Vale."

I'm alone in my shanty,  
My rations are scanty;  
For grits are now the order of day.  
The young reb is sighing,  
For his sweetheart he's dying,  
And wonders if the cruel war will pay.

Chorus.—Come, come, come rain come,  
Come flow to the top of my boots,  
Oh! come and I'll thank ye  
To keep back the Yankee,  
Until our ranks are filled up by recruits.

The moon, she is creeping,  
And o'er the hill is peeping,  
Whilst hungry rebs have gone to make a raise.  
The crowing of a Shanghai  
Tell them that day is close by,  
And also that this cruel war now pays.  
Chorus.—Come, come, come, &c.

The bull dog is growling,  
Whilst hungry rebs are prowling  
Round the house to steal some hen away.  
A night cap in the window,  
Doth him a little hinder,  
And says he'll report him to John K.  
Chorus.—Come, come, come, &c.

You may talk about your Annie,  
But give me a ham-ie,  
And biscuits nicely buttered over too.  
A cup of smoking Java  
Makes my mouth saliva,  
And wish I had 'em in me; now don't you?  
Chorus.—Come, come, come, &c.

Mignonne.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 10, 1864, p. 2, c. 5  
Summary: Concert Hall—"London Assurance"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 11, 1864, p. 2, c. 5  
Summary: Concert Hall—"London Assurance"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 11, 1864, p. 4, c. 1-2  
Summary: From Le Follet—Fashions for May.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 12, 1864, p. 2, c. 5  
Summary: Concert Hall—"London Assurance"

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

Our Correspondents.—Having secured the services of several competent writers to act as regular correspondents of the Constitutionalist, we flatter ourselves that in this respect as well as in every other, our paper will compare favorably with the leading journals of the country. The letters now being published are written with ability and cannot fail to be interesting to our readers. This is especially true of letters written from Richmond over the signature of "Tyrone Powers" and "Sigma." In a few days we will have letters from a special correspondent with the Army of Northern Virginia, narrating the events of the present campaign. At Dalton and other points of interest we have also correspondents, so that we have now a regular organized corps of army correspondents.

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

The card factory at Selma, Ala., is running four machines, which turn off from twenty to fifty pairs per day. The proprietor will soon commence manufacturing wire from common bar iron. The cards will sell at \$3 per pair.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 13, 1864, p. 2, c. 5  
Summary: Concert Hall—"London Assurance"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 13, 1864, p. 4, c. 1-2

Butler the Beast— Sherman the Brute.  
The Outrages of the Latter in East Tennessee.

A correspondent of the Atlanta Register furnishes the following:

The cruelties [sic] and brutalities of Butler, surname the Beast, in New Orleans and elsewhere, have long since attained a world-wide notoriety, and in consequence, his name is held in contempt and abhorrence in every land, and by every people making any pretensions [sic] to decency or civilization. Butler is now the synonym of all that is mean and cowardly, and base and despicable. President Davis, in a lengthy and formal proclamation, declared him an outlaw, and commanded any one into whose hands he might fall, to hang him, like a dog, to the nearest tree. That was all just and proper, and woe to the Beast's head or neck the moment a Southron lays hands upon him. But we are always willing to give the devil his due, and why not do as much for the Beast?— Butler is not a meaner man or a lower species of brute than Sherman. Sometimes I doubt if he be as mean. The only superiority Sherman has over Butler is, he is not quite so cowardly, in one exception of that term. He will go forth with his band of robbers and marauders to their work of rapine and ruffianism. He has been in a few battles, while Butler has

never. But in so far as Sherman has enterprise and courage over the Beast, that far he is the more dangerous of the two—can and does more mischief—becomes that much more a beast of prey. The late raid of Sherman in Mississippi is familiar to all, and fresh in the public memory. I will here give publicity to a few of his brutalities in another foray, immediately preceeding [sic] his ravaging expedition to Mississippi, with which the world is not so familiar, and about which very little has yet been said. I allude to his march in the early part of December last to Knoxville.

His whole route from Chattanooga to Maryville, in Blount county, sixteen miles from Knoxville, where he stopped, was an unbroken path of desolation. The track of the tornado; sweeping houses, forest, fences, everything living or standing before it, is not more striking or destructive than that of Sherman and his hirelings along the beautiful valleys of the Sweet Water and Tennessee. The armies of Buckner, Burnside, Stevenson and Longstreet, all of whom had previously traversed the most of the same route, were mere babes of destruction, if we compare their combined effects with the huge proportion of Sherman's desolation. All other Yankee Generals and troops were Christians compared with him and his. Not a fence was left standing, not a pound of meat, or bushel of wheat or corn, or a bundle of hay or fodder remained behind them. He did not divide with the people, taking, of course, the lion's share—but he took all the people had, in the way of provisions. Not a house escaped their ravages—every nook and corner—the most private recess, the very sanctuary of every home felt their polluting touch. Bed cloths, ladies' dresses, children's' playthings—family relics, the old family Bible, works of art and taste—everything dear and precious, valuable and useful were alike destroyed or appropriated by the vandals. Mothers often saw the last mouthful of the meat and bread of their families taken, and about the only thing in way of subsistence [sic], strange to say, that the demons did not take or destroy, was the mother's nipple in the infant's mouth. How did they resist the temptation? Remonstrances were met with oaths and curses. At Athens one lady called upon the Brute for protection. He answered, that he had come not to save, but to destroy, that his was a mission not of mercy, but of destruction. He had come to crush the rebellion, and the most effectual way to do it was by starvation. Yes, to starve the helpless women and children, because they could not conquer their husbands and fathers.

At Sweet Water, they entered the dwelling of Brig. Gen. John C. Vaughn, who was then, with his command in the Brute's front, and wantonly destroyed furniture, tore open bed ticks and scattered their contents, stole bed clothing, tore up and carried off the dress of Mrs. Vaughn [sic] righ [sic] before her eyes, and cursed and abused her beside. At Philadelphia and Loudon their ravages were similar. Turning to the right at Loudon, they crossed the Little Tennessee river at Morgantown, in Blount county. Here they tore down a number of frame houses and used them in building a temporary bridge. Passing up through Unitia and Louisville, they sacked every house, desolated every farm, stole and destroyed all provisions and forage, carried off every horse, and committed, along the whole route, almost every imaginable, and to any but a Yankee and Vandal, unimaginable outrages. They went to one house between Louisville and Maryville, where the dead body of the mother of the proprietor lay awaiting interment. Not regarding the solemnity of the occasion, or the distress of the family, they proceeded with their usual vulgarity and corseness [sic] to appropriate all the meat and other provisions on the place. At Maryville they remained one night, and during that time went into every house in the place—stole bedding and bed clothing until not enough was left to keep the children warm—took every particle of provisions to be found, searched every room, drawer and trunk, carried off jewelry, clothing, shoes, and in fact, any and every thing they wanted, and much they cared nothing for.—The Brute himself rode up to the finest looking residence in the place, the house of a widow lady,

whose husband has been an exile, and had recently died in a strange land, and took possession of the premises. In a very authoritative and dictatorial manner he demanded the lady's keys. She remarked to him that she was in the habit of carrying her own keys. He stormed out at her that her property and life too were in his hands—he could do as he pleased, and would do as he pleased with both, and threatened violence if she did not deliver up the keys. The poor frightened woman was compelled to hand them over; whereupon the infuriated Brute took formal possession of everything, and instituted a search in every part of the house. The next morning, after taking all the flour, salt and other provisions, stealing with his own hands a few little things about the house, and requiring the lady to take the oath, he returned her keys and started, I presume [sic] in search of some other widow's house to destroy. Pusiallnimous [sic] dog—the mean, miserable villain! Very brave to lord it over weak women and timid children. Oh, for a thousand cow skins, in the hands of a thousand Southern sons, to lash the back, and, if possible, to extortiate [sic] the very soul of the dastardly whelp who would thus insult and brow beat a woman—and an aged, feeble widow at that!

Another lady, whose provisions, clothing and bed clothes had been stolen, and whose children were hungry and crying for bread, when she had none to give, went at ten o'clock at night to the lodgings of the Brute and requested him to furnish her enough meal or flour to bake her five children some bread, they were hungry and crying and could not sleep without eating. The vulgar animal reminded her of his power—of her dependence upon him—that all property and life were in his hands, &c., &c., required her to take the oath and dismissed her with a pittance of provisions. From Maryville he returned by way of Madisonville and Tellico Plains, committing like excesses everywhere he went.

It is useless, Messrs. Editors, to extend this catalogue any further. The heart sickens, the mind maddens, the blood runs boiling hot, to think of or recount them. Enough is given to demonstrate the *brutal* instincts of Sherman, and to justify the public sentiment in placing his name alongside that of Butler, in regarding him as an enemy of mankind, a shame and disgrace to the human race, as an outlaw and a Brute. Let him ever after be known, called, regarded, and recognized as the Brute, and let the ban of condemnation, as in the case of Butler, be placed upon his brow. Let him be declared and proclaimed an outlaw, not entitled to the usages of civilized warfare and let him meet the fate he deserves, at the hands of the first Southerner who catches him.

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

Yankee Massacre of Negroes.—The Chicago Times says: The late massacre of negro soldiers near Vicksburg is now said not to have been a Confederate outrage, but quite otherwise. The negroes went to a hotel where there were only white women and children with their servants, committed the greatest possible outrages on the women and then burned the house. An Indiana regiment heard of the affair, and attacked and killed the negroes. No Confederates were concerned in the shocking affair. Admiral Porter said in a late report: “The negro troops near Vicksburg have been committing many outrages.”

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

A Mississippi Girl!—The Brandon (Miss.) Republican states that Miss Nancy Neely, daughter of Mr. James Neely, of Rankin county, wove twenty yards of cloth on Friday last, between sunup and sundown. Who cares if the Yankees do blockade our ports as long as we

have such girls in the Confederacy? Is there another young lady in the county, State or Confederacy, that can weave twenty yards of cloth per day?

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 14, 1864, p. 2, c. 5  
Summary: Concert Hall—"London Assurance"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 14, 1864, p. 3, c. 1  
New Music.—The enterprising music and book publishers, Blackmar & Bro., have favored us with some new music which does credit to Messrs. Patterson & Co., who are now issuing from their establishment neatly executed work. "I am Dreaming Still of Thee," rearranged for the Piano Forte by E. Clarke Ilsley, "General Bragg's Grand March," composed by P. Rivinac, and "Stonewall Jackson's Grand March," illustrative of "Stonewall Jackson's Way," by Charles Young—are among the latest publications in the musical line.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 15, 1864, p. 1, c. 1  
Religious Feeling in McLaws' Division.—A correspondent of the Columbia South Carolinian states that a deep religious feeling pervades McLaws' division. In three brigades there is preaching every night, with prayer and inquiry meeting at seasonable hours during the day. In the Mississippi brigade, the strongest interest is manifested in the meetings, and crowds attend their chaplains. There is, however, a sad lack of chaplains, and the few present are already almost broken down. In Wofford's fine brigade of Georgians, there is not a single chaplain; while its army missionary is obliged, unfortunately, just at present, to leave. "The harvest, truly, is plentiful, but the laborers are few." Some days ago, some of Wofford's men, passing by the stand where Kershaw's brigade worships, one of them was heard to say: "Hello! boys, here's a church—let's hook it—we need one badly over our way."

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 15, 1864, p. 2, c. 5  
Summary: Concert Hall—"Michael Erle;" "Ben Bolt"  
Summary: Concert Hall—May 17<sup>th</sup>—"Jack Cade"  
Summary: Masonic Hall—"First Grand Concert, by Mr. and the Misses Sloman" with the Alexandre Organ, includes programme

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 15, 1864, p. 2, c. 3  
Summary: "Gerald Gray's Wife", the Field and Fireside Novelette No. 2, now ready, \$3.00, by Stockton & Co.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 17, 1864, p. 2, c. 5  
Summary: Concert Hall—"Jack Cade;" song "Soldier's Grave;" recitation "Bucks have at ye all;" "Coquette Polka"

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

Cotton Cards, &c.

50 doz. Whittemore Cards, No. 10, Genuine.  
1,200 Leather Leaf Cotton Cards,

1,000 gro. Gillott's Steel Pens,  
50 cases Brandy,  
100 oz. Quinine.

L. Cohn & Co.  
195 Broad St.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 17, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

Mr. Editor: Rags for bandages are much needed by the Georgia Relief and Hospital Association, for our wounded troops. Help from the ladies is respectfully solicited, and it is hoped they will respond promptly.

W. J. Hard, Secretary.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 18, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Concert Hall—"Romeo and Juliet"

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

Summary: Concert Hall—"London Assurance"

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

Important Wool Notice.

Atlanta, Ga., May 11, 1864.

Major: You are hereby appointed Agent for the collecting of WOOL for the use of C. S. Army, in District "1," comprising the Counties of Richmond, Columbia, Glasscock, Hancock, Taliaferro, Warren, Wilks, Lincoln and Elbert, in the State of Georgia, and the Districts of Edgefield, Barnwell, Abbeville, Orangeburg, Lawrence and Newberry, South Carolina.

Yours, &c.,

G. W. Cunningham,  
Major & Q. M.

To L. O. Bridwell,  
Major and Q. M.,  
Augusta, Georgia.

In accordance with the above, I call upon the citizens in the counties and districts named to sell all surplus WOOL to the Government. The necessity is great; and as the soldiers, who are defending your homes, can only be clothed by selling us your Wool, I trust all patriotic and loyal men will be willing to assist. My Agents will traverse the whole District. Parties living at convenient distances to Augusta, can send their Wool to me. Sacks will be returned. Wool will be received at any Railroad Depot or Station in the District.

The Government offers the following liberal prices:

For 1 lb. unwashed good Wool (cash,) \$7.00.

" 1 " " " " 2½ yds. 4-4 Sheetings.  
" 1 " " " " " 3 yds. 7/8 shirtings.  
" 1 " " " " " 2½ yds. 8 oz. osnaburgs.  
" 1 " " " " " 1¼ lbs. no. 6, cotton yarns.  
" 1 " " " " " 1 1/8 " " 8, " "

“ 1 “ “ “ “ 1 “ “ 10, “ “  
“ 1 “ “ “ “ 7/8 “ “ 12, “ “

Permission has been asked, and will be granted to impress all wool in the hands of speculators; but this is disagreeable, and it is hoped these prices will induce the farmer to sell at once to the Government, for the benefit of the soldier.—Correspondence desired with wool men in all parts of the District. Any person having a detail, selling his Wool to any other than an Agent of the C. S., will forfeit his detail.

L. O. Bridwell,  
Major and Q. M.

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

Rye or Wheat  
Straw Wanted.

We will pay the highest market price for Rye or Wheat STRAW, suitable for stuffing Collars.

Jessup & Hatch.

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

Visit to Macon, Ga. —This Local has returned from a flying visit to Macon, Ga.—was one of the guard for 1,000 Yankees—principally officers—who passed through here on Sunday last—went through on a box car—inside packed like a sardine box, with guards, Yankees, and their back-biting companions—outside hot as a boiler in the day time, and colder than a cucumber at night. Had some sunshine, some clouds, and some rain—“local troops” stood it like veterans, and only managed to lose two or three Yanks on the route. Some of these latter were very talkative. . . We found Macon to be a very pretty little city; storekeepers seemed to be quite busy; and prices generally cheaper than in Augusta, as the following will show:

A good dinner at the Brown House for \$5.00; pretty fair board for \$150.00 per month; beef \$2.50 per pound; bacon \$3.50 per pound, strawberries \$1.50 per quart; green peas \$1.50 per quart; a shave at the barber’s 50 cents, and hair cut for \$1.00.

A visit to the sanctum of our good natured friend Clisby, of the Macon Telegraph, found him in good health, and evidently in good spirits.

The “rations” served out by the clever and courteous Commissary of the Post furnished a good dinner, and Wednesday morning found the “locals” all safely back in Augusta again—some of them well enough satisfied with their trip to have gone back again yesterday with another batch of prisoners.

The guard consisted of detachments from the City Guard, Capt. Holleyman, Silver Greys, Lieut. Walker, and Pioneer Infantry, Captain Adam, with a few men from the Artillery, and two companies from Maj. Victor Girardy’s Battalion—all under command of Capt. Holleyman.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 20, 1864, p. 4, c. 3

Summary: Concert Hall—“The Bride of Lammermoor;” “Poor Pillicoddy”

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

Battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill.  
[From the Houston Telegraph, April 22.]

Mansfield, La. , April 15, 1865.—Little did I think when I bid you farewell in Texas that I should so soon have to record two of the most bloody battles which have been fought during this eventful war, and while the shouts of victory are ringing and a thankful people are praising the Almighty for the success of our arms in beating back the tide of invasion, still many once happy homes in Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, and Louisiana are mourning for some loved and lost relatives or friends.

The battle of Mansfield was fought two and a half miles from the little city of the same name. The battle had been preceded by some heavy skirmishing, but the general battle commenced on the 8<sup>th</sup> of April, about 10 A. M., Maj. General Taylor in command. Maj. Gen. Green commanded the left wing, Brig. Gen. Mouton the right, Gen. Walker's division on the right of Mouton, and two cavalry regiments on the extreme right of Walker. Gen. Green commenced the attack with a portion of his dismounted cavalry. The enemy pressing the left wing heavily, Gen. Green then ordered Mouton's division to advance, and the fighting was terrible along the lines of both combatants.

The battle raged fiercely for five hours, when the enemy broke and fled, having been forced back two miles, whence commenced a general rout.

Gen. Churchill's division did not arrive in time to participate in this action, but were in the battle of the following day. Gen. Mouton fell early in the action, while receiving the surrender of a large body of the enemy. He fell but a few feet from the muzzles of their guns. He is reported to have acted gallantly, and his noble division lost heavily in both officers and men, and covered themselves with glory. Col. Phil Herbert was here wounded, and Col. Buchel mortally—since dead. It was here, too, that the lamented Chancey B. Sheppard, of Gen. Green's staff, fell, and the gallant Major J. D. Sayres wounded.

The fruits of the victory consisted in capturing 2,500 prisoners, 200 wagons, loaded with stores, 1,400 mules, thirty-six ambulances, with immense medical and other stores. In this battle the enemy fought three army corps, viz: the 13<sup>th</sup>, 19<sup>th</sup> and famous 16<sup>th</sup>, formerly commanded by Gen. Sherman, and which had so often boasted that it had never known defeat. The loss of the enemy in the two engagements will not be less than 6,000 killed, wounded and prisoners.

The enemy commenced their retreat as soon as routed, in the direction of Pleasant Hill, some eighteen miles from the battle field of Mansfield.

Our army having pursued, the line of battle was formed about 4, P. M., of the 9<sup>th</sup> of April, and was more bloody than on the preceding day. Gen. Green's division, under his command, was posted on the extreme left; Mouton's division, under command of Brig. Gen. Polignac, on Green's right; Gen. Walker on Polignac's right; Gen. Churchill's division of Arkansians and Missourians, having arrived on the extreme right; the Valverde battery opening the battle and losing the majority of their horses, but few men injured. General Churchill, with his division of infantry, then moved forward, and the battle commenced furiously along the whole line. The enemy pressing Churchill in overwhelming numbers, he was compelled to fall back. Gens. Walker and Polignac then moved forward, and broke the entire line of the enemy, and threw them into general rout, and night put a stop to the carnage. They fell back to Roubiere bayou, some twenty miles, Green's cavalry in hot pursuit, who followed them to the river. Gen. Walker was slightly wounded. So was Gen. Scurry. (Gen. Polignac was not wounded, as first reported.)

Gen. Waul was in command of a brigade, and every man, both officer and private, acted

licke [sic] heroes. Col. Debray (since promoted to Brigadier General) is reported to have behaved very gallantly. He had his horse killed under him here. Our loss was very heavy. General Scurry took 1200 men into the fight, and lost 400, killed and wounded. Our loss in the two battles is estimated to be 1400 killed, wounded, and prisoners.

We captured in the two battles 32 pieces of artillery, and small arms beyond computation, and about 4000 prisoners, many officers among them. These are the greatest battles fought west of the Mississippi, and of all the battles the most fruitful. The invasion of Texas is no longer to be thought of and probably the complete evacuation of Western Louisiana by the enemy, besides relieving the pressure on Arkansas, which Gen. Price may be enabled to regain. I should here state that General Taylor fought these battles contrary to the opinion of others, and he has eclipsed the fame of his father, old "Rough and Ready."

I yesterday visited the different hospitals in this vicinity, seeking some of our Texas boys. I found but a few. I found Major Sayers and Capt. T. J. Hare, of company K, DeBray's regiment; they are not dangerously wounded; also Lieut. Fisher, of the same regiment, slightly wounded. I shall proceed to Pleasant Hill in a day or two, and seek others. Hardened as my heart is to scenes of suffering and misery, the silent tear started unbidden from eyes unused to weeping, as I passed among the maimed and wounded. Here I found a noble youth, who a few weeks ago left home so full of hope for the future, upon the couch of the sufferer. His fond mother's and sister's kiss, as he parted from them, came to my mind, and I found that war was a reality and a sad thing. May God comfort the mourners.

The streets of this city are daily thronged with ladies carrying food and comfort to the sufferers. They watch over them with all the affection of mothers and sisters. Surrounded by all the horrors of war, the daughters of Louisiana prove ministering angels in the cause of suffering humanity, and, like the good Samaritan, they never tire in watching at the couch of suffering. God bless them. The majority of the wounded of the enemy are in our hands; they are attended by their own surgeons, and our authorities give them every facility to assist them, and they receive as kind treatment as those of our own army.

This is a sad night in camp. A few rods from where I am writing lies the corpse of Major-Gen. Thos. Green, the napoleon of the West. Many a heart in Texas will mourn the loss of our hero. Just promoted, having never known defeat when he commanded, enjoying the confidence of his troops to a degree unsurpassed, and very rarely equaled with a constitution of iron, and a will like adamant, General Green leaves a void in the armies of the Confederacy which will remain unfilled, and future generations of Texas will tell of the heroic deeds, and the no less heroic death of the man who first led our cow-boys to board and capture vessels of war. Major-Gen. Green was killed instantly, about 5 o'clock on the evening of the 12<sup>th</sup> inst., at Blair's landing, on Red river, about thirty-five miles from this place, while directing an attack with one thousand men on five gunboats and five transports, the latter loaded with troops, the former ironclads. He was standing near the edge of the bank, which at that place is about thirty feet high. While encouraging his men under a terrific fire from the gunboats, he was stuck over the right eye by a charge of grape-shot—the whole top of his head was carried away, and death, of course, instantaneous. His body was brought to this camp the next day, and will be sent to Texas by Major J. H. Beck, quartermaster of the cavalry corps.

The tent is lighted up and guarded by a detachment of Texas cavalry. The sensation caused by his death it is impossible to describe [sic]. Gen. Polignac, Waul and Scurry shed burning tears when they heard of it. Every one seemed to have lost a near and dear relative and friend. Gen. Taylor was overwhelmed with grief, for Green has always been his true and staunch

friend. I am told that when his officers remonstrated against his going into the fight, he said that he wouldn't if he had his old brigade with him, but some of his troops were new and he must go. The troops engaged were Wood's and Gould's regiments, and Parson's brigade. We lost seventy-five men killed and wounded. The slaughter of the enemy on board the transports was fearful, as our men were only thirty or forty yards from them, and one of the gunboats was completely silent and about to surrender, when three others came to her assistance; none were captured. Had Gen. Green lived, no one doubts but what he would have captured all the transports—the engagement lasted about half an hour after the General fell, when the officer who took command withdrew the troops. Such is the statement of officers who were there.

Texas also mourns the loss of Chancey B. Sheppard. I know him well. He was a true friend and a braver man did not fall on those bloody fields. The hero of a dozen fights, he now sleeps with his old chief in a soldier's grave. Peace to his ashes! but his memory will ever remain green in the heart of every Texan. I shall proceed to the vicinity of the battle fields in a few days, and I dread to meet our suffering friends. I shall keep your readers posted as often as possible.

Sioux.

In the Saddle (three miles from the extreme front) Near Grand Ecore, April 17.—After a hard ride of fifty miles, I find myself facing the enemy again, having been declared released from the parole given by me on my release from New Orleans as a prisoners [sic] of war.

I have many interesting incidents relating to the recent battles which will be sent as soon as I get reliable information concerning them.

I have received many courtesies from Gen. Taylor and his acting adjutant-general Major Surget.

Major General Prince Polignac, second in command to General Taylor, also treated me very courteously, as also his A. A. G. Major J. C. Moncure. I had a conversation with him yesterday, and he regrets the error of his being mortally wounded should gain such wide circulation. He is not injured in the least, and now commands in the field. Brigadier General Bee being second to him, is in command of all the cavalry in West Louisiana. As the fact of my being with a majority of the Texas troops at present will not be considered contraband to publish in your paper, it being so far distant, I will state that I have met with many of the heroes of the late battles, and never have I seen them in better spirits, despite their late hardships. The losses among the Texan troops are not as severe as at first reported. Our boys, when they went into the fight, did their work up quick. It was charge and chase, from first to last. Company K, DeBray's regiment, commanded by Capt. Hare, suffered the most of any—twenty-one horses being killed. Only three men killed, but some ten or twelve wounded. Many reported as wounded are only slightly so, and are in the saddle again ready for another fight. The wounded are all doing well, and receive every attention from the ladies of the country.

It would be contraband in me to state the force of the army in Louisiana, and I have seen large armies before, but this surpasses all I have yet seen. Skirmishing is going on daily, and a few prisoners are brought in. They all admit that they were badly whipped the other day, and say the "Texas fellers" fought like tigers. A number of their officers told me that they had never seen such bravery as displayed by the Texans; the 16<sup>th</sup> army corps had never before met such a number of Texans, and they all say they now believe the stories they have so often heard of the Texans' fighting qualities. The prisoners all lay their defeat on Gen. Banks—say is no general, etc. We fought the flower of the United States army, and I must say that the Western men acted bravely, but they could not stand the Texan yell and fearful charge. The loss of the enemy in

officers is very large, many being among the wounded. I visited the battle fields of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill a few days ago.

The field of Mansfield was a plantation skirted with wood and composed of small hills and valleys. It contains some 300 or 400 acres of land, but much of the hardest fighting took place in the timber where the enemy were.—The fences had been leveled by the enemy upon hearing Gen. Taylor's advance, expecting to take us by surprise and slaughter our troops on the plain. The annals of history do not record a harder contested field. Thousands of dead horses are thrown over the field, and the stench is horrible. I was forced to run my pony at the height of his speed over many portions. The majority of our troops who fell were buried [sic] in the city cemetery, while those of the enemy were buried upon the field. They were buried in the trenches side by side as decently as possible.

When our cavalry pursued, after their rout, hundreds were cut down, and all along the road to Pleasant Hill, twenty miles, is strewn with the carcasses [sic] of dead horses, and occasionally a new-made grave seen by the roadside.—The battle field of Pleasant Hill extends for the distance of a mile from the town. The enemy had made a stand on the top of a hill, one mile from town. Planting their batteries, they awaited the approach of our pursuing forces. As soon as their scouts gave warning that our cavalry were in range, they opened a brisk fire in every direction. Our batteries having got into position, the old Valverde opened and soon silenced their main battery, killing nearly all their horses, while DeBray, at the head of his regiment, charged up the hill, followed by Buchell—the enemy turning and retreating. The Arkansians and Missourians, under Gen. Churchill, the Louisianians, under Polignac, and the cavalry of Green, threw them into a complete rout.

I was misinformed, when I stated in my last letter that Col. Buchell fell on the field of Mansfield—it was here that he fell. But when I see the regimental reports, I shall do justice to the humblest private. Many of our killed were buried on the field, in separate graves. Our loss in killed, was not near as large as that of the enemy. The enemy's line of battle extended several regiments deep along the whole line of battle, and when our batteries opened, the slaughter was horrible. The battle was fought on ground much like that of Mansfield, but they had many advantages; ditches had been cut by the owner of the plantation for the purpose of drainage, and the enemy used them for rifle pits; but they were soon driven from them by the desperate assaults of the infantry. The last of the series of these hills and ditches extended up to and was part of the town. But few horses, comparatively, were killed here, but the slaughter of the enemy was fearful.—The dead are buried together in scores, and it was an awful sight to view the scene. I could trace with my eyes the spots where the most desperate carnage had taken place.

The enemy are fortifying at Grand Ecore, and no one knows their plans. We possibly may have another battle ere long, for our troops are anxious for the fray. The boys are enjoying remarkable good health.

Sioux.

In the Saddle, Near Grand Ecore, La., Ap'18.—The public are still anxious to hear further of the great battles, and I proceed. All is still bustle and excitement at the front. Slight skirmishing going on daily. A flag of truce, borne by Col. G. W. Chilton and Major G. W. McNeel, of Gen. Bee's staff, held communication with the enemy a short time ago. The Federals desired to send supplies and surgeons to their wounded, and we agreed to receive and receipt for the stores, but not let their surgeons pass into our lines. The Federal truce officer, who was a Colonel, paid a high compliment to the bravery of our troops on the field, and acknowledged the defeat. He was courteous and gentlemanly towards our officers.

A reconnoitering party, composed of two companies of DeBray's regiment, commanded by Lieuts. Story and Peck, of company's [sic] B and F, made a daring dash into the city of Natchitoches on the evening of the 15<sup>th</sup> inst. They passed through a portion of the town, driving in the pickets of the enemy. The main body of the enemy are stationed between the upper portion of the town and the town of Grand Ecore. This feat is considered a brilliant one. A portion of Col. Madison's regiment, of Gen. Major's brigade, have also made many daring reconnoissances [sic] of late. The Texas cavalry have all covered themselves with glory. I have conversed with many officers high in rank and position of late to give me the names of a few of their privates and non-commissioned officers who distinguished themselves the most. But all make the same reply to my inquiries, "All are equally deserving of praise." Every man seemed to endeavor [sic] to outdo his comrades in deeds of valor. And while I give proper credit to our brave Texans, I must not overlook the gallant Louisianans under the intrepid Mouton, or the Arkansians and Missourians under Churchill.

Side by side did they advance to the terrible charges and now fill the same graves. The Louisianians under Mouton covered themselves with glory, the far-famed Crescent regiment of New Orleans leading in the charges. This noble band of men have passed through many severe fights. I saw them on the field of Shiloh, and even there they held in check an entire brigade of the enemy on Monday morning after the enemy had been reinforced by Gen. Buell. Their loss on the field of Mansfield was terrible; entire platoons fell at every discharge of the enemy's guns, they advanced across an open field without firing a gun, and they had reached a few yards of the enemy, when they opened and soon drove the enemy in a perfect rout from their position.

The division of Gen. Churchill marched forty-five miles in fifteen hours, to be in time for the fight at Pleasant Hill. Nobly did they stand side by side with their comrades through that bloody struggle, and their graves on the battlefield tell plainly how they suffered. As I said before, I cannot get the officers to name any of their men who distinguished themselves more than others, consequently all must receive equal credit. I shall only speak of conspicuous brigades and divisions with their chief commanders.

I stated in my first letter that Gen. Taylor made the attack without orders from Gen. Smith, and contrary to the advice of many officers. But the General knew the spirit of his troops, and knowing the topography of the country so well, risked a battle, and has thereby saved Texas from the perils of an invasion. While we extol our own heroes of the battles, Texans must not forget Taylor, Mouton, Polignac or Churchill. One of the greatest heroes on those fields was Brig. Gen. Bee, commanding a brigade of cavalry on the extreme left, at Pleasant Hill. He had two horses shot under him, and himself slightly wounded. Major G. W. McNeel, Inspector-General on his staff, had two horses shot under him, and Orderly L. Schneider had two shot while carrying Gen. Bee's orders on the field. Major W. T. Mechling, A. A. G., and Col. G. W. Chilton, are reported to have acted nobly in the terrible charge where the gallant Col. Buchel fell mortally wounded.

Nor must I forget the intrepid Brig. Gen. C. P. Major. He was with the lamented Green throughout, and it would be useless for me to go into details of his acts. Suffice it to say, that he won fresh laurels here. His staff, Major Magoffin, Capt. Zacharie, Winston and Ogden are highly praised for their gallantry. Of Colonel (now Brig. Gen.) DeBray, I must do the justice to say, that he acted the hero throughout the battles, never faltering when ordered to charge, and placing himself at the head of his noble regiment boldly led them against the enemy's walls of glittering bayonets.

Loud are the praises I hear of the gallantry displayed by Capt. McMahan's battery of light

artillery. At Mansfield, the battery was in position on the summit of a hill, and poured a deadly volley into the ranks of the enemy. Gen. Taylor presented two rifled captured pieces to the battery on the field, they laying aside their smooth-bore guns. Lieut. Sam Houston, Jr., commanded one section of the battery, and is reported to have acted the hero, directing the guns with his own hands.

Capt. W. G. Moseley, of Brazoria county, Texas, commanded his battery on one of the wings, and did fearful execution every discharge. I have heard officers high in rank extol the Texas batteries, especially the old Valverde. Of the Louisiana and Arkansas batteries, Gen. Taylor's official report will do them justice. They are fully equal to the Texans. The slaughter of the enemy at Pleasant Hill is described by old soldiers to have been the greatest they ever saw. Whole regiments fell like chaff before the wind, and the piles of buried dead on the field show plainly the extent of the carnage. I must do Col. Gould's regiment of cavalry justice. Many people in Texas have been loud in defaming these men. They are from Northern Texas, but they have put the blush of shame upon their slanderers. They never faltered; won laurels in the fight at Blair's landing, where the lamented Gen. Green lost his life. Of Col. Buchel's regiment too much praise cannot be given. I have always considered this regiment the flower of the Texas cavalry. I have noticed that those regiments which are well drilled and disciplined, do far better service in action. Brig. Gen. Bee and Cols. Buchel and Debray handled their men as though they were playing a game of chess with them. Nor must I omit the well drilled body of men under Col. Wood's command; all were heroes, which is saying a great deal.

The road after leaving Mansfield to this place is strewn with dead horses which fell by the pursuit of cavalry. Many of the stately residences along the route are blackened ruins, the fences destroyed by fire, and a scene of desolation and devastation is seen on every side. I wonder what the object was for an army and people who professed to belong to a Christian nation, to thus devastate the land they profess to come to save—oh shame! where is thy blush! I had formerly believed that many of the stories of the burning of dwellings, robberies of churches, etc., were exaggerated, but after seeing these things with my own eyes I am now satisfied they are true. A Catholic church in the Spanish settlement near Double Bayou bridge was sacked and the church ornaments carried away, even the window curtains were taken. This cannot be denied.

In the knapsack of one of the 10<sup>th</sup> army corps was found the jewelry of a young lady—ear-rings, breastpins, and even her underclothing was there. I will do the enemy the justice to say that the orders of their generals severely punish outrages of this kind, but many of the inferior officers encourage their men to do these acts, and even share with them in the spoils. These incidents are no bombast or misrepresentation. I can vouch for their truth. Well may we say, "Oh, Union, what atrocities are committed in thy name."

I never saw so much sorrow as I see shown by the cavalry corps of the army of Louisiana for the loss of Major-Gen. Green. The following general order from Gen. Bee expresses the general feeling of the corps:

Headquarters Cavalry Corps, }  
Prother's Brigade [sic?], La., April 15, 1864. }

General Orders No. 1.

Around the bier of Major General Tom. Green, killed in action 12<sup>th</sup> of April, 1864, at Blair's Landing, Louisiana, this corps claims its place as chief mourner. It has shared with him his trials and sufferings, his glory and honor. It mourns him as their incomparable leader, one of the most effective generals in the service of the Confederacy, and a nation mourns. He has left

the remembrance of his noble example for our guidance. It will not be forgotten.

In compliance with orders from Gen. Taylor, I assume command of the cavalry of his army. Headquarters are at present at Prother's bridge.

H. P. Bee,  
Brig. Gen. Comd'g.  
Wm. P. Mechling, A. A. G.

(Official)

New scenes of excitement will take place daily, and your readers will be kept posted of everything of interest. The enemy can't catch me again if there is any virtue in speed and horse flesh.

All keep their horses saddled night and day, ready to move at a moment's warning. The boys who have never been on a campaign find it anything but play, and far different from doing garrison duty. The weather is warm and pleasant.

Sioux.

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

Summary: Concert Hall—"Romeo and Juliet"; "A Dead Shot"

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

Albert J. Street, the "N'Importe" correspondent of the Mobile Advertiser and Register, was killed at Pascagoula, La., a few nights since, by the accidental discharge of his pistol, which he was handing to a gentleman. He joined, early in the war, an artillery company formed in Memphis for Price's army, and afterwards acted as an assistant adjutant for Gen. Slack in Missouri.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 22, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Concert Hall—"Iron Chest;" "A Dead Shot"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 22, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

. . . This talented troupe [sic] in this city play under some difficulties.

The "Concert Hall," while it would make a first class barn, makes, in its present dilapidated state, a very poor Theater.

In two things Augusta is most woefully deficient. We have no public promenades save the streets—no squares, no park; and that deprives us of some first-class day time amusement. Then we have no nice theatre, and that deprives us of the best kind of night time amusement.

We have long hoped that some of the capitalists of Augusta, would build us a good Theatre, if not as a paying investment, at least as a proper way of displaying liberality and taste. Nor are we sure that such a thing would not pay. No other city upon a par with Augusta, in intelligence and wealth, has hesitated to supply this means of intellectual recreation; and even if we cannot have a big new house, why not tastefully repair and decorate the old one?

To play in such a place with such aids to mimic life—to represent the elegancies of the drawing-room, where the noise of the hammer and nails that keep the scenery from falling down, penetrates the conversation—to talk of the beauties of nature and charms of the tangled wildwood, where the paint is scalding off of the scaly looking trees, and the lines of the framework present geometrical angles which nature never constructed in the woods—where furniture of the kitchen does duty in the State chambers of the palace, and the street looks like a parlor and the parlor looks like a street; to get up the high-wrought deceptions of the stage under

these circumstances, is rather beyond the power of ordinary actors.

Ella Wren made Mobile go crazy with delight, and almost failed here.

Another serious drawback is that the company have played on Augusta boards so long, that they are deemed home folks, and “a prophet hath seldom honor at home.”

Still another draw-back is, that no large bodies of troops are quartered near our city, and that best of sources of revenue does not, therefore, exist. For soldiers notoriously have less money and spend more than any other class. The often talked of extravagance of the British Tar is not ahead of the Confederate soldier,—that depredator upon water-melon [sic] and turnip patches, and chief patron of shows. It is true that the travel through Augusta is very great; but a furlough about to expire, a sick leave, or purse not absolutely illimitable, are all things that suggest, “keep traveling,” to the traveler.

The greatest trouble of all, however, is the fact that our people still look upon this as a “Child Company.”

It is but three years since “Little Fanny” first sang so sweetly:--

“If you thing [sic] we don’t compare

With some Yankees who’ve been here,

Remember that we’ve had but little training;

But to Carolina’s daughter

I surely think you ough’er

Give a welcome in this Happy Land of Canaan.”

But three years since the old “Hall” used to ring with applause as she spread the new flag of the South in the glare of the foot-lights, and sang *The Southern Marseillaise*.

Now “Little Fanny” is Miss Fanny, as charming in girl-hood as in childhood; a woman when she wears long dresses; and who would return to her old energy and life, if she cared half as much for the public as the public does for her.

Julia is the same little compound of music and dancing as in the old days, the same provoking little tease as when a long time ago we first saw her in the manoeuvres of the “Naval Engagement.”

Miss Laura has ceased to be either child or girl, but without our knowing exactly when or how, has become a most beautiful woman; feeling and truly depicting the depth of passion in the master pieces of the stage, and—unlike the old faded stars of the stage lights—causing no surprise in the audience when the lovers in the plays so naturally fall in love with her. The male portion of the audience would probably plead guilty of the same indiscretion. We have not lately heard her sing, and as “the bird can sing, it should sing.” The songs of the Revolution are not all worn out yet, and that sweetest thing in the world, “Mary of Argyle,” has never pleased us better than from her lips.

Of the male members of the Troup we hardly need speak. Alfred makes a first class “*Don Caesar*,” and takes to the *harem scarum* dashing characters, as does a duck to water. Perhaps in his *Bucanier* characters, there is some nature and some acting, who knows?

Walter Keeble is not one of “the children,” but he is an actor that, in his favorite characters, has few superiors. With John Davis, Edmond Dalton, and Dalton’s beautiful wife; with Ella Wren or Miss Eloese [sic] Bridges for the *Marco* and *Lucrecia Borgia* characters, a company might be formed that would wake even Augusta out of her apathy. That man Dalton is the best *Shylock* the Merchant of Venice has ever had in these regions lately. It will take just such a company to make Walter Keeble play as he *can* play; as for instance he used to play at the Varieties in Richmond, where the crowd used to pack itself like sardines in a box, and where we

“didn’t quite cry” for an hour and a quarter at the close of the “*Willow Copse*.”

But we fear that many of our friends will be alarmed at so long a talk about that orthodox impropriety—a theatre. Well, all the Clergy quote Shakspeare [sic] who know how, all the congregation read it, and if the *good* will go, there will be no more “playing to the pit,” but the world’s great masters will take from the stage the immortals from the lips of the mortals; Virtue will illustrate her sublime triumphs over Vice, and Genius, in its grandest championship of Truth, will appeal to the eye, the ear and the heart. Crime meets no encouragement where Lady Macbeth tries to wash the blood from her hand in dreams; ingratitude meets the grand scorn of Timon of Athens; love, infidelity, and unwavering honor, learns its prophecied [sic] reward from the lips of him who dreamed the day dreams of the Lake of Como; and the great heart of the world grows purer and beats with a healthier throb when it learns amid the drapery and gilding, and bright robes and graceful motions of the stage, those thoughts of the world’s last inspiration—those words that are beauty and ideas that are immortal:

For Shakspeare [sic], though all Shakspeare’s [sic] writings were lost,  
And his genius, though never a trace of it cross’d  
Posterity’s path, not the less would have dwelt  
In the isle with Miranda—with Hamlet have felt  
All that Hamlet hath uttered; and haply where pure  
On its death-bed wronged Love Lay, have moanded [sic] with the Moor!

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 22, 1864, p. 3, c. 2

The Annual Floral Celebration of the Augusta Orphan Asylum.—The Annual Floral Celebration of the Augusta Orphan Asylum took place at the City Cemetery yesterday afternoon, at 5 o’clock. As most of city readers are aware, the children of this Asylum annually repair to the City Cemetery, and there strew flowers over the tombs of the founder and almoners of the institution, accompanying the ceremony with some religious exercises.

The children—boys and girls—marched from the Asylum yesterday afternoon, shortly before five o’clock, accompanied by the worthy Superintendent of the Asylum, Mr. W. C. Derry, the Board of Directors, and a delegation of Members of Council. On arriving at the Cemetery they marched around the tombs of Isaac S. Tuttle, Esq., the founder of the Asylum, and Dr. Geo. M. Newton, its most liberal benefactor, laying bouquets of flowers upon their tombs, as they marched around them. A hymn was then sung in most excellent style by the children, followed by a prayer by Rev. Mr. Meyer, and another hymn by the children.—Judge Charles J. Jenkins then proceeded to deliver an address appropriate to the occasion. . . . The children then moved around to the tomb of Foster Blodget, Sr., where they strewed flowers also, and sung another hymn. They then passed around to the monument erected to the memory of Dr. Newton, and strewed more flowers and sung three more hymns, thus concluding the celebration, and the audience dispersing. . . .

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

[Special Correspondence of the Constitutionalist.]  
Letter from Columbus.

Columbus, Ga., May 19<sup>th</sup>, 1864.

Messrs. Editors: I left Augusta on Wednesday morning via the Augusta & Savannah

Railroad, in charge of Capt. Davidson, the ever courteous and affable Conductor, and arrived here at 5 o'clock this morning, the trip being a very agreeable one as the weather was delightful and the cars not crowded.

While awaiting the train at Millen, I availed myself of the opportunity to visit the "Wayside Home," and was kindly shown through its various departments by the lady in charge. For neatness, cleanliness and order it is not surpassed, if equaled in the Confederacy; not only is the passing soldier bountifully supplied with food and sent on his way rejoicing, but sleeping apartments, clean and neat are provided for the sick and wounded, and kind hearts and willing hands are ever ready to minister to their wants. Truly is this institution deserving of the name of *home*, and the devoted patriotic ladies who originated and sustain it—the name of—"angels of mercy."

The "Millen Wayside Home" is managed and sustained by an association of ladies of Burke, Jefferson, and Scriven counties, with such assistance as the generous and patriotic may voluntarily render them. They have monthly meetings of the members at Millen, to discuss and look after the affairs of the *home*, elect officers, etc.—A report has been put abroad that the ladies at these meetings partake of and consume the food intended for the soldiers. This is not so. The report is false; for the ladies always bring with them a bountiful lunch, and leave the surplus for the use of the home, and many a sick and wounded soldier has thus enjoyed a dainty he otherwise would not have had.

They gave a pleasing exhibition, consisting of tableaux and charades at No. 6, C. R. R., on the evening of the 25<sup>th</sup>, the proceeds to aid them in their labour [sic] of love. I trust it will be largely attended.

At 12 o'clock the whistle blew, and I was off for Macon. When between Davisboro and Herndon, a Federal officer, Lieut. Smith, who had escaped from the train on Monday night, was put aboard. He said after two nights and one day, trying to get through the swamp, he came out at the same place he went in, which satisfied him that there was no chance to leave Dixie.

Columbus is a calm, quiet and lovely place, and like most inland cities, has a larger population than before the war. The hospitals here have all been put in condition for the wounded from upper Georgia. About 150 have already arrived.

The ladies give to-night a strawberry and cake supper for the benefit of needy soldiers' families, which promises to be a very *tasty* and sumptuous affair, of which I will be a better judge to-morrow.

The people here are jubilant over the good tidings from Virginia and are confident as to the result in Georgia.

S.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 24, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

The Last of Rome.—We were favored yesterday with a visit from our friend and confrere of the Rome Courier, Mr. M. Dwinell, who has just arrived in Atlanta, a refugee from his home. He was enabled, in the brief warning that was given him to get away but a small portion of the material of the Courier office, and was compelled to abandon the rest to "the god of storms, the lightings [sic], and the gales." He yet hopes that the office may be overlooked by the enemy, and that the time is not distant when he may return and re-establish his journal. . .

"Charlie Smith," (Bill Arp,) was last seen at the Rome Depot with an ominous looking black bottle under his arm, evidently impressed with the idea that the notice of the approach of the Yankees was "2 premature." We trust the enemy may not capture that clever wag, as much

out of personal regard as from a selfish desire to enjoy his personal experience of the advent of “the vandal horde.”

Some of the citizens had left by private conveyance, and others were preparing to follow.

Mr. Dwinell bears his exile like a philosopher, and seems imbued with the defiant and cheery spirit which characterizes the troops of the army.—Atlanta Confederacy.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 24, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Concert Hall—“Camille”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 24, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

### Wanted,

By a young woman, who is a refugee from Marietta, and can come well recommended, a situation to do general housework. The very best of reference given if application is made soon at this office.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 24, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

Interesting Facts— Augusta Government Works.—We are kindly furnished by Col. Rains with some facts in regard to Government operations at this place—which is not contraband, as the facts have mostly appeared in England.

The works are under the immediate control of Maj. I. P. Girardey, the former popular commander of the Washington Artillery of this city.

The magnificent works at this place will long be a monument to the skill and enterprise of the Ordnance Department, and to the unwearied energy of Col. Rains.

To those who know the magnitude of the operations, the immense amount of material used and constructed, and the disadvantages under which Col. Rains and Maj. Girardey have labored, it is no matter of surprise that the army officers generally seen around extensive works does not exist here. The following is a memorandum of war material supplied to our armies from the Government Works at Augusta, under the command of Col. Rains, within the past two months, viz:

One million four hundred thousand small arm cartridges.

Six thousand rounds fixed ammunition (shot and shell attached to cartridges for field batteries.)

Thirty thousand Girardey’s percussion fuses, for rifle shell.

Two thousand five hundred Col. Rain’s percussion hand grenades.

One thousand five hundred rifle shells for field artillery.

Fifty-four tons eight and ten inch shot and shell for columbiads.

One hundred tons of gunpowder.

Three complete batteries of brass 12-pounder Napoleon guns, with carriages, limbers, caissons, harness, equipments, ammunition, traveling forges, &c.

One battery of three inch rifle and banded iron guns and twelve pound bronze howitzers.

One battery of four twelve pound howitzers. The above two batteries being complete at all points, with carriages, limbers, caissons, harness, ammunition equipments, &c.

All of the above guns, except the rifle battery (for Gen. Morgan), were sent to Gen. Johnston’s army, which has, altogether, sixteen complete batteries of brass guns, which were

mainly manufactured in every part at the Government Foundry and machine Works and Gun Carriage Department in this place.

The most of these batteries are composed of the new twelve pound Napoleon guns, introduced in the service of war by the present Emperor of the French; of these, over eighty-five, weighing in the aggregate more than fifty tons, have been cast at the Government Foundry in this city mainly within the past year. In the same period, over five hundred tons of the first quality of gunpowder have been made at the Powder Works and distributed throughout the Confederacy.

In addition to the foregoing, there has been an immense number of small arm cartridges, cartridge bags, fixed ammunition, canteens, haversacks, horse shoes, time fuzes [sic] and percussion caps made at the Arsenal, as well as large amounts of signal rockets, port fires, setts [sic] of artillery harness, infantry accoutrements, &c., &c., manufactured within the past twelve months.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 24, 1864, p. 3, c. 2

[Special Correspondence of the Constitutionalist.]  
Letter from Columbus.

Columbus, Ga., May 21, 1864.

Messrs. Editors: As I intimated in a previous letter, I attended the Strawberry Supper, given by the ladies of this city, to aid the families of soldiers—a full account of which you have doubtless seen in the dailies. I endorse everything the locals have said in its praise.—The music was charming, the strawberries and cream delicious, and the girls were lovely.—What bachelor could retain his senses against such a combination? I could not. Everything passed off happily, and a large sum was realized. All honor to the ladies.

Columbus, though a calm looking place, to one who sees so many persons on the streets in Augusta, is, nevertheless, a place of great industry and energy in all the manufacturing and mechanic [sic] pursuits—its various factories, mills, foundries, etc., presenting the appearance of large bee hives, filled with industrious bees. This city is not surpassed for the genuine hospitality of its citizens, and loveliness of its fair daughters, by any other place in the Confederacy. Neither are the capitalists surpassed in their liberal and fostering care to the great industrial pursuits that will one day put their city in the first rank. Among the many enterprises lately started here, or rather just across the river, in Girard, Ala., is the Alabama Nail Works, capable of turning out 5000 lbs. of nails per day—making also a first rate article of shoe tacks for the Government. This enterprise was started by Mr. D. A. Fowler, a refugee from New Orleans, who lost his all, (a handsome fortune,) through devotion to our cause.

There have been five or six men arrested here in the last day or two, and sent to Savannah, for trial, I suppose. It is believed they were arrested on charge, or suspicion, of favoring conscripts getting through the lines, and of corresponding with the enemy.

Rain is much needed here. The crops are said to be looking fine, particularly the wheat. Vegetables are much lower here than in Augusta. Provisions of all kinds have a downward tendency. May they encounter no impediment.

Yours,

S.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 24, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Starvation in the Mountains.--Little do the people at large dream of the sufferings of our population in the mountain counties. With most of the agricultural labor withdrawn, (for there is little slave labor there) their corn crop greatly damaged by frost last September, and the country since that time eaten up by Confederate cavalry and damaged by Federal raids, is it to be wondered that what the women and children and old men made should now be exhausted?

By letters from respectable citizens, and from conversations with reliable men from that section, who have visited this place to haul corn to the people, we learn that they are now actually suffering great privation--some of the best citizens having nothing but dry bread and others subsisting upon roots and weeds! Their means for making a crop this year are very slender--their oxen being impressed for the army and their horses and mules perished for lack of food, as well as their milch cows and hogs! Our informants do not pretend to say that all the domestic animals have perished or that all the people have been reduced to such straits, but inform us it is true of great numbers.

What keeps back the corn appropriated for these people? Wagons are daily going away empty, while the people are starving. Until recently there has been large supplies of corn here for the upper counties. What is keeping back the remainder of it?—Athens Watchman.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 25, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Concert Hall-- "Ingomar"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 25, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

Col. Rains' Memorandum.—In our prefatory remarks about the facts furnished us by Colonel Rains, the types made us say what we did not intend, if indeed there was any meaning in the paragraph at all. We correct it below.

To those who know the magnitude of the operations, the immense amount of material used and constructed, and the disadvantages under which Col. Rains and Maj. Girardey have labored, it is a matter of surprise that the army of officers generally seen around extensive works does not exist here.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 26, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Concert Hall—"Money"

Summary: Masonic Hall—"Complimentary Benefit to the Misses Sloman, by the Citizens of Augusta," includes programme

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 26, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Public Meeting,  
To Provide for the  
Wants of Refugees.

A Meeting of the Citizens of this city and vicinity, will be held at the Masonic Hall,

To-Morrow (Friday), at 12 M.

to adopt some measures for the relief of the distressed Refugees now in Atlanta.

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

Another Field for Benevolence.— Atlanta is now crowded with a number of distressed refugee women and children from their peaceful and plentiful homes in the upper part of the State.—Will not the generous people of Augusta open their hearts and storehouses and contribute to relieve the wants of these impoverished people? We feel assured that all our fellow-citizens will contribute liberally of their means to alleviate their sufferings. We are all embarked in a common cause, and we owe it to the gallant men who are defending our homes, that their families suffer not for the bare necessities of life, so long as we have it in our power to relieve their wants. A meeting of the citizens of Augusta and vicinity will be held at Masonic Hall at 12 M, Friday, to provide means for the relief of the refugees. Let every one contribute his or her mite to this benevolent object.

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

Interesting Exhibition.—The boys who bathe in the river near the bridge, and perambulate the banks in unveiled loveliness. Policemen are respectfully invited to attend.

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

Liberality of the Southern Express Company.—We are pleased to learn that the Southern Express Company, with their accustomed liberality, will convey any packages of contributions for the refugees of Atlanta, to that city free of charge. This is a generous offer on the part of the Express Company, which our citizens will, doubtless, gladly avail themselves of, as it will be of great advantage to those who contribute as well as to those to whom articles of necessity are contributed.

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

New Books.—We are indebted to Blackmar & Bro., of this city, for the following new works:

“Chaudron’s Spelling Book,” published by Goetzel, Mobile; a useful work and very much needed since the Yankee spellers have become extinct.

“Duncan Adair, or, Captured in Escaping;” a story of one of Morgan’s men. By Mrs. Jane T. H. Cross, Burke, Boykin & Co., Macon. A romantic narrative and well put together.

“Camp and Field,” by the Rev. Jos. Cross, D. D. —published by the same firm. The details of this work are interesting and graphic.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 27, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

#### Letter from the Front.

We are permitted to publish the following extracts from a letter received in our city yesterday from Serg’t. J. H. Neibling of Marshall’s Battery, dated Altoona, May 22d:

[“] I think I have rested enough, and will attempt to let you know how and what we are doing. We are about a mile from Altoona, in camp, where we arrived yesterday. Everything seems quiet again, but I cannot tell how long it will last. Jackson’s Brigade is on picket. They report that they have not heard or seen a Yankee for the last three days. I think they have taken the hint, and gone back. I am of the opinion that as soon as we get rested we will start after them. We have lost all the best part of the State for raising crops. I never saw such a beautiful

country in all my life. The corn and wheat growing is abundance everywhere, and now all is in the hands of the enemy; and if we should succeed in driving them off again, they will surely destroy everything as they go.

We witnessed many pitiable sights in our retrograde movements. Woman [sic], children and old men were tottering along the roads in advance of our army, all having left their homes and every thing they possessed in the hands of the enemy. Every town or village we would come to we would form a line of battle to hold the enemy in check, until the people who wished to leave could do so. One night while on the march we overtook a beautiful young lady with a child only nine months old on her arm. She had been carrying the baby for some time, and was nearly exhausted from fatigue. I took the child before me on my horse and took care of it all that night and next day, while the mother rode upon the guns; and all along the road could be seen soldiers carrying the babes and childrens [sic] of the poor unfortunate and distressed people.

Who could wish or want to be out of the army, after witnessing such scenes? I am as tired of the war as any one in the world, but willingly will I remain where I am, and stake my life for freedom and independence. I have often thought that I was not gaining anything by being in the army; but I never will think so again, for I am now satisfied that it is my duty to be where I am. Our troops are in the greatest spirits I ever saw a body of men in my life. We have been greatly outnumbered by the enemy, but we have whipped and repulsed every charge they have made on our lines. We have had thirteen killed and wounded in my company. Our first Lieutenant had his horse shot from under him. I will probably write again to-morrow.”

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

Etowah Iron Works.—A dispatch was received in this city yesterday says the Savannah Republican of the 25<sup>th</sup>, stating that the Yankees had made a complete destruction of these works which were situated a few miles above Cartersville. Most of the valuable machinery had been removed to a place of safety.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 27, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

Letter from Richmond.

Richmond, May 20<sup>th</sup>, 1864.

Eds. Constitutional: . . . One lamentable result of hostilities, past and pending, has been to raise the price of all the necessaries of life to a most exorbitant figure.—Flour, which sold two weeks ago for \$175 per barrel, is now held at \$400; meal rates at \$90 per bushel; bacon from \$10 to \$15 per pound; butter, \$17; eggs \$18 per dozen; molasses \$80 to \$90 per gallon, and other things in proportion. All this time, anomalous as it may seem, while prices are thus mounting upward as on eagles wings, gold, silver and greenbacks are steadily falling. The latter can now be procured at the rates of one for five in new issue; gold selling at seventeen. Much of this sort of business is not now doing, the terrible nature of the times seeming to have touched even the flinty hearts of the money changers, but still enough is going on to show that our victories are producing their effect. Gold selling at seventeen for one, and flour selling at \$400, would make a barrel come to \$23 in specie, or actually three times the very highest price asked in former days. The insane scare which seems to have possessed certain functionaries here, was largely instrumental in producing this result. Terrified to death with a dread lest their precious carcasses should come to grief, they siezed [sic] upon every body, old and young, citizen or foreigner, sick

or well, and thrust them into the ranks, in blissful ignorance [sic] that if Lee and his veterans could not keep them off, a handful of raw militia and impressed men could hardly accomplish the feat. Even the press, vitally important as it is in such a crisis, was only spared after a stout resistance.

There are now between four thousand and five thousand wounded men in this city, and an equal number in Lynchburg, Farmville, and scattered about the country, besides a large number not yet removed from the scene of action.

Congress is still hammering away, the indomitable Foote and some of his adherents loudly demanding the repeal of the *Habeas Corpus* suspension act, and open sessions. Neither will, it is likely, be vouchsafed. With the majority of Congress, it is a fixed idea that the Yankees cannot be beaten unless the Confederate Legislative be a secret conclave, and the Confederate Executive an irresponsible power able to arrest and imprison any man in the South at mere will at pleasure.

Owing to the continued fighting and manœvering of the past two weeks, it has been out of the power of regimental or brigade adjutants to forward here anything like lists of casualties in their respective corps, a circumstance which must account, for the present, for their non-mention.

Tyrone Powers.

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

In the Enemy's Rear.  
Important Detour of Wheeler!

Headq'rs, on the March, }  
May 24, 1864. }

Editors Confederacy: I wrote you yesterday that you would hear from the cavalry soon. Last night General Wheeler took up a line of march for the rear of the enemy, with Martin's, Hume's and Tulley's divisions, and Williams Brigade. We struck the rear at Cassville this morning at ten o'clock, and also struck a wagon train. We brought out 60 wagons and teams laden with baggage, and captured 200 men. The 8<sup>th</sup> Texas and 8<sup>th</sup> Confederate did the work. One wagon had three abandoned women in it and their immense wardrobe.

We lost none killed and but one or two slightly wounded.

J. W. T.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA ], May 27, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

From the Atlanta Intelligencer.  
The Angel of the Hospital.

An exile and an invalid, in the Spring of 1863, I had taken up my residence, temporarily, in a beautiful city of the Southern land. To me, in the city's solitude, unknowing and unknown, existence has a charm foreign to the ruder contact with the world. To sit upon a balcony, or at an open window, and mark the tide of life, as it throbs through the busy street—to view each passing countenance, bouyant [sic] with hope or depressed with care, suggests a sea of thought in which the mirror of life glows, reflecting the lights and shadows of each passer-by. I had not sojourned long, when, one bright and beautiful morning, as I sat upon the balcony of my Hotel, inhaling the pure air, and watching with an idle curiosity the face and form of each passing

stranger, my attention was arrested by the presence of a beautiful being wending the thoroughfare beneath me, whose face seemed typical of the angel life within.

The pensive resignation of that face—her eye filled with the soul of gentleness and purity at once stamped her as a being of peculiar interest. Like a transient shadow she faded from my sight, and in a moment I felt as if the beautiful being who so late had gladdened my vision, was passed away forever. Clad in deep mourning, her melancholy face was evidently a fit emblem of the heart within. A father, a brother, a relative, a friend—maybe, the one to whom her young affections were given—had fallen in battle. Such were the fancies seeking to unveil the mystery that hung above her like a summer cloud. There must be, thought I, a bitter fountain to her existence. Yes, she seemed ill in health. Her forehead bore the shade of pensive thought, and her countenance the mildness and sweetness of humanity. The traces of deep grief were in each lineament of her face. Her eye shone with a tender lustre [sic], as if the dream of her young life had suddenly been transferred from the sunshine of a genial day to the shadow of a somber cloud. The roses of her cheek were not so fresh as usual to her years, and the melancholy of her face, doubtless rose from a heart that “knoweth its own bitterness.” With such and similar conjectures, I withdrew from the outer world in retirement upon and dream of an image which had impressed me strangely with its loveliness. Again and again each morning as I stood upon the balcony, overlooking the street, that form came gliding past, as if intent on missions of beneficence. Again I felt the same desire to learn the inner life—the unwritten history of one whose life to me lay veiled in the mysteries of an untold past.

At length I wended my way one morning to the city hospital, and whilst dwelling upon the many faces sorrowfully impressed with pain and suffering—one reflecting the wasted energies of youthful life; another haggard with disease; here and there one groaning beneath the agony of battle wounds. In the midst of this scene, with my sympathies awakened for the unfortunate, and my mind regretting the terrible realities of war, when, lo, the presence of this young girl, like a beautiful vision, burst suddenly on my view—more lovely now than at first sight, her mission seemed revealed. In her I now beheld what I had imagined from the first—a Florence Nightingale—like a ministering angel, breathing consolation into the ear of the distressed soldier, and administering to his every necessity.

It was a lovely sight to see that young and delicate being, moved by the promptings of an unselfish nature; heeding the divine command—“visit the sick”—binding the broken limb, and consoling with words of womanly sympathy, the heart of the suffering soldier. I there learned that this young girl had lost in battle the idol of her first and purest love, leaving her like a withered flower, blasted and desolate, to pine in the light of its morning sun. He, the betrothed of her holy and tender affections, died away from home, his last moments uncheered by a mother’s or a sister’s care. Oh! more than these, than all all [sic], by the presence of her who gave to life a sweet and hidden charm. His death had given her life a melancholy cast, causing her to discard the gayeties of the world, and fixing her heart upon relieving the distressed and administering to the afflicted.

Each day she visited the Hospital, where many a drooping heart hailed her advent as an angel of goodness and mercy. What could be more beautiful than to see a young and lovely creature surrounded with wealth and luxury, in times like these, forgetting self, discarding home, and going forth into a world of care and pain, seeking and doing good, where the heart may find so much on which to lavish its sympathy and affection, so much of want and suffering, seeking its alleviation!

In a night of sorrow, the star of hope had vanished from the sky of man’s existence, when

there rose above its gloom a sun lit with redeeming light. To his relief one came missioned with divinity—his eventful life a chronicle of mercy and goodness—“a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief,” giving consolation to the afflicted.

Oftimes since has arisen from the sea of being some angelic personage, endowed with the same attributes of goodness, whose acts revive the memory of those deeds that stamped with immortality the earth life of Him, who came a messenger of Heaven. How worthy of emulation is such an example, in a time when every lady of the land might be a Magdaline, eager and ready to anoint the soldier’s wounds, to whisper consolation in his ears and minister to his wants. There is a moral heroism in such a life worthy the highest admiration of man, and meriting the joy and bliss of Heaven.

J. R. B.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 28, 1864, p. 1, c. 4

Little steps towards Southern independence.--The following list of manufactories of general utility, not heretofore made in the South, is copied from exchanges within the past few days, says the Charlotte Bulletin. It shows that our people are really making some progress towards the independence that we have heard talked of so much. We have not included the cotton and woollen [sic] mills dotted here and there in all the States, or the iron establishments, or the Government works for making arms, powder, &c.

We have no doubt there are many other establishments of which we have seen no notice, that are adding to the resources of the country, by making articles that we have heretofore depended upon the Yankees to furnish us:

- Hat Manufactory at Statesville, N. C.
- Stocking Factory at Columbia, S. C.
- Stocking Factory at Eufaula, Ala.
- Stocking Factory at Danville, Va.
- Bonnet Frame Factory at Newberry, S. C.
- Cotton Card Factory at Greenwood, S. C.
- Cotton Card Factory at Fayetteville, N. C.
- Cotton Card Factory at Columbus, Ga.
- Cotton Card Factory at Danville, Va. , 2.
- Cotton Card Factory at Selma, Ala.
- Cutlery, Knives and Forks, at Raleigh, N. C.
- Cotton Batting Factory at Charlotte, N. C.
- Corn Broom Factory at Davidson's College, N. C.
- Match Factory at Danville, Va.
- Blanket Manufactory at Montgomery, Ala.
- Knitting Needles at Columbia, S. C.
- Pyroligneous Acid at Columbia, S. C.
- Glass Manufactory at Richmond, Va.
- Glass Manufactory at Columbus, Ga.
- Glass Manufactory at Savannah, Ga.
- Button Manufactory at Columbus, Ga.
- Powder Manufactory at Mecklenburg, N. C.
- Several Copperas mines, extensively worked in Rutherford county, N. C.
- One Copperas mine in Chesterfield, S. C.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 29, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

[Special Correspondence of the Constitutionalist.]

Letter from Atlanta.

Atlanta, May 26.

Messrs. Editors: Having a moment of leisure, I will endeavor to post you, as far as in me lies, in regard to the state of affairs in this section of Georgia.

This city is the scene of a great deal of excitement and bustle, in civil and military circles. Refugees from Marietta, and the vicinity of the two contending armies, are still crowding through here, *en route* for a place of safety in the rear. They are all driving their cattle and all their stock with them. It is astonishing to see the stampede that is going on here among all classes. I yesterday saw a complete parlor in a box car, on the Georgia Railroad, waiting for their turn to "git up and git." . . .

If anything happens I will advise you by telegraph.

Omega.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 29, 1864, p. 2, c. 1-2

Letter from Richmond.

Richmond, May 25, 1864.

Editors Constitutionalist: . . . Tallassee, in Alabama, is shortly to be favored like Columbia with the advent of some of the government employees therein. All the hands employed in the Carbine Factory here are to be transferred to that point, there being quite an amount of the necessary machinery there, and a large Cotton Factory already engaged, as suitable for the operations of this branch of Military Manufacturers. This factory turns out carbines for the cavalry chiefly, of the Maynard patent and fully equal in workmanship to the best productions of Yankeedom. At present the force is chiefly employed on Musketoons, a species of muzzle loading fire arms, longer than the carbine and intended for the use of mounted infantry, perhaps to keep company with the saddle already spoken of as to be impressed. The entire number of operators will not exceed one hundred and fifty.

Prices are still ruling extravagantly high here. Flour is held at \$400 per barrel, meal at \$90 to \$100 per bushel, butter \$20 per pound, a frightful contract to the rate exchanges relate as current further South, it appearing that at Columbus flour is selling at 75 cents per pound, or \$150 per barrel and other things in proportion. Much of this exhorbitance [sic] here is due to the frantic panic of officials high and low, who during the late raid entirely broke up all trade, and terrified the country people so with fears of arrest and forcing into military service that but few ventured to bring anything to the markets. . .

Tyrone Powers.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 29, 1864, p. 2, c. 2-3

From the Front.

The Great Contest for the Possession of Georgia.

[Our Army Correspondence from the Feld [sic].]

Near New Hope Church, }  
Friday, May 27<sup>th</sup>, 1864. }

### Resume.

Eds. Constitutionalist:--The prospects and condition of North Georgia are, at the present moment, rather inconsistent with one another; for the future, in point of military calculation, is much more cheering than the aspect of the country world [sic] seem to indicate.

The populace are in the wildest confusion. Men, women and children are flying in panic before the advance of the enemy, like flocks of sheep. Farms have been abandoned, homes deserted, and even personal apparel sacrificed to the terror-stricken haste which has impelled many of these unfortunate refugees. They may be seen encamped on the road side in the most abject despair, knowing and caring little as to their destination, so that they are able, with the remnant of their means, to evade the Yankee.

The military operations crowd the scene, and render it the more tumultuous [sic]. The heavy wagons lumbering along, the trains of ordinance and artillery, the troops of escort, the staff officers, the couriers, all mingle in the strange din and disturb the vision. No wonder that some of the more ignorant fancy the world is coming to an end.

Atlanta is like to nothing that can be conceived. The streets filled with wagons, its sidewalks with excited men and women, its trenches with soldiers. Trade has ceased. The city is now a camp. . .

Grape.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 29, 1864, p. 2, c. 5  
Summary: Concert Hall—"As You Like It"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 29, 1864, p. 3, c. 2

### Meeting for the Relief of Georgia Refugees.

In response to the call for a meeting of the citizens of Augusta to devise means for the relief of refugees from the upper portion of our State, a number of our citizens assembled at Masonic Hall at 12 o'clock Friday [sic]. . . .

George Schley, Esq. tendered the use of twenty-two rooms at the Belville Factory, for the reception of such refugees as may arrive here, and also offered the use of his wagons free of charge to move their effects to that place, whereupon the thanks of the meeting were returned to him for his liberal and patriotic offer.

On motion of Rev. J. O. A. Clark, a committee of ladies was also appointed, who are requested to assist in the general purposes of this meeting, and especially in procuring donations of clothing, and the making up of garments for the destitute. There being no further business the meeting adjourned. . .

On motion of Rev. Dr. Myers, the following appeal of the Central Committee was accepted:

Help the Refugees.

A public meeting was held yesterday, at the Masonic Hall, in the city, to aid in providing for the wants of the Refugees from the counties of Northern Georgia, who have fled, or are now fleeing to Atlanta and other places south of Atlanta. At that meeting, sub-Committees were appointed to canvass the city and surrounding country for the purpose of soliciting contributions of money, provisions, clothing and shelter for the destitute. At the same time and place, the undersigned were appointed an Executive Committee to make an appeal, through the newspapers of the city in behalf of the suffering refugees, to receive the reports of the sub-Committees, and do all things else necessary to carry out the objects of the meeting.

The undersigned do not believe it necessary to make any appeal to the citizens of Augusta and vicinity to aid in this good work, other than the single statement that hundreds of our people of upper Georgia and Tennessee have been driven from their homes, and are now wanderers without shelter, without food, without proper clothing, and without money. Such an appeal to a city and neighborhood like ours, which, under the Providence of God, has been mercifully spared the desolations and ravages that have ever followed in the tracks of the invading armies of our cruel and brutal foe, cannot, must not be made in vain. Let us show our gratitude to Almighty God by providing liberally for the wants of the unfortunate, and evince our patriotism by taking care of those who have lost their all in a common cause.

Now is the time for action. Now is the time for generous, spontaneous, systematic benevolence. Now is the hour when duty, no less than benevolence, demands that every sacrifice should be made to relieve the wants of our suffering countrymen and countrywomen. We can do much in this way. Every one can do something. Let it be done cheerfully, timely, and efficiently.

*These exiles must be fed.* Money and provisions can be given for this purpose. *They must be clothed.* For many of them, as we are informed, have escaped without a change of raiment.—In behalf of the destitute women and children of these refugees, we appeal to the noble hearted and generous women of Augusta and vicinity to contribute such articles of clothing as can be spared, and such as will be readily suggested as most needed in the present emergency.

*And lastly, these refugees must have homes.*—They must have shelter. Their own homes are now occupied by the invaders, or have been left in smouldering [sic] ruins. Our houses must be thrown wide open to them—our latch strings must hang outside our doors—and, no matter what to us may be the present inconvenience, the refugee must have a friendly place where he may lay his head.

The various committees will at once wait on our citizens to receive their contributions.

All contributions in provisions and clothing must be sent to the rooms of the Georgia Relief and Hospital Association, where one of us may be found.

If any one should fail to meet with the committee of collection, let him call at the above mentioned rooms, and pay to us whatever he may be willing to give.

If any one has houses or rooms to let, or that he can offer free of charge for a given time either in or out of the city, he will please make it known either to the sub-committee, or to one of the undersigned.

Again we give notice that all cooked provisions for the refugees in Atlanta, if directed to the care of J. W. Duncan, of Atlanta, and if left at the office of the Southern Express, in this city, will be forwarded by that Company, free of charge, to their destination.

We request all refugees who may need assistance to call on the Secretary, Mr. W. C. Jones, at Mr. J. J. Broom's, on Broad street, or on J. O. A. Clark, at the rooms of the Ga. Relief and Hospital Association.

R. H. May, }  
E. H. Myers, }  
Thos. Barrett, } Ex. Com.  
W. C. Jones, }  
J. O. A. Clark, }

Augusta , May 27<sup>th</sup>.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 29, 1864, p. 3, c. 4

Wire for Sale.

The “Southern Wire Co.,” Macon, Ga., is now prepared to supply

Iron Wire,

in large or small quantities. Sizes from No. 4 to No. 18. This wire is equal to any made in the Confederacy or elsewhere. Address

C. W. Brunner, President,  
Macon, Ga.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], May 31, 1864, p. 3, c. 4

Summary: Concert Hall—“As You Like It”

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

A newspaper correspondent some time since stated that East Florida supplied Johnston’s and Beauregard’s armies with beef for the past year. No sooner did the Yankees learn that fact than they sent a large force up the St. John’s river to destroy. At this time they are scattered along the river from Jacksonville to Fort Harney, in bands of from sixty to five hundred, occupying the east bank of the river, with a large train of wagons, busily employed in robbing every plantation they visit of everything they want, and burning or destroying what they do not want, insulting women and children, and driving them from their homes without even a change of clothing.

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

The plans of the enemy in Florida seem to be to steal all the cattle and provisions they can, and destroy the property of loyal citizens along the St. Johns, after which they will take possession of the interior country, and establish a line of forts from the Atlantic or from Fort Butler on the St. Johns, to some point on or beyond the Suwannee river, and cut off South Florida. But two parties can play at that game and the Yankees will find another Olustee in their path.

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

Special Correspondence of the Constitutionalist.  
Letter from Richmond . . .

Richmond, May 28, 1864.

Eds. *Constitutionalist*: . . . The casualties among our officers in the encounters with Grant have been unusually heavy, so much so as to suggest the existence of some peculiar operative cause. This may perhaps be found in the existence of those corps of sharpshooters wherewith the Yankees are provided. We also have some battalions of sharpshooters, but except for the fact of their being armed with finer rifles, and employed to a great extent as skirmishers, they do not differ materially from the troops of the line.

In the Yankee service, on the contrary, the sharpshooter is required to be a thorough marksman, and a marksman with the army weapon, which is entirely a different affair from being a dead shot with a sporting rifle. To attain this efficiency these fellows are diligently exercised in shooting at marks, put up at the different ranges of the sliding scale sights, and our severe loss in officers at every battle proves this training not to have been thrown away. One of the most noted *corps* of Yankee sharpshooters is Berdan's, the same which annoyed us so incessantly while in the trenches of Yorktown, during the [fold in paper]

Many of the men to be found in these destructive organizations are foreigners, Swiss, Germans, Tyroles and the like, said to have been selected by Yankee agents in Europe for their skill with the rifle and hired at high rates to lend their services to the North.

While on the Peninsula, as before stated, our troops suffered greatly from the fatal accuracy of these mercenaries, who, from their coverts in the woods fringing the breastworks, had full sweep at our men walking about within the works. Marvelous stories were related on this topic, some of them romantic enough for a French novelette. It was declared at the campfires that the sharpshooters were in the habit of using chemical gunpowder, a white compound having all the qualities of the common powder, with the exception of making no smoke or explosion, thereby preventing one from seeing whence the shot was fired. Another of their devices was for two to station themselves behind a tree, one with his gun empty and the other charged. On the former popping a cap half a dozen of our men would eagerly poke out their heads to fire, thinking the Yankee had missed fire, when lo, the fellow with the loaded piece would discharge it at some of them with fatal effect. Leaving these camp tales for what they may be worth, it is painfully evident that Grant had an organized body of men at his command whose function is to pick off our officers at every opportunity, and from a North Carolina paper it appears that, in addition to the native and foreign marksmen picked for this purpose, even the red man has been impressed into their service for a like end, Ramseur's North Carolinians, the 2d, 4<sup>th</sup>, 14<sup>th</sup>, and 20<sup>th</sup>, of Ewell's corps, having to fight some Oblikway [sic] indians [sic], from Michigan, during the first attack of Grant upon our lines. . . .

Tyrone Powers.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], June 1, 1864, p. 2, c. 5  
Summary: Concert Hall-- "As You Like It"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], June 1, 1864, p. 2, c. 5  
Summary: Concert Hall—June 2—"Harry Macarthy and Lottie Macarthy in "Lend Me Five Dollars;" "Paddy Carey;" "Pleasant Neighbor"

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

Coopers Wanted.

Experienced Coopers, (white or free colored), can find employment on Government work by applying to

Mann & Shaw,  
Woodville, Ga., on Athens Branch R. R.

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

Corn Cobs Wanted.

A liberal price will be paid for two hundred bushels of clean, sound Cobs, by  
Thos. H. Hunt & Co.,  
Jackson street, near Bell Tower.

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

Linen.

30 Dozen Gents Linen Drawers.

For sale by

Thomas F. Walker & Co.,  
No. 253, Broad st.

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

Cotton Factory Burned.—We learn that the Cotton Factory at Lawrenceville, Ga., was destroyed by fire, on last Monday night—the work of incendiaries.

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

[From the Richmond Sentinel.]

Mr. Editor.—An old printer, and friend of the printing fraternity, is curious to know how editors and publishers and their employees, keep body and soul together these times of high prices!—newspapers are by far too cheap! Nothing we enjoy costs so little. A few years back, a daily paper was worth an elegant pair of boots! Twelve bushels of corn, peas or potatoes, was an equivalent! 60 dozen eggs, 30 pounds of butter, 75 pounds of lard or bacon, would barely pay a year's subscription! But lo! now, the case is reversed. This is all wrong. The paper should command a support for the editor and his employees, and allow at least 20 per cent. profit to replenish materials, &c. To do this, the price should be increased in proportion to every thing needed by the publisher,—and no sensible or just man will complain. The mechanic and farmer will pay readily, because fully able. A farmer, working one horse, can make seventy-five barrels of corn, which at \$50 per bushel—and it is now even higher—brings \$18,750. Certainly he can pay \$50 or \$60 for a daily paper. A good house wife can sell three or four pounds of butter, or five or six pounds of lard, and pay for her paper. The girls and boys can sell a few dozen eggs or half a dozen chickens, and take a daily. Surely, Mr. Editor, you are losing money, and living on short rations. Wake up, or you will be considered an “Old Fogey.”

A Just Reader.

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

Summary:--Concert Hall—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Macarthy—“Lend Me Five Dollars;” recitation—“Bucks have at ye all;” Paddy Carey;” “A Pleasant Neighbor”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], June 3, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

### Is it a Sin to Differ with the Administration?

We have seen so many who seemed prepared to answer this question in the affirmative that we begin to believe them in earnest.

At first we supposed that such intimations were made to scare the timid ones who might fear that their loyalty would be questioned, and also because a sweeping assertion that no argument was proper, was much easier than logical argument itself. The number of those, however, who take that view of the case, comprising statesmen of unquestioned ability, and papers whose writers can boast of honor unblemished and integrity undoubted, seems to demand some more earnest reply than the derision with which we were at first inclined to meet such an idea.

We think, in all candor, that our opponents have exactly reversed the legitimate argument. Their idea, and consequent demand is—“Do not embarrass the Administration.” The correct position to insist upon is, *that the Administration shall not embarrass the people!* . . .

It is the citizen at home who provides the food, the transportation, the clothing, the all important essentials, without which the armies would disband.

No flood of money, nor stimulated energy of trade or manufacture, can at all compensate for defective patriotism at home—no power of conscription, or dread of court martial, or deserter-hunting cavalry, can make the soldier fight, if he loses his love for the sacred cause.

It is the fire of patriotism which burns under the dirty apron of the blacksmith, amid the spindles of the manufactory, in the heart of the plow boy, and in the soul of the humblest private, which alone can light the black path which our feet have to climb to the summits of Freedom. . . .

Let the officer be held to strict account for the depredations on private property, in or near his lines. Don't let the flowers from a milliner's show case be used in those ugly bouquet-holders—the soldier's muskets; nor the ribbons to ornament the bayonets; nor the strings of pianos to be taken for wires to clean pipes; nor parlor carpets for horse blankets; nor furniture for fire wood; nor fences for fuel; nor occupied houses for coffins.

Mr. Toombs once remarked to Mr. Davis: “The greatest evil that can befall a community is the presence of a hostile army, and the next greatest evil, is the presence of a friendly one; and there is but little difference.”

That is true now, but ought not to remain true. . . .

Then let us arouse from our sleep and rekindle the fires on our altars. The appeal to patriotism must save us, or we shall not be saved. The women have never yet faltered. There are yet thousands in the field who stand and die, but do not yield, and we have on the rolls of our army, *more than enough* to defeat the present invasion and to meet the Militia of the North when called out, and slaughter them as the Greeks did the Persians of old. . .

[excellent editorial!]

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

Summary: Concert Hall—“Pizarro”; “A Pleasant Neighbor”

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

Enamelled [sic] Rubber  
Oil Cloth!

Being anxious to close our business, we offer for sale, at a reduced price,

1,800 Yds. Superior Oil Cloth,

Manufactured of Sheeting and Osnaburgs.

Apply to

J. N. Barnett & Co.,  
Columbus, Ga.  
James Miller,  
Augusta, Ga.

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

Gwinnett Manufacturing Company.—Mr. E. Steadman, Agent of the Gwinnett Manufacturing Company addresses the following card to manufacturers:

Office Gwinnett Manufacturing Co., }  
Lawrenceville, Ga., May 31, 1864. }

The Factory of this Company was burnt yesterday, and by it 250 employees have been thrown out of work. We have as good a set of hands as any establishment in the State. All who may be in want of any kind of Machinists, Repairers, Overseers, and Operatives, are requested to write to me, as we want them all to have employment.

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

For the Constitutionalist.  
An Appeal to Our Citizens.

The Executive Committee of the Association for the relief of Georgia refugees have received the following letter from Mr. Duncan, Secretary of the Atlanta Relief Association, which contains an appeal to the benevolent of our community, which will not be unheeded.

The people of North Georgia—the citizens of our own State, helpless women and children, driven from their homes and firesides by the advancing columns of the vandal horde, who are desolating and laying waste the country through which they pass, have sought refuge in Atlanta and places adjacent. To feed and clothe them, to shelter them from the weather, is a duty which devolves upon the fellow citizens more fortunately situated. Whenever appeals of this kind have been made to our community, the response has always been most liberal, and the committee feel sure that such will be the case in this instance.

Contributions of provisions and clothing, either for women or children, will be received at the store of the Georgia Relief and Hospital Association. The ladies are particularly requested to aid in procuring clothing.

Any citizen who can provide accommodations for a portion of these unfortunate refugees, will also confer a favor by making the same known at the aforesaid store.

W. C. Jones, Sec'y.

Atlanta, Ga., May 31, 1864.

To Rev. J. O. A. Clark, Augusta:

Dear Sir:--Your esteemed dispatch is before me this afternoon, and I hasten to inform you, that we have on our hands at present, quite a large number of families, whom we are supplying with shelter and provisions. We are, principally, in want of bacon, flour, meal, &c., or other provisions in lieu. Our number is being increased, as Gen. Johnston's army approaches this place, and I feel sure it might be better that some of them could be provided for elsewhere. Any assistance that can be rendered will do a vast amount of good.

Respectfully,

John W. Duncan,  
Sec'y. Atlanta Relief Com.

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

Summary: Concert Hall—"The Jacobite"; "Lend Me Five Dollars"

Summary: Concert Hall—June 6—"Damon and Pythias, and Other Novelties"

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

#### The Augusta Government Works.

In the earlier part of the war whilst we had no defences [sic] of moment between this city and the coast, it was of the first importance to conceal from the enemy the extent of the Government works in this place. It could then be probably done as it would take time for them to believe the reports sent to them by their spies and agents. This condition of things has long since ceased. The Federals are perfectly posted in relation to every work of note throughout the Confederacy which has been in operation at any time. Indeed they are better informed on many points of our affairs than our own people. As to the alleged invitation which the publication of certain facts connected with the Government works located here gives the Yankees it is an absurdity. The great importance of the Augusta works, the manner in which they are conducted, the amount of powder manufactured, as well as everything else connected with them was published in European and Northern papers a year ago, and it is idle now to talk of informing the enemy about a matter with which he is already fully informed.

The products of the Government works at this place were given to this public to place them on the same level of information as the enemy whose agents undoubtedly abound everywhere and keep them informed. That there are emissaries of the Yankee Government in our community, witness the cutting of the Telegraph wires immediately around the city, and the attempt to fire the powder works some time since.

Our people should know the importance of the public interests here so that they may be induced to lend their aid in defending them from the malicious designs of spies, traitors and deserters, and particularly to induce the large number of men in this community who as yet belong to no military organization to come forward and join or form companies of their own. Repeated appeals have been made to our people for this purpose, and we again suggest the necessity for a prompt response.

The objections urged by some to the statistics which first appeared in the Constitutionalist, are not well taken, for the information we gave, was semi-official, and from an officer high in the confidence of the War Department.

We appreciate all patriotic suggestions, but respectfully submit that the Department of War, and even the commander of a Post, are better judges of such propriety, than those who criticise [sic] them. We have felt this much due the public, but shall not soon annoy our readers again with our own affairs.

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

New Music.—We have received from Schreiner & Son, Savannah, a copy of “Freedom’s Muster Drum”—a spirited song as sung by Mr. Sloman with great applause. The words and music are from the prolific pen of Prof. J. H. Hewitt of this city. Also “When upon the Field of Glory,” words by J. H. Hewitt, music by H. L. Schreiner. This is an answer to the popular song of “When this Cruel War is Over.”

We have also received from Blackmar & Bro., of this city, “I’m Leaving Thee in Sorrow, Annie,” music by George Baker. “Yes we Think of Thee at Home,” music by E. Clarke Ilsley, and words by J. H. Hewitt and Rivinac’s Medley Quick Step—the price of each 1,50.

All the above pieces may be had at Blackmar’s.

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

Summary: Concert Hall—“Damon and Pythias;” recitation “Manassas ;” quartette—“The Star Spangled Flag of the South”

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

Summary: Concert Hall—“Richard the Third”

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

On Consignment  
and for Sale . . .

2,400 prs. English Cotton Cards, in Leaf on Leather,  
1,000 prs. English Army Calf Skin Shoes,  
10 bales 40 inch Hessians or Flax Osnaburgs. . .

Charlie B. Day,  
Corner Broad and Jackson sts.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [UGUSTA, GA], June 9, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

Special Correspondence of the Constitutionalist.  
Letter from Marietta .

Marietta, Tuesday, June 7<sup>th</sup>, 1864.

We have left the sandy flats of Paulding county, and are once more among the blue hills, and the open meadow lands.

Marietta is one of the sweetest of country villages. It has all the variety of mountain and prairie to enliven the views it obtains over the surrounding country, and is built in that tropical style which is so attractive to sense and sight in summer time. Balconey [sic] arched by honeysuckles; gardens full of shrubbery and flowers; orchards glistening with young fruit. The

streets are wide and regular. There is a park, a bowling green, and not far off a grove, a brook, and a cemetery. I do not wonder that Marietta has been a favorite resort.

The Kennesaw mountain, which rises like a camel from the dead level, is occupied by our signal corps. Our lines extend along its base. We are five miles in front of Marietta, just behind Big Shanty. There have been only cavalry skirmishes since the change of position.

In regard to the change, it can only be said to have arisen out of the necessity, which compels us to move with the enemy. The long delay about New Hope was unexpected; we are doing now what we were about to do ten days or two weeks ago.

Grape.

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

Summary: Concert Hall-- "Merchant of Venice;" "The Rough Diamond"

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

In Press,  
And Will Be Soon Issued,  
The Camp Follower.  
Being a collection of Tales, Humorous Sketches, Poetry, Anecdotes, &c., &c.  
Selected and prepared for the amusement of  
The Camp  
and Our  
Army in the Field.  
The Trade Supplied on Liberal  
Terms, Address,  
Stockton & Co.  
Augusta, Ga.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], June 9, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

The Chattanooga Rebel.—The Rebel made its appearance after a brief suspension in our sanctum this morning, in an elegant dress. It is now published in the city of Griffin, our friend Paul being the only apostle of newspaperdom in that town. Leon Trousdale, in a brief salutary announces his editorial connection with the Rebel. We wish it abundant success in its new home.

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

Summary:--Concert Hall—"La Tour de Nesle;" "Betsey Baker"

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

Correspondence of the Courier.  
Interesting Letter from Canada.

Montreal, (Canada East.), April 23, 1864.

. . . According to the Abolition papers, New York city—under the administration of the new Mayor Godfrey Gunther, an avowed sympathiser [sic] with the South—is getting to be a hotbed of rebellion. Twenty thousand Southerners from “re-conquered territory” are said to be living there, and the seventy thousand Democrats in that city are charged with being quite as rampant secessionists. I remember that when I passed through New York some weeks ago, I heard the “health of Jeff Davis” and “success to the Confeds”—the toast more than once, and loudly given at that—in the bar room of the St. Nicholas Hotel. One night about twelve o’clock, I heard a party of revellers [sic] pass down Broadway, singing the “Bonnie Blue Flag” at the top of their lungs. On another occasion, some feminine was beating the hotel piano with “My Maryland” in vocal accompaniment. George Wilkes, the abolition editor of the Spirit of the Times, calls loudly for Beast Butler as Military Governor of New York.

Here in Montreal we are sojourning, in happy quiet, undisturbed by wars, alarms, and unvexed by high prices. The Canadians have just passed through a ministerial revolution. The ministry which has just gone out favored and truckled to the Yankees. The “ins” approximate on the Southern question to the Derby party in England, or, at least, most of the newspapers strongly sympathising [sic] with us, support them. The provincial militia have been drilling for some months, in anticipation of a possible rupture between the mother country and the United States. . . . A novel of the “Uncle Tom” species is having a run in Yankeedom. It is called “Cudjo’s Cave,” and the scene is laid in East Tennessee, where the heroic practices the calling of a Yankee schoolmaster, and is horribly persecuted by the Secessionists. The Abolitionists are all in tears over the suffering of the pedagogue, and an impossible nigger, named Pomp. The war stories in the sensation weekly papers are funny affairs. I had a long laugh over a tale which appeared in a New York Sunday sheet. The scene is laid in the suburbs of Charleston. Colonel somebody has a magnificent plantation there laid out with magnolias and palmettos and orange groves, et cetera. He is a Union man, of course. His beautiful and heroic daughter is also a Union man. They are persecuted for their loyalty to the old flag. The youthful sons of the Colonel are seized by rebel conscription and dragged into the army. The daughter falls in love with a gallant Yankee officer at Port Royal, who visits her stealthily of nights, coming through the rebel lines on horse-back, and guided by a faithful contraband. Finally, the Charleston people get mad at the Union planter. They organize themselves into a mob, and proceed to the magnificent plantation, seize the Colonel, and, notwithstanding the heroic daughter kills about a dozen of them with her own hand, and defies them, and denounces them as recreants and traitors, and announces her anxiety to “die for that glorious flag,” they suspend him to one of his own wide-spreading magnolias. Then they send the heroic daughter to the North per flag of truce, and she swears vengeance on her father’s murderers, and dresses herself in breeches, and volunteers and fights, and kills hundreds of rebels, and helps her brothers to desert, and saves her lover’s life, and marries him, and finally dies in a hospital of a disease of the lungs, brought down on her by her arduous services and exposure in defence [sic] of that same old flag. The novelist’s description of the fierce, bloody-minded, ragged, uncouth, long-haired, and swaggering Charleston soldiers, would open with astonishment the eyes of our good-natured Charleston boys in the Washington Light Infantry, or the Washington Artillery, or the Palmetto Guard. But to return to the books. Charles Dickens’ [sic] new novel, to be called “Our Mutual Friend,” commences in the May numbers of Cornhill and Harper’s. The same magazines are publishing fragments of Thackeray’s last work, “Dennis Duval.” The lamented author had completed about twenty chapters when he died. It was suggested to get Dickens [sic] to finish the story, but he

objected, as Thackeray's friend to the plan. It will, therefore remain forever a fragment. An English female poet, calling herself "Jane Ingelon," has published a volume, and found herself famous. The reviewers say she has more of the true fire than any of the candidates for poetic honors since Tennyson and Browning began to write. The other most noted books of the season are Captain Speake's "Journal of the Discovery of the sources of the Nile." Ticknor's "Life of Prescott," Kirke's "Charles the Bold," "A History of Jon Law and the Mississippi Bubble," by Adolph Thiers, the statesman, and the last volume of Merrivales' "History of the Roman Empire," which bring the story down to the period where Gibbon commences. The Emperor Napoleon the Third's Life of Julius Cæsar is announced as ready for the press.

Palmetto.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], June 10, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

. . . We learn that the Concert Hall, being the property of orphans, their legal representatives do not feel at liberty to improve and decorate as they would otherwise do. Could not an extended lease be obtained upon such favorable terms as would warrant the entire renewal of decorations, scenery, fresco, &c.; especially the abolition of that horrible drop curtain which makes us despond of our country when we look at the milk and pumpkin colors on the flags, and to doubt if *truth does* live in a well, when we look at the mammoth well buckets which were intended for tassals [sic], and at the sub-oceanic wilderness of sea-weed fringe, over which they hang. Let us also be freed from those paintings on the ceiling which imitate the stains of dirty rain water, so admirably that strangers mistake them for the reality.

We have read of painters who imitated fruit, so as to deceive birds, and curtains so as to deceive men. There is a similar optical delusion, in looking at the admirable imitation of a piece of canvass, hanging down from the magnificent dome of our theatre.

We want to see Harry Macarthy try something in the higher walks of his profession.—Get hold of him Dalton, and persuade him into something pathetic; and if he don't make his audience cry, the there is less feeling in his heart, than often appears in his handsome face.

But all this is not criticism, for that is finding fault! Well, perhaps it is more pleasant not to be a critic; for it gives pleasure to cause pleasure, and the wondrous wisdom we should display in a snapping-turtle effusions, would not pay for a laurel-wreath at the present price of evergreens.

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

Summary: Concert Hall—"The Merchant of Venice;" "A Loan of a Lover"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], June 12, 1864, p. 1, c. 5

Marietta Paper Company.—The Macon Confederate understands that nearly all the machinery of this Company was brought away safely, and that the mill will be re-established at a point in Southwestern Georgia, as soon as it is possible.

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

Summary: Concert Hall—"Christmas Eve, or A Duel in the Snow;" "The Two Lovers"

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

New Music.—We return our thanks to the Julian A. Selby, Esq., Music Publisher, Columbia, S. C., for the following pieces of sheet music, which, in beauty of execution,

surpasses anything of the kind we have seen during the war:

The South—Poetry by Charlie Wildwood, and Music by John H. Hewett.

Keep Me Awakke [sic], Mother—Words by Mrs. M. W. Stratton, and Music by Jos. Hart Denck.

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

#### A Noble Little Girl.

A friend of ours belonging to one of the local companies while en route to Andersonville, with Yankee prisoners, a few days since, received at a way station, the name of which we do not now remember, the following letter from a little girl about ten years of age, who was waving a miniature Confederate flag, as she expresses it, to encourage our brave boys. We were so much pleased with its contents that we requested permission to publish it. Bessie is a little heroine. Her letter speaks for itself:

[“My name is Bessie Royce. I am an *exile* with my mother and sister from my dear sweet home in Franklin, Middle Tennessee. I was *ordered* out of the Federal lines the 16<sup>th</sup> day of April, 1863, by General Grainger. Four days before we received our orders, the Federals and confederates fought around our house for three hours, but we were not alarmed in the least. On the contrary, my mother captured four guns and a lot of ammunition, and I captured a fine revolver by climbing over a fence seven feet high. We were left on the battle field that night with the dead. The Feds refused to move them until the next day. They then buried the Confederates close by the side of us, but the precious Yankees were conveyed to the cemetery.

As I said above, we received orders four days after, to leave their lines in three days. They then put guards around us so we could save nothing except our clothes.

We then went to Grand Pa’s in East Tennessee, and the 5<sup>th</sup> of July Papa was captured at the fight at Tullahoma. He was a Captain in General Starnes escort. He was kept a prisoner in Nashville until the night of the 29<sup>th</sup> of February, 1864, when he made his escape by sawing a hole through the prison with a case knife made into a saw. When General Longstreet evacuated East Tennessee we had to move again. We then went to Wytheville, Virginia, but finding that place subject to raids from the Yankees, we left there and came to this place; and now, I employ my time by waving our glorious Confederate flag to the soldiers on the trains, hoping to encourage them a little at least in this way. I beg of you to fight for me. I wish I was a soldier so I could fight for myself, for I hear there now remains of my once beautiful home but one chimney. The soldiers and negroes have been allowed to carry it off by pieces until it is all gone. I am waiting now for you to press the Yankees back to the Ohio river so I can return to my ----- I cannot say home, for I have none now, but to my native state, Tennessee. Fight on, the victory will be ours at last.[“]

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], June 14, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Concert Hall;--“Christmas Eve, or A Duel in the Snow;” “The Two Lovers’

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], June 14, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Hands Wanted at Bainbridge  
Cotton Factory.

The white male operatives, between the ages of seventeen and fifty, employed at this Factory, having been conscripted and ordered to the army, by directions of Lieut. Wynn, of Albany, the Chief Enrolling Officer of this district, I wish, for the purpose of continuing employment to their families, and to the children and female help around us, to obtain an industrious, attentive and competent man for Overseer of Carding Room; also, one for Spinning Room; also, one Machinist, fully acquainted with repairs of Cotton Machinery; also, one Engineer. All of whom must possess undoubted qualifications, and be over the conscript age.

I also want a man capable of taking charge and running a Grist Mill, (one pair Burrs) for grinding Corn, and a Circular saw.

Persons under fifty years of age, and who cannot bring good recommendations need not apply.

As my works are stopped for want of above hands, I will be at the store of Washer Ayres, Macon, on Saturday, 18<sup>th</sup> June, 1864, and at Mr. J. C. Dawson's, Augusta, Ga. on Monday, 10<sup>th</sup> June, 1864, where and when personal application may be made, or letters may be addressed to me at either place.

S. Davis Tonge,  
Bainbridge, Decatur County, Ga.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], June 14, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

A Good Move.—We learn from a card in one of the Columbus papers that the Post Chaplain, Rev. G. W. Stinckney, is about to commence a most worthy and laudable undertaking, his object being to establish a Soldier's Reading Room and Library, which will furnish a pleasant resort for the convalescents of the Hospitals, and other members of the Army and Navy, and where the Papers of the day, Secular and Religious, may be found, as well as facilities for information and letter writing. Contributions of funds for purchase of publications and also of books, papers, and pamphlets are solicited.

We should be much gratified to see a similar move made in Augusta. Will not some of our clerical friends undertake[sic]. It would be a great benefit to the soldier and supply a want long felt.

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

A magnificent battle flag, to be made by the Misses Semon, of Richmond, is to be presented by the citizens of Petersburg to the gallant 1500 South Carolinians who met Butler's advance at Port Walthall's junction, repelled it, and, at great sacrifice, held it in check until the arrival of Beauregard's forces.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], June 15, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Cotton and Woolen  
Card Clothing.

I am engaged in the Manufacture of Card Clothing, of superior quality, equal to any of English or Northern make. Orders promptly filled at reasonable rates.

James G. Gibbs,  
Columbia, S. C.

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

[For the Constitutionalist.]

Messrs. Editors: In your comments yesterday, on the notice of Rev. Mr. Stickney, the Post Chaplain of Columbus, who asks for aid to establish a Circulating Library for the soldiers, you spoke of this effort not only in terms of commendation, but as something novel, and without precedent. Such, however, is not the fact.—Months ago, Rev. Mr. Hard, the Chaplain at this post, established in the hospitals here the *nuclei* of libraries, and, I remember, advertised in your columns, soliciting aid in the truly praiseworthy undertaking. We are glad to learn that, through the kindness of friends, he has placed in the hospitals several hundred volumes of choice reading matter.

I have written this not merely to secure honor to whom honor is due, but to make known to our citizens who have not contributed to the enterprise that they still have an opportunity of so doing.

Philo.

Augusta, Ga., June 14, 1864.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], June 15, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

Latest from Rome.

A lady friend who once in three years honors us by a remembrance [sic] of our existence, sends us the following with a request that we reproduce it, for the benefit of those who have a fellow experience, with the greatest living assassin of King's-English. It is said that "a little nonsense now and then, is relished by the wisest;" and to those who can for even a moment, look cheerfully back upon abandoned Homes, we commend the maxim of the song—"It is better to laugh than be sighing."

[For the Southern Confederacy.]

Bill Arp, the Roman Runagee.

Mr. Editor: "Remote, onfrended, melankolly, slow," as somebody sed, I am now seekin a log in some vast wilderness, a lonely roost in some Okeeffenokee swamp, where the fowl invaders cannot travel nor their pontoon bridges phloat. If Mr. Shakspeere were correct when he writ that "sweet are the juices of adversity," then it are resunabul to suppose that me and my foaks and many others must have some sweetnin to spare. When a man is aroused in the ded of night, and smells the approach of the fowl invader; when he feels konstrained to change his base and bekum a runagee from his home, leavin behind him all those ususary things which hold body and soul together; when he looks, perhaps the last time, upon his lively home where he has been for many delightful years raisin children and chickens, strawberries and peas, lie soap and inyuns, and all such luxuries of this subordinate life; when he imagines every onusual sound to be the crack of his earthly doom; when from sich influences he begins a dignified retreat, but soon is konstrained to leave the dignity behind, and git away without regard to the order of his going—if there is any sweet juice in the like of that, I havent been able to see it. No, Mr. Editor, sich scenes never happened in Bill Shakspeer's day, or he wouldent have writ that line.

I don't know that the lovely inhabitants of your butiful sitty need any fourwarnins to make 'em avoid the breakers upon which our vessel wrecked; but for fear they should some day shake their gory locks at me, I will make publik a breef allusion to some of the painful sirkumstances which lately okkurred in the regions of the eternal sitty.

Not many days ago, the everlastin Yankees (may they live always when the devil gits em) made a violent assault upon the sitty of the hills—the eternal sitty, where a hundred years the Injun rivers have been blandin their waters peacefully together—where the Choktaw children built their flutter mills and toyed with frogs and tadpoles while these majestik streams were but little spring branches a bablin along their sandy beds. For 3 days and nights our valyunt troops had beat bak the fowl invader, and saved our pullets from their devourin jaws. For 3 days and nights we bade farewell to every fear, luxuriating upon the triumph of our arms, and the sweet juices of our strawberries and cream. For 3 days and nights fresh troops from the South poured into our streets with shouts that made the welkin ring, and the turkey bumps rise all over the flesh of our people. We felt that Rome was safe—sekure against the assaults of the world, the flesh and the devil, which last individual are supposed to be that horde of fowl invaders, who are seekin to phlank us out of both bread and existence.

But alas for human hopes! Man that is born of woman (and there are no other sort that I know of) has but few days that ain't full of trouble. Altho the troops did shout, altho their brass band musik swelled upon the gale, altho the turkey bumps rose as the welkin rung, altho the commanding Genaral assured us that Rome was to be held at every hazard, and that on tomorrow the big battul was to be fought, and the fowl invaders hurled all howlin and bleedin to the shores of the Ohio, yet it did transpire some how that on tuesday night, the military evakuation of our sitty was peremptorily ordered. No note of warnin, no whisper of alarm no hint of the morrow came from the muzzled lips of him who had lifted our hopes so high. Calmly and coolly, we smoked our killykinick, and surveyed the embarkation of troops, konstruin it to be some grand manoever of military strategy. About 10 o'clock we retired to rest to dream of tomorrow's viktory. Sleep soon overpowered us like the fog that kivered the earth, but nary bright dream had kum, nary vision of freedom and glory. On the kontrary our rest were uneasy—strawberries and cream seemed to be holdin secession meetins within our corporate limits, when suddenly in the twinklin of an eye, a friend aroused us from our slumber and put a new faze upon the "situation." Gen. Johnston was retreatin, and the blue nosed Yankees were to pollute our sakred soil next mornin. Then cum the jug of war. With hot and feverish haste, we started out in search of transportation, but nary transport could be had. Time honerd frendship, past favors shown, everlastin gratitood, numerous small and luvly chilern, kunfederate kurrency, new issshoes, bank bills, black bottles, all influences were urged and used to sekure a korner in a kar, but nary korner—too late—too late—the pressure for time was fearful and tremengious—the steady clock moved on—no Joshua about to lengthen out the night, no rollin stock, no steer, no mule. With reluktant and hasty steps, we prepared to make good our exit by that overland line which rail roads do not control, nor A Q Ms impress.

With our families and a little clothing, we crossed the Etowah bridge about the broke of day on Wednesday the 17<sup>th</sup> of May, 1864—prezakly a year and two weeks from the time When General Forrest marched in triumph through our streets. By and by, the bright rays of the mornin sun dispersed the heavy fog which like a pall of deth had overspread all natur. Then were exhibited to our afflicted gaze, a highway crowded with wagins and teams, kattle and hogs, niggers and dogs, wemen and children, all movin in dishevelled haste to places and parts unknown. Mules were brayin, cattle were lowin, hogs were squeelin, sheep were blatin, children

were cryin, wagginers cussin, whips were poppin, and horses stallin, but still the grand karavan moved on. Everybody was kontinually a lookin behind, and drivin before—everybody wanted to know everything, and nobody knew nothin. Ten thousand wild rumors filled the sirkumambient air. The everlastin kavalry was there, and as they dashed to and fro, gave false alarms of the enemy bein in hot pursuit.

About this most kritikul juncture of affairs, some philanthropik frend passed by with the welkum news that the bridge wer burnt, and the danger all over. Then ceased the panick, then came the peaceful calm of heroes after the strife of war is over—than exclaimed Frank Ralls, my demoralized frend, “thank the good Lord for that. Bill lets return thanks and stop and rest—boys let me git out and lie down—I am as humble as a ded nigger—I tell you the truth—I sung the long meter doxology as I crossed the Etowah bridge, and I expekted to be a ded man in 15 minutes. Be thankful fellers, lets all be thankful—the bridge is burnt, and the river is three miles deep. God sakes, do you rekun them Yankees kan swim? Git up boys—lets drive ahead and keep movin—I tell you theres no akkoutin for anything with blue clothes on these days—dingd if I aint a feerd of a blue tailed fly.”

With most distressin flow of language, he kontinued his rapsody of random remarks.

Then there was the trump of good fellows, *Big John*—as clever as he is fat and as fat as old Falstaff—with indefatigable dilligence he had secured as a last resort, a one horse steer spring waggin, with a low flat body a settin on two kiketty springs. Bein mounted thereon, he was urgin a more speedy locomoshun, by layin on to the karkass of the poor old steer with a thrash pole some ten feet long. Havin stopped ahouse, he prokured a two inch auger, and borin a hole thro the dash board, pulled the steer’s tail through and tied up the end in a knot. “My runnin gear is weak,” said he, “but I don’t intend to be stuck in the mud. If the body holds good, and the steer don’t pull off his tail, why Bill, I am safe.” “My frend,” sed I, “will you please to inform me what port you are bound for, and when you expect to reach it?” “No port at all, Bill,” sed he, “I am goin ded strate to the big Stone Mountain . I am goin to get on the top and roll rocks down upon all mankind. I now forewarn every livin thing not to kum thar until this everlastin foolishness is over.” He were then but three miles from town, and been travellin the livelong night. Ah, my big frend thought I, when wilt thou arrive at thy journeys eend? In the language of Patrick Henry, will it be the next week, or the next year? Oh, that I kould write a Poun, I would embalm thy honest face in epik verse. I kan only drop to thy pleasant memory a passing random rhyme:

Farewell, Big John, farewell!  
“Twas painful to my heart,  
To see thy chances of escape,  
Was that old steer and kart.

Me thinks I see thee now,  
With axletrees all broke.  
And wheels with nary hub at all,  
And hubs with nary spoke.

But though the mud is deep,  
Thy wits will never fail;  
That faithful steer will take the out,  
If thou wilt hold his tail.

Mr. Editor, under such variegated scenes we reported progress, and in course of time arrived under the shadow of the sitty's wings, aboundin in gratitude and joy.

With sweet and patient sadness, the tender hearts of our wives and daughters beat mournfully as we moved along. Often, alas how often, was the tear seen swimming in the eye, and the lip quivering with emotion, as memory lingered around their deserted homes, thoughts dwelt upon past enjoyments and future desolation. We plucked the wild flowers as we passed, sang songs of merriment, exchanged our wit with children—smothering, by every means, the sorrow of our fate. These things, together with the comick events that okkurred by the way, were the safety valves that saved the poor heart from bursting. But for sich things our heads would have been fountains and our hearts a river of tears. Oh, if some kind frend would set our retreat to musik, if he coud make a tune to fit the manner of our leaving, and the emotions which befell us by the way, it would be greatly appreciated indeed. It should be a plaintive tune, interspersed with okkasional comick notes and frequent fuges skattered promiskuously along.

Mr. Editor, the world will never know the half that transpired in these eventful times, unless my frend, Frank Ralls, are kalled upon to deliver a kourse of lektures upon the subjek. what he don't know, of dident do himself, are not worth knowing or doing. Our retreat were kondukted in excellent good order, atter the bridge was burnt. If there were any stragglin at all, they straggled ahead. It would have delighted Gen. Johnston to have seen the alakrity of our movements.

If I were vain enuf to assert, that I wer considered the commanding offiser of this remarkable retreat, I should say that our suksess were mainly due to the able coadjutors who were with me. I would hand their names down to posterety, Mr. Editor, but where so many acted gallantly, it are impossibul to draw distinkshuns. The great struggle of our contest seemed to be, which army could retreat the fastest. Gen. Johnston or ourn—which could outphlank the other, and I allow as how it wer pull Dick pull Devil between em. It ar a source of regret however that some of our households of the Afrikan scent, have fell back in the arms of the fowl invaders. I suppose they may now be kalled missin genaturs, and are by this time inkreasin the stock of *Odour d'Afrique* in Northern society, which popular perfume have scourged out of the market all those extracts which made X Bazin, Jules Haul, and Lubin famous. Good bye sweet otter of roses, farewell ye balms of a thousand flowers—your days are numbered.

But I must klose this melankolly narrative and hasten to subskribe myself,  
Your Runagee,

Bill Arp.

P.S.—Tip are still faithful onto the end. He say the old turkey we left behind have been settin for 14 weeks, and the fowl invaders are welkum to her—furthermore that he throwd a dead cat in the well and they are welkum to that.

B.A.

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

Wouldn't Take the Oath.—The Greensboro' (Miss ) Motive is informed that sometime since a man took two bales of cotton and went into Memphis to buy goods, etc. He got a pass from the commander of the post, and went and bought such articles as he desired. Upon coming out, while singing very merrily and cutting and beating his team, he was halted. The commander said, "Hello, my friend, there is one thing you failed to do, and that is to take the oath of allegiance." "The oath of allegiance; well, hand it here." Holding up a book the commander said, "Let me read it to you." He reads it in the real Yankee style, very fast. "Read it again,"

said the old man. He read again as fast as ever. The old man gives a long breath, puts his hands to his ears and said, "Hold on stranger, read slow, I can't understand that fast Yankee reading." The commander reads again and emphasises [sic] on every word. When he finished the old man drew another long breath and said, "Well, sir, I'll boil hell down to a quart and drink it before I'll take the oath," and commenced turning his cart around to unload, when the Yankees told him he could pass.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], June 16, 1864, p. 2, c. 4|  
Summary: Concert Hall—"Lucretia Borgia"; song; "The Two Lovers"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], June 16, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

A Model Love-Letter: The Macon Confederate vouches for the authenticity of the following "love-letter" sent by a backwards Julit [sic] to a gentleman in the lower part of the State. It is very effecting [sic]:

Mistar:--Mi dar kind frend i tak the plesar in ritin yo a fu lines to let yo i have fel in lov with yo i hope my lov ant in vane i du want yo and me to be com quanted i du think we cod a gre if yo wod col to se me won time i cod com to se yo if we can a gre it wont du for yo to com of a nit if yo was sene her of a nit the naburs wod git mad at me dar frend i cod tel yo some thing wod be for yo god if yo wil col to my hos at five a clok this even send me word in a not if yo ples dont think hard my bold adrese.

is a bell jones.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], June 17, 1864, p. 3, c. 3

New Paper Mill.—The Atlanta Appeal of Saturday has the following:

Fulton Paper Mill.—We were extremely delighted yesterday evening on a visit to the Fulton Paper Mills, to witness the energy with which this valuable enterprise is being conducted. It is situated on the classic waters of Sugar creek in DeKalb county, about six miles distant from the Gate City, and surrounded by picturesque hills and dales. On the 24<sup>th</sup> of June, 1863, the work was inaugurated by the commencement of a dam across the creek to supply water for the huge rag wheel. The dam is massive and substantial, affording an abundant supply of water. Arrangements are being perfected for the conducting of pure spring water to the building, for the purpose in aiding in the manufacture of a whiter and better article of paper.

The buildings and machinery are new and perfect, and although not complete in all its details, under the guidance and skill of its energetic foreman, Mr. T. F. Scully, a veteran in the business, the mills are turning out an excellent article of paper. It is not as white as desired because they have not secured as yet bleaching powder, but the body is good. Several months ago, ere they commenced making felts at Columbus, Mr. Sully [sic?], assisted by a lady, spun the filling and wove the dryer felts now used in the mill. The felt is equal to the best English manufactured, and attests the capacity of our people to manufacture all necessary articles. Capt. G. J. Foreacre, well known to our citizens for his ability and enterprize [sic], is superintendent. The success of this enterprise is equivalent to a brilliant victory.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], June 18, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

Feeding Our Soldiers.

In a recent trip up the Georgia Railroad, (which did not extend to the front,) we were struck—not hurt—by two things.

One was the terrible wear of the road and its cars, showing that in spite of the well known energy of all connected with it, that the drain of men from all industrial pursuits is beginning to tell fearfully upon us. All these things, however, have to be endured, and a happy end will compensate for all the means by which it was attained.

The other thing “which pleased us most,” was a committee of ladies from Wilkes county, feeding the hungry soldiers on the trains both ways. It is not our purpose to be eloquent about ministering angels, attending to hungry humanity with the devotion of “love at the death couch, or hope at the tomb [sic];” nor to talk as all people talk about “cheering smiles,” &c., &c. Not that we don’t believe it all and more too, but then it don’t do justice to the subject.

As usual, we could not find out who the ladies were, for the ministration of women, like that of her sisters with wings, is always done on earth in disguise.

One lady we did find out to be the wife of a hero, who—if heroic valor be a proper theme for praise—deserves more than he has ever received; and who, in our own sight, has displayed a gallantry which should make his wreath encircled stars shine brighter than those which nightly gem the glittering belt of Orion.

We learned that the ladies engaged in this noble work are all from Washington—not Washington, D. C., but the much more respectable metropolis of Wilkes county—and we hardly need say how acceptable contributions to their stores will be.

The fare they gave the soldiers was fully equal to what they would find at our hotels, and was enjoyed by them in a way that the ladies can hardly appreciate; for everybody is hungry who comes from Atlanta. All the way down the soldiers talked about it, and ever and anon some one would say: “Didn’t them ladies treat us nice? and wasn’t it good?”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], June 18, 1864, p. 2, c. 5  
Summary: Concert Hall—“The Hunchback;” quartette by the Thespian Family

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], June 18, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

The Tender Mercies of the Wicked.—The Vicksburg correspondent of the New York Tribune gives the following account of the condition of the negroes torn from their homes by Gen. Sherman in Mississippi :

[“]Some 3,000 slaves, of all ages and colors, reached here yesterday. It was one of the saddest spectacles witnessed for a long time in Vicksburg. The women and children were almost starved and half naked. Such a terrible picture of abject want and squalid misery can neither be imagined or portrayed with pen.—Many of the women and children were sick with fevers, brought on by the great fatigue and exposure of the long march from Meridian, Enterprise, Quitman and other places. Will not the friends of freedom and the humane philanthropists of the North come forward at once, and with their generous hands rescue these liberated slaves from premature graves?”

We learn from the Boston Courier of a later date that the suffering of these poor homeless wretches continued in all its intensity. No more political capital could be made out of them, and nothing was done to help them. They were free to perish.

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

A Most Horrible Outrage by the Enemy.—The Richmond Examiner gives the particulars

of an act of brutal lawlessness committed by the enemy in New Kent county, which, while it perfectly illustrates the Yankee character, is too shocking to humanity and morals for recital here, but for a desire to vindicate history, ancient and modern, from the supposition that their records blush with a deed equal to it in God defying atrocity. Two young ladies, daughters of one of the most wealthy and respected citizens of New Kent, were seized by a squad of the enemy who invaded the residence, forced into a chamber and their maiden persons violated by the fiends incarnate in the presence of their parents, who could do nothing but implore the wretches to kill them and commute a fate worse than death. We would cover up this deed, crying as it is, and appealing to all the dictates of social life, but for the consciousness that facts so damning should go upon the record to be handed down as evidence against those exemplars of philanthropy who are warring against liberty, virtue and the social system of civilization. Is a Christian government, such as the Confederate States uphold, to do nothing in vindication of law, virtue and humanity when outraged by barbarism? Cannot General Lee make a demand upon rant for the persons of the brutes who are the guilty perpetrators of this great crime? We are glad to know the authenticated facts in the above case are about being laid before the Government for its action. Speedy, stern, summary action is demanded; if not, virgin purity is a byword, and liberty a mockery.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], June 19, 1864, p. 2, c. 4  
Summary: Concert Hall—"The Hunchback"; quartette by the Thespian Family

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

Muslins.  
Just Received a Large and  
Desiable [sic] Lot of Plain  
and Figured  
Mourning Muslins  
at  
\$5 Per Yard.

M. M. Cohen & Co.  
No. 294 Broad St ., Corner of Campbell.

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

Salt Barter.

I will barter SALT from my own manufactory for produce, on the following terms—Salt  
50 lbs. per Bushel:

4 Bush. Salt, for 5 bushels Corn or Peas,  
1 " " " 5 pounds Lard or Bacon,  
1 " " " 1 gallon Syrup,  
2 " " " 7 pounds good Sugar,  
10 " " " 1 bbl. superfine Flour,  
1 " " " 5 yards 4-4 Shirting,  
2 " " " 1 pair Shoes,

1 “ “ “ 7½ pounds Nails.

Goods to be delivered in Charleston, with owners initials, but addressed to the subscriber at Charleston, S. C.

F. W. Claussen.

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

Summary: Concert Hall—“Michael Erle;” “The Spectre [sic] Bridegroom”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], June 21, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

To All Whom It May Concern.—The following has been sent us without the name, which we always require, but from the importance of the facts contained in the communication we give it a place in our columns without vouching for their truthfulness. We have frequently alluded to the criminal practice of shooting on the river banks, thereby endangering the lives of the people on the Carolina side, especially our neighbors of Hamburg. We respectfully invite the attention of the civil and military authorities to these violations of our municipal laws:

Mr. Editor: We were glad to see that you had again called the attention of your civil authorities to what you mildly call “careless shooting,” but to us who hear, and to some of us to feel the force of these *careless bullets* it is something more. It is a downright outrage, not only against us but against the heretofore well governed city of Augusta, for we have complained often, and as often been promised redress, but as yet nothing done. If the civil power is insufficient to put an end to this reckless and criminal practice, we would call upon the military to discharge their duty in the matter, for soldiers and return guards fire whole volleys and are careless where they do so. Thus far one man has been struck on the cheek with a ball, and a kitchen on the river bank has been penetrated twice, these are the facts within our own knowledge. When then, we ask shall we be able to walk our streets or on our river bank without fear. This is a question to be answered at once, as it is one of vital interest to the people of  
Hamburg.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], June 22, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

A Gigantic Publishing House.—The Columbia Guardian noticing the extensive establishment of the well known publishers, Messrs. Evans & Cogswell, says:

The war found these gentlemen located in Charleston, where they had gradually built up the largest printing office—except the Methodist Publishing House at Nashville—in the Southern States. Since then they have imported from Europe thirty-two printing presses, with large quantities of printing and binding materials and seventy-four artists and printers, and now employ, in the various branches of their extensive business, seventy-six printing presses, besides about twenty-five ruling and binding machines. They employ three hundred and forty-four hands, only eighteen of whom are from the army. They have recently removed from Charleston to a new brick building, a part of which is finished, and when entirely completed, will form a hollow square, covering exactly two acres of ground, and making one room 40x900 feet. To give some idea of extent of the work carried on by this firm, we would mention that, in addition to the large quantity of printing being done for the army, and notes and bonds for the Treasury Department, they now have in course of printing some twenty books on various subjects, amongst which we noticed ‘A New Dictionary of Military Terms,’ prepared by Gen. Thomas Jordan, and illustrated with a large number of fine engravings.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], June 22, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Concert Hall—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Macarthy in “The Irish Tutor” and “Irish Mormons”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], June 22, 1864, p. 3, c. 2

A Richmond Actress Who Personated Characters of a “High Order” in the Rebel States.—We welcome the arrival among us of an accomplished actress, Mrs. Blair, known in the theatrical world as Miss Ella Wren, by which name she will be announced in the bills. She has been on a professional tour through the Confederate States of America, where, with Mr. Morton, she has been giving drawing room entertainments, similar to those introduced to a London audience by Mr. and Mrs. Gorman Reed at the Gallery of Illustration, as well as personating characters of a high order.—Nassau Guardian, May 23.

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

### Desolated Homes.

Ever since this war began, one of its chief evils has been the forsaken homes and cold, silent firesides that exist in the light of its red [sic] planet—Mars.

Early amid the shadows which the advancing terror cast before, were seen the hurrying forms of those who fled from “that dearest spot on earth to them, their home, sweet home.”

Those who accept the sad fate of the homeless, flying from the midnight behind to the twilight before, do so cheered by the hope that the exile will be but a brief one.

Thus have the beautiful daughters of Maryland, the blooming girls of Kentucky, and the fair children of the West, looked back half smiles, half tears, upon windows closed and flowers forsaken, but been cheered by the hope—“we will soon come back.” Alas! they are absent yet.

Now the “despot’s heel is on *our* shore,” and Georgia girls are refugees from home, and mothers take their babes and leave the “low trundle bed” behind them; and youth departs from home with the hope which is part of youth; and age remembers that the last is but the most bitter of life’s many disappointments, and trusting yet to at least be buried under the trees of the home graveyard, they too depart.

With the young, strong arms, which are the defence [sic] of beauty and the support of age, gone from them; with even the sympathies of friends who yet have homes, blunted by the universal trouble of which each soul has its part, it is hard to journey into strange places, even had the Egyptian seven years of plenty reigned there, and were the faith of God pledged that the bones of each old Joseph should at last rest in the sepulchre [sic] of his fathers.

But we are indulging too far a somewhat chronic habit of thinking on paper. We only wished to commend to our readers the following verses, kindly furnished us by an esteemed townsman, from the pen of a lady whose word pictures are generally admired and much published by our Southern press. It has never been published before.

It is true that “Home is where the heart is,” but it is also true that the heart, in its dearest memories, is always at home.

My Home in the Enemy’s Lines.

Back from their wanderings, beautiful home,  
To dwell in thy bowers, the spring birds have come,  
And wild notes of melody float on the breeze,  
From minstrels far up in the tall cedar trees.  
Oh! sweet are their songs, but I'm longing in vain,  
To hear the birds sing in my own home again.

My beautiful home—like a jewel enshrined  
In vines that around thee so lovingly twined,  
Where thousands of flowers their petals unclose,  
And zephyrs are perfumed with lily and rose—  
I pine for the shade of thy sweet scented bowers,  
The song of thy birds, and the breath of thy flowers.

Ah! never to me seemed the sun half so bright  
As when his warm beams, in a shower of light,  
Came out of the azure of Heaven's high dome,  
And crowned thee with glory—my beautiful home.  
I close my sad eyes, and in fancy behold  
That radiant [sic] picture, all tinted with gold.

But dearly I loved, when the moon from on high,  
Looked smilingly out of the clear evening sky,  
To sit on my vine-wreathed piazza, and view  
The flowers and shrubbery, spangled with dew,  
While delicate pencils, of silvery sheen,  
Like touches of angels, illumined the scene.

But over my home a dark shadow is spread,  
Its joys are extinguished, its happiness fled;  
No laugh full of merriment rings through the hall  
No voices of old, no familiar foot fall;  
But strangers are pacing the smooth garden walk,  
And insolent foes through the corridors stalk.

The roses still lend their perfume to the gale,  
But rude forms are bending their sweets to inhale  
Their fair fragrant petals are crimsoning o'er  
With indignant blushes more deep than before;  
The violets cower and shrink to the ground,  
For rough feet are crushing the grass all around.

Farewell lovely scenes! so endeared to my heart,  
The flush dyes my cheek, and the tear drops will start,  
To think than *an exile I'm destined* to roam,  
While *strangers and hirelings* dwell in my home;

And each hallowed spot, once so sacred to me,  
The spoil of the ruthless invader must be.

Where flash the bright waters of fair Etowah,  
Defiantly floats the red banner of war;  
The merciless foe in his fiery wrath  
Spreads havoc and death on his pitiless path;  
His war steeds are trampling the rich golden grain—  
His white tents are dotting the valley and plain;

Like mists from the river, the battle clouds lie,  
A veil 'twixt the earth, and the blue summer sky,  
Till soft balmy breezes lift up the dense haze,  
Revealing where thousands of camp-fires blaze.  
The hills of Altoona and vallies [sic] below,  
Resound with the tramp of the blood-thirsty foe.

But stout hearts await them, and strong arms of steel,  
And soon these invaders *their* vengeance will feel,  
The track that their footfalls have left on the sod,  
Will soon be effaced by their own craven blood;  
Wherever their battle-flag waves in the breeze  
Their *graves will be thick as the leaves of the trees.*

How long! oh, how long! ere this strife will be o'er?  
And Plenty and Peace smile upon us once more,  
When back to their hearthstones the exiles may throng,  
And homes be made vocal with laughter and song.  
When up from the soil that neglected now lies  
Will sweet welcome sounds of industry arise?

Extend, gracious Father, thine own might hand,  
Dispel the war clouds that envelop our land.  
Oh! strengthen our arms with invincible power  
And be our shield in this terrible hour.  
Send quickly the time when all nations shall see  
Our *glorious South independent and free!*

Clarendon.

Augusta, June 16<sup>th</sup>, 1864.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], June 23, 1864, p. 2, c. 4  
Summary: Concert Hall—"The Hunchback;" "quartette, by the Thespian Family.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], June 23, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

Life Everlasting.

300 Extra fine Ladies' Expansion Skirts.  
In Store and for sale by

Churchill & Johnston.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], June 23, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

Female Industry.

3,000 Yards extra fine female made Country Homespun.  
In Store and for sale by

Churchill & Johnston.

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

Manufacturers' Convention.  
Morning Session.

The Convention of the "Manufacturers' Association of the Confederate States" convened at the City Hall, in this city, yesterday morning, at eleven o'clock. The following delegates appeared, enrolled their names, and took their seats:

Wm Gregg, President, Sr, Graniteville Manufacturing Co, S C.

Wm E Jackson, Augusta Factory.

James H Taylor, Batesville Man'g Co, S C.

Adam Johnston, Richmond Factory, Ga.

E Steadman, Covington Mills, Geo.

Dan'l Pratt, Prattsville Man'g Co, Ala.

John A Young Rock Island Woolen Mills, Ga.

Isaac Powell, High Shoals Factory, Geo.

A Poullain, Scull Shoals " "

J McDonald, Concord Factory, N C.

Geo Makepeace, Cedar Falls Co, N C.

E Lafitte, Graniteville Man'g Co.

J C Beaman, Troup Factory, Geo.

John A Barker, Lester's Mills, S C.

R L Bloomfield, Athens Man'g Co, Geo.

H H Hickman, Graniteville Man'g Co.

James Montgomery, Batesville Man'g Co, S C.

H T Nelson, Bobbin and Spool Manufacturer, Webbville, Geo.

Geo Kelly, Graniteville Man'g Co, Geo.

R B Baugh, Tuscaloosa Man'g Co, Ala.

J W McConnell, Scottsville Man'g co, Ala.

James Hope, Hopewell, Factory, Geo.

Wm Gregg, Jr, Vancluse Factory, S C.

John White, Georgia Factory.

S Root, Eagle Factory, Columbus.

W A Reid, Eatonton Man'g co, Geo.

H B Duncan, Little Rock Mills S C.

Mr. O'Brien, representative of Maj. Cunningham, Q M, C S A, was present, and also enrolled his name. . . .

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

A Pleasant Trip.—We spent yesterday very pleasantly visiting the Bath Paper Mill and the works of the Southern Porcelain Manufacturing Company.

The Bath Mill is being pressed forward to completion as rapidly as possible, under existing circumstances, by Mr. W. R. Huse, the courteous and untiring agent, and will, when completed, be the largest and best arranged paper mill in the Confederacy. Mr. Huse has had many difficulties to contend against in putting forward the work thus far which nothing but indomitable will and perseverance could have overcome. It is now nearly completed, and we hope soon to have the pleasure of announcing it in successful operation.

The Porcelain works are now under a *nero* [sic?] *regime*, Col. Bullock as President, and our friend B. W. Kimball, Esq., late of the Express Company, Superintendent—names that are a sure guarantee for energy and dash in all matters of business. These were the only works of the kind in the Confederacy at the commencement of the war, and have been of great benefit to the country, supplying an indispensable want. They are manufacturing a good article of Kaolin ware, adapted to all household wants, such as pitchers, bowls, plates, cups and saucers, etc., and are also making excellent fire brick. Their wares are kept for sale next door to our office, and we advise [sic] those in want to call and examine them.

After spending a pleasant hour or so at the Porcelain Works, and imbibing some very fine *spring water*, we returned home, much refreshed by the trip, the agreeability of which was greatly enhanced by the hospitality of our old and esteemed friend Rickman, formerly of the South Carolina Railroad.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], June 25, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

#### Bill Arp on Politics.

The following literary and poetic gem will, we think, be as much enjoyed by the eminent [sic] gentlemen it pitches into, as by their ardent admirer and sympathizer, ourself.

We catch it about the “newspaper bullets a poppin away, and fillin the people with fear,” but we can’t help the old “Rip Van Winkle” ideas which come to us from the first Revolution, and while perfectly prepared to hail Bill Arp as the proper leader of the new school, are sadly afraid that he will find the whole State to be—in that respect—missionary ground.—The vulgarism do not please us:

Special Correspondence of the Confederacy.

Bill Arp in the Piny Woods.

Postin Meditashuns Among the Tooms.

Mr. Editur—Sir: Konverted over to the doktrine of squatter sovreenty, we have pitched our tents in the piny woods. Afur oph in these fields of illimitable space, we are free to rome through the abstroos reguns of the filosofic world. Here no unfreindly soljier is perusin around and axin for papers. Here the melankoly mind is soothed. here the lonely rungee can

kontemplate the sandy roads, the wire grass woods, and the million of majestik pines that stand like tenpins in an ally, awaitin some huge cannon ball to come along and knock em down. the mounting scenery in this romantik country, are grand, gloomy and pekular, consistin as it do in numberless gofer hills, spewed up in promiskuous beauty, as far as the eye can reach. All around us the swamp frogs are warblin their musical notes. All above us, the pines are sighin and singin their mournful tunes. Dame Nature have spred herself therein showin her lavish hand and wastin timber along these endless glades. Truly we are treadin on klasick ground for we've pitched our tents in a blackberry patch, and mornin and noon and night luxuriate in peace upon this delishous fruit which everywhere adorns the sandy yearth.

Fromeller who was persuin these interestin scenes we have lately heard the military situation in the front and the rear. Through him we have heard of a voice from the Toombs which has spoken through six heavy columns of the Augusty Cronicle—a warnin to all peepul agin the assaults of that same old bear, which are known as the Habeas Korpus. Through him we have heard of that tremengous struggle which Alek and Bob and my old friend Joe are still wagin to attrakt publik attenshun. Trooly the tragedy in the “front” seems likely to be absorbed by the farce in the “rear,” and I feel konstrained to set forth in immortal verse the sublime view which sich things have inspired within my poetik boosum. Joseph are supposed to be still ahead, and like Saul among the prophets kalled up the spirit of Bobuel in the followin jinglin style: [poem—Joseph's Ernest Request—long]

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], June 26, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Now Ready!  
The Camp Follower!!  
Contains the Following Stories:  
“The Cock Fight;”  
“The Wife's Stratagem;”  
“How I Coated Sal;”  
“The Champion;”

And many other Humorous Sketches, Anecdotes, Poetry, &c., designed for the

Amusement of the Camp.

Single Copies, Postage paid \$2.50. The usual discount to the trade.

Address

Stockton & Co.,  
Augusta, Ga.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], June 28, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Concert Hall—“Ben Bolt”; Harry Macarthy will sing “The Brick-Bat Fight at Fort Sumter” words by Miss Carrie Bell Sinclair, music by Harry Mccarthy; the Protean Comedietta “Little Blanche”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], June 28, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

At \$8 a Yard,

Violet Organdies and Mourning Chalais. For sale by

M. M. Cohen & Co.  
294 Broad Street.

Veils and Mits [sic].

Black Lace Veils and Mits. For sale by

M. M. Cohen & Co.

Vest Buttons.

Black and Colored Vest Buttons. For sale by

M. M. Cohen & Co.

At \$7 a Yard.

Prints, of handsome Patterns. For sale by

M. M. Cohen & Co.

Scotch Tape.

Scotch Tape of assorted widths, and Patent Rolls. For sale by

M. M. Cohen & Co.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], June 28, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Blackberries.

The Government needs Blackberry Wine for sick soldiers. Ten Dollars will be paid for every bushel of Blackberries delivered to any depot on the railroads in Georgia. Berries should be placed in clean barrels, and these well stopped. No matter if fruits are bruised. Barrels will be returned free of charge or could be sent. Agents or contractors wanted anywhere in the country. Apply quick to Jules Popelin, Atlanta, Ga., or P. J. Berckmans, Augusta, Ga. Berries to be sent to the latter.

Mr. Jules Popelin is my duly authorized agent for the manufacture of Blackberry Wine.

George S. Blackie,  
Surgeon and Med. Purveyor, 5<sup>th</sup> Depot.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], June 28, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

A Novelty—Home Manufactured Ice?—We had the pleasure of witnessing yesterday an enterprise recently introduced into our city by our energetic and persevering fellow citizen, Capt. Camille Girardey—at once an enterprise of great utility, and a novelty to the people of this country; an enterprise due at once to the energy of the gentleman who has introduced it here. This enterprise is no less than a machine for the manufacture of ice! It is the invention of M. Carrie, of France, and is capable of producing ice—the one now at work here—at the rate of a ton a day! It can also manufacture salt, and some chemicals of importance! We witnessed its operations yesterday, and saw the ice, and tasted it too! Only to think of it—long cylindrical [sic] blocks of ice, made on a hot day in June, by the combined action of caloric acid gas, and water,

under the influence of steam and atmosphere pressure! This is, indeed a novelty worthy of the investigation of the learned, and the examination of the curious; and we are gratified to be able to state that a day in each week—of which due notice will be given—will be set apart, on which the public will be admitted to witness the operations of this wonderful machine. It is the invention, as we have already said of M. Carrie, one of the greatest chemists of France, who has patented it all the world over. Capt. Girardey has secured the patent right for the Confederacy, and intends to manufacture a number of these machines, to be introduced into all of our southern cities.

A great portion of the ice thus made is for the Government—to be used in Hospitals, particularly for the sick and wounded soldiers, while a portion will be reserved for the public to whom it will be sold at as reasonable rates as possible. Thus the necessities of the war in which we are engaged, and the enterprise of our people we are becoming, daily more and more independent of “our Yankee brethren;” and by the time the war closes, we hope, not only to achieve our political and industrial independence of the people who are trying to subjugate us, as well as of the world at large. Let us labor by all the means in our power, to accomplish this great end.

We will, through the courtesy of Captain Girardey, be enabled to give our readers a more detailed account of this curious machine in a few days.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], June 28, 1864, p. 3, c. 4

#### Cotton Cards.

The Bonesville Manufacturing Company are now prepared to furnish the public with a good article of Cotton Cards at the following rates of exchange for provisions in weight, the provisions to be delivered at the Factory, or at Thompson, Columbia county, Ga.

Four bushels or 224 pounds of corn.

“ “ “ 192 “ “ meal.

“ “ “ 240 “ “ clean peas.

16 pounds of bacon, hams or shoulders.

15 “ “ “ sides or lard.

75 “ “ flour.

3½ bushels or 150 pounds of wheat.

Those sending by railroad will have their sacks returned immediately.

For sheep, goat, dog, horse, deer or coon skins, raw or tanned, we will exchange cards at the market price of each.

Wanted, also, tan bark, beech, birch and maple lumber, sawed 5/8 of an inch thick, without regard to width, not under six inches, for which the highest market price will be paid.

This is purely a Southern institution, gotten up at great risk and expense, and we solicit for it a liberal share of patronage.

Jno. R. Wilson, President.

Peter Jones, Superintendent.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], June 28, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

From the Army and Navy Messenger.  
The Soldier’s Wife.

The following noble and touching lines were written by the wife of a Texas officer:

I'm sitting all alone, my love,  
The babes have gone to sleep;  
And I am sad enough, my love,  
To hide my eyes and weep;

For when the friendly day has gone,  
The lonely night will come;  
'Tis sad—so sad to be alone,  
In a deserted home!

First Kitty came, with sunny hair—  
Just like her Pa's, and said,  
With bowed head, her lisping prayer,  
Then went away to bed.

Then came little Minnie, bright,  
With folded weary wings;  
She closed her dewy eyes of light,  
The winsome, sleepy thing.

And so I'm all alone, my love,  
And how can I refrain  
From weeping, when I think my love,  
You may not come again?

Yet still I would not have thee here;  
I'd rather thou would'st find  
A glorious grave in battle there,  
Than lag at home behind!

Then nobly do your duty, love,  
I'll bear this lonely life;  
I'll be a brave dead soldier's love,  
Before a coward's wife.

For though my nights whole ages seem,  
And days drag on like years,  
Bright rays of hope still often gleam,  
In beauty through my tears.

And as hope shines amid those tears—  
It paints an Iris bright,  
That rests in love upon the years  
To come, God speed the right!

A Texas Wife.

Good Definition.

Some sensible person says “an old maid is a lady who has attained the age of twenty-four or five without having married a fool, a knave, a gambler or a drunkard.”

Misses in their teens cannot appreciate this, but their elder maiden sisters can, and it is for their benefit that we take the text. It is not our intention to write a lecture on matrimony, but only to drop a few “crumbs of comfort” where they may be needed. At the risk of being considered old fogyish in our notions, we will express a long entertained belief that the most loveable age of an unmarried woman’s life commences at about twenty-five, and lasts as long as she shows no diminution of sensibility and no ravages of time. She has floated into the calm of her years, and is capable of making a sensible man happy.

Girls of sweet sixteen may have such multiplicity of arts and accomplishments that nothing which can add to the graces of mind or manner seems omitted or forgotten, but older heads know that there is still something lacking. They have not thoroughly learned, because they are too young, to apply their accomplishments and exhibit their graces advantageously—that is, profitably to themselves and those around them. Every sensible, well-bred old maid can do this, but who can expect so much of every sweet sixteen? One in a hundred may be fitted for those important duties which alone can render a woman useful, and consequently happy, but the remaining ninety-nine may not.

The aim of female education ought to be to make her more capable of performing the part which the laws of society and the nature of things allot as her peculiar province. In this we have everything to place to the credit of the old maid, for she is educated, while the young girl is not, for want of time and experience. It is no reproach to her that she is not married at twenty-five or thirty. She should rejoice that she did not fall into foolish romances or shallow wits when in her teens and unite her destiny with any one of the characters mentioned in the definition we have quoted. Let no girl be in a hurry to marry—let her never marry until she feels sure that her lover will make a good husband, and that she can make a good wife. “She looketh well to the ways of her household,” is a commendation which every lady who is mistress of a family should be ambitious to merit, and should she possess genius and talent, let her still remember that to make a home for her husband and children is the most praiseworthy success with which she can ever be crowned in this world.

[Special Correspondence of the Constitutionalist.]

Letter from the Front.

Marietta, Ga., June 25, 1864.

Editor Constitutionalist: . . . I am, for the first time since I have been in service, sprawling upon the floor of a hospital as a patient. Am now convalescing, and have therefore an excellent opportunity of observing matters and things in the rear. Walking through the suburbs [sic] of this really beautiful inland town, the first thing that attracts the attention of the soldier is the large number of attachees [sic] to commissary and headquarter trains. They are a lounging, lifeless, loafing, motley crew. Among them can be found negroes of every shade and color, from ten

years old and upwards, many of them without masters. They flock to the army, serve in any capacity during the day, while the army is stationary. At night, and when upon the march, they subsist themselves by stealing. They pilfer from the cooks, and by this means many a soldier goes without his usual daily ration. But what arouses the indignation to its highest pitch, is to see headquarter wagons packed in the many beautiful lawns that encircle the elegant mansions in the vicinity of the town, the nice hedge rows, upon which so much labor and pains have been bestowed, are trampled under the hoofs of the mules; whilst the ornamental yard and garden enclosures are torn down and used for fuel, by the light of which teamsters can indulge in a game of cards. Such outrages should not for a moment be tolerated. The Lieutenant or Major General who permits it should be held to a personal accountability for it. Gen. Hood, as far as my observation extends, is the only General who manifests any regard for the property of refugee citizens. If he deems it advisable to occupy grounds around residences, he has his fly stretched, those of his staff around him. The horses are hitched outside of the enclosure, while his wagons park at a convenient distance. He permits no depredations upon the premises, and therefore has the satisfaction of seeing every thing left as he found it. Others may do so, but I only speak of what I have observed. It is no pleasure to me to have to speak of the wanton destruction of property of citizens, who are now refugees from home, by *officers* or our army. But there is a disposition manifested by correspondents to saddle these outrages upon the private soldier. Being one of the latter, I felt it my duty to place the odium where it properly belongs. . . .

Eufaula.

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

Headquarters Government Works, }  
Augusta, Ga., June 20, 1864. }

To the Ladies of Augusta.

I have urgent need of additional assistance in making Cartridges for small arms. I cannot procure the aid required in time for my wants from any other source.—The continued skirmishing and partial actions which occur almost daily between our army and the enemy consume large quantities of rifle ammunition, and it is necessary to keep our forces well supplied. I have an abundance of material of all kinds, and only require the hands to put them together in proper form. The paper will be cut and prepared at the Arsenal and sent to the city, and every thing supplied necessary at the City hall, where your patriotic Mayor has supplied a convenient room for your working. Captain Finney, of the Arsenal, will have immediate charge, and will, with his foreman, Mr. Gaillet, give the necessary instruction.

I know you will respond to my call when I assure you your country needs your services at this time; for how long I cannot say but I presume but for a few weeks at most. There will be a person at the door of the City Hall on Saturday morning, commencing at 10 o'clock and thereafter, to show the way to the working room.

Geo. W. Rains,  
Colonel Commanding.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], June 30, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

The Ladies of South Carolina. —A friend returning from a pleasure trip to White Pond Turn Out, South Carolina Railroad—after speaking of the fine condition of the plantations; says

that the ladies prepare a substantial meal for the soldiers, at White Pond every Sunday.

Mrs. Yates and Miss Mosely, we believe, have the charge of the good things sent.

From Branchville, the entertainment begins on Monday and extends through all the Stations, so that a repast is ready every day at some station, terminating at White Pond Sunday, to recommence at Branchville every Monday.

Our informant says that the train was delayed very late, but the ladies, some of them having come ten or twelve miles, stayed till dark.

He says the goodeis [sic] were of all sorts, and good sure enough.

God bless the ladies of the gallant little State, and may they live forever and always have a plenty of provisions.

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

From the Front.

Letter from Gen. Johnston's Army.

Special Correspondence of the Constitutionalist.

Marietta, June 29<sup>th</sup>, 1864.

The operations of Monday continue to be developed in our favor and the increased discomfiture of the enemy. The silence along the lines to-day proclaimed the bloody character of the repulse. They have been engaged burying the dead. . . Among the Yankee prisoners captured was a girl in the disguise of a soldier of comely appearance and rather modest mien. . .

Grape.

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

[Special Correspondence of the Constitutionalist.]

Letters from the 5<sup>th</sup> Ga. Regiment.

In the Trenches, Post of Kennesaw }

Mountain, Ga., June 26<sup>th</sup>, 1864. }

Messrs. Editors: Our Division is now stationed in the fortifications south-west of Kennesaw. The right of the Division rests on the foot of the Mountain. The brigades in the division are as follows: Mercer's, Jackson's, Gist's and Stephens. . . . The men are very much in need of Vegetables. If any of our friends would send us a few of these luxuries, they would be thankfully received.—

There was some vegetables issued to the army a day or two ago, but the rations were so very small it did not do us any good, they consisted of three small Irish potatoes to a man, one onion (small) to three men, enough cabbage for one man to eat for forty men, one hand full of beans for the regiment, so you can imagine how much good we derived from it. . . .

Quill.

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

A worthy old farmer was called on last Saturday, says the Prairie News, for his mules to assist in bringing the captured wagons from the battle field. His enthusiastic reply was: "Yes,

Gen. Forrest can get anything I've got; just leave the old woman, and he's welcome to all the balance."

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

Ice!

Ice and Ice Cream, for sale at the

French Store.

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

Musquito [sic] Netts [sic],

Already made, and very good, can be bought low. Apply to

Millner, Keen & Co.

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

A Bit of Romance.—The Providence (R. I.) Press says that a woman passed through this city *en route* to New York, who during the past three years has passed through many exciting scenes. In the early part of the war, she, with her husband and two or three children, were residing in a border State, where secessionism was rampant, and during the absence of the parents one day the children were all massacred by some of the cavalry. The wife immediately assumed male attire, enlisted in the same company with her husband, and fought side by side with him in nearly all the battles participated in by the army of the Cumberland.—A few months since her husband received a fatal bullet while fighting by her side, and the wife, too, was subsequently wounded, and taken to the hospital, where her sex was discovered.

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

Yankee Prisoners at Andersonville.

Some over-sensitive newspapers have complained of the manner in which the Yankee prisoners, 20,000 in number, are treated at Andersonville, Ga. The following remarks on the subject are pertinent. We copy from the Macon Telegraph:

[“] There has been in the papers, including our own by correspondents, a great deal of needless and causeless animadversion upon the condition of the prisoners at Camp Anderson. Correspondents, fresh from comfortable homes, surrounded with the appliances of luxury, comparing the condition of the prisoners with their own, are struck by the relative discomfort of the situation, and should they go to any camp in the field would doubtless be affected in the same way.

It is certain the Anderson prisoners of war are generally better rationed than the soldiers of our army, and as for being “without shelter” so far as that is true, it is the condition of our own brave soldiers in active service. As to the ratio of mortality, it is smaller than could be reasonably anticipated under the circumstances. Twenty-five thousand men in a permanent camp, under any possible condition, would exhibit heavy bills of sickness and mortality, and the

wonder is, they are so comparatively light at Anderson—for these are Northern men suddenly transferred to a far Southern latitude and a total change of diet and water. The experience of the whole war has taught us at great sacrifice of life, that troops in the field in the summer time cannot be long camped in any one spot without a heavy sick list. But a permanent camp in the case of these prisoners is wholly unavoidable, and what is more, so great are their numbers, that it is necessarily a crowded camp. Is it any wonder, therefore, that in a crowd of twenty-five thousand, “scores” should be sickening and dying every day? We question whether the fact would not exist, even if the prisoners were all provided with comfortable ceiled houses and fed on chickens, eggs and buttermilk.

The charges and implications of inhumanity to these prisoners, are therefore, we believe, wholly groundless, and ought not to be made or insinuated by any Confederate prints. They have good food, as healthy a locality as could be obtained with the conditions of convenient transportation and as much latitude of space and motion as security and the available means at hand can provide or plan.

But on the other hand, look at the statements in regard to the treatment of Confederate prisoners of war, by the Federal authorities. The horrors of Fort Delaware are familiar to every mind. Thousands of as gallant men as ever lived—reared in elegance and ease, there breathed their last, upon beds of filthy mud and ooze, their parched lips moistened with stagnant ditch water, and condemned and wormy army bread their only fare.

Point Lookout has been better, but read the appended statement copied out of a late Richmond Sentinel. The prisoners at Anderson have been there for months, and will be there a month longer, only by the sufferance and devices of their own Government. The Confederate Government has ever been most anxious for a fair exchange. But it is understood that a large proportion of the prisoners now in our hands go out of service by the expiration of their terms of enlistment, while the Confederates who might be exchanged for them, would be still available as soldiers, the heartless despotism at Washington is totally averse to an exchange which would disproportionately increase the strength of the Confederate army.—While they charge the Confederates with wanton cruelty and neglect of these prisoners and shoot and starve the Confederate prisoners in their hands by way of “retaliation,” they very composedly elect that their own captured soldiers shall, month after month suffer these alleged cruelties. Time was when the sufferings of the Barbary prisoners moved heart of the Christendom and sent fleets and armies to their relief. But the Lincoln Government groans over treatment to its captured citizens which it represents as worse, and yet voluntarily permits them to remain in captivity in order to eat up the alleged scarcity of feed supplies in the South, and avoid strengthening disproportionately the armies of the Confederates. It is the most grovelling [sic], heartless and cowardly policy ever pursued by a people claiming Christian civilization.

#### Escaped Prisoners of Point Lookout.

We had the pleasure of a call yesterday from two Confederate soldiers, who have just arrived from Point Lookout. Their account of the mode by which they escaped and the friends they met outside the prison, is very interesting, but as it might interfere with the escape of others, and compromise those who aided them on their way, we refrain from publishing their narrative. There are about ten thousand prisoners confined on the point. Among the number are nearly two hundred citizens arrested by order of Butler—most of them old men from sixty to seventy-five years of age. Some of these citizens are in hospitals, suffering from the cruelties of Butler’s

negroes. They had been tied to the trees by negroes and whipped unmercifully.

Among the citizens confined at the Point is Col. Humphrey's, of Culpepper, a gentleman near eighty years old.

The health of the prisoners is generally good, though many are suffering from partial blindness, caused by looking at the white sand and the water of the bay.

Their rations consist of nine worm eaten crackers and from four to seven ounces of beef per day. For a while they were allowed three potatoes per day, but that has been stopped.

The negro guards commanded by white scoundrels, are very brutal, shooting the prisoners without the slightest cause. On the 22d of May, a number of the prisoners were gathered round the pump for the purpose of procuring water, when, without notice the negro guard deliberately fired into them, killing one and severely wounding three. Our prisoners will have a debt of vengeance to pay, which we hope they will soon have an opportunity to liquidate.—Rich. Sentinel.

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

The Atlanta Confederacy says the several factories at Roswell are at work as if an enemy was a hundred miles away. The factories are operating chiefly for the benefit of the Government. The natural advantages around, defended as they are by sufficient artillery to command every approach, render their defense easy and practicable.

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

#### Press Facilities—Troubles of the Trans-Mississippi Journals.

The Superintendent of the Press Association, says the Memphis Appeal, received the following letter from one of the Associates west of the Mississippi river, which gives a graphic picture of the difficulties encountered in newspaper publishing there. The troubles of our Texas friends may prove somewhat of a balm to journalists on this side of the great river. Here is the letter, which needs no comment:

May 24, 1864.

Col. J. S. Thrasher:

Yours of March 5<sup>th</sup> has just reached me. Our means of communication are exceedingly slow and uncertain.

The press of this department is laboring under burdens that I almost fear will sink it. My telegraphing bills amount to from \$600 to \$800 per week. My paper costs me from \$18 to \$25 per ream (24x36) in specie. I am paying \$4 per 1000 ems for composition, and printers cannot live on that. The News and Telegraph have been forced to come to a specie basis, but whether they will be sustained by the people it is impossible to say yet. It was their only alternative. Even to-day a lot of paper is offered me, for which \$35 is demanded. Reduce this to currency, at thirty-five for one, and you will see the impossibility of keeping accounts in Confederate notes with our customary notation.

My telegraph report is, I hope, short enough to-day. Your complaining of five to eight cents per word amuses me. I pay twenty to thirty cents for every word I get from the East, and am obliged to have nearly all the press telegrams sent over our wires. The press east of the river don't know anything about burthens; they are in paradise compared with us here.

I have as yet received but little intelligence of the meeting of the Press Association. The Mobile papers of April 8<sup>th</sup>, 11<sup>th</sup>, and 14<sup>th</sup>, are all that have reached me, and their accounts are very meager. What is the matter that you can make no arrangements with the Postmaster General for a line of couriers across the river for account of the Press Association. I do not see what harm it can possibly do the Post Office Department.

We are all right here in Texas, and tolerably free from the Yankees, etc.

No press report of the date of this letter has been received.

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

Novel Plan of Courtship.—If marriage is a lottery prizes are as apt to be drawn in the following as any other:

At a wedding recently celebrated, were present some twenty-five young persons, all of them in a condition which for various reasons, they generally concurred in regarding as undesirable—the “unengaged.” One of the gentlemen of the party suspected the prevalence among them of feelings that might easily be exchanged for others indefinitely more fixed and agreeable. He accordingly proposed the choosing of a President, a person worthy of all confidence, whose duty it should be to receive from each individual a folded paper, inscribed with the name of the person handing it in, and also with the name of another person of the other sex, whom the first would be willing to marry. The President in addition to the restraints of his own sense of honor, was to be put under a solemn pledge of eternal secrecy [sic]. All refusing to accede to the proposition were for the time to leave the room. Those whose choice was reciprocal, that is, were to be privately informed, while the selections of the others were to remain undisclosed. The result was that the trial was made, all shared in the experiment, and eleven couples were found to have made themselves happy; and their several unions were afterwards consummated.

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

Ottawa Indians Captured.—The Yankees have drawn upon all the nationalities of the world for soldiers to fight their battles. The Petersburg Express says we have captured from their armies, not only the genuine Yankee, but the unadulterated African, the Englishman, the Frenchman, the Scotchman, the Irishman, the Dutchman, the Italian, the Swiss, and these in no small numbers, as all who have seen or conversed with the prisoners can testify to. And we have reason to believe that there is a considerable sprinkling of the Chinese element in the Northern army, as well as of other nationalities not mentioned above. But they have a new source of strength—the Indians of the Northwest. On Saturday a batch of these warriors, belonging to a Michigan regiment, were captured, while making a charge upon our lines. They belong to the Ottawa tribe, and are real gingerbread chaps. Their long, straight, black hair, their dusky countenances and stalwart forms, attracted no little attention from our citizens. They speak English as well as most of the soldiers in the Yankee army, and say they are fighting the battles of the North because they believe the North to be right. They take their captivity quietly so far, but the long confinement before them, will doubtless work ill to both body and mind.

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

Marietta and Kennesaw Mountain.

The “Local” of the Atlanta Register has been to “the front.” Hear him:

Our object being to visit the mountain, we did not tarry long in the city, which one can scarcely recognize as the quiet little watering place of years gone by. Hotels and dwelling houses have been converted into hospitals, store houses and quarters for the military, and the group of pleasure seekers lounging around, have given way to groups of convalescent soldiers—soldiers hurrying to and fro on business, soldiers on the hotel balconies, soldiers on the house tops, watching the shells bursting over the mountain in the distance. Quartermasters and commissaries, with their retinue of clerks, medical gentlemen, and members of the relief committees, with their uniforms and badges, now and then a General, with his well dressed staff on horseback, wagons and teamsters, ambulances with the sick and wounded—all kinds of looking men on horseback, and all kinds of looking men and boys on mules, and a hundred other sights incident to the rear of a large army, catch the eye as you wade through the mud of Marietta of to-day.

It is three miles to the top of Kennesaw, which looms up so plainly as you leave the city that you would hardly imagine it half the distance. Mounted upon a white horse, with “C. S.” plainly visible upon the left shoulder, which we suppose stands for “can’t swim,” or something else, we succeeded, after wading, plunging and sliding through the mud for a couple of miles, in reaching the mountain. The shells which had been screaming away in the distance became unpleasantly nearer and nearer as we ascended the acclivity, and as we were tying old Whitey in a thicket, one of them passed so near our head that we found ourselves making a profound obeissance [sic] to a rock near by.

Though[t] it wouldn’t do to stand still, and kept on up towards the mountain top. Hadn’t gone far before another one of those things with “shucks to its tail” went crashing through the trees overhead, and we went down again. Got up again, however, and traveled along the rocky path at a very lively pace, until we ensconced ourselves behind the works of the battery at the apex. After a little while, our ears becoming less nice, we strolled outside the battery, and took a good view of the army of the Cumberland spread out before us in the valley below. It was a grand sight, and one worth risking more shells than the Yankees can throw at Kennesaw to see. In the distance, the plains were dotted with Yankee tents and wagons, here and there, like little villages of Southern negro quarters; and nearer their lines and fortifications were plainly visible, apparently not over a mile or so distant.

With the aid of a glass we could see the gunners plainly as they loaded their pieces, and nearer still, could be discerned plainly with the naked eye their sharpshooters down lower in valley, popping away now and then at our men. On the little Kennesaw to our left, a battery of our guns was firing away at a Yankee battery farther down to the left, and along both lines as far as we could see, puffs of white smoke were ascending from time to time, followed by the dull booming of cannon.

The smoke of the Yankee locomotives went trailing along the tree tops, and their wagons could be seen moving down towards the left of our lines. We spent some time in looking over the shoulder of a soldier, who, with paper resting on an idle gun, was sketching the scene as it lay like a picture spread out before him.—It was hard to leave this mountain top, and the grand view which it gives, but in order to catch the two o’clock train, we clambered down the steep, rocky path, dodging, it is true, as we came in full range of the shells again, until we reached our horse, which we mounted and waded back again through the mud to Marietta.

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

Summary: Notice of incorporation of the Bonesville Manufacturing Company, Columbia County, to manufacture cotton cards, with list of 29 incorporators; \$125,000.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 3, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

W. R. McCall's Family Spinner.—Who can furnish one of these “labor saving machines?” Mr. A. Beecher, of Salisbury, advertised them in the *Western North Carolinian*, 6<sup>th</sup> February, 1832. Price was \$20; “simple in construction; well calculated for families; spins wool or cotton from the roll; one hand is equal to six.”

We also find in the same paper the advertisement of E. P. Mitchel, of Salisbury, who made and kept “constantly on hand a supply of the Tennessee Spinsters, which he sold low for cash, or on credit to punctual customers.” These machines would be very valuable to the wives and daughters of our farmers in these days of highpriced yarn and cloth of all sorts.—*Charlotte Bulletin*.

Mr. W. P. Russell, of this city, will soon have in operation a Hargreave Spinster, and intends to make preparations for filling orders as rapidly as his large orders for Government and his supply of labor will allow.

We do not see how the power of Government could be employed more usefully, in reference to any department of labor, than in aiding and encouraging a speedy supply of these spinning machines.—*Charleston Courier*.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 3, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

#### The Fourth of July.

Eighty-eight years ago to-morrow our ancestors pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honors to achieve the Independence of their country. The misrule and despotic policy of the mother country forced them to publish to the world the celebrated Declaration of Independence. Appealing to the God of battles and the justice of nations to aid them in the righteous cause which they advocated, it was resolved to prosecute the war to a successful termination or gloriously perish in the struggle. Valor, endurance, fortitude and patriotic self-sacrifice crowned their efforts with victory. Southern statesmanship and Southern heroism combined brought the Revolutionary over to a successful termination and achieved the Independence of the States.

The 4<sup>th</sup> of July 1864 dawns upon the people of the Southern States battling for the rights bequeathed by the men of '76. The same motive—the right of self government—that produced the Revolutionary War inaugurated the revolution of 1861, and the result will inevitably crown our arms. Harmonious action, unity of purpose, and zealous perseverance in the cause of freedom will accomplish the Independence of the Southern States just as certain as night follows day.

“For freedom's battle once begun,  
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,  
Though baffled oft, is ever won.”

Reverses may befall us, and greater sacrifices may be exacted, but we must prepare to meet them, and if we are but true to ourselves and the noble examples of our forefathers, the cause of justice and freedom must triumph over that of wrong and tyranny. Already the history

of our young Republic is written in blood, and its pages are resplendant [sic] with the heroic deeds of the martyred dead who have fallen in freedom's cause. But thank God, they have not fallen in vain. The wisdom of our rulers, the sagacity and skill of our Generals, the bravery of our soldiers, and the patriotism of our people will soon be rewarded with peace and independence.

The 4<sup>th</sup> of July 1865 will, we firmly believe, dawn upon the Confederate States as one of the acknowledged powers of the earth, for we see through the smoke of battle the eagle perched on our victorious standards.

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

Correspondence.

Bainbridge, Ga., June 3d, 1864.

Major L. O. Bridewell:

Dear Sir: I have sent by wagon this day to Express Agent, Albany, one bale containing 60 bunches, 5 pounds each) knitting yarn, to be knit into socks for the Arkansas soldiers; and are sent to your care at the request of your brother, Capt. C. A. Bridewell, of Govan's brigade. I trust you may be able to get them knit in time for the wants of those brave men, who are so far from their homes.

Yours Respectfully,  
S. Davis Tonge.

Reply.

Augusta, Ga., June 7<sup>th</sup>, 1864.

Mr. S. Davis Tonge, Bainbridge, Ga. :

Sir—As a citizen of Arkansas, and one who has seen the labor of years and the gifts of friends and family swept away in the whirlwind of Federal despotism, which has, unhappily, overwhelmed my State, I thank you, from my heart, for your generous donation to those gallant men from Arkansas, who, for nearly three years, have stood at the gateway to happy and prosperous Georgia, repelling the advance of the enemy, with their blood and their lives. These men have all without exception felt the iron heel—they are refugees, but refugees in the army.—Such gifts to such men are doubly appreciated; and I feel warranted, sir, in saying that you have the thanks of every Arkansas soldier, and that your name will be happily and gratefully remembered, when the rumors and thunders of this war shall have passed away.

I shall, to the best of my ability, execute your kind instructions. Very respectfully,  
L. O. Bridewell.

Handsome Donation.—Dr. J. Mercer Green, in charge of the hospitals at Macon, acknowledges the reception of forty-two bales of cotton from Mr. S. Davis Tonge, of Bainbridge, Ga., to be made into mattresses [sic] for sick and wounded soldiers. This cotton, at current prices, is worth \$21,000, and can be made into 1100 or 1200 mattresses [sic].—Memphis Appeal.

This is not the only gift of this noble-hearted gentleman. Emigrating to Georgia some years since from Baltimore, he eventually located himself at Bainbridge, on the Chattahoochee, south of Columbus, establishing a Cotton Factory. He has donated money and provisions to the

poor and needy of this city, of Macon, Atlanta and Columbus, and has made frequent gifts to the army in North Georgia. He sent a short time since, to Maj. Bridewell, of this city, 300 pounds of prepared cotton yarns for socks for the benefit of the Arkansas troops in Gen. Johnston's army. We refer to the correspondence in this paper.—Mr. Tonge deserves, and will receive, the heart-felt "God bless you," of all soldiers.

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

To the Public.

On Tuesday next, a car will be placed by the Georgia Railroad Company at the service of the Government for the transportation of vegetables to Johnston's army. I have been requested to call on our citizens, and persons in the vicinity, and along the line of the Railroad to contribute vegetables of every description, to be delivered at the Georgia Railroad Depot by two o'clock, P. M., Tuesday. The car will leave on Tuesday afternoon in charge of a Government officer. If persons on the line of the Road will have packages of vegetables ready for hasty delivery at the several depots, they will be taken on board as the train proceeds. The men of Gen. Johnston's army are in need of this supply. I am sure that our people will respond to this call as liberally as they have responded to others in the past.

E. Starnes,  
Chairman Ga. Relief and Hospital Asso.

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

The Ladies of Augusta.—No call has ever been made upon the patriotic ladies of our city which has not been promptly, cheerfully, and liberally responded to. A few days since Col. Rains invited them, through the columns of the paper, to repair to the City Hall for the purpose of assisting in making cartridges for the use of the army, commencing yesterday morning.

How the invitation was accepted, is best attested by the numbers of ladies who thronged to the City Hall yesterday, and took their first lessons in preparing the little missiles that are to give death to our ruthless invaders and independence to our country. When our brave "boys at the front" know that their mothers, sisters, wives and daughters are engaged in this work, they will load their guns with a more determined bravery, and pull their triggers with a deadlier aim.

Those of our fair citizens who have not yet responded to this call of Col. Rains can have an opportunity of doing so next week. Arrangements have been made to make them as comfortable as possible while at work.

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

"Uncle Bob's" Reply to "Asa Hartz."

Pine Grove, June 23d, 1864.

Editor Clarion: Fearing that Asa Hartz's Uncle Bob may not have time to reply to Asa's recent letter in equally "poetic lingo," and knowing that he would much prefer to do so, I have made bold to write for him the following, which he can use as his own and nobody will be the wiser.

With the assurance that you and "Asa," and "Uncle Bob," and the rest of mankind are the

recipients of my most distinguished consideration, I have the honor to be,  
Yours truly,

Jack O'Spades.

Dear Asa Harts: Your letter's come,  
And I have thought and pondered some  
To find a new and splendid plea,  
By which to gain your liberty.  
'Tis very true our "Dixie cages"  
Have many a score of Yankee "Majes"  
That would delight, I have no doubt,  
To aid in getting Asa out.  
But Lincoln thought a while ago,  
"He had us dead," "I guess" you know,  
And so he put his pedal down  
And swore with diabolic frown,  
That nary "Reb" should ever slip  
Who once was gobled [sic] in his grip.  
When gold about the rules of war,  
He only laughed a loud Haw! Haw!!  
And told Bill Seward, Chase, and Stanton,  
To listen how the rebels cant on  
"Those silly Rules" then with a poke,  
Into their ribs he told a joke.  
But Chickamauga came you see,  
And Abraham, to himself, says he,  
"Gosh, dang it, how these rebels fight;  
I guess I've been a *leetle tight*  
Upon these Rebs, who might some day,  
"Get even with me in this way."  
And then the Yanks began to swear,  
About Confederate prison fare—  
And every Dutchman had his "vrow"  
A writing to Old Abra'm how,  
Her lusty lord was getting thin  
"As never was," oh such a din  
'Twas really quite a treat to hear,  
So Abe, he said, "send better cheer,"  
Or else they'll all "go up the spout,"  
Oh then such loads of sour krout,  
And Lager Beer and Apple Sass,  
And dessicated [sic] "fixins" too  
Was sent by every Marm and lass,  
You never saw; but 'twouldn't do.  
I sent them back, and told the Yanks  
They couldn't play that sort of pranks,

And nary Fed should have a drop  
Until they'd make an even swap,  
Then Mumford came and said he'd do it,  
"But 'twas our fault, and well we knew it  
As how we hadn't swapped before."  
But when we talked the matter o'er,  
The everlasting "nigger" got  
Slightly cross-wise in the plot  
And stopped the plans for your exchange.  
I hope you will not think it strange.  
What! swap a nig for Asa Hartz!!  
A man of so much "vim and parts?"  
"Forbid it Heaven!!" I hear you say,  
"I'd be a pris'ner till judgment day!!"  
Then Abraham sent B. F. B.  
And thought he'd fool Mass Jeff and me,  
Because the sneaking cunning "Brute"  
Had been so sly and devilish "cute"  
He'd cheated even the Yankee nation.  
Well, Butler with insinuation,  
Sleek, smiling face and ogling eye,  
Came down his tricky hand to try—  
We spurned him like a filthy thing.  
What! let so foul a creature bring  
Dishonor to our country's fame?  
He! the "Brute," with cursed name,  
The bleared-eye "Beast," with reeking hand,  
That shed the best blood in our land,  
The out-lawed, foul, and hated demon,  
That dared insult our Southern women,  
Hold intercourse with such as he?  
Forbid it God of Liberty!!  
No! better let the prison chain,  
Still rankling in your heart, remain;  
Better bid a long farewell  
To earthly joys, and in your cell  
Life lingering out Eternity  
Than on such terms gain liberty.

But Asa, dear, you need not fear  
So hard a lot; I 'spose you hear  
How Mr. Grant has set a day—  
'Tis July 4<sup>th</sup> (the Yankees say)—  
To have a mighty barbecue  
In Richmond town; but when he's through  
With our boys and Robert Lee

I think Mass Abe will willing be  
To set you and all others free  
That have for such a lengthy while,  
Been pining 'way on Johnson's Isle.

Spades are trumps now, in these parts,  
But none forget old Asa Hartz;  
And when the "hands" are running "hard"  
We sorely miss so good a card.  
Give my love to Mr. Terry,  
And tell him not to be contrary  
And keep you always in the jail,  
I'll "jine" George D, in giving bail.  
"Yours," till cruel death shall rob  
One of the other.

Your Uncle Bob.

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

Special Correspondence of the Constitutionalist.  
Letter from Grape.

Atlanta, Monday Noon, July 4<sup>th</sup>, 1864.

It is the Fourth of July. As I write the air is resonant with the noise of cannon. They roll over the hills in monosyllabic tones. There are no flags in the sky nor beating of drums. The sullen voice of war instead of national festivity now signalize the day which was once so proudly honored.

The Yankees entered Marietta about noon yesterday. They found the village very nearly deserted. Three-fourths of the resident population and all of the rebels vanished—a mere skeleton of what it was remained of Marietta . . . .

Grape.

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

The 4<sup>th</sup> of July—Shall it be Commemorated?

Monday eighty-eight years ago, all the bells of the city of Philadelphia were pealing forth to an astonished world the announcement of a new and startling declaration of an independence and freedom which, before that day, was unknown among the people of the earth—the right of self-government—the right of manhood.

The new people of a new world had, in their virtue and courage, founded and were acting upon a new and hypothetical philosophy for man—were declaring to the nations of the old world their determination of offering up, in defence [sic] of this new system, their lives, their property, and their sacred honors.

The old world was amazed at so new a thing in so new a land. The conservatism of ages held in perfect inthrallment [sic] the opinions of mankind, directed the way and taught that the

only truth was in the doctrine of the divine right of Kings. The surroundings and remembrances of feudal serfdom still remained, cultivated and sustained by the Governments, and humbly submitted to by the people.

But the mind of America, however, had no remembrances of ancient wrong, and no history.—Her newness taught it liberty; her associations engrafted upon it a spirit of resistance to restraint.

And so having been unrestrained by the details of monarchy, and knowing of its home system, save as the student of history knows of the wrongs and errors of the past; and having daily before it the Red Man of her Wilds, who was a proud and noble exemplar [sic] of freedom, that mind so reared and tutored, on the 4<sup>th</sup> day of July, 1776, declared for itself a new dogma, and utterly and forever discarded the doctrines of Europe.

In the eighty-eight years that have passed, how has the doctrine prospered? We can only answer by saying that the Old World is again startled and amazed at the action of this progressive people; and they who scorned the philosophy of our fathers, as a great falsehood, are now looking forward to its speedily being absorbed in the blood of the people who inaugurated it.

The falsity is and was in their own understandings. Like the new doctrines announced eighteen hundred years ago, in the high-ways and by ways of Judea, the philosophy of the people of 1776, became clogged with the interpretations of the unlearned in its pure precepts—its simplicity became intricate amidst the boundless constructions of the ambitions [sic?], and the aithiestical [sic?]; but happily, it seems to be a part of the Divine economy, when truth is wronged, that champions shall come in its defence [sic]; and Davis, and Lee, and Beauregard, and Johnston, are, in the Providence of God, the Luthers, Melanths, Zwingles, and Calvins, of the pure and original principles of our ancient Republican Liberty, and will demonstrate to the Old World that the seed of 1776 has yet a land to grow in, and a brave and industrious people to cultivate it in its purity.

Certainly it can not be necessary to write to our own people, and, by argument, impress upon them that the mantles of the pure fathers of '76 have fallen upon the leaders of this rebellion against wrong and oppression. Is it necessary to call them up, that they may not forget that our fathers were free, and that their sons would be unworthy and degenerate in blood and principle, if they yield one idea of the grand old doctrines which triumphed in the blood of '76? Shall not rather the blood of the noble sons, already shed, determine us to reproduce the old doctrines, and transmit them to those who must come after, with no paragraph stricken out, and no concessions made to the enemy?—Are not our property, our lives and our sacred honors pledged to its maintenance as much now as then; and were it not better to yield them all, aye! a thousand times over, than yield to the far worse than British despotism and slavery which awaits us if conquered, when the glorious old principles shall indeed go down in the darkness of atheism and abolitionism. No, no. We have made up our minds not only to suffer, but to resist, until the last man goes under who has the manhood to be free, and whose soul is above the sordid gains of a time like this.

Where is the Valley Forge of this war?—Where the retreat from the Highlands, when the snow kissed the blood from the feet of our grand old rebellious fathers? Ah! where the disasters of many a battle?

We know nothing of trouble and distress as a whole people, involved as we are in a war like this. There are spots we wot of, where the heel of the despot has ground deep into the flesh of its unarmed victims, because their children and friends dared to be men and free men; but it is

not everywhere so. It is not with us as it was with the rebels who sustained and nourished the principles for which we contend this day. God grant it may never be; but if it be necessary to re-establish in the face of the world, the philosophy of 1776, we say let it come; yes, let it come until desolation shall stalk through the land a recognized familiar at every door, at every altar side. Let the babes be mourners for mothers stricken in their tenderness and youth, and grand sires sit upon the ashes of our homesteads and call upon the God of justice and mercy for vengeance.

We have put our hand to the plough; we must take no step backwards. As free as we were born, with every right unimpaired, and every State her own judge in the last resort, un-[sic] what rule, must be and shall be demanded and received or we have failed, and deserve, if such a thing could be, the maledictions of the honored dead, who began in 1776, and are still dying for the liberty which Jefferson, on the 4<sup>th</sup> day of July, declared was our inalienable right.

And as free men we have saved and sustained the principles of our fathers—wrested them from the unholy hands of the pharisaic hordes of the North-east, who neither deserve nor were hardly born to be free. We think, therefore, we should inaugurate a new day—a 4<sup>th</sup> of July, peculiarly our own. It is the day and not the idea, the day represents, which concern the Northern mind.—We say then, let them have the day—there is no honor in it. It only reminds us of the only really great disaster to the Southern arms of this War. It has lost its sanctity since the principles [illegible], on that day, were inaugurated and published to the world, have ceased to be honored or cherished by the harping hypocrites; but who, nevertheless, talk still so saintly of the day. It is their day—let us have none of it. It should be at once and universally discarded by every State and community of all the South; and we most heartily trust will be. Our 4<sup>th</sup> of July must be the day when we re-uttered and declared our intention to maintain, at every hazard, the sentiments of the declaration read in Philadelphia eighty-eight years ago—or the day when the principles of that declaration shall have been firmly re-established by the success of our arms.

We have again nationalized the principles—then let us again nationalize a day. If there be comfort and consolation in the 4<sup>th</sup> of July to the Northmen, because it may bring them a remembrance of what their fathers were, let them have it all to themselves, and grow frenzied over it—but for us, be our children taught that the gem is of more worth than the casket.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 6, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

#### Osnaburgs Wanted.

I will trade Sheetings, Shirtings or Yarns for Osnaburgs. A great demand is at this time made upon the Government for grain sacks. Any merchant willing to make the exchange will call upon me at once, as the sacks are much needed.

L. O. Bridwell,  
Major in charge Clothing Depot.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 6, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

#### Pasteboard and Wrapping Paper.

Booksellers, Binders and Cap Manufacturers are notified that we are manufacturing at our mills a superior article of Pasteboard, Binders' Boards and Wrapping Paper. Orders are solicited and will be promptly filled. Address

R. G. Lamar & Co,  
Hamburg, S. C.

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

The Fourth.—This time-honored festival of American Independence was generally observed in this city Monday by a suspension of business. There were several pic-nics and some target excursions in commemoration of the day.

The Girardey Light Infantry, Captain Cam[illegible], a company attached to the local regiment, and composed of the sturdy operatives of the Government Machine Works, proceeded to Brook's Mill Pond, Near Hamburg, accompanied by the Palmetto band, where the day was pleasantly spent in target shooting, dancing and other convivial enjoyments. The following is the award of the committee appointed to decide the results of the target practice: [list]

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

Camp Sumter . —The Sumter Republican of the 1<sup>st</sup> inst., says:

The extension of the stockade at this post, has been completed. The enclosure now consists of 26 acres, sufficient to accomodate [sic] fifty thousand of "Linkhorn's" hirelings. About 27,000 are now quartered there, and from 500 to 1,000 make daily application for admittance. The mortality is about fifty a day.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 6, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

Phew! who says it isn't hot—intensely, excruciatingly, unmitigatedly hot, and not only hot, but highly favorable to the free development of profuse perspiration and mint juleps? Think of it! Thermometers luxuriating "at 90 in a cool room at 8 o'clock at night," as our watchful friend of the Guardian says: shirt collars damp, limber and undignified, *aqua pumpaginis* in extraordinary demand, and society wilting generally. It is said that one of our citizens has a gutter about half an inch deep worn down the bridge of his nose by the steady stream of perspiration that has run since Sunday morning; and that another—a fat gentleman—melted so much that his friends have had to put him in a refrigerator to keep enough of him to send home to his rich family.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 8, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

The Mayor of Marion, Alabama, has issued his proclamation calling upon the citizens to close their doors during the prayer meeting held in that place every afternoon at 5 o'clock.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 8, 1864, p. 2, c. 2-3

Letter from Virginia.  
Special Correspondence of the Constitutionalist.

Richmond, July 1, 1864.

Eds. Constitutionalist:-- . . . The atrocities of the negro soldiers in Grant's army are such as make the very blood boil within one's veins. Wherever the black scoundrels are sent, the

most horrible crimes seem of almost daily commission. By the side of the murders and outrages these sooty demons perpetrate, the theft and pillage and violence of the white Yankee sink into insignificance. Of the assassinations and rapes committed by them it is understood there is now an abundance of the most irrefragible [sic?] evidence in the hands of our authorities, but as yet their vengeance sleeps, and all the mighty threats fulminated against negro soldiers and the degraded white creatures officering them, are but as the idle wind. Independent of their fiendish treatment of old men and helpless women, it is said and said on the best authority that these same negro soldiers have been seen to bayonet our soldiers left wounded and helpless on the field where they fought and fell. . .

In the course of a few days the final trial of Mrs. Patterson Allan comes on. In reference to this famous case, which has so long and so singularly hung fire, there are not a few wonderful stories afloat. Thus it is said the Government has no shadow of a case, and heartily repents having ever arrested Mrs. A. Then, again, it is reported that an offer was made to the accused of a passport to go North, which she refused, saying she had no intention of quitting her home. Also, that on this refusal, it was hinted a *nol.pros.* was at her service, which also was stoutly refused, the ground being taken that the Government had arrested her as a traitress, had so far sullied her good name, and that she demanded a full and fair trial, and spurned every equivogue [sic?] that, while sparing the tender feelings of officials, would only restore her to liberty with a cloud upon her reputation. How far this gossip may be true, it is hard to say, but the trial comes on and the Government has a flimsy case at the best. . . .

Tyrone Powers.

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

Goats, Goats.

Two splendid Milk Goats for sale. Apply to

G. H. Meyer,  
Segar [sic] Store, No. 36 Center st.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 8, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

Gen. Phillips' Paper Mill, at Roswell, was burned on Tuesday morning. The General sent them word that "the mill belonged to a man who had fought them from the beginning of the war, and who could continue to fight them to the bitter end; that he had been taught to hate them as enemies to him and his, and that he would die hating them; that he did not ask any favor from them; and they might burn to their heart's content." These bold words of defiance, as a matter of course did not have any influence in protecting the property. It was dismantled completely before the proprietor retreated. He remained in sight of the place until he saw the flames consume it.—Atlanta Intelligencer.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 9, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

[For the Constitutionalist.]  
Sharp Shooting.

Messrs. Editors:-- . . . My advice to our sharp-shooters is this, if possible to shoot from a shade, or something that will prevent the sun from shining on the rifle and to shoot from a rest. Two forked sticks stuck in the ground from two to three feet apart makes a good rest. The sticks should be from eight to ten inches above the ground—that is, the fork—this the shooter can judge according to the ground he is shooting from. When shooting let him extend his left hand to the back fork to regulate the elevation of his rifle, and always shoot laying down to prevent the enemy from seeing him, except when behind good breast works or from rifle pits, when he has only his head above ground while shooting. Green branches from a tree make a good shade to shoot through and prevent the enemy seeing him with their telescopes. In shooting a man should not close his eyes in pulling trigger, as most men do. This takes the rifle off the object. They should hold the rifle firm to the shoulder, and brace their nerves to make a good shot. I have won many a match, beating some of the best shots in the North, and made it a practice in shooting to act cool and brace my nerves in pulling trigger—always certain to have my rifle sighted on the right place. Many a good rifle shooter has lost a good match by being careless, for one bad shot often beats a man.

#### Rust on Guns.

In keeping a gun from rust always use animal oil and never let a gun remain rusty long. If a soldier wants to clean a rusty gun, he should first procure fine sand, which is easily obtained after a rain in water courses, mix it with oil, then scour all the rust off, if any rust remains it is apt to poison the iron and cannot be got off without great labor. Perspiration is a great enemy to iron; a soft tallow candle is good to prevent rust, and to kill rust first rub the rusty place with tallow, then put it in the sun shine, when it gets warm then rub the rust off, if the rust leaves a stain or holes always scour it out—lard oil is the best oil we can procure now. Always after a days shooting wash your gun out, wipe it dry inside and outside, then if the sun is shining put it in the sunshine and when warm wipe with a little oil; it is bad to oil the inside too much, for it will dampen the powder and render the gun useless until the charge is drawn; when the ball is drawn fill the barrel with water and let it remain for a quarter of an hour and then you can wash all out. One oiled rag can be used many times without adding oil to it, always prevent the air if possible, from getting inside of your rifle. I wish to give our soldiers as good advise [sic] as I can, hoping my advise [sic] will benefit them. Although old and not in the field, I wish to help as much as possible, and in a few days you will hear from me again.

H.

I fully endorse the above as my experience in rifle shooting, &c.

E. H. Rogers.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 9, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

#### Characteristic.

The following “advertisement,” says the Wilmington Journal, hardly needs the signature of P. T. Barnum to establish its origin and identity. There is such a mixture of greenbacks and patriotism, humbug and humanity, mock-heroics and real sordid meanness that the thing stands confessed. And yet this thing has its effect. Hundreds, and even thousands, young and old, will go to see this woman, and will drink in all she says and will believe it.—Her story will be highly

spiced—equal to the history of the wolly [sic] horse “or any other man.” Thus of course an additional drop of gall will be squeezed into the current of popular thought and prejudice at the North. Such agencies have been at work for years preparing the present crisis, and are now at work sustaining the fiendish policy of the Abolition leaders, and keeping up the excitement of the ignorant and fanatical people:

[Advertisement.]  
P. T. Barnum to the Public.  
Io Triumph! Io Triumphe!  
Veni, Vidi, Vici!

It is with no ordinary feelings of gratification of Barnum’s American Museum calls public attention to the advertisement of the present week. Notwithstanding the fact that our most popular managers have besieged the Astor House for several days past with magnificent golden offers; notwithstanding that they have brought to bear, social, political, and military influence, and exerted every effort that practical ingenuity could suggest in order to carry out their most eager wishes, Barnum has beaten them all, and borne away the prize. It was Barnum and Barnum only who could overcome all oppositions, remove all obstacles, and pave a broad highway with greenbacks over which to lead forth to an admiring public the greatest heroine of the age, the modern American model of the renowned “Joan of Arc,” the pure and beautiful girl, revered and loved by all the friends of American unity and liberty,

Miss Major Pauline Cushman,

the Union Scout and Spy, who, under the orders of General Rosecrans, passed through the enemy’s lines and accomplished such wonders for the Army of the Cumberland, while she was engaged in the secret service of the United States. Every father and mother who have a son in the Union Army; every lady who has a husband, a brother, or a lover there; every child who has learned to love its country and call on heaven to bless its present struggle and preserve its nationality, will rejoice at this opportunity of listening to “thoughts that breathe and words that burn,” as they fall from the lips of this high-souled, gallant girl, who, in her determination to serve her country, risked her inestimably precious life, and was rescued by our Generals Granger and Mitchell, from a rebel prison, where, by order of the notorious rebel General Bragg, she lay wounded, and languishing with sickness,

Under Sentence of Death.

Those who would avoid the crowd should bear in mind that the most pleasant time to hear this heroic lady recount, in her own fervid language, her adventures, is at

Eleven O’Clock in the Morning

on which occasion the lecture room is thrown open without any extra charge.

The public obedient servant,

P. T. Barnum.

American Museum, June 4, 1864.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 9, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

Card Factory.—We desire that justice shall be done our little village of Eatonton. We have before referred to Mr. Hafner's card factory, in that place. He has now running one machine which turns about twenty pairs of cards per day. He will soon have two others in operation, when he will manufacture fifty or sixty pairs of cards a day. The best of it all is, that Mr. Hafner manufactures his own machines.

For some time he could not obtain leather to keep his factory in motion. Dog, sheep, goat and hog hides were too scarce, and a sufficiency of thin leather could not be obtained. He has now a machine with which he can take a thick piece of leather and split it into several sheets of the proper thickness. The splitting of leather is carried to marvellous [sic] perfection—in some instances a single thickness having been split into as many as five sheets. We must say hurrah for Mr. Hafner. He is doing a great deal for the country.—Countryman.

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

#### Dalton after Evacuation.

Dalton, Georgia, was a very pretty little town before the war and advent of Sherman's victorious army. A correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat, describing the scene after its evacuation, writes:

["] Hearing a tremendous shout in the street, I ran out to see what was up, and arrived just in time to witness the tobacco charge. When the rebels left they took away everything they could not destroy. The store doors were all open, and if there were any iron safes the doors were left open, which we think is a cute trick, for if there is nothing in them no one will take the trouble to break them open. In the business part of the town are some dozen very good stores, which were being hunted for stray articles, and among other things, some of the soldiers found covered up in a pile of old rubbish a box of tobacco. That was enough to start them out to hunt for more. Some two or three hundred charged upon the next store on the corner. In they went all in a heap. It was as dangerous as the charge upon a battery, and some of them came out with bloody noses and hands. But they found some tobacco—both chewing and smoking. There was no selfishness shown, but it was distributed by the plug to any tobaccoless soldier; but they did not find enough to give every tenth man a piece. In this store they found large quantities of peanuts, and on the march that afternoon every one was eating peanuts. All over the business part of the town, about the store houses, the shelled corn was in some places two inches deep. So all that was necessary to do was to tie your horse to a stake and he was already fed.

I wandered, in company with a friend, up town, to see what the condition of the family residences were.—The first place we called at was a beautiful white cottage house, with a magnificent door yard. The gate swung by one hinge, and across the threshold lay a fine Newfoundland dog, with a ball through his head; perhaps he had been the only faithful guardian of the premises, and died at his post. Each of us gathered a beautiful boquet [sic], such as the sunny South can only give. I regretted that we could not send them to the dear ones at home. We passed up the front stairs and entered the front rooms firsts. What a sight! Nice furniture bottom side up, carpets torn up and scattered about, looking glasses broken, nice vases in ruin on the floor—everything in confusion baffling description.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 10, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

Destroyed.—It is said that the large factory on Sweet Water Creek, in Cobb County, the Georgia Military Institute, at Marietta, the Marietta Paper Mills, and the Roswell Factory, have all been destroyed by the enemy within the last few days.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 10, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

A Card.

Messrs. Editors:--Please say to the Ladies that I feel grateful for their prompt and willing assistance; God only knows what we would have done during this war without their aid and comfort. By their example which has spread a feeling of strong interest in the community, I have been enabled through Capt. Finney, to increase the number of regular employees to such an extent as will enable me in a few days—with the assistance of the ladies who will work at their homes—to have made as many cartridges as are required from this Post, that is about Fifty Thousand daily. It having become necessary to continue the operations at the City Hall they will be discontinued hereafter, and those who are willing to work at home, will be supplied with materials by Mr. Jaillet at the brick building nearly opposite St. Paul's church either daily or weekly as they may design. The services of all the Ladies working at the Arsenal, will still be required in completing the work done in the city, which cannot be finished there on account of the gunpowder; employees cannot be had in sufficient number at the former place for the purpose.

Geo. W. Rains,  
Colonel Commanding.

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

Summary: Concert Hall—Mr. T. Hamilton and Mr. F. M. Bates new management, dramatic company includes Mrs. F. M. Bates, Miss Jessie Warner, Miss Sulina Warner, Mrs. D. T. Anderson, Mrs. T. Hamilton, Mr. F. M. Bates, Mr. Theodore Hamilton, Oliver Wren, Mr. D. T. Anderson, Mr. Harry Weston, Mr. R. D. Stanley, Mr. L. Sullivan, Mr. T. C. Huntley, Mr. H. Herbert, Mr. Roberts; on July 12 will present “Evande; or, The Statues;” to conclude with grand double dance

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 10, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

We fear that the sanitary condition of our city is not good. Light and smell furnish ample testimony of this fact. The crowded state of our dwellings, and the absorption of the public attention by the profoundly exciting events of the day, increase the evil, and divert attention from it. We do not allude to this subject with any desire to criticise [sic] the action of our municipal authorities, as they are doubtless doing all they can, to remove all sources of disease. If they were to call into service double the force now employed in the health department, all their efforts would prove futile, unless they could secure the general, and hearty co-operation of the occupants of lots. We would therefore earnestly invite such co-operation on the part of our citizens. Let each one see to it, that *his* premises are placed in thorough order, and *kept so*. If there were an unity of action, every lot in the city would be thoroughly cleansed in one day. Let every citizen report at once to the health officer, every nuisance which may come under his observation. Let our officers be vigilant, and report every violation of our health regulations, and

let the delinquents be heavily fined. Let our city authorities tear up no more pavements of drains, and avoid opening the earth to lay down new pipes and logs. The experience of all cities in the warm latitudes demonstrates that such things cannot be done with impunity in the hot months.

We cannot too earnestly press attention to this matter, for never has it been of more vital importance that our city should be kept healthy, for a large portion of our overflowing population—many of them driven from their homes by our ruthless enemy—could find no place of refuge but would be compelled to meet the horrors of an unseen and irresistible, foe, if through our neglect, an epidemic [sic] invade us.

We do not wish to create any alarm. There is no need for any, if officials and citizens do their duty—but if the precautions which all experience proves to be necessary to prevent such a calamity, are neglected, we may be awfully scourged, unless the Providence of God should interpose to shield us from the consequence of our own culpable folly and neglect.

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

0,000 Premium.  
Houseless.

As it has been intimated that a premium will command a house, not for a friend, but for myself, let me describe particularly what I want: A house in bad order, with not more than one small room and a half. Pantry sufficiently large for half dozen red bone knives and forks, one iron spoon and tin cup; candle instead of gas through the whole house; small, convenient out-buildings, with a lot large enough for half dozen sticks wood and wood saw; not convenient to business, as I am bound for the Powder Works or mad house before this cruel war is over. For such an [sic] one liberal security can't be had, but a promise to pay when convenient.

Address Key Box 9,999, or Powder Works.

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

[From the Southern Christian Advocate.]

An Incident of the City Colored Mission, Charleston, S. C.—While seated in the Parsonage on a cold day of the winter just passed, there was a knock at the street door. Upon opening it I recognized one of the old, wealthy and most respectable citizens of Charleston.—He said he had called to get me to conduct the funeral services of his servant, Charlotte. Said he, while a tear gathered in his eye, “She was the daughter of my old mauma, a confrere and playmate. She has been a devoted servant, a consistent member of your Church, and I desire that all proper respect should be paid to her memory.” The residence lay in that part of the city now under ban from Yankee shells.—The entire family, white and black, had fled the city. The master had been detained on business and this faithful servant had remained to serve him. Her class leader, with three or four colored persons from the deserted neighborhood, were present. We gathered around the coffin, and before beginning to read the ritual, for the burial of the dead, her master recounted many interesting particulars, relating to her faithfulness as a servant, her consistency as a Christian, and her triumph in death, and then the usual services were conducted. Her children and other relatives being away, and her class leader the driver of the hearse. I

looked to see who should form the escort to the bier. As the hearse passed into the street there was but one mourner following. It was her master. In his suit of black, with bowed head, on this bleak winter's day, he was following to the farthest [sic] outskirts of the city the remains of his faithful servant Charlotte. It was touching to behold. I stood and watched the little procession until it passed out of sight.

In spite of all the dangers surrounding her home from those who profess pity for her condition, she had clung to her master, and now, while Yankee shells screamed death warning overhead to her master, he—bowed and venerable with years—stood by her remains a solitary mourner to do honor to her dust. What a commentary upon what is passing in the world relative to these Southern slaveholders. Who but they will appreciate what I have above described?

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 12, 1864, p. 3, c. 4

Manufactured Ice.—We are indebted to Mr. North, Saturday, for a specimen of the ice manufactured in Augusta. It is produced in the form of a hollow cylinder, probably four inches in diameter, and an inch thick when frozen. The specimen we saw had wasted considerable in transportation. It is more porous than natural ice and in substance resembles what is called snow ice. We found on experiment that it was quite as cold as any other trophy of the Frost King, and quite as agreeable an addition to a beverage.

Macon Telegraph.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 13, 1864, p. 3, c. 2

Special Correspondence of the Constitutionalist  
Letter from the Georgia Front. . . .

Turner's Ferry, }  
Chattahoochee River, July 9, 1864. }

Eds. Constitutionalist: The statement that is being circulated by the Press, that the Yankees are running Roswell Factory upon their own account is erroneous. When they entered Roswell they were much chagrined to find the British flag waiving [sic] over the buildings.—The Factory and all that appertained to it was some time ago sold to an English Company.—They are now running the mills and have material enough on hand to continue six months. The Paper Mill was destroyed. The above I have from Capt. Ira Hudson who lives in the neighborhood, and who is just from the village of Roswell . . .

Eufaula.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 13, 1864, p. 3, c. 2

Special Correspondence of the Constitutionalist.  
Letter from the Georgia Front. . .

Atlanta, Ga., Monday, July 11, 1864.

. . . The proximity of our army to Atlanta has caused a considerable stir among the citizens and non-combatants, and all those who are able are taking themselves and their worldly goods to places of safety further in the rear. In a few days more the city will be almost deserted, except by soldiers and army *attaches*; and should the enemy ever be so fortunate as to get the place, they

will find nothing but solitary streets and deserted buildings. I trust, however, that the city will never be given up, and such is the feeling and hope of the entire army. The men are willing and ready to fight, and they say that they will fight harder between our present position and Atlanta than they have ever fought before. . .

C. A. B.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 13, 1864, p. 3, c. 4

Summary: Concert Hall—"Evande; or, The Statues;" in rehearsal Schiller's Play "The Robbers" and Lord Byron's Great and Classic Play "Werner"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 14, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Concert Hall—"Werner; or, The Inheritance;" will shortly be produced "The Robbers"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 15, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Concert Hall—"Lady of Lyons;" next novelty will be Schiller's Play of "The Robbers"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 15, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Concert.  
At Warrenton,

The Ladies of Warrenton, Geo., will give a Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music and Tableaux, on

Tuesday Night, July 19<sup>th</sup>, 1864.

At the Court House in Warrenton. Proceeds for the benefit of the sick and wounded Soldiers of Johnston's Army.

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

Bathing in the River.—We reckon the boys will begin to think that the special object of City legislation is to deprive them of all their youthful enjoyment. An Ordinance prohibits them from flying kites in the streets; another prohibits the shooting of bows and arrows in certain limits; and a third allows them to bathe in the River only at points between McIntosh and Marburry streets. Really, this looks rather hard on the lads; and we feel sorry for them; but no doubt, the prohibitions are all wise and just and ought to be enforced while they continue on the Ordinance Books of the City. We feel this much sorry for the little fellows, however, that we now appeal to the City Council to extend the limits for bathing in the river, as far down as the East side of Washington street for boys under 15 years of age. We think it well enough to keep larger boys and men from the river; but we also think that to allow the little fellows the district to bathe in which we have named above will not prove an injury or an eyesore to any one. Hence we make the suggestion in their behalf.

A lot of Yankee prisoners bathed there some time since; they were stopped however, but subsequently a lot of Confederate soldiers went in still lower down, and no arrests were made.

We may also add that we seldom meet any ladies on that part of the River bank alluded to, and hence we can see no good reason why the appeal should not be granted. If, however, the City Fathers consider the limit too extended, could they not compromise on McIntosh street? Alleviate some of the sufferings of our juvenile friends, and add a little to their pleasures, for, Heaven knows those are few enough as they grow old.

We have made this suggestion in behalf of our youthful citizens, because a number of them were arrested by the Police yesterday afternoon, for bathing in the River at the foot of Washington street, contrary to the Ordinance in such case made and provided. We submit the case without further argument.

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

Millen Way -Side Home.--We not only take pleasure in bringing this refugee house of charity before our readers, but in bearing witness to the great benefit it has been to the weary and wounded soldiers from every part of the Confederacy. These little spots throughout the South are the oasis, the wells in the desert, in this *horrida bella*.

The Way-Side Home at Millen, Georgia, has fed, and otherwise assisted during one month, more than three thousand soldiers; and the ministering angels in the shape of God's Charity personified, women, have restored to health and renewed energy and returned them early to the tented fields, many sick and wounded soldiers, without money and far from friends and home, who would otherwise have dropped exhausted and broken-hearted into a strange and unknown grave.

Do our readers appreciate this thing? We trust so.

The ladies of this Home—ladies of delicate health, refinement, and hitherto enjoying a life of luxury and ease shrink from no labor or fatigue in ministering to the wants of the brave men whom Providence sends to their doors.—These are the Knight Templars, the Patriarchs of charity, and their tent doors remain always open. Language is too meagre [sic] in expression to do adequate justice to their self-denial, or the good they have done. God bless them is all *we* can say; but their brightest page is written in prayers, and those are recorded in Heaven.

We are informed that this Home is embarrassed. Shall it cease to be? Shall any one of these bright spots, which have conferred such incalculable blessings on our poor soldiers, and hence of more benefit to the Confederacy in Keeping [sic] our armies recruited, than half dozen Conscript Officers, fall for the want of a little assistance? We trust not—we know not; for there are still too many large hearted people in this and other cities throughout the country.

Owing to the large increase of soldiers which have lately been at this Way-Side Home, it has become somewhat embarrassed for the want of funds, and the ladies, these earnestly and devoted women about Millen, appeal through us their friends (and every body are their friends) for assistance. And in this connection we do not deem it necessary any further to call the attention of our citizens to the great and increasing importance of this House and the necessity of maintaining it. It is too well known in Augusta —It is too well known over the whole land.

We are authorized to say that a committee of ladies will call upon our citizens. We trust they will respond liberally. It has has [sic] been said and beautifully, aforetime, that "it is more blessed to give than receive," and that of all the virtues "charity is the greatest."

Any one who should not be called upon, who appreciates the good of such an act, can leave their donations at this office.

Let it not be said of us that, through our uncharitableness, the Millen Wayside Home went down and ceased to be.

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

A Rival of Molly Stark.--Every schoolboy knows the history of the revolutionary heroine, who tore up her flannel petticoat (the ladies will excuse us for spelling such a sacred word aloud) to make cartridges; but Molly Stark has her rival. A few days ago a number of wounded soldiers arrived at Chester, and, as our noble women there always do, they bestowed upon them every attention, gave them food, rest and rebandaged their wounds. It appears, however, that the bandages one day were exhausted before all the soldiers were supplied. Whereupon, one of the ladies, with a combination, ingenuity, patriotism, impulse and generosity common to the gentler sex, stepped aside, loosened something which fell to the ground, lifted her pretty feet out of it, and then tearing it into slips, deliberately proceeded to replenish the supply of bandages required.

It was one of those touching incidents which human nature can scarce help admiring under any circumstances; and we venture to remark that there was not an arm or limb bound by that tidy bit of embroidered linen, that didn't feel a "heap" better, from mere association if nothing else.

[South Carolinian.]

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 16, 1864, p. 1, c. 4

Unwonted and Patriotic Liberality.—We heard casually the other day that Mr. M. A. Ransom, of Hamburg, had again presented the Edgefield Village Aid Association with another hundred yards of cloth. If we mistake not, this is the fifth time this estimable gentleman has done the like good deed. Nor is this all Mr. Ransom has given to the cause of Southern liberty. His only son fell in Virginia, doing, and having done, his duty nobly and manfully. We cannot forbear recording such admirable liberality as the above, though we hear of it merely by chance.—Edgefield Advertiser.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 16, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Concert Hall—Knowle's great play of "Wm. Tell, The Hero of Switzerland;" to conclude with the comedy of "Raising the Wind, or, How to Get a Breakfast."

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 17, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

The Manufacture of Ice.—A writer in the Charleston Courier over the signature of "L." says:

It is remarkable that some of our wealthy citizens have not, among their other schemes of benevolence, turned their attention to the manufacture of ice. I have made the proper calculations and find that a ten horse power engine can be made to manufacture fifteen hundred pounds of ice per diem. The manner in which this can be done is by compressing the air by means of a condensing pump to a density of about sixteen atmospheres, and allowing it to expand into a freezer where the water is placed. It is not requisite that the water be placed in a partial vacuum; hence the freezer could be made of wood, surrounded with tar or sawdust, and would cost no more than a small ice house—say \$1,000. The pump would cost no more than a six horse power engine (\$3,000) and as the air would require to be carried through gas pipes under water to extract the heat developed by compression, add on that score \$1,600 more. Here we have a rough calculation, certainly outside the real expense, only \$5,000, in addition to the engine and boiler. Twenty cents per pound would be a moderate price, giving an income of three hundred dollars a day. It may be objected that I have placed the amount of ice that can be made by this process too high.

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

Summary: Concert Hall—"The Robbers, or The Forest of Bohemia;" to conclude with the comedy of "Bamboozling;" in rehearsal "Po-ca-hon-tas"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 17, 1864, p. 3, c. 2

[Communicated.]

C. S. Armory, Athens, Ga., July 14, 1864.

Messrs. Editors:--In your paper of the 13<sup>th</sup> inst., you state that the Army correspondent of the Atlanta Intelligencer writing from the front gives a description of a new Minnie ball which the Yankees are using against us. As I have seen several allusions to this same ball, as a poisoned contrivance of the enemy, I will try and give the proper explanation of this Yankee invention. In every ten cartridges of Yankee ammunition, will be found one which is known amongst those soldiers that understand its use, as "a cleaner." It has a shallow zinc cup of nearly the same diameter as the bore of the gun, which is attached to the base of the ball and is filled with tallow. This cap is held in place by a plug of lead which passes through the zinc cup, and fits into the base of the ball. When the explosion takes place, this cup is flattened between the two parts of the ball and forced to expand, thereby causing the zinc to act as a scraper for the grooves of the rifle, and keeping it quite clean. This cartridge, and its great usefulness, has been known in the army of Northern Virginia (to which the writer was formerly attached) for the past two years, and they are eagerly sought after by our men when they get hold of captured ammunition. I should be glad to see the same contrivance introduced into our own ammunition, as it is in my humble opinion, an excellent invention and quite easily applied. So far, however, as accuracy of shooting is concerned, they are useless, as they fly exceedingly wild, and are simply valuable for the purpose intended, viz., to keep the gun clean.

Very respectfully, &c.

H.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 17, 1864, p. 3, c. 2

The Late Battle of Georgia.

The correspondent of the New York Times in giving an account of the battle of Kennesaw mountain on the 27<sup>th</sup> of June closes as follows: . . .

A Missouri correspondent furnished the following to the Times:

[“]A lot of rebel letters of a very recent date repeat the propositions of Price to enter Missouri, and from one of these I make the following extract, to show the spirit of the troops under that popular Captain:

“I suppose you have had an account of the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill and Jenkins’ Ferry. I had the pleasure of meeting Father Abraham’s children on those fields, and I recollect of hearing in my young days of a place called hell. Well, we sent many of them there, and I tell you that if they don’t get out of this country pretty soon, I think we will fill the place with them. Is there any talk of peace in your Kingdom? (Missouri.) Since the re-enlistment of our army the peace question has died out.—Our men re-enlisted by brigades for ninety-nine years in this, and three years in the next war.—We have a better army to-day than we ever had.

Our men are martyrs to their cause. Their battle flag is Liberty or Death, and if you could but see us go into one fight, you would think that we meant what our motto says.[“]

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 19, 1864, p. 1, c. 4

A Word of Candid Advice.-- To be a refugee or not to be a refugee, that is the question. For some time we have been acquainted with the fact that numbers of our people had their household goods ready packed preparatory to a flight to a more tranquil and less warlike atmosphere. We know that there are many who entertain doubts of the safety of Atlanta, and who are planning their wings for migration to the interior or points closer to the Gulf.

We have a word of advice for all such people. In the beginning we disapproved of the practice of constantly flying before the enemy. The noncombatants throughout the country would be much better off to remain where they are, and by so doing would best serve the interests of the cause. There is not a more senseless or useless thing than the blocking up of transportation trains with women and children and household plunder in the panic to avoid the enemy. Every additional family of refugees into the farther South, takes so much more of the sustenance which the army requires. Neither the cause, nor the soldier nor the individual are benefited. On the contrary, the inconvenience of all is increased. As the invasion gradually encroaches upon our territory, people swarm Southward, abandoning house and home, trusting to the genius of adventure, seeking a resting place they know not where, and for a purpose they cannot explain, save that they are flying from the Yankees.

We have witnessed many retreats, we have experienced many evacuations of city and village. The depredations of the enemy, even, are not so saddening as the needless sufferings these helpless refugees entail upon themselves by flying before the army and cumbering its movements.--The man who urges that non combatants should crowd the railroads and other public avenues in their refuge from the enemy, as a patriotic principle, is without reason, candor or humanity.--They are far better where they are. Nine cases out of every ten have proven that the non combatant remaining quietly at home suffered less than the friendless refugee seeking hospitality among strangers who have not the means, if they had the inclination, to tender their hospitality. Cool reflection upon these matters

"Puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear the ills we have,  
Than fly to others we know not off."

Those who are able to go, and have the means of subsistence in the new homes they may select, should certainly make refugees of themselves if they choose, but in doing this they by no means enhance the cause of the South. Our advice to those who are not able to subsist themselves in a strange country, is, to remain where they are. After all, the chances are in many instances that removal may not be necessary at all. A great deal of anxiety, a great deal of inconvenience and incalculable privation may be avoided by the exercise of a little philosophy and reason.

[Atlanta Confederacy.]

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

Summary: Concert Hall—"Hamlet, Prince of Denmark;" in rehearsal "Po-ca-hon-tas"—Wanted—Several Young Ladies for Po-ca-hon-tas.

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

To the Ladies,

For your wounded relations and friends, who are very much in need of linen, lint and bandage at the hospitals in Richmond, which I will take there if you will bring it to this office. I will return in about two weeks, or any lady can send by Express to me. I will have it forwarded to their friends.

Miss R. C. Semon,  
No. 98 Main street,  
Richmond, Va.

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

Summary: Concert Hall—"Evadne, or The Statues" with all the Favorites and Farce of "Raising the Wind;" in rehearsal "Po-ca-hon-tas"

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

A Humorous book,  
In Press and will be issued on the 23d inst.,  
Four Georgia Sketches,  
From the recollections of an Old Man, by  
Philoman Perch.

Viz: Mr. Israel Meadows and His School;  
Judge Mike and His Court, of Five Chapters of a History—A Georgia Court 30 years  
ago;  
How Mr. Bill Meadows Took the Responsibility;  
Miss Pea, Miss Spouter and the Yankee.

Single Copies, \$3 00.  
The Trade supplied at the usual discount.

Stockton & Co.,  
Augusta, Ga.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 20, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

The Camp, The Bivouac, and the Field.—This is the title of a work of one hundred and sixty-four pages issued at Selma, Ala., from the office of the Mississippian, and edited by W. L. Gammage, Surgeon, C. S. A., being a history of the Fourth Arkansas Regiment, McNair's Brigade, from its organization up to the present time.

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

Summary: Concert Hall—Tom Taylor's successful play of "Retribution, or A Husband's Revenge;" "Sketches in India, or The Stage Struck Tailor;" in rehearsal "Po-ca-hon-tas"

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

Letters From the Front.  
Special correspondence of the Constitutionalist. . . .

Atlanta, Monday Evening, }  
July 17<sup>th</sup>, 1864. }

Eds. Constitutionalist:--they say that revolutions never go backwards. They are ever progressive. They plow through the great fields of political and social life, and plant them with new grain. They tear away the cob-webs from eve and crevice. They recreate the whole domestic and national aspect. And they are not made, as M. Bourrienne observes, out of rose water, but of blood and tears.

It is very hard to have a favorite tooth plucked from one's jaw—and, despite the reflection that our prosperity may be hindered by its presence, it is a sore trial to behold the rubbish which has gathered about our household tour [sic] away with a rude, unappreciative broom. The *tout ensemble* of the fire-side is not complete without the sly cranny where the mice dwell, or the silken woof, which the spider spins across the far corner, or the lurch where the cricket sings. They are all linked in one way or another with the honey-suckles that creep over the windows and door-ways, and we lose sight of them with regret. We beshrew the busy house wife, whose enterprise, however commendable in a worldly point of view has cut us off from so many sorces [sic] of reflection, for what are more inspiring to those lazy sentimentalism that beget our best and purest fancies than these old hearthhold objects, however they are eye-sores to your forward, grim and unpoetic dame?

The peripetitic [sic] character of life in the south is one of the most painful features in our mode of existence. The march of invasion is driven with a rough hand, little mindful of the misery it brings to thousands of Christian homes and innocent people. Atlanta is about to share, nay, has already shared the fate of New Orleans and Nashville, Memphis and Norfolk . The actual entrance of the army could not more effectually dislocate the public and private affairs of the city than the appearance in its front has done. An old friend would not recognize its once happy face. It has passed through the fiery furnace and come forth scorched and withered. Houses are deserted. Gardens are left to their fate.

The streets are full of the rude trappings of an army. No place is quiet or uninvaded by the stir of war. Seek those silent walks which but a month ago echoed only with the tones of musical instruments or happy voices, and rolling wagon wheel and coarse language dins the ear. The little portico, where you saw a group watching the set of the sun, is deserted, the doors and windows barred, the inmates gone. You may not meet a cheerful face. Care sits in the eyes of the citizen, defiant courage overcasts the hard visage of the soldier.

What melancholy separations do these spectacles betoken! To the passer-by, who has known Atlanta through its detestable hotels, Jews and high prices, there has seemed little good in it; but let any one pause a moment and reflect that for more than a year the city has been growing in importance and population, that it has gradually become the theatre of events in this department, the reservoir of every species of enterprise, until it had reached a census of fifty thousand souls, and a versatility of society and interest which comprehended every class, from the wealthy refugee and native to the most squalid of out-casts, and every trade from the eminent journalist to the least consequential artizan [sic] of apple beer and pea nuts, let any, I say, reflect upon these metropolitan features, and he will be ready to believe what I assure you is the truth, that no city has afforded so much health, pleasure and occupation as Atlanta. The better society has been excellent. Some of native citizens are unsurpassed for culture and hospitality, whilst

quite a number of refugee families and officers on post duty have spiced it with a seasonable variety. The breaking up of the little circles is most matter of fact, most melancholy.

Many a one than myself, who has spent a few happy months here, can look a little forward and repeat with the bard of Erin, the lines which follow, with a heart turned back toward Atlanta:

“The walks we have roam’d without tiring,  
The songs that together we’ve sung,  
The jests to whose merry inspiring  
Our mingling of laughter hath rung.  
Oh, trifles like these become precious,  
Embalm’d in the mem’ry of years,  
And the smiles of the past be remembered  
How often they waken our tears!”

Whether the city fall or not, its society has been quite broken asunder. Some have gone to Macon, others to Montgomery; many have sought Augusta, very few will remain. Under all the circumstances Atlanta has acted well under so much excitement. There has not been any panic. I have seen nothing here to compare with scenes witnessed elsewhere.

The place is a perfect shell. The Yankees will gain little if they do gain it. All private and public property of value has been removed, and the decks are cleared for a fair fight. Will we get it? I do not know. I rather believe we will not. Sherman has what he considers a flanking force. He will fortify in our front, leave a third of his army to occupy and advance on Stone Mountain.

Grape.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 22, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Concert Hall—“The Guerrillas, or The War in Virginia;” “Swiss Swains;” shortly “Po-ca-hon-tas”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 22, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

New Music.—We are indebted to the enterprising publishing firm of Blackmar & Bro., of this city, for copies of the following pieces of new sheet music:

“Brave Boys are They,” arranged for the Piano Forte, by Paul Mordaunt.

“Angel of Dreams,” words by Lieut. Col. Lewis M. Montgomery, C. S. A., music by Emma C. Eaton.

“Dying Camille,” inscribed to Miss Mathilda Heron. Poetry by W. K. McGurdy, Esq., Music by Julia Daly, comedienne [sic] and vocalist.

“Take Me Home.” Southern edition.

“Take me Home to the place where I first saw the light,

To the sweet sunny South take me Home,

Where the mocking bird sung me to rest every night,

Ah! why was I tempted to roam!”

Re-arranged for the Piano Forte, by Eugene Raymond.

“Short Rations,”—To the Corn-fed Army of Tennessee—words by Ye Tragic. Music gotten up by Ye Comic.’

These and all the latest publications can be found at the Book and Music Store of Blackmar & Bro.

Letter from Atlanta.  
Special Correspondent of the Constitutionalist. . . .

Atlanta, Tuesday Noon—July 19<sup>th</sup>, 1864.

A City Under Fire.—By which is meant not a city exposed to the actual range of shot and shell but in momentary anticipation of those dreadful missiles—can be but illy described by pen or pencil. Suspense, the most depressing of human senses, holds possession of the popular mind, and anxious care is written in every line of the popular countenance. There is not a sound but startles the expectant ear. The roll of distant carriage wheels is mistaken for artillery, and the clatter of wagons over the stones of the street for the rattle of musketry.—The fall of any heavy body, as a bale or a box, often startles one as though it were a shell fallen in that part of the town. You rise in the morning very early, and you find the town up before you. People are eager to be a stir and to hear the news, which comes in shoals of falsehood, barely sprinkled with fact. Not an hour in the day but additions are made to the lies of the dawn; and you lie down at night to dream of loud alarms, and neighing steed and bursting rockets and bombs and guns. Such a city is Atlanta.

A line of battle under fire is a different specie altogether. The men are eager, but not nervous. The fine edge of ardor has been worn off, but the rough points of the soldier's character, deliberation, purpose and knowledge remain. He waits for orders. He is eager because the excitement of danger begets that sense in most men, but he evinces none of those emotional effervences [sic], which are perceptible in the newly made volunteer. If suddenly brought under the range of a battery he takes the matter coolly, and is not disposed to reject a cover, or regard a tree or log with contempt.—If ordered to charge he goes to work as though he were about to split rails. In a word there is in his actions the patient courage of the veteran, who has grown used to war and regards it as a trade. You can imagine the change of scene of a ride from the depot of Atlanta to the line of battle in front. . . .

Grape.

Horrible Atrocities Near Island No. 10.—Mrs. Mary Beckham, in a letter published in the Atlanta Appeal, furnishes a lengthy narrative of the treatment of her family by Lincoln's murderers. After giving an account of the robberies and insults heaped upon herself and family by Adjutant Gen. Gwynne, and Capt. Thomas, of the negro troops, she makes the following statement:

[“] On Tuesday morning about 9 o'clock, August 4<sup>th</sup>, 1863, twelve armed negro soldiers came to the house, there being no one there except my husband, father-in-law, Benjamin Beckham, and four of my children, and some of our family negroes. They rushed on my husband and tied him, took off his watch and pin, and rifled his pockets. They then tied my father-in-law, and dragged them to the river, (it being about thirty yards.) They killed my husband on top of the bank by shooting him in the head. They then cut off his shoulder-blade and rolled his body into the river, his clothes looked as if there had been a great struggle.

They then took the old gentleman, stabbed him three times, once in the heart, and cut one of his ears off. After throwing his body into the river, they proceeded back to the house, where two of them had been guarding my dear little children. They spoke to my eldest daughter, Laura,

aged fourteen years, telling her to get up and follow her old daddy, at the same time presenting a pistol to her temple. The children then were driven to the waters edge, where their father and grandfather had been murdered, and then they were put to death in the most cruel manner.

The youngest, Richard aged two and a half years, was thrown into the water alive. Laura jumped in and attempted to rescue him, and whilst in the water, waist deep, begging for mercy, she was knocked on the head by the butt end of a gun, entirely separating her forehead, and then stabbed in the side. Kate Ida, eleven years of age, was then disposed of. She was beaten with guns until her head and shoulders were perfectly soft; her body was bruised all over. Caroline, seven years of age was shot through the head, and so disfigured that she did not look like a human. After they had murdered them all and thrown their bodies into the river, they returned to the house, taking everything valuable and all the clothing they could carry.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA, July 22, 1864, p. 4, c. 2

“He Never Came Home, and I Never Knew Where He Died, or Where He Was Buried.”—When this cruelest of cruel wars is over; when the white-robed angel of Peace spreads a sheltering wing over our blood-stained land, and thousands and tens of thousands of anxious families are made happy by the safe return of loved ones to the security and quiet felicities of “Home, Sweet Home,” how many other thousands of broken-hearted widows and parents will utter, in tones of anguish and despair, the words, “he never came home, and I never knew where he died, or where he was buried.” Oh, the unknown and [un]recorded dead!

Near the town of Marietta is the grave of a dead soldier. A rude head board tells all that is known of him now, perhaps forever. It bears this inscription—“Unknown—killed by Railroad accident, Sept. 14, 1863.” How many such known graves billow our land from Gettysburg to the Rio Grande! How many thousands of our brave boys have not even a rude head board to mark their place of rest. Peace will, no doubt, create sunshine in many shady nooks and corners of the heart, but peace can never restore sunshine and smiles to hearts and homes made desolate by the absence of the loved and lost. Poor, heart-broken fathers, mothers, wives, sisters—earth has no balm to heal your wounds. Heaven alone can comfort and console you. The Past is black with despair—the Present is clouded by affliction—the Future is cheerless and hopeless; but beyond the narrow bounds of Time, brightly beams the star of Hope. Over the river of Death, there is another home, where the weary, fainting soul may throw its burden off, and lie down in green pastures beside the still waters, never more to know a human sorrow, or hear a human sight.

God comfort and strengthen the broken-hearted fathers, mothers, wives, and sisters, all over our unhappy land, and keep perpetually green in the hearts of our people the memory of the unknown and unrecorded dead.

[Confederate Union.

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

Summary: Concert Hall—“The Guerrillas, or, The War in Virginia;” “The Stage Struck Tailor;” Monday—“Po-ca-hon-tas”

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

New Music  
From Richmond, Virginia.

Received this day, Star Spangled Cross and the Pure Field of White; Pray, Maiden, Pray; Gen. Morgan's Grand March; On Guard; Dear Mother, I've come home to die; Love me; We have parted; Who will care for Mother now; Why no one to love: Kathleen Mavourneen; No one to love; When this cruel war is over; and Annie of the Vale, and Her bright smile haunts me still. Arranged for Piano and for Guitar. Price, \$2,00 a copy—sent by mail free of postage.

Blackmar & Bro.,  
Augusta, Ga.

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

[“]We believe watermelons only grow in America, and from the quantity of them exposed for sale (*vendi exponas*) here we are inclined to think they are about all brought to this market.—They are sold at distressingly low figures: a wagon load will buy three pounds of coffee; a patch will get a sack of salt, whilst all that could be raised in the country would about get a calico dress, “with buttons and thread thrown in.” They sell for about \$5 apiece.[“]

The above remarks from the Macon Confederate are as applicable to Augusta as Macon.—They are sold at the distressingly low figures of \$6, \$8, and \$10.

Speaking of watermelons reminds us of the fact that we enjoyed a delicious slice of an excellent melon, presented to the compositors of the Constitutionalist by our efficient War Tax Collector, A. S. Deas, Esq., to whom we are requested to return their thanks. Such favors are always acceptable, and proves that our friend Deas knows how to appreciate the services of the printer as well as collect taxes. Although remarkable as a class for their modesty, they will not object to similar reminders from their friends.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 24, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Concert Hall—“Po-co-hon-tas; or The Gentle Savage;” to conclude with “Bamboozling”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 24, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

Benefit for the Refugees.—We take much pleasure in calling attention to the following correspondence between some of our most prominent citizens and Dr. Couturier, soliciting the latter to give an entertainment for the benefit of the North Georgia Refugees, who have been driven from their comfortable homes and thrown upon the charity of this and other communities. These people have a claim upon all who have been so fortunate as to be free from the destructive presence of the enemy, and their condition is so peculiar as to appeal to the generosity of their more fortunate fellow-citizens. The benefit for the relief of those wandering sufferers will, we sincerely hope, prove a substantial one.—Apart from the charitable object to which the proceeds will be appropriated, the entertainment in itself will more than compensate for the price of admission.

We are requested to state that those of our fellow citizens who may find it inconvenient to attend the Concert, are solicited to send contributions to the Committee, either of whom will cheerfully receive donations for the relief of the refugees:

Augusta, Ga., July 22, 1864.

Dr. J. R. E. Couturier—Dear Sir: We have been solicited by numerous friends, who have witnessed with much pleasure your readings and recitations, generously tendered to different charitable associations, in aid of the brave defenders of our soil, to extend this invitation to you and your friends, Mr. William H. Barnes, of Atlanta, and Professor H. L. Schreiner, of Savannah,

with the request that you would favor us with one of your Drawing-Room Entertainments, or Parlor Soirees, similar to those given by ourselves, which have met with such flattering success in the different cities you have visited, for the benefit of the refugees from North Georgia. Such an appeal for so noble a charity, we feel satisfied, will not be made in vain, to those who have, in the most patriotic manner, always responded in behalf of the soldier.

We hereby tender our services as a committee to make the necessary arrangements for the entertainment on such evening as may suit the convenience of yourself and friends: [list]  
[acceptance]

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

Supplies for the Wounded.—We are requested by Assistant Surgeon Ham, who arrived in our city this morning, with two hundred sick and wounded soldiers, from Greensboro, to appeal to the noble women of Augusta, for supplies. They are in want of food, and the pressure upon our hospitals is so great that they cannot receive accommodation. Their wants are urgent and pressing.

Will not those who have it in their power supply the wants of these gallant fellows, who have bled and suffered in defence [sic] of our sacred cause? These men are now at the Georgia Railroad depot. Those who are willing to assist, but have not supplies, will be furnished with provisions to cook by applying at the Academy Hospital.

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

#### Patriotism of Columbus.

For several days past our cotemporaries of Columbus have issued only small extras from their offices of not sufficient size to give the situation of affairs around the city in detail.

An *attache* of the Confederate who has just returned from Columbus is full of admiration of the patriotism and pluck of the citizens of Muscogee city. So soon as the news was received that the Yankee raiders had struck the Montgomery and West Point Railroad, had captured Auburn and Opelika, and threatened a visit to their city, the male population en masse turned out and went to the suburbs of the city, gun in hand. The shops, factories, stores, printing offices, everything, were closed, and men and boys turned out. Little boys no older than ten years went to the trenches, gun in hand, and the least symptom of refusal to serve by one able to walk met with a withering rebuke.

It is fortunate for the raiders that they declined coming. They were up to Thursday expected every day, and night and day the noble citizen soldiers anxiously expected them.

The organization is thorough and complete, and the citizens are still under arms, although it is supposed the raiders have gone back. There was a report in the city that they were coming down on the other side of the river, but it was not deemed reliable. . . .—Macon Confederate.

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

From Atlanta.

An Appeal in Behalf of the Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

Atlanta, July 25.

The Atlanta Relief Committee are in need of supplies of all kinds for the numerous wounded here, and earnestly ask that meats cooked or uncooked, vegetables and supplies be sent for distribution. Packages can be sent by the Southern Express Company, addressed to Wm. McNaught, President Atlanta Relief Committee.

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

Summary: Concert Hall—"The Guerrillas! or, the War in Virginia ;" and "Po-ca-hon-tas"

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

Drawing Room  
Entertainment,  
at  
Masonic Hall,  
Wednesday Eve'ng, July 27, '64.  
Benefit  
of  
Refugees from North Georgia,  
by  
Dr. J. R. Couturier, of Augusta.  
Wm. H. Barnes, Manager of the Atlanta Amateurs.  
Prof. H. L. Schreiner, of Savannah.

Under the endorsement and management of a committee of citizens, the above Entertainment will be offered, consisting of

Readings, Recitations, Original Patri-  
otic, Comic and Imitation Songs,  
Music and Melodies,

which have received the unqualified approbation of the press and public of the different cities of the Confederacy.

Trusting that the object will ensure an overflowing house, we confidently invite our friends and the public to meet us on this occasion.

Tickets, \$5. Can be procured at the Hotels and Music Stores, and at the door of the Hall on the evening of performance.

Contributions also received by the following members of the committee: Messrs. W. C. Jones, M. B. Peters, John D. Butt, H. H. D'Antignac and Major Thomas F. Walker.

Doors open at 7½--to commence at 8½ o'clock precisely.

For particulars see programme.

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

Ginghams!  
Scotch Ginghams.

To the ladies and traders generally, who continue so freely and liberally to patronize us, have the pleasure to intimate that we have on exhibition, and for the accommodation of our esteemed friends, will offer for sale, for a few days, in lots and quantities to suit their wants, 4,000 yards of the handsomest styles of large and small plaid Scotch Ginghams ever offered in this dusty city.

Churchill & Johnston.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA, July 27, 1864, p. 2, c. 1-3

Richmond Letters. . . .  
[Special correspondence of the Constitutionalist.]

Richmond, July 20<sup>th</sup>, 1864.

. . . Beyond the mysterious military movements already alluded to as in progress, there is but little to note here, except it be the luxuriance of crime here at present—a luxuriance that throws in the shade all former delinquencies that have given this unhappy city so close a family resemblance to Sodom and Gomorrah. Stealing in all shapes and forms, from the monster crime delicately known as a “big thing” in flour or what not, down to the purloining of bread in the market-house by half-starved ragamuffins.—Scarcely a day passes but *felonice cepti* is written of some person one would not have suspected, while as to petty thefts and burglaries by slaves, the evil has grown so great that it has been determined to attempt its suppression by the infliction of the death penalty. Gambling, too, in spite of the Draconian law of the Virginia Assembly, still flourishes in great vigor.—The threat of stripes, confiscation of property, etc., has not been sufficient to deter the sporting men from exhibiting the tiger, and his ravages are described as hardly less terrible than in those halcyon days when Congressmen staked their money in back parlors, and legislators, with coats off and sleeves rolled up, cursed and drank, and betted their piles cheek by jowl with quartermasters, cut-throat detectives, government clerks, and riff raff generally. But a few nights ago, report has it, one gambling firm footed up their night’s winning at \$47,000, of which one man alone lost nearly the half. Many of the former proprietors from hawks have become pigeons, and play as heavily as though unaware of the desperate odds against them. In this way one fellow is said to have lost a fortune of two hundred thousand dollars; and another, after being pretty well beaten, is reported to have gone to Washington, and there opened the game he could not freely exhibit here. As with gambling, so with other vices. Drinking saloons, in spite of the severity of the laws and all the vigilance of police spies, dispense curious preparations of buttermilk, Richmond mead, soda water and the like, all of which look like whiskey, smell like whiskey, taste like whiskey, cost like whiskey, and would, by the uninitiated, be sworn to as being whiskey. Along the streets strut and prance an amble gambler, black-leg, cyprian and loafer in silks and broad-cloth, while the poor are crying aloud for bread, and the husbandman is torn from his plough to fill the ranks.

Tyrone Powers.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 27, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Concert Hall—“The Guerillas, or, The War in Virginia;” “Po-ca-hon-tas;” tomorrow “Rob Roy”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 27, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

Augusta.—The city of Augusta, at this time is not only the refuge city for thousands of our distressed and homeless citizens from this and almost every State in the Confederacy, but has become, since the enemy have laid siege to Atlanta, and Sherman's raid, have so impudently rode down upon the towns and villages on the Georgia Railroad, the depository, the place of safety for our sick and wounded from a half dozen hospitals. These refugees are mostly accommodated, but on yesterday, our sick and wounded soldiers, more than three hundred of them—these war worn and weary defenders of our soil, against a foe who comes on a mission of plunder and devastation, were without shelter. Our hospitals here are full and can receive no more. The surgeons in charge of these brave men have been unable to get even temporary places for them.

Will the good people of Augusta, the *Southern* hearts here, refuse them a place for the “weary to rest and the wounded to die”?

Shall it be said of us in other laces through the land, and in other days that we shut up our [illegible] houses, or refused to rent them to Government officers, because forsooth we had the right? Shall we take the advice of the selfish and uncharitable and refuse room because it is the Government who applies?

There are quantities of store houses in this city on Broad street, with but small lots of goods in them, and these goods, in many instances, the property of parties strangers to the city of Augusta, and but little interested in her welfare and good name. Owing to the disaster to North Georgia officers are daily arriving here with large lots of freight wanting storage, and surgeons are here with their sick and wounded. These store houses should be rented to the Government, even if it somewhat discommoded the landlord or tenant.

The word we wish to say on this subject is, [illegible] rent your store house to the officers. If Atlanta is saved, they will soon return and your store houses will be empty again. We would also say it is due the people of Augusta that they make their own history. Assemble and let your opinions be made known in public meeting, whether in this trying hour you will stand in your empty door ways, with arms, and bid the officers who wish your space, stand back as a trespassers, or whether you are ready and willing to [illegible] all you can at this time. The people are the Government; when they resist the power they have appointed, the Government is at an end.

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

Rags for the Wounded.—The Ga. Relief and Hospital Association will be thankful to the Ladies for any Rags they can spare. The supply on hand is very light, and the demand is very heavy. As new cloth is not suitable for dressing wounds, we are compelled to ask for any old cotton or linen Cloth that can be spared. It is hoped, we will have a prompt and generous response to this appeal.

W. J. Hard, Secretary.

jy24

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 28, 1864, p. 1, c. 4

Shelling Petersburg.—About 8 o'clock Friday morning last, a three-inch shell struck Mr. Wilcox's house, two doors from the telegraph office, in Petersburg. Another exploded in Mr. Crown's house, on Sycamore street, breaking through the wall. A flying brickbat wounded Mrs. McGregor on the head. Two slave children of Mr. James Hall were in bed, at Blandford, when a

shell exploded just over the bed. A girl, aged four years, had her left arm broken, temporal artery cut and the cap of the right knee, and the fingers of her left hand injured. A boy, aged six years, suffered more severely, his left leg had to be amputated half way between the knee and ankle, and his right foot lost the toes and a portion of his instep.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 28, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

Hospitals for Wounded Soldiers.

Headquarters, }  
Augusta, Ga., July 26<sup>th</sup>, 1864. }

The removal of the wounded and sick of the Army from Atlanta and the towns along the line of the Georgia Railroad, renders it necessary to make every possible accommodation for a portion of this city. There is neither time or material at present to erect Hospitals for this unexpected state of things and the brave and gallant defenders of our homes are now without means of shelter, in their maimed and crippled condition.—The Senior Surgeon of General Hood's Army just placed on duty in charge of the Hospitals at this Post, suggest that, in the emergency, the Churches are perhaps the only means of affording the amount of accommodation temporarily required. I appeal to the religious denominations for aid, by a tender of such Churches as may be needed for the purpose, as I am well assured there are no other buildings which can be rendered available, without causing great distress in the community at this time. The case is urgent, as immediate accommodations are required.

Geo. W. Rains, Col. Comd'g.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 28, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Concert Hall—"Catherine Howard, or The Fifth Wife;" in rehearsal "Rob Roy," "Capt. Kyd, the Wizard of the Sea" and "The Man of the Iron Mask"

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 28, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Notice.

To the Ladies of Jefferson County.

A Relief Committee, consisting of one to three gentlemen, will leave Bartow, (No. 11, Central Railroad) every Friday night to convey and distribute among the sick and wounded of Gen. Hood's army, such supplies as the fair Ladies of Jefferson may contribute.

Who will not respond, and that liberally, to this call of humanity? Butter, Eggs, Chickens, Vegetables (except Collards) Lard and Flour are mostly needed.

M. A. Evans.

P. S.—Pack in good strapped boxes, barrels or bags—the latter will be returned.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 28, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

Noble Sentiments from a Northern Lady.

A lady in Iowa writes to her brother, a soldier in the Confederate army at Mobile as follows:

Oh, how I long for the day to arrive when hostilities will cease, and the Southern Confederacy will be crowned with the glorious wreath of victory, having achieved their independence and secured themselves from the Yankee tyrants! I pray fervently that the South may succeed, and I know they will, for God is with them, and they must succeed.

If I were in the South I would make clothes for the soldiers. I wish I were near you, for I know I could aid in making you comfortable. It is needless for me to say to you to be cheerful amid all the privations and hardships you have to undergo; for a knowledge of holiness of the cause in which you are engaged is sufficient to silence the cry of complaint or dissatisfaction.

The south's all is at stake! Never—never give up to be slaves of the Northern despots. My heart throbs in anxious expectations of the happy results of this spring's campaign. Victory must be yours!

The noble soldiers of the south cannot be permitted by an almighty, merciful and just God, to spill their blood much longer, fighting with the worthless scum of the North.

How many hearts the hateful Abolitionists have made to bleed! I cannot bear to look at one of them, much less to speak to them.

A call was made through the papers for the Catholic ladies to meet at one of the public school houses to adopt measures to collect means and take tables at the Sanitary Fair; but, thank God, only seven Catholic ladies in D----- attended it.

Three cheers for the Catholic ladies of D-----! True to principle, to justice, and the Constitution framed by the wisest and best of men. If the ladies of D----- could wield the government sceptre [sic], peace would soon smile upon the land now desecrated by this most unholy war.

I do love to hear you speak so hopefully and sanguine of success; but why should any one feel or speak otherwise? I feel so, too, and if I were a man I would be at your side, battling for the homes, the firesides, and the altars of the South—above all, for dear, sacred liberty.

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

Washington, June 25<sup>th</sup>, 1864.

Mr. Editor: On the 3d of June the ladies of Wilkes county commenced providing daily with food the soldiers going up and down the Georgia Railroad, and up to July 8<sup>th</sup> had fed one thousand three hundred and thirty-four (1,334) soldiers.

The following ladies from the county have been very zealous in this good work, contributing most liberally in provisions and active in dispensing them.

[list]

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 29, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

#### The Palladium of the South.

We have read and publish below a well considered article from the Savannah News, signed J. N. C., upon a subject which has not received its proper consideration during the exciting scenes through which we have passed and are passing.

We have headed this article "The Palladium of the South"—we mean to say that in slavery, has been and is our defence [sic]—our protection; it is our statue of Pallas, and while we

retain it in its true and well defined relationship to Southern society, we can deny the world in peace or war. While many species of property, we might with truth say every species of property with us has advanced ten to thirty times their original gold valuation. This, we suppose, has arisen from what we hear the flippant and unthinking say on the streets, that slave property is now insecure; while it is not more so than your horse or cow, which bring in the market three thousand for one and half that sum for the other. A horse which three years since would have been well sold at one hundred and fifty dollars, now commands twenty times that sum, while the negro, equally, if not more secure to the owner than the horse, can not, in many instances, be sold for as much as the horse.

This war will sometime have an end; and when that time arrives, despite the croaker and despondent, the negro will occupy the same relative position to the white race of the country that he has always occupied. And then his true value will be *felt* if not now known—he will then sell for as much in gold as he can now be bought for in a war currency.

Without the South, with her rich income from cotton raised by slave labor, the North has inevitably bankrupted herself for generations, and the South without slavery is as hopelessly and irretrievably bankrupted; for without slave labor her debt will remain unpaid and the country will become the St. Domingo of the continent.

Our ultimate safety lies in the preservation and slavery of the negro race on this continent—to its increase after this war shall have ended.—Every man in the South should be a slave owner; and the “homestead law” of the South should be the exemption, universally throughout the land, of a family of slaves to each white family the right should be entailed and the law should be like the laws of the Medes and Persians—unalterable.

Slavery in the South should be nationalized; it should stand as a part of the bill of rights, on the same footing as the right of trial by jury—an inheritance to the people, whether owned by all or not—a something not to be tampered with by meddling politicians, or be made a subject of debate or argument in our Legislative bodies.

Without slavery now we would have to submit to the galling yoke of Yankee domination in sixty days; but thank God it is here, and will remain here, and while it remains this land will never be conquered.

But here is the article to which we referred [sic]:

[“] One of the most curious and interesting of problems (both in all economical and military point of view) is: Why the Southern Confederacy should be able to place and maintain in the field a larger number of men than the most powerful of the European military monarchies? The inquiry would extend to all Confederacies of which slavery is the great social element. The European continental countries have about the same relative proportion of men on their military war establishments (we allude to their armies) compared with their respective populations; we [word missing?] about *one seventieth* part. France has about 500,000 out of a population of 36,000,000. Austria, Prussia and Russia have about the same relative proportions. The Southern Confederacy having about 500,000 men in all branches of its military service, exhibits a far higher ratio of men in warlike service. Assuming that the numbers from which is derived its military resources in this respect, to be between five and six millions, it has about *one eleventh* part of its population, if not under arms, at least withdrawn from all civil employments. This great disparity between a youthful State (one “yet in the gristle and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood”) and the old Monarchies of Europe, is one worthy of investigation, both as regards its nature and sources. The only solution of the problem—the only one that reconciles the fact with any rational theory—is to be sought in the system of slavery. We are able to place

under arms nearly eleven parts in twelve of our population, because, having four millions of productive laborers engaged in agriculture, we are able to maintain the other ten parts as unproductive consumers—in other words, those who do not replace any portion of the value they consume.

It is the same principle by which in peace it is more profitable, from the greater economy of slave labor to devote our industry to agriculture than to any other pursuit that will not yield as large a return with a proportionately smaller expenditure. In war nearly all the productive power of the Confederacy is engaged in providing subsistence for those who are necessarily unproductive consumers, and the only difference is the result between peace and war with us is that there is a smaller surplus created during war than during peace. We may merely replace what we consume.

To render the elucidation more clear and evident, let us suppose that instead of having to maintain four millions of slaves, at an expense of fifty dollars per annum, we were compelled to support the same number of white laborers at a cost of one hundred dollars per capita annually. The annual expenditure in the first case would be \$200,000,000, and in the last case \$400,000,000.

We owe this advantage to the bounty of Nature, to precisely the same principle by which we make our industry during peace more productive by agriculture than by its application to manufactures. The language of political economics to denote this superior productiveness is the greater efficiency of labor, which, in other words, is its lesser expense compared with the results. Thus, if the soil of Texas will yield nine bales of cotton to the hand, and that of South Carolina only three bales, the labor employed on the former is said to be three times more productive or more efficient or less expensive than if applied to the latter, in the same way as the labor of one Englishman in producing calicoes is said, by the employment of machinery, more efficient or productive than that of ten natives of British India. Substitute Nature in new countries with abundance of fertile territory, for Art in old countries abounding in capital, by which production is cheapened, and the reader will have the whole explanation of this apparently mysterious social phenomenon, of a State or community of which slavery is the leading element, being able to keep and maintain under arms a proportion so large as one-eleventh of its numbers.

J. N. C.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 29, 1864, p. 2, c. 2-3

Richmond Letter. . . .

Special Correspondent of the Constitutionalist.

Richmond, July 22, 1864.

Editors Constitutionalist: . . . The conscription authorities are now, as fresh campaigns approach, in hot pursuit of more conscripts, and, though the nuisance of guards upon the streets has not been resorted to as yet, the measures taken to ferret out all delinquent military debtors to the Confederate States are most effectually stringent. In some cases this stringency, if one may say so and live, is so great as to savor strongly of oppression, and when seeing, as I have, a man past middle age, and the sole support of his own family and the bereaved households of two fallen heroes dragged off from his plough to the musket, one cannot but think that it were better to have let this man go and pounce upon some of those officials, useless and insolent, who swarm the Conscription Bureau itself as the lice did, of old, in the courts of Pharaoh [sic].

When the secret history of the war comes to be written, if ever, this chapter of conscription will not be the least interesting portion, and when reading of the immense number of flunkies and henchmen kept for the purpose of forcing arms into the hands of age, men will wonder why the myrmidons of power were not themselves sent to the fields for which they were so much better fit than the feeble remnants of manhood it was their unholy office to arrest. The paragraph too that shall treat of “Soft Places” will not be uninteresting, and perhaps add to the wonder the rest of the dreary chapter will excite. Some months ago, at a short distance from this city an old gentleman conducted, in a small factory, a branch of manufactures that, from its very nature, could not produce more than a certain amount in a given time. To all the labor necessary this individual was fully competent, but on the factory becoming a government affair, the former conductor was constituted superintendent and had assigned to him for the produce of his wares a lusty force of six stout young men, none of whom have ever yet bitten a cartridge or given one charging yell for the Southern cause. . . .

Tyrone Powers.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 29, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Concert Hall—“Rob Roy, the Scotch Out-Law;” with all the favorite music, dances, marches, &c.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 29, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

#### New Music.

Ever of Thee Variatio—Grobens;

La Pluie de Perles, (Shower of Pearls.) Oesten;

Love in May, (Sounds of Love,) Oesten;

Empire State Grand March, Schreiner, with a correct and beautiful Vignettee [sic?] of Gov. Brown.

John C. Schreiner & Son,  
Macon and Savannah.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 29, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

Sick and Wounded Soldiers.—The noble women of our city have responded cheerfully to every appeal made in behalf of the sick and wounded soldiers. Let them continue to minister to the wants of these heroic men and the grateful thanks of the suffering soldier will ever attend them [sic], and God will bless them for their charity.

Our people owe it to the brave soldiers among us, who have imperiled their lives in our behalf and are now stricken down by disorder and wounds, that their wants be supplied and their sufferings alleviated. Let the fair daughters of our city visit the hospitals and cheer the soldier by their smiles and heavenly ministrations.

We now appeal to our fair friends in behalf of the officers. Dr. Campbell’s Infirmary [sic] on Jackson street, in rear of the Georgia Railroad Machine Works, has been appropriated for their use, and is now occupied by a large number of officers who are in want of supplies of every kind. Milk, vegetables, edibles and every thing else that will contribute to their comfort are needed. To supply these things our surgeons rely upon the generosity of our citizens, and we

are assured that it is only necessary to bring the matter to the attention of the ladies who will do all in their power in response to every call made on their patriotism in behalf of the soldier.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 29, 1864, p. 3, c. 3

The Siege of Atlanta.  
[From Our Own Correspondent.] . . .

Atlanta, Monday, July 26, 1864.

The Federal raid upon the city of Atlanta has culminated in a siege, the result of which may be determined in a day, or weeks of time may not develop. The scene of evacuation pictured in my letter of yesterday, has been succeeded by one not less exciting and far more disgraceful. The stores of Whitehall street have been literally gutted by our own soldiers, who, taking advantage of an unnatural and unreasonable popular prejudice, have made a pretended indignation and vengeance the excuse of pillage and ruthless devastation. The Provost Department, under Col. Hill, the Provost Marshall General, exercised all vigilance to prevent these disgraceful proceedings, but, during the excitement of the army's passage through the streets to meet the enemy's flank upon the Georgia road, a mob of cowardly dogs in the garb of soldiers, entered the stores by force, robbing them of everything and wantonly destroying what they could not bear away. We have no comment to make upon this action. The disgrace falls upon the army, upon the country, and especially upon the officers responsible for the discipline of these men as much as upon the thieves themselves, and the mothers who cursed a Christian world by giving them birth.

Our wholesome little lesson to the Federal "flankers" last week has rendered them somewhat shy and wary; and since Sunday they have contented themselves by throwing shells at the suburban defences [sic], many of which fell into the very heart of the city. As near as I can estimate, about five hundred shells have fallen within our line of fortifications, and many of them into the streets. A number of houses have been struck, but the casualties in the city comparatively insignificant. Several members of a family up town were wounded by fragments of an exploded shell, and one little child was killed.—While conversing with an officer at General Wright's Post Headquarters, yesterday, a shell went through the roof of Doctor Quintard's Church, and another through the Confederacy office. The Atlanta Hotel, the Washington Hall and the Methodist Church, and dwellings adjacent, all bear marks of recent visitations of round shot and shell.

A constant clatter of muskets is heard night and day around the city circle of fortifications, with a running heavy bass accompaniment of twelve and twenty-four pounders. The scene at night is singularly picturesque and startling in effect. The rocket's red glare and bombs bursting in the air, with the flash of guns, like heat-lightning on the horizon, presents a panorama at once exciting and wildly beautiful to the uninitiated in war. . . .

I cannot tell when the next fight will occur, or where. Our troops behave as heroically as ever, baring the few shirking and cowardly stragglers who prowl around kitchen gardens, and occasionally into unsuspecting chambers, after plunder. Our officers seem confident and cheerful. . . .

Grape.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 30, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Concert hall.

Managers:

{ Mr. T. Hamilton,  
{ Mr. F. M. Bates.

In consequence of the want of Hospital room for the Government, the Management have given up the building for the use of the

Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 30, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

[“] Southern Confederacy. —The Atlanta Confederacy made its re-appearance yesterday morning from its office on Cotton Avenue, Macon. Although shorn of its fair proportions, it still gives signs of great vitality, and we are sure in a few days the proprietor will have his office straightened up, the machinery adjusted and everything running as smoothly and nicely as when he left Atlanta. But few persons know what a task it is to move a printing office even on a quiet, calm day, but when that removal is accelerated by bombshells—good Lord deliver impatient people from such trials.

Macon Confederate.[“]

We are pleased to meet the Confederacy again among our exchanges.

Macon is now doing a thriving business in the newspaper line—four of the largest and ablest journals in the State being issued there daily. The Intelligencer, Confederacy, Confederate and Telegraph. We wish them all an abundance of success.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], July 30, 1864, p. 3, c. 2

Letter from the Georgia Front.  
Special Correspondence of the Constitutionalist.

Atlanta, Ga., July 24, 1864.

Editors Constitutionalist: . . . The enemy have thrown about fifty shells into the city. I was informed this morning that a woman and two children were killed last night by the explosion of a shell in a house. This is the first instance of any one being killed in the city. The non-combatants in the place have had ample time to get away with all of their effects. If they will remain they can blame no one but themselves if they are maimed. Large quantities of tobacco have been found secreted in the many dark holes about the city. It has all been brought from the hiding places and impressed for the use of the army. It was evident to Gen. Hood that the parties to whom it belonged were holding it back expecting to exchange it for *greenbacks* when the Yankees obtained possession of the place.

Eufaula.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 2, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

An Anti-Conscript.—An individual of the masculine gender, arrayed in apparel peculiar to feminine gender, was picked up in this city yesterday by the Police. The individual aforesaid states that he is from Scriven County, Ga., that he was formerly a member of the 63d Georgia

Regiment, but being under age was discharged from the service, that he came to Augusta to see his Aunt, and fearing the Conscript officer, clothed himself in female apparel. The counterfeit was too shallow. “Them [illegible]! those voice!” as Artemus Ward has it, betrayed the youth, who says he is under 17 years of age, and he will doubtless be turned over to either Uncle Jeff’s or Cousin Joe’s Enrolling officer—the very party to avoid when the disguise was adopted.

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

[Special Correspondence of the Constitutionalist.]  
Letter from Oxford, Georgia . . .

Oxford, Ga., July 29, 1864.

Messrs. Editors: . . . A citizen of Covington, a poor but honest old man, named Jones, went out deliberately into the street as they entered town, and shot down one of their men, exclaiming: “Nobody will fight for my country, I will.” He turned round the corner of a street, loading his gun as he went. Entering another street, he raised his piece and shot another dead, said to be one of the best scouts in the Yankee army. He then clubbed his gun and fought with that until he fell pierced with bullets and covered with blood.

Another citizen, Mr. George Daniel, of Covington, was taken out of town and shot by them on the plea that they caught him with fire arms.—Many of the citizens who claim to be cognizant of the facts in the case, pronounced his death a cold blooded murder. On Thursday, the 27<sup>th</sup>, we were visited with another raid. Stoneman’s division of cavalry passed through Covington, and the town and country were filled a second time with consternation, and the woods were again crowded with refugees.

Permit me here to remark that on the approach of the enemy it is much safer and wiser for all citizens not in the army to remain at home. There is no sense in running into the woods. The enemy look upon it as unmanly and cowardly and are much more apt to pillage the house and destroy property. Let every non-combatant stand by his house as a soldier would stand by his colors. It is the post of duty. If lawless ruffians attempt to maltreat his person or injure his family or property, let him appeal to the officers for protection. It will seldom be the case that he will not find one among them clever and gentlemanly enough to shield him from harm. . . .

We are without a mail—cut off on all sides from our friends, hardly the means or chance of escape if we were disposed to leave, menaced with danger and exposed to alarm, our condition is truly a trying one. But most of us are resolved to remain at home—put our trust in God and calmly and hopefully meet the storm. Despite the excitement, we keep up our daily paper [sic?] meeting. Let not our friends be over-anxious about us. God will not leave us nor forsake us.

L. M. S.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 3, 1864, p. 1, c. 1-2

Officers’ Hospital, }  
Augusta, Ga., August 2, 1864. }

Messrs. Editors: Permit me through your columns, to acknowledge our thanks to the following named ladies, of Augusta, and its vicinity, for the many acts of kindness extended to the inmates of the Officers’ Hospital, during the past week: [list]

Experience has shown that the sick soldier needs the kind attention and sympathies of

woman as much as he does medicine, to insure his speedy recovery of health; hence, your presence and kind attention, ladies, have had a salutary influence upon the spirits of our patients, while the more substantial comforts contributed, in breads, meats, vegetables, coffee, tea, sugar, milk, soups, fruits, butter, wines, &c., &c., have supplied a want which, owing to the absence of any hospital fund, cannot be supplied. Rest assured, ladies, that you will ever be held in grateful remembrance by the sick and wounded soldiers, whom the fortunes of war have placed within the bounds of your Christian and patriotic hospitals.

None appreciate acts of kindness more than the soldier, inured to the hardships and privations of the camp, cut off for months—it may be, for years—from the endearments of home and loved ones, and nothing is so well calculated to arouse his drooping spirits, restore him to health, send him forth from the hospital a better man, and to the field a better soldier, as the kindness and attention he is receiving at your hands.

Our thanks are also due the Rev. Mr. Hard, Post Chaplain, for crackers, coffee, tea, and sugar, furnished for our sick and wounded.

Those in Charge of Said Hospital.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 3, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

Richmond Letter. . .

[Special Correspondence of the Constitutionalist]

Richmond, July 27<sup>th</sup>, 1864.

Editors Constitutionalist:-- . . . In the aspect of its streets, Richmond is now more *en militarie* than ever. Almost every other man is clothed from the Government stores—be he citizen or soldier—a matter, by the bye, that would bear investigation, and even the police on the streets roar out the hours at night like so many sentries on post. Simultaneous with the clang of the clocks each guardian of the night takes up the cry, Post number so and so, ten o'clock and all's well, giving the latter assurance of peace in the most lugubrious and distressful tomes. . . .

Tyrone Powers.

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

Summary: Masonic Hall—Scenes from “Hamlet;” “Sic Semper Tyrannis!” Tableau and Southern Marsellaise [sic].

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

For Sale!!

Ruta Baga Turnip Seed;  
Yellow Aberdeen Turnip Seed;  
Yellow Dutch “ “  
Green Top “ “  
White Swede “ “  
Red Norfolk “ “  
White Globe Onion;  
White Spanish Onion;

White Wine Vinegar;  
Pure Cider “  
Sugar, Syrup, Rice;  
Soda, Salt, &c.

C. N. Frost & Co.,  
276 Broad Street.

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

#### Refugees Attention

I have two or three extra fine Tents, which I will dispose of at a low figure. Apply at once at this office to

George Adam.

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

Disgraceful Conduct.—We have received the following communication from a gentleman residing in the county, and as the best mode of calling attention to the evil he complains of, we publish. The writer is one of the most respected and talented gentlemen of the county, and we know seeks by his communication only the public good. The authorities should stop the evil complained of, as it is a disgrace to the good name of our city, and unworthy of men wearing the garb of a Southern soldier:

August 2, 1864.

Mr. Editor:--You will do a good thing if you will notice in your paper, and invoke the attention of the proper authorities, to what has become an intolerable nuisance in your city. I allude to the systematic plundering of market carts and wagons, by those who, under the name of soldiers, are supposed to be placed there to protect not to destroy our property. So far these depredations are confined chiefly to watermelons, but the step between robbing a watermelon cart and robbing a bank is not a long one; the principle is the same, a disregard of law and the rights of others—you can find more men on one square in Augusta, than you can in the county of Richmond. Outside its corporate limits none but women and children are left and nine out of ten of these families are poor, and rely entirely upon their watermelon patch for every dollar they make; they are not hucksters. They sell their fruit for whatever your citizens are willing to pay, and watermelons are probably cheaper than any thing else; it would take a whole crop of many of these poor women to buy a pair of cotton cards. It is a standing order with them to give to any wounded or penniless soldier, on his asking, without money or price and no soldier was ever refused who urged necessity as the reason of his request. We can make some allowance for the veteran who for years has been battling far from home and who has been left to shift pretty much for himself, if he forgets sometimes the proper distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, but it is not known that any of the soldiers in your city have ever been out of the sight of the smoke of their own chimneys; they have no excuse for this rapacity and lawlessness, and it is disgraceful to both civil and military authorities. I know of instances where they have taken the whole load from the little son of a poor woman and not content in any case with supplying their wants, they took 20 or 40, or as many as time or means of conveyance will permit. Is there any reason why the poor women and men whose sole means of making money, consist in the sale of watermelons of their own production, should be excluded from protection for their property, any more than

the merchant or any other class? Please refer to it in your columns. Respectfully,

\* \* \*

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

Notice to Refugees.—Parties holding tickets to draw provisions from the store of the Augusta Relief Association, will present their tickets for [illegible] at the Mayor's Office, between the hours of 9 and 11 o'clock A. M., on Saturday 6<sup>th</sup> of August.

W. C. Jones,  
Secretary.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 6, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Masonic Hall—Scenes from Macbeth and Lady of Lyons; to conclude with "Delicate Ground"

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

Personal.—We had the pleasure of meeting on yesterday, Mr. S. Deutcher, our Richmond correspondent, whose interesting contributions for months past have graced the columns of the Constitutionalist, over the *nom de plume* of "Tyrone Powers." Mr. Deutcher is a prolific, graceful and vigorous writer, and has, in our opinion, few if any superiors as a newspaper correspondent in the South, and whilst we regret that his acceptable letters from Richmond will be discontinued, we are happy to state that he is now connected editorially with our establishment, and will assume control of the Field & Fireside, the columns of which will be enriched by his graceful and prolific pen.

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

The Ladies of Augusta.

Officer's Hospital, }  
Augusta, Ga., August 4<sup>th</sup>, 1864. }

Messrs. Editors: Permit me, sirs, in behalf of the sick and wounded of the "Officer's Hospital," to acknowledge our sincere thanks to the ladies of Augusta and vicinity, for the many acts of kindness received at their hands. Will the kind, courteous and gentlemanly surgeon, and the officers and attendants under him, in whose charge we are, have done all in their power to render us comfortable and hasten the recovery of our health, the inadequate hospital supplies have prevented them from doing all that was necessary and desirable on their part to promote these ends. These wants, however, have been more than met by the ample supplies furnished by the kind ladies.

It is pleasant for us to feel, when exposed to the hardships of the camp, and the dangers of the battle field, that we have the prayers and sympathies of the noble women of our "Sunny South," and such convictions nerve our hearts and strengthen our determination to rescue our homes from the invader's tread. But our feelings are raised to a sincere gratitude to know that when disease or wounds retire us for a while to languish in hospitals, we are not forgotten—to know that the only passport needed to the kind hospitalities of the fair daughters of the South, is *we are Southern soldiers*. That, animated by the noblest impulses of the human heart, as ministering angels they hasten to our bed-side on their mission of love, and alleviate as only

woman can, our sufferings.

“Woman alone was formed to bless,  
The lot of man, and share his care;  
To ease his breath, when keen distress  
Hath lodged a poisoned arrow there.”

Without the smiles and sympathies of woman, our cause would long since have failed. But with her sympathies and prayers, her untiring energies and labors of love, we *cannot fail*. We will yet be a free people and our independence, when secured, will be largely due to the self-sacrificing patriotism and christian devotion of our women to our cause.

A Patient.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 6, 1864, p. 3, c. 4

Correction.

Washington, July 29<sup>th</sup>, 1864.

Mr. Editor: In your publication of the list of contributors to the good work of furnishing our soldiers in transit with food the number fed the past month should have been 2,334 instead of 1,333. Will you please make the correction, and much oblige the ladies. Yours, &c.

J. J. Robertson.

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

Richmond Sentinel and Peace.

. . . The Sentinel says: “As to the slavery question we would leave that to be settled last. The question of independence concerns us all. The subject of slavery but part of us.” This last line is the feather which would break our camels back, if we felt seriously disposed to assault the Sentinel for its article. Even with our estimate of the article, it is an unworthy line. We know nothing of the men who write for that paper, but if they have been reared in this Confederacy they have not studied, or if so, understood the philosophy of our slave institutions. Slavery only concerns a part of us! What man, woman or child does it *not* concern from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, be they rich and cultivated, or be they so poor and uncultivated as to be themselves the “hewers of wood and drawers of water?” “Independence,” says the Sentinel, “concerns us all”—not so much, sir, as slavery; for without slavery as the very foundation of Southern society, independence to the poorer class of laborers amongst us, and who would rapidly increase in number, is not a boon worth an ounce of blood, or for which this war should be continued one hour longer. Slavery is the cap stone of our liberty and the mud-sill of our independence—without which our Governmental house is so frail an affair, that future generations will write us down as asses, for entering into war, which has brought debt and anarchy to the continent, only to gain the independence of enslaving a portion of our own race and blood.

What “part of us” is it that slavery only concerns? Will the Sentinel tell the people? Is it the rich man, the owners of slaves, and they only? If this be the answer, as we would judge from the article, we would respectfully differ from the writer. Slavery concerns the owner in two ways; the non-slaveholder in one. The one for his independence and property; the other alone for his independence.

The poor non-slaveholders in the South not being called upon to do the menial offices of servants, but feeling and knowing that they are of the dominant race, the race of which the masters come, come themselves every day to be really so. They know they are free, and feel that while our system of slavery lasts, that they will remain so, becoming in the changes of life, and as the generations pass away, the owners of slaves and the ancestors of the wealthy. There is a race below them—slaves. this is enough; it instills into the very blood of the child, who learns to order them, though it owns them not, the restless and unceasing love of liberty, which would in the menials of other lands, die out and yield in their exhaustion, to consent to become really what they are—slaves.

Every white citizen, every one who calls this Confederacy his home and the home of his children, is concerned for slavery, and the non-slaveholders who are poor more than all others. To them the question is, while slavery remains to the South, we are free, although poor, but when slavery as it is, ceases here, woe! woe! for we ourselves become the slaves. Therefore we say, that to the large body of soldiers fighting this battle for liberty and State Rights, independence gained without our system of slavery, is to them no independence at all—and the quarrel is not worth the blood.

The subject of slavery as it exists here should not enter into the discussion of any commission to arrange terms of peace. It should not only be left “to be settled last,” but left entirely out of any discussion whatsoever, that would in any way disturb its *status*. It is the inherent right of the people under our system of government, and commissioners should as readily begin the discussion of the formation of society as the discussion of slavery.

If the Richmond Sentinel be the grand organ those papers opposing certain measures of the Administration would make us believe, it is beyond all doubt wofully [sic] out of tune, and it is grinding out a harsh and ungracious music through the land, when it is set to the tune of “Slavery concerns but a part of us.” We would advise a restringing of the instrument.

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

Wanted,

10 Good Hands, to work on tents. Apply to

C. A. Platt & Co.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 9, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

Our Refugees.

We have been amused and somewhat astonished at the tone and character of certain articles, lately offered for the good readers of our city; something so out of the usual course of editorial matter for papers here, that we feel called upon to speak of them! The liberty of the Press has no warmer advocate than we—no one more willing to raise a lance in its defence [sic]. It is the birth right of freemen—the vehicle of independent and unrestrained thought; but the Press is responsible for the errors it commits and for the utterances it conveys to the world; and shielded by this glorious right, many hurtful things are done. So thinking, we have no fear or hesitation in attacking sentiments which abuse the privilege; and while our paper, in all its parts, has only at heart the success of our cause, and the permanent triumph of the South, we feel

impelled to it in defence [sic] of that cause whose triumph we look forward to, and that Government whose general policy to this hour, we most heartily endorse.

We have a class amongst us known as *refugees*. They are from overawed Kentucky and Maryland, from overrun and desolated Tennessee and Missouri, and from other States of the Confederacy. These refugees are true hearts escaping from a merciless foe, with loss, in many instances, of all their worldly wealth. They deserve our kindest sympathies and assistance. They are citizens of some one of the nationalities comprising this young Confederacy; they are brothers in the same faith, struggling against a common enemy, and to meet the same destiny in the event of our discomfiture, and reap the same glorious benefits in our triumph. It is the duty of all of us, who still have our old homes, to meet with kindly smiles and warm hearts, all these brother wanderers—these citizens of the Confederacy. These citizens of other States of the South who come among us for temporary homes; many are fortunate in trade or speculation, and make money; many receive fine appointments under the Government; but they abstain from interference with the affairs of the community where they find a residence, assuming only the rights of a citizen at large, modestly refraining from dictating to us of Georgia, how our home affairs shall be conducted. This is, however, only the characteristic of the men of the South, be their birth place where it may.

But there is another class of *refugees*, it seems, who can lay no claim to the above definition.—How they can be refugees is a question we can not successfully demonstrate to ourselves. Originally a refugee was one who fled for safety, who asked protection. So careful were they of old of the sacred hospitality due this class who fled, they set apart certain places known as the cities of refuge, where they were safe from all harm or apprehension. This war has raised up a new signification, however, for this word. We understand its meaning to be those of one State of the South who flee to another for safety; and such are the only refugees we recognize. The word adventurer would better describe any other class. And when we say adventurer we speak in no manner with acrimony or disrespect. We have them here from almost every nationality. They generally make money; and no one can raise any reasonable objection to this, so long as they do not interfere with the affairs of the land where they find their temporary homes.

Vallandigham was a refugee or adventurer of this character. Although he was bitterly opposed to the policy of the Administration of the United States; and although he constantly claimed to be a citizen of the United States, yet he was forced to flee from the tyranny of his Government, and found a temporary abiding place with us. He came, however, modestly, he departed as he came, and kept his own counsel after he was gone. He was a high type of the refugee-adventurer.

There are others, however, who come who can not lay claim to this distinction. Men who are constantly speaking their woes and losses yonder, and imaginary persecutions here, in the Pharisee style, before the public and at the street corners; men who, without acknowledging citizenship, set up for the censors of the acts of *our* Government, and the conduct of *our* officials; men who assume the championship of State versus Confederacy, and cry aloud, lo! “a Daniel come to judgment;” men who, if citizens of the State or Confederacy, make reasonable objection to their course, raise the silly cry of persecution, and in the Furioso style, brandish the great goose quill and with theatrical pomp exclaim:

He who dares these boots displace,  
Must meet Bombastes face to face.

In fact, as we find, men who would incite a feeling of animosity and open warfare among

our own citizens, of different birthplaces, calling upon them, because of an imaginary insult from an individual, to resist the policy and acts of the Government which they assisted to create and which they have so nobly sustained.

*O! tempora, O! mores*, how thou art changed in a few short years!

If such men be refugees, why let them keep to the character and dignity of such; if they flee hither for protection (which we feel assured no one would fail to accord) let them at least not turn upon the Government and strike the hand that opens the gate of the refuge city, and denounce the giver of the protection. Gratitude, at least, though they *may* find faults and flaws should keep them silent, while that Government is in a life and death struggle, with a gigantic and barbarous enemy.

The liberty of the Press has no warmer advocate than we; no one more willing to raise a lance in its defense. It is the birth-right of freemen—the vehicle of independent and unrestrained thought. But the Press is responsible for the errors it commits, and for the utterances which it conveys to the world; and shielded by this glorious right, many hurtful things are done. It would have been an anomaly beyond precedent, had a British subject, in the last war between England and the United States, found refuge in this country, and, without renouncing his allegiance to Great Britain, and becoming a sworn citizen here, erected a Press, and commenced a systematic denunciation of the acts of the old Union. If such a thing would have been most ungracious to the people then, how much more so now, when the two sections of that old United States are engaged in dreadful war, and men who are refugees from one section for safety in the other, set themselves up as the public denouncers of the Government which gives them protection. While we admit that the comparison is not a good one, we cannot refrain from saying that such a thing taking place in the North, at any time in the past three years, the Southern man who gave forth the utterances would have been an inmate of Fort LaFayette or Delaware before the ink had dried on his first article. We are a freer people, however, than they, and our Government can stand up under more abuse; while the liberty of our Press is a liberty of greater latitude.

It would ill-become a citizen of South Carolina to set himself up in Georgia as the inquisitor to examine and chastize [sic] our faults; but when men come from beyond the Confederacy, and with that feeling of alienation which must necessarily somewhat embarrass every right-minded man, and conclude to take up the pen in public opposition to the Government, the protecting folds of whose aegis are thrown about them, they should, at least, fortify themselves by taking the oath of allegiance to that Government, and renounce all others. And this, that not even the idle or busy-bodied, the thoughtless or malignant, may have cause to suspect the motive of such ceaseless and censorious opposition.

*Verbum sat sapienti.*

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

Summary: Masonic Hall—Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Bates, assisted by Mr. Oliver Wren, will present scenes (in costume) from Shakespeare and Sheridan Knowles, with singing and a farce.

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

Chicory.

Just received, 4 bbls. prepared Chicory, (a substitute for Coffee,) at \$4.50 per lb., for sale  
by

M. M. Cohen & Co.

Shirting Calico.

Just received, Alexander Collie & Co's madder prints, warranted fast colors, for Shirts,  
for sale by

M. M. Cohen & Co.

Toweling.

Just received, Huckaback Towels, Nos. 243, 246, 247, 249, for sale by

M. M. Cohen & Co.

Children's Slippers.

Just received, Morocco Slippers for Children, for sale by

M. M. Cohen & Co.

Gentlemen's Scarfs [sic].

Just received, Gentlemen's Scarfs [sic]—White, Black, Orange, Yellow, Red, Green,  
Brown and Dove colored, for sale by

M. M. Cohen & Co.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 10, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

Exportation of Georgia Women by Sherman.—We read with much doubt the statement that Sherman had ordered all the factory girls at Roswell to be torn from their homes and sent north, first from the inhumanity of the act, and secondly, because we could see no good object to be accomplished by it. It turns out, however to be true, as will appear from the following despatch [sic] which is copied in the Yankee papers:

[“] Louisville , July 22.—Another instalment [sic] of fifty Confederate women, from Georgia, arrived here to-night. Three hundred and fifty more are reported at Nashville, and will be forwarded here on Tuesday next. They are to be sent out of the limits of the United States. [“]

The Autocrat of Russia or Sultan of Turkey, justly says the Richmond Sentinel, never perpetrated a more inhuman act than the above on helpless women. What is most remarkable, the Poles, whose countrywomen have been torn from their homes, and whole villages transported to Siberia, are found in the Yankee army, sustaining the perpetrators of such outrages.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 10, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

Georgia Ladies Imprisoned at Fortress Monroe.—The Mobile Advertiser says a lady of Mobile who, visiting her relatives at Norfolk, was thrown into prison at Fortress Monroe by Beat Butler, has been released. Among the ladies imprisoned there, she reports the names of Miss Amy P. Cornick and Miss Ramsey of Norfolk, and Miss Gudbee and Miss Kate Davidson, of Milledgeville. The friends of the two last, she believes, are ignorant of their situation.

From Atlanta.

A Glimpse, Picturesque and Critical at the Situation and the City. . . .  
[Special Correspondence of the Constitutionalist.]

Atlanta, August 3d, 1864.

. . . Not so with those unfortunate citizens of the town, most of them of the poorer classes, who have been compelled to remain. They have to face both the shells and the fear of starvation.— Few of them made any preparation for a siege; and the little produced by the truck patches within the city is rapidly disappearing before the rapacity of a great circle of nocturnal thieves.— These rogues do not confine their operations to dwellings which have been abandoned, but wander with pertinacious effrontery into every aperture which promises plunder. Between them and the bombardment the old burgh has fared roughly, and wears as wan and veiled [sic] an aspect as you'd see on a winter's day. Mangled shade trees, distrought [sic] flower beds, topsy-turvy summer houses. Some of the handsomest residences are so altered that their own masters would not know them. Great slices cut out of cornice work; chimneys torn away; roofs gaping with ugly rents and broad seams; trim porticos, where vines and honeysuckles hung in rich festoons, broken and blackened by powder and soot; and gardens, which once glittered with "lilly [sic], pink and jessmin [sic]," and were enclosed by pretty fencing, as shorn and wicketless as so many bits of waste common. The very streets stare at you mournfully and spectrally. Whitehall is as vacant as a house to let. The breezes, that "pause and die in the woodlands," roam up and down the broad, bare avenues like unhappy ghosts.— The sunshine pours its lonely rays upon deserted pavements. They vainly seek the giddy throng that whilom floated in fanciful mazes the promenades of Marietta and Peachtree. And at night the poor stars look feebly down upon—

--"the rocket's red glare,  
And bombs bursting in air,"

and seem to twinkle out a monody upon the vanity of human wishes, the instability of human society, and the fickle changes of fortune. Alas, the pomps and glories of this sinful world! Alas, the faded splendor of this once voluptuous city! I feel as I survey the scene from a pleasant window in a deserted dwelling, just in rear of the eastern fortifications—the window of a room once occupied by the cruel mistress of the heart of a poor young friend of mine—I feel as Goldsmith must have felt when he penned those sad itchings [sic] in verse to the memory of sweet Auburn, or as Moore must have felt when he sang that melancholy stave. I tread alone this banquet-hall deserted, and, something in the way of my little friend, the humped-back tyrant, can find no delight to pass away the time. I follow the course of the sun for very idleness; I watch the range of the shells out of amusement partly, and partly out of discretion, which is after all the better part of valor; I creep into the cupelo [sic] of the Female Institute and muse over the grand panorama illuminated by the rival beauties of a setting sun and a battery of siege guns—the glimmering spiers [sic], the darkling housetops, the misty ridges. I trace the meteoric bivouacs that blaze through the sky, and those less mysterious camp fires which flicker up from the gleaming, as Miss M. E. Braddon would say, and flash around the horizon like a circle of warlike fire flies; and I crawl down again about midnight, weary and bewildered and croaking like a frog—

"Where, oh where are the visions of morning,  
Fresh as the dews of our prime?"

Gone, like tenants that quit without warning  
Down the back-entry of time.”

Amid the confusion and the destruction, the loneliness and the weariness, there rises one inspiring figure. Early or late, or by the branding camp-fire or the sun's first ray, may be seen a tall spare form, with a single arm and a single leg, a youthful face and a beaming eye in the line of the front. It is Hood. . . .

Rest assured that all is well here. Pin your faith not only to Providence, but to the excellent condition of affairs. There is no demoralization, there is no want, there is no lack of ability to meet the enemy and to defeat him. Look cheerily upon the campaign as it moves onward, and never cease to hope. We are resolved to conquer or to die in these ditches.

Grape.

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

Quantrell, the Guerilla Chief.

The Houston Telegraph publishes a long and interesting sketch of the daring Confederate partizan [sic] chief, Captain W. C. Quantrell, from which we extract the following:

[“] The hero of fifty-six battles, in which men were killed and wounded on both sides, himself still living and wearing his laurels, is one on whom the world will look with an interest and admiration bordering upon devotion. Missourians may well feel proud of their distinguished chieftain and delight to honor him. His name bears a magic spell, and the sound of his splendid voice awakens the chivalry of the most obtuse of his fellow-citizens. In every locality in which his operations have called him, both men and women are his friends and admirers. His popularity is evidenced by the devotion of the people in naming their infant sons, Charlie Quantrell, and many a little Quantrell bears her name in honor of the chief, and destined in after years to tell the tale of his prowess in the field and chivalry on the border.

He has the happy faculty of binding the hearts of his friends to him and holding them in chains of love more devoted than those of adamant; and yet no one seems more unconscious of his power over his fellow-men than the modest blue eyed man, who, in times of peace, is gentle as a lamb, but in war, a furious, raging tiger. Notwithstanding his impetuous daring, he is never cruel, never ostentatious or boastful, never boisterous or commonplace, but always shows the polished, educated gentleman, mingled with the dignity of the matured chieftain. Educated at Washington City and Georgetown, he is perfectly *au fait* in etiquette of the drawing room, and of the *haut ton* of society. Descended from an old and aristocratic family, he possesses that consciousness of good breeding apparent in the best society of the east, and manifested in his acts of kindness and consideration towards all those less fortunate than himself.

I am led to these remarks because many seem to think that the guerrilla chief, the hero of so many bloody battles must necessarily be a man of bloody instincts, stained with more or less of cruelty; but far from it; he sleeps as quietly and smiles as sweetly as though he had never slain a Yankee, nor bushwhacked it for nearly three years.[“]

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

Summary: Masonic Hall—Scenes from Shakspeare [sic] and Knowles, with singing, and the comic interlude of “A Most Unwarrantable Intrusion;” Wednesday—balcony scene from

“Romeo and Juliet” followed by scenes from “Hunchback;” song, ballad, and concludes with “A Most Unwarrantable Intrusion”

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

Correspondence of the Macon Confederate.  
Wheeler’s Pursuit and Capture of Raiders.

Newnan, Ga., August 1, 1864.

Gen. Wheeler intercepted the raiders moving from Decatur in the direction of the Macon & Western Railroad and caused them to return to the army. While there, sixteen miles from Jonesborro [sic], he heard that the enemy were within a few miles of the latter place. He left a small force to hold them in check, and with the remainder of his command went in pursuit of the party which had crossed from below the left of the army after night. He overtook them and hurriedly pressed on to get in the rear of the main column. About midnight he came up with the rear guard attempting to destroy a bridge. Gen. Wheeler hurriedly brought up his escort (dismounted) and prevented further injury to the bridge until he could get up fifty men from the 4<sup>th</sup> Tennessee, who, together with the escort, drove them away, and continued the pursuit until daylight, when he again struck their rear guard behind breastwords [sic]. He sent forward the 4<sup>th</sup> Tennessee dismounted in front and two squadrons of the 8<sup>th</sup> Texas mounted on each flank. He ordered a charge and captured one hundred and killed fifty of the rear guard, which stampeded the entire command.

General Wheeler was unable to overtake them (his horses were so jaded) until near Newnan. At Newnan their advance met Gen. Roddy’s command and were repulsed. Gen. Wheeler was soon up and finding their line, dismounted the 4<sup>th</sup> Tennessee and 8<sup>th</sup> Texas Regiments and charged the enemy’s flank driving him pell mell. Gen. Ross very promptly formed his brigade and charged too. A force of the enemy’s cavalry were into our horses, but General Wheeler and General Ross, with Ross’ brigade, 4<sup>th</sup> Tennessee and 8<sup>th</sup> Texas, charged, and drove them off capturing many horses. The line was again moved forward, and the 1<sup>st</sup> and 59<sup>th</sup> Tennessee under Colonel Wheeler, charged, stampeded and caused them to throw away arms &c., for a mile. The entire command started in a gallop for the river—Gen. Wheeler started with his entire force to pursue, but the horses were so exhausted, not having forage for ten days before he started after the raid, that they could not travel. He sent Col. Hobson with the 3d Arkansas and 5<sup>th</sup> Tennessee to our ford, and ordered Col. Bird with a portion of the Confederate brigade to pursue in their rear. Hobson captured over a hundred prisoners and killed a great number, stampeding the whole force and running them into the river. Col. Bird caught up just as the rear was crossing the river and captured a number of horses.

The results are between three and four hundred killed—eight hundred prisoners, two pieces of artillery, twelve ambulances, one thousand horses, arms, equipments, &c., including all their baggage captured, and released three hundred prisoners captured at Fayetteville, and McCook’s whole force of 3,000, except those killed and captured and five hundred who were scattered in the woods escaped. This success is one of the most brilliant of the war, and the citizens of Newnan seem delighted at their deliverance. The indomitable energy of Gen. Wheeler in pressing on after them night and day is due the deliverance of the people of Newnan and the destruction of McCook’s command.

Gen. Roddy, with his dismounted men, prevented the enemy passing through town. Gen.

Harris and Ross's men were distinguished for their gallantry. Although every one nobly did their duty, Colonels Ashby, Wheeler, Lewis, Cook and Anderson, and Major Christian were conspicuous. Private Bassett, of the 8<sup>th</sup> Texas, was conspicuous for his gallantry.

Alabama.

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

Indian Physic.

I desire to purchase one thousand pounds of the dried roots of the "Indian Physic," (Gillenia Trifoliota,) to be delivered at my office, No. 278 Broad street, or to Mr. W. H. Barnes Special Agent.

Geo. S. Blackie,  
Surgeon and Medical Purveyor,  
5<sup>th</sup> Depot.

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

Wanted.

I wish to purchase for the use of the Hospitals of the Army of Tennessee Scraped Lint and Linen Rags, to be used for dressings &c. A liberal price will be paid for them, delivered at my office, No. 277 Broad Street.

George S. Blackie,  
Surgeon and Medical Purveyor, 5<sup>th</sup> Department and Army of Tennessee.

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

We are in receipt of a little article setting forth the praises of certain fair and charitable ladies of this city, accompanied by a request that we publish. In the sentiments of our correspondent—an officer in the army—we thoroughly concur and can well understand that feeling of enthusiastic admiration prompting his request, but we trust a moments reflection will show him that were we to attempt to record even a tithe of the good deeds of those the ministering angels, the whole of our twenty columns would be insufficient for the glorious narration. Then, too, our correspondent mentions names, and we cannot but think the ladies he alludes to would shrink from their publication. It is enough for them to know that those names are written on the hearts of all who know them here and glisten in the lustre [sic] of meritorious works on the pages of that Angel who records the beneficence [sic] of humanity.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 11, 1864, p. 2, c. 5  
Summary: Masonic Hall—Scenes from "Camille"; singing; "Swiss Cottage."

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

Seamstresses Wanted  
to  
Make Shirts.

Apply to

N. A. Cohen,  
135 Broad Street.  
Opposite Monument st.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 12, 1864, p. 2, c. 5  
Summary: Masonic Hall—Scenes from “Camille”; comic song; “Swiss Cottage”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 12, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

Whittemore Patent  
Cotton Cards.

Just received, Whittemore Patent No. 10 Cotton Cards, mounted, at a reduced price, for sale by

M. M. Cohen & Co.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 12, 1864, p. 2, c. 4

Durham Mustard.

Just Received, Colman’s Durham Mustard, in half lb. cans, for sale by

M. M. Cohen & Co.

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

Cotton as a Substitute for Lint:--Dr. Nott, of Mobile recommends cotton as a substitute for lint, in hospitals for the following reasons:

1. Its abundance, cheapness and general dissemination.
2. Its value in padding splints, where there are fractures to be treated.
3. Cotton has always been used as a soothing dressing to burns, when the inflammation is of the highest possible grade.
4. I have used for twenty years, dressing stumps, wounds, of all kinds, including gunshot, cotton and lint, indiscriminately, and could never see any difference, where both articles were good.
5. Buggrave, Surgeon to the King of Belgium, has written a volume on the advantages of cotton dressing, and other surgeons in Europe recommend it.
6. Under the name of patent lint, surgeons have been using, for many years, a kind of flimsy cotton flannel, which is nothing but cotton; and the profession has, therefore, fully sanctioned its use.

When I was Medical Director of Gen. Bragg’s army, at Corinth, I had the hospitals freely supplied with cotton; and after the battle of Shiloh, it was almost entirely substituted for lint, and answered all the indications.

With the exception of Dr. Stone, of New Orleans, I believe I have done more operative surgery during the last thirty years, than any man South of the Potomac; and my experience is too conclusive, to my own mind at least, as to the value of cotton. I do not hesitate to say that I would prefer really well made, fine charpie for general use as a dressing if I could get it in abundance, but the cotton answers so well that it is ridiculous to keep our ladies wasting their

time in scraping lint. Most of the lint sent to the army is very coarse, and far inferior to good cotton.

There are certain ideas which seize on the world and which cannot be eradicated; such as bleeding after concussions, putting irritating substances into fresh wounds to make them heal; tying up the wool on a negro's head to draw his palate up, &c. So is the prejudice about cotton, which I hope you may do much towards eradicating.

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

### Yankee Warfare in Mississippi [sic].

We have been permitted to make some extracts from a letter, written by a lady, near Port Gibson, Miss., to her son, an officer on duty here. It gives a terrible account of their condition in that section of the country, subjected to all the horrors of constant incursions by the enemy. Port Gibson is eight miles from the Mississippi river, and thirty-eight miles South of Vicksburg:

July 21<sup>st</sup>, 1864.

“You[r] last letter was received twenty days after it was written. I was glad you had heard from your prisoner brothers—we can hear nothing—all communication is stopped. The gunboat at Grand Gulf has over a hundred letters, and will not let us have them, nor will they send any for us. I fear the boys are suffering; you must write them often. You speak of the 4<sup>th</sup> of July. On that day a severe battle was fought out here, at Mr. Coleman's, and at the same time we could hear, all day, the booming of cannon around Clinton and the Big Black. The 4<sup>th</sup> of July is the Yankee carnival [sic] of blood. On the 7<sup>th</sup>, we had a fight here in town. Several Yankees were killed. On the 14<sup>th</sup> inst., however, we were completely surprised. The enemy came in on three roads from Jackson—cavalry and infantry—two large brigades being negroes. I can hardly write. I am heart-sick. We suffered nothing when Grant's army went through, in comparison to what we have this time. They camped here, just at Parkers', Gen. Ellett'[s] headquarters at Parkers', and Gen. Slocum's in town. All the first day they were in the yard, killing and cooking my chickens, and everything else they could seize—fruits, corn, and so on. Winfield got frightened and ran to the woods. I had no one with me but Mrs. Merrifield's two little boys, and they sat and cried most all the time. I asked twenty officers for a guard, but could not get one till night. I sat up the whole night in great anxiety, fearful for Winfield, as the child had foolishly ran off with your gun, and the negroes told me they had taken him—but he escaped. At daylight the guard left, and we soon heard the drum of the infantry coming down the road, and all negroes at that. I begged of the guard to stay, he promised to return, but as great a villian [sic] as the rest, he only returned when the negroes came to rob and plunder. They stacked arms in our lane, and then commenced such a time, the good Lord grant you may never witness. They first finished the chickens and other fowls, then broke upon the smoke-house, took every mouthful of meat, all the lard they could, turning the rest on the floor, pouring the vinegar over that and then threw a box of lime over it all, took the soap and the salt and all the tools, broke open the cottage, cut the cloth out of the loom, broke everything belonging to it, all the spinning wheels, all the milk crocks, all the jars, everything in the cottage—then for the house. I had it locked up and had gone to the front gate to try and beseech some officer to stop them. Little Merrifield came and said the parlor was full of them. I ran in and implored them to go out, but was rudely pushed aside, and they ran from room to room, like fiends, all over the house, taking everything they wanted. Up-stairs was full of them; I dared not to go up there. They stripped every bed. Then to

your sister's room, broke open five trunks and all the bureau and stand drawers. They had a great time getting your box of papers open; they thought they had it all in that box. But as the Lord would have it, about this time our own gallant soldiers made their appearance, and such a scampering then,—The infantry all started for the river, but the cavalry met and fought us just above here.—Seven Yankees were killed, and they fled through our corn fields, our men only about ten minutes behind them. The Yankees were in line of battle for three hours between our house and Magruder's, but unfortunately only a few of our men had come up. They had followed all the way from Jackson.

They have left, our men watching their movements; no telling how soon they will be back—the Lord grant never, but I am thankful it is no worse. Here is war, war, the horrors of war.

Many negroes left, as the Yankees had a large wagon train to take them. I thought at one time all the balance of ours would go, but none left except old Mose. We are all in confusion.—On Saturday, the 16<sup>th</sup>, after they had left here, we were with nothing in the world to cook for breakfast. Lans (negro man) borrowed some meal, killed a pig, and went and got up the cows and calves we had turned out to save, and we have commenced to live again. All the stores in town were robbed, and both drug stores destroyed. Others have suffered much, but not so much in their houses as we. Be thankful your wife is not in Yankee clutches. God grant you may never be in their power.

They have taken all your books here, all the bed clothes, the meat, corn, lard, salt, vinegar, silk dresses, linen, china vases, pincushions, muslin dresses, five trunks of clothes, window curtains, breastpin, silver candlesticks, cups, plates, buckets, pots, tools, chickens, geese, turkeys, ducks, pigs, horses, bee gums, parlor ornaments, and I know not what.

Write to your brothers in prison.

Your mother,

-----.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 13, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

#### The McCook Raiders.

A correspondent of the Rebel, writing from Newnan, Ga., furnishes that paper with the following account of the McCook raid, which came to grief at the hands of Gen. Roddy and his gallant followers: . . . Many of the citizens witnessed the fighting on Saturday, and all bear testimony to the gallantry of the men in the fight, but all equally concur in the unpleasant admission, forced by a painful knowledge of the fact, that the general in command, handled only the willing, while the unwilling and the slow soldier were away from their command, and these with seeming impunity loitered about until the field was abandoned by the enemy, and until the surrender was made, and then from all quarters they flocked to the field for a share of the spoils. Many of them carried away led horses, besides saddles and bundles. All of which they are proposing with seeming impunity, and in the most public manner to trade off. The citizens are suffering immensely from these men, some of whom tolled away their horses in their presence.

A reference is here made to these facts because the writer entertains the painful but conscientious conviction, that if cavalry commanders cannot, or will not hold their commands *in tact* and command them, they will be utterly ruined as commands.

I have no general criticism to make about the cavalry. Many of them are splendid

soldiers, and, in my opinion, if well handled and made to obey orders, they would be the best cavalry the world has ever seen.

One feature of this raid should be mentioned. The negroes almost unanimously fled and hid from the Yankees, not one in a thousand exhibiting any fondness for his Yankee friend, who says to him, I will call you brother if you will do my fighting.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 14, 1864, p. 2, c. 5  
Summary: Masonic Hall—Scenes from “Ingomar;” comic song; “Morning Call”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 14, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

English Bareges  
at Half Price.

500 Y’ds Black and White Barege suitable for half mourning, at \$6 per yard, former price \$12.  
At the

Charleston Store,  
Under Southern States Hotel.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 14, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Great Reduction.

Our entire Stock of Mourning Lawns and Organdies reduced to Five Dollars per yard, former price Twelve.

Charleston Store,  
Under Southern States Hotel.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 16, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

\$500 Reward!

The above reward will be paid for the discovery of the person, or persons, who left, or caused to be left, an Infant, at the door of the Augusta Orphan Asylum yesterday morning.

A. Gould,  
Pres’t Orphan Asylum.

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

Another Explosion.—We learn from the Democrat, that the “N. C. Powder Mill,” located twelve miles from Charlotte, near the Tuckaseegee Ford, was again blown up last Thursday. Three more—one white man and two mulattoes were blown up in the Mill. The white man, Abernathy, and one of the negroes, were killed. Others were badly and probably mortally injured. It has been but a short time since the Mill was put in operation after the first blowing up.

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

To Refugees,  
and  
Soldiers, from Tennessee .

There will be an Election held for Congressmen for the Eleventh Congressional District of Tennessee, on Thursday next, the 18<sup>th</sup> inst., at the Southern States Hotel. Tennesseans are requested to come forward and vote.

Polls will be open from 10 A.M., till 4 P.M.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 18, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

A Female Mallady [sic].—A re-union with an old friend with whom we campaigned several years ago, has brought to mind many pleasant memories. One of the most laughable and ridiculous was one that occurred to Maj. John L. Morgan, Quartermaster in this city. At Fort ---, where he was stationed, Indians visited constantly and in large numbers, making the place a familiar rendezvous. One evening the Major received from the Post office Department a large supply of Uncle Sam's postage stamps, which he placed in a box in his quarters. These Indians were in the habit of going where they pleased, and appropriating anything that took their fancy. That evening, whilst the Major was absent on the parade ground, an Indian squaw, in prowling about the quarters, discovered the postage stamps. These creatures were not very luxurious or fastidious in their habits of dress, yet they would wear all the finery they could pile on. This squaw especially, whether because of poverty or choice, seldom wore any article of dress except a few brass finger and earrings.

In a few minutes she appeared on the parade ground with her naked body completely covered with United States postage stamps, admiring herself with much gusto. Screams of laughter greeted her appearance. The Major rushed to his quarters and discovered his loss, but he consoled himself by proposing that if she wished to be mailed, she should go through, as she was pre-paid to her full weight.—Atlanta Intel.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 18, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Masonic Hall—The Palmetto Band, (Attached to the Battalion of Local Troops,) will give a grand instrumental concert, August 22

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 20, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

Books for Soldiers.—For the information of those who desire to procure suitable reading matter for distribution among our soldiers, we call the attention of our dealers to the following works prepared by the Rev. C. T. Quintard, well known for successful experience as a Chaplain in the Army of Tennessee.

“Balm for the Weary and the Wounded,” is made up of choice extracts from pious writers, gems of sacred poetry, and practical directions, all designed to teach the sick and sorrowing, the art of wisely improving their trials and affections.

“The Confederate Soldier's Pocket Manual,” consists of religious meditations, prayers, and hymns, selected with immediate reference to the wants of such as are becoming interested in the doctrines and duties of the Christian life.

These works can be obtained at the Rectory of St. Paul's Church, No. 10 Bay street, Augusta. The former at \$80, the latter at \$40 per hundred. Single copies respectively \$1 and 50cts.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 20, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

The ladies who gave the entertainment on yesterday at Col. Davison's Grove take pleasure in acknowledging the liberal contributions sent to them to furnish the refreshment tables—grab-bag, &c., and mention in particular, the case of Miss Lizzie Munnerlyn, aged 10 years, who presented her magnificent wax doll, which added \$135 to the fund. The amount realized will exceed \$1000, and will be appropriated for such articles of food and other necessaries as the wounded and sick soldiers most need, and will be dispensed to them in person by the association.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 21, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

Praiseworthy.—The Edgefield Advertiser in a commendable spirit urges upon the fair women of Edgefield and vicinity, the necessity of preparing an hospital for convalescent soldiers. We know of no more appropriate place than Edgefield for an [sic] hospital, and we hope that our fair friends on the other side will persevere in the good work until their patriotic undertading [sic] meets with success.

The Advertiser says:

[“]Several ladies of our community, with a perseverance and devotion which reflect upon them the utmost credit, as getting ready a hospital for convalescent soldiers. These soldiers will come to them from the neighboring city of Augusta. The surgeons in charge of hospitals there, applaud heartily the design of these ladies, assure them their efforts are by no means unnecessary or superfluous, and promise to co-operate with them to the full extent of their ability, in this noble undertaking. Let none among us, therefore, pronounce this noble project of our patriotic women, impossible, impracticable or illadvised [sic]. It is very possible, very practicable, and very well considered. Where there is a will there is a way; and whoever has not the will to help our soldiers ought to be liberally and figuratively branded. On the contrary, let every one strive to do his utmost towards the furtherance and success of this hospital. Let not the men sit down idly and leave the ladies to work alone. The lives of our brave men should be preserved by every possible means—and in every possible place. The present is not a time for honied [sic] words or ear-pleasing epithets, but every citizen should speak plainly on matters requiring attention in the department to which he may belong.

And you, ye women of Edgefield, do you need incentives? Contemplate yourselves and your children for a moment. Do you need precedent? We point you to a well-born, fair-haired English girl, and hundreds of high-bred English ladies, at the heads or connected with the nursing departments, organized by her, of military hospitals, and many eleemosynary institutions in the British Isles. The name of Florence Nightingale causes the blood to leap joyously, as it warms the heart and mounts to the brain of the lover of his race. It is immortal. It is the name of an angel that has a temporary residence in one of the most lovely of mortal forms. The present time is exceedingly favorable to the development of other Florence Nightingales. Let our loved soldiers have the ministrations of as many as possible.[“] Let our friends of the Adviser keep the matter before the public, and we feel assured that the noble women of old Edgefield will not fail in the accomplishment of the praiseworthy object which they have inaugurated.

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

Potato Fly.

I wish to purchase a quantity of the "Potato Fly." They are found in the morning and evening, and are collected by shaking them from the plant in hot water, after which they are carefully dried in the sun.

See "Resources of Southern Fields and Forests," by Surgeon F. Peyre Porcher.

George S. Blackie,

Surgeon & Medical Purveyor, 5<sup>th</sup> Depot.

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

Price Current for the Dead  
For To-Day.

Pine Coffin.....	\$600 00
Walling Grave.....	300 00
Dressed Lumber, per thousand feet.....	150 00
Bricks per thousand.....	125 00

Am Still Living.

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

Wood for the Poor.—The eloquent and stirring appeal of His Honor Mayor May to the charitable of our community to assist, by liberal contributions, in the purchase of wood for the poor of this city, should, as we feel sure it will, meet with a hearty, prompt, and liberal response. The poor we have always with us; and to provide for them is a duty incumbent upon us. To feed the starving, clothe the naked, and to warm the freezing, are acts of charity, which become our duties to perform, and which, properly performed, give satisfaction to our minds, and bring down the blessing of Heaven upon us, for "God loves the cheerful giver." This duty is more urgent upon us, when we consider that many of these poor, thus dependent upon the liberality of the public for the necessaries of life, or the families of brave men who are periling life and all that is dear in defence [sic] of Southern Independence, many of them refugees from yankee cruelty and tyranny. These must not be permitted to suffer. Our worthy Mayor has done much already for these unfortunate classes of our community, and his appeal now, which will be found in this day's paper, to the public to contribute funds to aid in the purchase of wood for the poor, will, we are certain, meet with such a liberal response as will make the friends of the needy glad with cheerful warmth, during the coming winter, and blessing alike the giver as well as the recipient.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 24, 1864, p. 3, c. 2

To the Public.

It affords me the highest gratification to bear witness to the many acts of liberality which have been performed from the commencement of the present war by those of the people of Augusta and the surrounding country, who are peculiarly able [sic?] towards our soldiers in the field, the camp and hospitals, their needy families at home, and the destitute of our city.—The spirit of self-denial in this time of distress which has been practiced by many of the wealthiest of our citizens; the uncompromising determination to exert every energy in the cause of a bleeding country which has continually been evinced by those whom physical disability for active service

is too patent to admit of cavil; the wonderful sacrifice which has been manifested by all classes of both sexes from the youth of tender age to the aged citizen whose trembling limbs can scarcely support him on his daily mission of relief, are all unmistakable proofs of the justice of a cause, which though long in obtaining signal and final success, must ultimately command it.

To secure a ready assistance of a people thus animated, it is only necessary to point out proper objects. These objects, I regret to say, are steadily increasing among us; requiring the exercise of our largest benevolence. Up to this period the contributions of those in a condition to afford aid, have been frequent and cheerfully made. This spirit of charity is still unflagging, as the hearts of thousands who, unaided, would have been wholly [sic] unable to procure the means of existence, delight to proclaim.

During the winter now approaching great suffering much inevitably be experienced by the poor families of soldiers and the indigent of our city on account of the scarcity and high price of wood. The population of Augusta has probably doubled within the last four months; a large number of people have fled from different sections of the State to us as a refuge from the oppression of the foe now upon our soil; and they are entitled to our warmest sympathies and our helping hands, many of them are entirely destitute unable to procure the necessaries of life or sufficient shelter for themselves and their dependants [sic], and wholly unprovided with the means to meet the requirements of winter. Stripped, as they have been, of their all, it is incumbent upon us to come to their relief. This we shall have, in addition to our own poor. The City Council with its accustomed liberality, has made arrangements for a considerable supply of fuel, but a great deal will remain to be done by private contributions.

I therefore respectfully call the attention of the public to this subject while there is time before us, and earnestly solicit the donations of all who are disposed and able to furnish means. We must relieve the distress we shall have among us to the utmost of our ability. We must do partial justice to the brave men who are now engaged in fighting our battles by seeing that their families are not allowed to want. We must, so long as necessity exists, feed, clothe, and warm the helpless wives and children of men who have gone forth to conquer in our behalf, trusting their dearest earthly treasures to our keeping. We must cheer the hearts of those who have sought an asylum among us, and encourage them to patiently await the day when their beloved homes will be delivered from the presence of the enemy, and once more smile upon them with peace and fertility. We must give from our abundance to the indigent, whose lot, always hard, is now almost intolerable, and will be truly harrowing when the cold blasts of winter are upon the land.

I will be greatly obliged for speedy contributions for the purpose of procuring wood. There is but little time to spare as a large supply will have to be contracted for, and the necessary arrangements for delivery, transportation, &c., perfected. All amounts received will be promptly acknowledged by me.

R. H. May, Mayor.

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

#### Pulling Fodder.

Fodder, compared with oats or good hay, makes but an indifferent feed for working horses, but since farmers think differently, they should, at least see that it be properly saved. Those who have had occasion to purchase fodder, must have noticed how little they buy is really

good. Of course, the reason for this is, the leaves are put in the stack before they are half cured, which causes the fodder to mould [sic], and when this has taken place it is totally unfit for feeding purposes. To provide against the evil, the hands should be cautioned not to bind the bundles too tightly; and never have the fodder housed, till the cure is complete *in the bind*, which will not be the case under three or four days if the fodder is any way heavy. If rain should prevail during pulling time, it will not injure fodder recently pulled, but endeavor not to let it fall on that which has been cured, as it will turn it black, and thereby render it worthless. If possible, store the fodder in barns instead of stacking in fields.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 27, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

Tired of His Boarding House.—Asa Hartz, advertises from Johnson's Island, in a Northern journal, for a substitute to take his place in the military prison there:

Wanted, a substitute to stay here in my place. He must be thirty years old; have a good moral character; all digestive powers, and not addicted to writing poetry. To such an [sic] one all the advantages of a strict retirement, army rations and unmitigated watchfulness to prevent them from getting lost, are offered for an indefinite period. Address me at Block 1, Room 12, Johnson's Island, Military prison, at any time for the next three years, enclosing half a dozen postage stamps.

Asa Hartz.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 27, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

We desire, through this mention, to return thanks to the ladies and gentlemen who so liberally patronized our "Children's Tableaux," given at Mrs. Blodget's on Thursday evening. The receipts of the evening amounted to four hundred and five dollars, which will be distributed by Mrs. Blodget in relieving the sick and wounded soldiers in St. Peter's Ward, Academy Hospital. Although "little folks" we are even ready to do what we can in this good cause.

Nannie Ells,  
Lilla Robert,  
Hindela Whitehead,  
Susie Robert,  
Committee.

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

Death of a Good Man.—It is with a feeling of earnest regret, we learn, that Mr. James M. Gray, of the Clothing Bureau in this city died this morning at half past 3 o'clock.

Mr. Gray was a detailed soldier from the 5<sup>th</sup> Kentucky Regiment of cavalry, and has been the Book keeper of the C. S. Clothing Depot in this place, since its establishment by Maj. Bridewell in November 1862. His kind and gentlemanly course, his christian character, his perfect integrity, his capacity for, and constant attention to his business, endeared him to all; and made him friends everywhere, and to none more than to the officer and men with whom his daily life has been past [sic], for the last two years, and to them and the Government his loss is most severe.

We learn that Mr. Gray leaves a wife and three children in Kentucky to mourn his untimely end.

He will be buried to-morrow afternoon—the funeral services at the Presbyterian church.

From Atlanta . . .  
[Special Correspondence of the Constitutionalist.]

In the Trenches, Atlanta, }  
Tuesday night, Aug. 23d. }

Messrs. Editors:--I write you by a bright firelight, created partly by a collection of pineknots, which some of the "newish" (that is to say, the militia) have collected, and a burning wooden building about a quarter of a mile back of the works, which has been set a fire, and casts a bright glare over my shoulders. I will try and jot down a few points, and if they prove illegible, will copy them off early to-morrow morning. I have no great amount of news, but am lonesome and have been suddenly seized with the itch of composition. . . .

The shelling still goes on. "The murder of the innocents"—bids fair to be one of the most poignant tragedies of modern times—night and day it is unabated, one continuous explosion of forty pound spherical case balls.

Can you imagine anything more brutal than the bombardment of a city, crowded with poor people, who are unable to get away, and are forced by their poverty to remain and to suffer? Bear in mind that this bombardment is not pretended even by the enemy to bear upon the military situation one bullet's weight. There are no stores to destroy; the soldiers are all in the trenches, and the thousands of shells thrown into harmless dwellings cannot possibly effect the reduction of the city. The motive is one of petty spite, the spite of cowards, who dare not attack our lines and wreak their disappointment upon women and children.

What a commentary upon this cruel depravity is their cessation of fire on Sunday out of respect to the day of the Lord! The miserable, puritan hypocrites! No sooner does the dawn of Monday proclaim the beginning of a new week, than they open with fresh energy their work of murder.

But they add insult to injury, when with the cant of the devil upon their lips, they deny that their shots are directed towards the town.

Day before yesterday, a party of ladies, who had obtained passes, crossed the lines and approached the Yankee pickets. They were halted, detained all day, and sent back. In the course of a conversation with one of the Federal artillerists, one of the ladies said she was afraid of the shells, and hence desired to get out of Atlanta." "You need not alarm yourself, for none of them are aimed at the city." The lady gave him an indignant look to show him that she knew he was a liar, as well as an assassin, and replied: "Then you must be a very poor set of marksmen, for every one of your shots fall in the heart of the town, killing women and children every day." The Yankee cur still pretended to deny a fact which is perfectly unquestionable.

The Journalists of Atlanta—and if I do say it that ought not to say it, a rare set they were in their own peculiar way—are dispersed in every quarter. My excellent friend, J. Washington Bricks, which if spelled out means John E. Hatcher, a bright humorist, a tender poet and genial gentleman Editor of the "Register" has gone to the land of forest and corn, that is to North Mississippi. Dumble, with the courage of a hero, who withstands the shells as resolutely as the ravages of ill-health, is still here, and runs the "Appeal Extra." John Happy, Waterson and Baker, a trio of inseparables are also to be seen with wizzard [sic] tread accurately determining the range of the shells as they peregrinate [sic] the haunts of old associations, and sigh for the pretty faces of Marietta and Peachtree, and the excellent vintage of Signor Cora. Genial, big

hearted John H. Stute is in Macon. He and Dr. Nagle are engineering the “Intelligence” there. Mr. Watson, of the “Confederacy,” a man of very decided genius, whose poetical merit is just beginning to be appreciated in the South, is busily engaged at the some [sic?] point over news columns and political leaders. The “Register” corps excepting Mr. Hatcher, has gone to Augusta. The offices of the old establishment are pretty thoroughly “done for.” The Register office is represented by a pile of blackened brick. It was burnt to the ground a month ago. The Confederacy had its flag staff cut away by a shell, and several tokens of attention through its front. The Intelligencer is thoroughly used up, powder stained and bullet riddled. The Appeal building is also shot through and through. Indeed the press of Atlanta has suffered as severely, if not more so, as any other institution of the city.

Lavengro.

. . . Meanwhile affairs in the city remain in their usual condition. Shells all night, shells all day, shells for breakfast, dinner and tea, shells—

“For all hours and all sort of weather”

so that I am tempted to exclaim with one of our older bards a little altered—

“Tell me ye winged winds,

That round my pathway roar—

Is there not

Some favored spot

Where Yankees shell no more.”

Last night a large cotton warehouse (McDaniel’s) was burnt, with 500 bales of cotton. Also a wooden dwelling, near the State Road Machine Shop. These conflagrations are very beautiful. They mingle uniquely with the explosion of the shells. The fire brigade works manfully under a raking cannonade. . . .

Grape.

Atlanta, Aug. 26<sup>th</sup>, 1864.

The vandals in front of us having failed to take the city by fair means, and in open combat are resorting to the last expedient of a baffled, unprincipled and disconsolate bully—that of its destruction by fire. Within the past four and twenty hours as many as nine buildings have touched the ground, and are now visible only in smouldering [sic] walls and charred ruins. During these conflagrations the Yankee batteries played vigorously among the fire battalion. They obtained the range by the clouds of smoke and flame and had nothing more noble to do than to drop their shells in among the humane non-combatants at their work of charity, and the frightened and houseless women and children fleeing from the wrath of the two fierce and consuming enemies. Can anything be more typical of the desperation of the ruffians who came here under the illusion of winning an easy victory, or the infamy of the universal Yankee nation? It is a perfect slybald [sic] of the fear of the intolerable wretch who commands them. Sherman, who said that the waistcoat of God Almighty was not big enough to make him a coat, supports his pretensions [sic] to the character indicated by this blasphemy in every conceivable way, and rolls up mountain upon mountains of guilt every hour that he inspires the breath of life. Of all the Yankee Generals he is the poorest, the vainest, the meanest. He is without honor as a man, or conscience as a human being. His wit, by which he sets great store, is that of a Dutch dissenting class leader, his wisdom that of a circus clown, his temper that of Meg Merriles, his honesty that of Ananias and Sapphira, his ambition that of Beast Butler, and his appearance and manners

those of Uriah Keep. His fate will be upon the earth wreck and ruin, the exposure of his littleness and puppiness, the disgrace of his military pretensions and the discomfiture of all his schemes; in the world to come—though I judged not let I be judged—you can imagine what awards will be assigned to a villain, who not content with insulting the purity of womanhood and assailing the innocence of children, points his blasphemous tongue like a hissing adder in the face of his Maker. Ugh! what a disgust the things inspires [sic]! A paltry villian [sic], a currish knave, the very Fawkes of society, the situs cates of war, a dull sharper, a cheat and shame upon the name of soldier, the very embodiment of an ill-begotten, ill-bred and destined caterpillar [sic], clinging only to sloth and milldew [sic], climbing no higher than the scum of a rank and putrid atmosphere.

Last night a shell, a forty-two pounder, struck the Presbyterian Church. It passed through the pulpit and floor into the basement, or Sunday school room, where a number of citizens had sought refuge. Here it exploded. The scene which followed was frightful. Several were hurt and one poor fellow had his arm shot off. . .

Grape.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 28, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Wanted to Purchase.

Office of the Kalmia Mill,  
Columbia, August 26, 1864.

I wish to purchase for the Kalmia Mills—

Mules,

Oxen,

Harness,

Wagons,

Bar Iron,

Nails,

Spade,

Circular Saws,

Shovels,

Axes,

Hammers,

Hand Saws,

Corn,

Peas,

Bacon,

Rice, &c.

Also,

Two Saw Mills, with Saws, Engines, Boiler, Truck, &c., or any part of them.

I also wish to hire Two Hundred Negro Men, Carpenters, Bricklayers, Stone Masons, Axmen, Teamsters and Laborers, for which the highest wages will be paid, and the men well fed and furnished with comfortable quarters.

The Kalmia Mills are being constructed in Edgefield District, seven miles from Aiken, on the line of the South Carolina Railroad, which location is both safe and healthy.

Benjamin F. Evans,  
President.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 28, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Silk Velvet Ribbon.  
Just Received,

A Choice lot of fine narrow Silk Velvet Ribbon. For sale by

M. M. Cohen & Co.

Zephyr Wool.  
Just Received,

Zephyr Wool;  
Blue, Yellow, Solferino;  
Magenta—White and Black.

For sale by  
M. M. Cohen & Co.  
Toilet Soaps.  
Just Received.

8 Dozen Scented Soaps, namely:  
Old Brown Windsor;  
Phillipson & Son's Double Scents;  
Webbs & Co.'s Family Toilet Soap;  
Savon Surfine;  
Walnut Oil Military Shaving Soap.

For sale by  
M. M. Cohen & Co.

Superior Candles.  
Just Received,

Neva Stearnie [sic] Prize Medal Candles.  
Warranted 16 oz. net weight.  
For sale by box or pound by

M. M. Cohen & Co.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 28, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

New Music.

La Perle du Nord Mazurka,  
Mazurka de Traineaux,  
Ever of Thee (Variations,)  
La Pluce de Perles,

Ascher,  
Ascher,  
Grobe,  
Oesten,



DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 30, 1864, p. 2, c. 3  
Engineer Depot, }  
Augusta, Ga., }  
August 19, 1864. }

Estimates are solicited for the manufacture of One Thousand (1000) Wheelbarrows, to be of well seasoned timber and iron bound.

For particulars apply to

D. G. Purse,  
Capt. & M. S. K.  
In Charge Depot.

aug 19

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 30, 1864, p. 2, c. 5  
Summary: Masonic Hall—Palmetto Band will give instrumental and vocal concert on Sept 1<sup>st</sup>.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 30, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

To Cap Makers.

Wanted, two hands to make Military and Citizens Caps. None but first-rate hands need apply.  
L. Loeser & co.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 30, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

The Atlanta Register.—This excellent journal, formerly published in Atlanta, but compelled to leave that unfortunate city, in consequence of the proximity of the Yankees, is now published in our city. The first number was issued yesterday afternoon.

The Register has our good wishes.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 30, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

Why ain't you with your regiment?

“Oh, I'm sick; I've got something the matter with my liver.

Ah, yes; it is white?”

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 31, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Wanted,

40 Hands to work on Tents, with or without Sewing Machines. Good wages paid weekly. Apply to

H. B. Goldfinch,  
Ellis street, opposite C. A. Platt's Factory.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 31, 1864, p. 2, c. 5

Haversacks.

47½ Doz. Haversacks, with Pockets.  
64½ Dozen “ Plain.  
For sale by

M. M. Cohen & Co.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 31, 1864, p. 3, c. 3

An Appeal to the Soldiers who have Returned Home  
without Leave of Absence.

Soldiers!--When I think on the exalted character which you have hitherto sustained and the fortitude with which you have borne the toil and privations of the noble struggles of the past three years, then turn to contemplate the gloomy aspect given to our holy cause by the direliction [sic] from the path of duty, my heart sinks, as it asks is it, could it be, that the high-souled bravery, the noble forgetfulness of self, the daring chivalry of Southern heroes is no more? Forbid it, spirits of the noble dead! forbid it Heaven! I will not, I cannot believe that you intended to yield, or that you have given a thought to the consideration of the consequence of the step you have taken. I know full well each individual thought he would not be missed. But, oh, me, he should remember drops make up the fulness [sic] of the ocean. So each soldier, however humble, has an influence for good or evil. Oh, my countrymen, do not yield a contest which has already cost so fearfully. Oh, think what future generations will say of you when they read the history of the times, should they find that you tamely gave way Heaven's noblest gift to man, rather than pay the price. What will your children say as they drag the galling chain? Will they not execrate you? Oh, let me in the name, not of one but thousands of those who love brave men, entreat you if you have any respect for things sacred; any regard for the dearest earthly treasures, if you have any tender sentiments for posterity, if you would not be despised of all nations; return to the post of honor, even if it is the post of privation and suffering, nay even of death, and remember,

He who to country gives his latest breath,  
Shall live immortal and shall conquer death.

Bear in mind if ever there was a time when loyalty and patriotism were virtues, this is the hour. Now is the time to make use of every means, human and divine, to exhibit every moral virtue, every latent power. Be not lulled by vain imaginations or idle fancies, to look for the interposition of Heaven. Without first discharging every duty which devolves on us as a citizen or soldier, is to mock the Deity. However righteous our cause, we need not expect it to succeed while we prove ourselves unworthy of that cause. Let me ask, what do you propose to do? Be not deceived. There is no longer any room for hope, save in arms, and the God of arms. If you mean not basely to abandon the conflict in which you have toiled so successfully, and to sustain which thousands of lives, dearest idols, have been immolated, if you do not mean this (and I cannot believe you do,) you must fight, and that to the bitter end. We have no choice, were we dastards enough to desire it. It is now too late to retire from our position. There is no retreat but into submission and slavery.

Our chains are ready; their clanking may be heard, their burning links felt in every conquered city. Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be bought at such a price? No—never! As for me, give me liberty or death. I call upon you by the shades of your ancestors, by the blood which has been poured like rain on so many battle fields; by all you have been, by all you hope to be, to rally once more to your country's rescue; to swear eternal hate to Lincoln and his

minions, and then, indeed, strength from on high will be given you. Then, indeed, will victory be given in answer to the prayer which daily ascend before Jehovah's throne!—My last appeal shall be in the name of loved and helpless ones you have left to the invaders ruthless grasp—those dear ones who look to God and you alone for protection.

That your future may redeem the present, and add new laurels to the past, is the heartfelt prayer of your sincere friend,

Josephine,  
of Victoria, Texas.

DAILY CONSTITUTIONALIST [AUGUSTA, GA], August 31, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

Fashion in the North.—Long black silk basques and circulars are worn, most elaborately trimmed, as is also all the skirts of the dresses. Small straw hats of every description are seen perched on the top of the head, with tremendous bunches of false curls hanging under the hats, some of which costs thirty-five dollars. A bird's wing dyed of a bright color; stands right up in front, with a natural shell where it is fastened. I forgot to say the dresses are worn in very long trains. Most every face you meet is painted and enameled.

Where the false curls are not worn they have what is called a waterfall, that is, a mass of crimped hair encased in an invisible net, hanging down from under the hat.

Exchange.