
THE HENKEL SQUARE HERALD

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VOL. 2

Henkel Square, Round Top, Texas, June 1861

NO. 6

Providence permitting, there will be a camp-meeting held on the Nueces, two or three miles from San Patricio, commencing Thursday evening (June 9,) before the 3d Sabbath in June. The public are invited to attend.

H.G.H.

THE RANCHERO [Corpus Christi, TX], June 1, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

For the Ladies.

As Col. E. Greer is now engaged (by order of Hon. L. P. Walker, Secretary of War) in organizing a regiment of volunteers, who will leave for the field of battle, in ten or fifteen days; it behooves us all to assist in every possible way those who are leaving all, and risking all in defence of our rights, our homes, and all that is dear or sacred to us on earth; and I would humbly suggest to our lady friends, who are ever ready to encourage and assist in all humane labors, that they meet at the Court House, next Tuesday, at 3 o'clock, P.M., for the purpose of supplying lint, bandages, and all such articles as may be useful to the sick and wounded.

Will not some of our physicians be present, as their advice would be useful.

W. C. Dunlap.

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, June 1, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Don't forget to save garden seeds, for if the war continues, it will be impossible to get them next year. Besides, we must, in any event, learn to live without the North.

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, June 1, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

A Noble Response.--The Clinton (East Feliciana) Patriot, of the 4th, relates the following:

As the volunteers were moving out on Monday at Port Hudson, a gentleman approached a beautiful young lady, who stood watching their departure, through a profusion of tears, and said, "Good morning, Miss ____: are you bidding farewell to a lover--who is it?" She turned her eyes upon him, and replied, "Who is my lover? Every man in a blue shirt--yes, every soldier in the command, from the gallant captain to the last name on his list, is my lover, and graven on my heart is their every likeness, in images of true and daring men--bold and gallant defenders. For such lovers should I not weep?"

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, June 1, 1861, p. 4, c. 5

The Prince of Wales' hat is at present the mode among a portion of Young America. The principal features are a flat rim, and a seedy appearance generally.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 1, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

Departure of the Marshall Guards.

On Tuesday morning last, the Marshall Guards under the command of Capt. F. S. Bass, took up their line of march to join the Confederate army. Capt. Bass is a proficient in military tactics, having for years taught a military school, is a brave man, and will make an excellent and efficient officer. We are not personally acquainted with every individual in his command, but we are satisfied that he has some as good and true men as ever went forth to battle, and we do not doubt that every member will prove himself worthy of the noble cause.

The ladies of Marshall, several weeks ago, sent off the money for the necessary materials to make a beautiful flag for this company, but failed to get it. As the Company were about to leave, a number of them prepared a flag with such material as they could get. It was not very fine but the young men will remember the warm hearts of the fair donors, and it will appear beautiful to them.

Between 8 and 9 o'clock in the morning, the company assembled on the public square, to receive this flag, and the fond "good-bye" of relatives and friends. It was an interesting and imposing sight. War's dread clarion has summoned them to the field, and men resolved "to do or die," may never return again. Hands clasped hands in expressive silence; many of the assembly were melted to tears. Col. Alexander Pope, in behalf of the ladies of Marshall, presented the flag, with an appropriate and eloquent address, in which he reviewed briefly the causes of the war, and the necessity of action; applauded the Guards for their patriotism; assured them that those left at home would sympathise with all their movements; that if they fell, their friends would follow to avenge their deaths; and that if they too fell, the children of the country, trained to arms and drilled for the emergency, would, in turn, fill their places. In fine, that the South would suffer extermination before subjugation.

The Marshall Guards, were this reaches many of our readers, will be in New Orleans, and perhaps half-way to Virginia. They carry with them the warmest wishes and highest hopes of our people.

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, June 1, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

A fair was recently gotten up in Galveston, by the ladies, for the benefit of the military, at which the sum of \$2,344 95 was realized.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, June 8, 1861, p. 3, c. 3

Doesticks Sees Santa Claus.

I've seen him. He looks exactly like a big Dutchman, with a pressure of six quarts of lager to the square inch, and a funnel on his head to let the steam off. When I was just beginning to bloom into pantaloons and bud into brass buttons, I got my first idea of Santa Claus from Damphool, who was then about as high as a hitching-post, and expected a "big thing" for his New Year's. The little Damphool, I remember, used to speak very low down in his stomach when he talked to me, and always took care to wink at little crinolines, and spit a great deal when I was by, by way of showing, I suppose, that he was a venerably experienced man of the world, and only had me along to convey an idea of the numerical respectability of his family. Little Damphool had a weakness for peanuts, and when I would pay for a pint in our daily walks, he would help me to eat them with such a look of compassion that I often had to wipe away tears of humility with a borrowed half of his apple. I always paid for the apple.—Sometimes we would make a princely meal on taffy-candy. Damphool said that taffy-candy was excellent for a cold, and he always had a dreadful cough at the sight of a confectionary. He bought the candy always, and—I paid for it. Sometimes he would stroll as far as the Park on Saturdays, and then Damphool would ask me to take an oriental draught of ginger beer. After drinking his share, I remember, he would suddenly see something on the museum that he never noticed before, and look at it so hard that he couldn't see me feeling in my pockets. By way of doing my share, I always paid for the beer.

But I was going to tell you how Damphool told me about Santa Claus. It was the day before New Year's, in the year eighteen hundred and none of your business, and I had just been taking some ginger-nuts with Damphool at my own expense, (*his* pocket-book was in his *other* trouser's pockets,) when he suddenly asked me what Santa Claus was going to give me. I said I never heard of him, and he said din't I, and I said no, I didn't.—Damphool frowned to keep his cap on, and was so overcome that he had to have some root beer. I paid for it because he was sick. When he came to, (three cents a glass,) he informed me in strict confidence that Santa Clause was a good judge of reindeers, and brought presents down the chimney on New Year's eve for me and other boys. He said Santa kept a toy-shop in the moon, and supplied the young angels with peg-tops and celestial drums.

I was greatly impressed with this revelation, for my parents had too much good sense to delude me with the silly holiday talk. I went home and made up [my] mind to sit up all night, and told my mother I wanted to see Santa Claus; she said, "Nonsense, child," and put me to bed. I cried, and father came to comfort me. He used a soothing strip of leather. I tried to go to sleep, but it was no go; I lay awake until everybody else was asleep, and then got up and went to the fire-place to watch for Santa Claus. Remained there wide awake until I woke up with my head in the ash pan, and one arm around the coal scuttle. Saw somebody coming, and said, "Is that you, Mr. Claus?" The next thing I remember, I was in bed, feeling as though I had been sitting down on a red hot gridiron. That was the last time I ever sat up to see Santa Claus.—It wasn't a good thing to do.

But I saw him last Christmas eve. I board in a street that would be Fifth avenue if the city was turned the other way. I and Damphool had been out, and Damphool was so sure that the Croton main would burst again that we drank enough water to keep us mildewed for a week. The water tasted very strong of the *pipes*, and when we came out of the reservoir, (I saw bottles there, but Damphool said it was the reservoir, and all respectable families had private bottles of water, there,) we walked very carefully on the sidewalk so as not to crack the pipes down under them. I left Damphool bargaining with a barrel of potatoes to drive him to Gough's lecture. Went home. My room is on the first floor, if you don't count the roof, and is connected with the front parlor by three pair of stairs. Hung my hat on the servant girl's lamp, and went up. Fat Dutchman in my room standing on both sides of the bureau, with two coats and three pair of pantaloons over his arm. Said he was Santa Claus, and wanted to find a good place to put my presents. Would come again when I was asleep. He went out together, and left me trying to cover myself up with a pocket-handkerchief, under the belief that it was a sheet. Next morning missed all my tailor's collaterals. Can't account for it, but I've seen Santa Claus.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 1, 1861, p. 1, c. 4

The Editor's Wooing.

We love thee, Ann Maria Smith,
And in thy condescension,
We see a future full of joys,
Too numerous to mention.
There's Cupid's arrow in thy glance,
That by thy love's coercion,
Has reached our very heart of hearts,
And asked for one insertion.
With joy we feel the blissful smart,
And ere our passion ranged,
We freely place thy love upon
The list of our exchanges.
There's music in thy lowest tone,
And silver in thy laughter,
And truth—but we will give the full,
Particulars hereafter!
Oh! we would tell thee all our plans,
All obstacles to shatter,
But we are full just now, and have
A press of other matter.
Then let us marry, Queen of Smiths,
Without more hesitation;
The very thought doth give our blood
A larger circulation.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 1, 1861, p. 1, c. 5

At West Point, Georgia, a company of Jews are organized, and an oath taken by the members requiring half an hour in the reading. A splendid banner was presented to the company, bearing the inscription "Jehova nissi"—"God is with us," and the Ensign on receiving it took a solemn oath to plant it on the Capitol at Washington, or die in the attempt.—Baltimore American.

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, June 8, 1861, p. 1, c. 7

Grayson County.

The editor of this paper was in Sherman, from Tuesday morning of last week until Sunday morning last. . .

Gen'l W. C. Young was in town during most of the week, and busily engaged in his military duties. On Saturday the 25th, a fine company of 60 men, from Panola, under our old friend Spearman Holland, Esq., came into town, and passed up the street in soldierly array. Finding a most interesting procession of children engaged in a Sunday School Celebration; they attached themselves to the rear, and followed through town, adding much to the interest of the spectacle. The little girls and boys were arrayed in their best and very showy; and the contrast with the plainly dressed armed men—between beauty and valor; innocence and the grim visage of war, was decidedly moving to the spirit.

The Panola men were a fine company; substantial men; planters and sons of planters—not a dissipated looking man in the ranks. They said that they had "come to serve their country—to go anywhere, and stay as long as they were wanted?" Capt. Holland tendered fifty more men to come immediately upon acceptance. Gen'l Young agreed to receive them, and dispatched the company present to Fort Washita, to relieve the Jefferson company under Capt. Mabry, who could not stay longer.

A Grayson company was expected to organize in Sherman on Monday last, and proceed immediately to Fort Cobb.

There is some apprehension that the Kickapoos and Caddoes are disposed to be hostile. They are about Cobb in small squads, painted and taking whatever they wanted. The force in garrison was too weak to control them; but doubtless has been increased before this. Capt. Welch's company from Denton; and one or two from Cooke, are we think at Arbuckle. The only difficulty in getting troops is that they do not like to muster as infantry. Really, the service is lighter and preferable; and Gen'l Young has no present authority to receive any others. He has hopes that he will be permitted to receive some cavalry. Except for post service, infantry are useless upon the frontier; but the reception of cavalry involved the purchase of forage. They are indispensable for ranging.

At Sherman the best feeling prevails in the community—all late dissensions seem to have died away; and as to a division of the State, the proposition for which had its origin there, we did not hear it mentioned during our stay, and we were in daily communication with individuals of both the late parties.

Sherman has three printing establishments within its limits; one lately at Bonham having been purchased and brought up. We did not, however, see any issue of a paper from either, during our stay.

The Overland has ceased its movements through Northern Texas, and the citizens were trying, by private subscription, to start a mail to Fort Smith: success as a permanency—very doubtful. . . .

In Fannin and Hunt, a company of Infantry, 100 rank and file, has been made up, and the following officers elected:

Hale, of Hunt, Captain.

Dan. Dupree, of Fannin, 1st Lieutenant.

Geo. Maverick, " 2d do

In both Grayson and Fannin, the people are all fully alive to all proper interests connected with the present contest.

About Honey Grove, in Fannin county, there has been, heretofore, some little disaffection reported; but we have reason to believe that the leaders of the late Union party in that vicinity, will soon make a demonstration that will define their loyalty to the Confederate States. We shall take pleasure in publishing such action, as it will show a patriotism which we hope is universal with all true Texans. So fine a region as Honey Grove, and its vicinity, should not occupy an ambiguous position.

One peculiarity will strike the traveller who passes through Grayson and Fannin in these times—the great number of persons in full military dress. As we drew up before the Burney House in Bonham, a gentleman with an imposing moustache, military cap, frock and pants, approached us. Our first impulse was, to touch our hat, having always a great respect for the officers of the service. Imagine our astonishment, when this distinguished looking individual *took our horse*, and carried him to the stable. Our mind involuntarily reverted to all the recorded instances of fallen greatness, from Belissarius and Hannibal downward; but this distinguished looking man evinced in his countenance no overwhelming sorrow, and we were compelled to think that there was something requiring explanation. The explanation came in due time. When the Texas troops captured Washita, many of the soldiers possessed themselves of full military dress, and still wear it in their ordinary avocations. It gives the little towns a very martial appearance; as though each man expected at any moment to be called into ranks, and do valorous deeds of war.

Sherman, Bonham, and Paris all show the effect of the crisis. Business has dwindled to a little or nothing. Producers, whose work lies in the earth, are the only persons busy and comparatively unaffected [sic] by the stoppage of the ordinary current of business.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 1, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

Recently, in England, died, at the age of ninety-seven, a woman, whose name is believed to have been Betty Lavin. For about fifty years she resided in Wigan, and during the whole of that period has been known as John Murphy, having appropriated the garb and assumed the habits of a man, and this so successfully that none have discovered the cheat, or even had their suspicions aroused. During her residence in Wigan she has followed the occupation of a hawker, and as such has become known to a large circle of customers; she has also been on the relieving officer's books for the last twelve months, and having been ill, she has been visited by Mr. Heaton, union surgeon. To all these she has been known as the man John Murphy, and what is still more singular, she did not, previous to her decease, inform any person of the deceit she had so long practiced.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 1, 1861, p. 1, c. 7

The Newspaper Business.

The Civilian has an article on the newspaper business in Texas, which has so many errors that we are bound to believe our old friend, the editor, must have written it in his sleep. He says:

According to the late returns, in Texas, there are issued 4 dailies, 3 tri-weeklies, and 119 weeklies. The population is 600,955,—a paper to every thousand inhabitants—or, allowing each press an issue of 1,000 copies, the lowest remunerative figure, a newspaper for every man, woman and child in Texas.

We know nothing of returns, but we know every paper published in the State, and the highest number ever published at one time was 92. The number now published is 78 weeklies, 3 tri-weeklies and two dailies—in all 83, which will give one paper to every 7,240 inhabitants. What the lowest remunerative figure is, depends much on circumstances, but out of the total number of papers now published, there are not fifteen that have a thousand subscribers, and very many have not five hundred. It is safe to say that there is not more than one newspaper to every voter in the State. The fear of the Civilian that we are doing too much in the newspaper line is not well founded. We are yet 20 per cent. below the average in the Confederate and U. S., which is one paper to 600 people. The following remarks we endorse to the letter:

The decent and elevated character of our journals is the best criterion of public taste and morals. There is not an obscene or incident paper in the State, and no such paper will be sustained or tolerated by the reading public.

* * * * *

We every day see evidences that time, talent and money are being wasted in the business, and fear that many a worthy publisher, now toiling under the sickening weight of hope, deferred is doomed to ultimate failure. The same energy, genius, and perseverance is that shown by most of our country exchanges, would be better rewarded in almost any other pursuit. If any man earns his money, it is the publisher of a country newspaper, and we doubt not that all the left handed prayers the editor utter against delinquent subscribers are duly recorded.—Houston Tel.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 1, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

Arms!

Geo. W. Wright, Esq., has returned from New Orleans. He purchased arms and powder, to the extent of his means, in hand, Hall's Carbines and Mississippi Rifles, which will be here shortly. Grayson and Fannin counties are making arrangements to procure some six thousand dollars' worth each.

Mr. Wright informs us that Sharp's Rifles are now being manufactured in New Orleans, and the capacity of the works increased as rapidly as possible. Cannon of excellent quality are also being cast at Algier's [sic]. Southern powder manufactories are also being put in operation. We shall soon be in good condition for war. We have the advantage now, of being able to manufacture arms of all the Northern patents, anywhere, and by anybody, who has the requisite skill and capital.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 1, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

State Flag of Virginia.—The Virginia State Convention, before adjourning adopted the following ordinance:

The flag of this Commonwealth shall hereafter be made of bunting, which shall be a deep blue field, with a circle of white in the centre, upon which shall be painted, or embroidered, to show on both sides alike, the coat of arms of the State as described by the convention of 1776 for one side of the seal of the State, to wit:

"Virtus, the genius of the Commonwealth, dressed like an Amazon, resting on a spear with one hand, and holding a sword in the other, and treading on Tyranny, represented by a man prostrate, a crown fallen from his head, a broken chain in his left hand, and a scourge in his right. In the exergon, the word 'Virginia' over the head of Virtus, and underneath the words, Sic Semper Tyrannis."

The ordinance charges the Governor with the duty of preparing the flag for the public buildings, ships of war and troops in the field, and declares it shall be known and respected as the flag of Virginia.

DALLAS HERALD, June 5, 1861, p. 4, c. 1

Our Flag.—The Nashville *Advocate* May 2, says:

The last flag of the old stripe disappeared from Nashville more than a week ago. The Confederate flag waves on every street. "Speaking artistically," said an artist to us the other day, "the new flag is a great improvement on the one that now is degraded into a symbol of Black Republicanism." "Wherein?" said we. "In the broader stripes. This gives effect and contrast. The old one is like a checked apron: the narrowness of the stripes runs them together when seen at a distance, and the effect is destroyed."

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 8, 1861, p. 1, c. 3

The Artillery company of this city has adopted a very neat uniform, viz: red jacket with yellow trimmings, white pants with red stripes. They have already commenced drilling, and from the *sava* of those who compose the corps, we infer that they will soon be proficient in the artillery manual. The following is a list of the officers:

Captain—O. F. Hunsaker.

Lieutenants—1st, B. F. Neal; 2d, Geo. E. Conklin; 3d, P. Leonard.

Sergeants—1st, Jas. Gallager; 2d, Sam'l. H. Tinney; 3d, D. Kelley; 4th, Jas. Garner; 5th, C. Dunn.

Corporals—1st, John Cannon; 2d, John Cody; 3d, P. Mireur; 4th, Jas. Dinn.

Drivers—Otis Hall; W. S. Rains; Chas. Hoffman; Julius Duewe.

Engineer—Felix A. Blucher.

THE RANCHERO [Corpus Christi, TX], June 8, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Many of our State exchanges are coming to us in half-sheet form. The blockade has shut off the paper supply from New Orleans by the Gulf route. Doubtless an overland route is or will soon be open, whereby we all can get our regular quantum.

THE RANCHERO [Corpus Christi, TX], June 8, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

Editorial Corespondence [sic].

It is usually considered one of the duties of editors, while away from home, to report all matters that they may become cognizant of, to their readers, and those matters that to others would be out of place, all expect the editor to write about. In compliance with this custom, we send a few items that have come under our observation.

The Crops.—Throughout the whole route I have traveled, Grimes, Washington, Austin, Fayette and Bastrop counties, the fall of rain has been very heavy, and from all sections I hear there has been abundant rains. Mill Creed, New Years' Creek, and others in [illegible] had been so high, that for a time, at La Grange and other points, the ferry boats ceased to run. In Fayette County, in the neighborhood of Fayetteville, and in the western part, severe hail had fallen; some crops we saw, the corn was, we fear, entirely ruined, but the injury was confined to a very few farms. The section I have traveled over, is some of our best farming lands, and though I have been acquainted with it for ten years, I have never seen such a universal prospect for good crops as there is at the present time. In a few places, where the ground was low, the rains have been so heavy that the crops have suffered from the water standing on it; yet, we believe, that whether we get any more rain or not, and another shower in ten or fifteen days would make the corn much heavier than it otherwise would be, there will be much more breadstuffs made this year than in the three or four preceding years. Wheat, oats, rye, barley, &c., have all been extensively sown, and the farmers are securing an abundant harvest.

I regretted to see the extent that the weeds are taking possession of the farms; in the neighborhood of towns I knew that this was the case, but I had not anticipated that in large prairies this would be so. What effect the abundant rains may have in restoring the range, I cannot say. One great source of wealth in the section I have traveled through, will be entirely cut off. I am inclined to the opinion that as the weeds die out in the summer, the grass will gain the ascendancy, and if so, in another year Texas will be [illegible] again.

Feeling of the Country. Traveling through the country, we have everywhere seen preparation for war, and the strongest determination to carry out the wish of the people, and rather than submit to the Black Republican rule of Lincoln, we believe the people would willingly see the worst horrors of war reach every neighborhood.

In Washington county we heard there were twelve companies regularly drilling. In Austin and Fayette, both Americans and Germans are organized into companies. In Fayette, one of the companies while we were there, went to a place and camped, and drilled for several days. I only passed through these several counties, and did not have much opportunity of conversing with the people; but in Bastrop I have had better advantages of seeing what the feeling is. This county, as is known, voted against secession, but now I have been in no place where there is more military enthusiasm than here; and the very men that opposed secession, with the most bitterness, are now the strongest advocates for immediate and ample preparation for the war. Two of the Captains commanding companies were opposed to secession; one of them who had stumped the county in opposition to it, prior to the last election, we heard deliver a speech, and we doubt if a more effective war speech has been heard anywhere than his was.

Bastrop seems like a camp of military instruction. The barracks of the Military Institute are used as barracks for the citizen soldiers, and they come in and stay a week at [a] time in drilling; and we doubt if any companies will excel in energy and aspect the company from Bastrop. Quite a num[ber] of the men are over six feet in height, and well drilled. Of those who live in the vicinity of Bastrop, almost every persons [sic] able to bear arms, is regularly drilling, at least two or three times a week. This county has some advantage over most, in consequence of the instruction of the Military Institute located here. Most of the students have gone to their respective homes and will do good service there in giving instruction. Several of the young men that have held command, and are well qualified to give military instruction, said they [illegible] to go to any place their services might be needed, and thoroughly drill companies, if the persons receiving instruction would defray their expenses. I feel assured that this offer will be accepted by many companies. Address Col. Allen at Bastrop. . .

Churches and Preaching.—At Brenham I found a large congregation who listened to a sermon preached under as unfavorable circumstances of present feelings, as it has fallen [illegible] in a long time, and since that time I have hardly been able to preach. Brother Law is pastor of the Church at Brenham and Bellville. Brother Hill also resides here, and when able preaches in the neighborhood and at Brenham.

[Illegible] has improved rapidly since the rail road has got here, and a large number of improvements were going up.

Brother Chandler has charge of the Church at Fayetteville, [illegible] Round Top and New Providence, in Austin County. I did not preach at his church, as the high water had prevented my appointments being received. So also at La Grange, we could find no person that had heard of my appointment. Brother P. Harris is pastor at La Grange and Plum Grove, and has an appointment at Winchester. At Plum Grove there was a small congregation, as it was hardly though I could be there, owing to high water. In all these places religion is at a low ebb, and the world and its interests shut out Heaven from sight. I do not think I have known so little interest felt and manifested as at present. Christians should now humble themselves before God, and pray Him to revive his work in our midst, for there has never been a time of greater need of prayer for the reviving influence of His Spirit, than now.

At Bastrop and Hill Prairie Churches, there is a good religious state of feeling, nor do I remember of ever knowing the religious prospects of these Churches to be more flattering and encouraging than now. Brother Harris, the pastor, is highly beloved by his congregation, and I know of but few fields of labor in the State that are more pleasant, or offering greater prospects of usefulness, than Bro. Harris's. Quite a number of persons have been added to the Church here since I left and went to Anderson.

I have yet visited no other places in this field of labor, but these two churches, but from what I am able to hear, I trust that I will be able to report of many Baptisms in Bastrop county during the present year.

I have already written longer than I anticipated when I commenced, and other duties call me away, so I must close.

J. A. K.

TEXAS BAPTIST [Anderson, TX], June 7, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Our streets on Wednesdays and Saturdays, present a lively appearance. The young men of the different military companies are drilled on those days, and judging by the readiness in which they go through the various military evolutions, they must be getting far advanced in drill; and should they ever measure arms with the Northern fanatics, they will prove themselves as gallant soldiers as ever wielded a sword, or shouldered a musket, especially when they know that they will be fighting

In a righteous cause,
For Liberty and right—
For just and equal laws.

Mr. John Rudd, a graduate of West Point, has been here for some days, acting in the capacity of drilling master, and it gives us pleasure to say, that this gentleman spares no pains in instructing the volunteers; indeed, he seems to be the favorite of the privates and officers of the Confederate States' company, composed of the counties of Grimes, Walker and Montgomery, so urbane and courteous is his disposition.

Mr. Rudd was one of the lamented Walker's faithful Captains in Nicaragua, and stood [sic] to him 'mid all his trials—mid lurid clouds—'mid ebon waves of misfortune—when the surges of persecution shrieked like the mighty fall of the cataract,—when Liberty was tramped under foot, and that proud name, cemented by the blood of so many martyrs, spurned by a mongrel race, who are ever ready to impede the march of civilization, of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Lt. Owen works hard, and takes a special pride in learning the young men how to face the music; and from what we saw last Saturday, we believe that, although he's fat, he will be as agile as any of the lean ones, when it's necessary to run a little.

It gives us pleasure to say this much, and "pleasure" 'tis, for us to say, God protect our young and old men, who, ere long, may be away on rolling billows, or sleeping on the prairies green breast, under the azure canopy of Heaven, with its blossoms as their bed, as its Star-aisles, those refulgent luminaries of night, sparkles around them the rays of Friendship, written everywhere upon the ocean wave, or breathed forth in the zephyrs sigh.

TEXAS BAPTIST [Anderson, TX], June 7, 1861, p. 2, c. 5

A large meeting of the citizens of Austin, was held at the Capitol last Wednesday evening, the object of which, was to provide for the equipment of the volunteer companies raised and being raised in this city. Many ladies honored the meeting with their presence.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, June 8, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

The ladies of Marshall, in response to the card of Rev. W. C. Dunlap, published in the last issue of the Republican, held a meeting at the Courthouse on Tuesday. Fifty or sixty were present, who resolved to go to work at once and prepare lint, bandages, &c., for the troops that leave here on Saturday to defend the Northern frontier.

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, June 8, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Prof. Goddat is desirous of organizing a glee club in this city. He will teach gratuitously, only asking pupils to pay for their notes. We second the motion.

THE RANCHERO [Corpus Christi, TX], June 29, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

Negroes Ran Away.—On last Monday night, four negroes—a man, woman and two children—belonging to Maj. S. Peters, who lives n Padre Island, ran away. It is supposed they are making their way toward Mexico. Boys on the Rio Grande, times are hard, and now you have a chance to get a large reward. Look out for them.

THE RANCHERO [Corpus Christi, TX], June 8, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Bath House.—Capt. John Anderson has refitted his cozy bath house for the summer campaign. he has attached to it a shower-bath, thus affording the bather a very acceptable variation. Soap, mirrors, brushes, combs, clean towels, etc., are always at hand. Capt. Anderson is deserving much credit for his enterprise, and we trust that he will receive a patronage commensurate with his liberality.

THE RANCHERO [Corpus Christi, TX], June 8, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

Many of our State exchanges are coming to us in half-sheet form. The blockade has shut off the paper supply from New Orleans by the Gulf route. Doubtless an overland route is or will soon be open, whereby we all can get our regular quantum.

THE RANCHERO [Corpus Christi, TX], June 8, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

On Monday night last the Fort Brown Theatrical Company played to a slim audience. Our citizens are perfectly indifferent upon all subjects which have a tendency to loosen their purse strings.

THE RANCHERO [Corpus Christi, TX], June 15, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

WALKER.--The Item publishes the following extract from Mrs. Margaret McDonald, of that county, to her brother. It breathes the spirit of patriotism throughout:

AT HOME, April 24, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER: * * * * *

James is just this moment from Huntsville, and brings so much war news that I am terribly excited. The news in Huntsville is, that Lincoln has landed troops at Indianola, and that he is going to send enough to march through and take the country.

James says the people are leaving Huntsville daily for the army, and many others preparing to go. I shall send James back to Huntsville to-morrow, to get him an outfit, as he too must go. He is anxious to go wherever he may be needed. * * *

Subscriptions are being raised to arm and equip all those that are not able to do so themselves. Heaven knows I am not only willing but anxious to do all in my power for the defence of our cause.

Affectionately, your sister,
Margaret McDonald.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, June 8, 1861, p. 3, c. 2

Exodus from Missouri.—A company of Emigrants from Missouri, numbering nearly 90 negroes besides whites camped a few miles from Dallas on Friday and Saturday. They report a large number behind and say that thousands will move out of that State during the Summer and fall. A gentleman traveling from the north says that the roads are lined with emigrants and that an immense number of valuable negroes are brought with them.—They are reported to be men of wealth and the best society of Missouri.

DALLAS HERALD, June 12, 1861, p. 3, c. 2

Departure of the Marshall Guards.

R. W. Loughery, Esq.

Dear Sir:--The Marshall Guards, after leaving home reached Swanson's Landing, where they expected to take a boat the same day for New Orleans. They were disappointed, however, and did not leave there until Thursday morning. The steamers Texas and Fleta, were both above, and the company expected to take passage on the Texas; she did not get down until Wednesday evening, and when she came, she refused to land. She had on board Capt. Clopton's company, the Star Rifles from Cass, besides considerable freight.

After the Texas left, the Guards, believing that she had other reasons besides that of low water, for refusing to take them, held an indignation meeting, and passed resolutions condemning the boat, and requesting their friends behind to withhold their patronage from her in future. They despatched two messengers that night to New Orleans, with their muster roll, one to go by Vicksburg, the other to go on the Texas. But when they reached Shreveport, they found that it was the intention of the Texas to take them down, and that she would wait their arrival, which she did. The company reached there on Thursday evening on the Fleta. The Guards appointed a committee to wait on the Captain of the Texas, for an explanation, which he gave to their satisfaction—the boat is therefore exonerated from all blame.

Our two Texas companies were received by the Shreveport Sentinels, and the three together, marched through several of the principal streets, then back to the wharf where several patriotic speeches were made. Col. Austin and Col. Landrum spoke for the citizens, and Capt. Clopton responded in behalf of his company, and T. P. Ochiltree for the Guards. Tom never appeared to a better advantage than on that occasion. He was loudly cheered by the citizens, and particularly when he alluded to their deserted streets, as the best evidence of the patriotism of their people, and, sir, the streets of Shreveport are deserted; inquire for some friend, and you were told he was at Pickens, in Virginia, or at some other place ready to die for the South. The ladies were present in great numbers, and when Tom concluded his speech, beautiful boquets fell at his feet, from all directions.

At 12 o'clock on Thursday night, our company went aboard the Texas, and she left immediately for New Orleans. Our company expecting to get a boat at Swanson's, carried no provisions with them—but several gentlemen of the neighborhood were there, and went immediately home and sent in provisions by the cart-load, and continued to do so until we left. The company wish to return publicly their thanks to Capt. Winston, Levin Perry, Col. Hood, Maj. Andrews and others, for their kind and hospitable treatment; and particularly to Mrs. Mary F. Swanson, who furnished provisions in abundance, and also beds and blankets for the men to sleep on—and before we left on Thursday morning, she presented to Capt. Bass, for the use of the men, a considerable sum of money, and as the boat moved off, three cheers were given to the fair dame, that made the welkin ring. I heard several of the boys declare it would be a luxury to fight, and if necessary to die, in defense of the rights of such people as live in the neighborhood of Swanson's Landing.

M.

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, June 8, 1861, p. 2, c. 6

How Soldiers Can Guard Against the Sun.—As the heat of the summer sun is one of the hardships our volunteers will have to encounter, it will be well for them to know in what way the French army in Algiers guard themselves during the day, when on the march or standing sentry. They take a yard of thin, white flannel, fold it together once, and draw up one end; a ribbon or tape may be inserted to draw and tie it around the neck. This thrown over the cap, or shako, and falling behind, completely shields the head and shoulders from the rays of the sun. Woolen is preferable to linen or cotton, is equally light, costs less than the former, and is easier washed and kept clean.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 8, 1861, p. 3, c. 2

Some of our lady friends are now busily engaged in gathering wild Mustang Grapes, while the seed are yet soft, and putting them up for winter use. They put them in jars, filled with water—the water first being boiled and allowed time to cool—and then sealed air tight, by using sealing wax, placing it around the cork. We presume the water is boiled for the purpose of purifying it, killing the animalcula, &c.—Grapes put up as above, keep well during summer, and are excellent, fresh and juicy for pies, tarts, etc., when dreary winter comes. The process is simple, cheap and easy—the cost being only the buying of jars and sealing wax, grapes being free to all. Try it.—Colorado Citizen.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 8, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

A public meeting of the lower end of Harris county was held on the battle ground of San Jacinto, on the 1st inst., to do honor to the memory of the patriot and martyr Jackson, who was murdered at Alexandria by the Black Republican invaders for defending the rights of his home and country.

THE RANCHERO [Corpus Christi, TX], June 15, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

The Hempstead Courier mentions the casting of a six-pound cannon at the foundry of Bartley & Gilbert in that place. It is named in honor of Col. G. W. Crawford of Washington—the "Wash Crawford." It stood a severe test, and is now ready, like its god father, to take its place in the army.

THE RANCHERO [Corpus Christi, TX], June 15, 1861, p. 2, c. 5

The Ladies' Needle Battalion, of this city, numbering about one hundred, was organized on the evening of the 6th inst., and has been actively at work making uniforms for the volunteers ever since. The following are the officers of the battalion: Mrs. J. C. Darden, President; Mrs. Geo. W. White, Mrs. Edw. Clark, Mrs. S. A. Crosby, Vice Presidents; Miss Ella Rust, Secretary; Mr. W. G. Maynard, Assistant Secretary.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, June 15, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

The ladies of Hempstead have this week formed a society for the purpose of making up such articles as will be needed for the companies now formed in our town, when they shall be called into the field.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, June 22, 1861, p. 3, c. 2

Clarksville, June 4th, 1861.

Maj. DeMorse; Dear Sir:--It is the request of the "Red River Dragoons," that you publish the address of Mrs. Spotswood on the occasion of the presentation of a banner in behalf of the Ladies of Clarksville, and also the response of Mr. Kennedy, in behalf of the Company.

Yours respectfully,
Smith Ragsdale,
Capt. R. R. Dragoons.

Address of Mrs. Spotswood.

Gentlemen of the Red River Dragoons:

It is with reluctance, and much timidity, that I appear before you this evening, upon such an occasion as this. Being selected by a majority of the ladies, who have so generously contributed to this flag, and prepared it for you, with hesitancy I acquiesced in their solicitation, believing the honor could have fallen upon others more graceful in elocution, more elegant in diction; but, in its presentation, permit me to say, though it comes not from the fair hand of some beautiful damsel, the hand that commits it to your care and keeping, is accompanied with a feeling of sympathy and patriotism.

Much has been said of the improvements of the age; the wonders achieved by machinery—were, not long since, the topic of every circle; but the present crisis indicates a far more important change in our history, than the steam engine, or the navigation of the Atlantic in fourteen days.

The great chaos in which our country has been thrown, caused by the revolting actions of those hungry and mercenary squads of the North, is the most eventful epoch of the nineteenth century. For twenty-five years these bickerings have been going on, headed by these maddened fanatics, who have planned rebellion, without justification, and are now restrained by fears or scruples, from taking any decisive step. These advancements being urged on by their Black Republican President, and other avaricious traitors, have brought about the revolution which now threatens us.

This aggression has been the means of severing the tie that once bound our glorious and happy Union. Eleven States have already withdrawn from that oppressive Government, and quietly formed a Southern Confederacy—only asking the privilege to breathe their own air, manage their own affairs, support their own altars, and resolve "to do or die."

We have reserved a space upon the blue field in this flag for others, which we hope, ere many [illegible] in the western horizon, will [illegible] "that proud old Com- [illegible] the mother of our country."

[Illegible] united hand, cemented by justice, by affection, and armed in defence of your lives, your homes, and your interests, [illegible] an impulse deeper far than the mere love of money, urge you outward and onward in the support of those rights, and let your motto be "Liberty or Death."

In our dear "sunny South," the smiling sky, the balmy breeze that fans the weary traveller's cheek—the beautiful streams, in which are blended all the hues of the rainbow, speak of mercy and liberty—such scenes of radiant nature transport the imagination with a holy enthusiasm.

"Land of the South—beneath the Heaven
There's not a fairer, lovelier clime,
Nor one to which was ever given
A destiny more high, sublime."

If our social and commercial ties were permitted to be torn asunder by Black Republicanism and federal aggression, what would be our lot? Our religious altars would be hurled to the ground; infidel desecrations would rise in their stead, and our glorious South become a desert—a place for rabbles, or the halls of revelry for our oppressors.

Gentlemen, in expressing the entire approbation and heartfelt emotions of those, whom I have the honor to represent; I tender to you this flag—emblematical of our Southern Confederacy, and as a token of their confidence in your valor; believing you merit the warmest eulogies. Accept it, not only as a realization of woman's patriotism, but the religion of her love and prayers.

Should the exigencies of this crisis, call you from your firesides, to bid farewell to loved ones at home, go to the field of action like your patriotic fathers, confidently trust in Him who reigneth alike over the armies of earth, and the hosts of heaven; he will strengthen and enable you with a sea-girt world full of love, to brave all dangers of the combat. Plant our token in the heat of the conflict, unfurl it to the breeze, let its pure and stainless folds flutter only over the brave and true; and like the noble, gallant Davis, in the campaign of '46, never lose sight of the enemy nor the flag, but struggle on to "victory or death;"

"To fight

In a just cause of our country's glory,
Is the best office of the best of men;
And to decline when these motives urge,
Is infamy beneath a coward's baseness."

But cowardice is a stranger to Texas, it is an element foreign to Southern blood. The banners that waved so triumphantly, over that immortal band of Spartans at Thermopilae, had no braver men, beneath their folds, than our countrymen.

God never made woman weak, but fashion with a false idea of delicacy has; therefore, she is styled "the weaker sex;" whereas, had fashion and dame Miss fortune decreed it otherwise, she might now possess the courage and chivalry of a Semiramis, a Boadicea and other honored competitors for military fame; but, as it is gentlemen, with confidence in the God of battles, sustained by the justice of your cause, and a manifestation of your patriotism, we look to you for protection.

Response by Joseph M. Kennedy.

Ladies of Clarksville, Fellow Citizens and Spectators:

In the name of my company, I accept this beautiful banner, the emblem of our nationality; and when I gaze upon its folds and marks of Red, White and Blue it brings to my mind the remembrance of other days, and another flag, which, although we may have shed the scalding tear of sorrow, we have forever given up, and proudly accept this in its stead:--Look at these stars! but a few days ago, but seven could be seen upon its fold; but already we see eleven plainly marked, and almost the *glimmerings* of

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Response by Joseph M. Kennedy.

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of *two* others! May the time be but short until our sister States, who know the right, will dare assert and maintain it!

This occasion is not merely for *show* or pastime; but our country, our sacred rights are menaced; nay worse, the blood of innocence has already been spilled! But a few days ago the scene enacted at Camp Jackson, Mo., is too horrifying for a patriotic heart to think of.

Ladies, this magnificent banner from your hands, through your worthy and accomplished representative, speaks to us in language that cannot be uttered; yet it is but a faint index of your deep and heartfelt sympathy in the cause of our beloved sunny South; and there is a power and sublimity it carries with it, when unfurled to the breeze and surrounded by a gallant band of soldiers, that the poet's imagination, even whose pen is dipped in the blood of the battle field, fails to describe.

Though you may not wield the deadly weapons of war in the anticipated conflict, yet we are assured your hearts and patriotic prayers are with us; for scarcely had our company become organized, till your sympathetic hearts were preparing a banner, to instill within our inmost souls the real worth of liberty, and cheer us up when far away from home.

We dislike the phrase "woman the weaker sex," and hope not to be accused of flattery, when we tell you that the historic page is filled with many instances where she wielded empire and nations: Rome, proud Rome, once boasted that she governed the world, but Cato said that woman governed Rome.

This love of our sacred rights, and desire for the success of our Southern principles, which we see manifested here to-day, is not limited to our section along; but in every city and town and village and hamlet of the South from Virginia to the Rio Grande, our mothers and sisters are at work with hearts and hands; and we verily believe, when the conflict comes heavily upon us, and the invasion by the black-hearted fanatic legions of the North begins to spread far and wide, threatening to blot us out of existence, then thousands of our noble hearted women, guided and protected by him who raiseth up and casteth down nations, will rise up in one phalanx, in defence of all that is sacred and dear to us as a Southern people.

And now fellow soldiers, when urged on by this powerful element of patriotism, combined with the smiles of a benign Providence, and the motto

"That our trust will we proclaim

In our God Jehovah's name,"

inscribed upon our hearts, can we, for a moment, doubt the justness of our cause and our ultimate success!

This banner from the ladies of our town, is presented to us "as a token of confidence in our valor, believing we merit the warmest eulogies; and with the injunction, should the present crisis call us to the conflict, to go to the field of action as our patriotic fathers did, and plant it as *their token* in the conflict, unfurl it to the breeze, and like our brave and gallant Davis in '46, never lose sight of the enemy or our flag, but struggle on to victory or death."

And now, when I look at our banner, fanned by the breeze, and cast my eye over our ranks, and behold

each visage burning with enthusiasm; and then point them to the myriads of dangers that are rushing upon us as the sweep of an avalanche, and enveloping us as if amid the thundering tones of the Maelstrom, threatening soon to sweep us from the face of the earth; and to the most unholy, ungodly, unprovoked and unjust invasion of the black hearted demons of the North, in the shape of men, who have already been hewing down our brothers, because they asked to be let alone and allowed to "enjoy life, liberty and happiness," and who steadily move as the red hot rivers of melted lava, carrying with them dreadful destruction; and to the dark clouds that are gathering thick and fast athwart our political sky, which once was as clear and bright as the noonday's sun; and to the muttering thunders in the distance, whose echoes tell us that the vials of wrath are continually accumulating for our dire disaster and gloom, sapping the very foundations of our liberty. When these thrilling realities and facts (not fictions) are practically brought before our company; can we think for a moment that a single one of our band will be so cowardly, so humiliating, and so void of patriotism, as to betray the confidence reposed in him to-day? I certainly and unhesitatingly can answer for each one upon our roll, that when the last drop of blood is chilled, and each cheek pale in death, and the Bell of Eternity has tolled the end of time with every one of our band, then and only then, will our banner fall to the ground.

Again, when we look around and see the star of liberty, which has been caused to flee for life, now fast sinking in the western horizon and flickering as the exit of the soul between two worlds; Great God! can we stand with folded hands and calmly behold it sink into oblivion and submit to the yoke of tyranny, and our necks to be buried in the dust by those black hearted mercenaries of the North; and our hopeless children to look up with fear and innocence in the face of the scornful tyrant?—When I look over this audience, can I not hear the hearty response of every true Southerner? *No!* NEVER, NEVER! and not only by this audience, but by a solid phalanx of a *united* South.

Though this defence of our cherished star, [illegible] our rivers to flow with the blood of our souls, yet God in his revelations to man recognizes the principles for which we are contending, and we have no doubt but that he will be with us in our battles; though we may not live to see our star of liberty firmly planted and realize those principles, still lets *onward* move, and if necessary, water them with our life's blood, for

"Bold in our God we'll onward go,

Assured of victory o'er the foe

His word our conquest can complete

And lay the foe beneath our feet."

Ladies, permit to me to return the warmest regard and thanks of my fellow soldiers, for your beautiful gift to-day; and is it necessary for me to report, that we will not disgrace it. Look at the stern visages and stalwart forms, who have pledged their *all* for their country! think you they will quail, when the deadly conflict rages, and cuts down our bravest

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Response by Joseph M. Kennedy.

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"Though shattered be each glittering blade
through shivered helmets lie—

Though lurid clouds with gloom o'ershade the
brightness of the sky—

Though dark and red each battle field where
valiant heroes bleed—

Though stiff upon the reeking plain, each
warrior's noble steed—

Though crimson be each banner fold, and still
each stormy drum—

Though sighs and shrieks and moaning wails
upon the zephyr's course—

Though inch by inch the foe press on, though
every hope be gone—

Though high amid the strife is heard, the
dirges "stately tome,"

Yet gallantly each freeman here will breast the
fiery storm,

And *proudly, haughtily*, amid the strife, will move
each princely form,

And "vengeance to each craven foe" in every
heart ring high!

Be "home and friends and liberty" the watch-
word and reply.

To you, my fellow soldiers, this banner has
been presented, with the firm belief, that you will bear
it aloft in the thickest of the fight, and whenever you
see its beautiful folds, wafted to and fro by the breeze,
remember whose hands touched those silvery folds,
and bade *you* be worthy of its donors'; remember for
what you are contending; remember

"A thousand hearts upon you trust, a thousand
hearts will beat,

With joy and praise for your success—with
pain for your defeat;

A thousand hearts will crown the brave, and
through his glorious way;

A thousand hearts the coward scorn, who
shrinks from the affray.

Then *feel* the trust that on you lies, the
trembling hearts that wait,

In tearful pain, and eager war to know our
country's fate,

Through all the "dreadful Revelry" through
din and smoke and fire,

Through death and wounds and dark decay,
where heroes fast expire,

Still keep your proud flag floating, still sound
aloud the cry,

We march for Texas and the South, for home
and liberty,

Still nurse the flame in every heart, still ring
from every mouth,

*For home, for friends, for victory, for Texas and the
South."*

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 8, 1861, p. 1, c. 7

The brave ladies of Carroll county, Kentucky,
the residence of General William O. Butler, petitioned
the legislature to furnish them with arms to defend the
men and children, who were afraid to defend
themselves.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, June 22, 1861, p. 3, c. 3

Flag Presentation.

Last Tuesday was a *gala* day for the military
of this city. The ladies, who are always first and
foremost upon all meritorious occasions, had
previously announced their intention of presenting
the Corpus Christi Light Infantry with a flag, and
selected Tuesday, the 11th inst., as the day.

The Infantry, under command of Capt.
Newman, and the Artillery under command of Lieut.
Neal, turned out in uniform, the latter company with
side arms. They formed on Chaparral street, near La
Retama, the Infantry taking the right, and marched
to the Court House, where a large concourse of
spectators had assembled. At five o'clock the ladies'
committee—consisting of Misses Mary Woessner,
Hannah Francke, Lizzy Riggs, Mrs. Collins, Mrs.
Neal and Mrs. Crafts—appeared upon the Court
House steps. The beautiful Miss Mary Woessner, on
behalf of the ladies of Corpus Christi, made the
following appropriate presentation address:

["]Gentlemen of the Light Infantry:

Nature having denied to us the privilege of
engaging in the strife of war, and as the laurels
which you win in our common defense honor us, we
are here to testify our appreciation of the patriotism
which prompts you to rally to the standard of the
Confederate States. The love of all that is dear to us,
our homes and our firesides, our duty and all the
legitimate happiness of independence and liberty,
demands of us an expression of our sense of
northern injustice; and that we, too, as well as the
men of the south, are ready to part with every
comfort rather than submit to northern tyranny.
Actuated by this spirit, we have procured for you the
flag which we now present you, as the most
becoming testimonial of our devotion to the course
of Southern Independence. We therefore, while we
confide this banner to your protection as an emblem
of a just cause, *trust* that you will ever defend it,

With freedom's soil beneath your feet

And freedom's banner streaming o'er you.

Our dearest hopes are clustered around it,
and while memory serves to tell you this, we know
that in this noble cause victory will crown your toils;
and southern institutions, menaced no longer by a
northern foe, we shall possess the sacred repose of
our peaceful and happy homes.["]

The flag was then delivered into the hands
of Lieut. Geo. Pfeuffer by Mr. Denny, when Lieut.
Wm. H. Maltby responded on behalf of the
company as follows:

["] Ladies of Corpus Christi:

It is with feelings of emotion and pleasure that the
Light Infantry accept these beautiful colors which
your patriotism and public spirit have prompted you
to procure and present to us. We are not unmindful
of the high compliment you have paid us, in thus
committing to our charge this flag, which, like a
magnet, has already attracted and now holds secure
eleven of the stars that once emblazoned the blue
field of that flag we all loved and revered until it
became the badge of despotism. You have
demonstrated that the women of '61 have inherited
all the noble qualities of the mothers of the
Revolution; and, like them, that you are ready and
willing to offer your husbands, children, lovers and

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Flag Presentation.

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friends a sacrifice upon the altar of your country, in the great cause of civil liberty. To prove worthy of the confidence you have to-day reposed in us, will be our constant endeavor. If cruel, relentless war must be forced upon us; if the blood of southrons must dampen the soil that the tree of liberty may thrive; we here promise you, ladies of Corpus Christi, that the Light Infantry will defend the Confederate flag so long as a platoon is left, or a cartridge remains undischarged. Again, ladies, we thank you.["]

Three cheers were then given for the ladies of Corpus Christi; three more for Mrs. Robertson, the pioneer of the flag movement; bouquets [sic], prepared by fair hands, were thrown into the ranks in profusion; both companies marched and counter marched around the Court House several times, and finally proceeded down town. After marching through the principal streets, the companies broke ranks, highly elated at the attention which had been paid them. The whole affair passed off pleasantly.

In connection with this flag presentation, great credit is due Mr. J. Levy, who selected the flag in New Orleans for the ladies, and brought it to Corpus. He succeeded in getting it at a greatly reduced price, and also purchased two extra stars to be affixed to it when needed, and presented them to the company. His generosity will be remembered by the company, and should occasion ever be presented, every member will take the greatest pleasure in reciprocating.

THE RANCHERO [Corpus Christi, TX], June 15, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

The Confederate Army Uniform.

We have been furnished by Mr. E. Cain, Military Tailor, Commercial Alley, with a description of the uniform adopted for the Confederate Army. Mr. Cain, whose known experience in his line of business eminently qualified him to advise upon the subject, was summoned to Montgomery by the Quartermaster General, for the purpose of assisting in the selection of an appropriate dress for our army. His suggestions were adopted by the department, and the following described style will be worn:

Coat.—Short tunic of cadet grey cloth, double-breasted, with two rows of buttons over the breast, the rows two inches apart at the waist and widening toward the shoulders.—Suitable for cavalry as well as infantry.

Pantaloon.—Of sky blue cloth, made full in the leg, and trimmed according to corps—with blue for infantry; red for artillery; and yellow for cavalry. No other distinction.

For the General and the officers of his staff the dress will be of dark blue cloth, with gold; for the medical department, black cloth, with gold and velvet trimming.

All badges of distinction are to be marked upon the sleeves and collars. Badges of distinguished rank, on the collar only. For a Brigadier General, three large stars; for a Colonel, two large stars; for a Lieutenant Colonel, one large star; for a Major, one small star, and horizontal bar; for a Captain, three small stars; for a first Lieutenant, two small stars; for a second Lieutenant, one small star.

Buttons.—For a General and staff officers the buttons will be of bright gilt, convex, rounded at the edge—a raised eagle at the centre, surrounded by

thirteen stars. Exterior diameter of large sized button, one inch; of small size, half inch.

For officers of the corps of engineers the same button is to be used, except that in the place of the eagle and stars, there will be a raised "E" in German text.

For officers of artillery, infantry, riflemen and cavalry, the buttons will be plain gilt convex, with a large raised letter in the centre—A for artillery, I for infantry, &c. The exterior diameter of large size button, 7/8 of an inch; small size, 1/2 inch.

For all enlisted men of artillery, a large A, raised in the centre of a three-quarter inch button.

For all enlisted men, the same as for artillery, except that the number of the regiment will be substituted for the letter A.

The selection of Mr. Cain, in this connection, was a deserved compliment, and he will proceed immediately to furnish the necessary materials, for the manufacture of the uniforms.—Delta.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 15, 1861, p. 1, c. 3

A military meeting was held at the Capitol on last Tuesday evening. It was the largest, most harmonious and enthusiastic we have ever attended in Austin. Gen. Thomas Green presided, and Messrs. J. C. Darden, J. Q. St. Clair and Sam. J. Wood acted as Secretaries. The object of the meeting was to receive reports of committees appointed at a previous meeting, and to provide further means to equip volunteers for service. Excellent, entertaining and instructive addresses were delivered by Col. A. R. Crozier, N. G. Shelley, Esq., Col. J. P. Neal and E. W. Cave, Esq.

This meeting called out the largest array of the beauty of Austin that we have ever seen assembled in this city. They, at least, are a unit in favor of Southern union, and thoroughly aroused to a sense of the dangers that surround us; and we can announce to our readers that a revolution in public sentiment is now going on daily. Prejudices are being overcome under the inspirations of patriotism, and the countenance, encouragement, and approving smiles of the women of Austin. It will not be long until the disaffected leaders of the opposition will have the honor of enjoying in the future the glory of their political "deep damnation."

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, June 15, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

NEW USE FOR HOOPS.--A correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer writes the following:

Women, Pistols and Strategy!--Abolition Republicans are frightened at the shadow of a ghost, as was Lieutenant Jones at Harper's Ferry, and Commodore Pendergrast at Norfolk, the proof of which is now historic record. Let such men know that a fierce and bloody encounter [sic] awaits them, when, I tell you that over two hundred of the finest Colt's revolvers I ever saw have been purchased in Cincinnati, at various times and places, within the last two weeks, (no thanks to the Eggleston vigilance mob) and conveyed out of the city under the hoops of one of the fairest and most distinguished of Kentucky's daughters, and sent by trusty agents to her friends in the interior of the State. Oh, crinoline, thou art a jewel!

A Kentucky Subscriber.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, June 15, 1861, p. 4, c. 1

Correspondence of Caddo Gazette.

Norfolk, Va., May 18th, '61.

Dear Doctor:--I write with hands encrimsoned in gore, but not of the enemy. A fine old Virginia gentleman—the happy owner of a ten-acre strawberry patch, very kindly placed it at our disposal, and you may well believe that we pitched into it incontinently.—We have received all possible kindness and attention from the citizens here, and all through the State. On our arrival here, every house in the city was thrown open to us, and all vied with each other in affording hospitality and civilities to those who had left their own homes in sunny Louisiana, to defend the hearths and homes of the Old Dominion, from the foe that threatened her with invasion and rapine.

We have been here a week, encamped one mile from the city, on Tenner's Creek, a tide water stream affording excellent bathing, and furnishing fish, oysters, &c., in abundance.—We have 1000 men in camp, and present quite a lively appearance. WE are visited daily by crowds of ladies and gentlemen, who evince much interest in our welfare, and do all in their power to promote our comfort.

A soldier's life is far from being a "gay" one, but the Caddo boys bear the hardships and privations inseparable from it, most manfully, and murmur at nothing but the discipline. That they will not stand, and our Regimental officers "caved" at the start, and allow us to do pretty much as we please. We behave well, however, and are the only company in the regiment that has no member under arrest. Col. Blanchard believes strongly in the Caddo Rifles, and has high hopes of us—hopes which we will take care, shall not be disappointed.

We have several musical amateurs among us, and when the daylight has faded, and the "stars are in the quiet skies," the sweet notes of the violin, flute, and guitar, float out on the evening breeze, in concert with the tones of fifty or more human voices. "Home, Sweet Home" is the favorite, and as the old familiar strains ring sweetly out, many a manly cheek quivers with emotion, and many a manly eye is dimmed with tears, that are no shame to manhood. Even your correspondent, all unused as he is to the melting mood, has dropped sundry pearly tears at such times, and felt slightly "spooney," to think that while he is "gone for a soger," some stay-at-home rival may step in and supersede him in the heart of the affections of the fair—never mind who. It is all right though, I suppose. I will return with any amount of laurels, nary one of which shall she receive, unless she receives me with them.

Norfolk is a very pleasant city, with a population of about eighteen thousand. In ordinary times it has a very extensive business, but the blockade has effectually stopped that, in consequence of which, fish, vegetables, and fruits, that were formerly shipped to Northern cities, are sold now at ridiculously low prices. Garden peas at fifty cents per bushel. Strawberries three to five cents per quart, and other things in proportion. The only thing at high figures is beef—for that, we pay twelve and a half cents.

We live high in camps; fresh meat, fresh bread, vegetables, fish, strawberries, &c., &c. Letters from home say, they think in Caddo that we are almost in a starving condition, but that is entirely a mistake. We did fare rather badly on the trip, but since we have

been here, we have wanted for nothing in the eating line. . . .

We are all in high spirits to heart that Jeff. Davis will be in Richmond soon. His presence here would be worth ten thousand men. At present, all the Confederate forces are under command of General Lee, of this State. He is said by those who know him, to be a capable and efficient officer. . . .

I will write again as soon as anything "turns up." Your readers will find my "epistles" somewhat of the driest, but imagine my situation, and they will readily pardon them.

Yours,

Indebtitimus.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 15, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

White-Wash Recipe.—The following is the recipe for making the white-wash used on the White House at Washington:

Take half a bushel of nice unslaked lime, slak it with boiling water, covering it during the process to keep in the steam. Strain the liquor through a small sieve or strainer, and add to it a peck of clean salt, previously dissolved in warm water—three pounds of ground rice previously mixed to a thin paste and stirred in while hot; half a pound of powdered Spanish whiting, and one pound of clean glue, which has been previously dissolved by soaking it well, and then hanging it over a slow fire in a small kettle within a larger one filled with water; add five gallons of hot water to the whole mixture, stir it well and let it stand a few days covered from the dust. It should be put on quite hot; for the purpose it can be kept in a kettle on a portable furnace. It is said that about one pint of this mixture will cover a square yard upon the outside of a house if properly applied. Brushes more or less fine may be used, according to the neatness of the job. It retains its brilliance for many years. Coloring matter may be used. Spanish brown stirred in, will make a red or pink, more or less deep, according to the quantity; lampblack in moderate quantities makes a slate color, very suitable for the outside of buildings. Yellow ochre, stirred in, makes a yellow wash, but chrome goes further, and makes a better color. Green must not be mixed with the lime, the lime destroys the color and makes the whitewash crack and peel off. Where the walls are badly smoked, and you wish to have a clear white, it is well to squeeze in indigo, and stir into the whole mixture.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, June 15, 1861, p. 4, c. 3

The man who, to make a show of chivalry, would wantonly provoke a war, the horrors of which must fall upon his wife and children, is unworthy to have a wife and children.--Louisville Journal.

The man who would not defend his wife and children against the infamous party that has inaugurated a war to make negroes their equals, is not fit to have a wife and children.--San Antonio Herald.

Volunteers Remember This--To rub common hard soap well in the threads of stockings before putting them on for a long march, is recommended as a preventive to the ordinary foot soreness and blistering which occurs to those not used to traveling.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, June 15, 1861, p. 4, c. 5

Volunteers should provide themselves with a small oil-silk bag, in which to carry a wet sponge. It can be used with comfort in cleansing the mouth, ears, nose and eyes of dust. If the weather is very warm, the sponge should be carried in the cap, and there will then be no danger of sun stroke.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, June 22, 1861, p. 3, c. 3

Bass Grays.—This company, named in honor of Capt. F. S. Bass, who is now in Virginia, in command of the Marshall Guards, is now fully organized, and will, in a short time, be handsomely uniformed. It is commanded by Capt. K. M. Van Zandt. The material for the uniforms is now on hand. Several of the Marshall ladies have expressed their willingness to make it up for the company, and there are doubtless other ladies who would take pleasure in assisting in this patriotic work. All who are desirous of thus assisting will please send in their names to the committee, composed of Messrs. Pope, Horr, and Talley. The names can be left at Ford & Horr's, or at Bradfield & Talley's.

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, June 22, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

Interesting to Housewives.—Fly time is now fairly upon us, and these troublesome little insects are as much of a nuisance as the Black Republican army in St. Louis. The weapon wherewith to repel this invasion may be found in the following, which we find in an exchange:

Take three or four onions and boil them well in a pint of water, and then brush the liquid over your glasses and frames, and the flies will not light in smelling distance of them. The receipt is a safe one, and will do no injury to your furniture.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, June 22, 1861, p. 4, c. 1

A large train of wagons reached this place last week, from San Antonio, in search of flour. They proceeded to the steam Mills of Messrs. Gold & Wheeler, of Cedar Springs and will take off with them upwards of 50,000 pounds flour.—Dallas Herald.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 22, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

Powder.—A Powder Mill has been put in successful operation on White River, in this State, and is turning out two thousand pounds daily. Another mill will be put in operation in the same locality, in the course of a few weeks, which will, it is said turn out one thousand pounds daily. We intend to burn our own powder in Arkansas, and if old Abe and his "pets" don't think it good powder, let them come to see us.—Camden Eagle.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 22, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

Serenade.—The Corpus band, under the surveillance of Prof. Goddat, gave our citizens a serenade on Tuesday night last. It was their first effort in public, and for only one month's instruction, they reflected great credit upon themselves and teacher—with one exception. The next serenade, to be given soon, will astonish some of the professionals. Don't sleep with your deaf ear up, and mind our prediction.

THE RANCHERO [Corpus Christi, TX], June 22, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Maj. S. Peters, who recently lost and recovered four negroes, offers \$250 reward for their recovery again, they having ran away the second time. See advertisement.

THE RANCHERO [Corpus Christi, TX], June 29, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

A True Southern Woman.—The following letter, says the Norfolk Day Book, from the wife of one of the Macon County (Georgia) volunteers, addressed to her husband, who is encamped in this vicinity, expresses the true-toned sentiment that animates the daughters of the South in the present crisis:

Hawkinsville, GA., May 13, 1861.

My Dear Husband--All are well at home, and I am glad to tell you so. Sometimes I want you at home, but when I think of the cause of your absence, I am perfectly resigned.

I am of the opinion that the war will not last longer than six months, from the lights before; but should the twelve months for which you are enlisted, expire and the war still continue, I shall not expect to see you at home. I have resigned my claim on you to your God and your country. Think not of ease and pleasure, until the enemy of your home in the sunny South is made to submit, and Abe Lincoln is forced to give us (all we ask) our rights.

When this day dawns, then return, and receive from your wife the smiles and tender cares to which you and all other brave soldiers are entitled. Be a brave soldier. Nobly face the enemy. For every ounce of blood in your body give to the enemy ounce balls. Look to your God in the hour of danger. I believe He is on our side; and with Him as your leader who dare oppose?

Many prayers are sent to Heaven in your behalf. I am proud to say that my husband is a soldier; then think not that I am sad. I ask you not to return home until the war is ended.

God bless you and your company, and send you all safely home to your kindred and friends.

B. H. L.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, June 22, 1861, p. 4, c. 4

Greenville, June 10, '61.

Major DeMorse:--

Dear Sir:--Providence seems specially to bless the people of Texas this year. Have just completed the harvesting, of by far the most abundant wheat crop ever grown in Texas! We have had a rain, such as I have not seen, for lo, these many years. Corn looks fine—oats, and Hungarian grass and barley, are making a fair yield. .

The people of this county are subscribing beef steers, to send to New Orleans, for the purchase of arms for the county. We wish to raise some three or four hundred bullocks.—Other counties that have not the means, can follow our example, particularly those in a stock region.

There was a considerable gathering of the chivalry of Hunt, on Saturday the 8th; a presentation of a flag to Capt. Cansler's company, by Miss Lucy Jea, with an appropriate address; an address in reply, by Jim Farr, in behalf of the company. We had, also, a war talk from General Green—very good. Drilling of companies—martial music, &c.

So you can perceive from these items that, Hunt is all right.

Tug.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 22, 1861, p. 2, c. 5

Assembly of Notables.

We have been in attendance this week, part of our time, upon an assembly of Notables, convened in Rhine's large Hall. It was an interesting body—very. Discussion was unending, various, and piquant. So loquacious a body has never before convened in Northern Texas, none as we believe, half so interesting. It was an industrious convocation, too. Incessantly, from morning till night, tongues wagged, accompanied by graceful movements of the hand and arm, and a gentle, occasional swaying of the body, in accompaniment. We are sure that everybody anticipates the assemblage we refer to, from our preliminary description of its notable out-lines. Not to leave any dullard in doubt, however, we will descend to mere matter-of-fact description, and state, in dull, prosaic style, that this interesting, graceful, and eloquent body, was none other than the assemblage of the ladies of Clarksville and vicinity, to make clothing for the Red River Company of volunteers, under Captain Burks, who marched out on Thursday, and encamped about a half-mile from town that night, on their way to Fort Washita, where they will receive orders for their ultimate destination. . . .

Fifty or sixty ladies, and sundry sewing machines, were at work several days, making up every required kind of clothing, and tents, for the company; and the company started on Friday morning, well armed, well clothed, and in all respects, well provided for. They number one hundred rank and file.

Success to the Red River volunteers, and many thanks to their Patron Saints, the memory of whom will gladden their hearts oft times, when far off and undergoing dangers and hardships.

Prior to their departure, a most elegant Confederate States Flag was presented to them, without ceremonial, by Mrs. Isabella H. Gordon, who had prepared it at home, of superior materials, and with the Stars handsomely embroidered upon the blue Union, in white silk, ornamentally and durably.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 22, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

Camps of Instruction.

Gov. Clark has issued a proclamation, dated June 8th, 1861, directing the attention of the people to a want which is deeply felt, viz: a thorough knowledge of every movement of the battle-field. Military encampments, for the instruction of infantry troops designed for Confederate service, will be established at the most available points in the State, provided with able drill officers. He says our heroic volunteers themselves are eager to go into these encampments and they will find a sufficient and incentive reward in the instruction they will receive, and in the thorough readiness for battle they will acquire. Yet, while receiving this instruction, the people must support them; and he makes the appeal to every man who has one drop of patriotic blood in his veins, or one sentiment of State pride in his heart. Let every farmer hold himself in readiness to bestow a portion of his abundant crop; every merchant a share of his commercial profit; every artisan a contribution of his valuable labor, and every man all that is in his power, to support these chivalric men, who will discipline themselves to defend our country and maintain its independence. Aids-de-camp to the Governor have been appointed, each of whom is provided with full authority and instructions to establish a camp and control its organization in his respective district.

In compliance with the above, the Adjutant General of the State issued orders on the 10th inst., dividing the State into eleven military districts, leaving out the frontier counties. The 1st District is composed of the counties of Matagorda, Wharton, Jackson, Victoria, Calhoun, Goliad, Refugio, San Patricio, and Nueces, with Col. A. Buchell, of Indianola, as Aid-de-camp. The several companies in this district will enter into camp on the 15th of July, and remain there for a period of forty days. The camp equipage for each company shall consist of four axes, two hatchets, four spades, four shovels, ten frying pans, ten skillets or cast iron ovens, ten iron pots, ten water buckets, and also ten tents ample enough to allow room for ten men each, say ten tents for one hundred men, all of which shall be issued to the companies, upon receipt of the captains, previous to their taking up their line of march. Each man will supply himself with one coat, two pairs of pantaloons, two shirts, two pairs of drawers, two undershirts, (if worn), three pairs of socks, two blankets, or one blanket and one overcoat, two pairs of shoes, one towel and one hat, with comb and brushes, and also one knife, one tin cup and one spoon, and if possible, one tin plate and one canteen.

Let our citizens be prepared to contribute liberally toward the accomplishment of the above end.

THE RANCHERO [Corpus Christi, TX], June 22, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

Contemplated Paper Mill.—As so many questions have been asked us, recently, in regard to the new enterprise—a paper-mill—we will give a faint outline of its absolute necessity. There is consumed, in Louisiana, in the course of one year, paper to an almost incredible amount, the most of which has, hitherto, come from the north—all of it outside of our own State; but all supplies are now cut off from the north, as the article is declared contraband of war. There are in the Confederacy, some fifteen paper mills that produce, probably, 75,000 pounds daily, while the consumption is rated at 150,000 pounds daily, or just double the supply. Now, if this enterprise is suffered to fall through, from lack of capital, there is great reason to apprehend an entire stoppage of newspaper publishing in this and other Southern States, and, also, great inconvenience will result from the want of even ordinary wrapping paper. There is an actual cash market now existing for as much paper as a mill can produce in four months, and the business, besides being cash, is also very profitable. We are glad to learn that at least two-thirds of the stock is already taken.—True Delta.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, July 22, 1861, p. 4, c. 5

FLAGS.—Every day we read accounts of flags being presented to military companies. The spirit which prompts such generosity is truly commendable. But we beg to say that it is a useless expenditure of money, and that it would be much better to apply it in some other way for the benefit of volunteers. In actual service, flags are not always carried even by regiments, and by companies they are ignored altogether.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, June 29, 1861, p. 2, c. 6

Flag Presentation.

On Monday morning, the Artillery Company proceeded to the Fair Grounds to receive the beautiful flag made by the ladies of Dallas and to be then presented in due form. At an early hour a crowd of ladies and gentlemen, and numbers of soldiers from the different camps [?] assembled and awaited the arrival of the Artillery Company, Capt. Good. This fine company at 9 o'clock marched up in fine style and took their position in front of the stand: immediately behind them were drawn up the Rusk County Cavalry, and the Texas Hunters from Harrison county.

The ceremonies were opened by prayer from Lieut. Rev. Mr. Wilburn, of the Smith county Cavalry.

Miss Josephine Latimer, gracefully supporting the flag and "robed in spotless white," stepped forward and in behalf of the ladies of Dallas addressed the company in the following chaste and impressive manner:

My Countrymen, Ladies and Citizens:--It is with mingled feelings of pride and sadness that I look upon this splendid array of the noble and chivalrous sons of the South. These are brave and noble hearts, that are willing to sacrifice the pleasures of home, to be deprived of the blissful presence of mothers and sisters, wives and children, and to undergo the fatigue, the hardships, the sufferings of a soldier's life, for the priceless boon of Liberty.

Stoical, indeed, must be the heart that does not feel a glow of enthusiasm, to see such a response to our country's call, "To Arms." The mechanic has dropped his hammer and plane, the farmer his sickle and plow, the lawyer no longer prepares a pleading for his client, but calmly buckles on his armor, and determines with one burst of the eloquence of War, to silence his opponent forever; the judicial ermine has been laid aside, and the brilliant uniform of the "Flying Artillery" has been donned, it may be forever. The Statesman, the Warrior, all are here. The minister has left his flock to another's care and prepares to do God's service, even on the battle-field.

When we reflect for what we are fighting, our homes, the family altar, our institutions and nought but what is sanctioned by Holy Writ—we are encouraged to hope for success, yet we must acknowledge our dependence upon Almighty God, who is mighty in Battle—who is merciful and gracious, and who has promised to those who love and fear him, to be "A Rock, a Fortress, a hightower, your strength and your salvation.

Brave Ensign, in behalf of the Ladies of Dallas, I present you this flag. These beautiful stars and brilliant bars, that speak so eloquently of Southern Liberty, may they never trail in the dust of a dishonorable retreat, or be trampled or spit upon by a victorious and insolent enemy. Courage to the heart, and strength to the hands that shall bear it!

"Should you fall—but I hope you may not—
Your spirit shall dwell with the brave,
Your deeds, by your country shall ne'er be
forgot,

While freemen weep over your grave."

In conclusion, I would say to these who remain, let your prayers ascend daily, that wisdom, prudence and valor may be given to our commanders, and that our Heavenly Father may protect, guide and defend our armies, and at last crown them with success. And when you shall look upon this banner, unfurled in the

breezes of the North, remember the prayers that ascend for you and pray it to the conquerors, speak of glory and honor, to the wounded, peace and consolation, and to the dying, life and immortality beyond the grave.

The flag was received by Capt. Good in a few appropriate and soul-stirring remarks. The gallant Captain never looked better than in the handsome uniform of the Artillery, and certainly, we never heard a more patriotic burst of eloquence than the one on this occasion. Three cheers were enthusiastically given to the ladies of Dallas, and the Cavalry Companies then present. The interesting scene closed with an appropriate prayer from Rev. Jas. A. Smith, and all hearts seemed fully impressed with the solemnity of the occasion.

DALLAS HERALD, June 26, 1861, p. 1, c. 4

The following was handed us by Hon. W. T. Scott, upon his return from New Orleans. We are also indebted to him for late city papers.

Soldiers' Thanks.

The "Marshall Guards" (Texas) desire to return their sincere thanks to Mrs. Stevens and Mrs. McCants, managers of the "Ladies Sewing Society," for the Confederate States Army, No. 82 Camp Street, New Orleans. Also to Mrs. H. Parsons, who volunteered especially for the "Marshall Guards." These patriotic ladies have been constantly engaged for the last ten days in making our uniforms, and doing all in their power to equip us expeditiously as possible; none of them have enjoyed the comforts of home during that period, but have been constantly engaged in their noble task, to fit us out for the war.

Col. S. H. Peek, (Wheeler & Wilson sewing machines,) was also liberal and generous in his attention to us; kindly giving the use of five machines, and competent hands to the Ladies of the Society, for the benefit of the Guards' uniform.

Mr. R. Pitkin, wholesale clothier, Camp St., also desires our thanks for his attention to us while in the city.

To these noble, self-sacrificing, and patriotic ladies, Mrs. Stevens, McCants, and Parsons, as well as the many ladies who have assisted them in their laudable endeavors to send us out in "harness" to the battle field, we again return our heart-felt thanks. We will ever remember them, and cordially commend them to the people of Texas.

With such heroines inspiring us with their Spartan firmness, and gentle sympathy in the glorious cause in which we are engaged, we cannot but succeed.

All hail to the noble matrons of New Orleans.

S. W. Webb,
C. S. Mills,
Adam Hope,
James Poague,
B. S. Pope.

Committee on Uniform.

Col. Scott, we understand, contributed \$200 to the purchase of the material for these uniforms.

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, June 28, 1861, p. 2, c. 7

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For the Dallas Herald.

Communication.

Newton's Mills, Grayson Co. Texas,
June 18th, 1861.

. . . On Saturday, the 15th inst., the ladies of the vicinity of this place presented the [?] Grove Boys," Capt. J. Morris commanding, a beautiful banner. The ceremonies took place at Mr. Newton's new barn, in the presence of Capt. Morris' company and a considerable concourse of ladies.—[?] Edge, on behalf of the fair de[?] the flag, delivered the following presentation speech, in a clear, distinct and graceful manner, that sent a thrill of patriotism to the heart of every one present: Soldiers: Our kinsmen have beome [?], and as such are threatening to [?] our land and despoil our homes.—[?] you have once again thrown yourselves on the breach to free your country from the domination of a tyranny more op[?] than that over which your gallant [?]mpled in days gone by. We hail you as the guardians of our homes—the [?] of your mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters.

When you go forth to battle for us against those who have made themselves our enemies, and are seeking to trample [?] a bloody despotism our most sacred and cherished rights, we desire that you should have something to remind you of our fidelity and love, and to act as a be[?] tar to guide you through the gloom and smoke and blood of war. As such a guide, I, on the part of the ladies of the neighborhood, present you this, a SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY FLAG, with the confident belief that in the hands of your gallant band it will wave victorious o'er many a bloody field; and that you will follow it at duty's call, through death should stand before you in his most fearful garb.

If you fall at your posts, our hearts will treasure up the memory of your virtues; your country will honor your bravery and devotion; and though the loss of you will cause an aching void the world can never fill, we will have the glorious consolation of knowing that you perished like martyrs in a noble cause—defending your country, your rights, and those who love you and depend upon you for protection; and we believe as we pray, that the "God of battles will forever bless you."

The Flag was received by Mr. C. G. Burk, in a neat and appropriate manner, pledging the honor and bravery of the company that it should be borne through the approaching conflict with honor to themselves and their country.

Capt. Morris is a good officer and an accomplished gentleman, and the brave men under his command will not fail to make their mark whenever they may be called on.

DALLAS HERALD, June 26, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

The Paris Press, alluding to the fact that nearly all the papers of Eastern Texas are out of printing paper, and to the impossibility of getting a sufficient supply during the war, thinks the present a favorable time to establish a paper mill. Our contemporary regards Jefferson as the most suitable place for the inauguration of such an enterprise. Why would not a paper mill pay as well in Texas as in Georgia or Alabama? In both those States paper is manufactured to a considerable extent. Some gentleman who has the means, should inquire into the speculation.

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, June 28, 1861, p. 2, c. 5

To the Clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Texas.

Dear Brethren—The following Prayer is set forth for use, on every occasion of Public Worship during the continuance of the present war. The occasional Prayer, "In time of War and Tumults," may also be used or not, at discretion.

The Prayer for the Congress of the Confederate States will also be used, as heretofore, on the re-assembling of the Congress in Richmond, on the 20th prox., and during its Sessions thereafter, until some permanent provision shall be made.

Affectionately, your friend and brother in Christ,
Alex. Gregg,
Bishop of the Diocese of Texas.
Austin, June 22, 1861.

Prayer.

O most powerful and glorious Lord God, the Lord of Hosts, that rulest and commandest all things; Thou sittest in the throne judging right, and therefore we make our address to thy Divine Majesty in this our necessity, that thou wouldest take the cause into thine own hand, and judge between us and our enemies.

Stir up thy strength, O Lord, and come and help us; for thou gavest not alway the battle to the strong, but canst save by many or by few.

Give wisdom, courage, and every needful virtue to those chosen leaders who may conduct our armies on the field of strife; preserve them all from vain glorying, and from every undue excess in the hour of victory; and especially be with those who have gone, or may go forth in defence of their homes, of the institutions transmitted to them, and of every cherished right. Save them from the temptations to which they may be exposed, guard them from danger, strengthen and support them in the discharge of every duty to their country, and to Thee, O Lord, God of our Fathers, the rock of our refuge, who wilt give, we humbly trust, to thy injured people, victory at the last. We thank thee for the tokens of thy favor already vouchsafed. Continue them, we beseech thee, as we do put our trust in thee; and grant that the unnatural war which has been forced upon us, may speedily be brought to a close, in the deliverance of they people, in the restoration of peace, in the strengthening of our Confederate Government, that it may continue to flourish and prosper; and in the advancement of thy glory, O Blessed Lord God, who dost live and govern all things, world without end, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, June 29, 1861, p. 1, c. 6

B. J. Smith's Collegiate Female School and the War.

It was the good fortune of the writer of this, to attend the annual examination of this school last week; and we cannot omit to state that we were surprised at the thoroughness of nearly all the classes in the school.

At the conclusion of the examination, the Principal in a very neat and appropriate address, returned his thanks to his patrons, and the auditory for their patience, &c., and declared his intention of devoting the remainder of his life to teaching in Austin, and proposed to afford tuition gratuitously to the children of every citizen engaged in the war during its continuance. And declared that the children of every citizen who should die in the army, or be slain in battle, should have their education free of charge as long as his school continued.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, June 29, 1861, p. 3, c. 2

Miss Gregg's Address--Below will be found the excellent and stirring address of Miss Eleanor H. Greeg [sic], daughter of Bishop Gregg, delivered on presenting the flag to the "Tom Green Rifles," at the Capitol, on the evening of the 24th inst. It is the best address of the kind that we have ever read.

Want of space precludes the insertion of the letter of the committee to Miss G., requesting a copy for publication, and her reply, as well as the very appropriate and patriotic address of Captain B. F. Carter, accepting the flag:

Soldiers of the "Tom Green Rifles"--It has been made my pleasing duty to present to you, in behalf of the ladies of Austin, this, our glorious Confederate Flag--a Flag which as surely as God prospers the right, will continue to float proudly over the land of the free and the home of the brave. Here, in this Representative hall of Texas, to be henceforth for ever associated with that sovereign act of her people, in convention assembled, by which she declared herself no longer the member of a Union which had become as odious as it had been violated and abused; here, where a better and a nobler--a true confederation, was formed with her sister States of the South--States one in feeling, one in interest, in the knowledge of their rights and the ability to maintain them; here, in this spot, consecrated forever to the cause of State rights and confederate independence, is this proud banner presented to you.

Our dearest rights have been assailed, a war more ruthless than that of savage foes, unholy as human annals have ever recorded, is waged upon us.

The South, never the aggressor, long forbearing, patiently enduring, wronged to the uttermost, though she would fain have separated peaceably, is at length in arms. The unnatural conflict has been forced upon us. We have appealed to the God of battles, and no alternative is left us but victory or death.

The South is invaded; one feeling animates her people. Her noble heart beats responsive to the sacred claims of duty. Her treasures are lavishly opened, her best gifts have been presented, and the flower of her youth, the pride of her maturity, the glory of her age, have alike responded to their country's call; all classes and professions vie in patriotic emulation.

Carolina, gallant Carolina, led the way; Mississippi, Florida and Alabama, with their Confederate sisters, nobly followed. A singular moderation, counsels as wise, and as heroic a determination, marked their course. From that time on, you know full well the rapid march of events; how every effort at honorable conciliation, perfidiously met by our enemies, failed--and Sumter fell.

Foiled at every step, the enemy called his fanatic hordes to arms. It hastened on for us the glorious day. Other States, moved by the aggressions made upon us, could no longer delay. They nobly rushed to their aid, and cast their lot with the seven Confederate States that had led the way to independence. Virginia, Arkansas, Tennessee and North Carolina are with us, and others will soon follow.

And now the cry of a bloody fanaticism goes up in muttering tones--"Let her institutions perish, let the South, if necessary, be wiped from the face of the earth."

Already has the path of the invader been marked by lawless violence, by savage ferocity, by deeds of darkness and of blood. The Mother of States, the Old Dominion--Virginia--consecrated to liberty, has opened her bosom to the strife. Over the graves of her patriot dead, has commenced a bloodier conflict than a foreign foe once waged upon her.

And can you wonder, soldiers of Texas, that every Confederate sister has rushed to Virginia's aid, that thither the tide of war rolls on, that the last sacred duty of nations is gladly, universally heeded; and that we are ready to give our fathers, our sons, our brothers, our all, if need be, to the cause of the South--the cause of State sovereignty and of constitutional independence, the last hope of America and of man.

Gallant men, you have responded, and ere this would gladly have gone forth in obedience to your country's call. To you, representatives of Texas, on the field of heroic strife--to you going forth to drive the invader back, we commit this flag. Bear it proudly; guard it bravely, and if it fall, let it be, when there shall no longer be an eye to look upon its pierced and tattered fragments--no more a hand in the last agonies of death, to bear it up. With you, we know it will be safe; with you it will never be dishonored, or kiss the dust.

Soldiers of Texas, you have a proud heritage to defend, and perpetuate. The victors in every struggle through the past, remember how much will be expected of the sons of Texas in the Confederate hosts. Fight for your cherished rights; fight for your own holy institutions. Yes, fight for your homes and firesides, for all the South holds dear. The prayers of your loved ones will go with you; the prayers of mothers, wives, and sisters; the blessings of an injured, long-suffering South; above all, the blessing of Him whose right arm brought us liberty at first, the God of our fathers, will sustain and bless you to the end. In the language of one of Arkansas' gallant sons:

"Fear no danger, shun no labor,
Lift up rifle, pike and sabre;
Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,
Let the odds make each heart bolder.

"Strong as lions, swift as eagles,
Back to their kennels hunt the beagles;
Cut the unequal bonds asunder,
Let them then each other plunder.
Till the traitors are defeated--
Till the Lord's work is completed.

"Halt not till our Federation
Secures among earth's powers its station,
Then at peace and crowned with glory,
Hear your children tell the story.

"To arms! to arms,
And conquer peace for Dixie."

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, June 29, 1861, p. 3, c. 2

Artillery Company.—The Germans of Marshall will meet on Monday night, at the Armory, for the purpose of organizing an Artillery Company. Several of these Germans have seen active service, are thoroughly drilled artillerists, and all that can do so, are solicitous of serving their adopted country, in the existing war.

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, June 29, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

Virginia Women.--On Saturday last, when the report of an engagement at Aquia Creek reached Fredericksburg, the wife of an officer on duty there, inquired, "Who brings the news?" Some one responded, "Your husband." The wife's reply was characteristic of Virginia women. "If," said she, "they are fighting at the Creek, what is my husband doing here?" Of course the officer was on duty; but the reply of the wife was worthy the days of the Revolution.--Fredericksburg Herald.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, June 29, 1861, p. 3, c. 4

A Patriotic Couple.--About two months ago, Mr. R., of Tennessee, courted one of Mississippi's fairest daughters. She consented to marry him, on condition that their marriage should never go to press, and a partition wall should separate their beds until the two States could shake hands in a Southern Congress. On these conditions they were married. A few days ago, the bridegroom, overwhelmed with joy, handed us the following announcement, together with a bottle of sparkling --:

Married, February 10th, at the residence of the bride's father, Col. A. R. Moore, of Calhoun county, Mississippi, Mr. G. W. Randolph, of Tennessee, to Miss Mary E. Moore.--Houston Petrel.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, June 29, 1861, p. 4, c. 1

Female Patriotism.

Our Clarksville is not singular in the patriotism of its Ladies. In Clarksville, Virginia, as will be seen by the following, from the Tobacco Plant of May 31st, there has been other similarity besides that of local designation:

Patriotism of the Ladies.—The ladies of Clarksville deserve the highest praise for the untiring and unflagging industry which they have shown in fitting out the Clarksville Blues, with uniforms and overcoats, and all other equipments for service in the camp and field. The labor thus performed has greatly taxed the energies of our female friends.—What they have done, however, though exceedingly laborious, has been done with a patriotic cheerfulness, for which they deserve all manner of commendation.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 29, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

The Fourth of July.—The patriotic element of this city, we are glad to learn, is in motion, with a view to observe, in an appropriate manner, the anniversary of American Independence, inaugurated by the patriots of '76 and maintained by the people of the south in '61. We trust all persons, old and young, will devote their whole time, next Thursday, to public thanksgiving and rejoicing. "Rebels" first penned and signed the glorious document; let "rebels" sing hozannas [sic] to it, and send up a shout of defiance that will cause Old Abe's knees to weaken, even as did old Belshazzar when he beheld the handwriting on the wall.

THE RANCHERO [Corpus Christi, TX], June 29, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

The 3d Anniversary of the Methodist Sabbath School will (D. V.) occur on the 4th of July. The exercises of the occasion, will take place in the Court House; commencing at 10 A.M., with an address by Rev. J. P. Berhan [? fold in paper]. The children of the school invite their *little* friends of the town to dine with them. The community are invited to witness the exercises.

W. Headen.

THE RANCHERO [Corpus Christi, TX], June 29, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

Lebanon, June 14, 1861.

Maj. DeMorse;--Dear Sir:--The undersigned being a committee to procure copies of Miss E. M. Rodgers and Mr. Wm. H. Hooks' reply, on the occasion of presenting the "Home Guards," with a flag of the Confederate States, at Pine Creek Church, on Saturday, the 1st inst., and, to request of you to publish the same in the Standard.

Inclosed [sic], you will find Miss Rodgers' speech on the occasion, and the response of Mr. Hooks, who was selected by the company, for that purpose. Your compliance will very much oblige, yours respectfully,

Jas. C. Caldwell, }

Committee.

G. W. Arnett, }

Address of Miss Rodgers.

Friends, and Fellow Countrymen:

We are before you to-day, to present to you, this banner, arranged by the *Ladies of Pine Creek Township*, those dear to you by all the ties of kindred, friendship and love.

Believing, as we do, the love of liberty and justice deeply embodied in your hearts, we confidentially trust this to your care and keeping, and whether at home or abroad, may it ever remind you of your country, and your firesides.

Our forefathers fought not for Union, but for that precious jewel, loved by every freeman better than life, Liberty. You know full well the many causes our country has had to reject that flag, on which she once looked with so much pride, and fond remembrances. From the ashes of the old, the Southern Confederacy, has presented you with one as yet uncontaminated with one foul blot. To you I ten consign this emblem of our liberty and nationality, in the firm belief that your love, your honor, and your patriotism, will defend it against the aggressions of tyranny and fanaticism.

It is only the just, who secure the smiles of an all-wise and just Providence, and the protection of his eternal arm. We leave this flag with you, with our prayers sent up to heaven in your behalf, and that of our country.

Reply of Mr. Hooks.

Ladies:--To me has been assigned the pleasing duty, of receiving this banner at your hands, and in so doing, permit me, on this scene of your elevated patriotism, to return to you the sincere thanks of this company. It is with feelings of pride, that we behold our fair countrywomen, coming forward, raising their voices against the darkened powers of oppression, putting forth their calm but powerful might, to urge their countrymen on to meet the threatened danger. It has ever been so with woman; from the time the spartan mother sent forth her son, and bid him conquer or die in defence of his country, woman has ever occupied the front ranks of patriotism. When our revolutionary sires were struggling against the powers of tyranny and despotism, our mothers came forward and urged them on to victory and freedom; and now when those darkened powers are again collecting upon our horizon, when the tocsin of war, and the notes of subjugation comes sounding over our hill tops, and over our valleys, we see the ladies, not only here, but over our whole land, coming forward and nobly

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Reply of Mr. Hooks.

Continued from page 18.

performing their part—behold them working night and day, preparing garments for the volunteers, presenting them with banners, and bidding them go forth, like freemen, in defence of their country. The heart of the patriot must be cold indeed, whose patriotism cannot be aroused by such bright incentives—yes! he, who can look coldly on at such a time and give not the helping hand, is unworthy of the name of freeman; for him the love of country, and the call of patriotism has no charms; if he has ever inherited the birth-right of freedom, he has bartered it for a mess of pottage.

As a testimony of your heart felt wishes, you have presented us this beautiful banner, and bid us do our duty as freemen; it is with emotions of gratitude and patriotism, that we receive it, we might express to you our feelings, but adequately we may not, to your own hearts, your own high motives, we refer you for your best rewards, to them—to your country—to heaven. If the dark hour of battle should come, the recollections of the fair donors of this gift, will ever nerve us for the struggle. You need not fear ladies, that its colors will ever be dimmed or dishonored, for ours is not the banner dipped in blood, and borne by the hand of oppression to crush a struggling people, but that under which we go forth, gleams gloriously in the sunlight of justice, and whether it is borne down by the force of overpowering numbers, or whether it floats triumphantly over the reddened fields, out from its bright waving folds will ever flash forth the motto of freemen "Liberty or death." It was with no ordinary feelings, that the States represented upon this banner, gave up the stars and stripes of the old Union; they had been taught to love it from their infancy up, they had assisted to make it what it once was, and had ever looked to it, for protection and safety, all their associations of honor, glory and patriotism were centered in that flag. It was then a death knell to their hopes; keen were their feelings, as they beheld the flag of their proud country, snatched by the ruthless hands of fanaticism, and turned against them for their own destruction.

"As the stricken Eagle stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feathers on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in the heart,
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
He nourished the pinion that impelled the steel,
And the plumage that had warmed his nest,
Was not drinking the life drops from his breast.

It was not until the last appeal had been made, and they saw nothing but abject submission to northern fanaticism, was to be their fate, not until they saw that sacred charter of our rights, the glorious old Constitution, of our fathers, which had protected them for over eighty years, in all the blessings of liberty, torn by the sacrilegious hand of a vulgar bigot, and the miserable dogmas of a Chicago platform placed in its stead, that these sovereign States revoked the powers that had been delegated to the federal Government, wrapped their robes of sovereignty around them, and retired from a union that had become destructive of their liberties. They have again united themselves together under the title of the Confederate States of America, and formed a

government founded upon the great principles of equality and justice. They have thrown to the breeze the banner of liberty, and called upon freemen to rally under its colors. You, ladies, have presented us this banner—behold! its stars and bars, they are the colors of our Southern Confederacy, on its surface the star of Texas shines brightly, and in the coming contest, if come it must, that star shall not be dimmed or tarnished, for the same spirit that drove the Mexican invader from our soil, now animates the breast of the gallant Texan in every portion of our State, and they stand ready with brave hearts and stout hands to meet the coming foe. Not only here, but from the Potomac, where lie entombed the remains of him who lived and died as none can live and die, from the home of Jefferson, Henry, and a host of others, whose names are held sacred by every Southern heart, to the bright waves of the Rio Grande, the shout of freedom has gone up, and the goddess of liberty is looking smilingly down upon the millions of freemen, who are this day rallying under these colors, ready if necessary to fight again the battles of freedom, [illegible] liberty, and perch it upon this standard, follow it to a glorious victory, or fall, gallantly fighting under its folds. We know not at what moment the storm may burst over our heads, and if the north should send its vandal hordes upon us, we may have a long, a fearful struggle; they may burn our towns and villages, they may lay in waste our fields, and make desolate our homes, but fellow citizens, they cannot conquer us, never! no, never! never! We will rally around this flag, and its colors shall never be struck, until the last foe is driven from our soil. The sword shall not drop from our hands, until this banner is again planted upon the lofty watch tower of constitutional liberty, there to float triumphantly over a liberated nation—coming generations can gaze upon it, and the blood of lofty patriotism will mantle the cheek of our children, while exclaiming:

"Forever float that standard sheet,

Where breathes the foe, but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,

And freedom's banner streaming over us."

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 29, 1861, p. 1, c. 6

Shall We Celebrate the Fourth of July.

Editor Standard:--

Sir:--Having been frequently interrogated as to whether it would be appropriate for the Southern people to celebrate this day, so long one of festival and rejoicing during the existence of the Union, I have thought that a few remarks, in regard to its appropriateness, would be pertinent. . . .

If I understand rightly the cause in which we are engaged, and the rights for which we are now contending, it is for the liberty to form a government of our own, to regulate our own commercial and domestic policy as we may deem proper.

Then instead of discarding it, let the people of the Confederate States observe it as they were wont to do and bequeathe it to their posterity as they received it from the hands of their fathers hailed as the birth day of Liberty, and the establishment of the most comprehensive system of government, and the wisest equalization of laws, of any that history either ancient or modern treats of.

Citizen.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 29, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

Honey Grove, June 23, '61.

Maj. DeMorse:--

Dear Sir:--The Fannin County Company of Infantry, met and organized on the 12th inst. We were presented a beautiful flag by Miss Brown, and a Bible by Miss Smith. To them a long and happy life.

May they, and those interested, live to see the flag of the S. Confederacy overshadow the North American Continent, and extend Southward beyond the Isthmus, and a great and free people, living in peace and security beneath its folds, guided and directed by the Book of Books, the Bible.

To-morrow, we will bid adieu to kind relatives and friends, and take up the line of march for other lands, if needs be, to assist in fighting the battles of another revolution. May the God of battles, who directed our forefathers be with us, assist us in Council, and when the day of battle arrives, when death is flying on every gale, and may he give us strong arms, brave hearts and crown our efforts with success.

Yours respectfully,

A. G. Nicholson.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 29, 1861, p. 2, c. 6

Maj. DeMorse:--

The Orangeville Independent Home Guards, was presented by the ladies of Orangeville and surrounding vicinity, on Saturday the 8th inst., with a beautiful flag. Copies of the address delivered by Miss Mollie Thompson and response of Capt. Daniel Brown on that occasion, have been obtained for publication, and are herewith transmitted to you with the request of the company, that they may appear in your columns.

Daniel Brown, Capt.

Commanding Home Guards.

Address of

Miss Mollie Thompson.

To the Orangeville Independent Home Guard.

Gentlemen of the Orangeville Independent Home Guard; I have the honor to present to your standard bearer to day, the stars and stripes which represent the eleven States already seceded, which constitute the Confederate States of America. And why is it we see so few stars upon our banner, while but a few short months since they numbered thirty-three? is it from a failure upon the part of the sons of the sunny South to abide by the meritorious Constitution of our once boasted and beloved, but now wretched Confederacy? I ask again, is it for the want of fidelity upon our part, we say nay! but from the well established fact that a sectional party of bigoted fanatics in the Northern part of our once glorious Government usurped the reins of power, and trampled under their unhallowed feet that glorious Constitution, which was prepared, acknowledged and signed by many of the most patriotic men of the eighteenth century, which guaranteed to each State equal rights; and in that usurpation they have placed our homes, property, liberty and our lives in jeopardy, and should we quietly submit to such monarchy? nay! Or should we not act as did our noble ancestry, come out from under the iron heel of tyranny, and declare that we owe them not our allegiance; but declare ourselves independent of all such regal power; yea, this should be the position of every Southern State, and thanks to high heaven there are eleven of those that have the pride and patriotism so to act.

And as an emblem or token of that fact, in the name of the ladies of Orangeville and surrounding vicinity, I present to you gallant sons of Fannin county, the stars and stripes of the Confederate States of America. Take it, and if you are called out upon the battle field, I feel assured that you will bear it there, and defend it bravely; and let your motto be liberty or death, we conquer or we die; and

as we are of the weaker sex and cannot assist you in the bearing of fire arms in defence of our country, your consolation be that you have our tears for your misfortunes, and our smiles and best wishes ever present.

Response of Captain Brown.

Miss Mollie Thompson:

In behalf of the Orangeville Independent Home Guard; it devolves upon me to respond to your noble address, and to tender to you our undivided gratitude for such a patriotic manifestation of your sympathy in this most noble cause.

And we pledge to you to-day, if it be necessary for us to bear this banner upon the battle field, to defend the States which you have so beautifully represented by those eleven stars. [sic?] We will bear it from conquest to conquest, and from victory to victory, and if there be but one member of this company left, it shall be borne back to you untarnished by one drop of the blood of cowardice.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 29, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

Purifying Water for Soldiers.

During warm weather, soldiers in camp, and upon march, frequently can obtain no other water to slake their thirst and cook their food than that of ponds, rivers and brooks. These waters are frequently charged with organic matter which is liable to produce dysentery, and in many instances cholera. Soldiers should therefore become intelligent, so as to provide for every contingency in war. The preservation of their health should be just as carefully guarded to insure efficiency, as good discipline and a supply of ammunition. A few words upon impure water may therefore be of great advantage to many of them and possibly may be the means of saving many lives.

The organic impurities of water are partly of animal and partly of vegetable origin, both of which are very objectionable, but the animal most of all. These impurities are constantly undergoing chemical changes—a fermenting process, and it is during such a state of change that the water is dangerous; because when, taken into the human system in this condition, it tends to engender the same fermenting action. The nature of this action is not well known, but of the fact there can be no doubt. Rapid running streams, even if they are as brown, with mud, as the Mississippi river, and as much charged with organic matter, are perfectly healthy, because no chemical change—no fermentation—takes place in them. Sluggish streams and stagnant pools are the most to be dreaded. The mud may be filtered from the water of a running river by merely passing it through cotton cloth, a piece of blanket or flannel shirt, and we would advise soldiers to do so in most instances. This simple method of straining water, will also be found a partial safeguard for stagnant water, but not a perfect one. When on a march, soldiers should endeavor to endure thirst with fortitude; and when they rest for cooking their food, they should boil the water which they intend to carry with them for drinking. When cooled and agitated for a few moments so as to absorb oxygen, it becomes quite pleasant to drink. The natives of the East Indies who live in flat alluvial districts where the ponds and rivers are sluggish and charged with [rest illegible].

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 29, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

Correspondence of the Caddo Gazette.

Under the Bluff at Yorktown, Va.,
May 28, 1861.

Dr. Lacy; Dear Sir:--I am concealed, thoughtful and alone, in "a sly little nook," looking out upon the broad expanse of York River, ere it pores [sic] its briny waters into its kindred element of the Chesapeake Bay, far in the distance. We are all well, beautifully situated, and only feel restive for the mortal combat, threatened us every hour.

Three thousand of us: the 2d Regiment of Louisiana volunteers; the Virginia Regiment, and the North Carolina Regiment, are at this place, and are fortifying almost day and night. . .

May 30th. . . We have been here about one week, and have ourselves so strongly fortified that I do not believe ten thousand men could whip us from it. All of the citizens of this place, looking so soon for an attack upon it, ere we came, fled into the back country, leaving their beautiful homes.

The old brick building, occupied by General Washington, as head quarters, still stands, strong and substantial, and is in many places, deeply marked by cannon balls. Many old papers—more than an hundred and ten ;years old—have been picked by our soldiers, found in it, and some with the old General's own signature to them. They are greatly prized.—I was fortunate enough to find one written by General Washington to General La Fayette, dated Nov. 17,

1775; and were I to offer it to the highest bidder, there is no telling what it would bring, yet strange to say, there were hundreds of old letters, dating quite as far back, and several written by General Washington himself. The soldiers now have them all. . . .

June 2.—The health of all our regiments is good, except bad colds and measles.

Many amusing scenes are witnessed in camp life, such as seeing some of our fancy young men, *at home*, sitting flat on the ground sewing, washing, grinding coffee, and amusing themselves at cards. I took a good, hearty laugh this morning, at finding one of the aforesaid, off to himself, as intently engaged picking an old Shanghai hen, as if meditating over the horrors of war; said he was tired of old bacon, and invited me to dine with him. I wish some of our lady friends of Caddo, well skilled in culinary matters, could see the old hen, as she is now fixed in her nude condition. These noble sons and daughters of Virginia, feed us all, to the extent of their ability, and send us, daily, huge baskets of light bread, broiled chickens, eggs, and buckets of butter, and buttermilk, and then come in (the ladies) themselves, and offer us the greatest of a soldier's pleasure, that of seeing their sweet selves. But my thoughts are always turned homeward at seeing them, with a long, deep sigh.

Yours truly,
Argenti.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 29, 1861, p. 3, c. 2