
THE HENKEL SQUARE HERALD

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VOL. 6

Henkel Square, Round Top, Texas, March 1865

NO. 3

Independence, Texas.

Mr. Editor:--In compliance with your request I write a short article on the culture of tobacco—born and reared in the midst of that region which supplies Richmond, Petersburg and Lynchburg with their choice leaf for manufacturing chewing tobacco, and having grown and manufactured it myself for twenty-five or thirty years, I herewith give you, in substance, the method approved and generally observed, when (as a refugee) I was driven from my home and occupation as a tobacconist. Tobacco is grown for export and for home manufacture and consumption. For the first, or shipping tobacco, the various kinds of seed producing the largest, heaviest, coarsest leaf is preferred—not adapted to home use—and is cured by firing or heavy smoking in tight closely daubed and chinked barns, thus the oil of the leaf is so thoroughly dried or crystalized as to resist the dampness of a sea voyage. To us, this kind of tobacco and mode of cure is not now applicable; for the kind suitable to us, the three varieties of the prior, the white stem or the orinoco are preferred. They produce a leaf less bitter, with less nitre and much milder, of smaller finer fibre and more silky texture. The last or Onnoko [both names transcribed as written] has been long preferred as being the sweetest leaf. Great care should be used in preparing and sowing seed beds, so as to destroy all grass and weed seed, and that the plants be not two [sic] thick to thrive and have good body and shape, else they live badly when transplanted (being too spindling) and produce an unthrifty plant, with long shank (or body) and few narrow and scattering leaves equally troublesome as a good plant and much inferior in quality and quantity. Hence tobacco seed is measured before sown, and the number of square yards in the bed computed. The pipe bow or table-spoon has been always the unit or standard of measure—a common full sized tablespoon, filled to heaping by dipping up the seed, is ample to sow a bed twenty feet square, which should yield plants enough for ten acres, which is a full crop for four hands in Virginia—the worming, succoring and housing or saving, being the burden of the crop. The seed should be thoroughly mixed with one or two gallons (the more the better) of finely [fold in paper] dry ashes [fold in paper] sown carefully or cross-sown. The best land for beds is rich, moist (not wet) branch flats (not alluvial) thick grown with brushwood and long covered with leaves, the soil of a close, tight character, not spongy, puffy or loose when dry. This is very necessary in windy, drying, Texas—chop down all the small growth just under the surface and cut down all the large timber, clean and rake off the bed-spot nicely and let the sun dry it well, then burn it well and uniformly to destroy weed and grass seed, wash off all the ashes and brands from the burning, loosen or chop the soil deeply (not turning it over) and closely with grubbing hoes, chopping and taking out all small

roots, re-chop or hoe finely the surface with weeding hoes, then rake off all clods and trash and avoid tramping the bed until sown; then the sowing may be well done and uniform. Lay off the bed two ways in narrow lands and sow high and regularly and patiently—this done trench around as security against any wash, then with the broadest, flattest, heaviest shoes at your command have the bed closely and heavily tramped, and lastly cover the bed so as nearly to hide the land with large leafless brush and await the result. For the tobacco field new ground is preferable; it should be productive and dry or well drained; very rich land produces an article too large and coarse and is more apt to damage on the hill and must be cut before it is ripe. The land should be well broken and hilled up in good order, if not too dry, a very heavy rain is well as for a season. The usual distance for hills is three feet three inches each way, yet three feet one way and three and a half feet the other gives the advantage of the wide way in chopping and worming and succoring. New ground in tobacco should never be ploughed after planting as pulling the roots destroy too many plants. Hence, the necessity for thorough preparation. Old land, though fine and rich for corn or cotton, should have a little manure in the hill, to start off readily the tender plant, else it may stand for weeks without growing.

But to return. When the leaves in the plant-bed are as large as dollars, the bed must be uncovered, and when the body of the plant is two inches long, you can plant if a season. The bed must be wet, to draw the plants well, which is best done one plant at a time and the largest, finest, and where too thick, let the first drawing thin them out. In planting, just leave the bud out, and if the plants are too old and long, give them an oblique planting, down to the bud. When the plant is large, top it, which is best done by pinching out the button, or bunching seed bud, before it begins to new up. Next, weekly the suckers must be taken off when small and tender. Four or five crops of suckers and the plant ripens, which is *indisputably* known by the *disappearance* of all the furze from the top of the leaf, a better indication than color, breaking of leaf, speck spots, etc. When the upper side of the leaf is perfectly smooth, it is ripe, as is generally the case with the forest leaf. Tobacco gets its weight and quality in ripening. The sap is then converted into oil, which, when perfect exudes and appears in small dark specks on the leaf. When tobacco is cured, (if ripe) this oil (unlike the sap in green tobacco) remains and gives weight and virtue to the weed, and which when volatile in the pipe, puffs dull care away. The bud and horn worms should be hunted once a week, so as to kill the egg, or the worm very young. The name of the first, marks his position, the latter

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Independence, Texas.
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is best caught soon in the morning or on cloudy days, for if not caught till grown, during sunshine, he hides in the hills. When you think the plant is ripe, wait till it begins to waste before you cut. Split midway down the stalk before you cut it from the hill, thus it will straddle the stick well and dry and come up much sooner. If the weather be hot sunshine, cut in the cool of the evening and pick up in the morning, else the hot sun will burn the plant, which is as bad as frost bite. Put the plants then on sticks, (not longer than 4 ¼ feet) crowd them on a scaffold, (better near your shelter or house.) In two or three days, the leaves yellow and almost bleach, then open to the sun and let it dry. Watch against showers—if about to rain or the dews are too heavy, put it under shelter or in the open houses and there let it remain, secure from rain, direct or directing, and seeing that it is not too much corroded [crowded?] to cure regularly by the air—no firing, smoking or doctoring. This is the whole process for air curing or sun curing, from which comes all our fine, sweet chewing tobacco. Take off the coal cured yellow wrapper from the fine plug, and the balance is the sweet, rich, oily, ripe, mahogany, sun or air cured, leaf, from which the nectar flows. Before cutting, a few dirty, sandy, gritty leaves should be pulled off and thrown away, that the balance be not soiled by them. When thoroughly cured, stem and all, then strip off and bundle the leaves in from 15 to 20 in a "bind," putting similar leaves in each bundle and each variety by itself, and then you classify your chewing and smoking tobacco, and thus you can have your choice of the various qualities. But after it is striped, rehang the different qualities separately, hoist them as high up in your shelter as you can, and let them soften and dry, (or come in and go out of order.) Frequently with the changes of the weather and the acidity and newness is removed and the character of the article much improved, and when you would pack it down, *do so when it is coming in order*, which is when the leaf is supple, (or it will not break,) and *the large part of the stem breaks even below the middle*. Lap the bundle half across each other, in a straight, close bulk, with the heads out, and then labors and care can be given place to the solace that the luscious treasure is safe, and when the full, merry, cracking fire of winter glows, and you see that the big back log is on, while you are volatilizing the fruits of honest, ruddy labors away and dissolving sights and cares into empty nothingness, fancy will revert, in pity, to the fate and days of Orpheus, which lack this magic theme for song:

O, weed, divine—
Great solace mine!
Whilst I repine
O'er days, Lang Syne!

J.A.D.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 1, 1865, p. 1, c. 3

The Texas Christian Advocate has been revived, we understand, tho' we have not been favored with exchange.

BELLVILLE [TX] COUNTRYMAN, March 7, 1865, p. 1, c. 1

Blessing of the Blockade—Texas Home Industry.—We have on our table a group of nineteen samples from the looms of a single plantation, embracing such a variety of quality, material, color and fabric, as to command the admiration of all who see them. No two of these samples have the same color or quality; and they range from the heaviest plain cotton domestic, to a fine and smoothly executed stripe and check for dresses—from the heaviest double twill bleach pilot cloth, to a nice, purely white and soft flannel, linsey and tweeds of several qualities and patterns. The grey jeans, or cloth, is so exact a *fac simile* of our grey army cloth in color, and so superior to most of it in quality, as to answer well for Confederate uniforms.

Would that we were better skilled in fabric technicals, and the operations of the factories, that we might do justice to the patriotic handicraft and economy of "Greenwood," in Montgomery county.

We learn with surprise, that the two looms, kept constantly running—the one with the fly shuttle, and the other with the common hand shuttle—have yielded, during the past year, more than six thousand yards of manufactured goods, of which these samples are fair specimens.

Every color is borrowed from the neighboring hills and forests; every fabric of cotton and wool consumed, grew upon the same plantation that manufactures and wears them; the looms, the shuttles, the harness and the slays, the reeds and the warping bars, were made out and out, on the spot where they are used, and not a nail or bolt of iron is found in the loom house.

The slaves that do the labor in these manufactures were born in the family, and readily learn to perform each their special part in the work. The intelligence and supervision has been furnished by the lady of the manor, and not a hired assistant in any department has been employed; and only two articles have been purchased to enable them to obtain these results, namely, the cards and the copperas. The latter of these is abundantly produced in the hills of Texas, and is being rapidly brought into market. The latter [former], we hope, soon to see manufactured within the State.

We cannot add that this prolific product of the loom has been entirely consumed on the plantation that has yielded it; on the contrary, besides clothing entire the slaves of the plantation, it graces the parlor of the mansion, in the dresses of the elegant and intelligent mistress and her family; and it blesses many a soldier in the trenches and on the field, from Texas to Maryland.

The county is greatly indebted to Major Green Wood and his accomplished wife and family, for these testimonials, to the blessings of a blockade. Heaven spare their noble boys who have borne their industry and their patriotic blood through storms of battles in the farthest and bloodiest fields of the Confederacy.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 1, 1865, p. 2, c. 2

Gonzales County, Texas, Feb. 4, 1865.

Editor News:--I send herewith a few practical instructions concerning the raising of tobacco plants, which, in the absence of others more meritorious, may prove acceptable. I have often tried the plan laid down and it never entirely failed. Tobacco is a plant that requires much attention, and that precisely at the right time. I am of the opinion that a tolerably fair article of tobacco can be raised here, if the proper attention be given to the subject. Of course no one expects to make an A No. 1 article.

Very respectfully yours,

J.W.F.

Tobacco Culture.

Gonzales County, Texas, Feb. 4, 1865.

Editor News:--In your issue of the 30th ult., you invite information concerning the successful raising of "Tobacco Plants," and having spent several years of my life in farming in the tobacco region of Va., I send you the following plain directions, being incompetent to the task of writing an elaborate article on the subject.

1st. Select a low, moist situation—generally found near creeks and ravines—cover it with wood to the depth of 18 inches and burn the land well, taking care not to stir it before burning, as the grass seed will thus fail of being entirely destroyed, which the burning is intended to accomplish. Next, manure well with the droppings from sheep, slaked ashes, or manure from the barn-yard, if well decomposed, and turn under with the spade, to the depth of eight inches. After having cleared the bed thus formed of all extraneous matter and raked it well, sow a medium sized tablespoonful of seed to every two hundred square feet of surface. If you run late in the season, sow one fourth less, and if early, you may add as much more. Sow entirely around the bed adjacent to the tobacco plants, a row of mustard seed, one foot in width, as it not only serves to attract the attention of the flies and bugs, (the great enemies of tobacco plants) it being their favorite diet, but gives the planter timely warning of the danger near. Next, tramp or roll the bed until it is quite compact, and then be sure that it is covered closely and perfectly as possible with the smallest and straightest branches of trees or with undergrowth, which is better, especially if covered with leaves; if not, scatter a few over the bed before putting the brush on. Put sufficient weight on the brush to keep it permanently in place. The brush covering is intended to maintain an even temperature upon the bed and to protect the young plants from the inroads of insects, and should be allowed to remain until the plants are free from this danger, which is generally about the time their leaves are a half inch in width. After the brush is removed, should the plants be attacked by insects, first sprinkle the plants with water and then soot, and put the covering back for a few days, which is the best remedy I am acquainted with, of a simple nature. Should the weather become dry, occasionally irrigate in the evening.

J.F.W.

P.S.—Any kind of seed will suit, except the kind known as "Brazilian or Havana tobacco seed," which I deem of a character too light and poor to make good tobacco.

J.F.W.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 1, 1865, p. 2, c. 6

"Sioux," the intelligent travelling correspondent of the Houston Telegraph in one of his recent letters, says:

I had the pleasure of meeting D. Richardson, editor of the State Gazette, while passing through New Braunfels, Comal county. He has located his family at that point, while he has lately spent the most of his time in Austin, attending to the management of his paper. He is now here superintending the erection of a paper mill. Mr. Sam Mather has charge of the mechanical department. This enterprise has not been given up yet. Hands are now at work constructing a new water power, and pushing the work forward as fast as the means of the company will allow. The machinery has been ordered, but the means upon which the company depended having failed, they have been unable to send for it. They expect ere long to make such negotiations as will enable them to have the works in operation in a few months.

The Company are anxious to sell stock so as to enable them to go on with the work which has only been delayed for the want of means. This enterprise should be liberally encouraged, for such an establishment would not only be useful to every family in the land who reads newspapers, but an ornament to our State, and reduce the price of newspapers considerably. Old rags and waste cotton, suitable for the manufacture of paper, can be had more plentifully and cheaper in this State than in any part of the world. The Comal river furnishes one of the best water powers in the State.

This kind of power can always be depended upon, and costs much less than steam power, besides the mill will be located in the heart of a rich farming region of the country.

Spinning and weaving machinery has been ordered, and if the proper encouragement is given to the enterprising managers, they will build up an establishment that will be pointed out with pride by the people of our State. New Braunfels is destined to be at some future day, what Sheffield or Manchester is to England, the great workshop of the State. The immense water power furnished by the Comal river, and the rich agricultural region surrounding it, warrants me in making this prediction.

DALLAS HERALD, March 2, 1865, p. 1, c. 5

We have a considerable supply of printing paper at Hempstead, but owing to bad weather and worse roads, we are unable to get it home. Should our paper fail next week, we opine it will be for the want of that paper.

BELLVILLE [TX] COUNTRYMAN, March 7, 1865, p. 2, c. 1

The Confederate News publishes a full sheet, doubling some of its matter. A half sheet would look better to our mind's eye. But this is a bad time to criticise [sic] a paper for doing too much. We notice that the news office is for sale.

BELLVILLE [TX] COUNTRYMAN, March 7, 1865, p. 2, c. 4

The price of Irish potatoes in Galveston is \$15 per barrel, and in Houston \$25.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 8, 1865, p. 2, c. 2

For the Texas Republican.
Mr. Editor:

Sir: I am told by responsible men that the negroes conscripted for military service, are not doing the service for which they were impressed. I am an old soldier of 1812, and have put my all in the scale of Southern independence. My sons, money, and negroes, and when I see my country bleeding at every pore, and our officials at home misapplying the resources, viz: to cleaning up ball rooms and waiting on those who are on temporary service here, I mean (the reserve corps,) when my sons are doing the menial service of the camp, I feel that all our sacrifice are of no avail.

I have no objection to those whose hearts are light and free, who have no sons or husbands in the ranks, to enjoy the pleasures of the dance, but not at our expense. We have hundreds of acres of land uncultivated for the want of those negroes to cultivate them, and not a day passes, but we are called upon to contribute to the wants of suffering soldiers or their families, and we do hope officials will take a more serious consideration and do differently.

Who is it that has not a son, brother, or husband at the front, on half rations and calling for help? asking "Do they miss me at home?" or some whose bones are bleaching upon many battle fields, making sacred the cause in which they fell, are they forgotten? no, they "still live," and as time steals away, future generations will bless the noble dead, and dwell with rapture on their names.

Old Soldier.

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, March 3, 1865, p. 1, c. 7

"The Jimplecute" is the title of a spicy little sheet published at Jefferson, Texas, E. C. Beazly & Co., Editors and Proprietors. Our old friend "Ned" has at last gratified his penchant of sixteen years standing, of publishing a sheet under the above title. Hear him and stand from under:

"Should any man feel aggrieved at anything published in this paper, let him come to me, "for him have I offended," and if I can not make reparation by words, then "let slip the dogs of war," for I am a good target for a "minet" ball. I am the *fighting editor*. Look out, for this *club foot contains concentrated thunder and lightning*.

Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn.
Yet I have no grave yard."

Too much fighting material to be wasted.

Therefore, to the front! to the front!

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, March 3, 1865, p. 2, c. 1

A Good Joke.—A friend of ours, says the Jackson Mississippian, who is always on the alert for amusing instances, as well as being a jolly, whole souled fellow, gives the following exceedingly original anecdote in relation to an enthusiastic Baptist minister, having since been promoted to a captaincy in Gov. Clark's militia. Holding forth lately at a revival not over fifty miles from this city, he concluded his description of the beauties of heaven in this way:

My dear brethren, there will be heard no more the thundering roar of the cannon, the loud roar of the mortar, the bursting of the bomb in the air, nor the sharp crack of the rifle; and what is better, my brethren, there will be no Yankees in that celestial city.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 8, 1865, p. 2, c. 7

There is a fervor and strength in the following patriotic lines that stir the soul to its depths. They are a fit accompaniment to the eloquent speech of Henry:
For the Republican.

Texas' Dead.

Texas' dead are thickly lying,
Hill and valley, scattered o'er
From the western desert's mountains,
To Atlantic's sounding shore,
From the winding Rio Grande,
To the northern brineless seas,
Rise their graves, forever sacred,
Sighed o'er only by the breeze.

Now are o'er, their marches weary,
Over mountain, hill and plain,
Hostile gun or loud reveille,*
Ne'er shall waken them again.
Died they where no wife or mother,
Could with tender eye bend o'er,
Dying oft 'mid battles' thunder
On a bed of reeking gore.

Far from home in northern prisons
Some have yielded up their breath,
'Mid their cold, unpitying foemen
Gladly welcoming kind death.
On their sod no tears have fallen.
O'er it oft fanatics rave
Making light of Texian soldier
Mouldering in a "*rebel's*" grave.

How or where their lives they yielded,
Heed we not; effacing time,
Long as grateful hearts are beating
Ne'er shall blot their deeds sublime.
Though no monumental columns,
Mark the places where they sleep
Yet, when heard, their names o'er glorious
"Hearts shall glow and eyes shall weep."

Still the crimson flood is swelling
While the world looks coldly on;
Dear is freedom, doubly precious,
When at such a price 'tis won.
Still will Texas sons undaunted
Brave the hostile cannon's roar,
Breathe free air on her green prairies
Or they'll fall to rise no more.

C. W. D.

Feb. 25th, 1865.

* Pronounced *Re-val-ya*.—Web.

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, March 3, 1865, p. 2, c. 3

Who will make a good wife.—When you see a young woman who rises early, sets the table and prepares her father's breakfast cheerfully, depend upon it that she will make a good wife. You may rely upon it that she possesses a good disposition and a kind heart.

When you see a young woman just out of bed at 9 o'clock, leaning with her elbow on the table, gasping and sighing, "Oh, how dreadful I feel," rely upon it she will not make a good wife. She must be lazy and mopish.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 8, 1865, p. 3, c. 5

Peach Leaf Yeast.—Hops cost two dollars per pound, leaves cost nothing and peach leaves make better yeast than hops. Thus: take three handfuls of peach leaves and three medium sized potatoes, and boil them in two quarts of water until the potatoes are done; take out the leaves and throw them away, peel the potatoes and rub them up with a pint of flour, adding cool water sufficient to make a paste, then pour on the hot peach leaf tea, and let it stand for about five minutes. If you add to this a little old yeast, it will be ready for use in three hours. If you add none, it will require a day and night before use. Leaves dried in shade are as good as fresh ones. As this is stronger than hop yeast, less should be used in making up the dough.—Exchange.

Recipe for Dying Slate Color.—Equal portions of the inside bark of sassafras and willow, boiled in a brass kettle; strain the decoction from the bark, and add to two gallons of the fluid a small table spoonful of copperas, the same of alum, or a small portion of the latter. Have the wool well scoured, and taken out of a clean soapsuds; wring it dry and put it into the dye, let it boil a short time raising it out to get air frequently; dry it and then wash it in suds until quite cleansed from the smell of dye. It is a permanent color, and does not take a great quantity of the bark above names; it is richer than about any other bark I have ever used.

The black jack will dye a good slate color, prepared in the same way, but not so permanent a color as the other.

BELLVILLE [TX] COUNTRYMAN, March 7, 1865, p. 1, c. 2

Refugees.

Upon our return from the army, last summer, after an absence from home, almost unbroken, of three years, we found that a great many changes had been wrought, not the least observable of which was the great number of new and strange faces with which we met. We soon found that many of these were officers and soldiers, assigned to duty and detailed, in the various military departments of the post, whilst many were our unfortunate brothers and sisters of Missouri, Ark., La., Mississippi and Kentucky, who had been driven from their homes, by the ruthless minions of Lincoln, all of them having suffered greatly in their pecuniary interests, and many made penniless widows and orphans. These we learned were called "refugees," and, that with some ungenerous citizens, it was frequently used as a term of reproach. This is wrong if for no other reason, because it is uncharitable, unchristian and heartless.

We came to Texas some fifteen years ago and remember that there was then a class of men in that country, and coming in from the elder States, who were called "refugees." It was not said that they had sought the city of refuge, for protection against a pitiless, barbarous public enemy, but had found it convenient to use old Sols sleeping time, to avoid an officer of the law, armed with a little "capias" or "fi-fa!" It would be well enough for some of them to remember, although now old citizens, times that are gone, and exercise a little more charity towards the unfortunate of the present day. But to view the question in a different light; "curses like chickens come home to roost," and it may be that before another harvest is gathered, we who are "old citizens"

may be driven by the same causes which have cast many in our midst, to seek a home and immunity from carnage, in the land of strangers.

he same uncharitable proscription, applied to us then would be any thing but agreeable. But leaving out of view the moral and social wrong, which is committed by the indulgence of this proscriptive feeling, every thinking man will admit that it is unwise. The greater the wealth and industry of a State, the lighter will be the burden of taxation for its support, upon each individual. The larger the number of intelligent, enterprising families in a community, the greater are the facilities for education and the [?] enjoyment of religious privileges. School houses and churches will spring up as if by magic, where they go; society is improved in morals and manners and the State is benefited. So far as our observation, and it has not been very limited, will enable us to judge, the "refugees," men and women, are even handed with our older citizens, in all the work of charity, benevolence, and patriotism which the unfortunate condition of our country requires at their hands. We feel that we speak the mind of a large majority of our old citizens when we bid them a hearty welcome to Texas, and express the hope, that, although driven by adversity to seek a temporary asylum with us, the attractions may be sufficient to induce them to make it their permanent home—Tyler Journal.

BELLVILLE [TX] COUNTRYMAN, March 7, 1865, p. 1, c. 5

[From the Charleston Courier.]

Acrostic.

Grand in his purity, guileless and true,
 Ever he leads us to victories new,
 Never had a nation a worthier son,
 Link we his name with our own Washington;
 Rich in each attribute known to the brave,
 Onward he presses his country to save;
 Boldly repelling the insolent foe,
 Everywhere meeting them; laying them low.
 Rarely he smiles; but would'st see his eye bright,
 Then follow him on to the end of the fight.
 Even as he marshals his host on the plain,
 Leading them on to conquests again.
 Every page that is brightest in history shall be
 Enshrined by the name of some patriot like Lee.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 8, 1865, p. 1, c. 7

Seeds to Give Away.—I will give to Soldiers' Families, or others unable to purchase, the following Seeds: Mustard, Kale, Pea, Bean, Okre [sic], Carrot, Parsley, Kershaw, Raddish, Pepper, Indigo and Tobacco.

ames Burke.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 8, 1865, p. 2, c. 7

Soldier's Home at Hempstead—Soldiers are directed to:

J. B. A. Ahrens, Superintendent;
 or D. M. Clowes, Secretary.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 8, 1865, p. 4, c. 7

Headquarters, &c., Near Colquet [Colquet?], La.,
February 25th, 1865.

Ed. News:--It has been some time since I saw they free and handsome columns. I have been far away to the northward, with ye cavalry, but I have returned, and as editors are presumed to know almost everything, we have decided to ask you some questions of vital importance to us, after first stating what we know relative thereto. Cotton by the thousand bales has been shipped to Mexico, and many thousand pounds of the precious article have been sold to Yankee trading boats on the Mississippi river; and the citizens tell us that their cotton has been taken by government officials for the purpose of buying clothing for the soldiers. And our worthy commanders, when questioned on this point, tell us that the cotton trade is absolutely necessary, to relieve the necessities of the private soldiers of this department in furnishing them with shoes, shirts, blankets, hats, coats, pants, &c. Laudable undertaking, is it not, thus to have the welfare and comfort of the private soldier so much at heart? But Mr. Editor, notwithstanding this exportation of cotton has been going on at a fearful rate, for two years, we have not yet had our necessities relieved. Plenty of time has certainly elapsed for as to have received the first installment; but this winter finds us, after an active and arduous campaign of ten months very destitute of clothing, in fact, almost naked. The citizens are surprised to see us in this condition, after hearing of the unceasing labors of the great men at Shreveport to clothe us.

here is not one soldier in every three of the rank and file of this division, that has a change of clothing, and there is not an average of one good blanket to every man in the command throughout and, at least, fifty men are now absolutely barefooted, and many more so nearly that they suffer intensely from the cold biting frosts that we have even in Louisiana. We have not tents or cooking utensils, but we care not for tents, pots, skillets, frying pans, &c. We can do as we have done before, bake our bread on boards and roast our beef on bricks. But when our tender hearted, considerate rulers have done so much and have labored so assiduously in shipping cotton both to Mexico and the Federal Union, to supply the soldier's wants, we think we should reap the benefits of their labors, at least, to the tune of one suit each year. If you have traveled much in the great State of Texas, Mr. Editor, within the year 1864, you perhaps know as well as I do, that nearly every town in the State is a military Post. These posts have their commanders, who rank from Lieutenant up to full Colonel. You will find also Post Adjutants, with rank appropriate to their responsible positions, and no town whether it be a Post or not, is free from A.Q.M's and A.C.S's. Take the two latter, as a clan, and it is as numerous almost as the sands of the sea. I have often asked myself the question: Where did they all come from? All of these officers, Mr. Editor, if you are a close observer, you find wearing the newest of uniforms, with glittering buttons thereon, and such quantities of lace, Mr. Editor, as is never seen on the battle field. And it is said by those who have been there, that the two hundred or more officers that honor Shreveport with their presence, dress in the same style. All must have and do have caps, cloaks, overcoats, &c. If this is the case, the wardrobe of one

of these patriotic, heroic dandies would well nigh clothe a small company of private soldiers. Some of our boys thinks that the gentlemen above alluded to, have drawn the cloth that was purchased for them, with all the cotton; but then soldiers are so ignorant they don't know, and, in fact, have but little use for the little sense they have. What do you say Mr. Editor?

Sometimes it is the case that officers resign, way up here on the Northern frontier of this Department, and leave the service; go right to Shreveport or some other place, to see a Governor or a General, to see if it is possible to get an agency in the Cotton Bureau; to try their hands at relieving the necessities of the soldiers. (Only a few days ago, a Colonel resigned, and I fancy, from what I know, that, were another month has shown its tail, he will be rolling somebody's cotton bales.) After these men have been in the cotton trade six or eight weeks, we find them sporting gold watches, heavy chains and jingling double eagles for pocket pieces. Brass mounted McClellan saddles, silver plated bits, ivory handled pistols and new pocket cutlery follow. At the end of six months, we see them purchasing plantations and negroes—wonderfully progressive—don't you think so? And the General or Governor who assists these men to position in the Cotton Bureau, is almost certain to receive a demijohn of fine brandy, a gold watch or something of the kind. Some of our boys think that there is a private understanding between these Generals, Governors and Cotton Bureau men, but I guess it ain't so.

Mr. Editor, was you ever a soldier? Well, if you never was, you know nothing of muster rolls, pay day, &c. We have all been soldiers for nearly four years and we know almost as little as you, who have never been one, in regard to these small details of military life. We were last paid on the 31st day of August, 1863—about 17 months ago. Our Quartermaster, Major P., says that he has received a written paragraph order, ordering him to make estimates for funds. But, Mr. Editor, this pleasant little incident related by the worthy Major, as plausible as it may seem, is no sign that we will be paid; it is only a proof that ye grand Quartermaster of ye Department wants to keep his clerks out of mischief, and he can do it most effectually by keeping them at work. We are told that the "new issue" is beautiful to look upon and easy made—in all respects much better than the "old issue" but one of our boys tried to buy one bushel of sweet roots, some time ago, from a detailed twenty negro man, and he asked him twenty dollars in "new issue." Our boys, Mr. Editor, didn't have but ten dollars and they came away without the roots.

It is not likely that we will go into winter quarters, as it is impossible to forage our animals long at a place. However, the going into winter quarters is a matter of small consequence, as the winter is now nearly gone. Our boys are in good spirits, Mr. Editor, and will be ready for the field in a very short time, and they hope that, in the interim between to-day and the opening of the spring campaign, to welcome back their gallant leader, major General J. S. Marmaduke, who is now held a prisoner on Johnson's Island. We are all anxious for his early return. We have confidence in him, Mr. Editor, for he is sober, discreet, noble and brave. It would, indeed, be a happy day for his old Division were he to return to-morrow. Will our rulers do all they can to have him exchanged? I hope so.

Respectfully,

Wallingham.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 8, 1865, p. 2, c. 2

17th Texas Infantry, Feb. 21, '65.

Editor News:--I desire through your columns to publish the progress of Christianity in this department of the army (Forney's division.) There is, and has been for some time, an intense interest on this subject, manifested by the soldiers. We have indeed had refreshing showers of the grace of God poured out upon us, interrupted from time to time only by marches of the command. Several missionaries have visited this division in the last few months, and much good has been accomplished. Owing to the recent removal of camps, and very much cold wet weather rendering it necessary, public services have to a great extent been dispensed with. But again as the weather is better, and opportunities presenting themselves, interest is again manifesting itself. Brother N. O. Mason, Missionary of the 2d brigade, has arrived, and commenced his labors, not only in the pulpit, but among the sick, and at the prayer meeting and Bible Class. He has done much in visiting the sick, encouraging the desponding, cheering the hopeless, and ministering to not only their spiritual but their temporal wants. He has ingratiated himself with the soldiers, and is much esteemed by them. On his return he found the Christian Advocate, which he was instrumental in organizing last summer, in a flourishing condition, and dispensing through its committees, its charities to the sick of the brigade. Its regular meetings are held on the first Sunday of every month, and on the intervening Sabbaths it meets in the capacity of "Bible class and prayer meeting," where much spiritual refreshment is had by its members, by an affective intercourse and exchange of advice, instruction and encouragement to one another. No schism or sectarian spirit is manifested, but rather a holy communion of spirits, refreshed by the presence of the Spirit of the Father. But much more good might be accomplished by the Association, if it were not hindered for want of means, to carry out their chief objects, one, and chief of which, is to visit and procure comforts in every way for the sick, to procure attention and such articles of diet as are indispensable to the unfortunate and suffering sick soldier. Much has already been accomplished in this way, and efforts are about being made to devise means to extend their usefulness in this way. We have also organized a Baptist Church in this brigade, which is in a flourishing condition, and of which, I am acting as pastor. But owing to my feeble health, I do not know how long I can act in this capacity. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

L. S. Cox.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 8, 1865, p. 2, c. 6

Achievements of the Thirty Rangers.

12 Miles from Covington, Newton Co.,
Georgia, Dec. 18th, 1864.

Dear Parents:--I am still in the land of the living, and expect to be for some time to come.

Gen. Hood selected from the Rangers 30 picked men, to act as his special scouts, who were placed under the command of Capt. Shannon, of Co. C, of our Regiment. I having the honor and pleasure of being one of the 30 selected for special duty, have in consequence, been absent from the command for some two months. Since I left, several of our brave comrades have fallen, among whom are Jno. S. Stewart, Jno. Fowler and A. Moore, and John Ryon

slightly wounded.

On the 14th of Nov., Gen. Sherman, who is in command of the Yankee army, finding that Gen. Hood had flanked him, and that it was impossible for him to retreat from Atlanta through Tennessee, and being nearly starved, left the 14th, (after burning everything except the Churches,) with four corps—14th, 15th, 17th, and 20th—moved down toward Augusta with the 14th and 20th, while the 15th and 17th went in the direction of Macon, but flanked the city and moved to Milledgeville. The 14th and 20th, after going down the Augusta Railroad to Madison, left the Railroad and went to Milledgeville also. The army then crossed the river and moved toward Savannah. They will also flank that place to the coast.

When the Yankees left Atlanta, we were twelve miles below the city, on South River. In the morning, in passing down the road, about 3 miles from camp, found 3 Yanks driving off a lady's cows. We soon scattered their brains and moved on—crossed the R. R. in a cloud of smoke from the burning buildings of the little village of Synthiana, and moved down the enemy's flank, looking for more of the thieving rascals, but did not find any, and camped in a thicket, within a half mile of the enemy—had potatoes and meat for supper.

I will now give you a few extracts from my diary for a few days that we were on the look out for some of Old Abraham's children:

Nov. 18th.—We started early, and near Oxford, in Newton County, we found a pen of hogs that some Yanks had put up and gone to town for help to drive off. We moved in towards town, but did not go far before we met nine Yanks. After a run of some two miles, we killed three and wounded four. We then left the road, keeping close to the route the enemy was traveling, but not meeting with any more, we camped at a house a body of Yanks had just left.

Nov. 19th.—Up early and crossed the Alcovia River and down the railroad through Social Circle Station, then to Rutledge Station. There we found two Yankees, whom we killed, and on down to within six miles of Madison, where we came up with the rear guard of the army. We soon learned there were some 50 or 60 of the enemy behind us. We took the woods to reconnoitre; moved round them and came back on the road between them and the army; formed in line of battle. Captain Shannon then sent them a flag of truce, demanding an unconditional surrender, telling them we had them cut off and surrounded. They soon "caved." We took the party, numbering 56, "in out of the weather"—our whole number being only 30. We then armed some of the citizens with their guns and let the citizens send them off. We then left the road and camped.

Nov. 20th.—Out again early; passed through Madison, but did not go far before we caught six Yanks at a house. Went to the next house and caught four more. On again, and soon came up with the wagon train, which we charged, but had to leave it in a hurry, but brought off ten prisoners. After sending them off, took a thicket and camped.

Nov. 21st.—We followed on to-day and run into the rear guard and had to run out, and after
Continued on page 8

Achievements of the Thirty Rangers.

Continued from page 7

Nov. 22d. To-day we followed on and only whipped about 1000 negroes, who were on their way to the enemy. We camped at dark.

No. 23d. This morning we moved on through the plantations to the Oconee river, and swam it. After riding about three miles we found twenty-five or thirty Yankee cavalry. We charged them, and after a round or two, they ran, after we had killed and wounded several, but in the run we run into the whole brigade, and had to run out. We took the woods and camped within five miles of Sparta, Hancock county.

Nov. 24th. Moved out early and learned from the citizens that a party of Yankee cavalry were in search of us. A general desire was expressed that their wish to find us might be gratified. We moved on about half a mile and found them, 30 strong. We pitched into them and run them three miles to their main army, killing five and capturing five of them. We then took the woods, crossed the creek, and found three more at a house. To kill two and capture the other was but the work of a moment. We moved on, and when near Sandersville, we found we were in the very heart of the Yankee army. After trying in several directions to get out without any chance of success, we hid in the woods. The Yanks killed hogs all around us. We lay low until after dark, when we moved out, taking care to avoid all their campfires, which were all around us; rode until nearly daylight, and stopped at Worthing's Cross Roads, some ten miles from Sparta.

Nov. 26th. We had just finished breakfast, when Gen. Kilpatrick's special scouts of 28 men came in sight. Capt. Shannon took 15 of us and charged them, and run them some two miles, killing two and capturing two. Our horses were so jaded we could not follow them farther; came back into the timber and camped.

Nov. 27th. We rested in camp until 2 o'clock, when we moved out on the road to Vining's Bridge on the Ogeechee river, and found a large force of the enemy camped. We turned off up to May's Bridge and camped. We have nine prisoners and some thirty Yankee horses with us now. We are in Gibson county.

Nov. 28th. Crossed the river early and met a scout who took our prisoners off our hands, and bought most of our stock. We moved down the river ten miles and camped.

Nov. 29th. Turned out early, and when within four miles of Soursville we found our enemies, charged the lot, killed three, captured three, and run the whole brigade for a mile. We then turned off to the left, and soon found nine Yanks, burning some houses, cotton, cotton gins, barns, &c.; charged them at once, and in a very few minutes the whole lot were in kingdom come. We then moved back and camped, satisfied with the day's sport.

Nov. 30th. Moved out early, but did not go far before we run into an infantry command, and taking a hasty farewell of them, went into the woods, followed by some of their balls, which did no damage, more than an occasional dodge of the head from Mr. Minnie's near proximity to our ears.

Dec. 1st. Soon on the road, and traveled all day; no

game; had stopped to rest a few minutes with the remarks, such as "A bad day's work, boy," "They won't come out to day," &c., when a dense smoke rose to our right. "Mount your horses," thundered Capt. Shannon, and in less time than it takes me to write, we were in a gallop. About a mile off, we found a dwelling, barn and cotton-gin in flames. The negroes said the Yanks had just left. On in a fast gallop 1½ miles; another smoke arose; away to it we went. They had left; on we went and soon came to a mill they had just fired. "Faster faster." Every man's heart was in his throat, and every one trying to get ahead for the first shot. We soon overhauled them to their death. They had twenty or twenty-five negroes, and forty or fifty mules and horses, a carriage loaded with whiskey, brandy, wine, chickens, turkeys, knives, forks, spoons, ladies' shawls and silk dresses, and a thousand other things too numerous to mention. We took the whole, and then moved and camped.

Dec. 2. Out early, crossed the Buckhead Creek, and found a large body of cavalry near the mill that was burned yesterday. We took the hack-track, crossing a field and met a squad of Yankees coming on our rear. We charged, killing two of them; crossed the creek again; then crossed the Augusta and Savannah Railroad, and camped.

Dec. 3. Moved on slowly, all tired, and weather bad. After riding ten miles, we heard of a party of Yanks and cut for them; found twelve at a house. We soon had six ready for the ditch, and six prisoners, and are now in Scriven county, and the poorest county in the State, all pine timber. We camped five miles of Sylvania, the county seat.

Dec. 4th. The Augusta and Savannah river are so close together that we cannot play in here any longer. Crossed the Savannah at Herndon's ferry, passed through the bottom seven miles wide and camped. We now learn we cannot cross back until we get to Augusta. After four days traveling, reached Augusta, and found orders for Capt. Shannon to report to Gen. Hood in Middle Tennessee. We are stopped on the road to rest, but will move on in a few days. During the last two and a half months this scouting party have killed and captured 459 Yankees. When Gen. Hood started his flank movement, he ordered us to stay around Atlanta, and keep him posted as to what Sherman might do. We lay around the city day and night; caught forage wagons; took their pickets in out of the rain; caught their couriers between the city and the river for their papers, keeping the Yanks in constant hot water. We killed 43 and captured 102 that we know of. We are (the scouts) now well off for clothing, the Yanks having supplied us liberally, with clothing and funds. I am going to a dance to-morrow night near here.

"So let the wide world wag as it will,
I will be gay and happy still."

I have enjoyed myself for this trip but think, sometimes, I am getting hard-hearted. But I notice the tears of a lady always brings tears to my eyes and the smoke and flames of a dwelling prevents the prayers of the Yankees for their lives, even when on their knees, being heard, and steadies my nerves to kill them all if possible. I will get more of the blue jackets yet, as I have a brace of pistols that never snap, and a horse that is as true as steel, and never flinches.

We are all well known here and about Atlanta, and welcome guests wherever we stop; and, as yet, none of our command has been injured.

Your affectionate son,

E. D. J.

Terry's

Texas Rangers.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 8, 1865, p. 3, c. 6

The Galveston News come to us enlarged to double its late size, printed on larger type, its columns widened, and vastly improved in every way. The news is one of our most valued exchanges, and we rejoice to see this evidence of the appreciation of its enterprise. We most evidently wish our venerable friend will meet with the encouragement which his efforts to furnish a valuable family journal so richly deserve.

DALLAS HERALD, March 9, 1865, p. 2, c. 1

"I'm ruined! I'm Ruined!"

Never shall another Soldier enter my gate.

Thus exclaimed an old citizen with whom I chanced to take breakfast one morning on my return home from the cavalry command of the gallant Forrest. Before relating the circumstances connected with the above expression, I wish to speak of the hospitality shown a soldier in the Trans-Mississippi Department, and the difference of the spirit in this Department and the East. While traveling East of the Mississippi river, I found the people generally hopeful and patriotic. Passing through Mississippi I was treated in the most hospitable manner. The people seemed to delight in performing any deed that would add in the comfort of a soldier. Many days together I traveled without paying a bill and often was I invited by persons with whom I remained over night, to make their house my house for a few days, and rest. Wonderfully was the change after I crossed the Mississippi river—I breathed a different atmosphere. Nearly every citizen I talked with appeared dispirited and whipped. Upon learning that I was from the East side of the Mississippi river, they would invariably ask me if the people were in good spirits on the other side of the river, and how much longer I thought we could hold out? Entering Texas I found affairs still worse. Found it difficult to obtain lodging, and was charged exorbitant prices. In the town of Nacogdoches, I plead at nine different houses for a night's lodging, and one night in Houston county I slept in front of a man's gate. The person who made use of the above remark is an old gentleman, apparently in good circumstances, and resides about 18 miles from Crockett, Houston county, on the road leading to Alto. I withhold his name, although justice would seem to require its publication. As I remarked before, I took breakfast with him. In settling our bills two of the said soldiers gave him \$30 in old issue for their night's lodging, being, as they said, all the money they had. The old gentleman preferring new issue to old, and gold or silver to either, became very much excited on receiving the \$30, (amounting, he said, to 30 cents) and in his irritated state, paced the gallery backwards and forwards exclaiming, "I'm ruined, I'm ruined! Never shall another soldier enter my gate." I left him in his rage, but as I neared the West, I found that he was not the only one of that character.

Little is there at present to encourage a Texas soldier. A Texas volunteer, who, perhaps, has been absent from home for more than three years, struggling for the freedom of our bleeding country, and has shared the hardships and privations of our army through many campaigns, on returning to his own State, must plead like a poor beggar, from house to house, for a night's lodging, and often on his route, be compelled to sleep out of doors.

The citizens of Texas are tarnishing the fair name that Texas gallantry has won on many

battlefields.

Only consider for a moment, "I'm ruined! I'm ruined never shall another soldier enter my gate!" How very ignorant must a citizen be of the dreadful realities of this war, who makes use of such language. My erring citizen, let me whisper a few words in your ear. Never have your daily avocations been disturbed by the presence of our enemy; you have been allowed to work your fields in peace, and have for the last two years been blessed with abundant crops. Your prosperity, for which you have perhaps toiled for many long years, has not been swept away in a day by the Yankees, like that of many thousands of our Southern friends, and our large armies have never been camped around you, to consume all that you could make. But still you murmur, and when a poor war-worn soldier seeks shelter under your roof, you perhaps turn him off, and send him on to the next house. My discontented friends, when you see your cribs with their valuable contents reduced to ashes, your stock killed and consumed, your negroes (if you have any) run off, and your farming utensils rendered useless—when your swellings and contents are converted into ashes, and your family obliged to seek shelter wherever it may be found, or rest beneath the blue canopy of Heaven—when you shall see that fair daughter, or that dear wife, insulted by the Lincoln hirelings, or perhaps by one of your own negroes, who has joined the Yankees—when you shall hear those little children crying for bread, and suffering from the cold blasts, I repeat, when you shall experience all of this, then may you exclaim: "I'm ruined! I'm ruined!" and if you feel like it, you can add, "Never shall another soldier enter my gate."

A Follower of Forrest.

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, March 10, 1865, p. 2, c. 5-6

Cotton Cards!

With and Without Backs,
On Leather & India Rubber,
For Sale For
Specie or Confederate Money,
Or to Give in Exchange for
Homespun cloth,

Price: From \$4 to \$5 in Specie; Confederate money taken at current rates.

E. Blood,

Marshall, Mar. 10, 1865

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, March 10, 1865, p. 2m c, 6

Texas Syrup.

We call the attention of our farmers to the fact, that they cannot better contribute to the subsistence of the families of our soldiers, who are fighting in distant states the battles of freedom, than to apportion a part of their labor to the culture of the Chinese, Imphee, or South American sugar cane. We are informed by those who have experience on the subject, that the latter variety is preferable, growing to a large size, yielding more saccharine matter, and having another advantage which is of no trifling importance—it will stand for a month or six weeks after ripening, without any material diminution of the quality of juice yielded. [more]

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, March 14, 1865, p. 2, c. 2

A lady writing the Galveston "news" from Austin, under the signature of Lucy, takes us to task for encouraging able bodied men to shirk the service, by our silence. We presume Lucy is not a constant reader of the Gazette, or she would have seen repeated allusions to the subject, from time to time, until we gave up in despair all hopes of doing good by such articles ... but we did not presume to interfere with those employees at the Capitol, feeling assured the gentlemen at the head of those departments felt as much interest in this great struggle as we could, and would not encourage those about them who could be more useful elsewhere. . . . So far as regards the Clerks in the Treasury department, we know there are only two (instead of four, as stated by Lucy) and that one of them is disqualified on account of deafness, while the other is over 60 years of age. The Military Board employs but one clerk, who also acts as Military Storekeeper, instead of four. Had Lucy gone down town and made some explorations there, instead of selecting the Government Departments for her special animadversions, she might have found more material to work upon.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, March 14, 1865, p. 2, c. 1

Letter from a Lady.

Austin, February 27th, 1865.

Mr. Editor:--You have often made the offer to publish evils if you were informed of their existence. To this remark you have strictly adhered, and much benefit has accrued therefrom. We have all felt the value of a good paper and the influence it exerts, and at this time we especially need editors who will not swerve from the paths of duty to please the few, while the many suffer. It is difficult to comprehend the silence of newspapers throughout the State, in reference to the conduct of men in high places. To notice their publications, especially in this place, you would infer that the employees were too decrepid [sic] to serve in the field in any capacity, and that such, alone, would be employed. It may be urged that a lady is out of her sphere in meddling with matters of this nature. If so, it is the duty of men cognizant of the facts, to give them circulation; but where men have ocular demonstrations of them, and yet complacently permit their existence, they are as much to blame as the officials who mislead the people by false advertisements for men they do not employ. The Gazette, in this city, although an excellent paper, seems to have taken no interest in these things, and instead of proclaiming the existence of an hundred able-bodied young men in the civil and military offices of this city, who shirk the service, (at the option of those who should spurn their applications with contempt,) it encourages the evil by its silence. You may judge for yourself whether our officers are patriotic. I will refer to the offices, in proportion to their employees. Comptroller's office employs eight clerks—only one of them crippled—the others are strong, healthy young men, who have never been in hard service. This surprises us, from the fact that the head of the office is a brave old veteran, who has worn the scars of many a hard fought battle, and the only State officer who has ever been under fire. The Land Office has seven clerks, only one of whom has been in battle. The Military Board, including an adjunct office, has four; the State Receiver's Office four; the Post Quartermaster's Office four; the

Treasurer's Office four; and none of all those have been in the service. The Governor's Adjutant General's and Beef Offices, with a number of other offices, all employ young and able-bodied young men. Nor is Austin alone filled with young men who should be in the field. If reports are true, San Antonio and Houston are equally gorged with young men who will one day blush for their cowardice. But you will ask for a remedy for these evils. I can offer but one, and that is to publish the names of officers in the State who employ young men, with the names of the clerks employed, and their duties, since the war began. The newspapers that follow this course will benefit the Confederacy more than an army of Enrolling Officers, and win the esteem of every true soldier and patriot. In a letter from a sister in South Carolina, I learn that the offices of that State are filled with the decrepid [sic] and infirm, and the distinction, in every case, made for the soldier. Texas can boast of as brave and gallant men, but her officials pay but little respect to the brave, decrepid [sic] warriors, who have returned to their houses maimed for life. Give these the places and preferments above all others. I have made Texas, for a while, my home, and I appreciate its people as highly as it is possible for a woman to love the generous and brave. Three of my brothers have fallen in the service, and my father is still in the field; hence, I have a right to feel for the soldiers, who are fighting for our liberties, and wish to see, in this our time of need, every young man in the field, who has a spark of courage and honor. In conclusion, I will suggest that every lady bring her influence to bear in this matter, and if the men will not make known and try to correct the evils in our land, let the ladies battle with the pen for our soldiers in the field, and tell them the names of the young men who are forsaking them. Should any young man get angry with me for my plain words, I beg his pardon, but it is *my duty* to urge upon him *his duty*. You can give my name if required.

Respectfully,

Lucy.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 15, 1865, p. 1, c. 3

Address,

Spoken by James H. Carter, at the Winter Examination of Waco University.

Ladies of the South:

One of the brightest pages in the future history of this war, will be that which records the devotion of the Ladies of the South.

While our Lee and Beauregard and Stonewall Jackson will stand side by side with Leonadias, Fabius and Washington, our women will stand on the same proud eminence with Deborah, Zenobia and the Spartan mothers.

The Ladies of the South have with bleeding, yet willing hearts, sent forth their loved ones to meet the sharp bayonet and deadly whizzing bullet.

As the forest oak shakes down the green glories of Spring to battle with the Winter storm, so have the beautiful daughters of the South laid aside the decorations of ease and fashion to battle against the raging storm of fanaticism.

They have toiled like slaves to support their families and supply fathers, brothers and husbands

Continued on page 11

Address,

Continued from page 10

in the field with a thousand needful comforts, and all this with an uncomplaining fortitude that adds lustre to the name woman. On every battle field scarcely has the smoke of battle died away 'till woman's tender hands and angel voices are cheering the wounded and the dying.

In some instances they have even rushed into the midst of the battle to carry our exhausted soldiers water, powder and lead.

Bell Bouldin, in Missouri, and Belle Boyd, in Virginia, have carried messages for hundreds of miles in a country swarming with Yankee spies and robbers.

They thus saved whole armies and won for themselves imperishable fame.

Our hospitals have almost entirely been manned by the ladies—but though so much has been done and suffered, much remains to be done.

Liberty is like the precious jewel mentioned in the bible, for which a man must give all that he hath, and for our freedom from abolition bondage, we must sacrifice our ease, our time, our money and our blood.

The Ladies of the South must gird themselves for nobler deeds and costlier sacrifices. They must cheer the heavy and care-worn hearts of absent husbands. Let them never unnerve them by real or imaginary complaints. If they weep and lament the absence of those who have ever made Christmas days joyful, let them remember that if the Yankees conquer us, they will have no fathers, no brothers, no husbands; but with agonized emotions they must see them led away at the point of the bayonet to work on Yankee railroads, or see them like John Morgan with shaven heads toiling in some penitentiary. Then they will see our beautiful towns and cities guarded by negroes and foreigners, and if they complain be answered with darker insults. Rather than submit to such outrages let the daughters of the South arm themselves and call for some Kosiusko to lead them to bloody graves.

But the mighty sphere of woman's influence is the heart, the hearth-stone. Let every woman, then, say go and fight; do not stay and be sick and be a commissary.

Let no mother act as did Thetis, the mother of God-like Achilles. When she consulted the oracle of Delphi as to the fate of her renowned son, she received this response,

"Two fates may lead him to the realms of light. If staying here around the walls of Troy he fight.

To his dear home no more will he return,

But lasting honor will adorn his urn;

But if he withdraw from martial strife,

Short is his fame, but long will be his life."

Thetis, trembling for her noble son, hid him among the daughters of Lycomedes in a woman's dress.

There are two points of vital importance on which the ladies could exert a powerful influence if they would only combine together.

While our beloved Texas soil is invaded and a horde of Northern barbarians more brutal than the Goths or Vandals are desolating our homes, there are to be found healthy, vigorous young men from 18 to 45, filling commissary places and other agencies for buying cotton, wool, &c., for government.

These young men are to be seen floundering

in all our towns and cities; there are supposed to be 1500 of them in Texas. They support magnificent horses and buggies, and are celebrated gallants for the ladies.

Now if the ladies of San Antonio, Austin, Houston, Waco, Bonham and Marshall, would meet and resolve, 1st, that none but the brave deserve the fair; and 2^d, the ladies of Texas will receive the attention of no young man who is not in the line of battle, we would soon see old men and wounded soldiers filling all these secure, fat places. But while the young ladies shower their smiles on this ignoble race and they fatten, what do they care for a nation in mourning? This is a burning shame on our glorious struggle, and we invoke the fair daughters of the South to aid in blotting it out.

Another point of even greater moment is the ruined condition of our country.

Among the many reasons for the depreciation of Confederate money, the scarcity and demand for silks, calicoes and other foreign goods, have been powerful causes. The purchase and use of these articles brings Confederate money in competition with gold, and allows the Yankee importers at Brownsville to fix their own value on Confederate money; and between the Yankee importers at Brownsville (who are, probably, the special emissaries of Lincoln and Seward,) and the extortioners, who bring these goods among us, our currency is nearly ruined. If money is the sinew of war, our sinews are become very weak.

The ladies can effect wonders in this particular. Let them resolve never again to disgrace our currency by giving \$10 for \$1, in the purchase of Yankee trash. Let them resolve to imitate that model woman so beautifully described by Solomon.

Let them rise while it is yet night and give meat to their household, and a portion to their maidens. Let them work wool and flax, let them lay their hand to the spindle and work diligently with their own hands. Then their household will not be afraid of the winter, for they will be clothed in fine woolen. Then their husbands will be known when they sit in the gates, and the whole country will rise up and call them blessed.

In times similar to these the tyrant Dyonysius sent a number of magnificent dresses and brilliant diamonds to the daughters of Archidamus, but their father said, "My daughters, I should feel that you were disgraced to be thus splendidly attired when your country is in mourning." Our noble President Davis expressed the sentiment of every patriot when he said, "I feel like taking off my hat and bowing to every lady I see dressed in homespun."

Let every daughter, then, resolve to hoard every dollar of Confederate money, make and wear their own dresses and their winning charms, and the day is not far distant when our country and currency will be redeemed.

Then our noble sons will return home and our daughters adorned with the silks of France and the gems of the ocean, will stand in blushing beauty before the hymenal [sic] altar [sic].

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 15, 1865, p. 1, c. 6

The other day we published a letter from a lady in Austin, giving the number of able-bodied young men in the several offices in that city. That letter we intended to commend to our readers at the time, but in our press of work we overlooked it. We would be glad to receive more such letters, and we take this occasion to beg the ladies of our State to follow this example. We say to them that their favors will be thankfully received, and promptly published, and their names withheld, unless, like this patriotic lady, they give us liberty to use their names on proper occasions. We say to them all that the country now requires that their voice shall be heard. Heretofore they have been rendering incalculable service by their silent efforts in the relief of the sick and wounded and in sending supplies to our armies. We almost shudder to think what would have been our condition at this time, but for the relief and encouragement given to our soldiers by the ladies all over the Confederacy. But the time has come when the country now needs all their vast influence to force into the ranks the thousands upon thousands of shirkers of every character and description, for the want of whose presence in our armies, our generals are being compelled to retreat with their depleted forces before the enemy's overwhelming numbers. It is for this reason, and no other, that our country is left exposed to the ravages of the invading Yankee armies. We well know that we have an abundance of men of military age, to drive the enemy out of our country. This is shown beyond all question, by the census. But they have either left the service or have avoided ever going into it; and our country is full of such recruits. Just look at the list given in Austin by our fair correspondent, in only a few offices. But a similar state of things exists here and all over the country. We believe our conscript officer is trying to do his duty, but we fear from what we learn, that he has been ever persuaded to grant some details of able-bodied young men, for light duties. We do not mention this for the purpose of finding fault, for our information may not be altogether correct, but we mention it for the purpose of putting him on his guard against the thousands of plausible pretences that are doubtless being urged upon him. He should remember that there is no man, especially if he has wealth and influence, who cannot bring forward very strong reasons (in appearance at least) why he should not be sent to the army.

But we know of no aid our conscript officers can get in the discharge of their responsible duties, so effectual as that which the ladies can render them, if they will only take the proper course. Let them all agree to do as our fair correspondent has done in this instance. Let them give the number of shirkers in their own respective neighborhoods, not only the able-bodied men filling State and Confederate offices, civil and military, but also those who are shirking behind some detail, with light, or merely nominal duties to perform, or some contract made for the benefit of the contracting party.

The emergency of the occasion is imperative. The country must be aroused to a deep sense of the impending danger. At this moment we believe the enemy are making their *last* most desperate effort. That is, it will be their last, if we can rally all our forces and meet and defeat them the present spring and summer campaign, as we have done heretofore. We

have only to convince the world that we *never can be conquered*, and demonstrate to all that ravaging and laying waste our country is not even a single step towards subjugating our people, and that by abandoning our seaports, we are enabled to strengthen our armies. In short, we have only now to concentrate our forces for the single purpose of meeting and whipping the enemy, effectually in one more campaign. We have often done this, but without the necessary forces to follow up our victories so as to secure beneficial results. Every effort must now be made to bring to bear against the enemy the whole military strength of the country, which has never yet been done.

If we can do this now the war will speedily be at an end, but in order to do it we need the aid of every man and woman in the country. As Col. Carter stated the other night, there is a duty to perform in this struggle by the old men—by even the feeble and infirm—as well as by the ladies, who have already done so much for the cause. It is the duty of those who cannot bear arms to assist in forcing into the army all who are able. It is especially the duty of the ladies to frown upon all young men who ought to be in the army. They should give them no countenance or encouragement at balls, or parties or theatres, or anywhere else. Civilities and ceremonies should now give way to the stern and pressing necessities of our country. We firmly believe the ladies have it in their power to do more in filling up our armies—if they will only exercise their great influence in this direction—than all our laws, civil and military, can accomplish. The country now invokes their aid in this renewed effort to save our liberties.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 15, 1865, p. 2, c. 1

Independence, March --, 1865.

Ed. News:--My article on tobacco (hastily written to hand a friend just leaving for Houston) omits points on which I have since been questioned, viz: Time of seeding beds, transplanting, cheapest mode of sheltering, &c. My answers will accord with the usage of Virginia and Carolina. Begin with Spring vegetation, as for garden seed-beds. Prepare and sow succession of beds, that you may have plants of suitable age and size to meet the various seasons and your successive preparations for planting, as do potatoe [sic] slips by a welcome repetition to each drawing. Failing in earlier beds, I once raised a good yield of tobacco, planted from beds sown on the 3d day of May. So the time is much extended where frost sometimes occurs in September. February, March and April beds supply May, June and July plantings. Even the 1st of August (with good seasons and a proper, not high, topping,) I have known not too late for a fair yield to be secured in October. As with cabbage,--though not too thick in beds,--tobacco plants often (for want of seasons) become overgrown, and thus crowded, assume a splindling, long-jointed body, with few leaves, long, narrow and large fibre, and of poor yield, which shape no future cultivation can correct—as the plant, so the growth, is a law herbal. Just the right sized and shaped plant will give the most leaf in proportion to the stem and stalk. Long and narrow beds on *constant* water (and if kept as standing beds), underlaid with manure each fell, and lightly reburnt

Independence, March --, 1865.
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every Spring, are the best reliance. If heavily brushed, you can thoroughly water (without washing) and hasten sprouting and future growth, to be suspended if danger of over-growth. In burning, the first row should be propped up so that the large or out ends will alone touch the bed.

The next rows so overlaps (as shingling) that a treble or even heavier covering is made, and thus the moisture and closeness of the bed is preserved, and but little of its surface touched. A leaf flat on the bed often destroys the tender sprout. When the plants shade the bed, remove the brush, that drying air and full sunshine may toughen the plants for the ordeal of transplanting. In a bad season, the process is called *cloding*, viz: the bud with leaves bunched over it, bent northward, with a firm clod laid on it for 3 or 4 days) is often pursued with success. Watering and planting is also sometimes necessitated. For sheltering, common sheds, log-cabins and out houses (if open) with bearing poles (tiers) across in body or roof, placed 6 inches nearer together than length of sticks, and never closer than three feet above each other. The tobacco on separate sticks (after being crowded and yellowed on the scaffold) should not touch while curing or drying, a free ingress and passage of air being desirable. When the stem is fully cured, two or three sticks can be hung on one, and when it is stripped and bundled, the same houses hold six times as much, and thus but little room is required to secure it from the long damp of winter and spring. The rail or pole pen suits the unprepared tobacco grower best, built not on the ground but on a platform elevated over 3 feet. Select a level structure spot; place large sawn 30 feet blocks on end, ranging one way—in distance—to suit length of rails or small poles; the other way 20 or 30 feet to suit length of the large, stiff, straight platform or foundation logs, which are well flattened on each end, and placed steadily on the blocks, and on these blocked up logs, extended continuously (the foundation being well squared) beginning at one end, the first pen is raised as usual. Each pen should be 14, 20, or 25 feet apart, to secure ample interspace or gap, which covered over with roof continuous with that of pens, and with tiers or bearing poles supported by 1st and 2^d pens.—With the building of each pen you gain much more room by the interspace. The roof should have some slope and be weighted.

The elevation on blocks is so much gained in height of pen, the lowest tobacco being best supported on the platform logs, and they making the best scaffold on which to crowd and yellow the tobacco prior to hanging it thin in the pen above for curing. Also the tobacco is passed under these logs no doors (the main trouble) being needed. These pens can be placed in the yard, under the watch of good old Tray, and the whole structure if desired (the boards and rails if used, being excepted) can make the winter's wood-pile. It is proper I should correct a few material errors (typographical) in my first article, for which my hurried illegible penning is wholly responsible. I place them in parenthesis, or repeat the idea, if more convenient. "Push" (not wash) off brands, ashes," &c. "If hilled or bedded too dry, a heavy rain is required

for a season." "Top before it begins to run (not new) up." "Split stalk midway and it will dry and cure (not come) up much sooner." "Put the plants thin (not then) on sticks, secure from rain direct or drifting, and we see, that it is not too much crowded" (not corroded.) I omit some trivial errors preceding these, not calculated to mislead in practice, though obscuring thought and deranging expression, and also a succeeding of similar character; and even so naughty as to inflict the reader with the pseudo-blepsis, and have him dissolving *sights* instead of *sighs* and cares away. Fancy's sketch was thus marred, by my haste to finish with a smoke. And alas! alas! the wayward creature has seized my pen again.

And vows she'll have her fill before I rise,
Though heart sick grows from smoke deferred,
And tears overwhelm my eyes,
and thus indites:

Dear reader, if thou knowst the weed—
Not in Botanic lore I mean—
(Though nothing in the flowery mead,
Or Flora's realm, is gaudier seen.)
But hast thou seen it ground to dust,
In tortoise box, with Tonqua bean,
When circling mops are in it thrust,
Honored alike by maid and Queen?
Didst thou e'er take a wee-bit pinch
With grand-sire, grand-ma or old chum?
And feel drawn to them, inch by inch,
Until thou couldst no nigher come?
Hast thou e'er seen the social bowl
Upon the center-table placed?—
(Not that which quaff'd dethrones the soul
And makes man never more debased)—
I mean the glorious family pipe,
For six or eight at once to draw,
When friendship, love and joy, all ripe,
Puff care away, as 'twere a straw?
If thus the King, of weeds thou knowest,
Would'st stop the Czar to ask a quid;
Or, being Czar, would'st feel thou owest
The chew in need, as 'twere God's bid?
Dost feel that here all spirits meet?—
Parade, and pomp and pride are stuff—
As fellows, we'll each other greet;
The balance is not worth a puff!
If thus thou know'st, evoke Meerchaum;
We'll puff each other to the skies!
If not, learn not; the Siren's charm
Allures the simple, not the wise.

Fancy's freak indulged, and neurine equilibrium duly restored by the luxurious specific, I greet my companion, J. F. W., of Gonzales. The Brazile [sic] and Havana, (noted by you) stand pre-eminent with smokers. Those mentioned by me, viz: either of the three prior—the white stem and Orinoko rank all other chewing. A genuine article (Orinoko seed) can be procured at Burke's seed store, Houston; of A. S. Wright, (Baker's & Ewing's) Brenham, and Wilson & Camp's, in Navasota. I will propose to the cognoscenti of the weed, (and hope J. F. W. will concur,) that, with the close of next All Fool's Day—(for 'tis said we are wisest after folly)—that we associate together as the "Circle of Charity," with the weed as a badge; its accredited influence (as
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Heliotrope to sun) always tending towards that
Superlative Grace, without which all else is but
sounding brass and tinkling cymbal, what results might
not obtain were we ever and closely to pursue those
mellowed, generous reflections of which the weed is
more inspiring than Ambrosia e'er could boast.
While puffing, who, with soul so dead,
That never to himself hath said—
(As smoke rose circling o'er his head)—
"Earth is Vanity's vapid bed!"
Whose heart doth not to God-ward tread?
Grand cause! on whom all worlds depend!
Guard us and love, forgive, befriend;
Its fragrance will betoken e'er
"Sweet incense" burnt by Priestly seer,
But now, sweet savours only, are
A votive heart with love and fear,
And, as the watching, thoughtful eye
Sees wide'ning volumes upward fly,
"Our Circle of (sweet) Charity"
Should ever thus expanding be.
And when, at last, in ashes, must
The puffing end—so earthly trust,
Alike, is doomed. All was (at erst)
Of joy and love—an endless burst
In praise to God—till Evil first
To trespass Eden's threshold durst,
And brought life's woes—of all, the worst
That whence he sprang, frail man is cursed,
Returning ever—dust to dust.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 15, 1865, p. 2, c. 2

(Duff's) 33d. Tex. Cav. Bee's Brigade.
Camp Maxey, Feby. 25th, 1865.
Mr. Editor:--We arrived at this camp on the 21st inst.,
seventeen days from camp Gano, a distance of 85
miles, being an average of five miles a day, during
which time our orders were countermanded four
different times, giving us an opportunity of sounding
the depth of all the mud holes in and near the Red
River bottom, finally bringing up at this the wettest
and most boggy blackjack flat in all of Texas.—Our
camp is on the bank of Caddo Lake half a mile from
the Saline, and distant from Marshall and Jefferson
about twenty miles. What the object in coming to this
place is no one here knows, unless to await the
movements of the enemy and eat Pork and Potatoes.
We had Potatoes, large and fine, issued to us
yesterday, (an unusual coincidence in our soldier life,)
but another reason, "Bringham" says, why we were
ordered here is to dismount us, if he is correct, great
wisdom and foresight are manifest in the selection of a
camp for that particular business, for should any of
"the boys" bolt when the order "dismount" is given,
their horses will be certain to mire and consequently
easily overtaken by the Infantry. It is believed by
those who ought to know that no such order will be
given, it will be a hard trial for men who have been in
the service over three years, furnishing their own
horses without compensation, to be put on foot at this
particular time, one it is hoped they will not have to
undergo. It has been raining constantly since our
arrival here, should it continue a few days longer it will
be deficient for pedestrians to travel, in fact, the
"assembly" is dispersed with, for fear the men when

J.A.D.

collected together on the soft ground, may "go
under."

We have had no mail for the regiment since
the 6th of January, but are indebted to Mr. Loughery,
of the "Marshall Republican" for a number of
papers given us as the command passed. They were
a great treat and have been eagerly sought after
throughout the regiment. The peace rumors seem
to have "played out," as was intimated in my last.

Judge Mills' letter has had the effect to bring
out very general expression on the subject of which
he speaks, and there is scarcely a difference of
opinion among the people in this part of the
country. All agree that if emancipation should ever
be necessary to secure our independence, the
sacrifice [sic] will cheerfully be made, but only in
case such necessity should exist of which few
pretend to know. The largest planters are ready for
the sacrifice if required to get rid of Yankee rule.
But Lincoln domination over the South—
annihilation would be much preferable.

Yours, Lance Corporal.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 15, 1865, p. 2, c. 7

Seeds in Season.—Cabbage, Lettuce, Brocoli [sic],
Asparagus, Artichoke, Cauliflower, Onions, Parsnip,
Cantalope [sic], Nutmeg Melon, Citron Melon,
Muskmelon, Pumpkin, Kershaw [sic], Tomato,
Squash, Cucumber, Parsley, Egg Plant, Raddish [sic],
Beans and Peas of every variety.

James Burke.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 15, 1865, p. 2, c. 7

Indian Fight—Official Report.

Camp Colorado, Jan. 30, 1865.

Col. J. B. Barry:--In obedience to your orders I
arrived at Fort Chadbourne the last days of
December, with fifty men from this battalion. We
were there joined by Lieutenants Brook, Carpenter
and Giddings, with sixty men from the Frontier
Regiment; also by Capt. Covington, with seventeen
men, and Lieut. Mullins, of Brown county, with
thirty militia. We waited near Fort Chadbourne two
days for Capt. Totten's command of militia, of three
hundred men. On the 3d of January we set out, up
the Colorado, to find the Indian trail; the next day
we arrived at the Indian camp on the Colorado.
There was at that camp one hundred and fifteen
wigwams, and a short distance further up the river
another large camp. There being no grass on the
Colorado, we concluded to follow on the trail to
grass and water. The Indians had left this camp
some two weeks before. Ten miles from the
Colorado we passed another large Indian camp, and
at night came to another camp, on the North
Concho. Twenty miles further, on the Concho, we
counted one hundred and fifty wigwams—the
Indians had left this camp about one week before
our arrival. We waited there two days, sending spies
on ahead. On the morning of the 7th our spies
returned, having discovered the Indians at their
camps on a small creek running into the South
Concho, on the south side. Capt. Totten's
command had not been heard from. We despaired
of their joining us—supposing they had followed
another large trail reported above. We therefore
concluded to proceed and attack the camps at
daylight the next morning, with the force we had.
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Indian Fight—Official Report.

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We halted about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, some twelve miles from the camp. Got dinner and put our arms in readiness.

During the evening, Lieut. _____ and others (spies) were sent ahead to spy out their camps and report before night; and as we were about starting towards the enemy's camps, Captains Gillentine and Barnes came up, informing us that Capt. Totten, with his command, was not more than fifteen miles behind. It was believed that he could reach us in time to make the attack on the camps at day-break, and he was sent for; but he was further behind than was supposed, and did not arrive, to assist in making the attack, until 9 o'clock, A.M. The horses of Capt. Totten's command being jaded, it was arranged that he should attack the camp with his men dismounted; that the troops under my command should cut off the Indian's [sic] horses and try to intercept all parties of Indians rushing from them, or trying to scatter from the camps. The Indians' camps were in a large thicket, accessible only by a few narrow paths—well fortified by nature.

Capt. Totten rushed in bravely, with many of his command. For an hour the fight was furious and bloody. The men had possession of the camps, and the contest seemed about decided, but the Indians, scattering through the brush, continued firing, with but little chance of returning the shot; the men discouraged by seeing their comrades shot down by a foe it was almost impossible to reach, gave way, and retired a short distance down the creek. Afterwards there was, occasionally, skirmishing between them and the Indians.

The confederate troops under my command, with Capt. Covington's and Lieut. Morton's companies of militia, at the outset took possession of the Indians' horses which were about the camps.

During the fight at the camps with Captain Totten's command, we had constant skirmishing with the Indians, who were eager for their horses; parties of them were continually attacking us; but the men resisted them bravely, killing a number and driving the rest back into the thickets.

When the fighting had ceased the Indians pressed us most furiously and in large numbers for their horses. We fought them five hours, sometimes giving ground and again driving them back into the thickets. They fought us with the best of guns and ammunition (much superior to ours;) they tried to fight us at long range. Our boys often charged them bravely, and having the best horses, frequently cut them off and killing them. The Indians succeeded in getting a part of their horses at the close of the fight. Some two hours before night the Indians had all retired into the thicket. All the officers in the fight acquitted themselves honorably, and many of the soldiers fought with courage. Armed with shot guns and common rifles they often fought at great disadvantage. Of the Confederate troops there was seven killed; Lieut. Giddings, a fine and worthy officer, was mortally wounded, and ten others severely wounded. Twenty-three Indians are known to have been killed; their loss must have been thirty.

In the militia fourteen men were killed, including Captains Barnes and Culers. Capt. Gillentine, a most brave and energetic Indian fighter,

was mortally wounded; fifteen other men were wounded, many of them severely. In the fight the frontier has lost many whose places cannot be easily filled. It is the general opinion that in the fight with the militia from sixty to seventy-five Indians were killed. For two nights after the battle our forces camped together three miles from the battleground, where we had left our packs on the morning of the fight. We intended to go back, bury the dead and renew the fight if the Indians could be found, but the night after the fight there came fifteen inches of snow, our provisions had given out, our horses were perishing, and there seemed no alternative but to seek the settlements. Arriving at the settlements at the mouth of the Concho, Capt. Totten went back with about twenty-five men to look after the movements of the Indians. It is supposed there was four to six hundred warriors. One of the Indians killed was a Potawotomie, having a pass from the Potawotomie Agency in Kansas. There was a few white men with them. Their object, no doubt, was to depredate upon the settlements.

I am your obedient servant,

Henry Forsett,

Captain Commanding Scouts.

P.S.—Our total loss, from what we can learn, is 21 killed and 26 wounded—5 of the wounded have since died. Captain Totten has returned and reports that our men that were killed were not scalped. He found only 17 of the dead, and of these one of them had his head cut off and stuck upon a pole. He could not find any dead Indians. The Indians left under cover of the night and in great haste. The lowest estimate I can make of the loss of the Indians, is 83. They carried off their dead. We got 16 scalps outside of the thicket.

H.F.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 15, 1863, p. 3, c. 7

A letter dated Matamoros, February 25th, says: "Goods are daily falling in this market. I can buy the best brass-wire sieves at \$4.50 per dozen; best Sprague and Philip Allen prints, 20 cents; best twilled brown linen, very many and fine for pants, 37 ½ cents per yard; cotton cards, \$10 per dozen; Quinine, best French, \$3 per ounce; best glove kid ladies gaiters, \$24 dozen. I have filled a bill at these prices.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 15, 1865, p. 4, c. 1

A fair was held by the ladies in Goliad on the 23d and 24th ult., for the benefit of the soldiers families of that county, which netted from 3 to \$400, though the weather was very unfavorable at the time.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, March 15, 1865, p. 2, c. 1

The Soldiers' Home. We would remind our citizens that this institution is dependent entirely on their bounty for its existence, and to make the burden bear equally and lightly on each member of the community there should be more general subscription of money and provisions. Up to this time, the burden has been borne by a few persons, who have contributed most generously. It is not proper or just, that they should be taxed for the entire support of the Home, and we make this notice merely to remind our readers of something

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The Soldiers' Home.

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which has perhaps slipped their memory. Contributions in money will be handed to the Secretary, at the Herald Office; Provisions of all kinds, may be delivered to the Commissary, Mr. S. D. McDonald. Every one acknowledges the necessity of the Home being sustained at this place, and we hope every one will see to it that their mite is contributed to its support.

From the organization of the Association, Dec. 6, 1864, to 5th March, 1865, a period of three months, 181 soldiers received the benefit of the Home, to whom 411 meals and 200 lodgings were furnished, at a cost to the Society of \$204.60. The society has been able so far to meet this indebtedness, but it has, as we have said above, been borne by the generosity of comparatively a few persons.

It is the intention of the Society at an early day, to publish a list of all contributions, and we want to see it as long as possible.

It is also desired that those persons having lists of contributions in their hands will use extra exertions to increase the same, and hand them into the Secretary as early as possible.

DALLAS HERALD, March 16, 1865, p. 2, c. 1

We are pleased to learn that an effort is being made among some of our citizens to collect as many pair of socks as possible, to be sent to that noble body of Missouri troops under command of Gen. M. M. Parsons, now in Arkansas. We hear of a number of ladies who are using their exertions in the matter, and with a prospect of getting up quite a quantity. We are requested to say that all persons desiring to contribute socks, will have them ready by the 5th of April, and delivered to Eld. Chas. Carlton at this place, at which time Capt. Walden, belonging to the above command, will pass through here and convey them to their destination.

DALLAS HERALD, March 16, 1865, p. 2, c. 1

Camp Itch.—By Assistant Surgeon S. R. Chambers.—Having lately read several theses upon a disease peculiar in the army, known as "Camp Itch," and believing it to be the duty of every medical officer to make known his experience in the treatment of the disease, especially as there is such a difference of opinion among the profession as to the proper treatment, I do not presume to offer my treatment as a "specific," but certify that it has *never failed* in my hands to accomplish a cure, or also in the hands of several of my "confreres," to whom I have given it, for trial. It is composed of the following articles, viz:

The inner bark of the elder	1 pound
Water	2 ½ pts.
Boil the bark down to one quarter of a pint, then add	
Lard	1 pound
Sweet Gum	4 ounces.
Evaporate the water, and at the same time skim whatever filth may rise to the top of the vessel, after which set it aside to cool. When thoroughly cool, add:	
Basilicon Ointment	2 ounces
Olive Oil	3 ounces
Sulphur Flour	½ ounce

The mode of applying this ointment is as follows:

First, make the patient wash well with soap and water, dry the parts affected, rub the ointment on the parts affected with the hand until it is absorbed. Repeat this twice a day, omitting the last, which is only done previous to the first application.

I also recommend that the patient, in the worst form of the disease, wear the same under-clothing one week, as the clothes necessarily will absorb the ointment, thereby saving the patient the trouble of applying it more frequently. In ordinary cases this treatment will cure in one week; the more severe cases will take longer. Were it necessary, I could furnish the reports of over one hundred cases that I have treated in this way, and in every case with perfect success.

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, March 17, 1865, p. 2, c. 5

The Festival Near Shreveport.

Editor News—Before this reaches you doubtless you will receive full particulars of the grand festival and barbecue near Shreveport on the 18th of February, given by the citizens of Caddo parish in honor of Walker's old division, now commanded by Gen. Forney. I shall not attempt to give an account of the proceedings on that occasion, but by your permission will relate an incident that occurred, which shows how strong a hold Major General Walker has upon the affections of that division. Colonel Hubbard, in a speech, in a passing remark happened to mention the name of Gen. Walker. Immediately there arose a loud, long, deafening huzza for Walker from the members of that division. For some moments the speaker had to pause, not being able to make himself heard. These troops are devotedly attached to their old commander. I remarked to them, "Boys, I presume you would like to see Gen. Walker passed along about this time." "Yes," said they, "we would. We would be glad to see even his old white horse."

I could but think it a great pity that any condition in our affairs should make it necessary to relieve any officer from the command of troops who are so devotedly attached to him.

Spectator.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 22, 1865, p. 1, c. 7

Austin, March 9, 1865.

Ed. News:--There is a report in circulation here, of sundry depredations having been committed by Jayhawkers, on the citizens residing in San Gabriel and Williamson counties.

Report says that several houses were robbed, and one man suspended by the neck until he was nearly dead, to make him disclose the place he had concealed his money. His wife, to save the life of her husband, told them where the money was, which they secured, and then left.

We understand that Col. Baird, commanding the post, has sent a company of McCord's regiment up to arrest or run these robbers out of the country. . . Homo.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 22, 1865, p. 1, c. 6

Mr. Tucker, of Company B, Terry Rangers, who for a long time was confined in Rock Island prison, made his escape a short time since, and arrived in this city Friday last. He left the following Rangers in the prison, all in good health. Stewart and Wallace, Co. A; Yerby, Webb, Bennett and Cannon, Co. B; D. L. Russell, Co. C; R. T. Hall, Miller and Smith, Co. D; Wallace, Co. E; Molton, Co. F; Childress, Walker and McAnderson, Co. G; Hershfield, Cox and Albertson, Co. H; Hall and Bunting, Co. I; J. W. S. Emerson, Co. K.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 22, 1865, p. 2, c. 1

We have received a circular prospectus by the author of "A Campaign from Santa Fe," &c., in which the same writer proposes publishing "A History of the War in the Trans-Mississippi Department." The writer will be assisted in his compilation by many others who have participated in the campaigns of this Department, and contributions are solicited from all who are in possession of information appropriate to such a work.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 22, 1865, p. 2, c. 1

We have had the pleasure of meeting an old Galvestonian, Mr. J. P. Gilles, of whom it may be said emphatically, that he has done his duty in this war. He is now just from Richmond, which place he left January 28th, and arrived here Saturday last. This is his first return home since he left as a member of the Lone Star Rifles, August 1st, 1861. During this long period he has been in all the battles near Richmond, with but one exception; has been wounded five times in four battles, one of his wounds taking off his left arm. He is now honorably retired from the service. The Texas brigade to which he belongs, is now commanded by Col. Bass. Mr. Gilles has handed us the proceedings and resolutions adopted by the Texas brigade just before he left. We give them in this paper. Every Texian must feel a commendable pride in reading these noble sentiments. These are the men who have commanded the applause and admiration of our greatest Generals by their heroic achievements on so many battle fields, and made the name of a Texas soldier a terror to the enemy. These are the men who have fought till they have lost three-fourths of their original numbers, who have experienced all the hardships and privations of war, and yet are just as determined and confident of the triumph of our righteous cause, as when the war first commenced. O, that we could have the same invincible spirit at home that comes to us from the army.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 22, 1865, p. 2, c. 1

Adventures of Messrs. Penny and Griffith.

We have been kindly furnished by Mr. Penny, at our request, the following account of his adventures from the time of his leaving California until his arrival in Texas:

I had for some time determined to start for the Confederate States, but was deterred for want of means and remained in business at Sacramento until I could accumulate a sufficient amount. The Southerners in California are all in favor of the South, but the system of espionage there is so complete that a man dare not express a secession sympathy. In the beginning of the war it was different, and secession flags were not unfrequently displayed in the large

cities. The Yankees, however, have organized their forces in the State, and have things their own way. In company with a young companion, W. H. Griffith, I quietly left Sacramento and went to San Francisco just in time to take the Panama steamer. Had our destination been known, we would have been stopped and perhaps incarcerated. We left San Francisco on the 23^d of June, 1864, and arrived in New York on the 14th of July. Off the coast of the Carolinas we were chased by the Tallahassee. She had gained on us very rapidly, and was but a few miles distant when we went down to dinner, and "Griff" and I congratulated ourselves that by the time our meal was concluded we would be in the hands of our friends. To our disappointment, however, the Confederate cruiser changed her course and bore down on a large ship then in sight, and darkness soon coming on, our vessel escaped. From a report of the Captain of the Tallahassee that we afterwards saw, he captured on that day a ship and a brig. Had he continued the chase the steamer we were on would have been captured, and with her a million and a half of silver bullion on board. I saw myself two express wagons loaded with solid silver bricks. We remained in New York about eight days, and during that time I went into the Northern part of the State to look for some relatives that I had been told lived there, but found that all the male members of the family had gone over into Canada to escape the 500,000 draft that had been ordered at that time. We were informed that there were thousands of refugees in Canada, to escape the draft, and wherever we went we found the people bitterly opposed to its operation. In fact we were led to believe that the Northern people are getting tired of the war. In many places we saw women working in the field. The men either were in the army or had run off to escape the draft, and labor was getting scarce. In New York one entire park was shingled over and converted into a vast recruiting office, and the most enormous bounties were offered for recruits. On one placard that I noticed, the Federal, State, and Municipal bounties together exceeded one thousand dollars, and yet the work seemed to drag on very slowly. I noticed but few enlistments.

To a stranger New York looks lively and business-like, but citizens informed me that her trade and business were immeasurably less than before the war. Intending to work our way into the Confederacy through Kentucky and cross into the Trans-Mississippi, where Judge Terry's Regiment was, we went from New York to Cleveland, Ohio by railroad. At Cleveland we stopped to get supper, but had not more than taken our seats at the table of the principal hotel, when two buck negroes deliberately seated themselves opposite. This was too much for our Southern raising and we left the table in great disgust and got a meal at a restaurant, but still saw negroes at the tables. Cleveland is a perfect abolition hole and ought to be swept from the face of the earth. We passed through Cincinnati, took a steamboat a mile or two below Louisville, Kentucky, and went to Bradenburg. From there we walked 12 miles to Gatesville and found ourselves surrounded by Yankee detectives. These fellows are generally the scum of their race, and make it a point to

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Adventures of Messrs. Penny and Griffith.

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approach strangers in seductive guise and worm from them if possible their history and designs. We had been cautioned against them and were generally on the alert. From thence we took the stage to Hardinsburg and found when we reached there that we were not allowed to proceed further. Both that place and Gatesville had been lately attacked by Guerrillas and they were then expecting another raid. We returned to Gatesville, took the stage back to Louisville and from thence to Pittsburg Pa., by cars. The Yanks were busily fortifying Pittsburg. Early was at that time coming up the valley and Pittsburg was thought to be in great danger. We then went by railroad to Greensburg Pa., and met numerous refugees fleeing from the anticipated Confederate invasion. For fear that it would be considered a suspicious circumstance, our going South while everybody else was fleeing from thence; we left the cars and took the stage to Somerset. Here we found a great deal of excitement. A Yankee officer was trying vainly to raise a volunteer company to resist the invasion. He had a large quantity of new arms, and after having made a "spread eagle" speech to the crowd, asked them to step forward and take up arms in their country's defence; but not a man responded and he left in huge disgust. Waiting for conveyance we staid in Somerset two days and then went to Bedford. We found this a considerable watering place and resorted to by many people from Maryland and Pennsylvania.

While enjoying ourselves there for a few days and making the acquaintance of some Southern sympathisers, we were arrested by a detective on the charge of being spies, and committed to jail by a Justice of the Peace. I made an affidavit, that I had not been in the Confederate Service since the war, and was compelled to telegraph to California for testimony to substantiate the affidavit. When the reply came, we were immediately released, but had remained in jail eight days. In the mean time the Confederate forces had recrossed into Virginia. The expense of telegraphing and lawyers fees exhausted our money, and I pawned a gold watch and chain, that had cost me a hundred dollars in California, for thirty dollars, and started for Hagerstown, Maryland via Harrisonburg and Carlyle. At Hagerstown we had been directed to a certain house, where lived three young ladies who had assisted a great many Southerners across the Potomac. We made ourselves known to them and explained our wishes. They immediately responded, and in the course of the next day had organized a fishing excursion to the river some ten miles distant. In a light wagon with two fishing poles sticking out behind, we started in fine style. On reaching the river, what was our consternation to find a line of yankee pickets. We went back to Hagerstown, and after undergoing many adventures in our attempts to cross, finally took the stage through Williamsburg, and forded the river near that place. We were asked by the Yankee guard for our passes, but the examination was carelessly made, and while the other passengers were producing their papers, we passed on over a bridge that spans a creek at the entrance of the town, and were asked no questions. We left the stage at a certain house this side of the Potomac, to which we were directed and

made our way by cow paths through the woods, into the Confederate lines. We went to Winchester and attached ourselves temporarily to Gilmer's battalion of Marylanders—were in the battle of Winchester and Fisher's Hill—operated a short time with some partisan rangers and went on a raid with Mosby into Maryland.

Being anxious however to reach Judge Terry's command, we reported ourselves to Major Boyce, the Provost Marshal at Gordonsville and got a pass from him to go to Richmond and report to the Chief of Police. We arrived in Richmond early in January and made a written statement, which was presented by Gen. Baylor, one of the Texas Representatives, to the Secretary of war, and by him our case was referred to the Bureau of conscription. There we were informed that we could only get transportation by enlisting. We did so and received transportation to Texas with orders to report to Judge Terry. We remained in Richmond some time. Found the prices of every thing very high, but the people all in good spirits and seemingly united. Flour for instance was selling at \$800 per barrel in new issue. We sold our horses and pistols, the proceeds of one of our partisan ranger forays, and started from Richmond on the 20th of January crossed the Mississippi at Bruinsberg Landing—walked from Jackson, Mississippi, to Alexandria, Louisiana, most of the time in mud and water, and arrived in Houston on the 14th of March. Our valises, containing our clothing, we left in storage in Louisville, Kentucky, and paid the storekeeper one year's storage in advance. Very questionable if we ever see them again.

We started from California with about \$2000, and with what we had raised by various means on the route, we arrived in Jackson, Mississippi, without a dollar. From that point we trusted to luck, and sometimes fared badly. In the stage from Alexandria we were most kindly treated by a naval officer, who insisted on paying for our meals whenever we would allow him. In that portion of Virginia, which we have never attempted to defend, and which was being constantly overrun by the enemy, the spirit of the people is unbroken. A Confederate soldier is always welcomed, and seldom charged more than a dollar in Confederate money for a meal. One occasion I particularly recollect. We staid all night at the house of an old man, who gave us supper and breakfast, and fed three horses, and then apologized on account of the difficulty of procuring supplies, for charging us three dollars in Confederate money. In fact, I noticed that this feeling was general in the whole Cis-Mississippi Department. As soon as we crossed the river, I noticed that soldiers were charged fifteen and twenty dollars a meal, and that the tone of the people generally is nothing like so good as it is on the other side of the river. We leave Houston to-day for Hempstead, to report to Judge Terry, who, we are told, is at that place, and so ends our trip."

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 22, 1865, p. 2, c. 5

Charging Soldiers

Fairfield, Freestone Co., Texas,
March 10, 1865.

Ed. News:--On or about the 18th of February, 1865, my son, William P. Henderson, who is a soldier in the 7th Texas regiment of infantry, (and has been ever since the 24th of September, 1861,) got a furlough to leave his command for 90 [?] days; he crossed the Mississippi River, and walked the most of the way to get home, when becoming wearied, he thought he would get on the stage at Henderson, Texas, a distance of about 37 miles, for which he paid one hundred dollars to the mail contractor on the route alluded to. The contractor demanded of him the money, and he paid it in new issue. I am responsible for the above.

James M. Henderson.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 22, 1865, p. 3, c. 3

Camp Texas Brigade,
January 24, 1865.

At a meeting of the First, Fourth and Fifth Texas and Third Arkansas regiments, composing the "Texas Brigade," of Field's division, Longstreet's corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

On motion of Sergeant-Major J. H. Leete, First Texas regiment, Private B. S. Fitzgerald, company I, Fifth Texas, was chosen chairman, and, on motion of Private W. H. Burges, company D, Fourth Texas, Lieutenant Haywood Brahan, company F, Fourth Texas, was appointed secretary.

Lieutenant Brahan, upon being called upon, explained the object of the meeting in a few brief and appropriate remarks.

On motion of Private W. H. Burges, company D, Fourth Texas, a committee of five from each regiment of the brigade was appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting.

The following is the committee, as appointed by the Chairman, viz:

Sergeant-Major S. H. Leete, Sergeant F. M. ____ company H, J. P. ____ company I, W. A. Shelton, company L; Private J. T. Clark, company E, First Texas. Private W. H. Burges, company D; D. A. Todd, company B; F. D. Williams, company E; William Morris, company F; Sergeant W. M. Baines, company G, Fourth Texas. Lieutenant B. T. Fuller, company A; Sergeant M. A. J. Evans, company E; Sergeant T. F. Meese, company K; Private Thomas Hayme, company H; Private H. C. Shea, company F, Fifth Texas regiment, Assistant Surgeon C. H. A. Kienschildtz, Captain A. C. Jones, company G; Captain W. H. Harrison, company E; Private J. H. Goldsby, company K; Private R. W. O'Conner, company F, Third Arkansas.

The committee then retired to consider the preparation of resolutions. During the recess, the meeting was agreeably and pleasantly entertained by eloquent and patriotic speeches from Lieutenant-Colonel C. M. Winkler and Private T. D. Williams, Fourth Texas. At the close of Private William's remarks, the committee, through its chairman, Sergeant-Major J. H. Leete, reported the following preamble and resolutions, which, on motion of Lieutenant-Colonel C. M. Winkler, were unanimously adopted by the meeting:

"Whereas, we have seen, with feelings of sadness, the clouds of gloom and despondency that

have recently gathered in the sky of our young nation, but which are now, happily, being dispelled by returning confidence, we, the army, who are the people, and the people, who are the country, deem it not inappropriate, but fit and proper, that we should, in a meeting composed of the "Texas Brigade," comprising the First, Fourth, Fifth Texas and Third Ark. Regiments, make known to our fellow-soldiers, to our country, to the enemy, and to world, our purpose and determination to maintain, at all hazards and to the last extremity, the rights and liberties which a merciful God has been pleased to bestow upon us, and ever to contend for a perpetual separation from the hated and despised foe, who have murdered our grey-haired men, insulted our women and children, and turned out thousands of helpless families to starve, after robbing them and burning their houses, leaving them destitute of all except their honor. Therefore be it

1. "*Resolved*, That before the commencement of this great struggle for our rights and liberties, we considered well the causes and consequences for which we were about to take up arms; that our cause was just, and that no sacrifice was so great that it could not be made in defence of such a cause; that we have gone boldly forward now for nearly four years, and our determination has not abated, but increased, having had a clearer view of the character of the brutal foe with whom we contend, and gained from experience in close contact with them. Certainly no one can be so blind and stupid as not to agree with us, that the warning was of inspiration, and that was the auspicious time to strike for our rights; and that we are fully determined to go forward as we have done, and, if need be, to renew our pledge of devotion to our country; and that we will rid ourselves of the tyranny the enemy would thrust upon us, or die in the attempt.

2. "*Resolved*, That whilst we are battling in a cause the most sacred, for Liberty and Independence, against a people so base, treacherous and despised, that language fails us to properly portray our detestation of them, we cannot be indifferent lookers-on at those in our country who would divide and distract the counsels of the nation, and tear down the present able and patriotic Administration, and, at the same time, give aid and comfort to the enemy. To politicians and demagogues, newspaper editors, men in and out of positions, croakers and *those who are firing in the rear*, and those who pull down while we build up, we warn you that there is a point beyond which you cannot go with impunity; that nothing will deter us from the prosecution of our purpose, whether it be our open enemy in the front, or the hidden and less respectable enemy in our midst; for the latter of whom we take this opportunity to express our most hearty scorn and contempt.

3. "*Resolved*, That, after calmly considering the present situation of affairs in the Confederate States, we can see little cause, if any, for losing confidence in our final success; but, on the contrary, much on which to congratulate ourselves. In the beginning of the war—four years ago—we were a peaceful, unwarlike people, following quietly our ordinary avocations, totally unused and uneducated to warfare. Our men were to be organized, the

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material and appliances with which we have so often routed the enemy had to be made from the crude state; and now let the world say, if we have not accomplished much. That there is much yet to be done we admit, and declare ourselves prepared to undertake it. Let us look back to Manassas, the first and second, Gaines' Farm, Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg, Wilderness, and hundreds of other fields, where Confederates have shown a heroism almost unequalled in all past ages; and let us take new courage, if any have grown weary. We may also admit that the enemy have large armies, but it is the Babel of modern times, in which is represented the African, shoulder to shoulder with his brother—the Yankee—who sells himself for a bounty and deserts, and sells himself again; the man with the brogue so rich; the avaricious Hessian; and the dungeons of Europe are largely represented. It is not possible that such a heterogeneous mass can be united in one common object. Whilst we, on the contrary, are a unit in our resolution of purpose to be free and independent of those who would kill eight millions of whites, or enslave them, in order to give a pretended freedom to half that number of African negroes. Let us go bravely on. Peace must come sooner or later, and with it our independence. Our final triumph is certain and inevitable, and our subjugation an impossibility.

5. "*Resolved*, That in President Davis—the wise, patriotic and good Chief Magistrate—we repose the most perfect respect and confidence, tendering him our warmest sympathies and co-operation in his onerous duties and responsibilities resting upon him.

6. "*Resolved*, That for Gen. Robert E. Lee—the great soldier, father and friend of the army—we have the love and veneration that dutiful children should owe their father; that we will always follow wherever he may direct, and assure him, at all times, of our hearty support and co-operation.

7. "*Resolved*, That we invite all organizations in the armies of the Confederate States to come forward and show to the world, by an expression of their sentiments, their unalterable purpose and determination to conquer an honorable peace.

8. "*Resolved*, That the Secretary furnish a copy of these resolutions, and the proceedings of this meeting, to each of the newspapers published in Richmond, Virginia; and that the newspapers in Texas and Arkansas, and all others friendly to the cause, be requested to copy; also that a copy be sent to President Davis, General R. E. Lee, the Texas and Arkansas Senators and Representatives in Congress, and to the Governors of Texas and Arkansas."

Private W. H. Burges, Fourth Texas, and Captain A. C. Jones, Third Arkansas, being called upon, addressed the meeting in an appropriate eloquent and patriotic style. Their speeches were received with great applause and enthusiasm.

On motion of Lieutenant Colonel Winkler, Fourth Texas regiment, the meeting adjourned.

B. S. Fitzgerald, Chairman.

Haywood Brahan, Secretary.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 22, 1865, p. 3, c. 5

From the Texas Rangers—Casualties.

Field and Staff—Lieut. Col. Gustave Cook, twice in leg, slight; Capt. W. R. Jarmon, in leg, slight; Color Guard, S. C. McBroom, Corporal, in breast, slight.

Co. A—Thos. Owens, in leg, severe; Thos. Prewitt, in hand, slight; D. Moser, Fielder and Jones, slightly wounded.

Co. B—Serg'ts E. A. Herndon, in arm, severe; J. P. Burkhart, in leg, slight; Privates J. P. Harris, in arm, severe; J. W. Wiggins, in arm, severe; A. Haynes, slightly wounded.

Co. C—Isham Davis.

Co. D—J. S. Wegin, P. R. Kennedy, D. D. Nunn, killed; P. J. Waskins, in arm, severe; and J. P. McArthur, in shoulder, slight.

Co. E—First Lieut. W. R. Friend, in shoulder, severe; Private T. S. Ritchie, mortally wounded; Serg't J. T. Hays, slightly wounded.

Co. F—Private T. Bennett, in head, slight.

Co. G—Private Thos. Barry, in chest, severe.

Co. H—Serg't Addie Moore, killed; Privates John Fowler, in leg, severe; John Ryan, in head, severe; J. H. Brown, in shoulder twice, slight; A. J. Adams, in arm, severe; John Fisher, in leg, slight.

Co. K—First Lieut. J. W. Haskell, killed; Private David Muckle, killed; Private A. W. Proctor, slightly wounded.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 22, 1865, p. 3, c. 7

The Texas Brigade.—From the Richmond Whig of the 12th January, we clip the following splendid tribute to "Hood's Texas Brigade." We say Hood's, because best known by that name, and because there is another Texas Brigade east of the Mississippi, which has become almost as celebrated, if not quite. We refer to Granburry's [sic] Brigade of Pat Cleburne's Division.—San Antonio Herald.

An Example.—The Texas Brigade are as noble and generous as they are gallant and brave.

With a spirit of self-denial which does them all honor, they unanimously voted their splendid New Year's dinner to the distressed families of their brother soldiers in Richmond.

This gallant band of heroes have been four hours absent from their far off prairie homes. They entered the service of Virginia with over three thousand five hundred muskets; they now number only four hundred. Upon their tattered and war-worn colors are inscribed the names of "West Point, Seen Pines, Gaines' Mills, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Knoxville, the Wilderness, Spotsylvania C. H., Chaffin's Farm and Darbytown." It was at one of the great battles last spring, when at one moment of the day it seemed lost, that General Lee spurred his horse forward to the head of the Texas Brigade. "Men," he said, "your General calls upon you to decide the fate of the day; he will lead you to the charge;" but a shout went forth from those noble men for the great chieftain to retire. "Tell us," said they, "where you would have us go, and what you would have us do, and we will go and do it if we all die; but your life is of too much importance to your country to be risked here. We will not move an inch unless you retire." With tears in his eyes brought forth by the manifestation of love and affection from his trusty troops, General Lee retired. The brigade, with a yell,

The Texas Brigade.

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did make the charge, through one, two and even three lines of battle; they left over half of their number killed and wounded on the field, but the day and their plighted word to their beloved Commander-in-Chief was saved.

The name of every man belonging to this "legion of honor" should be historic. Its commanders, Wigfall, Hood, Robertson, Gregg and Bass, with those of its thousands of gallant privates, are names which are and will be forever synonymous with bravery and daring the wide world over. They have willingly and fearlessly dared the dangers of every field in Virginia; they have offered an hundred times to shed their last drop of life's blood in her defence; they now surrender their crust to the widows and orphans of their noble Virginia comrades. God bless them.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 22, 1865, p. 3, c. 7

Mr. Warren Adams returned from Richmond, Va., on Wednesday. We are indebted to him for files of Southern papers, which, though not late, are such as we have not before seen, and from them we shall be able to give our readers many interesting extracts. He brought back some letters, but not as many as usual, on account of the general derangement of the mails. These letters have been mailed to their proper destinations. He left Brandon on the 2d inst., and crossed the Mississippi on the 5th, but was delayed at the Neches, where he had to leave his horse and hire a boat. He was also delayed by impassable streams on the other side, but encountered no other trouble. He met with no Yankees anywhere. . . .

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 22, 1865, p. 4, c. 1

The Marshall Republican comes to us largely increased in size, and very much improved in appearance. It is now one of the largest, as it always has been one of the ablest edited sheets in the Trans-Mississippi Department, and being at a point where the news all centers, and immediately on the telegraph line, it has peculiar advantages for furnishing the latest news. Were our mail facilities anything like what they ought to be East of this the Republican would be able to furnish us with the latest dispatches. As it is, we must still wait for news to be conveyed to Houston, and thence sent to us per mail.

DALLAS HERALD, March 23, 1865, p. 2, c. 1

A mass meeting of the citizens of Austin will be held at the old Swisher home, lately kept as a hotel by Mrs. Shaw, on Saturday next at three P.M., for the purpose of organizing a suitable police force, to protect our city from depredations and outrages, committed in the adjoining counties, by [tear in paper] bands of depredators, and for a more rigid enforcement of the municipal laws.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, March 29, 1865, p. 2, c. 1

The frontier correspondent of the State Gazette says:

"He says the Indians are worse at this time in the counties of Jack, Palo Pinto, and Erath, than they have ever been before, and that settlers are moving lower down all the time, leaving their settlements and stock behind them."

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 29, 1865, p. 4, c. 1

Prices of Garden Seeds.

Until July 1st, 1865.

Hitherto my prices for seeds have been fluctuating, which has been as much regretted by myself as it must have been unsatisfactory to my customers. This has been caused by the varying, but always exorbitant prices I have been compelled to pay, and is chargeable to the wholesale dealer, rather than to the retailer.

Having recently succeeded in procuring from the North a stock supply sufficient for the season, I have determined upon uniform prices, from which I will not vary until the 1st of July next, to wit:

Cabbage and beet seed, by the pound	\$12 00"
" " ounce	1 50
" " 100 papers	30 00"
" " dozen papers	4 00"
" " single paper	50
Miscellaneous seeds, per 100 papers	8 00"
" per dozen papers	2 00"
" per single paper	25

To retail dealers, who have a large quantity at one time, a liberal discount from the above rates will be made. Sent by mail, post paid.

mar 29 James Burke,
Dealer in Books, Music, Sta., Seeds, &c.

Cabbage Seed Imported.

Drum head, early York, flat Dutch, green Savoy, long blood beet. Also, a general assortment of garden seeds, grown in the North in 1864, just received by the way of Matamoros.

For sale by the pound, ounce, hundred papers, or at retail.

James Burke,
Dealer in Books, Seeds, &c.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, March 29, 1865, p. 2, c. 4

Spring Goods!

Varied Assortment!

Consisting of the following--French cambrics, muslins and lawns, corsets and hoop-skirts, pick-nick gloves, French and American calicoes, ladies' kid and cloth gaiters, brown & bleach'd domestic, heavy French cottonades, blue demings [sic?], superior grey and blue cloth, military buttons, mens' & boy's hats & shoes, white linen shirts, undershirts, overshirts, woolen tweeds, plaid and striped gingham, all colors berege for veils, white and Br. linen drill, combs coarse and fine, [sic], tooth brushes, spectacles, gun caps (Eley's), coats' cotton & flax thread, brown and check linen, black calicoes and lawns, linen cambric handkfs, hickory shirtings, &c., Just received and for sale by Sampson & Hendricks, Congress Avenue, Austin, March 21, 1865.

Groceries! Groceries!

Crushed sugar, brown sugar, candles, starch, coffee, soda, copperas, indigo, black pepper, spices, nutmegs, glue, cloves, rice, fresh cove oysters, french peaches, Pine Apple, &c. for sale by Sampson & Hendricks.

Tobacco! Tobacco!

Smoking & chewing--of the best Virginia brands--the best in this market.

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Tobacco! Tobacco!

Continued from page 21

Cotton Cards!

From the celebrated Whitmore Manufactory--the best in the Texas market.

Axes! Axes!

A large lot of Hunt's Kentucky axes; blue buckets, washing boards, clothes pins, &c.

To Shoemakers!

On hand and in transit, a large supply of Shoemakers' Thread, of the best quality.

For sale by Sampson & Henricks.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, March 22, 1865, p. 2, c. 5

The following article is from the Freeman's Champion. A reform is needed and our municipal or military authorities cannot set about it too soon.

The Negroes of Houston.—Every traveller who has passed through this city, cannot fail to have noticed the demoralized manners of our darkies. We see them in nearly all the groceries, and are disgusted with the airs the scoundrels put on. White ladies are forced to turn to one side of the pavements to allow the "gemmem ob color" to pass, or they would be crowded into the gutters. They are allowed to have their balls and parties weekly, and the public protect them at these licentious gatherings.—Reader, have you ever noticed the manner in which the black population dress! Have you ever noticed the profusion of jewelry and silk dresses the wenches wear? Have you noticed the gold watches and chains the bucks adorn themselves with, then compare their appearance to the worthy white mechanic, or his family? You hear daily of robberies and thefts being perpetrated in this city, some of you lay all this upon our brave soldiery, and many a brave and gallant command has been defamed and charged with rascalities perpetrated by these black scoundrels. Some men allow their darkies to hire their own time, and the scamp is as free as though he were in Boston, and he contaminates and puts devilry into the heads of steady and faithful servants. Nearly all the free negroes captured on the Harriet Lane, Sachem, Clifton, Granite City and Wave, have been allowed to mix in with our faithful servants, and to demoralize them by telling them of the greatness and glory of "massa Lincoln." We see the same free skunks acting as body servants to many of our officials in this department. Why is this? What right have officials to take this privilege? But some will say, "you have no right, sir, to question our military men about these matters," and try to silence us on the ground that we dare not find fault with officials. But here they find themselves mistaken. We claim to be free men. We have stood shoulder to shoulder in the ranks with our brave comrades and assisted in beating back the haughty invader, and now are we to come down and kiss the big toe of officials, and fear to speak the truth? No, never, our aim is for our country's good. Her cause is our cause, her people our people, her soldiers our brothers, and we shall never hesitate to lash without any mercy in spite of the consequences, any and every infringement upon the rights of the people. We demand that some reform be made concerning the darkies of Houston. Every good citizen demands this, and we know our worthy Mayor will take some steps to reform this crying evil.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 29, 1865, p. 2, c. 4

A New Paper.—We were unexpectedly greeted yesterday morning with a new paper, called "The Freeman's Champion," and edited by "Sioux." Everybody knows Sioux, or ought to, for he has been writing excellent articles for the Telegraph for the last two or three years, and, previously, correspondent for the News, while in the army. No man has seen more of the country, for he has been constantly going, and there are few things worthy of note that escape his observation. When he sees a wrong perpetrated, or a public duty neglected, he is not afraid to speak of it.

He declares himself the soldier's friend, and we hope and believe he will be able to render the soldier essential service, as, in fact, he has done on many occasions through the columns of other papers. We predict that the "Freeman's Champion," under his management, will be a valuable journal. The first number contains many good articles, which we have not time now to notice, but intend to do so. Sioux is opposed to a military man for Governor. In this, we think, the soldiers will not agree with him.

We would also prefer a civilian, if equally well qualified, because we do not want to take a valuable man from the army when such men are now so much needed. We hope Sioux will bring out the right man for the time.

Sioux says he will publish as often as his means will permit. That is a very prudent promise in these times, but we hope he will meet with support sufficient to enable him to issue at least once a week. He has a good article on the negroes of Houston, and we hope it will be read by all our slaveholders.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 29, 1865, p. 2, c. 1

An Inquiry made of Mr. John Tucker.

Fayette Co., Texas, March 23, 1865.

Ed. News:--Having seen a statement in the Tri-Weekly Telegraph, of the 20th inst., of the arrival of Mr. John Tucker, of the Terry Rangers, who had made his escape from Rock Island, etc.; and having heard that G. J. Slack, of Fayette county, Co. A, 5th T.M.V., is there; and as he has been missing for the last fourteen or fifteen months, without any reliable information of his whereabouts, I think perhaps that Mr. Tucker can give us some information. Will you request him, through your Tri-Weekly paper, to give the names of all the Texians who are in Rock Island prison, and, more particularly, if he knows anything of the said George J. Slack? By request of the wife and friends of Geo. J. Slack.

Yours, C.J.E.G.

P.S. We cannot learn Mr. Tucker's Post-office; if we could, we would have written directly to him for the desired information of Geo. J. Slack, and would not have troubled you with this request.

C.J.E.G.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 29, 1865, p. 3, c. 6

The Confederate Journal of Tyler, edited by Col. G. W. Chilton, published the explanatory letter of Major C. S. West respecting his letter to Mr. Raymond, and says: "It is a manly and truthful statement to the facts connected with the letter referred to, which entirely exonerates Maj. West from the imputation of entertaining any wish to dis sever Texas from the destiny of her sister States of the Confederacy. Maj. West is a native of South Carolina, and an original and zealous advocate of the doctrine of State rights. We have known him long and intimately, and feel sure that he entertains no sentiment which is not prompted by the highest and purest spirit of patriotism."

The Journal publishes the proceedings of a meeting in Tyler, at which resolutions were adopted unanimously to the effect that all the tythe-corn of

Smith and adjoining counties had been consumed, and that unless the Federal prison-camp be removed, suffering must ensue before this year's crop can be gathered. The meeting, therefore resoled to request Gen. E. K. Smith to have said camp removed to a point where provisions are more abundant, and it was suggested that a suitable place may be found between the Trinity and Brazos rivers, some 75 miles from Tyler.

Speaking of the nomination of Gen. McCulloch for Governor, the Tyler Journal says: We do not believe that General McCulloch would be willing to engage in the scramble, which is likely to ensue, for the office. Indeed we should regret to see him leave his present field of usefulness for any other."

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, March 29, 1865, p. 4, c. 1