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# Southern Illustrated News [Richmond, VA], September 13, 1862-March 25, 1865

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**Southern Illustrated News [Richmond, VA]**

September 13, 1862 – March 25, 1865

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, September 13, 1862, p. 8, c. 3

Manufacturer Tobacco Agency.

Samuel Ayres & Son, Agents for the Sale of Virginia and North Carolina Manufactured Tobacco, corner Cary and Virginia Streets, Richmond, Va.

Hycos Smoking Tobacco.

Manufactured and Sold by

Samuel Ayres & Son,  
Richmond, Va.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, September 13, 1862, p. 8, c. 4

The Great Prophetic Book.  
The Partizan [sic] Leader.  
West & Johnston,  
Publishers, Richmond.

[reviews by Richmond Dispatch, Southern Literary Messenger, Christian Observer]

Recently Published:  
The First Year of the War.  
By Edward A. Pollard.

[reviews by Mobile Advertiser and Register, Atlanta (Ga.) Intelligencer, Atlanta (Ga.) Southern Confederacy, Charleston Mercury, Richmond Enquirer, Richmond Dispatch, Richmond Examiner, Richmond Whig, Richmond Christian Observer]

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, October 11, 1862, p. 8, c. 3

Pantechnoptomon!  
Lee Mallory's  
War Illustrations  
Exhibiting the Soldier's Life in  
Camp  
March ,  
Bivouac,  
Battle.

The most elaborate exhibition of mechanism and art ever produced in any country, now on exhibition in the Southern Cities.

Note to Artists.—Wanted, Sketches of Scenes and Incidents connected with our army, such as Views of Camps, Battle-Fields, Maps, &c. Any drawings that will be interesting to the public, will be promptly acknowledged and paid for. Address

Lee Mallory,  
At High Constable's Office,  
Richmond, Va.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, October 11, 1862, p. 8, c. 3

Essence of Coffee! Essence of Coffee!!

Every family should buy it. One package equal to five pounds of Coffee. A very minute quantity mixed with toasted Rye or Wheat, imparts a rich Coffee flavor. For sale, wholesale and retail, at

Meade & Baker's Drug Store,  
186 Main Street, corner above Post Office.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, October 11, 1862, p. 8, c. 3

To the Ladies.—Small Stencils for marking clothing made to order. Indelible Ink and Brush furnished. Every family should have one. Price \$2—sent by mail on receipt of \$2.25.

H. H. Kayton, Letter Cutter,  
13th Street, between Main and Cary,  
Richmond, Va.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, October 11, 1862, p. 8, c. 3

Brass Letters, Cross Sabres [sic], Cross Cannons, &c., for sale, wholesale and retail. Address by mail or otherwise.

H. H. Kayton, Letter Cutter,  
13th street, between Main and Cary,  
Richmond, Va.

Small Stencils, for marking clothing with indelible ink, made to order.

H. H. K.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, October 11, 1862, p. 8, c. 3

Brands for branding Tobacco Boxes, Flour Barrels, Grain Bags, Hogsheads, Liquors, &c., made to order. Address by mail or otherwise.

E. M. Lewis, Brand Cutter,  
13th street, between Main and Cary,  
Richmond Va.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, October 18, 1862, p. 3, c. 3

Written for the Illustrated News.  
"Foot-Cavalry Chronicle."  
By Hard Cracker.

(1.) Man that is born of woman and enlisteth in "Jackson's army" is of few days and short rations.

(2.) He cometh forth at "reveille," is present also at "retreat," and retireth apparently at "taps."

(3.) He draweth his rations from the commissary and devoureth the same; he striketh his teeth against much hard bread, and is satisfied; he filleth his canteen with "aqua pura," and clappeth the mouth thereof upon the "bung" of a whiskey barrel, and after a little while goeth away rejoicing at his strategy.

(4.) Much soldiering hath made him sharp; yea, even the sole of his shoe is in danger of being cut through.

(5.) He covenanteth with the credulous farmer for many chickens, and much milk and honey, to be paid for promptly at the end of each six days, when lo! on the 5th day the army moveth to another part.

(6.) His tent is filled with potatoes, pies, corn and other morsels for his delicate appetite, which abound not in said commissary department; and many other borrowed things, which will never be returned. Of a surety, it must be said of "Jackson's foot cavalry," "they take not that which they cannot reach."

(7.) He fireth his Minie rifle at the dead hour of night, and the camp is roused and formed in line—when, to his mess he cometh bearing a fine "porker"—which he declareth so resembleth a Yankee that he was compelled to pull trigger.

(8.) He giveth the "provost" much trouble; often capturing his guard and possessing himself of the city.

(9.) At such times "lager and pretzels" flow like milk and honey from his generous hand. He giveth, without stint, to his own stomach.

(10.) The grunt of a pig and the crowing of a cock awakeneth him from the soundest sleep, and he sauntereth forth in search or the quadruped or biped that dareth to "make night hideous."

(11.) No sooner hath he passed the sentry's beat than he striketh a "bee-line" for the nearest hen roost, and seizing a pair of pullets, returneth soliloquizing to himself, "the noise of a goose saved Rome, how much more the flesh of the chicken preserveth the soldier."

(12.) He playeth "eucre" with the parson, whether there shall be preaching in camp on the Sabbath, and by dexterously turning jack from the bottom of the pack, postponeth the service.

(13.) And many other marvelous things doeth he; and, lo! are they not already recorded in the morning reports of "Jackson's foot cavalry?"

Camp of the "Turned-Over and Used-Ups," Sept. 27, 1862.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, October 18, 1862, p. 5, c. 2-3 [sketch]

Miss Belle Boyd,  
"The Rebel Spy."

This young lady, who has, by her devotion to the Southern cause, called down upon her head the anathemas of the entire Yankee press, was in our city last week. Through the politeness of Mr. Cowel, the artist at Minnis' gallery, we are enabled, in this issue of our paper, to present her picture.

Miss Belle is the daughter of Benjamin B. Boyd of Martinsburg, at which place he was for a long time prominently engaged in the mercantile profession. He afterwards removed to Knoxville, Tennessee, where he lived about three years, but returned to Martinsburg about two years previous to the breaking out of the present war. Her mother was the daughter of Captain Glenn of Jefferson county. Miss Belle is the oldest child of her parents, and is about 23 years of age. An uncle of Miss Belle, James W. Glenn, of Jefferson county, commanded a company during the present war, known as the "Virginia Rangers," until recently, the captaincy of which he resigned on account of ill-health. James E. Stuart, a prominent politician of the Valley, and who was a member of the Virginia Convention of 1850, married a sister of Miss Belle's mother.

During her early years Miss Belle was distinguished for her sprightliness and the vivacity of her temper.

That our readers may have an opportunity of seeing what the Yankee correspondents say about this young lady, we extract the following article from the columns of the Philadelphia "Inquirer," which was written by the army correspondent of that sheet:

"These women are the most accomplished in Southern circles. They are introduced under assumed names to our officers, so as to avoid detection or recognition from those to whom their names are known, but their persons unknown. By such means they are enabled to frequently meet combinedly, but at separate times, the officers of every regiment in a whole column, and by simple compilation and comparison of notes, they achieve a full knowledge of the strength of our entire force. Has modern warfare a parallel to the use of such accomplishments for such a purpose? The chief of these spies is the celebrated Belle Boyd. Her acknowledged superiority for machination and intrigue has given her the leadership and control of the female spies in the valley of Virginia. She is a resident of Martinsburg, when at home, and has a pious, good old mother, who regrets as much as any one can the violent and eccentric course of her daughter since this rebellion has broken out. Belle has passed the freshness of youth. She is a sharp-featured black-eyed woman of 25, or care and intrigue have given her this appearance. Last summer, whilst Patterson's army lay at Martinsburg, she wore a revolver in her belt, and was courted and flattered by every Lieutenant and Captain in the service who ever saw her. There was a kind of Di Vernon dash about her, a smart pertness, a quickness of retort, and utter abandonment of manner and bearing which were attractive from their very romantic unwontedness.

"The father of this resolute black-eyed vixen is a paymaster in the Southern army, and formerly held a place at Washington under our Government. She has undergone all that society, position and education can confer upon a mind suited to the days of Charles the Second, or Louis the Fourteenth—a mind such as Mazarin or Richelieu would have delighted to employ from its kindred affinities.

"Well, this woman I saw practicing her arts upon our young lieutenants and inexperienced captains, and in each case I uniformly felt it my duty to call them aside and warn them of whom she was. To one she had been introduced as Miss Anderson, to another as Miss Faulkner, and so to the end of the chapter. She is so well known now that she can only practice her blandishments upon new raw levies and their officers. But from them she obtains the number of their regiments and their force. She has, however, a trained band of coadjutors, who report to her daily—girls aged from 16 upward—women who have the common sense not to make themselves as conspicuous as she, and who remain unknown, save to her, and are therefore effective. The reports that she is personally impure are as unjust as they are undeserved. She has

a blind devotion to an idea, and passes far the boundary of her sex's modesty to promote its success.

"During the past campaign in the Valley this woman has been of immense service to the enemy. She will be now if she can."

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, October 18, 1862, p. 8, c. 4

Valuable  
Military Publications,  
Published by  
West & Johnston,  
145 Main St., Richmond.

Gilham's Manual, for Volunteers and Militia of the Confederate States, new edition, revised, with plates, in press,  
Instructions for Field Artillery, extracted from Gilham's Manual for Volunteers and Militia 50  
Instructions for Heavy Artillery, with plates 5.50  
Roberts' Hand-Book of Artillery, new edition, 1.00  
The Volunteer's Hand-Book, 50  
The Volunteer's Camp & Field Book, 75  
Notes on Artillery, with drawings 50  
Manual of Arms for Heavy Infantry 25  
Mahan's Field Fortifications, with plates, 2.50  
Cary's Bayonet Exercise and Skirmisher's Drill, 1.00  
Ordnance Manual, with plates 5.00  
Napoleon's Maxims of War 1.00  
Chisolm's Manual of Military Surgery 3.00  
Map of Kentucky and Tennessee, colored, 1.00  
Map of North and South Carolina, colored, 1.00  
A New Map of Virginia, containing all the Counties, principal Towns, Railroads, Telegraph Lines, Rivers, Canals and all other internal Improvements. This is the best Map of the State ever published. We have spared no expense to make it perfect. It is gotten up on the best map paper, made expressly for us to print this map upon. Size, 26 by 36 inches, bound in pocket form, in beautifully illustrated covers. Price 2.50

Address orders to

West & Johnston,  
Publishers and Booksellers,  
145 Main Street, Richmond.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, November 1, 1862, p. 8, c. 3

Wanted—A few more Young Men, of good moral character, to fill up the Corps of Cadets, at the Virginia Military Institute. Applicants must be between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five years of age. This is a good chance for young men who wish to avoid the Conscript Act. For particulars, address

Lieut. Henry A. Wise, Jr.,  
V. M. Institute, Lexington, Va.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, November 8, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

### The Home-Spun Dress.

We have received the following spirited letter from our sprightly correspondent "Louise," which we take the liberty of publishing:

C\_\_\_\_\_, Va.

Messrs. Editors:--Do give me your sympathies and attention for a brief space, while I tell you what a mortification I suffered Sunday on account of wearing a home spun dress—but, first, let me ask you a question: don't you think it would be more patriotic in our girls to wear home spun dresses, instead of wearing such doleful faces about the blockade, just because they can't get such lots of fine dresses and other finery as they used to in times back? I think so, Messrs. Editors, and I hope you do, too. Every second lady you meet up here in C\_\_\_\_\_ has her face elongated to twice its natural length because, as she says, there's no "dry-goods" in the stores, "and what are we to do for wearing apparel?" If I suggest home-spun, O! such a thing is not to be thought of. Well, Messrs. Editors, I bought me a home-spun dress, had it made up and wore it to church on Sunday last. When I took my seat. I looked around and saw a smile, or a sneer, on the lips of our "would be" aristocratic ladies. They whispered and nudged each other, and were even rude enough to direct their glances straight at me. If they call that good manners, their code and mine slightly differs on the subject. I am only a little girl, and I felt like crying, but I managed to listen with tolerable attention to the sermon. Just as soon as I got home I sat down to write to you about it, feeling sure of your sympathy. I just made up my mind that every one of those ladies I saw laughing at my home spun dress were nothing but "Yankees." Now would you advise me to wear that dress again, or doff it entirely to please the over-refined taste of these C\_\_\_\_\_ villains? Do answer me something—I think it would be nice to answer this question about home-spun dresses in your paper. Suppose you ask "Hard Cracker" what he thinks of it. Hoping to be excused for trespassing so long on your time, I remain yours,

Respectfully, Louise.

Advise you to wear it again? Why, most assuredly; and when it is worn out, send us a piece, that we may put it away with other highly prized mementoes of this war, to remind us in after years that there was one brave little heart somewhere in the Old Dominion, that pulsed with genuine patriotism, and with whom "duty" was a higher word than "fashion." Don't mind the whispers and sniggers of those who, while they profess great patriotism, had rather give aid and comfort to the enemy by the purchase of his silks and satins, with which to please the stay-at-home sneaks, than to encourage home industry and win the admiration of all earnest and sensible men. Many a soldier, as he reads your letter today in camp, will say, "Well, boys, I'll bet a month's rations that little girl will make some lucky fellow a good wife, and no mistake!" What says our particular friend, "Hard-Cracker?"—Eds.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, November 22, 1862, p. 5, c. 3 (continued over several pages and three issues—a fictional story set during the war in the mountains of Virginia)

A Summer Idyl.  
By Refugitta.

. . . The sick soldier made a refreshing call on the whiskey side of his captured canteen. . . .  
. . . "Wait a moment, is there no one here to meet me?" the young lady answered, looking about under her barege veil with a puzzled air. . . . "I might as well be any of those Yankee women's rights creatures, stalking about the country by myself; it is shameful!" . . .

. . . The old white horse was moving along at a fair trot now, and the young lady concluding to look away from the painted broom-handle on which her eyes had been fixed, with mournful deliberation, threw back her veil. . . .

. . . It was the state-room, of course, none other in Virginia can boast of doors kept closed for a moment. Besides, there was the white-washed hearth, filled with asparagus branches and hollyhocks, the ostrich egg, and shells on the mantle-piece, under Mrs. Wilkins' first daughter's first sampler, the "Fisher Girl and Boy" in plaster of Paris, the white dimity curtains, the staring ambrotype of Josh, executed on the occasion of his sole visit to the great metropolis of Richmond, the bunch of peacock's feathers in the corner, the hair-cloth sofa, from which Bel's toes barely reached the floor, the centre-table [sic], with its green worsted cover and Family Bible, and the high looking glass between the windows, so carefully veiled in yellow tarlatan that it was impossible to see more than the mere outline of one's form—all this, stiff, spotless and inviolate, testified to the solemn character of the apartment. But Bel was a lawless little creature, and running to the window, she let in a gleam of sunlight, dragged five or six chairs out of their stated limits, fingered at the curtain-folds, and mentally arranged a corner for her guitar and music-rack, all before the old lady had said a reassuring word to Josh and returned to the doorway. . . . And, talking all the way, she pattered up the homely staircase, past the high ticking clock, with its gaudy rising run [sic?] over the landing, every board of which gleamed like white satin, into a chamber, where Bel's mercurial spirit congratulated itself on the fate which had directed her steps into this atmosphere of delicious rurality. It was not the least bit of a bower—that was a slight disappointment. (Bel had famous ideas of her own of country life, derived from novels, and fully expected to a 'nook' draped with 'snowy muslins.') But an immense airy room with four windows, their curtains of the never-failing dimity, white as the driven snow, and emitting fragrant breezes of dried rose-leaves and lavender, a huge, immaculate bed, heavy with its Marseilles counterpane and ruffled pillow-cases and valence, a queer, high bureau, surmounted with a receding mirror—('Gracious!' thought Bel, the first thing, 'it is sea-green, and I look hideous!')—drawers, in any one of which she might have enacted the part of Ginevia or Col. Zarvona to perfection, a patch-work pin-cushion, and mat containing a shining brass candlestick, great gloomy wardrobes, and closet doors innumerable. That was what it looked like, and Bell, after a war-dance in the middle of the floor, threw down her book and traveling-bag, leaned half her body out to pluck a bunch of greville roses, which, like Coleridge's, "peeped at the chamber window," opened all her wardrobe and closet-doors, and astounded the old lady with the friendliest of kisses, all in the first sixty seconds. . .

... "What a bother it is to have so much hair!—There, now, I am finished. I will get out a white apron, and then shall be the model of a country lass. How I wish I could get back some colors! Nonsense!—as if there were anything up here to captivate, except Josh, indeed!" . . .

. . . The room was easily found, and with a tiny wood fire nestling up to the mammoth back log, that seemed, from year's end to year's end, never to burn down in the deep-mouthed fire-place, presented a cheery picture of deft housekeeping. On the square oaken table, with its clear brown cloth, her plate was laid, and presently the old woman bustled in, followed by a servant with a tray on which was spread enough of different varieties of cakes, bread and breakfast delicacies, to have feasted a regiment, much less an ethereal young lady. . .



. . . Then she sent out the whole corps of imps for aprons full of roses, which she grouped in perfumed clusters, on every available space, and, adorning herself to correspond, trailed the muslin skirts, for which she had exchanged her already dilapidated calico, up and down the base polished boards, with as much satisfaction as she had ever known in the palmiest days of tarlatane and Lancers. At dinner, too, after turning up her nose at the antiquated hour of half-past twelve, with what decided appetite she sat down to green peas and tender little chickens, and how she evoked Mrs. Wilkins' eternal gratitude by the cordial encomiums lavished upon everything that met together on the cheerful board. . .

. . . Quite late at night again, in flannel gown and minus her front teeth and spectacles, the old lady strayed in holding a candle up on high. Bel was sitting in the window-seat, a cool breeze playing over her neck and arms, half covered only by the light muslin of her wrapper and a long vagrant branch of honeysuckle dropping over one shoulder to the waist, and as the light fell over her face it revealed the most wondrous mingling of resentment and mischief that once could picture. . . .

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, November 22, 1862, p. 8, c. 2-3

Summary: Cartoon of two "verdant" country boys commenting on a young lady wearing a hat with lots of feathers

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, November 22, 1862, p. 8, c. 3

Box Wood Wanted.—Persons having Box Wood, or old Box Wood Cuts which can be used on the reverse side, can dispose of the same advantageously by addressing the Proprietors of this paper.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, November 22, 1862, p. 8, c. 3

Mrs. A. M. Fraser, of Read's Georgia Battery, will drop a few lines to the address of E. C. Bee, Richmond, Virginia, and oblige an anxious friend.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, November 29, 1862, p. 5, c. 1-2

Mrs. Poynter's Reflections.  
No. III.

"Well, now," said Mrs. Poynter, pausing as she passed up Broad street, and peering in at the glass doors of the "Ladies' Treasury Department,"—"Well, now, that is a sight that it does my heart good to see. More than fifty ladies, young and old, all writing away at desks—as busy, and I dare say, quite as useful as clerks; and no doubt feeling in their hearts the pleasant consciousness that they're earning their own independence. Well, well—these are times when women must learn to take care of themselves, instead of hanging helplessly upon husbands, sons and brothers. It's an old saying that it's an ill wind that blows nobody good; and I've always said that if the times are hard in some respects, they're the means of developing a great deal of good that might otherwise never have been. One of the good effects of this war is, that it has brought out woman's character and capabilities in a newer and better light, and shown her more as nature intended than as artificial society and education would make her. Why, what were these girls fit for a year or two ago? and what were their employments then? Dressing, dancing, flirting, and strumming on the piano, until one was fairly sick of the sound. And so their precious lives were

to be passed, until their great aim, getting married, was either accomplished, or past hoping for. And in the latter case, ten to one but the rest of their existence was to be a struggle for a competence, whose only means was the slavery of teaching or sewing. Well, thank goodness, we've proven ourselves fit for something besides that—though if it were not for the necessity of the thing, these conceited lords of creation would never have condescended to acknowledge it. Now, look at those bright looking girls, and steady elderly ladies. Will anybody deny that they're quite as competent for this Treasury business as the stupid boys and men who used to sneer at the idea of women being fit for anything but sewing and keeping house?

"And then just go through our hospitals. There we see fair and delicate women—women who a year ago would have almost fainted at the sight of a cut finger, standing by the bedsides of sick and wounded soldiers, looking on and assisting without a shudder, at the dressing of ghastly wounds. They've forgotten the nerves of which they used to complain. Here she is what she ought ever to be—a ministering angel to the suffering—comforting with kind attentions; soothing with tender words—the one as grateful as the other to the sick and lonesome hearts of our poor soldiers—strangers in a strange place, and yearning feverishly for the tender eyes and words of absent wives, mothers and sisters, whom perhaps they will never again behold on earth.

"We hear a great deal about woman's proper sphere, and woman's mission," said Mrs. Poynter, reflectively; "and it seems to me, so long as girls are educated as they have been—to an artificial tone of society—she'll never have a chance of occupying the one, or accomplishing the other. It's not woman's mission to be shut up at home, away from doing any public good, and taught that such uselessness is refinement. It's not her mission, as nature intended it, for her to be shrinking from hospitals, where her services are so needed, and spending her precious time in useless embroidery, in dressing, and in learning indifferent music, and worse French. Why' it's as bad as the seclusion and so-called refinement of the aristocratic Chinese ladies; and the artificial system to which they are educated, is like the compression of the feet—crippling nature, and rendering them incapable of walking alone, or without some support. Well, as I said, it takes times like these to bring out woman as nature made her—as some English writer says, 'It is the times that makes the hero;' and I only hope that the good work thus commenced will not die out with the return of peace, but that its effects will last in the future, and lend its aid in ennobling our new Confederacy, when once it is fully and firmly established.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Poynter with energy, "let our Southern ladies throw aside the shackles of the false social teachings which have hitherto bound them down to one narrow and beaten track; let them feel how contemptible is the pride which would keep them from the work necessary to secure their own independence, and how false the 'refinement' which would restrain them from making themselves of use to their fellow creatures—as, for instance, in tending our poor suffering soldiers at the hospitals. Such 'refinement,' of which I've heard enough and too much, is, in fact, not only an evidence of heartlessness, but of an innately vulgar nature. And more than this—let her for a time throw aside her vanity, and learn to make those little sacrifices which the times so loudly demand. Let her do without plumed bonnets, and silk dresses, and velvet cloaks. When our poor soldiers are marching bare-foot, it looks to me very badly to see our ladies giving eighty dollars for a bonnet, and one hundred for a silk dress—indifferent at that, and not a bit more becoming to them than what they could procure at one-fourth the sum. And what good does it bring them? No sensible man admires or approves of such extravagance. They set it down at once to its real source—vanity and frivolity of mind. And what's more, it is not only idle, but wicked, in times like these, when thousands around us are suffering for the bare necessities of life. Ah! girls, if you attended to your own interests, not to say to the promptings

of your own better natures, you would all go to work, and dress in home-spun, which, with a little taste in making, can be as becoming as any thing—and make yourselves useful in every way possible—and so ennoble and exalt the character of our Southern women, and render it as deserving of praise as is the courage and gallantry of our men."

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, November 29, 1862, p. 8, c. 2-3

Summary: Also cartoon of soldier writing a note on the top of a box in front of a tent

The Home-Spun Dress Again.  
Our "Special Correspondent" "Hard Cracker" indites a Response to the  
"Fair Louise."

Camp near Millwood, Nov. 8th, '62.

Fairest Louise!

Excuse my emotion, but your touching appeal has overcome my too, too sensitive heart, and in the language of a "Western Poet," I am compelled to exclaim, "Fairest Louise!"

To Louise.

Methinks I see that tiny form  
    Within the church's dim recess,  
As if for shelter from the storm  
    That's leveled at the "home-spun dress."

With timid look she gazes round,  
    Nor can her bosom's throb repress,  
For in each low and whisp'ring sound  
    She hears that horrid "home-spun dress."

Ah! who is there can brave the sneer  
    Of Fashion, and her laws transgress,  
And dare at worship to appear,  
    Garbed in a simple "home-spun dress?"

There's courage in the seaman's heart,  
    Who meets the breakers' mad caress,  
But he has not the hundredth part  
    That lurked beneath that "home-spun dress."

There's courage in the soldier's eye,  
    As foremost in the charge he'll press,  
But what grand courage to defy  
    Dame Fashion, in a "home-spun dress."

Louise! this is no time to waste  
    O'er laces, silks, or e'en alpacca:

Your "linseys" better suite the taste  
Of those more "stylish" than

Hard Cracker.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, November 29, 1862, p. 8, c. 3  
Mr. E. C. Bee can find the whereabouts of Mrs. A. M. Frasier by calling at the office of "The Southern Illustrated News."

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, November 29, 1862, p. 8, c. 3

In Press.

The Confederate States Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge for year 1863, will be ready December 15th. Trade supplied on liberal terms. Also, will be published for the trade, a Cheap Almanac of 25 pages, at very liberal terms.

H. C. Clarke, Publisher,  
Augusta, Georgia.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, November 29, 1863, p. 8, c. 4  
Summary: To be published "The Regulations for the Army of the Confederate States;" in press "The Judge Advocate's Vade Mecum," "Infantry Tactics...Compiled, arranged and adapted to Hardee's drill. By col. John H. Richardson," "Manual of Instruction for Volunteers and Militia of the Confederate States. By Col. Wm. Gilham," "A Hand-Book for the Practice of War...by Gen. Jomini..." West & Johnston, Publishers, Booksellers and Stationers, 145 Main Street, Richmond

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, December 6, 1862, p. 5, c. 1 [left edge caught in binding]

A Lady's Opinion of the Man Who Wouldn't Shave.

Oh! you horrible monster! You combination of hog bristles and ox marrow! You quintessence of all that's abominable! What expression of kindness and mild humanity can be observed in that face covered with air from the nose down! Not any. As well might a poor rat look in the grizzly muzzle of a Scotch terrier for mercy, when about to be caught in his crushing jaws, as to look for an expression of human kindness and sympathy in the face of a hirsute man.

Woman appreciates the value of a smile. It lightens up the countenance with adorning sweetness, indicates a kind heart, radiates gladness to the hearts of others, encourages the desponding, soothes the afflicted, cheers the sorrowing, disarms wrath, and kindles up genial sympathy and reciprocal regard. But a smile cannot drop out from the face of a man "bearded and moustached like the pard." You suppose, from the agitation of tall grass, that some animal was crawling through it. So you may infer from the whiskers of hair that a smile was burrowing along there somewhere out of sight. The smile of such a man can not be distinguished from the grin of a ribbed-nose baboon, which had burnt its mouth with a hot chestnut.

The lips are capable of indicating a variety of passions and emotions. They can express kindness, good humor, sweetness of disposition, sorrow, firmness and decision of character, or

they can manifest contempt, disdain, loathing, anger, and threaten like loaded revolvers. The chief expression of the best traits in Napoleon's nature were in his mouth and chin, which he could clothe with so much sweet, sinning, mute, persuasive eloquence as to render his look irresistible. But when lip and chin are covered with hair, you might as well look for expression in the [illegible] of a bank swallow in a gully, over [illigible] with a turf of grass.

The passions and affections have their [illegible] in the face, firmness in the upper lip, mirthfulness near the corners of the mouth, and the affections in the edges of the lips, etc., hence the philosophy and delight of kissing; the more intense the passion, the more soul-thrilling and enrapturing the kiss. Behold that lovely woman, with a form shaped by the hand of harmony, regular features under clustering ringlets, bright eyes beaming with intelligence, well arranged pearly teeth, a soft and delicate [illegible], a mouth like Cupid's bow, a neck like ivory, a bosom like alabaster, and the [illegible]lling undulations of love like snow, her [illegible] like two rose-buds, moist with morning dew, and her cheeks—

Where the live crimson thro' the native white,  
[Illegible]ooting o'er the face diffuses bloom,  
[Illegible]d every nameless grace."

Brilliant in beauty, she is surrounded by an atmosphere of love, as a rose exhales fragrance. Just think of one of these hairy-lipped fellows attempting to kiss her—see him pulling up his "chevaux-de-friese" bristles to reveal his wild, beast-looking [illegible]rnous slit of a mouth. Bah! it's abominable—the idea is disgusting—get out—[illegible]

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, December 6, 1862, p. 7, c. 2

The proof that liberty is the divine ideal of man is, that she is the divine ideal of youth, and that she does not fade away from our soul until our heart is withered and our mind either debased or discouraged. There is not a soul twenty years old that is not republican. There is not a decayed heart that is not servile.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, December 6, 1862, p. 7, c. 2

Liberty is a blessing we have received from God himself; it is what we are born to. To lay this down at Caesar's feet, which we received not from him, and for which we were not beholden to him, were an unworthy action and degrading to our very nature.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, December 6, 1862, p. 8, c. 1

Our fair correspondent "Bettie," in Mississippi, is delighted with the letter of "Louise." She thinks it right and proper that the ladies "of the Old Dominion should take the lead in the introduction of home-spun dresses," and states that the ladies of Mississippi have been wearing them, not from necessity, but from choice, since early last spring. The subjoined extract from her letter breathes the true spirit:

"If we would cease entirely giving encouragement to the horde of speculators that, like a vampire, is sucking the life blood of our young Confederacy, and are playing no unimportant part in the work of devastation—turn our backs resolutely upon their silks and satins, and various other importations, and determine to look as sweetly as possible in our neatly fitting home-spuns, we would soon see a change for the better. It is not such a dreadful affair, after all, to wear a home-spun dress. All that it requires is a little independence, and Southern ladies have not heretofore shown themselves deficient in this quality."

Well said, Miss Bettie. Make up your home-spuns with taste, and let them be worn with that grace which all daughters of the South possess, and there is no prettier or more becoming dress. We are much gratified to see that the letter of our fair correspondent "Louise" is attracting such attention.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, December 6, 1862, p. 8, c. 3-4

Yellow Mountain Nursery,  
By John Dollins, Jr.

In offering a new Catalogue of Apple scions to the public, I feel thankful to my friends and customers for the manner in which they have sustained me in this enterprise.

Having devoted my attention almost entirely for ten years to the study and cultivation of the Apple, I hope, by the experience gained and by a fair and honest system of dealing, to retain the confidence of those who have heretofore dealt with me, and secure a share of the trade of those wishing to plant an Apple Orchard. The following varieties have been selected from near an hundred different sorts, (collected from all parts of the country,) which I believe can not be excelled for real worth in the South—ripening from early to late, as they stand in this catalogue:

White June,	Striped July,
Williams's Early,	Large Early Bough,
Summer Cheese,	Fall Cheese,
Fall Pippin,	Gloria Mundi,
Yellow Bellfleur,	Rhode Island Greening,
Winter Queen,	Winter Cheese,
Prior's Red,	Vandevere of N. Y.,
Aesopus Spitzenburgh,	Raul's Jannet,
Herefordshire Pearmain,	Pennock's Red Winter,
Roberts' Red,	Milam,
Mathes Apple,	Domine,
King of Tompkins County,	Lady Apple,
Northern Spy,	F. Abraham,
Albemarle Pippin,	Limber Twigs,

and Pilot.

The Pilot is a new and native variety, and one to which all other varieties must yield the palm. The above cut is an exact outline of one of the fruit. Origin on the farm of Mr. John Lobban, deceased, Nelson co., Va. It is supposed by those perfectly acquainted with its history to have sprung from the seed of a Pippin Apple. This apple is well tested, and pronounced by all who have seen and eaten of it to be unrivalled for the desert; and, indeed, some assert that a Pippin Apple can not be tolerated after having eaten a Pilot. I assert, myself, that it has no competitor in my acquaintance. It is the standard of excellence where known.

Description:--Very large, roundish oval, sometimes a little flattened, and not unfrequently a little one-sided. Skin smooth, pale and deep pea green, dotted with numerous distinct gray and greenish specks, streaked and splashed with deep red, particularly on the sunny side. Flesh slightly tinged with green and yellow, tender, melting, sweet and delicious. In use all winter.

Price for Trees.—For the Pilot, in small quantities, \$1 each; all other varieties, \$4 per dozen; \$30 per hundred; \$250 per thousand. To nurserymen and those wishing to obtain

varieties, I have a large experimental orchard, and can furnish grafts of Apples and Pears, of almost every valuable variety known in this country, at 50 cents per dozen; \$2 per hundred; \$10 per thousand except the Pilot, which will cost \$1 per dozen; \$5 per hundred; \$30 per thousand. No extra charges, except freight, which must be paid by the purchaser. The name of the person ordering should be plainly written and the depot or landing to which packages are to be sent. No attention paid to an order unless accompanied by the cash. In forwarding remittances, I request my friends to send them by Express, as I will not be responsible for losses through the mail. I would rather pay the Express charges myself than subject my customers to the risk of forwarding through the mail. The utmost care will be used in marking and shipping packages. I will take a receipt in every instance from the Express Agent upon the delivery of the package, and if delay or loss occurs, the forwarder alone must be held responsible. Trees and grafts will be labelled [sic] and packed in the most careful manner. Address all orders to

John Dollins, Jr.  
North Garden Depot,  
Albemarle co., Va.

N.B.—Please preserve this Catalogue.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, December 13, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

#### Chances and Changes.

What a remarkable change has been effected by the war in the inner and outer life of the people of the Confederate States! We do not rightly or fully appreciate it ourselves, absorbed, as we are, in the duties the war forces upon us, or distracted by the rush and whirl of passing events. We do not, indeed, apprehend that we are living under a condition of affairs as totally different from that to which we have been accustomed from the cradle, as the life of the antipodes. In very truth, the war, if it has not taken from us at once and entirely the habits of our whole existence in the past, has so altered and modified them that they are no longer the same. In dress, in food, in business occupations, in literature, even in modes of speech, we have, insensibly, to a great extent, but certainly, undergone an extraordinary change. It may not be unprofitable to look at some of these alterations in our daily routine.

Take the article of dress. Fashion has become an obsolete, almost a forgotten thing. We do not so much as know what is the reigning mode in a coat, a hat, a skirt or a mantilla. That anonymous, rosy-cheeked and well-gloved young woman, who of yore made her monthly visits to the boudoir in the colored fashion-plates, is quite dead, poor creature, so far as our wives, daughters and sweethearts know of her. Indeed, it may be doubted if there be such a thing as a boudoir any longer in these Confederate States. Hospitals our glorious Southern women attend, and sewing rooms they keep up, but boudoirs have gone out utterly. If, two years ago, the belle of society could have seen herself in a vision, as she now appears, in antiquated bonnet, faded dress, dingy gloves, (perhaps gloveless, with her little plump white hands exposed to the admiration of the public,) the dear girl would have started back in terror from the "perfect fright" thus represented.—As for the men, such of them as, for various reasons, good and bad, have not adopted the fashion of the Confederate soldier's grey jacket, their only chance of knowing what styles of coats and trowsers [sic] are worn in the great world is afforded by the sight, now and then, of a stray Englishman, newly arrived on the continent of America, and having just run the blockade of the Potomac, resolved upon seeing the Rebels for himself. [Nota Bene.—This

change is an unmixed good. Before the war, it was the universal rule that the People of the South, like their Yankee enemies, dressed with ridiculous extravagance. Men wore broadcloth in their counting rooms, and women managed their housekeeping in moire-antique. It is infinitely more respectable, to say nothing of the stimulus afforded to domestic manufacture, to wear home-spun.]

Take the article of food. Who would have believed, in the year of grace eighteen hundred and sixty, that in the year of grace eighteen hundred and sixty-two, eight millions of people should have discontinued the use of tea and coffee, and in lieu of the latter, should have learned to drink cheerfully decoctions of wheat, rye, sweet potatoes and pea-nuts? Who would then have supposed that through ten degrees of latitude there should be no Worcester sauce, and that a dearth of oysters could be borne with serenity by a nation long habituated to scollops [sic]? What wild imagination would have conceived that white sugar would be extinct, and that the canvass-back duck would be classed with the dodo among the most luxurious of the Southern people? And more than this, that these, than all, for our illustrations rise to a climax, what anticipator of the future could have dreamed that, within two revolutions of the earth round the sun, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande not a bar-room should offer its beguiling beverages to a thirsty public? But if the war learns us the lesson of self-denial, simplicity and temperance, we shall have reason to bless the blockade.

In business occupations, how few of us are engaged in the same labor that tasked our energies two years ago? No produce is brought to town by railway or steamer, the Exchange is deserted, the warehouses are shut up. As for books, such of us as have time to read at all, must fall back upon the old standard novelists, essayists, and dramatists, for Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray, Collins, Trollope, Tennyson, "Owen Meredith," delight us no longer. And, as we have said, the very vocabulary we employ now differs from the mode of speech in use before the war. Phrases, borrowed from the camp or from works on Tactics, are in everybody's mouth, and are constantly employed in novel significations. A sort of military slang has crept into the parlor. At home the marketing belongs to the "Commissary Department," and when we make a journey, the member of the party that attends to the tickets and baggage is the "Quartermaster." If there were such a thing as dancing in our Southern social circles at this time, (as there is not,) "forward two" would be an "onward movement," and "dos-a-dos" would be "a change of base"—while the "deus-temps" and the "galop" would contend for the new call of "double-quick."

The survivors of this war, who shall live to see their grandchildren growing up around them, will have strange stories to tell of high prices and hard times—of seventy-five dollars for a pair of boots, and a Christmas without mince-pies or egg-nogg [sic]. But is it not conceivable that our enemies, vindictive, implacable and demented as they are, should not, as a shrewd and practical race, see at once that a people capable of making such sacrifices, and enduring with cheerfulness such privations, are terribly in earnest, and can never be brought under the yoke? The Caudine Forks are not for them.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, December 20, 1862, p. 7, c. 3

Written for the Illustrated News.

The Rebel Sock.

A True Episode in Seward's Raids on the Old Ladies of Maryland.

By Tenella.



In all the pride and pomp of war  
    The Lincolnite was drest [sic],  
High beat his patriotic heart  
    Beneath his armored vest.  
His maiden sword hung by his side,  
    His pistols both were right,  
His shining spurs were on his heels,  
    His coat was buttoned tight.  
A firm resolve sat on his brow,  
    For he to danger went,  
By Seward's self that day he was  
    On secret service sent.  
"Mount and away!" he sternly cried  
    Unto the gallant band,  
Who all equipped from head to heel  
    Awaited his command.  
"But halt, my boys—before we go  
    These solemn words I'll say,  
"Lincoln expects that every man  
    His duty'll do to day!"  
"We will! we will!" the soldiers cried,  
    "The President shall see  
That we will only run away  
    From Jackson or from Lee!"  
And now they're off, just four score men,  
    A picked and chosen troop,  
And like a hawk upon a dove  
    On Maryland they swoop.  
From right to left, from house to house,  
    The little army rides,  
In every lady's wardrobe look  
    To see what there she hides;  
They peep in closets, trunks and drawers;  
    Examine every box,  
Not rebel soldiers now they seek,  
    But rebel soldiers' socks!  
But all in vain—too keen for them  
    Were those dear ladies there,  
And not a sock or flannel shirt  
    Was taken any where.  
The day wore on to afternoon,  
    That warm and drowsy hour,  
When Nature's self doth seem to feel  
    A touch of Morpheus' power;  
A farm-house door stood open wide,  
    The men were all away,

The ladies sleeping in their rooms,  
    The children at their play;  
The house dog lay upon the steps,  
    But never raised his head,  
Though crackling on the gravel walk  
    He heard a stranger's tread;  
Old Grandma, in her rocking chair,  
    Sat knitting in the hall,  
When suddenly upon her work  
    A shadow seemed to fall;  
She raised her eyes and there she saw  
    Our Fed'ral hero stand,  
His little cap was on his head,  
    His sword was in his hand;  
While circling round and round the house  
    His gallant soldiers ride,  
To guard the open kitchen door  
    And chicken-coop beside;  
Slowly the dear old lady rose  
    And tottering forward came,  
And peering dimly through her "specks,"  
    Said, "Honey what's your name?"  
Then as she raised her withered hand  
    To pat his sturdy arm—  
"There's no one here but Grandmama,  
    And she won't do you harm;  
Come take a seat and don't be scared,  
    Put up your sword, my child,  
I would not hurt you for the world,"  
    She gently said, and smiled.  
"Madam, my duty must be done,  
    And I am firm as rock!"  
Then, pointing to her work, he said,  
    "Is that a rebel sock?"  
"Yes, honey, I am getting old,  
    And for hard work ain't fit,  
But for Confed'rate soldiers still,  
    I thank the Lord, can knit."  
"Madam, your work is contraband,  
    And Congress confiscates  
This rebel sock which I now seize,  
    To the United States."  
"Yes, honey, don't be scared, for I  
    Will give it up to you."  
Then slowly from the half knit sock  
    The dame her needles drew,

Broke off her thread, wound up her ball,  
    And stuck the needles in—  
"Here take it, child, and I to-night  
    Another will begin!"  
The soldier next his loyal heart  
    The dear-bought trophy laid,  
And that was all that Seward got  
    By this "old woman's raid."

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, December 20, 1862, p. 8, c. 1

A Richmond lady, signing herself "Spinning Wheel," revives the home-spun dress question again. She expresses her delight with the letters of both of our correspondents, "Louise" of Virginia, and "Bettie" of Mississippi, but does not agree with the latter in regard to the boasted independence of our Southern ladies, for she adds, "you may search through the city of Richmond, and will not find five out of one hundred ladies who would be caught in the street with a home-spun dress. They prefer buying any 'finery' that can be found, at fabulous prices, or patching up faded 'finery' to make it 'look as good as new.'"

We trust our fair correspondent will find an improvement next time she goes on the street, and that she may see an innumerable quantity of home-spuns encircling the graceful forms of our Southern ladies, not omitting her own.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, December 20, 1862, p. 8, c. 3

Broad Street Theatre.  
(Late Monticello Hall.)  
Broad Street, Between 6th and 7th Streets.  
Every Evening.  
Harry Macarthy,  
The Rebel Minstrel,

Will open the Broad Street Theatre for a short season, assisted by  
Miss Lottie Estelle,

The Soldier's Friend,  
Prof. Rudolph, and  
Prof. Boulcott.

Harry Macarthy,

the Author, Composer and Singer of our National Songs,  
Bonnie Blue Flag,  
Missouri,  
The Volunteer,  
The Stars and Bars,  
Scott's Ride to Richmond,  
The Letter from Shiloh,  
Southern Rights, &c.,

in his

"Personation Concerts."

Admission 75 cts.

Seats reserved for Ladies and the Gentlemen accompanying them only.

See Programme.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, December 27, 1862, p. 6. c. 1

Written for the Illustrated News.

Lines for the Juveniles.

Santa Claus.

By Mary A. M'Crimmon.

'Twas colder than Zero one Christmas eve night,  
When far off in Lapland, the great "Northern Light"  
In streams of wild beauty illumined the skies,  
Like joy when it sparkles from innocent eyes.  
Old Santa Claus, seeing the hour at hand  
When children get sleepy all over the land,  
Put eight tiny reindeer to one little sleigh,  
And seizing a bundle, he started away—  
Far over the mountain and over the snow,  
As light as a feather and swift as a roe.

At last on our chimney he drew up his team,  
And stole out as silent and soft as a dream,  
Lest hearing his footsteps on top of the house,  
The children, all sleeping "as snug as a mouse,"  
Might wake up and catch him with pockets and hat  
Stuffed full of nice candy, and much more than that—  
Nuts, raisins and apples, and all sorts of toys—  
Exactly the thing for the girls and the boys.  
As light as a feather he came down the flue,  
That seemed to grow wider to let him get through;  
And there in a corner, all ranged in a row,  
Were four little stockings, as white as the snow.  
He smiled when he saw them, and winked his old eye,  
But waited a moment, and then passed them by,  
To peep through the curtains of two little beds,  
Where, wrapped in sweet slumber, lay four little heads;  
And he read in the faces of each little pair,  
Who'd acted the wisest throughout the past year.  
If one had been naughty, and told a white fib—  
Another got angry and tore up her bib—

If he had his parents neglected to mind,  
Or she to her playmates been rude or unkind,  
From them he'd have taken to give to the rest,  
For "Santa Claus" always gives most to the best.

But these little fellows, it seems, had done well,  
For how much he gave them I hardly can tell—  
To one he gave candy, a drum and an apple;  
Another a pony—a beautiful dapple—  
Birds, baskets and dollies, with sweet flaxen curls,  
Fruits, flowers and ribbons, he left for the girls—  
If either was slighted, I cannot tell which,  
For all received something—and no one a switch.  
"Good night, little darlings," old Santa then said,  
And shaking with laughter, he turned from the bed,  
And mounting the chimney, he started to go  
Far over the mountain and over the snow.

This happened one Christmas. I'm sorry to write,  
Our ports are blockaded, and Santa, to-night,  
Will hardly get down here; for if he should start,  
The Yankees would get him unless he was smart;"  
They beat all the men in creation to run,  
And if they could get him, they'd think it fine fun  
To put him in prison, and steal the nice toys  
He started to bring to our girls and our boys.  
But try not to mind it—tell over your jokes—  
Be gay and be cheerful, like other good folks;  
For if you remember to be good and kind,  
Old Santa next Christmas will bear it in mind.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, December 27, 1862, p. 8, c. 2

One more Christmas, and still no holiday pantomime. 'Tis hard, indeed, that the sword and the torch should bring us such untold suffering, and likewise deny us the pleasure of enjoying

"Minced pies and plum porridge,  
Good ale and strong beer,  
With pig, goose and capon,  
The best that may be."

And the peculiar delight one naturally feels, on Christmas afternoon, in sitting in company with those little bright-eyed cherubim, who have been scattered, like sweet roses, o'er our pathway, and together laughing at the grotesque capers of the Harlequin in the play.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, January 17, 1863, p. 8, c. 2-3

Summary: Fashion illustration of child's cloak of "Confederate gray cloth, trimmed in braid and velvet buttons"

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, January 24, 1863, p. 8, c. 1-2

{The following letter was received several days ago, and we cheerfully give place to it.—  
Eds.]

"Camp near Fredericksburg, Va.,}  
January 6th, 1863.}

"To the Editors of the Southern Illustrated News:

"Gentlemen—It has been our wish that, on no account, would we bring the deeds of our "Texas Brigade" to the notice of the public through the metropolitan journals, preferring to await the reports of the Commanding General, feeling assured that, when those papers were published, we would receive our meed of praise. Yet we felt it due to ourselves that the article in your journal of the 10th January, headed "The Charge of the 24th North Carolina Regiment at Sharpsburg," should receive such an answer as would disabuse the minds of your readers of the idea that the 'Texans, unbeaten before in this war, were driven back in confusion;' for this assertion, if allowed to go uncontradicted, might hurt that historic name that was given to the soldiers of the 'Lone Star State' at the Alamo and San Jacinto, as well as cause the blush to mantle the cheeks of our fair 'prairie flowers' at home. The facts are these: Our (Hood's) division, composed then of the Texas and Whiting's old brigade, advanced, and broke through the 1st and 2d lines of the enemy, and took possession of the woods. Holding this ground until we had exhausted our ammunition, (forty rounds to the man,) our support not coming up at this juncture, and the enemy moving so as to flank us, (in great numbers,) we were ordered to fall back. Furthermore, the woods that we left were not regained during the battle.

"Trusting that your impartial and successful paper will allow this contradiction to appear, I remain,

Yours respectfully,  
"Texas Volunteer."

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, January 31, 1863, p. 3, c. 1-3

Written for the Illustrated News.  
Outlines from the Outpost:  
Being  
The Recollections, Reveries and Dreams  
of  
Tristan Joyeuse, Gent.

. . . A log chimney is a good thing to have on the outpost.

Mine is the supreme result of excellent design, and heroic perseverance in the face of difficulty. My assistant, a sympathizing friend, and an African of ebon hue, concentrated our genius upon it—and it smoked.

It smoked! Terrible charge against a chimney—as tho' you said of your wife, "She scolds!" With this important difference, however, that a smoking chimney is far easier to manage, than a scolding wife, I fancy—having only tried the former, as you know. To cause the obdurate smoke to ascend instead of descending—that was now the question; and a reconnoissance [sic] in force revealed the origin of the enemy's persistent inroads on my peace

and comfort. The logs, toward the tent, and just above the beam, leaned too much backward, as they gradually ascended; and in a resolute moment, I tore down the wall of wood and clay, and recommenced above, that is, from the beam.

Soon the noble structure rose, gracefully notched, and picturesquely fitted with the rough ends sticking out, in all their native beauty. Mud was then applied by the hands of the useful body guard, above mentioned—a barrel was then perched upon the summit—and the admiring loungers who had given numerous directions, as the work proceeded, pronounced the structure perfect.

I had left the edifice in my African's hand to finish, while I went out to dine. At dinner, and throughout the afternoon I was ill at ease. In vain did lovely woman, the "soldier's friend," exert all her powers, and exhaust her charms. I was far too anxious—a cruel solicitude tormented me. Like a man, in face of an impending woe, I could not laugh or even talk. "Did my chimney smoke?"—that was the recurring thought, the thorn in the side of my festive enjoyment. Anxiety so great could not be long endured—and I tore myself away—made haste to return—and entered my tent.

An excellent fire was burning—and not a particle of smoke was discernible! [sic] Nostrils rendered supernaturally acute by deep anxiety could not perceive a trace of it!

I went out to the rear of my tent and reconnoitred [sic]. The spectacle was satisfactory—soothing. There was the noble structure durably built of well notched logs, plastered with mud; and on its summit, rising gracefully, an empty flour barrel.

Satisfied, relieved of all anxiety—victor over logs, and mud and smoke, your friend returned with a tranquil heart to the department of the interior. He lit his pipe; he gazed around—monarch of a smokeless kingdom, and content.

Would you like to know what his eyes fell upon—the familiar objects which greeted his vision? I think so, if my feelings are the gauge of your own. I know that I should like to hear how you were surrounded at this moment, whether warmly housed in some den like mine, or sitting with your back against a tree, by the bivouac fire.

The world is anxious to know the habits, modes of life, and "ways" of celebrated warriors, or statesmen, or writers—but I prefer to be told all about my friends. Do you? At least I will think so; and here is what the eyes of your friend perceived by the ruddy forelight of the winter evening.

You may call it, if you choose, the

*Inventory of goods and effects of Tristan Joyeuse, Gent.*

1 Table and Desk, the latter containing *Macaulay's History of England, Vol. V.—Recreations of Christopher North—Army Regulations—Consuelo, by George Sand—Bragelonne, by the great Dumas—The Monk's Revenge*—and several official papers. A Bible and Prayer Book too, which Joyeuse still retains the habit, he is glad to say, of reading, night and morning. Flanking the literary contents—a bag of tobacco—a laurel pipe of curious design, the gift of Bumpo—an old ink bottle—a pistol, cartridges and sabre; the latter with a rusty scabbard.

2 Wooden chairs.

1 Mess chest, only half as convenient as the old cannon ammunition box, long used for a like purpose—with compartments, formerly for "spherical case," now serving to hold coffee, sugar, and much more.

4 Blankets, neatly folded, on a bed of straw, kept in its place by a log—one blanket having been brought to me lately from the North, and delivered in a Yankee camp, free of expense, the owner not even staying to take his receipt.

1 India rubber "Poncho," excellent for rainy days on horseback, also furnished gratis, on the same occasion, the agent of delivery having been suddenly called away. My Poncho, this is, fitting perfectly; but, doubtless, by mistake—marked with another's name.

1 Valise, black leather, formerly used on summer journeys to the mountains, now for a wardrobe. It lies at the head of my bed, and is always open by reason of excessive cramming; containing as it does at present, the stowed away spoils of Christmas in the shape of variegated shirts, cravats, ribbed socks, and all my most valuable effects.

1 Saddle, bridle and accoutrements, on a rack, at foot of bed, in the corner.

2 Overcoats, which have been through the wars, and will cheerfully be exchanged for one which has not.

1 Pile of wood, by fire, and

1000 other things "too tedious to mention," but convenient.

Such are the material surroundings of your old friend Joyeuse, at this place of halt in his pilgrimage. . . .

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, January 31, 1863, p. 8, c. 3

Southern Planters  
Should All Take It!!!

The Southern Cultivator—the old Pioneer in Agricultural Improvement—the only Agricultural Monthly Journal in the Confederate States that has lived "through the war," is still published regularly, and will enter upon its twenty-first year, January 1st, 1863. Now is the time to subscribe! One Dollar per Year in advance!

Address:

D. Redmond, Augusta, Ga.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, February 14, 1863, p. 8, c. 2-3

Summary: Cartoon of black woman at a store counter, complaining about the price of calico

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, February 28, 1863, p. 8, c. 3

Summary: Les Miserables, by Victor Hugo, to be published in five monthly parts, each part a complete novel, by West & Johnston, Publishers. Cost \$1 each part.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, February 28, 1863, p. 8, c. 3

Summary: Broad Street Theatre to present Grand Corps de Ballet and Tableaux of The Bonnie Blue Flag—Twenty-two young and lovely GIRLS on the stage nightly.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, February 28, 1863, p. 8, c. 4

Summary: New books just published: Diary of the War for Separation which includes Alex. Walker's narrative of the Battle of Shiloh, 2d edition, revised and enlarged; Confederate States Almanac; Confederate Household Almanac; publisher H. C. Clarke, Augusta GA and Vicksburg MS



SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, March 14, 1863, p. 8, c. 3

Summary: In press: "No Name" by Wilkie Collins, published by West & Johnston, Richmond.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, March 14, 1863, p. 8, c. 4

Summary: Just out—"A Strange Story" by Bulwer Lytton, published by S. H. Goetzel & Co., Mobile.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, March 21, 1863, p. 8, c. 4

Summary: In press—The Confederate, by a South Carolinian; Tanhauser, by Young Bulwer and a son of Lord Westmoreland; Silas Marner, the Weaver of Ravelet, by Miss Evans of London; Raids and Romance of Morgan and his Men, by Sallie Rochester Ford of Louisville, KY; Great Expectations, by Charles Dickens, by S. H. Goetzel & Co., Mobile, AL

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, March 28, 1863, p. 8, c. 3

Summary: New books in press: Les Miserables by Victor Hugo; No Name by Wilkie Collins; Greenway Court, by John Esten Cooke; War Songs of the South, new, enlarged and entirely revised and improved edition; Army Regulations; Manual of Instruction (Gilham); Instructions for Field Artillery; The Picket, the Guard, and the Vidette; The Theory of War; An Epitome of Practical Surgery for Field and Hospital; summary of the Course of Permanent Fortifications; Handbook for the Practice of War; Jomini's Practice of War; Infantry Tactics; Judge Advocate's Vade Mecum; Ordnance Manual for 1863--West & Johnston, Richmond.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, April 4, 1863, p. 4, c. 2

Written for the Illustrated News.

A Glimpse of Dixie.

"Vidi \* \* \* \* \* Dixie \* \* \* \* \*

Caesar de Bello Gallico (passim.)

"I have seen Dixie—"

Free translation (rather)—Smith.

. . . I have seen Dixie; that is, I have had a glimpse of it; but it required hard work and great wear and tear of patience to accomplish the feat; and I have had the conviction jolted into me that the present is no time for travelling.

The stern necessities of war have so hedged about the traveller [sic] with difficulties and impediments, that what was formerly a pleasant excitement, has now become a bore; military exigency controls time-tables as well as battalions; it opens the throttle valve and starts the steam whistle as it wills.

But I am satisfied, and I suppose that every body else is; whoever is not had better not undertake to travel, unless, like me, he can not help it. . .

I was obliged to say that the seat was unoccupied; I took up the overcoat, and the person with the fur cap, after inserting a very fat carpet-bag into the space between my feet and the bottom of the next seat forward, let himself down by the run into the place. I saw that he seemed to be impeded and in a tangled condition from some cause. "Is there room for this here trick," inquired he. Now I had heard this Confederate word applied to various subjects, from a

locomotive, or piece of artillery, to a postage stamp's worth of peanuts, (that's about as severe an antithesis as I can command), and I was a little curious to see what the "trick" was, though I confess I was unprepared for the interpretation in this case. So I reckoned that there was room. "Come 'long here," said the person, hauling in, hand over hand, a strap which was attached to something which evidently didn't want to come. After some hard pulling, the fur cap prevailed, and the "trick" was hauled into place next to the carpet bag.

"A jimbo-jawed bull dog," I muttered to myself—and drawing my shoes to the corner furthest removed from the "trick"—I mused in silence on the comprehensiveness of the Confederate language. Fortunately the "trick" was very docile. . . .

Crowded is not the word which will express the condition of the cars—scrounged is better, I think, except that slang doesn't look well in print. People filled the gangways and platforms—hanging on the latter in the most determined manner, to the great danger of projecting trees and water stations. . . .

[illustration of giant turtle pulling railroad cars]

A broad, red light glared in my face. I shook myself into wakefulness, and became aware that the light proceeded from a blazing lightwood knot in the hands of a peculiar institution. "Possum, Sah!" said the institution, at the same time displaying, by the assistance of a hoist with his knee the interior of a basket. "What about possum?" I enquired. "Yes, Sah, da'ts it; possum an' bread, Sah; fifty cents, Sah." [illustration]

The appearance of the viands did not tempt me, and I declined to purchase of the shiney [sic]-faced institution, as also of the other shiney [sic] faced institutions, who offered variously "Old har [?]" and "Chicken, Sah." But my confederate companions bought and consumed freely; and I became very much entertained at the trading, and the professed knowledge of our varied currency exhibited by the institutions, even to the probable sticking qualities of a postage stamp. If the verdict on the latter form of currency was, "Dis won't stick, Sah," there was no trade.

"Hars and possums must have a hard time about here, an dogs wus," I heard one Confederate, who was engaged in consuming a portion of either one or the other of the "varmint," observe to another. I greed with him, and settled myself to calculate how much the apples which I had purchased cost a piece, when I gave fifteen cents for nine—for that was the vulgar fractional price at which the darkey sold them.

But my attention was diverted from abstruse mathematics by the strikingly original position taken by an old lady—and taken with a nonchalance and contempt of public opinion which was very refreshing. I was obliged to keep an apple in my mouth to conceal a disrespectful grin at the old lady's expense. I had frequently observed my own sex in the same attitude, with the assistance of two chairs. The old lady in question monopolized a whole seat for the purpose of making herself comfortable. [illustration of woman in slat bonnet sitting sideways on railroad car seat] . . .

Governor Vance has cause to be proud of at least one of his fellow citizens. Not being very much occupied, I thought that I would smoke. I asked the young man of whom I purchased the cigars, if they were good. "Oh! yes, first rate, sir; made in Greensboro'!" I am glad that North Carolinians are so fortunate as to have a town where they make quite a respectable cigar, and a citizen honest enough to say that they were made there, instead of the little joke which cigar-venders are so fond of playing, about their wares being genuine Havanas. Long may the "Fabrica de Tobaccos legitimos de Greensboro" flourish. . . .

We were off again at eight o'clock, with a further accession to our crowd. I didn't find out that I was in South Carolina until somebody told me; but after we had crossed the Catawba

(how suggestive that name of a sparkling beverage we have sometime quaffed!) I began to look out for Palmettos and other tropical verdure, in my own verdancy [sic], but Palmettos there were none, nor did the face of the country look particularly different from that we had already passed over, excepting the occasional cotton patches, now that the stalks and leaves were darkened by the changing season,) and the concomitant cotton presses. I was attracted by a peculiar sound whilst we were standing at a station, and looking for the cause thereof, I saw one of the prettiest sights that had ever met my eyes.

A loom, and a woman working it. And as she plied the busy shuttle, I knew that she was thinking of the far off husband, brother or son, even now, may be, shivering in the chilly mountains of Virginia, for the want of the cloth which she was weaving with a diligence that is paramount in her sex; undiverted by that other little characteristic—excuse me ladies—curiosity, which was indulged in by the men, who watched the train as if they had never seen it before.

I heard the shuttle rattling in other places along the route—and I want somebody to write a poem which might be called, "God speed the shuttle;" it's a new subject, and offers more inducements to poets than the hackneyed theme, clashing arms, flashing blades, crashing shoots and booming guns.

At Chester we had a nice dinner, nicely served, and what is of some importance in these hirsute times, to gentlemen, napkins. A sign posted on a neat shelter here, informed the passing soldier that he might find refreshment gratis, and many availed themselves of it, being waited upon by the ladies.

By five o'clock we were at the Capital, Columbia. . . .I found only two specimens of the Palmetto here; one is a very fine tree in iron, its verdancy [sic] is preserved to a remarkable degree. It is over a monument, enclosed by an ornamental iron railing, with four arches erected to the memory of those of the gallant Palmetto Regiment, who fell in Mexico. The other Palmetto stands opposite the market. This is not so well preserved as the iron tree, for it is very brown and out of repair, and seems almost to stagger under the weight of a big red tin star. . . .

Stozanboz.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, April 4, 1863, p. 8, c. 4  
Popular New Music at

West & Johnston's.

Rock Me to Sleep, Mother, (Song) Music by J. H. Hewitt \$1  
The Same. Music by Leslie \$1.  
All Quiet on the Potomac. (Song) \$1  
Speranza Schottisch. By J. G. Griswold 50c.  
I See Her Still in My Dreams. \$1  
Each Hour of Life. (Maiden's Prayer) \$1  
Brightest Eyes. (Song). \$1  
Juanita. (Song.) \$1  
Lorena. (Song.)  
Stonewall Jackson's Grand March. \$1  
The Maiden's Prayer. \$1.  
Let Me Kiss Him for His Mother. \$1.  
Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still. \$1.

Ah! I Have Sighed to Rest. \$1.

General Lee's Grand march. \$1.

Any of the above sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price.

Address orders to

West & Johnston.  
Publishers and Booksellers, Richmond.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, April 4, 1863, p. 8, c. 4

Pantchnoptomon!  
Metropolitan Hall!

Lee Mallory,

Acting Manager.

Brilliant Success!

Change of Programme [sic]

Each Evening

Will be presented Lee Mallory's Magnificent work of Art—

Jackson Crossing the Potomac

Also, the Scenic Automatic Spectacle—

Camp and Field Life in Virginia

And that wonder of mechanical skill

The Wounded Officer and his Faithful Horse  
Mago Del Mage.

The renowned Southern Wizard, will appear in new and wonderful Necromantic Feats.

Smith's great Battalion Band.

See double bills of the day.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, April 11, 1863, p. 8, c. 3

New Publications—Now ready, at wholesale or retail, Clarimonde: A Tale of New Orleans Life and the Present War. By a Member of the N. O. Washington Artillery, Also, History of the Eleventh Georgia Volunteers, embracing the Muster Rolls, together with a special and succinct account of the Marches, Engagements, Casualties, etc. By Kittrell J. Warren.

Any one sending One Dollar to the Publisher, will receive a copy of either of the above works postage paid.

Liberal discount to Dealers.

M. A. Malsby, Publisher.

Corner Main and 14th sts., Richmond.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, April 11, 1863, p. 8, c. 3  
In Press—

The "Step-Sister,"  
by a  
Southern Gentleman.

The above popular and highly interesting novelette, which was first published in the columns of this paper, having been carefully revised and extended by the author, will be issued in book form, and ready for delivery by the 15th of April.

Address orders to

Ayres & Wade,  
Publishers, Richmond, Va.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, April 11, 1863, p. 8, c. 4  
Summary: In press—"Les Miserables;" "No Name;" "Greenway Court;" "East Lynne;" Aurora Floyd"; "War Songs of the South"

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, April 18, 1863, p. 8, c. 3  
Rags!

Rags!!

Rags!!!

Ten Cents per pound will be paid for old RAGS delivered at our office, corner of Cary and Virginia streets.

Ayres & Wade.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, April 18, 1863, p. 8, c. 3  
Summary: New books—Resources of the Southern Fields and Forests, by Porcher; Gilham's Manual for Volunteers and Militia—West & Johnston, publishers, Richmond.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, April 18, 1863, p. 8, c. 4  
Summary: Richmond Varieties—Still Waters Run Deep; Ballad (Rock Me to Sleep Mother); double dance; to conclude with the roaring farce of Irish Tutor.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, May 2, 1863, p. 8, c. 4  
Summary: Newly published—Resources of the Southern Fields and Forests; An Epitome of Practical Surgery for Field and Hospital; The Stonewall Song Book; The Pictorial Primer; will be ready in a few days—Colonel William Gilham's Manual for Volunteers and Militia of the Confederate States; in press—UP and Down in the World: A Novel, by the author of The Lysles, Piety and Pride, etc.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, May 9, 1863, p. 7, c. 3

Notices to Correspondents.

"Bettie."—It is a bargain. Send the homespun pants. We have already ordered the paper to be sent to your address. You could not have pleased us better, for we had already begun to despair of getting a new pair of those indispensable articles during the continuance of the war.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, May 9, 1863, p. 8, c. 4

War Song Books.

Our new editions of

Bonnie Blue Flag Song Book,  
and  
Dixie Hand Songster,

Are now ready. We also have in press—  
The Cotton Field Melodies—to be delivered about the 10th of May.  
Dealers supplied on liberal terms.

Blackmar & Bro.  
Augusta, Ga.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, May 23, 1863, p. 8, c. 2

Tableaux Vivants.

The living statuary at Metropolitan Hall provokes the appreciation and eulogium of artists and connoisseurs. The groups are divided into scriptural, classical, domestic, and are, as Coleridge happily expresses it, "beautiful exceedingly." Among the choicest productions of art at the Hall, are the front and reverse shield of the Coat of Arms of Virginia, after Crawford's design; Cain and Abel, with an angelic presence; the Coronation of Sappho, an idealistic design; the Dead Drummer Boy, a picture of the present war of independence; and Famine, after the celebrated model of the Kellers. We learn that the management are getting up tableaux on a more extensive and splendid scale, and which are, for the most part, original as well as beautiful. A debutante, in the shape of a captivating danseuse, has made her appearance after a long absence from the boards. She has a handsome face, fine person, great agility, and with an abundance of what Tam O'Shanter would call "life and mettle in her heels." Very varied, very interesting, is the nightly programme [sic] at Metropolitan Hall. The performances recommend themselves particularly to the ladies, as they are chaste, pure and superb.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, May 23, 1863, p. 8, c. 3

Summary: In press: Life of Stonewall Jackson, by Ayres & Wade, Illustrated News Office.  
A Historical Map of The Siege of Vicksburg, and Its Approaches by Yazoo Pass, by Captain T. S. Hardee., by S. H. Goetzel & Co., Mobile, Ala.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, May 30, 1863, p. 7, c. 4

"B. R."—Advertising, through the public prints, for wives and husbands, is purely a Yankee trick, which we trust will never be resorted to by the people of the South. Certainly no such advertisement as the one you send will ever appear in the columns of the "News."

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, June 6, 1863, p. 8, c. 3

Raine's  
Hotel and Restaurant,  
Locust Alley,  
A few doors below the Exchange and Ballard  
House, Richmond, Va.

The Table is supplied with the delicacies of the season to be had in the markets.

Meals at all hours.

Permanent and Transient Boards accommodated by the day, week, or month.

A. A. Raine, Proprietor.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, June 6, 1863 p. 8, c. 3

Summary: Full files of the London Index for March 26, April 9, and April 16—West & Johnston, Richmond.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, June 6, 1863, p. 8, c. 3

New Music.

Just Published, new editions of the following popular Sheet Music, arranged for the Piano:  
Beauregard Manassas Quickstep—A beautiful edition, with an accurate lithographic likeness of Gen. Beauregard on the title page. Price \$1.

God Will Defend the Right.—A soul-stirring Song, dedicated to the Defenders of Southern soil, by a young lady of Richmond. Price 75c.

There's Life in the Old Land Yet—A splendid Poem, by the author of "Maryland, My Maryland," set to music by E. O. Eaton. Price 75c.

The Stars of Our Banner—Music by Alice Lane. Price 75c.

Dealers supplied at our regular rates of discount.

Blackmar & Bro.,  
Augusta, Ga.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, June 6, 1863, p. 8, c. 3

In Course of Publication and Will Soon Be Ready!

An edition of

Smith's English Grammar,

Revised and adapted to use in the

Confederate States.

Geo. L. Bidgood,  
Publisher, 161 Main st., Richmond, Va.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, June 13, 1863, p. 8, c. 4

Wild Western Scenes,  
(New Series.)  
or,  
The White Spirit of the Wilderness.

Being a Narrative of Adventures, embracing the same characters portrayed in the original "Wild Western Scenes," over one hundred editions of which have been sold in Europe and America.  
By J. B. Jones, author of the first series of "Wild Western Scenes."

Owing to the high cost of Publishing, with Postage, I will have to charge \$1.25 per single copy, which will be forwarded to any address, postage paid. The Trade supplied at \$75 per 100 copies.

M. A. Malsby, Publisher.  
corner Main and 14th streets, Richmond.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, June 20, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

[Written for the Illustrated News.]  
Woven Fancies.

I sit before my loom to-day,  
    And with untiring fingers ply  
The busy shuttle to and fro,  
    Till lightning-like it seems to fly.

And as it speeds from side to side,  
    My fancies follow free and swift;  
Now touch upon the shadowy past—  
    Now far into the future drift!

I see life's web in memory's loom,  
    And watch Time's shuttle through it move,  
As in its warp and woof he weaves  
    The golden thread of human love;

And think how dark my life would be  
    If through it course no glittering ray  
Of this best gift from God's own hand—  
    His last and brightest—found its way!



It is not so—the precious boon,  
    With power like that of Midas old,  
Has grasped the threads with glowing touch,  
    And turned the fabric all to gold.

My heart leaps up as I recount  
    The treasures that it holds in store,  
And sings for very happiness  
    Beneath their soft, entrancing power.

The summer breeze comes rustling in,  
    And fans my cheek with odours [sic] bland;  
Bright roses bloom on every spray,  
    And beauty dowers sky and land.

I feel the joy and own the spell,  
    Yet from it all I turn away  
To when these glories all o'ercast,  
    Shall yield to winter's icy sway.

Then high upon the bleak hill-side,  
    I see a well-known figure stand—  
His manly form all bowed with cold—  
    His musket grasped with stiffening hand.

And so I turn from bird and flower  
    To sit and weave this cloth for him;  
But from my eyes the tears fall fast,  
    And with its threads are woven in!

For ah! my coward spirit shrinks,  
    And mocks me in a whisper loud:  
"Weave quickly, quickly, fingers slight—  
    Perchance you weave your lover's shroud.

Perchance upon this very spot  
    Some ball, from foeman's rifle thrown,  
May find a deeper hold than you  
    Right in the heart you call your own!"

\*        \*        \*        \*        \*        \*

A Queen once labored at the loom—  
    I claim a no less royal state!  
Virginia's daughters all are Queens,

In virtue of our mother great!

And so I'll trample down these thoughts,  
And from such fancies queen-like rouse,  
To that sweet time when Peace shall crown,  
With deathless laurels, all the brows

Of those who, at their country's call,  
Left home and all that makes life blest,  
And, with sublime unselfishness,  
Yielded themselves to her behest!

Thinking, then, in some grand old loom,  
In sunny France's vine-clad land,  
A snowy web of glossy silk,  
Shaped for a bridal robe may stand;

While Flemish girls, with artist hands,  
A veil like woven frost-work bind,  
And orange buds of Southern birth  
Among the laurel leaves be twined.

Viola.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, June 20, 1863, p. 5, c. 1-3

[Written for the Illustrated News.]

Two Pictures.

The First:

A large and luxuriously furnished drawing-room, the occupants of which were scattered about in various groups, in all the unceremonious ease of a family reunion. At each end of the long apartment was an ample chimney, and bright fires burned in both; but this was less because they were needed by the temperature of the weather—mild, almost, as that of October—than in respect to the usage, inherited from our English fathers, which esteems a huge log fire as one of the prescriptive observances of the festive season they celebrated. The dancing and flickering flames threw a ruddy glow over the rosewood and damask furniture, and the rich dark hues of the carpet, giving a still warmer tint of crimson to the heavy silk drapery that lined, with voluminous folds, the two deep bay windows, so large as to look like rooms within a room, and bringing the lights and shadows of the apartment into broad relief. The immense chandelier that depended from the centre [sic] of the ceiling, and cast a brilliant, but softened light, throughout the room, was decorated with holly, ivy and mistletoe, and the numerous picture and mirror frames around the walls, were likewise wreathed with these emblems of the Christmas time, for it was Christmas night; Christmas of the fateful year 1860. . . .

Like her husband, she was glancing down the room. The eyes of both rested first upon the children clustered before the fire opposite and delightedly playing with the treasures they had

found on the Christmas tree of the night before. The baby, from his elevated position on the knee of his nurse—a pretty, arch-looking mulattress—had an excellent view of the proceedings of his little sister Alice, and brothers Claude and Walter, as they ranged their toys on the hearth-rug, assisted in their labors by two little servants about their own ages, whose laughing voices were as unrestrained as those of 'the white children.' The nurse had established herself in a deep arm-chair, like the one occupied by her 'old master,' the Colonel. Leaning back in luxurious self-indulgence, she allowed the young gentleman, her youngest charge, to such sugar plums, bite his coral, and watch the other children, as he listed. Very near to them, at a table on which she had placed her book, a little girl of ten or twelve years old sat reading. With her golden curls, and blooming cheeks, she might have passed for the elfin princess, in the story of whose adventures she is so absorbed as not to hear one tone of all the silvery laughter around her.

Her elder brother, Edgar De Lorme, a fine manly boy of fifteen, is kneeling at one corner of the hearth, moulding [sic] bullets for his new pair of pistols—seven-shooters, as he exultantly informs his factotum, Tom, who stands by, every now and then rendering what aid Mass Eddy requires in the operation—and between times examining and re-examining the ivory-handled instruments of death with most admiring reverence. A good supply of bullets made, Master Edgar next addresses himself to the endeavor of adding a few inches to the lash of his new whip. It is too short, he thinks. He is not so expert in handling the skeins of silk obtained from his Aunt Marian's work-box, as he was in melting his lead. . . .

Lily is released, but her uncle takes her with him to the piano, to which he sits down and sings an Anacreontic song. Perhaps it is the song that suggests the recollection of that drink which pertains so especially to the season—egg-nogg [sic]. Armand rings the bell, and presently enter two servants, bearing trays of refreshments, and shortly after comes a third with a monster and brimming bowl of the foaming golden elixir. A table is drawn up between grand-papa's chair and grand-mamma's sofa, the tray containing the bowl, and its accompanying glasses and spoons, placed thereon, and all of the "goodlie companie" gather closely around. Grand-papa, himself, dispenses the inspiring draught, filling the goblets held for him by Edgar and Lily, with two dips of his huge silver ladle. Each of the children must have a full goblet; grand-papa says so. Even the baby boy receives a tiny spoonful from grand-mamma's goblet, just to say that he has taken his egg-nogg [sic] with the rest. . . .

He received the boy from his mother; and, at a motion from him, the bell was again rung—the music and play ceased—all drew near. The large bible and prayer book were brought, with the kneeling cushion of the old man. The numerous servants of the household gathered in. Each one quietly brought up a chair, and formed a half circle around the white family. And the head of the house, the gray-haired father and master, rose from his seat, the infant still in his arms—its sleeping head resting upon his shoulder—and standing beside the hearth, made a brief but impressive discourse; fitted, by its simplicity, to the understanding of the youngest child present; but, instructive, from its devotion, to the most mature intellect among his hearers. And then, kneeling, all, each hand signs brow and breast with the sign of the cross, the emblem of our redemption! And the prayers are said.

Servants and children are dismissed to their slumbers; excepting Edgar and Lily, who are permitted to stay. The fire is replenished—all draw closely around the hearth. The air has grown suddenly chill; or is it a chill upon the heart?—for all, as with one thought, recur to the subject which has been tacitly put aside during the day; the state of the country!—the prospect of war! . . .

And so talking—apprehensive of the future, but happy in the present—the hours sped on—the night waned. Twelve o'clock sounded; the Christmas of 1860 was over.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, June 27, 1863, p. 8. c. 2-3

Summary: In press—the Life of Stonewall Jackson; Darrell Markham, or, The Captain of the Vulture, by Miss M. E. Braddon.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, July 4, 1863, p. 8, c. 2

In Preparation,  
And Nearly Ready  
For the Press,  
The Melopoeian!  
A collection of original and standard  
Church Music,

adapted to the wants of choirs and congregations throughout the Confederate States.

The author of the above work, being desirous of producing a work eminently Southern, and to encourage the development of Southern Musical Talent, begs to offer a prize of

Two Hundred Dollars

for the best SACRED ANTHEM of not less than sixty-four, nor more than eighty measures in length, written for a chorus of four voices, (Tenor, Alto, Treble and Bass,) without instrumental accompaniment—the style of music to be moderately easy of execution, so as to be within the capacity of choirs of average training.

Competitors for the prize are invited to send in their productions on or before August 1st, 1863. Unsuccessful pieces will be returned, or, if retained, will be liberally paid for.

Address, for further particulars,

W. L. Montague, or  
Ayres & Wade,  
Publishers, Richmond, Virginia.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, July 11, 1863, p. 13, c. 1-4

[Written for the Illustrated News.]  
Outlines from the Outpost;  
Being  
The Recollections, Reveries and Dreams  
of  
Tristan Joyeuse, Gent.  
XVII.  
On the Wing.

. . . There is that music in the pines again—the band of the brigade, camped yonder in the green thicket. I have heard that band more than one thousand times, I suppose; strange that I thought it

annoying, when it is evidently a band of unusual excellence. It plays all day long, and the regiments are eternally cheering. Do you hear that echoing shout? You would think they were about to charge the enemy, but it is only an old hare that has jumped up, and the whole brigade is hot upon the trail, with uproar and excitement. If there is no old hare, it is a stray horse—a tall woman riding behind a short man—a big negro mounted on a small mule—anything whatever. The troops must cheer and make a noise; and the band must play.

Exquisite music! How could I ever think it a little excessive in quantity, and deficient in quality? 'We are going! we are going!! we are going!!!' I imagine it says—the refrain of the music surging to me from the pine wood. And as the brave musicians are about to leave me, they appear to excel all their brethren. 'That strain again!' and I hear the brigade cheering. They are Georgians—children of the sun, 'with whom revenge is virtue.' Brave fellows, they have got the order to move, and hail it with delight, for all the wood is burned, and they are going to fresher fields and forests, and a fight, perhaps.

Farewell, familiar band in the pines! I have spent some happy moments listening to your loud, triumphant strains; some moments filled with sadness, too, as I thought of all those good companions gone into the dust—for music penetrates my heart, and stirs the fount of memory; does it not with you, good reader? As I listened to that band, I often saw the old, old faces; and the never-to-be-forgotten forms of loved friends came back. They looked at me with their kindly eyes; they 'struck a sudden hand in mine,' and once again I heard their voices echoing in the present, as they echoed in the happy days before!

So, sweet memorial music, floating with a wild, triumphant ardor in the wind, farewell!

Farewell, brave comrades cheering from the pines!

All health and happiness attend you!

In addition to the brass band above referred to, my days have been alive here with the ringing strains of the bugle. The tattoo, reveille, and stable call, have echoed through the pine woods, making cheerful music in the short, dull days, and the winter nights. It is singular how far you can hear a bugle note. That one is victor over space, and sends its martial peal through the forest, for miles around. There is something in this species of music, unlike all others. It sounds the call to combat always, to my ears; and speaks of the charging squadrons, and the clash of sabres [sic], mingled with the sharp ring of the carbine. But what I hear now is only the stable call. They have set it to music; and I once heard the daughter of a cavalry officer play it on the piano—a gay little waltz, and merry enough, to set the feet of maidens and young men in motion. As there are no maidens in these fields of war—at least, none at camp—we cannot dance to it.

The bugle takes its place among the old familiar sounds which have not been sufficiently attended to and appreciated. All these winter days, it has been but a call to rise or go to rest—now it is eloquent with poetry and battle! So, blow, old bugle! Sound the tattoo, and the reveille, and stable call, to your heart's content! No 'purple glens' are here to ring through or to 'set replying'—but the echoes in the pines are 'dying, dying, dying,' with a martial melody, and sweetness—and a splendid ardor—which are better than the weird sound of the 'horns of Elfland faintly blowing!'

There is our banjo too—could I think of neglecting that great instrument in my list of 'sights and sounds?' It plays 'O Johnny Booker, help this Nigger,' 'Wake up in the Morning,' 'The Old Gray Hoss,' 'Come Back Stephen,' 'Hard Times and worse a-comin,' 'Sweet Evelina,' and a number of other songs. It is a good banjo. I hear it at present playing 'Dixie' with a fervor worthy of that great national anthem. It is a Yankee instrument, captured and presented to the

minstrel who now wields it, by admiring friends! But—proh pudor!—it plays Southern ditties only, and refuses obstinately to celebrate the glories of the 'Happy Land of Lincoln.' I have heard the songs of our minstrel which he plays on his banjo, something like a thousand times—but they always make me laugh. They ring so gayly [sic] in the airs of evening that all sombre [sic] thoughts are banished—and, if sometimes I am tempted to exclaim, 'there's that old banjo rattling again!' I always relent, and repent me of my disrespect toward the good old friend; and go and listen and laugh at the woes of Booker, or the colloquy with Stephen—above all, at the 'Old Gray Hoss,' noblest of melodies, and now adopted as the national air of all the dwellers in Camp \_\_\_\_\_!

Good bye, jolly old Yankee banjo! Rattle on, gayly [sic], and play all the old tunes! It is singular how new and delightful they are—what a world of mirth they contain. . . .

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, July 11, 1863, p. 16, c. 2

Knitting Machines  
Wanted.

We are engaged in manufacturing

Army Socks

for the Confederate Government, and want to obtain more MACHINES. Parties owning any of

Aiken's Machines,

no matter what gauge, and who are willing to sell for \$200, will please forward to us per express C. O. D.

John Judge & Co.  
Columbia, S. C.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, July 11, 1863, p. 16, c. 4

Piano Music.

God Will Defend the Right—Written and composed by a lady of Richmond	\$1.00
All Quiet Along the Potomac—New edition	1.00
The Beauregard Manassas Quickstep,	1.00
Never Surrender Quickstep—By E. O. Eaton,	1.00
Carrie Belle—A Ballad,	1.00
Violetta—A Ballad,	1.00
Exercises and Scaled for the Young Pupil,	2.00

Any of the above sent free by mail on receipt of price.

Wishing to discontinue the sale of sheet music, and having a large stock of excellent music on hand, we will send, post-paid, to any one remitting us Five Dollars, Twenty Pieces, comprising

Songs,

Variations,  
Waltzes,  
Polkas,  
Marches,  
or Guitar Music.

Great care will be taken in its selection. Address orders forthwith to

West & Johnston,  
Booksellers and Publishers,  
Richmond, Va.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, August 1, 1863, p. 32, c. 1

To Correspondents.

"An Inveterate Smoker" inquires concerning the best brands of Havana cigars and all about pipes. As an "inveterate smoker," he ought to be fully informed upon these subjects, but we have no objection whatever to give him what knowledge we have gathered from reading and experience. Of Havana cigars, we believe that the brand of Cubana of Carjaval is in best repute. His "weeds" obtained the first prize in the Great Exhibition of 1851 in Hyde Park, and have ever since commanded the highest prices. They are mostly put up in boxes of one hundred each, and the mere smell of them upon lifting the lid of the box is enough to run an "inveterate smoker" distracted in these days of the blockade. Next to the Cubana stands the Partagg, which is even preferred by some consumers, and of which, like the Cubana, there are three grades of excellence—firsts, seconds and thirds—and three varieties of color: dark brown, medium and light brown. Then we have the Figaro, a glorious after-dinner companion, of which the larger quantity manufactured are "pressed" in shape. These are known as genuine by a representation of the jolly Figaro of the opera, smoking, burnt into the top of the box lid with a hot iron brand. None of these superior cigars are for sale in the tobacco shops of Richmond. Occasionally we have seen a Cubana or a Figaro in the hands of an amateur who had a friend on board the Giraffe or the Antonica, but they have wholly disappeared from the Southern market. Before the war they used to sell at from \$80 to \$100 a thousand; now they might, perhaps, be retailed at any price from 75 cents to one dollar and a half apiece.

As for pipes, we are reluctant to enter upon the subject, for fear of being drawn into a dissertation, and our remarks becoming, like the clouds that issue from pipes, voluminous. Whole volumes, indeed, might be written of the meerschaum, the hookah, the narghile, the porcelain, the common clay, the dudeen, the briar-root, the corn-cob, and then of the smoking tobacco in its endless varieties of Jatakia, Perrique, Old Virginia, &c., &c.

Sublime tobacco, which, from East to West,  
Cheers the tar's labors and the Turkman's rest.

The meerschaum, we believe, is omnium consensu, the prince of pipes, when made of the genuine Trieste article and furnished with veritable amber mouth-piece. But there are those who, having smoked the pipe of peace and the pipe of war, and qualified themselves to sit in judgment upon the comparative excellency of all kinds of pipes, declare without hesitation that the Powhatan clay pipe is above and beyond all others. The corn-cob, if finished by the hand of an artist, is a delicious and very beautiful pipe, and has the merit of being easily procurable, everywhere. As for the briar-root, which some dealers have the audacity to sell at ten, fifteen

and twenty dollars, it is in our judgment a poor thing, and will not long enjoy its present popularity. With so much of palaver, we dismiss the matter, hoping to enjoy a puff or two with our correspondent when business or pleasure may bring him to Richmond.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, August 1, 1863, p. 62, c. 4

Vicksburg.  
Will Be Ready in a Few Days,  
A Fine  
Lithographic View

Of the Siege and Bombardment of the City of Vicksburg, Miss.

The Picture gives an accurate and faithful likeness of the heroic "Hill City," and Views of the Yankee Bombarding Fleet, the position of the Batteries in the city, &c.

The Picture is of large size, and executed in the best style of art.

Price \$5.00

Sent by mail free of postage, on receipt of price.

H. C. Clarke, of Vicksburg,  
Publisher, Mobile, Ala.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, August 8, 1863, p. 37, c. 3

A Blockade Correspondence.  
Edited by Refugitta.  
Giving a Chapter of Yankee Fashions, &c.

Baltimore, June, '63.

Whenever I sit down, my dear Florence, to prepare a budget for my friend, the underground agent, I feel the heaviest weight of responsibility that has ever been inflicted on me by letter-writing in all my life. There are so many things to touch upon, when the cacoethes scribendi attacks me in behalf of Southern correspondents! Every topic, from politics to hair-dressing, you ask for! Are you, then, so bereft in your dear old Dixie Land? Well, I have just returned from a Spring visit to Washington, which city seems to have grown Yankee-mad, under the new domination. Spite of it all, I used to wander in the lovely park of the White House, and hiding beneath one of those clustering bouquets, shut my eyes and fancy our peaceful times back again.

How pretty it always was! That intensely green expanse of turf, with its circle of swelling hillocks, the fountain playing in the evening sun-light, the red-coated Marine Band, like a circle of prim dahlias; the dozens of merry children, happy and heedless as the little gold buttercups over which they rolled; the streams of well-dressed promenaders; the distant view of the Potomac bounding one side of the landscape, the white columns and trailing rose-wreaths of the Executive Mansion on the other; and, over all, the dolce far niente of those holiday afternoons! . . .

Oh, dear! my paper nearly out, and the underground impatient, and the fashions not yet broached. I know you would die of envy to see my newest dress—an azurline silk. That is a



new shade of blue, bordering on purple, suggesting hot-house grapes, heart's ease, and all sorts of pretty things.

All round the skirt is a narrow quilling of black velvet (everything is quilled round the skirt) and above there is an arabesque of black velvet, put in in heavy points. The waist is pointed in two before, and has a flap behind, exquisitely trimmed with velvet, braided.—Small side pockets are never worn—and quilted satin petticoats, with silk looped up, as in the time of Madame de Pompadour, are revived. But heads, my dear, heads! If nature has given you six strands of hair, take them, 'crepe' them, pinch them, agonize them, until they stand out each on its individual footing, and then you will be in the fashion. Don't presume to brush your hair! That is pre-adam, or rather pre-eveite. Right in the centre [sic] of the forehead pile all the flowers in your repertoire several plumes, jewels, if you have them, and shower gold-dust over all. 'Gold'-dust is imported and costs the moderate sum of \$25 per ounce. Let me tell you about the last fashion of 'rats and mice.' You divide the front hair into two parts, on either side, roll the forelock back, and the back-lock forward over cushions, then put your knot of roses or whatever trimming you choose in the center of the parting, a la couronne. It is very pretty and becoming to a full rosy face. Bonnets are flat to the face, off two inches on top, and filled with full blown roses resting on beds of blonde ruching. One noticeable fashion is the total abandonment of low-necked dresses. In full ball toilette there is a corsage of tulle, or lace, reaching the throat, and long aerial sleeves. It is much more becoming I think. Bodices, a la Paysanne, are worn with every dress, toward the summer time especially. I wish you could see the bewitching Paris boots I have, with crimson heels, and a ruche of black satin ribbon around the ankle. . . .

Secessia.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, August 15, 1863, p. 45, c. 2-3

[Written for the Illustrated News.]

A Blockade Correspondence.

Edited by Refugitta.

Number 2.

The Answer of Florence to Secessia.

Richmond, July '63.

It is very kind of you, dear Secessia, to try and lighten our obscurity by such pleasant glimpses into the outer world, as were afforded by the letter I have just received. But reserve your compassion! With all gratitude, I must express my opinion that there is a latent spark of jealousy for the dear delight of freedom which we Confederates possess, as a set-off to your redundant allotment of things pretty and new. I confess that I look down at my old black silk, which has been renovated according to the directions of that North-country dame we read of in 'the Doctor:'

'Here, talleor, tak this petcut; thoo mun bund me't, and thoo mun tap-bind me't; thoo mun, turn it rangsid afoor, tapsid bottom, insid oot.'

I look at this reverend and long-suffering garment, I say, and yield to a pang at the picture of your charming 'azurline;' but then when a ring summons me down into the parlor to receive a circle of gray-coated irresistables, I thank my stars devoutly that I have them to appreciate me, in all my rags, which is more than you have! Besides, we are not quite so destitute as you fancy down here in this beleaguered city of Richmond. Thanks to the inefficient blockade of King

Abe, the route via Nassau furnishes not a few of our families with all necessaries, and a great many luxuries. I don't know how you would like it, to come from your beautiful home to a corner of a crowded boarding-house, and 'rough it' as we have done; but I have grown to be a true philosopher. I regard it as quite an amusing thing to go into a shop, now-a-days. With a very few exceptions, the yard-stick gentlemen in Richmond have arrived at a destitution of manners that is truly wonderful. Should a lady perchance desire a skein of silk, she creeps meekly into a store, and dares not express her surprise at being requested to pay something in the vicinity of one thousand dollars for it. The chivalrous 'exempts' stand behind the counter in whatever attitude they may fancy, and smile with languid derision upon those presumptuous customers who dare aspire to purchasing of their stock. Then the petty milliners are a portion of the community most alarming to encounter! Really, I would no more presume to ask for a charge of bonnet ribbon, than for the roc's egg at once. One has to enter their presence with the submission accorded to Eugenie and Victoria combined. As to housekeepers, the mystery of the verb 'to live,' has never been solved in Richmond; we have exchanged it for that of 'to exist,' which we only just manage to decline! It is a common saying, that where in old times one went to the market with a pocket full of money, and brought back a basket full of edibles, it is now the fashion to bring marketing in the vest pocket, and take Confederate currency in the basket. If a servant boy picks up your handkerchief in the street, you would not insult him by offering less than a V! Even our old friend, the benign and ever-smiling Monsieur Pizzini, has grown obdurately expensive, and his festal hall is no more the resort universal of expiring Richmond in the dog-days.

But a truce with domestic afflictions! We Southern people have learned and applied that rough old motto of 'grin and bear it.' The hardest lesson that has ever been offered us, and one that, God willing, we will never grovel to accept, is that of Yankee subjugation! Do you ever wish that you were a man, my love? Before this many-colored, many-sided war began, they used to tell us that what required most courage was to walk into a battle-field, and die amid its thunders. We waiting women at home can tell a different tale. There is not one of us who would not rather be 'up and doing' herself, than to face the blackness of those awful 'battle returns.' I have seen such sights—heard such sounds of anguish from stricken woman, that until my dying day the shadow will never leave me. One after the other among my acquaintances has fallen back from our circle, crushed with the weight of her allotted burden. Over all our land tears are flowing, that God's hand alone can wipe away—sorrow and sighing, that shall vanish only in the realm to come!

Before this reaches you, you will have been rejoicing over the advance of our noble army—will have wept over its retreat! It is a bitter thing to us, but not the less ardent is our faith in a general, sans pareil, and troops, whose metal has rung true, on fifty battle-fields. It is a dark time with us. The red gleam in the Eastern horizon is again over-clouded. Vicksburg, the glorious little city, has fallen; Charleston in imminent peril; our whole Southwest endangered! With the May, whose blooms were withered by the death of our great chieftain, began our calamities. We have heard how you mourned over Jackson—mourned with all the enthusiasm and reverence that characterizes our Southern patriots across the Potomac—but it was worth a life-time to see the grief of those for whose homes his life was sacrificed. And what wonder. Hero! Patriot! Christian! first in the fiery storm of conflict! first in the holy hour of prayer! Spartan where duty pointed on—a child, when mercy breathed forgive—uniting the grandest antitheses that a mighty nature can compass—who, in our country's weal or woe, can ever take his place?

On the night of that day of his funeral procession, we were admitted privately to the Hall when he lay in state. I shall never forget the glimpse at that noble face. Every line was smoothed away with everlasting peace. It was beautiful, far beyond my poor powers of expression, and we could not weep to gaze at it—only rejoice to think that God had won back what was too precious a boon for earth!

It is hard to come out of our shadows and struggle into the daylight of the busy outside world. I read, it is true, but the words dance before my eyes, and I go back to the all-absorbing records of my country's defence [sic]. We have several new books, reproduced on execrable yellowish paper, bound in wall covering, but acceptable for all. We have Tannhaueser, a poem full of alliterations and musical medleys. There are a dozen lovely passages, and several glaring faults. Then we have all gotten tangled up in the mysticisms of the "Strange Story," held our breath over "No Name," grown soft-hearted at the sorrows of "Les Miserables," beginning with that poor Fantine, poorly translated, taken a 'rampage,' with the young gentleman who was brought up 'by hand,' concluded the adventures of "Phillip," begun in Harper before the war, winding up all with a half dozen novels from that new sensation writer, Miss Braddon—'which I mean ter say' as Mr. Gargery would remark, is about the sum total of our literary enlightenment from abroad.

Thank you for your hints on hair dressing.

At the present writing, the "rats and mice" are running jubilant over my head, and I am frizzled in imitation of great-grandmamma's portrait. You omitted one very important thing—what about hoops? Write soon, and relieve the anxiety of your friend.

Florence.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, August 15, 1863, p. 48, c. 2-3

Summary: Cartoon entitled "The Smoking Mania" with two men commenting that what they like to do after work is smoke. One man has a Powhatan clay pipe and the other a meerschaum.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, August 15, 1863, p. 48, c. 3

#### Housewife's Department.

An Economical Way of Preserving Peaches Whole.—To fifteen pounds of cling-stone peaches take seven and a half pounds of loaf-sugar; put two or three quarts of water in the kettle, with one teaspoonful of pearl-ash, to destroy the skins of the fruit. When the water is hot, throw in a few peaches, and let them remain a few minutes; take them out and wipe off the skins with a coarse towel, and then throw them into cold water. Take half the sugar with as little water as possible to dissolve it; then put in a layer of peaches, and let them boil from twenty to thirty minutes. Take them out on a flat-dish to cool. After two or three layers have been boiled in this way the syrup will increase. By degrees add the rest of the sugar. When all are done, boil the syrup until it becomes a little thick, then add, while in the kettle, half a pint of alcohol, which will cool and thicken it sufficiently to put on the peaches, which should be ready in your jars; do not cover them until the next day. They will not have the least taste of the alcohol, and are a very fine preserve.

To Wash Lawn and Muslin.—Delicate lawn and muslin dresses are so frequently spoiled by bad washing, the colors of the fabrics yielding so readily to the action of soap, that it is better to adopt a method of cleaning the finest materials, and imparting to them the appearance of

newness. Take two quarts of wheat bran, and boil it for half an hour in soft water. Let it cool, then strain it, and pour the strained liquor into the water in which the dress is to be washed. Use no soap. One rinsing alone is required, and insures against change of color, but gives the fabric a pleasanter stiffness than any preparation of starch. If the folds are drawn from the skirts and sleeves, the dress will iron better, and will appear, when prepared in this way, as fresh as new.

Watermelon Sherbert [sic].—A Bengal Recipe.—Let the melon be cut in half, and the inside of the fruit be worked up and mashed with a spoon till it assumes the consistency of a thick pulp. Introduce into this as much pounded white candy or sugar as may suit your taste, a wine-glassful of fresh rose-water, and two wine-glasses of sherry.—Pour, when strained, the contents into a jug, and fill your tumblers as often as needed. This makes a very agreeable drink in summer.

Cantelope [cantaloupe].--Rind Preserved.—Take one pound of rind not quite mellow, and cut the outside carefully off, lay it in a bowl, and sprinkle over it one teaspoonful of alum; cover it with boiling water, and let it stand all night; then dry it in a cloth, scald it in ginger tea, but do not boil it; then dry it again in a cloth; to one pound of rind allow one pound of sugar and half pint of water. Boil it an hour.

Lemonade.—Boil together and skim one pound of loaf-sugar, and one-half a pint of water. Melt in a teaspoonful of water one-half an ounce of citric or tartaric acid.—Let the syrup stand until it is cold, and then add the acid and a teaspoonful of essence of lemon, and when it is wanted for use, four quarts of water, and a little more sugar, if desired.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, August 22, 1863, p. 52, c. 3

The Southern Punch made its appearance last Monday. It is edited by John W. Overall, Esq., formerly editor of the New Orleans Delta. Mr. O. is an elegant writer and polished gentleman, and we wish him much success.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, August 22, 1863, p. 53, c. 1-3

[Written for the Illustrated News.]  
A Blockade Correspondence.  
Edited by Refugitta.  
Number 3.

Baltimore, July, '63.

The thunders of Gettysburg have subsided, and its smoke rolling away, discloses to us the retreat of our beloved army. Almost simultaneously, comes the disastrous fall of Vicksburg, over which I see going on around me mad rejoicings. Alas! for our Yankee-ridden State. We are pining, sorrowing, sickening, for a draught of the air of Liberty! Only a few days since we held secret sympathy meetings, and every heart swelled wildly with the dream of emancipation; we could almost hear the ring of southern steel in the distance—see the noble, way-worn ranks of our avante-garde! We pictured the starry cross, and pure white field, (so often reproduced in secret by our trembling, eager fingers!) floating proudly to the breeze from our monumental shafts—the glad huzzas of patriot multitudes—the curses of a dastard, baffled foe—and better than all, God bless them, our dear boys' welcome home!

But 'not yet, not yet,' is the sentence passed, and the cup held so closely to our lips, is rudely dashed aside. Oh! could those of you who censure Maryland—who say, 'let her alone,

she is joined to her idols'—see us now, as we fall back into the old, despairing, black repose, I think there would be less of cavil—more of sympathy!

You have read of the effort made by the Baltimore surgeons and Southerners generally, to carry assistance to the Gettysburg victims, and its frustration? That is only one of a thousand tyrannies. One of the most dearly cherished of our 'institutions' (pardon the Yankee-ism! I believe it is Mackay who says that in America everything, from a fire-company to a milk-cart, is called an 'institution!') was the time-honored 'Maryland Club.' Even the cockney Russell, in speaking of its members, says 'there is a peculiar stamp about them, that distinguishes them from most Americans—a style of dress, frankness of manner, and a general [hole in paper] them closely to the upper classes of Englishmen(!) They are fond of sport and travel, exclusive and high-spirited, and the iron rule of the Yankee is more intolerable, because they dare not resent it, and are unable to shake it off.' Well, it has breathed its last—strangled and stamped down under the heel of despotism! A short time since the doors were closed by governmental order, and the charge given to Don Piatt, Schenk's bottle-washer, and a very dirty one at that. This Piatt has been shining heretofore in the reflected glory of his wife, a strong-minded, fast woman, who wrote charming letters under the heading of 'Bell Smith Abroad.'

By the way, that French cook she tells about would be a real acquisition to your Confederate menages. Somebody possessed this cook—a man of superhuman genius, who on no occasion was known to be nonplussed. 'One day,' says the narrator, 'I was surprised by a part of distinguished diners, who came purposely to try my cuisine. There was not an article to speak of in the house. Barbetti looked puzzled for a second, but only a second. Hang me, if I knew half the time what I was eating! We had dinner—a superb, wonderful dinner—and in the midst of our raptures, at its conclusion, we begged Barbetti to give us the real bill of fare. It consisted of a Cincinnati ham, my favorite pointer, a poll-parrot, six kittens, and four rats—the last done up in a sugared pastry, as a dessert.'

However, it is not patriotic to cast such insinuations upon your mode of living at the South—now, especially, that I read, with tears in my eyes, of the brave, besieged soldiers inside of Vicksburg, who dragged weakly from house to house, asking to BUY rats for their sustenance. You all have learned the philosophy of endurance far better than we. In our impotence, we writhe, and beat our wings against our bars, burning with indignation, and fired with righteous hatred, against those infamous persecutors, whom, the Lord grant it, may be but 'piling up wrath against the day of wrath!' But you have the blessing which is denied me—the greatest, dearest boon, of national sympathy! Sometimes I cry my eyes out wishing to share your trials. Like Beranger's 'petit homme gris:'

"Qu'il pleuve dans sa chambre,  
Qu'il a'y conche le son,  
                  Sans y voir.  
Qu'il lui faille en Decembre  
Souffier, faute de bois,  
                  Dans ses doigts;  
Il dit: Moi, je m'en  
Il dit: Moi, je m'en  
M foi, moi, je m'en ris!"

I am sure it is no vain boast on my part, to appropriate the spirit of that matchless little song. Give me the 'dinner of herbs,' under the shelter of our own flag, and forever a bas, the stalled ox and hatred therewith, of my present daily fare.

I wish you could walk down market Street, and see the change that has come over it. At every crossing glitters the star of a Pug-Ugly Policeman, and the hang-dog wretches line the trottoir, in rude, impenetrable groups. Then, such a shining galaxy of the gilt-edged aristocracy, that our poor eyes never dare encounter it. Not long ago, one of the prettiest, 'exclusive' belles, (before whose doors the Yankee officers grovel to obtain admittance on familiar footing,) went into Danfield's, on a shopping excursion. Just in the doorway stood a magnificent specimen of Hosier-land [sic?], all ablaze with military glory and gold lace, who sprang up, with officious eagerness, to give her passage. Looking straight before her, the young lady vouchsafed not a glance; discontented with which behavior [sic], the officer stepped directly in her path, and obsequiously doffed his cap, holding it in one hand, with a familiar smile. For the first time she seemed to become aware of his presence; and feeling in her purse, dropped a five cent piece into his out-stretched cap, as she glided quietly on!

You may well elevate your nostrils at my resume of the fashions; but withal, I can't believe you totally indifferent. With the exception of the New Orleanais, Southern women, as a rule, dress badly. To my taste, Philadelphians understand the science better than any, with their lovely silver grays, and doves and 'ashes of roses,' and 'monkeys' ' last sighs.—Those neutral tints, carried out in rich materials, are the perfection of good taste. Boston women are quite too much given up to ethics and metaphysics, gymnastics and the study of the Sanscrit primer, to care much how they adorn their barber-pole persons. New York girls affect a fast style—extreme decollete, as they whirl in the Deux-temps, or thread the German—the English jockey, in their riding schools, and the debardeur sometimes, in an occasional fancy ball. Washington, or as it was once rudely called, 'Hag-town,' because of its destitution in youthful beauty, always was made of cosmopolite dressers. Every one of the figures on its magic-lantern slides followed what fashions he or she pleased; and it would have created no surprise to see beside those grotesque Japanese favorites, with their straw shoes and pig-tails, an Indian lady in a blue blanket, or a Chinese belle tripping through the Lancers on her ten martyred toes.

This circuit brings us back to Baltimore.—You who know how to appreciate our monumental city will not think me vain to award to our women, par excellence, the palm in dressing. There is more grace, and archness, and aptitude, and elegance in the knot of a Baltimore ribbon than any other this side of Paris.

But 'nous avons changes tout cela!' Once, like every other party-gong female, it was my ambition to say I have been to Mrs. A's.' I am at Mrs. B's.; I will go to Mrs. C's.'; to put on my gloves and draw them off was the occupation of my life; my most poignant grief the non-arrival of a Paris dress, or a dress-maker's failure in a robe volante. Now, I have come out suddenly into an existence that is chequered [sic] with the rejoicings and sorrows of my kind—made up of the varied existence of a bloody intestine [sic?] struggle. With the tears shed for the brave and early lost in the late awful conflict, yet moist upon my cheek, I return and return again to this subject nearest our hearts. A few short weeks ago every eye strained, every breast beat at the tidings of Confederate tread upon our thresholds. Many a mother stifled the weary longing after her absent one—many a wife ceased her weeping to brighten with expectancy. They were coming to relieve us, the soldiers we had sent forth. Freedom and reunion of hearts were the words written in golden light upon the horizon; and after; to all of us, Peace!

The weeks have passed away and the fatal field is dared—dared and lost! Back, back from our aching gaze have the Southern legions passed, and the angel dream has dawned but to depart. Once more is Maryland alone—alone with her great heart stricken and her pulses quivering under the revulsion of her hope; and the soil that rebounds with pride at the ownership

of a Herbert, a Contee, and Andrews, and a Thomas, grows still and sorrowful—sanctified forever to be the birth and burial place of the hero Murray!

Secessia.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, August 22, 1863, p. 56, c. 2-3

Summary: Cartoon of a young lady and a thin older lady, both wearing hats. The young lady says "Some persons object to hats." She adds (? both comments are attributed to "young lady") (by courtesy)--"Yes; but for my part, I think they are very jaunty, and so becoming.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, August 29, 1863, p. 61, p. 3-4

[Written for the Illustrated News.]  
A Blockade Correspondence.  
Edited by Refugitta.  
Number 4.

Richmond, July, '63.

Vanished, alas! are the good old days of summer enjoyment; and as I sit here under half closed blinds, with the hot outside air struggling in with every ray of light, the interminable rumble of street-carts and premonitory symptoms of dinner, in the shape of steaming odors arising up together, feel, in a mood, any thing but celestial. God be praised that we have not always looked at life through the jaundiced medium of town in the 'jours du chiero'! Thank Heaven, there is always a country to fly to! Do you remember, Secessia, that summer's idling we had together before the war? I feast with the Barmecide every day, in recalling it. First, our wings, like the Huma's, paused for a week's shopping in New York—and even we patriots must acknowledge that those mornings spent with Stewart, Lawson, etc., winding up with a sorbet like frozen nectar, at Taylor's, and the drive home to the hotel with the carriage, and our laps full of pretty things and bon-bons, were not things to be sneezed at! Next, we winged our way to Newport, where we dressed, flirted and danced with dozens of people whose 'pur sang' was certainly not blue as that of the hidalgos—the Mrs. Potiphars, Guns, etc., of high Northern society, with their attendant Cream-cheese and Gauche Booseys! Ah, well do I remember certain drives on a breezy beach, with an enamoured specimen of juvenile New York, who was 'fast,' drove spanking bays to a high-swung waggon [sic], in which you felt like Mahomet's coffin, half way betwixt Heaven and earth—wore sparse yellow hair, primly parted; a downy and despairing fringe on either cheek, in imitation of his English exemplars; peg-tops that baffled description; a gray sacque-coat, with shirt-cuffs that beggared language; and, to crown all, a 'chocker,' that, like the fop in Punch, he had evidently 'given his whole mind to!' Can you realize, my dear, how I was ever enabled to deny myself the dear delight of such an alliance? I have shed many tears over the lost Paradise of such a lot!

Or else, West Point! West Point, with its enthralling charm over every gray rock, winding path, and wooded promontory. The boom of that sunset gun, the clash of the glorious band, the very flutter of the flag against the painted sky, are laid away in my memory, as a tombstone, to mark the death of my happiest hours.

Then we would skim away, float down the bosom of Lake George, kneel before the eternal sprays of Niagara, dash wildly down the currents of the St. Lawrence, stare our eyes out

in Montreal and Quebec, and swoop down again upon New York, for a month of gaiety rendered exquisite by our constant resort, the 'Academy.'

Abuse me who will!—I am ready and willing, glad and proud to wear old clothes from year's end to year's end; give parties off guba [sic] peas and ginger nuts; go to church and sit and kneel upon bare boards; receive all my visitors in the Hades of a boarding-house, where the part of Cerberus is played by spiteful widows and accidental old maids, all ears, eyes and knitting-pins; sit down to breakfast before a cup of Confederate 'rye' coffee, and a newspaper printed on paper the hue of the 'Yellow Pest;' if the worst comes to the worst, to pin my belt with thorns instead of pins, and 'bind up my bonny brown hair' with ribbons of corn 'shucks,' *faute de mieux*; but I must, shall, and will, reserve for myself the right to sigh after the opera!

Down the boards of Memory they sweep in a magical troupe—those sweet singing men and women, whose tones touch chords that carry the soul up, with a thrill, to heaven. Laborde, the graceful, dark-eyed queen of song, raining upon the air the pearls and diamonds of her wondrous 'Carnaval!' Frezzolini; (why did we never accord her the welcome that uprose, in deafening applause, across the water?) Wilhorst, the pretty little American girl with her romantic history; Bishop, with her arch and bird-like notes; Gazzaniga—ah! draw a long breath, and remember how delicious that 'Orange Girl' was; Piccolomini, the charming Lerlina, who made eyes at the galleries, and carried of a string of hearts to hang up in the palatial wigwam destined for her over the Atlantic; Colson—who shall do her justice? Do you mind how Viola swept over the festal hall in all the pride and insolence of her beauty—how, clad in white and violet, she played Dame Chatelaine of her country home, and modest, womanly, and exquisite, received the visit of Alfredo's plump papa; that dear old absurdity, Amodio, whose 'Di Provenca' melted every soul into sweetest tears; how she yielded to the plot against her own happiness for the sake of fancied good to him, and went home to die of a broken heart! Have you forgotten that last scene when the white, pallid figure comes trembling forward, and chants her angelic 'Addio' to the world she is so soon to leave forever—how the strength fails, and the hands uplift to heaven, and the wasted form sinks dead upon the floor! Ah! me—it will haunt me always! And Patti! Pretty, bright-eyed, silver-voiced little Adelina, the darling of America! I would like to hear that 'una voce' once again before I die.

Mingling with these lovely woman's strains, comes the marvellous [sic] monotones of Formes, in the 'Erl-King'—Amodio Brignoli, with his bell-like tenor, as it smote the air with its 'In terra solo' of the King; Mario—whose paean has been sung in rhyme by Owen Meredith—

"Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,

The best, to my taste, is Trovatore;

And Mario can soothe with a single note

The soul in Purgatory."

I am sorry I sulked about the weather a little while ago. True, the skies did look like Aunt Chloe's copper preserving kettle, and the air blew in the gusts of a moderate simoon; but now, a friendly cloud has gathered and broken, and the great paper-leaf trees shading my window are dripping with a cool delightful shower which has revived the whole of nature. Under its influence, and serenaded by a chorus of noble thunder-growls, I feel much more amiable. Richmond is a very Paradise in the Spring and early Summer. The principal promenade and boulevard is Franklin Street, a long, irregular, enchanting stretch of houses, containing here and there a formal block, but generally, with each mansion following its own impulse and taking its seat just where fancy seizes it! Every house has a garden, or at least a patch of grass, and magnolias, dark leaved and shining, keeps sentinel watch over every door.



Sometimes the shade trees fringing the trottoirs grow so densely together that an arch is formed, like a Cathedral, over the centre [sic] of the street; and up this avenue every afternoon—fall, winter and summer, carriages dash, (coupes filled with bare-headed, pretty looking girls, toward the warm days,) equestrian couples go by in an easy canter over the soft earth road, staff officers, unequalled by Solomon in all his glory, city officials on gently ambling nags, suited to their age and importance, countrymen of your own, who wear stylish English suits, and look disdainfully down upon the private in his worn out coat, at home on the first leave after a dozen battle-fields—gracious! I have run out of breath and limits!

I love Richmond. Richmond proper is full of noble old hospitable souls, whose roots trace back through a host of statesmen and patriots. If there has been a 'little jealous feeling' between the 'residents' and the 'refugees,' to quote from revered Mrs. Grundy, I have had none of it under my ken. I don't wonder that these everlasting 'refugee' wails and pleas grow fatiguing. I must confess our class is at a discount, and I really do think the exile privileges have been abused. After all, I have had a capital time here—chequered [sic], though it was, by the saddest scenes of my life—and on the whole I left up my voice and cry—

"qu'il est bon temps, ce siecle de fer!"

Florence.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, August 29, 1863, p. 63, c. 3

#### Old and New Fashioned Dances.

As to balls themselves thirty years ago, country dances (now expelled by way of joke) were the fashion, and fifty years ago, preceded by the minuet, were the dances of the court. A lady and gentleman "walking" a minuet (as it is called) now-a-days would be considered typical of Adam and Eve before the fall. Here, however, is a double mutation; for the quadrille, which has superceded [sic] the country or contre danse, is but the revival of the cotillion [sic]; while the game of quadrille, once all the rage, has been driven from society by that refined edition of "all fours"—"ecarte." The waltz, which invaded our shores in war time, and frightened the sober and sedate from their propriety, seems to have been also a mere revivication of a dance described, with singular point and animation, by the old gentleman in the "Spectator," who says: "I suppose this diversion was first invented to keep up a good understanding between young men and women; but I am sure had you been here, you would have seen great matter for speculation." Lady Blessington in her interesting and entertaining work, "The Idler in Italy," recently published, informs us that the French mode of dancing the waltz, is entirely free from the imputations which the fastidious still cast upon the method of performing it in England. As to dancing, generally speaking, it appears to be reduced to a fashion rather than an amusement, for two reasons: one, because if there is room left in a ball-room for dancing, the party is considered dull; and the other, because if there be adequate space, the figures are walked, or rather slept through by the performers, as if the whole affair was a "bore," and that the appearance of being either entertained or excited, was something too shocking to be thought of.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, August 29, 1863, p. 64, c. 3

Housewife's Department.

Peach Jam, or Marmelade.—The fruit of this preserve must be quite ripe and perfectly sound. Pare, stone, weigh, and boil it quickly for three-quarters of an hour, and do not fail to stir it often during the time; draw it from the fire, and mix with it ten ounces of well-refined sugar, rolled or beaten to powder, for each pound of peaches; clear it carefully from the scum, and boil it briskly for five minutes; add the strained juice of one or two good lemons; continue the boiling for three minutes only, and pour on the marmalade. Two minutes after the sugar is stirred to the fruit, add the blanched kernels of part of the peaches.

Brandy Peaches.—Take four pounds of ripe peaches, two pounds powdered loaf-sugar. Put the fruit over the fire in cold water; simmer, but not boil, till the skins will rub off easily. Stone them, if liked. Put the sugar and fruit in alternate layers in the jars till filled; then pour in white brandy, and cover the whole. Cork tightly.

Quinces Preserved Whole.—Pare and put them into a sauce-pan, with the parings at the top; then fill it with hard water; cover it close; set it over a gentle fire till they turn reddish; let them stand till cold; put them into a clear, thick syrup; boil them a few minutes; set them on one side till quite cold; boil them again in the same manner; the next day boil them until they look clear; if the syrup is not thick enough, boil it more; when cold, put brandied paper over them. The quinces may be halved or quartered.

Blackberry wine.—The following is said to be an excellent receipt for the manufacture of superior wine from blackberries: Measure your berries and bruise them, to every gallon adding one quart of boiling water; let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally; then strain off the liquor into a cask, to every gallon adding two pounds of sugar; cork tight, and let stand till the following October, and you will have wine ready for use, without any further straining or boiling, that will make lips smack as they never smacked, under similar influences, before.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, September 19, 1863, p. 85, p. 1-3

A Blockade Correspondence.

Edited by Refugitta.

Number 7.

Richmond, August, 1863.

To bear disappointment gracefully is one of the hardest lessons ever marked out for her scholars by that cross-grained school teacher, Destiny. I have been grieving over the exemplification of this perhaps trite remark, as evidenced in the harvest of our army's summer campaign. Poor, downcast Confederate nation! It is no easy matter to kiss unmurmuring the rod that turned the scale of Gettysburg against us! It is no light task to see a silver lining in the background of that dismal three days' ending! When I think of the gallant blood running like water, and mingling its mournful current with that of hirelings and slaves 'in one red burial blent;' when I remember the handful of Picketts' division who charged up those heights and met death in an iron phalanx, whose prowess will ring through all time; when I think of the eager Maryland boys lying down without a hesitant pang, upon the threshold of the homes they had died to redeem, and offering their corpses only as an earnest of deliverance yet to come; when I remember the hopes staked, and the anticipation trembling, for the issue of that daring onward march, I feel sick and sorrowful to know what the gloomy verdict was. From the moment that the sad tidings of beleagured [sic] Vicksburg electrified our midst, to the awful day, close at hand, when the first

rumors of reverses in Pennsylvania fell like a paralyzing pall, there has been in our country's annals, no such period of depression.

Let us then, taking all this into consideration, look leniently upon the desponding ones, who cry, alas! for the most fatal of mistakes. But what can never be countenanced, never be forgiven, in more than a few so-called Southern patriots, is the wicked spirit born like the Olympic deities to full maturity, which has been the mushroom spawn of our great calamity. It is scarcely necessary to do more than allude to its nature; we Southern people who read with burning blushes the opinion of a Yankee press, which tells us that 'though Jeff. Davis is a fiend incarnate, and has served his people faithfully, they are low and contemptible enough to turn with scurrilous ingratitude against him in the day of reverse,' must know what this Hydra is. Thank God, in the indignation of our country at large, there may be found a Hercules to strangle it. But not only against our pure and idolized President has the scorpion tongue been raised. The christian soldier whose light has been to us like the pillar of fire to guide the Israelites, whose untainted fame needs not the offering of my poor eulogy to swell his deathless glory, has been accused of yielding weakly to the tyranny of his chief, and the blind urgency of the multitude! Ah! let us recall how that other leader whom Virginia's hand laid long ago on her country's pyre, met and outweathered a gale like this!

I think it is Sir Walter Scott who somewhere says 'my voice shall be for that general who will possess those qualities which are necessary to command men like us: High-born he must be, or we shall lose our rank in obeying him—wise and skillful, or we shall endanger the safety of our people—bravest of the brave, or we shall peril our own honor; temperate, firm, and manly, to keep us united. Such is the man to command us!'

It is a union of all these qualities that has made our Lee so peerless in our hearts.

Don't you remember in our earliest schoolroom, darling, that little dog-eared, brown-covered copy of Aesop, the oft-told story of the man and his bundle of arrows? The moral is too good and pithy ever to grow stale. Alas! that there are those who should ever have forgotten it. One of the toughest examples left by those nations who have preceded us in the way to independence and victory, is that of merging every force with a hearty good will and faith into the hands of their chosen chieftain. Did not Hannibal yield to the distrust of Carthage? Have we grown oblivious to the fact that men who were seventy times his inferior succeeded, when backed by that Senate which rendered homage to Varro?

In the excitement of my feeling, I wander far away from the topics that are inside the chalk marks of a woman's allotted scope. Well, sustained by a mighty faith in Southern chivalry, my modest 'place aux dames!' goes forth.

Amid all of our weariness and troubling, wandering, waiting, feverish, praying to pierce a glance into the shadowy future of our stricken land, I am forcibly reminded of an anecdote recorded by Miss Muloch.

To an ambassador, tossing sleepless on his bed, his old servant said:

'Sir, if I may put them to you, will you answer three questions? First, did not the Almighty govern this world very well before you came into it?

'Of course.'

'And will He not do the same when you have gone out of it?'

'I know that.'

'Then, Sir, don't you think He is able to govern it while you are in it?'

The Ambassador smiled assent, turned round, and slept calmly.'

Let this adorn my tale; and now for some of the lighter tints to my picture. I have been very much interested, during a late visit to the country, in various home-manufactures, developed by the outside pressure of the blockade. What will you say to molasses made out of watermelon juice, and very good brandy concocted from the same? For the merits of the latter, I cannot personally vouch, holding Mr. Stiggins' doctrine on the subject of the 'wanity' of 'taps;' but the molasses is capital—rich, well-colored, and of good consistency. I believe it is made by boiling down the juice—a very simple process. For the first time, I saw the sorghum in growth, and tasted also of the syrup made from its cane. Each farmer has a plantation upon his grounds, and in some counties I believe they expect plentiful returns. It has a beautiful aspect, in its present luxuriant verdure. The leaves grow like corn, and are peculiarly divided in ridges. The young cane is sweet and succulent.

The Virginia land owners are also beginning the universal culture of cotton—that is, as far as they can, in those few counties not subject to constant incursion. I don't wonder at the enthusiasm of extreme Southerners about this beautiful product, the pride of Panola. From the early blossoms, of faint lovely lemon color, like a very delicate holly-hock, to the boll, bursting to disclose a fairy fall of snow, it is the prettiest useful plant I ever saw. Then, I was taken to visit the spinning-wheel, and made my first effort at that charming art, rather an abortive one it proved, greatly to the amusement of an old negro auntie, who stood by, grinning toothless approval of my amateur performance. Close at hand stood the loom, at which officiated a neat young mulatto woman, and I could not restrain a wish to become mistress of an accomplishment so becoming to a fine arm and figure. I am confident, that fact once known, would become an incentive to female industry throughout the South!

All around us, the farm re-echoed with a hum of business. It was the prettiest scene imaginable. The quarter, in one of whose huts we stood, was embowered in foliage—while each cabin had its separate patch of ground, devoted to sweet potatoes, corn, tomatoes; in fact, as my cicerone, the mistress, laughingly observed, 'their vegetables beat mine, all hollow!' The walks and floors were swept clean as the decks of a man-of-war; the beds, covered with homespun counterpanes, woven by the servants themselves; and the usual addition to such scenes, a billion or so of infantile Ethiops, with their heels in the air, completed the cheer of the picture. If you had my fancy for that species of dark-hued Arcadia, you would know how to appreciate it.

Straw plating is another mania throughout the State. I have not doubt, you, with your beautiful Leghorn and Dorsey's fall trimming of wheat-ears and lace, would turn up your nose at the bonnet grown, and platted, shaped and pressed upon one spot! But you would be astonished at the success of some endeavors in the 'Rough and Ready' style of hat and bonnet. Almost every lady in Richmond sits down in her parlor, with a circular roll of straw, to supersede the old time crochet and tatting, two feminine fancies, by the way, of which my ignorance has always cherished unmitigated horror.

I would ask you to send us more fashions, but that the farce resembled those melancholy entertainments indulged in by school girls, who possess themselves of a stray cook-book! It, as Mr. Toots would say, is of 'no consequence' to me that skirts are worn with double quilling below the hem. I should like to know what we have to quill, or, when quilled, to put it on. Pardon the momentary petulance, but I think that when peace is declared, my first act will be to burn up and utterly consume every article of my now slim and melancholy wardrobe, which might almost be compressed, like Mr. Jingle's, into a brown paper parcel, worn under the arm! Pity your reduced friend,

Florence.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, September 19, 1863, p. 88, c. 1-3

Summary: Cartoon of extortioners being burned at the stake on a pile of Confederate money. "This will have the happy effect, both of ridding the community of their presence; and at the same time reducing the circulating medium."

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, September 19, 1863, p. 88, c. 4

New Music.

Stonewall Brigade, Song,	\$1.00
Southern Troopers, Song,	1.00
She Forever, Song,	1.00
Old Dominion March, dedicated to Governor William Smith,	1.00
Patty Mazurka, dedicated to all fair Patties	1.00
Rock Me to Sleep, Variations	1.50
Lorena, Variations,	1.50

Address Prof. Charles Nordendorf,  
Female College, Danville, Va.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, September 19, 1863, p. 88, c. 4

New Music.

Piano Songs.—Boys, keep you powder dry, price 75 cents.

Carrie Bell, 75 cts.

God will Defend the Right, 75 cts.

How can I leave Thee, 75 cts.

I see her still in my Dreams, 75 cts.

I will not Quite Forget, 75 cts.

Kiss me before I die, Mother, 75 cts.

Keep me awake, Mother, by H. Schoeller, 75 cts.

Let me kiss him for his Mother, 75 cts.

Lorena, 75 cts.

Mother, is the battle over, by B. Roeffs, 75 cts.

O give me a Home by the Sea, 75 cts.

Paul Vane, 75 cts.

Southern Marseillaise, 75 cts.

Southron's Chant of Defiance, 75 cts.

Stars of Our Banner, 75 cts.

There's Life in the Old Land yet, 75 cts.

Violetta, 75 cts.

Piano Instrumental.

Beauregard Manassas Quickstep, 75 cts.

Confederate's Grand march, 75 cts.  
Beauregard's Grand March, 75 cts.  
Our first President's Quickstep, 75 cts.  
Soldier's Greeting March Militaire, 75 cts.  
Never Surrender Quickstep, \$1.  
Signal Corps Schottisch, 75 cts.  
Brightest Eyes Gallop, 75 cts.  
Pensiviana, 75 cts.  
Music sent by mail, upon receipt of the marked prices, free of postage.

Blackmar & Bro.,  
Augusta, Ga.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, September 19, 1863, p. 88, c. 4

Now Ready,  
and for Sale,  
Smith's English Grammar!

Revised and improved, and adapted to the use of Schools in the Confederate States.  
12 mo: 200 pp. Price \$2.  
Sent to any address, upon receipt of the price.  
The Trade supplied upon liberal terms.  
Discount to Teachers.  
Address

Geo. L. Bidgood,  
Publisher and Bookseller,  
Richmond, Va.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, September 26, 1863, p. 93, p. 2-3

A Blockade Correspondence.  
Edited by Refugitta.  
Number 8.

Baltimore, August, 1863.

At last, this dreary summer is ebbing to its close, and I gain heart, my dear Florence, to resume my long indolent pen.

Truly, we can cry with Cain, 'my burden is greater than I can bear!' It seems to me that the sunshine of my youth has grown dim and dusk, when it does fall across the pathway.—Even the Hope in my Pandora's box is balanced trembling upon its edge. I sometimes think it is idle to mourn for the early martyrs of this war; to us, who are left behind, the bourne they have reached is, in too many cases, all that is left to pray for; they have found in their dreamless rest the true nepenthe!

But, alas with these melancholy musings.—I can fancy you telling me that they are worthy of insertion in the album of some 'Minnie Myrtle' or 'Clarissa Cowslip,' who has registered at least one hundred vows of deathless devotion, to as many 'dear, sweet girls,' on pale

pink paper, with cerulean ink. (One of those very receptacles that I met in a dress-maker's parlor, by the way, contained an 'original' lucubration, beginning—

'When hours are dying in the darkened dell of days'—a piece of alliteration (signed Adolphine,) that so stunned me I could go no farther!

Apropos, what a fiction is woman's friendship generally! It is such a pleasant thing to exchange eternal protestations of fidelity in the dressing-room at a party, with Louisa, who cries 'my dearest child! that exquisite tarlatane! And who but you would have dreamed of this heavenly coiffure. Mamma often tells me that no one of her acquaintance has your taste; do kiss me again, darling—there, don't let me rumple you;' and a couple of hours afterwards; wedged in behind the supper-room door, with your attendant, Smith, to overhear a chat like this—

'What! You don't think Angelo Price pretty. Why, she is called one of our greatest belles. Well, then you surely must admire Secessia \_\_\_\_\_. She is my dearest friend, and such a sweet creature; if I only could persuade her not to wear blue with that sallow skin—and pink flowers stuck on as if she had butted headlong into a milliner's shop, and come out adorned like a promenading rainbow! Then, to be sure—now don't look so satirical, Mr. Jones—I know you are thinking about that absurd little nose of her's [sic], which turns up as if it were disgusted with the view of her lips, which are too thin and wide, I must admit.—You men are so serious upon us poor girls, and I really sha'nt allow you to think such naughty things about that sweet Secessia. Now, don't demur Mr. Jones—I see it in your eyes, and when you have that quizzical expression, I never know who will fall next under your lash. she is just as amiable as she can be—and if she only wouldn't allow herself to be persuaded into singing in a crowd, with that poor little sparrow-chirp of a voice, would be quite lovely, as I often tell her, the dear, good-natured thing. What! You don't want to be introduced, Mr. Jones! Why, they say she dances delightfully, if she does rattle, etc., etc., ad infinitum.'

All this I stand and hear, feeling as though my new satin shoes had suddenly shrunk up to two sizes less than my usual number, while poor Mr. Jones, whose blank wall countenance has been guiltless of all change from time immemorial, strokes his hay colored moustache in mystified awe of his discriminating companion. It is nothing new to me—and I come down stairs the next day, when Louisa calls upon me—and kiss her with extreme effusion.

Bah! To my mind, the best epitome of feminine affection lies in that scene from London 'Punch'—

'Good-bye, dear—come round soon, spend a nice long day, and I will show you all my new things.'

'Oh yes, love! That will be so nice.'

And the osculations form frequent parentheses. *Ansi va le monde!* But only the 'world,' thank heaven! I am glad that behind its disillusioning process, which drops gall into the reddest wine cups, there is true love, true sympathy, true friendship, steady, burning ever like the lamp of Vesta, and lasting through change and time. It is all summed up in what a sweet, sad poet woman, has sung:

"Oh! ask not, hope though not too much  
Of sympathy below;  
Few are the hearts whence one same touch  
Bids the sweet fountain flow.  
For that full bliss of thought allied,  
Never to mortals given,  
Oh! lay thy lovely dreams aside,

And life them up to Heaven."

I commenced this scrawl with the intention of confining myself to the actual facts of our present oppressed existence. As usual, I have strayed far off into the by lanes. And now to claim your attention from Secessia visionary to Secessia practical, let me tell you of our late life in this changed old home of my allegiance—Baltimore.

You have, of course, heard startling reports of the fortifications thrown up in and around our city, at the time of Gen. Lee's advance.—Tremble, timorous Southrons, as well ye may, at the impregnable barricades formed of a line of hogsheds filled with sand, formed across our principal streets! They have had a species of reduced curfew system instituted latterly, and precisely when the clock is on 'the stroke o' ten,' I have found myself obliged to spring up after the fashion of Cinderella, and make my way back, so as to ensure passing the picketed barricade to reach my home. Our house has been searched for 'arms and letters,' and the valiant Federals succeeded in capturing (after a severe skirmish wit me) six cartridges and a package of my old billets doux, which if they had the patience to read, it is more than I ever had. With their spoils they retreated triumphantly. As they turned to go, I sank into a chair and exhaustedly calling for a smelling bottle and a fan, directed the servants to scour the house from top to bottom. My victors looked furiously back at me, but remembering, doubtless, the anecdote of the tailor's wife and the scissors, concluded to walk off like so many smouldering [sic] Aetnas!

You will be wondering all the while why I have endured the tortures of our ingenious inquisition when there is a spot of green rurality to fly to. Simply because the regulations have grown so stringent that every Baltimorean leaving the city is compelled to take the oath in order to procure a passport. The inhabitants of the villages and neighborhoods throughout Baltimore county, suspected of disloyalty to the Union, as evidenced by their allowing a rebel raid without informing the United States authorities, are forbidden to enter the city without taking the oath. I was much amused at the royal vengeance of our masters, lately exhibited upon two or three hapless individuals who ventured to smile at the absurdity of their sand hogsheds. The offenders were summarily sent South, and ever since the gravity exhibited by the passers-by leads one to believe them the avant garde of a funeral procession. We were lately permitted to drive to the Fort, and saw sitting upon the grass, under guard, a number of Confederate prisoners, among whom I recognized several of our friends.—What were my feelings upon being forced to pass them by without one sign of recognition. You may be sure there was a glance interchanged that spoke volumes in spite of Yankee bayonets! If my own dear brother, now fighting for us in Dixie, had been among them a word to him would have been at the penalty of banishment or the bastile [sic]!

A few words before I have finished upon the subject that has been so deep a source of mortification and distress to us Southerners. It has no doubt been represented to you in Richmond, that, in compliance with Gen. Schenk's order upon the Fourth of July, and with the fear of a patrol of 'Union Leaguers' before their eyes, the secession citizens of Baltimore united to raise the Yankee flag as a protection to their dwellings. I am obliged, with a burning blush for the weakness which could have prompted it, to confess that in more than one case this degrading measure was adopted. In those, who had the courage to face their tyrant's decree, how much more glorious the upright and fearless declaration of their true principles. Let the craven-spirited remember that they have set the first taint upon the fair fame of patriot Baltimore!

Secessia.



[Written for the Illustrated News.]  
A Blockade Correspondence.  
Edited by Refugitta.  
Number 9.

\_\_\_\_\_ County, Va., 1863.

Beautiful, warm, golden September, finds me off in the country, revelling [sic] in delights that make the picture of Richmond—left behind—dull by contrast. Ah! if I could but faintly shadow forth, for your benefit, poor 'melancholy starling,' a semblance of the sweet scenes around me that turn the lock in the face of grim-visaged war and bring back to my thirsting soul, memories—dear, blessed memories—of home and girlhood, that I had thought banished for ever in the after days of darkness!

Somehow or other, amid the various iconoclastic expeditions of the enemy, this little nook of a Virginia homestead has been spared. It is just the very spot to enjoy, after a run away from that 'microcosm, on stilts, yclept the great world,'—fresh, dewy, tranquil, hung with an unbroken calm that makes me start at the liquid gush of a bird note, or the lowing of far off cows. Ah! \_\_\_\_\_, there is not upon earth an enjoyment so delicious as that of a walk in the russeting woods, the deep green varied by an upshooting column of some decayed tree, wrapped in the foliage of a scarlet vine, and here and there a sweet-gum or maple, blushing with the kiss of early Autumn!

Such rambles as we have had—such chinquapen [sic] hunts after the pretty little shining brown nuts, laughing behind their prickly green whiskers—such idle saunterings homewards, in the opaline light that falls just after sunset—when the cloud turrets fade away, and the fringing marsh flowers lose their glowing tints against the dark outline of the perfumed pines—that fairy time, so fitly apostrophised [sic] in the words of the starving day-laborer, John Bethune, who, when only seventeen, sent up his rude, uncultured heart, in strains like these:

"Hail, hallowed evening! sacred hour to me!  
Thy clouds of gray, thy vocal melody,  
They dreamy silence oft to me have brought  
A sweet exchange from toil to peaceful thought;  
-----And I  
Have consecrated thee, bright evening sky,  
My fount of inspiration; and I fling  
My spirit on thy clouds—an offering  
To the great Deity of dying day,  
Who hath transfused o'er thee his purple ray."

Is it not almost worth breaking stones on the parish road, like that poor boy, to have such lovely lines evoked? They seem to me to stand side by side with the famous ones of Dante, beginning—'Era gia l'ora.' After all the great leaven of God, with which He has sowed the seeds of Truth and Beauty, has fulfilled its mission in bringing up to the surface such gems as that. It has touched the secret lute-strings of a humble Burns-has painted images of heavenly mould [sic] before the limited vision of an Ettrick shepherd lad; and has fallen with a luminous glow around the death-bed of the wretched cast-off and suicide, Chatterton. The 'talents' of our Heavenly Father are not strewn strewn broadcast, and with a thoughtless hand.

In the midst of our chosen calm, comes to us blazing pictures of the outer-world jollity, especially in the region of the army, where report says Mars and Momus are holding a fete-day together. With the vivid recollection that I keep of camp-gayety in days gone by—of the reviews, dinners, dress-parades, and gallops in the vicinity of old Manassas, when, as yet, it was in its babyhood, and the clash of arms—a thing to wonder at—it requires some resolution not to cast an eye of repining after those remote 'joys that I've tasted.' Speaking of that reminds me, do you remember our dinner party at Camp \_\_\_\_\_ near Fairfax, (before you found it necessary to go back into thralldom [sic],) Secessia? Such a merry gathering as it was, round the camp-chest, dubbed, par excellence, a table, where we drank health and success to our entertainers in bumpers of claret and champagne, served in battered tin-cups—where we eat raw potatoes, and raw chicken-pie, vowing all the while, that Soyer himself couldn't have surpassed it—where the dessert was headed by a pate composed for the occasion by a master cook in the ranks of Company Z, hard by, and which, with a bountiful array of brown sugar, we contrived to swallow without making very wry faces—where that gallant young Captain, so soon to be laid low on the bloody sods of Richmond, sprang up on a barrel-head, and, under the folds of our battle-flag, improvised the serio-comic address, that I now recall so sadly!

Why must the dark back-ground be to every bright web of tapestry I weave from the skein of the Past? Running the blockade last March I passed over every spot of the classic soil from Manassas to Union Mills, Centreville, and Fairfax. The last time I was one of a jovial ambulance party, under escort of a picked cavalry band, trotting lightly through the leafy forest roads, and making the woods ring with our bandied jests and nonsense. Now, we crept wearily on, over deserted wagon-tracks, over desolate sloughs of 'black-jack' mud, through melancholy wastes of moorland, and under weeping skies—our vehicle a market trap of the most forlorn, drawn by two starved nondescripts, who varied our freezing drive by halting every five moments, to evince their stolid determination not to budge an inch farther. Here and there came something that our imperturbable driver called 'only a leetle skip for the beasts, marm,' but what, to my inexperienced eyes, looked like a precipice, with a foaming torrent beneath, which Heaven only knew how we were to cross—finally accomplished, however, by an amount of banging, coaxing, cursing, prizing, pushing and tugging, that outdoes my descriptive faculties. The little 'skip,' so frequently recurring, proved quite too much for my patience, as well as that of the 'beasts,' and once, if a convenient Hercules, from a neighboring farm, had not appeared in answer to my cry, for aught I know, we might have remained bawling forever in the Slough of (Prince William) Despond!

You cannot conceive a more desolate picture than that stretched around as we plodded our weary way. Dear old camp Pickens, that gathering place of Southern chivalry could be recognized alone by the junction of the Manassas and Orange railroads and the position of the ground. Every tree was felled and building destroyed, while waste and solitude reigned absolute. At another camp ground farther on, the earth was inlaid with some curious foreign substance, which, upon examination, proved to be hundreds of old shoes cast away by the Yankee troops when newly shod upon the onward march. What had been handsome old homesteads, crowning the various heights, glared solemnly down at us out of their hollow eye-sockets, and showed ghastly whitened fronts, round which the wild March winds sougled bleakly. Over the barren hillside was scattered an occasional tall old pine, and for miles the silence was mournfully unbroken, save by the cawing of an evil crow. Oh! how I shuddered at the ghostly sound and the supernatural calm! Always remembering that the night was falling, and our nervous driver in constant tremor on the subject of a stray Yankee scouting party, you may imagine my feelings

were none of the pleasantest. I felt, in contrasting my last experience with this, like some spirit come back to survey the sepulchre [sic] of ages. How many of the intellects, the strengths, the youthful hopes, that would have built up the destiny of our blighted Southern land, had found their end upon these awful plains. All about me were sown mounds of earth, the only sign to mark our unrecorded dead—sole mausoleum of a nation's pride!

But tiens! If I go with these doleful retrospects you will think me on a par with the croaking bird of my story; and, as to my moralizings, Joseph Surface would find it hard to exceed them. Write to me again, and this time I will solicit a small rechauffe of the banquet spread for you by that delightful caterer, Dame Fashion. The swift tread of the melancholy days makes me shiver in the embrace of summer muslins.

Florence.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, October 3, 1863, p. 101, c. 3

#### A Beautiful Idea.

It is pleasant to see a green old age, like a Christmas tree, comfortably boxed in at home. It is pleasant to see its trunk, bent beneath the weight of riches, surrounded by a host of happy children. It is pleasant to see it stretching out its hospitable arms to all, as though it were anxious to embrace the entire party. It is pleasant to see it blossoming with generous things, and shedding a cheerful light on the gay circle it delights in drawing round it. And it is pleasant to see it distributing, with a lavish hand, the treasures it has accumulated on all branches, and to notice its head rising higher ever time it parts with a fresh gift!

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, October 10, 1863, p. 112, c. 1-3

Summary: Cartoon entitled "Contrast" shows a lonely Confederate prisoner in a dark cell of the Ohio Penitentiary, versus Federal prisoners enjoying themselves outside with tents on Belle Isle.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, October 10, 1863, p. 112, p. 3

#### Housewife's Department.

Removing Grease Spots out of Silk.—Take a lump of magnesia and rub it wet over the spot; let it dry, then brush the powder off, and the spot will disappear; or take a visiting card, separate it, and rub the spot with the soft internal part, and it will disappear without taking the gloss off the silk.

How to Remove Mildew from Linen.—First of all, take some soap (any common sort will do), and rub it well into the linen, then scrape some chalk very fine, and rub that in also; lay the linen on the grass, and as it dries wet it again; twice or thrice doing will remove the mildew stains.

All linen will turn yellow if left long unused, locked up in a linen press, excluded from air and light; so the best way that I have found of restoring it to its color is to expose it to the open air in nice dry weather. Exposure to the light and continual airing will be found the best way of preserving its whiteness. I know of none other.

French Cake.—Two cups sugar, three of flour, half a cup butter, three eggs, one cup milk, two teaspoons cream tartar, one teaspoon soda.

Jumbles.—Three cups of sugar, two of butter, three eggs, four tablespoons of sour cream, one teaspoon saleratus. Roll thin; sprinkle coffee sugar thickly on the top before placing them in the oven.

To Make Yeast.—Five large potatoes, one quart boiling water, one cup brown sugar, one cup yeast. Boil your potatoes, and sift them; add your sugar, when milk warm, to your yeast; half a cup is sufficient for two loaves.

Orange Color.—Two ounces of saleratus, one ounce of otter [note: probably amaretto seed], six quarts of soft water. Dip your yarn in hot water, then in the dye. Boil one hour.

Cleaning Knives and Forks.—It is an excellent way to have, at dinner-time, on a side-table, a deep, tall, japanned or painted mug or can, filled with sufficient hot water to cover the blades of the knives and forks, but not enough to reach to their handles, which the hot water would split or loosen. As the plates are taken from the table, the servant who waits should at once stand the knives and forks upright (blade downwards) in this vessel of water, which will prevent the grease from drying on them, and make them very easy to wash when dinner is over.

Bread and Butter Pudding.—Butter a tart-dish well and sprinkle some currants all round it, then lay in a few slices of bread and butter; boil one pint of milk, pour it on two eggs well whipped, and then on the bread and butter; bake it in a hot oven for half an hour.

Cream Cake.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sour cream, five eggs, four cups of flour, one teaspoonful of saleratus.

Keeping Cider Sweet.—A pint of mustard seed put in a barrel of cider will preserve it sweet for a number of months. I have drank fall cider in the month of May which was kept sweet by this means.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, October 17, 1863, p. 115, c. 1-2

### The Fashions.

#### What to Buy, and How to Make It!

There is a pretty idea current somewhere, that in a spiritual existence the clothing worn is as much a part of the body as the color on the cheek, the light in the eye, or the lustre [sic] of the hair. That each garment is an outgrowth of the interior quality—its tints, hues and texture symbolical of the spirit within. We do not know why this may not be true; to a certain extent it is true, notwithstanding all that is said of the absolutism and tyranny of Fashion; for does not the very slavish obedience to her decrees speak for the natural tendency to servility and degradation of some souls?

We find that Dame Fashion is charged with many sins for which she is not responsible. Does any lady appear in an unbecoming color, fabric, or style of garment, people do not place the fault of taste to her account, but to that of Fashion. They say, "Poor thing, how she looks in that horrid fright;" but then it is Fashion, and it will not do to say anything. That may be true, but then it is not the fashion for her unless it is becoming.

If Fashion could be reduced to a fixed law, it would soon become a science. But it is subject to no fixed laws, no certain rules, nor, even like the moon, to pre-ordained changes; its caprices are as fanciful as the movements of a troop of fairies at one of their moonlight revels.

As the tergiversations of this same capricious Dame Fashion are regarded with interest just at this period by the ladies of the Confederacy, we re-publish from "La (Paris) Follet" the rules laid down by her for the present Fall, in regard to

## ["]What to Buy and How to Make It!

The Bonnets.—Bonnetts this season are essentially different in many respects from those worn during the corresponding season last year. The sides are shallower, the capes smaller, and the front more drooping. The inside trimming still inclines toward the top of the bonnet, and the crown, generally speaking, is flat. The cape has been denuded of its heading, and looks all the better for the loss. The winter and autumnal bonnetts are all solid, the transparent fronts having disappeared with the summer bonnetts. No shape that has ever been devised by the teeming brain of a French modiste equals in grace and beauty the Marie Stuart. Nothing is so universally becoming. It is the only shape that it is impossible to vulgarize, and we are glad to chronicle its re-appearance. Gay colors are not fashionable. On this point taste and fashion now coalesce. For the coming winter black velvet bonnetts take the lead; but other colors are not tabooed. Cuir color is in high favor, and purple retains its hold on public estimation. The trimmings are principally formed of feathers and flowers. Lace, too, enters into these combinations, but more sparingly than we have seen it used on other occasions.["]

At the opening of the Fall season in Paris a bonnet was on exhibition which is thus described by "La Follet:"

["]One, made of white uncut velvet, bound and lined with the same material in black, attracted the admiration of every new influx of visitors that from morn till dusk poured into the establishment. The strings of broad black ribbon were shaded by overstrings of soft, misty tulle, full flowing and fluted; a fall of rare Chantilly lace was thrown half across the bonnet, and on the droop of the crown a roll of velvet was disposed in the form of a noead [sic?], in the center of which nestled a tiny bird of Paradise, its gay plumage more distinctly seen in contrast with the snowy receptacle in which it rested, and its sweeping tail feathers of dazzling white falling like a heron's plume in rigid but not ungraceful lines over the back of the bonnet. The fall trimming was perfection, one silitary [sic] "red, red rose" and two half-blown buds, the deep carnation petals bursting through the vernal sheath, and rose and buds emerging from a bed of green and black heath over one temple, and in the opposite semicircular nook, peculiar to the Marie Stuart style, was a fold of velvet and puffings of tulle, forming something very new and striking.

Close to the hat we have just described, and dividing the honors with it, was one of black velvet, trimmed outside and inside with roses glistening with dew, of the species known as rose de chien. The cape was divided into three parts, trimmed with a fringe of steel and jet of novel design, and along the side, crown and brim run a ridge of velvet, arranged in a manner so peculiar that we despair of giving any idea of it. Strings pink, overstrings white tulle; face trimming bandeau of white tulle, black velvet, pink roses, buds and heath. This hat, as well as others in the same establishment, was shaped a la Marie Stuart.

While reading our description of the face trimmings, our readers will do well to bear in mind that the fashionable shape necessarily divides it into two parts. By so doing they will be able to form a correct idea of the effect. In the same establishment were several opera hats, some colorless as snowflakes, others growing like the deep beauty of a rose. One composed of tulle fullled lengthwise on the frame, the cape bound with scarlet velvet, point lace over cape, a tuft of scarlet ostrich feathers on top embedded in tulle, front trimming a band of scarlet velvet and a heart-shaped fall of black lace, strings scarlet, and overstrings white tulle, was perfect in its way. As the scarlet mantles will be much worn at the Opera, hats designed to be worn with them must be either unmixed, white or white and scarlet.

## Dresses.

In this department we have all the materials of former seasons—silks in all their bewildering variety, moire antiques, cloths, poplins, merinoes, alpacas, ottoman cloths, and a great many anonymous nondescripts. Plaids are candidates for popular favor this season, and we think, from all the indications, that their chances are very fair. They are a very irrepressible style of dress, these same plaids; they are no sooner down than they are up again—a very Celtic characteristic. We have them in merinoes, in cloths and in poplin, and in every variety and combination of colors. Shawls are in great demand, and nothing can be more elegant when gracefully disposed—a very rare gift, by the way, and one for which the Empress Josephine was celebrated.

## The Corsage.

There is no one style absolute above all others for the corsage. We have wonderful variety and perfect liberty of choice—all are equally desirable. The belt waist still holds its place. There are many varieties of the pointed waist, and the choice between them is so puzzling, that it would take a lady of very decided character indeed to enter into this question of the points. We will, however, for the benefit of our readers, mention the styles on exhibition at the 'opening day:'

First, we have the old fashioned, orthodox single point in the front; then we have the point front and back; next, the points front, back and sides; then we have two points in the front and back; then three points in the front—a large central one and two shorter ones—and then we have these points repeated at the back and at the sides. Trimmings are very elaborate, and are placed on every available spot and disposed in every conceivable way. Velvet is much used on silks, so is lace, and forms the most elegant and costly of all trimmings. Ruchings of silk are also much admired, and braiding and embroidery are universal.["]

Another very elegant and distingue dress is thus described:

["] It was an exquisite cerulean blue silk, made with a plain waist and high to the throat. The peculiarity of this corsage consisted in this: the sash was cut out with the waist, and from where the points would have been the sash fell in graceful fulness [sic] to the trimming of the skirt. The skirt was profusely trimmed in a very effective and novel manner. Three rows of narrow flounces, edged with black lace, extended over one-half of the breadth; the other half was trimmed with three rows of broad blue velvet, matching the colors of the dress. Over all ran an exquisite wreath embroidered in blue silk braid. The sleeve was the loose coat sleeve, which is the most fashionable of all the present styles, trimmed with rows of fullings to match the skirt, and placed on the top of the sleeve in the epaulette style, now so much affected. The same trimming prevailed in the corsage, and around the neck was a fulling of lace. Jackets will be worn of cloth or merino. One which appears to be the favorite is made a la militaire, with rever [sic?] collar epaulettes on the coat sleeves and braidings across the front.

## The Sleeve.

The coat sleeve is the favorite. It is made loose enough to admit of an under sleeve, and has generally a pointed rever [sic?] for cuff. The trimming is disposed on the outer edge of the

sleeve, and consists of quillings of ribbons, velvet, or ruchings of silk. We occasionally get glimpses of the flowing sleeve, but that is all—the coat sleeve is in the ascendant.

### The Skirt.

The skirt retains its full flowing amplitude of width, and bids fair to do so, although the frame work on which it was displayed is dwindling perceptibly. The immense hoops that blocked up our sidewalks and cumbered our stages are, we hope and trust, consigned to the tomb of the Capulets, never to be resuscitated; and in their place we have the unobtrusive, lady-like Quaker hoop. The skirt, as we have said before, retains its fulness [sic], and is trimmed with the utmost prodigality. Flounces, quillings, passanterie, embroidery, braiding, separate and combined, attest the universal rage for decorations. The "Gabrielle" is a style of dress that cannot be worn by every one with impunity. It will never be popular.—Broad bands of velvet, the color of the dress or contrasting colors, are much used in trimming skirts. They are placed horizontally, vertically and diagonally; they are arranged crosswise, lozengewise, en tablier, and with plastrons, a shield-shaped trimming that is carried up the front of the skirt and continued on the corsage. Trimming is frequently disposed in undulations and involutions that are perfect mysteries to the uninitiated.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, October 17, 1863, p. 117, p. 1-3

[Written for the Illustrated News.]

A Blockade Correspondence.

Edited by Refugitta.

Number 10.

Baltimore, September 29, 1863.

I have sat down this morning, buoyed up by the promise of my letter's safe convoy across the Potomac, determined to make amends for the dullness of my last. This time I will give you fashions with a minuteness of detail worthy of "Le Follet" or "Le Bon Ton," and on dits with the pertinacity of that queen of scandal-mongers, Mrs. Grundy herself.

And to begin, let me ward off the cynical criticism of some chance reader who may scorn this chapter of femininities, by choosing a text from that ever-to-be-respected, though Germano-Anglicised, Thomas Carlyle, when, in commencing his 'World in Clothes,' he says:

"As Montesquieu wrote a Spirit of Laws," observes our Professor, "so could I write a Spirit in clothes;" thus, with an Esprit des Loix, properly an Esprit de Coutumes, we should have an Esprit de Costumes. For, neither in tailoring nor legislating, does man proceed by mere accident, but the hand is ever guided on by mysterious operations of the mind. In all his modes and habitory endeavors, an Architectural Idea will be found lurking; his Body, and the Cloth, are the site and materials whereon and whereby his beautified edifice of a Person is to be built.

'Again, what meaning lies in color! From the soberest drab to the high-flaming scarlet, spiritual idiosyncrasies unfold themselves in choice of color; if the cut betoken Intellect and Talent, so does the color betoken Temper and Heart.'

Now, if you will promise to consider my warming over of Madame Virefolet's novelties, as an 'Opening of Idiosyncrasies' alone, and her prettiest bonnet an "Architectural Idea,' I think we can treat them with a dignity which could give offence to not the most strong minded.

In the first place, listen to the eloquence of Jenkins of the New York "Herald," upon the "Opening Day!" 'Yesterday dawned bright and clear, relieving many a mind of a load of care and anxiety for the success of the great semi-annual event that keeps the world agog with expectation for weeks beforehand.' Think of it, ye outcast Confederates! A whole Yankee world agog with anticipation about new bonnets! What was the result of Chickamauga compared to it? Has Rosecranz anything in common with this agitating pique velvet?—Who cares whether his position is impregnable, provided crinoline stands?

However that may be, to conclude my long preamble, one delightful fact is certain, and that is, that Mary Stuart bonnets have returned! Every woman knows how becoming are those drooping fronts, falling in a graceful point over the part of the hair. Scarlet and white, strange to say, those two rebel colors, over which our tyrant Schenk, danced a tarantula of indignation, are introduced largely and distinctly into the Paris bonnets—and with that imperial stamp, are bought up in New York. The other fashionable color, cuir, to my mind indicates truly a very 'queer' sort of taste; it is a cross between brick-dust and tan—trying to one and every face!

The prettiest thing I have seen is an opera hat formed of white tulle, full over the frame; the cape bound with scarlet velvet, is covered with point lace. On top, drooping over the front, a tuft of scarlet ostrich feathers. It was positively perfection. Plaids, the irrepressible, have again come in; shawls are more worn than ever; points are introduced in absurd numbers. At the back and sides—three points in front, one large, two small—then two behind and one in front, and, in fact, just as the fancy seizes a lunatic modiste! The loose coat sleeve is the most fashionable of all. I have a light blue silk, made in Paris. The waist is plain and high, and its peculiarity, that just where the points would have been the sash is cut out with the waist, and falls to the skirt trimming.

Hair is the most elaborate of structures! It is absolutely indispensable to wear it either curled in short bunches above the temple, or crepe, and puffed into that shape. None is visible behind the ears from a front view, and the head dress is "Ossa on Pelion piled!"

A very admirable trans-Atlantic joke has reached us, which will, no doubt, amuse you.

It seems that Thurlow Weed has written back to the "Times" a semi-official account of a grand diplomatic success, in which he managed to have suppressed or withheld, a certain offensive paragraph relative to the Yankee stone fleet at Charleston harbor, and savouring [sic] of recognition to the Confederates, purporting to be in the Emperor's annual message to the Corps Legislatif. In his story, he represents that Dayton and Bigelow, by some means, became aware that the hostile paragraph was about to be published, and immediately telegraphed post haste to London, for that mastermind (Weed's) attendance. Thurlow arrived, lost no time in raking among rusty consular tomes for facts and precedents. At last, the trio discovered triumphantly in the treaty of Utrecht that France, at the dictation of Holland and England, had closed the harbor of Dunkirk, and two years after, had sealed the port with stone barriers.

Hurrah! cries Mr. Thurlow Weed, and receiving the congratulations of his friends, flies to mystify the County de Morny with the tale of his discovery. De Morny doesn't understand in the least what he is driving at, but bows with mystified politeness. Eureka! reiterates Thurlow, and forthwith ran to see the Emperor. Napoleon bowed before the sagacity of Thurlow, and left the paragraph out of his message. Mr. Diplomat Weed claps his hands, and writes back to Seward to have his salary raised. Vive Thurlow! especially in his own estimation.

Meantime, another account comes out, which includes the rebel minister in this creamy affair. The Yankee correspondent of the New York paper says that Louis Napoleon has a hanger-on named Mocquard, a cats-paw on occasion of petty difficulty, and a general receiver of



diplomatic bribes. This writer states that Slidell hired Mocquard, with a pocketful of rebel bonds, to get the Emperor to insert the passage about Charleston Harbor. Mocquard solemnly promised, and Slidell departed with his tale of good tidings for the Southrons in Paris, who accordingly sing Dixie all night, and otherwise rejoice. Dayton and Bigelow get wind of it, and hence their energetic course, which has been related. The American Minister hunts up Mocquard, gives him a good price, and the wary Frenchman reads out the obnoxious paragraph in very good English, translated from a paper he holds in his hand. But the best of all is that this stone fleet paragraph, which Mr. Slidell bribed Mocquard to put into the Emperor's message, and which Thurlow Weed succeeded in striking out, never was in the message at all. The Emperor never had heard of it. Mocquard invented the whole affair in order to fleece the Northern and Southern diplomats. Alas, for Mr. Thurlow Weed! Of all the many taken on that occasion, his plumes are the worse wilted!—his card-castle the most decidedly smashed!

Three years ago, ere yet the civil power in our community was put into subjection by the sword, we thought ourselves the freest people in the world, and would have laughed to scorn the advanced opinion of Victor Hugo, that 'France was the birth-place and the Parisians the nurses of true liberty.' Now Paris, with its Imperial Ruler, its shackled press, its innumerable gens d'arms, is free, compared with poor enslaved Baltimore. Liberty of opinion under Yankee rule! Pshaw! That is an idea belonging to past ages. Liberty of speech! Still less a privilege in the atmosphere where a peaceful minister of the gospel cannot decline to receive a scholar in the school whose every other inmate cherished opposing sentiments, without arrest; where a daily journal dare not publish verses indicative of feeling for the South, without instant suppression! My only comfort lies in the 'house divided against itself.' Still smarting under the escape of Lee's army, they utter bitter complaints against Rosecranz's too cautious advance, and Dalghren's want of dash at Charleston. One of the late witticisms they have gotten off at the expense of the latter is that 'Dupont damaged the monitors, but damaged Sumter too; while Dalghren does no damage to the monitors, and no one can see that he damaged anything else!'

Speaking of bon mots, reminds me of a late effort of that dear old Punch in connection with us. 'Prognosticating the exhaustion of the Confederates, a Northern paper says—"The Long Purse will give us victory." Perhaps The Long Bow has done it heretofore.' Isn't that a good thing?

I see the Republican journals whisper of a withdrawal of the Confederate envoy in consequence of the position assumed by England. Whatever is the influence of those two tough-headed old wretches, Palmerston and Russell, against him, I have reason to believe that our minister reflects no small degree of credit both upon his State and country. His temperance and dignified endurance of petty slights have elicited admiration in many quarters.

Enfin, I have out-scribbled even the limits I allow for your partiality, and, after all, have left much untold that might interest you. I have been beguiled into hoping that my letter may reach you before its little froth subsides.

Secessia.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, October 17, 1863, p. 117, c. 4  
The Result of Street Education.

--Keep your children off the street.

By that we mean, do not let them make acquaintance on the sidewalks. If they frequent the public schools, you must establish a sort of verbal quarantine at your own door, and examine the useful tongue once a day, to see if it has not a secretion of slang upon it.

Mrs. Careful's little son Manfred came running into the paternal mansion the other day, shouting to the cook:--

"No then, old girl, slap up that dinner."

"Why! Manfred!" began the astonished mother, "where did you learn such language? who have you been playing with?"

"Me," said the hopeful, "I generally play with Dick Turner, cause he's a bully boy with a glass eye. That's so."

The fond mother was about to express some astonishment at the optical misfortune of Dick, when the son continued:

"May, I'm going to buy a plug! Jem Smith wears one, and I'm as big as he."

"A plug!" gasped the mother.

"Yes sir-ee, a plug. I've got the spoundulicks salted down in my box, sure; it's bound to come."

The mother at this juncture, ordered the youngster up stairs, and sent for a man servant to interpret the slang.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, October 17, 1863, p. 120, c. 1-3

Summary: Cartoon of lady chicken seller/boarding house keeper, commenting on long-legged, long-necked chickens

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, October 17, 1863, p. 120, c. 3

#### Housewife's Department.

Beefsteak Pudding.—Prepare a good crust, as for a fruit pudding. Take beefsteak cut in small pieces, a few slices of very nice salt pork, season with pepper, salt, summer savory, and a small piece of onion, if fancied; dust flour in your meat, put the crust in the cloth, the meat in the crust, tie tightly, and boil three hours or a little more. When cut open, pour in a little melted butter. A very little experience will teach any one to make this pudding, and to those who are in the habit of broiling or frying steak, it will soon commend itself for the saving.

To Keep Muslins of a Good Color.—Never wash muslins or any kind of white cotton goods with linen; for the latter deposits or discharges a gum and coloring matter every time it is washed, which discolors and dyes the cotton.—Wash them by themselves.

Fried Sweet Corn.—Cut tender corn on the cob. Put it in a pan, and add sufficient water to moisten it, a little salt and butter, and fry to the liking.

German Toast.—Two eggs, one pint of milk, and flour enough to make a thick batter, cut wheat bread into very thin slices, and soak them in sweetened water; cover each side successively with the batter, and fry brown in lard.—Eat while hot, with butter and white powdered or brown sugar.

Fever Draught.—Boil an ounce and a half o tamarinds, three ounces of currants, two of stoned raisins, in three pints of water. Boil them down one third and strain them.

Ginger Snaps.—Two cups of molasses, one of lard, a tablespoon of ginger, a tablespoon of saleratus, dissolved in as little hot water as possible; flour; roll very thin.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, October 17, 1863, p. 120, c. 4

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SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, October 24, 1863, p. 125, p. 1-2

[Written for the Illustrated News.]  
A Blockade Correspondence.  
Edited by Refugitta.  
Number 11.

Richmond, September, 1863.

The equinoctial gales have blustered by, and with the true character of this varying clime, Jack Frost has made his appearance at least a month before we had any reason to expect him. Only a slight visitation, however, enough to tinge, with a deeper blush, the blooming flowers, to ripen the chinquapens [sic], and make palatable the rich purple clusters of fox grapes, hanging high on the vine that climbs up to clasp its green flowery arms around the stems of the tallest pine tree. Golden-rod and the scarlet cardinal embroider the swamps; pokeberry and sumach [sic] mingle their deep red tints in the hedge rows; corn fields glow goldenly in the mid-day sunshine; and the garden beauties open the depths of their gorgeous breasts and unfurl their flaunting banners gaily to the winds, laden with the fragrance of dying nature. Beautiful Autumn! Beautiful Queen of the Year! Where is the cold heart that withholds from thee its homage?

Nearly three years now since the election of the King of the Chimpanzees to rule over the Republic once glorified by the leadership of a Washington; since the act of a usurping party annihilated our national rights, and sent the stars upon our banner

"Driven apart, and dimmed with blood;"

and since our little cluster of rebellious States banded together, to defy not only great Yankeedoodledom, but the aid or opposition of a universe!

And, as yet, the shadows are not lifted—the bow of peace is yet hidden in the gloom that hangs, pall-like, between us and our goal!—We have passed through the bath of fire—have been tried in the crucible of affliction, national and domestic—and, thank God, have come out purified!—purified of the selfish indolence that for years has girt with its ever-increasing web, the limbs of our slumbering South; of the dependence that has paralyzed our energies, and overrun our land with the evil tares of Yankee despotism and fanatic rule; of the effect, too sadly visible, of a damning influence at the core of our most cherished institutions—of the great Circean spell, in fine, that for years has lulled our every sense into sloth and forgetfulness of duty to ourselves.

Yes, we have defied the world! That is a proud heritage for our worn, bleeding, and despoiled old Mother to bequeath to future time. And with all the suffering I have had, with the recollection of the bitterest tears wrung from my eyes that my youth has ever known, I glory to have been born in the zenith of my country's fame; I glory to have lived and grown up with a race of heroes; I glory to have seen the established might of the land and people I love with the strength of my being!

And now, since you have professed an interest in the 'severely practical' part of our Confederacy life—and I am trying to paint you not only the gay scenes of a Capital-city in war times—let me give you an idea of the great 'Sorghum' question, of which I formerly spoke, and which is now agitating the farmers of Virginia.

In some of the counties, as yet unharmed by invasion, the early essays in this product have proved successful in the extreme. The average of a very mediocre crop is one hundred gallons of the molasses to an acre, but with cultivation the same ground will easily give two hundred gallons. The mills, such as I have seen, are of the most simple description; two or three cylinders, as the case may be, worked by a single mule, and with the need of but two hands, a driver and a boy to strip the cane and cut the tops. The juice, as it pours out freely, is light green in color, and cloying in excessive sweetness. This is never allowed to stand, but is boiled down immediately, in boilers placed in a rude kiln. A few hours brings the syrup, to which, without hesitation, I award the palm over any I have ever seen.

The simplicity of this process, of course, rendering it feasible to all, there is another point of recommendation, to which, I am sorry to say, too few can turn an unheeding ear; the gain thereby accrued! Taking it for granted that the molasses is sold in the Richmond market, it brings \$12.00 per gallon, thus clearly making \$2,500 off each acre of cane. Put this in contrast with the paltry sale of wheat, and the incentive to the culture of Sorghum must be immense. Even in case of its decrease in price it must always have the precedence over grain in point of benefit to the planter.

The cotton, too, seems to have succeeded quite well, though somewhat retarded by the unfortuitous coquetry of the past summer weather. For the present it is only picked by hand, and carded and spun by servants for their own clothes, and even that is somewhat of an advancement in Virginia; but I have seen a great many beautiful fabrics of homespun, made from the bales of spun-cotton, and wool, that well made and trimmed, could scarcely be distinguished from the English goods so popular of late years for out-door dress and gentlemen's morning suits.

So, nous voila! Armed and equipped, cap-a-pie, with the first fruits of Southern industry! I must confess, that when one reflects upon the moderate price of shoes--\$60 for a presentable pair of walking-boots, as demanded in Richmond stores—it seems highly probable that unless some soul stirs its energetic stumps in our behalf, another winter will find us wandering with Eve-like feet; which fashion, though highly picturesque and poetical, is unpleasantly suggestive

of chaps and chilblains, not to speak of rheumatism in the back-ground. Won't some good Samaritan pierce through the Cimmerian blackness that envelopes this question, and pour oil upon the troubled waters of an anxious heart?

On the subject of bonnets, there is more composure—in fact, in the language of the market reports, 'bonnets are firm, shoes unsteady.' There is an undeniable consolation in the thought, that out of the stores of past finery and defunct ball-dresses, one can always find a ribbon, lace, or flower, with which to adorn this most important item of female attire.

There is a female frailty, to which I must plead guilty: that of gloomy dissatisfaction upon coming down the church aisle some bright fall Sunday, to see the old straws and silks reproduced, with a trimming that you remember to have seen round the hem of Miss Such-a-One's skirt, at the White Sulphur Springs, about the time of the Flood! And those ancient roses, that ought to have gone to deck the woolly front of Aunt Chloe, months ago, are actually resurrected, and as artfully disposed under a black lace barbe on Miss Blank's hat, as if they were born yesterday in a Paris workroom! Will Mrs. This's black silk sacque never die a natural death? How can Mrs. That's everlasting blue have the face to show itself another season? etc. etc.

We don't pretend to be superior to human weaknesses, and I have the pleasant consciousness, on joining the throng that pours up Grace street from the Church door, that all of my neighbors are indulging in the agreeable little wonderings over the antiquity of my costume, that characterize my own meditation in the rear of somebody else.

It would be a good thing in this world if we could remember that 'somebody else' is always walking behind us, wouldn't it? A ring!—Here comes our friend, the 'underground,' in hot haste for dispatches. Remember, you are in my debt for a letter, which consciousness will disarm criticism from my present practical profusion.

Florence.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, October 24, 1863, p. 128, c. 1-3

Summary: Cartoon of Captain Cascable of the Artillery, on furlough in the city, who has used the can used for making tea, for making shaving lather instead. Scraggs informs him that he always makes the tea first, then the lather, or else the tea will be soapy.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, October 24, 1863, p. 128, c. 2

#### Housewife's Department.

Arrowroot Blancmange.—Two and a half spoonsful of pure Jamaica arrowroot, a quart of milk, a large spoonful of crushed sugar, a spoonful of rose-water, and a little salt. Reserve a gill of milk to wet the arrowroot, and boil the rest. When it boils up, stir in the arrowroot, and boil it up again a minute or two; add the sugar, salt and rose-water, and put it into the mould [sic].

Hard Tea Biscuit.—Two pounds of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, a salt-spoonful of salt, three gills of milk. Cut up the butter, and rub it into the flour; then add the salt and milk. Knead the dough for half an hour; make it into cakes about as large round as half a teacup, and half an inch thick. Prick them with a fork; bake them in a moderate oven until they are light brown.

Boiled Custard.—Beat, very light, five eggs; place one quart of milk over the fire, and when it comes to a boil, take it off the fire and when it comes to a boil, take it off the fire and stir in your eggs; season with whatever essence you prefer, and let it again come to a boil.

To Pickle Cucumbers.—Trim and wash them in salt and water, drain and put them into the bottles, add a little mace, cloves capsicum and mustard seed, then cover them with white vinegar nearly boiling hot; cork immediately.

Cabinet Pudding.—Boil one pint of milk, with a piece of lemon-peel, pour it on one ounce of sponge biscuit, let it soak half an hour, then add three eggs, half an ounce of currants, and a very little sugar; steam it in a buttered mould [sic], lined with raisins, one hour.

Making Vinegar.—Fill a large glass bottle with weak tea, which may be what is left after drinking. Add a small quantity of sugar or molasses, and set them in a warm place—say in a window where the sun shines. In a fortnight it will be fit for use, and is as good as cider vinegar.

To Cure Hoarseness.—Take the whites of two eggs and beat them with two spoonsful of white sugar; grate in a little nutmeg; then add a pint of lukewarm water. Stir well, and drink often. Repeat the prescription, if necessary, and it will cure the most obstinate case of hoarseness in a short time.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, October 24, 1863, p. 128, c. 4

Summary: Ready to-day—the Second Year of the War, by E. A. Pollard, price \$5.00; West & Johnston, Publishers and Booksellers, Richmond.

Mourning Paper.—Black-bordered Letter and Note Paper for sale cheap at West & Johnston.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, October 24, 1863, p. 128, c. 3

### The Fashions.

We make some additional extracts from "Le Follet," in regard to the Fall and Winter fashions, which will be found interesting to our numerous lady readers, particularly that portion relating to Bridal and Party Dresses:

"It is thought very probable that tight fitting jacket bodies will be worn again towards the winter, the different vestes that have appeared this year and last have prepared us for the resuscitation of this becoming style. Should jackets indeed return, they will not be made in any habille material—such as silks, satins, moires, or velvets—but will be confined to more homely wear. If they are re-introduced, it will be principally to wear with colored sacks in place of the white bodies now used for that purpose. There is no sensible alteration in the form of mantle for next month: paletots, collets, or casaques being still worn without any great difference of shape or style, excepting that they are a little shorter.

Shawls are now worn by the Parisian ladies fastened at the throat by a brooch, and not hanging loosely on the shoulders as formerly. There seems no danger of bonnets resuming their high and pointed form; they are still narrow at the sides, but flatter on the top than formerly, and do not come so far on the head. It is impossible to describe the endless variety of hats now worn; the most elegant and aristocratic have a rather broad brim and a bunch of feathers placed high in the front.

Caps are mostly made of black and white lace, with a loose crown, and generally have a Marie Stuart point in front.

Fancy aprons are likely to become very fashionable for home wear; they will be quite small, and gathered or plaited into a very narrow compass at the wrist. [sic?]

Among the toilettes we have seen we select the following for description: The first was a bridal dress. An underskirt of rich white silk, with chicoree ruche of the same round the bottom. Over this was a skirt of white gaze de sole, with flounce of English lace reaching to the top of the ruche of the underskirt; above the flounce, which was about twelve inches deep, were three rows of festooned and interlaced ruches of gaze de sole. A low white silk body, with gauze pelerine, crossed in front and trimmed round with a ruche. The sleeves were open at the back, rather small, and trimmed with a ruche and frill of lace. The veil of gaze de sole was fastened at the top of the head, under the wreath, and did not fall over the face. The following toilette was intended for a married sister of the bride. The dress was of white gros-grain silk, with small pompadour bunches of apple blossoms; the skirt was cut in waves, and a flounce, about twelve inches wide, but so as to be waved top and bottom. At each edge of the flounce was a ruche de coupee of pale pine silk. The body was square and trimmed with a ruche, and the sleeves, which were open at the back, to correspond. A white Yak lace shawl. White tulle bonnet, Marie Stuart form, with pink and white marabout feather falling over the cap; a ruche of pink inside the bonnet, at the sides. With this were worn white boots with pink heels and laces.

We saw a dress, intended for a soiree dansante, of white silk. Over this was a gored tunic of white tarlatane, with pink stars. This tunic, which was about seven inches shorter than the silk skirt, had two gores of black lace, about an inch, placed so as to have a heading each way.—The low body was of white silk; over it was a pelerine, crossed in front, and trimmed like the skirt. The sleeves were half long, and buffantes.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, October 31, 1863, p. 133, c. 2

#### The Fashions. Fashions for Winter.

From the 'Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine' for October, we take the following: 'Winter fashions are being created and decided upon in the recesses of fashionable dressmakers' and milliners' repositories, but the autumn fashions are best to be admired on the shore at Biarritz or Trouville.

Two things strike one as particularly novel in ladies' costumes at Trouville; first, the very pretty chamois colored leather boots, coming half way up the leg and either buttoned or laced at the side, the tops being ornamented with a silk cord and two small tassels; and, secondly, the canis, or, in plain English, walking sticks, sported by the most elegant among the votaries of fashion.

These canes are simple wooden sticks, more or less carved and ornamented, with flat gilt tops, and finished off, like the boots, with a cord and tassel. It is to be hoped that these novelties in female attire will not be admitted in town; they are all very well to climb rocks with, or to walk in the deep, soft sand, so tiring to the feet, but they would be quite absurd in the streets or in the parks. This is, however, no reason why they should be condemned by Fashion, since wisdom is so very rarely consulted in her decisions.

Another thing which rather astonishes us is to see how very much jewels are now being worn even in out-of-door dress. The style in vogue is the Oriental—crescents, large round sequins and long drooping ornaments being preferred.

Very large earrings, brooches, clasps and studs are worn to match, in dimensions hitherto unheard of, and either in plain gold or in gold and coral, or enamel. These jewels, being but a passing whim of fashion, need not be of the purest gold or precious gems. Even French ladies, who have always been very particular on this point, now wear imitation jewels without the least scruple.

Combs for the hair now come within the sphere of jewels. They are made with a wide, flat piece, turned back from the teeth, and composing a very rich ornament, set with gold and precious stones. These combs are worn in the back hair. Smaller ones are also sometimes used to keep back the hair in front.

Necklaces of very thick chains have become indispensable with a low dress and are also worn with the high chemisettes and Swiss bodices. The large round jet or coral beads are preferred for demi-toilette, and married ladies often wear the thick gold chain.

Crinolines still hold their own, but in Paris they are decidedly being worn much smaller, especially at the top; they are less round, and consequently more graceful in their appearance.

The skirts of dresses are likely to be very full and immensely long.

#### Imperial War Against Tight-Fitting Corsets in France.

The "Lady's (London) Newspaper" for September, says:

The unusual heat of this month has, along with the efforts of the Countess De Castiglione, caused a salutary change in the fashions. Stays, for the present are thrown aside and replaced by the more becoming *cinture suisse*. Neither does a tight body form an indispensable portion of a lady's dress. It is replaced by a loose one of white muslin or coarse linen, worked in imitation of the bodies worn by the peasants of the Romagna. Loose silk jackets are also greatly worn.

It is possible that this style of dress will continue in fashion, the doctors of the Empress having advised her majesty to imitate the style of dress recently adopted by Madame De Castiglione, who, like nearly all her countrywomen, holds pinched waists in aversion, and whatever mistakes she may make in other matters, has the good sense to believe that stays must produce a red nose or a sallow complexion.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, November 7, 1863, p. 141, c. 1-2

[Written for the Illustrated News.]

A Blockade Correspondence.

Edited by Refugitta.

Number 12.

Baltimore, October, 1863.

Sip your Confederate coffee, Florence, wear home-spun, turn your last year's dresses upside down, inside out—even look forward to the possible contingency of shuffling about in the sabots of the French paysanne—rather than, like me, wear purple and fine linen, and endure the crucifixion of the soul that falls to the daily lot of suffering Baltimore. Closer and closer falls the deepening veil; heavier still grow the gyves [sic?] that eat like a gangrene into our patriotic limbs. Ah! let your tears fall like rain over the graves of your early lost! but think of us mourning here, with never a grave to claim the homage of our maddening grief!



Come, let us be gay awhile! I have just laid down a package of your letters, which, without great compliment to your epistolary powers, I must tell you, have been worn into skeleton leaves by constant use. I am well known by the Secessionists here to be the favored recipient of southern correspondence, and when it is whispered abroad that a letter has come, for several days afterwards I am besieged with applications to read, or allow to be read, the precious missive; in fact, I think of hiring a lecture-room or hall for the purpose of gratifying all the eager souls. Poor creatures! Sometimes it wrings my heart to see a mother turn away disappointed at hearing no word of tidings from her darling, far off in the tented fields of the warlike Old Dominion. It is positively sickening to wait—wait as we do—for a word of cheer. Occasionally somebody holds a meek little tea-gathering, where ladies meet in defiance of masculine charms. Conceive of the change in our gay Baltimore! Society (I mean the upper crust of our remarkable social structure) is made up of truly strange elements. Women who, three winters ago, would have served upon their parvenu tables a daily dish of toads, (and eaten them too with a relish!) to obtain a foothold in a few drawing-rooms upon \_\_\_\_\_ street, now toss defiance from their gilded coaches at the poor, plainly-dressed rebels, who are content to tramp wearily on in the dust of their patrician wheels. The wheel of capricious Fortune has revolved and left us 'small by degrees, and beautifully less'-er luminaries in the firmament of Fashion. Of course, you remember Madame B\_\_\_\_\_, the much-talked-of? She is high in power now, wielding, it is said, a flower-wreathed wand over the docile neck of General \_\_\_\_\_, one of our most grinding taskmasters. Not long ago, a very severe sentence was passed upon some Union sufferer. Every effort to mitigate it had proved futile, when Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_, a lady with a heritage of proud Southern blood, resolved to make a personal appeal through the medium of this new Delilah. Madame received her, in the well-known petit boudoir, with frigid politeness—started with well-feigned surprise at the suspicion of mediatorship as a thing possible—waived the whole affair decidedly, and the lady retired in some discomfiture. Strange to say, however, on the next day, the rigor of the sentence was repealed, and the Southerners blessed, in homely phrase, the bridge that had conveyed them over the water. Two other women have dawned as stars of the first magnitude in Union annals, both of them developing detective qualities that would do credit to a Bow-street officer, or even a Vidocq. Let all unfortunate disloyalists beware; for to escape the persuasive Scylla of one, is to be wrecked on the relentless Charybdis of the other. Really, as one admires the great criminal facility of the Brinvilliers, or the magnificent vindictiveness of a Bloody Mary, one is led to regard with almost applause this unusual spirit, which, like the Phoenix, springing once in a century, arises to animate the female breast. Mrs. P\_\_\_\_\_ is too well remembered by you to need further comment. I wonder if she ever pauses to recall the source from which is derived the present mass of capital with which she has paved her way into Union good graces. The other, Mrs. G\_\_\_\_\_, is a quondam Virginia belle, high-bred and charming, to external view, and, from the nature of her connection with various leading families, having peculiar facilities for carrying on her work. With the perseverance of a ferret and the venom of a serpent, this person contrives to make her labors tell against the [illegible] of the South. Many a precious letter—longed for—prayed for—through bitter, blinding tears, has, through her lady-like intervening, been consigned to the harpy claws of a remorseless governmental underling—many a home blackened forever by her Upas-like influence! The first mentioned of this distinguished pair is, I forgot to say, the creature who has called down the contemptuous ridicule of the English press upon her performance of planting the Union flag before the dying eyes of a Confederate prisoner, with the speech, "Well, if you refused to live under this flag, you can't help dying under it!"

We have some few diversions, such as, for instance, the German opera, introduced here by Carl Anshutz. The singers are of an excellent, thorough school, but they naturally lack the fire of those warm sunny-voiced Italians, whose music dances forth like the flow of sparkling champagne. Imagine the incongruity of the role of Martha (in which I so well recall bright little Adelina Patti) played by a squat Fraulein with high cheek bones and muddy hair, over whom the most enamored of tenors could not get up the wail of "M'appari." It fills me with grief to revisit that scene of so many enchanting gatherings of our young people before the war! Thank Heaven, there is a balm in the strains of a melody, that

"Seems to go right up to Heaven, and die amid the stars,"

which soothes me inexpressibly. It is a world of delight, in which I revel like a lotus eater, while

"A feeling of sadness comes o'er me,

That is not akin to pain,

But resembles sorrow only

As mist resembles rain."

I wrote you once of Schenk's demolition of the Maryland Club. In the last few days, Don Piatt, the mighty man of valor, has given his permission to allow some one, accompanied by a faithful Union Cerberus, (they keep any number of these toothless curs tied up at street corners to intimidate by growling and to do all dirty work!) to enter the long-closed building. Such a scene of destruction and desolation as it presented! All the fine old wines, every bottle of which had been in its straw cradle before the first man of these mushroom scions dared allude to his great-grandfather in polite society, was carried off to adorn the orgies of a brutal set of Yankee guards. Worse still, the noble libraries were torn, defaced, rat-gnawed, strewn about on the floor, wrecked in fine, at the mercies of a Lincoln literati; silver and plate were, of course, to memory dear, and the honored old club books, dust-encased and moth-eaten, with their record of stainless Southern names, remained alone unharmed, amid surrounding chaos.

Oh! if the legions of indignant rebels, who were ever proud to claim part in this ancient hall, could have risen up, then and there, to wipe off the insult!

But, under Heaven, I do not fear! Our day is coming yet. Dim and awful, in the clouds of Futurity, stalks a ghastly Nemesis, clothed with the smoke of burning homesteads, crowned with the blood of a martyred myriad, linked with the chains she has proudly riven asunder, echoing with widowed groans, and moistened by orphans' tears—onward, resistlessly onward, swiftly, and oh! how sure!

Do you remember the blasphemous "Address," in which Garibaldi calls Abraham Lincoln "the inheritor of Christ's and Brown's idea, and the pilot of liberty?" Do you fear for its ultimate doom, when the Yankee nation has put such a head at its fore? Let us bide our time, and while, in the eyes of a God-forsaken fanatic, America goes on to "astonish the world with her gigantic daring," let us humbly pray and strive for the end to come!

New York—in fact, Yankee-doodledom—has a new toy! A Russian fleet and a gang of unpronounceable [sic] hirsute officers have been taken in tow by that venerable bear leader, Admiral Farragut, and paraded (the officers, I mean, not fleet) through the fashionable museums of the great city, where, so short a time before, a few fishy-eyed, pig-tailed Japanese monkeys held their present honorable post. Poor "champions of liberty!" Poor "supporters of a glorious, undefiled Union!" Is not that great puppet, the war, whose strings are pulled in the Cimmerian secrecy [sic] of a Washington cabinet, enough to occupy your dear young sportive minds? It is whispered that the Monumental City is soon to be similarly honored.

[Illegible] since, we entertained, in our midst, Mr. G. B. Lawrence, the very clever and well-behaved author of "Guy Livingstone." You have, of course, heard of his capture in attempting to cross the Potomac to visit the land of his sympathy—the South. Upon being consigned to a Washington prison, his sufferings from disease of mind and body were so great as to seriously affect his previously vigorous health, and, after eight weeks' imprisonment, he returned to England, under promise not to revisit the "United" States during the time of the so-called rebellion.

He has since published a volume, called "Border and Bastille," of which critics speak most favorably. It is said to be completely free from the "muscular" affectations of his previous works, and his personal narrative revealing none of the fast characteristics of his favorite heroes.

How I have scribbled on! Longfellow somewhere says, "The pen with which I write best is a feather plucked from the wing of Night." Whether to apply that or not, my modesty does not assist me, but it has, at least, added speed to my last, well-nigh illegible, lines—two o'clock having long since sounded.

Good night.  
Secessia.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, November 7, 1863, p. 144, c. 1-4

Summary: Cartoon of two boots, labeled Longstreet and Bragg, kicking Rosecranz back into Chattanooga. Title: Cause of Rosecranz's Supercedure! Wording: Rosecranz's Address to His Soldiers: "We have fought the Battle of Chickamauga to gain our position at Chattanooga, AND HERE WE ARE!!!"

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, November 7, 1863, p. 144, c. 4

Summary: New Songs—Southern Soldier Boy, as sung in "Virginia Cavalier" by Miss Sallie Partington. Words by Capt. G. W. Alexander, Air: The Boy with the Auburn Hair. Who will Care for Mother Now?; poetry by C. C. Sawyer, music by C. F. Thompson In the Press—C.S.A. Improved Hunten's Instructions for the Piano Forte; also new ballad "Farewell Enchanting Hope" by Lessing. Published by Geo. Dunn & Co., Richmond, VA and Julian A. Selby, Columbia, SC.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, November 14, 1863, p. 149, c. 1-2

[Written for the Illustrated News.]

A Blockade Correspondence.

Edited by Refugitta.

Number 13.

Richmond, Nov. 2, 1863.

I really don't know whether or not to thank you for the letter now lying before me. It is so tantalizing, that I am afraid the effect is rather bad than otherwise upon my ill-regulated brain: Visions of the opera, white gloves and black baton, of Charles street illuminated by the radiance of pretty faces in fall bonnets, of a library table crowded with Blackwood, Littell, the Cornhill, the Eclectic, and all those pleasant-faced, uncut paper companions, that have, in course of time, gradually faded from my mind, swarm with redoubled vigour [sic]. I have determined never to

go to a menagerie again, and hold out ginger-nuts to the monkeys behind their bars—that high moral resolution, would will concede, is at least one good consequence of my destitute state.

Looking out at the seductive prospect you have spread, I seem a second Prisoner of Chillon,

"I felt troubled—and would fain  
I had not left my recent chain;  
And when I did descend again  
The darkness of my dim abode  
Fell on me as a heavy load."

Is not that a heart-rending delineation, as applied to Confederate woe? You will see that, at any rate, we still manage to regard our "living grave" as very respectable sort of interment, and I might, with more truth, go on to say—

"My very chains and I grew friends—  
So much a long communion tends  
To make us what we are-----"

I am ashamed of myself for even, in jest, giving vent to such unnecessary murmurs. Really, if you could see for yourself, our beautiful city, on one of these glad Autumn mornings, I am sure the presence of grim-visaged war would not seem so very appalling. How gorgeously the trees, keeping watch through our streets, throw out their panoply of gold and red, swaying their long arms to scatter a shower like that of Danae over every passing head! Each of the trim little gardens, behind its iron gate, (for that addition is a thing of course in Richmond,) blazes with the mingled glory of late roses deeper in tint, richer in scent than before, starry white chrysanthemums, and dahlias like mimic suns in crimson, royal purple and gold. The very wind, leaping up with assumed bluster to meet the onslaught of Winter, seems borne down with life-giving strength—renewing force. In such weather, existence is an ecstasy—depression a myth! Ah! such glorious gallops as I have had, mounted on a fleet-footed courser, and bounding through forest-lanes, while the air sweeps keenly about me, tingling through my whole frame, and awaking in every sense an exuberance of health and power to enjoy, that flings care to the breeze, and bids me but live in the vital present! Give me no better conception of the fabled spring, where the ancients sought eternal youth!

Now that our friend, the Yankee Jump-Jack, Meade, has sat down to ruminate upon the laurels of his late glorious retreat, the haunts of Richmond (rendezvous in general, and 'hub' of the Confederacy, to apply Holmes' Boston simile,) are again peopled with the stars, bars, scrolls and other gilt adornments of our gallant officers. Whether it is that the heart of woman, as hath been averred, is peculiarly awake to the extrinsic glitter of military garb, (a slander which I here indignantly repudiate, in the name of my sex,) or whether the perilous position of our soldiers, induces on the part of their female acquaintances, a curious and abnormal soft-heartedness, I do not know; but certain it is, that never in the past annals of our State has the saffron torch illumined so many familiar names in quick succession.—Well, chacun a son gout, assuredly! it would perhaps, be unbecoming and suspicious, at my antiquity, to inveigh against the matrimonial proclivities of my young friends. But I cannot retain an expression of amazement at the self-denial thus indicated by the poor misguided creatures; I believe the councils of their country have already eulogized their unselfish devotion to the wants of our 'brave defenders;' I think an especial clause ought to be inserted, appreciating the remarkable alacrity in martyring themselves under the hymeneal yoke, for the benefit of the same sufferers! For what will you say to a blue-nosed wedding at five o'clock in the morning, sans veil, sans bridesmaids, sans

everything, indeed, but a few sleepy lookers-on, who are wishing the couple safely through it, and themselves back in bed again! That is according to the rule in Richmond.—And as to bridal tours, their limits have gradually narrowed down, until one is quite satisfied with an enlivening journey on the 'raging canawl,' up to the second lock and back again; or else an excursion on the Schultz to Drury's Bluff, with the thrilling accessories of a scramble over the sand pits, there on exhibition, and information as to the calibre [sic] of those interesting guns! You may imagine the feasibility of a trousseau, when I tell you that a milliner down town lately produced some ordinary bonnets, made from 'other side' patterns, at the moderate price of \$500 each; that a dress of coarsest woolen stuff cannot be obtained under \$150; that boots and slippers 'rise' daily—in fact, the peculiarity last mentioned, is so very prevalent among the Richmond shop-keepers, that I shall not be surprised, if some fine morning, they and their wares take flight altogether, and the places that (to their sorrow!) know them, shall know them no more!

The last excitement in our circles is the institution of the Starvation Club, a jovial place of re-union, where the Attic salt figures largely in lieu of Mr. Pizzini's now impracticable contributions. This, with water from the Pierian spring, is found to be an admirable substitution, at our feasts of reason; indeed, I don't see why one shouldn't be satisfied with a bill of fare like this, for instance:

1st Course. Roti de Coeur de Jeune Homme, garni de soupirs desesperes. Sauce, au naturel, (of which, I am sorry to say, there is no lack.)

2. Pate de Bon-mots, (warmed over generally,) with condiments added at will.

3. Legumes quelquefois glaces, souvent verts, toujours en abondance.

4. Epergne de 'Dandy Lion,' et "Coxcomb,' imported espres.

5. Literary Wax Lights.

6. Un joli petit kickshaw de sourires—not souris—a la Vicksburg.

7. Pyramid—of vows, not made by any known confectioner.

8. Entree—d'une belle jeune demoiselle.

9. Trifles—a cosmopolitan dish.

10. Remove—of chairs and tables when the dancing begins, and so on to the end of the chapter.

I am confident this banquet of soul has an attraction even for you. I can vouch for it being a truthful transcript, as reported by our special. And now, good-bye, melancholy starling.  
Florence.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, November 14, 1863, p. 152, c. 4

Book of Instruction  
for the  
Piano Forte.

On Friday next, the 6th instant, will be published: Part 1, of the C. S. A., improved "Hunten's Book of Instruction for the Piano-Forte." Price \$3.00

This part, elegantly printed in Lithography, on good paper, contains the usual instructions to learners, together with eight pages of scales and exercises, marked for fingering.

Part 2d, completing the work, will follow in about three weeks, and comprise lessons and studies for advanced pupils.

Terms: One third off to the trade and half this allowance to schools and teachers ordering ten parts. Cash or check to accompany all orders.

Geo. Dunn & Co.,  
Richmond, Va.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, November 21, 1863, p. 1160, c. 1-3. Includes illustration of promenade costume and boy's dress, which is based on a Zouave outfit

Latest Fashions for November.  
What to Buy and How to Make It.

From the November issues of the French and English Periodical Press, which we have just received, we gather some interesting particulars in regard to the latest Fashions for November. Ladies silks this autumn are represented to be so enormously high in price that only those who have well-filled purses have the courage to purchase. Fifty cents per yard is the advance on most silks. The advance on some is even greater. But merinos, poplins, alpacas, and many other woolen materials, now come of such fine quality, and in such exquisite shades, that they really leave but little to be desired in the way of silks. An English paper remarks that a black silk dress is a valuable addition to any lady's wardrobe; but few of us are willing to pay \$2.25 a yard for what we used to obtain for \$1.75—and so on through the whole scale of prices.

In the Way of Making Ordinary Dresses,

There is absolutely nothing new to chronicle; all efforts seem to be directed to the trimming of the skirts. The most fashionable style is decidedly the gored skirt, with trimming upon each breadth. Sometimes it consists of a simple cording, either a precise match or a decided contrast in color to the material; sometimes black lace, lined with white, placed in zigzags up the seams; while others have wide box plaitings, of a contrary color, upon each breadth. As for the trimmings, which are arranged round the bottom of skirts, there is no end to the variety—no two dressmakers trim in the same style. The newest are the chenille fringes, which are difficult to obtain; and, when obtained, are very costly. The box plaited flounces are decidedly the most popular. The ready-made skirts of mohair or alpaca of an undecided cloudy shade are mostly arranged with three narrow flounces, bound at each side with bright blue, mauve, or green silk. They are ferited [sic?] on with a heading, and the roll which conceals the stitching is of the same color as the binding. Moire antiques are likewise trimmed with box plaited black or white lace flowers. In these cases the flounces are narrow rather than wide, and are arranged with the plaits wide apart, so that the pattern of the lace may be seen. The other trimmings, as before remarked, are various: ruches placed in the form of the three sides of a square; black lace over white silk, placed in festoons, fastened together with a box and long ends, all described by the trimming, which is laid flat on the skirt, lozenges, in either black velvet or silk; interlaced rings made of ruches of two colors, placed at each breadth; rows of black lace flowers and leaves; the silk girdle-cord twirled and festooned; these, and a variety of other ornaments, are all used for the skirts of dresses.

But Tyranny of Fashion

Exists no longer; a lady can dress herself according to her own individual taste; she can choose her colors to suit her complexion and the shade of her hair; her dress can be cut in accordance with the style of her figure, and, provided her toilette is selected with taste, she will be found fashionable.

#### In the Way of Bodices,

Pretty, slight figures do well to adopt the sash, especially if it be a long one, for the wide sashes shorten the figure.—Short, dumpy figures should, on the contrary, adopt the bodice with the lancers' basque at the back, and with two small points in the front. Young married ladies adopt the cheraise russe in white foulard, embroidered with silk and finished off with the hussar sash, which is newer than the Swiss band.

Many ladies, as if tired with the excess of trimming lately disposed over all their dresses, wear now no trimming at all, their dresses being made quite plain, but with an immense train, the skirts and bodices being entirely unornamented.

#### The General Style of Cutting

Both morning and dressing gowns is [sic] now in one piece; that is to say, the front breadths and the front of the bodice are cut at the waist and then gored together, but are cut each side in one length and sloped out so as to fall into the figure; it is said to be an exceedingly graceful form, but one which requires all the petticoats that are worn underneath it to be gored. A row of buttons is generally sewn all down the front, and occasionally down the gores. White cashmere morning-dresses, bound with black velvet, and trimmed with black velvet buttons, are now very popular.

Tartans are very popular for dresses. The dress is cut in the Gabrielle form, (the bodice [sic] and skirt in one piece in front,) with a paletot or circular cape to match; the Rob Roy being the favorite plaid.

#### Wrapping.

Talmas, circulars, paletots of every style are worn. In fact, almost anything in the way of a covering for the shoulders is fashionable.

The paletot has undergone some modifications; instead of the fronts being cut straight, they slant gradually as they descend, being joined only at the throat, where they are fastened. They are now cut, as nearly as possible, to fall into the waist, without being quite tight. Tassels and gimp ornaments are much employed for ornamenting these paletots. The material of which they are made is usually the same as the dress, and they are trimmed round to correspond with the skirt.

For autumn wear the black silk circular cape is very popular; it is made of gros grain or gros royal, and should be cut to fall some four inches below the waist. The best trimming for it, when it is destined for a married lady, is two rows of deep black lace. The first row of black lace is sewed on round the edge of the cape, and is headed with a thick black silk ruche; the second row is first joined to the piece of black Brussels net the same depth as the lace, and this is joined also to the cloak underneath the first row, the two rows of lace hanging separate from each other. A black silk ruche is arranged up the front and round the throat.

## Bonnets

Do not stand quite as high as formerly, and although the decided Marie Stuart shape is not very much worn, still, in its modified style, it is very popular. These bonnets are not very large, but are more flat or square across the top than those which have been worn. The colored crepe caps are now much more general than the white tulle ones, and in many cases more becoming. White tulle veils, ruched all round with white or with colored ribbon under the hem, are worn over the face; these do not set closely to it like a mask, as formerly, but hang from it rather more loosely.

## In Collars and Cuffs

An improvement has been introduced by trimming the plain stitched linen with Maltese lace insertion and edgings. Under-sleeves are now cut in the same shape as those of dresses, and made with very deep cuffs, no longer turned back, but straight. These cuffs often consist of alternate bands of stitched linen and insertions of Maltese lace; a deep lace is carried round the edge of the wrist, and turns up on one side the length of six or seven inches, to correspond with the trimming of the sleeves of the dress. The under-sleeve is often also open half way, the opening being edged with a band of stitched linen and a fall of Maltese lace. When this is not the case, and the wrist is narrower, a full puffings of muslin are made in the lower part of the sleeve. The collars are straight, and made in the same style.

Chemisettes are much worn, and made of cambric, with narrow fluted pleats, divided by insertions of lace or embroidery, with a narrow edge round the neck; they are often rather under-bodies than chemisettes, coming down as far as the waist, and with the sleeves made on to them.

Colored collars and sleeves are popular; these are made either of self colored cambric, such as mauve, or with a white ground, spotted and striped with a gay color. The collar is worn in two ways, either very narrow and straight round the throat, or turned down with points in front—the wristbands either falling upon the hands as a gentleman's cuffs, or turned back from four to five inches. These are either fastened with round linen buttons, or with three large silver or gold studs, the initials being engraved on them. The black ribbon velvet which secures the locket and is tied at the back is worn wider than formerly. For afternoon wear, white muslin under-sleeves are cut almost close to the arm and left open at the wrist; they are ornamented with applications of cambric, which is stitched on in a pattern around Valenciennes insertion. A frill of Valenciennes lace falls into the waist, and is carried up as far as the elbow at the outside of the arm.

## For Morning Wear,

The nets which are generally worn are all trimmed with a bow at the top of the head. This is said to be an improvement upon the elastic, which, when visible, was not a pretty object to contemplate; the informal bow now completely conceals the elastic. The loops should run along the top and the ribbon should be the same color as the net, and not wide.

## Shapes of Petticoats.



The majority of French dress-makers are going the skirts of dresses, with the object of diminishing the quantity of gathers about the hips, and making the figure as flat at the waist as possible. This object, it is said, can be more easily attained if the petticoats are gored likewise, and those who object to the gored breadths as being liable to be pulled out of shape at the wash can overcome the difficulty by inserting a piping when sewing up the breadths. The cage-crinoline should be covered midway with the same color as the petticoat which is worn above it. The stockings should match, as nearly as possible, both in color and style, with the petticoat, as harmony in the toilet is more than ever considered now.

#### Dressing Jackets

Are very popular made of white jaconet, percole [sic?] or brillante, and trimmed with bands of self-colored cambric; these bands should not be more than one inch and a half wide, and should be edged with narrow white braid at each side. The bands should be placed down the fronts and around the bottom of the jacket and sleeves. As trimmings, they have much to recommend them, as they do not require to be removed when the jacket is consigned to the washerwoman's hands.

#### Elaborately Arranged Heads of Hair

Are fashionable for evening, and in addition, a rose or a butterfly is placed in the centre [sic] of the forehead, with the hair clustering around and about it. The ornament, be it flower, fly or bird, should be fastened in such a manner as to present the appearance of being embroidered in the hair. Natural butterflies have been much coveted ornaments in Paris during the last six months, consequently these have attained to fabulous prices, \$25 being frequently paid for one of them.

#### Gloves.

Many ladies wear gloves which match precisely with the color of their dress. The Empress of the French is generally to be seen with apricot-colored kid gloves. The newest style in Paris, and the one most generally adopted, is a tight glove with the three lines down the back stitched in black, the remainder of the glove being sewn with silk to match the kid.

#### A New Color.

The English journals announce the appearance of a new color. One of these journals says: "It has met our eye in all crowded assemblages in fifty different shades, and we have heard it called by more than a dozen different names. It has long been known by 'the new color,' leather, coffee, hazel brown, tiger, a golden brown, cigar, havane, etc., etc., and although we do not think that any one of its divers names exactly corresponds with the shade, yet we all recognize it when we see it. One of the great advantages it possesses is that it is a durable color, and not being a delicate one, it does not soil quickly; it also looks well when trimmed with black, which is ever the most distinguished of all trimmings. This fact has most probably been remarked by silk manufacturers, for many of the newest silks have golden leather-colored grounds with black spots upon them. But the leather-color has had its day, and a very long one, too, and the tourterelle (turtle-dove) shade is to reign in its stead. It is lighter than the cuir, and many would reject it as being Quakerish, but, for all that, a great success is prophesied for it. Only the other

day we saw a dress made with it, destined for the travelling costume of a very youthful and wealthy bride. Dress, circular cape trimmed with chenille fringe of the same color, boots, gloves and parasol were all of the tourterelle (turtle-dove) shade, and a very lady-like and distinguished toilette it formed.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, November 28, 1863, p. 164, c. 4

#### Eloquent Extract.

Paul Denton, the Texas Missionary, was once holding a camp meeting in the woods of that State. In order to insure a large crowd, he had previously advertised that there would be on the ground a good barbecue, better liquor, and the best gospel. After the delivery of a thrilling sermon, the vast crowd sat down to dinner, when a notorious desperado, who was present, demanded of the minister where the liquor was! Denton pointed his motionless finger to a double spring, in front of him, gushing up in two strong columns from the earth. "There, he replied, with a look as terrible as lightning, while his enemy actually trembled on his feet—there is the liquor, which God the eternal brews for all his children! Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gasses, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruption, doth your Father in Heaven prepare the precious essence of life—the pure cold water. But in the green grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play, there God himself brews it; and down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing, and high upon the tall mountain tops, where naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm cloud broods, and the thunder tones crash; and away far out in the wild wide sea, where the hurricane howls music, and big waves roar, the chorus, 'sweeping the march of God'—there he brews it, that beverage of life, health-giving water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty—gleaming in the dew-drops; singing in the summer rill, shining in the ice gem, till the trees all seemed turned to living jewels—spreading a golden veil over the sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract, sleeping in the glacier, dancing in the hail shower; folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintry world; and weaving the many colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky whose warp is the rain-drop of earth, whose wool is the sunbeam of heaven, checkered o'er with celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction. Still always beautiful—that blessed life-giving water! No poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings no madness or murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widdows [sic] and starved orphans weep not burning tears in its clear depths; no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of eternal despair! Speak out, my friends, would you exchange it for the demon's drink, alcohol!"

A shout of many voices answered, 'No!' A spectator to the scene says no pen can describe the effect of the speech—it was overwhelming. The desperado tried to skulk away behind the crowd, while the audience stood electrified before the speaker.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, December 5, 1863, p. 171, c. 4

#### English Women as Smokers.

The custom of smoking by women has lately been introduced in England, and according to the Court Journal, is likely to "become very prevalent." The authority says:

Fashion holds such a tyrannic sway over society that we need never be surprised at seeing the most astounding change in manners, customs and dress brought about through its magic influence. High waists, no waists at all, chimney-pot bonnets, powdered hair, rouge, patches, enamel hoops, farthingales, crinoline, high-heeled boots, sandals, high dresses, décolletées dresses have all had their day; we have lived to see the time when duelists and four-battle men no longer exist, and when every man, high and low, rich and poor, old and young, indulges in the German and Dutch luxuries of the short pipe and mild Havana. But a more startling change is likely "to come over the spirit of our dreams;" ladies belonging to la crème de la crème of society have introduced cigarettes. We could mention the name of many of England's aristocratic daughters who openly indulge in mild Latskia. A clever contemporary has alluded to "fast matrons;" let us hope that unmarried ladies will be slow to follow the example of those who would introduce the noxious weed into female society. If Belgrave ladies seal their lips against pleasant contact by such a custom, let the outer circles hold aloof, and believe not that there is aught celestial and god-like in entering such unfragrant clouds.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, December 5, 1863, p. 176, c. 4

Flowers! Flowers! Flowers!  
John Morton, Florist,  
Corner Main and Reservoir Streets.

Just beyond the Old Fair Grounds, will be pleased to see his old friends and customers and all in want of

Flowers!

A choice collection of Green-house Flowers—Camelias [sic], Violets, &c., &c., suitable for making Boquets [sic], Wreathes, Crosses and Stars. Also, Roses, Green-house Plants, Shade and Ornamental Trees, Evergreens, Shrubs, &c., &c.

John Norton, Florist

N.B.—I have no connection with any other place in the city.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, December 26, 1863, p. 200, c. 4

Summary: New Publications—The Geographic Reader, by Mrs. M. B. Moore; The First Dixie Reader, by Mrs. M. B. Moore; The Dixie Primer, 3rd ed.; The Dixie Spelling-Book will be issued as early as possible; The First Book in Composition; York's English Grammar; Historical Scripture Question-Book, by J. W. Crowder; Hill's Poems, 2nd ed.; Myrtle Leaves, by A. W. Morgan; Morven and Lind, by A. W. Mangum.

Bronson, Farrar & Co., Publishers and Booksellers, Raleigh, NC

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, January 2, 1864, p. 2, c. 1-4

[Written for the Illustrated News.]  
Holly Berries,  
A Christmas Fantasy.  
By Refugita.

Ah, what a bitter night! Great guns of wind went booming down the street, hustling round the corners, and spending their fury upon the naked shivering tree-tops. All though the day had that strife gone on, until dusk began, and then the strife ceased, and the heavens prepared to hang out their flag of truce, in the shape of a heavy snow, all ready against the morrow—for it was Christmas Eve, and what would a Christmas day be without its snow-balls? . . .

Well, it does seem hard to cloud over those sunshiny faces with such a doleful picture of holiday times—so just to cheer ourselves up, let us turn round this corner, and join that crowd of don't care little ragamuffins staring in at Mr. Pin's grocery shop window. I know it will make your mouths water, now, Confederate juveniles, to recall such a tempting array. There was, first, behind the clear crystal pane, a mammoth turkey, so fat that it must have submitted to be killed from sheer inability to eat and move, hung all round with sausage-balls, and embowered in crisp-white celery, with its feathered tops. Many a belated housekeeper, or father of a family, passing by, cast in loving glances at the monster bird, and turned away with their hands on depleted purses, and arms full of brown paper parcels. Then there were straw baskets of eggs, white and shining with the delightful prospect of translation into future egg-nogg [sic]; pale yellow butter, stamped with ears of corn, bee-hives, and statuesque cows, with their tails in an attitude. But these were all substantials, and the principal attraction was the opposite window, where great pyramids of golden oranges, scaly brown pine-apples, festoons of bananas, boxes of figs and raisins, with their covers thrown temptingly aside, foreign sauces and pickles, cheeses, and gilded walnuts, were arranged in picturesque regularity, just, as it seemed, almost within reach of one's olfactories and mouth, until a closer proximity realized the fact of that thick late-glass between. Inside it was just the same; there were barrels and boxes in a perfect wilderness; curious old foreign packages and chests, savory of rare teas, and rarer jellies; cinnamon odors, like gales from Araby, meeting you at every turn; but yet everything, from the shining mahogany counter under the brilliant gas-light, up to the broad, clean, round face of the jolly grocer, Pin, was so neat, and orderly, and inviting, that you felt inclined to believe yourself requested to come in and take off things by the pocketful, without paying a solitary cent. . . .

Mary quickly obeyed him, and admitted two small ragged specimens, of undecided age and sex, the larger of whom marched manfully up to the counter.

'Please, sir, what'll this buy?'

On the very dirty paw extended lay a single worn copper, evidently the large capital of their joint interests. Mr. Pin gazed for a moment at the eager little smutted faces upturned to his, at their garments, then back at his daughter, so neat and fair to see, and suppressing the ready chuckle that ever welled up from his capacious chest, changed it into a peculiar choking sound instead, and then regained speech to ask:

'And what do you want it to buy, my child?'

The two pair of eyes sparkled.

'Kin it buy a cent's worth o' that 'ere thing?'

The bony finger pointed up to a Bologna sausage suspended above. The jolly grocer's eyes twinkled at the choice, but muttering a 'children will be children,' he took it down, cut a long piece off, added to it a handful of crackers, and winding up all with two painted sticks of that candy like a barber's pole, which maketh glad the hearts of children, saw the twain depart happy as kings, to use a dubious comparison. . . .

Christmas bells, holiday bells clanged joyfully out upon the clear, cold air, making the little child start as she drew back her cheek from against the frosty pane. Rockets, with their trail

of luminous sparks, darted through the night; crackers and torpedoes sputtered their mimic fires upon the pavement; carriage loads of little children, in gala-dress, rolled noiselessly over the stones; every house was alight, and every heart warmed with the universal holiday. . . .

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, January 2, 1864, p. 4, c. 2

### Christmas.

Once more, in doubly desolate Winter, we greet the presence of the day of universal joy; and though it does not come to us clothed in the atmosphere of peace, we welcome it with something of the olden sentiments of peace, joy and good will to all men. The jocund day of the past it is not, nor do we recognize the bright paraphernalia, the general bliss and bidding good-bye to care, the munificent displays by day and the magnificent sky-rocketings by night, but it is the day upon which the happiness and glory of Christendom hinges, and usage, rule and inclination unite to render it acceptable as a day of extra exuberance. Some partially successful attempts in the shop windows, and no doubt many splendid surprises in the Christmas-tree corners and under the breakfast plates of the rising generation, have done something toward dimming the effect of infelicitous comparisons; and the druidical custom of decking the dining halls with the plentiful festoons of running cedar and red-berried holly, will have been enough, very likely, for the more volatile and less lucky to make denial of the luxuries, they suggest a pleasant offering upon the altar of imagination. The aroma of delicious dishes, coming in after plentiful potatoes of

-----"the true old aurum potabile,  
Gilding life as it goes shabbily,"

must differentially evaporate away from the regions of Confederate expectation, and give place to meeker fare and weaker liquids, or stay, in the abstract, "to cloy the hungry edge of appetite by bare imagination of a feast." Philosophy would very properly suggest that we take things as they are, with the comfort that more people than we have fared worse before; yet it is worth while to remember that we may live to see Christmas again—the Christmas of old—and it is not reasonable that we should altogether forget it, if we are a little under the dampening influence of the blockade. It will never do to let slip the spicy reminiscences, awakened in those gay old carols that jingle from Germany both ways to the Pacific ocean, and merrily tell—

"'Twas Christmas brought the mightiest ale,  
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;  
And Christmas gambols oft would cheer,  
A poor man's heart through half the year!"

It is apparent, then, that keeping up the custom according to facilities is the best philosophy to be pursued on the occasion, and while due reverence is paid to the religious attributes of the day and season, due respect should follow to the correlative demand for jubilation. Christmas will find many a poor fellow standing guard in the freezing shadows of some sighing wood, or on the banks of some ice-bound river down which the wind beats bitterly; it will find him shivering over camp fires kept alive by the chilling blast that bears upon its breast a storm of snow; it will find him bleeding under the pine tree shade, or wasting on the couch of suffering, his dream of a "merry Christmas" cut short by a bullet from under the thickets on the Rapidan or out of the battle clouds that have burst in the West. To many, alas! it is no more forever. The unkind earth on which they trod, marching to victory, and which bore them proudly

from the last year's carnival, through holly and bay and mistletoe dreams, has torn off its hollow mask and disclosed beneath their unconscious feet the chasm of death and oblivion. To all of those, the quick and the dead, the mind will turn in the midst of enjoyment and give the gentle tribute of a prayer—a prayer of patience to the living, peace to the dead, comfort to those that suffer for them, health and prosperity, victory and glory to the Army!

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, January 2, 1864, p. 4, c. 4

### The Drama.

"All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players;  
They have their exits and their entrances,  
And one man in his time plays many parts!"

The progressive spirit which has seized hold upon the people of the South is truly astonishing. Scarcely had the sun dawned upon the new-born Confederacy than a vast army, panoplied for the fight, was marshalled, and the blast of war sounded. Chieftains did not wait for swords, but ploughshares and scythes were turned from their legitimate uses—for

"When men are brave the sickle is a spear."

The sturdy sons of the South did not allow Freedom to

"\_\_\_\_\_ pine till the slow armorer  
Gilds her caparison and sends her out  
To glitter and play antics in the sun."

No! an armed nation was born in a day. Nor can it be said that the raising and equipping of a vast army taxed the energies and capacities of the young Republic in such a degree as to retard or check the growth of everything else which tends to make a nation great and happy. For while her victorious armies have thrice and thrice again beaten back from our shores the hireling hordes of Yankeedom, manufactories have grown apace—indeed, factories of all kinds have sprung up as if by magic, until at last the busy hum of the spinning wheel and the ring of the anvil clearly demonstrate the fact that we have become a manufacturing as well as a fighting people. Nor is this all.—Literature, too, pure and undefiled—free from the contaminating and detestable isms of Yankeedom—has already asserted itself, and grown amongst us from a tender shoot to almost giant proportions, and now gives healthful instruction and amusement to the old as well as the young. Harper, Leslie, Ballou, Bonner, Godey, et id omne genus, so far as the South is concerned in the future, are now quietly interred, never again to be resurrected in the land of the pomegranate, the laurel and the rose. In some instances our managers have done all in their power to raise the Drama from the mire into which the libertines and demireps of the land of isms had plunged it, while others have been content to cater to the tastes of the low and groveling herd, who nightly flock to see pieces of questionable morality belonging to the Bowery or sensational school. Managers Crisp, Morton, and Dalton deserve the thanks of the Southern people for their efforts in behalf of the legitimate Drama; to say the least, they have attempted to give us

"\_\_\_\_\_ the Jew  
That Shakspeare drew."

Manager Ogden, too, is entitled to some little commendation. The scenic effects in the majority of the pieces produced at the Theatre have been, as a general thing, very good; but the greater

portion of the plays selected for representation have been of a questionable character. Yet, on the whole, the people of the South have some reason to congratulate themselves on the rapid improvement made during the year in Dramatic representations. While they have not been, in this city at least, of that high order which would naturally attract the attention and support of the more enlightened portions of our community, we yet have the satisfaction of knowing that the Drama in the Confederacy has passed through the various stages of infancy, and that we may therefore expect something greater from it during the coming year. Hence for the nonce, we lay aside the scalpel, and join in that "merrie song" that bids

"\_\_\_\_\_thrice welcome to Christmas,  
Which brings good cheer."

Fill our glass with that old-fashioned nankeenish-colored drink, yclept egg-nogg [sic], and drink success to our Republic—her Armies, her Manufactories, her Literature, and her Drama.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, January 2, 1864, p. 8, c. 1-4

Summary: Cartoon of woman in grocery--"No'm; we couldn't sell this sugar for less than four dollars a pound. You see we have to pay the marketmen twenty-five dollars a bushel for potatoes, &c., &c., &c." and the same woman in the market--"Yes'm; I has to charge twenty-five dollars a bushels for them potatoes; I has to pay four dollars a pound for every pound of sugar I gets, &c., &c."

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, January 16, 1864, p. 1, c. 3-4

#### Ladies' Winter Fashions in Paris.

The annexed, from La Follet, will doubtless prove interesting to the ladies of the Confederacy:

The Beatrice cloak for December is of rich black velvet, shawl shape in the back, and cloak front, ornamented with guipure lace insertion, and an elegant guipure flounce. The Moscovite is very graceful, and not very extravagant. The fullness lies in large plaits. A large pelerine forms the sleeve, figures in large squares in front. It is composed of two pieces, which are joined in the back; the seams are ornamented with insertion. One model is made of velvet beaver, of a very dark brown. The tassel and insertion are black.

In the stores there are many fine styles. One velvet circular is brought out in admirable taste and excellence for service and comfort. It has a neatly quilted, black marceline lining. Around the neck is a fulled and rich guipure lace of over two inches in width. The armholes are finished with the same fulled guipure; handsome crotchet [sic] buttons, of very large size, wrought with bugles and finished with rich pendants, come as far down as the bottom of the waist in front. One such button is at the top and bottom of the arm-hole, gathered down the ends of the fallen lace.

One of less cost, but equally charming in style, is of very heavy black silk, in a long loose sack form. It has elbowed, half loose sleeves and pockets. The bugle trimming is elegant. It is like separate branches of foliage laid on at intervals each side of the front, the whole length of the sack. The cuffs and the pockets are ornamented with the same sprigs or leaves as the body, except that they are graduated in size. There is no collar, but the same graceful bugle trimming is around the neck. This sack has a quilted black silk lining.

Another model is of black broad-cloth, which is decidedly a winter garment. It has a collar, and is without lining. The shoulders and the back and the cuffs are decorated with the bugle trimming. On the two side seams at the bottom of the skirt the bugle trimming is in beautiful forms, but much larger than on the upper parts. It extends about half a yard up the seam.

A long circular of grave velvet cloth, with hoods and rich chenille tassels of brown and white, is very lady-like, and also suitable for any emergency or storms, as well as clear, cold weather.

A capital thing for the wear and tear of every day is the long gray circular in beaver cloth, with a falling hood. The hood lined with blue silk and finished with blue cords and tassels in excellent taste. Brown trimmings upon the gray cloth are also in much vogue.

The Basquine is considered very stylish in black cloth, but it requires a large quantity of material, and then appears to advantage only upon the finest form. This has very rich crochet trimming upon the half open sleeve and on the shoulders and back seams.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, February 6, 1864, p. 40, c. 2-4

Summary: Cartoon of young woman seated in front of a slave child who has her mistress' broken cage crinoline around her, the waistband on the child's head. "Miss Susan, despairingly--" "There! it's no use, Kitty; you can go and take the whole thing off. Was there ever such barbarity? Who but the Yankees would ever have thought of making hoop skirts contraband of war?"

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, February 13, 1864, p. 41, c. 4

#### Fashionable Chit-Chat

"Never were such dinner parties given since New York was a city as are given now," writes the correspondent of the London Times. "Delmonico's three restaurants at the beginning, the middle, and the end of the dining region of the metropolis, are kept fully employed; and dinners of twenty or thirty persons, at \$20 a head, exclusive of wine, are of nightly occurrence. The guests prefer the choicest and most costly vintages, regardless of the paper price. Madeira at \$12 a bottle, Chateau Laffitte at the same rate, and Chambertin at \$15, are none too expensive for their tastes. Why should they be? do not many of these people often make as much as \$10,000 in an afternoon in the rise of stocks that fluctuate as much as 12 per cent. from day to day. And have they not as much right as the fool in Scripture to say, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die?'"

The recherche hat, in New York, is described as of silver colored straw of exquisite braid and artistic proportions. Trimmings of short white feathers, mingled together, and slightly overarching the front; clusters of blue velvet convolvulus on the sides, and the same for inside trimmings; strings of white ribbon, edged with ruching of narrow blue velvet. "Jennie June" tells the ladies that collars are becoming somewhat deeper, and standing collars are no longer worn.

The fashion reporters say the question is not so much what is new, what is in the best taste, as what costs the most money.

The Marie Stuart style prevails in bonnets—heart shaped, drooping slightly.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, February 13, 1864, p. 48, c. 3



Summary: Illustration of Poisoned Ball Fired by the Yankees in their Late Assault on Battery Wagner.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, March 5, 1864, p. 67, c. 2-4

[Written for the Illustrated News.]  
My Portfolio.  
Dip V.  
A Letter from Solomon Shabrach, 5th Corporal,  
Army of Northern Virginia.

Camp Quattlebum Rifles, N.N.V., }  
January 25, 1864. }

When you come out of Richmond, my dear boys, you have to get a passport. As you have never yet travelled from home, I will explain what a passport is. It is a paper (always brown) which is signed by somebody or his clerk, and which induces a melancholy looking soldier at the cars, with a musket and fixed bayonet, to let you go back from the horrors of Richmond to the delights of camp.

As, without this brown paper (for unless the paper is brown the passport is not good,) you cannot get back home—that is to camp, the soldier's home—there is, of course, a great crowd of applicants always at the office where the papers are delivered. I was recently in Richmond, having been sent there on business connected with the Quartermaster's Department of our regiment, and I will describe for your instruction the passport office, and the way you get a passport.

I thought at first I would not need one, because my orders were approved by several high officers, and last by Major Taylor, Adjutant-General of the army, "by command of General Lee," and nobody had demanded any other evidence of my right to travel before I reached Richmond. "Uncle Robert" will not allow his provost marshals at Orange or Gordonsville to deny his sign manual, and I was under the mistaken impression that I could enjoy the luxury of taking back a lot of shoes and blankets to the Quattlebum Rifles, without getting a permit on brown paper from some Major or Captain in Richmond. I accordingly went to the cars, and on presenting my orders to the melancholy young man with the musket and bayonet, posted there, found his musket drop across the door. When I asked him what that meant, he shook his head and said I had "no passport." I called his attention again to my orders, but he remained immovable, uttering in a dreary sort of way, "You must get a passport."

"Why here are the names of a Brigadier and Major-General."

"You must get a passport."

'Here is Major Taylor's signature, by command of General Lee.'

"You must get a passport."

"From whom?"

"Captain \_\_\_\_." I forget who "at the passport office."

This appeared to be such a good joke that I began to laugh, at which the sentinel looked very much astonished, and evidently had his doubts of my sanity. I went back and at once looked up the "passport office." I found that it was in a long wooden building, on a broad street, in the upper part of the city, and when I reached the place I found a large crowd assembled at the door. This door was about two feet wide, and one at a time only could enter—the way being

barred by a fierce-looking sentinel who kept his musket with fixed bayonet.—I observed that everything was "fixed bayonet" in Richmond—directly across the door. this ferocious individual let in one at a time, and as each one entered the crowd behind him, which was as tightly packed together as a parcel of herrings in a barrel, surged forward with a sort of rush, only to be driven back by the sentinel, who scowled at them pretty much as a farmer does at a parcel of lazy negroes who have neglected their work and incurred the penalty of the lash. As fast as the passports were granted, those who got them passed out at another door, a second sentinel with musket and fixed bayonet also bade defiance to the crowd.

Well, after working my way through the mass, and remaining jammed in it for over an hour, my turn came, and with a slow and reluctant motion, the sentinel who had been eyeing me for some time with a sullen and insolent look, raised his musket and allowed me to enter. His eye continued to be fixed on me, as if I had come to pick some one's pocket, but I did not heed him, my curiosity being too much excited by the scene before me. A row of applicants were separated from a row of clerks, in black coats, by a tall railing with a sort of counter on top, and the clerks were bullying the applicants. That is the only word I can use to describe it. I am not mistaken about this. Here were very respectable looking citizens, officers of the army, fine looking private soldiers, and all were being bullied. Why do they bully people at the passport office? you will probably ask, boys. I don't know, but I have always observed that small "official" people always treat the world at large with a sort of air of defiance, as if "outsiders" had no right to be coming there to demand anything of them; and the strange thing is that everybody submits to it as a matter of course.

Well, there were a large number of persons who wanted passports, and only a few clerks were ready to wait on them. A considerable number of well-dressed young men who would make excellent privates—they were so stout and well fed—sat around the warm stove reading newspapers and chatting. I wondered that they did not help, but was afterwards informed that this was not "their hour," and they had nothing to do with the establishment until "their hour" arrived.

At last my turn came round, and I presented my orders to a clerk who looked first at the paper, then at me, pretty much as a cashier in a bank would do if he suspected that a draft presented to him was a forgery. Then the official again studied the paper and said in a tone of a Lieutenant-General commanding:

"What is your name?"

"It is on my orders," I said.

"I asked your name," snapped the official.

"Solomon Shabrach."

"What rank?"

"Fifth Corporal."

"What regiment?"

"Quattlebum Rifles."

"Hum! don't know any such regiment."

"What army?"

"General Lee's."

"What did you visit Richmond for?"

"On public business."

"I asked you what you came to Richmond for!" growled the clerk, with the air of a man who is going to say next, "Sentinel, arrest this man, and bear him off to the deepest dungeon of Castle Thunder."

"My friend," I said [illegible], for I was growing too old to have my temper ruffled by every youngster, "the paper you hold in your hand is my orders, endorsed by my various military superiors. That paper will show you that I am Corporal Shabrach, of the Quattlebum Rifles, \_\_\_ Virginia regiment, \_\_\_\_\_'s brigade, \_\_\_\_\_'s division, \_\_\_\_\_'s corps, Army of Northern Virginia. You will also see from it that I am in Richmond to take charge of Quartermaster's stores, and return with them to camp "without unnecessary delay." I have obtained the stores, which are shoes and blankets, and I want to obey my orders and take them to the company. If you are unwilling to give me the necessary passport to do so, give me back my orders, and I will go to General Winder, who is the commanding officer here, I believe, and ask him if there is any objection to my returning with my shoes and blankets to the army."

At the name of General Winder a growl ran along the table, and in about a minute I had my passport handed me without further discussion. It was a permit to go to Orange Court-House, Corporal Shabrach binding himself on honor not to communicate any intelligence (for publication) which, if known to the enemy, would be prejudicial to the Confederate States; also signing an oath on the back of the paper, by which he further solemnly swore that he would yield true faith and allegiance to the aforesaid confederate States. This was on brown paper—and I then knew that I could get out of Richmond without trouble. The sentinel at the other door raised his musket, scowled at me, and let me pass; and at the cars, the melancholy sentinel there, too, did likewise. I observed that he read my pass upside down, with deep attention; but I think he relied upon the fact that the paper was brown, as a conclusive proof of its genuineness.

I have thus described, my dear boys, the manner in which you procure a passport in Richmond. Why is the public thus annoyed? I really can't tell you. Everybody has to get one—and even if Mrs. Shabrach (the second) was alive she would have to sign that oath of true allegiance if she wanted to get on the cars. I shall only add that I think the clerk who put her under cross-examination would soon grow tired of the ceremony. Her tongue was not a pleasant one; but she is now at rest.

I must now say good-bye, my dear boys.

Your affectionate father,  
Solomon Shabrach,  
5th Corporal.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, March 19, 1864, p. 84, c. 4

[From La Follet.]  
Paris Fashions for February.

We have this month to notice such an extensive list of elegant dresses that we will only devote a limited space to general remarks. At the present moment, ball and evening dresses are of the first consideration. Low bodies are cut rather square, or slightly in the shape of a heart. Thick materials are usually made with round waists. Very wide sashes are worn with these, tied behind, with double falling bows; the sleeve is made with a bouillonne of the same material as the dress. The trimming of the skirt reaches about half a yard up from the bottom; narrow flounces, bouillonnes, bands of velvet or taffetas, lace, or chenille fringe, are all in vogue.

Visiting dresses are frequently made quite plain, with merely epaulettes of passementerie, and aumonieres to match. Passementerie is sometimes put up every seam of the skirt. The skirts are made quite as long and fan-shaped as formerly, of course the lower part much wider round than the upper.

Sleeves are still very small and long; only just opened sufficiently at the wrists to show the under sleeves.

Our description of dresses commences with those appropriate for evening wear.

A ball dress—A skirt of very fine white tarlatane, with several narrow flounces, alternately of white taffetas and tarlatane; above these some bouillonnes of tulle. The whole skirt is covered in this way, and small bows of white or colored chenille are dotted about over it. The body is made of white taffetas, with a plastron of white tulle.

A robe with three skirts of white tulle, trimmed with ruches, over a skirt of ponceau satin. The body is of satin, bouillonne with tulle, and the sleeves, which are made very short, are also of full tulle. All over this dress are bouquets of pomegranate flowers with green foliage.

A sea-green moire antique, with two bands of black velvet, pinked and trimmed with ruches of white blonde.

A thick black tarleton dress, trimmed rather more than fifteen inches up the skirt with wide bias bands of violet and white checked velvet put on slantways. High body, with diagonal band from shoulder to shoulder. Sleeves with revers trimmed to match.

A robe of black satin, with four thick wide ruches of the same, edged with narrow blonde. The body has a casque cut up behind.

A wedding dress of white satin, having round the bottom a trimming of swan's down between fifteen and sixteen inches wide. This dress is made with a train.

Another marriage dress is of white terry velvet, with three wide flounces of English lace, each flounce headed with a narrow band of swan's down an inch wide. A plain body, with buttons formed of pearls about the size of a small nut. At the top of the sleeves a narrow band of swan's down.

There is little change to bonnets this month. They are, if possible, more simple and elegant than those described in our last number.

We begin with one of cornflower blue satin, quilted; a velvet ribbon, about an inch and a half wide, beginning at each side of the crown, is fastened at the top in two long bows and ends; two other straps of the same ribbon are brought from the inside of the bonnet to meet the bow. A bunch of periwinkles in blue velvet, is placed across the forehead; narrow strings of velvet to match the bonnet, and wide ones of black silk.

A white plush bonnet—the front and curtain edged with plaid velvet, a large flat bow of the same, the ends trimmed with chenille fringe. Strings of white ribbon, edged with plaid velvet, is substituted for the plaids.

A bonnet of pale green velvet, the curtain trimmed with black lace. The front has a half wreath of brown heath and velvet leaves; in the inside, the same flowers mixed with blackberries. Blonde cap and green satin strings.

A felt covered velvet bonnet had the curtain of blue velvet and white lace; a torsade of blue velvet placed round the crown, fastening a bunch of blue and felt colored feathers. The inside trimmed with white lace; bows of blue velvet and white velvet anemones; blue strings.

A bonnet of green royal velvet, the front bouillonne of crape the same shade. The curtain of green velvet, lined with white satin. On the crown, tufts of white feathers, with nigrette of black lace. In the inside, a puff of white crape, with daisies in mother of pearl leaves.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, March 19, 1864, p. 88, c. 3

Summary: New books—The War and Its Heroes; Eleanor's Victory, by Miss M. E. Braddon; The Rebel Songster; The Two Nations: A Key to the History of the American War. Ayres & Wade, Publishers, Richmond, Va.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, March 26, 1864, p. 89, c. 3-4

Advice to Young Ladies.

If you wish to be a well-bred lady, you must carry your good manners everywhere with you. It is not a thing that can be laid aside and put on at pleasure. True politeness is uniform disinterestedness in trifles, accompanied by the calm self-possession which belongs to a noble simplicity of purpose; and this must be the effect of a Christian spirit running through all you do, or say, or think; and, unless you cultivate it and exercise it, upon all occasions and towards all persons, it will never be a part of yourself. When you try to assume it for some special purpose, it will sit awkwardly upon you, and often fail you, at your utmost need. If you are not polite to your washerwoman, you are in great danger of not being so to the lady whom you wish to propitiate; you cannot be sure of possessing yourself; rudeness of manner, occasionally indulged, will steal upon you unawares. The charm, which true Christian politeness sheds over a person, though not easily described, is felt by all hearts, and responded to by the best feelings of our nature. It is a talisman of great power, to smooth your way along the rugged paths of life, and to turn towards you the best side of all you meet.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, March 26, 1864, p. 89, c. 3

Notice.

We wish to procure a Poem in answer to "When This Cruel War is Over." It must be written in the same metre [sic], to suit some new and popular piece of music just composed.

We do not return rejected compositions.

We will publish the music, and give the author twenty-five copies for the Poem.

Address

John C. Schreiner & Son,  
Savannah, Ga.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, March 26, 1864, p. 89, c. 3

Playing Cards.

500 dozen English, French and American Playing Cards for sale by

West & Johnston,  
145 Main street.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, April 9, 1864, p. 109, c. 1-4

[Written for the Illustrated News.]

Extract

From a

Tourist's Journal.  
By D. S. C.

. . .As the prone rays of the resplendent god of day are pencilling their magic designs upon the western cliffs, I bid au revoir to my personnel and the outer world, and in the character of historiographer, I prepare for a subterranean tour within the womby recesses and infolded mysteries locked up in the Egyptian obscurity of the celebrated Mammoth Cave.

Our party, consisting of seven, having paid a high compliment to an excellent supper, at nine o'clock, rendered appreciable by an evening's occupancy of a heavy stage, commence with a hearty good humor the metamorphosing necessary, or, at least, customary, to the descent.—The gentlemen, as the sine qua non of their outfit, consisting, in part, of cane, canteen, oil and matches, did not forget a fine supply of long familiar brands of champagne (which, by the by, proved a fine antidote in cases where the overpowering magnificence of the scenery, acting upon the more appreciative, caused depression of spirits!) And the blooming ladies being bloomed, and all supplied as the wise virgins, with crowding emotions of pleasure and apprehensive anticipation, our merry party issue from the hospitable roof of the Cave City Hotel into the grandly picturesque dell which is to initiate us into the greater sublimity which awaits our explorations. Upon finding ourselves upon this beautiful walk, which terminates at the mouth of the cave, some hundreds of yards distant, illumined by the cheering rays of a full-orbed moon, which seemed dedicated for the occasion, to make us more enamored of the world we were about to leave, we could hardly restrain our mirth for the peculiar effect of the ladies masculine toilet, or our admiration for the stoicism with which they had submitted to their unsexing, to the evident depletion of their artificial charms! what a beautiful, graceful figure have I reclining on my arm! Oh, beautiful, beautiful boy! With what calm, undisturbed happiness could I drink in the beauties of thy transparent soul, with what a fullness of joy could I embrace thee as a friend—in that garb, but—

"The bashful look, the rising breast  
Alternate spread alarms;  
The lovely stranger stands confest [sic]  
A maid in all her charms." \* \* \* \*

Pursuing our pleasant walk, and lively conversation, we presently discover ourselves at its terminus, ending in a dark and precipitate gorge, where the lambent rays of the moon are excluded by the overhanging cliffs, and all the lavish beauties of the flight are shut out by the breath from the jaws of this monster bastard of Nature. Discovering the fog at the entrance, caused by the respiration of the cave, so dense as to render our farther progress impossible, we remained by our lamps. Old Mat, of Port Crayon celebrity, our excellent guide, with a conscious dignity illustrative of his important part, proceeded to supply us with lights, and in a few minutes our brilliant lamps joined their rival rays in beautiful reflection from the frowning piles of grey old cliffs; as peal on peal of joyous laughter reverberated through tits unexplored recesses, at the cost of old Mat's prominent peculiarities, whose venerable dignity could not counteract the ludicrous effect of his studied a la militaire. Would that I could preserve a portraiture of our picturesque little party as we stood that calm and quiet night, surrounded by that savage grandeur, piled heap on heap away up to where the blasted rock or whitened tree cast back, through the intervening fog, the triumphant rays of the illumined heavens. How unspeakably sublime! Shut up in our gorgeous amphitheatre [sic], with its woody drapery and random leaps of architecture faintly pictured beneath the dim, religious glow of Hesperus and her train.

"The balmiest sigh,  
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,  
Were discord to the speaking solitude which wraps the scene."

Would that I could retain the happy outbursting of wit and humor; the tender pathos of newly-begotten emotions; the high tributes of intellectual appreciation, lavished upon the wanton air of these hidden dells by our venturesome tourists. But only in fancy can we appear as then; each with a satchel of oil and matches, a long, rustic cane, a port folio [sic] and crayon; some carrying the wine and others the delicacies, and all with the peculiarly constructed lantern betraying our strange costumes; the attentive gallantry of the men, and the timid reliance and affecting naivete of our lovely boy-ladies, as we all stand at the mouth of the cave. But as it is our object, regardless of time and labor to unfold the mysteries entombed in this great crypt of Nature, we are denied this happiness, and leaving the happy by-plays of sentiment and wit enacted within its endless rotundas and ailantean halls to faithful and happy memory, we confine ourselves to the duty of a faithful statistical compiler, the performance of which shall, at least, have the merit of truth.

Our guide having halted here to assume in propria personae the dignity of his office, we discover that we are one hundred and ninety feet above the surface of the Green and Cumberland rivers; at which point we enter the narrow gateway which ushers into the vestibule of our temporary abode. Here our worthy guide called a council, and, with august bearing, gave directions as to our future course of conduct, warning us against disobedience, and advising us to great care of false steps, etc., the whole of which resulted in spreading alarm among the ladies. Being a military genius, he also suggested the propriety of our organizing ourselves into a methodical appointment, whereupon the beautiful and accomplished Miss Cleveland was selected artist—"present upon the spot"—and the vivacious colonel Grayson chosen special surveyor, and the dignity of crayon-topographer was viva voce conferred upon the writer. Others were self-selected to less onerous and more enjoyable offices. *Nous verrons.*

The entrance fronting the gateway is twenty-five feet in height by thirty in width, around which, at all seasons of the year, is a mist caused by the respiration of the cave—except when the temperature of the cave is as the outer temperature. This is only once a year. The cave, generally, breathes twice a year.—Its inhalations and exhalations being regulated by the outward temperature, we ascertained that when the external temperature was below that of the cave—fifty-nine degrees—the current sets from the former to the latter, while on the other hand the order is reversed. In this subterranean world no change of temperature or variation of darkness is ever known.

After leaving the mouth, we enter a small archway, walled with rock, which the miners excavated searching for saltpetre [sic] in 1812, to be used in the defence [sic] of Norfolk in the days of trouble with John Bull. In this narrow pass the ladies were greatly frightened by some of the lights being put out by the hastening current of wind, which afforded some of us rather a better demonstration of the current of their affections than could possibly have been elicited in a drawing-room *tete-a-tete*. As a warning to all future tourists, it should be placarded that in order to pass in at the gateway with your lights, it should be strictly observed that several entire evolutions of the body, with the light in front, are necessary in passing this critical point. Having relit our fair companions' lamps, and the guide having given us lecture No. 1, we enter the Narrows, which is six miles in length, varying from forty to sixty feet in height, and from sixty to three hundred in width. Passing over a portion of this, which is despoiled of its attractions by some evidences of art, we enter the Rotunda—a chamber one hundred and seventy feet wide, and

one hundred feet to the upper portions. The floor in this room is strewn with vats and pipes which were used by the miners in 1812. Upon examination, it can be discovered that no decay whatever can be seen. To the right, Audoman's Avenue conveys us over a pleasant walk of about two miles to the first beautiful collection of stalactites, which we had admired some time in the distance, the rays of our many lamps making them look like a rolling sea of fallen stars. Here, in this gaudy palace, is the Bat Residence. These monkish denizens, being disturbed by our obtruding lights, manifested their surprise and indignation by turning out in force, and giving us repeated slaps in the face, with other evidences of provoking contumacy. Our sticks being brought into requisition, "we gained a decided victory over largely superior numbers." The ladies, it would seem, have a great antipathy to bats, and great lack of expertness in the use of a stick (the story of the broom stick to the contrary notwithstanding), for, in their furious brandishments, our precious hats lit in numerous inconvenient chasms, giving some of us a very magnified idea of the size of these particular bats;--and thus history has it.

At the entrance of Audoman's Avenue are several cottages, built for consumptives many years ago. Our reverbose guide informed us that the architects of these subterranean abodes, with the fallacious hope of cure from an unvarying temperature, inhabited here for four months without seeing the light, which period ended the hallucination and their life.—These structures are of heavy rock masonry, with doors that would bespeak the good judgment of a Welsh frontiersman; without windows or top, there being no sun to admit, nor rude tempest to withstand. Our well-posted guide attached many legends to this locality. After resting awhile, upon couches of glittering stalagmites, while some sang those sweet old songs that carried us back to our city homes—while our jealous sketch-books were busy with nature's rich museum—and while the more ambitious were rendering their names immortal in rough chirography upon these imperishable tablets, almost reluctantly we bid adieu to the Rotunda, and, passing over huge hanging rocks, we enter, with religious awe, the Methodist Church, which we ascertain to be eighty feet in diameter and forty in height. In the pulpit, constructed of stalactites about twenty feet high, we were told the gospel was expounded fifty years ago. Judging from the denomination of the church, we infer that our ancient brother was a Methodist. Although there were no Methodists in our party, we could not but pronounce it far more beautiful than the boasted architecture of St. Paul's.

[To Be Concluded in Our Next.]

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, April 9, 1864, p. 112, c. 4

New and Beautiful Song.  
Just Published.  
"I Remember the Hour When  
Sadly we Parted."

An answer to "When This Cruel War is Over," Words and Music. Price \$2.00. Sent by mail to any part of the country.

H. C. Clarke, Publisher,  
Mobile, Alabama.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, April 16, 1864, p. 115, c. 1



[Written for the Illustrated News.]  
Will No One Write to Me?  
By Asa Hartz.

The list is called and one by one  
    The anxious crowd now melts away;  
I linger still and wonder why  
    No letter comes for me to-day.  
Are all my friends in Dixie dead?  
    Or would they all forgotten be?  
What have I done—what have I said—  
    That no one writes a line to me?  
        It's mighty queer!

I watch the mails each weary day,  
    With anxious eyes the list o'errun;  
I envy him whose name is called,  
    But love him more who gets not one.  
For I can sympathise [sic] with him,  
    And feel how keen his grief must be,  
Since I'm an exile from my home,  
    And no one writes a line to me—  
        I do declare!

Within a quiet, happy home,  
    Far, far, in Dixie's sunny clime,  
There dwells a quiet, happy maid  
    Who wrote to me in by-gone time.  
Now, others from their loved ones hear,  
    In tender letters, loving, free,  
Yet here I've been this half a year,  
    And no one writes a line to me!  
        We're not estranged!

Will no one write me just a line,  
    To say that I'm remembered yet?  
You cannot guess how much delight  
    I'd feel could I a letter get—  
Could I but hear from some kind friend  
    Whose face I ne'er again may see.  
Will some one now my anguish end?  
    If some one doesn't write to me  
        I'll-----get exchanged.

## Spring Fashions. Bonnets, Flowers, Cloaks, Dress Goods, &c.

Foreign journals, received through the blockade, contain lengthy accounts of the "Opening Days" in both Paris and London. For the benefit of our Lady readers, we glean a few facts in regard to the latest and newest styles:

### Bonnets.

The bonnets this season are represented to be remarkably becoming, while the size is just right—neither too large, nor too small. The sides are close-fitting, the top rather high, but depressed in the centre [sic], and the crown, curtain and every part graceful, but without exaggeration.

Taken en masse, the bonnets display a profusion of trimming, fruit, flowers, lace, ribbons, sea-shells, straw, spun and chrystalized [sic] glass, birds, bugs and butterflies, all having been pressed into service.

Neapolitan, rice straw, chip, and fine split-straw are the most fashionable materials, crape and lace being reserved mainly for evening wear.

A fine split-straw has a soft crown of white crape, crossed with narrow barbes of black lace. On the top of the crown is a plaiting of black velvet, which descends straight at the sides, and beyond that a band of tartan velvet, striped in blue, green, crimson, black, orange, and white. A Scotch monture, composed of poppies, daisies, buttercups, blue-bells, and sprigs of heather with the dew upon them, is placed near the front, and constituted the entire outside garniture. The face trimming is of mixed flowers to match, with a green and gold butterfly.

A very pretty bonnet of pale ashes or roses silk was ornamented with a long and slender branch of brown ivy, twined about with green mossy tendrils, edged with jet and crimson mulberries. Inside trimming, narrow bows, and ends of ribbon matching the color of the silk, soft white rose, and aigrette of dewgrass.

An entirely novel bonnet was of pale lavender Neapolitan, embroidered exquisitely in a leafy design, with fine crystals. The curtain was of lavender velvet, with a chou of rich blonde, composed the decoration, which was completed by white blonde braids over strings of lavender taffetas.

Bonnets of grey and black straw and Neapolitan will be very much employed by persons who wish to obtain something serviceable, and at the same [time], lady-like; they are very effectively trimmed with striped tartan, in blue or green, or any other of the favorite combinations.

Lighter hats of grey, or small black and white checked silk, with graceful cap crowns, and clusters of narrow ribbon loops with ends, for ornaments, are preferred for traveling, and are enlivened by a face trimming of fresh meadow grass and crimson berries.

### Round Hats.

Round hats promise to be more in demand than ever, as the season advances. One, made to wear with a grey dress, trimmed with laid, was of grey straw, with a band of plaid velvet

arranged in straight bows in front, with a short, full grey plume, tinted on the end with plaid. A mask veil of black Chantilly lace completed it.

Another was of white chip, with a scarf of Mexican blue velvet, edged with crystal fringe. Bows of velvet in front were held by a shell crescent, from which rose a mother-of-pearl aigrette. A narrow border of white bugle trimming ornamented the narrow brim of the hat.

Round hats are much smaller than those of last year—the crowns are lower and more sloping; the brims very narrow and slightly turned up. Mask veils are very generally and coquetishly worn with them by young ladies.

### Cloaks and Mantles.

The cloak openings this season took place earlier than usual, and have revealed some very charming novelties.

Round cloaks and basquines are still in favor, but are novel in style. Circular cloaks of light French gray cloth are laid in hollow plaits upon the shoulders, and surmounted by epaulettes of black silk, shaped like horse-shoes, and ornamented with small jet pendants. A similar trimming is placed upon the neck, in place of a collar.

Another style is ornamented with a border of silk application of the same color, chain-stitched on with white, in a very simple yet effective design.

Very stylish round cloaks are plaided in brown and dark colors, upon light grounds, and are finished with a deep border of heavy chenille fringe, which contains all the colors.

The most beautiful garments, however, are the basquines in heavy black silk, richly ornamented. One has a habit waist, with basques at the back, pointed in the centre [sic], square on the sides, and trimmed round upon the side seams, and at the top and bottom of the sleeves with the richest guipure lace. This is suited to a tall and elegant figure.

Another has the skirt cut into lappets [sic], trimmed round with costly barbe lace, and held together with ornamental bars of silk and jet. Sleeves are rather narrow, and are invariably trimmed at the top as well as the bottom.

Cloaks in very large, high colored plaids are displayed in many establishments, with hoods, lined with the most prominent colors. No lady of taste, however, will touch them.

### Dress Goods, &c.

Materials for dresses have lost nothing either in splendor or variety. Moire Antique is still in vogue, but will soon give place to chenes, and the pretty glace silks which promise to be in great vogue this season. The most elegant material for grand toilettes, however, is a changeable faille (rep) silk, which has appeared in beautiful quality and combinations. The most admired shades are violet and gold, green and gold, and gold and magenta. There is also a blue and silver, which is lovely enough to serve as a robe for Venus. The shifting play of color upon the surface of these fabrics, and the splendor with which they light up in the evening, is something wonderful.

The new style of chene taffettas is very much admired. The grounds are deep Mexican blue, green cuir color, and gray, with very minute black chene figures; the effect is very good; the quality is also good; and the price \$2.50 per yard.

Small checked silks are very much used for traveling dresses, for which they are exactly adapted. Shepherd's check grey twilled mohair and striped French foulard are all in demand for

this purpose. Small checked and embroidered wool grenadines make their appearance in fine qualities, and all the fashionable colors, and will, as usual, be a favorite material. The new organdies are in charming colors and designs, and are in great demand.

A new material for summer morning wear, and also for children's dresses, consists of jaconet in colors, lilac, mauve, violet, pink, and blue braided with white, the jacket displaying a handsome needle-work chemisette. It constitutes a charming costume. Linen cambric, printed in small delicate figures, and just now beginning to be appreciated, is also a very pretty and durable material for the same purpose.

Robe of heavy black taffetas, the skirt trimmed with thick double ruches put on in waves and notched on the edge. Waist with three points in the back, trimmed with silk, and jet passementerie. Small sleeves with epaulettes to match.

A pretty morning-dress for a bride is a white foulard, the skirt trimmed with a band of laid velvet, and the jacket and sleeves with velvet, edged with fringe containing the same colors.

A very handsome street dress is made of cuir colored French poplin, trimmed with a band of black velvet put on in hollow squares, and headed with pendant balls. The same trimming forms a square berthe on the body, and ornaments the sleeves.

A robe of rich green moire, sprinkled with rosebuds, was elegantly ornamented with pyramidal applications of tulle, divided into puffings by cross-bars of green velvet edged with lace. A lace tunic covered the low body and draped the skirt, where it was caught up with bunches of half-blown roses.

Evening dresses are nearly all made in thin materials, and are very wide, full and floating. The most admired are white, or some light single color, such as blue, pink, or mauve, and they are nearly all decorated with flowers. Tunics are very much in vogue, and the Swiss bodice, with square bands carried across the shoulder, is still worn. As a novelty, these little bodies are now made in plaid silk and velvet, and are ornamented with fringe and tassels containing the colors of the plaid.

Crinoline is worn very small and very large—very small for the street, very wide for evening and full dress. The amplitude in the latter case is not, however, caused so much by the size of the hoops as the number and voluminous flouncings of the light underskirts. A new skirt, called the "duplex elliptic," is made very elastic by fine double springs, united by a woven covering. These can be condensed, without inconvenience or annoyance, into the smallest space, and are, therefore, exceedingly well adapted for wear upon all public occasions, and in any public vehicle.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, April 16, 1864, p. 117, c. 1-4

[Written for the Illustrated News.]

Extract

from a

Tourist's Journal.

By D. S. C.

[Concluded]

For the present, we leave the main cave, and enter, to the right, what is termed the Gothic Galleries. The gallery which we pursue leads us under the Grand Arch, which is fifty feet wide and sixty high. In the distance we beheld looming up, in dire solitude, a dark and threatening

object that causes us to pause in wonder, although we recognize a shape that hardly elicits a passing glance in the metropolis. Our attentive guide informs us that it is the Giant's Coffin. It is forty feet long, by twenty in width, and eighteen in depth. In form it is a perfect coffin. With a sigh for the departed ghost of the giant, we pass around his coffin, and enter what is conceited by tourists to be the most dismal and gloomy place on earth—the Deserted Chamber. This room is rendered famous by the huge figure of an Ant-Eater, made by the effervescence of oxide of iron on the brilliant ceiling. A little farther on is most plainly seen the figure of a giant, child, and giantess. This is a quite symmetrical and lively picture. The old fellow is a hundred feet high; lady giantess is of a just proportion. She is kneeling, and papa is dropping their little (?) hopeful into her arms. After much diversion at this family scene we pass on amidst the sublimity of the scenery, and arrive at the figure of a colossal mammoth; this we pronounced a failure in the sculptor, but a fitting mausoleum of those legendary monsters. On the floor of this Altantean corridor are tracts of wheels, and of oxen! How and when were these impressions made? How did they get there? Wrapt in amazement we pass on and come to what the writer regards as the acme of the untutored sublimity of this hidden world. Here, in mute wonder, we paused to give audience to the prophet voice that, like the beacon of Bethlehem, stood forth in a world of darkness to tell of the existence of a God.—Great vale of terrible sublimity! How fit an abode for proud human thought—great thoughts, to expatiate and explore balsamic truths and wholesome sentiment, how pregnant and how welcome here. Here when brooding darkness interdicts all future change, and imperial reason makes its court for inspiration divine in apt converse with the Deity. But when pen can paint emotions so crowding and so transcendent! Our guide broke the awful silence with, "this is the Star Chamber," why did he not say—a second heaven! This chamber is four hundred feet in length. The ceiling is a very blackness of darkness, all studded with beautiful coruscant stars. Upon examination we ascertained that the stars are caused by the action of glaubersalts upon a black firmament of gypsum. The ladies were quick in discovering, to the left a brilliant comet just ending its erratic course behind the western horizon. Often had we been impressed with the beauties of a star lit night in our lovely South, or upon the green Atlantic; some of us, upon the wild mountains of Switzerland, and others, upon the carpeted plains of vernal Italy; but never before did our appreciation bring up such high tribute to this beauteous effect of nature as was called forth by this miniature of the great world's garnished dome. The horizon of this little world is formed of brilliant stalagmitic piles, which, by the light of our lamps, presented, in the distance, a strange, undefined appearance, not unfamiliar to the traveler who has taken a night ride among the lesser mountains of Germany. Old Mat, ever intent upon displaying the beauties of his mammoth museum, informed us that he intended to bring up a thunder storm! Thereupon, he took all of our lights from us, and warning us against "no kissing," proceeded towards the northern extremity, and commenced an irregular descent into a subterranean vault. As he descended the sky over head seemed overcast, slowly, by a threatening cloud, and, at intervals murmuring thunder added to the splendid delusion. Slowly, one by one, could we see the smiling little stars disappear behind the heavy black cloud; presently, the comet was lost to view, and then we were in total darkness! Such as we imagine preceded; "Let there be Light;" darkness so oppressive that it could almost be felt, so dense that we could hardly breathe. Though we could hardly realize that there was no immediate use for overcoats or umbrellas, the mystery of the storm was easily explained. As the guide descended with the lights, the shadows of the overhanging cliffs, cast upon the bright firmament, produce the clouds, their irregularity making it appear as if there were piles of clouds rolling in threatening menace. The thunder was caused by a noise made by the guide in his

lower rotunda, which was sufficient in these huge vaults to reverberate and re-echo back peal on peal of deafening thunder. I had neglected to remember the lightning, which played in promiscuous pencilling athwart the clouded sky, as our ingenious guide's concentrated lights encountered the brighter promontories of stalactites in his serpentine descent. After an absence which (had it not been for the ladies) would have been anything but pleasant, old Mat returned, and we had an April "clear off," which is explainable in the same manner as the storm. The angry clouds rolled gradually away, leaving the apparent sky clear and serene.

From this chamber we pass into the Floating Cloud Room, which connects with Proctor's Arcade. This room has the appearance of being at sea in a dreadful storm, by the falling off of the gypsum from the transparent walls and ceiling. To add to the wildness of this scene the unevenness of the floor causes locomotion to be attended with considerable danger. Howbeit, it was not regretted by the gentlemen, as it was the first occasion of their absolute necessity to their fair companions.—Proctor's Arcade is said to be the greatest natural tunnel in the world. It is one hundred feet high, forty in width, and three-quarters of a mile long. When this avenue is illuminated by a Bengal light, placed at Kenny's Avenue, (which is its terminus) it creates a sight so magnificent that you feel as if you were transformed to the courts of the Empyrean. I questioned myself to know if I were not sweetly dreaming of a new order of Arcadia. With our faculties overburdened with the sublimity of this scenery, we pass through Wright's Rotunda; its shortest diameter is four hundred feet; to the ceiling, forty-five feet. Here is the only place that is an accurate idea of the distance to the surface of the outer world can be obtained. The distance here is only fifty feet, and, therefore, is regarded as dangerous locality. I should state that in other places of our journey we were many miles below this point. Here our accommodating guide illuminated both extremities with Bengal lights. I can only say that it was indescribably beautiful.

Many avenues leading off from here, we decided to take the nearest one to the Fairy Grotto, where an aid extraordinary to our guide had been dispatched to have in readiness a collation, preparations for our wine, (do not infer from this that we are yet unacquainted with the quality of our champagne, for, in candor, I must confess that several "Poor Yoricks" mark our course) and some shawls for a siesta after our three o'clock dinner: for it is in the evening of the next day following our entrance. Passing through several uninteresting avenues, we enter, somewhat fatigued, the long-wished-for Fairy Grotto, not being willing to make our sejour elsewhere than in this paradisiacal rotunda. It is filled with lovely staglamites [sic], and is one mile long. On account of its beauty, that beggars all description, its smooth, level openings of white earth, its princely couches of shining stalagmite, and, in other respects, its peculiar construction, it was a happy selection for weary tourists to wander to greet dainty delicacies, to revel, and to muse under the pleasant influences of woman's presence; and then, in sweet dreams, to revisit in more beauteous coloring the things they have seen.

Having had several halting places, we are not much fatigued, and with right good will, happy hearts and joyous mirth, we arranged ourselves around a large shawl (spread on a table of white stalagmite), containing our sumptuous dinner. With the passing beauty of our sweet companions, heightened by exercise and graceful vivacity; with our lights fantastically arranged amid the gorgeous niches; with some in languid and meditative repose upon the rich breasts of some colossean couch; while others, in happy converse, stroll in solitary pairs, remote, beneath the overhanging arches. Shall I forget our guides, who with cork-screws, and endless fund of legends, were ever attentive to our corporal, and mental repast. Presently, fatigue and the impressive silence wooed us to "kind Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," and in Utopian

similitude we seek that gentle assuagement from the overwrought ideal, of oppressive magnitude; the beauty of which could hardly be rivalled in the picture galleries of dream-land. The silence of entombed death has regained its dominion in these desert halls. No breath stirs, and no sound longer disturbs the death-like quietude of these hidden vaults. How quiet! How impressive! How awfully sublime! But, hark! Can it be?—but I must not say what sound, from yonder sleeping beauties, disturbs my dozing meditations, for I would not have it in history that a beautiful woman can snore. Oh, horrors! I will have to resort to another cigar.

After a refreshing sleep and a cup of excellent Mocha, we leave the ladies and some of the gentlemen of our party in Fairy Grotto, and lighting our cigars we start upon what is termed the "long route." We select a spacious avenue which leads through "Solitary Cave," (which has no mark of interest save a beautiful cascade.) However, it should be stated that this is the most gloomy room in the cave, except the "Dead Sea." After much tugging over a rocky pass we enter the Chief City, which we find to be two hundred feet in diameter, and forty in height. As all of these subterranean localities derive their names from some characteristic feature, we notice that the ground is strewn with rocks, which makes it present the appearance of a city in ruins. From here, a distance of three miles, are often seen evidences of running water. The suburb of the Chief City terminates the Main Cave. After a rest, which was rendered necessary by the rugged heaps of fallen rocks representing the ruined city over which we have passed, we proceeded through Long Route. The first chamber that particularly attracts attention is Martha's Palace. It is entered over a narrow declivity called the Steeps of Time. Though we cannot arrive at the genealogy of this Martha, we cannot doubt but that she was fond of the magnificent. The Palace is forty feet high and sixty in diameter. Here we find the first spring in our route, whose limpid waters are soon lost in the yawning mouth of some adjacent chasm. Our guide informed us that, from time immemorial, it has been called Richardson's Spring. Near here have been found two human skulls, which were afterwards exhibited by our party. They are supposed to be of a race preceding ours.

Pursuing our route, we enter Side-Saddle Pit, the ceiling of which is sixty feet in height; it is ninety feet deep and twenty wide. It derives its name from the peculiar construction of its architecture. From here we enter the largest chamber embraced in our tour (it would take six weeks of indefatigable labor to make the tour of the whole cave.) It is called Minerva's Dome. Owing to the great danger attending locomotion in this Atlantean hall, we could get no accurate measurements. After many useful cautions from Mat we find ourselves on the sides of the "Bottomless Pit." Though thousands of wandering tourists have left here unable to solve the mystery hanging around the conviction of the "bottomless pit," we were intent upon investigating it to its bottom. It is usual for the guide to light a Bengal light and hold it over the pit until nearly consumed, and then drop it down, and as it invariably burns out before reaching the bottom, it has been believed by some that it has no bottom at all. I took a piece of this brilliant chemical light, and attaching it to a stone, hurled it down immediately. Down, down, down it went, illuminating its rugged sides, till at last we had the triumph to see it burning dimly away down yonder—on the bottom. Spanning the Bottomless Pit is the Bridge of Sighs, which is enclosed with an iron railing to prevent any one from slipping into the surrounding pits. One false false [sic?] step here would be fatal. We congratulated ourselves that we had left the ladies several miles in the rear.

Beyond the Bridge of Sighs is the Revellers' Hall (usually selected for parties to take luncheon in.) The Scotchman's Trap is the outlet from this hall. This trap is a circular opening, through which we have to descend. It is a huge overhanging rock, sustained by apparently, a

hair's breadth of stalactite. Should this trap fall it would effectually close the portion of the cave in which our other party reposes. Contiguous to this trap is a large rock which our guide tried to induce us to believe represented a Shanghai chicken. It is about fifteen feet high. Leading from here is the Fat Man's Misery, so-called because it is a low, tortuous avenue, fifty yards in length, which it is difficult for a corpulent figure to pass through.---One of our party being very unfortunate in this respect found it almost impossible to work himself through—his efforts and lamentations affording us great amusement. Great Relief is entered through this misery. A pleasant room, fifty feet high and forty across. It should be noted that the waters of Echo River sometimes ascend to this height. The avenue styled Bunyan's Way is directly over this room, and connects with that magnificent walk called Pensacola Avenue.

Going on through River Hall, Judge C., an immensely dignified personage, fell and spilled his oil, extinguished his lamp, and afforded us a hearty laugh. In a few moments we are by the beautiful, pellucid waters of the River Styx. Its waters being swollen, navigation is limited within a very narrow compass; the overhanging stalagmites kissing its bright surface in the distance precludes the possibility of the pleasant sail we had anticipated. The river varies in width from forty to seventy feet. No outlet to these waters has ever been discovered. We traverse Bacon Chamber, (containing a great amount of hard bacon!) at the terminus of which is the Dead Sea; a body of water 30 feet deep, and 20 wide. It is spanned by the Natural bridge, superior in point of wild magnificence to the celebrated National Bridge of Virginia. This is, without doubt, the most gloomy place that had ever appalled our senses in all our wanderings. Nothing more of interest attracts the tourist's attention until we enter Lake Lethe; which is an hundred and fifty yards in length, and from ten to forty feet wide, and in depth, from ten to forty feet. Its banks are very precipitous, which render it extremely hazardous to reach. We, however, cross it in boats, and disembark in the Great Walk which extends from Lake Lethe to Echo River, a distance of five hundred yards. Very often, a rise of water connects the two, and fills up the avenues so rapidly that visitors can with great difficulty, in precipitate flight, keep themselves beyond its reach. Echo river extends from Silliman's Avenue to Great Walk, a distance of five and a half miles. When Green River, outside, is swollen, these waters flow towards the Walk. When it falls they flow in an opposite direction. We observed that Echo River is so clear that the white rocks can be seen on its bed, as far down as twenty feet. With Bengal lights on the opposite side, the boats on its surface appear to be gliding through the air. This mysterious stream is inhabited with beautiful eyeless fish, which can be seen sporting in their numerous "schools."

Very reluctantly we pass through Purgatory and enter Pass El Ghor which is a mile and a half long and very wide, with exceedingly rugged walls. Falling from the ceiling is a glittering cascade, which causes the traveller [sic] to pause to admire its wild beauty. Owing to moisture here; stalactites and stalagmites are very numerous. To the left we are forced to enter the Infernal Regions, a horrible place, where even the most active and diligent are sure to fall. Within this chamber is the Sea Serpent, which is as long as you can throw a stone. From it is necessary to ascend the Hill of Fatigue (a very appropriate name, by-the-by.) It is only worthy of notice from its ascent being the most difficult and dangerous job ever performed.—The Great Western is an immense rock, resembling the hull of a ship. The celebrated Rabbit inhabits here, but even with the assistance of our apt imaginations, we could observe but little resemblance to its namesake. Our guide informed us that this avenue was named in honor of Dr. Silliman, of Yale College, whose explorations here have unfolded many hidden curiosities.



Passing through Silliman's Avenue, Rhoda's Dome is entered, which is less terrific and grand, but, possibly, more beautiful than the rest. Lacy's Arcade is connected with this; which is the highest dome in the cave, being over five hundred feet in height. The sides seem to be draped with immense curtains hanging from the ceiling to the floor. It is necessary to re-enter Pass El Ghor, which we found to be two miles in length. Its principal attraction is Fly chamber and Table Rock. The Crown is a beautiful rock on the left of the avenue, resembling a coronet. Emerging from El Ghor, we enter Corrinue's Dome, which is forty feet high and nine wide. This dome was formed by the solvent action of the water during the overflow of El Thor. The Black Hole of Calcutta is to the right, fifteen feet deep.—Here the Chimes are encountered; which being struck by our sticks, emitted a beautiful musical sound. In continuing our passage we observe that Wellington's Gallery is not attractive. Hebe's Spring is four feet in diameter, and one foot deep. By mutual consent, we drank to the health of the fair Hebe. Half a mile from here, Pass El Ghor communicated with a body of water called Mystic River, the origin or extent of which has never been ascertained. After leaving the dubious banks of Mystic River, Martha's Vineyard opens to the admiring view; its rich walls covered with stalactite, coated with gypsum and oxide of iron, presenting a passable resemblance to clusters of grapes. Projecting from the wall is a large stalactite, suggesting the Battering Ram.

Washington Hall connects with Snowball Room, which is thickly studded with snowballs of so great brilliancy that the vision is impaired by the riveted gaze of admiration elicited. Disregarding several halls of minor attractions, we soon find ourselves in Cleveland's Cabinet. It is three quarters of a mile long, sixty feet deep, and twenty feet wide.—With a little assistance of the imagination, and Mat's character for veracity, we find that the ceiling of this princely hall is literally lined with flowers of every description. Not flowers nurtured by the benevolent rays of a Southern sun, with the fostering rains of gracious Spring; but the long elaboration of the unyielding rock. The beholder is struck by the inconceivable beauty of the scene. Even before our guide had informed us that this has ever been the favorite resort for the ladies, we had expressed our regrets that the Hill of Fatigue, Fat Man's Misery and the Dead Sea separates us. Behind a curtain (formed of a graceful, white pendant stalactite) in Mary's Bower. The Last Rose of summer is eight inches in diameter, and of snowy whiteness.

Bacchus' Glory is a large alcove, strewn profusely with stalagmites resembling grapes. In this alcove is that admiration of tourists—Diamond Grotto. We amused ourselves by waving our lights to and fro, which caused the beautiful coruscations to rival in splendor so many real diamonds. A poet's fancy, in the most coveted afflations [sic?] could hardly conceive of a picture of more beauty.

After periling our lives in the laborious passage of the Rocky Mountains, (which is one hundred feet high, formed of rocks fallen from above, and surmounted by Cleopatra's Needle) we arrive at the verge of a gorge seventy feet deep, and one hundred wide; beyond which the cave divides itself into three compartments, possessing features of more or less grandeur, which must be fancied in the ideal of the appreciative tourist, who, after the sublimity just seen, pauses exhausted, in wonder and amazement, upon the rugged brink of the Malistrom! [sic?]

The ultima thule, the ne plus ultra is reached! Here sublimity, grandeur, and chaste beauty, are lost in a deep, dark, and ominous labyrinth. What mortal eye can gaze into the threatening limits of this Tartarean gulf without thoughts of those infernal regions into which it seems to be the inlet? Low murmuring in the distance, away down its dark, uneven walls, the wild leapings of a viewless stream can be heard, as it hastens to its unknown ocean. Beyond, is

opened to the contemplation a view so fearful that even the most venturesome have no desire to risk the passage.

By lowering a Bengal light, avenues can be seen leading off from near the bottom of this strange pit. We descend by an iron railing to the Seat of the Mummy. Tradition says that the bodies found in this dismal place were the bodies of an Indian female and child. Both were in a perfect state of preservation—the infant a few feet from its mother. One of our party fired his pistol here, and the concussion was so severe that it almost deafened us, being much louder than the report of a columbiad.

By reference to our watches we find that forty-seven hours have elapsed since we parted with our less inquisitive party in Fairy Grotto, and that the time for our re-assembling is near at hand, and there being no other points of especial interest, and being fatigued, or more appropriately—"used up," we will transport ourselves to that happy retreat.

Before entering we hear the happy voices of a party returning from a stroll to the River Styx, where they have been to relieve the monotony upon its airy waters, while, gently wafted above the merry hum, we hear the dulcet melody of some sweet voice that has carried the fair singer from her wild prison house to the "loved ones at home." Others are reclining in pleasant tete a tete, while, apart, the lazy smoke of an [sic] Havana is seeking the overhanging rocks.

We are welcomed by three cheers, and a hot collation, and a new introduction to the champagne basket.

Lost in the aerial sublimity of this wild enchantment, with all the indulgences for idealty; an anchorite in this profusion of nature's charms, the writer finds himself isolated with stranger thoughts. How productive of thought to entertain the various emotions which these wonderful mysteries, entombed in the Crypt of Nature, produce in the attentive mind. Here the little pellucid drop of limestone-water continues noiselessly its beautiful creations, and, directed by the finger of the invisible God, it peoples the dark caverns of the inner earth with forms of surpassing loveliness, to charm none but the prying gaze of the inquisitive tourist. Whence were derived the rules of architecture and sculpture by which these halls and galleries were built and decorated in a style more gorgeous than the Moorish Alhambra, more magnificent than the palace of Babylon, more graceful than the temple of Minerva. What sculptor has written his name and immortality upon these fair proportions? What Philideas has traced these ever during lines of beauty? Ah, this inquiry leads to an humiliating thought, that the honored men of the earth—the Painters, Architects, Sculptors, and all the list of fame, are but the instruments of the great first-cause, as are these tiny drops of water, to show forth grandeur, beauty, and truth unto men. And how vain appears the blaze of glory when we reflect that these most insignificant agencies operate, by the guidance of Providence, more definitely, and to the production of more magnificent results than the most brilliant name of all the catalogue of glory every attained.

Who can commune with these great works of God without realizing that spirit of wrapt [sic] devotion so beautifully expressed by Milton:

"These are thy glorious works, parent of good,  
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,  
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!  
Unspeakable! who sittest above these heavens,  
To us invisible, or dimly seen  
In these thy lowest works. Yet these declare  
Thy goodness, beyond thought and power divine.  
Speak ye who best can tell—ye sons of light—

Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs  
And choral symphonies, day without night,  
Circle his throne rejoicing! Ye in Heaven,  
On earth, join all ye creatures to extol  
Him first, Him last, and Him without end."

Bright and early on the morning of the fourth day, our little party emerged into the gladsome rays of an Autumn sun, as it played in fitful smiles through the aromatic copswood of our favorite walk; and, bye-and-bye, upon the vine-clad portico of the cottage Hotel, the lusty postillions, flourishing their long whips and our ill-treated baggage, we bid a reluctant adieu to Old Mat, and the endeared scenes of our happy adventures, and with a loud crack of the whip we "ho, for old Virginia."

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, April 23, 1864, p. 128, c. 1-4

Summary: Cartoon "An Expedition in Pursuit of Live Stock" shows two soldiers spotting a frog ("No. 1. A Flank Movement Planned") and then missing him ("No. 2. Failure of an Expedition.")

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, April 30, 1864, p. 136, c. 3

#### New Music.

Twinkling Stars are Laughing Love.  
Faded Flowers.  
The Vacant Chair.  
Make me no gaudy chaplet.  
Napolitaine—I am dreaming of thee.  
Warblings at Eve.  
Wake Lady, Wake.  
Oh, come to me, love, in a beautiful dream.  
Beauregard's Charleston Quickstep.  
To be had by all music dealers in the Confederacy.

John C. Schreiner & son,  
Music Publishers.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, May 7, 1864, p. 144, c. 3

Summary: New publications by Burke, Boykin & Co., Macon, Ga.,--Master William Mitten, by Judge Longstreet; Camp and Field, by Rev. Joseph Cross; Duncan Adair, by Mrs. Jane T. H. Cross; Young Marooners, by Rev. Francis R. Goulding.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, June 11, 1864, p. 160, c. 3

#### New Music.

When the Boys Come Home. By C. C. Sawyer. \$1.50  
Soldier's Suit of Gray. E. C. Ilsley. 2.50  
I am Dreaming Still of Thee. Buckley 1.50

I cannot Forget Thee. Albin Visser. 1.50  
Wait 'til the War, Love, is Over. 1.50  
Yes, we Think of Thee at Home. Words by J. H. Hewitt. Music by E. C. Ilsley. 1.50  
Gen. Bragg's Grand March. P. Runiac. 2.00  
Stonewall Jackson's Grand March, illustrative of "Stonewall Jackson's Way." Chas. Young. 2.50  
Confederate Polka March. La Hache. 1.50  
Washington Artillery Polka March. 1.50  
Her Bright Smile Haunts me Still. Improvisation by La Hache. 3.00  
199 Broad Street Polka. E. O. Eaton. 1.50  
Music sent by mail to any address free of postage, upon receipt of the marked price.

Blackmars Bro.,  
Augusta Ga.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, July 16, 1864, p. 180, c. 2-4

Summary: Cartoon "What There Is In a Name." Mother with baby looks over the fence at two muddy little children. "Irate Mother.--'You S'lina Jane! why don't you come in here to Lee Jackson--don't you here [sic] him cryin'!' Selina Jane.--'Oh! please Mar--me and Beuregard is makin' such nice fortifications out here.'"

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, July 30, 1864, p. 188, c. 2-4

Summary: Cartoon "The food Question Settled for the Campaign." Two soldiers sitting in the bushes, one eating berries out of his hand, the other gathering them in his hat. "Bill, (of the \_\_\_ Regiment, A.N.V., to Tom, of the same, contemptuously)--loq.--'Talk about starving us as long as blackberries lasts-----' Tom--'And after them comes huckleberries and these 'simmons.'"

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, August 20, 1864, p. 193

The Fashions.  
Latest Parisian Modes.

A correspondent of a London paper writes from Paris as follows:

"Our charming Empress inaugurated the reign of Spring silks by appearing on the race ground at Longchamps in a robe of shot silk, reflecting various shades of lilac and delicate pink, the latter known as the color gorge de pigeon. She was draped in a camail of lama or white Yak lace, and becomingly coifed with a bonnet of white lace, decorated with pink roses. I propose to your elegantes her Majesty's rich simplicity of dress, in preference to the eccentric styles of costume which are the present vogue with would-be-fine ladies, and with many real fine ladies too. These oddities in costume are of very doubtful taste, and rarely becoming. We see, on the Champs Elysees and in the Bois, light pink and blue silks, all bedizened with lace furbelows and trimmings, the train a yard long, gathering the dust and dirt as the fair wearer sweeps along; the figure cased in a man's coat—that unfeminine garment called an incroyable, having a tight body cut away at the waist, and diminishing gradually into long coat tails behind, and trimmed with large buttons. The hair is arranged with tier upon tier or rouleaux; the ears quite visible, and decorated with large gold earrings, generally long golden rings, such as we see in the peasants' dress of Burgundy and Normandy; and surmounted by a head-gear so small that it resembles more a cap than a bonnet. These Bibi bonnets are too tiny to admit of trimming underneath.

Fringes, either of white bugles, chenille, or small straw balls, are placed around the edges of the bonnet. Some of them are fashioned without a crown, only the front and the curtain. All the back hair hangs down behind, and is supported by a net-work, also bright with beads and bugles. Sober people will fancy I am copying from Punch, and not describing the bona fide toilet of French women, so renowned for simplicity and good taste in the decking out of their graceful persons.

"The new styles of Spring and Summer silks are really very beautiful. Those with plain grounds of delicate hues, with dots of velvet of a different color, and the street silks reflecting various shades of color, are the most attractive. The bright, warm, summer-like weather has brought out also a large display of printed muslins, of delicate colors and graceful designs. The latest patterns have a white ground, with plaid stripes running lengthwise, the stripes being bordered at each side with designs of black lace woven into the material. Another is the feather pattern, the same white ground, with tapering feathers about three inches long, speckled and of variegated hues. Then we see a great variety in the last year's style of portraying, on colored or white grounds, gay flowers, and birds, and butterflies. Sashes, or rather waistbands, are worn with all description of dresses, even over a corsage with basques. We see very wide bands around the waist, laid in folds, and forming points both upwards and downwards. They are covered with jet or steel designs, or with pearl beads, and finished behind with a large bow, and three ends a half a yard in length, with Zouave bodies and waistcoats. These sashes are invariably worn.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, August 20, 1864, p. 196, c. 2-4

Summary: Cartoon. "Peace Movement North." Two animated rifles and two animated cannon head across the Potomac into Pennsylvania. One cannon holds an ANV battleflag, and the other holds a roll of paper labeled Levy \$500,000,000. Legend--"Our commissioners cross the Border, prepared for Negotiation."

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, September 3, 1864, p. 204, c.3

#### New Music.

Ever of Thee—variations	\$3.00
La Pluie de Perles, (Shower of Pearls,)	3.00
Mazurka de Traineaux	4.00
Empire State Grand March, with a beautiful and correct likeness of Governor Joseph E. Brown,	2.50
The Vacant Chair	1.50
Who Will Care for Mother Now?	1.50
No One to Love.	1.50
Why? No One to Love?	1.50
Music sent by mail.	

John C. Schriener & son,  
Savannah, Georgia.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, October 1, 1864, p. 220, c. 3

The Misses Partington's  
Dancing Academy,  
Opposite  
Monticello Hall,  
Broad Street, Between 6th and 7th, Richmond, Va.

The Misses Partington, so long and favorably known to the citizens of Richmond, take great pleasure in announcing that they will open an Academy for the instruction of

Ladies, Misses, and Masters,  
in the  
Art of Dancing,  
At Monticello Hall, Broad Street,  
on the  
Fifteenth of September.

The Misses Partington will introduce all of the Fashionable Dances of the Season, including Quadrilles, Cotilons [sic],

Mazurka Quadrilles, La Polka,  
German and French Waltzes,  
Polka Waltz, Cellerus Waltz,  
Waltz Cinque Temps,  
Waltz Deux Temps,  
and the  
Redowa Waltz.

Classes for Ladies, Misses, and Masters, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons, from 3 to 6 o'clock, P. M.

Terms.—One hundred dollars per quarter, payable in advance. Extra charge will be made for Fancy Dances.

To avoid interruption during school hours, no business will be transacted at the Academy.

Ladies and parents wishing to enter their children for the first session will, therefore, make immediate application to the Misses Partington, at their residence on Leigh street, between Adams and Foushee.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, October 1, 1864, p. 220, c. 3

Summary: New and useful books, lately published, for sale by West & Johnston, Richmond—Guide for Claimants of Deceased Soldiers; The Golden Daggers; The Southern School Arithmetic, by A. & J. Fowler; East Lynne, by Mrs. Henry Wood; Three Months in the Southern States, by Lt. Col. Fremantle; General Orders from the Adjutant and Inspector General's Office from January 1st to June 30th, 1864; Mistress and Maid: A Household Story, by Miss Muloch; The Rivals: A Chickahominy Story, by Miss M. J. H. of Virginia; Wait Till the War, Love, is Over, a song for piano forte or guitar.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, October 29, 1864, p. 225, c. 2-3

Fashions for October.

From "Le Follet" we translate the following which will prove interesting to our lady readers:

The favorite colors for the season are red and yellow. Hitherto there has been some prejudice against red, but it certainly now reigns triumphant; and it has one advantage, that it is becoming to almost all complexions. The bottom of the skirts cut in festoons are still fashionable. They are made rather short, and below the festoons is a plaited bias flounce, which gives width to the skirt and forms a train. This flounce is usually quite plain. When trimmed, it is with an insertion of lace. The festoons should be edged or trimmed either with plaiting, lace, fringe, &c. Sometimes trimmings are placed from the centre [sic] of each festoon a few inches up the skirt, or even to the waist. The wide sash, tied behind, is still worn with both silk and ball dresses. For day or demi toilette the long and wide black sash is generally preferred, even with a white or light colored dress. Plain or striped taffetas are worn also with black, gray or violet dresses. The sash to match is equally a la mode. It is fastened in front by a large gold or silver buckle. Organdie dresses, also, have colored sashes, if the body is not made with long basques d'habit. There are some charming dresses of this kind. The body entirely separated from the skirts permits of variety of the toilette; for, as a change, a cashemire or taffetas veste may be worn, instead of the body like the dress.

Embroidered dresses will be much worn next winter. The designs, imitating lace, will be very recherche. Black is always preferable, and should be rich poult de soie—the pattern being in violet, blue, or even red.

The fashion of wearing vestes by no means diminishes; on the contrary, guimpes and waistcoats are quite the order of the day. For the autumn the pique is often replaced by one of the white taffetas, half open down the front, so as to show a jabot of lace. Long sashes of black or white lace are made very wide, and over a muslin or silk dress form an exceedingly pretty finish to a toilette. They are doubly useful, for they can be employed as head dresses also.

Among the following dresses will be found some great novelties: A dress of white chambery gauze, with pink spots wide apart; two little flounces gauffered and edged at top and bottom with black lace. Between the two flounces is a wide insertion of lace. The dress has a rounded train; high body, ornamented with insertion; narrow sleeves, with insertion up the seams and backs of the arms; wide sash of black lace very long, widening towards the ends, and pointed. The head dress is charming; it consists of a little pouff of pink and red geraniums, attaching a lace catalane resting upon the back hair. Skirt of white silk, striped with pink; a flounce at the bottom of the skirt, edged with pink. Dress of white linos, cut in scallops, edged with pink silk. The dress is drawn up at equal distance all round. Low body. Lace berthe, trimmed with ruches of silk. White band of white and pink striped ribbon. Gold buckle in front. Coiffure, a catalane of blonde mixed with roses. Skirt of black silk, trimmed with a plaited flounce edged with white. Over this, drawn up, was one of the white linos, striped with black. Casaque habit of black silk, very full, with long skirt. Another very pretty morning dress was of white foulard, with black lozenge shaped spots. Double skirt; the under one trimmed with a plaited flounce of scarlet taffetas, edged with the white foulard. The over skirt of the same open at in front, and trimmed with foulard. The upper skirt is fastened in front with large buttons covered with scarlet silk. Wide sash of scarlet silk tied behind. Many dresses this autumn are made with one wide flounce, cross ways about a quarter of a yard wide. This has a very good effect, especially in striped materials. In this style was a dress of black silk, with satin stripes, very fine, of a rich violet. The flounce edged with a quilling of violet. The bottom of the skirt,

which reached below the flounce, was cut in scallops, and edged to match the flounce. Sonerita jacket, trimmed to match.

There is little variation in the shape of bonnets. They are still small, and close to the face, without curtains, or with curtains about an inch in width. Dust-colored crape, mixed with velvet, will be very fashionable this autumn. Almost all the bonnets are bouillonnes from front to back. In velvet it is really pretty, and not so heavy as might be imagined. One made in this manner was of black velvet, without crown or curtain, the front being very long, so as to form a crown, which was covered with flat black feathers. With drab feathers, or black or Mexican blue velvet, elegant bonnets are made. Feathers will be the most fashionable trimming for the coming winter. For crape and tulle bonnets they have been replaced by flowers, peacock's feathers alone having kept their stand during the summer; the others, however making their appearance with velvet, either for the bonnet itself or as a trimming. A bonnet of pink crape, two large bouillons forming the front. Over the second bouillon was a quilling of pink silk. At the left side, nearly in the centre [sic], was a bouquet, formed of two tea roses and foliage. The narrow crape curtain is covered over another rose, a bow of black velvet with long ends falling from under it. A white crinoline bonnet, lined with green silk, the inside of the front trimmed with a tuft of ivy leaves, and the same trimming on the outside edge—a fringe of red berries falling from the edge. On the left side is placed a bouquet of ivy leaves and red berries, and the green strings are carried across the bonnet, close by the crown. The curtain, which is very narrow, is of green silk, plaited in large plaits, and covered with tulle. Black lace bonnets are very fashionable this autumn. A very pretty one, lately worn by the Empress, was trimmed with a wreath of daisies round the front.

The same style of bonnet may also be trimmed with a wreath of periwinkle. The front is very small; soft crown and no curtain. The strings, to match the colors of the flowers, are carried across the bonnet, close to the crown. Another black tulle bonnet was trimmed with two roses, one just above the bandeau and the other close to the ear. On this kind of bonnet roses of all colors may be worn, but pink or white roses are the best for black bonnets. Tulle bouillonne are also very pretty, trimmed with shaded grass, or a small bird or butterfly, or rosebuds; and they are even made without any trimming, and with tulle strings. There is a talk of doing away with strings altogether, and fastening the bonnets with pins; but at present it is only talk. We scarcely think it is likely to be adopted—at any rate not during the winter.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, October 29, 1864, p. 228, c. 2-3

Summary: Cartoon--"The Cradle and the Grave." Dapper very short officer addresses gangly young private. "Orderly--'Come, get your gun and fall in, Spraggins. You walk as if you were one of the men that Grant says we steal from the grave.' Spraggins--'I hearn tell he accuses we'uns of robbin' of the cradle, too, and I begin to think he aint much out, judgin' from some folks.'"

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, November 5, 1864, p. 233, c. 1.

[Written for the Illustrated News.]

Knitting for the Soldiers.

By Leclerc

Seated by the fireside, knitting,  
How Rosie's needles shine'



As first o'er hand, then finger,  
    The snow-white yarn doth twine.  
Knitting—praying for the soldiers,  
    As she turns the heel around;  
Thinking fondly of the heroes  
    In their blankets on the ground.

Now her wee hands drop together,  
    And her red lips breathe apart;  
There's a thought of one brave private,  
    Stirring through our Rosie's heart;  
Till it thrills with deep emotions,  
    Of tenderness and fear;  
And spots the snow-white stocking  
    With many a sparkling tear.

Seated by the fireside, dreaming,  
    Our Rosie's cheek grows red;  
Fancy weaves a bridal chaplet  
    For her pretty golden head.  
Sitting—blushing in the twilight,  
    While air-dreams round her wave;  
Oh! child, thy lover sleepeth well,  
    His last sleep, in the grave.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, November 12, 1864, p. 240, c. 3.

#### Paris Fashions for October. Bonnets

Are made of any color, but usually of white muslin, ornamented with black beads or velvets, and rests closely to the head, the curtain being replaced by a garland of blue flowers hanging over a narrow white lace that partly covers the catogan. [sic?]

#### Dresses.

The predominant color for dresses still continues to be white or the lighter tints of the colors for which the summer of 1864 was remarkable. For colored silks of darker hues, and especially for foulard dresses, straw ornaments have been applied with advantage; and these have the double merit of cheapness and originality.

Evening Dress.—Robe of white alpaca, ornamented with black lace insertion, surrounded by bouclettes of black velvet; the vest is similarly [illegible]. Muslin chemisettes, with collar and cuffs of embroidered muslin. Head dress composed of a wide entredeux, trimmed with narrow guifure over rose-colored silk, terminated by a rose colored silk bow and ends.

Dress for a Little Boy.—Low-necked nankeen blouse, trimmed with a black worsted braid; rounded teeth on the edge of the shirt, bordered with black binding. Wide sleeves, with a band descending from the shoulder scarf-wise, and attached at the waist.

Dress for a Young Lady.—Checked gray foulard robe, trimmed round the edge of the skirt with vandyke blue ribbon, surmounted by three narrow bands of blue silk. Muslin canezou, pointed in front, plaited throughout the corsage and ornamented with narrow stripe of blue velvet.

Walking Dress.—Lilac foulard robe, trimmed with mauve-colored silk, edged with black silk guifure. Small upright collar, fastened by a rose-colored cravat. Chapeau windsor, ornamented with white feather in front, and another large feather falling over the hinder portion of the Tuscan hat.

### The Latest Style of Parisian Belle.

At the French spas, during the past summer, the ladies have worn their skirts nearly as short as the Bloomer surtout, while Hessian boots, laced from the knee about half way down, and with tassels swinging from the tops, have been the sole substitutes for the Bloomer unmentionables. Add to these articles of costume a broad belt at the waist, with a buckle in front about fourteen inches in circumference, together with a jaunty hat, without strings, something like the chapeau of the stage highwayman, and worn rakishly aslant on the head, and you will have some idea, fair reader, of the gentlemanly appearance of a Paris belle at a fashionable watering-lace during the late flirting season. Stay, we have omitted one item—an eagle's feather stuck erect in the hat in the Rob Roy Macgregor fashion. The correspondent of an English newspaper, after describing this outrageous "rig" (which, by the way, is rendered still more conspicuous by its glaring and strongly contrasted colors), says that the impudent bravado with which it is worn is more offensive to decency than the dress itself! Such is the mode, in the court circle of France under the eyes of a matron Empress. Whether she set the fashion or not, we cannot say; but as she some time ago assumed the masculine hat and cane, it is quite likely that the Hessian boots, short petticoats, belt and chieftain's feather are specialties introduced by the gay and festive, though middle-aged and somewhat faded, Eugenie.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, November 26, 1864, p. 248, c. 4.

To \_\_\_\_\_,  
Assistant-Commissary of Subsistence.  
By Rose-Bud.

On Returns for October, I'm sorry to find,  
You are to swindling much inclined;  
On "Form 5," you charge too high a price,  
And sell the officers "Sugar for Rice."  
"Form 8" is wanting, and "Form 2"  
Is full of mistakes the whole way through.  
You've cheated the Government by the hour—  
And swindled it out of a barrel lf flour.  
In adding meal, an error you make,

And twenty rations for ten you take.  
Your whole Brigade is drunk, I guess—  
The issue of whiskey is much in excess.  
On Provision Returns, I furthermore find,  
You swear you have lost a head of swine;  
You also state, said animal's death  
Was entirely occasioned by want of breath;  
Your statement doesn't bear truth on its face—  
Send Surgeon's certificate that such was the case.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, January 7, 1865, p. 4, c. 4

A Card to the Ladies.—Now, ladies, call soon at Miss Semon & Co.'s on Broad street. We have just received a large lot of French Working Cotton—red, white, and black, all numbers; also, narrow Black Ribbon.

Miss Semon & co.,  
No. 111 Broad street.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, January 14, 1865, p. 4, c. 2-3

A fair friend in the City of Oaks sends us the following letter, descriptive of a series of tableaux recently given in that city, for the laudable purpose mentioned therein.

If our female readers in every city and town would emulate the example of the Raleigh ladies, they might contribute much to alleviate the sufferings of our soldiers, and at the same time do much to promote their own pleasure.

Raleigh, N. C.

Our little town has been quite enlivened by a series of beautiful tableaux, gotten up by Mrs. R. M. Saunders, for the purpose of raising funds for the Ladies' Hospital Relief Society. I doubt if a more beautiful selection of pictures, and more artistically gotten up, have been seen in our Southern Confederacy. First on the programme, comes the 'Peri at the Gate of Paradise,' from Moore's beautiful poem of Lalla Rookh. Miss Lilly Singletary, a child of twelve, of rare beauty, represents the 'Peri.' The stage was a vast garden of rare exotics, at one side a gateway of silver, while above all, hung the rainbow, blessed omen of promise. A sheet of light came through the gateway and fell upon the Peri,

'As she listened to the springs  
Of life within, while music flowing,  
And caught the light upon her wings,  
Through the half open portal glowing.  
She wept to think her recreant race  
Should e'er have lost that blessed place.'

The next picture was, 'Offering the Crown to Lady Jane Grey.' Miss Betty Johnson as 'Lady Jane,' sad, yet beautiful as she is represented, as yielding to 'Dudley's' persuasions, while four courtiers are kneeling, offering her the crown. 'Dudley' is represented by Lieutenant McKimmon, 'Northumberland' by Lieutenant Waters. Messrs. D. Bell, Bellamy, Rayner and J. Bell, as the courtiers, while the 'Duchess of Suffolk,' Miss Davis, is watching from her seat the persuasions of the handsome 'Dudley.'

'Miss Judy McCann at the Ball,' comes next. Read Charley O'Malley and you have the scene. Mr. Rayner, as 'Miss Judy' was inimitable, while Mr. McPheeters as 'General Dashwood,' could not have been better.

Next comes the 'Veiled Prophet of Khonasen,' a gorgeous Eastern scene from Moore's Lalla Rookh. Miss Mary F. Haywood as "Zelica, beautiful as night in her eastern dress, as

-----'She stops—she listens—

-----can this be,

The place of mirth, the bower of revelry?'

Lieut. McKimmon as 'Mohammed,' is just in the act of raising his glittering silver veil, while 'Azim lies upon the door of the garden.

Now comes one of the most amusing pictures I ever saw—"The Village Gossips." Three old maids gossiping [sic] over a cup of tea, while a fourth, (Miss Rayner), with her work, is just entering, to have a chat about some wedding that is shortly to take place. Liss [sic?] L. Manly is telling the story. Miss J. Saunders, a merry old maid, sits with both hands raised in horror at the idea of giving so much for the trousseau, while Miss J. Manly shows astonishment in every feature of her face. No scene was ever better conceived or acted.

The 'Execution of Mary, Queen of Scots.'—Miss Mary F. Haywood as 'Mary,' is kneeling at the block, a sad sacrifice to Elizabeth's jealousy. She is attended by two maids of honor, Misses Johnson and Rayner. Her confessor, the executioner with his axe resting on the block, with the guards and courtiers complete the picture.

'Peter the Great Saved by his Mother.' Mr. Rayner as 'Peter,' Miss S. Manly as 'Catharine,' while Messrs. Branch and Blount were the assassins.

'Joan of Arc Receiving her Sword.' The scene represents the interior of a church. Just over the left side of the altar hovers the angel, (Miss N. Devereux), with the sword in one hand, while with the other she points heavenward.—'Joan of Arc,' (Miss Betty Johnson), in a Normandy peasant's dress, with one hand outstretched to receive it, expresses surprise at the gift.

The next picture represents 'Joan of Arc in Prison.' A low, dark dungeon, upon the floor of which is seated 'Joan,' in a coarse prison dress, grasping a cross, her only comfort in this, her home of suffering, while above hovers the angel, ready to comfort and minister to her.

'What to do with Exempts.' The interior of a cottage is shown, a table, spinning wheel and various cooking utensils; also a cradle with a baby in it. Seated in the table is the exempt in petticoats, in the act of darning a stocking. Mr. Rayner is the exempt. A little in the rear is the exempt's wife, (Miss J. Saunders), with a Confederate coat on, a cap, and looking the saucy private to perfection, in one hand a gun, while she shakes her fist with the other. The baby commencing to cry, the exempt to rock the cradle, and the wife giving him a shake of the fist, leaves, her manner speaking more plainly than words, for him to mind the baby, while she fights the Yankees.

'The Feast of Roses' comes next, from Lalla Rookh. Lieut. McKimmon as 'Selim,' is seated on cushions, surrounded by six dancing girls, all in Eastern costume, while Miss Rayner as 'Nourmahal,' after her song is finished, has just taken off her mask, and 'Selim' makes the discovery that it is

'His Nourmabal, his Harem's light!  
And well do vanish'd frowns enhance  
The charm of every brighten'd glance;  
And dearer seems each dawning smile  
For having lost its light awhile;

And, happier now for all her sighs,  
\* \* \* \* \*

She whispers him, with laughing eyes,  
Remember, love, the Feast of Roses.'

The 'Dumb Orator,' by Messrs. Busbee and McPheeters concluded the series.

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SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, January 14, 1865, p. 4, c. 4

A Card to the Gentlemen.—We have on hand a large supply of Military Goods, such as Generals' Wreaths, Stars, Bars, cords and Tassels, Staff buttons, Maryland Buttons, and all sizes Garibaldi [sic] Buttons.

Miss Semon & Co.,  
No. 111 Broad street.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, January 21, 1865, p. 3, c. 2

[Written for the Illustrated News.]

The Ideal Woman of Miss Evans.

By a Woman.

"A still Medusa, with mild, milky brows, all curdled."

Each age of literature has its peculiar style and the woman who would dare appear upon the streets of Richmond in her grandmother's dress would scarcely excite more ridicule than he who would come before the "world of letters" with the thoughts, the feelings and ideas of the last century. In nothing has this capricious changing of fashions been more marked than in novels. so rapid and so thorough have been the transitions here, that what was once thought an almost sinful amusement, has become the instrument by which is sought the regeneration of the world.

The genius of to-day is Championism, and swarms of novelists roam over the world like knights of old, and sometimes like Don Quixotte [sic] doing battle with the dragon Prejudice, or the giant Custom, and dragging from loathsome dungeons, or rescuing from enchanted castles, the beautiful princess, Truth. Each has his lady-love for whom he is sworn to live a conqueror, or die a hero, and every day sees thousands of trophies laid at the feet of Temperance, liberty, Peace, Equality, and the many other beings and myths which divide the homage of the world.

The idol of Miss Evans is Woman. Heart and soul are given to her cause with a devotion almost painful. To place her intellectually above the mean position which an ungenerous world has given is the one aim of her literary existence. "Beulah" and "Macaria" are but the first and second days of the same great battle, or rather they are one continued duel with the prejudice of man, in which, like an unskillful fencer, Miss Evans loses her prudence in her ardor and fights more valiantly than wisely.

Her heroine is certainly her ideal of woman; but in her struggle to raise her intellect she lowers her heart, giving thus an unfortunate appearance of truth to the assertion of man that the purity and truth, the gentleness and mercy of woman were given her by the law of compensation when equality of intellect was denied.

There once lived in the brain of an English poet a wizard, which by his art could call into existence a creature that in grace and beauty so counterfeited woman, even the absence of soul did not betray her until the true woman was placed beside her. Beneath her gaze this phantom

creature grew dim, dissolved to mist, and faded away. Though the woman of Miss Evans differs from this child of magic, yet she resembles her. She does not fade away—but you touch her, and she is stone. You place your hand above her heart, and feel no pulsation. No abashed and half-betraying glance awakens your sympathy. No voice in its hidden strength yet breaking into womanly weakness, smiles upon the chords of your heart. By some mechanical working of the wires of reason and conscience she pities, and is kind to you; but she asks nothing in return, she is sufficient to herself, and in the light of that broken spell you read her—a work of art, beautiful, but no woman.

Even in the intellect of her woman, where Miss Evans evidently aims at the highest type, she is like the singer who falls just enough below the full note to make you nervous. Her heroine has talent, but never genius. She is a "bookish woman," and clings to the authors who have formed her mind with a helpless timidity, like the mariners of old who hugged the shore and feared the open sea.

Whether she has ever an original thought is hard to determine, for quotations serve every turn in life. They are offered as congratulations to the joyful and consolation to the sad as incentives to the listless and reasons for the importunate. Behind them, as behind impregnable breastworks, she defies the world.

Having fallen into the common error that the heart, or at least its natural and kindly sympathies with the world, must decrease as the intellect increases, Miss Evans adheres to the no less common error that the mind given us by God as the greatest of blessings, the cultivation of which is required as a holy duty, must be of necessity a curse—that intellect and misery are inseparably connected. For the gifted woman, snares are set in every step, dangers lurk on every side, around her troubles fall "thick as autumn leaves in Vallambrosa." The blasts of winter and the heat of summer are brought to destroy her. Like Saturn, Miss Evans no sooner calls a being into existence than she sets about to devour her; and the smallest of female jupiters might despair of finding a Rhea.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, January 21, 1865, p. 3, c. 3

Female Popularity.—If a woman wishes to be a general favorite with her female acquaintances, she has only to permit them to outdress her. The more intent they are on gewgaws and decorations, the more profound will be the respect for her who totally disregards them. Let any one look amongst his or her friends and see if she who is most beloved is not of less pretension to fancy than those around her.

SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, January 28, 1865, p. 3, c. 3

[Written for the Illustrated News.]  
A Fashionable "Storm"  
Without Wind or Rain.

"What's this?" said I, as Plug handed me a neat little bit of snowy paper. "See for yourself," was his reply, as he placed it in my out-stretched hand, and turned off to eye a passing beauty across the street. Hastily breaking the envelope, I read the following, written in a well-known "hand":

Mr. C. Date,—Your presence is indispensable at a "Storm" at Miss Flash's this evening. As several of your particular friends will be there no excuse will be taken if you fail to meet us. Go early.

Tuesday Afternoon.

Sincerely,  
Pink.

As soon as the "passing beauty" had disappeared, I insisted that Plug should enlighten my ignorance in regard to "storms," who thus defined that terribly grand monosyllable:—"Why, a 'storm,'" said he, "is the most delightful style of evening party. It is an impromptu surprise—a select sociable. A few girls decide that on such an evening they, with their escorts, will 'drop in' on Miss So-and-so, and, the preliminaries being arranged, Miss So-and-so is confidentially informed that the 'descent' is to be made—merely that she may be 'in.' Pizzini is called upon, and when the 'storm' comes off Miss So-and-so regrets deeply that she is so surprised and unprepared, and hopes that a few nugs which happen to be in the house will be acceptable, &c., &c." Perfectly satisfied with this definition, and as Miss Pink is an especial pet, I determined to appear at the "storm;" but, as Plug had an engagement with Miss Pink, I had to "go it alone." The hour of meeting did not once enter my head, for the note said, "go early," and that was plain enough to understand—so by nine P.M., having donned my "heaviest gear," I peeped through the "venetians" into old Flash's parlor. Every jet of the chandelier was brilliantly lighted, and the roaring fire denoted that something was to take place; but the room was deserted, not a soul could I see; nor were there hats, coats or shawls discoverable in the entry. It was a little too early, I concluded, and as it was some distance to my room, I determined to stroll for a short time till the company should begin to assemble. Half an hour passed slowly, and I found myself again ascending the steps of the porch. Another peep, with the same result, and another stroll of another longer half hour, and I was again in the neighborhood. The town-clock was just striking ten, and I heard voices in Flash's porch. The door opened, and from the shade of a tree box across the way I recognized Miss Pink and Plug in the party. After shivering for an excruciatingly long ten minutes, I pulled the bell. Divesting myself of hat and overcoat, I entered the parlor, bowed to the ladies, squeezed Miss Pink's soft tiny fingers, shook hands with the male folks, feeling a little uncomfortable lest my presence had caused the stillness which seemed to prevail. For some cause or other nobody seemed disposed to entertain or be entertained, and yawning prevailed to the widest extent. This, then, is what they call a "storm"—a most absurdly inappropriate name. 'Twas a most decided calm, for calmly everybody enters, and calmly takes a seat. Miss Jimston calmly suggest that Miss Ripple has a most astonishing voice. Mr. Lighthouse, to whom the suggestion was made, calmly proposes a song from Miss Ripple, whereupon everybody entertains Miss R. to favor them. Miss R. being of an obliging disposition, calmly condescends. Silence and yawning prevail, and Miss Ripple begins. Everybody, by a twitch of the eyebrow, intimates that Miss Ripple's voice is astonishing. The door opens, and in stalks a waiter of "goodies," with a calm-looking negro boy in the background. Miss Ripple cease. Everybody having a weakness for refreshments, visits the waiter. Half of the number get half as much as they want and calmly indulge; the other half get nothing and are not satisfied. At half past eleven Miss Dazzle remembers that she did not leave Miss Fudge's "storm" till two this morning, and calmly rises to go. Suddenly everybody recollects that Miss Fudge's "storm" did not abate until after two, and calmly bid Miss Flash "au revoir;" and everybody should have the sense to see the folly of such "storms."