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# THE HENKEL SQUARE HERALD

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VOL. 5

Henkel Square, Round Top, Texas, June 1864

NO. 6

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We would call the attention of Sugar planters to the advertisement of Sugar Kettles.

Mr. Tanner, the advertiser, has extensive nitre works in Llano county, where he is turning out 5000 pounds of nitre daily. The cave which he is working is some three or four hundred yards in length, with a deposit of from twelve to fourteen yards. He also informs us that the Edgeworth cave in Burnett is still more extensive with equally as rich a deposit. Mr. Edgeworth having already supplied the Nitre Bureau with over 40,000 pounds of nitre, so pure that it was found by analysis to contain but two percent of foreign matter. Mr. Fanner [sic] thinks the whole Confederacy could easily be supplied with nitre from these two caves. The price paid by the Bureau is but 75 cents per pound, which at the present depreciated state of our currency is less than the cost of manufacture, and it is understood that the price is to be increased to compensation rates.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, June 1, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

**Excitement at Tyler—Three Men Hanged.**—[The letter from which the following extracts were taken was not written for publication, but knowing the writer as we do, we take the liberty of publishing such parts as are of interest to the public. We know the writer to be a young gentleman of veracity. He is on duty at Tyler.—Editor Quid Nunc.]

Capt. J. B. Burnett—My Dear Friend:—On yesterday evening, about sunset, were hanged, half a mile from this place, three men, supposed to be jayhawkers, and of which there is but little doubt. They were evidently bad men, to say the least of it, and deserved the fate that befell them. One of them, the leader of the party, Jim Reed, was Sheriff of Collin county; another, McReynolds, or McRunnels, rather an elderly man, was Chief Justice of the same county; the other was a young fellow by the name of Holcombe. The charges against these outlaws were, as I understand the matter, the entering of the house of an old lady living in Vanzandt county, grossly insulting and robbing her of \$300 in specie, and about \$1900 in Confederate notes. They all plead not guilty to the last moment—making no confessions. Reed said that he had been burned out in his county by men much worse than he was accused of being, and forced to move his family, a wife and seer children, to his mother-in-law's in Vanzandt county. It seems that the evidence against them was not of the most convicting nature, as we could get it here, but the party that brought them in were sufficiently satisfied of their guilt. The old lady, whose house was broken open and robbed, identified and swore to their being the men. Reed had in his pocket, at the time of his arrest, papers from Gen. McCulloch passing him to some command in Arkansas or Louisiana, he, as he stated, preferring to be in the army rather than out, exposed as he was. I learn that he carried a company in the

service from his county at the commencement of the war; in fact, no one disputed it that I heard. The worst feature of the affair in this case is, that he served a term of three years in the penitentiary of Missouri before coming to Texas. This he denied, as well as ever having been in Missouri.

I forgot to mention that a young fellow by the name of Davis was brought in by these persons from Vanzandt, and condemned, and carried out to be executed with the others, but, fortunately, he was to be last hanged, which circumstance saved his life. As they had but one rope, they could hang but one at a time, and had to wait till he was dead. Just as they were fixing to execute Davis, a gentleman came up who recognized him as being a member of his command, and said that he had always made a good soldier. He was, of course, released, and is now at Camp Ford. McReynolds, or McRunnels, has a son out at camp, who is now offering any price for a wagon to carry his father's body home, at Rockwall, Kaufman county.

I have written much more upon this subject than I expected to when I set out, as you will probably get a more full and correct account of it from other sources.

About 1500 Yankee prisoners were brought in a few days ago, and I heard Gen. Roane say, just now, others were coming. There are now over 3,000 prisoners at Camp Ford, near this place. Lieut. Col. Hill, commanding post, is quite an energetic and experienced officer. He was chief of artillery under Lieut. Gen. Holmes, in the District of Arkansas. I have no more news of interest.

Truly yours,

J. C. M.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, June 1, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

**Drugs & Medicines**—J. J. Beech, on Pecan Street, has just received a selected stock of staple goods [?] and Medicines, direct from Monterey.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, June 1, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

## Special Correspondence of Gazette.

Tyler, May 16<sup>th</sup>, 1864.

Editor Gazette.—Twelve hundred and thirty three Yankee prisoners arrived here from Camden, Ark. yesterday---380 more are expected here to morrow. They were taken at the fight at Marks' Mill. These together with those already here will make 4500 free boarders, who are rather unwelcome visitors to the planters hereabouts; but certainly much more welcome as prisoners than as conquerors. These planters, though willing to divide to the last with our own brave defenders, dislike to stint themselves to feed these despoilers of our country. Some of the prisoners were left at Shreveport—about 1,000 have been sent to Bonham, Fannin Co. Steele has lost upwards of 5,000 men in Arkansas. He went from  
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**Special Correspondence of Gazette.**

Continued from page 1

Little Rock with about 15,000 men to overrun South Arkansas and invade Texas. He got back to Little Rock with from 3 to 5,000 armed men and a rabble of 2 or 3,000 unarmed ones, (who in their hasty flight had thrown away their arms to increase their speed,) without wagons, artillery or provisions. The railroad from Little Rock to White river was torn up by McRae, who organized a Brigade from men who had gone to the Yankees to keep out of the army, and deserters from various brigades. The Yankees required them to take the oath, which they consented to, but when they were ordered into the ranks of their army it was more than they bargained for, so they left, and have been bushwhacking their Yankee friends ever since. He has about 1500 with him now, who are redeeming themselves right well. Many are returning to their commands, who have been shirking duty under various pretences. Such are the fruits of the victory in Arkansas. I saw an officer who came to guard the prisoners—some of whom stood guard over *him*, when he was taken prisoner at Arkansas Post. He says that our soldiers are confident, and enthusiastic, and that the Yankees were "better whipped in Arkansas, than they were in Louisiana." Steele is at Duval's Bluff, on White river, trying to get to the Mississippi river with the demoralized remnant of his army, harassed by our cavalry, who daily send to Camden squads of from 20 to 50 prisoners. Little Rock and Pine Bluff are evacuated by the enemy. Not having taken down at the time the number of wagons, pieces of artillery, arms, etc., which have been taken by our troops I fear to trust my memory; but they were all his army had, except the few they carried with them back to Little Rock. I understand from a gentleman just from Bonham that the corps of wheat in that region are not very good. The corn is late, and only tolerably good. The crops in this section of country are tolerably fair—corn rather later, the fruit is all killed, I believe.

Claude de Mogyns, Jr.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, June 1, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

Bonham, May 28<sup>th</sup>, 1864.

... The ink with which this note is written was made by boiling a very prevalent weed of our prairies and adding a small quantity of copperas to the decoction as a mordant. There is no further need of quartermasters paying a thousand dollars a bottle for ink. A lake of it might be made about here. Our women have been dyeing their garments with it. One girl said "she went into the woods, in a dress dyed with it, the other day, and the birds all went to roost;" and I don't know what all happened. The dye is ordinarily called "Lincoln's Blood."

B.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, June 8, 1864, p. 1, c. 4

Bonham, May 28<sup>th</sup>, 1864.

... If I was a botanist, I would make known to your female readers a jet black die [sic], recently discovered, and now in use in the country. The weed used for this purpose grows in great abundance on the prairies.

Your correspondent, "B," has this instant handed me a bottle of ink, with which I write, taken, as he says, from his wife's "die pot," and as he informs me he is before me in communicating this "item," it is proper that I should desist. . .

"A."

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, June 8, 1864, p. 1, c. 5

We will gladly receive any country produce for subscription, for which those acting as our agents are authorized to allow the highest prices, and hold it subject to our order, or send by first opportunity of transportation. We, of course, expect such articles as will keep and will best bear transportation, such as flour and bacon, home made cloth, wool, etc.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, June 8, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

Special Correspondence of Gazette.

**In the Saddle, on Bayou DeGlaize, La.**

May 21<sup>st</sup>, 1864.

... I was all through the residence of one of our planters yesterday morning. We drove in the Yankee pickets from it in a hurry—so much so, that they did not have time to put the torch to it, as they had done to most of the others on their retreat. This place presents a sorry sight. It had been a splendidly furnished dwelling. Scarce a whole piece could be found of anything—feather beds torn up and scattered; glass-ware broken in fragments—nothing left that the infernal scoundrels could break. But this is not all. To show the malignity of the wretches we are fighting, I came across a splendid portrait of a lady, (I supposed it to be the lady of the house). This portrait was shot through the breast.

G. W.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, June 8, 1864, p. 2, c. 3-4

Galveston, June 11<sup>th</sup>, 1864.

Editor News:--There was quite an excitement at Head Quarters on Thursday, occasioned by a crowd of women, who demanded of the General rations of flour, bacon, &c., &c., refusing to receive corn meal, and such other articles as have heretofore been furnished them at Government prices. It seems to have been a preconcerted movement, gotten up by a party to take the General by storm, as had been previously done with the Major-General. The principal ringleaders, or rather sisters, were women who were not actually in need, and who seemed disposed to prefer a row rather than receive their rations. The women were placed under a guard, and were interrogated singly, and the real leaders were detected. These were ordered to be sent off the Island by this morning's train, and the order is now being carried into effect. At daylight this morning, quite a procession of wagons and ambulances were on the way to the premises of these female rioters to remove their families and effects to the Depot.

...

Item.  
GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, June 15, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

### Some Hideous Plays on Names.

What lady is good to eat? Sal Ladd.  
What lady is good to eat with her? Olive Oil.  
What lady is made to carry burdens? Ella Fant.  
What lady preaches in the pulpit? Minnie Stir.  
What lady has to fight the Indians? Emma Grant.  
What lady helps her? Minnie Rifle.  
What lady does everybody desire? Ann U. Ity.  
What lady is acquainted with surgery? Ann Atomy.  
What lady lived in Noah's time? Ann T. Diluvian.  
What lady is fond of debate? Polly Tishun.  
What lady votes? Della Gate.  
What lady paints portraits? Minnie A. Choor.  
What lady paints comic ones? Carrie K. Choor.  
What lady is fond of giving? Jennie Rossity.  
What lady is much talked of now? Amelia Ration.  
What lady is used to war? Milly Tairy.  
What lady is lively and gay? Annie Mation.  
What ladies are voracious? Annie Condor and Allie Gaiter.

BELLEVILLE [TX] COUNTRYMAN, June 21, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

### The Wish of the Dying Texas Soldier.

Oh, bury me not in this far off land,  
Where none of my kindred sleep--  
Where no loved ones can visit my grave,  
And no kind friends will weep.

O'er the spot where I take my last long sleep,  
Unheeding care or pain,  
'Till the last roll call shall sound once more,  
And wake me to rise again.

They may love this land, the native born,  
For it is their childhood's home;  
But, oh, 'tis not half so fair to me  
As the land where I used to roam.

Then lay me not here--I cannot sleep  
So far from those I love;  
My spirit could never rest in peace  
With their stranger skies above.

Near a spreading oak, in my own loved land,  
I would have my bones recline,  
Where the sun as it rose and sank to rest  
On my grave would brightly shine.

Where the birds would sweetly sing their songs  
From the morn till the set of sun,  
And the twinkling stars would keep their watch  
O'er my grave till the night was gone.

Oh, bury me there--near my childhood's home--  
Let me sleep near that old roof tree;  
In the land where all my kindred sleep--  
Oh, there my grave should be.

Near the bubbling spring, where oft I've slaked  
My thirst on a Summer's day,  
As I left the play ground close at hand  
Where I oft had been to play.

Near the spot where my youthful footsteps strayed--  
Where my youthful vows were given  
To her, who now an angel pleads  
For me at the throne of heaven.

Yes, bury me there--where affection's hands  
Would deck my grave with flowers,  
And those who loved me would come and pray  
In the mellow of twilight hours.

Yes, bury me there, and I'll lightly rest  
Beneath my native sod,  
'Till the time arrive when we all shall meet  
And give an account to God.

These lines were written by Capt. Alexander Henderson Chalmers of Co. B, 15th Regiment, T. V. I., while sick at Camp Nelson in Arkansas, in Nov., 1862. They were forwarded by Capt. E. M. Taylor, who now commands the same company, to a friend in Williamson County, with a request to have them published. Taylor, in a letter accompanying these lines, says Capt. Chalmers was killed at the head of his company, while gallantly leading a charge at the battle of Mansfield, La., on the 8th April. His untimely loss is much deplored by his companions in arms, to whom he had endeared himself by his courteous and engaging manners, and his cheerful endurance of all the perils and dangers of a soldier's life. His remains now repose near Mansfield, with those of Gen. Mouton, Col. Taylor and many other gallant spirits, who fell on the same bloody field. His grave is marked by a head-board, with his name, rank, company and regiment, and the date and circumstances of his death."

As a compliance with the wishes so touchingly expressed in the foregoing lines would be a source of much gratification to the friends of the deceased, I trust some steps will be taken, in the proper quarter, to have his remains removed to a suitable resting place in his beloved Texas.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, June 22, 1864, p. 1, c. 3

The families which were sent from Galveston island, by Gen. Hawes, have been permitted to return on condition that they behave themselves.

Families are returning to spend the summer months, and suitable tenements are getting quite scarce. So says the News correspondent.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, June 29, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

Camp 21<sup>st</sup> Texas Cavalry,  
Parish of Avoyelles, La.,  
May 26<sup>th</sup>, 1864.  
Editor Gazette:

The battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill are familiar to your readers as a twice told tale. But who of them have imagined the savage waste of the battlefields? For twenty odd miles, below the former place, fences, houses and crops, racked, torn, demolished and crushed in the dust; residences and plantations rifled and denuded of everything that could be useful to man; smoking ruins, hundreds of dead horses—some mangled and torn—bullet scarred and cannon-splintered forest trees, confused and scattered rubbish; spoil and plunder of the enemy, hastily abandoned, all meeting the eye at every turn, made us realize a wild desolation which no ordinary shock of battle, strife of armies or disappointed ambition might have wrought. It was but the beginning however, of the terrible havoc inflicted upon this fatal land. The enemy, panic-

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stricken had gone in helter-skelter style to Natchitoches and Grand Ecore, leaving the pine woods strewn with arms and fragmentary equipment. Gen. Bee, was doing him the unwelcome service of 'closing up" his rear while Gen. Green, moved with Parsons' Brigade and Woods and Gould's Regiments to Blair's Landing to intercept his fleet. With the ever mournful and tragic event of the battle of Blair's Landing the whole country is painfully acquainted. An incident of the battlefield identified with the fallen Hero, is, however, worthy of mention. We were ordered across the open field in front of the fleet at a "double-quick." The distance being near a mile and our dismounted cavalry unused to foot service, it was found quite an ordeal. The earth was soft and spongy and thrown into ridges across the line of our march, and at every step our feet sank deep into the earth. A noble spirited fellow, overcome by fatigue and had fallen behind the line, was struggling to regain his place, as our lion-hearted General was crossing the field at the same point. Generous and kind, as well as brave, the Hero checked his horse and with a word of encouragement relieved the tired man of his gun till he could come up with the line. Passing on, a second and a third were relieved in like manner. The men recovered their places and received their arms with gratitude for the General's kind consideration. While yet the battle raged and the enemy's shells were shrieking through the air above us, this incident was related to me by one of the men, who could not express his feelings of gratitude for the generous and timely assistance. As we passed into the fight, our attention was arrested by an act of female heroism worthy of all admiration. Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_, with two little children occupied her dwelling on the river at the point of our attack, and had not been warned of her danger. But as we approached rapidly through her yard, she appeared at the door, offering water to our tired and thirsty men, while shells were flying thick and fast around. . . . [account of battle] But the scene was changed! The shades of evening witnessed our forces withdrawn and the enemy in quiet possession of the ground. Soon the torch was applied to the buildings of our patriotic heroine and the lurid glare of the flames made hideous the gory field. This savage act performed, while robbery and theft were doing their dirty work, the enemy made good his retreat farther down the river.

A part of our cavalry was environing the enemy's camp between Natchitoches and Grand Ecore with dangers. Gen. Bee was below to intercept his retreat, while the gallant Polignac was in reserve, on the watch. The Yankee army, thirty thousand strong, was beleaguered by a small division of cavalry. At length by a sudden sally in force our pickets were driven back and the enemy commenced his retreat, leaving Grandecore in ashes. A timely charge from Col. Burford's Regiment, saved Natchitoches from the like fate and secured in our hands a squad of the incendiaries.

Between Natchitoches, for perhaps 59 miles, Red River has three channels, the Boudieur or main channel, Cane River and Little River. The enemy's land forces passed down the valley of Cane River

while his fleet pursued the course of the Boudieur.

Before the barbarian horde lay a country fertile and yielding as the valley of the Nile in the palmiest days of Egypt, smiling and buoyant with prosperity. Nature, art and wealth had contributed with lavish hands to improve it, and the ideas of luxury, utility and beauty were blended in tasteful harmony and profusion. A rich promise of plenty, too, was in its growing fields. But the Yankee destroyer, like the hosts of Attila, passed over it—more terrible, blighting and consuming than swarms of locusts or the simoon of Sahara. Columns of smoke by day, and glaring flames by night, before us, and stretching far down the valley, warned us of the fearful desolation. All that fire would burn, that the rifle could slay, that theft could appropriate, that disappointed malice and wanton mischief could destroy, were swept with the besom of ruin. Fences and hedges did not escape fire. The herds of stock which could not be destroyed were turned upon the remnant of growing crops which could not be trampled in the dust by the marching thousands. No habitation for man or beast escaped the flames, save now and then an isolated plantation, from which the savages were driven by our little force before they could accomplish their full purposes. For near fifty miles in unbroken stretch, a wide, black, smoking waste was spread before us. The affrighted families, driven ruthlessly from their dwellings before the devouring flames, fled to the hills and forests for safety; and no signs of human life remained, save now and then a decrepit old negro groping among the ruins. But the climax of horrors was achieved by this army of demons, in subjecting delicate and refined ladies, (who were taken by surprise in their dwellings,) to the insults and brutality of negro soldiery and those other degraded wretches—lower still in the scale of being incredible and monstrous as it sounds, it was too fearfully true. On the first day's march we came up with their rear, just in time to rescue a lady upon whose person the scoundrels were attempting violence. Alas, the blood of villains can not atone for such brutality! But they left not the spot unstained with their blood. Said a beautiful and modest woman, whom I met overwhelmed with distress: "Oh, sir, their insults and abuses of us women were too horrible for us to mention."

But the valley of Cane River was passed. The battles above and at Clouterville had been fought by our Brigade. . .

His father march by land was over the plantations of Bayou Rapides. There in beauty, fertility, and improvement, rivaled those before described, and continued in unbroken succession to Alexandria, a distance of twenty odd miles. But the hand of the marauder swept over them, ornate as they were with every attraction, and their loveliness perished as the tender plant before the fiery breath of the desert. His savage appetite for plunder and ruin was insatiate. A wilderness of black desolation still followed upon his footsteps; and the cry of distress from women and children went up from burning villas. Their implorations for mercy and protection were met only by the sardonic grin of the ruffian or the cruel taunt of the savage. But now the tale of ruin ebbed. Our little Brigade, though

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Camp 21<sup>st</sup> Texas Cavalry,  
Continued from page 3

wearied with a pursuit and contention against heavy odds for over sixty miles, with renewed resolutions dashed beyond the sea of desolation upon the heartless foe. Terror stricken, he forgets his work of rapine and was driven for miles before our hot pursuit. But now, taking courage from multiplied numbers, he rallied and turned upon us. . . . The enemy was leaving Alexandria. We next close upon his track. But he had already laid the city in ashes. We were greeted joyfully by the houseless family groups we met among the ruins, and some, who had saved food from the fire offered and pressed upon us refreshments. The day did not close till we had charged the foe, and without loss to ourselves, consigned a number of them to the sod. But my pen lacks time to follow them farther. My purpose was to picture the "wilderness of woe" into which the barbarian of the North has converted this lately blooming Eden. . . . G. R. F.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, June 29, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

Sioux, the war correspondent of the Telegraph, writes that paper as follows:

Alexandria, June 16, 1864.

The exchange of prisoners has commenced in this department. Two boats loaded with Yankees went down last night to the mouth of Red River, and will bring back an equal number of our men. The wounded and their attendants of Pleasant Hill and Mansfield will be the first exchanged, and then, if no accident happens, all in this department.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, June 29, 1864, p. 1, c. 4

### Educational.

Seeing a short notice in your last issue of the exercises in the various schools of Austin, as it was my privilege to attend the examination of the school under the superintendence of Mr. Baker, it affords me much pleasure to record the results of my observation, for the benefit of those who may desire to avail themselves of the educational advantages thus afforded the public. [explanation of teaching technique]

I was pleased to notice that some of the addresses of the smaller boys were the production of friends prepared for the occasion. One of these was written by the mother of the little curly headed orator, which I have been requested to ask you to re-produce, for the encouragement of others in the future.

Ladies and gentlemen, my very best bow--  
I would make you a speech, if I only knew how.  
But I'm rather young, and quite too small--  
To be speaking in public would not do at all;  
And I very much fear that those *pretty young girls*  
Would blush for the boy with the truant curls.

But I've one little word I'd like to say  
For these bright little boys that are here to-day;  
We'll all learn to shoot, as well as to read,  
And if any help you ever should need  
To drive the vile Yankees from our sunny land,  
Why, here you will find a *brave little band*.

We'll belt on our pistols, and shoulder our  
gun,

And be off for the war, as though it were fun;  
These mountains and valleys, so lovely and bright  
Shall never become the cold North man's delight;  
For not one of the boys at Mr. Blake's school,  
Will ever submit to the base Tyrant's rule.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, June 29, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

A flag of truce boat containing Col. Saltmarsh and others was sent to the Yankees from Port Lavaca, on the 20th ult., but up to the 10th had not returned. At that date, Mrs. Jack Hamilton and her family, accompanied by the wife of Col. Standiter, Lt. Col. of Davis' Yankee regiment, was there, waiting to go out, but Col. Steele thought it best to detain her till the boat returned, and she was sent back to Victoria, although she offered to have the boat released if he would send her out.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, June 29, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

Shreveport, June 14<sup>th</sup>, 1864

Dear News.—One of our most respected fellow citizens, Dr. G\_\_\_\_, surgeon in the Confederate army, who was taken prisoner at Fort DeRussey on the 14<sup>th</sup> of last March, and who has been at New Orleans since, returned home yesterday, having been unconditionally released. The Dr. witnessed many things in New Orleans of interest, being a portion of the time allowed the limits of the city. . . .

The Dr. relates a circumstance that will well bear repetition. At the very moment that Banks was fleeing from the disastrous fields of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, with the shattered remnants of his army, Mrs. Banks was giving *tableaux vivante* at New Orleans for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission. She, bedecked with finery, represented the Goddess of Liberty. A pole, with the star spangled banner, was placed in the centre, and the Goddess, with exultant and proud mien, pointed to this proud emblem of American liberty. In the far back ground was placed a small weather beaten flag, with a few poorly clad females clinging to its folds. This was intended to represent the stars and bars, the emblem of Confederate liberty and nationality.

The scene now changes, the proud flag of the Union is triumphant and the foot of the goddess rests upon the flag of the Confederacy. The Confederate females are placed in a crouching and suppliant attitude at the feet of the exultant goddess, who points to the stars and stripes as the emblem of freedom and hope of the oppressed in every land. At the close of the representation it was announced that a series of such representations would take place during the next week, but before the next week arrived, the disastrous campaign of Red River had become known at New Orleans and the said representations were postponed to a more convenient season. . . . M.E.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, June 29, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

Shreveport, June 18, 1864,

. . . I have just learned the following anecdote of Sherman, which is told me by the lady herself, who was the principal actor in the scene.

Not long after the fall of Vicksburg, an accomplished young married lady, a former acquaintance of Gen. Sherman, called upon him. The lady stepped into the general's quarters boldly, and spoke to him, calling him by name. The general looked up, not immediately recognizing his visitor; but, soon recognizing her, he seemed surprised to meet her there, but expressed himself very much gratified at once more meeting with an old acquaintance.

*Lady*—"Well, Gen. Sherman, I must acknowledge my great surprise at finding you here, engaged in a deadly war with the South."

*Sherman*—"Why, how so?"

*Lady*—"You cannot have forgotten the speech you made the boys before leaving the University, in Louisiana."

*Sherman*—"What speech?—Well, I believe I did say to the boys, that I would not take up arms against the South; but the truth is, Madam, I was forced into it—compelled, you may say, against my own will."

*Lady*—"General, that will never do. It is impossible that a gentleman of your position could have been forced to do anything. So you must have some other reason, and, moreover, no gentleman should ever be forced to violate his word of honor."

*Sherman*—"Well, the truth is, Madam, I did have some other good reasons. The people of the South are the noblest in the world, and I would not live in the United States, if they did not belong to it; and so I went North, and aided in raising an army—composed of the scum of the earth—to force the high chivalry of the South to submit to the Union."

*Lady*—"General, your reasons are unbecoming a man of your position."

*Sherman*—"Well, Madam, to be plain, I don't care a d—n which whips, any way!"

This conversation of Sherman soon reached the ears of General Grant, who, not being on the best of terms with Sherman, called upon him for an explanation of his language. Sherman would have denied the use of the language if he could, but the proof was positive, and he had to bear the consequence. As Grant and Sherman were not on very good terms any way, this little incident considerably increased their coolness, and for some time they scarcely spoke at all.

M.E.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, June 29, 1864, p. 1, c. 4

Head Qrs., Bureau of Conscription,  
Trans Mississippi Department,  
Marshall, Texas, June 9<sup>th</sup>, 1864.  
General Orders No. 13.

I. Manufacturers of iron, salt, wool or cotton cloth, soap or candles, who have been or may be detailed as such manufacturers, or to manage and superintend their factories, or who have had or may have conscripts or soldiers detailed as operators or employees in such factories, will be required to make affidavit that they will, during the continuance of their details, sell the articles produced or manufactured at their establishments at prices not exceeding those fixed by the Commissioners of the State under the Impressment Act.

II. Persons who have been or may be detailed, or who have had or may have others detailed in their employ, as wool carders or threshers, or cutters of wheat or other grain, will make a similar affidavit that during the continuance of their details they will not take or receive, by way of toll, or other means of compensation, a higher rate of pay for carding wool or threshing or cutting grain, than was customary to be paid for such services in the localities where rendered before the war, and that they will sell their surplus of the articles received by way of toll, over a sufficiency for the supply of their families, at prices not exceeding those fixed by the Commissioners of the State under the Impressment Act. . . .

VII. Any evasion of this order or of the provisions of General Order No. 11, either by refusal to perform work or to sell for Confederate money, or by obtaining provisions in exchange for work articles manufactured, or received by way of toll at prices below their customary market value in the neighborhood, or by exchanging work or articles manufactured or received for toll for provisions or supplies for re-sale, will be punished by prompt revocation of the detail.

VIII. Upon proper application and satisfactory proof, one man will be detailed as superintendent to every manufactory of Salt, in which not less than 20 bushels are actually manufactured per day. But such details will not be made to such manufactories as have superintendents not subject to military duty. By command of  
Brig. Gen. Greer,  
W. Stedman, A. A. General.

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**The Army Mail.**—We are requested by Mr. Warren Adams to state that on account of the heavy discount on the old currency, and for the reason that he now brings back a heavy mail without a charge, his charge per letter for his next mail will be \$10. His expenses will now be quite double in the old currency what they have been. Charge for taking and delivering money 10 per cent. He will leave on the fourth of July.

There will be ample time for answers to be written, to be brought by Mr. Adams, on his return; and those who wish answers should direct them to be sent AT ONCE to "*Montgomery, Ala.*, care of 'Advertiser,'" or to "*Mobile Ala.*, care of 'Register and Advertiser,'" and they will be brought FREE OF CHARGE. On his last trip Mr. Adams brought back just about as many letters as he carried over.

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Official information has been received here confirming the report that the Federals have finally evacuated Fort Esperanza. They blew up the works on the morning of the 15<sup>th</sup> inst., and left on their transports on the same day. There is, therefore, not a Yankee at this time on our whole coast this side of the Rio Grande. It is, indeed, not positively known that they have left Mustang Island, but it cannot be supposed that they would destroy and evacuate their only strong position and continue to occupy an exposed and unprotected island, without any intelligible object. . . .

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