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A RELIC OF THE CIVIL WAR
1864 1914
THE OLD FLAG

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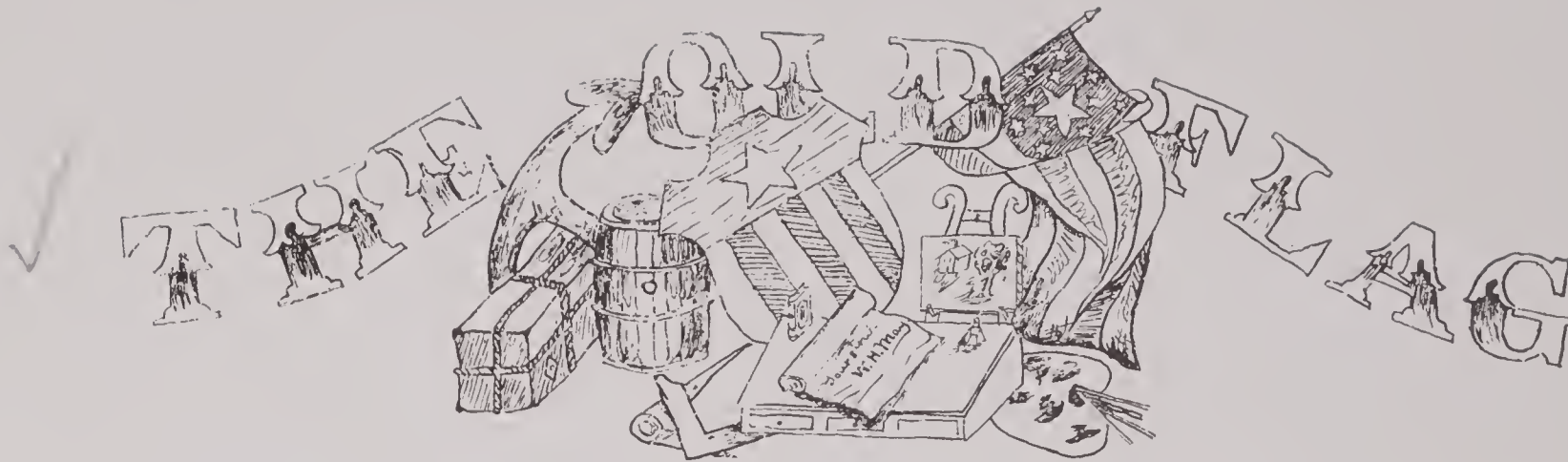


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1864* * * * * FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY* * * * * 1914

FIRST PUBLISHED BY UNION PRISONERS AT
CAMP FORD, TYLER, TEXAS, 1864

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO
“THE OLD 72”

Entered according to the act of Congress, in the year of 1864, by Wm. H. May, in the clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

REPRODUCED BY HIS COMRADES

Captain ALFRED B. BEERS *Major THOMAS BOUDREN*
Comrade FRANK MILLER

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

ELIAS HOWE, Jr., POST, NUMBER THREE

DEPARTMENT OF CONNECTICUT

G. A. R.

DECORATION DAY

1914

PREFACE

IN presenting "The Old Flag" with the history of its origin and of the originator, after a lapse of fifty years, it is the desire of the publishers that it be given a place among the books which tell of events connected with the great War of the Rebellion.

In the following pages will be found the true story of this most unique memento of the rebel prison. A real newspaper, the chronicle of Union soldiers who were confined in a Texas camp for more than a year. The manner of its making and the matter contained in its columns proclaim it to be a wonderful war relic.

This initial edition, limited to five hundred copies, is offered, first to his comrades of Elias Howe, Jr., Post, No. 3, of Bridgeport, Conn.; members of the Grand Army of the Republic; Sons of Veterans; the Spanish War Veterans, and to those kind and generous friends of the late Captain William H. May who made the publication possible.

To Commander Alfred B. Beers, Comrade Frank Miller, the late Major Thomas Boudren, Dr. George L. Porter, General Henry J. Seeley, Comrade Homer D. Jennings and the Hon. Lynn W. Wilson are extended the heartfelt thanks of the beneficiary for their very kind help.

Respectfully,

The Publishers.

LETTER OF THANKS

To My Late Husband's Comrades of Elias Howe, Jr., Post, No. 3,
G. A. R., Department of Connecticut, and My Dear Friends:

I desire to express my deep gratitude for the assistance given me by your Post in presenting this interesting memento of the Civil War to the public. While, of course, the accruing financial benefits are of considerable importance to me, they are far from equalling the sentiment of affection that attaches to your great and noble fraternity.

As a record of an interesting incident of the war this memento will undoubtedly be of interest to all who may secure a copy of it, while of those who, like my husband, suffered the hardships of rebel prisons, it will be of unusual interest.

I shall hold myself forever obligated to the gallant comrades of my dear husband who in this, as in many other instances, have exemplified your noble order's principles of Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty. My earnest prayer will ever be for your happiness here and in the other land where grief and sorrows never dawn.

Affectionately yours,

Mrs William. H. May.

HISTORY OF
“THE OLD FLAG”

— BY —

DR. GEORGE LORING PORTER



THE three accompanying copies of “The Old Flag” represent a new achievement in the literature of the prison-house. We do not know that its counterpart exists. It required trained abilities, mental aptitude, skillful penmanship, patience and good nature.

Many curious and wonderful creations attest the efforts of prisoners to counteract the tedium of compulsory idleness. Articles of use, and adornment, wrought from wood, bone and metal, or woven with hair or fibre, ingenious in design, and elaborate in construction, made by diligent fingers, unaided by instruments of precision, are not uncommon. Primarily the incentive in most instances is personal:—to banish depressing contemplation of misfortunes from a mind thus occupied by an exacting handiwork. They largely represent the skill of prisoners held, in more or less solitary confinement, and are the work of those accused, or convicted, of crime.

The newspaper, “The Old Flag,” which this memorial commemorates, was the altruistic effort of a captured United States officer to ameliorate the mental condition of seventy-one other officers, and many enlisted men, of the Union army, confined with himself in the Confederate “prison pen” at Camp Ford, Tyler, Texas, in 1864. They were not criminals, nor accused of crime, but by the mischance of war made military prisoners while loyally engaged in campaigning to re-establish the dominance of their country’s flag. The stockade at Camp Ford later held a much larger population than at the time of the newspaper “era,” but never attained the horrible and infamous reputation

of that at Andersonville and Salisbury. That there was kindness shown, and appreciation expressed, is manifested in the sincere words of the poem—

“To Mrs. Col. R. T. P. Allen (the wife of the Confederate commanding officer).

“All kindly acts are for the dear Lord’s sake,
And His sweet love, and recompense they claim;

‘I was in prison’—thus our Saviour spake—
‘And unto me ye came.’

“So, lady, while thy heart with mother’s love,
And sister’s pity, cheers the captive’s lot,
Truth keeps her record in the courts above,
And thou art not forgot.

* * * * *

“And may each cheering hope and soothing word

That thou to us, sad prisoners, hast given,
Recalled by Him, who all our prayers hath heard,

Bring thee reward in Heaven.” D***

“The Old Flag” was edited without scissors or paste, printed without type, movable or immovable, without cylinder or mechanical power, and circulated without assistance from carrier or post-office.

Captain William Henry May, Twenty-third Connecticut Infantry, was editor, general staff, printer, business manager, distributor, proprietor, and the company. In modern parlance, he was “it.”

It was an expensive paper, notwithstanding its “terms of subscription.” Tradition reports that each individual copy brought to the enterprising captain, five dollars in gold, which in



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From the original painting in possession of
Dr. George Loring Porter

HISTORY OF "THE OLD FLAG"—(Continued)

that locality, at that time, was worth many thousand per cent. premium, yet when the business was wound up, all that the editor could show for his multifarious labors, was "three copies of the paper." The "terms" were "cash in advance." The story runs that someone in camp had a "half-eagle" of good United States coinage. This was loaned among the different "messes," to be deposited with the editor until the paper was returned to him, after it had been read by, or to, the entire camp. In their monotonous lives the advent of each number was an important event. "The winter of their discontent" was thus temporarily warmed by a joyous summer atmosphere of humor and wit, pathos, irony and romance.

The captain tells his own story: "The Old Flag' was published upon a sheet of unruled paper, in imitation of print, a steel pen being employed. By this slow process, but one copy could be issued of each number, which was read aloud at the various cabins, and when all

had read, or heard it read, it was returned by the 'subscriber' to the 'office of publication.' But one aim ever actuated the proprietor in this undertaking, which was to contribute, as far as possible, towards enlivening the monotonous, and, at times, almost unbearably eventless life of Camp Ford—and to cultivate a mutual good feeling between all. Contributions were solicited upon matters of local interest, stories, advertisements, etc., and many good jokes were perpetrated upon each other, which were received purely in that light by the victims, and were the occasion of much enjoyment. Naught in these columns embodied personal ill feeling towards anybody, and I desire to certify that the warmest affection and mutual kindness were unanimous with all the prisoners."

There is little doubt that this unique enterprise largely contributed to such a happy condition, and a perusal of its pages will justify this claim.



CAPTAIN

Alfred B. Berris

Past Commander-in-Chief
Grand Army of the Republic

HISTORY OF
THE LATE
CAPTAIN WILLIAM H. MAY

— BY —

HON. LYNN W. WILSON

THE Great Rebellion surpassed all the wars of the ages. It was the latest strife, upon the newest ground, in an age of invention. South fought against North. Families were divided. More than a million men, many more, were called to arms. The flower of the nation's youth responded to the call. Brother fought against brother, and son against father. Out of the sweat and ruck and blood men of giant capacities made names that will last forever. The histories of the war are catalogues of the names of these men and their deeds, the battlefields where they directed the massed soldiery, and ordered the thunder-throated cannon to belch forth death. It is the best that history can do. But the war was not fought by these alone, and could not have been so fought, but by these and the numberless humbler ones, whose names are recorded on the enlistment roll. They are the warp and woof of that great fabric, and it will be well if here and there, in some sketch, or passing tale, or brief biography, the stories of some of them are written for the benefit of posterity.

And so this tale, here to be told in limited space, concerns one who until quite recently walked the streets of Bridgeport, Connecticut, a figure, grey-bearded, somewhat bent and not at all heroic, a fact not surprising, for it is of the nature of strong deeds and duty strenuously done to break down the physical man, so that the hero's mien and noble gait is largely reserved for actors and the like.

This is the plain, unvarnished tale of Captain William H. May, soldier, editor, inventor, now enlisted with that army of brave men who have passed on.

Men being what they are in the first flush of youth, what more likely to make man laggard when the trumpets blow, than the dawning of a strong affection; nay, for one whose troth has been plighted, and all accomplished of dearest hope except the fixing of the wedding day?

The call to arms being sounded, would one then much blame a man should he at least wait until the draft before putting off his clothes of citizen to don the nation's blue?

But when his country needed him no softness was in the mood of the young man, May. No phase of reluctance was manifested in his action.

He was already a merchant and had a goodly business, in the prosaic line of oils and paints. But there was no lingering. Using his store for a recruiting office, he, with his friend, J. C. Stevens, afterward Lieutenant Stevens, called for volunteers.

The result was a goodly band of young men, eager, strong and courageous, who elected William H. May their captain. The enlistment had consumed the two months of July and August in 1862.

The election was confirmed by the authorities in charge of such matters, and it came to Captain May on September 1, 1862.

The day was one of great joy, mingled with sadness. For upon that day he was married to the woman of his choice. She was Isabella A. Mills, daughter of Lucius David Mills, Jr., who was the first jailor of Bridgeport, and later pilot on the steamer Bridgeport, running between Bridgeport and New York. The parting was soon.

The company was almost immediately ushered into service. Called to New Haven with the other companies of the Twenty-third Regiment, Connecticut Volunteers, the company was moved with the regiment to Oyster Bay, and there encamped for two months while its members were drilled and whipped into such shape as might make them a strong instrument for the crushing of rebellion. Indefatigable in this work of preparation was Captain May, who became well beloved of his men, who were ever ready to recognize in a leader the spirit which spares not from effort and is untiring in the performance of duty. Two years, lacking a day or two, he was in the service of his country, though not of it, as the facts will show.



COMRADE

Frank Miller

HISTORY OF CAPT. WILLIAM H. MAY—(Continued)

In November of 1862 the regiment was ordered to New Orleans, and assigned to the Department of the Gulf.

In the routine of a soldier in charge of men, his time was passed until the momentous June 20, 1863—momentous to him—when he was captured at Terre Bonne, La., by rebel forces under the command of General Dick Taylor, who cut off Brasher City from New Orleans, by a sudden raid, during which he succeeded in cutting the New Orleans railway.

The entire company was captured during this raid, but the raiders did not get Captain May at the moment, for the reason that he was on sick leave and sheltered in the home of a Southern gentleman named Hackney. Shortly after Company I was taken, somebody gave the rebel officers information that "a Yankee captain" would be found at Hackney's house. Hackney tried in the meantime to persuade Captain May to put on citizen's clothes, change his name, pose as another man, and thus fool the rebels.

Captain May, sick as he was, sturdily refused to resort to these means. To his good Southern friend he promptly replied:

"No. If I am to be taken, it will be in my true colors, as Captain May, of Company I, Twenty-third Regiment, Connecticut Volunteers, and as nobody else."

His experience was to be long, dreary and painful. For fourteen months he was to be confined in a rebel prison. His duration was in Camp Ford prison, Texas, in which he was confined in June, 1863, and in which he remained until July, 1864, before his release was effected by exchange, and he emerged, a mere shadow of his former self, broken in health if not in spirit.

In the diary of events which he kept during a portion of the time appears the following entry:

"With me, probably the most important event was my capture and long imprisonment in Texas. Suffering the pangs of hunger, exposure to all kinds of weather with scant clothing to cover one's nakedness—the horrors of a vermin-infested camp of thousands of prisoners—these hardships leave an impression on my mind after the lapse of 46 years, that over 13 months of imprisonment was the most important event in my military history."

It was in prison that the heroic quality of Captain May's courage was manifested. For all courage is not of battle, and there are other cowards besides those who run under fire.

One of thousands, Captain May, by his splendid spirits, his fine vivacity, his tenderness for others, and the exercise of certain gifts that he had, became distinguished among his fellows, so that hundreds of them in after years remembered him to call him blessed.

Captain May ever had a penchant for journalism. He loved to be in the current of events, and to chronicle the happenings of his community, coloring the story with his own strong views and keen opinions.

As early as 1857, he had issued a little newspaper, in Bridgeport, in conjunction with Colonel Julius W. Knowlton, now a member of the Bridgeport Board of Assessors, which they called *The Morning Horizon*. The sheet was born before its time, but the memory of it was one of the home memories, and while time hung heavy on his hands he loved to think of it, and perhaps longed fondly to be home again with the bride of a few days whom he had left behind.

Then occurred an idea, which was executed, or at least begun, almost as soon as it had come to him. Among Captain May's other gifts, was that he was an excellent penman. He could write both legibly and fine, so that his handiwork might almost be said to excel the printer's art; certainly for condensation it did so!

The result was a periodical which afterward became nationally famous and which remained and is unique of its kind. He began the issue of a little paper, which was called "*The Old Flag*." It was written entirely by himself with microscopic fineness, and the copies of it were passed from hand to hand, and all the news of the prison, and such as filtered in from the outside world, was communicated to the thousands within the prison borders.

What that little paper was to those boys in blue, hungry, and half sheltered and scantily clothed, and distant from their loved ones in that rebel prison, only those who have so suffered can tell. But no newspaper has ever since been printed that was one-half so welcome as were the casual copies of Captain William H. May's "*The Old Flag*."

Only three copies of the unique journal were printed, and are yet in existence among the papers which Captain May left behind him, with other old war documents which he valued highly as keepsakes, but the true value of which he did not realize.



THE LATE MAJOR

Thomas Bondrent

Past Commander
Department of Connecticut, G. A. R.



THE LATE
CAPTAIN WILLIAM H. MAY
"GOING"



THE LATE
CAPTAIN WILLIAM H. MAY
“RETURNING”

Note:—The three original copies of “The Old Flag” were concealed under his shoulder-straps.

HISTORY OF CAPT. WILLIAM H. MAY—(Continued)

And these copies were preserved in a unique way, for when the news came that his exchange was to be accomplished, Captain May sought the Confederate commandant and begged permission to go through the lines with his violin, for, being somewhat of a musician and handy with the most tender of musical instruments, Captain May desired to preserve that which had brought so many happy hours to the imprisoned soldiers and to himself.

The permission was given in the form of a pass to Captain May and his violin, enjoining all in the service of the Confederate States to give unobstructed passage.

But securely sewed under his shoulder-straps nestled the three copies of "The Old Flag." Within the violin Captain May placed relics of the camp that he much wished to preserve.

His homeward journey thus made easy, he returned to Bridgeport, no longer in physical condition to fight in the service of his country, and resumed the daily tasks of the civilian's life.

Thus ended the epic of his life, the great moments when he moved a figure in the gigantic panorama of internecine war, doing his part in the great tragedy, or somewhat more, as thousands of other Americans did whose deeds have been but scantily recorded by history's parsimonious pen.

Reading this scant biography, one is bound to say, "Here was a man."

And since to the making of a man many generations contribute, there is the custom that demands some knowledge of the forbears of those who have achieved distinction.

Captain May's father in the direct line was John May, who came to America at the beginning of the Revolutionary War, having enlisted in the British army as a soldier.

But his mind had become imbued with sympathy for the Americans, since he was an ardent follower of some of those great British statesmen who championed the American cause, and, after a service of two or three years, peremptorily abandoned the army of His Majesty, George Third, and became a fugitive with a price upon his head.

He had been a chairmaker under his father in Dublin, and after the war remained in America, where he carried on the business of chairmaking. He married Nancy Shaw, a daughter of Henry Shaw, after whom the hero of this biography was named.

And of this sturdy stock was born Henry May, September 23, 1803. He was a man of parts in his day, and wielded influence in his neighborhood. He was the first depot agent at Newtown for the Housatonic Railroad, and Newtown was in those days a much more important commercial center than it is now. Removing to Bridgeport, he built one of the first houses in East Bridgeport, in the section east of Congress Street bridge on William Street. He died in his 88th year. He married Abigail Gray, who was born at Brookfield, Conn., February 15, 1807. She was a school teacher in Brookfield before her marriage.

Of this union was born William H. May, at Newtown, Conn., March 31, 1838. He died February 24, 1910, at his home in Bridgeport, Conn.

Captain May married Isabella A. Mills, daughter of Lucius David Mills, Jr., who was the first jailor of Bridgeport and afterward pilot of the steamer City of Bridgeport, running between Bridgeport and New York, under Captain Charles Weeks.

Captain and Mrs. May had eleven children, the first, Helen, being born during the absence of Captain May at the front. This first fruit of their wedlock died, alas, while Captain May was in the rebel prison at Camp Ford.

But one child is left, a daughter, Mrs. Mary L. Rich, who resides with her widowed mother in Bridgeport, Conn.

As a boy Captain May attended Sellick's private school on Elm Street, Bridgeport, and afterward the old Barnum School.

He was known as a bright boy, and was early the possessor of a pretty, but genial wit, which was afterward the basis of his newspaper work, and gave spice and readers to the journals which he edited and published.

His earliest venture was *The Morning Horizon*, to which reference has already been made. It is remembered by a few old residents of Bridgeport as an unusual and sparkling publication which was welcomed in many homes. Its assistant publisher, Colonel Julius W. Knowlton, is still living, and is a member of the Board of Assessors of Bridgeport.

Shortly after returning home from the war, in 1864, Captain May invented a process for curing wood, and applied the invention to the manufacture of piano sounding boards. A company to promote the invention was formed.



Dr Geo. L. Porter

HISTORIAN



THE LATE
CAPTAIN "BILLY" MAY



MRS. WILLIAM H. MAY

HISTORY OF CAPT. WILLIAM H. MAY—(Continued)

Among the officers of the company were some of the best-known men in Bridgeport, including P. T. Barnum, J. W. Knowlton, D. M. Sherwood, William S. Knowlton, William P. Cole and H. P. Stevenson.

The company for a time did much business and manufactured their sounding boards for use in Steinway, Weber and other famous pianos. The invention was regarded as a marvelous addition to the quality of tone of the instruments. After disposing of his interests in the sounding board company, Captain May devoted himself entirely to his publications.

The first of these saw the light in 1868. It was a satirical and humorous publication called *The Boneville Trumpet*. A little later its name was changed to *The Town Crier*, which so remained until 1871, when the name was again changed to *The Weekly Budget*. For five years the Budget was published to an increasing clientele. Then Captain May, desiring to enlarge the scope of his influence, discontinued *The Budget* and began *The Bridgeport Sun*. This publication rivaled the *Danbury News* by its brilliancy and the excellence of its wit. It became famous throughout the country. Its paragraphs were reproduced in the State papers and in many of the leading journals of the United States.

For 15 years, until 1890, *The Sun* was published with regularity, until he sold it. But, restless outside of his chosen vocation, Captain May, within the year, inaugurated what proved to be his last and best publication, "*The Illustrated Star*." One of the original features of this paper was that all its copy and each of its cuts were written, or made, by Captain May. *The Star* was issued until the time of his death. It was widely read and much quoted. The humor of its editor grew in kindliness as the years advanced. There was no malice in his witticisms. His editorial comment was that of a man who knows the world and the weakness of human nature, but was tinged with a strong sympathy, colored with irony.

When Captain May laid down the responsibilities of life he had been editor of his own periodicals for 53 years, which is probably a longer term of service in such a capacity than any other man in Connecticut has known.

He, himself, looked upon "*The Old Flag*" as his most unique adventure in the realms of journalism, as indeed it was. Doubtless "*The Old Flag*" will be a monument to his memory after the glory of more pretentious newspapers is buried in the dust of centuries.

Here concludes the story of a plain American citizen who did a soldier's duty to the end.



THE SHOULDER-STRAPS UNDER WHICH THE THREE COPIES
OF "THE OLD FLAG" WERE SECURELY SEWED AND THUS
WERE CARRIED SAFELY "THROUGH THE LINES" AND HOME
BY CAPTAIN MAY



ELIAS HOWE, JR.

From the painting in possession of Elias Howe, Jr., Post. No. 3
Bridgeport, Conn.

ELIAS HOWE, Jr., POST, NUMBER THREE

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.



CAPTAIN MAYS'S COMRADES

Head Quarters Camp Federal Prisoners
near Tyler Texas July 5th 1864

All Confederate Officers & Soldiers
Will allow Capt May
to pass through our lines, (he being on his way to
exchange) with his Violin it being a present to him
from his fellow officers ~~while he is~~ in Captivity, which
he prizes very highly, and desires to take home, and
oblige a Confederate Soldier

John P. Porter
Lt Col Camp Federal Prisoners

ENGRAVING OF THE ORIGINAL
PASS THROUGH THE LINES
WHICH ENABLED CAPTAIN MAY TO JOIN, UNMOLESTED,
HIS COMRADES OF THE UNION ARMY

A WELD is here; he's a Soldier tho'
 And not a Blacksmith as we know.
 We have a FOX, and yet no GEESE.
 They say he's weak about the knees!
 Richard the III'd was no worse off than ne,
 A RIDER we have, but no HORSE you see.
 Our houses are open at any o'clock,
 We've a KEY, but alas, no LOCK.
 And now dear friends, the fact is this,
 We have DUNN and Co.

FINIS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR,

I wish through the columns of your paper to notice a nuisance which is doing much to corrupt the morals of the youth in our vicinity. Having been lately bound in the ~~halls~~ ^{degree} of padlock I feel an interest in these that you will you towards abolishing no doubt you are ~~abolishing~~ ^{abolishing} Saloon — an gambling halls, spirit idet. I am sure the children, as well as to those, will join ther.

C.E.P.

CAUTION!!

The attention of the public is called to the numerous bogus l.teries which have come off lately. Not only is this the most complete species of gambling but there is not even the usual degree of fairness exhibited; those who give the articles, in two thirds of the cases, draw the prizes themselves. If these swindles are not stopped, they will most assuredly be exposed

*

COMMUNICATED.

DEAR FLAG,

Allow me to return thanks through your columns to SERGEANT JONES for his very handsome present of one-half of the Pig "JIM," given by him to the old prisoners of CAMP FORD.

yours, Fruty,

One OF THE "OLD 72."

WANTED! 500 China-bones — beef preferred — at my SOAP MANUFACTORY. H. HAY LEY.

A BATH-HOUSE.

An establishment for Bathing and laundry purposes is much needed, and we have water-power sufficient. A hint is enough to the countrymen of Washing-ton!

From the "Tyler Reporter," 10th Feb. 1864.

We have valuable information of the departure of BANKS and his minions from the sacred soil of Texas. It now appears that a squad of Richardson's Cavalry, were bathing within sight of the Yankee pickets who, being frightened at the sight of the gray-backs, gave the alarm, upon which BANKS and his Army embarked on board a flat-boat and three skows, and there can be no doubt but we are rid for the second time of Lincoln's murderous herds.

ATTENTION! — We would invite the attention of our readers to the Advertisement of SENOR HAY LEY, to be found in another column. It is with pleasure that we announce the return of our friend Hay-Ley from South America, he having lost the bulk of his fortune in the late political troubles there. We are pleased to announce, however, that he has built an extensive Soap Manufactory, and we trust will retrieve his fallen fortunes. We recommend our friends to give his soap a fair trial. Brother H. is a staunch Republican and a Patriot — has three sons in the army and has himself thrown up a lucrative position in our army, feeling that he could better bleed his aiding country by furnishing a superior article of Army Soap, at a reduced price. Peace be to his ashes — and to his hurst-trace

We copy the following list of enactments of the Confederate Congress, from the ~~Shreveport~~ ^{Shreveport} Fire-eater.

An Act in addition to an Act relating to an Act entitled An Act to prevent the enlistment of men over 85 years of age, except as Nurses, Cooks and Blacksmiths.

The Congress of the C.S.A. do enact that no person above the age mentioned shall be admitted into the active military service of the C.S.A., having already furnished a substitute over the exemption age, which by Act of Jan. 21st, is extended to 75 years.

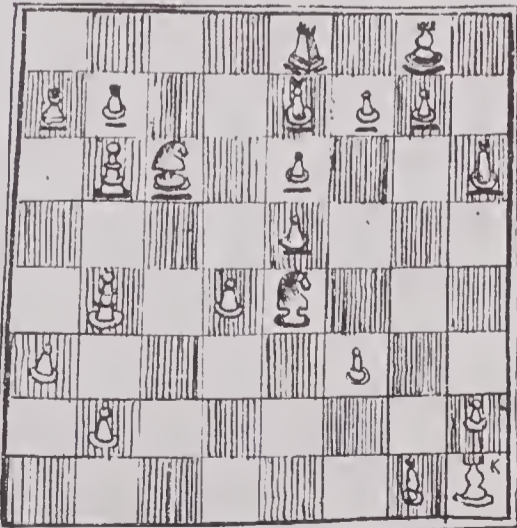
Approved, Feb. 1st. 1864.

An Act in addition to an Act to organize all able-bodied male citizens into the military service of the C.S.

The Congress of the C.S. of A. do enact that able bodied male slaves, between the ages of 25 and 40 years shall be enrolled in to the military service of the C.S. to the extent of 500,000 but this act shall not be so construed as to deprive aged and indigent females of their only support by taking the only remaining servant of the plantation

Thus is the last obstacle to the exchange of prisoners removed, and our brave officers and men will soon be able to join their commands.

CHESS PROBLEM
 BY LYON AND LOGAN.
 WHITE TO MATE IN 3 MOVES.



LOCAL ITEMS.

Sign of improvement in our thriving borough increase rapidly. Real Estate continues in demand, and extensive building operations employ the labor and capital of our community. A new block is rising opposite the Fifth Avenue place, occupied by our distinguished Fellow-citizen, Captain J.D. We learn also that Col. B. of 42nd Street has contracted for an extension of his mansion, and that Lt. M. Finnigan contemplates the addition of spacious dormitories to his suburban residence.

The pleasant toil of planting already unites the energies of our agricultural population. Major A. and Captain W. have enclosed their broad fields with a substantial fence, and may be daily seen engaged in the peaceful and productive pursuits of husbandry. Nothing is more cheering than to witness the graceful ease with which our heroes of Army and Navy retire like Cincinnati to their farms, deserting Mars for Ceres, and relinquishing the field of glory for that of garden vegetables. Long may they wave!

A proper encouragement of the fine arts should not be neglected in our midst. The arts of dulce may always be mingled with advantage to us, and it is therefore with great pleasure that we notice the beautiful model of wood-sculpture lately executed by Capt Johnson of Fifth Avenue in the form of an arm chair for presentation to Capt. Crocker. In strength of back and durability of bottom this work of art may be esteemed a master-piece.

Among the inventions and discoveries of our age, SENOR HAY-LEY of S.A. deserves a high place for his success in the perfecting the manufacture of Soap. 'Ashes to ashes' is his motto, and like Byron, he deals with the isles of Greece — the isles of Greece, Where burning Soap-fat melting sung. We trust he will be liberally sustained by a community which, as we all know, is badly off for soap.

CHESS On dit that a Chess Tournament is in contemplation between the Commandant of Camp and a noted abolition officer, to decide the question of exchange between black and white combatants. Not a bad move, gentlemen! We await your opening with anxiety.

COMMUNICATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OLD FLAG,

SIR. Allow me through the columns of your paper to call attention to the want of care for the public welfare as shown in leaving uncovered and unguarded a trench between private residence and the "Home of the Unfortunate Sons of Massachusetts."

Buchus.

The most masterly piece of work it has been our fortune to behold since our stay at Ford Borough is a complete set of CHESS-MEN, made by LT. JOHN WOODWARD. They are of holly-wood and finished in splendid taste. He has already been offered us fair as \$50. in good money — i.e. Lincoln Green.

Our aged and much esteemed friend, BULKLEY, we are pained to announce has lately met with a bad accident in the shape of "putting his foot in it," that is being in this case a bed of live coals. The foot is doing well, however, and will soon be as good as "any other mans" foot.

OUR next number of the "OLD FLAG" which will be issued MARCH 1st, 1864, will be in an entire new dress, we having received new Types from the Foundry of J. CONNOR & SON, of N.Y! This number is printed with "secess" ink, which does not appear to "take" well upon Yankee paper.



THE OLD FLAG

"Long may it wave!"

Wednesday, February 17th, 1864.

BY U. G. TELEGRAPH.

PROCLAMATION!

In virtue of the authority in me vested by the Constitution, I hereby order an election of State Civil officers for the State of TEXAS, said officers to be duly chosen by the loyal inhabitants of the said State, now resident at Camp Ford, and constituting one tenth of the entire loyal population west of the Rio Grande. The polls will be opened on Monday, the 22^d. of Feb, 1864, at sunrise, and continue open until sun-set of the same day.

The officers to be elected are a Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of State, Treasurer, and Superintendent of Insane Hospitals and Attorney General. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President.

Wm. H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.

THIS day we spread upon Texan breezes the old banner so dear to every American heart. Its silver stars and crimson stripes will shortly gladden the expectant eyes of Texan patriots who have long mourned their disappearance, as the whang-doodle mourneth for her first borne. Our glorious ensign will arise upon these benighted people as a beacon of hope to the storm-beaten mariner, and it is our fixed and inflexible purpose to nail it to the loyal mast head of this our seat of government, and to defy the combined hosts of treason to blot out a single star or erase a solitary stripe. While our all conquering northern army, under its renowned commanders, is marching along our sea-side sands with the slow and intrepid tread of CAPT. J. D's mule, toward a peck of corn-fodder, WE, the advance guard of liberty and intelligence, will occupy the Thermopylae of Camp Ford, and hold the foe at bay with our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred sword-knots! We therefore call upon our loyal fellow-citizens, as they value the inestimable blessings of good government, to send in their subscriptions to the "OLD FLAG" at once, N. B.—No Corn-dogger currency accepted.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

We did think of naming this department of our paper the "Editor's EASY Chair," but as we seated ourselves upon our coarse, hard, sliver-bottomed stool, minus back and cushion, the absurdity of saying easy chair arrested our pen in the act of so inditing it, and rather than have so unpleasant a heading in our columns as U. S. easy we drop the term altogether.

And still, we have a notion our coarse bench, or stool, might with as much truth be termed our easy chair as that of many an editor within our lines, whose mahogany seat is cushioned with softest velvet, yet whose cares and uneasiness of mind — "Bills Due," staring him in the face and his subscribers backward — very — in their payments, and a thousand other of the grievances common to the editors of modern papers; we say that after considering that fact, we might with more truth denominate ours an EASY Chair, for we experience none of these editorial grievances — nothing to worry about but when we are to get our next meal! — and as a general thing, it is meal!

Before us lays us fine a Segar as the most fastidious Yankee could desire to smoke; here where segars are as high as \$25, per hundred; and this a present to an Editor! Who would believe it! It was manufactured entire by one of our neighbors, MR. WALSH, whose advertisement will be found in another column.

Give him a call! Smoke him out!

WALCH'S LOTTERIES.— No. 32 was the lucky number held by LT. ROBENS, who drew the handsome Ring made by Mr. Wilson last week.

Saturday evening another ring was put up by the LOTTERY-MAN, and drawn by himself.

VOTE EARLY! Read the President's Proclamation, and Remember the 22^d of February! If you have not been made a voter, go at once before the Board, which consists of Messrs SHERFRY, ROBENS and AYERY, and be made one!

MISCELANEOUS.

CONUNDRUM.— Why is the Southern Confed eracy like a tea-kettle?

Ans. Because the Black is at the bottom of it, and hollow within.

The New York Tribune inquires whether it was the colour of their clothing or the vermin which so seared our forces in Texas

Why are Texas State troops like light machinery? Ans.— Because they run with little belliug.

Why are MACKUDER'S conscripts like the Rebel papers? Ans.— Because they cannot be depended upon.

Why is Richardson's Cavalry on the Texan coast like a man with The tooth ache? Ans.— Because they long to be relieved.

Why is CAPT. JOHNSON'S endeavoring to comply with the demands of christianity? Ans.— Because he is endeavoring to TURN!

DEER PHLAG.—

SUR, i want too bi A umbrrellur, and iff you wil rite me a Notis sain' so, and git it upp rite i wil pa you fur your trubbill — i wil giv ass hi as levin dolurs fur 1. i am, sur, yewurs trewli,

9 month's man.

(We have, as the author of this note will perceive, put in his own note as he wrote it, believing ourselves unable to write as affecting an appeal as our correspondent himself has. Ed.)

MARRIED.

In this borrough on the 1st inst., by REV. D. GILLETTE, MR. P. W. LYON, of Squashtown, N. J. and Miss C. E. PAGE of this place.

[We have to acknowledge the receipt of a rich peice of the wedding cake (corn-bread.)

LIST OF PRISONERS.

- Lt. Col. J. B. LEAKE, 20th IOWA
- Lt. Col. ROSE, 26th IND.
- MAJ. R. C. ANTHONY, 2d R.I. CAVALRY.
- MAJ. JOHN GRAY, 176 N.Y.V.
- COL. CHAS. C. NOTT, 176 N.Y.V.
- " I.S. BURRELL, 42d MASS. VOL.
- Lt. Col. A. J. H. DUGANNE, 176 N.Y.V.
- CAPT. F. NOBLETT, 21st IND.
- CAPT. S. G. BAILEY, 23d C.V.
- " J. SANFORD, " "
- " Wm. H. MAY, " "
- " J. R. JENKINS, " "
- " A. O. HOPKINS, " "
- " A. WELLS, " "
- " W. P. COE, 176 N.Y.V.
- " W. ADAMS, 19th IOWA.
- " R. H. STOTT, 26th IND.
- " N. A. LOGAN, 26th "
- " A. ALLEN, 1st Regt. U.S.V.
- " FRED. VAN TINE, 131 N.Y.V.
- " A. N. PROCTOR, 42d MASS.
- " GEO. SHERRIVE, " "
- " G. SAVAGE, " "
- " E. COLTER, 20th IOWA.
- " D. TORREY, " "
- " W. J. WALLACE, 25th IND.
- Lieut. J. Woodward 23 C.V.
- " J. F. Peck " "
- " C. Bailey, " "
- " O. M. Hibbard, " "
- " C. Hurlbut, " "
- " J. G. Stevens, " "
- " J. W. Buckingham, " "
- " R. V. Lyon, 176 N.Y.V.
- " T. P. Ferris, " "
- " J. P. Roberts, " "
- " J. De Lamar, 91st N.Y.V.
- " C. E. Page, 4th U.S.
- " F. HENSHAW, 12 MAINE.
- " D. Gillette, 176 N.Y.V.
- " D. C. Brennan, 2d R.I. CAV.
- " J. W. Huggs, 25th C.V.
- " C. Avery, " "
- " C. Kirby, 176 N.Y.V.
- " J. M. Sampson, 4th MASS. V. M.
- " H. V. Morse, " "
- " Harry Weston, Gunboat Diana, Must. Mate
- " W. Johnson, " Engineer.
- " R. W. Mars, " Engineer.
- " T. D. Vredenburg, 10th Ill. Cavalry
- Ast. Eng. R. M. Laughlin, Gunboat Diana
- Lieut. C. Laurie, 12 C.V.
- " Wm. Bulkley, " Maine.
- " J. W. Dana, " "
- " W. H. Cowden, 42d Mass. V.
- " S. F. White, " "
- " D. F. Eddy, " "
- " B. P. Stowell, " "
- " T. D. Newcomb, " "
- " Henry Humbul, 4th Mass.
- " H. C. Dana, Signal Corps
- " J. Wilson, 43rd Mass.
- " Thos. S. Curtis, 176 N.Y.V.
- " P. Valch, " "
- " Robt Durins, " "
- " W. H. Root, 75th "
- " B. F. Wright, 18 IOWA.
- " E. J. Collins, 26th IND.
- " C. E. Sherman, 176 N.Y.V.
- " J. M. Woods, 19 IOWA.
- " F. Sherfy, 21st IND. Y.
- " Weeks, Gun Boat "Clifton"
- Actg. Mast. J. Dillingham, "Morning Light"
- " J. W. Washburn, " "
- " W. W. Fowler, " "Clifton"
- Lt. Comdg. F. Crocker, " "
- Actg. Ensign W. V. Weld, " "
- Engineer P. A. Fox, " "Sachem"
- Lt. Comdg. Amos Johnson, " "
- Ensign A. H. Reynolds, " "
- R. Rider, Capt Schooner "Manhattan"
- Lt. S. P. Key, 19 IOWA.
- Lt. T. A. Robb, 19 IOWA.

- CAPT. S. E. THOMASON, 176 N.Y.V.
- " Geo. S. Crofut, 23d C.V.
- Lt. E. Kirby, 160th N.Y.V.
- " D. G. Wellington, 176 N.Y.V.
- " L. W. Stevenson, " "
- " J. Babcock, " "
- " J. East, 1st. ARK. V.
- " G. C. M. Dowell, 28 Ind. Vol.
- " J. M. Robertson, " " "
- CAPT. T. L. Spratt, 19th IOWA
- " S. F. Roderick, " " "
- " L. Fisher, " " "
- Lt. G. Johnston, " " "
- " N. Powell, " " "
- " J. Bennett, " " "
- " H. Walton, 34th " "
- " J. Roberts, 175 N.Y.V.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

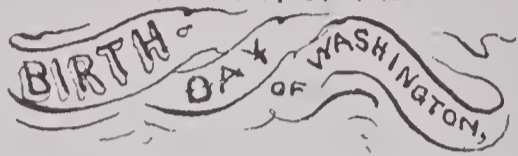
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OF THE

PRISONERS OF CAMP-FORD,

IN MEMORY OF THE



WILL BE HELD ON

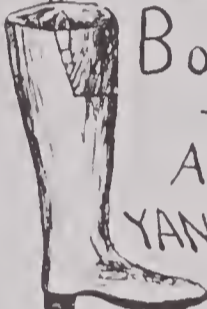
PARK SQUARE,

FEB., 22^d 1864.

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Lt. JOHNSON
CAPT. COE.

MUSIC BY THE "YANKEE BAND."



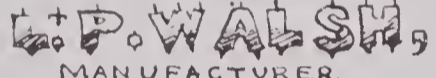
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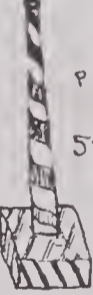
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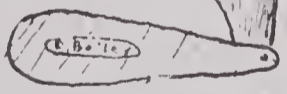
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DR. H. having recently returned from an extensive tour in Europe, where he has had the treatment of distinguished cases. takes pleasure in announcing that he is now ready to attend all calls: N.B. Strict secrecy guaranteed.

THE LION OF THE DAY!

THE Subscriber having suffered very severely from all the incidental diseases of the climate, has at last hit upon a specific Remedy. Any one wishing a receipt for the "LION OF THE DAY" can have the same by enclosing

FOUR CONFEDERATE POSTAGE STAMPS!

He guarantees a perfect antidote for

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21wtfd.

SOAP! SOAP!! SOAP!!!

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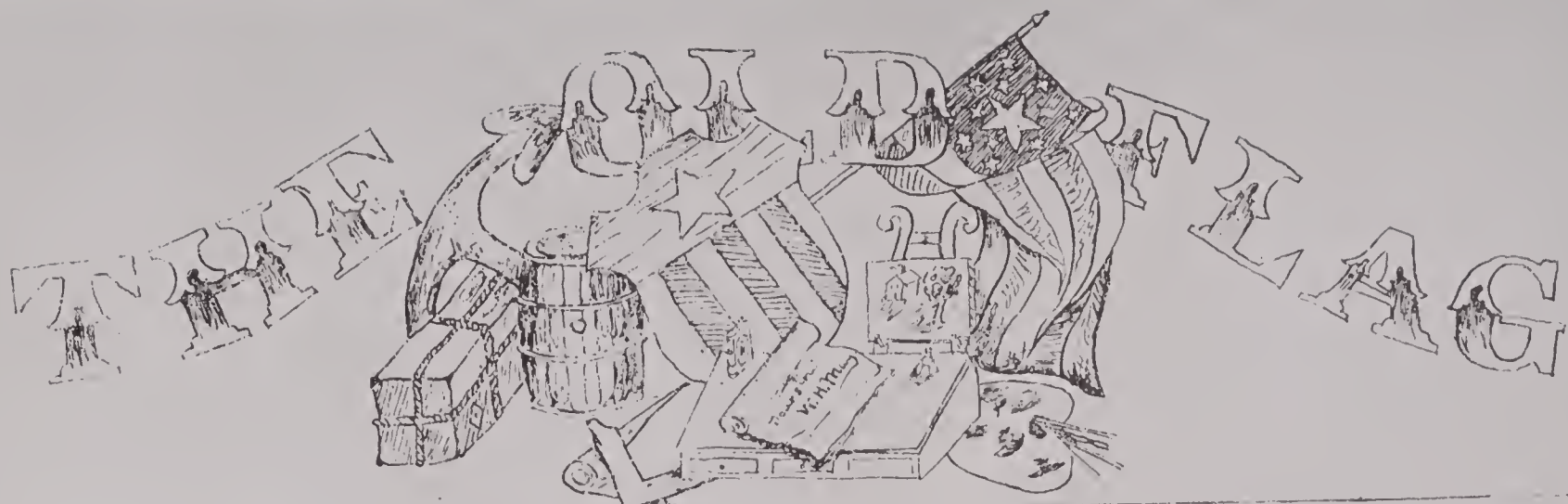
SOAP MANUFACTORY!

at Ford Borough, I invite my friends and the Public generally to a

FAIR TRIAL

of the Article.

H. HAY-LEY.



THE OLD FLAG.

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All kinds of Plain and Fancy Job-Printing, Neatly executed at this Office by the Publisher, W. H. M.

THE FIRST MOVE.

At a meeting for the purpose of making arrangements were made, with a suggestion in the last number of the "Old Flag" for celebrating the birth day of the Father of our Country, called to meet on Wednesday, Feb 17th at 7 o'clock P.M. at nearly an hour as 6 o'clock delegates from the different parts of Texas began to arrive, and at about a quarter past 7 o'clock the hall was filled with an assembly of the most illustrious of our countrymen, men who have done much in this renowned Hall at any meeting in the history of the corner. Battery-Place and then some more.

The meeting was called to order by Capt. S. E. THOMASON and Major R. C. ANTHONY elected to occupy the chair, which he accepted with a few appropriate remarks upon the objects of the meeting, where Lt. Col. P. H. PACE was appointed Secretary; the illumination from the large log was not being sufficient for the Secretary to take down the minutes, it was suggested by Lt. Col. P. H. PACE that a few more candles should be brought in, Lt. E. KERBY and the meeting proceeded to do so.

CAPT. THOMASON then remarked that Lt. Col. A. J. H. DUCANNE would preside in case of a celebration on the 22d of Feb. P. H. PACE. A General Committee of 15 was accordingly appointed by the Chair for the purpose of completing all necessary arrangements:

Co. J. S. BURRELL,	CAPT. I. L. SPROTT,
MAJ. J. CHAMBERLAIN,	" D. TORREY,
CAPT. S. G. BAILLY,	" J. DILLINGHAM,
" W. P. COE,	" A. M. PROCTOR,
" A. JOHNSON,	" F. W. NOBLETT,
" S. E. THOMASON,	LIZZIE B. WRIGHT,
" U. W. WASHBURN,	" Co.,
	Lt. G. C. McDowell.

After the appointing of this Committee, Capt. J. DILLINGHAM desired to know how this Committee were to be sustained financially; upon which it was decided that a proposed Committee should call upon the Public by way of subscription for a fund sufficient to accomplish all that could be done towards making this celebration a day one to be remembered with pleasure long years after the present struggle of LIBERTY and UNION should have grown by, and we returned again to the peaceful walks of life. DILLINGHAM then moved an adjournment for the meeting of the Committee named ately

After a vote to that effect had been taken its adjournment was declared by the Chair. Those of the meeting not belonging to the Committee departed at once left the hall, with the exception of Capt. M. A. S. who remained as Reporter for the "Old Flag".

Capt. BURRELL, who had been sent for as soon as appointed to the Chair, now made his appearance, gave thanks and acknowledged the honor conferred upon him, but thought one of fewer years than himself, whose sands of life were nearly run out, might better have been chosen from among so many gentlemen of legal and literary attainments, of which he possessed none; that he was in favor of the object of keeping up the birth day of the Father of our Country, and after a few touching remarks on our Homes far away, accepted the position.

Capt. M. A. S. was then voted Secretary of the Committee.

Capt. BAILLY introduced a Resolution, appointing a Sub-Committee consisting of THREE, on POEMS and ORATIONS, which was carried; and the Chair appointed Capt. BAILLY, Capt. S. E. THOMASON, and Capt. JOHNSON. Captain B. then presented a Resolution that another Committee be appointed to attend to the procuring of Vocal and Instrumental Music - carried, and CAPTAINS COE, WASHBURN, and PROCTOR were appointed. Following which Capt. THOMASON introduced a Resolution appointing a Committee of FIVE, to select Poets, to select Music, to select a Toast, to select a Program, and Lt. WRIGHT vice appointed.

CAPT. S. E. T. then presented a resolution to the effect that a Committee consisting of FIVE be appointed whose duty shall be to select the grounds for Speeches and make such other small arrangements as necessary; and to form the PROGRAMME to be carried, and Capt. JOHNSON, Mr. DOWN, S. W. NOBLETT and Lt. Col. were appointed. Moved by Capt. BAILLY that the President of the General Committee act as general adviser on all Sub-Committees - carried. CAPT. DILLINGHAM suggested that the Chairman, Capt. BURRELL, act as Chairman of the Day on the 22d - carried unanimously. Here it was moved by Capt. B. that the Secretary read the names of the Committees appointed, which was done. In agreement with a motion by CAPT. WASHBURN, the subject of Refreshments was left to the care of the Committee on Toasts.

A Resolution, introduced by Capt. BAILLY, that a committee on FINANCE be appointed consisting of THREE, was carried, and MAJ. R. C. ANTHONY, MAJ. J. CHAMBERLAIN, and CAPT. F. W. NOBLETT were appointed thereon, to which the Chairman was afterwards added.

After a short discussion upon various minor topics a Resolution moving an adjournment until FRIDAY EVE at 7 o'clock, was made, all sub-committees then to report progress - carried, and the meeting declared adjourned.

In accordance with the adjournment of the meeting of the 17th of February, the Committee again met, but adjourned again until the following morning, for the purpose of consulting on the main time with the Com. Commanding the Post. On the morning of the next day they again held a brief session, when the improbability of successfully carrying out the Program of the first meeting became evident, an adjournment followed soon after its organization, to come together again Saturday eve at 7 o'clock. At that hour the Committee again met, when the Sub-Committee on Refreshments reported it impossible to procure with the narrow, the necessary Refreshments. At 10 o'clock A. M. on Monday morning the Committee met for the last time a few pleasant remarks were indulged in, and adjourned SING- DIE.

THE CELEBRATION!

At about eleven o'clock A. M. of the 22d of February, the buildings and Streets about FIFTH AVENUE and 2d Street were literally blue with the "Yankee" assembled preparatory to some remarks from Lt. Col. J. B. LANE, and in anticipation of a treat in the form of an original Poem from Lt. Col. A. J. H. DUCANNE.

In the remarks made by Lt. Col. LANE, was exhibited and communicated through the entire assembly a flow of pure patriotism, and was virtually a powerful appeal to

all to imitate the glorious example shown in the life of Gen. GEORGE WASHINGTON, to remain in the hour of trial and darkness to the great cause firm and true to the principles of the Government and its administration, placing faith in the moral power on the side of the Union, for truly COMPELLED BY SUCCESS, and its restoration more powerful as a Nation than ever before. It was noble and prepared Orations, yet had nothing in interest or delivery from the fact of its being extempore.

At the conclusion of this address Lt. Col. A. J. H. DUCANNE arose and delivered the following Poem, which was rendered in the most affecting style. Any remarks even though we had the room in this number of our paper were useless to our readers, as the Poem itself aside from the name of its author, is sufficient in its praise.



WHO bids me sing! What theme my soul dilates!
 A Captive, whispering to its captive mate?
 Can glory's banners from the lettered trails,
 Whose tattered banners droop from Treason's walls?
 Can Valor's story nerve the shackled hands
 Whose broken sword-blades rust in rebel sands
 Or lifted, vengeful, threat with oral strife
 Our Country's Union and our Freedom's life?
 In vain my harp the charms of home would sing
 Quick-gathering tears from answering eyelids spring
 And all the heart's deep sorrow, softly stirred,
 Its wailing our manifold at that one dear word
 Home, where the wife sits, number'g, day by day,
 The long, long hours that still not pass away.
 With low-drawn sigh and restless prayer, is well
 The step that comes not to her lonely gate.
 Home, where the children, prattling War's acclaim,
 Through mimic trappings, lose their father's name.
 But, wondering, pause to note with child's fears
 The eyes that watch them, dim with sudden tears.
 And, trembling, just, of lips that must be dumb,
 Why mother weeps! why Father will not come!

Dear home, sweet home! how many a warm heart beats -
 How many a lip the loved one's name repeats!
 Where MARY exults on stormy ocean's brims,
 And HANNAH lifts to Heaven her mournful hymn;
 Where MISSISSIPPI silt, like molten free,
 And fair RHODE ISLAND slumbers at her knee;
 Where dwells CONNACOTT, midst emerald vales,
 And where MANHATTAN spreads her snowy sails,
 And rolls her iron chariot-wheels and shakes
 Her golden garters o'er the Northern lakes.

God bless our homes - from East through boundless West,
 The hallowed shrines of all the heart loves best!
 From blue MICHIGAN to COLORADO'S range,
 And over Iowa's prairies, green and large,
 And where the winding ILLINOIS outflows,
 Or INDIANA with silvery harvest glows,
 And fair ARKANSAS shivers the INDIAN strand,
 And where the red man's loyal wigwags stand -
 There sleeps our homes, where tender hearts, like doves,
 Brood o'er the memory of their absent loves!
 Awake, my Harp! thy song to Heaven aspire -

A Nation's memories climb thy sounding wires!
 Awake, my harp! and thrill with loftier sway,
 A Nation's Father lends from Heaven this day,
 From Heaven's high hills, where Freedom's angel waits
 Closest to God, within the eternal gates;
 Where Freedom's martyrs, winged with crimson scars,
 Gleam through the azure fields of endless stars!
 From Heaven the Hero comes - his awful mien
 Troubled yet calm, and sorrowing but serene.
 With trembling glance his awful shade I mark -
 Break through the storm and cleave the midnight dark -
 O'er ice-browed Andes leas his sworded hand -
 His rushing footfall spurns Pacific's strand;
 His helmet gleams o'er Alleghenian snows -
 His lifted shield o'er hushed Atlantic glows.
 His breast I see, beneath celestial wings -
 And there - and there - my bleeding country clings;
 Clings as a mother to her first-born son -
 Her hero-child - her godlike WASHINGTON!

Land of the North! where loud Niagara's roll
 Voices to Heaven a free-born Nation's soul!
 Land of the North where wild Atlantic waves
 Baptize for Freedom's faith the souls of slaves!
 From all thy plains, on all thy breezes borne,
 How swells the exulting song this sacred morn!
 Whose manhood's shout and childhood's piping
 Thy dear-loved name of WASHINGTON repeat;
 By tranquil Hudson's sunlit wave they kneel,
 Where WASHINGTON first turned the invader's steel;
 On Trenton's plain and Monmouth's field they pray
 Where WASHINGTON retrieved the eventful day,
 And rolled hymns through Schuylkill's winding gorge
 Where once arose his prayer from Valley Forge!

And thou imperial West, whose sylvan tongue
 Hymned unto God while Saturn yet was young;
 From vocal symphonies of waving woods
 And solemn cultus of silent solitudes
 And low, soft melodies of breezes bland;
 And rolling harmonies of rivers grand!
 Thou nurse of empires, at whose fostering heart
 All nations drink, and all have equal part:
 Enthroned on harvests - girt by garner's wide -
 Thy wealth our wonder, and thy power our pride,
 Majestic West! thy millions kneel this hour,
 To praise the Eternal for their Freedom's dower
 By Mississippi's shores their anthem's tones,
 And where Missouri laps her mountain snows;
 And where the Ohio, nursed by crystal rills
 Leaps to thine arms from Pennsylvania hills!
 There shalt thou kneel, O mightiest West, and tell,
 Where Washington survives and Braddock fell -
 When the young hero jarred, with mailed hand,
 The mystic gates that sealed our Western Land!

Land of the South! whose glorious life distils
 Balm from thy roses and odors from thy hills!
 Thy brow all sunshine and thy heart all fire -
 Thy breath a vintage and thy voice a lyre;
 Land where the air with wildering fragrances sways
 And all the woodlands thrill with golden raves;
 Land where the Morn with nectar'd kisses roves,
 And where the soft Night weeps ambrosial dews!

O Queenly Southland! crowned and veiled with flowers
 Thy silken dials that mark the year's sweet hours
 Lilies whose silvery moons no torrid morn,
 Roses like suns, and violets like the stars!
 Thy Dian the summer, and thy reg'lar the soul,
 Whose charmed smiles own thy soft control -
 All beautiful South! thy heart must share and
 Our Father's kindred and our Hero's fame!
 Thy myrtle blooms his radiant brows to twine -
 His name - his heritage - his birth place thine!
 We yield thee this - origin mistress of the sun -
 Thy blossoming flowers first crowned Washington!
 Virginia! from whose breast the milk outran,

That nursed with godlike strength the immortal
 Whose sacred groves enshrine the hero's clay.
 Where wondering pilgrims pause, and patriot's pray,
 Virginia! underneath whose trampling heel
 Sceptres lie crushed, and crownless tyrants kneel -
 From thee, from thine, he drank his impulsive brave:
 For thee - for us - this broad, free land he gave!
 From thy blue hills his soaring sense he caught -
 They share his fame, but all the world his thought!
 Thy gates the portals whence his soul outleaves -
 But all the earth a temple for his deeds!
 Thy hero-child's the priesthood of his shrine -
 That all mankind might learn his faith divine!
 The faith that shatters thrones and sunders chains
 And floods with freedom's tides the bondman's veins,
 And shapes from Freedom's soul the Almighty's train!

O proud Virginia! loftiest was thy trust -
 His grand example, and his peaceful dust!
 Thou wert our Mecca - thou our Delphic ground
 Where kneeling seers were awed with Voice profound
 Those clustering round, uptowered the shuddering States,
 And young Republics kept thy sunset gates!
 From northern mountains and from southern leas
 From orient headlands and from western seas -
 Each gladsome breeze new freights of blessings won,
 For Old Virginia - Nurse of Washington!
 And o'er thy hills it broods - that form of night -
 Parting the storm and towering through the night -
 That awful Presence, moving from above,
 Grief on its brow, but in its glances - love!
 From heaven it comes, o'er Vernon's glom descends
 And where my mournful country kneels, it bends
 And softly murmurs - sheltering her head -
 "What ails thee, mother? Are thy children dead?"

She hears his voice, and wakes from sleeping trance,
 Her oblique life-tides swayed beneath his glance!
 That mailed breast, that soaring helm she sees,
 And the strong hand that lifts her from her knees;
 And now she speaks, whilst all my fluttering breath
 Waits for her voice, but hears no word she saith!
 For muttering winds upwind, and thunders roll,
 And the wild tempest frights my listening soul!
 I only hear, around Mount Vernon's tomb,
 The roar of cannon and the rush of bomb.
 I only hear, upon Virginia's air
 The drum's wild rattling, and the trumpet's blare,
 While charging armies shake the shuddering meads,
 And the hills reel with mingling men and steeds
 And the wide land with mortal wound out-bleeds!
 I only hear the shout, the curses, the groans;
 I only hear a low, heart-broken moan,
 Where sin's my country's head, who bows her head
 And the great Voice demands, in whisper'd dread,
 "What ails thee, Mother? Are thy children dead?"

Dead! dead! O heaven! the child is worse than dead
 Who scorns her breast where first his fondness fed;
 Dead! worse than dead! whose heart, unloos'd with ruff,
 That mother hates who watched his tenderest youth!
 And spurns the mother's own that mother woe,
 And leaves her sorrowing for the sons she bore.
 And whence the gain? what heritage survives,
 O'er wasted treasures, and o'er squandered lives,
 Are halberd's heirlooms, hurled from son to son,
 More dear than loves that linked all hearts as one:
 Can sundered hearth-stones gleam with redder blaze,
 Than the old fireside of our father's days?
 Can alien halls the old, old home replace,
 Or alien births our father's graves efface?
 Samaria's priests may build on Gerizim;
 But Mount Moriah still shrines the cherubim!
 Sunballal's seed may drop from Hebrew olives,
 But Israel dwells where dwells Jerusalem.

O Washington! thou drew'st our faith from heaven!
 By heaven, through thee, our freedom's love was given!
 Thy hope our Union, and our homes thy gift -
 To thee, this day our Nation's hands we lift!
 But wilt thou eyes, and bow thy sorrowing head!
 These hands, this day, with crimson drops are red -
 With crimson life-blood from thy country's veins!
 O Father! weep! weep! and wash out the stains!

MARRIAGE AND ELOPEMENT IN HIGH-LIFE!!

In this borough, on the evening of the 28th of February, 1868 (by candle-light) by Chief Justice MORTON, at the Office of His Excellency, MR H. C. DANE, and Miss S. E. THOMASON, both of this place. When last heard from, they were stopping at the FIFTH AVENUE HOUSE, evidently in blissful ignorance of the fact that the particulars of their disgraceful elopement was well known and understood by all in the House.

TO TRAVELLERS!!

THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL.

We desire to call the attention of Travellers and the Public generally to the fact of our having taken charge of the above well known and commodious establishment, and to say that we are now fully prepared to accommodate all who will give us a call.
 In connection with the Hotel, we have a fine Delivery Stable, under the charge of MR ANTON JOHNSON.
 The finest CROCKER-Y is used at this establishment.
 DILINGHAM, NOTT & Co., PROPRIETORS.

UNDAUNTED HALL.

THE FINEST CONCERT HALL IN THE CITY!
 Not surpassed by any for Concerts, Public Meetings, &c.
 Corner of Battery-Place and Skin-bone Alley.
 For further particulars, enquire of STEVENSON, COE & Co.
 N.B. A "FREE-AND-EASY" under charge of WM. JOHNSON, semi-weekly.

BY MULE EXPRESS!

EXCHANGE!

By "JOHNSON'S MULE EXPRESS," which reached this point at 25 minutes past 11 o'clock, Feb. 29th, and just as we were "making-up" this last column of our paper preparatory to "going to press," we received the most reliable and positive information, that many, if not ALL of the Federal Prisoners, now confined at CAMP FORD, Tyler, Texas, would be exchanged and in their own lines one month from this date; and that they are to leave their present camp, for such exchange about the 17th of MARCH!
 There is no doubt of this.

* But ruin the unequal strife! would Baalam curse!
 His trembling lips! Gods blessings still rehearse!
 Would Noah's ark! The earth drinks Horatius' cries,
 And plagues descend where Israel's idols rise!
 For easeless still our traitors' quiver and lead!
 A Nation's feet their destined course must tread!
 And where the Ark of Freedom leads its march,
 God's Pillar leads, and Angel wings for arch.



CAMP FORD, TYLER, TEXAS,
MARCH 10, '64.

Herewith we present the readers of the FLAG a busy sketch, received from our Artist, Steal Fernin, by which he tells us is intended to represent the



GOVERNOR'S BALL.

On the evening of the 22d Feb., the Ball of the season took place at Park Square, Tyler, Texas and was attended by all classes. It was no aristocratic affair, but a Public Jubilee, in which the high in office, from the Governor down to the 2d Lieutenant - Yankee and Rebel - ladies and gentlemen - all mingled together as readily as water and oil.

The attraction of the evening was, as a matter of course, His Honor Gov. SAMUEL MORTON, who, with a clean "biled" shirt on and his feet clean-washed, was the admiration and pride of all present. The ladies in particular were much "took" with his youthful and graceful appearance - his fine figure and nice clothes, especially the Boots of the "young Miss McMinnigan. Miss M. was dressed in the height of Texan fashion, though bordering slightly on the Summer costume. Not alone in dress attracted the admiration of all, but

"With goddess-like demure over both her eyes, Not unattended, for on her as a queen, A pony of winning graces waited still, And from about her shot darts of desire Into all eyes to wish her still in sight."

One little circumstance seemed for the time being to have created some unpleasant forebodings for the future in one act of the Governor near the close of the ball - we allude to His Honor's dancing with a Rebel! We feel confident Gov. M. did this without having in view the achievement of no distant day, of some great public good? Gov. M. was a cork head on his shoulders, and never performs an act of any description, having no object in view for the Public good - or his own. Trust him, friends, trust him implicitly!

But of the Ball, the excellent "Sinaia Cues," under the faithful leadership of LT JOHN WOODWARD, was present, and between the dances discoursed some excellent music; in the phrase used us with for the book from which they sang, it

was "Tip-Too!"

The instrumental Music of the Band was fine and we are all much indebted to Lt. Wm. Johnson for his correct and prompt calling off.

TRIUMPH OF LOYALTY!
SAMUEL MORTON, OF INDIANA!
ELECTED GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF TEXAS, BY A LARGE MAJORITY!

But for the presence of some five or three half-drunken bullies the Election would have been an exhibition of patriotism and order. We cannot conceivably with our feelings of duty to the Public, due from us as the established medium of communication on such important affairs, pass over these remarks without referring to the leader of these ruffians. Pat. McFinnigan, is a man who has more than one instance defied even our effective force and this day, in his "half-as-over" ferocity, dared to interfere, in the most bullying manner, with his Excellency the Governor; and at this stage of the proceedings, serious convictions were entertained by Gov. M. - that he should be compelled to call out the Militia to prevent, what such a general outburst of indignation as pervaded the more respectable portion of the crowd indicated - a conflict between the indignant supporters of his Excellency and this bully and his party, whose great boast throughout the day, was - "SOUND DIMIKRAT!" But "M.P." PAGE himself took the rascal from the polls, and comparative order was once more restored.

The Governor was at the voting headquarters most of the time, and his commanding and lofty appearance must, aside from all points of dispute involved, have contributed much towards his success. Every voter which could be got at, was brought to the polls.

Hon. L. S. Burrell was brought by a few of the most enthusiastic and indefatigable of the "drummers" to the polls, in his rearing-chair, and voted the straight Union Ticket! Much regret was felt by many present at the report brought us that our esteemed fellow citizen, W. S. B. Esq., was too aged and infirm to bear a trip to the polls. He manifested much regret at his inability to cast just one more vote for LIBERTY and the Union, but like a true Patriot and a Christian resigned himself to the claims of old Father Time. The Governor delivered the following eloquent address, after his election had been declared, which was taken down word for word as it fell from the great man's lips, by our own special Correspondent on the spot.

Taking his hat from his mouth with that peculiar grace and lofty flourish which so distinguishes the smokers of the Capital from those of the ordinary bar-room, he lifted his hat from his head, looked down upon the immense assembly, awaiting with throats in their hearts, the words of wisdom which all seemed to have an intuitive conviction about to be uttered, and - opened his mouth. (At this stage of the proceedings, the outburst of applause was huge.) It was some minutes before the cheering stopped - mean while his Excellency kept his mouth open!) "FELLOW CITIZENS! I -" (five minutes' incessant applause, at this compliment from the Governor!) "I was sent by my Government to fight!" (Cheering and cries of "hear! hear!") and shall prosecute the law for the Lincoln in this State. "The extension of my ability!" (Renewed applause from every side - with hisses from Finnigan's Copperhead!) A voice enquired, what he would do with the Nigger? To this most difficult problem which has bothered the Nation's representatives men for years, the Governor's ready reply, clear brief, and to the point, was only one of the thousand and one other instances constantly exhibited of his great wit. He said - "I will free him!" (Here the cheers and hurrahs were of such a length that his Excellency was obliged to go to the Fifth Avenue House and take a drink, but as they had nothing at the bar save Adam's Ale, and he not in the habit of indulging in anything stronger than Whiskey, he merely took occasion to wipe the sweat from his brow with the sleeve of his (ready-made!)

coat, having left his silk pocket handkerchief at home on the piano.) "All Gambling and drinking - Saloons must close before 2 o'clock A.M!" (Cries of "bully boy, do.")

The enthusiasm of the crowd was now so great that they could no longer keep "hands off," and accordingly his Excellency was treated to an affectionate mauling, and an "air-line" trip through the crowded streets!

The danger of driving fast teams through our streets on such days is too great to be allowed. As a child of Mrs. Page was crossing the street in front of the new house of Lt. Gov. C. Johnson's fast Confederate Mule came tearing down at a terrible racking gale, the child was knocked down - its head coming in contact with the pavement, caused such a flow of blood, that many were led to believe that another Pig had been butchered!

The following sublime invocation to LIBERTY was composed by CHAS. F. CROOKER, U.S.M., for the celebration of the 22d and is too beautiful to be passed unnoticed by.

LIBERTY.

Maiden of the tresses free,
Gentle joyous Liberty!
Not in prison walls you dwell,
Flying fur the captive eil,
Roving o'er dale and hill,
Cooosing with your changing will,
And, (as wry maiden may)
Fond of having your own way.

Liberty! oh! Liberty!
He who comes on bended knee,
Though he may no other sin rue,
Sure, nor I, will never win you,
For all idle talk of being,
Kneeling, feeling, crying, sighing,
Which some silly girls think true
Goes but little way with you.

He who comes to you a wooing,
Must be up and dressed as I doing,
He who wins you, bold must be -
Maidens smile in bravery,
He who'd taste a kiss of honey,
Mustn't stand on spending money,
Such an win you - o'er and o'er -
Men have, many maids before.

But a pretty price, they say,
He who has you, has to pay,
Near himself is slumber letting;
Keep an eye on your coquetting;
For in all your rixy dances,
You are fond of giving glances,
While your pretty eye grow brighter,
Winking at a handsome fighter.

SHANN'S-MARE, vs. TRANSPORTATION. We have heard it suggested that a FUND be contributed at once, with a view to render the journey to our lines, whenever the time shall come, as easy as possible: and that the first draft on said fund be for the hiring of a Four-Mule Team. Probably \$25. per day would cover this expense, and such a commodity would lessen the fatigues of the Tramp materially. We sincerely hope this matter will be attended to immediately - if not sooner!

N.B. The team engaged for moving the materials of the office of the OLD FLAG will be too heavily loaded to permit any live freight else than the Editor himself to ride thereon - unless, per-chance Governor Morton prefer to ride!

NEW BOOKS.

IN PRESS— We are happy to announce that we have now in press, and will issue soon a new work of rare scientific interest. The title is "AN INVESTIGATION INTO THE CAUSE OF OLD ACK IN MULES, AND SUGGESTIONS AS TO THE REMEDY." By J. DILINGHAM, late U.S.N. The CAPTAIN, we have been informed, had not previously given much attention to scientific or literary pursuits, beyond those connected with his profession—and those he of course, went in on, "on the deck." We are indebted for this production to the fact that he was ruthlessly torn from his briny home, and subjected to a monotonous imprisonment. At first our author seemed to have lost all interest in life; but so active a mind could not always be kept quiet. For some reasons of state, which the author does not mention, he was removed from one place of imprisonment to another, until he was at last brought to this place. On the road he was permitted to use an animal which he says was called a mule. He became interested in this animal; he thought there was something peculiar about this particular mule he enquired of one of those Texans, (who he says reminded him of some persons he once met during a voyage to an African port), what was the matter with the mule? He replied, "guess he done got too old." The Captain asked how he thought he got it. Texas didn't know! The author was interested, and commenced a series of investigations. The subject was full of difficulties; the disease seemed to progress right along, with out any apparent cause. The Captain watched it closely—how closely, those of our readers, who have seen him sitting on the hill-side, his eyes riveted on the mule for hours at a time, lost in deep thought, can only know. At last the mule disappeared. The Captain was seen afterwards frequently leaving camp and remaining long periods. What became of this mule is not for us to say, but we all know what scientific men of the purest lives are compelled to resort to, to obtain the secrets of human anatomy. The problem which baffled him so long, has been solved, and the author triumphantly presents the solution in this little volume. We wish it could have been done at a less sacrifice—but when fully aroused, Science is remorseless. Peace be with her victims; their loss is our gain.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The newest set of chess-men yet
We think Lt. Bailey owns;
They're not, indeed, the largest sets,
Yet resemble much those made of bones.

SEND in your NAMES.— Undoubtedly before many more moons shall have come and waned the majority of the inhabitants of this place will have been taken from our midst, by that relentless disease to poor Prisoners, EXCHANGES, etc. This is done, we desire the full NAME and Post Office Address of every person here, whether a subscriber to the FLAG or not. This is the shortest and surest manner of compiling this list, and we earnestly hope all will accommodate us as above.

MONETARY.— Gold sold on 5th Avenue at Auction by HAMMOND, at 20 for 1, Confederate, on Friday, Feb. 26th. 1864.

How do we know that Capt. Johnson's mule has got nephews or nieces? Because we know she is AUNTY DELUVIAN.

TURNING AND CARVING.— Capt. Amos Johnson, assisted by first-class artists has engaged in the business of CARVING PIPES. A specimen of his work in holly-wood, may be seen by applying to the designing Committee, Messrs C.C. NOTT and DILINGHAM.

Why is Lt. Col. A.H. Duganne's new Mansion on Fifth Avenue like a false-whisker supporter? Answer: Because it holds a board—(board.)

REVIEW OF THE TEXAS MARKET. FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY, 1864.

ASHES, (SOA)	per 100 lbs	\$4.00
ALMANACS, common	per 100	1.00
APPLES, green, small, four	per bushel	2.00
BEEF, very scarce	per lb	1.00
BUTTER, hard to get	per lb	1.50
BOOTS, heavy	per pair	4.00
BROOMS, heavy	per broom	1.00
BUTTONS, brass	per 100	1.00
BELTS (sword)	per pair	1.00
BLANKETS, rubber	per 100 lbs	2.50
COFFEE, common	per 100 lbs	2.00
CLOTH, Home-spun, Jeans	per yard	3.00
CHICKEN, common	per pair	2.00
COFFEE, Lincoln	per 100 lbs	2.50
COMBS, fine-tooth	per piece	1.50
CUPS, tin	per pair	1.00
VARMS, plating (cotton)	per pair	1.00
for Cotton-carding	per piece	3.00
DRAWERS, cotton	per pair	2.50
EAGLES	per pair	2.50
COMBS, fine-tooth	per piece	1.50
FLOUR, wheat	per 100 lbs	50.00
(No. 1)	per 100 lbs	50.00
FORKS and Knives, Table	per pair	20.00
HAMS, common	per lb	2.50
HONEY, pure	per lb	2.50
KNIVES, set	per set	25.00
KNIVES, set	per set	25.00
LEAD-PENCILS (set ones)	per set	1.50
LARD, common	per 100 lbs	4.00
MATCHES (100 in a box)	per box	1.00
MOLASSES, pure	per gal	7.00
NAILS (Market dressed)	per 100 lbs	2.00
OVER-COATS, Private Army	per piece	100.00
POTATOES, Sweet	per bushel	10.00
PEPPER, black	per lb	5.00
PORK, common	per lb	1.00
PAPER, writing	per Ream	120.00
PANTS, ready-made	per pair	50.00
PEACHES, dried	per lb	1.50
PANS, tin (4 gals)	per piece	4.50
PLATES, earthen	per set	3.00
PAIS, wooden	per pair	5.00
SOAP, soft	per lb	1.00
hard	per lb	2.00
SUGAR, brown	per 100 lbs	1.25
STRINGS, Violin	per piece	3.00
SHIRTS, common	per piece	20.00
SHOES, common	per pair	15.00
SOCKS, wool	per pair	5.00
SALT, common	per bushel	32.00
SOALING SHOES	per pair	2.00
TOBACCO, small hand-filler leaf	per piece	1.00
wrapper leaf	per lb	2.00
Twist	per lb	2.00
Segars	per 100	250.00
TEARIES, (small)	per piece	6.00
Tooth Brushes, (common)	per piece	2.50
THREAD, linen	per skein	1.00
WHISKEY, (poor article)	per gal	80.00
single drink at Houston	per gal	5.00

BY U. G. TELEGRAPH!

PROCLAMATION! BY THE PRESIDENT.

In virtue of the authority in me vested by the Constitution, it is hereby ordered that an Election of Congressmen from the State of Texas take place on FRIDAY, MARCH 4th, 1864, said Officers to be duly chosen by the loyal supporters of His Excellency, Gov. SAMUEL MORTON. The Polls to be open from sun-up to sun-set of the same day.

It is also ordered that His Excellency the Governor cause to be in force at the Polls throughout the entire day, as a "Ballot-Box Guard" a force of no less than twenty-five armed men.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, PRESIDENT.

WM. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

In compliance and perswance of this important Order from the President, we have to publish the following

PROCLAMATION BY THE GOVERNOR!

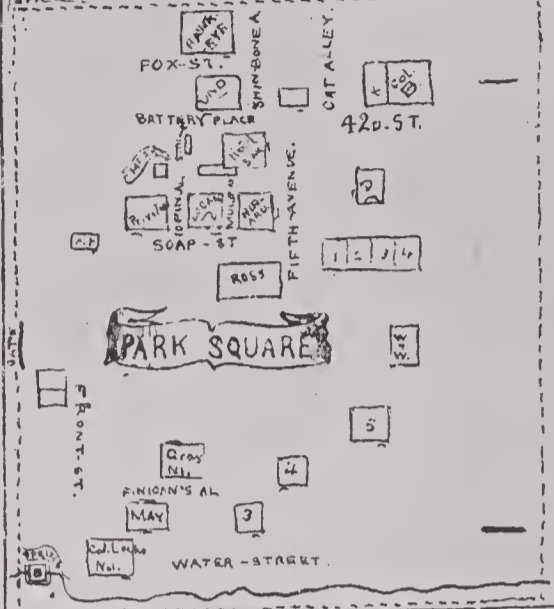
GUBERNATOR-IN-CHIEF, NOT WATER STREET, FORD-BOROUGH, TEXAS, MARCH 1st, 1864.

FELLOW CITIZENS, In compliance with the going order from MISTEER ABE LINCOLN, I do now hereby order that said election take place as there in or-dered, & furthermore, that Provo Marshal R. H. STOTT Bee on duty at the poles with a force of knott less than 25 Able Bodied mens, 2 reserve the peice. Ke qtid under mi seal and the Public Seal of the Statit of Texas.

S. MORTON, Governor.

R. C. Anthony, Adjt Gen'l.

MAP FORD-BOROUGH, TYLER, TEXAS.



NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

S. G. BAILEY.

WATCH-MAKER & JEWELER,

NO. 4 WATER ST., SECOND DOOR FROM OFFICE OF THE "FLAG."

N.B. PARASOLS, UMBRELLAS, CANES, FANS, &c., RE-PAIRED AT SHORT NOTICE, AND ON REASONABLE TERMS.

NEW PIPE MANUFACTORY.

Every description of PIPES.

REFERENCES:

CAPT. J. DILINGHAM and ENSIGN REYNOLDS.

A. J. H. DUGANNE, & Co.

N.B. BOTTOMS WARRANTED, AND CARVED BY CAPT. AMOS JOHNSON—TRAVELING ADT. Wm. R. C. ANTHONY.

"HERE'S YOUR MULE!!"

FOR SALE, The fine Brown Mare Mule, "ROSA"

Perfectly sound, kind in all harness, and delightful under the saddle—cannot be surpassed for style and intelligence. This fine animal must be sold, as the owner is confined to his quarters, and cannot take his daily mounted exercise.

FOR PARTICULARS, enquire of the Proprietors of the City Livery Stable, rear of the Fifth Avenue House.

TERMS:—In Confederate Money, \$500 or in Green-backs, \$30.

MUSICAL

The undersigned are now ready to furnish at short notice good MUSIC FOR DANCING, Concerts, &c., &c.

TERMS, as reasonable as the present worthlessness of Confederate Money will admit.

Wm. H. MAY, Manager and Violinist.

R. W. MARS, Banjo.

S. E. THOMAS, Flute.

E. J. COLLINS, Fife.

LESSONS ON THE BANJO!



R. W. MARS, COR. PARK ROW AND 5TH AV. TERMS:—REASONABLE.

The Old Flag

Vol. 1.

FORD CITY, MARCH 13th, 1864.

No. 5.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE OLD FLAG.]

HIGH-BIRD

OR, THE LEAGUE OF BLOOD!

A TALE OF THE MYSTERIES AND MISERIES OF FORD CITY, TEXAS

BY MEIGH, D. K.

CHAPTER I.

THE MIDNIGHT PROWLER.



Hark! dost hear the thunder roll?
Johnny, fill up the bowl!

It was the still hour of midnight! The wind of a fierce north wind whistled a mournful dirge at the doors of the shacks of the inhabitants of Ford City, and the weary conscript more closely hugged—not the old flint-lock, but the large log fire, blazing on his seat, while the Sergeant of the Guard wrapped his carpet blanket still closer about his aged form, dreaming of

The days of yore,
When he had more
Of flour and meat,
Than he could eat,

and at the "S. C." At this lonely hour "a man might have been seen slowly wending his way" through the now quiet streets of this Yankee City. He was wrapped in a Confederate blanket, drawn closely about his face as a protection against the biting wind and sleet. Let us follow this man. Why does he dodge behind that large chimney? Ah! there comes that faithful guardian of the night—Watchman HAY LAY—it must be him! This mysterious person avoids encountering "Past 12 o'clock and all is oully!" is the Watchman's cry, as he passes up Fifth Avenue, and is soon lost to view.

Now the mysterious night prowler resumes his way, crosses a portion of Park Square and passing around to the rear of a low, one-story building, signals those within for admission. "One! two! three knocks, and a deep growl—a chicken crows within—the stranger answers by a noise much resembling the squeal of a pig—the door is opened, and he disappears from our view.

CHAPTER II.

THE LOVERS AND THE CRUEL PARENT.



THE "God of Day" had sunk to rest behind a mountain of fire and pale Luna—if we remember correctly—on this occasion arose in the East. Seated in a fine arm-chair, which was "for strength of back and durability of bot- tom a master piece" in front of the Fifth Avenue House, was our lovely heroine, Miss Julia Wilhemena Demuth, engaged in the delicious pastime of smoking a pipe!

Among the aspirants for that hand had she turned away, among them one who had loved her almost to madness! This man—of powerful frame, and an immense beard, nearly reaching to the eyes—was well known as HIGH-BIRD; he had sworn a fearful oath, that on him she placed her true heart's affection, his vengeance should fall, and the fair girl trembled for the life of her darling Phoebe Marchese.

We would describe our lovely heroine but having our inability to do her beauty of mind or person justice can only refer the reader to that portion of "Milton's Paradise Lost" which describes her mother—EVE.

and desire them to apply the name Julia. Her gaze is fixed on a form coming up the avenue. It is a tall, majestic, noble person, as straight as a rail—graceful in carriage, and as handsome in feature as "Honest Old Abe" himself.

With a winning smile he flourishes a white handkerchief, bows his head with the grace of a mule, and with a meaning glance, passes by. Directly she rises from her seat of ease, rushes into the house, and soon after appears, with her hand on, and slowly and stealthily meanders up the street in the direction the handsome youth has gone. She is passing the Shin-bone Alley, when he again appears, close to her side, seizes her delicate form, and carries her to his garret in an ecstasy of bliss!

"My precious Julia Wilhemena!"
"My darling Phoebe Marchese!"
"Hark! a ship me thought! I heard!" cried Phoebe.

"I tremble lest my mistrust as I responded to happy girl. Of that I had wealth he would then be worthy you. But the day will come when he will be proud to own the now humble mechanic or son-in-law. Know, darling, I have a plan laid for money and riches! I feel dearest that I am a—"
"SCOUNDREL!" cried the proud parent, suddenly showing himself in a towering passion. "Away! you'd a land-shark, and I catch you 'crabbing' about these waters again! I hang you to a dead tree, as sure as my name is BRINEY AMES!"

CHAPTER III.

THE LEAGUE OF BLOOD!



WE left the midnight prowler of the door of a suspicious looking house on Park Square, we will enter where he did at the close of our first Chapter, as there is that occurring in this which greatly concerns our story.

Seated around a large log table were a half dozen as villainous looking set of men as ever met for hellish purpose. As the new comer stepped into their midst, they all arose and cried,

"Welcome, worthy Christian! All hail!"
"It responded the infirm voice, nothing but a cold rain—no hail!"

As he gave utterance to this reply, he clung from him the Confederate blanket, and revealed the compacted form of HIGH-BIRD!

"No," said he, "I have a job to be done, and will admit on the spot, that I want to be engaged with me in this work but those whose hearts are of iron, and whose hands grow stronger and more bloody at flow of blood."

"Blood! Blood!" cried one after another, in amazement if not somewhat of horror.
"Ay! Blood! Red life-blood must flow!! Come, are ye old women that ye must needs repeat that five lettered word. I want volunteers—step forward those who would belong to HIGH-BIRD'S LEAGUE OF BLOOD!"

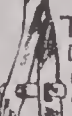
At once the whole moved forward as one man, and the Chief cried,
"This well—let it be so recorded!"

Then stepping to the table on which stood a large iron kettle filled with hot drink, each one sipped his cup, raised it over his head, while the Chief remanded, and they repeated after him the following:
"To the LEAGUE OF BLOOD, may the first blood shed under its new leader be a warning to all interlopers hereafter, who may deem it safe to cross the path of HIGH-BIRD, to steal clear!"

All drank and caroused until the 'small hours' were gone, and the last drop of that intoxicating Texian drink—Rye Coffee—was drunk.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LOWER 'MILLION'!



Tearly candle-light that notorious Danco House of John, Son & Co, UN-DAUNTED HALL Corner of Battery Place and Shin-bone Alley, began to fill with the fancy-men of the oily, who, instead of remaining at their homes, on certifying and instructing their families by readings from the "Texas Reporter", or playing Chess, are to be found nightly in some of these bad places, dancing with few women—else

at the Fifth Avenue House, playing out brilliantly, or on the pave making night bedrows with their cries of delirium.

The fiddler generally plays for his ruin, getting disgustingly drunk, while a gay sport comes in on the banjo, whistling at the tables and drinking—when not fighting—with the boys. The light of the great log fire lent a strange and ghastly appearance to the travellers, as they sat and stood grouped about the room. At every fling or "jump-jim-crow" of the dancers were drawn out fierce Texan yells, stamping of feet, encouragements by such swelling cries as "right smart!" "go in old man!" "Bully for Mad Anthony, re. Go in on the GRAY mare!" and other immo-ral suggestions, or words to that effect—when suddenly

A long, low, thrilling, shrilly shriek was heard!! All rushed to unbar the ponderous door, and emerging into the impenetrable darkness beheld

"A sight to harrow up the soul—
Force the hot blood—
Make the wild eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
The knotted and cori-ol locks to part
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

CHAPTER V.

THE CONFLAGRATION.



IT was a fearful, yet a splendid spectacle. In the midst of the impenetrable dark and Cim merian gloom which enveloped all the district of Ford City a fierce and baleful light was shining with such horrid glare as to cause each rocky pavement of the streets to gleam like molten lava, boiling in asphaltic pits of red bi-luminous Tartarus.

A terrific conflagration was raging. The entire block adjoining the UNDAUNTED HALL was wrapped in a blue sheet of mingled smoke and flame, over this blue sheet the distracted inmates were vainly endeavoring to cast a wet blanket. The entire chimney of that palatial mansion occupied by the Duke of Wellington, and his roof, was a pray to the devouring element, and at all the lofty casements might have been seen the startled inmates, wildly wringing their hands and uttering charms which ought to have soothed to mercy even the demon of Arsen himself. Vainly waving her white kerchief for aid, could be discerned the amiable Lady Tom-sina O'Day, then in an interesting situation—the result of her recent elopement—while at a former window, the Rt. Hon. Robin Red-broast, P.B., who writes for the "Texas Reporter" was endeavoring to reconcile himself to the impending fate, by chanting in a voice like the dying swan or poor Low the Indian, a meek and plaintive ditty on the overturn of the cruel war. It was indeed a heart-rending scene! The stout hands of our gallant firemen almost failed them at this crisis, but they were rallying at the stern look of Foreman Kerbre to repel the flames when, O! horror!

A savage war whoop rang upon the mid-night air!!

A legion of dusky forms danced deliriously around the flames, and the shuddering population of the city saw that they were surrounded by an invading war party of Choctaws, Creeks and Cherokees.

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CHAPTER VI.

THE RES Q!!!!



OMAHAWK'S deamed in the crimson light, and a chorus of yells and whoops uplifted every heart. A tall plumed Chieftain led the Cherokees,

He was the nephew of Ross the mighty Sachem of that tribe and was a warrior of chivalrous bearing. But the chosen leader was of another mould. He bore the vile appellation of UMBLE-BEE, and delighted in wild sports and deeds of dreadful note. Behind him came OCHUMALTA, the Creek leader, in all the arduous glory of war-paint.

It was but a moment and all seemed over. The pale-faces, taken by surprise, (like Braghear City) were completely paralyzed. Destiny shook her dreadful fangs. A strange brood over the scene. Mercy fled behind the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and Despair's dark pinions settled down like a buzzard bird of prey.

The gigantic savage, who bore the sounding name of OCHUMALTA, had seized the gentle lady O'Deigh by her long dishevelled locks and was drawing around her throbbing temples his emerald scalping knife, when suddenly a noble and stalwart form broke through the ranks of red demons, and a clarion voice rang on the din of battle.

It was her protector — the last lawful husband of that gentle victim! It was the renowned and puissant traveller — SIR HENRI O'DEIGH!

With one bound he sprang three hundred and sixty-six feet, and gathered his fainting spouse within one arm, whilst the other brandished a war club, which he had torn from a Patagonian giant on the banks of the Rhine. Confronting the colossal form of OCHUMALTA, he exclaimed in a voice like the roaring of an hour-rhinoceros, a rugged Russian bear, or Mycean tiger in the forests of New Jersey —

"Aunt savage! O-T-T-T —"
"Who art thou?" demanded the Red Chief, as he licked the blood from his gory hatchet and glared at the intruder.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

STATISTICS. — There have been manufactured by knife, in this Camp, since last September, over forty sets of Chessmen, of which LT. JOHN WOODWARD has himself completed eight of the best!

The number of Pipes turned out, as near as can be arrived at, is not less than Five Hundred — both of wood and clay.

GYMNASIUM. — A muscle strengthening has been erected at the foot of Water St. and another one at the foot of Fifth Avenue. A very good thing for those who are too feeble or delicate to become "hewers of wood or drawers of water" — and for those who are ambitious enough to engage in both.

DIED.

Peace to his dust,
Who sleeps beneath:
His soul, we trust,
Our Dear Lord setteth
Through stranger tread
Shall pass this body
Soft rests the head
That rests with God

SURGEON A. J. CUMMINGS, of the 42d Mass. Vols., at CAMP GROCE, Sept. 9th. 1863.

2d. LT. B. F. BARTLETT, 42d Mass. Vols., Aug 22d. 1863.

1st. LT. J. W. RUMSEY, 175 N. Y. V. Oct. 11th. 1863.

2d. LT. MATHIAS HAYES, 175 N. Y. V. Oct. 16th., 1863.

FOR THE OLD FLAG.
AN OCEAN ADVENTURE.

BY HARRY N. — Author of

the "Wild Boy of the West," — "The Fled Rebel of the Green Mountains," — "The Virgin of Utah," and other tales, too numerous to mention — 22 228 other names!

WHILE acting as Signal Officer on board the "TYDDA ADLA," ostensibly filled out as a Whaler from Cincinnati, but really laden with a cargo of mess-pork and missionaries for the Tege Islands. The following scene took place, which has never before been revealed. It was during one of those long Tropical calms which are so irksome to the nautical traveller not a ruffle disturbed the placid surface of the ocean. A large flock of Turkey buzzards, were satisfying their delicate appetites from the carcass of a whale, we had a few days previously destroyed by a dexterous stern board movement of our sky-sail boom, which entered his vitals, and caused him to utter his death shriek, and emit those rain-bow jets of blood and tallow, which are said to be the cause of the Aurora Borealis. I had arranged at the extreme end of the bow-sprit my arm chair, and was seated therein, and if I remember rightly, was engaged in reading a speech of W. H. Sevard, which I had taken down in short hand the week previously. The serene, calm and undisturbed appearance of every thing caused the most exhilarating emotions, which, alas! I have not the ability to describe.

Suddenly a cry of "Sail ho!" on the weather bow! was heard from the cockpit. "Hard up!" cried the Captain, in his stern tirian voice. "Brace up and hard aft! Set studding-sails aloft and aloft. Haul up the fore-gall and let the jib run; keep her right in the wind-eye!" all of which orders were executed in the midst of that Sabbath calm which agitated the slumbering deep.

Not a breath of air disturbed the waters. The ships rapidly closed with each other. All hands were called to quarters and asked if they would stand by their brave commanders; which was answered by the natural "Ahoy!" and hith of trousers, customary among brave and jolly tars in well regulated ships. The stranger had approached within jib-boom distance of our gallant ship. It was about 2 P.M., the scorching sun was descending with all its tropical force our battle lanterns were lit, and everything in readiness for the coming conflict.

The stranger hailed.
"Where are you from?"
"Canton, in China," replied our intrepid commander. "Square the main-yard! Where are you from?"

"Cape Cod, in America!" thundered the no less valiant Captain of the sloop. "Haul off the main-sheet!"

Our gallant skipper threw his iron-bound trumpet to the Cook, retired to his cabin, and gave orders that he should not be disturbed till the gale moderated.

The sloop shot like an arrow over the trackless ocean, and soon after providentially continued her voyage.

The next day we passed Cape Horn, and one week later I had the pleasure of reaching London.

But the perils of the trackless deep through which I had so miraculously passed, caused me to desire a less hazardous profession, and I soon after entered for practice at the noble British bar, with the privilege of seeking my clients on the Rhine, the Rhone, and the German Ocean.

WM. JOHNSON,
CORNER OF BATTERY-PLACE AND BROADWAY,
Chess-men, Checker-men, &c.

GRAND MASQUERADE AND FANCY-DRESS BALL,

will be given on SATURDAY EVENING, March 19th, 1864, at PARK-SQUARE. Good MUSIC by the "Ford City Band," and the Fiddler Guaranteed strictly temperate!

CAMP Ford Philosophy.

ILLUSTRATED BY A MORAL POEM. CALLED

THE JOLLY OLD COCK.

A jolly old cock
Was cast on a rock —
A rock jutting out in the sea;
And said he to himself —
"I'm cast on this shelf,
As Merit is used to be!
I don't cure a curse;
It might have been worse."
Said this jolly old cock, said he;
I've still got a bunch
To serve for a lunch,
And a capital view of the sea!
Who'd be this? who'd be that?
Who'd be lean? who'd be fat?
Who'd live — on the thread of life sewer?
There's always a bore
Of some kind in store
And will be forever and ever.
So I think I can die
Without piping my eye * * * * *
But a ship was just nearing the rock:
And he giggled with joys
When the crew cried "ahoy!"
And RESCUED this jolly old cock!!!

LATEST RUMORS. — On dit — that the unfortunate class of our citizens known as "gun-boats" are to be retained as prisoners until the blockade is raised.

Woodward & Co.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
CHESS-MEN, CHECKERS,
&c., &c., &c.,
CORNER SOAP & FRONT STS.,



"Flag of the free heart's only home,
By angel hands to valour given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin times,
And all thy hues were born in heaven!"

FORD CITY, MARCH 15TH, 1864.

PRIZE STORY!

For the best original Story of not less than THREE nor more than FIVE columns of the FLAG, to be sent in by the First day of April, 1864, we will pay the magnificent sum of

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS!

Payment to be made two years after the conclusion of the present War, in Confederate Money

DONATION:— From the loyal supporters of the "OLD FLAG," we acknowledge to have received a splendid donation of Confederate money, which just at this particular period affords us needed succor. Editors are proverbially poor—even those single in life—but we, with wife, one small child, and nine at the breast, a small circulation and candles Fifty dollars per Hundred, had begun to contemplate the probability of soon having to remove our sanctum sanctorum to the Poor-house (Cor. Battery-Place and Shinbone Alley.) when this god-send of "phunds" came, Finnigan-like, to the rescue, and in the words of Peter the Great, when the youthful George Washington, with his little hatchet, chopped his trees down, "Richard is himself again!"

BUT!—Alas! we have discovered to our infinite sorrow the truth of that old adage, "money is the root of all evil!" No sooner had we this little fortune in our grasp than secret enemies, jealous of the success and rapid growth of our loyal little sheet, sprang up all about us, and that which was intended as a blessing to us, threatens to become our bane by exciting envy and dissensions in the community. Better far for us to become a poor but honest parient, than to have our unhappy wealth the fruitful mother of calamities to this peaceful and unsophisticated community of virtuous intelligent, patriotic, religious, and muscular citizens. We therefore succumb to destiny, and retire into private life, with the publication of this number. Henceforth let Big Kerbee with his British gold, undermine our sacred institutions! Henceforth let every cackling cockney, from England, with nary red in his pocket, nary sense in his head, insult our simple and innocent manners and customs, by invidious comparisons with his "Hold English" models. Our broken heart bids adieu to weeping subscribers, and to the brave phalanx of our Greek defenders! Farewell! overdear Mr. Finnigan! Good bye, light-footed and ever active Avery. We tore ourselves away! We abdicate, resign, and retire into voluntary exile, like Louis Philippe, or the elder Pickwick. Let this epetaph alone be recorded on our monumental pile.

Big Jaacet (Here lies)

AN EDITOR,
Who died from the effects of his patrons paying up their subscriptions.

Copperheadism in our City!

We have to record another flagitious attempt to muzzle the free press. We were assaulted last week, under a misapprehension by the Irish population, led by Mr. Finnigan and barely escaped with life. But justice compels us to say that Mr. Finnigan's party had been cruelly deceived by our secret enemies, who spread the report that we were Know-Nothings. The scandal nearly assassinated us, but we acquit Mr. McFinnigan's brave countrymen of all blame. Mr. McFinnigan, who was returned to us our pocket book, of which we had been robbed in the melee by some base ruffian. Mr. Finnigan and the Emerald Islanders are now convinced of their error, and are heartily with us. Indeed we are indebted to them for our rescue from the last murderous attack, which was planned and perpetrated by our hitherto concealed foes, the British party, led by that stalwart emissary of England, Big Kerbee the Fireman. He has circulated his British gold quite freely among "certain low-down fellows of the baser sort" whom he terms his followers, and last Wednesday was emboldened to attempt a public and shameful outrage upon our person. Jealousy of our success, and rage at the sons of Erin who support us, are at the bottom of Big Kerbee's hostility. But we fear him not and warn him and all others disguised braves, that we shall hereafter go ARMED, and sustain the freedom of press and of speech, at all and every hazard.

A Still Later Assault!!!

While quietly taking notes on the occasion of the Great Freshet, we were attacked by an infuriated mob, who surrounded our printing establishment: we were forced to place a sentinel with a loaded musket at the door until our friends could be rallied to beat off the Copper-head myrmidons. Big Kerbee was conspicuous among the mobocrats.

YET LATER!

We have to record another attempt at our personal assassination! A gallows was erected in front of our door on Friday last, and we were threatened with Lynch Law if we refused to submit to mob-rule. The ruffians even went so far as to dig a trench, which they declared should be our Editorial Grave; but as the immortal Webster said, (when he said so!) "we ain't dead yet!"

LATEST!!

An infamous wretch has threatened to flog the Editor!
We laugh his puny menaces to scorn!!—and advise him to pay his debts!



EPICRAMS.

ON OUR DAILY LABORS
Two fields of daily toil we get,
To exercise our ruffian men,
In one they turn a summer-set
In one a set of Chess men
On one or both our wind to breathe
We don't know which we'd rather—
The first will bring you to a lathe,
The second to a latther.

ON A NEW REVOLUTION. [Imud]
Brave Captain Proctor ne'er should lack his
For he's the guardian of our Common Wheel.

TO OUR PATRONS.

We shall make it our first object on our arrival at New York city, which will probably be within a few weeks after our Exchange—to learn the practicability of getting the three numbers of the Old Flag lithographed. Should the expence be too great to warrant our adopting this means of securing fac-simile copies, we shall print with types as nearly similar to the letters printed by us as can be procured, with headings and Illustrations engraved. We shall endeavor to make the copies close imitations of the original papers. In addition we propose to publish a few separate pictures, delineating life at Camp Ford, Camp Croce, reprinted on sheets inserted in each number of the Old Flag, with a Title Page, and complete List of the Officers Prisoners at this place, neatly bound.

TO MRS COL. R. T. P. ALLEN.

All kindly acts are for the dear Lord's sake,
And His sweet love and recompense they claim.
"I was in prison"—thus Our Savior spake,
"And unto me ye came!"

So, Lady! while thy heart with mother's love
And sisters pity cheers the captives lot,
Truth keeps her record in the courts above,
And thou art not forgot.

Though nations war, and rulers match their might
Our human bosoms must be kindred yet,
And eyes that blazed with battles lurid light,
Soft Pity's tears may wet.

Were all like thee, kind Lady, void of hates,
And swayed by gentle wish and peaceful thought,
No gulf would yawn between contending States,
No ruin would be wrought.

With sister's voice to chide when brothers frown,
With mothers love the angry sons to still—
With pious prayers to win God's blessing down—
With Peace the land to fill.

May all thy matron heart, with joy run o'er
For children spared to bless thy lengthened years—
Peace in thy home and plenty at thy door,
And smiles to dry all tears.

And may each cheering hope and soothing word
That thou to us, sad prisoners hast given,
Recalled by Him who all our prayers hath heard,
Bring thee reward in Heaven.

Dxxxxx
CAMP FORD, TYLER, TEXAS, MARCH 14, 1864.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A THRILLING LEAF FROM THE LOG OF AN OLD WHALER. — Our crew were a young and villainous looking set of fellows; they were the off-scourings from nearly every nation, and quarrelsome words and desperate oaths in all languages, might be heard at almost any time. They were agreed in nothing but to try and shirk all duty and hafatt is officers.

These never appeared on deck, or gave an order but they were met with black looks muttered curses, and other evidences of indignation that gave me great uneasiness. My officers were fine young men, but very high spirited, and I felt that some indiscretion might at any time precipitate a serious collision, possibly a mutiny and bloodshed.

To prepare against this, I caused all the arms to be removed to my stateroom, kept my pistols carefully loaded and always near at hand. I was on the alert constantly and seldom left the deck.

Matters remained in this state nearly the whole passage, but when we had doubled the Cape and entered the Bay of St. Pauline, sun shine and the gentle breeze of the latitude seemed to influence even these savages, and better feelings prevailed.

Worn out by anxiety and watching I took the favorable opportunity to retire to my cabin, where sleep soon overcame me, and dreams transported me to different and happier scenes. My anxious voyage was ended — I was approaching my home — all ready I could see my wife and children — I stretched out my arm — when a terrific scream and scuffling on deck brought me to my senses, and in horrified amazement to my feet. Apparently the event I had so long feared was upon us. The crew, knowing that I was asleep, had improved the opportunity to seize on the officers and take the ship. Those screams were no doubt from my murdered officers, and the same fate awaited me! The dear faces of which I had dreamed, I should never see more, and only after years of heavy heart-sick waiting would they learn my sad fate.

Overwhelmed with despair, but determined to sell my life dearly, I seized my pistols and rushed on deck. Gracious heavens! what a sight met my eyes! Blood covered the decks — horror was in every eye. The cook, a fine looking Italian, stood over the fallen body, waving his long, gleaming knife, now crimsoned to the hilt! As he caught sight of me, he fell back, and I hastened to examine if life still remained, but alas! the blow was fatal — the pig was dead!

DEATH IN OUR BOROUGH. — In Ford City, on the night of March 4th, 1864, a youthful pig — death caused by an over dose of Col. Nott's specific "The Lion of the Day!" taken for the purpose of committing some-side. [Too much care cannot be exercised in the use of Sumac, as its narcotic and stupefying effects have been experienced by many.] In reference to the deceased pig — we recommend that its remains be deposited in the tomb of that other tender martyr, the pig Jim.

To our readers who are interested in Exchange, we are happy to be able to announce that Mr. King the Confederate Commissioner of exchange, has returned to Camp Ford, and has had an interview with our esteemed friend, Mr. Robbins, the Federal Agent of exchange. Mr. R. assures us that he has strong hopes of soon effecting an arrangement by which we will be released from imprisonment and restored to our friends.

We have heard it suggested that, as soon after the return of the prisoners of this place to N.O. a Ball be given, called "Prisoners' Union Ball."

Written for the OLD FLAG.

STANZAS. — TO CLIANTHE.

Cliant! while in lonesome thought,
I light my pipe, and smoke serenely,
I think of thee, with grace, so fraught,
With gentle brow and presence queenly.

A Federal bachelor, am I,
Who pines for one fond hearts communion
I pray thee list a captive's sigh,
And let me win you to the — UNION!

Me thinks my hut a hall would be,
Were I in thy sweet heart a lodger,
And one bright smile of thine on me,
Would sweeten e'en my cold corn-dodger!

But true love ne'er runs smooth they say,
And fate with me has waged a quarrel;
One only sun-beam lights my way —
'Tis when thy foot trips thro' our corral.

Cliant! come! thou tender maid —
My jealous heart feels pangs eternal,
And Oh! don't stop at the stockade
To whisper to that other Colonel!

I'll bet two dollars and a half,
He seeks to win thy favor regal —
But at his rank, I scornful laugh,
He wears a Leaf and I an Eagle!

I've carved for thee a wondrous bowl,
A goblet half, and half salt cellar;
And thee I'll pledge, my tender soul,
In sumach strong — my cloud dispeller.

Come, and I'll sit thee by my side,
And drink thy smiles like sunny weather,
A brae new chair I've made, so wide,
'Twill hold us both, dear maid, together!

CHARLES

FOR THE OLD FLAG.

LINES ON THE DEPARTURE OF ROSA.

Farewell, old friend! dear partner of my toil!
Go browse abroad and scour the Texan soil,
With lightsome hoof the turf prairies tread,
And leave thy master in his lonely shed.

Ungrateful world! that still misfortune lends!
Remorseless fate! that parts congenial friends;
My mule departs — my Rosa flies my sight,
And leaves this tenderheart to withering blight!

How oft, enamored of thy growing charms,
I've borne thee corn-hugs in my trembling arms,
How oft I've kissed thy cheeks and striven to trace,
As in a mirror, my own form and face!

Thy cause was mine, thy rights I deemed my own,
For day by day our sympathies had grown;
And when surrounding bores disdained thy form
To me thou camest, and found a kinship warm.

What though thy fairy-foot the garden spurned,
And many an embryo plant in mirth upturned,
What though thy youthful sports disturbed the ground,
Till base born peasants on thy presence frowned.

They know thee not — they could not know nor feel
The charms that thou to me wouldst oft reveal.
Natures like thine all common contact spurn
'Till love like mine, unites two souls in one!

Farewell, dear Rosa! far away thou goest —
Even in the hour I learned to prize thee most!
The gates have closed behind thy wailing rear —
I carve my pipes, and drop a briny tear!

AMOS.

ALL KINDS OF
JOB PRINTING
AT THIS OFFICE.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PROSPECTUS!

THE first number of a semi-occasional
Newspaper entitled

THE CORN-DODGER AD-
VOCATE

— AND —
UNDAUNTED COMPANION.

will be issued
APRIL FIRST, — 1864.
bearing date, April 7th '64, published one
week in advance of date in order to reach dis-
tant subscribers on time. Devoted to the pub-
lic good and filled with choice matter on Ro-
mance, Poetry, Local and Foreign News, Wit,
and Humor, Advertisements and Correspondence.

The POETICAL Department will be under
the special charge of FRANCIS MARIAN, JR.,
assisted by Melley Moore and a galaxy of
Southern lyres.

HARRY, the celebrated compan-
ion of HUMBOLDT in his travels will attend to
the Romance, and the first number will contain
two opening chapters of a thrilling Novella, en-
titled, the "PATAGONIAN GIANT," or the
DELAPIDATED MANSION ON THE RHINE. A Fear-
ful Tale of Blood, Hair and Horror" Done in
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DEL. AMATER, TOM, SON, & CO.
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WANTS.

A YOUNG WIDOWER, from South-
America, desires Board in a private fam-
ily where his society would be considered
an equivalent for his meals and lodgings.
Address, H HAY LEY, Soap Street.

A PROFESSED Cook, who understands
baking Corn-Bread in plain style can
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bone Alley.

A BLE BODIED young men who can
turn a WHEEL and answer all ques-
tions asked by others, concerning work going
on, can find constant employment and Gyn-
nastic exercise by applying at the Lathe-
power Work Shop, rear of the Fifth Avenue
Hotel. Graduates of the Parallele Bars, etc.,
instructed in new muscular developments — gratis.

"THE OLD FLAG."

TERMS. —

PER ANNUM. ————— \$ 5.00
" PRICE ————— .25

CONTRIBUTIONS,

are respectfully solicited from all on Local
News, Reviews, Poetry, Romance, Wit, and
Humor, Advertisements, &c.

W. H. M.
PUBLISHER & PROPRIETOR.

CAPTAIN MAY'S OWN STORY

— OF —
CAMP FORD

—
STRANGEST CELEBRATION ON RECORD
—

“THEY NEVER FOUND THE FLAG”

Note:—This story has not heretofore appeared in any publication, but was read before his comrades at a meeting of Elias Howe, Jr., Post, No. 3, by Captain May.

—••—

FAMILIAR as are the names of half a dozen Southern prisons—Andersonville, Libby, Belle Isle, etc.—somehow, that of Camp Ford, Texas, has received least notice of them all. And yet, with the possible exception of Andersonville, I doubt if any of them contained half the number of Union prisoners of war that were corraled in our hell in Texas.

At the time I was exchanged, after an imprisonment of between 13 and 14 months, there must have been eighteen or twenty thousand men.

“Camp Ford” prison pen was four miles from the city of Tyler, Smith County, Texas, 110 miles from Shreveport, La.

At the time we celebrated Washington's Birthday, February 22, 1864, there were only about 7,000 prisoners, confined within a stockade made of pine trees averaging 17 feet in length, split in half and set upright. Originally this enclosed about two acres, but was enlarged after the Red River expedition to seven acres.

The prisoners were barefooted almost to a man; shirtless and few with even the shreds of a blanket to protect their shivering limbs from the fierce “northers” of that country!

We built log huts—shebangs we called them—with chimney stacked with clay and oak strips, the chinks plastered with mud, which hardened like asphalt.

Love of the Old Flag—it never slumbered in the hearts of the ragged, hungry, shivering, vermin-infested armies in the prison pens of rebeldom. No offers, however tempting they might be, with release from this hell on earth, ever for a moment tempted one of those unhappy “Yanks” at Camp Ford to waver in his allegiance to the Flag!

On Wednesday evening, February 17, 1864—to be exact, as records still in my possession show, at 6:30—delegates from the different “messes” assembled in Undaunted Hall, corner Battery Place and Shinbone Alley, Camp Ford, Texas, for the purpose of making arrangements for “celebrating” Washington's Birthday.

The meeting was called to order by Captain Thomason, of the 176th New York, and Major R. C. Anthony, of the 2d Rhode Island Cavalry, was made temporary chairman. The major removed his cob-pipe long enough to state briefly the objects of the motley assemblage. Lieutenant C. E. Page, 4th U. S., appointed secretary. It is recorded in “The Old Flag” of March 1, 1864, that the illumination from the back-log fire not being sufficient for the secretary to record the doings, Lieutenant Charley Kirby, of the 176th N. Y. (a fire fighter from Brooklyn), was directed to make a raid on Major Gray's shebang, at No. 1 Park Row, and secure a candle. Kirby soon returned with the “dip”—a product from the “soap manufactory” of Private Hayley of Soap Street.

Under the combined illuminations of the log fire and the tallow dip, the meeting proceeded to business.

Captain Thomason started the ball rolling by announcing that Lieutenant-Colonel Augustine J. H. Duganne, of the 176th N. Y., would compose an original poem on “Washington” for the great event of the 22nd.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. B. Leake, of the 20th Iowa, was appointed orator of the day.

A general committee of 15 was next arranged for, namely, Col. Isaac S. Burrell; 42nd Mass.; Major John Gray, 175th N. Y.; Captain

FORD'S THEATRE

TENTH STREET, ABOVE E.

SEASON II.....WEEK XXXI..... NIGHT 181
WHOLE NUMBER OF NIGHTS, 495

JOHN T. FORD..... PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER
(Also of Holiday's St. Theatre, Baltimore, and Academy of Music, Phila.)
Stage Manager..... J. B. WRIGHT
Treasurer..... H. CLAY FORD

Friday Evening April 14th, 1865.

THIS EVENING.

The Performance will be honored by the presence of

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

BENEFIT

—AND—

LAST NIGHT

OF MISS

LAURA KEENE

THE DISTINGUISHED MANAGERESS, AUTHOR, AND ACTRESS,

Supported by

MR. JOHN DYOTT

AND

MR. HARRY HAWK

TOM TAYLOR'S CELEBRATED ECCENTRIC COMEDY

As originally produced in America by Miss Keene, and performed by her upwards of

ENTITLED
ONE THOUSAND NIGHTS,
OUR AMERICAN

COUSIN

FLORENCE TRENCHARD.....MISS LAURA KEENE
(Her Original Character)

Abel Marcott, Clerk to Attorney.....John Dyott
Asa Trenchard.....Harry Hawk
Sir Edward Trenchard.....W. J. FERGUSON
Lord Dandreaary.....E. A. EMERSON
Mr. Coyle, Attorney.....J. MATTHEWS
Lieutenant Vernon, R. N.....W. J. FERGUSON
Captain De Boots.....O. O. SPEAR
Rinney.....O. O. SPEAR
Ruddcomb, a Valet.....J. H. EVANS
John Whisker, a Gardener.....J. L. DeBONAY
Raggs, a Groom.....J. L. DeBONAY
Balliffs.....O. A. PARKHURST and L. JOHNSON
Mary Trenchard.....Miss J. GOURLAY
Mrs. Mountcheeseington.....Mrs. H. MUZZY
Augusta.....Miss H. TRUEMAN
Georgiana.....Miss M. HART
Sharpe.....Mrs. J. H. EVANS
Shelley.....Miss M. GOURLAY

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 15,

BENEFIT of Miss JENNIE GOURLAY

When will be presented ROBERT CAULT'S Great Sensational Drama.

THE OCTOBER.

First Monday, April 17, Engagement of the YOUNG AMERICAN
TRAGEDIAN.

EDWIN ADAMS

FOR TWELVE NIGHTS ONLY

THE PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Orchestra.....\$1.00
Dress Circle and Parquette.....75
Family Circle.....25
Private Boxes.....\$6 and \$10

J. R. FORD, Business Manager

W. Brown, Printer, Washington, D. C.

CAPTAIN MAY'S OWN STORY—(Continued)

Sam Bailey, 23rd C. V.; Captain William P. Coe, 176th N. Y.; Captain Amos Johnson, U. S. gunboat Sachem; Captain S. E. Thomason, 176th N. Y.; Acting Master J. W. Washburn, of gunboat Morning Light; Captain T. L. Sprott, 19th Iowa; Captain D. Torrey, 20th Iowa; Captain J. Dillingham, U. S. Navy; Captain A. N. Proctor, 42nd Mass.; Captain F. W. Noblett, 21st Indiana; Lieutenant B. F. Wright, 19th Iowa; Lieutenant C. H. Cox, 75th N. Y.; Lieutenant C. C. McDowell, 26th Indiana.

Well, having appointed this committee, representing as far as possible the infantry, artillery, cavalry and the navy, the serious question arose as to where the funds were to come from to carry out our patriotic observance of the birthday of the Father of his Country.

Of course, a finance committee had to be appointed, to solicit funds to make the event one to be remembered with pride and pleasure, in the words of Captain Dillingham (who owned the only mule in camp), "long years after the present struggle for the preservation of the Union and destruction of the institution of slavery shall have become past history, and we, the ragged patriots of Camp Ford, shall have returned again to God's country and the peaceful walks of life!"

At this point the preliminary meeting adjourned, to make way for the Committee of Fifteen, all others not members vacating the hall, with the exception of Captain May, representing "The Old Flag," the official newspaper of Camp Ford.

Colonel Burrell, of the 42nd Mass., made permanent chairman, then called the meeting to order. Colonel Burrell was a grand old soldier, with whitened locks, and under the privations and the loss of liberty that weighs

most heavily on the hearts of young and old, looked even more aged than he really was. "I think," said he, "that one of fewer years, whose sands of life are not nearly run, might better have been chosen from among such an imposing array of gentlemen possessed of legal and literary attainments than myself"—but he obeyed orders.

Sub-committees on poem and oration; on vocal and instrumental music, and a committee on toasts were created. The matter of refreshments, on motion of Captain Washburn, was left to the committee on toasts.

At this point the question arose as to whether the rebel commander of the post, Colonel Robert Treat Paine Allen (a graduate of West Point), could be induced to allow a celebration of Washington's Birthday in the prison stockade.

An adjournment was taken to the following day, for the committee to report upon the prospects, and the report given was most discouraging. And the Committee on Refreshments said it was impossible to procure for love or green-backs, any refreshments, save corn-pone, bacon and corn-coffee, without sugar or salt.

However, brave and loyal hearts beat under the faded blue and ragged butternut uniforms of that motley crew, and they refused to abandon the celebration.

And so, at about 11 o'clock on the morning of the 22nd of February, 1864, under a sky without a cloud to be seen, the shebangs and streets about Shinbone Alley, Fifth Avenue, Battery Place, Cat Alley, Fox Street, Ten-Pin Alley, Mule Avenue, Soap Street, Finnegan's Alley and Park Square, were blue, brown, black and flesh colored with the "Yanks" assembled, and this was the order of exercises:

Note:—The original writing of the order of exercises was found to be too badly faded to reproduce by the photo-engraving process. We, therefore, show it in printed form on the next page.

Washington's Birthday Celebration

AT

CAMP FORD, TYLER, TEXAS

FEBRUARY 22nd, 1864

Col. Isaac S. Burrell, Chairman
And Committee of Fifteen

REPRESENTING THE INFANTRY, ARTILLERY, CAVALRY AND NAVY

ORDER OF EXERCISES

PRAYER

Offered by the fighting Chaplain of the 21st Ind.

SONG—"AMERICA"

By the Glee Club.

READING—DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

SONG—"UNION FOREVER"

POEM—"WASHINGTON"

Original, by Lieut.-Col. A. J. H. Duganne, 176th N. Y.

SONG—"FLAG OF OUR UNION"

ORATION

Col. J. B. Leake, 20th Iowa.

REGULAR TOASTS

1. "OUR NATIONAL UNION".....Lieut. B. F. Wright, 19th Iowa
2. "THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES".....Lieut.-Col. Rose, 20th Ind.
3. "THE STARS AND STRIPES".....Capt. T. M. Wilcox, 3rd Mo. Cavalry
4. "THE DAY WE CELEBRATE".....Lieut. H. C. Dana, Signal Corps
5. "THE ARMY AND NAVY".....Col. Chas. C. Nutt, 176th N. Y.
6. "OUR MANUFACTURING INTERESTS—CHESS, PIPEMAKING, LATHE, ETC.".....
Capt. G. S. Crofut, 23rd C. V.

SONG—" 'TIS HOME WHERE THE HEART IS"

Note:—Do not wonder at the absence of the National Anthem in the above order of exercises—but read on.

THEY RAISED "OLD GLORY"

PLAYED, SANG AND CHEERED

"THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER"

The closing event of this strangest celebration on record was one not written in the order of exercises—a secret guarded with jealous care till the moment arrived for its fulfillment.

Three days before the 22nd, a certain survivor of the ill-fated "Morning Light," whose bunk was in the shebang of the Hawkeye "mess," had a fearful attack of chills and fever. The rebel surgeon left quinine for him, and said it was the worst case of "shakes" he ever saw.

But the Hawkeyes knew why the gunner's attacks came only when some "reb" chanced in, or the doctor called.

Some days previous to this, a small tree had been cut and stripped of its twigs and leaves, and planted just a few feet from the Buckeye cabin.

Johnny Reb never even wondered at that—we were always doing queer things, you know.

When the last speech had been made and the last song rendered by the Glee Club, the fiddle, the banjo, the flute and fife struck up
"The Star-Spangled Banner,"

and a ragged prisoner leaped from the doorway of the Buckeye shebang, fumbled a minute with the cord dangling from the pole, and like a flash the flag of our Union sped up to the peak and waved triumphantly over that rebel prison pen!

Such cheers as went up from those hungry throats! No rebel yell could have drowned it!

But it was hauled down as quickly as it went up—the same Yankee soldier grabbed it and disappeared within the Hawkeye's cabin.

And when the rebel cavalry galloped through the camp, swinging their sabres, frightened at the thought that the prisoners were in revolt and about to make for the Union lines—300 miles away—that sailor with the chills had re-wrapped the old flag about his brave heart, dressed himself, slipped back into his bunk, and while the cavalry searched the camp high and low for that flag, he was having the worst chill on record!

But they never found that flag!

Colonel Duganne's poem, entitled, "Washington," is a most beautiful and patriotic production, composed as it was under the most distressing conditions; and as the old veteran stood up to deliver it, enfeebled by repeated attacks of chills and fever, chronic diarrhoea, and a disposition to despondency over repeated failures of the Confederates to induce our government to agree to any exchange of prisoners whatsoever, with his scant grey locks floating in the breeze, the scene is one that no ex-prisoner will ever forget.

If there were any bright sides to the days and nights spent in Camp Ford, Tyler, Texas, the publication of a "newspaper," called "The Old Flag," was one of them; in fact, we reckon, the only one. Admittedly it was the only instance where anything of the kind was ever attempted within the stockade of a rebel prison pen during the war. "The Old Flag" was produced in the early days of our capture, at a time when there were but 72 of us all told—afterwards augmented to thousands! **It was executed with a common pen and ink in imitation of type, three numbers being issued on the only three sheets of paper to be found in the camp,** and proved an event of interest to the inhabitants of that rendezvous, and helped to while away some of the tedious hours of prison life in rebeldom.

*Capt. Wm. H. May,
23^d Regt. Con. Vols
Prisoner of War.*

Notes by Captain May—(Continued)

The following clippings from Southern newspapers of December, 1863, show the straits to which publishers were driven for paper and ink upon which to print their editions:

W. H. M.

“We paid last week \$2,500 for printing paper, which in the old times we would not have given \$75 for. We gave \$75 per ream for French letter paper which we have often refused to purchase at \$1.25. A keg of ink which formerly cost \$25 cannot be had for less than \$150.”—“Shreveport News.”

“Prices are cheaper at Shreveport than here. Printing paper cannot be had in Texas for less than 25 per cent. above these rates, and, as for ink, we have not for a long time paid less than \$5 per pound for ink that before the war cost 18 cents. A keg that cost \$18 before the war now costs us \$500.”—“Houston Telegraph.”

“The Tyler Reporter,” June 2, 1864, says: “A lady friend has taken a sensible plan to get the ‘Reporter.’ Knowing the scarcity of the article, she managed to get up a lot of blank paper, and sent it to us with the request that we furnish her the ‘Reporter.’ We will certainly do so. There is scarcely any kind of blank paper which we cannot use, and money is no inducement compared with it.”

From the “Washington (Ark.) Telegraph” of March 2, 1864:

“To the public:—Having succeeded by great exertion and expense in obtaining a small supply of paper, we will next week restore the ‘Telegraph’ to the size used last year—that is, twice its present size (which would be 12 x 18 inches to a page—4 pages). We will open our lists for six months’ subscriptions at \$10 for that period in advance.

CAMP FOR PHILOSOPHY

Illustrated by a moral poem, called “The Jolly Cock Robin”

A jolly old cock,
Was cast on a rock—
A rock jutting out on the sea;
And said he to himself:
“I’m cast on this shelf,
As merit is used to be!

I don’t care a curse,
It might have been worse,”
Said this jolly old cock, said he;
“I’ve still got a bunch,
To serve for a lunch,
And a capital view of the sea!

Who’d be this? Who’d be that?
Who’d be lean, who’d be fat?
Who’d live—or the thread of life sever?
There’s always a bore
Of some kind in store,
And will be forever and ever.

So I think I can die,
Without piping my eye”—
But a ship was just nearing the rock;
And he giggled with joy,
When the crew cried “Ahoy!”
And rescued this jolly old cock.

“WASHINGTON”

POEM BY

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE
OF THE 176TH NEW YORK

Note:—The beautiful and patriotic poem which follows was composed while the author lay sick in his cabin. It was printed directly into “The Old Flag” by Captain May as recited to him by Colonel Duganne. The original will be found in the reproduction of the March 1st number.

Who bids me sing? What theme my soul dilates?
A captive, whispering to its captive mates?
Can Glory’s raptures thrill the fettered thralls,
Whose captured banners droop from *Treason’s* walls?
Can Valor’s story nerve the shackled hands
Whose broken sword blades rust in rebel sands,
Or lifted, vengeful, threat with cruel strife
Our Country’s Union and our Freedom’s Life?
In vain my harp the charms of *home* would sing;
Quick-gathering tears from answering eyelids spring,
And all the heart’s deep sorrow, softly stirred,
O’erwhelms our manhood at that one dear word,
Home, where the *wife* sits, numbering, day by day,
The long, long hours that steal her hopes away;
With low-drawn sigh, and voiceless prayer, to wait
The step that comes not to her lonely gate.
Home, where the children, prattling War’s acclaim
Through mimic trumpets, lisp the father’s name;
But, wondering, pause to note with childish tears,
The eyes that watch them, dim with sudden tears,
And, trembling, ask, of lips that must be dumb,
Why mother weeps? why father will not come?

Dear home! sweet home! How many a warm heart
beats—

How many a lip the loved one’s name repeats,
Where *Maine* exults on stormy ocean’s brim,
And *Hampshire* lifts to heaven her mountain hymn;
Where *Massachusetts* sits, like matron free,
And fair *Rhode Island* slumbers at her knee;
Where dwells *Connecticut*, midst emerald vales,
And where *Manhattan* spreads her snowy sails,
And rolls her iron chariot wheels, and shakes
Her golden garners o’er the Northern lakes.

God bless our homes—from East through boundless
West—

The hallowed shrines of all the heart loves best!
From blue *Ohio* to *Colorado’s* marge,
And over *Iowa’s* prairies, green and large,
And where the winding *Illinois* outflows,
Or *Indiana* with silvery harvest glows,
And fair *Arkansas* skirts the *Indian* strand,
And where the red men’s loyal wigwams stand;—
There sleep our homes, where tender hearts, like doves,
Brood o’er the memory of their absent loves!

Awake, my harp! thy song to heaven aspires—
A Nation’s memories climb the sounding wires!
Awake, my harp! and thrill with loftier sway,
A Nation’s Father bends from heaven this day,
From heaven’s high hills, where Freedom’s angel waits
Closest to God, within the eternal gates;
Where Freedom’s martyrs, winged with crimson scars,
Gleam through the azure fields of endless stars!
From heaven the Hero comes—his awful mien
Troubled, yet calm, and sorrowing, but serene.
With trembling glance his awful shade I mark,
Break through the storm and cleave the midnight dark,
O’er ice-browed Andes leans his sworded hand—
His rushing footfall spurns Pacific strand;
His helmet gleams o’er Alleghanian snows—
His lifted shield o’er hushed Atlantic glows;
His breast I see, beneath celestial wings—
And there—and there—my bleeding country clings;
Clings as a mother to her first born son—
Her hero-child—her god-like WASHINGTON!

Land of the North! where loud Niagara’s roll
Voices to Heaven a free-born Nation’s soul!
Land of the North, where wild Atlantic waves
Baptize for Freedom’s faith the souls of slaves!
From all thy plains, on all thy breezes borne,
How swells the exulting song this sacred morn!
Whose manhood’s shout and childhood’s lispings sweet
The dear-loved name of WASHINGTON repeat;
By tranquil Hudson’s sunlit wave they kneel,
Where WASHINGTON first turned the invader’s steel;
On Trenton’s plain and Monmouth’s field they pray,
Where WASHINGTON retrieved the eventful day,
And rolled their hymns through Schuylkill’s wintry
gorge,
Where once arose his prayer—from Valley Forge.

And thou, imperial West, whose sylvan tongue
Hymned unto God while Saturn yet was young;
From voiceful symphonies of waving woods,
And solemn calms of silent solitudes,
And low, soft melodies of breezes bland;
And rolling harmonies of rivers grand!
Thou nurse of empires, at whose fostering heart
All nations drink, and all have equal part:
Enthroned on harvests—gift by garners wide—
Thy wealth our wonder, and thy power our pride.

POEM, "WASHINGTON"—(Continued)

Majestic West! thy millions kneel this hour,
To praise the Eternal for their Freedom's dower.
By Mississippi's shores their anthem flows,
And where Missouri laps her mountain snows;
And where the Ohio, nursed by crystal rills,
Leaps to thine arms from Pennsylvanian hills!
There shalt thou kneel, O mightiest West, and tell,
Where WASHINGTON survives and Braddock fell—
When the young hero jarred, with mailed hand,
The mystic gates that sealed our Western Land!

Land of the South! whose life distils
Balm from thy vales and odors from thy hills!
Thy brow all sunshine and thy heart all fire—
Thy breath a vintage and thy voice a lyre:
Land where the air with 'wilderer fragrance swoons,
And all the woodlands thrill with golden runes;
Land where the morn with nectar'd kisses woos,
And where the soft night weeps ambrosial dews!

O queenly Southland! crowned and zoned with flowers,
Thy silken dials that mark the year's sweet hours;
Lilies whose silvery moons no tempest mars,
Roses like suns, and violets like the stars!
Thy throne the summer and thy realm the soul,
Whose charmed senses own thy soft control—
All-beauteous South! Thy heart must share and claim
Our Father's kindred and our Hero's fame!
Thy myrtle blooms his radiant brows to twine—
His name—his heritage—his birthplace thine!
We yield thee this—bright mistress of the sun:
Thy bosoming flowers first cradled WASHINGTON!

Virginia! from whose breast the milk outran,
That nursed with god-like strength the immortal man,
Whose sacred graves enshrine the hero's clay;
Where wondering pilgrims pause, and patriots pray;
Virginia! underneath whose trampling heel
Sceptres lie crushed, and crownless tyrants kneel—
From thee, from thine, he drank his impulse brave:
For thee—for us—this broad, free land he gave!
From thy blue hills his soaring sense he caught—
They share his fame, but all the world his thought!
Thy gates the portals whence his soul outspeeds—
But all the earth a temple for his deeds!
Thy hero-chief's the priesthood of his shrine—
That all mankind might learn his faith divine:—
The faith that shatters thrones and sunders chains,
And floods with freedom's tides the bondman's veins,
And shapes from freemen's souls the Almighty's fanes!

O proud Virginia! loftiest was thy trust—
His grand example, and his peaceful dust!
Thou wert our Mecca—thou our Delphic ground,
Where kneeling seers were awed with Voice profound.
Thee clustering round, uptowered the shielding States,
And young Republics kept thy sunset gates!
From northern mountains and from southern leas—
From orient headlands and from westering seas—
Each glad some breeze new freights of blessings won,
For Old Virginia—Nurse of WASHINGTON!
And o'er thy hills it broods—that form of night—
Parting the storm and towering through the night—
That awful Presence moving from above,

Grief on its brow, but in its glances—love!
From heaven it comes, o'er Vernon's gloom descends,
And where my mournful country kneels, it bends,
And softly murmurs—sheltering her head—
"What ails thee, mother? Are thy children dead?"

She hears his voice, and wakes from sleeping trance,
Her ebbing life-tide swayed beneath his glance!
That mailed breast, that soaring helm she sees,
And the strong hand that lifts her from her knees;
And now she speaks, whilst all my fluttering breath,
Waits for her voice, but hears no word she saith;
For muttering winds upwell, and thunders roll,
And the wild tempest frights my list'ning soul!
I only hear around Mount Vernon's tomb,
The roar of cannon and the crash of bomb.
I only hear, upon Virginia's air
The drum's wild rattling, and the trumpet's blare,
While charging armies shake the shuddering meads,
And the hills reel with mingling men and steeds,
And the wide land with mortal wound out-bleeds!
I only hear the shout, the curse, the groan;
I only hear a low, heart-broken moan,
Where sinks my country's heart, where droops her head,
And the great Voice demands, in whisper dread,
"What ails thee, mother? Are thy children dead?"

Dead! dead! O heaven! the child is worse than dead
Who scorns her breast where first his fondness fed;
Dead! worse than dead! whose heart untouched with
ruth,
That mother hates who watched his tenderest youth!
And spurns the matron crown that mother wore,
And leaves her sorrowing for the sons she bore.
And whence the gain? what heritage survives,
O'er wasted treasures, and o'er squandered lives,
Are hatred's heirlooms, hurled from son to son,
More dear than loves that linked all hearts as one:
Can sundered hearth-stones gleam with ruddier blaze,
Than the old fireside of our father's days?
Can alien halls the old, old home replace,
Or alien births our fathers' graves efface?
But vain the unequal strife! would Baalam curse!
His trembling lips God's blessings still rehearse.
Would Korah rule? The earth drinks Korah's cries,
And plagues descend where Israel's rebels rise!
For ceaseless still o'er traitors quick or dead,
A nation's feet their destined course must tread!
And where the Ark of Freedom heads its march,
God's Pillar leads, and angel wings o'er arches.
Samaria's priests may build on Gerizim;
But Mount Moriah still shrines the cherubim!
Sunballat's seed may drop from Hebrew stem,
But Israel dwells where dwells Jerusalem.
O WASHINGTON! thou drewest our faith from heaven!
By heaven, through thee, our freedom's love was given!
Thy hope our Union, and our homes thy gift—
To thee, this day our nation's hands we lift!
But veil thine eyes, and bow thy sorrowing head!
Those hands, this day, with crimson drops are red—
With crimson life-blood from thy country's veins!
O Father! weep! weep! and wash out the stains!

"PRISONER'S SONG"

By

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE, 176th N. Y.

PRISONER'S SONG

[Among other "good things" contributed for our entertainment by that soldier-poet, Col. J. H. Duganne, while confined in the prison pen at Camp Ford, Tyler, Texas, and not to be found in the columns of our camp newspaper, "The Old Flag," was the following "war song," entitled "Gulf of Mexico," to the tune of "Bonny Havens O!" The circumstances and manner of its composition were peculiar and deserve a notice, as neither myself nor any of those present will ever forget it.

The colonel, on his introduction in our midst as a prisoner, proceeded at once to secure for himself a "home," which consisted of a log-cabin, or, according to Camp Ford phraseology, a "shebang," providing a table and a stool or two for furniture to the same. He had one luxury, at least, which not one of the forty-seven hundred confined there possessed—viz.: a *hammock*.

One night, by the light of a log fire in the big chimney, he lay in his hammock, while about a half-dozen officers were congregated about the room on their "visiting stools"—i.e., their own—when someone proposed a song; and "Bonny Havens, O!" was rendered in good style by Major Gray. At its conclusion, the colonel proposed we should sing an extemporaneous verse to the same tune. Liking the first verse so well, he was asked to go on, which he did until the following verses and a chorus had been provided and sung by the party present. These were sung that evening until a late hour; in fact, until they were committed to memory, not being written down until some days afterwards. W. H. M.]

"Gulf of Mexico"

BY COL. A. J. H. DUGANNE

Air—*Bonny Havens, O!*

We parted from our sweethearts with a kiss
upon each mouth,
To join the expedition that was marching on
the South;
Every eye was dim with sorrow, but our hearts
were full of pride,
For the old flag waved above us, and a sword
was by each side.

CHORUS—Through the land of Dixie, O!
Through the land of Dixie, O!
For to join the Expedition
To the Gulf of Mexico.

There were men from Massachusetts—there
were noble souls from Maine,
And New Hampshire sent her soldier-boys to
swell the martial train;
From Connecticut's green valleys and Rhode
Island's silver bays,
Marching onward came those gallant bands the
Union Flag to raise.
CHORUS—Through the land of Dixie, O!

From Vermont's tremendous mountains, and
Manhattan's lofty domes;
From our busy marts of commerce and our
quiet cottage homes;
From the highlands and the lowlands, from the
rivers, and the sea,
With our bosoms proudly bounding to the
music of the free.
CHORUS—Through the land of Dixie, O!

Pennsylvania* * * * *
And we joined the gallant Buckeyes in the old
Ohio State,
And the brave Kentucky hunters buckled on
their armor bright.
For the old Flag shone before them with its
stars of silver light.
CHORUS—Through the land of Dixie, O!

Where Missouri rolls her waters to the Missis-
sippi's banks,
Came the valiant sons of Liberty to swell our
marching ranks,
And we called the friends of freedom, who
had never bowed the knee,
From the plains of Indiana and the woods of
Tennessee.
CHORUS—Through the land of Dixie, O!

Then we heard the tread of soldiers marching
on to join our van,
From the Illinoisian prairies, and the wilds of
Michigan.
And from Iowa's dark forests and from Kan-
sas' border tracts
Came the tramp of bold backwoodsmen, with
their rifles on their backs.
CHORUS—Through the land of Dixie, O!

Oh! ye saw our banners flashing and ye heard
When we swept the rebel armies from Port
Hudson's castle shore,
And ye might have seen our gunboats, and our
pickets spread their mesh,
From the black Atchefalaya to the green and
grassy Teche.
CHORUS—Through the land of Dixie, O!

O! we fought and bled like heroes, and we trod
like soldier men,
Marching up and down and in and out, and
round about again,
And the way we burned our powder, no report
can ever tell,
For where'er we saw a rebel head, we fired at
it a shell.
CHORUS—Through the land of Dixie, O!

O, we wanted not variety, or everchanging
scenes,
For where'er we gained a battle, we went back
to New Orleans,
And when we caught our loyal flies, all fast in
Union webs,
We straightway did evacuate and leave them
to the rebs.
CHORUS—Through the land of Dixie, O!

But our armies held the rivers, and our navies
held the main,
And our gunboats were at Galveston, beside
the Harriet Lane,
And to give our troops a furlough, and explore
the Texas clime,
On one New Year's day they landed here and
went back "nary time."
CHORUS—Through the land of Dixie, O!

Then at Sabine Pass one pleasant day, when
all the sky was bright,
It suddenly got cloudy and we lost our "Morn-
ing Light,"
But we still fought on by moonlight, and be-
neath the Flag of Stars,
Till at last "Diana's" rays went out behind the
rebel bars!
CHORUS—Through the land of Dixie, O!

Then we tried to light the darkness by a
Brazier, filled with fire,
But the rebels came and overturned our Brazier
in the mire.
All was blackness then around us, with no
prospect of relief,
For the rebels cooked our *mutton* when we lost
our *Bayou Beef*.
CHORUS—Through the land of Dixie, O!

'Twas a hard road that we traveled, but we
swallowed down the dose,
And through Texas some went southward to a
prison house most "*Groce*,"
And through Texas some went northward and
they made their bed and board
On the cold ground and corn-dodger—'twas the
best they could af—*FORD*;
CHORUS—Through the land of Dixie, O!

We have fought and we have been gobbled by
the fierce guerrilla hordes,
We have drank our fill of glory, and have lost
our brand-new swords,
To the Brigadiers and gunboats we return our
heartfelt thanks,
And we wish we had some corn-dodger to send
to Gen. Banks.
CHORUS—Through the land of Dixie, O!

O! long live the Federal Congress and long live
old *Abra-ham*
And may they all get wide awake to find out
every sham,
And when they make a general let's hope he's
not an ass.
And when they send out gunboats, let them
shun the Sabine Pass.
CHORUS—Through the land of Dixie, O!

Now, God bless our wives and sweethearts, and
preserve them from all harms,
And restore us weary prisoners to rest within
their arms,
For we've had our share of glory, and you
must not think it strange,
If we'd yield our claim to Texas soil for just
a fair—*EXCHANGE*.

* This line is too worn to be deciphered.

LIST OF OFFICERS

Prisoners of War at Camp Ford

TYLER, SMITH COUNTY, TEXAS

Giving Rank, Regiment, where and when captured

RANK	NAME	REGIMENT.	WHERE CAPTURED	WHEN.
Colonel.	Charles C. Nott.	176th N. Y.	Brashear City, La.	June 23d, 1863.
Lieutenant-Colonel.	A. J. H. Duganne.	"	Bayou Beouf, "	June 24th, 1863.
Major.	R. C. Anthony.	2d R. I. Cavalry.	Brashear City, "	June 23d, 1863.
Captain.	F. W. Noblett.	1st Indiana Bat.	" "	" "
"	Julius Sanford.	23d C. V.	Bayou Beouf, "	June 24th, 1863.
"	William P. Coe.	176th N. Y.	Brashear City, "	June 23d, 1863.
"	S. G. Bailey.	23d C. V.	" "	" "
"	William H. May.	"	Terre Bonne, "	June 20th, 1863.
"	George S. Crofut.	"	Brashear City, "	June 23d, 1863.
"	Alfred Wells.	"	Bayou Beouf, "	June 24th, 1863.
"	James R. Jenkins.	"	Brashear City, "	June 23d, 1863.
"	A. D. Hopkins.	"	Bayou Beouf, "	June 24th, 1863.
"	Albert Allen	1st U. S. V.	Brashear City, "	June 23d, 1863.
"	S. E. Thomason.	176th N. Y. V.	" "	" "
First Lieutenant.	John A. Woodward.	23d C. V.	Bayou Beouf, "	June 24th, 1863.
"	John F. Peck.	"	" "	" "
"	O. H. Hibbard.	"	Brashear City, "	June 23d, 1863.
"	John Babcock.	176th N. Y. V.	" "	" "
Surgeon.	David Hershey.	2d U. S. V.	" "	" "
First Lieutenant.	Phoebus W. Lyon.	176th N. Y. V.	Terre Bonne, "	June 20th, 1863.
"	John F. Kimball.	"	Bayou Beouf, "	June 24th, 1863.
"	Charles Kerby.	"	" "	" "
"	John G. Stevens.	23d C. V.	Brashear City, "	June 23d, 1863.
"	David G. Wellington.	176th N. Y. V.	" "	" "
"	J. D. Fry.	"	" "	" "
"	J. P. Robens.	"	" "	" "
Second Lieutenant.	Charles Avery.	25th C. V.	" "	" "
"	George W. Hugg.	"	" "	" "
"	Charles Bailey.	23d C. V.	" "	" "
"	John W. Buckingham.	"	" "	" "
"	Charles E. Page.	4th U. S. V.	" "	" "
"	James De Lamater.	91st N. Y. V.	" "	" "
"	Caleb Brennan.	2d R. I. Cavalry.	" "	" "
"	Daniel G. Gillette.	176th N. Y. V.	" "	" "
"	T. Foster Petrie.	"	" "	" "
"	Henry W. Morse.	4th Mass. V.	" "	" "
"	James M. Sampson.	"	" "	" "
"	Louis W. Stevenson.	176th N. Y. V.	" "	" "

LIST OF OFFICERS—(Continued)

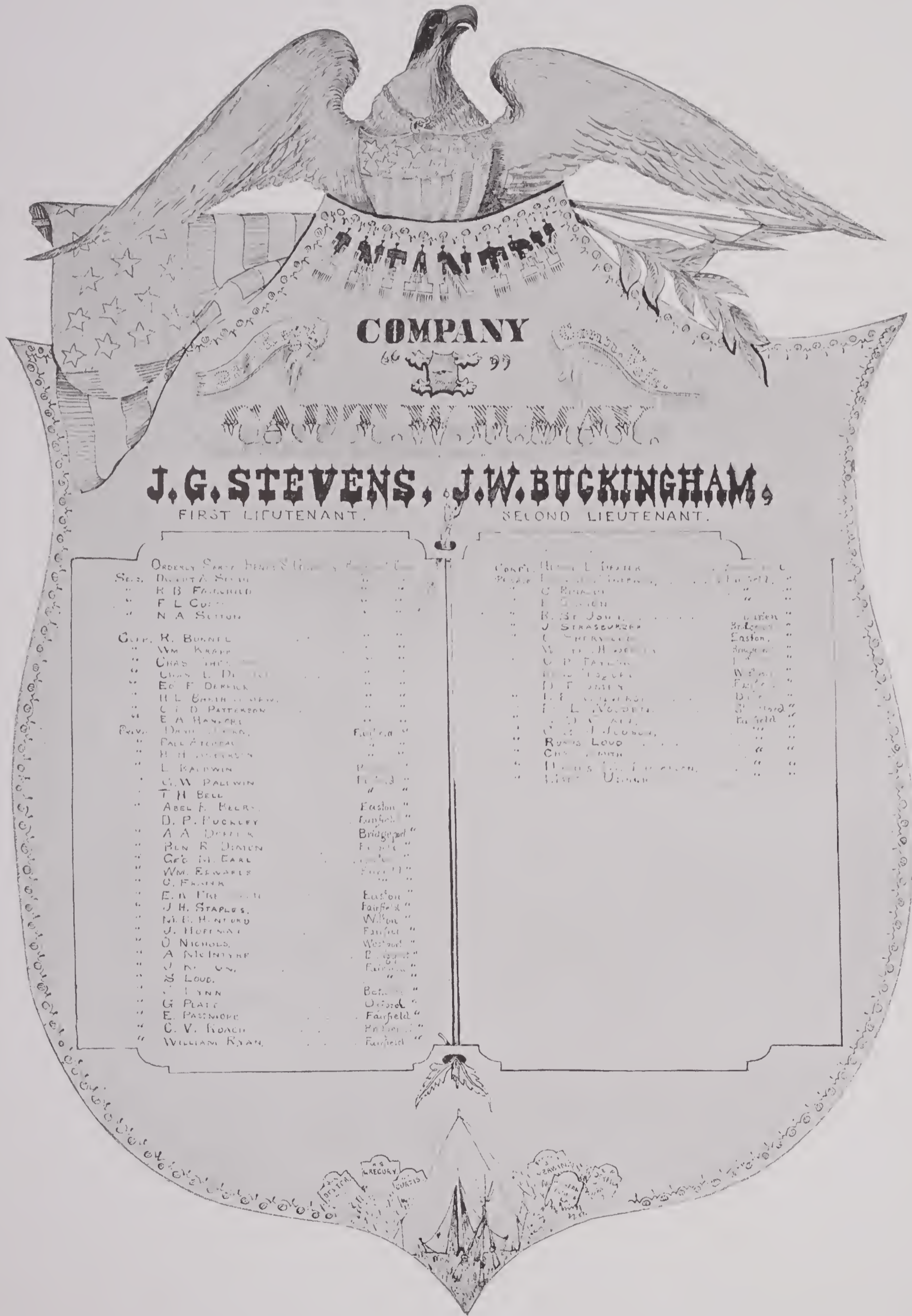
RANK	NAME	REGIMENT.	WHERE CAPTURED	WHEN.
Second Lieutenant.	Charles Sherman.	176th N. Y. V.	Brashear City, La.	June 23d, 1863.
"	Charles D. Hurlbut.	23d C. V.	Bayou Beouf, "	June 24th, 1863.
"	Frank Sherfy.	1st Indiana V.	" "	" "
"	Freeman H. Chase.	12th Mass. Vols.	Thibodeaux, "	June 20th, 1863.
First Lieutenant.	T. D. Vredenburgh.	10th Illinois Cav.	Richmond, "	June 28th, 1863.
Citizen.	Finley Anderson, Corres.	N. Y. Herald.	On "Queen of the West."	February, 1863.
First Lieutenant.	William S. Bulkeley.	12th C. V.	On Gun-Boat "Diana."	March 28th, 1863.
Second Lieutenant	Charles Laurie.	"	" "	" "
"	Ed. Kerby.	160th N. Y. V.	" "	" "
Acting Chief Engineer.	R. W. Mars.	U. S. N.	" "	" "
" 3d Asst. "	R. M. McLaughlan.	"	" "	" "
" " "	William Johnson.	"	" "	" "
Master's Mate.	Henry Weston.	"	" "	" "
Lieutenant-Colonel.	J. B. Leake.	20th Iowa Vols.	Morganzie, La.	Sept'r 29th, 1863.
"	A. D. Rose.	26th Ind. Vols.	" "	" "
Captain.	William Adams.	19th Iowa Vols.	Morganzie, La.	Sept'r 29th, 1863.
"	Thomas L. Sprott.	"	" "	" "
"	N. A. Logan.	26th Ind. Vols.	" "	" "
"	R. H. Stott.	"	" "	" "
"	W. J. Wallace.	"	" "	" "
"	S. F. Roderick.	19th Iowa Vols.	" "	" "
Lieutenant.	L. Fisher.	"	" "	" "
"	N. Powell.	"	" "	" "
"	J. M. Woods.	"	" "	" "
"	S. P. Key.	"	" "	" "
"	B. F. Wright.	"	" "	" "
"	James Bennett.	"	" "	" "
"	George Johnson.	"	" "	" "
"	C. C. McDowell.	26th Ind. Vols.	" "	" "
"	Henry Walton.	34th Iowa Vols.	" "	" "
"	J. M. Robertson.	26th Ind. Vols.	" "	" "
"	J. A. Whitset.	"	" "	" "
"	John Greene.	"	" "	" "
"	E. J. Collins.	"	" "	" "
Captain.	E. Colter.	20th Iowa Vols.	Aransas Bay, Texas.	Dec'r 19th, "
"	D. Torrey.	"	" "	" "
Lieutenant.	John East.	1st Arkansas.	Goodrich's Landing, La.	June 29th, "
Colonel.	Isaac S. Burrell.	42d Mass. Vols.	Galveston, Texas.	Jan'y 1st, "
Captain.	George Sherive.	"	" "	" "
"	Cyrus Savage.	"	" "	" "
"	A. N. Proctor.	"	" "	" "
Lieutenant.	T. H. Newcomb.	"	" "	" "
"	William H. Condin.	"	" "	" "
"	D. F. Eddy.	"	" "	" "
"	S. F. White.	"	" "	" "
"	B. F. Stowel.	"	" "	" "
"	Henry Humble.	4th Mass. Vols.	" "	" "

LIST OF OFFICERS—(Continued)

RANK	NAME	REGIMENT.	WHERE CAPTURED	WHEN.
Captain.	Nathan Hammond.	U.S.N. "Velocity."	Sabine Pass, Texas.	Jan'y 21st, 1863.
Acting Master.	John Dillingham.	U. S. N.	" "	" "
Captain.	Frederick Crocker.	U.S.G.B. "Clifton."	" "	Sept'r 8th, "
"	Amos Johnson.	" "Sachem."	" "	" "
Acting Master.	Henry Washburn.	" "	" "	Jan'y 21st, "
" "	W. W. Fowler.	" "Morning Light"	" "	" "
" "	B. F. Weeks.	" "Clifton."	" "	Sept'r 8th, "
Engineer.	A. A. Reynolds.	" "Sachem."	" "	" "
"	William W. Weld.	" "Clifton."	" "	" "
"	John A. Fox.	" "	" "	" "
Second Lieutenant	John W. Dana.	12th Me. Vols.	" "	" "
First Lieutenant.	Henry C. Dane.	3d Mass. Cavalry.	" "	" "
" "	C. H. Cox.	75th N. Y. V.	" "	" "
Second Lieutenant.	William H. Root.	" "	" "	" "
Major.	John Gray.	175th N. Y. V.	Franklin, La.	May 25th, "
First Lieutenant.	J. Roberts.	" "	" "	" "
Second Lieutenant.	Richard Dunn.	" "	" "	" "
" "	Norman S. Curtis.	" "	" "	" "
First Lieutenant.	Patrick E. Walsh.	" "	" "	" "
Second Lieutenant.	Jas. Bassett.	48th Mass. Vols.	Lafourche, "	July 13th, "
" "	James Wilson.	" "	" "	" "
Captain.	Fred. H. Van Tine.	131st N. Y. V.	Donnaldsonville, Texas.	" "
First Lieutenant.	T. L. Evans.	96th Ohio Vols.	" "	April 8th, 1864.
Captain.	William Prescott.	130th Ill. Vols.	" "	" "
"	Jesse R. Johnson.	" "	" "	" "
First Lieutenant.	Jacob W. Paulen.	" "	" "	" "
" "	William C. Harned.	" "	" "	" "
" "	R. S. Taylor.	" "	" "	" "
" "	William C. Pool.	" "	" "	" "
Captain.	John W. Watts.	" "	" "	" "
Second Lieutenant.	Charles W. Johnson.	" "	" "	" "
Major.	J. H. Bearing.	48th Ohio.	" "	" "
Captain.	James Lowrey.	" "	" "	" "
Captain.	Thomas McGomely.	48th Ohio.	Mansfield, La.	April 8th, 1864.
"	Daniel Gunsantiss.	" "	" "	" "
"	Andrew M. Corcoran.	" "	" "	" "
First Lieutenant.	Mitchel McCoffrey.	" "	" "	" "
" "	William F. Trope.	" "	" "	" "
" "	Harvey W. Day.	" "	" "	" "
Captain.	J. M. McCulloch.	77th Illinois.	" "	" "
"	J. H. Stevenson.	" "	" "	" "
"	G. G. Stearns.	" "	" "	" "
Lieutenant.	Henry N. Bushnel.	" "	" "	" "
"	M. O. Harkness.	" "	" "	" "
"	S. S. Edwards.	" "	" "	" "
"	Henry Wyman.	" "	" "	" "
"	C. F. McCulloch.	" "	" "	" "

LIST OF OFFICERS—(Continued)

RANK	NAME	REGIMENT	WHERE CAPTURED	WHEN
Captain.	J. S. McCulloch.	77th Illinois.	Mansfield, La.	April 8th, 1864.
Lieutenant-Colonel.	John Cowan.	19th Kentucky.	" "	" "
Major.	J. H. Mann.	"	" "	" "
Adjutant.	George C. Rue.	"	" "	" "
Captain.	William H. Cundiff.	"	" "	" "
"	Henry L. Whitehouse.	"	" "	" "
"	John Barnett.	"	" "	" "
"	H. K. Forbes.	"	" "	" "
"	L. A. Hamblin.	"	" "	" "
"	Alexander Logan.	"	" "	" "
"	William F. McKinney.	"	" "	" "
First Lieutenant	V. D. Lester.	"	" "	" "
" "	Abraham Whitenach.	"	" "	" "
" "	Elijah Baker.	"	" "	" "
" "	Thomas Cundiff.	"	" "	" "
" "	Eberle Wilson.	"	" "	" "
Second Lieutenant.	Zachariah Morgan.	"	" "	" "
First Lieutenant.	S. W. Hedger.	"	" "	" "
" "	George Stone.	14th N. Y. Cav.	" "	" "
" "	Nicholas Steinauer.	60th Ind. Vols.	" "	" "
" "	Thomas B. Gorman.	1st La. Cavalry.	" "	" "
" "	S. W. Griffin.	32d Iowa.	" "	" "
Captain.	P. H. White.	Chic. Merc. Bat.	" "	" "
First Lieutenant.	P. S. Cone.	" "	" "	" "
Captain.	Samuel P. Hill.	173d N. Y. V.	Pleasant Hill, La.	April 9th, "
First Lieutenant.	Charles Nolton.	"	" "	" "
Lieutenant.	A. H. Haslett.	14th Iowa.	" "	" "
Lieutenant-Colonel.	A. M. Florey.	46th Indiana.	Mansfield, "	April 8th, "
Captain.	William M. Dehart.	"	" "	" "
"	Hamilton Robb.	"	" "	" "
"	Dana W. King.	1st N. H. Cav.	" "	" "
First Lieutenant.	Thomas Hughes.	28th Iowa V.	" "	" "
Captain.	J. M. Wilcox.	3d Mo. Cavalry.	" "	" "
Master's Mate.	William E. Bridges.	G. Bt. "Sachem."	Sabine Pass, Texas.	Sept'r 8th, "



COMPANY

J.G. STEVENS, J.W. BUCKINGHAM,
 FIRST LIEUTENANT, SECOND LIEUTENANT.

ORDERLY SERGEANT	HENRY S. HARRIS	Fairfield	CONDUCTOR	WALTER L. BAKER	Fairfield
SECT.	DONALD A. SETH	"	PROVOST	EDWARD J. HARRIS	Fairfield
"	R. B. FAIRFIELD	"	"	C. BAKER	"
"	F. L. CURRY	"	"	F. BROWN	"
"	N. A. SUTTON	"	"	R. ST. JOHN	Warren
CAPT.	R. BUNNELL	"	"	J. STRASBURGER	Br. Lee
"	WM. KRAPP	"	"	C. STRASBURGER	Easton
"	CHAS. THOMAS	"	"	W. H. HARRIS	Bridgeport
"	CHAS. L. DEWITT	"	"	C. P. TAYLOR	London
"	ED. F. DEWICK	"	"	H. W. TAYLOR	Weston
"	H. L. BROWN	"	"	D. T. SMITH	Fairfield
"	C. D. PATTERSON	"	"	L. E. WOODRUFF	Dover
"	E. A. HANCOCK	"	"	M. L. WOODRUFF	Stamford
PLAV.	DAVID L. HARRIS	Fairfield	"	J. J. WALKER	Fairfield
"	PALL ATWOOD	"	"	C. J. WALKER	"
"	H. H. WALKER	"	"	RUFUS LOUD	"
"	L. BALDWIN	"	"	CHAS. SMITH	"
"	C. W. PALMER	"	"	HENRY S. HARRIS	"
"	T. H. BELL	"	"	WALTER WALKER	"
"	ABEL F. BERRY	Easton	"		
"	D. P. FOCKLEY	London	"		
"	A. A. DEWICK	Bridgeport	"		
"	BEN R. DIMON	Fairfield	"		
"	GEO. M. EARL	"	"		
"	WM. EDWARDS	Fairfield	"		
"	C. FRANK	"	"		
"	E. H. FINE	Easton	"		
"	J. H. STAPLES	Fairfield	"		
"	M. H. HARRIS	Weston	"		
"	J. HOFFMAN	Fairfield	"		
"	O. NICHOLS	Weston	"		
"	A. MCINTYRE	Bridgeport	"		
"	J. M. SMITH	Fairfield	"		
"	R. LOUD	"	"		
"	L. LYNN	Bedford	"		
"	G. PLATT	Oxford	"		
"	E. PASTORICK	Fairfield	"		
"	C. V. KIDDER	Fairfield	"		
"	WILLIAM RYAN	Fairfield	"		

“A PRISON CITY”

(From Captain May's Prison Papers)

Fancy—but no! one cannot fancy a resemblance to our grotesque city of captivity. It is a place of Succoth—of loath-dwelling in the wilderness. It is a gipsy rendezvous. It is a wigwam metropolis. It is a Tartar encampment, without houses; a Boschernan village, without oxen.

Fancy, then, a space of half-a-dozen acres, enclosed with a stockade of timbers eight feet high. One-sixth of this area is allotted to the officers, who dwell in log-cabins, erected by themselves or purchased from some former tenant. Each cabin, hut, or “shebang,” as we term it, shelters and accommodates a mess. The numbers of a mess are various; some messes have no more than three, and others muster ten or twelve. These “she-bangs” are arranged in streets, right-angled with a central thoroughfare, called “Fifth Avenue.” Midway, a platform, covered with a canopy of pine boughs, is the market-place. To this, each day, the rebel commissary sends our rations, beef and cornmeal. These are apportioned between messes in the ratio of their numbers, the meat and meal being brought in bulk, and given to the hands of weighers chosen by ourselves from our own officers. The cattle have been butchered by selected men from our own numbers; likewise, these experts enjoy “tit-bits” for themselves, of kidneys, livers, and the like. To this meat-market comes occasionally some venturesome farmer of the neighborhood, allowed to be a sutler or purveyor, for the nonce. Unfortunate rustic! Victim, oftentime, of misplaced confidence! His sugar—held at thirty dollars a pound—is scooped up by a dozen hands before he can identify their owners; his turkeys fly away incontinently; his sacks of flour are passed from hand to hand, and nevermore return to him; and woe, O woe! if the poor man have whiskey! These Yankee foragers allow no smuggling. I know not why it was, but neither commandant nor guards were ever able to protect a sutler's stores. Perhaps they had no interest in them. But we had “Artful Dodgers” in our motley midst, who would have joyed the heart of venerable Fagin! A rebel officer of the day once had his pistol stolen from him at roll-call, and we were threatened a deprivation of our meat-rations till the article should be restored. The threat was never carried out, however. Another day, a rebel officer was relieved of his pipe, and next morning found it in his pocket, with the “Stars and Stripes” carved on the wooden bowl. Our scamps of Yankee prisoners were forever playing tricks on rebel travelers.

See, then, this camp! Besides our officers' quarter, with its streets of log-huts, each a small community, every doorway shaded by a broad verandah, thick with evergreens; in some streets these verandahs joining midway, so that the whole space between the houses was protected from the sun, which only strikes our porches in checkered light at sunset through the latticed leaves. Besides this area allotted to the officers, our prison habitations stretch on three sides, densely populated as the tenant-houses of a New York ward. What curious abodes! What odd contrivances for shelter! Here upright sticks sustain a simple thatch of leaves; there poles fixed slantwise, and overlaid with bark, compose an Indian lodge. Some householders are satisfied with blankets stretched across two saplings; others make a palisaded mansion, eight feet

square, with stakes, inserted in the earth, like picket fences, and covered with a roof of twigs. Another's dwelling is of basket-work wrought out of ashwood peelings; beyond this is a roof composed of oak-slabs slanting from a mud-wall six feet high down to the ground, and plastered with a layer of clay. Hard by the brook are caverns, excavated in the clay bank, with steep earthen staircases entering to their subterranean apartments. Two parallel avenues are thus occupied by troglodytes. All architectural “styles,” from Gothic arches shaped with curving grapevines, down to nondescript contrivances that beavers would reject for domiciles, are here elaborated or improvised, according to the thrift and taste, or lack of both, which may here characterize the squad or individual.

The *entours* of our camp—those free surroundings outside of stockades—consist of prairies, interspersed with timbered hills. The north gate of our prison yard, or “corral,” gives egress on an open plain, where sheep and hogs are herded, where the deer and wild fox rove, and cattle crop scant grasses. On the east are woods and cultivated lands. The west is hilly, crowned with scubby oak and ash. A rebel camp of cavalry and the huts of conscripts hide behind those eminences. Upon the south a hill abruptly rises, with a streamlet at its base, which flows within our southern stockade, and is called “the spring.” The rebel commandant's headquarters—two or three log-houses—look down upon our corral from that hill. A gate stands midway of our western stockade, and is usually open, guarded by a sentry. Just outside this gate the rebel guard-houses are situated, with some cabins used as quarters for the guard. One frame of logs is called the “wolf pen.” There offending Yankees are confined on corn and water. There, usually, some dozen rebel conscripts, apprehended for desertion, are immured. There, also, several citizens accused of “Union sympathies” await removal to the provost prison of Tyler, or to Houston, where they can be tried for “treason” to the “Southern Confederacy.” We Federals have an unsuspected method of communicating with those “Union men.” Our boys take turns in being late at roll-call, or transgress some other rebel rule, and so are ordered “to the guard-house.” This is our “police telegraph,” and it works admirably.

Our “spring” is a wonderful one. It gushes out of the clay-bank cool and crystalline. It is impregnated with iron and sulphur, and the water is a perpetual tonic. We have several wooden reservoirs, to which the prisoners resort for washing purposes. The upper one contains our drinking water. This single stream supplies the wants of near six thousand men, comprising prisoners and their guards. It threatened failure once, but Northern ingenuity sank the reservoirs and guaranteed perennial supplies. Shrewd Captain J., a notable mechanical and scientific genius, was our “Commissioner of Aqueducts.” He trod the Sachem's decks, her bold commander, on the salt sea, but has proved himself as useful here in “fresh water” matters. To him we owed our earliest turning-lathe, and he inaugurated chairmaking, which now supplies the camp with seats of every pattern—Gothic, rustic, cane-backed, willow-woven, grape-vine-wrought, and oaken-ribbed.

"A SUMMER DAY AT CAMP FORD"

(From Captain May's Prison Papers)



Long before daybreak the camp begins to stir. There is restlessness among our prison legions—homesickness, doubtless, in the souls of many sleep-locked hundreds of these ragged citizens. I hear the hum of voices arising out of morning's grey shadows; the crackling of new-lighted bivouac brands; the matinal chirp of red-birds. Presently the east reddens, and I see the morning star setting over yonder wooded hills outside of our prison yard.

How royally the sun rises, atmosphered with golden mist, robed in purple haze of woodland exhalations! The camp is alive and vocal. A thousand voices call to other thousands. Tatterdemalions roll out of burrowing places, creep up from caves, and emerge from hut-openings. Red-capped zouaves, wide-breeched; blue-bloused cavalry men, yellow trimmed; all hungry looking; sergeants with service stripes; jack-tars in holy-patched trousers; wagoners in broad hats; barefooted cannoniers—rank and file generally hatless, bootless, and shirtless. They swarm out upon the main street; flow into crossways; jostle one another at cooking-fires; pass and repass, laden with fuel, rations, water vessels. Another day begins.

I mingle in the throng that pours along "Fifth Avenue." I pass the "bakery," where an enterprising New Yorker sells his ten-cent leathery doughnuts and caoutchouc grape-pies for a dollar in greenbacks. I glance a moment at our "jeweler's" window, where a corporal tinkers watches; elbow through the crowd surrounding a lieutenant's turning-lathe, which whirls out chessmen at three dollars a set; peer into a door where sits a captain "editing" our prison journal, "The Old Flag"; then reach the "spring," dash head and arms in water, comb tangled locks, and look about me.

"Motley's the only wear!" says Shakespeare; and in Camp Ford we agree with him. Such costumes never were beheld before outside of Rag Fair or the "Beggars' Opera." I wish our Uncle Abraham, or Sam, could see this *sans culotte* procession march up Pennsylvania Avenue. Such head-gear, from a zouave cap to rimless crowns and crownless rims, and tattered handkerchiefs, and wisps of straw! Such effigies of garments! armless shirts and legless trousers; bits of blankets tied about the loins; such patches, of every size and hue! such scarecrow figures of humanity! Their wives and mothers would not know them from the *chiffoniers* who rake our Northern gutters.

But they are all United States soldiers and sailors; men who have met our foes on land and wave; brave rank and file of fleets and armies sacrificed by stupid commanders, and neglected in their misery by the power which should protect them. God bless them, ragged and rough as they are, for the fire of undying loyalty burns in their bosoms, and they love the "Old Flag!"

I sit down at my "shebang" door to the morning's sumptuous repast. I have corn-meal pancakes, with a treacle syrup made of melted sugar at eight dollars per pound in greenbacks. I have a slice of bacon, which cost two dollars per pound. I drink my coffee, made of burnt rye, and am abundantly filled.

The rebel drum is beating roll-call. I hurry to the officers' line, which rests its right upon the western gate and stretches its long ranks within the stockade. Presently the rebel adjutant rides in on horseback, followed by a score of guards with muskets, and their officers with lists of prisoners. The official greybacks then divide, each to a separate detachment of the Yankees. Then our names are read or spelled out by an intelligent "Southern gentleman," who is given to stam-

mering, and makes hard work of our patronymics. Meanwhile we are standing under a broiling sun, which tries the flesh of fat men and the temper of the leanest of us. But at length a welcome drum-roll gives dismissal, and the dress parade is over. We are our own masters for the day, within the stockade lines.

The sun mounts higher. Everybody seeks a shelter. Our rations must be drawn, for beef comes in daily; but the mess-mate who is "cook" attends to this. Time must be killed till dinner hour, and so we look about for weapons to waylay him with.

The noon heats come, but tempered by a pleasant northern breeze. Our green verandahs cast inviting shade. We gather at our doors with books oft read, but still pored over. I loiter over Shakespeare; dog-ear a fine-print Plutarch, lent to me by "a good Union man outside." Colonel B. comes up and chats awhile; then Major A. sits down to chess with me. I write awhile; then study tactics; then beget me to my hammock, swinging just outside the log-house, under trellised pine boughs.

A rebel orderly comes in with letters for a few of us. The disappointed listen, wondering why *their* letters never come. I get a Houston paper, and a crowd surrounds my doorway, waiting for the news. "Another victory for the South!" "Ten thousand prisoners captured by General Lee!" "Grant totally defeated!" "Washington to be attacked immediately!"

Cool comfort this in midsummer. It refreshes us. But nothing yet about "exchange." "Oh, bother on the lying secesh paper!" "Nothing about exchange!" "Bosh!"

We eat our dinner. Beef like shoe-leather. A "duff" or corn pudding, with molasses, at the moderate price of "thirty dollars in confederate" per gallon. Rye coffee, and an after-dinner smoke, in wooden pipes, with Texan "tabac," at the rate of fifteen dollars per pound in greenbacks.

Major B. and two brave captains challenge to four-handed chess. We have a mammoth board for this absorbing game, and presently fall-to. So fly the hours.

The sun declines and locomotion recommences. We visit and make calls. Our youngsters practice at gymnastics in the central square, where turning-poles and parallel bars have been erected. Wrestling trials are improvised among the men. A game of quoits goes on. The Kansas boys are playing at ball. More venerable prisoners sit and gossip in their arm-chairs.

We hear the thrum of stringed instruments. Our "fiddler," Captain M., is "entertaining ladies." Motherly Mrs. A., the wife of Colonel A., the rebel commandant, is visiting our corral, with divers rebel dames and damoiselles in her train. They sit in wide arm-chairs of Yankee manufacture, chat with Yankee officers, and hear their Yankee songs, accompanied by Yankee fingers upon banjoes made by Yankee hands. Meantime our Yankee fiddler tunes his catgut, and anon he gives us "Sounds from Home," which draws the tears from eyes of rebel ladies. So the twilight finds us.

Then the moon rises, silver-orbed, in an unclouded field of blue. The "secesh" visitors have gone, and Yankee instruments are struck to gayer measures. I hear Cyclopean J., the engineer, out-calling for a dance. "Gentlemen, choose your partners! Forward two! Ladies change! All balanez. Promenade all!"

Dance on, poor prisoners! Cheat your hearts out of loneliness!

“IN A PRISON CAMP”

— By —

COLONEL CHARLES C. NOTT

One Hundred and Seventy-Sixth N. Y. V.

(FROM CAPT. MAY'S PRISON PAPERS)

It is not a pleasant thing to be a prisoner. I never enjoyed it, and never made the acquaintance of any prisoner who said that *he* did. True is it that you have but few cares and responsibilities. In the prisoners' camp you take no heed of what you shall eat, or what you shall drink, or wherewith you shall be clothed.

If rations come, you can eat them; if they do not, you can go without; in neither case have your efforts anything to do with the matter. Your raiment need not trouble you; for there vanity has no place, and rags are quite as honorable as any other style of dress. You are never dunned by importunate creditors, and if you by possibility were, it would be a sufficient bar in law and equity to say that you would not pay. There you are not harassed by pressing engagements, or worried by clients or customers. There you have no fears of failure, and may laugh at bankruptcy. And yet, with all these advantages, no man ever seeks to stay in this irresponsible paradise.

“The dews of blessing heaviest fall
Where care falls too.”

I found that there was a horrible sense of being a prisoner—of being in somebody's possession—of eating, drinking, sleeping, moving, living, by somebody's permission; and worst of all, that somebody the very enemy you had been striving to overcome. There was a feeling of dependence on those who were the very last persons on whom you were willing to be dependent. There was a dreary sense of constraint in your freest hours, of being shut in from all the world, and having all the world shut out from you.

In the first days of imprisonment the novelty carried the new prisoners along, and buoyed them up. Then came a season of work, when they built cabins and made stools and tables; and then a restless fit when they felt most keenly the irksomeness of the life, and made foolish plans to escape, which (so the “old prisoners” said) had been tried before and had failed. Then the “new prisoners” would grow quiet and sad. The most of them would become idle, inert, careless of their dress and quarters, peevish and listless, despondent of exchange, yet indifferent to all present improvement. A few (about one in ten) would struggle to make things better; they would take hopeful views of affairs and perform active work on things around them.

The sun went down, and then began a long evening. There was nothing to do but sit in the dark and talk of nothing. Then there was a detail made of two for the sick watch, and finding that I was “on,” I went to bed. In the morning there had been several late sleepers who wondered why people got up early and ran a coffee-mill. As a matter of course, these individuals now wondered why people went to bed before they did. The topics, too, which they chose were exactly the topics

that always keep you awake; and if by chance you forget them long enough to fall asleep, then there would be a furious argument on some important matter; and if that did not waken you, then some other man (who, like yourself, turned in at taps) would lose patience and roar out, “taps,” “lights out,” “guard-house,” etc., etc.

In small assemblages men may wake up and go to sleep when they please, but in camps and barracks, where many men of different habits are brought together, there must be some uniform rule for all. The confederates never enforced military usage upon us, much to the regret of all who were accustomed to it, and a few very early and very late individuals, some of whom sat up till after taps, and others of whom turned out before reveille, were an endless annoyance to each other and to all. I think no officer of experience ever ran this gauntlet without inwardly resolving that if ever he got back to his own command, stillness and darkness should rule between “taps” and reveille; that with daylight every blanket should go out, and every tent be put in order; and that every shaggy head should be clipped, and all the little regulations that weak-minded recruits think to be “military tyranny,” should be most rigorously enforced.

But as I tossed around and made these resolves, the little sailor who was acting as hospital steward came in with both hands full of prescriptions. We had two excellent and most faithful surgeons at Camp Groce, Dr. Sheefy, of the Morning Light, and Dr. Roberts, of the Confederate service. They had their little office outside of the lines; came round on their second visit in the afternoon; and during the evening made up their prescriptions. The first watch took the prescriptions from the hospital steward, and received the directions. It was Lieutenant Hays, of the One Hundred and Seventy-fifth New York, a happy, generous, warm-hearted Irishman, youthful, and with the humor and drollery of his race. He was always making fun when others were dull, and making peace when they were angry. Soon I heard him going round among the sick. I will listen, I thought, and find out what I have to do when my watch comes.

“Here's your medicine now, Mr. Black,” I heard him say. “Wake up and take it.”

“What is it?” asked the sick man.

“Oh, it's blue pills, to touch your liver! Come, take it, and don't be asking questions.”

“How many of them are there?” inquired the patient, after swallowing several.

“There are just seven of them, and what's that to you? It won't do you any good to know it.”

“Why the doctor said he would send me six. Perhaps you're not giving me mine.”

“Just you take what's sent to you. If you don't take the whole seven, they won't touch your liver a bit; six would be of no use at all.”

"IN A PRISON CAMP"—(Continued)

The man with the untouched liver swallowed the pills, and soon I heard the sick-watch on the other side rousing another sick man with the same formula of—"Here's your medicine now: wake up and take it—it's blue pills to touch your liver."

"How many of them are there?" asked this patient.

"There are six of them—what's the use of your knowing?"

"Why, the doctor said he would send me seven—perhaps this is not mine."

"No matter: six are just as good as seven, and seven are just as good as fifty. All you need to do is to take what I give you, and it will touch your liver all the same."

Much enlightened by this mode of distributing doses, and reassuring patients, I went to sleep, and slept till one A. M., when the first watch called me, and I took my turn. There was not much to do, sitting in the dark and cold, occasionally giving a man his medicine or a drink, and wishing for daylight.

There was one poor fellow, also a lieutenant of the One Hundred and Seventy-fifth New York, fast going in consumption. His constant cough, his restless sleep, his attenuated form, bright eye and hectic cheek, all told of the coming end. Yet with him there was nothing to be done but wait and watch.

Now this was, of itself, not such a bad sort of day; but there was a month of such days; and then another month; and then a third; and then many more. What wonder that the strongest resolutions failed?

Then death came in among our little company, and came again and again. Then sickness increased under the August sun. The long moss that hung down from the trees and waved so gracefully on the breeze, had betokened it long before it came, and the uncleaned camp and listless life made

the prediction sure. It went on until all but one had felt it in some material form or other, and there were not enough well to watch the sick. It never left us, and down to our last day at Camp Groce the chief part of our company were frail and feeble and dispirited.

Autumn was drawing to a close, the leaves had fallen from the trees, the grass was no longer green, and prairie and timber seemed alike bare and cold. Still no exchange had come. We knew of the thirty-seven thousand prisoners taken at Vicksburgh, and the six thousand taken at Port Hudson, and therefore we listened hopefully to rumors of exchange, and coined a few of our own, and remained prisoners of war. Within the prison-camp, affairs had not grown brighter. There was increased sickness and despondency and (for so small a party) many deaths. Two Massachusetts officers had died early. Then the consumptive lieutenant's light had flickered, and with fitful changes grown more and more dim, until it softly expired. A week later, as some of us were awaiting impatiently the breakfast-whistle of our cook, an officer ran hurriedly past us to the guard-line, and calling to the surgeon, said: "Come quickly, Doctor, Lieutenant Hayes is dead!" The merry-hearted Irishman lay in his hammock in the composure of an easy sleep. His light had gone out in a single instant. Later, our friend, Mr. Pierce, grew weaker. An order came to send the citizen prisoners to Mexico; it did not revive him. His strength waned, but his placid cheerfulness was still undisturbed. "It is a bad sign," said one of his friends. "If he were only cross and fretful, we might have hope." The sign did not pass away; and with the prospect of home and liberty held before him he died. We knew that at this rate, another year would leave very few survivors to be carried from the camp.

COMPANY I, 23rd REGIMENT

Where Each Member was on July 16th, 1863

Captain William H. May, prisoner on his way to Texas.
Lieutenant John G. Stevens, prisoner on his way to Texas.
" John W. Buckingham, prisoner on his way to Texas.
Sergeant H. S. Gregory, paroled prisoner on Ship Island.
" D. W. Smith, detached and in New Orleans.
" R. Fairchild, paroled prisoner on Ship Island.
" F. L. Curtis, sick at Brashear and slightly wounded in arm.
" A. A. Sutton, with company.
Corporal R. Bunnell, paroled, Ship Island.
" William Krapp, with company.
" C. Shelton, with Quartermaster.
" C. L. Derrick, St. Louis Hospital, New Orleans.
" E. F. Derrick, with company.
" H. L. Bartholomew, with company.
" C. E. D. Patterson, paroled at Algiers.
Private D. Ahearn, paroled at Algiers.
" P. Atchback, Ship Island.
" H. H. Anderson, sick, New Orleans, I a.
" L. Baldwin, with Quartermaster.
" G. W. Baldwin, with company.
" F. A. Bell, Ship Island.
" A. R. Beers, Ship Island.
" D. B. Buckley, sick, New Orleans, La.
" A. A. Derrick, paroled in Algiers.
" B. R. Dimon, home.
" G. M. Curle, with company.
" William Edwards, Ship Island.
" C. Frank, Ship Island.
" E. K. Freeborn, Ship Island.
" E. H. Hanford, Ship Island.
" M. B. Hanford, sick, New Orleans, La.
" J. Hoffman, sick, New Orleans, La.
" O. Nichols, sick, New Orleans, La.
" A. McIntyre, with company.
" J. Kellman, sick, New Orleans, La.
" S. Loud, Ship Island.
" C. Lynn, Ship Island.
" G. Platt, Ship Island.
" E. Passmore, Ship Island.
" C. V. Rouch, Ship Island.
" W. Ryan, with company.
" C. Rinaldi, sick, New Orleans, I a.
" E. Slasen, sick, New Orleans, La.
" B. St. John, sick, New Orleans, I a.
" J. Strasburger, with company.
" C. Sherwood, Ship Island.
" R. Seeley, Ship Island.
" O. P. Taylor, Ship Island.
" B. Tognet, with company.
" D. Tuomey, sick, New Orleans, La.
" J. E. Vanverse, Ship Island.
" E. L. Wooden, Ship Island.

CORPORAL EDWIN F. DERRICK,

Co. I, 23d Regt., C. V.

“YOUR FLAG AND MY FLAG”

POEM

Recited by

THE HON. THOMAS L. REILLY

Congressman of the Third District of Connecticut

In the

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Washington, D. C.

April Twenty-third, Nineteen Hundred and Fourteen

Your flag and our flag,
And how it floats today
O'er your land and my land,
And half the world away.

Blood-red and rose-red,
Its stripes forever gleam;
Snow-white and soul-white,
The good forefathers' dream.

Sky-blue and true-blue,
With stars that beam aright;
A gloried guidon of the day,
A shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag—
Oh, how much it holds!
Your heart and my heart
Secure within its folds.

Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight;
Sun kissed and wind tossed,
The red and blue and white.

The one flag! the great flag!
The flag for me and you
Glorified, all else beside,
The red and white and blue.

“Let us have Peace”

PROGRAMME

OF THE

National Peace Jubilee Concert

FIRST DAY

Boston, Tuesday, June 15, 1869

COMMENCING AT 3 O'CLOCK, P. M.

CONDUCTORS:

Messrs. P. S. Gilmore

Carl Zerrahn

Julius Eichberg

ORGANIST:

Dr. John H. Willcox

SUPERINTENDENT OF CHORUS:

Mr. Eben Tourjee

(Reproduced in “The Old Flag” from original programme, 1914)

First Day's
Concert of the National Peace Jubilee

INAUGURAL CEREMONIES

PART I.

PRAYER by the REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

ADDRESS by the HON. N. B. SHURTLEFF, Mayor, welcoming
Guests and Visitors.

ADDRESS by the HON. ALEXANDER H. RICE, on the Restora-
tion of Peace and Union.

1. CHORAL—"God is a castle and defence" LUTHER
(With Organ and Orchestral accompaniment)
2. OVERTURE—"Tannhäuser" MOZART
3. GLORIA—From the Twelfth Mass MOZART
4. SOLO—"Ave Maria" GOUNOD

Sung by MADAME PAREPA ROSA

(The Violin *obligato* by two hundred violinists)

5. NATIONAL AIR—"The Star-Spangled Banner"

(With an additional verse, by W. T. W. BALL, Esq.)

"War's clamors now o'er, with her mantle hath Peace
Again in its folds the nation enshrouded;
Let no fratricide hand uplifted e'er be,
The glory to dim which now is unclouded;
*Not as North or as South in the future we'll stand,
But as Brothers united throughout our loved land,
And the Star-Spangled Banner forever shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."*

(By the Chorus, with Orchestra, Organ, Military Band, Drum Corps,
Chiming of Bells, and Artillery accompaniments)

INTERMISSION FIFTEEN MINUTES

PART II.

1. HYMN OF PEACE—(Written for the occasion by DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, to the music of "Keller's American Hymn." By the Chorus, with Organ and full Orchestral accompaniment.)

Angel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long!
Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love!
Come, while our voices are blended in song—
Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove!
Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove—
Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of song,
Crowned with thine olive-leaved garland of love,
Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long!

Brothers we meet on this altar of thine,
Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee,
Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,
Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea—
Meadow and mountain and forest and sea!
Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine,
Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,
Brothers once more round this altar of thine.

Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain!
Hark! a new-birth song is filling the sky!
Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main
Bid the full breath of the organ reply—
Let the loud tempest of voices reply—
Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main!
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky!
Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain!

2. OVERTURE—"William Tell" ROSSINI
3. SOLO—"Inflammatus," from the "Stabat Mater" ROSSINI
Sung by MADAME PAREPA ROSA
4. CORONATION MARCH—From "The Prophet" . . . MEYERBEER
(By the full Band of one thousand Instruments)
5. SCENA—From "Il Trovatore," introducing the Anvil Chorus," VERDI
(By the Chorus, with full Band, Chiming of Bells, etc. The Anvil part to
be performed by one hundred members of the Fire Department)
6. NATIONAL AIR—"My country 'tis of thee,"
Words by REV. S. F. SMITH, D.D.
(By the Chorus, with Orchestra, Military Band, Drum Corps, Chiming of
Bells and Artillery accompaniments)

 *The audience is requested to join in singing the last stanza.*

The Peace Jubilee Chorus

Is composed of one hundred and eight separate musical organizations.

THE ORGAN

Was constructed especially to accompany the immense chorus, by
Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook.

THE ORCHESTRA FOR SYMPHONY AND ORATORIO

Consists of 115 First Violins, 100 Second Violins, 65 Violoncellos, 65 Violas, 85 Double Basses, 8 Flutes, 8 Clarinets, 8 Oboes, 8 Bassoons, 12 Horns, 8 Trumpets, 9 Trombones, 3 Tubas, 10 Drums; total, 504.

THE GRAND ORCHESTRA

Will be composed of the following instruments, in addition to above: 25 Piccolos and Flutes, 20 Eb Clarinets, 50 Bb Clarinets, 50 Eb Cornets, 75 Bb Cornets, 75 Eb Alto Horns, 25 Bb Tenor Horns, 50 Tenor Trombones, 25 Bass Trombones, 25 Bb Baritones, 75 Eb Bass Tubas, 50 Small Drums, 25 Bass Drums, 10 Cymbals, 10 Triangles; total, 1,094.

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PROJECTOR AND GENERAL ADVISORY DIRECTOR,
P. S. GILMORE

Mustered Out

They throng the bannered camps no more,
Afar their shining tents lie spread;
The measure of their martial tread
Falls faint on the eternal shore.

O sweetly sleep, where e'er ye lie,
Who nobly thus have wrought your part;
In a great nation's loving heart
Ye always live, ye cannot die!

Geo. C. Waldo

The following sublime invocation to Liberty was composed by Captain F. Crocker, U. S. N., for the celebration of the 22nd, and is too beautiful to be "passed unnoticed by."

LIBERTY

Maiden of the tresses free,
Gentle, joyous Liberty!
Not in prison walls you dwell,
Flying far the captive cell,
Roving over dale and hill,
Choosing with your changing will,
And (as any maiden may)
Fond of having your own way.

Liberty! oh, Liberty!
He who comes on bended knee,
Though he may no other sin rue,
Sure am I, will never win you;
For all idle talk of dying,
Kneeling, feeling, crying, sighing,
Which some silly girls think true,
Goes but little way with you.

He who comes to you a-wooing,
Must be up and dressed and doing,
He who win you, bold must be—
Maidens smile on bravery:
He who'd taste a kiss of honey,
Mustn't stand on spending money.
Such can win you—o'er and o'er—
Men have, many maids before.

But a pretty price, they say,
He who has you, has to pay;
Ne'er himself to slumber letting;
Keep an eye on your coquetting;
For in all your mazy dances,
You are fond of giving glances;
While your pretty eyes grow brighter,
Winking at a handsome fighter.

To Mrs. Col. R. T. P. Allen

All kindly acts are for the dear Lord's sake,
And His sweet love and recompense they claim:
"I was in prison"—thus our Saviour spake,
"And unto me ye came!"

So, Lady! while thy heart with mother's love
And sister's pity cheers the captives' lot,
Truth keeps her record in the courts above,
And thou art not forgot.

Though nations war, and rulers match their might
Our human bosoms must be kindred yet;
And eyes that blazed with battle's lurid light,
Soft Pity's tears may wet.

Were all like thee, kind Lady, void of hates,
And swayed by gentle wish and peaceful thought,
No gulf would yawn between contending States,
No ruin would be wrought.

With sister's voice to chide when brothers frown,
With mother's love the angry sons to still—
With pious prayers to win God's blessing down—
With Peace the land to fill.

May all thy matron heart, with joy run o'er
For children spared to bless thy lengthened years—
Peace in thy home and plenty at thy door,
And smiles to dry all tears.

And may each cheering hope and soothing word
That thou to us, sad prisoners, hast given,
Recalled by Him who all our prayers hath heard,
Bring thee reward in heaven.

D * * * * *

Camp Ford, Tyler, Texas, March 14, 1864.

MEMORANDUM

MEMORANDUM

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