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CANTON, MISS.

SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 19.

From a private letter addressed to him by an old and much esteemed friend, now in the Confederate army, the publisher takes the liberty to make the following extracts: "We agree fully with the writer in his comments and criticisms."

"A shadow of gloom seems to have settled upon the hearts of our people, owing to the defeat and retreat of Bragg's army, and the failure of Longstreet's expedition. Croakers, and envious, unprincipled friends 'Generals,' have availed themselves of the present state of feeling to hurl the thunderbolts of their wrath at the devoted head of poor Bragg, to whose stupidity and want of military qualities, they say, our recent disasters are wholly attributable; and I deeply regret that a portion of the Press are pursuing the same unjust and unmanly course. General Bragg has done all that mortal man could do, under the circumstances, and more than could have been done by the combined wisdom of his calumniators. Had his plans been promptly carried out at Chickamauga, Rosecrans would never have occupied Chattanooga with his whipped and demoralized army; and even in the recent engagement, had our left maintained its ground with the same obstinacy, and fought with the same cool and desperate courage that characterized the valor of the troops on the right, we would not to-day be mourning over a defeat so disastrous and humiliating. A commanding General is not omnipotent, and however great an influence his words of cheer and encouragement may exert over the mass of his soldiers, unless he is fully understood by his subordinates, and his plans are faithfully executed, defeat and disaster must ensue. Had our forces not given way on the left, there is a strong probability that the enemy would have been driven back in confusion and dismay, as he was by Hardee, on the right, and a complete victory have crowned our arms. In that event, Gen. Bragg would have been hailed as a great warrior, loved, honored and admired; but because his troops failed in their duty, and thereby lost the day, poor Bragg is held up to obloquy and reproach.

Gen. Bragg has performed his duty to his country faithfully and nobly, and whatever croakers may say of him, history, at least will do justice to his deeds and valor, and posterity weave around his brow the green garland of undying fame.

I know of no General in our army whose patriotism has been subjected to severer tests, and like gold tried in the furnace, it has passed the fiery ordeal, and come out purified and refined. I pity the miserable soul that can attempt to detract from the merits of a man who has stood by the best interests of his country in her darkest hours, and fearlessly exposed his own life to vindicate her honor, when he well knew that, apart from his own army, his motives were impugned; his courage questioned; his ability ignored, and his patriotism assailed. I honor Gen. Bragg for that proud nobility of soul which has enabled him to stand manfully by his oppressed country, in the midst of such a tempest of opposition.

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston is another martyr to malicious hatred; but in his case, the sympathies of the army and the country are enlisted. He has the misfortune to be despised by the President, and although he is known to be unequalled as an able, skillful and sagacious General, yet he is elbowed aside in the great military pressure, to make way for men vastly his inferiors, and who can never render one hundredth part of the service to the country, because, forsooth, the Executive of the nation personally dislikes him. I think the treatment Gen. Johnston has received at the hands of the President deserves the severest censure. This is no time to indulge personal animosity or political favoritism, and I honestly believe if our government should eventually reel to its fall, the cause can be traced back, with unerring certainty, to Jefferson Davis. He has kept such men as Johnston and Gustavus W. Smith in the background, from feelings of personal hatred, and sent his favorites to the field, and in such positions that they had neither the skill nor capacity to sustain.

There never was a period in the history of our country, so auspicious for renouncing the principles and prejudices of the Demagogue, and assuming the position of the exalted Statesman. Old party lines were obliterated, and Whig and Democrat bore the name of Jefferson Davis to the polls without a dissenting voice; but no sooner was he installed into office, than his Democracy unveiled itself, and has left its impress upon the principal acts of his reign.

God save this noblest part of the land of WASHINGTON from party prejudice, and crown our arms with success!"

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.—Mrs. Lucy Moore, and her daughter, Mrs. M. A. Booth, of this place, have, within the last six weeks, knit thirteen pairs of socks, and made three comforts, all of which have been donated to the destitute soldiers in this vicinity. This is, indeed, true Christian charity, and an example worthy to be followed by all. In this keen and biting weather these presents must be valued above all price.

VICTORY OR ANNIHILATION.

Doctor Elliott, the pithy Bishop of Georgia, in a lapserion preached in Savannah, exhibited the alternative before us, in a few sentences pregnant with all the fire of a prophet and a patriot. These are, indeed, words that burn:

"Forward, my listeners, with our shields locked and our trust in God, is our only movement now. It is too late to go backward. We might have gone backward a year ago, when our armies were victoriously thundering at the gates of Washington, and were keeping at bay the Huns of the West, but we then content to bear humiliation for ourselves and degradation for our children. Now there is no longer left us. It is now victory or unconditional submission; submission not to the conservative and Christian people of the North, but to a party of indelible fanaticism, with an army of ruddy and greedy soldiers at their backs. Who shall be able to sustain them in their hour of victory? When God's moment approaches, when the danger shall seem by its over and the spoils ready to be divided, every outlaw will rush to fill their ranks, every adventurer will rush to swell their legions, and they will sweep down upon the South, the hosts of Attila, upon the fertile fields of Italy. And shall you find in defeat that mercy which you did not find in victory? You may slumber now, but you will awake to a fearful reality. You may lie upon your beds of ease, and dream that when it is all over you will be welcomed back to all the privileges and immunities of loyal citizens. But how terrible will be your disappointment! You will have an ignominious home, overrun by hordes of insolent slaves and rapacious soldiers. You will wear the badge of a conquered race. Pariah among your fellow creatures, yourselves degraded, your delicate wives and gentle children thrust down to menial service, insulted, perhaps dishonored—think you that the victorious hordes, made up in the large part of the sweepings of Europe, will leave you anything? As well might the lamb expect mercy from the wolf. Power which is checked and fettered by a doubtful contest is very different from power victorious, triumphant and irresponsible. The friends whom you have known and loved at the North; who have sympathized with you in your trials, and to whom you might have looked for comfort and protection, will have enough to do then to take care of themselves. The surges that sweep over us will carry them away in its turbulent tide. Oh! for the tongue of a prophet, to point for you what is before you, unless you repent and turn to the Lord, and realize that 'His hand is upon all them for good that seek Him.' The language of Scripture is alone adequate to describe it: 'The earth mourneth and languisheth; Lebanon is ashamed and hewn down; Sharon is like a wilderness. They that did feed delicately are desolate in the streets; they that were brought up in scarlet embrace dung-hills. They ravished the women of Zion and the maids in the cities of Judah. They took the young men to grind; and the children fell under the wood. The joy of our heart is ceased; our dance is turned into mourning. The crown has fallen from our head; wee, unto us that have sinned.'"

A cotemporary observes that we have suffered nothing yet compared with what our fathers suffered in the first war for independence. Then we had the savage Indians at our backs, the Tories over our own hearth-stones, and a fair and open enemy in our front. Augusta, Savannah, Charleston, Camden and "Ninety-Six," were all then British posts, and Georgia and South Carolina were occupied almost entirely for three long dreary years. Yet, a heroic ancestry rose from our valleys and descended from our hills, trusting in God, and resolved to perish rather than survive as slaves, and they drove our conquerors from the soil; and so we can do, even should our land be overrun by vandals. If we are not a bastard race our freedom is our own, even if every male has to sleep on his bright sword, and every female wear at her side a gleaming dagger. It is a great mistake to suppose that this war is to be settled by long range cannon or heavy shell. Even if our fortifications fall and our towns are taken, we will come at last to close quarters, with the battle-axe and bowie knife, and fight under the black flag in every glen and swamp. The watchword then shall be war to the knife and knife to the hilt.

A SOLDIER'S DEATH BED.
Mr. Taylor, of the Chicago Journal, in one of his letters from Chattanooga, relates the following incident:
A soldier, fairly riddled with bullets, like one of those battle flags of Illinois, lay on a blanket gasping for breath. "Jemmy," said a comrade, and a friend before this cruel war began, with one arm swung up in a sling, and who was going home on furlough, "Jemmy, what shall I tell them at home for you?" "Tell them," he said, "that there isn't hardly enough left of me to say 'I,' but—hold down here a minute—tell Kate there is enough of me left to love her till I die!" Jemmy got his furlough that night, and left the ranks forever.

Unfortunate Parallel.

The Baltimore American—the most foul mouthed of all the Abolition newspapers—is in an article about the treatment of Yankee prisoners by the Confederates, compares us to the Saracens or Arabs. The comparison is without forethought, and its unfairness must be apparent to all who have ever read history. The Saracens were invaders—just as the Yankees are. They fought, also, for the faith as Mahomet had revealed it to them in the Koran. The Yankees fight for plunder, and add falsehood to crime, by crying out that they fight for Union. The Arabs believed that to fight for the faith was to obey God. The Yankees believe that to fight for plunder, rapine and murder, and lawlessness, is to obey Lincoln, and right well they seem to understand their mission.

But let us see what other differences there is between the Yankees and the semi-barbarians, rade, untutored sons of the desert. Abu Beker, who, as Caliph, succeeded Mahomet, sent an army of the "faithful" into Syria—a fruitful land, filled with corn, covered with fields of grain, with vineyards and trees producing the finest fruits, and with pastures well stocked with flocks and herds. It was an opulent land, and offered grand inducements to a race of predatory warriors, almost insensible to mercy as we have been taught to believe the Saracens were. Yet, Abu Beker, before starting his immense army, gave the following charge to Yazid, who was to command the army:

Fight valiantly, and never turn your back upon a foe. When victorious, harm not the aged, and protect women and children. Destroy not the palm tree, nor fruit trees of any kind; waste not the cornfield with fire; nor kill any cattle excepting for food. Stand faithfully to every covenant and promise; respect all religious persons * * * and spare their edifices.

And with only a few exceptions, in aggravated cases, the Arabs acted in accordance with these instructions. How different, and how diabolically the Yankees, who profess to be enlightened, have acted we need not relate. The thousands of homes desolated, the fields laid waste, edifices burned to the ground, persons driven from home, widows and orphans robbed, cattle wantonly killed, public improvements ruined, valuables in the shape of plate and pianos, and books, that have been stolen, hoary-headed fathers imprisoned, churches closed and the pastors imprisoned, non-combatants ruthlessly murdered, helpless females outraged, infirmity maltreated, covenants broken, and a host of acts that would have put the worst Arabian to the blush—all this is too vivid in the memory of our people to need enumeration. They stand as a testimony of proof irrefragable against the vile nation whose mouthpieces dares to shift the odium from the guilt party, by comparing the Confederates to Saracens. We think it was an unfortunate parallel.—[Winchester Bulletin.]

THE SECRET OF LONGEVITY.

The means known, so far, of promoting longevity, have usually concentrated in short, pithy sayings—as "keep your head cool and your feet warm"—"Work much and eat little" &c., just as if the whole science of human life could be summed up and brought out in a few words, while its great principles were kept out of sight. One of the best of these sayings is given by an Italian in his hundred and sixteenth year, who being asked the reason of his living so long, replied with that improvisation for which his country is remarkable:

When hungry, of the best I eat,
And dry and warm I keep my feet;
I screen my head from sun and rain,
And let few cares perplex my brain.

The following is about the best theory of the matter: Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality, which cannot be increased, but may be husbanded. With this stock he may live fast or slow—may live extensively or intensively—may spread his little amount of life over a large space, or narrow it into a contracted one; but when this stock is exhausted he has no more. He who lives extensively, drinks pure water, avoids all inflammatory diseases, exercises sufficiently but not laboriously, indulges no exhausting passions, feeds on no exciting material, pursues no debilitating pleasures, avoids all laborious and protracted study, preserves an easy mind, and thus husbands his quantum of vitality, will live considerably longer than he otherwise would do, because he lives slowly; while he, on the other hand, who lives intensively, who beverages himself on liquors and wines, exposes himself to inflammatory diseases, or causes that produce them, labors beyond his strength, visits exciting scenes and indulges exhausting passions, and lives on stimulating and highly seasoned food, is always debilitated by his pleasure.

CURE FOR HOG CHOLERA.—The Petersburg Intelligencer says the following receipt, now for the first time made public, may be relied upon as a specific for the hog cholera. It had been fully tried and tested on the hogs of a gentleman of Amherst, Va.

The remedy was given in all varied stages of the disease, uniformly cured in every case. It will not be impossible, after all the fruitless efforts hitherto made to find out a remedy for Asiatic cholera, that this one accidentally suggested by a young lady to her father in Amherst, Va., and which was successful in curing the hogs, may be equally so in curing man of that terrible disease—cholera.
Recipe—Beat up an ounce or more of asafetida, and add say to an ounce a pint of whiskey or other kind of spirits, and give to the hog two table spoonfuls; it produces an immediate relief, and speedy and permanent cure. The effect which this drench had on the hogs spoken of was to cause them to vomit the most disgusting and loathsome mass of matter conceivable from its stomach, when an immediate reaction took place and the hogs were soon entirely well.

THE WIZARD OF THE SADDLE.

"Is he man or devil, wizard, sorcerer, magician, or conjurer, that he thus mysteriously slides us?" soliloquizes Lincoln I, Emperor of the faithful, upon reading the morning dispatches at Washington, announcing the escape of John Morgan. Will we never have done with this man? anxiously query the whole Abolition race. Here he is at last, fast locked, shaved and guarded, and now, John Morgan, the bold, slip if you can!

The sentinel paces his beat along the walls of the gloomy Bastille of the Kingdom of Buckeye. The crescent moon looks slyly over one horn at the sleeping imbecile of Washington, and the knowing stars wink wickedly upon his unsuspecting people. Busy hands and bold, are "pegging away" on the inside walls of the Ohio prison; the clink of metal is faintly heard in the far night, and then all is silent but the watchman's echoing tread along the prison corridors. The morning breaks, the jailer enters the cell of the illustrious captive, and lo! the bird is flown. John Morgan is no more among the celestials. "Gone glimmering among the things that were," away over into her Majesty's dominions.

Loud the curses of the Lieutenants of the guard; fearful the imprecations of his Abolition Excellency, Lincoln the First; deep the lamentations all over the land of the free-soilers and the home of the bravos. Conscience makes cowards of them all—for conscience tells them they have foully dealt with a brave cavalier, whose day of retribution will now surely come, and whose wrongs will not be forgotten.

He was the most magnanimous of their armed foes; he was the most gentle in the treatment of their prisoners; he was the most chivalric in his warfare upon them; the most humane in his captures; the most merciful in his retaliation; the most courteous in his victories—and for this they shaved his head like a criminal, and immured him in a dungeon like a galley-slave.

Thank God! he has liberated himself, and no thanks to Mr. Meredith of the Exchange, nor to his masquerading buffoon of a master. Foot-loose and fancy-free, of his own accord, and by his own ingenuity and courage. God speed his safe return to the land of gentlemen, and a speedy return to the saddle and the chase. His miserable persecutors may yet rue the day of his captivity and deliverance. They have shorn him of his locks, but not of his strength, his courage, nor his devotion to the South.—Confederacy.

CURING HAMS.

As the time is at hand for preparing these useful stores of rich and savory food, a few words will not be out of place in regard to them. The legs of hogs short in the hock are the best for hams, and should be chosen in preference to lanky legs. They may be salted by immersion in a clean pickle containing a little sugar and saltpetre dissolved, or they may be salted by rubbing ground solar evaporated salt over them, turning them every day, and giving them a good rubbing. A little sugar and ground pepper added to the salt much improves the flavor of the meat. It requires about a month to salt hams by the wet process, and three weeks by the dry system. At the end of this period, they should be hung up a few days to drip, and they are ready for smoking. Much depends on the kind of material used for smoking them, so as to secure a sweet flavor. Whatever fuel is used for this purpose, one condition should never be overlooked; it should be perfectly dry, else it will be apt to impart a bitter taste to the meat. Dry corn-cobs, and some dry sweet hay, are superior to all other agents that we have seen employed for smoking beef or hams.

Mutton hams may be prepared in the same manner as those of pork, and they are exceedingly palatable when the meat is good, and care exercised to smoke them slowly.

No Further Fighting on the Rapidan.

NEW YORK, Dec. 2.—The Washington correspondent of the Evening Post, of the 1st, says the courier, employed by the newspapers, came in from Gen. Meade's headquarters early this morning. He left the south side of the Rapidan yesterday morning, and no serious fighting had occurred up to that hour. It was not then believed that Meade would attack Lee before to-day, and it was considered possible that no battle would be fought, as the army only carried rations for a very brief campaign. It will have to fight soon or fall back for fresh supplies. It is possible that when Meade has finished the work he has undertaken, he will fall back upon Fredericksburg, though nothing is known upon that point. At 5 o'clock this evening the Government has received nothing from the Rapidan, and in official circles this fact is accepted as favorable, rather than the contrary.