

MONUMENT EDITION THE TRIBUNE.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

HUNTSVILLE, ALA., NOVEMBER 29, 1900.

"ON FAME'S ETERNAL CAMPING-GROUND
THEIR SILENT TENTS ARE SPREAD."

THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT

1865 and Thanksgiving Day, 1900.

Strangely pathetic juxtaposition! Dates separated by the interval of more than a generation, this day brought closely together; the past and the present; lamentations and rejoicings; painful memories and joyous thanksgiving all strangely linked together, each intensifying the other!

The Confederate monument, memorial of heroic sacrifice, patient endurance, indomitable courage that fought as bravely at Appomattox when hope was dead as at Manassas when hope was in its flush; at Appomattox when the exhausted remnant of a once glorious army, worn and weary, starved and ragged, laid down their arms, overpowered but not conquered, defeated by not humiliated, as at Manassas when every heart in the army and in the homes of the dear old Southland throbbed high with the expectation of speedy victory. Glorious men, who laid down their lives in defense of their God-given liberty, and whose brave struggles for their rights was equalled only by their patient acceptance of defeat! That the struggle was in vain only accentuates the necessity of a monument.

Thanksgiving Day! The very name how suggestive of sunshine and gladness, of prosperity and good cheer, all intensified this day by the association of a monument to the Confederate dead, with the thanksgiving of a rejoicing people; the sunshine of today in striking contrast with the pall of darkness and gloom which we so painfully remember; the gladness now smiling all over the land, then so impossible in the desolate homes and aching hearts of the widow and the fatherless, of whom a monument, though voiceless and silent, yet speaks eloquently and eternally; the prosperity now seen all around in luxuriant fields and abundant harvests, and heard in the music of the busy hum of successful toil, accentuated by the memory of the unplowed land, the motionless mill-wheel, the blight and silence of death that reigned everywhere in that never-to-be forgotten past.

The royal Psalmist tells us in his quaintly expressive language that "it becometh well the just to be thankful," and surely in view of the past and the present it well becometh our dear Southland this day to be thankful, raised as she has been from the dust of defeat to the height of unexampled prosperity, and standing as she does now abreast of the nations in wealth, resources and power.

Let us take care that our thanksgiving shall not be an empty, vainglorious exhibition in the possession of blessings which we did not obtain as we intended to do by force of arms, "by our own power, by the might of our own hand"; but let us realize them as God-given, and gratefully accept them from Him who is

and of nations. M. A. C.

APPEAL TO FRIENDS OF "THE LOST CAUSE" IN ALABAMA.

I have visited the "Confederate Museum" at Richmond, Va.

It is the mansion which was occupied by Hon. Jefferson Davis as his residence while he was President of the Confederacy. Here are carefully kept all reliques, Southern memorials, etc., which are either loaned or given, a room being assigned to each State of the Confederacy.

I was distressed to see that North Alabama had not taken advantage of this place of safekeeping, and sent many valuable reliques. Only a few could I find from our section of the State. I determined to make an effort when I returned to Huntsville to secure a collection of Confederate relics and help to fill the Alabama room. I know of no better way to make the appeal than through this copy of the Tribune. I will gladly take charge of all articles and have them sent to Richmond.

Original documents, pictures, music and books written during the war, or about the war, articles of any kind that will tend to show the habits and manner of living of our people and soldiers of the Southern States from 1861 to 1865, are valuable and interesting. The Memorial Society of Richmond suggests "that contributions be given as a memorial of some soldier, sailor or patriot, some battle, siege or march, the memory of which the donor desires to preserve. To each article should be attached the name of the person who gives it, and a record of the person, custom or event it commemorates." Friends of the old South and of our Southern soldier boys, will you not respond to this call and let North Alabama show the noble part she bore in the war of the sixties? After this generation passes away who will care for the old reliques laid away at home? In the museum they will be carefully treasured as long as time lasts, and show to coming generations the part our noble State bore in the struggle for Southern rights.

Very truly,
MRS. GEORGE TURNER.
Huntsville, Ala., October, 1900.

SOMETHING HE SAW.

A very Graphic Scene Described by "Bill Arp."

I remember a very graphic scene that I witnessed on the night after the first battle of Manassas.

The hospital chosen was a large brick building near the battle ground. It was property that had been vacated under military orders. But the surgeon's operating-room was not there. It was in a willow glade not far away, where there was a clear spring branch flowing peacefully along. Dr. Miller ordered all the wounded brought there, for the night was beautiful and the water convenient.

All night long he and his assistants amputated arms and legs, and probed for balls, and used bandages and splints and other appliances, and as fast as one man was fixed up he was taken away and the doctor said "next," like a barber in a barber shop. But there was no groaning. The boys were heroes under the surgeon's knife as well as in the battle field. I remember when Jett Howard, of Kingston,

limped up without assistance, and the Doctor said:

"What's the matter with you, Jett?"
Jett pointed to where a minie ball had penetrated his hip, and said he could feel it on the other side. Quickly the doctor thrust a probe into the wound and as quickly drew it out and turning Jett around and sounding for the ball under the skin, he found it. With his knife he cut an opening and thrusting in his finger pulled out the ball and gave it to him. "Here's your diploma, Jett," he said. "Next."

Jett limped away with a smile and had his wounds dressed. When my brother-in-law, Capt. Cooper, was brought up with a shattered leg, his knee pan crushed and his bones mangled, the doctor said: "Fred, this leg must come off immediately," and he reached for his knife and his saw. "Stop, doctor," exclaimed Fred, "can't you save my leg?" "No, it is impossible," said he. "It must come off, I tell you." "Doctor, is there a possible chance for me to save this leg?" "Perhaps," said the doctor, "one chance in a hundred; but I warn you now, that if it is not speedily cut off you will be a dead man within two weeks." Capt. Cooper was full of nerve and faith. "Doctor, I will take the chance," he said; and the doctor said "Next." Fred was taken to the hospital that night and died in two weeks. Poor Tom King's leg was broken, and while it was being splintered he was laughing and joking like a school boy. He lost only sixty days from service, and lived only to die at Chickamauga.

Neither victories nor defeats are to be compared to the horrors of a battle. During the seven days' fight across the Chickahominy, hundreds of the dead were hastily buried in narrow trenches, buried head to feet, a foot or so under the surface and the earth heaped over them, for you must know, my friends, that on a battle field there are neither shrouds, nor graves, nor coffins, nor mourners. Heavy rains came on and softened that earth to mud, and when a few days later our wagons had to cross that field the wheels sank to the hubs when crossing the trenches and sometimes a leg, and sometimes an arm, and sometimes a ghastly face was thrown up in sight as if begging for mercy. Oh! it was horrible.

But Malvern Hill exhibited the most awful carnage of any battle field I ever witnessed. The last battle of the seven days was fought there. It was not a battle for our soldiers had ventured too far in pursuit of McClellan and had gotten within easy reach of their gunboats on the river. Indeed, we did not know that there were any gunboats armed with such implements of death, for Gen. Huger had been ordered to cut off their retreat and failed. For half an hour shot and shell well aimed cut down our men with

house about dark, knocked at the front door, and notified Mrs. McCalley that Gen. W. L. Elliott was going to occupy the house as his headquarters. The family had been exposed to daily degradations by the Federal soldier, and that day the house had been ransacked from cellar to garret by bands of wandering soldiers, and Mrs. McCalley gladly welcomed the officers, who would make a protection against the thieving and insults of the common soldier. Gen. Elliott, commanding the Fourth Army Corps, had already established his general encampment in the grove, and his staff officers moved that night into eleven rooms of the old home, leaving for the family four rooms.

These were in the house they acted like gentlemen and treated the family with courtesy and kindness. The milch cows were taken care of and fed by them, and in exchange for the milk and butter they gave sugar, coffee, meat, flour and other supplies to the family, enabling them to live in comparative comfort.

The picture is a copy of a photograph which Gen. Elliott had taken in February, 1865, of himself and staff, and pre-

sleep for forty-eight hours, and fell down there exhausted. Gen. Lee would not suffer him to be disturbed, and so our dinner will be eaten over him and in silence." Reverently I gazed upon him for a minute, for I felt almost like I was in the presence of some divinity. What a scene for a painter was that; the two greatest generals of the army—yes, of the age—together. One asleep upon the straw, worn out with fatigue and excitement, the camp tables set across him, while the other, with his staff, dined in silence over him and watched his needed rest. Both of them were patriots and Christians, and both of them were men of prayer. With them there was no selfish motives behind the scenes, but every act, and deed, and thought was for God and their country. I have long been grateful that I witnessed that scene, the bivouac of a sleeping hero; and I love to recall Palmer's beautiful lines:

We see him now—the old slouched hat,
Cocked over his eye askew,
The shrewd, dry smile, the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.

The old, high, old, knows 'em well,
Says he, "That's Banks, he's fond of shell,
Lord save his soul! Now give him," well
That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all! Caps off!
Old! Like gods to pray,
Mangle the fool no dano to scoff
At Stonewall Jackson's way.

He's in the saddle now; fall in,
Steady the whole brigade,
Hill's at the ford, cut off. Let's win
Hill out with ball and blade.

Ah! maiden, wait and watch; and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band.

Ah! widow, read with eyes born
To ring round the hand.

Ah! we seen—prison, hope on;
They life shall not be all forlorn;

The foe had better ne'er been born
That gets in Stonewall's way.

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Confederate Monument, designed by J. F. Hummel, Huntsville, Ala., for Huntsville Chapter Daughters of Confederacy.

terrible effect. The hill was literally covered with our mangled dead. It was not like a rain of minie balls, for they do not mangle nor tear limb from limb. We went over that bloody field soon after, but did not remain long, for the sight was too horrible to witness.

Soldiers lay crossed and piled. Some without arms, some without legs, some without heads and many dismembered. I recall one man sitting with his back against a tree, his gun in his hand with the muzzle resting on the ground and his finger on the trigger. Everything was natural save his head. His head was gone—severed from his neck.

On the sixth day of the Chickahominy fight, when McClellan was in full retreat, our brigadier-commander, Gen. Anderson, sent me down to the river to Gen. Lee's headquarters for some instructions about moving the brigade. I found him in a large wall tent with many officers around him. This tent opened into another where the camp tables were set for dinner and the servant was bringing it in. There were four or five large camp tables joined together, and as I sat upon my horse waiting for a reply I saw a man, an officer, whose head and body were under the right hand table and his feet out upon the straw. His slouched hat was over his head and eyes; his sword was not unbuckled, and his boots were on and spurred. His Confederate gray clothes seemed faded and worn. My curiosity was greatly excited, and when the adjutant handed me the instructions I ventured to point to the sleeping man and to ask "Who is that?" "That is Stonewall," he said. "He has had no



Home of Mr. Thomas S. McCalley.

The above is a picture of the home of Mr. Thomas S. McCalley, a prominent citizen of Madison county, Ala. It was situated two miles from Huntsville, Ala., surrounded by a lordly domain of 800 acres in a high state of cultivation. Immediately in the rear was a magnificient grove of sixty-five acres of forest trees, oaks, poplars, hickories, elms, maples, and, indeed, almost every tree indigenous to this region. The engraving shows a large house built in the colonial style of architecture, with a Grecian colonnade and massive Ionic columns, a typical Southern home, where luxury and comfort abounded, and every one was welcomed with true Southern hospitality. The sketch consisted of Mr. and Mrs. McCalley, their children and old Grandmother Lampkin. In the early part of 1862, when Gen. Mitchell occupied Huntsville, when he was taken prisoner, carried to Governor's Island, where he remained until his parole in 1863. He returned South and while on his crutches, disabled from infantry service, was appointed captain of scouts to operate in North Alabama and watch the movements of the enemy, and entered at once on his duties. While thus engaged he came to his home and was ordered to Richmond, and appointed drill master of recruits, with the rank of captain. He resigned this and enlisted as a private in his home regiment, and remained with it, fighting every battle the regiment was engaged in until he was wounded in the thigh at Gettysburg, was taken prisoner, carried to Governor's Island, where he remained until his parole in 1863. He returned South and while on his crutches, disabled from infantry service, was appointed captain of scouts to operate in North Alabama and watch the movements of the enemy, and entered at once on his duties. While thus engaged he came to his home and was concealed in the house for several nights while the Federals occupied it.

Charles enlisted in the Fourth Alabama Infantry at Fort Royal, Va., in Company I, the same company with his brother Robert. He fought until the surrender at Appomattox, and was at Appomattox and saw Gen. Lee immediately after the surrender. As soon as the terms of the surrender were agreed on the soldiers of the two armies, he says, began to mingle with each other in the most friendly manner, chatting, exchanging relics of different kinds. He gave a Yankee soldier his tattered old hat for a brand new one and a number of the Confederate soldiers did likewise, as the Yankees

were made up of the most hardened scoundrels in the world's history were ever in a more helpless condition, and so we remained, to a great extent, during the dreadful years of reconstruction.

I do not promise to write about the war between the States, but will submit some observations about the conduct and conduct of the Southern people after the close of the war.

The armies of the Confederacy being defeated and the Confederate government being dissolved, our brave soldiers returned to their wrecked and desolated homes and entered on the struggle for the restoration of their homes, and the support of their families. Civil government and the ordinary tribunals of justice denied them, they were subject to absolute military control. The right of the writ of habeas corpus was suspended and our citizens were liable to arrest by the military authorities without indictment or information, or even an affidavit describing an offense for which such arrests were made, and subjected to trial by drumhead courts-martial. The white people were disfranchised and the former slaves clothed with all the rights of citizens. The people of the South found themselves utterly wrecked in fortune, without government or laws to which they could appeal for protection, desolation reigning throughout the land.

The war of 1812, where I had an uncle who fought valiantly and was promoted for his bravery, again inspired my love for soldiers, true and tried, our protection everywhere. Andrew Jackson, the hero of Tippecanoe, was my ideal man and soldier. I looked upon soldiers with the greatest reverence, whether animate or inanimate. The dear old water pitcher that stood upon our table surmounted by well equipped soldiers was a volume in itself, and the water tasted better and the table looked so much prettier from this wonderful association. The pictures in the United States and English histories were very interesting. To see one from West Point in his grand uniform and grander title made us look upon our poor militia with derision. The Mexican war filled us with horror at Santa Anna's atrocities. Many facts of this war, which settled the boundary line between Texas and Mexico, were named down traditionally, and it was my great delight to listen to the stories or to read the old books on the battles and lives in tents and suffered intensely in this horrid war. In '61 the Civil War came upon us, and our stories and pictures became living realities. Stern, rough men, led by Gen. Mitchell, entered our town and used their giant strength like tyrants. Then soldiers fell from their pre-eminence and we were horrified at our cruelty in believing the embellishments of history. Time passed on with many reverses of fortune, some of which made us almost stoical. But when the noble Robert E. Lee surrendered to Gen. Grant at Appomattox in 1865 the sublimity of the scene was without a parallel in the world's history. Their fame resounds from coast to coast, from mountain top to sea; "No other land than ours can boast the swords of Grant and Lee."

The magnanimity of these great generals, the victors and the overpowered, one disarmed by his power and the other great in his overthrow, brave men, true soldiers, resumed their former prestige, and we felt like worshiping at their feet. Uplifted by such examples of perfect manhood, all prejudice fled from our minds, and we truly felt that the greatest gift of God to man is the glory of God—His goodness!

REMINISCENCES.

Among my most treasured recollections are my days of school life at the home of Dear Mrs. McCay, an English woman of old type, positive, dignified and refined, who taught four generations in this place, few of whom were lacking in elementary education. The house stood upon the hill above our famous spring. The water scenery and grassy yard, with its forest trees, seemed to challenge the attractive flower garden, which added much to the scene with its lovely decorations, making it nature's grand masterpiece. This brightened and trained the mind of each child within its range, speaking more potently to the soul than tongue or pen. One day a stranger came up the path and entered the school room, with his arms filled with books, and introduced himself as Peter Tracy, the great historian and "Story Teller." He invited the school with him into the yard under the shade trees. Tender, patient and kind, he brought us within his touch, whom we thought intangible, because of his superior learning. When he told us such beautiful stories, so simplified as to reach the understanding of the young, we were amazed and delighted to learn that this was Samuel Goodrich, author of our readers and histories, who had been teaching us so long, through his works, and that beautiful love of "native land" arose within our hearts and turned them to the music of his own sweet song. His history of the Revolutionary War filled us with admiration of our forefathers, generous, brave and true, resisting the tyranny of the British. George Washington, the synonym of right, and Benedict Arnold, of wrong, will ever remain in our thoughts as the positive and negative figures of the eighteenth century.

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CLARA WARE HEREFORD.

DR. R. T. SEARCY.

Robert Thomas Searcy, M. D., was born in Bedford county, Tenn., January 11, 1824. His father was born in Nashville, Tenn., in 1800, and was of French and German origin.

Previously to the Civil War Dr. Searcy's life was spent in Missouri and Tennessee, where he was a most successful practitioner.

He subsequently located in North Alabama, and in 1862, espousing the cause of the South, promptly enlisted in her army and was commissioned surgeon of the post at Camp Truscold. In every engagement Dr. Searcy was found faithfully and honorably discharging his duty, thus leaving, in war as in peace, a record without a blemish.

All who knew him in life testify to his ability as physician and surgeon, his consistency as a Christian gentleman and faithfulness as husband, father and friend. He filled many important positions of trust. During his life in Huntsville, from 1866 to 1873, he was an active member of the C. P. Church, was a Master Mason, member of the State Medical Association, president County Medical Association, and later in life a member of the board of censors.

In 1861 Dr. Searcy was married to Mrs. Cornelius Dement-Hereford, who, together with six children, survive him.

His life-work closed in Cullman, Ala., faithfully to the end.

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THE BRAVEST BATTLES**That Ever Were Fought and the Women Who Fought Them.**

(By Virginia Clementine Clay.)

The bravest battle that ever was fought!
Shall I tell you where or when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not:
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
But, nay, not with eloquent words of thought,
From mouths of wonderful men.But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
Barely, silently bore her part—
Lo! there is that battlefield!No marshalling troops, no bivouac song;
No banner to gleam and wave;
But, oh! these battles they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave!Yet, faithfully, still, as a bridge of stars,
Fights she in her walled-up town—
Then silence—unseen—goes down!O ye with banners and battle shot,
And soldiers to shout and praise,
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Were fought in those silent ways.O spotless woman in a world of shame,
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came,
The kingliest warrior born!

Joaquin Miller has beautifully expressed in the above poem a truth so palpable that it needs no corroboration from as feeble a pen as mine. There were domestic patriots and warriors among the women whose battles were as trying to their weary, patient souls during the civil war as ever a soldier, who wore the gray, fought. Their cause was not lost—a glorious victory won. All honor to our brave women who needed "no banner to gleam and wave," her field of duty was in her home, and her brave heart-throbs were the tocsin of her soul!

No women ever lived who possessed a more enduring, braver spirit than our true-hearted Southern women. Reared as they had been in the lap of luxury, with never thought for the future, save one of perhaps more joy in their homes and less of the cares of life, they developed, in a few months, into providers and protectors of their families, and faithfully were the duties discharged. We doubt if in the ranks any true patriots fought for their country's weal than those women who remained at home and reared, fed, clothed, taught, instilled principles of right into the minds of the children left in their care.

"Write something about the styles of war, and how the women who stayed at home obtained the material of the garments," is what the ladies of the U. D. C. V. requested me to do for the monument paper, and that is what I have endeavored to do, by gathering up information here and there from those brave women who have worked with a will and won the battles of life at home during the war. Some became almost hysterical as they recalled the trials they endured, others laugh and make others laugh at the absurd makeshifts they had for styles in dress and bonnets. One lady, who, in spite of the cause being numbered among the lost, is still as stanch a Southern "Sesame" as of yore, says: "We had no styles; we dressed in whatever we had as long as it lasted, and when those clothes were out we wore tags. Some of the women would buy goods from the Yankees, but I wouldn't. My dresses were made for the children, and ma made caps and hats out of scraps of broadcloth or any woolen goods, and they were pretty caps, too. Before the Yankees came here my husband carried our clothes and bedclothes across the river, in case we would have to leave town, and the Yankees took them. We were left with but one blanket. I can't remember what we did to supply the deficiency, but I know we would not buy anything from the Yankees."

The ingenuity of the women was brought to its active play, and a marvelous energy as needwomem developed. "When our clothes began to give out past patching or repairing, then we had to look about for more to cover our nakedness," said one lady. "I remember that we had some fine white blankets, and ma had them dyed and made a nice suit of clothes for John, my brother. The greatest trouble we had was getting shoes. I remember that John had a calf, and when he had it killed he took the hide out in the country and a negro dressed it for him. It was enough to make him a pair of shoes, and the scraps left were enough to make me a pair of slippers, and I made them myself, using some old soles. I learned to make a lovely hat out of straw, by plaiting it, and not only made them for myself and other girls, but used to make them for the young men who visited us. We also made pretty hats and bonnets out of shucks, and made flowers out of shucks, too, and made them prettily, and they were very becoming. Sometimes the ladies from the country would trim the hats in natural flowers, erage myrtle being a very popular flower, as it kept fresh longer and was such a pretty color."

One lady, relating her experience, says she well remembered one lady who was fond of wearing in her bonnet, in the spring time, fresh hyacinths; they looked so fresh and lovely when she first came in church, but, as the sermon progressed, and the warm weather ditto, the flowers had a very dejected appearance, and, finally, ere the benediction, wilted and dropped over her forehead. The final death of these flowers was always a source of amusement to the grown people and children who were in neighboring pews. Bonnet and hat boxes of pasteboard were highly valued as the foundation for hats and bonnets, and old silk dresses, or scraps of silk and velvet, were cherished as a treasure trove."

I have gleaned information from everybody I could, but the stories are very similar; some are bitter, others cheerful, and still others are merry, in relating their experience. Miss Laura, whose retina always receives bright impressions of life, said: "Oh, yes, I can tell you an incident. Once during the war Mrs. Frank Mastin came out in a lovely dress that excited the admiration of all her lady friends. You remember how grand she always looked, anyway. Well, she looked even grander and more aristocratic, it seemed to me, than she ever did, with this beautiful dress on. Of course, everybody was anxious to know how she procured such a treasure, and it finally got out that she had made it out of an old dimity bedspread."

Miss Mary Ann says that her father was provident and they did not suffer as much as others did. When the rumors of war first reached her, her father laid in bolts of dry goods, calico, domestic, linseys and homespun. She remembers that the last year of the war "Miss Maria" made Mamie a dress of a brown wool wind-

dow curtain with a yellow border. The skirt and waist was made of the brown and the sleeves of the border. "No, it was not pretty, but she wore it with aprons, and was glad to have a good warm dress to keep her comfortable in the winter. The hardest time we had was in getting shoes. Mr. Schaudies would not touch a pair without a bushel of wheat; even if the material was furnished. We had no wheat, and had to go without."

Mrs. Gus Mastin tells me that she had a homespun dress of gray and black that was woven by a country woman, and it looked like a silk at a distance. It was woven in waves, like watered silk, and trimmed in black, and "I was as proud as if it had been silk. Our hats were pretty, and we platted the straw and sevved them clothe."

"I never shall forget a dress I made for my little girl once," said a merry, happy-hearted mother of a large family left in her care. "Ma sent me some dimity curtains, with broad stripes, alternating in yellow and blocks of purple. Well, I made the dress and was proud to have her little hide covered. When I carried the child down to see ma, dressed up in her new frock, ma fairly shouted with laughter, and said, 'Why, Mary, she looks like a little monkey! what did you use it that way for?' For the first time the extremely ludicrous struck me, and I joined in the laugh with keen enjoyment. I had a quantity of fine imported silk hose, a part of my wedding trousseau, and, as the last, and hardest part of the war approached, I cut them down for the children, and they looked right, cute with homespun dresses, petticoats made of Mackirair blankets, brogan shoes and fine silk stockings and Quaker bonnets made of pasteboard and covered with any old scraps of silk or colored goods we could muster up. Every little scrap of woolen goods was carefully picked to pieces and spun into thread and knitted into socks or gloves."

Mr. W. T. Bennett, of Gurley, says: "Oh, we managed to get along somehow. The women took in sewing for the Confederate soldiers, and we carried the work to town. The work was given out and returned to the store now occupied by Schiffman. The clothes were cut out, and all the scraps were tied up with the garments, and sometimes the ends of goods would be about a yard in length. Mother used these scraps for the children's clothes, and many a nice little coat or shirt she has made for us out of scraps. All the Confederates' clothes had to be made with the fingers, too; no machine sewing would be accepted. There were inspectors who examined every garment with the greatest care and passed judgment on it. Those who did the sewing were paid in cloth for their work, and were glad to get it. Father made our shoes, and many a night has he sat up until midnight sewing on shoes, after working in the fields all day. I remember that my brother came home on a furlough once, and he had only one shirt to his back, and that was ragged. Mother had but one silk dress, and that was a black one, but she cut that dress up and made her soldier boy some comfortable shirts, and he went back to the army pretty comfortable. Once Mr. Allen Ford came to me and told me that all his niggers had left him, and he had nobody to pick his cotton, and told me if I would help him, and get somebody to help, too. Well, I was only about 15 or 16 years old, but I took the job, and my share was a whole bale, weighing 500 pounds. I was proud, I can tell you, and I brought the cotton to town and sold it for \$600 to old Josh Biddle—one dollar a pound—in good Confederate money. I spent it before I left town in luxuries, such as coffee, at \$1 a pound, sugar at 50 cents a pound, a sack of salt weighing 100 pounds for \$160, and a pair of boots for myself for \$10, and a hat for \$10. That was about all I got for myself. I tell you, it was hard work getting that cotton to town, the roads were so bad. It took two steers and a horse to haul it, and we had to camp out all night."

"Mother raised a few sheep, and carded, spun and wove the wool for clothes. We children had to pick the wool before it was carded, and I hated to do it so bad that I would it with far greater pride. Then wealth or glittering fame, I envy not the Northern girl, Her robes of beauty rare, Tho' pearls bedeck her snowy neck And diamonds grace her hair.

"Mother raised a few sheep, and carded, spun and wove the wool for clothes. We children had to pick the wool before it was carded, and I hated to do it so bad that I would it with far greater pride. Then wealth or glittering fame, I envy not the Northern girl, Her robes of beauty rare, Tho' pearls bedeck her snowy neck And diamonds grace her hair.

The following is a poetic sentiment expressed by a Southern girl, and to the air of "Dixie" makes a thrilling song. I have no knowledge of the author of the sentiment, but in collecting material for my scrap book, when a school girl, was attracted by the spirit of it, and it found a place of honor among my scrap book valables, is a clipping from an old war newspaper, found among father's office exchanges. The girls' gowns are now more elaborate: the sentiment remains unadorned:

Homespun Dress.
Oh, yes I am a Southern girl,
I'm sorry in the name,
And boast it with far greater pride
Than wealth or glittering fame.
I envy not the Northern girl,
Her robes of beauty rare,
Tho' pearls bedeck her snowy neck
And diamonds grace her hair.Chorus—
Hurrah, hurrah, for the Sunny South so dear,
Three cheers for the sword and plume
That Southern soldiers wear.
For Southern rights will do,
We've sent our sweethearts to the wars;
But, dear girls, never mind,
Your soldier lad will not forget
"The girl he left behind."Chorus—
Hurrah, hurrah, for the Sunny South so dear,
Three cheers for the sword and plume
That Southern soldiers wear.
For Southern rights will do,
We've sent our sweethearts to the wars;
But, dear girls, never mind,
Your soldier lad will not forget
"The girl he left behind."Chorus—
Hurrah, hurrah, for the Sunny South so dear,
Three cheers for the sword and plume
That Southern soldiers wear.
For Southern rights will do,
We've sent our sweethearts to the wars;Remember that our brightest smiles
Are for the true and brave,
And that our tears fall for the ones
Who fill a soldier's grave.Chorus—
Hurrah, hurrah, for the Sunny South so dear,
Three cheers for the sword and plume
That Southern soldiers wear.

—Lulu Gay Whitfield.

Mrs. Albert Jones, in telling of her experience, says we refugee in Arkansas during the war. We had all our negroes with us, and were trying to get over the line into Texas, but were stopped, and remained in Arkansas. We, in some way, succeeded in getting several spinning wheels, and would pick the cotton out of the field, and all of us learned to spin, and made the women slaves spin it and

weave it in good, strong cloth that lasted better than any domestic we buy now. We used walnut and hickory for a dye, and set it with alum, and they made beautiful and rich colors. "What did we do for shoes? Made them ourselves. Cloth shoes were worn then, and a pair sole would outlast several tops. Once made me a pretty pair of shoes out of homespun. I took the curtains of a saddle, and cut the soles, and made the tops by some old ones, sewed them on neatly, and turned them just like pump soles. I even put in the eyelets, and they were neat and fitted me comfortably. Oh, of course, we had a hard time, but managed a right well to keep our servants and slaves clothed."

Here is a sweet woman, whose gentian eyes, rosy cheeks and ruby lips, sparkle, flush smile, with a contagious spirit of keen humor and pleasure as she recalls her war experiences and observations. No bitter memories shadow her story. She had no trials, no responsibilities; she was a school girl belle. All the boys and girls loved Kate Celes. Her boy friends were too young to enter the ranks as soldiers the early years of the war, but battled faithfully for the prize of a smile from her. Below is a part of the story she tells, and, as she tells it, I would not blame a soldier if he had deserted for her, feeling that her charms, so apparent now, must have been irresistible when Jesus' youth reigned in every feature, and the colour de rose of girlhood had not descended into the crimson flow of war, that meant to those of maturer years an end to give them value, and three arched heart and desolated home:

"Oh, I don't remember that we had such a hard time. I had a lovely time. Our boy friends were too young to go to the war, and they gave us as nice a time as they could. There was Sam Hind, Wilson, W. J. Mastin, Willie Erskine, Olo-Pattison, Bill Leedy, Joe Bradley and the Matthews' boys, and some others whose names I do not recall. The girls of our set were Mary Bradley, Ella Moore, Annie Pope (Annie was the sweetest girl I knew. She boarded with Miss Cleozena Tatums, and went to school here with us), Susie Withers (she was so sweet and pretty), Irene Cowles and Kate Jellet, Jennie Watkins, Bettie Hammond and Jessie Hammond. The boys had a debating society one night, and Willie Erskine asked me to go and one of the other boys asked Mary Bradley. The subject of debate was, 'Was Brutus Justifiable in Stabbing Caesar?' We had a good time at the society, which met at the Masonic Hall. But as we were going home, I to spend the night with Mary, we walked home with Annie Pope, and, like all boys and girls, found that the nearest way home was the longest way round. When we reached the corner of Mrs. Todd's house a sentinel said: 'Halt!' Well, we heard the command with feelings of terror, but halted. It was then 10 o'clock, and as we had no permit after 9, in spite of our tears and protestations, promises of good things to eat and calls from Mrs. Bradley, who stood at her door, we were marched up to the jail, where superior officers gave us permission to return to our mothers, with a lecture on being out so late. It taught us a lesson, and we never tried the experiment again. Jessie Watkins gave a party one evening, and I never had as good a time in my life. For refreshments she had rope cakes, candies, candies, sunsharks, walnuts, dates, and we danced square dances, the 'Old Virginia Reel,' and the girls danced the round dances together. It was not considered respectable for girls to dance the round dances with the boys, so we girls danced the hop polka, schottische, mazurka and waltz. I just know that girls now never have half as good a time as we had then. Ladies used to send to Nashville for dry goods, whenever they got the change, and had the money. Mother bought me a pretty gray calico, which cost \$1 a yard for. I was delighted, and helped to make it myself. I scalloped and overcast it, in red cotton, the collar and cuffs, and that calico was the best dress I had for a long time, and I kept fresh longer and was such a pretty color."

The drestes (to our shame be it spoken) have passed, the seasons have come and gone, white winged Peace has brought prosperity to our country. The grand Spring has never failed to lay, loyally, her velvet pall of mossy green upon each little narrow mound, beneath which lie the folded hands and pulseless hearts of the silent sleepers. But, my friends, shall beneficent nature, alone, honor the glorious Dead who perished for us? Shall we yet live, professing to hold them dear in our memories prove faithless by failing to give tangible expression to the love we bear? Shall we contentedly pass away, leave go to an unborn generation the bounden duty of building a monument to perpetuate the names and fame of men who died for you and for me?

A thousand times "no, no," I answer for you. Let us, before forever too late, rear, of Parian marble, or enduring bronze, a tribute worthy their acceptance as expressive of their sacrifice. Let us hand down to succeeding generations the indisputable fact that Southern sons did not perish, but patriots, meriting a nation's most costly gift.

To this end I warmly appeal to you, begging that we Daughters of the Confederacy, who have labored in our limited sphere to accomplish this tardy act of justice to our beloved Dead, may have your hearty co-operation. Is there one who can say no, no?

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THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

In this new era of "No-North and No-South" oratory and fireworks, of "Reunited Country" panegyrics, and of "Blue-and-Gray" gowns and fraternization, it may be of interest to recall and repeat the first claim, so far as known, ever put forward in behalf of the gallant "Boys in Gray," as equal sharers with the gallant "Boys in Blue" in all the heroic and glorious memories of our common republic.

Time flies and events tread on each other's heels nowadays, as they never did before. Although it seems an age, it is scarcely ten years since the bold assertion of Southern claims and rights was made. Gen. William T. Sherman, who led the Federal armies that went "marching through Georgia," had died. The Northern Grand Army of the Republic held a great memorial meeting at Fargo, Dak., on February 22, 1891—Washington's birthday. There were thousands of the old "Boys in Blue" assembled. Col. S. G. Magill, who, during the war commanded a regiment, and at one time a brigade, of Iowa cavalry, and who is well and popularly known in Huntsville, presided over the vast assembly. Col. P. Donan, known in Huntsville and throughout the South, entered the hall, the only Confederate present. He was instantly recognized and a call went up for him—a call that would take no refusal. He was escorted to the platform by Col. Charles A. Morton, of Gen. Sherman's staff, whose wife is a Huntsville lady and who had in his pocket at the time the last letter perhaps ever written by the General, which was afterward read to the meeting. Col. Donan was completely taken by surprise, but on being introduced, made this speech, which was published over the United States and in many European papers:

"Fellow Soldiers and Countrymen—I came to your great assembly this afternoon with no thought of taking any part in your proceedings except that of a quiet looker-on. I have no extemporaneous speech in manuscript up my sleeve. I had no idea of being asked to say a word. But, prepared or unprepared, when called upon in such a cause and on such an occasion, I would do violence to my own feelings, violence to my own American manhood, if I did not rise and, at least, assure you that my heart and soul are with you in every meeting, move and measure that tends to lay a garland on the tomb of one of your Immortals, or to perpetuate the glorious memories of your soldier days."

"It may seem strange to some of you that a 'Confederate'—a 'Confederate'—should participate in your exercises. It should not seem so. No man can so fully appreciate the valor and the knightliness of the soldiers of the Union as a Confederate who fought against them. I salute you in the representatives of the warrior legions that conquered the greatest army of modern ages—except your own."

"I am the only Confederate who ever spoke, or was invited to speak, at a banquet of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, of which your grand old hero, Tecumseh Sherman, whose memory you are here to honor, was president. At the banquet in Chicago in 1885 I responded to the toast, 'Our Reunited Country.' It was, with a single exception—the one on Grant's return from his tour around the world—the grandest assemblage of famous soldiers in the history of the society. Sheridan, Hancock, Logan, Gresham and many others of our illustrious chieftains, who have since 'spread their silent tents on Fame's eternal camping ground,' were then living. Of the 450 present every name was historic—and Sherman, pre-killed."

"I began my speech by saying that as one who in the Confederacy had fought four years trying to get out of the Union at the Southern end, and who, as a citizen of Dakota, had fought five years trying to get into it at the Northern end, I certainly knew as much about the Union as any of the men who fought for it, and felt myself qualified and entitled to speak for it everywhere, at all times and under all circumstances."

"There are special and potent reasons why a Confederate should feel that he has a right to share in all your celebrations and commemorations, your convivial, triumphal and mourning ceremonials. Think a moment. But for us, where would you have been? Why, or what would you have been? If there had been no Confederates, where would have been your battles, and who would have been your heroes? If there had been no Confederates, Grant would probably have been, to the end of his days, a tanner at Galena; Sherman, a cow school teacher in Louisiana, and Phil Sheridan, at most, a major or lieutenant colonel of cavalry at some rude frontier outpost."

"But for us—the Confederates—you and the world would never have known what heroes you had, and the imperishable records of American patriotism and courage and devotion would never have been written in the fire and blood of our four years' war. But for us—the Confederates—Lincoln's emancipation proclamation would never have been written, and all the millions of negroes would still be in slavery. But for us—the Confederates—there would have been no battle of Manassas or Shiloh, Vicksburg, Gettysburg, Chickamauga or The Wilderness; you could have won no victories, gained no laurels, added no splendors to New-World history."

"Half the glory of every glorious field from Bull Run to Appomattox is ours, for it could not have been without us; and till the tall Archangel sounds Time's last great reveille, your mighty heroes and ours will go, must go, hand in hand to fame. Grant will never be mentioned without a mention of Lee; Sherman will sweep through the ages side by side

with Johnston; and Sheridan and Custer will ride neck and neck to immortality with Stuart and Forrest and Hampton."

"No mere accident of success or failure can alter the decrees of God, or change the records of Eternity. Suppose the great Immortal, who lies buried at Mount Vernon beside the blue Potomac, but whose mausoleum is in the heart of every freeman, had failed in his struggle for the separation of the thirteen colonies from the mother country. Think you that one true American would on that account have relinquished his share in the deathless heritage of English heroism and genius and glory—in the fame of Arthur and Coeur de Lion, of Sidney, Marlborough and Wellington, of Rodney and Drake and Nelson, of Chancery, Shakespeare, Milton, Goldsmith, Cowper and Gray?"

"Nay, verily. Nor do we, as Southerners, as Confederates, simply because we failed and you succeeded, propose to condemn one jot or tittle of our share and interest in the resplendent heritage of American valor, American patriotism and American glory! Whether you won, or we, Americans were the victors; and, in either event, I throw off my hat and hurrah for American prowess. The time has come when every American, regardless of section or party, whether he wore the blue or the gray, should feel his bosom swell with honest, patriotic pride at the recital of deeds that lend new lustre to American fame, no matter where or by whom wrought. We shoudl glory alike in the memories of Bunker Hill and Brandywine and Yorktown; of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma and Buena Vista; of Bull Run, Antietam, Gettysburg and Appomattox. We share alike the fame of Washington, Jefferson, Hancock and Adams; of Taylor and Scott; of Lincoln, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, Lee, Jackson, Johnston, Longstreet and Hill. Your flag is our flag, your country is our country, and your God is our God. Your destiny and ours are one and inseparable. Let us, then, lay aside all bitterness andickering, and work together as brethren for the highest good of the majestic New World that rightfully claims the allegiance and the love of us all."

A FALLEN HERO IN GRAY.

Robert Anderson McClellan, son of Thomas Joyce McClellan and Martha Fleming Beatie, was born near Petersburg, Tenn., December 24, 1843. He was at school in his native county when, in 1862, an appeal for volunteers came from the State of his adoption, to which he promptly responded by enlisting in the cavalry as private under Col. James C. Malone. His command served successively in the brigades of Gen. John T. Morgan and J. W. Wharton fighting at Murfreesboro. In May, 1863, Col. Malone's battalion was consolidated with Thompson's, and was known thereafter as the Ninth Alabama Cavalry. The Ninth Alabama Cavalry was in the battle of Shiloh with much loss, in the severe and bloody campaign in Tennessee with Longstreet's corps, and in many conflicts in front of the main army.

During the Dalton-Atlanta campaign the Ninth was continually at the exposed points, losing severely in a number of instances. With other portions of Wheeler's cavalry, the Ninth Alabama Cavalry followed Sherman eastward and a remnant surrendered in North Carolina.

The soldiered this section successfully these adventures by flood and field, and although only holding the rank of lieutenant, commanded a company. A major's commission for him was in the hands of his superior officers when the surrender ended the struggle.

Col. Malone, himself a very brave man, told me that "Bob McClellan was the most absolutely fearless soldier he had ever known." No expedition was too difficult or dangerous for him, and how he escaped death was a marvel."

His clothing and horses attested the dangers through which he passed. He loved the faded gray jacket and its glorious memories. His last pictures were taken in a suit of gray, which with the soft Southern hat, a gift from his friend Hector D. Lane, he wore until the fatal Saturday, July 23, 1898, when he was taken ill at his office.

He began the practice of law in 1868, in Athens, Ala.; was married to Aurora Pryor February 7, 1872, who, with two children—Thomas Cowan and Memory Pryor—survive him.

He died at his home July 27, 1898. As he lay dying the crowds who came to minister to their faithful friend made a scene one could never forget and rarely see. Great, strong men wept at the suppressed announcement that the end was near.

"The bravest are the tenderest;
The loving are the daring."

DR. NICHOLAS DAVIS RICHARDSON

Was born in Limestone county, Alabama. He graduated in the University of Virginia in 1856 and returned to his native county and commenced the practice of his profession at Mooresville, in the southern portion of the county. He left Mooresville and located in Athens. In 1858 he married Miss Sarah E. Hine, the daughter of Roswell H. Hine. At the breaking out of the war Dr. Richardson joined the company raised in Limestone county by Capt. James H. Malone, and was elected Lieutenant. He was appointed surgeon of the Twenty-sixth Alabama Regiment, which was commanded by Col. John T. Coltratt at the battle of Shiloh. He was afterward promoted to the position of surgeon of Gen. Dean's brigade of Alabama troops. He was at the battle of Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Atlanta and the Georgia campaign. At the close of the war Dr. Richardson resumed the practice of his profession in Athens and earned for himself a most enviable reputation. In 1874 he lost his wife, and in 1878 he married Mrs. Anna Eliza Sledge, at Huntsville. In 1881 he moved from Athens to Nashville, Tenn., and soon rose to the front rank of the profession to which he was devoted heart and soul. Dr. Richardson died at Nashville, Tenn., in the fall of 1894, honored and beloved by all who knew him. His eminence and ability as a physician was recognized by his great success in the city of Nashville. It was always said of Dr. Richardson that his gentle and pleasing manners in the sickroom carried cheer and joy to his trusting patients. He was 6 feet 1 inch high and was a magnificent specimen of a perfect physical development.

"Go to the Huntsville Steam Laundry to have your shirt-waists laundered. E. T. BAILEY, Proprietor."

COL. W. D. CHADICK.

In 1861 William Davidson Chadick was pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church of Huntsville, Ala.

When he saw the war clouds arising between the North and the South he was greatly troubled, and said he "would rather die than see the Union dissolved." But, realizing that it was inevitable, he made up his mind to serve his country to the best of his ability, even to sacrifice his life if it became necessary. Being a man of no half measures, he went into it with his whole heart.

When the Fourth Alabama Regiment was made up in Huntsville he was asked to join it as chaplain. He readily consented and bidding farewell to wife and children he departed for the front. In the first battle of Manassas he took his place in the line and fought as one of the soldiers. The colonel of the regiment was mortally wounded in this battle and after the fight was over Mr. Chadick had him carried to a house in Warrendale and tenderly nursed him for several weeks, when he died, bringing his body home to Huntsville and having it buried with military honors.

Soon after Mr. Chadick's return he was presented with a token of appreciation from the citizens. During the autumn of the same year he was elected major of a battalion, largely made up of North Alabamians, which was in camp near Huntsville, and which afterward went in winter quarters below Abitie. In the spring they were ordered to Corinth. The battle of Shiloh soon followed. Mr. Chadick's command played a conspicuous part. Almost at the beginning of the fight nearly all of his officers were killed or wounded, leaving great responsibility upon him. His horse received a minie ball in his shoulder and became so restless that he had to dismount and lead his men on foot. He also received a minie ball through the capes of his overcoat, which cut his flannel, yet did not graze the skin. He was wonderfully preserved. The second night after the battle there were so many killed and wounded that he had to stand guard all night in a hard rain, which brought on a severe attack of rheumatism so that when the arm fell back to Tipton he laid up for several weeks. In this battle Mr. Chadick—in conjunction with Gen. Forrest—captured the Prentiss Brigade (Iowa).

Maj. Chadick stood on a stump as he filed past to the rear and remarked to them: "You are a fine-looking set of fellows." They returned: "Yes, and you fight d-d well." He went with Bragg's army into Kentucky and was at the surrender of Mumfordsville. His health continuing bad, he resigned his commission and returned home soon after the second evacuation of Huntsville by the Federals. During this visit the battle of Murfreesboro occurred. His old regiment was in the battle—he was deeply attached to his men and suffered in mind as to their fate. The news by telegraph was meager and uncertain, so he resolved to go to the scene of conflict. Arriving at Stevenson the first sight that met his eye was the dead body of Capt. John Coleman, of Athens, one of his favorite officers, who had been killed in the battle. The body was wrapped in a shawl on which they had often sat together in friendly conversation. The sight was a great grief to him, but he went on. Upon his arrival he found that non-combatants were not admitted into the lines and returned home greatly depressed at the result of the battle. Maj. Chadick could not long remain in Huntsville, as the town was liable at any time to incursions of the enemy. Therefore he sought a position where he might still serve his country without being subject to field duty—which his health at this time would not permit him to perform. He was soon offered the position of chief of staff to the Governor of Alabama, with the rank of colonel. He operated chiefly between Montgomery and North Alabama, south of the Tennessee river. Col. Chadick held this position until the close of the war.

HIS WIDOW.

MAJ. JOHN S. DICKSON.

Only a few survivors of the gallant company that enlisted under Capt. John S. Dickson remain in our section. Most of them have joined the silent majority, Comrade Ben Patterson being the sole remnant in our city, but those few who are left delight in praising the brave, conscientious soldier, so considerate of his men. At the beginning of the war John S. Dickson was a successful hardware merchant, and was rapidly acquiring a fortune. A loving wife and four children were the objects of his tenderest care. Surely life's enchanted cup now sparkled to the brim. About this time war clouds settled over our fair country, and believing our cause just and right, he put aside all that was near and dear to him and offered his sword to his country. He organized Company E, Thirty-fifth Alabama Infantry. With duty as his watchword, he knew no fear and his superb bravery soon won for him the rank of major. Securing a furlough a few months after his enlistment, he returned home to greet the baby boy that had come in his absence to cheer the household, braving many dangers to see his loved ones once more. This visit home was the last time he beheld his relatives, for on the bloody field of Franklin, Tenn., he received five desperate wounds, and the spirit immortal of Maj. Dickson was with God. His remains are sleeping the sleep that knows no waking beside his wife and other loved ones.

JAMES CLEMENS BRANDON.

There is another grave which for years was filled with immortelles, where lie the remains of the boy patriot who sacrificed his life to the Confederacy. Very frail, but strong in his convictions of right, he enlisted in the army, received a wound at Manassas and was brought home. As soon as he arrived he was taken prisoner, but unable to be removed. The soldiers stood around and noiselessly clashed their swords, defying the solemnity of death. Inflexible in principle, this young boy refused to take the oath of allegiance to the last. His great vitality saved him and he rallied to show his heroism once more. Under Capt. Gurley he went into Georgia and at Slab Creek he lay down his life of estimable value. I have so often thought of the bright promises buried there. True to his God, himself and his native land, he entered into that haven where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

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INAUGURATION

Of the First and Only President of the Confederate States of America.

The Confederate cabinet, with the successive secretaries of each department, were as follows, including both the provisional and permanent cabinet: President, Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi.

Vice-president, Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia.

State Department—Robert Toombs, Georgia, Feb. 21, 1861; R. M. T. Hunter, Virginia, July 30, 1861; Judah P. Benjamin, Louisiana, Feb. 7, 1862.

War Department—L. Pope Walker, Mississippi, Feb. 21, 1861; Judah P. Benjamin, Louisiana, Nov. 10, 1861; James A. Seddon, Virginia, March 22, 1862; John C. Breckinridge, Kentucky, Feb. 15, 1865.

Treasury Department—Charles G. Memminger, South Carolina, Feb. 21, 1861, and March 22, 1862; Jas. L. Trenholm, South Carolina, June 13, 1862.

Navy Department—Stephen L. Mallory, Florida, March 4, 1861, and March 22.

Attorney-General—Judah P. Benjamin, Louisiana, Feb. 21, 1861; Thos. H. Watts, Alabama, Sept. 10, 1861; George Davis, North Carolina, Nov. 10, 1863.

Postmaster-General—Henry J. Ellet, Mississippi, Feb. 21, 1861; John H. Reagan, Texas, March 6, 1861, 1862 and 1863.

PRESIDENT DAVIS' ADDRESS.

What the Confederate President Said in His Inaugural.

The following is the full text of President Davis' inaugural address as reported in the Montgomery Advertiser of February 19, 1861:

Gentlemen of the Congress of the Confederate States of America:

Friends and Fellow-Citizens—Called to the difficult and responsible station of chief executive of the provisional government which you have instituted, I approach the discharge of the duties which have been assigned to me with an humble distrust of my abilities, but with a sustaining confidence in the wisdom of those who are to guide and aid me in the administration of public affairs and an abiding faith in the virtue and patriotism of the people.

Looking forward to the speedy establishment of a permanent government to take the place of this, and which, by its greater moral and physical power, will be better able to combat with the many difficulties which arise from the conflicting interests of separate nations, I enter upon the duties of the office to which I have been chosen with the hope that the beginning of our career, as a Confederacy, may not be obstructed by hostile opposition to our enjoyment of the separate existence and independence which we have asserted, and with the blessing of Providence, intend to maintain.

Our present condition, achieved in a manner unprecedented in the history of nations, illustrates the American idea that government rests upon the consent of the governed, and that it is the right of the people to alter or abolish governments whenever they become destructive of the ends for which they were established.

The declared purpose of the compact of union from which we have withdrawn was "to establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and posterity;" and when, in the judgment of the sovereign States now composing this Confederacy, it had been perverted from the purpose for which it was ordained, and ceased to answer the ends for which it was established, a peaceful appeal to the ballotbox declared that so far as they were concerned, the government created by the compact should cease to exist. In this they merely asserted a right which the Declaration of Independence of 1776 had defined to be inalienable. Of the time and occasion for its exercise, they, as sovereigns, were the final judges, each for itself.

The impartial and enlightened verdict of mankind will vindicate the rectitude of our conduct, and He who knows the hearts of men will judge of the sincerity with which we labored to preserve the government of our fathers in its spirit. The right solemnly proclaimed at the birth of the States subsequently admitted into the Union of 1789, undeniably recognizes in the people the power to resume the authority delegated for the purposes of government. Thus the sovereign States here represented proceeded to form this Confederacy, and it is by abuse of language that their act has been denominated a revolution. They formed a new alliance, but within each State its government has remained, and the rights of person and property have not been disturbed. The agent through whom they communicated with foreign nations is changed; but this does not necessarily interrupt their international relations.

Sustained by the consciousness that the transition from the former Union to the present Confederacy has not proceeded from a disregard on our part of the just obligations, or any failure to perform any constitutional duty; moved by no interest or passion to invade the rights of others; anxious to cultivate peace and commerce with all nations, if we may not hope to avoid war, we may at least expect that prosperity will accredit us of having needlessly engaged in it.

Doubly justified by the absence of wrong on our part, and by wanton aggression on the part of others, there can be no cause to doubt that the courage and patriotism of the people of the Confederate States will be found equal to any measures of defense which honor and security may require.

An agricultural people, whose chief

interest is the export of a commodity required in every manufacturing country, our true policy is peace and the freest trade which our necessities will permit. It is alike our interest and that of all those to whom we would sell and from whom we would buy, that there should be the fewest practicable restrictions upon the interchange of commodities. There can be but little rivalry between ourselves and any manufacturing or navigating community, such as the Northeastern States of the American Union. It must follow therefore that mutual interest would invite good will and kind offices.

If, however, passion or the lust of domination should cloud the judgment or inflame the ambition of those States, we must prepare to meet the emergency and to maintain by the final arbitrament of the sword, the position which we have assumed among the nations of the earth. We have entered upon the career of independence, and it must be inflexibly pursued.

Through many years of controversy with our late associates, the Northern States, we have vainly endeavored to secure tranquility, and to obtain respect for the rights to which we were entitled. As a necessity, not a choice, we have resorted to the remedy of separation; and henceforth our energies must be directed to the conduct of our own affairs, and the perpetuity of the Confederacy which we have formed. If a just perception of the mutual interest shall permit us peacefully to pursue our separate political career my most earnest desire will have been fulfilled; but if this be denied to us and the integrity of our territory and jurisdiction be assailed, it will remain for us with firm resolve to appeal to arms and invoke the blessings of Providence on a just cause.

As a consequence of our new condition, and with a view to meet anticipated wants, it will be necessary to provide for the speedy and efficient organization of branches of the executive department, having special charge of foreign intercourse, finance, military affairs, and the postal service.

For purposes of defense the Confederate States may under ordinary circumstances rely mainly upon the militia; but it is deemed advisable under the present condition of affairs that there should be a well instructed and disciplined army, more numerous than would usually be required on a peace establishment.

I also suggest that for the protection of our harbors and commerce on the high seas a navy adapted to those objects will be required. These necessities will have doubtless engaged the attention of congress. With a constitution differing only from that of our fathers in so far as it is explanatory of their well known intent, freed from the sectional conflicts which have interfered with the pursuit of the general welfare, it is not unreasonable to expect that States from which we have recently parted may seek to unite their fortunes with ours under the government which we have instituted. For this your constitution makes adequate provisions; but beyond this, if a mistake has been made in the judgment and will of the people, a reunion with the States from which we have separated is neither practicable nor desirable.

To increase the power, develop the resources, and promote the happiness of the Confederacy, it is requisite that there should be so much of homogeneity that the welfare of every portion shall be the aim of the whole. Where this does not exist antagonisms are engendered which must and should result in separation.

Actuated solely by the desire to preserve our own rights and promote our own welfare, the separation of the Confederate States has been marked by no aggression upon the others, and followed by no domestic convolution. Our industrial pursuits have received no check; the cultivation of our fields has progressed as heretofore; and even should we be involved in war, there would be no considerable diminution in the production of the staples which have constituted our exports, and in which the commercial world has an interest scarcely less than our own.

This common interest of the producer and consumer can only be interrupted by an exterior force which should obstruct its transmission to foreign markets—a course of conduct which would be as unjust toward us as it would be detrimental to manufacturing and commercial interests abroad.

Should reason guide the action of the government from which we have separated, a policy so detrimental to the civilized world, the Northern States included, will remain to us besides the ordinary means before suggested the well-known resources for retaliation upon the commerce of an enemy.

Experience in public stations of subordinate grade to this, which your kindness has conferred has taught me that care and toil and disappointment are the price of official elevation. You will see many errors to forgive, many deficiencies to tolerate, but you shall not find in me either a want of zeal or fidelity to the cause that is highest in hope and of most enduring affection.

Your generosity has bestowed upon me an undeserved distinction—one which I neither sought nor desired. Upon the continuance of that sentiment, and upon your wisdom and patriotism, I rely to direct and support me in the performance of the duty required at my hands.

We have changed the constituent parts but not the system of our government. The constitution formed by our fathers is that of these Confederate States, in their exposition of it, and in the judicial construction it has received we have a light which reveals its true meaning.

Thus instructed as to the just interpretation of the instrument, and ever remembering that all offices are but trusts held for the people, and that delegates' powers are too strictly construed, I will hope by due diligence in the performance of my duties, though I may disappoint your expectation, yet to retain, when retiring, something of the good will and confidence which welcomes my entrance into office.

It is joyous in the midst of perilous

times to look around upon a people united in heart, where one purpose of high resolve animates and actuates the whole—where the sacrifices to be made are not weighed in the balance against honor, and right, and liberty, and equality. Obstacles may retard—they cannot long prevent—the progress of a movement sanctioned by its justice and sustained by a virtuous people.

Reverently let me invoke the God of our fathers to guide and protect us in our efforts to perpetuate the principles which, by His blessing, they were able to vindicate, establish and transmit to their posterity, and with a continuance of His favor, ever gratefully acknowledged, we may hopefully look forward to success, to peace, and to prosperity.

DR. JOHN J. DEMENT.

John Jefferson Dement, born near Huntsville, Ala., was the son of John Dement, native of Sumner county, Tenn., and of Celia Williams Lowe, of Crab Orchard, Ky. His paternal grandfather, Charles Dement, was an early pioneer of North Carolina, whose ancestors were Huguenots from New Rochelle, France. His maternal grandfather, Jesse Lowe, and great grandfather, William Sublett, both of Virginia, together with Charles Dement and Lieutenant Colonel Philip Lowe, his ancestors from North Carolina, were active in the war of the Revolution, serving throughout the struggle.

Conscientiously believing the South was just in her demands in 1861, Dr. Dement, a strong State's rights Democrat and patriot, residing at the time in North Alabama, responded promptly to his country's call. He was at once commissioned surgeon in the Confederate service, and assigned to the Twenty-seventh Alabama Regiment, with which he served till the fall of Fort Donelson, when he was sent a prisoner to Camp Chase, and, later, with the officers to Johnson's Island.

Hearing of this, his warm personal friend, Judge P. M. Dox, of Huntsville, Ala., wrote to his former classmate, Judge Bates, of Ohio, requesting him to befriend Dr. Dement. Although Judge Bates, with magnanimous generosity, urged him to accept the hospitality of his home, the doctor declined, preferring to remain in prison while administering to the needs of his sick and suffering comrades. Unselfish at all times, it has often been said of him, "he never lived a day for himself."

In June, 1862, he was released from prison, and in August following was assigned to the Forty-ninth Georgia Regiment at Gordonsville, under Gen. Stonewall Jackson, with whom he remained till the surrender at Appomattox, serving at the same time as surgeon of Gen. Ed. Thomas' regiment.

He was in every battle in which his brigade participated. The war closing, Dr. Dement returned to Alabama, locating at Huntsville, where he has left a life-record of which his family and friends may be justly proud. There was no public-spirited enterprise in which he did not, take an active part.

Gov. Houston appointed him surgeon general of the State militia. He was president for a time of both State and County Medical Association; president of the Board of trustees of H. F. College for twenty-two years; president of board of stewards of M. E. Church; president of board of health; vice president of Home Protective Fire Insurance Company; a member of American Medical Association; member of the Zeta service; "He hath shone in the sun"; and we will give him a record of his services in the Board of trustees of Vanderbilt University from its foundation, and of the board of trustees of State Insane Asylum for many years.

Gov. Seay appointed him examiner under the "color blind law." He stood high as Mason, Knights Templar, Knight of Honor, Knights of Pythias and United Order of Workmen.

He was married January 27, 1869, to Miss Cor. C. Binford, daughter of Dr. Henry Binford, one of the leading physicians of Alabama, whose father, Peter Binford, and mother, Grace Dameron Lee, were of Virginia, and the latter a near relative of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

His life of great usefulness closed most peacefully August 10, 1881, at Lithia Springs, Ga., whether he had gone seeking health. He was a devout Christian, and for thirty-odd years a most consistent member of the M. E. Church, South. His wife and five children survived him.

Dr. John A. Wyeth, of New York, recently said of him: "Dr. Dement was a man of big brain as well as of big heart. He was one of the distinguished surgeons of his day, and performed one of the most famous hip-joint operations of the civil war. His field of labor should have been the broadest."

As a friend he was steadfast; nothing could alienate his great heart. Misfortune only served to draw him closer.

In the home circle his character shone forth in most beauty; tender, true and faithful, he bound all to him "as with hooks of steel."

EUGENE B. HENTZ.

Eugene B. Hentz was born in Towanda, Pa., September, 1838, and was killed in the Confederate service at the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864. He was of French parentage, and of a line of soldiers. His father was an officer under Napoleon; his grandfather was exiled for having served as a member of the National Convention in the French revolution of 1793. Mr. Hentz learned the printer's trade under Mr. Woodson, of the Democrat. When Alabama seceded he joined Company F, Fourth Alabama Regiment, of which he remained a member until his death in the service of the country of his adoption.

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Total.....\$211,266.83

At the Close of Business June 29, 1900.

Capital stock.....\$100,000.00

Surplus.....1,343.00

Undivided profits.....9,517.83

Deposits.....22,868.90

Total.....\$178,759.19

A dividend of 3 per cent was paid March 14, 1899.

A dividend of 3 per cent was paid June 30, 1899.

A dividend of 3 per cent was paid December 31, 1899.

A dividend of 3 per cent was paid June 30, 1900.

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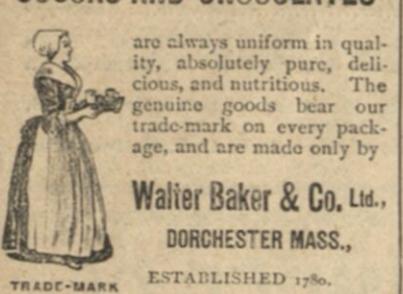
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VINDICATION.

It Was Not the Sword of Justice That Smote the South.

Justice is the word that is beginning to crown Confederate history with a pure and generous light which will grow brighter unto the perfect day.

There was no lust of power, or thought of conquest, or desire for aggrandizement, or purpose of aggression, or dissatisfaction with existing conditions, that entered into the motives of the Southern people when they formed the Southern Confederation of States. They did not oppose the Federal Union, or the Constitution or the laws, and did not seek to change them. They opposed the confederation of Northern States whose compact was proclaimed in articles that were approved by a sectional vote in a Presidential election, and was as fixed in its purposes as if it had been adopted by the decree of a constitutional convention in each of those States, declaring the abolition of slavery, and the elevation of the negro race to political equality with the white race. The contemplated result also included, necessarily, the removal of all legal barriers to the social equality of the races, and pledged the support of the Northern confederations to its accomplishment.

The political party, placed by that election in control of all the powers of the Federal government, assumed that it represented the entire Union, and that opposition to its declared policy was opposition to the Union, the Constitution, the flag and the laws.

Having the political power to force the issue into this shape, that party declared that resistance to its decree was antagonism to the Union, the Constitution, the flag and the laws.

A false issue, thus favored by the power and prestige of a dominant political party, inflicted upon the States that stood for the rights of their people, the opprobrium of treason to the Constitution and the Union, and compelled them to resist aggression, under the imputation of being the enemies of the Constitution and the laws.

This false issue was accepted by the South as the only reason of defining the antagonism of the Northern people to those who had changed the bond of Union into a confederation of oppression, through abused power, and in defiance of the Constitution.

It was the Union, thus perverted, from which the Southern States withdrew, and not from the Union as established in the Constitution.

The ordinances of secession were treated as the overt act that established the alleged treason to the Constitution, and they mark the period of belligerency between the sections.

War was not declared, but, after a brief period of hostilities, open public war was accepted by both sides, as a civil war between the two confederations of the States.

This was the general attitude of the States, in all of which the home governments retained their authority over the people, as sovereign States. The war ceased and the States remained, with no changes in their relations to the Federal government, except such as related to the negro race. Thus its purpose was made clear. If other questions had been decided by the war, they should have been dealt with as the negro question was, by amendment of the Constitution.

In these amendments, therefore, the purposes of the war were defined and the result is solemnly stated by the votes of Congress and of two-thirds of the sovereign States of the Union.

Of the generations that fought and suffered in that war, not one soul was responsible for the introduction of slavery into the United States.

They found it here, recognized and protected in all the States and Territories, where it existed, by express guarantees of the Constitution; and the purpose of the Northern movement was to abolish all property rights in slaves, without compensation.

If, in the most strenuous morality, this result was justified, it was manifest that it could not be accomplished without the shedding of the blood of many thousands of men, and as it required a four-fold vote of both houses of Congress and of two-thirds of the States, to change the Constitution, so as to strike out those provisions, and to abrogate the decisions of the Supreme Court expounding them, it was, at least, just, that Congress should have proposed such changes.

This was not done, nor was it attempted, in Congress; but a "higher law" party resolved to abolish slavery, by riding down the rights of the people of the South, and, if that should be met by an effort to escape from their power, it would be demanded and resisted as an attempt to destroy the Constitution, and the Union it created.

Justice will never approve that abuse of power.

As to the question whether the morality of the national character required the Constitution to be abandoned, it was a demand made by those who had encouraged slavery, so long as it was profitable to them, had tolerated it, after disposing of their slaves by sale to the Southern people, when it was necessary to the formation of the Union that the South should have express guarantees for its protection.

Justice never lifts its sword against an alleged criminal, at the bidding of a confederate in the crime.

It was not the sword of Justice that smote the South.

The Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments of the Constitution embody the full purpose and the whole result of the aggression of the compact of the Northern States, against the Confederacy of Southern States; and justice to the property rights, the guaranteed constitutional rights, the police rights, the social rights and the racial rights of the people of the South was absent from the intention of the aggressors, and was crushed in the avalanche of wrongs they heaped upon an innocent and unoffending people.

The South has shown that it can rise above the destruction of its wealth and the desolation of its fields of production. It has demonstrated its fidelity to the Union and to the honor of its flag, even when its service to the country is accepted as tribute, rather than as the voluntary and patriotic contribution of sovereign and equal States. But it has not been able to lift the burden of negro equality in social and political conditions, and it may yet sink under this racial degradation.

We both laughed again, but this time,

equal inheritance in the blessings that the founders of the republic declared were secured by the Constitution to "ourselves and our posterity"; there is but one mortal hand that can lift them again to that proud eminence. It is the hand of Justice.

The honorable effort to do justice to the sentiment that filled the graves over which the "Daughters of the Confederacy" will erect a modest shaft, in Huntsville, is to be another light in a firmament of historical splendors, that shines out of the darkness and make up the record of the only struggle that was ever made under the banners of great armies, to prevent the intrusion of an inferior race, into the political rights and the consanguinity of a superior race.

This duty, with its sacrificial sufferings and honors was reserved, alone, to the people of the Southern States. That is imposed upon them by men of the same blood and kindred is only another illustration of the fact that a brother's hand has shed the blood of the victim, whose sufferings were necessary to the reformation of the oppressor, whenever regeneration was demanded. The dominant power has trodden under foot the Constitution of our fathers, and the sacrificial offerings of the South will restore it, and our country will free itself of the evil that called the great armies of the civil war into the field when the time is ripe.

Justice will be again enthroned. It is the sacredness of this Anglo-Saxon cause for which he died, that enshrines and ennobles the grave of the Confederate soldier.

If each soldier was a hero, he could not receive greater honors than all men bestow, even upon "the unknown dead" of the Confederate army. It is not to the heroism of the soldier, so much as to the love of his cause, that that monument is to be erected; yet, braver and more devout men never fell in battle. Justice demands this tribute of our hearts, and it is responded to as our pledge to our kindred that we, also, will work for the final consummation of the great decree that shall free the white race from the taint of negro domination, inflicted upon it by the civil war, which is masquerading under the scarcely less odious pretension of "equality and fraternity."

JOHN T. MORGAN.

AN INCIDENT OF WAR TIMES.
In 1865, after the capitulation at Appomattox, and the tender of the sword of our great chieftain, Robert E. Lee, to Gen. U. S. Grant, a detachment of cavalry under command of Col. Pritchard, of Michigan, incited by a proffered reward of \$100,000 in gold, intercepted and arrested Hon. Jefferson Davis, ex-President of the Southern Confederacy, a wild rumpus spread abroad to the effect that Mr. Davis attempted to escape in the dress or disguise of a woman. The truth of the story was that Mr. Davis, in the natural terror of the surprised situation, and urging her husband to seek his horse and escape, hastily threw her water-proof cloak over his shoulders, but too late for him to effect the designed result.

It is not now necessary to recount the details of that tragic incident of the Civil War, but only to note the fact that the gallant Yankee colonel took possession of said cloak, and gave color to the story of the disguise, though a goodly portion of Mr. Davis' top apparel, limbs and his cavalry. The sight was a spectacle to all the world, according to the reports of the press.

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Among them was Lowe Adolphus Dement, the only surviving brother of Dr. J. J. Dement, both of North Alabama. He was at the time pursuing his studies with much zeal at LaGrange Military College, LaGrange, Ala.

A regiment of students being formed, June, 1862, and commanded by the president, Maj. Robertson, known as the Thirty-fifth Alabama, of Loving's Division, Bragg's army, Mr. Dement at once enlisted in Company B of this regiment, commanded by his professor, Capt. Hunt.

Though but 16 years of age, he was six feet tall, of fine physique, and of military bearing. He started out as ensign,

but was soon appointed drill master, and detailed to drill troops at Decatur, Ala., under Gen. D. C. Humphrey. Here he was known as "Capt. Dement," a most moral, efficient officer, respected and beloved by all.

Shortly before he entered battle at Corinth, Miss., I recall as the last time I saw this young hero. His eye was kindled with hope of victory for his beloved country. "Her cause is so just," he said, "she can but win in this struggle for rights."

Bright but brief was the career of this "soldier boy," who already had made kindred, college and country justly proud of him. A few months later he succumbed to "camp fever" at Jackson, Miss., and although most tenderly nursed at the home and by the family of Mrs. Robinson, November, 1862, he passed serenely away, far beyond "the tented field and clouds of battle," to peace and rest eternal.

In the home circle which his beautiful life had so brightened the names of two comrades—former classmates—had become sacredly enshrined—"Yancey Newmon" and "Tom Peebles."

True and trusted friends in life, faithfully they stood by him to its closing. God bless them!

For good work go to the Huntsville Steam Laundry.

as the children say, it was the wrong side of our mouths; we realized that we had been outwitted, and regretted that we had not sunk them in the ocean for the mermaids to wear. On shore, we sought the nurse who had deserted Mrs. Davis and dear little baby Winnie, and she designating the desired shawl, it was retained and mine returned to me. Whether it is in Washington with the cloak I do not know.

Some years since I read in a Northern paper an account of this pleasing episode, purporting to come from Lieut. Hudson himself, in which he said: "Upon the request, Mrs. Clay flew into a violent passion, lost her temper, and in a towering rage, counseled resistance," etc. I take this opportunity, should this paper meet my eye, to inform the gentleman that I quickly found my lost temper, am in full possession of it, and would be glad to cross blades with him again.

VIRGINIA CLAYCLOPTON.
Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 12, 1900.

COL. EGBERT J. JONES.

When the notes of war first sounded throughout North Alabama, Egbert J. Jones left a lucrative practice of law in Huntsville to join in defense of his adopted home. A company was being formed at the time and he burned with the desire to do his share and be with them. He was elected captain of Company F, Fourth Alabama Infantry. That company, with other State companies, was organized into a regiment at Lynchburg, Va., where Capt. E. J. Jones was elected colonel. He was always brave and true to his duties and was well known as a strict disciplinarian in every respect. The regiment afterward became part of a brigade and was commanded by Gen. Barnard E. Bee. The Fourth Alabama was always found in the front of battle and the thickest of the fray; and no higher tribute could be paid its gallant officers than that they were, in every way, worthy of the love and respect of their men. Although their career was a short one, it is one of the noblest of the war record. Col. Jones was in the habit of riding a big bay horse which his men dubbed "Old Battalion"; in the early part of the first engagement of the war, the battle of Manassas, "Old Battalion" was wounded. After carefully examining him, Col. Jones stood by him during the remainder of the battle. He recovered from his wound and was afterward brought back to Huntsville. Death's envious shaft found a victim in Col. Jones during the first battle of Manassas, where he received a wound which proved fatal; he, with other wounded, was carried off to Orange Courthouse, Va., where he peacefully passed into the hands of a loving Heavenly Father.

LOWE ADOLPHUS DEMENT.

In 1861, when the notes of war sounded through our beloved Southland, her young heroes—the very flower of chivalry—responded with great promptness and enthusiasm. Among them was Lowe Adolphus Dement, the only surviving brother of Dr. J. J. Dement, both of North Alabama. He was at the time pursuing his studies with much zeal at LaGrange Military College, LaGrange, Ala.

A regiment of students being formed, June, 1862, and commanded by the president, Maj. Robertson, known as the Thirty-fifth Alabama, of Loving's Division, Bragg's army, Mr. Dement at once enlisted in Company B of this regiment, commanded by his professor, Capt. Hunt.

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For good work go to the Huntsville Steam Laundry.

E. T. BAILEY, Proprietor.

Grand Union Tea Company.

The largest company of the kind in America. This company import their own Teas, Coffees and Spices; roast their own Coffees, grind their own Spices and manufacture their own Grand Union Baking Powder and Extracts, etc., all of which are guaranteed strictly pure and wholesome.

They are represented in Huntsville and vicinity by Messrs. T. W. Tuttle and A. C. Rice, both hustlers in business and gentlemen in every sense. Give them your patronage and you will never regret it.

This company has stores in nearly every city of note in the Middle States. Southern headquarters, 110 Broughton street, west, Savannah, Ga., Main office, Pearl and Water Sts., New York City, Brooklyn Borough. Agents wanted.

Write all kinds of bonds—and at the lowest rates. BOYD & WELLMAN.

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-DEALERS IN-FANCY GROCERIES

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Complete Line of Fine Goods.

CONFEDERATE TREASURY NOTES

It took money to carry on the war. The Southern Confederacy started to oppose the invading foes with an empty treasury. So a "promise to pay" had to be resorted to.

One of the first things to be done by the Treasury of the young nation was to issue legal tender of some kind.

The making of Confederate bonds and notes was a great task for the young Treasury; because, in the South, no engravers and nothing like a good bank paper could be found. So arrangements were made to print some bonds in New York. The work was gone about very carefully, and every means used to avoid detection. But the bonds were seized, however, before they left New York. These bonds were by the American Bank Note Company, and when the Federal authorities found this out, through a traitor employee, the Southern Confederacy had to rely upon its own resources.

An engraver of cards and posters by the name of Hoyer, a German by nationality, lived in Richmond, and he, in connection with Mr. Ludwig, was employed to issue the first notes, which were eight \$100 bills. One of these bills would bring considerable now as a relic.

A paper was smuggled through the lines from New York and given to Hoyer and Ludwig. They had only old and inferior stones for engraving purposes, and with them they made the first Treasury notes. The stones had been previously used to engrave placards. The notes were faulty and full of errors, and under any other circumstance would have been thrown away, but some kind of legal tender had to be secured at once, and they were accepted.

When the Secretary read the proofs he ordered them printed, indorsing on the margin of the proof the following: "When the money changers become familiar w/ th these incoming bills it will be difficult to pass a counterfeit as if they had been engraved on steel—perhaps more so."

The engravers used what was an old-fashioned press even in that day, and the bills were printed by hand, a very slow and tedious process. These rude, uncouth bills found no buyers, but were accepted in good faith by loyal Southern hearts. They were pledges of a brave, fearless people, and by that people were accepted as such. They were not worth much upon their face, but their ends of times as many died to make them worthless.

Soon the country was flooded with Confederate bills. The number circulated depended on how fast the Treasury could issue them. Bills of small denomination soon went out of style, and nothing under \$100 left the Treasury's hands, while \$500 and \$1,000 bills were as numerous as \$5 bills are today. Of course, the price of everything went up, and it was a mere bagatelle to pay \$250 for a yard of flannel, or \$300 for a pound of coffee, or \$1,000 for a pair of boots, or \$10,000 for a horse.

Worthless as were these "promise to pay," they cost more than any tender ever issued by a nation on earth. They were issued in integrity, defended in valor, and bathed in priceless blood."—The Confederate Soldier in the Civil War.

Through the kindness of Hon. Henry L. Watterson, the distinguished Kentucky statesman and editor of the Courier-Journal of Louisville, I saw and blotted some pages from a valuable work, "The Confederate Soldier" in the Civil War, which contains the exact photographic reproductions of the originals, without retouching or other alteration, of the Confederate Treasury notes. There are sixty-six notes reproduced in the work. I will give the description, given on the margin, of some of them, as follows:

CONFEDERATE TREASURY NOTES.
1. \$1,000. Written date April 26, 1861; Montgomery, Ala., interest at 10 cts per day; head of John C. Calhoun in lower left-hand corner; excessively rare; only five supposed to be in existence.

2. \$500. Written date, June 18, 1861; Montgomery, Ala.; interest at 5 cents per day; excessively rare, only three supposed to be in existence.

3. \$100. Written date, May 16, 1861; Montgomery, Ala.; interest at 1 cent per day.

4. \$50. May 29, 1861; Montgomery, Ala.; interest at ½ cent per day.

5. \$100. September 25, 1861; Richmond, Va.; interest at 1 cent per day.

6. \$50. September 14, 1861; Richmond, Va.; interest at ½ cent per day. Head of Washington on right end.

7. \$100. July 25, 1861; Richmond, Va.; head of Washington in lower corner.

11. \$5. July 25, 1861; Richmond, Va.; on back Confederate States of America, very rare; supposed to be worth its face value.

15. \$50. September 2, 1861; Richmond, Va.; head of Jefferson Davis in center.

17. \$20. September 2, 1861; Richmond, Va.; head of Alex. H. Stephens in center.

22. \$10. September 2, 1861; Richmond, Va.; camp scene, Gen. Marion offering a trial of roast sweet potatoes to a British officer, in center; head of R. M. T. Hunter in lower left corner.

23. \$10. September 2, 1861; Richmond, Va.; head of Hunter in lower left corner; head and bust of Blanton Duncan's child in lower right corner.

27. \$10. September 2, 1861; Richmond, Va.; head of R. M. T. Hunter in lower left corner; head of C. G. Memminger in lower right corner. Numbers 32, 33, 34 are \$5 bills, with the head of Memminger in different positions, of date September 2, 1861.

36. \$2. September 2, 1861; Richmond, Va.; head of Benjamin in left upper corner; the South personified, striking down the North, and crippling the eagle, in the center.

37. \$100. January 6, 1862; Richmond, Va.; head of Calhoun in left corner.

40. \$1. June 2, 1862; Richmond, Va.; head of Mrs. Governor Pickens in lower right corner.

42. \$100. December 2, 1862; head of Mrs. Davis in center; head of G. W. Randolph in lower right corner.

47. \$1. December 2, 1862; Richmond, Va.; head of C. C. Clay in center.

59. \$500. February 17, 1864; Rich-

mond, Va.; head of Gen. T. J. Jackson in lower right corner; Confederate flag and seal of the Confederacy at left.

In the above extract I have gleaned the descriptions of some of the most interesting notes. The Confederate soldier in the Civil War is one of the most valuable additions to the Southerner's war history, and should be in every Southern Home.

If the amusing anecdotes of the use and the attempted use or passage of Confederate money could be gathered together in book form, what a mighty tome it would make. Though there is a decided sense of sadness that "hangs round it still," for those who have personal experiences to relate to the generations who are fast taking the place of those, there is little but the halo of romance, and smiles are the result of the knowledge gleaned. In writing to a brave soldier and adjutant general of the N. B. Forrest Camp at Chattanooga, for information of the first Confederate notes issued, the following was the reply I received:

"I haven't the slightest idea how or when the Confederate notes were made, but will endeavor to find out for you. I know I used to squander a \$50 bill whenever I got a chance to sneak into Richmond on a good square meal at the Spotswood Hotel. We boys worked a racket on the Spotswood on one occasion. Several of us eluded the pickets one night and went into the theater. One observant mind in the party discovered that the tickets we got for the theater resembled the dinner tickets at the Spotswood—the former cost \$5 and the latter \$50. Now, the average soldier was not burdened with an overdose of the law and gospel, nor even conscience, so we conceived a plan of biting the Spotswood out of five good dinners. We bought five of the theater tickets and put them in our inside pockets ready for use the next day. When the time came and the gong sounded, there was the usual rush for the dining room. We scattered among the crowd and every one of us put off our little \$5 theater ticket on the head waiter, without detection, and each consumed \$50 worth of good pro- vender and left hurriedly for the camp without the least twinge of conscience."

"After the surrender my 'buddies' and myself were making our way toward Maryland, when we came to a ferry over a small river in Orange county, Va. The ferryman absolutely refused to take us across for Confederate money. We told him we would pay him in 'hard' money, and give him \$5 apiece to take us across our horses across. The clink of coins ran through his mind, and he pulled us over. Upon landing we each handed him a brand new \$5 Confederate note. 'Hold on,' he shouted, 'you promised to pay me in hard money.' We informed him that that was about the hardest we had ever seen. And putting spurs to our horses, were soon out of sight."

VIRGINIA C. CLAY.

EGERT J. JONES CAMP OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

This camp that has accomplished so much good in our midst for years proudly bears the name of one of Huntsville's honored heroes. He left home as captain of Company F, of the glorious Fourth Alabama Infantry. For conspicuous gallantry he was rapidly promoted to the rank of colonel. At the first battle of Manassas he was mortally wounded, and his remains were brought home and interred with military honors in our quiet city of the dead. The members of this grand band are: George P. Turner, captain; James Q. Dillard, first lieutenant; J. H. Landman, second lieutenant; J. B. Laughlin, third lieutenant; Alfred Moore, fourth lieutenant; Ben Patterson, adjutant; C. N. Vaught, quartermaster; Joseph H. Sloss, major commissary; W. C. Wheeler, surgeon; J. F. Johnston, dead; J. L. Ridley, dead; J. H. Bryson, chaplain; E. B. Roper, lieutenant treasurer; W. R. Chunn, sergeant; J. O. Kelly, dead; Daniel Coleman, officer of day; L. M. Orr, color sergeant; Charles McCalley, videt; Thomas Brocous, first color guard; George T. Miller, second color guard; L. D. Aday, W. E. Aday, W. J. Barron, J. H. Bryant, J. W. Battle, George Baugher, J. H. Burwell, E. B. Carter, T. B. Connally, C. Clark, J. A. Douglass, J. M. M. Drake, A. R. Erskine, M. D.; W. M. Erskine, dead; W. H. Echols, A. J. Eslinger, William H. Fariss, A. S. Fletcher, J. D. Foster, F. T. Givens, W. F. Hamer, Milton Humes, W. P. Hooper, O. M. Hundley, A. B. Jones, James Kelly, W. J. Kelly, F. T. Lewis, S. R. Lewis, B. F. Laxon, W. A. Moseley, W. J. Mastin, S. H. Moore, M. J. Moorchouse, G. F. McLaughlin, J. F. McGeehee, dead; Little Me-Norton, Charles S. McCalley, C. L. Nolen, W. H. Pettus, William R. Richardson, W. N. Robinson, William R. Rison, J. D. Ragland, R. B. Rhett, Francisco Rice, dead; J. E. Seat, C. C. Shepherd, F. W. Sibley, J. R. Stevens, H. C. Speak, R. J. Schrimsher, Harris Toney, John W. Wall, Elias Welburn, Solon Kelly, T. A. Bailes, L. L. Ward, W. L. Christian, Smith C. Certain, dead; A. J. Bentley, H. C. Little, W. T. Malone, dead; W. M. Jordan, James C. Clepton, A. Evans, L. W. McCravy, J. P. Burke, B. J. Currey, R. M. Strong, W. B. Peppers, James F. Ellis, T. B. Kelley, W. S. Kelly, Phil Hilliard, J. J. Blackman, John B. Douglass, W. B. Eldridge, dead; W. D. Bassett, dead; J. E. Kelly, dead; W. T. Brumley, dead; J. P. H. Hamper, J. E. Schrimsher, W. S. White, J. A. Billings, J. P. Darwin, D. H. Turner, J. E. Butler, John W. Taylor, George W. Douglass, John H. Atchley, W. B. Terry, D. B. F. Whittaker, A. J. Ihard, F. M. Colburn, Thomas K. Clark, James T. Hodges, W. D. Buford, J. G. Morrison, W. M. Seegmills, V. W. Christian, John R. Russell, S. Bynum, James Watson, L. W. Gill, G. M. Neely, J. S. Macon, dead; H. N. Moore, J. R. Fears, E. D. Waldrop, J. Arno, J. L. Martin, S. B. Phillips, J. O. Robins, W. B. Hinns, S. C. Lee.

MRS. ROBERT F. DICKSON.

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If you do, go to see Messrs. Boyd & Wellman. They sell houses and lots on monthly payments at rock bottom prices.

The Huntsville Steam Laundry is the place to send your laundry. We make a specialty of dyeing.

E. T. BAILES, Proprietor.

THE DEAD AND LIVING.

The following is a brief record of the dead and living Confederate heroes:

W. H. McLain, enlisted in 1863, Company A, Regiment 11th, Alabama; paroled at Pond Spring, Ala., May, 1865.

Thomas J. Pettus, enlisted March, 1862, Company D, Regiment 35th, Alabama Infantry; died September 27, 1863.

James H. Pettus, enlisted March, 1862, Company D, Regiment 35th, Alabama Infantry; died June 8, 1862.

Dr. John Jefferson Dement, enlisted —, 1861, surgeon 27th Alabama; honorably discharged at Gen. Lee's surrender; died August 10, 1891.

William King Acklen, 4th Alabama Regiment; killed in the battle of "Gaines Mill," June 27, 1862.

Capt. Lowe A. Dement, enlisted June, 1861, Company B, Regiment 35th, Alabama; died November, 1862.

R. M. De Young, enlisted —, 1861, Company B, Regiment 13th, South Carolina; honorably discharged 1865; paroled April 12, 1865.

Col. William M. Lowe, captain Tracy's company, 4th Alabama Regiment; honorably discharged from prison; died October 12, 1882.

A. V. Underwood, enlisted 1862, Company A, Regiment 10, Alabama; paroled near Montgomery in 1865.

Capt. William Thomas King, enlisted March, 1862; raised and equipped Company D, Regiment 44, Alabama; killed in second battle of Manassas.

Robert L. McCalley, enlisted —, 1861, Company I, Regiment 4, Alabama Infantry; honorably discharged 1864. Afterward commissioned captain of scouts while on crutches.

S. Bolivar McCalley, enlisted April, 1861, Company I, Regiment 4, Alabama Infantry; paroled April 1865.

Thomas S. McCalley, enlisted October, 1862, Company F, Regiment 4, Alabama; Russell's Cavalry; paroled April 9, 1865.

Stepter P. Chapman, enlisted 1861, Company 4, Alabama Infantry; died from cold contracted in camp May 20, 1864.

W. J. Baum, enlisted March 10, 1862, Company K, Troopers, Forrest's Regiment; paroled at close of war, 1865.

Turner Clanton, enlisted April, 1861, Regiment 7, Alabama Cavalry; honorably discharged at Appomattox, 1865; wounded at battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., and Perryville, Ky.; died March 4, 1887.

T. O. Burton, enlisted 1861, Company I, Regiment 4, Alabama Cavalry; raised April 1865; paroled April 1865, at close of war; died May 18, 1888.

Harvey H. Cribbs, resigned sheriff's office Tuscaloosa county 1861, and assisted in raising Lumsden's Battery attached to Bragg's army; honorably discharged from Charleston (S. C.) prison May 1, 1865.

C. S. McCalley, enlisted September, 1863, Company I, Regiment 4, Alabama Infantry; paroled April 9, 1865.

W. H. Farris, enlisted 1861, Company F, Regiment 4, Alabama Infantry; paroled at Appomattox 1865.

Lieut. D. C. Farris, enlisted 1861, Company F, Regiment 4, Alabama Infantry; killed in second battle of Manassas.

G. S. Houston, Roddy's escort, Company A, Regiment 11, Bentwell's Cavalry; honorably discharged April, 1865.

George P. Turner was first lieutenant U. S. M. Corps, appointed from Virginia, resigned early in 1861; offered his services to the Confederate States; ordered to report to Magruder at Yorktown; appointed second lieutenant colonel in the provisional army of the Confederacy; served with Magruder until after the seven days' fight; ordered to report to Bragg; assigned to Wheeler; served on his staff until close of the war; surrendered at Dalton, Ga., April, 1865.

John R. Reedy, enlisted 1862, Company F, Regiment 4th Alabama, Capt. Gaston's Cavalry.

H. C. Speak, enlisted August, 1862, Company D, Regiment 4, Alabama Cavalry; taken prisoner at Columbus, Ga.; released at surrender at Macon, Ga.

Logan B. Reedy, enlisted 1862, Company F, 4th Alabama, Capt. Gaston's Cavalry.

Charles J. Moffett, enlisted at Columbus, Ga., captain City Light Guards, Second Georgia Battalion Infantry; honorably discharged at Appomattox C. H. H. Va., holding the rank of major.

Charles P. Mastin, enlisted 1861, Company I, 4th Alabama Infantry, afterward Capt. M. Breckinridge's staff; was transferred to W. B. Bate's staff, with same rank; for gallantry during battle was promoted to major.

W. F. Mastin, enlisted March, 1861, Company Madison Rifles, afterward Maj. Gen. Buckner's staff; honorably discharged 1865.

G. B. Mastin, enlisted 1861, first lieutenant Company F, 4th Alabama, afterward captain; killed at battle of Seven Pines, May 31, 1862; buried in Petersburg, Va.

E. I. Mastin was made captain on Gen. Kelley's staff, 8th Arkansas Regiment; captured in Georgia, held as a prisoner until close of war.

W. J. Mastin, enlisted 1864, 4th Alabama Cavalry, Russell's, then under Forrest; paroled at Gainesville, Fla., 1865.

A. R. Erskine, surgeon C. S. A., inspector of Gen. Pat Cleburne's division, Army of Tennessee, and at one time surgeon of Fifth Tennessee, Ben Hill regiment, and 45th Alabama, Col. Lamphier's regiment.

W. M. Erskine, Company E, 4th Alabama Cavalry; honorably discharged 1865.

Robert A. Lanford, enlisted 1861 in Second Arkansas Regiment; killed in the battle of Shiloh, April 6, 1862; was the only son of William Lanford, of Madison county, Ala.

R. D. Trible, enlisted 1861, Company F, 4th Alabama Infantry; paroled at Appomattox C. H., 1865.

W. C. Wheeler, enlisted March 1, 1862, hospital service, assistant surgeon Terrell's Battery; honorably discharged 1865.

Steve Murphy, enlisted 1861, Company I, 4th Alabama Regiment, infantry; honorably discharged at Appomattox April 9, 1865; died 1873.

Jere Murphy, enlisted in Company F, 4th Alabama Cavalry, second lieutenant; honorably discharged from prison 1865.

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Miss C. E. MASON, LL.B.,
Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.

THE DIARY OF A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

Some of the incidents of the civil war are extremely touching. We have before us the diary of a young soldier of Huntsville, Ala., who was killed at Bull Run, which was taken from his pocket by a member of the New York Sixty-first Regiment. His name was G. T. Anderson, and we learn from his posthumous record that on the 29th of April, with his brother Stephen he "left home with a company of volunteers." He describes the parting with home and family and friends, and admits that he "hated to leave most awfully," but justifies himself by stating that his country was in danger. He mentions all that transpired next day at Dalton, Ga., and tells us that the regiment to which his company was attached elected E. J. Jones, of Huntsville, colonel, and E. M. Law lieutenant colonel. May 5 he "woke up in Jonesborough, Tenn., about sunrise; saw lots of beautiful women, received a bouquet from a very nice girl, with a soul-stirring inscription to it." This incident reminded him of home and his sister Pauline, concerning whom he has much to say. May 8 he "wrote home for the seventh or eighth time, and was mustered into the service of the Confederate States." Now the reality of his situation opened to him. He "felt homesick," he says, "because he could not hear from home." At length he has two letters "from home." He has passed through Lynchburg, and in due time reaches Harper's Ferry. Here is his account of his first Sabbath at the Ferry:

"Sunday, May 19—What a cold day for the 19th of May: everybody is acting as if it were Monday, all firing guns, cooking, playing cards, etc.; had a dress parade, Col. Jackson inspecting us. He is a large, fat old fellow; looks very much like an old Virginia farmer. Returned to camp, prepared and ate a scanty dinner. Had Episcopal service, and then a good old-fashioned sermon from our Pastor Chadick. Oh, how I loved to listen to him. Wrote a letter home; had another dress parade in the evening; rained all night."

This is not a bad fellow. All through his diary we find evidences of goodness. On another occasion we find that he has "finished the last chapter of the Acts," and that he has done little else than "read the Testament."

May 21 he received two letters from sister Caroline, and replied to them next day. He has a full view of this lad, for he records of himself now and then that he "feels very bad and unwell." He was greatly edified by Rev. Mr. Chadick's discourse Sunday, 27th, whose text was, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." The duties of the camp now called him forth, and he tells us "I don't like to drill on Sunday a bit." His brother Stephen is attacked with what proved to be a fever.

"May 29—I woke up and found it raining; Stephen has fever; cold day; drilled one hour, and I am now waiting for my breakfast; Stephen took the measles today; I moved him to a private house and stayed with him at night; ate my supper with Mrs. Jordan; I intend to catch her all the time that she stays, if possible. Two companies of Virginians ordered off this evening for a fight somewhere."

We have him afterward in various moods. He is himself sick occasionally, but what with letters from home and the "prospect of a fight," and the recovery of Stephen, he becomes more cheerful.

June 19—Received a box of cake and a pistol from home, with more letters; glad to get them at any time.

The regiment is withdrawn from Harper's Ferry. What follows will help to show at what time the reinforcements reached Manassas Junction.

July 10—We were ordered to fall back to our old position near Winchester; some of the men thought it was a retreat and began to grumble; the general ordered a note to be read to his command, in explanation of his conduct: we started in an awful hot day; I fell out of the ranks, went off the road some distance, and got a splendid dinner from an old lady and two young ones—splendid milk, butter and bread—and I did ample justice to it; she upbraided us for leaving her to the mercy of the Yankees; I struggled into camp at sunset, completely exhausted, and went off to bed without supper.

July 10—Received a letter from home, all well; have struck our tents and are lying around here waiting for orders; don't know what it means; a huge column came up a few moments since to be placed upon this hill; that looks as if we were going to fight here; the militia and prisoners are engaged in throwing up breastworks and planting cannon for the defense of this place; the Yankees are advancing and seem determined to make an effort to drive us out from here, but I think they will fail; they outnumber us, can't outfight us; received orders to strike tents this evening, which we did, but a rain coming up, we pitched them again for shelter; expected all day for enemy to advance upon us.

July 11—Struck tents again this morning at daylight, I suppose, to deceive the enemy as to our force, etc.; drilled two and a half hours on battalion drill.

July 14—Read twenty psalms; helped draw provisions; cleaned up my pistol, loaded it and looked over a new paper; have now just completed writing a letter home; I wonder why "Chadick" did not preach.

July 18—Received orders to strike tents and cool two days' provisions preparatory for a march; this was done and we lay around until evening before receiving orders; received them at last and went through Winchester; stopped in town until late, and bid farewell, I suppose for the last time, to Winchester, about 5 o'clock; six KELLOGG marched nearly all night; slept about two hours; found ourselves on the road at daylight, the 19th, weary, indeed; rested awhile and then marched to the Sherman-dash; rested there about five hours, waded the stream and pitched out again to the relief of Beauregard, who they said was pressed by overwhelming odds; arrived at Piedmont Station about one hour after dark, completely worn out; went to sleep, but was aroused by a rain in a few minutes; crept under a shelter of wheat, but got wet, having left my coat in the wagon; dried myself, procured a shawl from Uncle Washington, and slept until after midnight; was roused by orders to "fall in;" did so, and crowded on board the cars for Manassas, where we arrived about 10 o'clock a.m. of the 20th; rested awhile, bought some butter and prepared to eat, having done without for two days; received orders to

march again, and said we were going right into the fight; heard a good deal of firing about the fight of the 17th, though it was not much of a fight; moved about two miles and bivouacked in the woods, where some bread and meat soon reached us, and we walked right into it like starved hounds; eat, now and then all day; slept a little, and slept well at night; got up a little after sunrise on the 21st, broiled my meat and ate it with some old crackers full of bugs; expecting orders to march every moment; will get them, I think, for it is Sunday; we will fight, I suppose, before another week.

This closed the diary, and a few hours later the writer lay a corpse upon the battlefield.

GEORGE ANDERSON,
Company I, Fourth Alabama.

INTERESTING WAR INCIDENT.

An incident of the war between the States is well set forth in the following paper, which was found among the papers of Thomas S. McClellan, deceased, and may prove interesting reading to some of our older citizens, especially to the descendants of those who signed the paper. It relates to the time of the occupancy of Huntsville by the Federal troops, and is as follows:

Huntsville, Ala., May 4, 1862.

We, the undersigned citizens of North Alabama, hereby solemnly pledge ourselves, that so long as our State north of Tennessee is in possession of the army of the United States, we will not only abstain from any act of hostility, but will do our utmost to persuade others to do the same. We disapprove and abhor all unauthorized and illegal war; and we believe that citizens who fire upon railway trains, attack the guards of bridges, destroy the telegraph lines, and fire from concealment upon pickets, deserve and should receive the punishment of death. We even disapprove all guerrilla warfare as calculated to embitter feelings already too much excited, as destructive of the best interest of the communities in which such war is waged; and as in no degree calculated to bring to a close the great contest now existing between the North and South, to settle which a legitimate war alone should be waged.

The above was presented by Gen. Mitchell to certain citizens for their signature, to which they returned the following reply:

Huntsville, Ala., May 4, 1862.

To Brigadier General Mitchell, United States Army, Commanding Division:

General—We, the undersigned citizens of Huntsville, were arrested on the 2d instant, to appear before Gen. Mitchell at the courthouse. From that time to the present we have been in confinement. Today by your order, Bishop Lay and two of our number delegated by us, viz: William McDowell and G. L. Martin, were summoned before you. A free conference was held between yourself and these gentlemen, in which you stated that you had no charge against any of the parties under arrest.

In concluding this interview you declared your purpose to send us a written communication. This document is now before us.

The undersigned are citizens, they do not belong to any military organization, they have never engaged in unauthorized or illegal war, they have never been the guards of bridges, fireman, etc., they have not destroyed telegraph or the mail from concealment upon a vessel on

At the close of the war he removed his family from his former home, in Florence, to this city, resumed the practice of the law and was immediately again at the head of the Alabama bar; and when in 1874, he was called to appear before that Higher Court, from which there is no appeal, he was the only one who was calm and quiet and undisturbed, testing in depth the spiritual meaning and soothsaying power of those familiar lines which in life he had loved to read and quote, whose beauty had never failed to touch a responsive chord in his poetic soul:

"Sustained and soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave.
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

WILSON BIBB RISON.

Huntsville, Ala.

The above is published not for the purpose of reviving bitter memories of the old "war times," but merely as a matter of local history.

JUDGE RICHARD W. WALKER.

H. C. LAY.

Judge Richard Wilde Walker, son of Col. LeRoy Pope, one of the early settlers of Huntsville, was born in this city February 16, 1823. He graduated at Princeton at the age of 18 years, and was the youngest man who had ever occupied that high position. Satisfied with the laurels won in the practice of the law, and undisturbed by the gnawings of political ambition, he was quietly pursuing his way through life when the fall of Sumter shook the country to its center and ushered in the great civil war. When a provisional government was organized he was elected member of Congress and served in that capacity while Congress met in Montgomery. He still held his position as Associate Judge until 1863, when he was summoned by the spontaneous and unanimous call of his countrymen from the Supreme bench to fill the vacancy in the Senate occasioned by the resignation of Hon. Clement C. Clay, Jr., who had accepted a position in the Cabinet of President Davis. Without his consent, and indeed without his knowledge of his nomination, Judge Walker suddenly found himself a Senator at a time when only tried men and true, honest men and loyal, were needed at the helm of state. Rare instance, if not wholly without precedent in the annals of political preferment, when a high and responsible office for the attainment of which men strain and struggle, and spend fortunes and the best years of their life, should be offered to a man for his acceptance; and stranger still that Richard W. Walker was that day the only man in the Confederacy who was surprised! That call could not be resisted, and he laid aside the judicial eminence that in his keeping had been sullied by neither spot nor stain, and took his seat in the Confederate Senate where until the end he gave to his country all that he had of ability and learning and legal knowledge and loyalty.

At the close of the war he removed his family from his former home, in Florence, to this city, resumed the practice of the law and was immediately again at the head of the Alabama bar; and when in 1874, he was called to appear before that Higher Court, from which there is no appeal, he was the only one who was calm and quiet and undisturbed, testing in depth the spiritual meaning and soothsaying power of those familiar lines which in life he had loved to read and quote, whose beauty had never failed to touch a responsive chord in his poetic soul:

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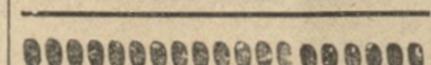
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