

# THE CONFEDERATE BILL.

By MAJOR S. A. JONAS, Louisiana.

Representing nothing on God's earth now,  
And naught in the waters below it—  
As the pledge of a nation that passed away.  
Keep it, dear friend, and show it—  
Show it to those who will lend an ear  
To the tale this trifle will tell;  
Of Liberty born of a patriot's dream,  
Of a storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ores,  
And too much for a stranger to borrow,  
We issued one day our "promise to pay,"  
And hoped to redeem on the morrow.  
The days rolled on and weeks became years,  
But our coffers were empty still;  
Coin was so scarce the Treasury quaked  
If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong indeed,  
Though our poverty well we discerned;  
And this little check represents the pay  
That our suffering veterans earned.  
They knew it had hardly a value in gold,  
Yet as gold our soldiers received it,  
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay,  
And every true soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay,  
Or of bills that were overdue—  
We knew if it bought our bread to-day,  
'Twas the best our poor country could do.  
Keep it—it tells all our history over,  
From the birth of the dream to its last.  
Modest and born of the Angel Hope:  
Like our hope of success IT PASSED.



LEXINGTON, KY., July 9, 1882.—It gives me great pleasure to send to you, in answer to your correspondent, "M. L., Bigbee Valley, Miss.," the complete text of the "Love Knot," by the well-known New England poetess, Miss Nora Perry. Miss Perry belongs to the company of poets which began to sing twenty-five years ago—Aldrich, Winter, etc.—a company that in truth may worthily succeed to the elder bards who are passing away. The "Love Knot" was written and published in 1858, and still maintains its place in the hearts of all young lovers.

ANNIE CHAMBERS-KETCHUM.

## THE LOVE-KNOT.

[By Nora Perry.]

Tying her bonnet under her chin  
She tied her raven ringlets in.  
But not alone in the silken snare  
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,  
For, tying her bonnet under her chin  
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill  
Where the wind came blowing merry and chill;  
And it blew the curls a frolicsome race  
All over the happy, peach-colored face,  
Till, scolding and laughing, she gathered  
them in  
Under her beautiful dimpled chin.

And it blew a color, bright as the bloom  
Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing plume,  
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl  
That ever imprisoned a romping curl,  
Or, tying her bonnet under her chin,  
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill;  
Madder, merrier, chillier still  
The western wind blew down, and played  
The wildest tricks with the little maid,  
As, tying her bonnet under her chin,  
She tied a young man's heart within.

O western wind, do you think it was fair  
To play such tricks with her floating hair?  
So gladly, gleeftully, do your best  
To blow her against the young man's breast,  
Where he as gladly folded her in,  
And kissed her mouth and her dimpled chin.

O Elery Vane! You little thought  
An hour ago, when you besought  
This country lass to walk with you,  
After the sun had dried the dew,  
What terrible danger you'd be in,  
As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

LUKA, MISS., Sept. 1.—I saw an inquiry a few weeks since from "An Old Rebel" concerning "Ode to the Confederate Bill." Answer to "Rebel's" inquiry was, "space recently given for that witty production." I do not remember ever having seen the following lines in the COBBLESTONE-JOURNAL, and think perhaps they are the lines alluded to by "Old Rebel." I do not know who is the author, but they were said to have been written with a lead pencil on the back of a \$20 Confederate bill, and were found on the battle-field after the surrender, and published at that time. I found it in the scrap-book of a rebel soldier.

The following lines were written by one of the most gallant officers of that gallant band, who, for four years, bore our banner bravely, nor let it droop through cloud and storm and gloom and battle smoke that gathered thick around it.

"Take this scrap and hide it,  
Four years of war have tried it,  
And the people now deride it.  
For its value is all gone.  
Its promises are all broken;  
Its destiny has been spoken;  
And to us 'tis but a token  
Of that glory once our own.

"Take this note—none will save it,  
Though thousands died to save it,  
And a nation's honor gave it,  
As truly pledged for gold.  
Yet that nation's courage faltered,  
For the people's heart were altered,  
And its traitors, some were altered,  
Ere this currency was old.

"Fold this bill, no bank will take it,  
The soldiers even now forsake it,  
And no power now can make it  
What it was of yore.

"Yes, fold and keep it forever,  
For it tells of lips that quarrel  
Over graves by hill and river,  
And of blood by heroes shed,  
With a curse on every toy,  
And a blush for false glory,  
It bears this mournful story:  
'Our country's hopes are dead.'"

MARY HART.

COONEWAR, MISS., July 5, 1882.—Some one wished to know who wrote "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night." It was written by Rosa Thorpe. I have another piece something like it—"In the Mining Town." It is by the same writer, and I think it is very sweet and interesting. Will you insert it in our column? LILLIAN L. ORR.

## IN THE MINING TOWN.

[By Rosa Hartwick Thorpe, author of "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night."]

"'Tis the last time, darling," he gently said,  
As he kissed her lips like the cherries red,  
While a fond look shone in his eyes of brown.  
"My own is the prettiest girl in town;  
To-morrow the bell from the tower will ring  
A joyful peal. Was there ever a king  
So truly blest, on his royal throne,  
As I shall be when I claim my own?"

'Twas a fond farewell; 'twas a sweet good-by,  
But she watched him go with a troubled sigh.  
So, into the basket that swayed and swung  
O'er the yawning abyss, he lightly sprung,  
And the joy of her heart seemed turned to woe  
As they lowered him into the depths below.  
Her sweet young face, with its tresses brown,  
Was the fairest face in the mining town.

Lo! the morning came; but the marriage-bell,  
High up in the tower, rang a mournful knell  
For the true heart buried 'neath earth and stone,  
Far down in the heart of the mine—alone.  
A sorrowful peal on their wedding-day,  
For the breaking heart and the heart of clay,  
And the face that looked from her tresses brown  
Was the saddest face in the mining town.

Thus time rolled on its weary way  
Until fifty years with their shadows gray  
Had darkened the light of her sweet eyes' glow,  
And had turned the brown of her hair to snow.  
Oh! never a kiss from a husband's lips,  
Or the clasp of a child's sweet finger tips,  
Had lifted one moment the shadows brown  
From the saddest heart in the mining town.

Far down in the depths of the mine one day,  
In the loosened earth they were digging away,  
They discovered a face, so young, so fair,  
From the smiling lip to the bright, brown hair,  
Untouched by the finger of Time's decay,  
When they drew him up to the light of day,  
The wondering people gathered round  
To gaze at the man thus strangely found.

Then a woman came from among the crowd,  
With her long white hair, and her slight form  
bowed.  
She silently knelt by the form of clay,  
And kissed the lips that were cold and gray.  
Then the sad old face with its snowy hair,  
On his youthful bosom lay pillowed there.  
He had found her at last, his waiting bride,  
And the people buried them side by side.