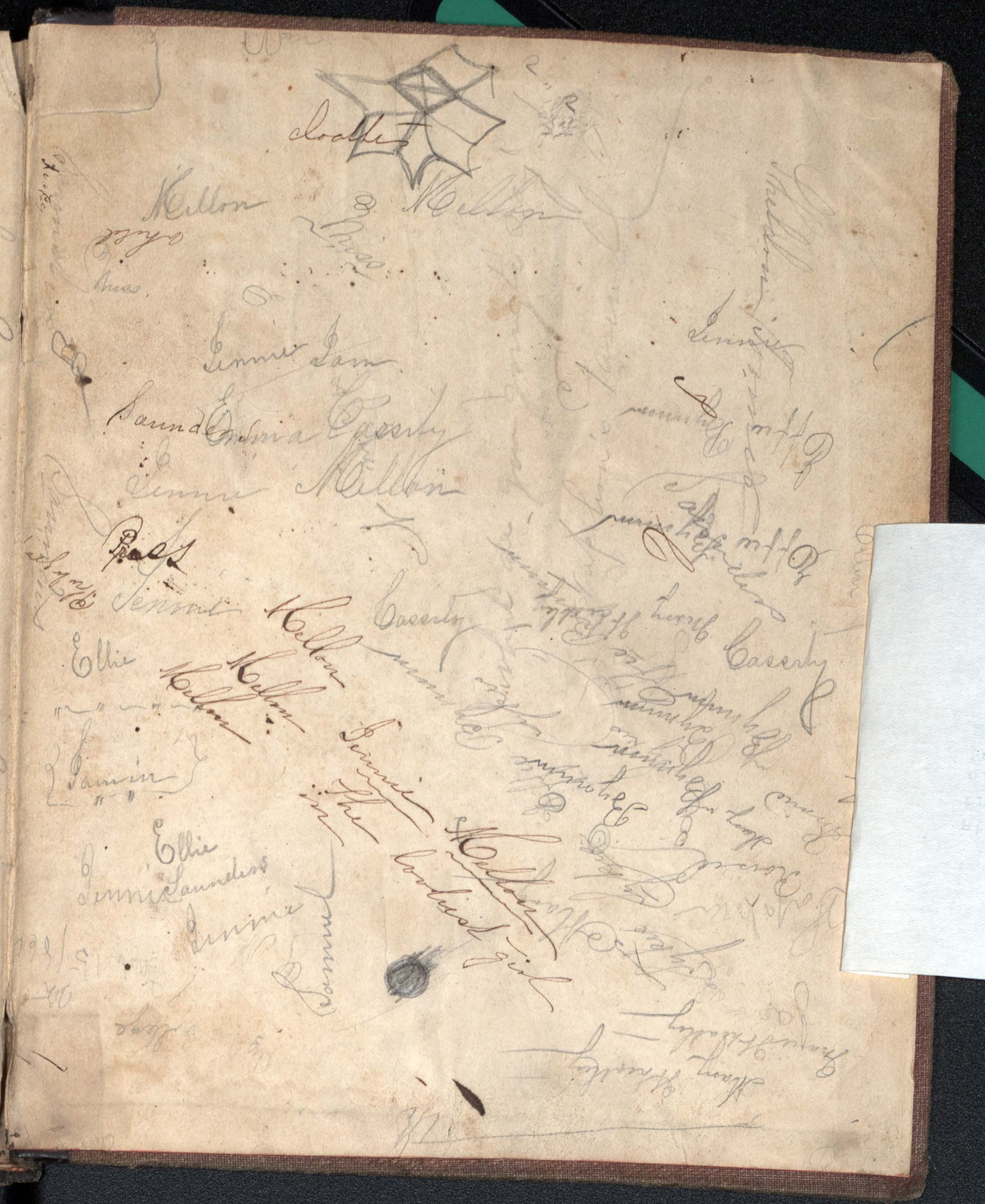
MANUSCRIPT VOLUMES NOTEBOOKS - French

Notebook containing French exercises of a student at Tuskaloosa Female College, probably Prudie Saunders of Rocky Hill, near Courtland, Alabama. 1863-1864. 50 pages. 8 1/4 x 7 inches. Purchased from Charles F. Heartman of Hattiesburg, Miss. February 1938.

Note: The book contains also a diary, 9-23 April 1864, verse, genealogical notes, and a list of students at Tuskaloosa Female College, 1 May 1864.


Kellon
Kellon
Jennie Sam
Saunders Maria Caserty
Jenna Kellon
Senrat
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Caserty
Caserty
Ellie
Kellon
Kellon
Jennie
Jennie
the
hardest girl
Ellie
Jennie Saunders
Jennie


Randall
T. G. Bush
D. T. Wade
D. T. Wade
Wade
Wade
March 30
15

Saunders

Sallie

Chase

Sallie Saunders

Frank

Sammie

Samuel

Saunders

D T

Sallie Saunders

Sallie

Samuel

Tamie

Cammile

D T

Frank

Miss Prudie Saunders
Rocky Hill June 2nd
Near Courtland
North Alabama

Col D
Rocky H
Rocky H

Col D, Fountain, Wade
Columbia
Tennessee

Col D. F. Wade
Col, D F Wade
Columbia
Tenn

Col Fount Wade
Columbia
Tennessee

Col D Fount
Fountain Wade

To Jennie

Wade D. F. Wade

Palmer

Fount W

Col T A Ashford
16th Ala Reg
Courtland
Alabama

F W
Wade

C Dan

Col T A Ashford Ashford Ashford

Col D

Fountain Wade

Fount Wade
Fount Wade

Gov Williams
Gov Williams
Gov Williams
Williams
Williams
Williams

D F Wade
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D F Wade D.

Lieut Sykes

Col T A Ashford

Col T A Ashford

D T Wade

Columbia

Tenn

from

friend

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friend Wade

Sallie

Sammie

Saunders

Sallie

Camp

Sallie

Chase

Sallie Saunders

Friend

Sannie

~~Sallie Saunders~~

Samuel

Saunders

D

Sallie Saunders

Sannie

Cammile

D F

Friend

for me

for me

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Miss Pandie Saunders
Rocky Hill Jonn 2nd
Near Courtland
North Alabama

Col D Fountain Wade
Columbia
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Col T A Ashford
16th Ala Reg
Courtland
Alabama

Col T A Ashford Ashford Ashford

Fountain Wade
Fount Wade
Fount Wade

Col D F Fount

Fountain Wade

Fount Wade

Dan

"I come not friends to steal away your hearts"

Cressa — Shakespeare

away your

Tuskaloosa
South Ala

Henry Henry

Exercise 108. Henry I Clady

Il avez vous pas l'intention a [illegible] parler de
monsieur 2 Il avais eu le intention [illegible] de lui parler
mais était-il parti - 3 - Votre soeur a couché-elle
hier avez dis que elle a lu son livre 4 Elle couché-elle
elle dis que elle en lu - 5 Couché-elle ordinairement
desque elle entre lu son livre 6 Elle ordinairement couché
dis que elle entre lu six page. 7 Vous avez vous dit que votre
soeur était malade. 8. Il dit que elle en dangerusement
malade 9 Avez vous que vous avez fait de
votre plume - 10. Ci sais que je avais en égaré -
Votre soeur 11 Avez votre soeur elle égaré 12 Elle
le laissée en mon chambre 13 Combien de votre
livre avez vous egaré - 14 Il avais egaré cinq
mais mon frère avaiz le trouve 16 Qu'avez vous
laissé, 17 Il avais laissé dans le jardin - 17 Le
marteau de votre frère arrêté - 18 Était il arrêté 19 Pourquoi
elle arrêté 20 Il avait oublié de la serrer 21 Il avez il
perdu son clef 22 Il n'avez pas le perdu 23 Avez vous
un besoin de mon frère ou moi 24 Il avais besoin votre
petite fille 24 Était-elle sorti 25 Elle était sorti avec
votre frère 26. Était-elle allais a chez mon frère 27
Elle y allais 29 Le teinturier allais. 30 Il ne pas encore
allais, il l'intention a parti a cinq - 31 Avez vous
parlé a lui quand je venu hier - 32 Il avez

G Douglas — John Home — Nov 1, 61 —

~~Votre frere a le livre du ma cousin. A-t-il l'ha~~?

Dade.

Votre frère a le livre du ma cousine A-t-il l'habit du tailleur Il n'a pas l'habit du tailleur Nous n'avons ni le drap ni la soie. Le tailleur a-t-il bon bouton d'or. Oui monsieur ~~a-t-il~~ a le bon bouton d'or Qui a la montre d'or du mon frère Quelqu'un a la montre d'or. Il n'a pas votre assiette il ~~a~~ la mienne Quel sofa avez vous j'ai le sofa de mon frere. J'ai ni ~~son~~ le sien ni la votre j'ai la mienne ~~de mon frere~~

Sophia Robinson

very good

Oui monsieur je suis souvent ~~Est travail~~.
Travail est le agreable. Oui monsieur travail est agreable et utile. Nous avons en et vous n'~~avez~~ Avez en
A-t-il de beaucoup argent. Il a mais guère Le Belge sont ils bien brave Oui monsieur il a bon

Linen
Collars — 11
Cuffs —

Capt Elliott — C C
W A Elliott Capt — Ga W A Elliott —
Capt W A Elliott — Capt W
W
Woodwards Ky Cav
Williams's Brigade
Wheeler's Cav Corps
Atlanta
Ga —
Capt Capt —
Capt — W

Love thy yes while there's life in this heart
I hope the declaration now make you start

Man is mortal. The soul of man is immortal!

Man, created in the image of his Maker, is an immortal being. Endowed with a mind and ~~at his~~ soul capable of the highest attainments — Man (the noblest of God's works.) ~~gifted with~~ (Created in the image of his maker) Gifted with an immortal soul and mind is capable of the highest attainments What is it man cannot accomplish By his mental gifts he can crack he converses with friends through hundreds of miles apart. and can whirled ~~along~~ 106000 along at the rapid rate of sixty miles per hour The turn our eyes to the starry canopy of Heaven, and what if it we have not learned about those worlds so far from us, from the

Sh Rich — Sheridan — Nov 14th 1864

Votre jardinier a-t-il de beaucoup legumes
Oui monsieur il en a beaucoup Combien de legumes
a-t-il. Il a plusieurs de jardins et plusieurs de la
maisons Avez vous beaucoup de livres Je n'en ai guère
mais mon ami en a beaucoup ~~Quel drap avez vous~~
Votre frere quel drap a-t-il. Il en a bon habit de drap.
Votre oncle a-t-il beaucoup de pêches Le tailleur
combien de plumes a-t-il Le tailleur a pas plumes
a-t-il du drap et du soie Votre ami le marchand
Lanie Lanie Lanie Lanie
Votre frère quel age a-t-il Il est cinquante
ans Votre belle-soeur est-elle plus agée que
la mienne Non Monsieur ma belle-soeur est plus
jeune que la votre. Votre fils est-il
vingt-et-cinq ans Non Madame il est seule-
ment seize. Quel jour du mois avons nous
aujourd'hui. Nous avons Onze. Avez vous le
vingtième volume de Chateaubriand des ouv-
rages No madame nous avons le onzième
Quelle heure est il Monsieur Il est seulement
midi ~~heure~~. Il n'est pas plus tard. Il est dix
heures moins un ~~un~~ quart

vol 6 —
good —

nothing study and no ceasing aim worthy of man? But what avail it? all this Woman's life is like a flower, which fadeth away. He is but improving the talent let us make his given trial. he goes to render an account of his trust with his thoughts, his soul and mind. Come receive this, forever an eternity it cannot end.

French Exercise

1st Pourquoi vous ne pas changé de l'habit – 2 Pour un bien saison prochaine je n'en ~~ai~~ pas d'autre 3 – Votre père a-t-il changé de maison – 4 Non Monsieur, mais nous l'intention de le faire demain – 5 A-t-il cet enfant changé de vie 6 Il a changé de conduite, il est très bien maintenant – 7 Avez vous changé de chapeau 8 Ne change vous de place très souvent 18 Non Monsieur je n'ai pas pas changé de chapeau 2 Il change de place, quand il est fatigué – 11 Votre cousin ne change-t-elle pas vite jour d'amis – 12 Elle ne change-t-elle pas aussi tout le jour 13 Votre Frère n'a-t-il pas peur, ne change-t-il de visage 14 ~~Le~~ Il change de visage, mais il n'a pas peur 15 Nancy vous pas change de chambre

Elle sous Angie Swin Angie Swin Angie Dora Groves

Êtes vous davantage que votre soeur Dora

Je ne suis pas — autant de votre frère Matthew

Avez vous plus courage que mon frère Dancy

Pas tant — autant Elle ~~A. le maréchal~~ Le maréchal a-t-il autant de

Ellen E E Ellen

We are going to have a wedding at our house Christmas. Is it you sure enough? Lucy Lucy

Saunders Saunders Ellie Becke Swin Becke

16, Le n'en pas change de chemises mon chemise est très ~~trois~~ 17 Ne lavez elle une pas a France Il faut de dire 19 Votre mere n'lavez elle très long temps 20 Elle a très longtemps a vient 22 Avez vous change de quarante francs monsieur 23 Je ne l'ai encore change 24 ~~Pourquoi~~ Pourquoi ne plancy vous pas change 25 Votre pere il n'a pas de monnaie 26 Avez vous la monnaie d'une guinee 26 Et ici seulement le monnie de mange a shilling 27 Combien le cuit est-il en shilling 28 Il est un cent 29 Cet monsieur a-t-il change contre ~~a change~~ 30 Oui monsieur il change contre un napoleon de Yarly vous change contre de chapeau Pepin viennent Non monsieur votre chapeau est trop petit pour moi 33 De que avez vous

the infant Savior, against whose cheek she leaned her own in an attitude expressi of dignified and fond affection. Another chil St John the Baptist stood beside her. The ~~[illegible]~~ tender expression of every feature the maternal fondness beaming from her soft bey el eye bespoke the pious consciousness of be the mother of the Son of God. Almost ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ unconsciously I breathed softly ~~[illegible]~~ Raphael's Madonna della Seggiola. A moment of confusion and Titian's Assumption of the Virgin greeted my eyes. The Madonna was borne rapidly upward amid fascinating groups of infant angels, while wi upraised eyes and solemn gestures the apos stood beneath. Another moment and it was gone. A dull ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ uniform mass of grey ~~[illegible]~~ filled ~~up before~~ my ~~gaze~~ vision and held its place during a lengthened interval of time. Then the ~~[illegible]~~ clouds parting advanced on all sides an ~~withdrawn from view for a scene whose characteristics were totally different from those of the preceding.~~ A change came o'er the spirit of my dream

green are broad rays of radiant light from the morning sun, that penetrated the gloom in the centre of the pass making the recess glorious by contrast. The huge masses of bare stone showed that the sweeping avalanche had once swept down the "grand steep" tearing the firm rocks from their beds of years and uprooting the mountain oak. A ruin with three windows lies on the mountain side on the left the remnant of a gallery built to protect from the avalanche. The old wood, which a portion appeared here and there. Partly sustained on rough stone arches and winding away to the right & over steep banks a road leading safely out from this gloomy pass. Slowly and wearily toiling over this mountain road we reached a footbridge ~~[illegible]~~ which conducted one ~~[illegible]~~ onward to a gentle valley. Here Windsor seized me and when after a momentary interval my vision was restored I beheld the Aged Shepherd's Chief Mourner. Here the most faithful of all friends lovely ~~[illegible]~~ pressing his breast against the wood that divides

The ope[illegible] revealed to my view as
scene [illegible] I beheld as
John of old a mighty revelation. In
the centre of a group of figures [illegible] Death
[illegible] stood a Pale Horse, an un-
bridled steed, rushing on with the wild-
ness of a [illegible] trampling
down the [illegible] every age
and condition, "and his name that sat
on him was Death;" This shape,
If shape it might be called that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
Or substance might be called, that shadow seemed
For each seemed either; black it stood as Night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
[illegible] His right hand wreathed with a
serpent the other armed with metallic
[illegible]. Closely following the ideal King
of terrors were, "Perverse, all monstrous all prodigious
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feigned or fear conceived,
Gorgons and Hydras, and Chimeras dire".
On the right [illegible] the riders of the White
Horse, who goes forth conquering and to conquer,
a bow within his hand; [illegible] and
[illegible] upon his head

The likeness of a kingly crown had on". Beside him rode the Warrior on the Red Horse, the reciever of the great sword, the destroyer of peace. From the gloomy depths behind there figure advanced the Black Horse his rider holding ~~[illegible]~~ the level balances within his hand. On the left an animated group of the sons of men struggled "with the hearts of the earth".

~~[illegible]~~ Here or before the description.

My dream was past; it had no further change. Him fear his creator, and convulsively clinging with his paws which have dragged of the blanket, lay with his head close & nestlingly upon its folds, with eyes fixed and bated and his body in a rigidity & before that showed long traces of agony. Quietness and gloom filled the chamber, the spectacles marked the place where the Bible was last closed at showing the lonely life and unnoticed departure of him who lay solitary in his sleep. While a tear trembled on my lash at the sad thoughts ~~[illegible]~~, truthful picture had awakened a rolling cloud passed

it, and the immortal West led me ~~to [illegible] with [illegible]~~ away and — the pending page bid me Gems of ancient art had unso-bidden greeted my vision and I felt an intense desire to see some of the pictorial thoughts of modern times.

Man created in the image of his maker is an immortal being endowed with a mind and soul capable of the highest attainments. Man created in the image of his maker is the noblest of God's works. What is it man cannot accomplish? By his inventive genius we are enabled to converse with friends though hundreds of miles apart and are whirled along at the rapid rate of fifty miles an hour. But what avails all this? Our life is like a flower which fadeth away. We are but improving the talent the Maker has given him. He goes to render an account of his words, actions & thoughts. His

L'immortality de l'Homme. 2

L'homme étant fait pour ~~Dans~~ l'image de Dieu ~~est ou était~~ immortel. Il lui est donné un esprit et une ame capable de l'acquisition en un degré haut. Il est la plus noble des creations de Dieu. Par son génie inventive nous pouvons converser avec nos amis quoique nous soyons de cent lieues séparé. et par la moyen de la vapeur nous voyageons soixant milles par l'heure. Mais de quel bien est tout cela? La vie de l'homme est semblable une fleur. qui perit. Il n'est que employer les talent Dieu lui a donné. Il va a rendre compte de ses mots, ses actions et ses pensées. son ame ne peut jamais mourir, dans l'eternity

il faut qu'il ait une 1) change contre de cheval 84

2) si change entre une mon fusil 85 2) si change entre pour un blanc —

Exercice 115 — 30

1 Votre fils est-il en Angleterre, 2. Son, monsieur est-il en France avec mon fils — 3. Ses mains sont-ils de bonnes postes — 4 Qui monnaie ils ont ~~nommé~~ priés deux — 5 Faut-il avoir un passeport pour voyager en Amerique 6 Non Mons, mais il faut en avoir un pour voyager en Italie — 7 Y-a-t-il un cafe a côté de Gallois a Dimes. 8 — Il y a en plusieurs 9 Y-a-il a chemin de fer de Paris a Bruxelles

10 Il y a un de Paris a Bruxelles et un de Paris a
Tours — 11 Votre frère a-t-il acheté un moulin a vent
12 Non monsieur, mais il a bâti un moulin à vapeur —
13 Y-a-t-il ~~plusieurs~~ beaucoup ~~bateau~~ ~~moulin a vapeur~~
marins à vapeur en Amérique — 14 Non
monsieur, mais il y a ~~plus~~ beaucoup ~~eau~~ et moulin à
vapeur — 15 Vos frères ont-elles a maître de danse
16 Elles ont un maître de danse et a maître de
musique — 17 Votre cousine apprend-elle le dessin
18 Elle n'apprend pas, ~~mais~~ il ne ~~peut~~ trouve
un ~~bon~~ maître de dessin 19 Le maître d'anna
est-il dans le salle a manger — 20, non monsieur
il est ~~dans~~ dans le ~~chambre de~~ salon — 21 Votre cousine
est-il dans son chambre a coucher — 22 Non
monsieur il est sorti 23 Combien de chambre
y-a-t-il dans votre maison 24 Il y a cinq; une
cuisine, une salon, et deux chambre de coucher
25 Y-a-t-il Chats montés ici 26 Oui monsieur
et Chaises aussi — 27 Avez vous ~~un~~
deux chats d'ours 28 Oui monsieur ~~Il~~ Il
vie — 29 Le roi vous envoyez chefs lumière de le
département — 30 Le roi envoyez 31 Avez vous
un cabinet deux chevaux — 32 Il a un
quatre chevaux 33 Votre frère a-t-il un
voiture deux sièges 34 Il a un voiture

à deux ériges — Exercice 118 —

1 Le marinier ne appelera-t-il pas ces enfants 2 Il appelera ses enfants et compte de son cœur 3 Ne mènerez vous pas vos enfants 4 Je ne les mènerai pas demain 5 Ne vous promenez vous pas cette après midi — 6 Nous nous promenons en voiture demain 7 N'achèterez vous pas les chevaux de mon père 8 Je ne les achèterai pas 9 Je n'en ai pas de l'argent 10 N'apprendrez vous pas la calligraphie 11 Je n'ai pas envie l'apprendre; je n'ai pas envie acheter quelque chose 12 Passez vous le taillant 13 Je lui passerai ~~vous~~ mon habit 14 Il gelera demain, il fait très froid 15 Ne semerez vous pas de l'avoine dans ce champ 16 Je ne semerai pas de l'avoine; j'y semerai du blé 17 Menerez vous votre enfant à l'école 18 Je y menerai cette après midi 19 Ne menerez vous pas votre fils au marché 20 Je n'en lui menerai 21 Le jardinier ne mènera-t-il pas son cheval à l'abreuvoir 22 Il y le mènera 23 Donnerez vous pas de l'avoine à votre cheval 24 Je lui donnerai du foin 25 Amenerez vous votre fils avec vous 26 Je l'amenerai demain 27 Menera-t-il son cheval — 28 Il la mènera

un cheval et une voiture 29 Pourquoi apporte-vous cet
petite enfant 30 Il est trop malade pour mar-
cher 31 Votre frère vendra-t-il ses propriétés
32 Il n'en vendra que une partie 33 Votre domes-
tique ne portera-t-il pas la lettre à la poste
34 Je la cachetterai et le lui donnerai 35 Donnez-
vous à manger à mon cheval 36 Je le lui
donnerai à manger et lui donnerai de l'eau

120 April 1st. 1864 –

Empêchez vous chercher de maison 2 Je l'en verrai
chercher cette après midi 3 La petite fille n'a-t-elle pas
et apporté de pommes 4 Elle en enverra chercher
5 Ne vous assoyez vous pas quand vous vous
fatiguez 6 Nous ne nous assoyons pas, nous n'avons pas
le temps 7 Votre frère que fera-t-il quand
il sera fatigué 8 Il fera ce que il pourra
9 Vendra-t-il la paire de bœufs ce soir –
10 Il ne vendra pas la paire car ne voudra pas
11 Ne-fendra-t-il pas pour marchant 12
Il ne fendra pas bois pour 13 Fendra-t-il
pour nous à prix de cord 14 Il le fendra
15 Votre petit garçon ne marchera-t-il pas plus
lentement quand il sera fatigué 16 Quand il
sera fatigué, il se assiera –

(Rosi - Bud

17 Vous voir que fera - elle demain - 18 Elle
ira a l'église et à l'école 19 Elle ne viendra pas
ici - 20 Elle ne pourra pas venir 21 Iray vous
à pied ou à cheval 22 J'irai à cheval - 23
Pourquoi ~~vous~~ iray vous en voiture 24 Parce que
ma voiture est en Londres 25 Quand vous verrez
vous 26 Je les verrez aussitôt que je pourrai
27 Vendredi - il chez vous demain 28 Je le
ferai avec beaucoup de plaisir 29 Quand vous
verrez ce gentil homme lui parlerez vous 30 Je lui
parlera - 31 Quand vous aurez écrire votre lettre, que
ferez vous - 32 - Je viendrai chez vous - 33 - Quand vous
aurez ~~vu~~ ce livre, lui envoyez vous - 34
Je l'envoyerai ~~vous~~ 35 Je l'envoyerai vous aussitôt
lui - 36 Je le envoyerai demain 37 Je vous viendrai
vous demain

(Tuskaloosa Female College)
April 9th 1864

I cannot be without a journal it is an intimate loving companion that never belongs. I am here alone going to school; the family are scattered to the four winds, some within Federal & some within Confederate lines & others over the foaming ocean.

April 23rd Saturday evening how lonely I feel. Mrs Saunders told us this morning that we must decide by Monday on our Composition subjects for the Examination & I am as miserable a the very thought.

Gen Lee is now in town he came to see me Wednesday, Gen Ferguson was also here & came to see me. Last night I spent the evening at Col Blocker's met Capt Barnes & Dr Hamer of Gen Jackson's staff. The Gen & Lieut Martin have gone to Marion.

[illegible] Lee

at my indifference to so much affection as one person lavishes on me I wish, Oh! how sincerely do I say it that I could make myself love him & then we both would be happy, but perhaps his is well merely fickleness. "May 1st" "O! Flower worth, perfect the harvest of Flowers" how joyously I hail thee for even the time will come when I will wend my way back to my childhoods home, and be again sheltered by the protecting shadow of the old oaks.

The City is filled with soldiers, among the number a great many Missourians. Friday there was a review of all the Missouri troops they are noble looking men. Gen S. D. Lee Gen Jackson Gen French & Gen Hodge with their respective staffs were out. Capt Summerville walked home with me, & Capt Lowd with Jennie Mellen after reaching here they came in and spent some time. I have formed the acquaintance of so many nice Missourians. Capt George Matthews, came to see me up Friday Evening & yesterday morning Lieut Henry Marton of Gen Jackson's staff. Yesterday Evening Jennie & I were walking just in front of the College & when we went down to the corner met Gen W. H. Jackson he jumped down & spoke to me & commenced talking to me & his horse ran off & he after

"Edgar" "Allen" "Poe"
"Written on the death of his wife —
"Annabel Lee" —

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child, and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love
I and my Annabel Lee —
With a love that winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago
In this kingdom by the sea
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the Sea.

it, but he finally came back for it & walked with me, I told him I had accomplished more than any Federal had ever done for, I had no hoped him; he is quite cordially in his manner. Last night Prof Slack came over & brought several of his Missouri friends, he asked for Jennie Melton, Violetta Williams Mary Smith, Miss Fannie & Alice Turner & myself we had such a nice time. Capt C M B Thummond Capt Gathing & Lt Gathing Lieut Garnett and Dr Quorn. I believe I like Capt Thummond best I gave him a beautiful bouquet one I had made for Gen Lee. Sunday night Jennie & I were invited to a large party given by Gen Lee, he sent around to know if he could go with me, but Mrs Saunders preferred my not going. We were also invited to Mrs Pigue's Monday night but did not accept

William Collins

Cato by Joseph Addison

How does my heart crowth

The face of Cato, I make even horror smile

Father & Lawrie taken prisoners on Aug 11 1864

Father returned Aug 16th

Lawrie sent to Rockville

Marble Faun - Her heart seemed so full, that it split to new gush of happiness, as it were like rich sunny wine out of an overbrimming goblet. (Italy Pictorial land) It is the iron rule in our day to organize an object & a purpose in life - It makes us all parts of a complicated scheme of progress, which can only result in our arrival at a colder and drearier region than we were born in - It insists upon everybody's adding somewhat - a mite, perhaps, but earned by incessant effort - to an accumulated pile of usefulness of which the only use will be, to bear down our posterity with even heavier thoughts & more inordinate labor than our own - As life now wanders an unfettered stream; there is a mill-wheel for the lowest circlet to turn. We go all wrong by to strenuous a resolution to go all right - Nature in beast, fowl, & tree and earth - flower & sky, is what it was of old; but sin, our self consciousness have set the human portion of the world askew, & thus the simplest character is ever sunset to go astray ——

The western sky is wont to be set afloat with broad depths of color within which poets seek in vain to dye their verses & which painters never dare to copy) - a broad golden bar - a spring color, [illegible]

But the moon never beams, without bringing me
Dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
And so all the night-tide I lie down, I lie down by the side
Of my darling — my darling — my life and my
Bride,
In the sepulchre by the sea —
In her tomb by the sounding Sea.

What will he do with it?

Chapter XVIII § 18 "Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton"
Book 1st } "Beware of Partings" The true sadness is not in the pain of the parting, it is in the When and the How you are to meet again with the face about to vanish from your view. From the passionate farewell to the woman who has your heart in her keeping, to the cordial good-by exchanged with pleasant companions at a watering-place, a country-house, or the close of a festive day, blithe as careless as serene — a cord, stronger or weaker, is snapped asunder in every parting, and Time's busy fingers are not practiced in replacing broken ties. But again you say: will it be the same way? — with the same sentiments? — with the same

The Epicurean, If they awakened in me any thought it was the mournful idea that one day like Thebes & Heliopolis this pageant would pass away leaving nothing behind but a few mouldering ruins — like sea shells where the ocean has been — to tell that the great tide of Life was once there" — "As little could her frank nature conceal it as the clear waters of Alphéus hide their gold"

"That mutability — of which the fountain-head has lasted, lingered the whole stream; and when I read the words "all are of the dust and all turn to dust again" a feeling like the wind of the desert, came mournfully over me — Love Beauty Glory everything must bright and worshipped upon Earth appeared to be sinking before my eyes, under this dreadful doom into one general mass of decay, ruin & silence — "To the word of "Life" the only answer back is "Death" —"

"Love has no gift so grateful as his wings:
How fair, how young, how soft, soe'er he seem
Fall from the fount of Joy's delicious springs
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom throw"

Childe Harold —

And all my choice is to know
Whate'er betides, I've known the worst — Childe H —

"Few are my years & yet I feel
The world was never design'd for me!" Byron —

The Deserted

"It is only in retirement that I can find the flowers from which balm can be distilled." "In whose tender & glistening blue (eyes) the spirit of her Mother seems to float." "It is from our own hearts and not from an outward source, that we draw the hues which color the web of our existence."

Tennyson's Extracts

Death is the end of life; ah why
Should life all labor be? —

In Memoriam

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of Nature, sins of will
Defects of doubt and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed
Or cast as outcast to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire

ey on feathers? Will the souls hurrying on in diverse paths, unite once more, as if the intervals had been a dream? Rarely, Rarely! "Have you not, after even a year, even a month's absence, returned to the same place, found the same groupes reassembled, and yet sighed to yourself, "But where is the charm that once breathed from the spot and once smiled from the faces?" A poet has said — "Eternity itself cannot restore the loves struck from the minute Are you happy in the spot in which you stay with the persons whose voices are now melodious to your ear? Beware of Parting; or if Part you must say not in insolent defiance to Time and Destiny — "What matters? we shall soon meet again." Alas, and Alas! When we think of the lips that murmured, "Soon meet again", and remember how, in heart, soul, and thought, we stood forever divided the one from the other, when, once more face to face, we each only exclaimed "Met again." (Guy Darrell's voice) — These are key-notes. In thrilling harmony voice, simply uttered, which can haunt the heart, once the passions, lull surfeited multitudes, shake into dust the thrones of guarded kings, and effect more wonders than ever yet have been wrought by the defiant spirit" — "Whether you take from fortune a palace or a cottage, add to your chambers a hall in the souls of Nature — Let the Earth but give you room to stand on, well look up. Did nothing to have but up

So shriveled it in a fruitless fire
As but enhances another to gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last — far off — at last, to all
And every winter change to spring."
(The first stanza of In Memoriam)

"I hold it true whate'er befall:
I feel it when I sorrow most:
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."
Thanatopsis — Bryant

"So live that when thy summons comes to join
The dread caravan that takes its march to that
Mysterious realm, where each shall take his
Chamber in the halls of death; thou goest not as the
Quarry slave at night, scourged to his dungeon;
But sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust
Approach thy tomb, like one that wraps the
Drapery of his couch about him and lies down
To pleasant dreams."

"Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy
Form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

your roof-tree — heaven? — "You will say "this is virtue" you will follow its unselfish path up to the smile of God."
"Woman leages as well as consoles. Woman makes half the crowns which she bought the privilege to console."
Guy Darrell and Caroline Lyndsay or Lady Mordfort —
Lionel Haughton and Sophy Beauchamp
William Lovely alias Gentleman Waife — Jasper Lovely —
Arabella Tadcott or Crane — George & Alban Morley.
Gabrielle Desmarets — Rugge — Adolphus Poole.
"The desire of fame may be folly in civilians, in soldiers it is wisdom. Born-born with the martial sense of honor, it cheers the march, it warms the bivouac, it gives music to whir of the bullet, & the roar of the ball; it plant hope in the thickest of the peril; knits rivals with the bond of brothers; comforts the sunnow when the brother falls; takes from war its grim aspect of carnage; and from homicide itself extracts lessons that strengthen the safeguards to humanity, and perpetuate life to millions. Right — pant for fame; you are a soldier."

Charge of Rhodes' Brigade at Seven Pines —

Down in the Valley amid thunder and lightning
Down in the Valley amid jettings of light
Down in the deep crimson'd Valley of Richmond
The twenty-five hundred swore on to the fight

Onward still onward to the portals of Glory
Down to the sepulchered chambers, yet sweet dismayed
Down in the deep cannon'd Valley of Richmond
Marched the bold warriors of Rhodes' Brigade.

See ye those fires and flashes still leaping
See ye the tempest and jettings of storm
See ye the banners of proud Alabama
In front of her Columns move steadily on;
Hear ye the music that gladens each comrade
Riding on wings thro' torrents of Sounds
Hear ye that booming adown the red Valley
Cater unbuckles his swarthy old hounds
Wealth Alabama why weep your old war-horse
He died as he wished in the gear at your head
Seven Pines! ye will tell in the pages of story
How the blood of the South ebb'd away 'neath your Shade
How the sons of Virginia fought in the red Valley
And fell in the Columns of Rhodes' Brigade.

Fathers and Mothers ye weep for your jewels
Sisters ye weep for your brothers in vain
Maidens ye weep for your sunny-eyed lovers
Weep for they never will come back again;

But know ye that Victory the shrine of the noble
Encircled the honors by Death newly made
And know ye that freedom the shrine of the mighty
Shines forth on the banners of Rhodes Brigade.

Daughters of Southland, come bring ye bright flowers
Weave ye a chaplet for the brow of the brave
Bring ye the emblems of freedom and Victory
Bring ye the emblems of death and the grave
Bring ye a motto begetting a hero
Bring ye Exotics that never will fade
Come to the deep cincured Valley of Richmond
And crown the young chieftain who led his Brigade

Lamar Fontaine

Rocky Hill Oct 24th 1863.

Maud Muller. by Whittier

Maud Muller on a summer's day
Raked the meadow sweet with hay —
Beneath her toil-worn brow shone the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health —
Singing she swung, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree —
But when she glanced to the far off town
White from its hill-side looking down; —
The sweet song died, and a vague unrest

And a dream her longing filled her breast—
A wish she hardly dared to own
For something better than she had known—
The judge rode slowly down the lane
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane—
She drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple tree, to quell the raid—
And asked a drink of spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road—
She stooped where the cool water bubbled up
And filled for him her small tin cup—
And blushed as she gave it looking down
On her feet so bare and her tattered gown—
"Thanks" said the Judge "a sweeter draught
From fairer hand was never quaffed."
Then he spoke of the grass the flowers the trees
The singing birds and humming bees.
Then he talked of the hay and wondered whether
She could in the best weather bring home heather.
Maud listened while a felicitous surprise
Looked from his long-lashed hazel eyes
Maud blushed forgot her tasks and grown
And her graceful ankles bare and brown
At last like one who for delay
Makes a vain excuse he rode away

"Man think of God
think of thyself; think of Eternity —
Fear God the thunders cried; Fear God the waves
Fear God the lightning of the storm replied —
Fear God, deep answered back to deep." — — —

Mana Mullen looks and sighs "Oh me
That I the Judge's bride might be".
He would dress me up in silks so fine
and praise and feed me at his wine.
My Father shows man a broad cloth coat
and my brother sails a jaunty boat
I'd dress my mother so fine and gay
and the baby should have a new toy each day.
I'd feed the hungry, and clothe the poor
and all shower blessings on who turned from door,
The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill
and saw Mana Mullen standing still.
"I care from a face more sweet
Than hath it been my lot to meet".
Her modest manner and graceful air
Speak her wise and good as she is fair.
Would she were mine, and I to day
Like her an harvester of hay".
But he thought of his sisters proud and cold
and his mother vain of her rank and gold.
So closing his heart the Judge rode on
and left Mana Mullen in the field alone
The maiden mused beside the well
Till the twilight on the meadows drew her.
She wedded a wife of richer dower

Who lives for fashion as he for fame
But flies in his marble heaven's light glow
She watches a fairer form and go!
And once Maude Mentler's hazel eyes
Looked out in this innocent surprise
Oft when the wind in his glass glowed red
She longed for the road side well as that
And closed his eyes on his garnished towns
To dream of the meadows and clover blooms
And the proud man sighed with a weak pain
Oh me that I were free again.
Free as when I rode that day
When the farm-girl maiden raked the hay
She married a man unlearned and poor
And many children played around the door
But care and sorrow and child-birth pain
Left their traces on heart and brain.
And for him who sat by the chimney log
Scolding and dozing in fever and fog
A manly form at her side she saw
And joy was duty and love was law
And sadly she turned to her work again
Saying only "it might have been".
Alas! for maiden alas! for Judge
For both sighing and both weary grudge

scence also. If innocence ~~regards nature~~ as more
en we were printed by our sins Neither from
m up to Paradise God" ~~and the man who can not~~
it not seem at times as if nature is grateful for the
ls of her generous God and thanks giving and prayer
ent from her soul? There are times when I can almost
her murmured devotions, when stillness reigns in
dazzle of noon or the softness of midnight. There is
mething in this quiet of Nature like worship, it is as if
m the breathless heart of Things when up a prayer
r homage to the Ach Creator, and in the oneness
nature the human heart joins in sweet harmony.
With what convincing eloquent does nature speak
the blackened heart of the infidel; there is a God;
the herbs of the gentle Valley, the sacred Cedars of the mount
ain bless him; the insect sports in his beam; the bird sings
him in the foliage; the thunder proclaims him in the
heavens; the ocean declares his immensity, and shun
ning oh! man hath said there is no God. By what
inconceivable power does that aged star which
is sinking fatigued and burning in the shades
of the evening, ~~at the~~ fresh and burnt
from the dewy fingers of Aurora?
All things that the hand of the Creator has formed

Grace fully thou hast both and fully we are
Thy vassals the dreams of youth recall.
For of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these, "It might have been".
Ah! well for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes
And in the hereafter Angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away.

Warren Hastings – ~~Born~~ 1732 at Daylesford – Died 86 years 1819
Tried 10 years – acquitted – Impeached by Burke,
Fox, Sheridan, George the 3rd, Governor General of India
Robert Lord Clive – Born 1725 "But shine

In offices of love, how we may lighten
Each other's burden, in our share of woe – "Paradise Lost
Wordsworth – "The fair defect of Nature" " " "
"The fair fair visions of Romance, have a use beyond the
Mere one of the Real" – Farquhar Tupper
"Life is a strange avenue of various trees and flowers:
Lighthouse at commencement, but darkening & closed in a
distant vacancy – portal" – Tupper

Douglas – by John Home – Act 1 Sc 4th – 64
Thus is our state – thy spirit is ennobled
By the great king of kings; thou art ordain'd
And claimed ~~the~~ as heir, by the sovereign hand

Of Nature" — "Prepare the feast.

"Free is his heart who for his country fights;
He in the eve of battle may resign ~~himself~~
Himself to social pleasures; merriest then,
When danger to the soldier and endeare
The human joy that never may return" Douglas

King Lear — Shakespeare —

"Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child
Than the sea-monster" — "That she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child" —
"Stirring to better, often mar what's well".

Jeanie Deans — to Reuben Butler

But writing, wunna do it — a letter canna look, and pray, and beg, and beseech, so the human voice can do to the human heart. A letter is like the music that the ladies have for their spinets nae thing but black scores, compared to the same tune played or sung. It's sound of mouth mean do it or nathing Reuben

Who ever gazed upon them shining
And turn'd to earth without repining
Nor wished for wings to flee away
And mix with their eternal day?"

Nature is all powerful, she is not only possessed the charm to soothe, but at the same time it elevates and raises the depraved sort of men to love the mighty works of God, there is in this some thing truly simple and pure. Such a taste argues I think a sweet generous nature to have this strong relish for the beauties of vegetation & friendship for the lovely & glorious sons of the forest. Leads indeed intercourse with nature lifts the mind high above mere worldliness, "as the leaves of trees are said to absorb noxious qualities of the air and breathe forth a purer atmosphere as it seems to me, as if they drew from us all evil and angry passions and breathe forth peace & philanthropy."

Oft-times does Nature reclaim the callous and scarred heart of man back to the glorious throne it will imperceptibly draw the weary wanderer. When the soul is plunging deeper & deeper in the abyss of crime one glance upon the green sward where we once gambolled in joyous sport will make the heart return with regret to the silvery days of childhood

"The hand of Douglas is his own:
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Moorman clasp."

"The beauty of our fair ones gives point to our spears, and edge to our swords: their words are our laws; and as crown imbits a lamp shed lustre when unkindled, so a knight distinguish him-self by feats of arms having no mistress of his affections." Kenneth of the Conchant Dog said to Saladin by the "Diamond of the Desert" — Talismen —

Dowdell flushing flushing of

scape like hope flushing over futurity. Gradually the light is softened into that sweet and soothing hour of love light; What heart hath not acknowledged the influence of this hour; the holy eloquent repose of twilight, its rosy skies its soft air its shadows and its dews do they not whisper to the heart? The hour of love, the hour of adoration, the hour of rest; when we think of those we love only to regret that we have not loved more deeply when we remember our enemies only to forgive them. And now the stars one by one kindle as if from of heaven and twilight and like the hopes of a brighter world upon the darkness and unrest of life they shine with a tender but solemn beam on the calm placid mountain lake where the Dongad once sailed by silvery moonlight with the graceful maiden, and they danced merrily on the margin where the fanning sedge kissed lovingly that sweet of waters. Do you not sigh when you are brought back to your

Twoned night; on the moonlit brow
The cold moist moon shines deeply down;
Blue will the waves, blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright;

Lula Dowdell

breezes; but their weird chants seem to have lingered on the grass for the forest music falls with mild and dy on the ear. And methinks the doctrine of transmigration of souls must exist for I fancy I can distinguish in notes like the familiar tone of a loved friend coming for my sorrow stricken soul to the only balm. And there the last beams of the dying sun are descending on Earth mildly beautiful, the rich crimsons of light fall as from the halo of Glory that encircles our Saviour gently they fall bearing messages of peace & comfort to the wounded soul. Like a bright Christian when their duties of this sphere are performed he has gone to Gladen another hemisphere. Softly he leaves us, Death hath set ~~[illegible]~~ enchroyed on his pallid emigre ~~[illegible]~~ but permitted his decline to be more glorious than his dawn; and as at the Death of a kind beneficient Monarch a nation mourns so sadly do they sun set you experience.

"The death bed of a day how beautiful
Oh, I could wish to see the day die thus
Linger ye clouds one moment there
Fan it to slumber with your golden wings
Its pious prayers ye seem to utter its end"

The red clouds are yet tinged with the hues of the departing sun hovering on the far eastern land-

Natures teachings."

"To them that the gentle swing zephers fan with unseen touch, the care-worn brow - The gentle breath reminds us of the time when when with meekly folded hands we will rest beneath its sod and rest forever -

We look on the delicate wild Flowers and wish with as Campbells, that no costly marble may mark where we lie but simple Wild Flowers may throw in Heightened freshness there. Gaze into the deep blue eye of the Violet

"Kissed by the breath of heaven
and seems colored by its skies" and it will teach you humility to bow in submission to his will - the gentle Daisy but the noble Burns hath sung thy charms.

Nature is sympathizing and Comforting. Seated on the the bank of a brooklet where nature breathes so softly as if impatient to throw off their shackles, or leave with pain her this encircled boundaries. Here bends the Willow weeping as for our sorrows. "And above no her green leaves
Dewy with nature tear drops
Seeming if angel inanimate ever grieves."

Mournfully the Pines sigh yes, sadly sigh as if our cares would bitter their fresh breathing sighs -

Beneath the wide spreading oaks the ancient Druid worshipped and the smoking smoke of his sacrifices were wafted to heaven by those same Juice

Nature the Comforter

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible form she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of ~~pleasure~~ gladness, and ~~she~~ a smile
And eloquence of Beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware."

When Joy has touched our hearts with her magic wand and encircled us in her rosy clouds and ~~shaken~~ the atmosphere around us is laden with golden incense she has distilled from her mystical caves, then we ask the society of the world and delight in the deceptive smiles of the fawning and in incense. But when "pain and anguish wring the brow", when time moves with iron footsteps and bears the incense of despair upon the down hidden and merciless Destiny an unmindful of the blanched and quivering lips, gives forth her stern decrees, and with unconscious plucking shackles "Gen to gone a-way of the sun"; we do not then turn to finding earthly scenes for their brilliancy falls as mockery on the dead heart and ~~take~~ the Wintry blast comes all joys as the dear an humo leaves to fall in showers at the feet of hope;

"But when we gaze sick at heart
To forth into the open sky and that

Dead + Buried

Dead

The Boarding Department

Tuskaloosa Female College May 1st 1864

Miss Rebecca Murrah

Pinkie Phelps
Alice Sadler
Lucy Finch
Bettie McAdory

Lula Dowdell
Mattie Vaughan
Mary Smith
Pinkie Jones

Fannie Hunnicutt
Emelia Rutledge
Maggie Davis

Alice Ballou
Lou Ballou

Jennie Mellen
Emma Mellen
Violetta Williams
Lizzy Williams *

X Lettie Abernathy
Sallie Abernathy

Annie Kingsberry
Ellie Saunders

Sub Seniors May 1st

Jerusha Hornsbill
Mary Spencer
Emma Dowdell
Pinkie Owen
Julia Glazebrook
Jennie Sennet
Pinkie Jones
Mattie Vaughan
Fannie Hunnicutt
Mary Smith
Jennie McCalebb Mellen
Violetta Williams
Bromelia Sarrard
Ellie V. Saunders
Kittie McAdory

Tuskaloosa

Greene

Greene

Bush

Bush

Bush

~~Alex Sharpe~~

~~Ellen Sharpe~~

Sarah

Ellen

Gen William J Jackson

Gen Ed Johnston

("Bless your little soul")

Gen George A Johnson

Adjt Gen McCaw

Capt Ed Singer

Maj Gen French

~~Alex Sharpe~~

~~Ellen Sharpe~~

~~Ed Sharpe~~

Gen W H Jackson
Gen S D Lee
Gen S Ferguson
Gen A P Forrest
Gen J. Wheeler

Hallie Dalle
J Shu
B Shu
Ba Shu
Dalle Shu
Regiment

Annie King
Ellie Saunders
Ellie S
E V S
S Ellen
E Ellie
Emma D
Emily D
Emily Jane
E
Gertrude
Mazie Belle Hill

To Mary Pierce D D & D Decalu

She has trained her spirit to forgive

As she hopes to be forgiven Sophia

Willie H Ross Ross Ross

J. T. Forest Forest Forest Ross

To Maggie or Annie W Ross

Gon'll meet her at a county ball Ross

There where the sound of flute and fiddle Ross

T P T C. M. B. Thummond Sophia

To Alice Ledyard

I see thee only to love thee Calina Lually

Cole Foster Sophia Sallie

6 To Jennie

Never forget your

For those who know loves

(Kate

To Sallie

Cold is the heart on

Which love has

To Rosa or Jennie Sophia

Never know the bed to love thee

Nor ever knows the bed to hate thee

Sophia

Sallie Saunders

To Sophia

Mary Allen To Sallie Sallie Saunders { I love thee
Once Once I loved thee but { Alas! 'tis true } Sallie
Once My love was slightest ? Why do you think it was?

Emma Allen Sophia

Thomas Genevie or Rosa Rosa Rosa

She is more fond of music waltzes and reels
than social duties or the spinning wheel

Emma Thomas Allen I love thee
Thos B Allen To Sophia { Alas! 'tis very true
You are as fickle as the wind
Thou alas! ~~tis true~~ are gone in a turn

Thos B Allen — Thos B Allen Mobile

To Sophia
T { And will thou weep when I am low? }
T { Thomas Allen Sallie

Thos To Sophia T Thomas Allen
T { "Love, Hope & Joy, alike adieu!
~~Would I could~~ add remembrance too!" }
Thos Thos B Allen Sallie
T

To Sophia
T I have loved thee and must love thee still

Tom Lincoln Annie King King Annie

Annie King

Annie Annie

Mattie Abernathy
Tattie Abernathy
Annie King

and many a wonder they had brought home

Lord Robert Clive —
Born 1743 —

Lieut John Childress
5th Tenn Reg
Gen John C Breckinridge Div
Cheatham's Corps

Capt Robert McFarland
Gen P D Roddey's Staff
Department of West.

Gen Dalziel
Gov Gen Warren Hastings
East India Company
Edmund Burke. Sheriden
Pitt. Fox &c — 1785 —
Impeached — 1795 —

Lula Dowdell

Look in

Lula Dowdell & Tom Shockley

Look in the Encyclopedia for

Blenheim — Proximates — Henry J. Rice

Essex — Clarendon — Walker — McCaylins

Let me again

Samuel Jenne

Essex

Samuel

Samuel

Willie

Sorrels

Agnes Sorrels

Annie King

Lidie Banks

Saunders

Saunders

Saunders

Saunders

Saunders

Willie Ross
Grace Bush

Jennie
Mellen
Dan

Ellen

Miss E. T. L.

Samuel

E E E E

Bonner

E E

Samuel

E

Ellen

Cameron Sampson

Samuel

E Ellen Ellen

Ellen Jennie

Sampson

Ellen

E

Jennie

E

Jennie Sampson

Sameron

B B

Cole Ellen

Samuel

R R

E

Sampson

Sampson

Samuel

Samuel

Sameron

Sampson

Sampson

Samuel

Cole Cole

Avez vous les chevaux du votre frere
Les chevaux
J'ai les chevaux du votre cousin
Les marchaux antis du bon fer Les marchaux a du
deux fer. Avez vous paires bases J'ai une paires bases
et deux paires des gants. Votre soeur a-t-elle bijoux d'or
Ma soeur a les bijoux d'or et les jouvoux de papier
Avez vous les choux dans votre jardin. Nous avons
les deux choux dans votre jardin. Sophia

Avez vous les chevaux de mon frere J'ai pas
les chevaux de mon frere, J'ai les chevaux de votre
cous. Les marchaux antis de bon fer. Le marchaux
a deux marchaux de fer. Avez vous paires bases. J'ai
une paires bas et deux paires des gants. Votre soeur a
a-t-elle les bijoux d'or Ma soeur a les bijoux d'or
et les jouvoux de papier Avez vous les chaux
dans votre jardin. Nous avons les deux chaux dans
votre jardin. Sophia

Tuskaloosa University

Corps of Cadets.

Adj. T. G. Busch
Macon
Miss.

Capt. Wm. H. Ross
Mobile
Ala.

Cadet Louis Gerard
Columbus
Ga.

Cadet Willie Thorington
Montgomery
Alabama

Cadet J. K. Barton
Wilmington
Ala

Cadet R. M. Patton
Florence
Ala

Capt. Sperwood Garland
Virginia

Walter Dortch

Seb Carson
Tommie Strong
Thomas Cowin
T. B. Shockley

Dr Ed Ashford Dr Ed Ashford

Ellen Saunders

Ellen Saunders

Saunders Ellen Saunders

Capt Wm H. Ross

Wm H Ross

Wm H Ross

Wm Henry Ross

Wm H. Ross

Ross

Ross

Wm Ross