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SCENES

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AND

SETTLERS

OF

ALABAMA.

BY

SUB ROSA.

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TABLE III
TABLE IV

A WORD OR TWO.

Some one has said—If you wish to be revenged of your enemy, induce him to write a book. My enemy is necessity. Something was to be done. My attendants, old age, ill health, ill luck, and lack of business capacity, indicated what that something should be,—Hinc illæ lacrimæ. It is not because I believe myself competent, but because of my relative position towards the things whereof I am about to speak. I am a living link between a dead and a living generation—I was part of the former, as I am part of the latter, and I tell of what I know, and saw. Thus I am induced to believe I can paint a true, if not artistic picture, of the scenes I attempt to describe in the following pages.

From the first scene, the explosion of the "Wild Cat" to the present time, fifty years and a great civil war have rolled down the alley-ways of eternity, obliterating nearly two whole generations, and almost their memory. Hence my excuse for introducing descendants to the ways and habits of their ancestors, which, I trust, will prove of sufficient interest, both to induce them to read my book, and excuse my temerity.

SUB ROSA.

SCENES AND SETTLERS OF ALABAMA.

BY SUB ROSA.

THE "WILD CAT."

Busy Memory, now uplifting the mists of fifty past years, begins this scene when, a boy of ten, I stood upon a bluff of the Black Warrior river at Arcola, one of a group composed of whites, Indians and negroes of all ages and sexes, waiting curiously and fearfully to see the pioneer steamboat "Wild Cat" pass down stream. She was the first steamer to climb this narrow, crooked and rapid current to Tuscaloosa, the head of navigation. She had passed up unheralded and unseen by many of the settlers. Newspapers in those days were few and never arrived on time, hence no one expected her advent. But her return was winded, by word of mouth, all along the river, and the entire population adjacent assembled at the most convenient landings to see the monster go down.

At this moment the steamer was just opposite, distant but a half mile overland and five miles by course of current. The snorts of her scape-pipe echoed and reechoed through the narrow intervening skirt of timber like a saturnalia of wild beasts battling over a carcass. The smoke from her chimneys rose above the trees black and heavy, marking her progress, and trailing behind on the still air like a long sable streamer. Each puff—now low, then loud and fierce, as the nature of the woods covered or uncovered the sound—drew ejaculations and exclamations from our variegated group, such as "Ugh, Ugh!" "Hi, Hi!" "Golly, dat's a snorter!" "I'se gwine home, I is!" "Hell's afloat!" &c., uttered according to size, race and color. As soon as the "Wild Cat," propelled as fast by the rapid current as the power of her rude machinery, revealed her fearful figure through the thinner trees of the point above, an immediate stampede of short cotton shirt-tails and tri-colored legs followed to the rear, but overcome by curiosity, when they saw the older folks stand firm, returned to their positions. The steamer quickly uncovered the timber, and showed her fiery furnace doors wide open, and her huge black chimneys

belching fire, smoke and unearthly groans. She tapped her bell for our landing. Scarcely had the reverberation ceased to quiver upon the air, before an explosion and immense roar followed, similar to Niagara Falls heard at the vortex, for the first time, by suddenly unstopping the ears. It was Sunday morning, the air still and shimmering with waves of heat and moisture—just such a state of the atmosphere as to give sound full volume—lent assistance to the effect, so appalling to the spectators. Billow after billow of white steam rolled from all sides, and completely enveloped the ill-fated steamer, hiding her from sight. For several minutes this veil hung around her, then slowly uplifting like a massive white cloud stirred by a gentle breeze, gradually uncovered and revealed the ghastly deeds done under a pall seemingly created for the purpose. Her chimneys were gone, her boilers hidden in the canebrake, her engines twisted out of form, and her voice hushed forever. Like a log she swung to the mercy of the current, which soon drove her, stern foremost, to the landing, where she was caught and made fast to the trees. Now, for the first time, aggregated and hideous death met my gaze. Several men and women, scorched black by fire, lay upon the guards burning, smoking, dead and dying. Upon the bow the remainder of her passengers and crew stood, or laid around, scalded, screaming, and expiring. Some, naked, had flaps of skin peeling from their faces and rolling down their nude bodies like spring bark from hickory saplings, revealing the bloody trellis-work of veins and muscles lying beneath the outer covering. The air seemed to quiver with choked groans, sighs and loud prayers for mercy. Great confusion ensued, none knew what to do, except chorus the cries of the victims, until some more experienced persons came from the adjoining plantations and established a system of relief. There was no heed taken as to who should provide for the sufferers, it seemed instinctively understood the nearest and most convenient houses were to become hospitals without a question or consent or consultation of their owners, and the patients common property and objects of care to the entire settlement. Carriages, wagons, rudely and temporarily constructed stretchers, and willing hands, soon made the survivors as comfortable as possible. Everybody hastened to contribute the best they had on hand to dress wounds. In several instances lace handkerchiefs, souvenirs of the glories of the Empire, were sacrificed and scraped into

lint for this purpose. No one cared what went so that pain was eased and life spared. A generous competition arose between the French—exiles from their dearly-loved France—and the American settlers as to who should make the greatest sacrifices for the unhappy beings so terribly and unexpectedly blown upon their shores and mercy.

After many months, when close attention and tender nursing had restored the victims to health, they went their several ways provided with money, clothes, good wishes and friendships added to gratitude to endure the balance of their days.

The Marengo-county Colony, composed of French refugees from the wars of the Empire, mingled with American settlers of a higher class from the older States, formed a social circle in that primitive wilderness, unexcelled by any society of the country. The history of the Marengo Colony is a romance of more pages than the purposes of this pamphlet will permit to describe.

ABOARD THE "SUN."—DOWN THE RIVER.

A few months after the "Wild Cat" exploded, her successor, the steamer "Sun," tied up at our plantation, on the Warrior, to take us and our cotton crop to Mobile. My first impression of steam had not been favorable to that element. Ever since that terrible scene I had been pondering on steam and had come to the conclusion that it was a subject to be pondered upon the more I pondered. Although fifty years have gone fading down the passages of memory since then I am still pondering, without elucidation: Why is it, in boiler explosions, no one is to blame, except, perhaps, the dead victim who cannot testify in his own behalf? The inspector's certificate covers the boiler, the foundryman's receipt for newness or recent repairs confirms the inspector's certificate. With an eye to the future the fraction of the engineer, lucky enough to be spared, testifies the water and the steam were all right. An expert in metal, holding a fractured fragment in hand, with a knowing look of the eye, explains to the learned judge—who, of course, knows all about it—that the explosion came from no lack of cohesion of particles, but from over-expansion of steam inside the particles. Then, last of all, comes the fireman, who, upon oath, swears he saw no two hundred pound "nigger" sitting upon the weights. Hence, the cause, if any, lies

between the dead man and the expansion of steam. The insurance company pays up, and the steam goes on expanding until ready for another over-expansion. Hence it is I am still of the opinion that steam is a thing to ponder upon the more you ponder.

When I boarded the "Sun," held by my parents on either hand, fear and misgivings marked my faltering footsteps across the staging and up the round ladder steps into the hissing caldron of the steamer's open cabin. Mother tried to make light of my fears, but confessed afterwards she was not without reproach, and required many assurances from our popular captain, Sardine Stone, to quiet her nerves. Captain Stone's father, of the same name, was the first surveyor to lay off the streets of Mobile into shape and regularity. His remains are buried upon the Stone family homestead in Marengo county. When we entered the cabin supper waited upon the steaming table, which covered a circular box through which the fly-wheel, then uncoupled, revolved, working off steam. Every revolution shook the table and all its contents with fearful clatter of dishes, glasses and tumblers—every stroke of the loose piston was followed by steam escaping and hissing like a thousand fish in a mammoth frying-pan—white vapor spirted up through cracks in the floor like geysers in the sea, all together combining to raise pandemonium with our unaccustomed nervous system. Mother groaned, and I ceased to masticate at every new sound, until assured and reassured time and again by the captain, to whom our trepidation was a source of great amusement. He looked upon our fears with the same curiosity that the Choctaw Indians manifested at seeing a Frenchman on board, at Nannahubba bluff, pull out and exhibit an entire set of false front teeth and replace them.

THE SUPPER.

A multitude of small dishes, containing a good mouthful each, dotted the table, and defied a name. Pies, puddings, custards, preserves, pickles, acids and sweets commingled in reckless profusion and confusion. The exceptions to these minute plates and their contents were two huge smoking hot platters of fried venison steaks placed, one at the head of the table before Captain Stone, and the other at the foot in front of Gen. Baker, the clerk. This gentleman, a few years after, was tried in Tuscaloosa for some violence or shooting affair, and being found guilty asked the permission of the court—

through his counsel, George N. Stewart, (as was then customary)—to treat the jury and court, to show a want of malice. This was granted. The wine had been previously drugged with an opiate. While the entire court, including both audience and sheriff, slept, Gen. Baker galloped off to Texas, where he became, many years after, a member of Congress and a prominent leader of the stirring scenes preceding the annexation of Texas.

Most meats in those times were fried, both because they were quicker done and on account of the scarcity of other cooking utensils. There were heaping platters of fried catfish, trapped from the Warrior river in baskets plaited with white-oak strips, wide at the bottom and narrow at the top; a yielding funnel composed of the same material admitted the fish easily, but closed against their exit. The bait used was a mixture of cotton and dough, boiled together, to resist the wash of water through the open wicker-work. These baskets, tied to overhanging limbs by grapevines, were let down upon the bottom of the river, and allowed to remain for several days before taken up. They often contained several hundred pounds of fish. Their locality for many hundred yards below and above the landing was marked by the rigid grapevines quivering with rush of the current. Every Sunday morning there was a general meet of the basketmen at the landing for the purpose of a big division of several days' catch. This was done, amidst merriment and jokes, in the following manner: The contents of all the baskets—catfish, perch, suckers, drums and eels—were heaped upon the banks in one big pile and divided, as far as possible, into the requisite number of smaller piles, according to number and value—thus: a perch was worth two cats; one big cat, two small drum; a drum, two eels, &c. If there were ten fishermen present eleven piles were placed in a small circle, the odd one being for "old missis." Then all the negroes—stark naked, just as they came from the water—stood facing the circle, except one, whose back was turned. One of them would put his finger on any bunch, haphazard, and ask the man with his back towards the fish, "Who pile dis?" "Dat's Tobe's pile;" "Who pile dis?" "Dat's Sandy's pile;" "Who pile dis?" "Dat's old missis' pile," and so on until all were disposed of. There was no appeal from the blind decision. It was, indeed, *a la Madame Justitia* with the bandage and scales. Each darkey then pitched a fish from his pile into "old missis'" pile

for *lagniappe*, particularly when "young master" was present to report their generosity to "old missis," who seldom failed to reward it with an extra plug of pig-tail tobacco.

To return to our supper, there were—in addition to the catfish—fried ducks of every variety from the same stream; fried squirrel, from the soft, downy grey to the red-haired fox; fried partridges, caught in vast numbers by partridge-nets, in the following manner: At sight of a covey, or many coveys combined—containing sometimes a hundred or more birds, as was usual in that un hunted country—the horseman, who carried the net attached to his saddle, rode around and ahead of the covey, and his fellow huntsmen and huntswomen—for both sexes indulged in this pleasure, always mounted, because the birds would not take flight from a horse—and spread his net with two outstretching wings covered with grass, in the most convenient place. Then circling their horses slowly around the birds running before, the riders—talking all the while as though not interested in the matter—drove and guided the covey cautiously into the wings and bag of the net, when the nearest rider immediately dismounted and stopped the entrance against their return. But let us return to the supper. There was fried possum between fried sweet potatoes floating in natural grease—now-days we bake this succulent varmint,—there was coon fried and pricked through with red-pepper pods to facilitate digestion. There was fried venison steaks enough to surfeit the lunch-counter of a popular barroom, and last and best of all juicy and delicious fried steaks or strips from the breast of wild turkeys. This dish, then abundant, is fast disappearing before advancing civilization. It would be well for the present generation to procure a trial, for there will be no wild turkey steaks left for the next. The frying-pan then, as it is now in country kitchens to a less extent, was the principal cooking utensil in use—except among the French settlers, who coming from France so recently brought and used the only roasters and broilers in the neighborhood—hence dyspepsia settled upon the settlement, and has been handed down with the family name in many instances, as an heir-loom to the present generation.

No stores but tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco and whiskey were required to be laid in by the early steamboats navigating the Alabama rivers. The adjacent country, with ammunition and a shot gun—flint-lock at that—were sufficient to feed and clothe an army. Not yet

exhausted, it was then a vast storehouse of living provender to be snared and secured in sport, not labor—hence the Indian name of “Alabama”—

HERE WE REST.

The huge platters of fried steaks placed at the head and foot of the table before the captain and clerk, were carved and served by them to the long string of waiters awaiting their turn, amid such rush and clatter of dishes and glasses as rendered it impossible to converse until all were helped. After about a half hour the guests arose and sought amusement until bed time.

Now small circular parties of females, of that ilk called by the negroes “buckra white folks,” assembled with their gum stick tooth-brushes in hand around a box of snuff, and dipped and gabbed until the contents were exhausted, and bed time came.

Thus set the first sun aboard the steamer “Sun.”

THE CABIN OF THE “SUN”

Consisted of two rows of sleeping-bunks on each side of the boat, one above the other. Red curtains—drawn upon draw-strings which never drew, on account of breakages and splices—were intended to conceal the ladies disrobing, but, like Mrs. Partington’s goat’s tail, rather tended to show than hide. The cabin had no partition and extended from bow to stern, married gentlemen and families slept towards the rear while single gentlemen occupied the front berths. The courtesy of the men of those days towards the gentle sex was proverbial. No one presumed to gaze rudely even upon the humblest woman. Had a dude of our day been there and winked one eye, as is usual with them now, he would have been probably gently chided with a derringer.

CARD PLAYING

And toddying were the principal occupation of the gentlemen from the moment they stepped aboard to the hour of departure. Perhaps, several times during the trip, the crops of cotton stored under the feet of the players, changed owners and commission merchants, before reaching port. The bar was a gold mine, and the barkeeper a jack-of-all-trades. To be popular and fill the position many accomplishments were required, some of which were to be always on hand

ready to mix drinks night and day, to tell impossible yarns—the more extravagant the better—to play the fiddle or flute, to squeeze for a change of a bad run of luck and at the same time rejoice with the winners, to drink every bout and keep sober when everybody else were drunk, to load and lend his gun to every person who wished to try his skill as marksman at the immense flights of waterfowl which darkened the river all day long, constantly accumulating before the noise of the steamer, and, driven beyond their range, rose and turned up stream, and passing overhead concealed the sun for many moments like an eclipse. When a barkeeper became popular he was at once a fortune to himself and his boat. Passengers waited weeks to travel with him. Time was no object in those days, and the first and fourth of the month were unknown numbers. Accounts of cotton sales alone marked pay day, and that came on no particular date, hence there were no protests for planters or loss of credit for failure to meet notes.

A BUCK SWIMMING

Across the river was now seen. In a moment all the passengers were on the guards, excited, shouting. The engines were stopped, the yawl manned by a party of amateurs, and soon in full pursuit. Now ensued a very exciting race between the deer and boat. With a forest of horns branching like a thorn bush, the buck, seeing his danger, redoubled his efforts to reach the dense canebrake ashore. The men bent to their oars with might and main, as they felt they were gaining distance each stroke. Within fifty feet of the bank the boat ran upon the deer, whose horns were quickly seized by the bow-oarsman, who attempted to push his head under water to drown him. In this he failed, because the deer, in desperation, struck his fore feet against the gunwales of the yawl with such fierce strokes that, aided by the clumsiness of the crew, he precipitated them headforemost into the river, which gave them such concern for their own safety they forgot the deer, who, abandoned to his own sweet will, rose triumphantly upon the slippery banks, shook himself and disappeared through the dense cane, which quickly closed behind and hid him from sight. Fortunately none of the unlucky sportsmen were missing when the yawl drew alongside, but the crew were guyed and received with such mockery and laughter, as made them glad and willing to purchase rest with wine enough to enliven everybody on board.

WOODING.

There were neither wood yards nor corded steamboat wood in those days. When the supply was exhausted, the boat tied up to the nearest and most convenient landing. The crew armed with axes and led by the mate, leapt ashore and attacked the standing tree, with regard only to the kindling qualities of the timber and its adaptability to creating heat.

Cheered by the passengers as well as urged by the mate, they immediately attacked the standing trees, one chopper on each side, and made their axes ring and echo through the dense canebrake, while the chips flew around like hail. These contests were made lively by drams administered at intervals, and numerous wagers and banter upon the skill of the choppers, between the passengers. The moment a tree fell—crashing and sounding like thunder and shaking the adjacent thickets for hundreds of yards, through the lace-work of pendant vines attached—it was bounced at intervals of four feet by the axmen, two facing in, and one out to make room for the swing of their helms, and the chopping match began. Here was the betting point, the best chopper, often the lightest weight, mounted the butt cut, the biggest end, and tried to go through before his nearest neighbor with a smaller cut. Thus the betting ranged from the stump to the lop of the tree. A tree forty-five feet long required ten choppers. Naked to the waist, black, greasy and muscular, with gout of sweat beading their faces, and rolling in rills down their steaming bodies, they swung their gleaming axes with such terrific velocity as to carry them up by rebound ready for the descending stroke. The numerous streams and ponds piercing the dense canebrake like veins in the human body, caught up, carried and returned these sounds, so multiplied and increased and confused, that the woods seemed to abound with thousands of cutting matches repeating each other in every direction. This continued until the cuts upon which they stood, shivered first then rolled off, severed from the main trunk. Shouts of triumph followed the victors, and bursts of derision the losers. Drams circulated again, and bets changed hands. Soon the stanchions were filled with wood and the boat underway, much to the delight of the officers, who are always impatient of delays, knowing time to be money and a slow steamer worse than an elephant.

THE SLAVE CHARACTER.

The old plantation darkey was easier and better controlled by praise and kindness than by the lash and brutality. Masters who used the whip less, and rewards more, always obtained the happiest results. Their slaves never ran away, nor remained half their time hidden in the woods, and the other half recovering from the bites of hounds which trailed to cover and brought them to bay, with torn skins, if the driver happened not to come up in time.

Slaves owned by humane masters, which word, I am happy to say, qualified most of slave owners of Alabama, were never hounded and rarely ever sold, unless from the improvidence and extravagance of their younger masters, who, sometimes, through lost horse races or unfortunate run of cards, were compelled to sacrifice a few of the old family servants upon the block, or in payment of wagers. Whenever this occurred, there was as much mourning and wailing on the plantation as at a funeral. In the family mansion as well as the negro quarters, the dirge went up, white and black mingled their tears together in such a reproachful manner, that the young scapegrace of a master was glad to go to a neighboring plantation and hide away until time healed these wounds of regret and sorrow. Whenever a negro was sold from this cause, he invariably brought a double price, for the purchaser was assured of a good servant who would give him neither trouble or expense and prove a valuable investment.

The old tried ante bellum plantation servant was a good institution, and contributed much to cultivate kindness, gentleness and affection in the natures of his young white masters and mistresses, the children of his owner. He was so loving, humble and self-sacrificing, both by nature and culture, he could not fail but inspire similar sentiments in the impassionate minds of these young people, thrown so much in his way, and so dependent on him for companionship and service. He was not only their slave, humble, and quick to do their bidding, but he was, in addition, a kinsman true. Every unkind word spoken against any of them, in his presence, was resented as a personal injury. From the cradle of the new-born to the death-bed of the old master, he was the unpaid, uncomplaining devoted nurse and friend, submitting to all a sick master's whim and

petulance without resentment or change of conduct, and, at last, wept over his grave as genuine a mourner as the nearest white relative. I will bear testimony to this statement by introducing

DR. SCIPIO.

A few days after the surrender of our army I arrived home in Mobile a paroled prisoner, stripped of everything except clothes and a big roll of Confederate money, which was not only useless, but worse, because it became a reminder of the great game we had just played with human bones for dice and lost. It was, in addition, suggestive of the impending struggle for daily bread. The planter class to which I belonged, had not only lost their slaves, but also the value of their land which left them represented by zero minus any business capacity. I found family supplies also exhausted, and nothing on hand to barter for greenbacks, which were not then in circulation among our citizens, because the Federal army had not been in possession long enough to distribute them for value received. My necessities, therefore, were immediate, and required relief within a limited period. I walked the streets all day and sought in vain for some comrade who, luckier than myself, might temporarily relieve my distress. The same familiar faces and companions in arms, with whom I had seen and shared so many ups and downs and so many hopes and disappointments, passed and repassed, wearing, as I thought, the same anxious look I wore. At last, wearied and disheartened, as a proud man always is when his pockets are empty, I started, about ten o'clock at night, homeward, and had gone but a few steps with head bowed down, seeing no one, and wrapt in my own selfish misery, when a cheerful voice hailed thus: "Ain't you glad to be your own master once more, and at peace with all the world? Come, lead to old Asa Holt's, if he still lives, and let us do it once more as we did so often before." So we went and did it many times as we had done four years before, recalling the while many scenes and persons of the past, who had passed down the passages of eternity. At last my friend, who had but arrived that day, and sold his crop of cotton, successfully hidden away from Yankee raids for four years, drew from his side pocket in a reckless way, a huge roll of new crisp greenbacks, and demanded his score. The sight fascinated me; for a moment I thought Aladdin had scratched his won-

derful lamp for my benefit, or my vision had doubled, looking so often through the double \bigcirc convex bottoms of Asa's new glasses. But a second look, satisfied me the roll was there, heaped upon the bar and twisted like a bundle of worthless shoe strings, into such shape as only John Barleycorn can twist things. The smallest denomination was a five. Despair fled, and hope grew up like mushrooms after a soaking rain. Timidity now strengthened by Dr. Holt's invigorating cordial, spoke my situation boldly out without hesitation. My friend guessed my purpose before I finished, and pushing the whole pile towards me, said: "There, help yourself and hush." I modestly extracted a ten. "Go down again; I leave to-night at twelve—I hear my boat whistling now. I will take this stuff along if there is any left. You can't have another draw, the game will be blocked."

With gratitude and a parting smile, I declined his generosity, and bidding him good-night, once more started home in better spirits and renewed hope. All were asleep in the house when I arrived. Not wishing to disturb them, I undressed in the parlor and placed my clothes upon a sofa, where I sat for several hours thinking over what I could do to earn my bread in the future. Like most of my class, I was unfitted for the change of the revolution, and I felt I was about to have a hard road to travel. Several times while resolving these things I thought I heard heavy and suppressed breathing quite near, in the same room, but dismissed the impression as caused by some restless sleeper. I went to bed, and after a few hours, got up and entered the parlor to dress. My clothes and papers were scattered over the carpet in such confusion as to suggest a liberty from my dog. But he was not in the house, and could not have been there, the back door being locked. Next I thought of and felt for the ten dollar bill. It was gone! The open window, with a step ladder propped against it from the outside, told the tale.

Again a pauper! From the top round of hope suddenly fallen to the bottom round of despair, without a cent and no breakfast in the house. I thought of the hungry mouths now unconscious of the situation, soon to be supplied—from what, and how? Amid all the gloom, a ray of spiteful consolation came as I recalled the heavy breathing of the night before, and knew the thief was in the room all the time, near enough to touch me. How he must have suffered to

repress the sneezes and other infirmities of human nature, the long weary hours I sat there, his unconscious sentinel. He earned that ten dollar bill, and I now forgive him. Should these lines meet his eyes they may ease the conscience of a reformed thief, and enable him to die in piece.

But my thoughts quickly returned to the immediate void of pocket and pantry. I began to realize the humiliation of a broken-down gentlemen, of a man accustomed all his days to affluence and independence, reduced to beg for bread or its equivalent. I had nothing to offer in exchange.

While imbibing this mental camomile mixture I heard Dr. Scip's voice call out to old Caroline, his wife and my servant, to "fotch dat clean shirt quick. I's got to go to the horsepittal to visit my patients. I's late now." Scip was a root doctor, at least ninety years old, crippled for many years. He lived, at my expense, in an outhouse of the yard, and during the war married our faithful slave, Caroline, as old as himself. Gen. Hardee was present at the wedding, which took place in the parlor, and gave the blushing bride of sixty years away.

The object of the groom was a support from the white folks and service from his wife, both of which he exacted and obtained to the fullest extent.

The Doctor did a little outside business in "yarbs," roots and rattle-snake oil, the latter being his cure-all. He was regarded with reverence and awe by ignorant whites as well as superstitious negroes, and was at times consulted for many mysterious diseases even by a better class of citizens. He possessed one trait in common with all heroes—self-assertion, and being well read in human nature, never failed to pose for, and impose upon its credulity when chance afforded. To those who knew, he was as harmless as vain. As soon as the Federal medical staff arrived in town, the Doctor paid them a professional visit, and ventilated his scientific attainments. The staff being overrun with sick white soldiers, placed Doct. Scip in charge of the colored troops' hospital at Whistler, where he had been for some time without my knowledge. A few moments after, the Doctor was dressed and upon the sidewalk in front, laboriously working his huge, unwieldy form through the narrow door of a cab which awaited him. The faithful Caroline held his crutches and pushed

him behind. As soon as he was scared I came out to ask if he had heard an unusual noise in the back yard during the night.

As soon as Scip saw me he seemed struck with my expression, and said: "What's de matter, Mars P.; is you sick? You's mighty pale." I commenced to tell of my night's experience, saying I was broke and would like to borrow a quarter. I had no hopes of getting a cent, but unconsciously and hopelessly asked for it. When I began the story, an incredulous smile at first crept over his wrinkled face, but as I went on rather earnestly, and he began to believe, the smile changed and half hardened, like a boy in pain suppressing his tears for fear of being called baby. When he fairly understood the status—that our positions in the world had changed to the extent that the dispenser of favors for so many years was now a beggar to the recipient of those favors for one small return—it seemed to hurt him like a blow in the face. His countenance set into an expression of such genuine tearful sympathy that I felt sorry for myself just as if another's misfortunes were told. "Here, you Caline, run back dar, fotch dat bag from under de snake skin, quick." Caroline, to whom all this was news, heard for the first time, returned in a moment both with the bag and moistened eyes. Scip seized it, tremulously untied the strings, and emptied five gold dollars into my hand, the entire contents, saying: "Take dem all, Mars P. De Federate gubernment owes me lots, more'n I spec dey'll ever pay. I don't put much pendance in dem Yankees no how; dey ain't de same stripe as our folks." Then turning to the cabman he cried, "Pat, drive up dem old horse, I spects to find some of dem niggers dead when I gets dar."

I thought so, too, when I learned he had given them all rattle-snake oil the day before as a cure for chills and fever.

Even now, after more than twenty years' freedom, freer labor may be obtained from the old time slave through flattery and attention than by fair compensation according to contract. Former masters who are still spared from the wrecks of war and time, and hidden away from the world in obscure and humble retreats, unknown and poverty-stricken, mere wrecks of past glory, both understand and use this kindly weakness of the ancient darkey. Thus they procure many little odd jobs done which their failing strength and past education prevent them doing for themselves, such as chopping wood or fetch-

ing water from the corner pump. It is done somewhat in this manner: "Well, well; I do declare! Is that you Uncle Ben? The sight of you brings back old times. I'm glad to see you. You used to be much of a man in your young days. How is it now; strength failing any?" "God bless you, no, Massa or Missis. I'se a better man now den dese free niggers. Dey can't stand 'long side me now, if I is gwine on eighty years."

THE "SUN" AGAIN.

Let us return to the steamer "Sun," where both passengers and fun continued to increase by additions of planters and their families boarding us at every landing. They were all eager to avail themselves of this new and comparatively expeditious mode of travel compared with the past, to visit the metropolis of the State, dispose of crops, renew stores and business relations, and enjoy the attractions of city life from which they had been so long debarred. The French colony of Marengo was well represented on board. Many of them had left the settlement forever, and were about to revisit their native land after so many years of hardships and deprivations in the wilderness. And yet, withal, their joy was not unmingled with regret at leaving behind many dear friends and sincere attachments. Both fun and danger attended our trip down the rapid running current, now swollen by heavy floods above. There was now scarcely sleeping room anywhere. Mattresses were spread upon and under the tables all along the undivided cabin floor from stem to stern. Narrow passage-ways between the rows of shake-downs hardly admitted circulation without treading upon a sleeper or card party held under the struggling tallow candle's misty light. Drinks called for by the outside occupants were passed by hand and frequently consumed on the passage, to the amusement of the consumer and disgust of the orderer and amid the laughter of the crowd at his curses. Three-fourths of the day were spent in renewing the tables for meals, the last cover being set for the colored waiters and servants of the planters. This was the merriest meal of all. White babies sat and fed in the laps of their nurses and joined the general noise and merriment. The contrast between these merry little white faces and those of their black nurses, resembled dogwood blossoms seen through dark woods in spring time. Eating was not their only occupation, but a consid-

erable amount of courting was thrown in by way of relish. You could hear a colored lady now and then cry out in a voice above the general roar: "Stop dat, I tells you!"

The deck hands below were equally gay with their masters above. When not occupied they gathered to the front near the jackstaff and sang negro melodies in sweet and musical cadence.

But it was not always sunshine with our little "Sun." Sometimes at a sharp bend she took a header on her pilot and went crashing through the timber, amid the screams of the women and children. Then, again, her wheel picked up a sobby log from the floating drift and sent it through her wheel-house with the report of a fourth of July cannon explosion. Once she struck a sawyer, which is a log afloat at one end and buried in the mud at the other. This would have ended her trip there and then, had it not fortunately broken off just outside the hull, leaving the hole it made plugged almost water tight. After many days, delays and mishaps, the little "Sun" tied up at the foot of Dauphin street and delivered her numerous passengers and valuable cargo amidst the rejoicing of the entire people who assembled on the pier to welcome our arrival.

OLD MOBILE.

Now I trod for the first time a soil teeming with the romance and history of several centuries. The arena of desperate contests between the mailed warriors of Europe and the natives of this New World. Every square inch of ground had been sprinkled with blood, the recital of which would fill a history. Three hundred Seminole Indians had been driven by the Choctaws in desperate encounter down St. Francis street into the river, and killed and drowned to the last man. Human skulls perforated with bullets, are found to this day whenever large excavations take place. An old graveyard exposed its human bones to modern eyesight but two years since while digging in front of the Cathedral. The names of some of the renowned warriors and desperate adventurers of South Alabama's early history, still live in this community through their descendants, one of whom, John Soto, inherits the destructive propensities of his great ancestor, and sits as Coroner upon dead bodies without other compensation than the love of it.

There is but little doubt that the present site of Mobile was

visited by the DeSoto expedition as early as A. D. 1539. On the 18th day of October, 1540, the following year, DeSoto attacked and destroyed the Mobile Indians at their town on the north bank of the Alabama River, near Choctaw Bluff, seventy-five miles only above Mobile. Maubila, the capital and fortified city of this tribe, was built upon a wide level plain, and consisted of eighty structures or barracks, capable of sheltering one thousand warriors and their families. These buildings enclosed a capacious square, and were in turn surrounded by a high and solid wall composed of huge logs set on end deep in the ground, and bound firmly together with grape and bamboo vines, which were daubed over with mud, smoothed and whitened, in good imitation of granite.

This wall was pierced at regular intervals with port holes, and supported every fifty feet apart by tall towers of a capacity for eight warriors each. Here the most desperate fight of the expedition took place. The brave Mobilians, led by their great chief, Tuscaloosa, disdained at first the protection of their forts, and fought the mailed Spaniards outside until near dark, when being driven in by superiority of arms, continued the contest from house to house, and tower to tower, with such tenacity and desperation, that the Spaniards were forced to burn the town, much against their will, to end the combat. One thousand dead warriors lay in the streets, but a remnant escaped the sword and flames to settle later a town below the junction of the Alabama and Bigbee Rivers at Fort Stoddard. This proved a dear victory to DeSoto—he lost one hundred men and many officers, among whom was his brother. Forty horses were slain and all the camp equipage, including hospital stores, was consumed with the town, leaving the Spaniards in a pitiable condition. Their Surgeons were compelled to try out the fat of the dead Indians for unguents to dress wounds.

In A. D. 1711, one hundred and seventy years after this bloody battle, the French under Bienville settled here and called the town Mobile, after the remnant of the tribe then living at Fort Stoddard, about thirty-five miles higher up the river. The word Mobile signifies moveable, and is appropriate both to the tribe of Indians and the city of Mobile, for both moved their town three times before a final settlement.

Mobile was first located at Dauphin or Massacre Island, as it

was called. Then at the mouth of Dog River, and finally at its present place. The Mobile Indians were found first living in great style and advanced civilization, about twenty-five miles above Montgomery on the Alabama River. Being routed in battle and their town destroyed, they followed the course of the river down to Choctaw Bluff, and there built the second town. Then again, still descending the river after the great battle of Mobile, they finally settled at Fort Stoddard, from whence they made frequent excursions to the oyster reefs at Cedar Point. They evidently camped and ranged all over the country adjacent to the rivers and bay, which probably is the origin of the numerous shell banks of small size found all along our water-courses.

DAUPHIN ISLAND.

Mobile now promises again to return to Dauphin Island by extension. A railroad thirty miles long, over a perfectly flat country, twice surveyed and partly graded, will reach a seaport on the Island deep enough for the largest ship that floats. With Pelican Island to the southeast as a natural breakwater, and a short sea wall to the south, which could be erected at far less cost than many of the great works now complete all over the country, the Great Eastern could be loaded from a hoisting machine erected on the beach, and burrow her nose in the sand. Here the exhaustless and priceless minerals, precious woods and vast agricultural products of Alabama, would spread a feast for the shipping of the whole world at such rates as to defy competition. We would become the coaling station of all steamers trading southward along the eastern shores of the great American continent; and from the West India Islands to Terra del Fuego. New Orleans, with her hundred miles of towage, and Pensacola with her shallow bar and out of the way station, would cease forever to compete. This island then becomes at once the greatest watering place and health resort in the whole South. The climate is mild and genial at all seasons; neither elevated by intense heat nor depressed by cold waves and northers. It is at the same time the best fish and oyster market of the world.

THE MOBILE OYSTER.

Near and around Dauphin Island uncountable numbers of natu-

ral oyster reefs cluster, and thousands of acres of plant fields stretch—shellfish ground—westward along the main shores of the Sound all the way to Mississippi line.

Let us examine the geographical advantages of oyster land—a fairy land of clear sky, blue water and orange-wooded islands, which lie isolated and beyond serious competition for vast distances all around. Fifteen hundred miles of sandy beaches, barren, of commercial oyster fields stretch along the Atlantic States from here to the waters of Potomac, Chesapeake and Long Island on the northeast, while towards the southwest untold leagues of wave-ridden coast glisten under torrid sunshine to Terra del Fuego, unblest of the glorious bivalve, in such quantities or localities as to come into competition with our Mobile trade.

Thus on middle ground in the southern centre of the States our exhaustless oyster mines repose, alone, isolated and unrivalled in quality or quantity, and by the natural laws of trade are destined and compelled to supply the immense territory stretching north, northwest, west and southwest of a line drawn due north from the Gulf of Mexico to Herald Island of the Arctic regions, that is, all the country between here and there, San Francisco and the end of the South American continent. A grand future, a great destiny for the Mobile oyster! It is safe to tax every man, woman and child now living and to live within this immense space—with consuming ten dollars worth of oysters per annum if he can get them, and it is much easier for us to furnish them to him fresher and better, than Baltimore, and, above all, fifty per cent. cheaper. It is much easier for us to give them all our water produce, than for California to flood our cities with her luscious grapes and golden fruit in perfect condition and at remunerative prices. Why not?

SEEING SIGHTS A. D. 1835.

Upon leaving the festive “Sun” we lodged at a tavern which then occupied the present site of Mobile’s magnificent hotel, the Battle House. This was fifty years ago, in the interval several hotels were erected upon the same spot in lieu of those burned, all keeping pace with the advancing requirements of the times up to the present immense structure, which so far surpasses them all as to stand compeer and equal to the best hostelries of New York city.

The next day, after arrival and a good night's sleep—the first we had enjoyed for ten days—I was permitted to see the sights of Mobile, escorted and guarded by my faithful and loving black mammy, Aunt Debby. All Southern children and slave owners called older colored females aunty, and the men uncle. Debby was charged to keep a sharp eye and return me safe back to mother, who let us go with many misgivings of the lurking dangers awaiting her green country boy through the mazes of the city. Almost at the start a candy shop—near the corner of Royal and Dauphin—arrested us and took in all our pocket money in exchange for a miscellaneous assortment of stomachaches and painter's colics concealed in sticks of candy streaked and painted *a la* barber pole. With all pockets crammed, and Aunt Debby's apron bellying out like a balloon sail in a squall, we camped a square or so farther south under the shade of a huge China tree, then standing on the northeast corner of Church and St. Emanuel, which a few days after was the scene of a terrible murder committed upon an inoffensive pedler who lay there for rest. He was cut in twenty different places, literally hacked to pieces and his pack robbed. After overhauling and lightening our packages we proceeded northward, about three squares, when our way was barred by the canvas walls of a circus tent standing on the vacant space, now railed around with an iron fence and called Bienville Square, after the founder of Mobile. A group of young gamins sported outside of the entrance, performing a circus of their own, and trying to get a peep inside whenever the curtain opened for ingress or egress. It required but a glance of these keen-eyed young sports to see that greeny had come to town. They baited a trap and caught me speedily. One of them kindly called my attention to a tare in the walls of the tent, saying: "Little boy, if you poke your finger through that hole and hold it open, you will see sights." Neither my confidence in human or woman's nature had been betrayed up to that time. Without pausing to consider why this sweet-scented little shrub was not availing himself of this chance to see sights, I immediately inserted my finger as directed. Instead of seeing sights, I saw stars. My finger was instantly seized on the inside with the pinch of a king crab, while the clown, painted, patched and seen by me for the first time, rushed out of the tent and flourished a cowhide over my back. But Debby was there, faithful to her trust. Like a

tigress she assailed him with teeth and nails so vigorously, that he was contented to sulk within his tent without a blow struck. Debby then extricated my finger, and charged—holding my hand—through the ragamuffin crowd of boys, scattering them, with blows, right and left. When we arrived at the hotel, blown and exhausted, from the struggle, and told the tale to mother, she threw her arms up and said, she “felt it in her bones.”

A MOBILE THEATRE.

That night, I witnessed for the first time, a play at the Mobile Theatre, then located on the west side of St. Emanuel street, between Dauphin and Conti, occupied now as a stable. The scenes still remains, *al fresco*, upon memory's fading page. Never since have I enjoyed any play to the same extent.

A boss, armed with a huge bran-stuffed bludgeon, presided over a wash-room filled with men and women, washing piles of dirty linen in separate tubs placed upon three-legged benches. Whenever the master turned his back, which he often did—as it was in the bill—the washermen doubled upon the washerwomen, hugging, kissing and fumbling for true, just as if they enjoyed it. None of your modern sneak stage kisses, but real old-fashioned smacks as loud as bursting bladders. At this time, of course, the boss turned, caught them in the act, and beat the men back to their tubs with tremendous whacks across their backs. This was the entire plot, nothing more, and was repeated over and over, until it ceased to draw immense bursts of laughter.

Next, by way of farce and closing scene, Mr. Merriman sang the then new comic song of the Cork Leg, with contortions and screw accompaniments. All the “Sun's” passengers were there. Never since have I seen such fun nor heard such uproarious laughter. It was new to all of them, at least for many years. They all came from the wilderness prepared to enjoy even a “reed shaken by the wind,” and took it in for all and more than it was worth. That night a grand oyster supper awaited us at the hotel—this was another great treat. We had been deprived of the delicious bivalve in the colony because they could not stand the slow transportation of the barges, the only craft that up to that time polled their weary way backwards to the settlement. All the principal citizens of Mobile, including municipal

officers, attended that supper. The oysters were floated down in genuine champagne imported direct from the Veuve Cliquot estate of France. B. Franklin Meslier and John Hurtel, two well known French gentlemen and prominent citizens of Mobile, presided, one at each end of the table. Mr. Meslier had served under Napoleon, and was an unconditional admirer of his great leader. When his turn came for a toast, as it did to all present, he arose, filled, both with enthusiasm and Veuve Cliquot, gave for toast, "The Grand Napoleon; the greatest man who ever lived." This was received with the wildest delight, and drank standing by the Frenchmen present, many of whom had served under the Empire. Now the English Consul was called. He arose and steadied himself with difficulty, and with great dignity—looking severely at the Frenchmen—gave: "The Duke of Wellington; a greater man than Napoleon." The effect of these words were magical. A tornado had passed over that table and swept away every smile and glimmer of good feeling in an instant. Faces hitherto all radiant with love and enthusiasm, now flushed with rage. Mr. Meslier, no longer able to control his passion, commenced mounting on top the table and crawling towards the Britisher; doubling his fists as he went, he cried: "Ah, Gredin! You damn John Bull; you say Villaintone was so greater man as Napoleon—ah, you must swallow him, dose words, or Sacre-re-re—" rolling his r's with terrible energy, they would have clinched soon in a personal contest had not Mr. Meslier been drawn back to his place by main force, and peace restored by the interference of the Americans present. The Frenchmen, with their usual generosity, seeing the English Consul was under *vino veritas*, and unsupported in his sentiments by any of the guests present, forgave his impertinance and passed it over by a return to former conviviality. Our fathers painted Mobile red that night A. D. 1835. A procession was formed, headed by a band of music, which halted at every house, until Frenchman, Spanish man, Creole man, nigger man, and Indian man became so mixed up with the widow Cliquot, they could no longer distinguish one man from any other man or woman either.

SPRING HILL.

About this time, A. D. 1835, we established our persons and penates in a comfortable country house at Spring Hill, and became

members of that charming colony. This village lies six miles west of Mobile, and crowns a plateau several hundred feet high. Many handsome dwellings and well cultivated grounds redolent of flowers and variegated greeneries peep through the oaks and tall pines which spread their green glistening foliage high above the city, which, when seen on a clear day, though a long distance off, seems to repose and nestle at the foot of the hill.

Called Spring Hill, from welling fountains that gush from its base as though pressed out by the superincumbent weight above, it supplies Mobile with the pure water for which it is most renowned of all Southern cities, and which undoubtedly is one of the causes of the remarkable longevity of her people, many of whom are over seventy years of age, and still actively engaged in consuming and earning their daily rations. Spring Hill then, as it is now, was called the habitat of Hygiene and a foe to Malaria. Based upon this reputation, so long and well sustained, a large building devoted to educational purposes was erected by the Roman Catholic Church, called Spring Hill College. This institution soon filled with students from both the adjacent States and the West India Islands to more than its capacity, which necessitated an additional annex. For the same reason—health—the vacations were reversed, being held in winter instead of summer, that a refuge from sickness as well as a school for education might be combined:

This college is still in successful operation, having realized all that was expected after an experience of many years. The management and faculty of Spring Hill College are considered among the higher order, and fully competent for their task. I speak of this old time institution with pleasure, because it was the home of my boyhood's first training, A. D. 1836, and but few of us are spared to recall those early days when we broke each other's legs over shinney and cheval fondue. The Spring Hillers were either merchants doing business in the city or non-resident planters, who left their plantations to the care of overseers, and sought the comforts and social advantages afforded by this attractive locality. I will now allude briefly and personally to some of the residents and their visitors.

MICHAEL PORTIER, MONSIGNOR,

Or Monseigneur, as the Creoles loved to call him, was both founder

and President of Spring Hill College and Bishop of this Diocese. His duties were divided between Mobile and the College. Hence, he spent part of his time at each place. He was a welcome guest at every home and table on the Hill, and his visits gave both cause and reward for the hospitality that followed his coming. Monseigneur was a Christian gentleman of liberal views and unbounded charity for the failures and faults of his fellow creatures. A native of the vine-clad hills of France, he was a competent and appreciative judge of their purple extract—which he used but never abused. His taste was sought upon the tap of every new importation, which, when given, fixed the quality and the status of the wine with the community. Short of stature, rotund of figure, with massive head, full, round, benevolent face, and eyes twinkling with good humor, he never failed to attract attention and to interest all who came within the radius of his genial presence. When the Bishop visited the college—and we boys became aware of his presence, which he endeavored to conceal by slipping in through the rear entrance—we immediately collected under his window and raised pandemonium, by shouting in concert *Deo Gratias, Deo Gratias*, which in free translation meant, “Give us a chance to praise the Lord for a recess.” Overcome by the fearful din of several hundred voices, he would step out upon the front gallery and wave his hand for a truce, then say in French: “*Ainsi soit il*”—so let it be. This was followed by a scamper all over the campus, and resumption of the numerous games with which boys amuse themselves. Every one knew when the Bishop was about by his laugh, so loud and mirthful that, like an epidemic, it seized upon all who heard. With all this good nature and love of mankind, the Bishop was a dangerous person to force impertinent liberties upon. He would and did strike from the shoulder on several occasions when forbearance ceased to be a virtue, with a force that caused his opponent to be aware forever after.

.THE CATHEDRAL,

Which rears its lofty walls high above most of the public buildings of Mobile, now nearly completed, was planned and commenced by Bishop Portier with no other means than his personal popularity. Catholics and Protestants alike, regardless of sect, opened their pocket-books to the pressing solicitations of Monseigneur whenever

he made requisitions for that purpose. His remains repose on one side of the beautiful altar raised and dedicated by his labors to the worship of his Creator, while between the entrance ways outside in front, rest the ashes of his successor, Bishop Quinlan, who also devoted many of his days to completing a temple which is both a tomb and a monument of the deeds done in the name of their Lord. Here,

Free by pain's surcease,
Both repose in peace.

The following letter, copied from Col. Joseph E. Murrell's valuable scrap-book, was written A. D. 1839, to Bishop Portier by Burwell Boykin, of the firm of McRae and Boykin, and under the name of "Protestant."

It was called forth by the admiration of the entire community, and the writer particularly, for the Bishop's noble care of the sick and afflicted during a terrible yellow fever epidemic, wherein he had exposed both his person and his purse regardless of consequences:

“MOBILE, — — —

“*Reverend Bishop Portier:*

“The good man, no matter in what clime he lives, and what church he worships, or to what creed he belongs, is one of the noblest specimens of God's handiwork. You, Reverend sir, have been living among us long, performing in an enlarged and Christian spirit the high sacred functions of the head of a great Church. With no proscriptive bigotry at the bottom of your religious faith, you have recognized toleration in those who conscientiously dissented from you in their convictions, and hence one of the causes of the high estimate in which you are held by all Protestants. The holy robes that encompass you as a man, cover you as a true Catholic, are without ‘blot or blemish.’ When this is the case, the individual character of the man becomes a component element of his church, and the harmonious blending of the two inspires confidence and advances the cause of piety. Purity of character, sincerity of purpose and devotional earnestness, irrespective of any particular sect, will, among the liberal-minded of all sects, command respect and challenge confidence. When a good man is seen in the midst of pestilence exerting himself to relieve the necessitous, and, forgetful of his own safety, periling his life in order that he may save the lives of others, he makes a lodgment

for himself in the affections of the people among whom he lives. When he is seen gathering under the wing of his protection the destitute, and administering to their wants and comforts, we witness the fruits of his labor and the sincerity of his sacred vocation. When the helpless widow and the unprotected orphan look to him as their benefactor, and call him father and are taken to his bosom as their adopted father, then we see the beauties of a Christian life illustrated in a form not to be mistaken. When we see a church or the head of a church ardently engaged in good works, its own acts are its best commentaries and ablest defenders. You, Reverend sir, have done much toward the relief of suffering humanity, and deserve well of this community. You have, by your talent, energy and perseverance, erected in the heart of our city a temple dedicated to the living God. As long as it survives the shock of time, it will be a monument to your memory, and when it slumbers among the things that were, history or tradition will point to you as its founder. As an ornament to our city, it is the admiration of and praise of our people.

“The writer of this is a Protestant in principle and by education, but he can see, or thinks he sees, other avenues to the throne of our Heavenly Father, besides the one he has been taught to enter. Hope, Faith and Charity are the pillars of the temple in which he worships, and around that altar there is but one God and one duty.

“A PROTESTANT.”

* McCLOSKY AND HAGAN.

Mr. McClosky settled in Mobile as early as A. D. 1815, and soon after became associated in business with John Hagan, forming the widely known firm of McClosky and Hagan, cotton buyers and importers of fine wines, etc. Messrs. McClosky and John Hagan were both noted for a high order of business capacity and enlarged generosity.

Both were bon-vivants, and so often participated in Spring Hill hospitality that I am induced to mention them as part of that famous colony. This house did the largest business in Mobile in buying cotton, shipping and importing. John Hagan was uncle to Gen. James Hagan, now living in Mobile, the survivor of two great wars—the Mexican and the late civil war. Distinguished in both for gallantry of the highest order, he won his spurs as Brigadier General

in the latter. Long may he live to wear them, and be rewarded ere long by a grateful people.

GEORGE S. GAINES.

Busy memory now recalling fifty years of the past, remembers no better man than George S. Gaines. He was our neighbor and friend, and also the friend of all the world. The latch of his door did not open from the outside, because there was no latch there. It stood open all the time to both friends and strangers.

George was a younger brother of General Edmund P. Gaines, who, distinguished for gallantry in the Indian wars, late in life married Miss Myra Clarke, heiress to the greatest estate and lawsuit of the country. This suit, after many decisions and reversals, still goes on in spite of both claimants being dead.

George, when quite a young man, was appointed Indian Agent for all the peaceful tribes of Alabama, and was so loved, revered and respected by them that they never undertook the commonest transaction of every day life without first securing his advice, which was always disinterested and reliable. If he had enemies they knew it not, his friends surmising the fact from his reticence and silence at the mention of their names. He never refused a favor. His name went upon other people's notes so often—notes in which he had no personal interest—that his friends refused to discount them, although perfectly merchantable, to protect him from self-ruin. No man, high or low, was refused a place at his table, or the shelter of his roof. His house and time were considered public property, and his good nature frequently imposed upon. Mr. Gaines' memory was a storehouse of early reminiscences, which he knew how to tell with great interest to his listeners. I will repeat his account of a first interview with

AARON BURR.

Lieutenant E. P. Gaines, afterwards General Gaines, was at this time in command of Fort Stoddard, on the Mobile River, about thirty miles above the city. George, then quite a youth, was clerk in the sutler's department, and roomed in the officer's quarters of the fort. One night, being seized with violent colic, he groaned aloud, when a door shutting off an adjoining room opened, and a man of large statue, ample head, and benevolent countenance entered, approached

his bed, and gently taking his hand, enquired of his suffering. Being told, he returned to his trunk in the next room and brought a vial of laudanum, a few drops of which soon relieved the pain. The stranger then spoke, saying: "I am Aaron Burr and a prisoner here, captured yesterday while going to Mobile. As soon as I can have a hearing, the infamous charges trumped up against me will fail. In the meantime, while compelled to remain within these walls, let us try to make our time pass as pleasantly as possible." Mr. Gaines said he was delighted with his affable manners, and cultivated his society until taken away.

In 1824, while Mr. Gaines was Indian Agent at Demopolis—(the metropolis of the French colony of Marengo)—a Frenchman by the name of Genin, had succeeded in raising some very fine pears, the first grown in the settlement. He was very proud of them, and exhibited them to everybody, and guarded them with the greatest care, even sitting up at night to protect them from marauders.

One night he saw a drunken Indian by the name of Bobshilla getting over his enclosure. He emptied his gun into the Indian while astride of the fence, and saw him fall on the outside into the street, then retired without going to see the effect of his shot. The next morning Bobshilla was found dead in the streets partially eaten up by hogs. The Indians immediately declared a vendetta, applying the Mosaic law of eye for eye, and tooth for tooth. As Mr. Genin had escaped in a pirogue down the river, and was no longer there to pay the death penalty in person, they determined to apply the statute to the entire white settlement. This was agreed upon in secret council, and was to be executed a few nights later. But their reverence for the white father, Mr. Gaines, induced them to spare his life. One day, while Pushmataha, the Chief of the tribe—a greedy, drunken, good-natured Indian—was dining with Mr. Gaines, and being at the time considerably under the influence of fire water, imparted the information with many charges of secrecy. This was more than Mr. Gaines could stand. He immediately sought out Basil Meslier, a French colonist, also held in high esteem by the Indians, and they decided to call the Chiefs in council and remonstrate with them. This was done, and through the confidence and love of the tribes for these two men, the colony was spared from massacre and destruction.

But while the negotiations were pending between George S. Gaines, Basil F. Meslier and Pushmataha and his council, the news leaked out among the colony and created the greatest consternation. Many locked themselves indoors and prepared for resistance. No one was seen on the streets until the favorable result of the conference was known.

Two charming daughters survive Mr. Gaines, Mrs. Bullock, a widow and grandmother, and Miss Mary Gaines, still single through choice, and now living at the family homestead near State Line. Both these ladies are loved by all who know them, including the writer.

MONSIEUR ADOLPH BATRE.

A French gentleman of cultivated tastes—still represented by descendants of the same ilk—was a member of the Spring Hill colony, noted for social qualities and epicurean entertainments. Both his wines and viands elicited the admiration and envy of their numerous consumers. I remember an occasion of a family birthday a huge pate de foie gras made to order in France arrived, and all the Hillites were invited to discuss its glories. The pate, a perfect monster, weighed at least fifteen pounds, and covered the centre of the table. Being decorated with fleur-de-lis and encircled by the whitest of damask napkins, it was at once the focus of all eyes, the piece de resistance, and the honored stranger whose arrival we had met to celebrate.

After various courses and services, commencing with six oysters on the half shell with a piece of lemon, followed by soup and several varieties of fish, each course being driven down by its own peculiar wine—came the pate de foie gras. This was Mr. Batre's opportunity, being a good talker, he loved to dwell minutely and long over good things, of which there was no better judge in the land. He arose, knife and spoon in hand, and commenced such an appetizing and unctious description of the pate as aroused the hunger of his guests beyond control. They could no longer wait, and cut his speech short by crying out: "Allons, Adolph, finissez donc nous mourrons de faim"—Stop! Adolph, or we die of hunger. To which Bishop Portier added: "Spare us now, Cher Adolph, and I'll

call for the balance when I am asleep." Mr. Batre good naturedly took the hint, and gave us the best dinner I ever ate.

COL. JAMES S. DEAS.

Was another most agreeable neighbor and cultivated gentleman of the old South Carolina English stock, who, with his charming wife, lived to raise a numerous family of sons and daughters, as successful, respected and honored as themselves. Mr. Deas, when complimented upon the vigor of his constitution and the number of his years, was wont to say, jestingly, that the disastrous results of the war to his property compelled him to move about so lively from place to place, and so often, that the Lord did not know where to put his finger on him, hence his longevity.

MONSIEUR DEVENDEL,

A French gentleman of culture and good descent, with a large and accomplished family, contributed no small quota to the charms of Spring Hill society. I remember my first visit to M. DeVendel. I was sent by my family to enquire of his health. Being directed to his room to deliver my message, I found him suffering great agony from an attack of gout in the foot.

.He was a tall, refined looking old grey-haired gentleman of very marked and expressive features, which, naturally pleasant, at this time expressed great pain. At each turn of gout's screw he uttered a tonnerer-r-re, rolling and accentuating the r's until I trembled for my safety, which seeing, he controlled himself and spoke pleasantly and reassuringly. I know now, from experience, how he suffered. I have been there since.

Several agreeable daughters survive their father, one of whom, Madame Adelaide deV. Chaudron, is well and favorably known in the literary world—being both a successful writer and translator.

FREDERIC P. RAVESIES

Was one of the earliest settlers of the Marengo-county Colony, and President of the association for the culture of the olive and vine. His report to the Interior Department at Washington of the progress, difficulties and failures of the company, are exceedingly able and interesting. Mr. Ravesies founded and named the village of Arcola,

on the Warrior River, after Napoleon's famous battle of that name. He remained after nearly all the French refugees returned home, and was the most successful planter of the colony. In the year A. D. 1835, he moved to Spring Hill, and was elected President of the Cedar Point Railroad, which promises now to be completed many years after his death. Mr. Ravesies held several other positions of honor and trust which were always thrust upon him against his will. He leaves behind him a name for his descendants to be proud of.

ARCHIBALD BROWN,

A prominent member of the Spring Hill settlement, was one of our most successful and respected citizens. His house was a centre of unbounded hospitality, and contributed greatly to the enjoyment of Spring Hill circle. Several sons, two of whom were college mates at Spring Hill, now live in Mobile, well known and respected as was their father before them.

Many of our oldest and best people lived at Spring Hill at this time, whose names are as familiar to the present generation as household words—such as: The Spans, Mrs. Edward George, Mrs. Achille George, the Chaudrons, Cluis, George Tuthill, Albert Stein, and later, the Dawsons, Roger Stewart, Robert Purvis, Hilton, Chas. A. Marston, Jos. McMillan, Madame and Jules Eslava, and others whose names escape memory.

Perhaps, now because I have changed, and grown somewhat weary under the weight of accumulated years, is the reason I seem to think the people of this generation lack the gayety and ring of social enjoyment which characterized Mobilians in ante bellum times. If so it be that this change alone rests within—then I beg pardon for the insinuation, but I cannot help going fondly back through dream-land to those merry, genial faces, and open hospitable boards of fifty years ago, and up to the war even, when guests came so warmly welcomed and went so genuinely regretted, that I still, through the imagination, rock myself to sleep in the swinging hammocks of those *dolce far niente* days once more, and am at rest for the moment.

The older I grow the more firmly am I convinced that those nations which, like restless individuals, turn things over by revolution, in the vain hope of obtaining a universal democracy, succeed

only in reaching universal chaos. The worst revolution is evolution, because it evolves only disbelief and despair.

A MOBILE VENDETTA.

About this time a bitter feud arose between Gen. B. and Col. H., two prominent and respectable citizens, who loved anybody except each other. Both were in the prime of life, and fine specimens of manhood. They hated and fought with a cordiality and intensity that promised to involve half the city in civil strife. Whenever Col. H. was seen coming down the street everybody looked up for Gen. B., and immediately closed doors to avoid stray bullets if he was in sight. Both commenced drawing their derringers as they approached, and fired at range, then rushing upon each other, used knives or fists, just as they happened to be heeled, and never parted until torn asunder by bystanders, wounded and bleeding or exhausted by physical over-exertion. I was an unwilling witness of one of these rencontres, which I will endeavor to describe. While undressing upon the bulkhead at the foot of Conti street with several gamins of my own age, previous to a plunge in the river, Col. H. pulled up in a boat from a fishing excursion and made fast to our wharf. As he started up Conti street Gen. B. stepped out of an oyster shed at hand, where he had been enjoying a dozen or so raw. They met face to face, as sudden as unexpected. Their faces naturally amiable and then smiling, changed as only hate can change. Simultaneously, as with one motion, they felt for their shooters. As they did so we boys, knowing what was coming, went over cachuck into the river, like frogs disturbed leaping from the banks of a pond. As we could not remain under water forever, and curiosity mastering fear, we crawled up and took in the fearful struggle for life or death going on between these two men. They had emptied their pistols and were down on the wharf, rolling over and over, nearly stripped of clothing, striking their bloody knives at and into each other, hitting and missing as chance afforded. Their blood, heated by the strife, spirted in jets from each successful plunge of the knife, until weakened and fainting they lay locked in each other's arms motionless and peaceful, like two brothers sleeping in love and good will. Thus they remained until some deck hands passing, parted and carried them up town to have their wounds dressed. Though fearfully injured, after several

months they were out again and ready for the next bout, when Gen. B. was unexpectedly called to take possession of a large plantation bequeathed to him in Texas, and moved there with his family. Col. H., being absent from town at the time of the General's departure, received from him the following P. P. C. :

“My Dear Colonel :

“Please accept my sincere regrets for being compelled to go without a parting grip of the hand.

“Some future day, I sincerely trust, will renew our delightfully *tete-a-tetes*. Yours, in life as in death, J. B.”

A few months after Gen. B.'s departure, Col. H. grew listless and despondent. Upon being questioned as to the cause, he replied : “I don't know what is the matter, but I take no interest in life since B. left. I feel like breaking up here and settling down in his neighborhood.”

FLUSH DAYS OF MOBILE.

Up to the war Mobile had but one staple—cotton, which was the “end all and be all” of her traffic ; but that was enough, more than enough to supply all wants and realize many luxuries for her people, who were as gay and festive a set as could be found between sunrise and sunset. With a population of twenty-five thousand, and one-half floating, she classed third in export of the great cities of the Union. Everything Mobile consumed was imported. With coal, iron and marble bursting through the cracks of the laboring hills at her threshold, she went across the vexed Atlantic, three thousand miles, to Newcastle and Liverpool, for her bituminous fires at fifteen dollars per ton ; to Manchester and Birmingham for rolling stock and rails ; and to Italy for the marble tablets which recorded the deeds of her dead. Even her cotton buyers were imported from England, France and Germany. (No wonder she was in favor of free trade, for these foreigners were a gallant set of men.) They came like birds of passage with the earliest frost and fed fat upon wild celery and other spice berries in the season of their maturity, not greedily and voraciously, as some of the half-bred official cormorants of these days, but always willing to leave some pickings behind for the native stay-at-home, like courteous gentlemen as they were. At the end of the

season, as the great white staple wasted away to the eastward before favoring blasts and in American bottoms, they, too, shook their wings for a flight across the great waters and departed as the sun's rays became vertical, regretted by their friends and longed for by their employees. Our permanent population were parasites to these princely cotton buyers, and vegetated during their absence at the adjacent watering places, consoling themselves with French Cognac, Dexter Whiskey, Havana Cigars and Draw Poker, using due bills in settlement of accounts, payable when the cotton season opened. Hotel and other accounts were payable upon similar terms. At the earliest appearance of welcome frost in the fall, Mobile woke up to life and shook off the dreamy summer hours. Her tall press chimneys poured out dense volumes of black smoke. The life of compressed steam expired with short periodical groans. The noisy drays, laden with cotton bales, and empty, rattled between ship and press. The gay and gallant brokers, decked in one-hundred-dollar suits, covered with adhesive cotton, emblematic of their pursuit, rushed from class-room to class-room and from bar-room to bar-room, transacting business with equal rapidity at both places, as often receiving an order for hundreds of dollars of commissions at one as at the other. Thus the winter business rattled away like sleigh bells on a frosty morning. Work was a courtesy and a pleasure. The night brought balls, theatres and supper parties; the days, buying, weighing and sampling, both cotton and liquors. Hence no class was interested in developing the numerous and vast resources strewn around everywhere by Nature's bounteous hand. Cotton yielded employment to everybody, supplied all wants with four months' work out of twelve, and provided amply for those eight months of idleness. What the spendthrift could not make he could borrow, and everybody took in the stranger free of charge. Is it a wonder then, that Mobile, like a slothful mother, slept late in the morning and failed to wake up her giant progeny—Coal, Iron and Marble—to the great future locked up in their dormant faculties, at least for wealth, if not always for happiness? All this time nothing was done for Hygiene; the laws of health were not thought of; quarantines against epidemics were almost unknown, and the appropriations so meagre as to express contempt and disbelief in their efficiency; nor were they deemed necessary. With the summer solstice and the melting away of cotton east-

ward bound, the merchants departed for home, the well-to-do natives retired a few miles out of town to suburban homes or adjacent watering places, while the negro and creole population, who remained, were considered comparatively acclimated. But now, as the French say after one of their Parisian barricades, "*Nous avons change tout cela.*" The war changed all this thing, and new Mobile is awake in the modern commercial sense of the word—her limbs are clad in steel for the great work before her. During and since the war, by twenty effective years' quarantine against her only enemy—yellow fever—she has proved him to be an alien and not a native, and that he can be barred out like an old-fashioned schoolmaster when a holiday was wanted by his pupils. Her people have become residents and owners of their penates. New buildings in great numbers are rising up on her waste lots, and though she possesses neither Jay Goulds nor Vanderbilts among her people, beggars are unknown upon her thoroughfares and streets. Although from the leaven of her old-time luxuries she has permitted a part of her cotton crop to be cut off by transverse lines, she has filled the vacuum with new material. Her vegetable trade—the birth of only a few years—is striding rapidly to full growth and great promise; her precious woods begin to float down her streams; giant powder has rent the pregnant hills of exhaustless marble quarries, and she is stretching her iron highway, slowly, it is true, from the want of capital, but surely, to the great yawning shafts of her iron-covered and limitless coal fields lying near her deep-rolling rivers.

MOBILE SPORTS—DUCKING.

Between Mobile and the eastern shore, ten miles or more across as the crow flies, four rivers and many bayous pour their contributory tides into one broad bay, forming near their embouchures long, shallow flats, alluvial and fertile muck deposits and semi-circular and expansive bays, which are par excellence the pasturages and resting grounds of countless millions of wing-weary and hungry flights of ducks and other birds of passage from the breeding haunts of the North Pole to the Antarctic regions of the extreme South. Here bounteous nature has furnished a temporary duck paradise, and grows for them an abundant and inexhaustible feast of wild celery and other duck weeds and grasses, excelling in quantity and flavor the far-famed

flats of grand old Chesapeake bay, where I lingered and loitered and shot away so many idle days of early youth.

All over and around these broad-sheeted horseshoe shallows and semi-circular bayous, untold flocks and wedge-shaped flights of ducks rest, sport, feed and flutter their gorgeous plumage in the genial Southern sunshine, while acres of *poule d'eaux* darken the surface of these prolific water fields, where they repose and nurse their strength for the countless miles of weary wastes which stretch between them and a return to the land of their birth in the Arctic regions. Of these flocks many come, and few return; they perish by the way in uncomputed numbers; enemies and snares beset and follow them from the start to the end of their flight in search of better feeding grounds and more congenial climes. They have neither rest nor peace until they have returned a mere remnant to the ice-bound, impenetrable regions of their birth. Here man does not harm them; God has barred his way with the eternal ice-berg.

Before dawn, on one of those mild, genial mid-winter days of which our climate is so wanton, the duck hunter places his decoys at convenient range, and steals his light skiff with muffled oars into one of the numerous reed blinds growing all over the enchanted bays, wherever they are once planted, and waits for daylight, and watches for his game. Perhaps as soon as red Aurora gilds the polished gates of the east, a huge and darkening flight of ducks descend to his painted snares and illusions with loud roar of wings and great splash of waters, almost within reach of gun muzzle.

Then, with bated breath and eyes peering through the slightly parted reeds, his right hand convulsively clutching a No. 10 calibre smooth-bore Greener, his left pressing down the eager head of his retriever—certain of his victories—if he be a true sportsman, he will pause and wait long, watching and enjoying the ways and sports of these gorgeous passengers of the Arctic circle.

They soon lash and churn the shallow waters into foam with feeding, pursuing and diving, sometimes tails up and heads down, then heads up and tails down, imparting a life-like motion to these painted images, which renders it impossible to distinguish duck from decoy or decoy from duck. For a time you cease to be a sportsman and become a naturalist, an Audubon, all thoughts absorbed in the study of the ways of these gorgeous visitors. You begin to draw

comparisons, and soon find a wonderful degree of human nature among them. The canvas backs and red necks, being the largest and strongest, at once assert the doctrine of might to be right, and become outright robbers of their weaker associates. They seem to work or dive for food, and snatch it away from the bills of the divers, as they rise to the surface, not without loud quacking protests and futile resistance from the robbed. They vary their labors and amusements—some feed and chase each other around with water-beating wings, half flying and half swimming; others, whose appetites are appeased, stand high out of the water upon the shallow bars, and pick and wash, and smooth their white breasts and ruffled feathers, like a city belle will primp before her looking-glass at the expected visit of her dude. Then nodding and bending their heads close together they utter a low monotone gabble, as if imparting love secrets which they do not wish eavesdroppers to overhear. Perhaps whispering tales of love, and recording vows and promises to be kept or broken even according to the ways of men and women of society. Suddenly and rudely your reveries are broken, and dreams vanished by the stunning report of some unsentimental market-ducker's gun in an unseen and proximate blind. Sentiment flies away; the tiger of your nature replaces it, the spirit of slaughter is ripe, both barrels are quickly emptied into the startled and rising flock, the second gun repeating the leaden hail, and cartridges placed for a third charge if possible! Instantly the surface of the previously placid lake is changed and strewn with white down, flying feathers, dead ducks and winged cripples swimming for dear life to the refuge of tangled grass and pursued fiercely by the retriever, eager to capture before the victims have found cover.

Now from blind to blind and from point to point, all over and around the murderous circle, huge duck guns belch forth sulphurous fires and thunderous volleys, re-echoing and reverberating up and down the numerous water channels of the marshes like the roar of a great battle. The air is filled with floating feathers and falling victims, tumbling down and down, heels over head, with loud splash and heavy thud, upon the ruffled waters. The volleys continue until the wild and circling flocks change their course, and fly straight out into the open waters of the bay, where no longer treacherous blinds can conceal murderous fires, and where they can see the approach of

pursuing boats. When this happens the duckers know their sport is closed for the day, and as the distant taps of the town clock announce the lengthening hours of coming long winter nights, they push out their little white-sailed skiffs from their hiding places, and soon cover the broad shallow lakes, with cleaving bows, duck laden and homeward bound. Then ensues a regatta and race for the city wharves, not more than one or two miles distant. Trophies of the day's sport are held up, shown and shaken at passing boats, ticklers are drained of the last drop, and thrown overboard in disgust. The wharves are soon reached, the boats unladen, and shimmering displays of gorgeous feathers made to the admiring eyes of loitering citizens, many of whom are awarded a pair of the juicy canvas backs, and give in return an invitation to be present when the celery, jelly and champagne are added to the cunning of the cook!

In the height of ducking season, twenty pair to each skilled shot is not an unusual day's sport, and, that, too, in plain sight of the Battle House and Theatre, and within hearing of the business roar attending a commercial town of forty thousand people.

Visiting sportsmen, with letters of introduction to any of the members of our Gulf City Gun Club, will be treated to a trial of this glorious sport, and return in time to transact business on the same day.

CALINETTE.

[From the French.]

Aged ten years, pale and delicate, with sparkling eyes, a tender flower grown amid the stone walls of Paris; she assisted her grandmother to keep shop adjoining the news-stand at the great railroad depot. They sold little articles pertaining to smokers—pipes, and cigar stems and holders, &c. More than once, while awaiting my train, I gabbled with the two women, and learned them to be not only poor, but very poor. The girl, orphaned from infancy, was raised by the grandmother, who adored her. I knew also she was called Calinette—a name born of grace and tenderness, and as sweet as the bearer.

The other day, while in the waiting-room, I saw the old grandma alone, and draped in mourning. I foretold a misfortune, and questioned her anxiously. "Ah! sir, a sad story, my heart is broken.

Poor little darling, so good, so sweet; one of God's stray sunbeams sent to brighten the gloom of my life gone out. She never was strong. Her mother, my daughter, who died to give her birth, was not much stronger. She, too, was all imagination and nerves. Thus it is not strange Calinette took after her. Well, how it came about, I cannot tell, perhaps through the indiscretion of a neighbor, that caused Dr. Millot, the great surgeon who lives across the street, and is so benevolent to the miserable, to pay us a visit one morning early, just as we were going to the shop. His winning face all smiles, and long white hair and beard flowing, and eyes were so full of goodness that we felt as if an old friend had come, instead of a stranger on a first visit. 'Well, madame,' he said, 'it seems our little one is not well, do let me see what's the matter?' Of course he could, and thank God, too, for I thought his very touch must cure. Well, he felt her heart, and breast and back, and placed his head down close to the little body, and turned her about, and no more begrudged his precious time than if Calinette had been a great lady. At last he looked at me, and said: 'There's nothing serious the matter. She is haunted by some fancy or she longs for something she cannot get. Come, my child, tell me what it is?' 'There is no use to tell, Doctor, because I never, never can be gratified.' 'Nevertheless, tell, my child, tell; all the same, and we will see about that afterwards.' 'Oh! well, then, Doctor, I would so like, that is, I have so longed, but—do all those people who travel in the trains go far, very far away?' 'That depends—some stop at the first station in the suburbs.' 'Oh! but farther, those who go much farther without stopping?' 'If they don't stop they reach the sea.' 'The sea!' she said, and started from her chair with both hands clasped, as in ecstasy. 'Ah, we know now,' said the Doctor, laughing; 'well, I will see the superintendent and beg a month's leave of absence for both and free passes besides. You'll permit me, madame,' he said, as he placed two bills of one hundred francs each upon the table; 'you musn't object, you'll pay me back after a while. It is only a loan; she wants to see the sea, the little one. Well, well, she shall see the sea.' Before I could refuse the money, he had gone and closed the door behind him like a thief. Two hours after, both the leave of absence and passes came, and we decided to start by the morning's train. Calinette never slept, her tongue rattled all night. While I

held her rather feverish hand, she said: 'You see now, Gran', you can't, you never can tell, no, not in years, how happy I am to-night. Whenever a train rolls out of our station, my heart swells and goes with it, particularly when they go to Trouville by the sea, for then, they are crowded with young and happy girls and boys, who wear sailor hats and suits, and carry nets and fishing poles to catch the golden fish we see in the market baskets. When I look at those glistening rails so long, and winding out of sight like serpents of glittering steel, I never can leave the window until a long trail of black smoke alone remains behind. I ask myself constantly—Where are they going, how far? Then comes a struggle not to follow, to follow those bright rails which stretch from our feet to the great, great roaring sea, which they say sings God's praise forever, night and day, with the same voice for the poor as the rich.' Overcome by her fancies, towards morning, she slept on my breast while a smile of serene happiness dwelt upon her face. We left at twelve o'clock the next day. Her eyes were glued to the window and took in any flitting object that flew past. Each moment she uttered an exclamation of delight and surprise. For my part I dozed a little, overcome by the previous night's vigils. Then, again, I like the city better than the country. I prefer streets, squares and houses, to trees, lakes, and marshes filled with mists. I was born, bred and grown in Paris, and I love it better than all the world. We reached YiPort by the sea at night and slept until morning. It was hardly light before Calinette, up and dressed, dragged me out to the battery. At the first glimpse of the sea she uttered a single cry: 'Ah!' and remained silent. Her gaze became fixed and her form rigid as a statue of granite. A moment passed thus and she wiped her eyes. They were full of tears. Upon some stones worn round by the sea we sat all day long, with the tide splashing our feet, gazing at the vast expanse of green water, dotted here and there with white sails going to and fro. When called to meals, Calinette grew fretted at being disturbed. As one in a trance, she was spell-bound by the sea; her eyes sparkled, her pale lips reddened. She seemed to hear and answer a voice from another world—'Oh, how grand you are; how I love you.' Then she kissed her hand to the sea time and time again. I grew alarmed, for I felt this exaltation to be unnatural. She held me there till the last rays of the sun hiding below the waves illumined the skies like a vast conflagration. Now the wind blew

fresh and damp, and the air grew quite cool. 'Come, come, Calinette, let's go in—you must.' With a sigh she arose and we walked slowly back to the village. She scarcely tasted supper—so I made some tea and placed her in bed close by mine where I could feel her during the night. She had taken cold and was both feverish and restless. Wearied and tired out, I slept a few hours until awakened by a chilly sensation. I opened my eyes, and looked for Calinette; it was just daylight. Her bed was empty—I sprang up, and cried, 'What do I see?' There was my poor little girl in her night-gown, with bare feet, leaning out of the open window gazing at the sea—always the sea. 'Are you mad—what are you doing? come back to bed.' I tried to pull her away; in vain, she clutched the sash and held tight. 'See, Gran', see, oh, do look, there he is, there he comes, I wanted to see him come up first—look! look!' And she pointed her little hands towards the sun, who now rose like a huge red seal, casting long golden rays over the sea. 'Come away, come, you must—you are catching cold.' I closed the sash and forced her back to bed. She begged me to wheel her couch to the window that she might still see the sun and sea—always the sea. I consented; didn't I always yield her slightest wish. I could not hold her down; she threw her cover aside, sprang half up, and grew both exalted and wild with delight. 'Don't you see him, Gran', the great grand sun; see, he rises, how he climbs up, way up yonder, up, up, higher up the heaven; see, he paints everything rose-color—the sea, the boats, the sails, this room and furniture, and even our faces—all things rose, rose.' She tossed kisses to the sun as if a human being. Suddenly, she ceased her exclamations and kisses, and became silent for a moment; then she said: 'I am cold!' As a matter of course, a burning fever followed such imprudence. Her hands grew hot, her throat parched, and her eyes closed as if they had lost the strength to re-open. I sent for the Doctor, who came quickly. 'It is grave,' he said, 'very grave; probably inflammation of the lungs.' My God! my child, my Calinette! Her sleep was restless, her breath came short and choked. After several hours she awoke and said: 'Gran'.' I seized and held the dear little hand which she had placed upon my cheek for a moment, as she had been wont to do with her old caressing manner, then withdrawing them she exclaimed again: 'Isn't he grand, too grand—he strangles me. I was better in my little garret in Paris.

How strange; I seem to float in mid-air—yes, I fly like those white sea gulls, and I rise, I rise higher, and all around is rose-colored, rose, rose.’ So she raved for hours, but never again, not once spoke of me, her old grandmother. I lost my head—I was dazed. The sun was setting and about to disappear at this moment. She sat bolt upright upon her couch with eyes preternaturally distended, and reached out both hands as if to clutch and hold back the last shimmer. ‘Let me stay, don’t take me away—not yet, not yet, a little longer—let me look, look forever.’ As the last ray sank away, Calinette looked at me with her old smile and put up her lips as if to kiss me and said, ‘Gran.’ Then her eyes became fixed, she moved no more, the struggle was over. ‘She’s buried over there, in a little plot by the sea, so she may always look at the sea—that accursed sea which stole her away. Oh, why did she wish to go there—why did he send her there, that kind Doctor Millot. No doubt but he intended to do for the best when he spoke of the effects of nature—fresh air and other things not found between the walls of Paris. But you see, sir, such things are only made for the rich—they are not intended for us poor people, they kill us.’ With her eyes full of tears, the old woman cast them reproachfully upon those long, glittering steel rails, which had carried her child to a grave by the sea, and sighed as one without hope.



PRESENT STATUS BETWEEN ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.

[From the French.]

The following conversation between an English and Russian general illustrates the status of affairs existing between the two nations.

They met at Herat to adjust the boundary dispute.

Russian General—“How amiable it is of my brother-in-arms to meet here at our invitation, so far from home.”

English General—“Not at all, not at all, my dear sir. All the honor and condescension rests with you. I should be most happy to meet you in London upon a similar mission.”

Russ. Gen.—“Please admire this cavalry sabre. A new invention. Feel what a keen edge it has.”

Eng. Gen.—“Pretty sharp. But we have recently invented a bayonet which is a perfect treasure. It never fails to kill after inflicting intense agony.”

Russ. Gen.—"And our new patent lance. See what a gem. It pierces a gold rouble through and through with its own weight."

Eng. Gen.—"Exquisite! but you should see our new velocipede gun, which fires twenty shots before you can blow your nose."

Russ. Gen.—"Our patented poisoned ball (this in confidence) not only kills instantly, but turns the corpse black."

Eng. Gen.—"That is charming, but not quite equal to our explosive ball which defies a collection of the remains."

Russ. Gen.—"But you have not seen our little cannon revolver which demolishes a fortress in less than a minute."

Eng. Gen.—"Good, very good, but our shovel shooter shovels five hundred balls into five hundred men every shovelfull."

Russ. Gen.—"Our electric torpedo fish at each shock instantly rots the hull of your largest man-of-war, which drops to pieces and sinks."

Eng. Gen.—"That is useless against our new modeled navy which folds like a fan, dives like a duck, and only comes to the surface to vomit fire and goes down again to avoid danger."

Russ. Gen. (Extracting a pill from his waistcoat pocket.)—"See this microbe."

Eng. Gen.—"What is it good for?"

Russ. Gen.—"A beautiful darling little pocketpiece, which contains miasmatic gases enough to asphyx an entire regiment."

Eng. Gen.—"That is splendid! Almost equal to our campaign battery."

Russ. Gen.—"What is your campaign battery?"

Eng. Gen.—"Such a startling invention! All England is crazy over it. It shoots an electric wire around an entire army, charged with electricity enough to cremate every man within the circle."

Russ. Gen.—"Then, by bomb and mortar, we are fully prepared my dear friend, to massacre you as agreeably as possible."

Eng. Gen.—"And we, honored brother-in-arms, are ready to blow your nation off the map of Europe."

Russ. Gen.—"But before we proceed to our glorious work, let us not forget the courtesies of life. Permit me to embrace you."

Eng. Gen.—"Certainly, my dear friend, I was about to beg the same favor."

They fall into each other's arms and embrace most affectionately.

THE FORESTS OF THE VICINITY OF MOBILE.

[By DR. CHAS. MOHR.]

Situated in the coast plain of the maritime pine belt of the Eastern Gulf region, the forests in the vicinity of Mobile display the variety and richness of the tree growth characteristic of the lower South, in all its luxuriance.

The alluvial lands of the upper part of the delta of the Mobile river, intersected by numerous channels, and studded with shallow lakes and the adjoining river banks subject to overflow at every freshet, are covered with gloomy forests of deciduous-leaved trees, in an almost primeval condition.

Here in the deep perpetually wet alluvial soil is the true home of the mighty Cypress¹, (Bald Cypress); exceeding in its dimensions every other tree of the Atlantic forest region.

The manufacture of cypress lumber is carried on to a considerable extent at the mills on the Tensas river, which furnish a product of superior quality. The only other tree of large size associated with the Cypress is the Tupelo Gum², its rival in height, the dense foliage of these giants of the forest forming a roof scarcely penetrated by the rays of the sun; in this dark shade there is besides the Swamp Ash³ or Pop-Ash, a small tree not over twenty-five or thirty feet in height, no other undergrowth found to thrive. In situations less subject to inundation the dense woods present a more varied growth of Water Oak⁴, Water Hickory⁵, Sweetgums⁶, Red Maple⁷, splendid Water Elm⁸, Hackberries⁹, the largely prevailing Green Ash¹⁰, and two species of Cottonwood^{11, 12} fringing the banks, with an undergrowth of Red Bay¹³, Catalpa trees¹⁴, Swamp Dogwood¹⁵, and Black Willows¹⁶. The borders fronting the water-courses are frequently covered with a dense growth of gigantic cane, presenting impenetrable barriers. These canebrakes, in connection with the swampy soil, and with a dense undergrowth interlaced by numerous vines, often armed with sharp prickles, render the access to these woods extremely difficult, if not impossible. They offer secure lairs to the larger beasts of the forests, long since disappeared from other parts of this section. Bears, panthers, large catamounts, find here a safe retreat, and the valiant hunter in search of such noble game, will find this truly primeval wilderness a field for sport to satisfy his ardor.

Receding from the estuary and the lowlands of the river in gently rising swells, this plain extends westwardly for a distance of from six to eight miles, where it is bounded by the rolling pine-clad uplands. According to the condition of the soil and the configuration of its

surface, its forest growth presents a varied character. In localities with a dry sandy porous soil, prevailed originally the Long Leaf Pine¹⁷. Wherever this tree has been removed in this coast-plain, it is almost invariably replaced by the Cuban Pine, or Elliott Pine, Slash Pine¹⁸. This tree, originally confined to the low flatwoods and the borders of the inlets and streams near the coast, is found in all stages of growth to cover the clearings and old fields. The openings of earliest date, made in the original forest, as found in the western outskirts of this port, bear stately groves of this fine pine in the very prime of its growth. Destitute of undergrowth, the floor covered with a soft carpet of the dry pine-straw, these groves adorning the suburbs, offer quiet and pleasant retreats where the visitor, susceptible to the soothing influences of inanimate nature, in listening to the soft chant of the rustling leaves of the pines and in inhaling the balmy breezes of the Gulf, is sure to enjoy that repose so delightful to the mind inclined to quiet meditation.

The so-called hammock lands, with a cooler, more loamy soil, of a richer covering of vegetable mould and more retentive of moisture, being at the same time sufficiently elevated to allow of its natural drainage after heavy falls of rain, are covered with a tree growth, mostly of evergreens, peculiar to the lower part of the extreme Southern States. Here, the Magnolia¹⁹ reigns supreme, attaining a height of eighty feet and over by a diameter of from thirty to thirty-six inches, associated with Live Oaks²⁰, Willow Oaks²¹, Water Oaks, the Loblolly Pine²², the Cuban Pine, and a host of trees of smaller size, many of them highly ornamental, including the American Olive or Devilwood²³; the beautiful Holly²⁴, the Sweet Leaf or Horse Sugar²⁵, the Youpon²⁶, bearing the year round its load of scarlet berries; the Fringe tree or Old Man's Beard²⁷, with its delicate white bloom; Red Bays, the pretty Snowdrop tree or Silver Bells²⁸, delighting the eye in the early days of spring with its profusion of snow-white pendant flowers; the interesting Bumelia²⁹ and rare Loblolly Bay³⁰, with the Black Plum³¹, Chicasaw Plum³², several species Hawthorns³³, the Shade or Serviceberry tree³⁴, and the Southern Prickly Ash³⁵. These trees overshadow a not less varied growth of shrubs, many of them attractive by their beautiful flowers, consisting of several species of Blueberries³⁶, Huckleberries³⁷, the Sweet Illicium³⁸ or American Staranise, Chokeberries³⁹, the Dahoon Holly⁴⁰, Winterberries⁴¹, and Inkberries or Gall bushes⁴². The Dwarf Palmetto⁴³ choosing the richest spots, besides its congener of the Pinewoods of the coast region the Saw Palmetto, the only representative of the Palms, a family of such

great prominence amongst the ligneous growth within the tropics, adding an impressive feature to the subtropical character of this forest flora. The higher banks of the brooks are adorned during the time of spring with the bloom of the Azaleas⁴⁴ and the Calico bush⁴⁵, and their borders enlivened by the fragrant snowy flowers of the Storax bush⁴⁶ and those of Andromedas⁴⁷, of most delicate tints. Where these hammocks are low, spreading out in swampy flats and on the low banks of the streams, the Sweet Bay or White Bay⁴⁸, reaching a height of seventy feet and over, takes the place of the Magnolia, and the White Cedar or Juniper⁴⁹ that of the Pines, interspersed with the Red Bay. The Ti-Ti⁵⁰, or Buckwheat tree, making up the largest part of the undergrowth, is highly attractive during the spring when it is covered with a profusion of pretty white flowers, borne in short racemes. In such localities is also found the poisonous Sumac⁵¹, often falsely called Poison Oak, and confounded with a species⁵² of the same genus bearing the same name and equally dreaded on account of its subtle poison, inflicting, when coming in contact with these shrubs, troublesome cutaneous affections upon those susceptible to its influences. This poisonous Sumac is from six to ten feet high, the slender branches bearing oddly pinnate leaves, with from seven to thirteen oblongovate leaflets, and bearing the small greenish flowers in a loose slender panicle.

The shrubs and trees of these woods are found interlaced and often completely covered with different woody climbers and herbaceous vines particularly on their borders, adding greatly to the luxuriant aspect of the vegetation. Ascending to the highest trees, their festoons in many instances adorned with brilliant flowers reach from limb to limb, or confined to the undergrowth trailing from shrub to tree, enveloping it in rich drapery. The yellow Jasmine⁵³ unfolding its golden flowers in the first mild days of the beginning Spring is found trailing over the shrubs and smaller trees, soon followed by the clusters of dark reddish flowers of the Crossvine⁵⁴, and with the advance of the season by the azure corymbs of the flowers of the Wistaria⁵⁵ and the white cymes of the Decumaria⁵⁶. Soon the delightful odor of the bloom of various grapes fills the air. The mighty stems of the Summer grape⁵⁷ and the River grape⁵⁸, as well as the Bullace or Muscadine⁵⁹, the parent plant of the esteemed Scuppernong, rising free with the trunks of trees of largest size to their loftiest heights, while the Trumpet vine⁶⁰, the Virginia Creeper⁶¹ and the true Poison Oak⁶² in their ascent cling closely to their supports. The Virginia Creeper is by many mistaken for the latter plant, growing in

the same localities, whose pernicious properties have already been alluded to; it is easily distinguished by its digitate leaves with oblong lance-shaped stiff leaflets, whereas those of the Poison Oak are composed of three thin broader leaflets. Several species of Smilax including the Briar Root⁶³ or false China Root, and others similar to the Sarsaparilla, the Peppervine⁶⁴ with its black shining berries and the singular Brunnichia⁶⁵ or Eardrops, entangle bush and tree. The few Epiphytes or air plants occurring in the Eastern Gulf region are found inhabiting the trees of these forests. The most frequent amongst them is the so-called Southern Moss⁶⁶, which in pendant airy clusters clothes the branches of the trees in a drapery of sombre gray, adding much to the gloom of the forest and presenting a novel sight as one of the prominent features in the flora of the lower South. This strikingly peculiar plant, a pretty orchid⁶⁷ belonging to a tropical genus, and a single fern the Creeping Polypody⁶⁸, complete the list of vascular-air plants, which within the tropics form such a conspicuous part in the vegetation of the forest.

Unfolding their flowers from the beginning of the spring to the decline of the summer season, these trees and shrubs fill the air with a sweet fragrantcy, which wafted by the land breezes of the night upon the bosom of the Gulf, delighted the earliest navigators, and which offer to the honey bees and other innumerable hosts of the insect world, a long season of almost uninterrupted feasting.

The Live Oak⁶⁹, in groups, or singly, chains the attention as one of the most characteristic and attractive object in the picture of the landscape of this coast plain; it truly represents the very perfection of a shade tree. In the height of its growth, its sturdy trunk sends out massive limbs to a length exceeding its whole height, which cover with their shade an ambitus often exceeding a hundred feet in diameter. The rotund and dense head covered with the rich glistening evergreen foliage, presenting soft and at the same time imposing outlines, forms a picture of grand repose filling the beholder with admiration, and upon which the eye never tires. A drive to the woods covering the hammock lands at the lower extremity of the Bay Shell Road, can be counted amongst the chief of points of interest affording unmingled delight to the visitor from the North, and cannot fail to leave a most pleasing impression.

Further to the south the coast plain spreads out in grassy savannas or open woods timbered with the Cuban Pine in its fullest perfection, and with the Long Leaf Pine less perfect in its growth. The monotony of these pine meadows, as these low pine barrens or flat-

woods are called, is occasionally relieved by narrow strips of Live Oaks and other hardwood timber trees already mentioned, bordering the seashore and inlets intersecting the coast. The treeless depressions covered with swamps of the pale Peat Moss⁷⁰ and Club Mosses⁷¹, and with shallow ponds, harbor a strikingly peculiar flora rich in rare plants, not only full of interest to the botanist, but bound to attract the attention of the more superficial observer, by their strange forms and flowers of varied hues. Prominent amongst them stand the Pitcher Plants or Fly' Traps⁷², with their hollow trumpet-shaped leaves most ingeniously contrived to serve as traps from which there is no escape, to catch the unwary fly seeking for hidden sweets; with these Sarracenias are found other insect catching plants, which deemed as being carnivorous, have of late attracted the attention of biologists, viz: the pretty Sundews⁷³. The leaves of these plants are bordered by sensitive prehensile hairs, which take hold of the insect allured to sip the glistening nectar exuding from their tips. The strange Bladderworts, some of them with floating stems and leaves bearing numerous bladders filled with air, and the allied Butterworts are also found growing in these ponds and swamps, similar habits being ascribed to them.

It would exceed the limits of these pages to mention, even by name, the hosts of plants common to these low pine barrens, which are offering to the botanist a field full of the richest reward.

The undulating pine lands or pine hills are covered with the forests of the Long Leaf Pine, to the almost total exclusion of any other tree, forming the vast timber region of the lower Southern States, east of the Mississippi, the source of the important lumber industry, timber trade, and of the crude turpentine extracted for the manufacture of naval stores. The banks of the numerous water courses, clear as crystal, of a swift current, and fed by copious springs issuing from the base of these hills, are covered with a dense growth of Magnolias, White Bay, Red Bay, Black Gum⁷⁴ and Red Maple, and the base and sides of the slopes with Spanish Oak⁷⁵, Mockernut, Hickory and large Loblolly Pines. The Upland White Oak or Blue Jack⁷⁶, and Black Jacks⁷⁷, are found in the openings amongst the pines on the drier hillsides. The Loblobby Pine takes in these uplands possession of the old fields and abandoned grounds.

The products of the forests tributary to the port of Mobile form an important item in its industries and commerce. During the business year ending September 1, 1885, 41,804 barrels of spirits turpentine and 200,688 barrels of rosin were shipped from this port. The value

of lumber and square timber shipped to foreign and domestic markets during the same time, reached the sum of \$631,468, to which is to be added \$18,000 worth of shingles and staves. The total value of these products drawn from the forests of the surrounding counties and of that part of the State of Mississippi adjacent to the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, and exported from this port, exceeded \$1,600,000, leaving out of consideration the timber, lumber charcoal, and other fuel consumed at home.

These pine hills rising to a height of from two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet above the level of the Gulf, and often spreading out in extensive table-lands, are perfectly free from the taint of malaria; at such elevation the atmosphere is less charged with moisture than in the plain below. The light, silicious, porous soil, is instantly drained after every fall of rain. Amply supplied with pure water by numerous springs and brooks under a serene sky of a genial clime, admitting of almost constant outdoor exercise, this upland pine region offers to those wishing to escape the rigors of a northern winter and in search of health, a most desirable resort, unsurpassed in salubrity, with pleasing surroundings of varied beauty and numerous resources for healthful sport and genuine pleasure, afforded by a closer contact with nature.

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|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|--|----------------------------------|
| 1. <i>Taxodium distichum.</i> | 2. <i>Nyssa uniflora.</i> | 3. <i>Fraxinus platycarpa.</i> | 4. <i>Quercus aquatica.</i> |
| 5. <i>Carya aquatica.</i> | 6. <i>Liquidambar styraciflua.</i> | 7. <i>Acer rubrum.</i> | 8. <i>Ulmus alata.</i> |
| 9. <i>Celtis Mississippensis.</i> | 10. <i>Fraxinus viridis.</i> | 11. <i>Populus monilifera.</i> | 12. <i>P. heterophylla.</i> |
| 13. <i>Persea Carolinensis.</i> | var: <i>palustris.</i> | 14. <i>Catalpa bignonioides.</i> | |
| 15. <i>Cornus paniculata.</i> | 16. <i>Salix nigra.</i> | 17. <i>Pinus australis.</i> | |
| 18. <i>Pinus Cubensis.</i> | 19. <i>Magnolia grandiflora.</i> | 20. <i>Quercus virens.</i> | 21. <i>Quercus Phellos.</i> |
| 22. <i>Pinus Tæda.</i> | 23. <i>Osmanthus Americanus.</i> | 24. <i>Ilex opaca.</i> | 25. <i>Symplocos tinctoria.</i> |
| 26. <i>Ilex Cassine.</i> | 27. <i>Chionanthus Virginicus.</i> | 28. <i>Halesia diptera.</i> | 29. <i>Bumelia tomentosa.</i> |
| 30. <i>Gordonia Lasianthus.</i> | 31. <i>Prunus umbellata.</i> | 32. <i>P. Chickasaw.</i> | 33. <i>Cratægus arborescens.</i> |
| 34. <i>Amelanchier Canadensis.</i> | | 35. <i>Xanthoxylum Clava Hercules.</i> | |
| 36. <i>Vaccinium Myrsinitis.</i> | <i>V. Virgatum.</i> | 37. <i>Gaylussacia dumosa.</i> | |
| 38. <i>Illicium Floridanum.</i> | 39. <i>Pyrus arbutifolia.</i> | 40. <i>Ilex Dahoon.</i> | |
| 41. <i>Ilex coriacea.</i> | 42. <i>Ilex glabra.</i> | 43. <i>Sabal Adansoni.</i> | |
| 44. <i>Rhododendron nudiflorum.</i> | 45. <i>Kalmia latifolia.</i> | 46. <i>Styrax pulverulenta.</i> | |
| 47. <i>Andromeda nitida.</i> | <i>A. phyllereafolia.</i> | <i>Leucothoe axillaris.</i> | <i>L. racemosa.</i> |
| 48. <i>Magnolia glauca.</i> | 49. <i>Chamæcyparis sphæroidea.</i> | 50. <i>Cliftonia ligustrina.</i> | |
| 51. <i>Rhus venenata.</i> | 52. <i>Rhus toxicodendron.</i> | 53. <i>Gelsemium sempervirens.</i> | |
| 54. <i>Bignonia capreolata.</i> | 55. <i>Wistaria frutescens.</i> | 56. <i>Decumaria barbata.</i> | |
| 57. <i>Vitis æstivalis.</i> | 58. <i>Vitis cordifolia.</i> | 59. <i>Vitis vulpina.</i> | 60. <i>Tecoma radicans.</i> |
| 61. <i>Ampelopsis quinque folia,</i> | 62. <i>Rhus toxidodendron.</i> | var: <i>radicans.</i> | |
| 63. <i>Smilax Pseudo—China,</i> | and others. | 64. <i>Vitis bipinnata.</i> | 65. <i>Brunniclita cirrhosa.</i> |
| 66. <i>Tillandsia usneoides.</i> | 67. <i>Epidendron conopseum.</i> | 68. <i>Polypodium incanum.</i> | |
| 69. <i>Quercus Virens.</i> | | 70. <i>Sphagnum,</i> | different species. |
| 71. <i>Lycopodium alopecuroides.</i> | <i>L. inundatum vero pinnatum.</i> | <i>L. Carolinianum.</i> | |
| 72. <i>Sarracenia purpurea.</i> | <i>S. flava.</i> | <i>S. Dreenmondii.</i> | <i>S. psittacina.</i> |
| 73. <i>Drosera brevifolia.</i> | <i>D. filiformis.</i> | 74. <i>Nyssa Caroliniana.</i> | 75. <i>Quercus falcate,</i> |
| 76. <i>Quercus clinea.</i> | 77. <i>Quercus nigra.</i> | <i>Q. Catesbæi.</i> | |

ST. FRANCIS-STREET BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. Geo. B. Eager, Pastor.

A Brief Sketch, by a Member.

Dr. Talmage has called Mobile "a city of beautiful Churches," and St. Francis-street Baptist Church may justly claim a share of the praise.

In approaching the city, almost the first object which greets the eye is its stately spire, rising more than a hundred feet in the clear air, above the smoke and din of the city, steadfastly lifting its "crown" heavenward, a fit emblem of a church which stands to-day crowned with God's loving kindness and tender mercies. In sketching the history of a church, one's first thought is of

ITS ORIGIN.

To use a borrowed thought, it is always interesting to examine into beginnings. There is something fascinating in the springing up of new enterprises or new ideas; there seems a principle within us that demands the source of things. In the beginning of a church there is something almost awe-inspiring. A few men and women unite to found a "kingdom," not for time but for eternity; to build a dwelling-place for The Most High God. They unite to fight, not earthly powers, but Satan, Sin and Death, and in the name of their God, "they set up their banners."

Half a century ago, when Mobile was a place of little importance, but just realizing her strength, with a population of less than five thousand, eleven persons decided to organize a Baptist Church. On the 9th of May, 1835, these eleven, of whom seven were women, met in Franklin-street Methodist Church, and "The First Baptist Church of Mobile" was constituted. The names of these faithful ones were: Burwell L. Barnes and Mrs. C. H. Barnes, Rev. Platt Stout and wife, Green B. Marshall, Salome Jewett, Sarah Stark, Elizabeth Rawls, Mary Ann Collins, Darling Collins, and Hiram Griffing. Of the eleven founders, not one is left to-day, but many lived to see the work of their hands established, for God was with them in their labors with His benediction sweet. Now "He hath given His beloved sleep."

VICISSITUDES.

During the half century of its existence, the church has been

twice disbanded and reorganized; first, owing to the great financial crisis which swept over the country in '37, and left the church, then in its infancy, deeply in debt and robbed of its lot and building fund; again in '45, owing to some difficulty in regard to the colored membership. Each time the spirit of their Baptist forefathers animated them to increase their zeal as difficulties multiplied, and each time the new organization went forth with greater strength to conquer for Christ, proving that strength lies not in numbers, but in consecration to the purpose in view, and that difficulties overcome are pillars of strength to raise one nearer to victory.

The body worshipped first in a room in the second story of a building on the corner of Jackson and St. Louis streets, which was rented for the purpose. In 1839 a building of their own was dedicated and used until 1847, when after the last reorganization, with much labor and self-denial, the new body obtained a lot and erected a building. Before they could occupy it, the torch of an incendiary reduced it to ashes and destroyed with it a fine bell, the gift of friends in New York and Boston. But "courage mounteth with occasion," and on the ashes of the old church was reared a building far superior, where in peace and prosperity the body worshipped for many years. In 1873 this building was taken down and rebuilt on a much handsomer scale, at a cost of more than \$30,000.

PREVIOUS PASTORS.

Since its organization, the church has been presided over by thirteen different pastors. *Rev. Geo. Felix Heard* was the first. He came from Philadelphia, and was ordained in Mobile at the Court House, as the church had then no building of its own. He served the church less than two years, but was very successful in his work. *Rev. Fred. Clark* was next called, remained less than a year, and was succeeded by *Rev. Jacob Henry Schroebel*. He was a most successful minister, a man of marked vigor and a true gentleman. During his pastoral term the membership increased until it numbered three hundred and ninety. He died in 1843 of yellow fever—one of those unsung martyr spirits who give up their lives for the good of others.

" Who liveth to the Lord
He lives indeed !
Who loveth fellow men,
He sows
Most precious seed."

In January, 1844, *Rev. D. H. Gillette* became pastor, but owing to severe illness, he served but a short time. While preaching from the text "A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," he fell in the pulpit, was taken home and died in less than two weeks. He was succeeded by *Rev. J. J. Sessions*, who served until Dec. 1866, when *Rev. Solon Lindsley* was chosen pastor. During his pastorate the church was rebuilt, the African church constituted, and four negroes licensed to preach. He was characterized by unusual courage and energy, qualities which eminently adapted him to the wants of the church at that time. After faithful service for almost three years, his health failed, and he retired universally beloved. On his recommendation the church called *Rev. T. G. Keen*, who tendered his resignation in 1855, after having served the church six and a half years. He proved to be a preacher of decided ability, a cultivated and refined gentleman, and did much to elevate the standard of the church. *Rev. P. E. Collins* was minister then for three years, and aided in organizing the Baptist Mission, afterwards known as "Broad-street Church." In 1859, *Rev. D. P. Bestor* assumed charge, and held it most honorably for nearly three years. He was a finely educated man, a gifted orator, much admired by the denomination, and widely known throughout the land. During the war the church seemed to have had no regular pastor, but was supplied by various ministers, prominent among whom was *Dr. S. H. Ford*. In Jan., 1866, *Rev. A. T. Spaulding* came, and notwithstanding the discouraging circumstances of the times, accomplished a great work. He was a pastor of rare faithfulness, wonderful energy, and whole-hearted consecration. During his term the second Mission was founded in a Sabbath School on Marine street, which grew until a church was organized, and to-day "Palmetto-street Church," *Rev. J. B. Hamberlin*, Pastor, bids fair to rival its mother church. After *Dr. Spaulding* resigned, *Rev. A. B. Woodfin* was called (1868) to take his place. He served as pastor five years and a half, and was justly regarded as one of the best preachers the church has ever had. He holds to-day a warm place in the hearts of many, to whom he endeared himself by his earnest endeavors and tender sympathy. In Dec., 1874 *Rev. J. O'B. Lowry* was invited to supply the pulpit, and accepted, becoming afterwards full pastor. The St. Francis-street Church was his first charge; he came to it almost a boy in years, but

a full-grown man in intellect. He found the church deeply in debt for their new building, but through his zeal, aided by a splendid finance committee, of which T. G. Bush was chairman, in 1876 the indebtedness was fully paid. On the night following the payment of the last note, the church held a Thanksgiving service, and few who attended it will ever forget the eloquent sermon that seemed to well up from the heart of the pastor round the text: "Ebenezer, hitherto hath the Lord helped us." During Mr. Lowry's pastorate, many were added to the church. He seemed especially gifted in drawing the young men to himself and leading them to his Master. An eloquent preacher and close student, he was also a most devoted pastor. While preaching with power from the pulpit, he was the sympathetic friend in the sick-room, and the messenger of comfort in the still chamber of death. His tenderness of heart was shown in his love for the children, every one of whom considered him a personal friend. He preached his valedictory sermon in Dec., 1879. Many warm friends in Mobile still watch his career with interest, and wish him "God speed" in his far Western home.

THE PRESENT PASTOR,

the Rev. *George B. Eager*, took charge in the spring of 1880. It is difficult to write contemporaneous history, inspired and colored as it must be with somewhat of the enthusiasm which necessarily pertains to sentiments and emotions nearly connected with the interests of the present. Dr. Eager is a man of rare intellectual culture. His sermons are replete with polished thought, pure teaching, and earnest exhortation. His influence is demonstrated in the harmony existing in the church, in its courtesy to strangers, its kindly interest in the suffering—in a word, in its *Christian work*. This influence has been acquired not alone through earnest effort in the pulpit, but by the more subtle influence of example. Though endowed with a keen appreciation of society in its most cultured phase, a leader in all that tends to its elevation, the heart of the pastor turns with quickest impulse to where the wanderer is to be brought back to his Father's house, or to where sorrow has thrown its solemn shadow. He seems to have caught the very spirit of his Master, the spirit in which Butler wrote when he said: "Exercise your souls in loving sympathy with sorrow in every form. Soothe it, minister to it, succor it, revere it.

It is the relic of Christ in the world, an image of the great Sufferer, a shadow of the Cross. It is a holy, venerable thing."

Since Dr. Eager took charge of the church, many additions have been made to its membership until now, despite serious losses by death and removal, the church is stronger than ever before.

The annual contributions to Home and Foreign Missions, Ministerial Education, etc., have been marked by increasing liberality, perhaps doubling the amount contributed during any preceding pastorate in the history of the church. But while crowned with success in so many ways, the church has had its

DARK DAYS ;

times when the bitterness of mourning robbed success of its joy. In a few short months lately death took from its ranks on earth five of its noblest men, E. A. Shaffer, C. E. Thames, W. A. Garnett, Rev. Wm. Spence, and Judge Cuthbert. They were known as men who had consecrated their lives to God, and would maintain their Christian character at whatever cost. Mr. Shaffer and Judge Cuthbert were deacons.

Judge Cuthbert was a man of high culture, and a gentleman of the old school. He had occupied some of the first offices in his State. What a lesson it was to see him, when, bent with the weight of eighty years, he took his place week after week in Sabbath school and church. His faith in God seemed perfect; it was trust in the "Father who heedeth the sparrow's fall." After a long eventful life he seemed,

" As one who stands and listens
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,
To hear approaching in the distance,
The train for Home."

No history of Baptists in Mobile would be complete without a record of the valuable services of Wm. Spence, who, for thirty-five years, was a resident minister, supplying as his services were needed, the various churches of the city. Endowed with strong sense, he became a useful minister of the Gospel, as well as a trusted member of society.

No man was better known to Mobilians than E. A. Shaffer. All over the city he was spoken of as the *good man*. For thirty-one years

he was superintendent of the Sunday school, and for many years was deacon and usher in the church. There was not a child whom he did not know by name, not a member of the congregation who had not felt his warm shake of the hand, and heard the cheery ring of his voice. His seemed the religion of good cheer. Ever on his face shone the "Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind, each prayer accepted and each wish resigned." It might be said of him, "A man in whom there was no guile." The pastor finds ready help to-day from his most efficient corps of deacons, of whom much might be said.

THE CHURCH BUILDING,

which was completed, in its present form, in 1873, is a handsome structure, built of brick in a massive style, with a spire rising one hundred and twenty-five feet. The basement is beautifully finished and admirably furnished for its various uses. The audience-room of the church is finely frescoed, finished with stained glass windows, and provided with a grand organ which is presided over by Dr. Pape, one of the finest musicians in the land. Such are the externals which address the eye of the stranger. But to those who have worshipped within these walls for years, they are as the body without the light of the soul. A church is something which every worshipper adorns for himself. Old associations rival in charms stained-glass and frescoes, and memory paints with touches that as far surpass the real as the spiritual does the material. Every heart chants for itself, "The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him." Then there is love for the place where we are lifted above ourselves, for few have ceased to reverence their better natures. How many can stand in the *silence* of the sanctuary and let associations preach sermons more powerful than the walls ever echo. They come from the Baptistry where, "being buried with Christ," they rose to life in His service: from the altar where, perhaps, they pledged life to another and went forth amid the joyous music of marriage bells; or, from the pew where vacant places are filled again, and there comes,

"The touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

"Here Present, Past and Future strangely blend,
And life, illumined by th' eternal light,
Unfolds its mysteries to our groping sight."

FACETIÆ.

[Original and Translations.]

— Peter was very sick. His wife and her friend James Jacket sat by his bedside in attendance. The latter remarked: "My dear Peter, it is a beautiful sight to see such devotion from a young and charming wife." "Well, James, if you think so, why don't you marry?" "Why, I am thinking about it now, and have my eyes upon a widow." "A widow!" cried Peter; "Am I, indeed, so seriously ill?" Moral—"The best laid plans of men and mice oft gang alee." Peter recovered and James died.

— A club of ten scribes and play-writers met nightly in the green-room of the Vaudeville Theatre, among whom was the famous poet Beranger. One of the number commented bitterly and maliciously upon the works of the others. When he left some one said: "That fellow has made nine fools of you." "Well," replied Beranger, "That is eight more than his father made."

— A country exchange has the following advertisement: "Wanted—A situation as wet nurse by a handsome and agreeable widow, who is also a good milker. Would prefer a place with a widower."

— Scruggs bet he could eat a dozen hard-boiled eggs in succession, and throw in the thirteenth for good measure. Upon beginning he said to his opponent: "I will do as you please, either begin with the first egg and eat through; or commence with the thirteenth and eat backwards to the first."

— I am somewhat suspicious of over-politeness, for it often conceals treachery. Its formulas frequently hide impertinences. When you lift your hat to a bald-headed man, it is to force him to uncover and expose his loss, which must be very disagreeable. When you serve your neighbor first at table from a suspicious-looking dish, it is done to make him test its doubtful appearance. What will our courteous friend, Mr. Bunker, say to such philosophy?

— A Coroner's jury found the following verdict upon the body of John Smith, who had hanged himself: "The deceased came to his death from fatty matter about the heart in complication with a rope."

— A bachelor being urged to marry by a friend, who said by

way of argument: "Only think how lonely you will be in your old age. No one to care for you." "You are mistaken. My creditors will never forget me as long as I live."

— A Socialist, upon being asked why he objected to capital honestly acquired, replied: "It is not to capital I object; but to its belonging to another man."

— A widow of four husbands was jestingly told that she must have assisted Nature's works. "No, no," she replied earnestly; "it was down-right pure good luck."

— Scruggs, being told Irish potatoes were indigestible, replied: "No wonder when they are served in their jackets."

— During a recitation of chemistry, the rather absent-minded professor asked a student: "When you manufacture ammonia, what do you heat it with?" "Alcohol," was the answer. "No, sir—you next?" "With gas." "No, sir. You?" "With a reverberator." "No, you are all wrong. They heat ammonia with precaution."

— An American restaurant translating a French bill of fare, rendered "Beauf a la mode" into English as "Fashionable beef."

— A quack, being charged with depopulating his village, and at the same time increasing the number of births, replied: "I must create a practice."

— The nurse cried out to little Kittie, who was pulling on her socks; "Don't you see you are putting them on wrong side out!" "Oh, that's because there's a hole on t'other side."

— While two friends were seated in the public square conversing, one said: "I'll bet that man coming this way is left-handed." "Why so; do you know him?" "No, never saw him before!" "Well, how do you know?" "Because he has no right hand."

— A young mother and her little daughter, Loto, were seated under a tree in the park with some gentlemen. Loto asked if some of the leaves on the tree were not false. "Why do you ask such a foolish question, Loto?" Loto, vexed, cried: "Don't you wear false hair, Mama?"

— During Gen. Grant's funeral procession every place where a view could be obtained was utilized. The proprietor of a ladder

erected against a tree for rent, cried out. "The bottom round is still vacant, with a young woman at the top; price only five cents."

— A lady who was cast for the principal character at private theatricals, said to the writer of the piece: "You always have such foolish words in my part—for instance, you speak of fumbling with geese. You must change that sentence. "I will;" and he wrote, "fumbling with actors."

— A fish woman said to another: "That was a hogish trick you served me." "Well, all of us have a little of the hog sleeping in our natures." "Yes," was the rejoinder, "but your hog never sleeps."

— "Little Dick's grandfather had been placed on a milk diet for a long time, when a neighbor asked how his grandpa was getting on. "Oh, he has improved so much that ma speaks of milking him soon, to get her money back."

— The recorder asked a witness in a criminal case—"Do you know the accused?" "Only by sight. I have seen him only once or twice." "What! only know him by sight, and yet you dined with him, a notorious thief!" "Well, Judge, it would have been worse if I had known him."

— Several distinguished French scientists were discussing the question of sensibility remaining in the head after decapitation. One of them, who strongly advocated the affirmative side, had in his lap at the time a beautiful little pet terrier bitch, very devoted to him. After he had fully aroused the sympathies and affection of the dog by caresses, he instantly, at one blow of a heavy knife, severed her head from her body, then quickly called her name, "Fido! Fido!" she opened both her eyes and gave him a tender look.

— At a meeting during the days of the French Republic, a member was accused of failing to show the tri-colored flag at his dwelling on the fourteenth day of July. "That is true," he replied, "but I did better than that. To avoid display I painted the tri-color inside of my stomach, by drinking blue seal for breakfast, white wine for dinner, and red wine for supper, and slept with them all night in boon companionship."

— A husband and wife were quarrelling. He said: "I am too courteous to the sex to say there is no other woman as bad as you. I merely say I never yet met her."

— A sentinel with a broken musket was stationed at the entrance of the Emperor of Russia's audience chamber, when a man accompanied by a dog, seeking to pass, was halted. "You can't enter with a dog." "Don't be alarmed, my dog has no gun!" "Don't you be alarmed;" replied the sentinel, "my gun has no dog."

— When Barry's mother-in-law was taken suddenly ill, he consulted a friend as to whether he should send for an Allopathic or Homœopathic doctor. "Oh, one is no better than the other; the former kills with drugs—the latter permits her to die from the want of them." "Well, I will have the Allopath, for his treatment will cause the poor woman to suffer less time."

— A new married couple seated together in the country, saw two doves cooing on the limb of a tree, when suddenly one of them flew away. The bride cried out: "I'll bet the deserter is the male."

— Little Tommy, seeing a militia company pass, asked his father why they had no tall drum-major. "Because they attract lightning and are dangerous to the company," was the reply.

— Often tender and touching sentiments are found lying hidden in the troubled brains of inmates of the insane asylum. A manager of one of these institutions threatened to punish a patient with a straight-jacket and solitary confinement because, among other eccentricities, he had walked one hundred miles to attend the funeral of a very distant relative. "That's true," he said, "and I would go twice as far again without regret; for I remember one day when my brutal father had unmercifully beaten me for a trivial offence, this cousin alone, of all my relatives present, crept up to the corner where I was sobbing to break my heart, and tendered me the charity of a kind word. When we have hearts we do not forget these things." This reply, so simple and sincere, confirmed the principal in the belief that the patient was mad beyond cure.

— A sleeper in a large hotel was waked by the porter with the information that room No. 5 was in flames. "Well, what is my number?" "No. 12, sir." "When the fire reaches No. 11, you can wake me up." Then he dropped to sleep again.

— Apropos of the late London scandals of the Pall Mall Gazette, two Frenchmen were seated under a trellis of vines drinking,

when one, looking overhead, asked: "What kind of vine is that?" "Virgin bower," replied the other. "Hush, my friend, speak low; don't say virgin; there are some Englishmen at the next table who might go for that innocent vine."

— Two invited guests at the wedding of an old man to a young lady, were discussing the principals, when one said: "I like to see an old man marry a young woman." "Why?" said his friend. "Because it circulates money among the boys."

— Tommy asked his father how to distinguish civilization from barbarism. "The only difference is, that one kills his enemy with a cannon at the distance of miles; while the other cuts his throat with a knife while he is asleep."

— "I am told you are widower; will you marry again soon?" "Never invite a man to dinner who has just dined," was the reply.

— St. Augustine, Fla., was settled by the Spaniards A. D. 1565.

— Jefferson county, Alabama, yielded one hundred thousand tons of coal in 1884.

— The Alabama tin deposits cover eight thousand acres.

— After the battle of Maubila the Spaniards tried out the fat from the dead Indians to dress their wounds. This battle took place at Choctaw Bluff, on the Alabama River, A. D. 1540.

— Toots, from having been a spendthrift, suddenly became economical. His wife asked why he was so saving. "On account of our children," said Toots. "But we have no children." "Well, then, on account of our grand-children."

— While canvassing for votes at a coming election, Brown announced himself as a poor man's candidate. Smith said, "That will beat you." "Why so?" "Because a merchant friend of mine, being overstocked with bed-spreads, advertised them for sale as poor people's comforters. No one would buy."

— The French Government, in advertising for volunteers to go to Tonquin, required the jaws and teeth of the applicant to be examined, the service requiring great jaw power as well as physical force, not only to conquer the Chinese, but their hard bread. The bread of glory must be very hard in China.

— Madame Alphonse, fortune teller and clairvoyant, at No. — Dauphin street, advertised a reward for the return of her pet dog, Tookaloo. If clairvoyance is not a farce, why does not Madame Alphonse find her own Tookaloo?

— At a social question dialogue in a bar-room, a man exclaimed: "Laborer out of labor is my profession, and my time is so much taken up with it, that when the strike is over my occupation will be gone."

— Kate went back on Bill Sykes because her other beau, Bill Smith, gave her a ten dollar bill to buy an Easter bonnet. Sykes wanted to know "Why her heart was like a piano?" She didn't know. "Well, because any Bill could play a note on it."

— Victor Hugo's idea of Paradise is a country where parents are always young, and children are always children.

— A Texas man, while describing a duel with rifles, in which he was concerned, said: "I was placed one side of a woods and my adversary on the other, and told to advance and find each other. After creeping cautiously from tree to tree, I saw my man aiming at me, and before I could dodge, he fired and missed. I immediately discharged my rifle in the air." "That was very noble and generous of you," said his companion. "Yes, but I forgot to mention that he was up a tree which happened to be in the way of my ball."

— At a criminal trial in France, where a majority of the jury convict, and a very ill-visaged murderer had been acquitted, one of the dissenting jury said, "Judge, as I have to pass through a woods where this man lives to reach my home, I beg you will have him kept in custody until I can get the start of him."

— Two men were quarreling in a Royal-street bar-room, when one called the other "skunk and idiot." "Hold on! stop!" cried a peace-maker, "Skunk is enough to call a gentleman without adding another word to wound his feelings."

— Two Congressmen met at a barber-shop, when one, while looking in the glass and feeling his beard at the same time, said: "The worry and responsibility of politics are producing goose wrinkles over my face." "So much the better," rejoined his companion, "You will soon be goose enough to save the capital."

— What is Prayer?—(Copied from a scrap-book.)—Prayer is

the application of want to Him who alone can relieve it; the voice of sin to Him who alone can pardon it. It is the urgency of poverty, the prostration of humility, the fervency of penitence, the confidence of trust. Not eloquence, but earnestness; not the definition of helplessness, but the feeling of it; not figures of speech, but compunction of soul. It is the Lord save me or I perish of drowning Peter—the cry of faith to the ears of mercy.

— Conversation between two market women: “Maria, did you hear that Sue’s husband had been killed by a railroad collision and she had recovered five thousand dollars damages from the company?” “You don’t say so! Well, well! some folks are too lucky to live!”

— A mischievous boy, about seven years, behaving one day worse than usual, was sent to school for the first time. Two hours later he timidly rang the bell at home. His father opened the door and received him with a frown, saying: “What brought you back?” The child replied, very humbly: “I come to see if you still love your little Toto.”

— At a dinner given by a parvenue, one of the guests remarked: “I dined yesterday with a distinguished author, who entertained me with an epigram.” Mr. Shoddy turned to his cook, who entered the dining-room at that moment, and said: “Do you hear that, you rascal; why have you never cooked that dish for me?”

— Browne told Smith he had been slapped in the face by an insolent stranger in a bar-room. “What? A blow!” cried Smith. “The consequences must be serious.” “You better believe it. My jaws remained swollen for the whole week.”

— The recorder said to a criminal: “What have you got to say in your defense?” “Judge, as I have not bored you by employing counsel, you ought to be lenient with your sentence.”

— “Two hospital patients complained to the visiting surgeon, one that his bowels were too loose, and the other that his were too constipated, very well, said the doctor, “Make a compromise and meet half way.”

— A judge, somewhat noted for his love of the cup, said to a drunkard: “This makes the eighth time you are before me for drunkenness.” “Well, Judge, I only drink to forget, but you never forget to drink.”

— A beggar at the street corner cried out: "Please remember a one-armed man," A passer, looking at him, said: "Why do you call yourself one-armed, when you have both arms?" "Oh! sir, I am representing, temporarily, my friend who has gone to his daughter's wedding."

— A man of low degree was suddenly made rich. Upon being asked if he knew Mr. Smith, replied: "Not now; I knew him before I was known."

— "Pa, please give me money to buy a new umbrella." "What! again; why don't you use your old one for fifteen years as I did." "But, papa, you had yours repaired." "The repairs are not worth mentioning—only twice; new whalebones, one new silk cover and three new handles."

— An old miser said to his son-in-law: "You don't know what a treasure you have in my daughter; she is such a miracle of economy that she refused to have her ears bored."

— A poor tramp, without relations or friends, entered a large fashionable variety store and said to the clerk: "I want to buy something elegant." "Please give me an idea of what you want." "Never, sir; I want something to surprise myself with as a birthday present."

— An advertiser said to a marriage contractor: "Are you sure the lady I am to marry is worth twenty thousand dollars?" "Yes, I am quite sure—and she has the galloping consumption in addition." "But are you dead certain about this?" "Sir, I wish you to understand our firm is honest, and we always guarantee our goods."

— A Sunday school-teacher asked a little girl from a vicious neighborhood: "What kind of acid the neighbors made most use of?" She quickly replied: "Vitriol."

— A school-teacher said to a class of young girls: "Learn to suffer and be patient; remember the passage of the Bible which tells you when stricken on one cheek to turn the other." A sprightly little miss of fifteen cried out: "What must you do when your fellow kisses you on one cheek?"

— "See here," said Jim, reading the newspaper: "here's another dead whale drifted ashore on our coast." Then said Mary,

hesitatingly: "Jim, wouldn't this be a good time for you to buy me a cheap whalebone corset?"

— "See here, Bill Sykes," said Cora, "you have been kissing and hugging and fumbling about me long enough, for nothing; now, from this time, I am going to put a tariff for protection on my goods. So, hands off or a new sealskin sack."

— Jones said he had missed a splendid chance for a bargain at a book auction, twenty-four volumes had sold for five dollars. "What were the works called?" "They were called Complete Works."

— A Justice, after marrying a rustic couple, commenced to lecture them on marital obligations, when suddenly closing the testament, he said: "You will soon learn the balance by practice."

— Smith and Jones were discussing the discipline of militia. Smith said the problem of good discipline consists in good soldiers and officers, and concluded by saying: "If soldiers without leaders are no account, I say, unhesitatingly, that officers without soldiers are not worth a continental."

— A mother remarked to her daughter: "Amelia, taking into consideration that you are not yet married, your intended assumes a great deal of authority and seems to want more than you ought to yield." "Now, mother, you just hold on—wait until after we are made two in one, and I'll show him there's but one in two of us."

— Names of some of the Anarchist Clubs of Europe: "Land and Liberty," "Revolutionary Arena," "The Spoils," "The Famished Ghouls," "Nocturnal Shadows," "Fool Death." These terms seem to seek something beyond human nature.

— A housekeeper said to her servant: "Jane, because you accidentally found the key of the store-room, is not a sufficient excuse for you to take as much sugar and coffee as you want without asking permission." Jane indignantly replied: "It is your want of confidence, shown by concealing your key, that induced me to help myself whenever I found it." "But, Jane, before I hid the key, you did the same thing." "Oh, then, I thought you left the pantry open expressly for me to help myself."

— A composer of a new play was asked if it paid. "If it was

not for the manager's stupidity, it would pay well; he always selects nights when there is no audience present for its performance."

— A good reason assigned for the numerous revolutions going on in the world is—That people, like invalids, grow weary of lying in one position, and like to turn over in hopes of bettering their condition. |

— "Little big-headed Sis, seated next to her mother, sewing, said: "Mama, why does papa stay away from home and paint pictures all the time?" Loving wife: "Because poor papa has to try to find work to feed you and little sister." "Is that the reason he gets drunk all the time, and paints pictures on your face when he comes home at night?"

— But a short while back the English people expressed their admiration for their Prime Minister Gladstone, by placing the initials G. O. M., after his name, which stood for grand old man. But, since the fall of Khartoum, they have reversed the letters thus: M. O. G., murderer of Gordon.

— A lawyer said to his son: "Honesty alone is successful in our profession. As a proof, a client, by mistake, overpaid me one thousand dollars, whereupon I immediately eased my conscience by dividing with my partner."

— A tailor, in presenting his bill for the fifth time to the Duke of Castlefort, said: "I must positively have some money." "Why?" said the Duke. "Because, I am sued." "Oh, you are sued; well, then, you must have debts." "Of course, I have debts." "Well, if you have debts, why do you wish to deprive me of the same privilege?"

— At a fancy dress ball of children, a little fellow, in soldier clothes, and a young girl, beautifully dressed as a shepherdess, dodged their mothers and took seats at a refreshment table, in imitation of grown folks. The little soldier, full of self-importance, cried out: "Here, you waiter, bring two glasses of sweetened water, and be lively about it."

— The cook said to her young mistress who was entertaining company in the parlor: "Missis, there's no onions for seasoning." "Mary, when you need onions, why don't you go and get them without bothering me?" "Do try to initiate yourself." "Well, missis, where do they sell that seasoning?"

IN MEMORIAM OF

WILLIAM YOUNG,

Correspondent and Reporter for the New York
Herald, with the Army of the Potomac,
during the war.

Died of starvation, self-inflicted, at
Mobile, September, 1885.

Here lies William Young, who, too proud to
beg, preferred to wage alone the battle of life.
The last friend of mankind—a dog, was missing
at his funeral. A street-wanderer with no other
refuge than God; he died on a day propitious to
tramps, sewers and ducks, without hope, which
is but the dream of a shadow.

THE PROVIDENCE INFIRMARY,

justly called the Pride of Mobile, is located on high healthy ground, on Broad street, immediately upon the line of the St. Francis-Street Railroad, which passes its portals at all hours.

It is intended not only as an infirmary for the sick and weary-laden of all classes and nations, where the best nursing and most able medical attendance may be obtained, but also, and, in addition, as a genuine substitute for the comforts and tenderest cares of a home and family to the stranger and the homeless.

The grounds whereon these magnificent buildings rest, were originally bought by a committee of charitable gentlemen on the 16th day of August, 1854, for the Sisters of Charity of Emmettsburg, Md., who first erected only a two-and-half-story brick building, which was incorporated by act of Legislature before A. D. 1885—since which this structure has grown to its present splendid proportions, purely under the prudent management, unremitting labor, self-sacrifices, and devotion of the ministering Sisters who now guide and control its destinies.

For a more minute description of the capacities and purposes of this institute, I quote a few comments from the letter of a visitor to the Infirmary on the 13th day of March, 1876:

“The Sisters in charge keep this Infirmary fully up to the highest standard. Beds, bed linen, floors, furniture, halls, rooms, everything, from top to bottom, show such scrupulous cleanliness and such tasty arrangement as cannot but yield undeniable testimony to the presence and tender care of both refined and devoted women.

“But it is more in the treatment of patients—the long, weary, unrecognized hours spent by their bedside, the word of comfort whispered and hope instilled into faltering, fainting hearts, and the thousand and one other little tokens and cares which tend so adequately to supply the absence of home, and the tenderness of kin, that illustrate and crown with glory the efforts of these gentle women, who seek no other reward than the approval of their own consciences.

“Providence Infirmary is intended to be, and is, self-sustaining. Persons of all creeds are received at moderate charges, and have the same attention as Catholics. There is no other religion here than that of charity and love. Each patient may consult his own physician and receive his own friends and counselors. The mission of these women is to alleviate suffering, and minister to diseased minds, and right royally do they fulfill their duties. I found here a non-Catholic patient who, convalescing under their tender treatment, said to me: ‘Would that the glad tidings were heralded over the country that such a place as this is in existence, where suffering humanity may and does receive such unselfish attention and devotion.’ ”

GEO. ST. JOHN,
PROPRIETOR.

B. P. ARDOYNO,
MANAGER.

GULF CITY
FISH & OYSTER COMP'Y,



WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

FISH AND OYSTERS,

N. E. Corner Royal and Church Streets,

Oysters in Barrels and Cans Hermetically Sealed.

FISH IN BARRELS.

Fish and Oysters Delivered in the City

FREE OF CHARGE.

MR. PRUE LEMA has charge of our stalls in the market where will be found the largest and best assortment of fish in the city.

Goods Delivered Sundays Until 11 O'clock.

Country Orders solicited and promptly attended to.

P. O. Box 350.

CHAS. WASSMUTH,

ONLY MOBILE AGENT FOR

The Gerke Brewing Company

—AND DEALER IN—

Wines and Liquors.

CHOICE

NATIVE WINES AND CLARETS

ALWAYS ON HAND.

East side Joachim, 2d north Conti street,

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B. CORRALES,

MANUFACTURER AND IMPORTER OF

LEAF TOBACCO,

—AND DEALER IN—

ALL GRADES OF CIGARS,

Northeast corner Royal and St. Michael Sts.,

MOBILE, ALA.

METZGER BROS.

—EXCLUSIVE DEALERS IN—

HIDES, WOOL, FURS, BEESWAX, &c.

21 & 23 south Commerce and 20 & 22 south Front St.,

MOBILE, ALA.

GULF CITY COAL AND WOOD CO.,

JOHN O'DONNELL, PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER.

All Grades of **ANTHRACITE** and **BITUMINOUS COAL**

Sold at the lowest market prices.

PEACH ORCHARD, GRATE AND NUT SIZES, in lots to suit customers.

BLACK JACK, OAK, CANE ASH and **LIGHTWOOD**, constantly on hand.

Sole agents for the sale of the celebrated **UNDERWOOD COAL**.

Decorative flourish Families and hotels supplied on short notice.

South End,

CHARLES P. FREDERIC, PROPRIETOR.

A Family Resort at the End of the

BAY SHELL ROAD.

This road is known all over the world to be one of the finest roads and most beautiful drives in existence. Right at the end of the road, on the bay shore and over the water, the buildings for the entertainment of visitors are erected. Ball rooms, bar, bath houses, supper rooms, etc., are of the best and liberally supplied with every comfort required. Mr. Frederic's bar is as well stocked with choice liquors as any in town, and he understands preparing very delicate little suppers at moderate prices. South End is the reward of a six-mile drive which one must try to gain.

J. LOWENTHAL & CO'S VARIETY STORE,

93 & 95 DAUPHIN ST.,

**HATS, GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS, LACES AND EMBROIDERIES, TOYS,
NOUVELLETES**, of every description.

Everything a person wants can be purchased here and at as low figures as in New York. Mr. Lowenthal is a close buyer and liberal seller.

THE BATTLE HOUSE

Will open on or about the 25th of October, 1885,

Under the same successful management as last season.



This building is a huge structure, centrally located, on the corner of Royal and St. Francis streets, directly opposite the Post Office and Custom House, and midway between all the railroad depots and the steamboat landings. It was entirely renovated, repainted and refurnished a few months ago, and contains all the conveniences and modern improvements of the best and latest constructed hotels of New York, such as elevators, incandescent lights in the parlors, dining rooms, halls, billiard, bar and bath rooms.

It has accommodations for over six hundred guests, and its present manager, Mr. C. D. Barnes, has had the experience of many years in the business, which he has so successfully managed as to stand at the head of his profession.

The Mobile market is the finest of the world, and Mr. Barnes is its most liberal and unstinted patron.

The chief clerk, Clifton A. E. Merritt, is well and favorably known, having been connected with the Metropolitan Hotel of New York.

Some one has said: "That every guest who leaves the Battle House becomes a walking and talking advertisement of its merits.

RUDOLPH BENZ,
Architect and Superintendent,
 Plans, Specifications for Public and Private Buildings,
 Estimates and Bills of Quantities for all kinds of Structure Furnished.

Mr. Benz has fifteen years of experience as architect. He is a graduate of the Polytechnical School of Stuttgart, Germany, and combines science with practical conceptions of the most beautiful designs and creations in his structures, when given *carte blanche*. He left his mark in Chicago and St. Louis and New York in handsome buildings, previous to his present location in Mobile, where he has lived for fifteen years, during which, he has erected and designed many of our best works. The Athelstan Masonic Club, McCoy's and Bush's residences on Government street, Mobile Cotton Exchange, designed and superintended; Collegiate Institute at Greenville, Ala., Dr. Ketchum's Drug Store, Market and Engine House at Greenville, Ala., Court House at Brewton, Court House at Quitman, Miss., are some of his designs and works, while many others are engaged and specifications furnished.

The public in securing Mr. Benz's services, will find that, in addition to science of the highest order, they will have the pleasure of dealing with a gentleman.

M. T. SPRAGUE & CO.,
DRUGS, CHEMICALS,
Spices, Sodas, Peppers, Oils and Paints,
 IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Trusses, Surgical Instruments, Landreth's Garden Seed, &c.,
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MOBILE, ALA.

Myron Sprague commenced as drug clerk to the old and reliable firm of George Coster & Co. during the terrible epidemic of 1853. Since then, by close application and efficiency, he stands at the head of one of the largest Drug and Seed establishments in the South. His fair dealing, knowledge of the business and promptness in filling orders, has received one of the largest country trades of the State. All orders sent to his firm will be attended to as well as if the purchaser was present in person. We cordially commend the house of M. T. Sprague & Co. to the public.

PEMBERTON'S
FRENCH
WINE COCA.



PEMBERTON'S
COCA WINE,
THE WORLD'S
Great Nerve Tonic

The conqueror of disease, promotes health and longevity, cures and prevents Neuralgia, Nervousness, Wakefulness, Hysterics, Hypochondria, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Blues, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Kidney Diseases, Mental and Physical Depression, General Nervous Debility, Muscular Relaxation. It gives power to the brain and strength to the entire nervous system, firmness and elasticity to the muscles and richness to the blood. Excites the mind and body, prolongs life, brings health and joy to the afflicted with mental or physical exhaustion.

COCA WINE

is a delightful tonic and permanent invigorator. Renews the vigor of youth to the old and feeble; endorsed and recommended by the most eminent medical men. Coca regulates the bowels, liver and kidneys to perfection, and is a "boon to suffering humanity." One trial will convince the skeptical. Thousands have been restored to health and happiness. The greatest blessing to the old and feeble. As agreeable to take as a glass of fine sherry wine and cures rapidly. Read pamphlet on the wonderful effects of the Coca and Tamana and Coca Wine.

J. S. PEMBERTON & CO.,

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers, Atlanta, Ga.

G. VanANTWERP,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, &c.,

S. W. Corner Royal and Dauphin Streets,

MOBILE, ALA.

Fresh Garden Seeds a Specialty.

Mr. VanAnwerp, the successor of George Coster, was for many years associated with that firm in the drug business. He is scientific and reliable druggist, whose reputation for accuracy in prescriptions is well sustained.

H. M. FRIEND, President.

THOS. BARCLAY, Secretary.

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LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF MOBILE, ALA.
INCORPORATED 1871.

ASSETS OVER \$600,000.

THE SCIENTIFIC DAUBERS,
CHAUDRON & LUSCHER,
HOUSE, SIGN AND DECORATIVE PAINTERS,
PAPER HANGERS, and PAINTERS' SUPPLIES,
HAVE TAKEN A NEW DEPARTURE.

Appreciating the wants, and submitting to the demands of our numerous customers, we will in future keep on hand a full supply of

WALL PAPERS,

and having secured the services of a FIRST-CLASS PAPER HANGER, are prepared to contract for all work in that line.

As in the past, in our General Painting Business, we will adhere strictly to ARTISTIC AND FIRST-CLASS WORK.

We wish to thank our many friends and patrons for their kind attention and confidence given us in our past dealings. Respectfully, etc.,

CHAUDRON & LUSCHER,
46 DAUPHIN STREET.



McDONALD, MARCH & CO.,

MARBLE DEALERS

AND MANUFACTURERS OF

MONUMENTS, TOMBS, GRAVESTONES,

MANTELS, &c.,

TERMS CASH.—All work warranted as represented.

Royal street, east side, bet. St. Louis and St. Anthony,

MOBILE, ALA.

W. B. VAIL,
Grocer AND Importer,

ESTABLISHED 1846.

Nos. 70 and 72 DAUPHIN STREET,
MOBILE, ALA.

— AGENT FOR —

CELEBRATED BUDWEISER BEER,
 Seignomette et Frere's CLARETS and WHITE WINES,
PETER OAKES' CELEBRATED CANDIES.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF
FINE OLD WINES AND LIQUORS AND TABLE DELICACIES
 TO BE FOUND IN THE STATE.

Both Mr. Vail and his groceries deserve all the immense patronage which they receive from both the city and country.

A fresh and constantly renewing stock of the costliest and finest delicacies of the world are kept coming and going. These delicacies are imported directly from the first manufacturers of Europe and the world, and are sold for just what they are. When you ask for a genuine article you are sure to get it. No imitation is ever permitted to be palmed off on a purchaser. This is specially the case in the fine wines and liquors imported by Mr. Vail. When either the proprietor or his efficient staff tell you that a wine or liquor is of such a brand, you may rest assured of their statement. This is certainly a high recommendation, when deceptions are so easily and often practiced without detection.

This firm deserves all the patronage it receives.

BILLING'S SALOON

No. 15 Royal Street,

MOBILE, ALA.

This is without exception the best patronized drinking saloon in Mobile, and deservedly so. Charley perfectly understands how to please competent judges of good liquors and wines. He is a judge himself, and both knowingly and liberally buys only the best, and in such large quantities as to give time an opportunity to mellow his liquors before they are consumed. There is a

Comfortable Sitting Room

in the rear of the bar where his guests may not only pleasantly and comfortably indulge in the cheerful cup, but where they may, at the same time, amuse themselves with various games, or transact the ordinary business of the day. In fact, this is a kind of exchange room where you may meet at certain times during the day most of the business men of the town.

Strange to say that, although this is a bar-room, the utmost order and courtesy prevail between the guests and the proprietor and his gentlemanly assistants. This fact is a voucher both for the management and its patrons.

GO TO CHARLEY'S

If You Want Good Liquors Mixed With Good Service.

J. B. PIDAL,
MANUFACTURER OF
GIGARS AND DEALER IN **TOBACCO,**



**A FULL ASSORTMENT OF THE
BEST CIGARS**
ALWAYS ON HAND, ESPECIALLY OF
HAVANA FILLERS.

No. 9 N. Royal Street,

MOBILE, ALA.

The Mammoth Dry Goods Store of Mobile.

L. HAMMEL & CO.,

Nos. 37, 41 and 43 Dauphin Street,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

AMERICAN, FRENCH AND ENGLISH

Dry Goods.

THE LARGEST STOCK.

THE BEST VARIETY.

Send for samples and prices.

JOHN A. NICHOLAS & CO.,

Wheelright, General Blacksmithing, Horse Shoeing

AND JOBBING WORK DONE.

All orders promptly attended to at reasonable prices.

No. 61 WATER STREET,

Cor. Smith's Alley.

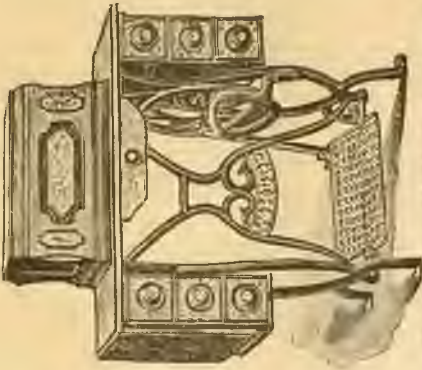
FRED. HALL,

DEALER IN

WOOD AND COAL,

N. W. Cor. Royal and St. Michael Sts..

Mr. Hall has been in this business for many years, not only supplying a large city trade, but also the public buildings belonging to the United States, who have given him the preference on account of his good faith and the excellent quality of his coal.



E. R. QUATTLEBAUM,
87 & 89 DAUPHIN STREET,

DEALER IN

THE IMPROVED WHITE,

And Sewing Machines of all Kinds,
Parts, Needles, Oils, &c.

A first-class Machine with extra
attachments complete, delivered at
any depot in the United States for

THIRTY DOLLARS.

JOHN MANDICH,
LODGINGS AND RESTAURANT,

No. 26 ROYAL STREET,
Good Fare and Comfortable Rooms
TO BE HAD AT ALL HOURS.

This is one of the oldest and best eating houses in the city.

H. HARNY & SON,
BARBERS and HAIR CUTTERS,
UNDER THE BATTLE HOUSE.

This saloon is nicely furnished and conveniently located on the south side of the front entrance to the Battle House. The bath rooms are under their charge, and are kept clean and always ready.

Everything here is both well and courteously done.

LOUIS MONNIN,
BUILDER AND MANUFACTURER OF
Doors, Blinds and Sashes,

MANUFACTORY at the N. W. cor. Augusta and Royal Streets.
RESIDENCE—No. 222 DAUPHIN STREET.

Mr. Monnin is well known, both for ability and reliability.

HYGEIA HOTEL,

CITRONELLE, MOBILE COUNTY, ALA.

The Pioneer WINTER AND HEALTH RESORT of Alabama.

ALTITUDE 360 FEET.

DRY, SANDY SOIL. PURE, DRY ATMOSPHERE. PURE SPRING
WATER. BUILDINGS IN PINE GROVE. FIRST-CLASS
ACCOMMODATIONS.

— RATES —

\$2.00 to \$2.50 per Day. \$10.00 to \$15.00 per Week.

Descriptive Circular sent on application.

DR. J. G. MICHAEL, Proprietor.

A. PINCUS,

DEALER IN

Clothing and Gent's Furnishing Goods,

Cor. ROYAL AND DAUPHIN STREETS,
MOBILE, ALA.

Mr. Pincus carries one of the largest and finest stocks of clothing in the city. He has been in the business for many years and possesses the confidence of all buyers.

JAMES F. SMART,

GREEN GROCER,

NO. 28 DAUPHIN STREET.

Supplies Ships, Steamboats and Families all over the City.

ORDERS DELIVERED FREE OF CHARGE.

This gentleman is well named—SMART—it takes a Smarter to beat him in his line.



PAUL GILARDONI,
PROPRIETOR OF THE
Merchants' Exchange Saloon

— AND —
RESTAURANT,
16 Dauphin St., Mobile, Ala.

Keeps the finest stock of Wines, Liquors and
 Cigars in the city. Meals served in
 first-class style.

Depot of Buckingham Whiskies.

RUBY HOTEL

Saloon and Restaurant,

H. D. LONG, Proprietor,

NO. 8 COURT SQUARE,

MONTGOMERY, ALA.

DAN. STIRLING,

Phœnix Shaving^{and} Hair-Dressing Saloon,

And the only place in the city where

RAILROAD TICKETS

Are exchanged, bought and sold,

13 N. Royal St., opp. Battle House,

MOBILE, ALA.

A CHANCE TO PURCHASE, AT A LOW FIGURE,
ABOUT 2,000 ACRES LAND,
. SUITABLE FOR
VEGETABLE TRUCK FARM.

ABOUT 640 ACRES
CYPRESS TIMBER LAND.
Four Miles Good Oyster Beds,

PARTIALLY
PLANTED IN OYSTERS,

OWNED BY

Jno. H. Wallace,

MOBILE, ALA.

ESPALLA & HAYNIE, Agents.

SAM. D. BLOCH,
CARRIAGES,
 Buggies, Phaetons, Spring and Farm Wagons,
 Children's Carriages, Harness and Saddlery.
 NO. 8 NORTH WATER STREET,
 COR. EXCHANGE ALLEY.
 Sole agency CELEBRATED STUDEBAKER WAGON. MOBILE, ALA.



A. KLING,
HOME INDUSTRY FOUNDRY,
 S. E. Cor. Water and State Streets, Mobile, Ala.
MANUFACTURER OF
 Engines, Boilers, Mills and all Other Machinery,
 Steam and Water Pipe Fittings, Brass and Iron Castings of all kinds, Light
 and Heavy Forgings, iron Railing, Cemetery Fences, Verandahs,
 Office Railing, Fronts, Doors, Shutters, Etc.
 Prompt attention given to repairing. All Country Orders promptly
 attended to. GEO. C. HYATT, Foreman.

PRESS SALOON,
 No. 37 NORTH ROYAL STREET,
MOBILE, ALA.
WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS,
 COOL LAGER BEER A SPECIALTY.
JAKE HOFFMANN, Prop'r.

E. CARRE,

MANUFACTURER OF

Mineral and Soda Waters,

Franklin, bet. Dauphin and St. Francis Sts.

MOBILE, ALA.

FOUNTAINS CHARGED WITH DISPATCH,

AND WARRANTED TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

E. CARRE & BRO.

MANUFACTURER OF

Mineral and Soda Waters,

MERIDIAN, MISS.

FOUNTAINS CHARGED WITH DISPATCH,

AND WARRANTED TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

J. E. HOOPER,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

PACKER AND SHIPPER OF

FISH, OYSTERS



AND

CRABS,

Nos. 10, 12 AND 18 CONTI STREET,

MOBILE, ALA.

This young gentleman is well and favorably known all over the South.

All orders addressed to him for anything in his line will be promptly and reliably filled.

J. E. Hooper is a judge of good things, having been raised upon them, and his customers can rest assured they will have the full benefit of his knowledge in these matters.

In fact, he is not at all *shell*/fish about it. Give Jack a call.

Have You seen the New High Arm
SINGER SEWING MACHINE,
 It is VERY LIGHT RUNNING and makes the finest stitch of any
 Machine.

CALL, EXAMINE AND BE CONVINCED.

Singer needles, 15 cents per dozen; two dozen for 25 cents. Shuttles,
 25 cents. Oil, 5 cents per bottle. Postage extra.

McCall's Bazaar Patterns.

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
 67 DAUPHIN STREET, MOBILE, ALA.

N. CRANE, Manager.

W. N. HITCHCOCK,

Ship Chandler and Grocer,

Cordage, Canvas, Blocks, Oars, Oakum, Pitch,

PAINTS, TAR AND OILS.

GENERAL SUPPLIES FOR STEAM AND SAILING VESSELS.

SOUTH COMMERCE STREET,

JAS. WORTHINGTON,

—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—

—GROCER—

Southwest corner Conception and Palmetto Sts.

—DEALER IN—

FINE WINES, BEER and LIQUORS.

This is one of the most Popular Grocers in town, and has a very large
 trade, both of country and city.

**MOBILE CIGAR MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
B. FROHLICHSTEIN & CO.,
PROPRIETORS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
HAVANA AND DOMESTIC CIGARS,
No. 9 South Water Street,**

CUBAN HANDWORK.

MOBILE, ALA.

In calling attention to the card of the Mobile Cigar Factory, B. Frohlichstein & Co., Proprietors, we do so with pride, not only having the largest capacity in the State, but for the general satisfaction given by the excellent quality of cigar they manufacture. Among which we call attention to a few of their leading brands: "Our Greatest Key West King," "El Mehjor," Florida Perfection," "No. 55," "No. 21," "First Prize," "Fidelia Club," &c., and can recommend them to consumers of the weed.

**CHRIS. SMITH'S BANK SALOON,
NORTHWEST CORNER CONTI AND ROYAL STREETS.**



**L. H GREEN & CO.,
WHOLESALE**

OYSTER  PACKERS.

EARLY VEGETABLES A SPECIALTY.

48 SOUTH WATER ST.,

MOBILE, ALA.

GEO. F. WERBORN,
FURNITURE,
INTERIOR DECORATION,
CARPETING,
 Nos. 143 and 145 Dauphin Street,
 MOBILE, ALA.

ANGELO ARATA,
 VERY CHOICE
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC LIQUORS.
 FINE BRANDS OF CIGARS AND TOBACCOS.
 Fresh Beer on Ice.
 COLD LUNCHES.
 PIES AND CAKES ALWAYS ON HAND.

No. 64 North Commerce Street,
 MOBILE, ALA.

ESTABLISHED 1854.

PETER BROWN,
Carpenter and Cabinet-Maker,
 STEAM FACTORY: Nos. 12 and 14 Conti Street,
 MOBILE, ALA.

Scroll Sawing and Turning. Dealer in Walnut and Mahogany Lumber.
 Bar, Office and Store Fixtures a specialty. Billiard Tables reduced to
 any size. Designs in Cabinet-Making unsurpassed by any one else.

A FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT.

CARROL STEWART has a good thing and he wants the public to know it.

A New Restaurant in the Finest Building of the City,

The Old Bank of Mobile, Cor. Royal and Conti Sts.,

Centrally located between all Railroad Stations and Steam-Boat Landings, opposite the Mobile Theatre,

IS WHAT HE OFFERS TO THE PUBLIC.

Everything in and about these spacious eating rooms are new except the proprietor, who is old in the art and science of cookery and elegant service.

If the writer knows anything, he knows good cooking, and when he honestly tells the people and strangers they can have it here, in the best style and variety and served by a very courteous caterer, they will believe him enough to go and see for themselves, and when they come away each man will be Cal.'s best advertiser.

Even well prepared viands lose relish when served in a dingy, bad smelling eating room. This is entirely avoided here, for it is the nicest and freshest dining room to be found in either Mobile or New Orleans.

Cal. CAL. AIN'T AFRAID TO ADVERTISE EITHER. *Cal.*

Williams & Glennon,
Real Estate and Insurance Agents,

AUCTIONEERS AND BROKERS,

— AND DEALERS IN —

Money, Stocks and Bonds,

60 ST. FRANCIS STREET,

MOBILE, ALA.

HENRY DEHLER,

SUCCESSOR TO J. C. GWIN,

BROOM FACTORY.

All Kinds of Brooms made to Order and Fully Guaranteed.

No. 10 ST. LOUIS STREET,

MOBILE, ALABAMA.

A. A. VOSS,

Only BONDED INSPECTOR and GUAGER of

Turpentine, Rosin AND Naval Stores,

OFFICE—19 SOUTH COMMERCE STREET,

UP STAIRS,

MOBILE, ALA.

ALBA & CARMELICH, LIVERY STABLES,

Nos. 43 & 45 North Royal Street,

NEXT TO THE THEATRE,

Will, upon orders left either at their Stables or at the Baggage Transfer Office at the Battle House, furnish

TOURISTS AND STRANGERS

With first-class TURNOUTS, either SINGLE or DOUBLE, with polite and careful drivers.

TERMS MODERATE.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

Mobile Baggage Transfer Company,

OFFICE UNDER THE BATTLE HOUSE,

**TRANSFERS PASSENGERS OR BAGGAGE TO AND FROM
TRAINS AND STEAMBOATS.**

Omnibus and Baggage Wagons sent for passengers and baggage at all hours upon orders left either at the office of the Company, or at Alba & Carmelich's Livery Stables, next to the Mobile Theatre.

BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH TO ALL POINTS.

MRS. L. C. BARNES,

Successor to the late CHAUNCY BARNES,

Photograph and Fine Art Gallery,

— COPYING DONE IN ANY STYLE OR FINISH —

PLAIN INDIA INK, PASTEL, CRAYON AND OIL.

LOWEST PRICES GUARANTEED.

85 Dauphin Street,

MOBILE, ALA.

The late Chauncy Barnes was a pupil of Prof. Morse, the great Electrician, and of Prof. Avery, of Hamilton College, New York.

Mr. P. P. Paul, from the Washburne Gallery, New Orleans, whose knowledge of this science excels any other artist in the South, is at the head of the establishment.

The Art Gallery was especially constructed to facilitate work in the finer branches of art.

The public are invited to call and examine our specimens.

MEYER'S SALOON,

The Coolest Anheuser Beer and Finest Wines, Liquors

And Cigars in the City.

JOS. JOSSEN, Proprietor.

Nos. 4 and 6 ST. EMANUEL STREET,

MOBILE, ALA.

YOUNG & CO.,

PLUMBERS AND GAS-FITTERS,

PROMPT ATTENTION.

GOOD WORK.

REASONABLE PRICES.

No. 40 NORTH ROYAL STREET,

MOBILE, ALA.



DEALER IN CHOICE FAMILY & FANCY GROCERIES,
Wines, Liquors and Cigars,
 HAY, CORN, OATS, BRAN AND COTTON SEED MEAL.

MEATS.

Ferrice's Hams,
 Ferrice's Breakfast Bacon,
 Ferrice's Mild Cured Sides,
 Magnolia Hams,
 California Hams,
 Sugar-Cured Shoulders,
 Bacon Shoulders,
 Dry Shoulders,
 Kosher Sausage,
 Kosher Beef,
 Pork Sausage,
 Bologna Sausage,
 Pickled Beef,
 &c., &c.

A full assortment of

CANNED GOODS,

and of the best brands.

A SUPERIOR QUALITY OF COFFEE, BLACK AND GREEN TEAS.

ROASTED COFFEE A SPECIALTY,

GIVE US A CALL.

S. E. COR. DAUPHIN AND CLAIBORNE STS., MOBILE, ALA.

Goods delivered in any part of city, free of charge.

BUTTER.

Special attention is called to our
FRESH JERSEY BUTTER,
 from W.B. Montgomery's farm, and
 A. & M. College Creamery,
 Starkville, Miss.,
AND BEST ELGIUM CREAMERY.

Also—To our variety of
JELLIES AND PRESERVES,
 especially those we sell by the
 pound.

LA. SYRUPS and MOLASSES.

CEREALS.

Best brands of

Flour,	Oat Meal,
Barley,	Cracked Wheat,
Wheaten Grits,	Farina,
Pearl Sago,	Tapioca, &c.


JAS. W. DANIELL & CO.,

THE FAMOUS

School Books, Stationery, Toys and General Variety Goods,
114 and 116 DAUPHIN ST.

There is no establishment in Mobile more widely known than that of JAS. W. DANIELL & CO. It is a household word, and is associated by the little folks with Kris-Kinkle and Santa Claus. The toys, wares and fancy articles in which this firm deals have made many a bright eye grow brighter, and filled countless homes with a wealth of sunshine.

A full line of imported and domestic goods, a variety of Dolls, Vases, Albums, Plated Ware, Brackets, Picture Frames, Chronos, Hammocks, Children's Carriages, Croquet, Base Balls, Notions and Fancy Goods of every description are always kept on hand to suit the trade. In the whole range of Toys, Fancy Goods, Notions and Sundries, it would be difficult to name an article not procurable here. Prices are very reasonable, while the character of their goods is first-class, and just what they are represented to be. Customers are served with the utmost courtesy and attention, and visitors are always welcome.

 PIANOS AND ORGANS A SPECIALTY.

E. L. CAHALL,

BELL-HANGER and LOCKSMITH,

AND DEALER IN

Electric Hotel Annunciators and House Bells.

No. 146 DAUPHIN St., Mobile, Ala.

I am prepared to fit up Hotels and Dwellings with the new Electric Bells at prices as low as can be done North or South. Orders solicited from everywhere.

CROSBY & HARRIS,

CHEAP GROCERY HOUSE,

GROCERIES RETAILED AT

WHOLESALE PRICES

Southwest Corner Conception and Dauphin Streets.

VENABLE & HEYMAN,

IMPORTERS AND DISTILLERS,

NEW YORK.

The Only Distillers of the Buckingham Whiskey, and defy competition
as to Purity of their Liquors.

B. L. MCGINNIS.....AGENT FOR SOUTHERN STATES.

SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA for Messrs. Alphonse Dupin & Cie., Cognac, France, Champagne Cognac; Messrs. Bertal & Martin Freres, Bordeaux, France, Clarets and Sauternes; Mess. Meyer & Coblenz Bingen, a Rh., Rhine and Moselle Wines; R. C. Ivison, Xerez de la Frontera, Spain, Gotas de Oro Sherries; Mess. Silva & Cosens, Oporto, Portugal, for their celebrated Dow Ports; Mess. John de Kuyper & Zoon, Rotterdam, White Fawn Gin; Mess. Wm. H. Chaplin & Co., London, London Dock Jamaica Rums; Johannisbrunnen, Nassau, Germany, Natural Mineral Waters.

**NEW ORLEANS BOOT AND SHOE
MANUFACTORY,
No. 22 DEXTER AVENUE,
MONTGOMERY, ALA.**

BOOTS and SHOES Made to Order at New Orleans Prices.

All Goods Warranted as Represented.

ISAAC GIMBEL, PROPRIETOR.

**YUNG'S,
The Best Restaurant
IN THE SOUTH
Open Day and Night.**

LADIES' DINING PARLORS UP STAIRS,

**D. FLEMING, Proprietor,
MONTGOMERY, ALA.**

**THE WHITE STAR TOWING COMPANY,
OF MOBILE, ALA..**

W. C. SPOTSWOOD, Manager,

OFFICE: No. 4 NORTH COMMERCE STREET, Up Stairs.

STEAM TUGS:

JAS. A. WRIGHT, COL. R. INCALLS, DAISY.

Orders for towing vessels or timber promptly attended to, at reasonable rates.

WASHINGTON

Fire and Marine Insurance Co.

OF MOBILE, ALA.

Capital and Surplus - \$150,000.

OFFICERS:

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JOHN H. HIGLEY, Secretary.

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G. L. HOPKINS,

LOUIS TOUART,

JNO. H. HIGLEY,

P. BURKE.

Mercantile Insurance Co.,

OF MOBILE, ALA.

CAPITAL, - - \$100,000.

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J. B. DAVIS, Vice Pres't.

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CALEB TOXEY,

L. C. FRY,

JNO. H. HIGLEY,

D. R. BURGESS.

Applications for fire insurance solicited for the above Companies.

In making applications for insurance give standing of applicant, diagram of risk with exposures, occupancy of entire building, value of the property, amount of incumbrance (if any), names of the Companies on the risk and amounts they carry, Board rate (if any), and any other information you have regarding the risk.

Send forms with applications.

JNO. H. HIGLEY, Secretary,

42 St. Francis Street,

MOBILE, ALA.

CAMPBELL HOUSE,

MRS. W. C. STRIBLING, Proprietress.

CONTI STREET, BETWEEN ROYAL AND WATER STREETS,
MOBILE, ALA.

BOARD BY THE DAY, WEEK OR MONTH.

NEW FURNITURE AND BEDDING IN EVERY ROOM.

THIS HOUSE IS CONVENIENT TO THE RAILROAD DEPOT, THEATRE AND CHURCHES.

Col. W. C. Stribling was a member of the legislature from Washington Co., and is favorably known all through the State. The card of Mrs. Stribling, his wife, as proprietress of the Campbell House, will be sufficient to induce their many and numerous friends to give them a call.

J. HOWLAND, JR.,**AUCTIONEER**

—AND—

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

No. 20 ST. MICHAEL STREET,

MOBILE, ALA.

Persons having Real Estate or Personal Property for sale privately or at auction will do well to see me before making other arrangements.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.**THOS. P. MILLER & CO.,**
BANKERS,DRAW BILLS ON NEW YORK, ON NEW ORLEANS, ON ST.
LOUIS, ON PARIS AND THE PRINCIPAL CITIES
OF EUROPE.

BUY AND SELL UNITED STATES, STATE AND CITY BONDS.

COLLECTIONS MADE ON ALL POINTS.

DISCOUNT FIRST-CLASS BUSINESS PAPER.

RECEIVE MONEY ON DEPOSIT SUBJECT TO CHECK.

INTEREST PAID ON SPECIAL TIME DEPOSITS.

—INCORPORATED 1866.—

MOBILE MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY, OF MOBILE, ALA.

Home Office, 25 St. Michael Street.

Cash Capital,	\$125,00 00
Surplus, June 30, 1885,	23,161 25

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W. H. GARDNER,
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T. T. TYREE,
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F. L. GLOVER, SECRETARY.

R. INGE SMITH,

Attorney-at-Law,

OFFICE: No. 40 NORTH ROYAL STREET.

GETS HOUSE,

SOUTHEAST CORNER ROYAL AND GOVERNMENT STREETS,
Opposite Court House, and only two squares distant from all the
Railroad depots.

PLEASANT ROOMS AND WELL FURNISHED TABLE.

Board \$1.50 to \$2.00 per diem.

GUESTS CAN FIND HERE ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME.

MRS. A. GETS, Proprietress.

Mobile Hair and Millinery Store,

No. 99 DAUPHIN STREET,
MOBILE, ALA.

Mrs. E. QUINN, Proprietress.

Zephyr Worsted and Java Canvas on hand.

Fullest satisfaction guaranteed.

MAISON FRANCAISE.

MME. VIRGINIE LAMBERT,

**LACES, SILKS, STRAW,
FLOWERS, FEATHERS,**



**HATS, RIBBONS AND
FANCY GOODS.**

NO. 120 DAUPHIN STREET,
MOBILE, ALA.

ST. FRANCIS REFECTORY,

No. 52 ST FRANCIS STREET,

(Next door east of L. & N. R. R. Office.)

HOT AND COLD LUNCHESES SERVED AT ALL HOURS,

For both Ladies and Gentlemen.

ALL DELICACIES MAY BE FOUND HERE.

Both strangers and citizens are invited to give a trial to this excellent refreshment saloon, which is under the management of an accomplished and experienced lady. Charges are moderate and service unexcelled.

The Modern Dyeing and Scouring Establishment.

**FERNAND S. FREDERIC,
PARISIAN DYER,
258 DAUPHIN STREET, MOBILE, ALA.**

**Ladies', Gents' and Children's Clothes cleaned by the Chemical Dry
Process without taking to pieces, and warranted not to shrink.**

Feathers bleached, dyed and curled. Parasols cleaned and dyed. Silks, Velvets, fine Laces,
Lace Curtains, Cashmeres, Blankets, etc. Odorless Glove cleaning by a new
and special process. Dyes warranted fast.

All city or country work entrusted to me will receive careful and prompt attention.

**PAUL RAVESIES,
UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER,
—AND—
UNITED STATES SHIPPING COMMISSIONER.**

OFFICE—THIRD STORY OF THE CUSTOM HOUSE,

Southwest Corner.

JAKE MEYER

THE HATTER,

SOUTHEAST CORNER ROYAL AND DAUPHIN STS.

THOS. WAGNER,
PRACTICAL PLUMBER AND GAS FITTER.

GOOD WORK AND REASONABLE PRICES.

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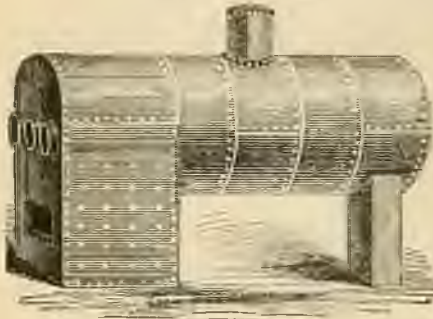
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