

(MEMORIAL.)

Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the waters below it,
As a pledge of the nation that's dead and gone,
Keep it, dear friend, and show it.

Show it to those who will lend an ear
To the tale this paper can tell,
Of Liberty, born of the patriot's dream,
Of the storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ores,
And too much of a stranger to borrow,
We issued to-day our promises to pay,
And hoped to redeem on the morrow.

The days rolled on, and weeks became years,
But our coffers were empty still;
Coin was so rare that the Treasury quaked
If a dollar should fall in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong indeed,
And our poverty well discerned,
And these little checks represented the pay
That our suffering volunteers earned.

We knew it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet as gold our soldiers received it;
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay,
And our patriot soldiers believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay,
Or bills that were over due;
We knew if it brought us bread to-day,
'Twas the best our poor country could do.

Keep it, it tells our history over,
From the birth of its dream to the last;
Modest and born of the Angel Hope,
Like the hope of success it passed.

The above inscription was written on the back of a \$10.00 Confederate Note which was found on the person of a dead Confederate Soldier at the close of the war.

R. W. Mercer, of 147 Central Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio, will mail \$10.00 Note with the above verses and price list of Confederate Money for 10 cents.