

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
 Ye must not slumber there,
 Where stranger steps and tongues resound
 Along the heedless air.
 Your own proud land's heroic soil
 Shall be your fitter grave:
 She claims from war his richest spoil—
 The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
 Far from the gory field,
 Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
 On many a bloody shield;
 The sunshine of their native sky
 Smiles sadly on them, here,
 And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
 The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
 Dear as the blood ye gave;
 No impious footstep here shall tread
 The herbage of your grave;
 Nor shall your glory be forgot
 While Fame her record keeps,
 Or Honor points the hallowed spot
 Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
 In deathless song shall tell,
 When many a vanished age hath flown,
 The story how ye fell;
 Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
 Nor Time's remorseless doom,
 Shall dim one ray of glory's light
 That gilds your deathless tomb.

FOURTH PERIOD . . . 1850-1894.

GEORGE RAINSFORD FAIRBANKS.

1820—.

GEORGE RAINSFORD FAIRBANKS was born in Watertown, New York, but settled in Florida at St. Augustine in 1842 and identified himself with his adopted state. From 1860 to 1880 his home was at Sewanee, Tennessee, and he has been on the Board of Trustees of the "University of the South" since 1857. During the war he served as major in the Confederate army, 1862-65. In 1880 he returned to Florida and has since made his home in Fernandina. His "History of Florida" is considered the best history of that state, and is written in a clear and interesting style.

WORKS.

History of Florida.

History and Antiquities of St. Augustine.

OSCEOLA, LEADER OF THE SEMINOLES.

(From *History of Florida*.)

His true Indian name was As-se-se-ha-ho-lar, or Black Drink, but he was commonly called Osceola, or Powell. He belonged to a Creek tribe called Red Sticks, and was a half-breed. He removed to Florida with his mother when a child, and lived near Fort King [three miles east of Ocala]. At the beginning of the Florida war he was about thirty-

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Osceola.

one years of age, of medium size, being about five feet eight inches in height, resolute and manly in his bearing, with a clear, frank, and engaging countenance. He was undoubtedly the master-spirit of the war, and by his firmness and audacity forced the nation into the war which a large majority were averse to engaging in, and either broke up every attempt at negotiations or prevented their fulfillment. He was to have been one of the leaders at Dade's massacre, but was detained at Fort King by his determination to gratify his revenge upon General Thompson. He participated in the battles at the ford of the Withlacoochee and Camp Izard, and led the attack upon Micanopy, where, with his force of less than two hundred and fifty men, within sight of the fort, he attacked upwards of one hundred regular troops in an open field, supported by a field-piece.

His capture, [October, 1837], by General Hernandez was due to his audacity and self-confidence. Bad faith, and a disregard of the usages of civilization, have been imputed to General Jesup on this occasion, Osceola having come in under a white flag to negotiate; but that officer contended that Osceola had broken his faith in reference to the Fort Dade capitulation [when he had promised to emigrate] and was to be treated as a prisoner.

From all that can be gathered of his character, Osceola was possessed of nobler traits than usually belong to his race. His manners were dignified and courteous, and upon the field he showed himself a brave and cautious leader. It is said that he instructed his people in their predatory excursions to spare the women and children. "It is not," said he, "upon them that we make war and draw the scalping-knife. It is upon men. Let us act like men."

Osceola has furnished to the poet, to the novelist, and to the lover of romance, a most attractive subject, and scarce

any limit has been placed to the virtues attributed or the exploits imagined in connection with this renowned chief of the Seminoles. A poet has sung of him,—

“His features are clothed with a warrior's pride,
And he moves with a monarch's tread;
He smiles with joy, as the flash of steel
Through the Everglades' grass is seen.”

Upon his removal to Charleston, he became dejected and low-spirited, and gradually pined away. All efforts to interest him in a Western home failed to arouse him, and in a few weeks he died of a broken heart, and was buried just outside of the principal gateway of Fort Moultrie, where his resting-place is inclosed and a monument erected.

RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

1822—.

RICHARD (MALCOLM) JOHNSTON was born in Hancock County, Georgia. He was professor of Literature in the University of Georgia, 1857-1861. He served, as colonel, in the Confederate army, and has since had a school for boys at Sparta, Georgia, and later near Baltimore.

In connection with Prof. William Hand Browne of Johns Hopkins, he has published a “History of English Literature” and a “Life of Alexander H. Stephens.” His tales describe life among the Georgia “Crackers” and they have many readers and admirers. His style has the stamp of simple truth and is irresistible. See *Sketch* in Miss Rutherford's “American Authors.”

WORKS.

Dukesborough Tales.	History of English Literature:
Old Mark Langston.	Life of Alex. H. Stephens:
Two Gray Tourists.	(both with Prof. W. H. Browne.)
Collection of Stories.	Ogeechee Cross-Firings.
Mr. Absalom Billingslea and other Georgia	Mr. Bill Williams.
Folks.	Primes and their neighbors.
Widow Guthrie.	Pearce Amerson's Will.

The following extract is a true story of an old gentleman who was Alexander H. Stephens' first client.

MR. HEZEKIAH ELLINGTON'S RECOVERY.

(From *Life of Alexander H. Stephens.**)

The old gentleman was brought very low with malarious fever, and his physician and family had made up their minds, that, notwithstanding his extreme reluctance to depart from this life,—a reluctance heightened no doubt by his want of preparation for a better,—he would be compelled to go. The system of therapeutics in vogue at that time and in that section included immense quantities of calomel, and rigorously excluded cold water. Mr. Ellington lingered and lingered, and went without water so long and to such an extent that it seemed to him he might as well die of the disease as of the intolerable thirst that tormented him.

At last, one night, when his physicians, deeming his case hopeless, had taken their departure, informing his family that he could hardly live till morning, and the latter, worn down by watching, were compelled to take a little rest, he was left to the care of his constant and faithful servant, Shadrach, with strict and solemn charge to notify them if any change took place in his master's condition, and, above all, under no circumstances to give him cold water.

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When the rest were all asleep, Mr. Ellington, always astute and adroit in gaining his ends, and whose faculties at present were highly stimulated by his extreme necessity, called out to his attendant in a feeble voice, which he strove to make as natural and unsuggestive as possible,—

“Shadrach, go to the spring and fetch me a pitcher of water from the bottom.”

Shadrach expostulated, pleading the orders of the doctor and his mistress.

“You Shadrach, you had better do what I tell you, sir.”

Shadrach still held by his orders.

“Shadrach, if you don't bring me the water, when I get well I'll give you the worst whipping you ever had in your life!”

Shadrach either thought that if his master got well he would cherish no rancor towards the faithful servant whose constancy had saved him, or, more likely, that the prospect of recovery was far too remote to justify any serious apprehension for his present disobedience; at all events, he held firm. The sick man, finding this mode of attack ineffectual, paused awhile, and then said, in the most persuasive accents he could employ,

“Shadrach, my boy, you are a good nigger, Shadrach. If you'll go now and fetch old master a pitcher of nice cool water, I'll set you free and give you *Five Hundred Dollars!*” And he dragged the syllables slowly and heavily from his dry jaws, as if to make the sum appear immeasurably vast.

But Shadrach was proof against even this temptation. He only admitted its force by arguing the case, urging that how could he stand it, and what good would his freedom and five hundred dollars do him, if he should do a thing that would kill his old master?

The old gentleman groaned and moaned. At last he bethought him of one final stratagem. He raised his head as well as he could, turned his haggard face full upon Shadrach, and glaring at him from his hollow blood-shot eyes, said,

“Shadrach, I am going to die, and it's because I can't get any water. If you don't go and bring me a pitcher of water, after I'm dead I'll come back and HAUNT you! I'll HAUNT you as long as you live!”

“Oh Lordy! Master! You shall hab de water!” cried Shadrach; and he rushed out to the spring and brought it. The old man drank and drank,—the pitcherful and more. The next morning he was decidedly better, and to the astonishment of all, soon got well.

JOHN REUBEN THOMPSON.

1823-1873.

JOHN REUBEN THOMPSON was born at Richmond, and educated at the University of Virginia. He studied law, but practised little, and in 1847 became editor of the “Southern Literary Messenger.” This position he filled with great success for twelve years and he exerted a fine influence on the literary taste and effort of his times. In this magazine first appeared the writings of Donald G. Mitchell (“Dream Life” and “Reveries of a Bachelor”), the early pieces of John Esten Cooke, Philip Pendleton Cooke, Paul Hamilton Hayne, Henry Timrod, and others.

His delicate health induced him to resign his place in 1859 and to go farther south to Augusta, Georgia, as editor of the “Southern Field and Fireside.” In 1863 he travelled in Europe and his descriptive letters are very bright and in-

teresting. He later became literary editor of the "Evening Post," N. Y.; in 1872 he went to Colorado in one last but vain effort to restore his health. He died in 1873 and is buried in Hollywood Cemetery at Richmond.

His writings, consisting of poems, letters, sketches, and editorials, are found mainly in the "Southern Literary Messenger" and "The Land We Love."

ASHBY.

Vx

To the brave all homage render,
 (Weep, ye skies of June!)
 With a radiance pure and tender,
 (Shine, oh saddened moon!)
 "Dead upon the field of glory,"
 Hero fit for song and story,
 Lies our bold dragoon.

Well they learned, whose hands have slain him,
 Braver, knightlier foe
 Never fought with Moor nor Paynim,
 Rode at Templestowe;
 With a mien how high and joyous,
 'Gainst the hordes that would destroy us
 Went he forth we know.

Never more, alas! shall sabre
 Gleam around his crest;
 Fought his fight; fulfilled his labour;
 Stilled his manly breast.

(All unheard sweet Nature's cadence,
 Trump of fame and voice of maidens,
 Now he takes his rest)

(Earth that all too soon hath bound him,
 Gently wrap his clay;
 Linger lovingly around him,
 Light of dying day;

(Softly fall the summer showers,
 Birds and bees among the flowers
 Make the gloom seem gay.)

(There, throughout the coming ages,
 When his sword is rust,
 And his deeds in classic pages,
 Mindful of her trust,
 Shall Virginia, bending lowly,
 Still a ceaseless vigil holy
 Keep above his dust!)

MUSIC IN CAMP.

Two armies covered hill and plain,
 Where Rappahannock's waters
 Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
 Of battle's recent slaughters.

(The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
 In meads of heavenly azure;
 And each dread gun of the elements
 Slept in its hid embrasure.)

The breeze so softly blew, it made
 No forest leaf to quiver,
 And the smoke of the random cannonade
 Rolled slowly from the river.

And now, where circling hills looked down
 With cannon grimly planted,
 O'er listless camp and silent town
 The golden sunset slanted.

When on the fervid air there came
 A strain—now rich, now tender;
 (The music seemed itself aflame)
 With day's departing splendor,

A Federal band, which, eve and morn,
 Played measures brave and nimble,
 Had just struck up, with flute and horn
 And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks,
 Till, margined by its pebbles,
 One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
 And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still, and then the band,
 With movement light and tricky,
 Made stream and forest, hill and strand
 Reverberate with "Dixie."

(The conscious stream with burnished glow
 Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
 But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
 With yelling of the Rebels.)

(Again a pause, and then again
 The trumpets pealed sonorous,
 And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
 To which the shore gave chorus.)

(The laughing ripple shoreward flew,
 To kiss the shining pebbles;
 Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue
 Defiance to the Rebels.)

And yet once more the bugles sang
 Above the stormy riot;

(No shout upon the evening rang—
 There reigned a holy quiet.)

(The sad, slow stream its noiseless flood
 Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
 All silent now the Yankees stood,
 And silent stood the Rebels.)

No unresponsive soul had heard
 That plaintive note's appealing,
 So deeply "Home Sweet Home" had stirred
 The hidden founts of feeling.

Or Blue, or Gray, the soldier sees
 As by the wand of fairy,
 The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
 The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold, or warm, his native skies
 Bend in their beauty o'er him;
 Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes,
 His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
 In April's tearful weather,
 The vision vanished, as the strain
 And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by music's art,
 Expressed in simplest numbers,
 Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart,
 Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

(And fair the form of music shines,
 That bright celestial creature,
 Who still, 'mid war's embattled lines,
 Gave this one touch of Nature.)

JABEZ LAMAR MONROE CURRY.

1825—.

DR. CURRY was born in Georgia, but his father removed to Alabama in 1838, and he was reared in that State. After graduation at the University of Georgia and at the Harvard Law School, he began the practice of law in Talladega County, Alabama. He served in the State Legislature and in Congress, and in 1861 entered the Confederate Army.

After the war he was ordained to the Baptist ministry and became president of Howard College, Alabama, and later, professor of English, Philosophy, and Law, in Richmond College, Virginia, which latter position he filled for thirteen years. From 1881 to 1885 he was agent of the Peabody Educational Fund; in 1885 he was appointed minister to Spain, and on his return to America resumed the agency of the Fund. His wise administration and his well-directed efforts have done much to further the cause of education; and his ability and effectiveness as a speaker and writer have given him national fame.

WORKS.

Constitutional History of Spain,
Gladstone.

Southern States of the American Union
[just issued, 1895].

RELATIONS BETWEEN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

(From Gladstone.*)

By his frank utterances, expressive of his admiration of the people and the institutions of the United States, he has provoked adverse criticism from a portion of the English press. He thinks the Senate of the United States "the most remarkable of all the inventions of modern politics," and the American constitution "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man," and that "its exemption from formal change, has certainly proved the sagacity of its constructors and the stubborn strength of the fabric."

In the same essay—*Kin Beyond Sea*—speaking of our future, he says, "She will probably become what we are now, (the head servant in the great household of the world, the employer of all employed; because her service will be the most and the ablest." In 1856, when the relations between Great Britain and the United States became considerably strained, in an able speech may be found this sentence: "It appears to me that the two cardinal aims that we ought to keep in view in the discussion of this question are peace and a thoroughly cordial understanding with America for one, the honor and fame of England for the other."

In 1884, he wrote: "The convulsion of that country between 1861 and 1865 was perhaps the most frightful which ever assailed a national existence. The efforts which were made on both sides were marked. The exertions by which alone the movement was put down were not only extraordinary, they were what antecedently would have been called

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impossible; and they were only rendered possible by the fact that they proceeded from a nation where every capable citizen was enfranchised and had a direct and an energetic interest in the well-being and unity of the State." "No hardier republicanism was generated in New England than in the slave States of the South, which produced so many of the great statesmen of America."

In a conversation with Mr. Gladstone in 1887, he referred to the enormous power and responsibilities of the United States, and suggested that a desideratum was a new unity between our two countries. We had that of race and language, but we needed a moral unity of English-speaking people for the success of freedom.

The English or Anglo-Saxon race is essentially the same in its more distinguishing characteristics. Unity of language creates unity of thought, of literature, and largely unity of civilization and of institutions. It facilitates social and commercial intercourse, and must produce still more marked political phenomena. We profit naturally by inventions, by discoveries, by constitutional struggles, by civil and religious achievements, by lessons of traditions, by landmarks of usage and prescription. Magna Charta, Petition of Right, Habeas Corpus, what O'Connell even called the "glorious Revolution of 1688," are as much American as English.

England claims to have originated the representative system six hundred years ago. Our ancestors brought to this soil, "singularly suited for their growth, all that was democratic in the policy of England and all that was Protestant in her religion." Our revolution, like that of 1688, was in the main a vindication of liberties inherited. In freedom of religion, in local self-government, and somewhat in state autonomy, our forefathers constructed

for themselves; but nearly all the personal guarantees, of which we so much boast on our national anniversaries, were borrowed from the mother country.

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MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON.

1825—

MRS. PRESTON is a native of Philadelphia, the daughter of Dr. George Junkin who in 1848 removed to Lexington, Virginia, as president of the Washington College, and remained there till 1861. She was married in 1857 to Prof. J. T. L. Preston of the Virginia Military Institute, her sister Eleanor being the wife of Colonel T. J. Jackson of the same institution.

She identified herself with the South, and her "Beechenbrook: a Rhyme of the War" contains the poems, "Stonewall Jackson's Grave" and "Slain in Battle." Her later writings are mostly short poems, many of them religious, articles for magazines, and sketches of travel, all of which breathe forth a sweet and wise influence.

WORKS.

Silverwood, [novel].	Beechenbrook: a Rhyme of the War.
Old Songs and New.	Cartoons, [poems].
For Love's Sake.	<i>Translated Dies Irae.</i>
Book of Monograms, [travels].	Tales and articles for papers [uncollected].

THE SHADE OF THE TREES.

(On the death of Stonewall Jackson, 1863, his last words being, "Let us pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees.")

(From Cartoons.*)

What are the thoughts that are stirring his breast?

What is the mystical vision he sees?

*"Let us pass over the river and rest
Under the shade of the trees."*

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Natural Bridge, Virginia.