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

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].
Old Songs and New.
For Love's Sake.
Book of Monograms, [travels].
Beechenbrook: a Rhyme of the War.
Cartoons, [poems].
Translated Dies Irae.
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."

*By permission of author, and publishers, Roberts Brothers, Boston.

Eleanor Tillman

Natural Bridge, Virginia.

Has he grown sick of his toils and his tasks?
  Sighs the worn spirit for respite or ease?
Is it a moment's cool halt that he asks
  Under the shade of the trees?

Is it the gurgle of waters whose flow
  Ofttime has come to him borne on the breeze,
Memory listens to, lapsing so low,
  Under the shade of the trees?

Nay—though the rasp of the flesh was so sore,
  Faith, that had yearnings far keener than these,
Saw the soft sheen of the Thitherward Shore,
  Under the shade of the trees;—

Caught the high psalms of ecstatic delight,—
  Heard the harps harping, like soundings of seas,—
Watched earth's assoilèd ones walking in white
  Under the shade of the trees.

O, was it strange he should pine for release,
  Touched to the soul with such transports as these,—
He who so needed the balsam of peace,
  Under the shade of the trees?

Yea, it was noblest for *him*—it was best,
  (Questioning naught of our Father's decrees,)
There to pass over the river and rest
  Under the shade of the trees!

CHARLES HENRY SMITH.

"BILL ARP."

1826

CHARLES HENRY SMITH, or "Bill Arp," the "Country Philosopher," was born in Lawrenceville, Georgia, and has made a wide reputation by his humorous letters in the Atlanta "Constitution." He served in the Confederate Army as colonel. Since the war, he has served his country still by giving some very sound and good advice in his "Country Philosopher" articles, seasoned with much humor; and his sketches of Georgian life are valuable.

WORKS.

Bill Arp's Letters.
Articles in Atlanta "Constitution."
Fireside Sketches.
Bill Arp's Scrap-Book.

BIG JOHN, ON THE CHEROKEES.

(*From Fireside Sketches.**)

Big John had had a little war experience—that is, he had volunteered in a company to assist in the forcible removal of the Cherokees to the far west in 1835. It was said that he was no belligerent then, but wanted to see the maiden that he loved a safe transit, and so he escorted the old chief and his clan as far as Tuscumbia, and then broke down and returned to Ross Landing on the Tennessee River. He was too heavy to march, and when he arrived at the Landing, a prisoner was put in his charge for safe keeping. Ross Landing is Chattanooga now, and John Ross lived there, and was one of the chiefs of the Cherokees. The prisoner was his guest, and his name was John Howard Payne. He was suspected of trying to instigate the Cherokees to revolt and fight, and not leave their beautiful forest homes on the Tennessee and Coosa and Oostanaula and the Etowah and Connasauga rivers. He brought Payne back as far as New Echota, or New Town, as it was called, an Indian settlement on the Coosawattee, a few miles east of Calhoun, as now known. There he kept the author of "Home, Sweet Home" under guard, or on his parole of honor, for three weeks, and night after night slept with him in his tent, and listened to his music upon the violin, and heard him sing

* By permission of the author.

his own sad songs until orders came for his discharge, and Payne was sent under escort to Washington.

Many a time I have heard Big John recite his sad adventures. "It was a most distressive business," said he. "Them Injuns was heart-broken; I always knowd an Injun loved his hunting-ground and his rivers, but I never knowd how much they loved 'em before. You know they killed Ridge for consentin' to the treaty. They killed him on the first day's march and they wouldent bury him. We soldiers had to stop and dig a grave and put him away. John Ross and John Ridge were the sons of two Scotchmen, who came over here when they were young men and mixed up with these tribes and got their good will. These two boys were splendid looking men, tall and handsome, with long auburn hair, and they were active and strong, and could shoot a bow equal to the best bowman of the tribe, and they beat 'em all to pieces on the cross-bow. They married the daughters of the old chiefs, and when the old chiefs died they just fell into line and succeeded to the old chiefs' places, and the tribes liked 'em mighty well, for they were good men and made good chiefs. Well, you see Ross dident like the treaty. He said it wasent fair and that the price of the territory was too low, and the fact is he dident want to go at all. There are the ruins of his old home now over there in De Soto, close to Rome, and I tell you he was a king. His word was the law of the Injun nations, and he had their love and their respect. His half-breed children were the purtiest things I ever saw in my life. Well, Ridge lived up the Oostanaula River about a mile, and he was a good man, too. Ross and Ridge always consulted about everything for the good of the tribes, but Ridge was a more milder man than Ross, and was more easily persuaded to sign the treaty that gave the lands to the State and to take other lands away out to the Mississippi.

"Well, it took us a month to get 'em all together and begin the March to the Mississippi, and they wouldn't march then. The women would go out of line and set down in the woods and go to grieving; and you may believe it or not, but I'll tell you what is a fact, we started with 14,000, and 4,000 of 'em died before we got to Tuscumbia. They died on the side of the road; they died of broken hearts; they died of starvation, for they wouldent eat a thing; they just died all along the way. We didn't make more than five miles a day on the march, and my company didn't do much but dig graves and bury Injuns all the way to Tuscumbia. They died of grief and broken hearts, and no mistake. An Injun's heart is tender, and his love is strong; it's his nature. I'd rather risk an Injun for a true friend than a white man. He is the best friend in the world and the worst enemy."

ST. GEORGE H. TUCKER.

1828—1863.

ST. GEORGE H. TUCKER, grandson of Judge St. George Tucker, was born at Winchester, Virginia. He was clerk of the Virginia Legislature: and in 1861 he entered the Confederate service and rose to be Lieutenant-Colonel. He died from exposure in the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond, 1862.

His "Hansford" is considered one of the best of historical romances and gives a vivid picture of Virginia in the seventeenth century under Governor Berkeley.

WORKS.

Hansford: A Tale of Bacon's Rebellion. The Southern Crop.

BURNING OF JAMESTOWN IN 1676.

(*From Hansford.*)

Scarcely had Berkeley and his adherents departed on their flight from Jamestown, when some of the disaffected citizens of the town, seeing the lights in the palace so suddenly extinguished, shrewdly suspected their design. Without staying to ascertain the truth of their suspicions, they hastened with the intelligence to General Bacon, and threw open the gates to the insurgents. Highly elated with the easy victory they had gained over the loyalists, the triumphant patriots forgetting their fatigue and hunger, marched into the city, amid the loud acclamations of the fickle populace. But to the surprise of all there was still a gloom resting upon Bacon and his officers. That cautious and far-seeing man saw at a glance, that although he had gained an immense advantage over the royalists, in the capture of the metropolis, it was impossible to retain it in possession long. As soon as his army was dispersed, or engaged in another quarter of the colony, it would be easy for Berkeley, with the navy under his command, to return to the place, and erect once more the fallen standard of loyalty.

While then, the soldiery were exulting rapturously over their triumph, Bacon, surrounded by his officers, was gravely considering the best policy to pursue.

"My little army is too small," he said, "to leave a garrison here, and so long as they remain thus organized peace will be banished from the colony; and yet I cannot leave the town to become again the harbour of these treacherous loyalists."

"I can suggest no policy that is fit to pursue, in such an emergency," said Hansford, "except to retain possession of the town, at least until the Governor is fairly in Accomac again."

"That, at best, said Bacon, will only be a dilatory proceeding, for sooner or later, whenever the army is disbanded, the stubborn old governor will return and force us to continue the war. And besides I doubt whether we could maintain the place with Brent besieging us in front, and the whole naval force of Virginia, under the command of such expert seamen as Gardiner and Larimore, attacking us from the river. No, no, the only way to untie the Gordian knot is to cut it, and the only way to extricate ourselves from this difficulty is to burn the town."

This policy, extreme as it was, in the necessities of their condition was received with a murmur of assent. Lawrence and Drummond, devoted patriots, and two of the wealthiest and most enterprising citizens of the town, evinced their willingness to sacrifice their private means to secure the public good, by firing their own houses. Emulating an example so noble and disinterested, other citizens followed in their wake. The soldiers, ever ready for excitement, joined in the fatal work. A stiff breeze springing up favored their designs, and soon the devoted town was enveloped in the greedy flames.

From the deck of the *Adam and Eve*, the loyalists witnessed the stern, uncompromising resolution of the rebels. The sun was just rising, and his broad, red disc was met in his morning glory with flames as bright and as intense as his own. The Palace, the State House, the large Garter Tavern, the long line of stores, and the Warehouse, all in succession were consumed. The old Church, the proud old Church, where their fathers had worshipped, was the last to meet its fate. The fire seemed unwilling to attack its sacred walls, but it was to fall with the rest; and as the broad sails of the gay vessel were spread to the morning breeze, which swelled them, that devoted old Church was

seen in its raiment of fire, like some old martyr, hugging the flames which consumed it, and pointing with its tapering steeple to an avenging Heaven.

GEORGE WILLIAM BAGBY.

1828–1883.

Dr. BAGBY was born in Buckingham County, Virginia, and educated at Edge Hill, New Jersey, and the University of Pennsylvania. He took his degree in the study of medicine, and made his residence in Richmond. He was correspondent for several papers, wrote some very witty letters under the pen-name of "Mozis Addums," and made a reputation as a humorous lecturer. From 1859 to 1862 he was editor of the "Southern Literary Messenger," ably succeeding John R. Thompson in that position: and from 1870 to 1878 he was State Librarian of Virginia.

His writings are not only witty but wise as well, and give many interesting aspects of Southern life and manners. A selection from them has been published by Mrs. Bagby, under the title "Writings of Dr. Bagby" (1884—6). Among them are: My Uncle Flatback's Plantation, Meekins's Twinses, Jud. Brownin's Account of Rubinstein's Playing, Bacon and Greens, or the True Virginian, What I Did with my Fifty Millions, [a sort of Utopian Prophecy.]

JUD. BROWNIN'S ACCOUNT OF RUBINSTEIN'S PLAYING.

"When he first sot down he 'peared to keer mighty little 'bout playin', and wished he hadn't come. He tweedle-leedled a little on the trible, and twoodle-oodle-oodled some on the bass—just foolin' and boxin' the thing's jaws for bein' in his way. And I says to a man settin' next to me,

s'I, 'What sort of fool playin' is that?' And he says, 'Heish!' But presently his hands commenced chasin' one 'nother up and down the keys, like a passel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift. Parts of it was sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar squirrel turnin' the wheel of a candy cage. "'Now,' I says to my neighbor, 'he's showing' off. He thinks he's a-doin' of it; but he ain't got no idee, no plan of nuthin'. If he'd play me up a tune of some kind or other, I'd'—

"But my neighbor says, 'Heish!' very impatient.

"I was just about to git up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird wakin' up away off in the woods, and callin' sleepy-like to his mate, and I looked up and I see that Ruben was beginnin' to take interest in his business, and I set down agin. It was the peep of day. The light come faint from the east, the breeze blowed gentle and fresh, some more birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all begun singin' together. People begun to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms; a leetle more and it techt the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was broad day; the sun fairly blazed; the birds sang like they'd split their little throats; all the leaves was movin', and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'.

"And I says to my neighbor, 'that's music, that is.'

"But he glared at me like he'd like to cut my throat.

"Presently the wind turned; it begun to thicken up, and a kind of gray mist come over things; I got low-spirited d'rectly. Then a silver rain began to fall; I could see the

drops touch the ground; some flashed up like long pearl ear-rings; and the rest rolled away like round rubies. It was pretty, but melancholy. Then the pearls gathered themselves into long strands and necklaces, and then they melted into thin silver streams running between golden gravels, and then the streams joined each other at the bottom of the hill, and made a brook that flowed silent except that you could kinder see the music specially when the bushes on the banks moved as the music went along down the valley. I could smell the flowers in the meadows. But the sun didn't shine, nor the birds sing; it was a foggy day, but not cold. Then the sun went down, it got dark, the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother, and I could a-got up then and there and preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for, not a blame thing, and yet I didn't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't understand it. . . . . .

Then, all of a sudden, old Ruben changed his tune. He ripped and he rar'd, he tipped and he tar'd, he pranced and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me like all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I hilt up my head, ready to look any man in the face, and not afeared of nothin'. It was a circus, and a brass band, and a big ball, all goin' on at the same time. He lit into them keys like a thousand of brick, he gave 'em no rest, day nor night; he set every living joint in me agoin', and not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumpt spang onto my seat, and jest hollered:

"'*Go it, my Rube!*'

"Every blamed man, woman, and child in the house riz on me, and shouted 'Put him out! Put him out!'

"With that some several p'licemen run up, and I had to simmer down. But I would a fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Ruby out or die.

"He had changed his tune agin. He hopt-light ladies and tip-toed fine from eend to eend of the key-board. He played soft, and low, and solemn. I heard the church bells over the hills. The candles in heaven was lit, one by one. I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end, and all the angels went to prayers. Then the music changed to water, full of feeling that couldn't be thought, and began to drop—drip, drop, drip, drop—clear and sweet, like tears of joy fallin' into a lake of glory.

"He stopt a minute or two, to fetch breath. Then he got mad. He run his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeves, he opened his coat-tails a leetle further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapt her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheeks, till she farly yelled. He knockt her down and he stompt on her shameful. She bellowed like a bull, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat, and then he wouldn't let her up. He run a quarter-stretch down the low grounds of the bass, till he got clean into the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder, through the hollows and caves of perdition; and then he fox-chased his right hand with his left till he got away out of the trible into the clouds, whar the notes was finer than the pints of cambric needles, and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He fetchet up his right wing, he fetcht up his left wing, he fetcht up his center, he fetcht up his reserves. He fired by

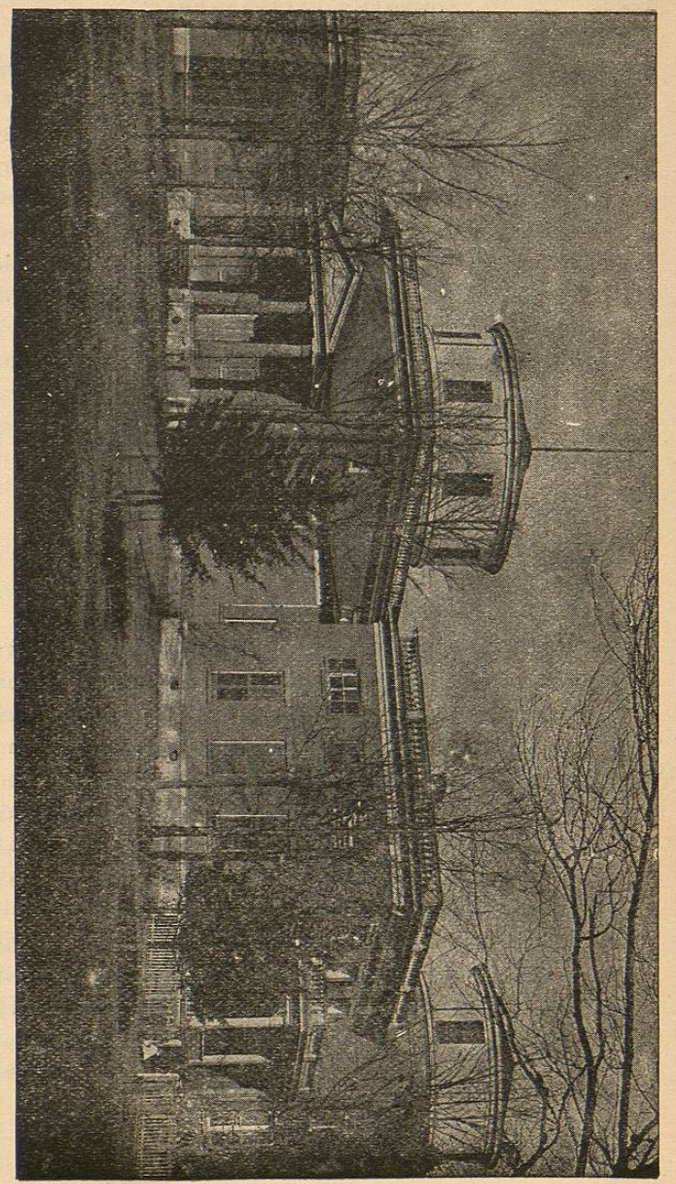
file, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments, and by brigades. He opened his cannon, siege-guns down thar, Napoleons here, twelve-pounders yonder, big guns, little guns, middle-sized guns, round shot, shell, shrapnel, grape, canister, mortars, mines, and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb a goin' at the same time. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor come up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rockt—BANG! "With that *bang!* he lifted hisself bodily into the ar', and he come down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows, and his nose, strikin' every single solitary key on that pianner at the same time. The thing busted and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two hemi-demi-semi-quivers, and I know'd no mo'."

SARAH ANNE DORSEY.

1829–1879.

MRS. DORSEY, daughter of Thomas G. P. Ellis, was born at Natchez, Mississippi, and was a niece of Mrs. Catherine Warfield who left to her many of her unpublished manuscripts. She was finely educated and travelled extensively. In 1853 she was married to Mr. Samuel W. Dorsey of Tensas Parish, Louisiana. Here she found scope for her energies in the duties of plantation life. She established a chapel and school for the slaves, and her account of the success of her plans gained her the title of "Filia Ecclesiae" from the "Churchman." She afterwards used "Filia" as a pen-name.

Their home being destroyed during the war in a skirmish which took place in their garden, and in which several men



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