

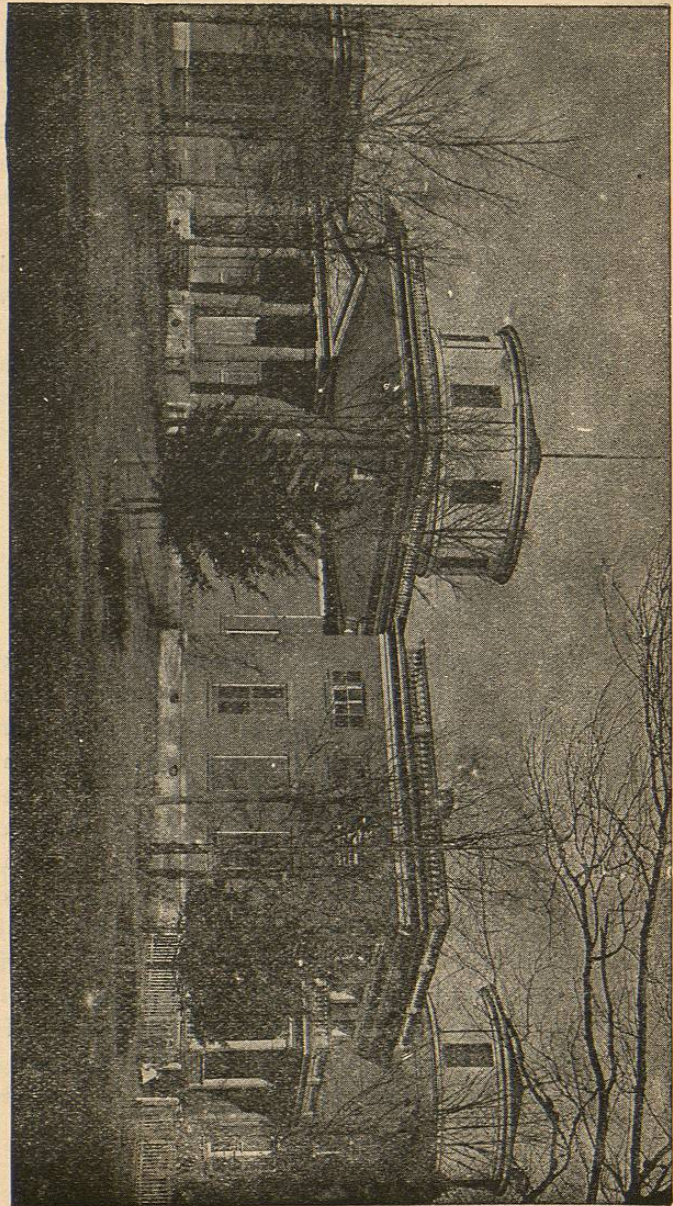
file, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments, and by brigades. He opened his cannon, siege-guns down thar, Napoleons here, twelve-pounders yonder, big guns, little guns, middle-sized guns, round shot, shell, shrapnel, grape, canister, mortars, mines, and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb 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 Catherine Warfield who left to her many of her unpublished manuscripts.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 Texas 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



University of Mississippi, University P. O., Miss.

were killed, Mr. and Mrs. Dorsey removed to Texas. They afterwards returned to Louisiana; and in 1875, upon the death of Mr. Dorsey, Mrs. Dorsey made her home at "Beauvoir," her place in Mississippi. Here she spent her time in writing, and also acted as amanuensis to Jefferson Davis in his great work, "Rise and Fall of the Confederacy." At her death, which occurred at New Orleans, whither she had gone for treatment, she left "Beauvoir" by will to Mr. Davis and his daughter Winnie.

Her "Life of Allen" is of great historical and biographical merit.

WORKS.

Recollections of Henry Watkins Allen, of Louisiana.	Atalie, or a Southern Villeggiatura.
Lucia Dare, [novel].	Agnes Graham, [novel].
	Panola, a Tale of Louisiana.

A CONFEDERATE EXILE ON HIS WAY TO MEXICO, 1866.

(From *Recollections of Henry W. Allen, Ex-Gov. of Louisiana.**)

The people wept over Allen's departure. They followed him with tears and blessings, and would have forced on him more substantial tokens of regard than words of regret. They knew he had no money—his noble estates had long been in possession of the enemy; hundreds of hogsheads of sugar had been carried off from his plundered sugar-houses; his house was burned, his plantation, a wide waste of fallow-fields, grown up in weeds. He had nothing but Confederate and State money. One gentleman begged him to accept \$5,000, in gold, *as a loan*, since he refused it as a gift. Allen accepted five hundred. With this small amount, his ambulance and riding-horses, he started to Mexico. His journey through Texas was a complete ovation, instead of a hegira. Everybody, rich and poor, vied with each other

* By permission of J. A. Gresham, New Orleans.

in offering him attention and the most eager hospitality. The roof was deemed honored that sheltered his head for the night. He stopped at Crockett, to say "goodbye."

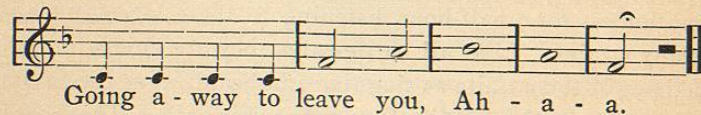
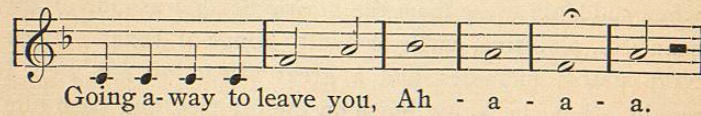
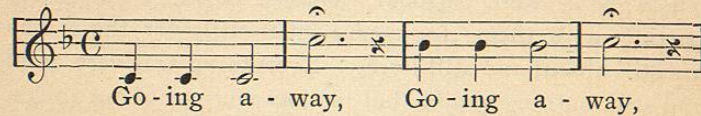
This conversation occurred whilst we were returning from a visit to Gov. Moore's family. I had driven over to their cottage in a buggy, to invite them to join us at dinner. Allen had accompanied me.

These exiles were personal friends of mine. I suffered in parting with them: for some I suffer still—for those who are still absent and still living! Everything was very quiet and still, nothing audible but the low murmur of our voices, when suddenly arose from the prairie beyond us, one of the beautiful, plaintive, cattle or "salt" songs of Texas. These wild simple melodies had a great attraction for me. I would often check my horse on the prairies, and keep him motionless for a half-hour, listening to these sweet, melancholy strains. Like all cattle-calls, they are chiefly minor. I thought them quite as singular and beautiful as the Swiss *Ranz des Vaches*, or the Swedish cattle-calls. They consisted of a few chanted words, with a cadence and a long *yodl*. Sometimes the yodling was aided by what the Texan boys called "quills"—two or more pipes made of reed—*cane* (*arundinaria macrosperma*). This made a sort of limited syrinx, which gave wonderful softness and flute-like clearness to the prolonged tones of the voice, as it was breathed into them. The boy sang one of his saddest "calls." I looked quickly to see if Gov. Allen had noticed the melancholy words and mournful air. I saw he had. He ceased talking, and his face was very grave.

The boy sang:

"Going away to leave you,
Ah-a-a-a—

Going away to leave you,
 Ah-a-a-a—
 Going away to-morrow,
 Ah-a-a-a—
 Going away to-morrow,
 Ah-a-a-a—
 Never more to see you,
 Ah-a-a-a—
 Never more to see you,
 Ah a-a-a."



This had always been an affecting strain to me; it was doubly so under the existing circumstances. The song died mournfully away. We drove on in silence for a few moments. Gov. Allen roused himself, with a sigh: "That boy's song is very sad."

"Yes, but he sings it very frequently. He knows nothing about you. It is neither a prophecy nor intended to be sympathetic,—you need not make special application of it!"

"No; but it may prove a strange coincidence."

"You shan't say that. I won't listen to such a thought. You'll only spend a pleasant summer travelling in Mexico. We'll see you at the opera in New Orleans, next winter."

"I hope so."

"Our conversation reverted now to past years. Allen spoke of his early friends among my relatives; of his whole career in Louisiana; of his wife, with tenderness,—[she had died in 1850], of her beauty and her love for him. His future was so uncertain—that he scarcely alluded to that—never with any hopefulness. It was only in the past that he seemed to find repose of spirit. The present was too sad, the future too shadowy for any discussion of either

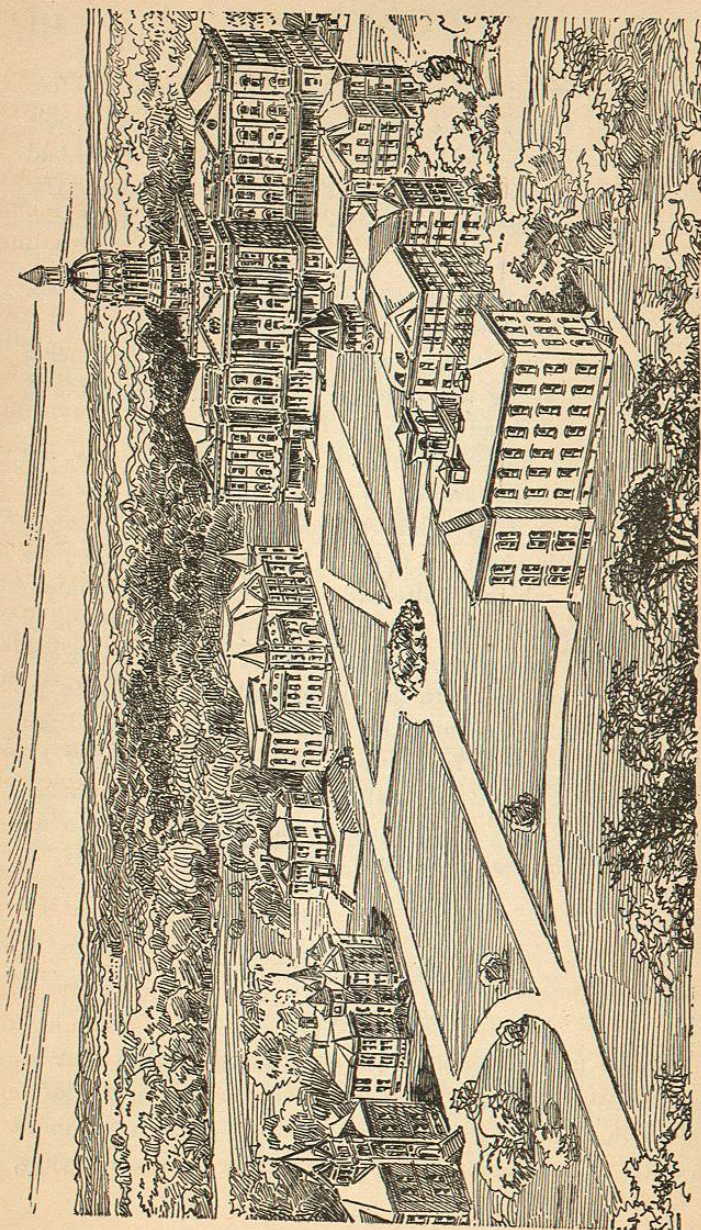
During this last visit, I never renewed my arguments against his quitting the country. I had already said and written all that I had to say on that subject

Besides, our minds were in such a confused state, we scarcely knew what any of us had to expect from the victorious party, or what would become of our whole people. So that in urging him not to leave Louisiana, I argued more from instinct, which revolted at anything like an abandonment of a post of duty, and from a temperament which always sought rather to advance to meet and defy danger, than to turn and avoid it, than from any well-grounded assurance or hope of security for him, or any one else. I felt more anxiety for his reputation, for his fame, than for his life and freedom. His natural instincts would have induced similar views; but his judgment and feelings were overpowered by the reasonings and entreaties of his friends.

HENRY TIMROD.

1829-1867.

HENRY TIMROD was born in Charleston, the son of William Henry Timrod, who was himself a poet, and who in his youth voluntarily apprenticed himself to a book-binder in order to have plenty of books to read. His son Henry,



University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo.

the "blue-eyed Harry" of the father's poem, studied law with the distinguished James Louis Petigru, but never practiced and soon gave it up to prepare himself for a teacher. He spent ten years as private tutor in families, writing at the same time. Some of his poems are found in the "Southern Literary Messenger" with the signature "Aglaüs."

His vacations were spent in Charleston, where he was one of the coterie of young writers whom William Gilmore Simms, like a literary Nestor, gathered about him in his hospitable home. His schoolmate, Paul Hamilton Hayne, was one of these, and their early friendship grew stronger with the passing years.

In 1860, Timrod removed to Columbia, published a volume of poems which were well received North and South, and undertook editorial work. Life seemed fair before him. But ill-health and the war which destroyed his property and blighted his career, soon darkened all his prospects, and after a brave struggle with poverty and sickness, he died of pneumonia.

His poems are singularly free from sadness and bitterness. They have been collected and published with a sketch of his life by his friend, Paul Hamilton Hayne.

WORKS.

Poems.*

Prose Articles in the "South Carolinian."

Of all our poets none stands higher than Henry Timrod. His singing is true and musical, and his thoughts are pure and noble. A tardy recognition seems at last coming to bless his memory, and his poems are in demand. One copy of his little volume recently commanded the price of ten dollars.

* The following extracts are made by permission of Mr. E. J. Hale, formerly of E. J. Hale & Son.

SONNET.

Life ever seems as from its present site
 It aimed to lure us, (Mountains of the past
 It melts, with all their crags and caverns vast,
 Into a purple cloud!) Across the night
 Which hides what is to be, it shoots a light
 All rosy with the yet unrisen dawn.)
 (Not the near daisies, but yon distant height
 Attracts us, lying on this emerald lawn.
 And always, be the landscape what it may—
 Blue, misty hill, or sweep of glimmering plain—
 It is the eye's endeavor still to gain
 The fine, faint limit of the bounding day.
 (God, haply, in this mystic mode, would fain
 Hint of a happier home, far, far away!)

ENGLISH KATIE.

(From Katie.)

It may be through some foreign grace,
 And unfamiliar charm of face;
 It may be that across the foam
 Which bore her from her childhood's home,
 By some strange spell, my Katie brought,
 Along with English creeds and thought—
 Entangled in her golden hair—
 Some English sunshine, warmth, and air!
 I cannot tell,—but here to-day,
 A thousand billowy leagues away
 From that green isle whose twilight skies
 No darker are than Katie's eyes,
 She seems to me, go where she will,
 An English girl in England still!

I meet her on the dusty street,
 And daisies spring about her feet;
 Or, touched to life beneath her tread,
 An English cowslip lifts its head;
 And, as to do her grace, rise up
 The primrose and the buttercup!

I roam with her through fields of cane,
 And seem to stroll an English lane,
 Which, white with blossoms of the May,
 Spreads its green carpet in her way!
 As fancy wills, the path beneath
 Is golden gorse, or purple heath:
 And now we hear in woodlands dim
 Their unarticulated hymn,
 Now walk through rippling waves of wheat,
 Now sink in mats of clover sweet,
 Or see before us from the lawn
 The lark go up to greet the dawn!
 All birds that love the English sky
 Throng round my path when she is by:
 The blackbird from a neighboring thorn
 (With music brims the cup of morn,)
 And in a thick, melodious rain
 The mavis pours her mellow strain!
 But only when my Katie's voice
 Makes all the listening woods rejoice,
 I hear—with cheeks that flush and pale—
 The passion of the nightingale!

HYMN

SUNG AT THE CONSECRATION OF MAGNOLIA CEMETERY,
 CHARLESTON, S. C.

(Whose was the hand that painted thee, O Death!
 In the false aspect of a ruthless foe,
 Despair and sorrow waiting on thy breath,—
 O gentle Power! who could have wronged thee so?)
 Thou rather should'st be crowned with fadeless flowers,
 Of lasting fragrance and celestial hue;
 Or be thy couch amid funereal bowers,
 But let the stars and sunlight sparkle through.
 So, with these thoughts before us, we have fixed
 And beautified, O Death! thy mansion here,
 Where gloom and gladness—grave and garden—mixed,
 Make it a place to love, and not to fear.

Heaven! shed thy most propitious dew around!
 Ye holy stars! look down with tender eyes,
 And gild and guard and consecrate the ground
 Where we may rest, and whence we pray to rise.)

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

1830-1886.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE has been justly called the "Laureate of the South." He was born at Charleston, and being left an orphan by the death of his father, Lieutenant Hayne of the Navy, he was reared and educated by his uncle, Robert Young Hayne. His fortune was ample, but he studied law although he never practised. He became editor of "Russell's Magazine" and a contributor to the "Southern Literary Messenger." His genius and lovely nature made him a favorite with all of his companions, among whom were notably William Gilmore Simms and Henry Timrod.

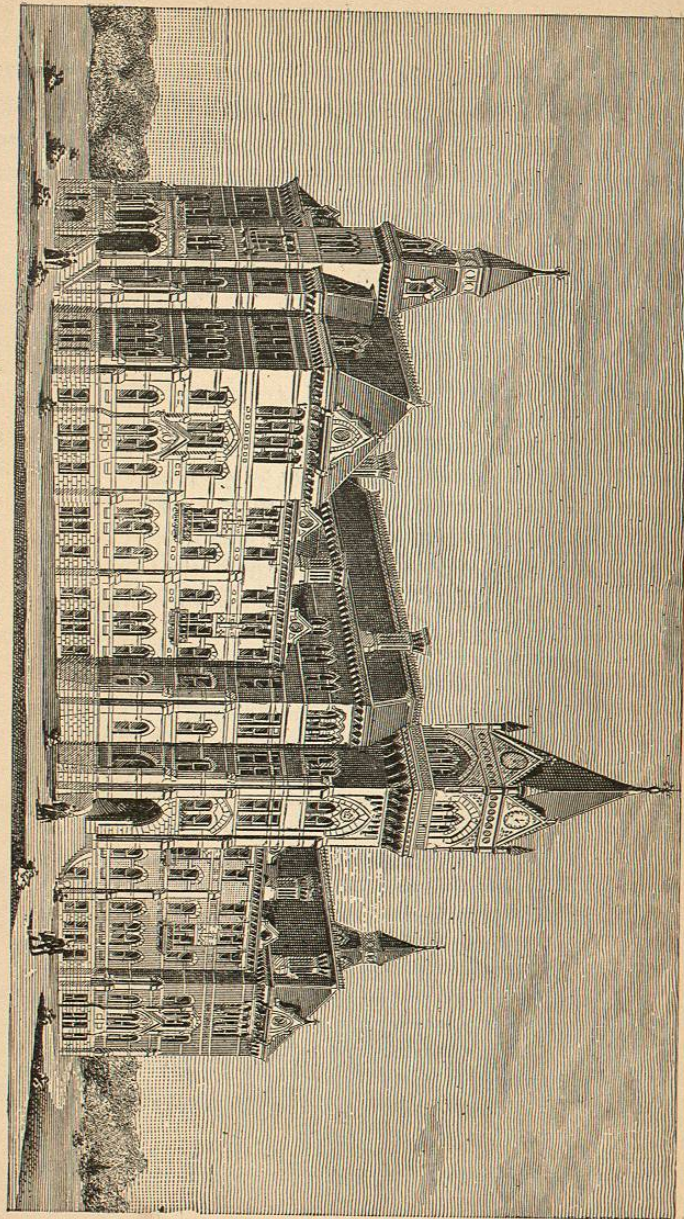
During the Civil War, he served in the Confederate Army; his entire property, the inheritance of several generations, was destroyed in the bombardment of Charleston. From 1865 till his death he resided at "Copse Hill," a small cottage home in the pine hills near Augusta, Georgia, "keeping the wolf from the door only by the point of his pen," dearly honored and loved by all who knew him or his poems.

His son, William H. Hayne, is also a poet of much ability, and has published a volume of "Sylvan Lyrics."

WORKS.

Poems; containing Sonnets, Avolio, Lyrics, Mountain of the Lovers. Preceded by a Sketch of the Poet by Mrs. M. J. Preston (1882).

Life of Robert Young Hayne (1878).
 Life of Hugh Swinton Legaré (1878).



University of Texas (Main Building), Austin, Texas.

"There is no poet in America who has written more lovingly or discriminatingly about nature in her ever varying aspects. We are sure that in his loyal allegiance to her, he is not a whit behind Wordsworth, and we do not hesitate to say that he has often a grace that the old Lake-poet lacks."—Mrs. Preston.

"Hayne has the lyric gift, and his shorter poems have a ring and richness that recall the glories of the Elizabethan period; . . . each shows the same careful and artistic workmanship."—Collier.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

*(At Night.)**(From Poems, 1882.)**

A golden pallor of voluptuous light
 Filled the warm southern night;
 The moon, clear orb'd, above the sylvan scene
 Moved like a stately Queen,
 So rife with conscious beauty all the while,
 What could she do but smile
 At her own perfect loveliness below,
 Glased in the tranquil flow
 Of crystal fountains and unruffled streams?
 Half lost in waking dreams,
 As down the loneliest forest dell I strayed,
 Lo! from a neighboring glade,
 Flashed through the drifts of moonshine, swiftly came
 A fairy shape of flame.
 It rose in dazzling spirals overhead,
 Whence, to wild sweetness wed,
 Poured marvellous melodies, silvery trill on trill;
 The very leaves grew still
 On the charmed trees to hearken; while, for me,
 Heart-thrilled to ecstasy,
 I followed—followed the bright shape that flew,
 Still circling up the blue,

*By permission of the Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston; as also the others following.

Till, as a fountain that has reached its height
 Falls back in sprays of light
 Slowly dissolved, so that enrapturing lay,
 Divinely melts away
 Through tremulous spaces to a music-mist,
 Soon by the fitful breeze
 How gently kissed
 Into remote and tender silences.)

SONNET.—OCTOBER.

The passionate summer's dead! the sky's aglow
 With roseate flushes of matured desire,
 The winds at eve are musical and low,
 As sweeping chords of a lamenting lyre,
 Far up among the pillared clouds of fire,
 Whose pomp of strange procession upward rolls,
 With gorgeous blazonry of pictured scrolls,
 To celebrate the summer's past renown;
 Ah, me! how regally the heavens look down,
 O'ershadowing beautiful autumnal woods
 And harvest fields with hoarded increase brown,
 And deep-toned majesty of golden floods,
 That raise their solemn dirges to the sky,
 To swell the purple pomp that floats h by.

A DREAM OF THE SOUTH WIND.

O fresh, how fresh and fair
 Through the crystal gulfs of air,
 The fairy South Wind floateth on her subtle wings of balm!
 (And the green earth lapped in bliss,
 To the magic of her kiss
 Seems yearning upward fondly through the golden-crested calm.)
 From the distant Tropic strand
 Where the billows, bright and bland,
 Go creeping, curling round the palms with sweet, faint undertune;
 From its fields of purpling flowers
 Still wet with fragrant showers,
 The happy South Wind lingering sweeps the royal blooms of June.

(All heavenly fancies rise
 On the perfume of her sighs,
 Which steep the inmost spirit in a languor rare and fine,
 And a peace more pure than sleep's
 Unto dim half-conscious deeps,
 Transports me, lulled and dreaming, on its twilight tides divine.
 Those dreams! ah, me! the splendor,
 So mystical and tender,
 Wherewith like soft heat lightnings they gird their meaning round,
 And those waters, calling, calling,
 With a nameless charm enthralling,
 Like the ghost of music melting on a rainbow spray of sound!)
 Touch, touch me not, nor wake me,
 Lest grosser thoughts o'ertake me;
 From earth receding faintly with her dreary din and jars—
 What viewless arms caress me?
 What whispered voices bless me,
 With welcomes dropping dew-like from the weird and wondrous
 stars?
 Alas! dim, dim, and dimmer
 Grows the preternatural glimmer
 Of that trance the South Wind brought me on her subtle wings of
 balm,
 For behold! its spirit fieth,
 And its fairy murmur dieth,
 And the silence closing round me is a dull and soulless calm!

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

1830-1886.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE was born at Winchester, Virginia, a younger brother of Philip Pendleton Cooke and son of the eminent jurist, John Rogers Cooke, under whom he made his law studies. He seemed, however, to prefer literature to law, and when he was twenty-four he had already pub-

lished several works. Among them was "Virginia Comedians," a novel of great interest and greater promise.

In 1861 he entered the Confederate service as one of General T. J. Jackson's staff, was transferred to that of General J. E. B. Stuart at the death of Jackson in 1863; and after Stuart's death, he was Inspector-General of the horse artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia till the close of the war.

His novels deal with the life and history of Virginia, the best known of them being "Surry of Eagle's Nest," which is said to be partly autobiographical. They hold well the popular favor. His "Stories of the Old Dominion" are specially interesting to Virginians.

WORKS.

Leather Stocking and Silk.	Youth of Jefferson.
Virginia Comedians.	Ellie.
Last of the Foresters.	Henry St. John, Gentleman, sequel to Virginia Comedians.
Life of Stonewall Jackson.	Wearing of the Gray.
Surry of Eagle's Nest.	Fairfax, or Greenway Court.
Mohun, or the Last Days of Lee and his Paladins.	Hilt to Hilt
Out of the Foam.	Hammer and Rapier [Grant and Lee].
Heir of Gaymount.	Life of R. E. Lee.
Dr. Vandyke.	Her Majesty the Queen.
Pretty Mrs. Gaston, and other Stories.	Canolles.
Professor Pressensee.	Mr. Grantley's Idea.
Virginia Bohemians.	Stories of the Old Dominion.
Virginia: a History of the People.	My Lady Pokahontas.
Maurice Mystery,	

THE RACES IN VIRGINIA, 1765.

(From *Virginia Comedians*.)

The races!

That word always produces a strong effect upon men in the South; and when the day fixed upon for the Jamestown races comes, the country is alive for miles around with persons of all classes and descriptions.

*By permission of D. Appleton and Co., New York.