

her mistress' children, which she was not permitted to give to her own, long, long ago left behind and dead in "ole Varginney." Oh! the wonderful and touching stories of them, and a hundred other things, which she has poured into my infant ears! How well do I remember the marvelous story of the manner in which she obtained religion, of her many and sore conflicts with the powers of darkness, and of her first dawning hopes in that blessed gospel whose richest glory is, that it is preached to the poor, such as she was! From her lips, too, I heard my first ghost-story! Think of that! None of your feeble make-believes of a ghost-story either, carrying infidelity on its face; but a real bona-fide narrative, witnessed by herself, and told with the earnestness of truth itself. How my knees smote together, and my hair stood on end, "so called"—as I stared and startled, and declared again and again with quite a sickly manhood indeed, that *I wasn't scared a bit!*

Perhaps the proudest day of my boyhood was when I was able to present her with a large and flaming red cotton handkerchief, wherewith in turban style she adorned her head. And my satisfaction was complete when my profound erudition enabled me to read for her on Sabbath afternoons that most wonderful of all stories, the Pilgrim's Progress. Nor was it uninstrucive, or a slight tribute to the genius of the immortal tinker—could I but have appreciated it—to observe the varied emotions excited within her breast by the recital of those fearful conflicts by the way, and of the unspeakable glories of the celestial City, within whose portals of pearl I trust her faithful soul has long since entered!

## ALBERT PIKE.

1809—1891.

ALBERT PIKE was born in Boston, but after his twenty-second year made his home in the South. He was a student at Harvard and taught for a while; in 1831, he went to Arkansas, walking, it is said, five hundred miles of the way, as his horse had run away in a storm.

He became an editor and then a lawyer, cultivating letters at the same time, and wrote the "Hymns to the Gods." He served in the Mexican and Civil Wars, with rank in the latter of Brigadier-General in the Confederate army. He afterwards made his home in Washington City, where he at first practised his profession, but later gave his attention mostly to literature and Freemasonry.

## WORKS.

Hymns to the Gods.	Works on Freemasonry.
Prose Sketches and Poems.	Nugae, (including Hymns to the Gods).
Reports of Cases in the Supreme Court of Arkansas.	

The following poem is one of the best on that wonderful bird whose song almost all Southern poets have celebrated. It has a classic ring and reminds one of Keats' Odes on the Nightingale and on a Grecian Urn.

## TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

Thou glorious mocker of the world! I hear  
 Thy many voices ringing through the glooms  
 Of these green solitudes; and all the clear,  
 Bright joyance of their song enthralls the ear,  
 And floods the heart. Over the sphe èd tombs



Of vanished nations rolls thy music-tide ;  
 (No light from History's starlit page illumes  
 The memory of these nations); they have died :  
 None care for them but thou ; and thou mayst sing  
 O'er me, perhaps, as now thy clear notes ring  
 Over their bones by whom thou once wast deified.

Glad scorner of all cities ! Thou dost leave  
 The world's mad turmoil and incessant din,  
 Where none in other's honesty believe,  
 Where the old sigh, the young turn gray and grieve,  
 Where misery gnaws the maiden's heart within :  
 Thou fleest far into the dark green woods,  
 Where, with thy flood of music, thou canst win  
 Their heart to harmony, and where intrudes  
 No discord on thy melodies. (Oh, where,  
 Among the sweet musicians of the air,  
 Is one so dear as thou to these old solitudes ?)

Ha ! what a burst was that ! The Æolian strain  
 Goes floating through the tangled passages  
 Of the still woods, and now it comes again,  
 A multitudinous melody,—like a rain  
 Of glassy music under echoing trees,  
 Close by a ringing lake. It wraps the soul  
 With a bright harmony of happiness,  
 Even as a gem is wrapped when round it roll  
 Thin waves of crimson flame ; till we become  
 With the excess of perfect pleasure, dumb,  
 And pant like a swift runner clinging to the goal.

I cannot love the man who doth not love,  
 As men love light, the song of happy birds ;  
 For the first visions that my boy-heart wove  
 To fill its sleep with, were that I did rove  
 Through the fresh woods, what time the snowy herds  
 Of morning clouds shrunk from the advancing sun  
 Into the depths of Heaven's blue heart, as words  
 From the Poet's lips float gently, one by one,  
 And vanish in the human heart ; and then  
 I revelled in such songs, and sorrowed when,  
 With noon-heat overwrought, the music-gush was done.

I would, sweet bird, that I might live with thee,  
 Amid the eloquent grandeur of these shades,  
 Alone with nature,—but it may not be ;  
 (I have to struggle with the stormy sea  
 Of human life until existence fades  
 Into death's darkness.) Thou wilt sing and soar  
 Through the thick woods and shadow-checked glades,  
 While pain and sorrow cast no dimness o'er  
 The brilliance of thy heart ; but I must wear,  
 As now, my garments of regret and care,—  
 As penitents of old their galling sackcloth wore.

Yet why complain ? (What though fond hopes deferred  
 Have overshadowed Life's green paths with gloom ?)  
 Content's soft music is not all unheard ;  
 (There is a voice sweeter than thine, sweet bird,  
 To welcome me within my humble home ;  
 There is an eye, with love's devotion bright,  
 The darkness of existence to illumine.)  
 Then why complain ? (When Death shall cast his blight  
 Over the spirit, my cold bones shall rest  
 Beneath these trees ; and, from thy swelling breast,  
 Over them pour thy song, like a rich flood of light.)

## WILLIAM TAPPAN THOMPSON.

1812—1882.

WILLIAM TAPPAN THOMPSON was a native of Ravenna, Ohio, the first white child born in the Western Reserve. He removed to Georgia in 1835, and became with Judge A. B. Longstreet editor of the "States Rights Sentinel" at Augusta. He was subsequently editor of several other papers, in one of which, the "Miscellany," appeared his famous humorous "Letters of Major Jones."

From 1845 to 1850 he lived in Baltimore, editor with Park Benjamin of the "Western Continent ;" but he returned to



Georgia and established in Savannah the "Morning News" with which he was connected till his death.

He served in the Confederate cause as aide to Gov. Joseph E. Brown, and later as a volunteer in the ranks.

## WORKS.

Major Jones's Courtship.  
Major Jones's Chronicles of Pineville.  
Major Jones's Sketches of Travel.

The Live Indian: a Farce.  
John's Alive, and other Sketches, edited  
by his daughter.  
*Dramatized* The Vicar of Wakefield.

The titles of these books describe their contents, and the following extract gives their style. The scenes are laid in Georgia; and even when Major Jones travels, he remains a Georgian still.

## MAJOR JONES'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT TO MARY STALLINGS.

(From *Major Jones's Courtship*.)

They all agreed they would hang up a bag for me to put Miss Mary's Crismus present in, on the back porch; and about ten o'clock I told 'em good-evenin' and went home.

I sot up till midnight, and when they wos all gone to bed, I went softly into the back gate, and went up to the porch, and thar, shore enough, was a great big meal-bag hangin' to the jice. It was monstrous unhandy to git to it, but I was termined not to back out. So I sot some chairs on top of a bench, and got hold of the rope, and let myself down into the bag; but jist as I was gittin in, it swung agin the chairs, and down they went with a terrible racket; but nobody din't wake up but Miss Stallinses old cur dog, and here he come rippin and tearin through the yard like rath, and round and round he went, tryin to find out what was the matter. I scrooch'd down in the bag, and didn't breathe

\* By permission of T. B. Peterson and Brothers, Philadelphia.

louder nor a kitten, for fear he'd find me out; and after a while he quit barkin.

The wind begun to blow bominable cold, and the old bag kept turnin round and swingin so it made me sea-sick as the mischief. I was afraid to move for fear the rope would break and let me fall, and thar I sot with my teeth rattlin like I had a ager. It seemed like it would never come daylight, and I do believe if I didn't love Miss Mary so powerful I would froze to death; for my heart was the only spot that felt warm, and it didn't beat more'n two licks a minit, only when I thought how she would be supprised in the mornin, and then it went in a canter. Bimeby the cussed old dog came up on the porch and begun to smell about the bag, and then he barked like he thought he'd treed something.

"Bow! wow! wow!" ses he. Then he'd smell agin, and try to git up to the bag. "Git out!" ses I, very low, for fear the galls mought hear me. "Bow! wow!" ses he. "Begone! you bominable fool!" ses I, and I felt all over in spots, for I spected every minit he'd nip me, and what made it worse, I didn't know wharabouts he'd take hold. "Bow! wow! wow!" Then I tried coaxin—"Come here, good feller," ses I, and whistled a little to him, but it wasn't no use. Thar he stood, and kep up his everlastin barkin and whinin, all night. I couldn't tell when daylight was breakin, only by the chickens crowin, and I was monstrous glad to hear 'em, for if I'd had to stay thar one hour more, I don't believe I'd ever got out of that bag alive.

Old Miss Stallins come out fust, and as soon as she seed the bag, ses she: "What upon yeath has Joseph went and put in that bag for Mary? I'll lay it's a yearlin or some live animal, or Bruin wouldn't bark at it so."

She went in to call the galls, and I sot thar, shiverin all over so I couldn't hardly speak if I tried to,—but I didn't say nothin. Bimeby they all come runnin out on the porch.



"My goodness! what is it?" ses Miss Mary.

"Oh, it's alive!" ses Miss Kesiah. "I seed it move."

"Call Cato, and make him cut the rope," ses Miss Carline, "and let's see what it is. Come here, Cato, and get this bag down."

"Don't hurt it for the world," ses Miss Mary.

Cato untied the rope that was round the jice, and let the bag down easy on the floor, and I tumbled out, all covered with corn-meal from head to foot.

"Goodness gracious!" ses Miss Mary, "if it ain't the Majer himself!"

"Yes," ses I, "and you know you promised to keep my Crismus present as long as you lived."

The galls laughed themselves almost to death, and went to brushin off the meal as fast as they could, sayin they was gwine to hang that bag up every Crismus till they got husbands too. Miss Mary—bless her bright eyes!—she blushed as beautiful as a mornin-glory, and sed she'd stick to her word. . . . I do believe if I was froze stiff, one look at her sweet face, as she stood thar lookin down to the floor with her roguish eyes, and her bright curls fallin all over her snowy neck, would have fotched me to. I tell you what, it was worth hangin in a meal bag from one Crismus to another to feel as happy as I have ever sense.

### JAMES BARRON HOPE.

1827-1887

JAMES BARRON HOPE was born near Norfolk, Virginia, educated at William and Mary College, and began the practice of law at Hampton. In 1857 he wrote the poem for the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settle-

ment of Jamestown, and in 1858 an Ode for the dedication of the Washington Monument at Richmond. He also wrote poems for the "Southern Literary Messenger," as *Henry Ellen*. In 1861 he entered the Confederate service and fought through the war as captain. Afterwards he settled in Norfolk to the practice of his profession. His best poems are considered to be "Arms and the Man," and "Memorial Ode," the latter written for the laying of the corner-stone of the Lee Monument in Richmond, 1887, just before his death.

#### WORKS.

Leoni di Monota, [poems].  
Elegiac Ode and other Poems.

Under the Empire, [novel].  
Arms and the Man, and other Poems.

#### THE VICTORY AT YORKTOWN.

(From *Arms and the Man*.)

A Metrical Address recited on the one hundredth anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, on invitation of the United States Congress, October 19, 1881.

#### PROLOGUE.

Full-burnished through the long-revolving years  
The ploughshare of a Century to-day  
Runs peaceful furrows where a crop of Spears  
Once stood in War's array.

And we, like those who on the Trojan plain  
See hoary secrets wrenched from upturned sods;—  
Who, in their fancy, hear resound again  
The battle-cry of Gods;—

We now,—this splendid scene before us spread  
Where Freedom's full hexameter began—  
Restore our Epic, which the Nations read  
As far its thunders ran.

\* By permission of Mrs. Jane Barron Hope Marr.



Here visions throng on People and on Bard,  
Ranks all a-glitter in battalions massed  
And closed around as like a plumed guard,  
They lead us down the Past.

I see great Shapes in vague confusion march  
Like giant shadows, moving vast and slow,  
Beneath some torch-lit temple's mighty arch  
Where long processions go.

I see these Shapes before me all unfold,  
But ne'er can fix them on the lofty wall,  
Nor tell them, save as she of Endor told  
What she beheld to Saul.

## WASHINGTON AND LEE.

(From Memorial Ode.)

Our history is a shining sea  
Locked in by lofty land,  
And its great Pillars of Hercules,  
Above the shifting sand  
I here behold in majesty  
Uprising on each hand.

These Pillars of our history,  
In fame forever young,  
Are known in every latitude  
And named in every tongue,  
And down through all the Ages  
Their story shall be sung.

The Father of his Country  
Stands above that shut-in sea,  
A glorious symbol to the world  
Of all that's great and free;  
And to-day Virginia matches him—  
And matches him with Lee.

## JAMES WOOD DAVIDSON.

1829—.

JAMES WOOD DAVIDSON was born in Newberry County, South Carolina, and educated at South Carolina College, Columbia. He taught at Winnsboro and at Columbia until the opening of the war, when he enlisted as a volunteer in the Army of Northern Virginia, and served throughout the great struggle. After the war he taught again in Columbia till 1871. Then he removed to Washington and in 1873 to New York, where he engaged in literary and journalistic work. He has also lived in Florida and represented Dade County in the State Legislature. He is now living in Washington City.

## WORKS.

Living Writers of the South, (1869).	School History of South Carolina.
The Correspondent.	Bell of Doom, [a poem].
Poetry of the Future.	Florida of To-day.
Dictionary of Southern Authors, [un- finished].	Helen of Troy, [a romance of ancient Greece; unfinished.]

Dr. Davidson's "Living Writers of the South" has made his name well known as a critic and student of literature, and his labors in behalf of Southern letters entitle him to high regard.

## THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE POETICAL.

(From Poetry of the Future.\*)

The relation between the Beautiful and Beauty on the one hand, and the Poetical and Poetry on the other, has generally been seen, when seen at all, vaguely; that is to say, seen as the Beautiful and the Poetical themselves have been seen—"in a mirror darkly." This indistinctness seems

\* By permission of the author.



to have grown out of the faulty views of nature taken by the speculators.

In brief, then, Nature is an effect—a product—of a Power lying behind or above it; and it stands, accordingly, to that Power in the relation of an effect to a cause. That cause we shall describe as Spiritual; the effect, as Natural. The Natural, or Nature, is the material Universe embracing the three kingdoms, known as mineral, vegetable, and animal.

Such being the case, everything in nature is a correspondent of some thing—is expressive of and consequently representative and exponential of something—above it or behind it; and that something is an idea—a thing not material. It follows, then, that every object in nature has real character in itself as a representative of an idea; just as, say, an anchor is representative of hope, a heart, of love, an olive branch, of peace, and a ring, of marriage.

We next come to consider the percipient mind. Men's minds have limited and imperfect faculties and capabilities. That which is good, or true, or beautiful, to one mind can hardly be the same in the same way and degree to any other mind. It is true—as some writers have stated, but none seems willing to push the propositions to their legitimate conclusions—that the Good and the Beautiful are true, the Beautiful and the True are good, and the True and the Good are beautiful. We wish to accept the propositions in their most comprehensive scope and with all their legitimate consequences.

Let us note, at this point, the fact, obvious enough but generally overlooked, that in perception the result depends far more upon the percipient mind than upon the object perceived. To a ploughboy, a pebble is an insignificant thing, suggestive possibly of some discomfort in walking,

and fit only to shy at a bird, may be; but to the geologist it appears worthy a volume, and speaks to him of strata may be a million of years old, of glacial attrition, of volcanic action, of chemical constituents, of mineralogical principles, and crystallogenic attraction, of mathematical laws and geometric angles, and of future geognostic changes. That is to say, the pebble contracts and expands, as it were, with the faculties and the prejudices of the person—of the mind—that sees it.

Or, again: The crescent moon is visible in the clear sky. *A* sees a bright convenience which enables him to walk better—not so good a light as the full moon would be, but valuable as far as it goes. *B* sees a lovely luminary to light him to his lady-love, a hallowed eye half shut that watches with protecting radiance over her slumbers. *C* reckons the intervening 238,000 miles, its diameter of 2,162.3 miles, and his mind busies itself with orbits, radii, ellipses, eclipses, azimuth, parallax, sidereal periods, satellite inclinations, and synodic revolutions. *D*, with a turn for symbols and history, sees in it something of the “ornaments like the moon” that Gideon captured from the Sheikhs Zebah and Zalmunna, something of Byzantine siege, Ottoman ensign, the Crusades, the Knighthood of Selim, the battle of Tours, and the city of New Orleans.

The Beautiful . . . . . is a relation between the man that sees and the object seen. A perfectly harmonious relation brings perfect beauty.

The Poetical . . . . . is the beautiful; and this may be expressed either in prose or in poetry.

Poetry, more closely defined, is the poetical expressed in rhythmical language.



## CHARLES COLCOCK JONES, JR.

1831-1893.

CHARLES COLCOCK JONES, JR., was born at Savannah, Georgia, and made his literary fame by special study of the history of Georgia and the life of the Southern Indians. He was by profession a lawyer, was colonel of artillery in the Confederate Army, and from 1865 to 1877 lived and practised law in New York City. Since 1877 his home was "Montrose" near Augusta, Georgia, where he left a fine library and large collections of Indian curiosities and of portraits and autographs. His style is full and flowing, and the following list shows his great activity with his pen.

## WORKS.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| Indian Remains in Southern Georgia.                       | History of Georgia.   |
| Ancient Tumuli and Structures in Georgia.                 | Sketch of Tomo-chi-chi.   |
| Dead Towns of Georgia.                                    | Antiquities of the Southern Indians.  |
| Last Days of Gen. Henry Lee.                              | Life of Jasper: of Tatnall: of De Soto:   |
| Life, Labors, and Neglected Grave of Richard Henry Wilde. | of Purry: of Jenkins: of Habersham: of Gen. Robert Toombs: of Elbert: of John Percival.         |
| Negro Myths from the Georgia Coast.                       | Addresses to Confederate Association, and Historical Society, and on Greene, Pulaski, Stephens. |
| Histories of Savannah and Augusta.                        |   |
| English Colonization of Georgia.                          |   |
| <i>Edited his father's works.</i>                         |   |

Colonel Jones is the most prolific author that Georgia has produced and his works place him at the head of her historical writers.

## SALZBURGER SETTLEMENT IN GEORGIA.

*(From History of Georgia.\*)*

During the four years commencing in 1729 and ending in 1732, more than thirty thousand Salzburger, impelled by

\* By permission of Mr. Charles Edgeworth Jones.

the fierce persecutions of Leopold, abandoned their homes in the broad valley of the Salza, and sought refuge in Prussia, Holland, and England, where their past sufferings and present wants enlisted the profound sympathy of Protestant communities. In the public indignation engendered by their unjustifiable and inhuman treatment, and in the general desire to alleviate their sufferings, Oglethorpe and the trustees fully shared. An asylum in Georgia was offered.

Forty-two men with their families, numbering in all seventy-eight souls, set out on foot for Rotterdam. They came from the town of Berchtolsgrad and its vicinity.

On the 2d of December they embarked for England. On the 8th of January, 1734 (O. S.), having a favorable wind, they departed in the ship *Purisburg* for Savannah.

Upon the return of Mr. Oglethorpe and the commissary, Baron Von Reck, [sent to examine the site of the new colony] to Savannah, nine able-bodied Salzburger were dispatched, by the way of Abercorn, to Ebenezer, to cut down trees and erect shelters for the new colonists. On the 7th of April the rest of the emigrants arrived, and, with the blessing of the good Mr. Bolzius, entered at once upon the task of clearing land, constructing bridges, building shanties, and preparing a road-way to Abercorn. Wild honey found in a hollow tree greatly refreshed them, and parrots and partridges made them "a very good dish." Upon the sandy soil they fixed their hopes for a generous yield of peas and potatoes. To the "black, fat, and heavy" land they looked for all sorts of corn. From the clayey soil they purposed manufacturing bricks and earthenware.



On the first of May lots were drawn upon which houses were to be erected in the town of Ebenezer. The day following, the hearts of the people were rejoiced by the coming of ten cows and calves,—sent as a present from the magistrates of Savannah in obedience to Mr. Oglethorpe's orders. Ten casks "full of all Sorts of Seeds" arriving from Savannah set these pious people to praising God for all his loving kindnesses. Commiserating their poverty, the Indians gave them deer, and their English neighbors taught them how to brew a sort of beer made of molasses, sassafras, and pine tops. Poor Lackner dying, by common consent the little money he left was made the "Beginning of a Box for the Poor."

By appointment, Monday, the 13th of May, was observed by the congregation as a season of thanksgiving.

Of the town of Savannah, the Baron Von Reck favors us with the following impressions: "I went to view this rising Town, *Savannah*, seated upon the Banks of a River of the same Name. The Town is regularly laid out, divided into four Wards, in each of which is left a spacious Square for holding of Markets and other publick Uses. The Streets are all straight, and the Houses are all of the same Model and Dimensions, and well contrived for Conveniency. For the Time it has been built it is very populous, and its Inhabitants are all White People. And indeed the Blessing of God seems to have gone along with this Undertaking, for here we see Industry honored and Justice strictly executed, and Luxury and Idleness banished from this happy Place where Plenty and Brotherly Love seem to make their Abode, and where the good Order of a Nightly Watch restrains the Disorderly and makes the Inhabitants sleep secure in the midst of a Wilderness.

There is laid out near the Town, by order of the Trustees, a Garden for making Experiments for the Improving Botany and Agriculture; it contains 10 Acres and lies upon the River; and it is cleared and brought into such Order that there is already a fine Nursery of Oranges, Olives, white Mulberries, Figs, Peaches, and many curious Herbs: besides which there are Cabbages, Peas, and other European Pulse and Plants which all thrive. Within the Garden there is an artificial Hill, said by the Indians to be raised over the Body of one of their ancient Emperors.

I had like to have forgot one of the best Regulations made by the Trustees for the Government of the Town of *Savannah*. I mean the utter Prohibition of the Use of Rum, that flattering but deceitful Liquor which has been found equally pernicious to the Natives and new Comers, which seldoms fails by Sickness or Death to draw after it its own Punishment."

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MARY VIRGINIA TERHUNE.

ca. 1831—.

MRS. TERHUNE, better known as "Marion Harland," was born in Amelia County, Virginia, where her father, Samuel P. Hawes, a merchant from Massachusetts, had made his home. She began writing at the early age of fourteen. In 1856, she was married to Rev. E. P. Terhune and since 1859 has lived in the North. Her novels, dealing chiefly with Southern life, are very popular and have made her well known North and South. "The Story of Mary Washington" was written in order to aid the enterprise for a monument to the mother of Washington, which was happily consummated May 10, 1894, by its unveiling at Frede-