

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.

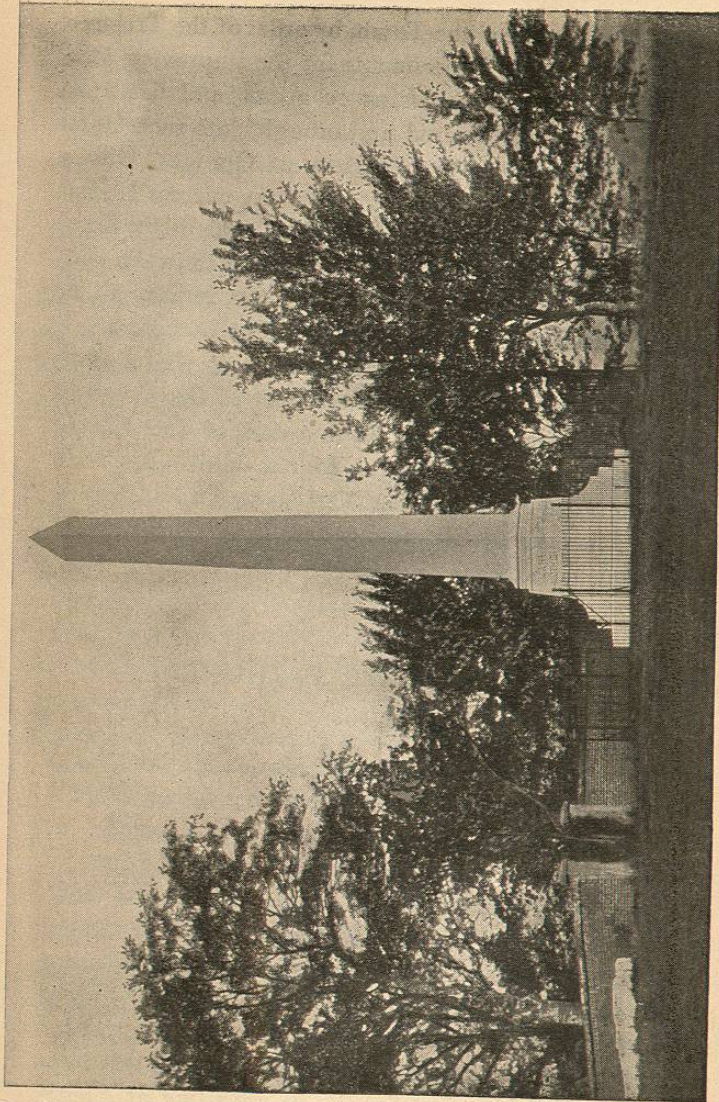
I had like to have forgot one of the best Regulations made by the Trustees for the Government of the Town of *Savannah*. I mean the utter Prohibition of the Use of Rum, that flattering but deceitful Liquor which has been found equally pernicious to the Natives and new Comers, which seldoms fails by Sickness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

14

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-



Mary Washington Monument, Fredericksburg, Va.

ricksburg, on which occasion Mrs. Terhune was present, an honored guest.

WORKS.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Alone. | Miriam. |
| Moss Side. | Husks. |
| Nemesis. | Sunnybank. |
| Husbands and Homes. | Christmas Holly. |
| Helen Gardner's Wedding-Day. | Phemie's Temptation. |
| Ruby's Husband. | Common Sense in the Household. |
| At Last. | Eve's Daughters. |
| Empty Heart. | A Gallant Fight. |
| Judith; a Chronicle of Old Virginia. | Story of Mary Washington. |
| Hidden Path. | |

LETTER DESCRIBING MARY [BALL] WASHINGTON WHEN A YOUNG GIRL.

(From *Story of Mary Washington*.)

"WMSBURG, ye 7th of Octr, 1722.

"*Dear Sukey*, Madam Ball of Lancaster and Her Sweet Molly have gone Hom. Mamma thinks Molly the Comliest Maiden She Knows. She is about 16 yrs old, is taller than Me, is very Sensable, Modest and Loving. Her Hair is like unto Flax, Her Eyes are the color of Yours, and her Chekes are like May blossoms. I wish you could see her."

We do seem to see her in lingering over the portrait done in miniature in colors that are fresh to this day. It is, as if in exploring a catacomb, we had happened upon a fair chamber adorned with a frescoed portrait of a girl-princess of a legendary age. Romancist and biographer are one as we study the picture line by line. The brush was dipped in the limner's heart and wrought passing well.

MADAM WASHINGTON AT THE PEACE BALL.

(From the *Same*.)

Her only public appearance as the hero's mother was at the Peace Ball given in Fredericksburg during the visit of

* By permission of author and publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Washington to that town. With all her majestic self-command, she did not disguise the pleasure with which she received the special request of the managers that she would honor the occasion with her presence. There was even a happy flutter in the playful rejoinder that "her dancing days were pretty well over, but that if her coming would contribute to the general pleasure she would attend."

A path was opened from the foot to the top of the hall as they appeared in the doorway, and "every head was bowed in reverence." It must have been the proudest moment of her life, but she bore herself with perfect composure then, and after her son, seating her in an armchair upon the dais reserved for distinguished guests, faced the crowd in prideful expectancy that all his friends would seek to know his mother. She had entered the hall at eight o'clock, and for two hours held court, the most distinguished people there pressing eagerly forward to be presented to her. From her slightly elevated position, she could, without rising, overlook the floor, and watched with quiet pleasure the dancers, among them the kingly figure of the Commander-in-Chief, who led a Fredericksburg matron through a minuet.

At ten o'clock, she signed to him to approach, and rose to take his arm, saying in her clear soft voice, "Come, George, it is time for old folks to be at home." Smiling a good-night to all, she walked down the room, as erect in form and as steady in gait as any dancer there.

One of the French officers exclaimed aloud, as she disappeared:

"If such are the matrons of America, she may well boast of illustrious sons!"

Lafayette's report of his interview to his friends at Mt. Vernon was: "I have seen the only Roman matron living at this day!"

AUGUSTA EVANS WILSON.

1835—.

MRS. WILSON was born at Columbus, Georgia, but early removed to Mobile, Alabama. Her first novel was "Inez: a Tale of the Alamo," published in 1855. She was married to Mr. L. M. Wilson of Mobile in 1868, and they had a delightful suburban home at Spring Hill. Since Mr. Wilson's death, she resides in Mobile. Her novels, especially "St Elmo," have made a great sensation in the reading world: they evince great ability and learning. See Miss Rutherford's "American Authors."

WORKS.

Inez: a Tale of the Alamo.
Macaria.
Vashti.
At the Mercy of Tiberius.

Beulah.
St. Elmo.
Infelice.

"*St. Elmo* contains a description of that marvel of oriental architecture, the Taj Mahal at Agra in India,—a marble tomb erected to perpetuate the name of Noormahal, whom Tom Moore has immortalized in his "Lalla Rookh." A recent traveller visiting Agra in 1891 writes that he was surprised to find a Parsee boy almost in the shadow of the Taj Mahal reading a copy of the London edition of Mrs. Wilson's *Vashti*. Her style has been severely criticised as pedantic, but certainly this charge may with equal justice be brought against George Meredith, Bulwer, and George Eliot, and it is well established that Mrs. Wilson's books have in many instances stimulated her young readers to study history, mythology, and the sciences, from which she so frequently draws her illustrations." —Miss Rutherford.

A LEARNED AND INTERESTING CONVERSATION.

*(From St. Elmo.)**

Edna had risen to leave the room when the master of the house entered, but at his request resumed her seat and continued reading.

After searching the shelves unavailingly, he glanced over his shoulder and asked :

"Have you seen my copy of De Guérin's Centaur anywhere about the house? I had it a week ago."

"I beg your pardon, sir, for causing such a fruitless search; here is the book. I picked it up on the front steps where you were reading a few evenings since, and it opened at a passage that attracted my attention."

She closed the volume and held it toward him, but he waved it back.

"Keep it if it interests you. I have read it once, and merely wished to refer to a particular passage. Can you guess what sentence most frequently recurs to me? If so, read it to me."

He drew a chair close to the hearth and lighted his cigar.

Hesitatingly Edna turned the leaves.

"I am afraid, sir, that my selection will displease you."

"I will risk it, as, notwithstanding your flattering opinion to the contrary, I am not altogether so unreasonable as to take offense at a compliance with my own request."

Still she shrank from the task he imposed, and her fingers toyed with the scarlet fuchias; but after eyeing her for a while, he leaned forward and pushed the glass bowl beyond her reach.

"Edna, I am waiting."

*By permission of the author, and of the publisher, G. W. Dillingham, N. Y.

"Well, then, Mr. Murray, I should think that these two passages would impress you with peculiar force."

Raising the book, she read with much emphasis :

"Thou pursuest after wisdom, O Melampus! which is the science of the will of the gods; and thou roamest from people to people, like a mortal driven by the destinies. In the times when I kept my night-watches before the caverns, I have sometimes believed that I was about to surprise the thoughts of the sleeping Cybele, and that the mother of the gods, betrayed by her dreams, would let fall some of her secrets. But I have never yet made out more than sounds which faded away in the murmur of night, or words inarticulate as the bubbling of the rivers.'

'Seekest thou to know the gods, O Macareus! and from what source, men, animals, and elements of the universal fire have their origin? The aged ocean, the father of all things, keeps locked within his own breast these secrets; and the nymphs who stand around sing as they weave their eternal dance before him, to cover any sound which might escape from his lips, half opened by slumber. Mortals dear to the gods for their virtue have received from their hands lyres to give delight to man, or the seeds of new plants to make him rich, but from their inexorable lips—nothing!'

"Mr. Murray, am I correct in my conjecture?"

"Quite correct," he answered, smiling grimly.

Taking the book from her hand he threw it on the table, and tossed his cigar into the grate, adding in a defiant, challenging tone :

"The mantle of Solomon did not fall at Le Cayla on the shoulders of Maurice de Guérin. After all he was a wretched hypochondriac, and a tinge of *le cahier vert* doubtless crept into his eyes."

"Do you forget, sir, that he said, 'When one is a wanderer, one feels that one fulfils the true condition of humanity?' and that among his last words are these, 'The stream of travel is full of delight. Oh! who will set me adrift on this Nile?'"

"Pardon me if I remind you, *(par parenthèse)*, of the preliminary and courteous *En garde!* which should be pronounced before a thrust. De Guérin felt starved in Languedoc, and no wonder! But had he penetrated every nook and cranny of the habitable globe, and traversed the vast zaarahs which science accords the universe, he would have died at last as hungry as Ugolino. I speak advisedly; for the true Io gad-fly, *ennui*, has stung me from hemisphere to hemisphere, across tempestuous oceans, scorching deserts, and icy mountain ranges. I have faced alike the bourrans of the steppes, and the Samieli of Shamo, and the result of my vandal life is best epitomized in those grand but grim words of Bossuet: '*On trouve au fond du tout le vide et le néant!*' Nineteen years ago, to satisfy my hunger, I set out to hunt the daintiest food this world could furnish, and, like other fools, have learned finally, that life is but a huge mellow golden Ösher, that mockingly sifts its bitter dust upon our eager lips. Ah! truly, *on trouve au fond du tout le vide et le néant!*"

"Mr. Murray, if you insist upon your bitter Ösher simile, why shut your eyes to the palpable analogy suggested? Naturalists assert that the Solanum, or apple of Sodom, contains in its normal state neither dust nor ashes; unless it is punctured by an insect, (the Tenthredo), which converts the whole of the inside into dust, leaving nothing but the rind entire, without any loss of color. Human life is as fair and tempting as the fruit of 'Ain Jidy,' till stung and poisoned by the Tenthredo of sin."

All conceivable *suaviter in modo* characterized his mocking countenance and tone, as he inclined his haughty head and asked:

"Will you favor me by lifting on the point of your dissecting knife this stinging sin of mine to which you refer? The noxious brood swarm so teasingly about my ears that they deprive me of your cool, clear, philosophic discrimination. Which particular Tenthredo of the buzzing swarm around my spoiled apple of life would you advise me to select for my *anathema maranatha?*"

"Of your history, sir, I am entirely ignorant; and even if I were not, I should not presume to levy a tax upon it in discussions with you; for, however vulnerable you may possibly be, I regard an *argumentum ad hominem* as the weakest weapon in the armory of dialectics—a weapon too often dipped in the venom of personal malevolence. I merely gave expression to my belief that miserable useless lives are sinful lives."

DANIEL BEDINGER LUCAS.

1836—.

DANIEL BEDINGER LUCAS is a native of Charlestown, West Virginia, and has reputation as a lawyer, orator, and judge. He was a soldier in the Confederate Army and wrote his fine and best known poem, "The Land Where We Were Dreaming," in 1865. He has served in the State Legislature. His sister was also a poet and her verses are included in the "Wreath of Eglantine."

WORKS.

Memoir of John Yates Bell,
Maid of Northumberland.

Ballads and Madrigals.
Wreath of Eglantine, and other Poems.

THE LAND WHERE WE WERE DREAMING.

*(From The Land We Love.)**

Fair were our nation's visions, and as grand
 As ever floated out of fancy-land;
 Children were we in simple faith,
 But god-like children, whom nor death
 Nor threat of danger drove from honor's path—
 In the land where we were dreaming.

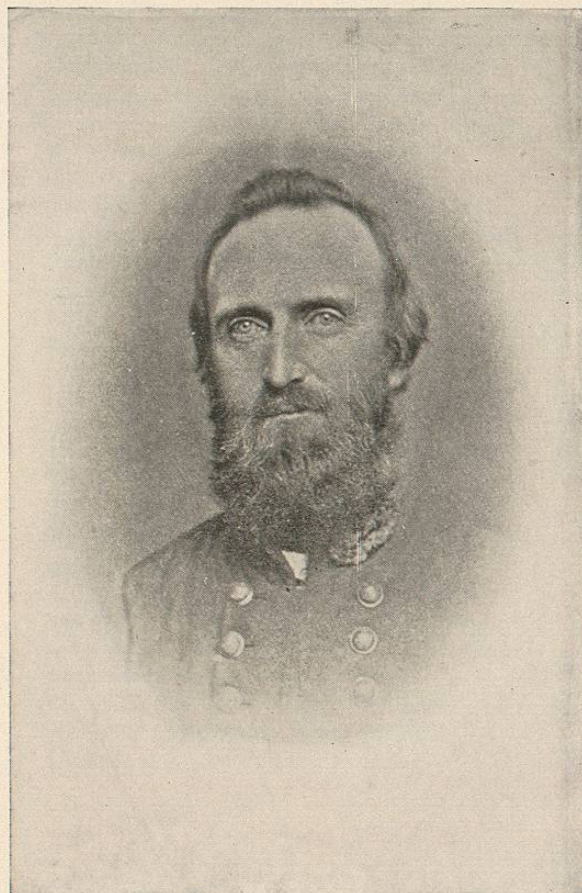
Proud were our men as pride of birth could render,
 As violets our women pure and tender;
 And when they spoke, their voices' thrill
 At evening hushed the whip-poor-will,
 At morn the mocking-bird was mute and still,
 In the land where we were dreaming.

And we had graves that covered more of glory
 Than ever taxed the lips of ancient story;
 And in our dream we wove the thread
 Of principles for which had bled
 And suffered long our own immortal dead,
 In the land where we were dreaming.

Our sleep grew troubled, and our dreams grew wild;
 Red meteors flashed across our heaven's field,
 Crimson the moon, between the Twins
 Barbed arrows flew in circling lanes
 Of light, red comets tossed their fiery manes
 O'er the land where we were dreaming.

A figure came among us as we slept—
 At first he knelt, then slowly rose and wept;
 Then gathering up a thousand spears,
 He swept across the field of Mars,
 Then bowed farewell, and walked among the stars,
 From the land where we were dreaming.

*By permission of the author.



*J. G. Jackson,
 J. F. Spauld.*

We looked again—another figure still
 Gave hope, and nerved each individual will;
 Erect he stood, as clothed with power,
 Self-poised, he seemed to rule the hour
 With firm, majestic sway—of strength a tower—
 In the land where we were dreaming.

As, while great Jove, in bronze, a warder god,
 Gazed eastward from the Forum where he stood,
 Rome felt herself secure and free—
 So, Richmond! we on guard for thee,
 Beheld a bronzed hero, god-like Lee,
 In the land where we were dreaming.

Woe! woe is us! the startled mothers cried;
 While we have slept, our noble sons have died.
 Woe! woe is us! how strange and sad,
 That all our glorious visions fled
 Have left us nothing real but our dead
 In the land where we were dreaming.

“And are they really dead, our martyred slain?”
 No, dreamers! Morn shall bid them rise again
 From every plain, from every height
 On which they seemed to die for right;
 Their gallant spirits shall renew the fight
 In the land where we were dreaming.

JAMES RYDER RANDALL.

1839—.

JAMES RYDER RANDALL was born in Baltimore, and his fame rests upon his stirring war-song, “Maryland, my Maryland,” which has been called the “Marseillaise of the Confederacy.” It was written in 1861 and set by Mrs.

Burton Harrison to the tune of the old college song "Lauriger Horatius," on the wings of which it quickly flew all over the South.

His profession is that of an editor, and his delicate health has compelled his residence in a warmer latitude than his native city, in Louisiana and Georgia.

WORKS.

Fugitive Poems :	Arlington,
Maryland, My Maryland,	Cameo Bracelet, and others.
Sole Sentry,	

MY MARYLAND.

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!
My Mother-State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Dear Mother! burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain,—
"Sic semper!" 'tis the proud refrain,
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!
Arise in majesty again,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng
Walking with Liberty along,
And chant thy dauntless slogan-song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
 Maryland!
 Thou wilt not crook to his control,
 Maryland!
 Better the fire upon thee roll,
 Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
 Than crucifixion of the soul,
 Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder-hum,
 Maryland!
 The Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum,
 Maryland!
 She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;
 Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum,—
 She breathes! She burns! She'll come! She'll Come!
 Maryland, my Maryland!

Written 1861.

ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN.

1839-1886.

FATHER RYAN, "the poet-priest," was born in Norfolk, Virginia, but passed most of his life farther south. He lived in New Orleans, Knoxville, Augusta, and Mobile. His death occurred in Louisville, Kentucky. His patriotic poems are among the best known and most admired that the South has produced: his religious poems evince a sad view of human life together with an exalted adoration of the Divine Will.

WORKS.

Poems,
 Life of Christ, [unfinished].

Some Aspects of Modern Civilization, [a
 lecture].

To our great regret, we have not been permitted by the publishers to copy any of Father Ryan's poems. Every one is familiar with his "Conquered Banner," and "Sword

of Lee"; the "Song of the Mystic" is one of his most beautiful productions.

WILLIAM GORDON McCABE.

1841—.

WILLIAM GORDON McCABE was born near Richmond, and educated at the University of Virginia. He was a captain in the Confederate service; and since the war he has had at Petersburg one of the best schools preparatory to the University. He is a poet, and has also edited several Latin authors for school use.

WORKS.

Ballads of Battle and Bravery

Defence of Petersburg.

DREAMING IN THE TRENCHES.*

I picture her there in the quaint old room,
 Where the fading fire-light starts and falls,
 Alone in the twilight's tender gloom
 With the shadows that dance on the dim-lit walls.

Alone, while those faces look silently down
 From their antique frames in a grim repose—
 Slight scholarly Ralph in his Oxford gown,
 And stanch Sir Alan, who died for Montrose.

There are gallants gay in crimson and gold,
 There are smiling beauties with powdered hair,
 But she sits there, fairer a thousand-fold,
 Leaning dreamily back in her low arm-chair.

And the roseate shadows of fading light
 Softly clear steal over the sweet young face,
 Where a woman's tenderness blends to-night
 With the guileless pride of a haughty race,

* By permission of the author.