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SOUTHERN LITERATURE

From 1579–1895.

A COMPREHENSIVE REVIEW, WITH COPIOUS EXTRACTS AND CRITICISMS

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS AND THE GENERAL READER

Containing an Appendix with a Full List of Southern Authors

BY

LOUISE MANLY

ILLUSTRATED

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PREFACE.

The primary object of this book is to furnish our children with material for becoming acquainted with the development of American life and history as found in Southern writers and their works. It may serve as a reader supplementary to American history and literature, or it may be made the ground-work for serious study of Southern life and letters; and between these extremes there are varying degrees of usefulness.

To state its origin will best explain its existence. This may furthermore be of some help to teachers in using the book, though each teacher will use it as best suits his classes and methods.

The study of History is rising every day in importance. Sir Walter Raleigh in his "Historie of the World" well said, "It hath triumphed over time, which besides it nothing but eternity hath triumphed over." It is the still living word of the vanished ages.

The best way of teaching history has of late years received much attention. One excellent method is to read, in connection with the text-book, good works of fiction, dramas, poetry, and historical novels, bearing upon the different epochs, and also to read the works of the authors them-

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selves of these different periods. We thus make history and literature illustrate and beautify each other. The dry dates become covered with living facts, the past is peopled with real beings instead of hard names, fiction receives a solid basis for its airy architecture, and the mind of the pupil is interested and broadened. Even the difficult subjects of politics and institutions gradually assume a more pleasing aspect by being associated with individual human interests, and condescend to simplify themselves through personal relations.

To illustrate this method, which I have used with great success in teaching English History:

In connection with the times of the early Britons, read Tennyson's "Idyls of the King."

At the Norman Conquest, Bulwer's "Harold."

At the reign of Richard I. (Coeur de Lion), Scott's "Ivanhoe" and "Talisman," Shakspere's "King John."

At the reign of Elizabeth, Scott's "Kenilworth," the non-historical plays of Shakspere, as he lived at that epoch, Bacon's Essays, and others.

I mention merely a few. The amount of reading can be increased almost indefinitely and will depend on the time of the pupil, the plan of the teacher, and the accessibility of the books. Most of the books necessary for English History are now published in cheap form and are within reach of every pupil.

A great deal of reading is very desirable; it is the only way to give our pupils any broad view of literature and

history, and to cultivate a taste for reading in those destitute of it. It is often the only opportunity for reading which some pupils will ever have, and it lasts them a lifetime as a pleasure and a benefit.*

The reading may be done in the class or out of school hours. It is well to read as much as practicable in class, and to have some sketch of the outside reading given in class.

Geography must also go hand in hand with history, a point now well understood. But its importance can hardly be exaggerated and its practice is of the utmost value. One *must* use maps to study and read intelligently.

In American History pursue a similar course, as for example:

At the period of discovery and early settlement, read Irving's "Columbus," Simms' "Vasconselos" (De Soto's Expedition), and "Yemassee," John Smith's Life and Writings, Longfellow's "Hiawatha" and "Miles Standish," Kennedy's "Rob of the Bowl," Strachey's Works, Mrs. Preston's "Colonial Ballads," &c.

In Revolutionary times, the Revolutionary novels of Simms and Cooper, Kennedy's "Horse-Shoe Robinson;" the great statesmen of the day, as Jefferson, Adams, Patrick Henry, Hamilton, Washington; Cooke's "Fairfax" in which Washington appears as a youthful surveyor, and "Virginia Comedians" in which Patrick Henry appears, Thackeray's "Virginians;" and others.

* See Professor Woodrow Wilson's excellent article on the University study of Literature and Institutions, in the FORUM, September, 1894.

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Each teacher will make his own list as his time and command of books allow. And each State or section of our great country will devote more time to its own special history and literature; this is right, for knowledge like charity begins at home, and gradually widens until it embraces the circle of the universe.

In collecting material for classes in American History to read in accordance with this plan, it was found easy to get cheap editions of Irving, Longfellow, Cooper, and other writers of the northern States, but almost impossible to get those of the southern, in cheap or even expensive editions. And the present volume has been prepared to supply in part this deficiency. To fit it to the plan suggested, the dates of the writers and the period and character of their works have been indicated, and some selections from them given for reading,—too little, it is feared, to be of much service, and yet enough to stimulate to further interest and study.

The materials have been found so abundant, even so much more abundant than I suspected when undertaking the work, that it has been a hard task to make a selection from the rich masses of interesting writing. I fear that the work is too fragmentary and contains too many writers to make a lasting impression in a historical point of view.

If, however, it leads to a sympathetic study of Southern life and literature, and especially if it makes young people acquainted with our writers of the past and with something of the old-time life and the spirit that controlled our ancestors, it will serve an excellent purpose.

Our writers should be compared with those of other sections and other countries; and due honor should be given them, equally removed from over-praise and from depreciation. If we, their countrymen, do not know and honor them, who can be expected to do so? No people is great whose memory is lost, whose interest centres in the present alone, who looks not reverently back to true beginnings and hopefully forward to a grand future.

So I would urge my fellow-teachers to a fresh diligence in studying and worthily understanding the life and literature of our past, and in impressing them upon the minds of the rising generation, so as to infuse into the new forms now arising the best and purest and highest of the old forms fast passing away.

My sincere thanks are hereby tendered to the scholars who have aided me by their advice and encouragement, to living authors and the relatives of those not living who have generously given me permission to copy extracts from their writings, to the publishers who have kindly allowed me to use copyrighted matter, to Miss Anna M. Trice, Mr. Josiah Ryland, Jr., and the officials of the Virginia State Library where I found most of the books needed in my work, and to Mr. David Hutcheson, of the Library of Congress. My greatest indebtedness is to Professor William Taylor Thom and Professor John P. McGuire, for scholarly criticism and practical suggestions in the course of preparation.

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but the following, from Professor Edward Arber, the editor of the English Reprint of Smith's Works, will acquit him of this charge:

"Inasmuch as the accuracy of some of Captain Smith's statements has, in this generation, been called in question, it was but our duty to subject every one of the nearly forty thousand lines of this book to a most searching criticism; scanning every assertion of fact most keenly, and making the Text, by the insertion of a multitude of cross-references, prove or disprove itself.

"The result is perfectly satisfactory. Allowing for a popular style of expression, the Text is homogeneous; and the nine books comprising it, though written under very diverse circumstances, and at intervals over the period of twenty-two years (1608–1630), contain no material contradictions. Inasmuch, therefore, as wherever we *can* check Smith, we find him both modest and accurate, we are led to think him so, where no such check is possible, as at Nalbrits in the autumn of 1603, and on the Chickahominy in the winter of 1607–'8." See Life, by *Simms*, by *Warner*, and by *Eggleston* in "Pocahontas."

RESCUE OF CAPTAIN SMITH BY POCAHONTAS, OR MATOAKA.

(*From Generall Historie.*)

[This extract from his "Generall Historie" is in the words of a report by "eight gentlemen of the Jamestown Colony." It is corroborated by Captain Smith's letter to the Queen on the occasion of Pocahontas' visit to England after her marriage to Mr. John Rolfe. Matoaka, or Matoax, was her real name in her tribe, but it was considered unlucky to tell it to the English strangers.]

At last they brought him [Smith] to *Meronocomoco*, where was *Powhatan* their Emperor. Here more than two hundred of those grim Courtiers stood wondering at him, as he had beene a monster; till *Powhatan* and his trayne had put themselues in their greatest braveries. Before a fire vpon a seat like a bedstead, he sat covered with a great robe, made of *Rarowcun* skinnes, and all the tayles hanging by. On either hand did sit a young wench of 16 or 18 yeares;

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Rescue of Captain Smith by Pocahontas.

and along on each side the house, two rowes of men, and behind them as many women, with all their heads and shoulders painted red; many of their heads bedecked with the white downe of Birds; but every one with something; and a great chayne of white beads about their necks.

At his entrance before the King, all the people gaue a great shout. The Queene of *Appamatuck* was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers, in stead of a Towell to dry them; having feasted him after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before *Powhatan;* then as many as could layd hands on him, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs, to beate out his braines, *Pocahontas*, the Kings dearest daughter, when no intreaty could prevaile, got his head in her armes, and laid her owne vpon his to saue him from death: whereat the Emperour was contented he should liue to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads, and copper; for they thought him as well of all occupations as themselues. For the King himselfe will make his owne robes, shooes, bowes, arrowes, pots; plant, hunt, or doe anything so well as the rest.

They say he bore a pleasant shew,
But sure his heart was sad.
For who can pleasant be, and rest,
That liues in feare and dread:
And having life suspected, doth
It still suspected lead.

Two dayes after, *Powhatan* having disguised himselfe in the most fearefullest manner he could, caused Captain *Smith* to be brought forth to a great house in the woods, and there vpon a mat by the fire to be left alone. Not long after from behinde a mat that divided the house, was made the most

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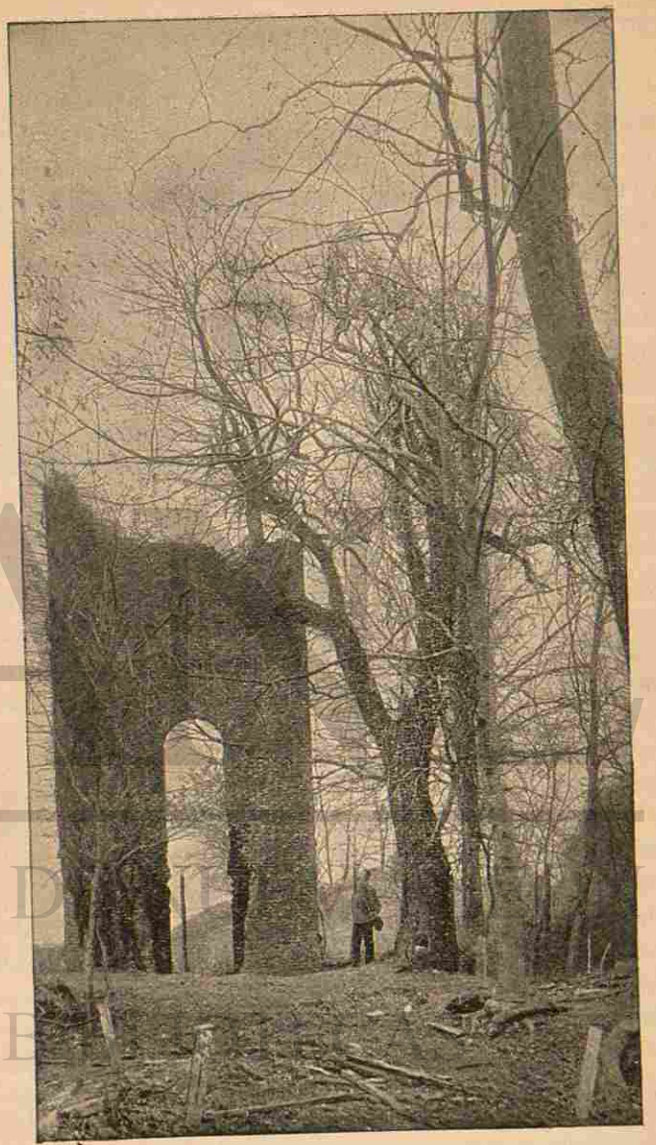
dolefullest noyse he ever heard; then *Powhatan*, more like a devill than a man, with some two hundred more as blacke as himselfe, came vnto him and told him now they were friends, and presently he should goe to *James* towne, to send him two great gunnes, and a gryndstone, for which he would giue him the Country of *Capahowosick*, and for ever esteeme him as his sonne *Nantaquoud*.

So to *James* towne with 12 guides *Powhatan* sent him. That night, they quartered in the woods, he still expecting (as he had done all this long time of his imprisonment) every houre to be put to one death or other; for all their feasting. But almightie God (by his divine providence) had mollified the hearts of those sterne *Barbarians* with compassion. The next morning betimes they came to the Fort, where *Smith* having vsed the Salvages with what kindnesse he could, he shewed *Rawhunt*, *Powhatan's* trusty servant, two demi-Culverings and a millstone to carry *Powhatan;* they found them somewhat too heavie: but when they did see him discharge them, being loaded with stones, among the boughs of a great tree loaded with Isickles, the yce and branches came so tumbling downe, that the poore Salvages ran away halfe dead with feare. But at last we regained some conference with them, and gaue them such toyes: and sent to *Powhatan*, his women, and children such presents, as gaue them in generall full content.

OUR RIGHT TO THOSE COUNTRIES, TRUE REASONS FOR PLANTATIONS, RARE EXAMPLES.

(From Advertisements for the Inexperienced.)

Many good religious devout men have made it a great question, as a matter in conscience, by what warrant they might goe to possesse those Countries, which are none of theirs, but the poore Salvages.



Jamestown, Va.
The first permanent English settlement in America.

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Which poore curiosity will answer it selfe; for God did make the world to be inhabited with mankind, and to have his name knowne to all Nations, and from generation to generation: as the people increased, they dispersed themselves into such Countries as they found most convenient. And here in *Florida*, *Virginia*, *New-England*, and *Cannada*, is more land than all the people in Christendome can manure [*cultivate*], and yet more to spare than all the natives of those Countries can use and culturate. And shall we here keepe such a coyle for land, and at such great rents and rates, when there is so much of the world uninhabited, and as much more in other places, and as good or rather better than any wee possesse, were it manured and used accordingly?

If this be not a reason sufficient to such tender consciences; for a copper knife and a few toyes, as beads and hatchets, they will sell you a whole Countrey [*district*]; and for a small matter, their houses and the ground they dwell upon; but those of the *Massachusets* have resigned theirs freely.

Now the reasons for plantations are many. *Adam* and *Eve* did first begin this innocent worke to plant the earth to remaine to posterity; but not without labour, trouble, and industry. Noah and his family began againe the second plantation, and their seed as it still increased, hath still planted new Countries, and one Country another, and so the world to that estate it is; but not without much hazard, travell, mortalities, discontents, and many disasters; had those worthy Fathers and their memorable offspring not beene more diligent for us now in those ages, than wee are to plant that yet unplanted for after-livers: Had the seed of *Abraham*, our Saviour Christ Jesus and his Apostles, exposed themselves to no more dangers to plant the Gospell

wee so much professe, than we; even we our selves had at this moment beene as Salvages, and as miserable as the most barbarous Salvage, yet uncivilized.

The *Hebrewes*, the *Lacedemonians*, the *Goths*, *Grecians*, *Romans*, and the rest; what was it they would not undertake to enlarge their Territories, inrich their subjects, and resist their enemies? Those that were the founders of those great Monarchies and their vertues, were no silvered idle golden Pharisees, but industrious honest hearted Publicans; they regarded more provisions and necessaries for their people, than jewels, ease, and delight for themselves; riches was their servants, not their masters; they ruled as fathers, not as tyrants; their people as children, not as slaves; there was no disaster could discourage them; and let none thinke they incountered not with all manner of incumbrances; and what hath ever beene the worke of the best great Princes of the world, but planting of Countries, and civilizing barbarous and inhumane Nations to civility and humanity; whose eternall actions fils our histories with more honour than those that have wasted and consumed them by warres.

Lastly, the *Portugals* and *Spaniards* that first began plantations in this unknowne world of *America* till within this 140. yeares [1476–1616], whose everlasting actions before our eyes, will testifie our idlenesse and ingratitude to all posterity, and neglect of our duty and religion we owe our God, our King, and Countrey, and want of charity to those poore Salvages, whose Countries we challenge, use and possesse: except wee be but made to marre what our forefathers made; or but only tell what they did; or esteeme our selves too good to take the like paines where there is so much reason, liberty, and action offers it selfe. Having as much power and meanes as others, why should English men

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despaire, and not doe as much as any? Was it vertue in those Hero[e]s to provide that [which] doth maintaine us, and basenesse in us to do the like for others to come? Surely no: then seeing wee are not borne for ourselves but each to helpe other; and our abilities are much alike at the howre of our birth and the minute of our death: seeing our good deeds or bad, by faith in Christs merits, is all wee have to carry our soules to heaven or hell: Seeing honour is our lives ambition, and our ambition after death to have an honourable memory of our life; and seeing by no meanes we would be abated of the dignitie and glory of our predecessors, let us imitate their vertues to be worthily their successors; or at least not hinder, if not further, them that would and doe their utmost and best endeavour.

ASCENT OF THE JAMES RIVER, 1607.

(From Newes from Virginia.)

The two and twenty day of Aprill [*or rather May*, 1607], Captain *Newport* and myself with diuers others, to the number of twenty two persons, set forward to discouer the Riuer, some fiftie or sixtie miles, finding it in some places broader, and in some narrower, the Countrie (for the moste part) on each side plaine high ground, with many freshe Springes, the people in all places kindely intreating vs, daunsing, and feasting vs with strawberries, Mulberies, Bread, Fish, and other their Countrie prouisions whereof we had plenty; for which Captaine *Newport* kindely requited their least fauors with Bels, Pinnes, Needles, beades, or Glasses, which so contented them that his liberallitie made them follow vs from place to place, and euer kindely to respect vs. In the midway staying to refresh our selues in a little Ile foure or five sauages came vnto vs which described vnto vs the course of the Riuer, and after in our

iourney, they often met vs, trading with vs for such prouision as wee had, and arriuing at *Arsatecke*, hee whom we supposed to bee the chiefe King of all the rest, moste kindely entertained vs, giuing vs in a guide to go with vs vp the Riuer to *Powhatan*, of which place their great Emperor taketh his name, where he that they honored for King vsed vs kindely.

But to finish this discouerie, we passed on further, where within an ile [*a mile*] we were intercepted with great craggy stones in the midst of the riuer, where the water falleth so rudely, and with such a violence, as not any boat can possibly passe, and so broad disperseth the streame, as there is not past fiue or sixe Foote at a low water, and to the shore scarce passage with a barge, the water floweth foure foote, and the freshes by reason of the Rockes haue left markes of the inundations 8. or 9. foote: The south side is plaine low ground, and the north side high mountaines, the rockes being of a grauelly nature, interlaced with many vains of glistring spangles.

That night we returned to *Powhatan:* the next day (being Whitsunday after dinner) we returned to the fals, leauing a mariner in pawn with the Indians for a guide of theirs, hee that they honoured for King followed vs by the riuer. That afternoone we trifled in looking vpon the Rockes and riuer (further he would not goe) so there we erected a crosse, and that night taking our man at *Powhatans*, Captaine *Newport* congratulated his kindenes with a Gown and a Hatchet: returning to *Arsetecke*, and stayed there the next day to obserue the height [*latitude*] thereof, and so with many signes of loue we departed.

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Storm at Sea.

WILLIAM STRACHEY.

WILLIAM STRACHEY* was an English gentleman who came over to Virginia with Sir Thomas Gates in 1609, and was secretary of the Colony for three years. Their ship, the *Sea Venture*, was wrecked on the Bermudas in a terrible tempest, of which he gives the account that follows. It is said to have suggested to Shakspere the scene of the storm and hurricane in his "Tempest."

WORKS.

A True Repertory of the Wracke and Redemption of Sir Thomas Gates upon and from the Islands of the Bermudas.

Historie of Travaile into Virginia Britania.

Edited Lawes Divine, Morall, and Martiall.

William Strachey's writings show a thoughtful and cultivated mind. His style abounds in the long involved and often obscure sentences of his times, but his subject matter is usually very interesting. Compare the following selection with Shakspere's "Tempest," Act I., scene 1 and 2, to "*Ariel, thy charge.*" Notice the reference to *Bermoothes* (Bermudas).

A STORM OFF THE BERMUDAS.

(*From A True Repertory of the Wracke and Redemption of Sir Thomas Gates.*)

On St. James his day, July 24, being Monday (preparing for no less all the black night before) the clouds gathering thick upon us, and the winds singing and whistling most unusually, which made us to cast off our Pinnace, towing the same until then asterne, a dreadful storm and hideous began to blow from out the Northeast, which, swelling and roaring as it were by fits, some hours with more violence than others, at length did beat all light from heaven, which, like an hell of darkness, turned black upon

* Pronounced Străk'ey.

us, so much the more fuller of horror, as in such cases horror and fear use to overrun the troubled and overmastered senses of all, while (taken up with amazement) the ears lay so sensible to the terrible cries, and murmurs of the winds and distraction of our Company, as who was most armed and best prepared, was not a little shaken. . .

For four and twenty hours the storm, in a restless tumult, had blown so exceedingly, as we could not apprehend in our imaginations any possibility of greater violence, yet did we still find it, not only more terrible, but more constant, fury added to fury, and one storm urging a second, more outrageous than the former, whether it so wrought upon our fears, or indeed met with new forces. Sometimes strikes in our Ship amongst women, and passengers not used to such hurly and discomforts, made us look one upon the other with troubled hearts, and panting bosoms, our clamors drowned in the winds, and the winds in thunder. Prayers might well be in the heart and lips, but drowned in the outcries of the Officers,—nothing heard that could give comfort, nothing seen that might encourage hope. . . . .

Our sails, wound up, lay without their use, and if at any time we bore but a Hollocke, or half forecourse, to guide her before the Sea, six and sometimes eight men, were not enough to hold the whip-staffe in the steerage, and the tiller below in the Gunner room; by which may be imagined the strength of the storm, in which the Sea swelled above the Clouds and gave battle unto heaven. It could not be said to rain, the waters like whole Rivers did flood in the ayre. And this I did still observe, that whereas upon the Land, when a storm hath poured itself forth once in drifts of rain, the wind as beaten down, and vanquished therewith, not long after endureth,—here the glut of water (as if throatling the wind ere while) was no sooner a little emptied

and qualified, but instantly the winds (as having gotten their mouths now free and at liberty) spake more loud, and grew more tumultuous and malignant. What shall I say? Winds and Seas were as mad as fury and rage could make them. . . . . .

Howbeit this was not all; it pleased God to bring a greater affliction yet upon us, for in the beginning of the storm we had received likewise a mighty leak, and the ship in every joint almost having spewed out her Okam, before we were aware (a casualty more desperate than any other that a Voyage by Sea draweth with it) was grown five feet suddenly deep with water above her ballast, and we almost drowned within, whilest we sat looking when to perish from above. This, imparting no less terror than danger, ran through the whole Ship with much fright and amazement, startled and turned the blood, and took down the braves of the most hardy Mariner of them all, insomuch as he that before happily felt not the sorrow of others, now began to sorrow for himself, when he saw such a pond of water so suddenly broken in, and which he knew could not (with present avoiding) but instantly sink him. . . .

Once so huge a Sea brake upon the poop and quarter, upon us, as it covered our ship from stern to stem, like a garment or a vast cloud. It filled her brimful for a while within, from the hatches up to the spar deck. . .

Tuesday noon till Friday noon, we bailed and pumped two thousand tun, and yet, do what we could, when our ship held least in her (after Tuesday night second watch) she bore ten feet deep, at which stay our extreme working kept her one eight glasses, forbearance whereof had instantly sunk us; and it being now Friday, the fourth morning, it wanted little but that there had been a general determination, to have shut up hatches and commending our sinful souls to God,

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committed the ship to the mercy of the sea. Surely that night we must have done it, and that night had we then perished; but see the goodness and sweet introduction of better hope by our merciful God given unto us. Sir George Summers, when no man dreamed of such happiness, had discovered and cried, "Land!" Indeed, the morning, now three-quarters spent, had won a little clearness from the days before, and it being better surveyed, the very trees were seen to move with the wind upon the shore-side.

JOHN LAWSON.

Died 1712.

JOHN LAWSON was a Scotch gentleman who came to America in 1700. In his own words: "In the year 1700, when people flocked from all parts of the Christian world, to see the solemnity of the grand jubilee at Rome, my intention being at that time to travel, I accidentally met with a gentlemen, who had been abroad, and was very well acquainted with the ways of living in both Indies; of whom having made inquiry concerning them, he assured me that Carolina was the best country I could go to; and, that there then lay a ship in the Thames in which I might have my passage." He resided in Carolina eight years. As "Gent. Surveyor-General of North Carolina," he wrote his History of North Carolina, which is an original, sprightly, and faithful account of the eastern section of the State, and contains valuable matter for the subsequent historian. It is dedicated to the Lords Proprietors of Carolina, and was published in 1714.

He was taken captive by the Tuscarora Indians, while on a surveying trip, and was by them put to death in 1712 on

the Neuse River in North Carolina, because, said they, "he had taken their land," by marking it off into sections.

WORK.

History of North Carolina [rare].

NORTH CAROLINA IN 1700–1708.

(From History of North Carolina, 1714).

The first discovery and settlement of this country was by the procurement of Sir Walter Raleigh, in conjunction with some public spirited gentlemen of that age, under the protection of queen Elizabeth; for which reason it was then named Virginia, being begun on that part called Ronoak Island, where the ruins of a fort are to be seen at this day, as well as some old English coins which have been lately found; and a brass gun, a powder horn, and one small quarter-deck gun, made of iron staves, and hooped with the same metal; which method of making guns might very probably be made use of in those days for the convenience of infant colonies. . . . . .

I cannot forbear inserting here a pleasant story that passes for an uncontested truth amongst the inhabitants of this place; which is, that the ship which brought the first colonies does often appear amongst them, under sail, in a gallant posture, which they call Sir Walter Raleigh's ship. And the truth of this has been affirmed to me by men of the best credit in the country.

A second settlement of this country was made about fifty years ago, in that part we now call Albemarl county, and chiefly in Chuwon precinct, by several substantial planters from Virginia and other plantations; who finding mild winters, and a fertile soil beyond expectation, producing everything that was planted to a prodigious increase; . . . . so that everything seemed to come by nature, the hus-

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Sir Walter Raleigh.

bandman living almost void of care, and free from those fatigues which are absolutely requisite in winter countries for providing fodder and other necessaries; these encouragements induced them to stand their ground, although but a handful of people, seated at great distances one from another, and amidst a vast number of Indians of different nations, who were then in Carolina.

Nevertheless, I say, the fame of this new discovered summer country spread through the neighboring colonies, and in a few years drew a considerable number of families thereto, who all found land enough to settle themselves in (had they been many thousands more), and that which was very good and commodiously seated both for profit and pleasure.

And, indeed, most of the plantations in Carolina naturally enjoy a noble prospect of large and spacious rivers, pleasant savannas and fine meadows, with their green liveries interwoven with beautiful flowers of most glorious colors, which the several seasons afford; hedged in with pleasant groves of the ever famous tulip tree, the stately laurels and bays, equalizing the oak in bigness and growth, myrtles, jessamines, woodbines, honeysuckles, and several other fragrant vines and evergreens, whose aspiring branches shadow and interweave themselves with the loftiest timbers, yielding a pleasant prospect, shade and smell, proper habitations for the sweet singing birds, that melodiously entertain such as travel through the woods of Carolina.

The Planters possessing all these blessings, and the produce of great quantities of wheat and indian corn, in which this country is very fruitful, as likewise in beef, pork, tallow, hides, deer skins, and furs; for these commodities the new England men and Bermudians visited Carolina in their barks and sloops, and carried out what they made, bringing

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them in exchange, rum, sugar, salt, molasses, and some wearing apparel, though the last at very extravagant prices.

As the land is very fruitful, so are the planters kind and hospitable to all that come to visit them; there being very few housekeepers but what live very nobly, and give away more provisions to coasters and guests who come to see them than they expend amongst their own families. . .

The easy way of living in that plentiful country makes a great many planters very negligent, which, were they otherwise, that colony might now have been in a far better condition than it is, as to trade and other advantages, which an universal industry would have led them into. The women are the most industrious sex in that place, and, by their good housewifery, make a great deal of cloth of their own cotton, wool and flax; some of them keeping their families, though large, very decently appareled, both with linens and woolens, so that they have no occasion to run into the merchants' debt, or lay their money out on stores for clothing. . . . . As for those women that do not expose themselves to the weather, they are often very fair, and generally as well featured as you shall see anywhere, and have very brisk, charming eyes which sets them off to advantage. . . . .

Both sexes are generally spare of body and not choleric, nor easily cast down at disappointments and losses, seldom immoderately grieving at misfortunes, unless for the loss of their nearest relations and friends, which seems to make a more than ordinary impression upon them. Many of the women are very handy in canoes and will manage them with great dexterity and skill, which they become accustomed to in this watery country. They are ready to help their husbands in any servile work, as planting, when the season of the weather requires expedition; pride seldom

banishing good housewifery. The girls are not bred up to the wheel and sewing only, but the dairy and the affairs of the house they are very well acquainted withal; so that you shall see them, whilst very young, manage their business with a great deal of conduct and alacrity. The children of both sexes are very docile and learn any thing with a great deal of care and method, and those that have the advantages of education write very good hands, and prove good accountants, which is most coveted, and, indeed, most necessary in these parts. The young men are commonly of a bashful, sober behaviour; few proving prodigals to consume what the industry of their parents has left them, but commonly improve it.

HARVEST HOME OF THE INDIANS.

(From History of North Carolina.)

They have a third sort of feasts and dances, which are always when the harvest of corn is ended, and in the spring. The one to return thanks to the good spirit for the fruits of the earth; the other, to beg the same blessings for the succeeding year. And to encourage the young men to labour stoutly in planting their maiz and pulse, they set up a sort of idol in the field, which is dressed up exactly like an Indian, having all the Indians habit, besides abundance of Wampum and their money, made of shells, that hangs about his neck. The image none of the young men dare approach; for the old ones will not suffer them to come near him, but tell them that he is some famous Indian warrior that died a great while ago, and now is come amongst them to see if they work well, which if they do, he will go to the good spirit and speak to him to send them plenty of corn, and to make the young men all expert hunters and mighty warriors. All this while, the king and old men sit around the image and seemingly pay a profound respect to the same. One great

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help to these Indians in carrying on these cheats, and inducing youth to do as they please, is, the uninterrupted silence which is ever kept and observed with all the respect and veneration imaginable.

At these feasts which are set out with all the magnificence their fare allows of, the masquerades begin at night and not before. There is commonly a fire made in the middle of the house, which is the largest in the town, and is very often the dwelling of their king or war captain; where sit two men on the ground upon a mat; one with a rattle, made of a gourd, with some beans in it; the other with a drum made of an earthen pot, covered with a dressed deer skin, and one stick in his hand to beat thereon; and so they both begin the song appointed. At the same time one drums and the other rattles, which is all the artificial music of their own making I ever saw amongst them. To these two instruments they sing, which carries no air with it, but is a sort of unsavory jargon; yet their cadences and raising of their voices are formed with that equality and exactness that, to us Europeans, it seems admirable how they should continue these songs without once missing to agree, each with the others note and tune.

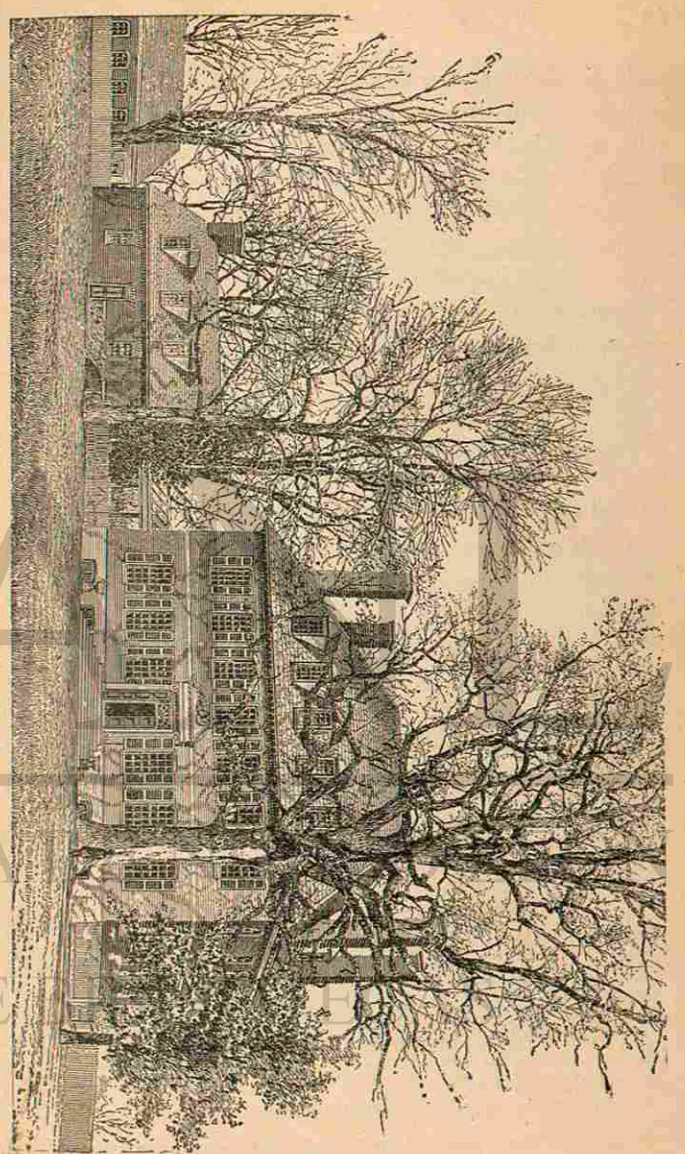
WILLIAM BYRD.

1674—1744.

WILLIAM BYRD, second of the name, and the first native Virginian writer, was born at Westover, his father's estate on the James below Richmond.

The following inscription on his tomb at Westover gives a sketch of his life and services well worth preserving:

"Here lies the Honourable William Byrd, Esq., being born to one of the amplest fortunes in this country, he was sent



Westover, Home of William Byrd.

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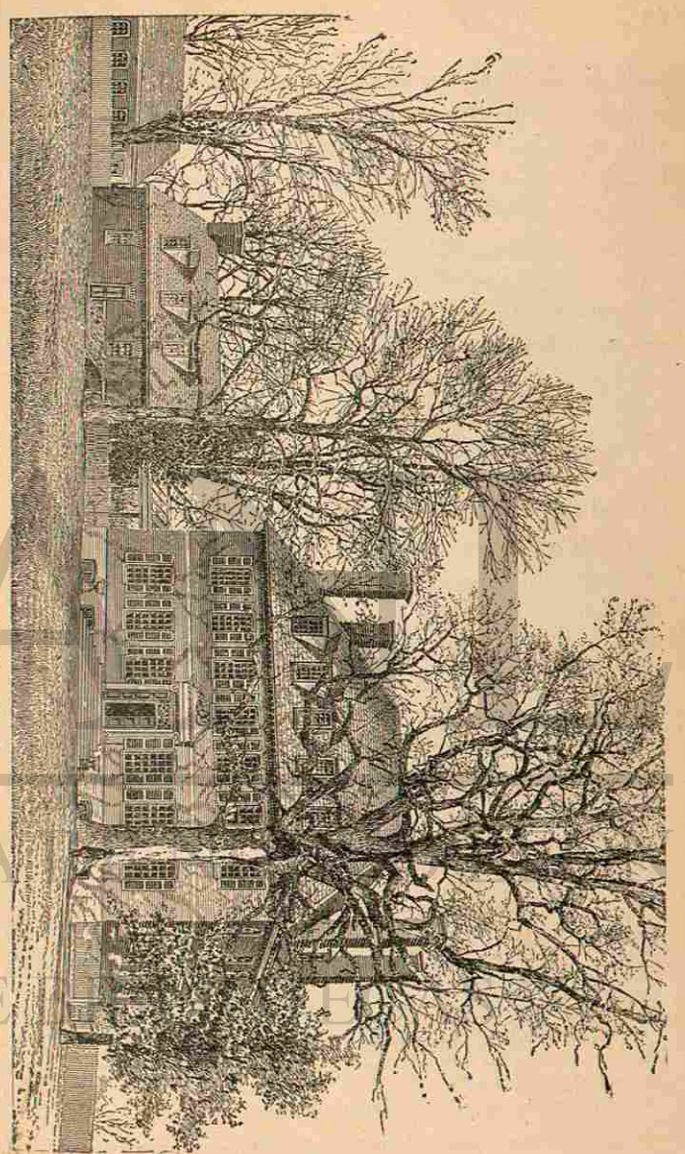

Westover, Home of William Byrd.

early to England for his education, where under the care and direction of Sir Robert Southwell, and ever favoured with his particular instructions, he made a happy proficiency in polite and various learning. By the means of the same noble friend, he was introduced to the acquaintance of many of the first persons of that age for knowledge, wit, virtue, birth, or high station, and particularly contracted a most intimate and bosom friendship with the learned and illustrious Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery.

"He was called to the bar in the Middle Temple, studied for some time in the Low Countries, visited the Court of France, and was chosen Fellow of the Royal Society. Thus eminently fitted for the service and ornament of his country, he was made receiver-general of his Majesty's revenues here, was then appointed public agent to the Court and Ministry of England, being thirty-seven years a member, at last became president, of the Council of this Colony.

"To all this were added a great elegancy of taste and life, the well-bred gentleman, and polite companion, the splendid economist and prudent father of a family, with the constant enemy of all exorbitant power, and hearty friend to the liberties of his country. Nat. Mar. 28, 1674. Mort. Aug. 26, 1744. An. aetat. 70."

His daughter Evelyn was famous both in England and Virginia for her beauty, wit, and accomplishments. She died at the age of thirty, 1737.—See Century Magazine, 1891, Vol. 20, p. 163.

WORKS.

Westover Manuscripts:

(1) History of the Dividing Line [the survey to settle the line between Virginia and North Carolina, 1728.]

(2) A Journey to the Land of Eden [North Carolina, of which Charles Eden was governor 1713–19.]

(3) A Progress to the Mines [Iron mines in Virginia which Ex-Governor Alexander Spotswood and others were beginning to open and work.]

His writings are among the most interesting that we have, being remarkable for their wit and culture, a certain

Evelyn Byrd.

Considered one of the most beautiful women in Virginia, or of her time.

[FROM AN OLD PAINTING.]

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poetic vein, a keen interest in nature, a simple religious faith, a fund of cheerful courage and good sense, and a fine consideration for others.

SELECTING THE SITE OF RICHMOND AND PETERSBURG, SEPT., 1733.

(From A Journey to the Land of Eden.)

When we got home, we laid the foundations of two large Citys. One at Shacco's, to be called Richmond, and the other at the Point of Appamattuck River, to be nam'd Petersburgh. These Major Mayo offered to lay out into Lots without Fee or Reward. The Truth of it is, these two places being the uppermost Landing of James and Appamattux Rivers, are naturally intended for Marts, where the Traffick of the Outer Inhabitants must Center. Thus we did not build Castles only, but also Citys in the Air.

A VISIT TO EX-GOVERNOR SPOTSWOOD, 1732.

(From A Progress to the Mines.)

Then I came into the Main County Road, that leads from Fredericksburgh to Germanna, which last place I reacht in Ten Miles more. This famous Town consists of Colo. Spotswood's enchanted Castle on one Side of the Street, and a Baker's Dozen of ruinous Tenements on the other, where so many German Familys had dwelt some Years ago; but are now remov'd ten Miles higher, in the Fork of Rappahannock, to Land of their Own. There had also been a Chappel about a Bow-Shot from the Colonel's house, at the End of an Avenue of Cherry Trees, but some pious people had lately burnt it down, with intent to get another built nearer to their own homes.

Here I arriv'd about three o clock, and found only Mrs. Spotswood at Home, who receiv'd her Old acquaintance

with many a gracious Smile. I was carry'd into a Room elegantly set off with Pier Glasses, the largest of which came soon after to an odd Misfortune. Amongst other favourite Animals that cheer'd this Lady's Solitude, a Brace of Tame Deer ran familiarly about the House, and one of them came to stare at me as a Stranger. But unluckily Spying his own Figure in the Glass, he made a spring over the Tea Table that stood under it, and shatter'd the Glass to pieces, and falling back upon the Tea Table, made a terrible Fracas among the China. This Exploit was so sudden, and accompany'd with such a Noise, that it surpriz'd me, and perfectly frighten'd Mrs. Spotswood. But twas worth all the Damage to shew the Moderation and good humour with which she bore this disaster.

In the Evening, the noble Colo. came home from his Mines, who saluted me very civilly, and Mrs. Spotswood's Sister, Miss Theky, who had been to meet him *en Cavalier*, was so kind too as to bid me welcome. We talkt over a Legend of old Storys, supp'd about 9, and then prattl'd with the Ladys, til twas time for a Travellour to retire. In the mean time I observ'd my old Friend to be very Uxorious, and exceedingly fond of his Children. This was so opposite to the Maxims he us'd to preach up before he was marryed, that I cou'd not forbear rubbing up the Memory of them. But he gave a very good-natur'd turn to his Change of Sentiments, by alleging that whoever brings a poor Gentlewoman into so solitary a place, from all her Friends and acquaintance, wou'd be ungrateful not to use her and all that belongs to her with all possible Tenderness.

We all kept Snug in our several apartments till Nine, except Miss Theky, who was the Housewife of the Family. At that hour we met over a Pot of Coffee, which was not quite strong enough to give us the Palsy. After Breakfast

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the Colo. and I left the Ladys to their Domestick Affairs, and took a turn in the Garden, which has nothing beautiful but 3 Terrace Walks that fall in Slopes one below another. I let him understand, that besides the pleasure of paying him a Visit, I came to be instructed by so great a Master in the Mystery of Making of Iron, wherein he had led the way, and was the Tubal Cain of Virginia. He corrected me a little there, by assuring me he was not only the first in this Country, but the first in North America, who had erected a regular Furnace. . . That the 4 Furnaces now at work in Virginia circulated a great Sum of Money for Provisions and all other necessarys in the adjacent Countys. That they took off a great Number of Hands from Planting Tobacco, and employ'd them in Works that produced a large Sum of Money in England to the persons concern'd, whereby the Country is so much the Richer. That they are besides a considerable advantage to Great Britain, because it lessens the Quantity of Bar Iron imported from Spain, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, and Muscovy, which us'd to be no less than 20,000 Tuns yearly. . .

Then I inquired after his own Mines, and hoped, as he was the first that engaged in this great undertaking, that he had brought them to the most perfection. . . He said it was true His works were of the oldest Standing; but that his long absence in England, and the wretched Management of Mr. Greame, whom he had entrusted with his Affairs, had put him back very much. That what with Neglect and Severity, above 80 of his Slaves were lost while he was in England, and most of his Cattle starved. That his Furnace stood still great part of the time, and all his Plantations ran to ruin. That indeed he was rightly serv'd for committing his Affairs to the care of a Mathematician, whose thoughts were always among the Stars. That nevertheless, since his return, he had apply'd himself to rectify his Steward's Mistakes, and bring his Business again into Order. That now he contriv'd to do every thing with his own People, except raising the Mine and running the Iron, by which he had contracted his Expence very much. Nay, he believ'd that by his directions he cou'd bring sensible Negroes to perform those parts of the work tolerably well. . . Our Conversation on this Subject continued till Dinner, which was both elegant and plentifull.

The afternoon was devoted to the ladys, who shew'd me one of their most beautiful Walks. They conducted me thro' a Shady Lane to the Landing, and by the way made me drink some very fine Water that issued from a Marble Fountain, and ran incessantly. Just behind it was a cover'd Bench, where Miss Theky often sat and bewail'd her Virginity. Then we proceeded to the River, which is the South Branch of Rappahannock, about 50 Yards wide, and so rapid that the Ferry Boat is drawn over by a Chain, and therefore called the Rapidan. At night we drank prosperity to all the Colonel's Projects in a Bowl of Rack Punch, and then retired to our Devotions.

DISMAL SWAMP.

(*From The Dividing Line.*)

1728, March.—Tis hardly credible how little the Bordering inhabitants were acquainted with this mighty Swamp, notwithstanding they had liv'd their whole lives within Smell of it. Yet, as great Strangers as they were to it, they pretended to be very exact in their Account of its Demensions, and were positive it could not be above 7 or 8 Miles wide, but knew no more of the Matter than Star-gazers know of the Distance of the Fixt Stars. At the Same time, they were Simple enough to amuse our Men with Idle Stories of

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The Chapel, University of Georgia, at Athens. Erected 1832.

the Lyons, Panthers, and Alligators, they were like to encounter in that dreadful Place.

In short, we saw plainly there was no Intelligence of this Terra Incognita to be got, but from our own Experience. For that Reason it was resolv'd to make the requisite Disposition to enter it next Morning. We alloted every one of the Surveyors for this painful Enterprise, with 12 Men to attend them. . . . . .

Besides this Luggage at their Backs, they were oblig'd to measure the distance, mark the Trees, and clear the way for the Surveyors every step they went. It was really a Pleasure to see with how much Cheerfulness they undertook, and with how much Spirit they went thro' all this Drudgery . . . . . .

Altho' there was no need of Example to inflame Persons already so cheerful, yet to enter the People with the better grace, the Author and two more of the Commissioners accompanied them half a Mile into the Dismal. The Skirts of it were thinly Planted with Dwarf Reeds and Gall-Bushes, but when we got into the Dismal itself, we found the Reeds grew there much taller and closer, and, to mend the matter, was so interlac'd with bamboe-briars, that there was no scuffling thro' them without the help of Pioneers. At the same time, we found the Ground moist and trembling under our feet like a Quagmire, insomuch that it was an easy Matter to run a Ten-Foot-Pole up to the Head in it, without exerting any uncommon Strength to do it.

Two of the Men, whose Burthens were the least cumbersome, had orders to march before, with their Tomahawks, and clear the way, in order to make an Opening for the Surveyors. By their Assistance we made a Shift to push the Line half a Mile in 3 Hours, and then reacht a small piece of firm Land, about 100 Yards wide, Standing up above the

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rest like an Island. Here the people were glad to lay down their Loads and take a little refreshment, while the happy man, whose lot it was to carry the Jugg of Rum, began already, like Æsop's Bread-Carriers, to find it grow a good deal lighter. . . . . .

Since the Surveyors had enter'd the Dismal, they had laid Eyes on no living Creature: neither Bird nor Beast, Insect nor Reptile came in View. Doubtless, the Eternal Shade that broods over this mighty Bog, and hinders the sun-beams from blessing the Ground, makes it an uncomfortable Habitation for any thing that has life. Not so much as a Zealand Frog cou'd endure so Aguish a Situation.

It had one Beauty, however, that delighted the Eye, tho' at the Expense of all the other Senses; the Moisture of the Soil preserves a continual Verdure, and makes every Plant an Evergreen, but at the same time the foul Damps ascend without ceasing, corrupt the Air, and render it unfit for Respiration. Not even a Turkey-Buzzard will venture to fly over it, no more than the Italian Vultures will over the filthy Lake Avernus, or the Birds of the Holy Land over the Salt Sea, where Sodom and Gomorrah formerly stood.

. . . . . .

How they Slept in the Dismal Swamp.—They first cover'd the Ground with Square Pieces of Cypress bark, which now, in the Spring, they cou'd easily Slip off the Tree for that purpose. On this they Spread their Bedding; but unhappily the Weight and Warmth of their Bodies made the Water rise up betwixt the Joints of the Bark, to their great Inconvenience. Thus they lay not only moist, but also exceedingly cold, because their Fires were continually going out. . . . . .

We could get no Tidings yet of our Brave Adventurers, notwithstanding we despacht men to the likeliest Stations

to enquire after them. They were still Scuffleing in the Mire, and could not Possibly forward the Line this whole day more than one Mile and 64 Chains. Every Step of this Day's Work was thro' a cedar Bog, where the Trees were somewhat Smaller and grew more into a Thicket. It was now a great Misfortune to the Men to find their Provisions grow less as their Labour grew greater. . . . Tho' this was very severe upon English Stomachs, yet the People were so far from being discomfited at it, that they still kept up their good Humour, and merrily told a young Fellow in the Company, who lookt very Plump and Wholesome, that he must expect to go first to Pot, if matters shou'd come to Extremity.

This was only said by way of Jest, yet it made Him thoughtful in earnest. However, for the present he return'd them a very civil answer, letting them know that, dead or alive, he shou'd be glad to be useful to such worthy good friends. But, after all, this Humourous Saying had one very good effect; for that younker, who before was a little enclin'd by his Constitution to be lazy, grew on a Sudden Extreamly Industrious, that so there might be less Occasion to carbonade him for the good of his Fellow-Travellers.

THE TUSCARORA INDIANS AND THEIR LEGEND OF A CHRIST.

(*From History of the Dividing Line.*)

1729, November.—By the Strength of our Beef, we made a shift to walk about 12 Miles, crossing Blewing and Tewaw-homini Creeks. And because this last Stream receiv'd its Appellation from the Disaster of a Tuscarora Indian, it will not be Straggling much out of the way to say something of that Particular Nation.

These Indians were heretofore very numerous and powerful, making, within time of Memory, at least a Thousand

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Fighting Men. Their Habitation, before the War with Carolina, was on the North Branch of Neuse River, commonly call'd Connecta Creek, in a pleasant and fruitful Country. But now the few that are left of that Nation live on the North Side of MORATUCK, which is all that Part of Roanok below the great Falls, towards ALBEMARLE Sound.

Formerly there were Seven Towns of these Savages, lying not far from each other, but now their Number is greatly reduc'd. . . . . .

These Indians have a very odd Tradition amongst them, that many years ago, their Nation was grown so dishonest, that no man cou'd keep any Goods, or so much as his loving Wife to himself. That, however, their God, being unwilling to root them out for their crimes, did them the honour to send a Messenger from Heaven to instruct them, and set Them a perfect Example of Integrity and kind Behaviour towards one another.

But this holy Person, with all his Eloquence and Sanctity of Life, was able to make very little Reformation amongst them. Some few Old men did listen a little to his Wholesome Advice, but all the Young fellows were quite incorrigible. They not only Neglected his Precepts, but derided and Evil Entreated his Person. At last, taking upon Him to reprove some Young Rakes of the Conechta Clan very sharply for their impiety, they were so provok'd at the Freedom of his Rebukes, that they tied him to a Tree, and shot him with Arrows through the Heart. But their God took instant Vengeance on all who had a hand in that Monstrous Act, by Lightning from Heaven, & has ever since visited their Nation with a continued Train of Calamities, nor will he ever leave off punishing, and wasting their People, till he shall have blotted every living Soul of them out of the World.

SECOND PERIOD . . 1750-1800.

HENRY LAURENS.

1724-1792.

HENRY LAURENS, one of the patriot-fathers of our country, was born in Charleston, South Carolina. He was educated in his native city, and, becoming a merchant, amassed a fortune in business. In 1771 he travelled with his children in Europe in order to educate them. Returning home he became in 1775 a member of the Provincial Congress, and on Hancock's resignation, president of the Continental Congress. He was appointed in 1779 minister to Holland, and on his way was captured by the British and confined in the Tower fifteen months. He became acquainted with Edmund Burke while in London. He was twice offered pardon if he would serve the British Ministry, but of course he declined. During this imprisonment, his son John, called the "Bayard of the Revolution" for his daring bravery, was killed in battle.

After his release, being exchanged for Lord Cornwallis, he was appointed one of the ministers to negotiate peace in 1782. His health was so impaired by the cruel treatment of his jailers, that he could take no further active part in affairs, and he passed the rest of his life in the retirement of his plantation. On his death, his body was burned, according to his express will, the first instance, in this country, of cremation.

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His daughter Martha married Dr. David Ramsay, the historian.

WORKS.

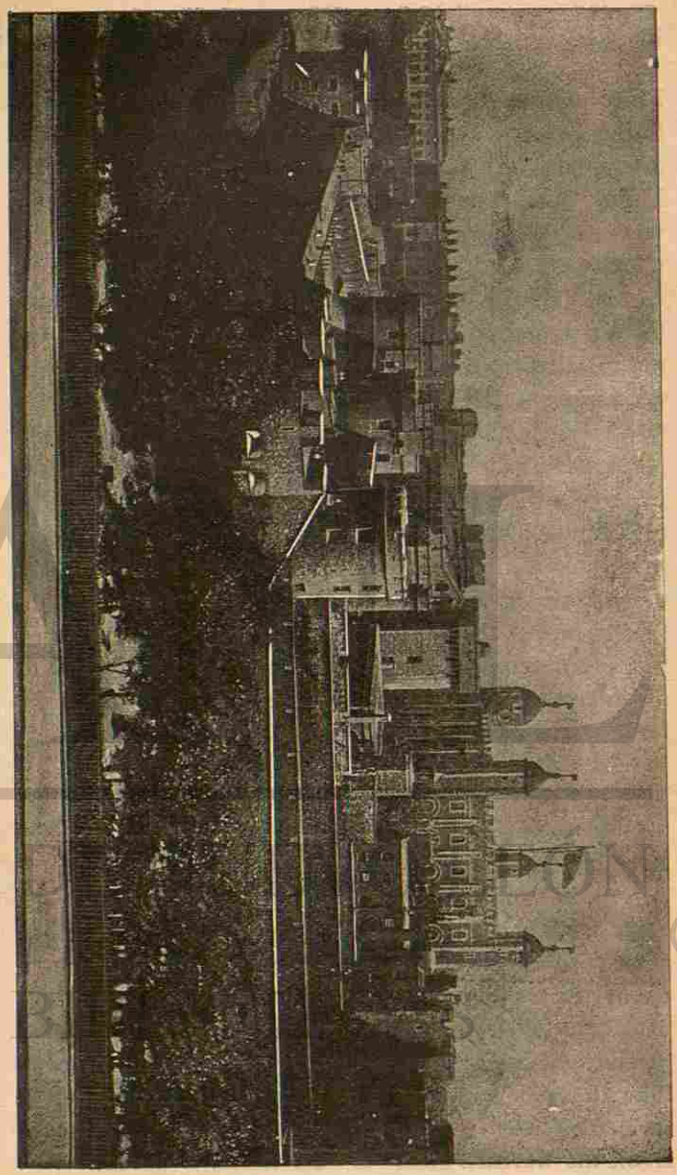
Political Papers [some of which have been published by the South Carolina Historical Society.]

These are of great value in a study of the Revolutionary times.

A PATRIOT IN THE TOWER.

(*From Narrative of his Confinement in the Tower.*)

About 11 o'clock at night I was sent under a strong guard, up three pair of stairs in Scotland Yard, into a very small chamber. Two king's messengers were placed for the whole night at one door, and a subaltern's guard of soldiers at the other. As I was, and had been for some days, so ill as to be incapable of getting into or out of a carriage, or up or down stairs, without help, I looked upon all this parade to be calculated for intimidation. My spirits were good and I smiled inwardly. The next morning, 6th October, from Scotland Yard, I was conducted again under guard to the secretary's office, White Hall. . . I was first asked, by Lord Stormont, "If my name was Henry Laurens." "Certainly, my Lord, that is my name." . . . . His Lordship then said, "Mr. Laurens, we have a paper here" (holding the paper up), "purporting to be a commission from Congress to you, to borrow money in Europe for the use of Congress." . . I replied, "My Lords, your Lordships are in possession of the paper, and will make such use of it as your Lordships shall judge proper." I had not destroyed this paper, as it would serve to establish the rank and character in which I was employed by the United States. . . . . From White Hall, I was conducted in a close hackney coach, under the charge of Colonel Williamson, a polite, genteel officer, and two of the illest-looking fellows I had ever seen.



Tower of London.

The coach was ordered to proceed by the most private ways to the Tower. It had been rumored that a rescue would be attempted. At the Tower the Colonel delivered me to Major Gore, the residing Governor, who, as I was afterwards well informed, had previously concerted a plan for mortifying me. He ordered rooms for me in the most conspicuous part of the Tower (the parade). The people of the house, particularly the mistress, entreated the Governor not to burthen them with a prisoner. He replied, "It is necessary. I am determined to expose him." This was, however, a lucky determination for me. The people were respectful and kindly attentive to me, from the beginning of my confinement to the end; and I contrived, after being told of the Governor's humane declaration, so to garnish my windows by honeysuckles, and a grape-vine running under them, as to conceal myself entirely from the sight of starers, and at the same time to have myself a full view of them. Governor Gore conducted me to my apartments at a warder's house. As I was entering the house, I heard some of the people say, "Poor old gentleman, bowed down with infirmities. He is come to lay his bones here." My reflection was, "I shall not leave a bone with you."

I was very sick, but my spirits were good, and my mind foreboding good from the event of being a prisoner in London. Their Lordships' orders were: "To confine me a close prisoner; to be locked up every night; to be in the custody of two wardens, who were not to suffer me to be out of their sight *one moment*, day or night; to allow me no liberty of speaking to any person, nor to permit any person to speak to me; to deprive me of the use of pen and ink; to suffer no letter to be brought to me, nor any to go from me," etc. As an apology, I presume for their first rigor, the wardens gave me their orders to peruse. . .

And now I found myself a close prisoner, indeed; shut up in two small rooms, which together made about twenty feet square; a warder my constant companion; and a fixed bayonet under my window; not a friend to converse with, and no prospect of a correspondence. . . .

September 23d.—For some time past I have been frequently and strongly tempted to make my escape from the Tower, assured, "It was the advice and desire of all my friends, the thing might be easily effected, the face of American affairs was extremely gloomy. That I might have eighteen hours' start before I was missed; time enough to reach Margate and Ostend; that it was believed there would be no pursuit," etc., etc. I had always said, "I hate the name of a runaway." At length I put a stop to farther applications by saying, "I will not attempt an escape. The gates were opened for me to enter; they shall be opened for me to go out of the Tower. God Almighty sent me here for some purpose. I am determined to see the end of it."

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

1732–1799.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S life is so well known, it is so simple, so grand, that a few words can tell it, and yet volumes would not exhaust it. His mother's remark, "George was always a good son," sums up his character; and his title, "Father of his Country," sums up his life-work.

He was born at Pope's Creek, Westmoreland County, Virginia, and became a surveyor, being employed in that capacity at the early age of sixteen by Lord Fairfax, governor of Virginia. He joined the English troops sent under General Braddock against the French in 1756, and his bravery and good sense in this expedition gained him great renown. In

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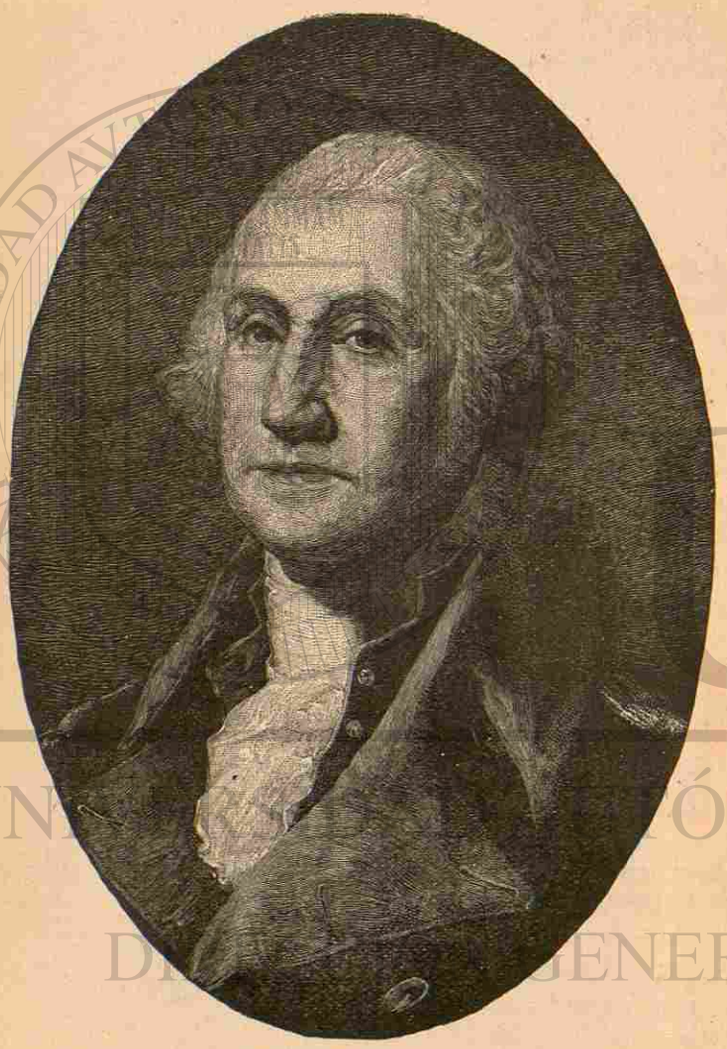

George Washington.

1775 he was made commander-in-chief of the American forces against the English and he conducted the war of the Revolution to a successful issue in 1783. He was the first president of the United States, being elected in 1789, and again in 1793, declining a third term in 1797. He retired to private life at Mt. Vernon, his home in Virginia. Here he died, and here he lies buried, his tomb being a shrine of pilgrimage for all his countrymen and admirers.

Innumerable monuments rise all over our land commemorating his virtues and pointing him out as a model for the youth of America. One of the finest is that at Richmond, designed by Crawford, an equestrian statue in bronze, surrounded by colossal figures of Jefferson, Mason, Patrick Henry, Lewis, Marshall, and Nelson. The marble statue by Houdon in the Capitol at Richmond is considered the best figure of Washington; it was done from life in 1788. Other noble memorials are the Column at Baltimore, and the great obelisk at Washington City, called the Washington Monument, the latter designed by Robert Mills, of South Carolina, and intended originally to have a colonnade around the base containing the statues of the illustrious men of our country.

WORKS.

State Papers, Addresses, Letters—12 volumes.

Washington's writings are like his character, simple, clear, sensible, without any pretensions to special culture or literary grace. These extracts show his modesty, his love of truth, and his general good sense. See under *Madison*, *Weems*, and *Henry Lee*.

AN HONEST MAN.

I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain, what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an "honest man."—*Moral Maxims.*

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How to Answer Calumny.

To persevere in one's duty and be silent is the best answer to calumny.—*Moral Maxims.*

Conscience.

Labour to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire,—conscience.—*Rule from the Copy-book of Washington when a school boy.*

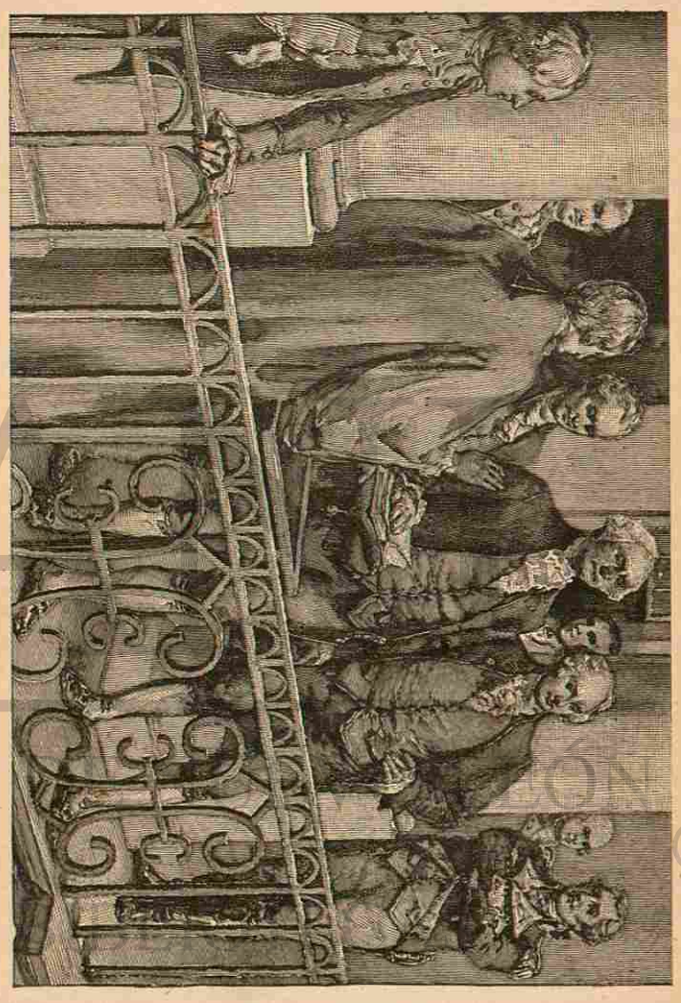
ON HIS APPOINTMENT AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

[*Delivered in Congress, 16 June, 1775.*]

Mr. President: Though I am truly sensible of the high honor done me, in this appointment, yet I feel great distress, from a consciousness that my abilities and military experience may not be equal to the extensive and important trust. However, as the Congress desire it, I will enter upon the momentous duty, and exert every power I possess in their service, and for the support of the glorious cause. I beg they will accept my most cordial thanks for this distinguished testimony of their approbation.

But, lest some unlucky event should happen, unfavorable to my reputation, I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room, that I, this day, declare with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with.

As to pay, Sir, I beg leave to assure the Congress, that, as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept this arduous employment, at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit from it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses. Those, I doubt not, they will discharge, and that is all I desire.



Washington Taking the Oath of Office.

A MILITARY DINNER-PARTY.

[*Letter to Dr. John Cochran, West Point, 16 August, 1779.*]

Dear Doctor: I have asked Mrs. Cochran and Mrs. Livingston to dine with me to-morrow; but am I not in honor bound to apprise them of their fare? As I hate deception, even where the imagination only is concerned, I will. It is needless to premise, that my table is large enough to hold the ladies. Of this they had ocular proof yesterday. To say how it is usually covered, is rather more essential; and this shall be the purport of my letter.

Since our arrival at this happy spot, we have had a ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon, to grace the head of the table; a piece of roast beef adorns the foot; and a dish of beans, or greens, almost imperceptible, decorates the centre. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case to-morrow, we have two beef-steak pies, or dishes of crabs, in addition, one on each side of the centre dish, dividing the space and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which without them would be near twelve feet apart. Of late he has had the surprising sagacity to discover, that apples will make pies; and it is a question, if, in the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples, instead of having both of beef-steaks. If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates, once tin but now iron (not become so by the labor of scouring), I shall be happy to see them; and am, dear Doctor, yours, etc.

ADVICE TO A FAVORITE NEPHEW.

[*From a Letter to Bushrod Washington.—Newburgh, 15 Jan., 1783.*]

Remember, that it is not the mere study of the law, but to become eminent in the profession of it, that is to yield honor and profit. The first was your choice; let the second

be your ambition. Dissipation is incompatible with both; the company, in which you will improve most, will be least expensive to you; and yet I am not such a stoic as to suppose that you will, or to think it right that you should, always be in company with senators and philosophers; but of the juvenile kind let me advise you to be choice. It is easy to make acquaintances, but very difficult to shake them off, however irksome and unprofitable they are found, after we have once committed ourselves to them. The indiscretions, which very often they involuntarily lead one into, prove equally distressing and disgraceful.

Be courteous to all, but intimate with few; and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence. True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation.

Let your heart feel for the distresses and afflictions of every one, and let your hand give in proportion to your purse; remembering always the estimation of the widow's mite, but, that it is not every one who asketh, that deserveth charity; all, however, are worthy of the inquiry, or the deserving may suffer.

Do not conceive that fine clothes make fine men, any more than fine feathers make fine birds. A plain, genteel dress is more admired, and obtains more credit, than lace and embroidery, in the eyes of the judicious and sensible.

PASSAGES FROM THE FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES, 1796.

Union and Liberty.—Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

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The unity of government which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence; the support of your tranquillity at home; your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity; of that very liberty which you so highly prize. But, as it is easy to foresee, that from different causes, and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed; it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can, in any event, be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens by birth, or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of American, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have, in a common cause, fought and triumphed together; the independence and liberty you possess, are the work of joint counsels, and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings, and successes.

But these considerations, however powerfully they address themselves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those which apply more immediately to your interest. Here, every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the union of the whole. . . . .

. . While then every part of our country thus feels an immediate and particular interest in union, all the parts combined cannot fail to find in the united mass of means and efforts, greater strength, greater resource, proportionably greater security from external danger, a less frequent interruption of their peace by foreign nations; and, what is of inestimable value, they must derive from union an exemption from those broils and wars between themselves, which so frequently afflict neighbouring countries not tied together by the same government; which their own rivalships alone would be sufficient to produce, but which opposite foreign alliances, attachments, and intrigues, would stimulate and imbitter. Hence, likewise, they will avoid the necessity of those overgrown military establishments, which under any form of government are inauspicious to liberty, and which are to be regarded as particularly hostile to republican liberty. In this sense it is, that your union ought to be considered as a main prop of your liberty, and that the love of the one ought to endear to you the preservation of the other. . . . .

Party Spirit.—I have already intimated to you the danger of parties in the State, with particular references to the founding them on geographical discriminations. Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you in the

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most solemn manner, against the baleful effects of the spirit of party generally.

This spirit, unfortunately, is inseparable from our nature, having its root in the strongest passions of the human mind. It exists under different shapes in all governments, more or less stifled, controlled, or repressed; but in those of the popular form, it is seen in its greatest rankness, and is truly their worst enemy.

The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge natural to party dissensions, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism. But this leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and miseries which result, gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an individual; and, sooner or later, the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation on the ruins of public liberty.

Without looking forward to an extremity of this kind (which nevertheless ought not to be entirely out of sight), the common and continual mischiefs of the spirit of party, are sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it. . . . .

There is an opinion that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the administration of the government, and serve to keep alive the spirit of liberty. This, within certain limits, is probably true; and, in governments of a monarchical cast, patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favour, upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency, it is certain there will always be enough of that spirit for

every salutary purpose. And there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent it bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume.

Religion and Morality.—Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labour to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation *desert* the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice?

And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect, that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

It is substantially true, that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who that is a sincere friend to it can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabrick? . . . .

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened,

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and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt but, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it; can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature.

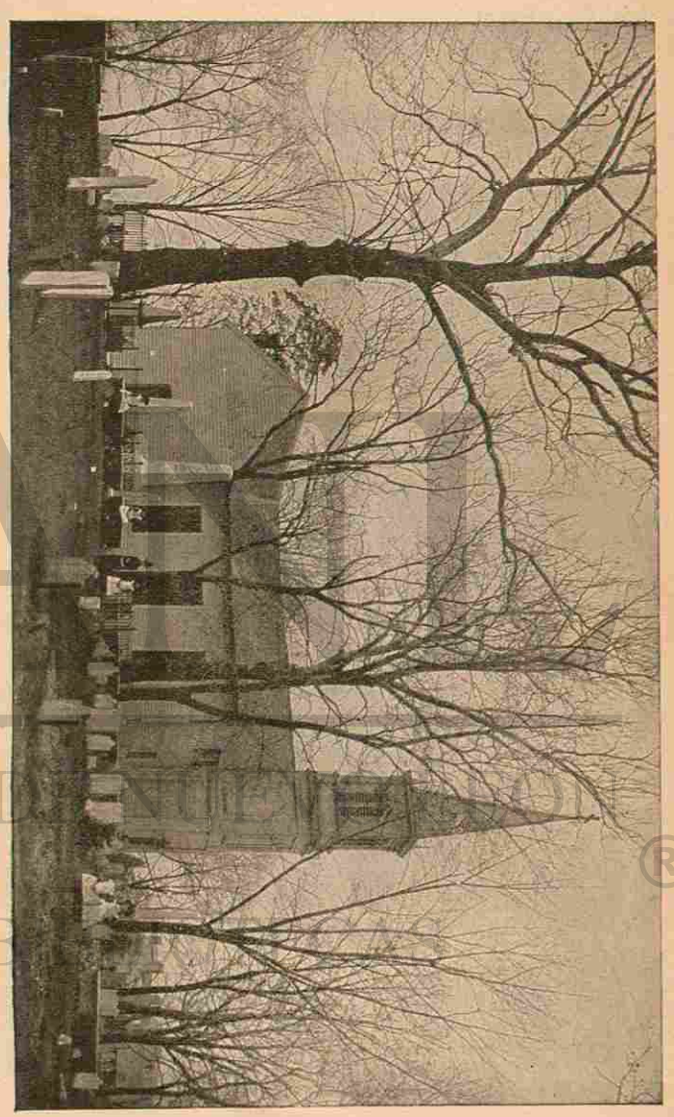
PATRICK HENRY.

1736-1799.

THIS great orator was born at Studley, Hanover County, Virginia; and, while his early education in books was not extensive, he studied man and nature from life very deeply and thoroughly. He attempted farming and merchandising for some years, then read law and at the age of twenty-four was admitted to the bar where his splendid powers had full scope. In 1765 he was elected to the State Legislature, or House of Burgesses, as it was then called.

In the words of Thomas Jefferson, "Mr. Henry certainly gave the first impulse to the ball of the Revolution." During the war, he served at first in the field, and later in the Legislature, and as governor, being elected three times. He retired from public life in 1791 and devoted himself to his law practice, by which he gained wealth.

His most famous speech was delivered before the Convention sitting in council in the old St. John's Church, Richmond, 1775, after the House of Burgesses had been dissolved by the royal governor. An extract from this speech, as given in Wirt's "Life of Henry," follows. No



Old St. John's Church, Richmond, Va.

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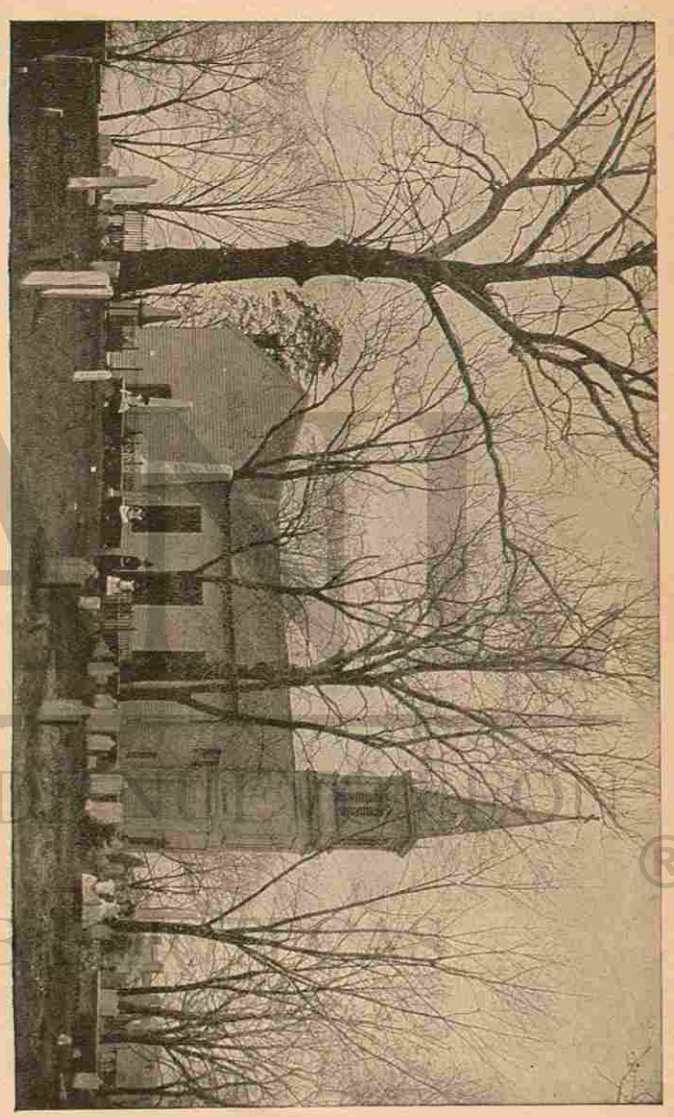

Old St. John's Church, Richmond, Va.

faithfully exact copy of his speeches is preserved, for he never wrote them out, and his eloquence was so overmastering that no one could listen and report at the same time. He takes his place among the great orators of the world.

WORKS.

Speeches, legal and political, (as they have been gathered from traditionary reports.)

See his Life by *Wirt*, *Tyler*, and *W. W. Henry*, his grandson.

REMARK ON SLAVERY.

Slavery is detested. We feel its fatal effects. We deplore it with all the pity of humanity.

NOT BOUND BY STATE LINES, (from the opening speech of the first Continental Congress, 1774.)

I am not a Virginian. I am an American.

IF THIS BE TREASON, (Speech in House of Burgesses, 1765.)

Cæsar had his Brutus—Charles the First, his Cromwell,—and George the Third—("Treason!" cried the Speaker)—*may profit by their example.* If *this* be treason, make the most of it.

THE FAMOUS REVOLUTION SPEECH, 1775.

(*From Wirt's Life of Henry.*)

"Mr. President," said he, "it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth—and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this," he asked, "the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Were we disposed to be of the number of those, who having eyes see not, and having ears hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For his part, whatever anguish of spirit it might

cost, *he* was willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and provide for it."

"He had," he said, "but one lamp by which his feet were guided; and that was the lamp of experience. He knew of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, he wished to know what there had been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen had been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation,—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we [to] oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to en-

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treaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned—we have remonstrated—we have supplicated—we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. *There is no longer any room for hope.* If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight!—I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us!"

"They tell us, sir," continued Mr. Henry, "that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three

millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come!! I repeat it, sir, let it come!!!

"It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace,—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God—I know not what course others may take; but as for me," cried he, with both his arms extended aloft, his brows knit, every feature marked with the resolute purpose of his soul, and his voice swelled to its boldest note of exclamation,—"give me liberty, or give me death!" See also under *Wirt*.

WILLIAM HENRY DRAYTON.

1742-1779.

WILLIAM HENRY DRAYTON was born at "Drayton Hall," on the Ashley River, South Carolina, and was sent in 1753 to England to be educated. He went in the care of

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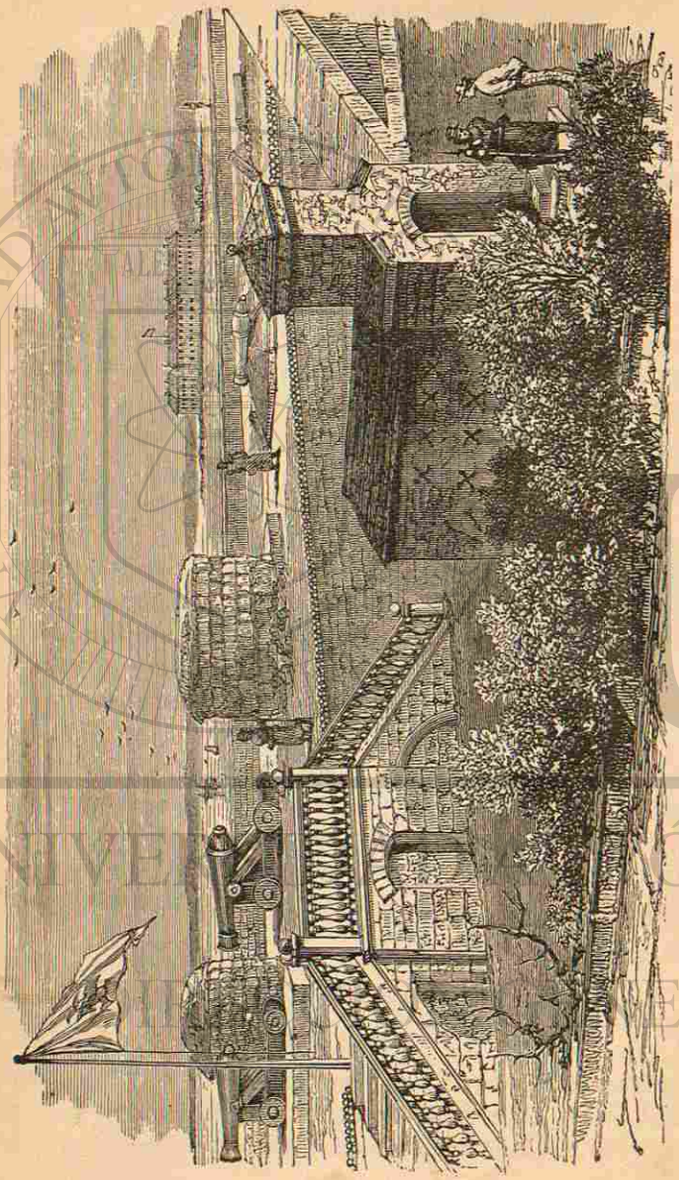

Fort Moultrie, S. C. Fort Sumter in the Distance.

Chief-Justice Charles Pinckney, who was taking his two sons, Charles Cotesworth and Thomas, for the same purpose. He returned home in 1764, studied law, and in 1771 was appointed by the king privy-councillor for South Carolina. He espoused, however, the cause of the Revolution, with ardor, and was chosen president of the Council of Safety and of the Provincial Congress. As Chief-Justice of the State, he declared that the king "had abdicated the government and had no more authority over the people of South Carolina." He also dealt with the Indians and exercised a wholesome influence over them in behalf of the State.

He left in manuscript valuable state papers and a narrative of the early part of the Revolution, which his son, Governor John Drayton, edited and published, and from which the extract is taken. His style is clear, simple, and flowing.

GEORGE III.'S ABDICATION OF POWER IN AMERICA.

[*From the Charge to the Grand Jury of Charleston District, 1776.*]

Thus, as I have on the foot of the best authorities made it evident, that George III. King of Britain, has endeavoured to subvert the constitution of this country, by breaking the original contract between king and people; by the advice of wicked persons has violated the fundamental laws; and has withdrawn himself by withdrawing the constitutional benefits of the kingly office, and his protection out of this country; from such a result of injuries, from such a conjuncture of circumstances—the law of the land authorizes me to declare, and it is my duty boldly to declare the law, that George III. King of Britain, has abdicated the government, and that the throne is thereby vacant; that is, *he has no authority over us, and we owe no obedience to him.* . . The new constitution is wisely adapted to enable us to trade

with foreign nations, and thereby, to supply our wants in the *cheapest* markets in the universe; to extend our trade infinitely beyond what it has ever been known; to encourage manufactures among us; and it is peculiarly formed, to promote the happiness of the people, from among whom, by virtue and merit, *the poorest* man may arrive at *the highest dignity*.—Oh, Carolinians! happy would you be under this new constitution, if you knew your happy state.

Possessed of a constitution of government, founded upon so generous, equal, and natural a principle,—a government expressly calculated to make the people rich, powerful, virtuous, and happy, who can wish to change it, to return under a Royal government; the vital principles of which, are the reverse in every particular! It was my duty to lay this happy constitution before you, in its genuine light—it is your duty to understand—to instruct others—and to defend it. . . . .

I think it my duty to declare in the awful seat of justice and before Almighty God, that in my opinion, the Americans can have no safety but by the Divine Favour, their own virtue, and their being so prudent, as *not to leave it in the power of the British rulers to injure them*. Indeed the ruinous and deadly injuries received on our side; and the jealousies entertained, and which, in the nature of things, must daily increase against us on the other; demonstrate to a mind, in the least given to reflection upon the rise and fall of empires, that true reconcilement never can exist between Great Britain and America, the latter being in subjection to the former.

The Almighty created America to be independent of Britain; let us beware of the impiety of being backward to act as instruments in the Almighty Hand, now extended to accomplish his purpose; and by the completion of which

alone, America, in the nature of human affairs, can be secure against the craft and insidious designs of *her enemies who think her prosperity and power already by far too great*. In a word, our piety and political safety are so blended, that to refuse our labours in this divine work, is to refuse to be a great, a free, a pious, and a happy people!

And now having left the important alternative, political happiness or wretchedness, under God, in a great degree in your own hands; I pray the supreme Arbiter of the affairs of men, so to direct your judgment, as that you may act agreeable to what seems to be his will, revealed in his miraculous works in behalf of America, bleeding at the altar of liberty!

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

1743-1826.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, the "Sage of Monticello," and founder of the University of Virginia, was born at Shadwell, Albemarle County, Virginia. He was educated at William and Mary College, and early developed a rare taste for study, music, and general culture. His is one of the greatest and most interesting figures in our history. He received and adorned all the positions in the gift of his fellow-citizens, from that of member of the State Legislature to that of President of the United States, which office he twice filled. He is considered the founder of the present Democratic party in politics; and he gained imperishable fame as the author of the Declaration of Independence. He spent five years in France, succeeding Benjamin Franklin as minister to that country, and he introduced into the United States the decimal system of currency.

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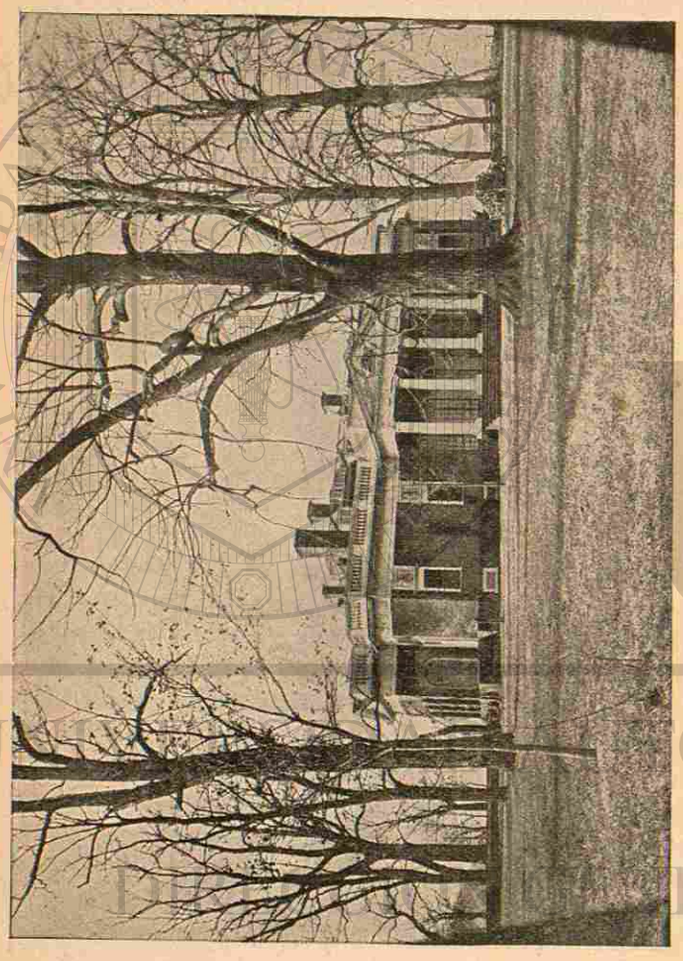

Monticello, the Home of Thomas Jefferson, Albemarle County, Va.

His love for country life induced him to retire to Monticello, his place in Albemarle County, where he spent his declining years in planning and establishing the University of Virginia. His love of freedom in every possible form is shown in his plan for the University, which was, unlike most colleges of the times, to be under the patronage of no church, and the students were to be controlled like any community of citizens. He was also opposed to slavery. (*See his Notes on Virginia.*)

He died at Monticello, July 4, 1826, on the same day with John Adams, just fifty years after the great event of their lives, the declaration of independence of the United States.

The following inscription was at his own request put upon his tombstone:

THOMAS JEFFERSON,
Author of the Declaration of Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom and Father of the University of Virginia.

WORKS.

Autobiography, Essays, Treatises, Letters, Reports, Messages, and Addresses, (9 volumes.)

Jefferson's style as a political writer is considered a model: and every citizen of the United States should be well acquainted with the Declaration of Independence, which has been called by competent critics the most remarkable paper of its kind in existence.

His writings show a well trained mind, accustomed to observe closely and to delight in thought and truth and freedom. *See under George Tucker.* Consult also his Life, by Tucker, by Morse, by Sarah N. Randolph, his great-grand-daughter, Memoirs by Thos. J. Randolph (1830).

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POLITICAL MAXIMS.

Government has nothing to do with opinion.

Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God. (*Motto on his seal.*)

Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none.

RELIGIOUS OPINIONS AT THE AGE OF TWENTY.

(*From a letter to John Page.*)

Perfect happiness, I believe, was never intended by the Deity to be the lot of one of his creatures in this world; but that he has very much put in our power the nearness of our approaches to it, is what I have steadfastly believed. The most fortunate of us, in our journey through life, frequently meet with calamities and misfortunes, which may greatly afflict us; and, to fortify our minds against the attacks of these calamities and misfortunes, should be one of the principal studies and endeavors of our lives. The only method of doing this is to assume a perfect resignation to the Divine will, to consider whatever does happen must happen; and that by our uneasiness, we cannot prevent the blow before it does fall, but we may add to its force after it has fallen. These considerations, and others such as these, may enable us in some measure to surmount the difficulties thrown in our way; to bear up with a tolerable degree of patience under this burthen of life; and to proceed with a pious and unshaken resignation, till we arrive at our journey's end, when we may deliver up our trust into the hands of him who gave it, and receive such reward as to him shall seem proportioned to our merit. Such, dear Page, will be the language of the man who considers his situation in this

life, and such should be the language of every man who would wish to render that situation as easy as the nature of it will admit. Few things will disturb him at all; nothing will disturb him much.

SCENERY AT HARPER'S FERRY AND AT THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

(*From Notes on Virginia, written in 1781, published in 1801.*)

The passage of the Patowmac through the Blue Ridge is perhaps one of the most stupendous scenes in nature. You stand on a very high point of land. On your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountain an hundred miles to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Patowmac, in quest of a passage also. In the moment of their junction they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea. The first glance of this scene hurries our senses into the opinion, that this earth has been created in time, that the mountains were formed first, that the rivers began to flow afterwards, that in this place particularly they have been damned up by the Blue ridge of mountains, and have formed an ocean which filled the whole valley; that continuing to rise they have at length broken over at this spot, and have torn the mountain down from its summit to its base. The piles of rock on each hand, but particularly on the Shenandoah, the evident marks of their disrupture and avulsion from their beds by the most powerful agents of nature, corroborate the impression. But the distant finishing which nature has given to the picture, is of a very different character. It is a true contrast to the foreground. It is as placid and delightful, as that is wild and tremendous. For the mountain being cloven asunder, she presents to your eye,

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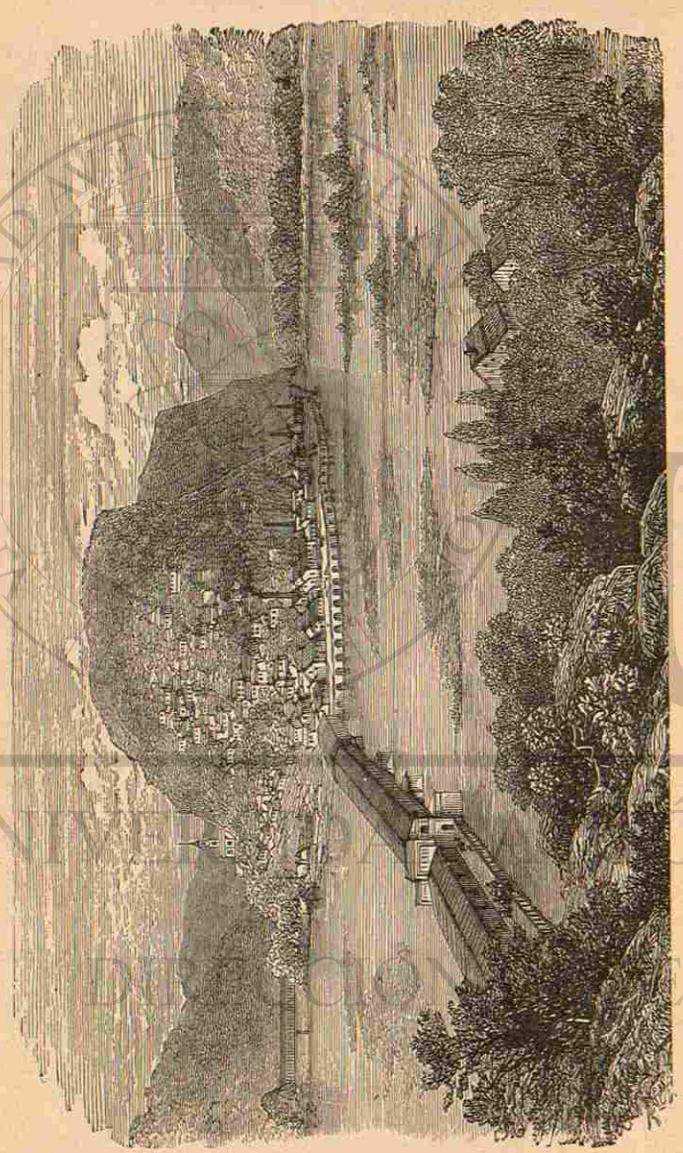

Harper's Ferry.

through the cleft, a small catch of smoothe blue horizon, at an infinite distance in the plain country, inviting you, as it were, from the riot and tumult roaring around, to pass through the breach and participate of the calm below. .

. . . . . .

The Natural Bridge, the most sublime of nature's works, . . . is on the ascent of a hill, which seems to have been cloven through its length by some great convulsion. The fissure, just at the bridge, is, by some admeasurements, 270 feet deep, by others only 205. It is about 45 feet wide at the bottom, and 90 feet at the top; this of course determines the length of the bridge, and its height from the water. Its breadth in the middle, is about 60 feet, but more at the ends, and the thickness of the mass, at the summit of the arch, about 40 feet. A part of this thickness is constituted by a coat of earth, which gives growth to many large trees. The residue, with the hill on both sides, is one solid rock of lime-stone.

The arch approaches the semi-elliptical form; but the larger axis of the ellipsis, which would be the cord of the arch, is many times longer than the transverse. Though the sides of this bridge are provided in some parts with a parapet of fixed rocks, yet few men have the resolution to walk to them, and look over into the abyss. You involuntarily fall on your hands and feet, creep to the parapet, and peep over it. Looking down from this height about a minute, gave me a violent head-ach.

If the view from the top be painful and intolerable, that from below is delightful in an equal extreme. It is impossible for the emotions arising from the sublime, to be felt beyond what they are here: so beautiful an arch, so elevated, so light, and springing as it were up to heaven! the rapture of the spectator is really indescribable! The fissure

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continuing narrow, deep, and straight, for a considerable distance above and below the bridge, opens a short but very pleasing view of the North mountain on one side, and Blue ridge on the other, at the distance each of them of about five miles. This bridge is in the county of Rockbridge, to which it has given name, and affords a public and commodious passage over a valley, which cannot be crossed elsewhere for a considerable distance. The stream passing under it is called Cedar-creek.

ON FREEDOM OF RELIGIOUS OPINION.

Compulsion makes hypocrites, not converts.

It is error alone that needs the support of government: truth can stand by itself.

ON THE DISCOURSES OF CHRIST.

Such are the fragments remaining to us to show a masterworkman, and that his system of morality was the most benevolent and sublime that has ever been taught, and consequently more perfect than those of any of the ancient philosophy.

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM.

(*From an Act Passed in the Assembly of Virginia, 1786.*)

Well aware that Almighty God hath created the mind free; that all attempts to inflence it by temporal punishments or burdens, or by civil incapacitations, tend only to beget habits of hypocrisy and meanness, and are a departure from the plan of the Holy Author of our religion, who being Lord both of body and mind, yet chose not to propagate it by coercions on either, as was in his Almighty power to do; that the impious presumption of legislators and rulers, civil as well as ecclesiastical, who, being themselves but fallible and uninspired men, have assumed dominion over the faith

of others, setting up their own opinions and modes of thinking as the only true and infallible, and as such endeavouring to impose them on others, hath established and maintained false religions over the greatest part of the world, and through all time; that to compel a man to furnish contributions of money for the propagation of opinions which he disbelieves, is sinful and tyrannical; . . . that to suffer the civil magistrate to intrude his powers into the field of opinion and to restrain the profession or propagation of principles, on the supposition of their ill tendency, is a dangerous fallacy, which at once destroys all religious liberty, because he being of course judge of that tendency, will make his opinions the rule of judgment, and approve or condemn the sentiments of others only as they shall square with or differ from his own; that it is time enough for the rightful purposes of civil government, for its officers to interfere when principles break out into overt acts against peace and good order; and finally, that truth is great and will prevail if left to herself, that she is the proper and sufficient antagonist to error, and has nothing to fear from the conflict, unless by human interposition disarmed of her natural weapons, free argument and debate, errors ceasing to be dangerous when it is permitted freely to contradict them:

Be it therefore enacted by the General Assembly, That no man shall be compelled to frequent or support any religious worship, place or ministry whatsoever, nor shall be enforced, restrained, molested, or burthened in his body or goods, nor shall otherwise suffer on account of his religious opinions or belief; but that all men shall be free to profess, and by argument to maintain, their opinions in matters of religion and that the same shall in no wise diminish, enlarge, or affect their civil capacities.

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LETTER TO HIS DAUGHTER, MARTHA JEFFERSON.

(*Written in France, May 21, 1787.*)

I write you, my dear Patsy, from the canal of Languedoc, on which I am at present sailing, as I have been for a week past,—cloudless skies above, limpid waters below, and on each hand, a row of nightingales in full chorus. This delightful bird had given me a rich treat before, at the fountain of Vaucluse. After visiting the tomb of Laura, at Avignon, I went to see this fountain—a noble one of itself, and rendered forever famous by the songs of Petrarch, who lived near it. I arrived there somewhat fatigued, and sat down by the fountain to repose myself. It gushes, of the size of a river, from a secluded valley of the mountain, the ruins of Petrarch's château being perched on a rock two hundred feet perpendicular above. To add to the enchantment of the scene, every tree and bush was filled with nightingales in full song. I think you told me that you had not yet noticed this bird. As you have trees in the garden of the Convent [*in Paris, where Martha was at school*], there might be nightingales in them, and this is the season of their song. Endeavor, my dear, to make yourself acquainted with the music of this bird, that when you return to your own country you may be able to estimate its merit in comparison with that of the mocking-bird. The latter has the advantage of singing through a great part of the year, whereas the nightingale sings but about five or six weeks in the spring, and a still shorter term, and with a more feeble voice, in the fall.

I expect to be in Paris about the middle of next month. By that time we may begin to expect our dear Polly [*the younger daughter, Maria*]. It will be a circumstance of inexpressible comfort to me to have you both with me once more. The object most interesting to me for the residue of my life, will be to see you both developing daily those principles of virtue and goodness which will make you valuable to others and happy in yourselves, and acquiring those talents and that degree of science which will guard you at all times against *ennui*, the most dangerous poison of life. A mind always employed is always happy. This is the true secret, the grand recipe, for felicity. The idle are the only wretched. In a world which furnishes so many employments which are useful, and so many which are amusing, it is our own fault if we ever know what *ennui* is, or if we are ever driven to the miserable resource of gaming, which corrupts our dispositions, and teaches us a habit of hostility against all mankind.

We are now entering the port of Toulouse, where I quit my bark, and of course must conclude my letter. Be good and be industrious, and you will be what I shall most love in the world. Adieu, my dear child.

Yours affectionately,

TH. JEFFERSON.

JEFFERSON'S LAST LETTER, IN ANSWER TO AN INVITATION TO BE PRESENT AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE, IN WASHINGTON.—TO MR. WEIGHTMAN, MAYOR OF WASHINGTON.

MONTICELLO, *June 24, 1826.*

Respected Sir: The kind invitation received from you, on the part of the citizens of the city of Washington, to be present with them at their celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of American Independence, as one of the surviving signers of an instrument pregnant with our own, and the fate of the world, is most flattering to myself, and heightened by the honorable accompaniment proposed for the comfort of such a journey. It adds sensibly to the sufferings of sickness, to

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be deprived by it of a personal participation in the rejoicing of that day. But acquiescence is a duty, under circumstances not placed among those we are permitted to control. I should, indeed, with peculiar delight, have met and exchanged there congratulations personally with the small band, the remnant of that host of worthies, who joined with us on that day, in the bold and doubtful election we were to make for our country, between submission or the sword; and to have enjoyed with them the consolatory fact, that our fellow-citizens, after half a century of experience and prosperity, continue to approve the choice we made. May it be to the world, what I believe it will be (to some parts sooner, to others later, but finally to all), the signal of arousing men to burst the chains under which monkish ignorance and superstition had persuaded them to bind themselves, and to assume the blessings and security of self-government. That form which we have substituted, restores the free right to the unbounded exercise of reason and freedom of opinion. All eyes are opened, or opening, to the rights of man. The general spread of the light of science has already laid open to every view the palpable truth, that the mass of mankind has not been born with saddles on their backs, nor a favored few booted and spurred, ready to ride them legitimately, by the grace of God. These are grounds of hope for others. For ourselves, let the annual return of this day, forever refresh our recollections of these rights, and an undiminished devotion to them.

I will ask permission here to express the pleasure with which I should have met my ancient neighbors of the city of Washington and its vicinities, with whom I passed so many years of a pleasing social intercourse; an intercourse which so much relieved the anxieties of the public cares, and left impressions so deeply engraved in my affections as

never to be forgotten. With my regret that ill health forbids me the gratification of an acceptance, be pleased to receive for yourself, and those for whom you write, the assurance of my highest respect and friendly attachments.

TH. JEFFERSON.

DAVID RAMSAY.

1749—1815.

DAVID RAMSAY was a native of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, was educated at Princeton, studied medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, and removed to Charleston, S. C., for the practice of his profession. He soon acquired celebrity both as a physician and as a patriot in the Revolutionary struggles. He was a member of the Council of Safety and a surgeon in the army. He was one of the forty prominent citizens who were sent as hostages to St. Augustine at the capture of Charleston in 1780 and kept for eleven months in close confinement. His death was caused by wounds received from a maniac, who shot him in the street for testifying as to his mental unsoundness.

His second wife was Martha Laurens, daughter of Henry Laurens, who had spent ten years in Europe and who was always active in intellectual and benevolent pursuits. She assisted her husband in his writing and prepared her sons for college Two of their daughters long had an excellent and celebrated school for girls in Charleston.

WORKS.

Orations; Medical Essays.
History of South Carolina.
Life of Washington.
Memoir of Martha L. Ramsay.
Universal History Americanized (12 volumes.)

Dr. Ramsay holds a high place as a historian, being characterized by impartiality, a fine memory, a clear simple

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Jasper Replacing the Flag.

style, and a personal knowledge of many of the persons and events he describes.

SERMON ON TEA, (1775).

Touch not, taste not, handle not.

BRITISH TREATY WITH THE CHEROKEES, 1755.

(*From History of South Carolina.*)

In the course of eighty years, or about the middle of the eighteenth century, the most valuable lands in the low country were taken up: and settlements were gradually progressing westwardly on favorite spots in the middle and upper country. The extinction of Indian claims by a cession of territory to the king, was necessary to the safety of the advancing settlers. This was obtained in 1755. In that year, Governor Glen met the Cherokee warriors in their own country, and held a treaty with them. After the usual ceremonies were ended, the governor made a speech to the assembled warriors in the name of his king; representing his great power, wealth, and goodness, and his particular regard for his children, the Cherokees. He reminded them of the happiness they had long enjoyed by living under his protection; and added, that he had many presents to make them and expected they would surrender a share of their territories in return. He informed them of the wicked designs of the French, and hoped they would permit none of them to enter their towns. He demanded lands to build two forts in their country, to protect them against their enemies, and to be a retreat to their friends and allies, who furnished them with arms, ammunition, hatchets, clothes, and everything that they wanted.

When the governor had finished his speech, Chulochcullak arose, and in answer spoke to the following effect:

"What I now speak, our father the great king should hear. We are brothers to the people of Carolina, one house

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covers us all." Then taking a boy by the hand, he presented him to the governor, saying, "We, our wives, and our children, are all children of the great king George; I have brought this child, that when he grows up he may remember our agreement on this day, and tell it to the next generation, that it may be known forever." Then opening his bag of earth, and laying the same at the governor's feet, he said: "We freely surrender a part of our lands to the great king. The French want our possessions, but we will defend them while one of our nation shall remain alive." Then delivering the governor a string of wampum, in confirmation of what he said, he added: "My speech is at an end—it is the voice of the Cherokee nation. I hope the governor will send it to the king, that it may be kept forever."

SERGEANT JASPER AT FORT MOULTRIE, *28th June, 1776.*

(*From the History of South Carolina.*)

The loss of the garrison was ten men killed and twenty-two wounded. Lieutenants Hall and Gray were among the latter. Though there were many thousand shots fired from the shipping, yet the works were little damaged: those which struck the fort were ineffectually buried in its soft wood. Hardly a hut or tree on the island escaped.

When the British appeared off the coast, there was so scanty a stock of lead, that to supply the musketry with bullets, it became necessary to strip the windows of the dwelling-houses in Charleston of their weights. Powder was also very scarce. The proportion allotted for the defence of the fort was but barely sufficient for slow firing. This was expended with great deliberation. The officers in their turn pointed the guns with such exactness that most of their shot took effect. In the beginning of the action,

the flag-staff was shot away. Sergeant Jasper of the Grenadiers immediately jumped on the beach, took up the flag and fastened it on a sponge-staff. With it in his hand he mounted the merlon; and, though the ships were directing their incessant broadsides at the spot, he deliberately fixed it. The day after the action, President Rutledge presented him with a sword, as a mark of respect for his distinguished valor. . . . .

On the third day after the action, the lady of Colonel Bernard Elliott presented an elegant pair of colors to the second regiment, which had so bravely defended Fort Moultrie. Her address on the occasion concluded thus: "I make not the least doubt, under heaven's protection, you will stand by these colors as long as they wave in the air of liberty." In reply a promise was made that "they should be honorably supported, and never should be tarnished, by the second regiment." This engagement was literally fulfilled. Three years after they were planted on the British lines at Savannah: one by Lieutenant Bush who was immediately shot down; Lieutenant Hume in the act of planting his was also shot down; and Lieutenant Gray in supporting them received a mortal wound. The brave Sergeant Jasper on seeing Lieutenant Hume fall, took up the color and planted it. In doing so, he received a wound which terminated in death; but on the retreat being ordered he brought the colors off with him. These were taken at the fall of Charleston and are said to be now in the tower of London.

SUMPTER AND MARION.

(*From the Same.*)

As the British advanced to the upper country of South Carolina, a considerable number of the determined friends of independence retreated before them and took refuge in North

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Carolina. In this class was Colonel Sumpter; a gentleman who had formerly commanded one of the continental regiments, and who was known to possess a great share of bravery and other military talents. In a very little time after he had forsaken his home, a detachment of the British turned his wife and family out of doors, burned the house and everything that was in it. A party of these exiles from South Carolina who had convened in North Carolina made choice of Colonel Sumpter to be their leader. At the head of this little band of freemen he soon returned to his own State, and took the field against the victorious British. He made this gallant effort at a time when the inhabitants had generally abandoned the idea of supporting their own independence, and when he had every difficulty to encounter. The State was no longer in a condition to pay, clothe, or feed the troops who had enrolled themselves under his command. His followers were, in a great measure, unfurnished with arms and ammunition; and they had no magazines from which they might draw a supply. The iron tools, on the neighboring farms, were worked up for their use by common blacksmiths into rude weapons of war. They supplied themselves, in part, with bullets by melting the pewter which they were furnished by private housekeepers. They sometimes came to battle when they had not three rounds a man; and some were obliged to keep at a distance, till, by the fall of others, they were supplied with arms. When they proved victorious they were obliged to rifle the dead and wounded of their arms and ammunition to equip them for their next engagement. . . . . .

General Francis Marion was born at Winyaw in 1733. His grandfather was a native of Languedoc, and one of the many Protestants who fled from France to Carolina to avoid persecution on the account of religion. He left thir-

teen children, the eldest of whom was the father of the general. Francis Marion, when only sixteen years of age, made choice of a sea-faring life. On his first voyage to the West Indies he was shipwrecked. The crew, consisting of six persons, took to the open boat without water or provisions; . . . . . they were six days in the boat before they made land. Two of the crew perished. Francis Marion with three others reached land. This disaster, and the entreaties of his mother, induced him to quit the sea. . . . . .

On the approach of General Gates he advanced with a small party through the country towards the Santee. On his arrival there he found a number of his countrymen ready and willing to put themselves under his command, to which he had been appointed by General Gates This corps afterwards acquired the name of Marion's brigade. . . . In all these marches Marion and his men lay in the open air with little covering, and with little other food than sweet potatoes and meat mostly without salt. Though it was the unhealthy season of autumn, yet sickness seldom occurred. The general fared worse than his men; for his baggage having caught fire by accident, he had literally but half a blanket to cover him from the dews of the night, and but half a hat to shelter him from the rays of the sun.

JAMES MADISON.

1751-1836.

JAMES MADISON, fourth president of the United States, was born at Port Conway, Virginia, and was a graduate of Princeton, where he was a profound and excellent student. He and Jefferson were always friends; yet they differed

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in some political opinions, for Madison was a Federalist, and he contributed many papers to the periodical of that name.

In 1794 he married Mrs. Dorothy Payne Todd, a lady of extraordinary beauty and rare accomplishments; and the reign of Mrs. Dolly Madison at the White House is esteemed its most brilliant period. "Memoirs and Letters of Dolly Madison," by her grand-niece, published in 1887 at Boston, is a most interesting book.

President Madison died at his home "Montpelier," Orange County, Virginia. See his Life, by W. C. Rives, and by Gay.

WORKS.

Madison Papers (3 vols.), [Debates of the Convention, 1789.]

Unpublished Writings.
29 Papers in the "Federalist."

Professor Fiske says of Madison: "Among the founders of our nation, his place is beside that of Washington, Jefferson, and Marshall; but his part was peculiar. He was pre-eminently the scholar, the profound constructive thinker, and his limitations were such as belong to that character."

OPINION OF LAFAYETTE, (IN LETTERS TO JEFFERSON.)

(*From Rives' Life of Madison.**)

(*17 Oct., 1784.*)—The time I have lately passed with the Marquis has given me a pretty thorough insight into his character. With great natural frankness of temper, he unites much address and very considerable talents. In his politics, he says his three hobby-horses are the alliance between France and the United States, the union of the latter, and the manumission of the slaves. The two former are the dearer to him, as they are connected with his personal glory. . . . . .

* By permission of Little, Brown, & Company, Boston, as also the two following extracts.

(*20 August, 1785.*)—Subsequent to the date of mine in which I gave my idea of Lafayette, I had other opportunities of penetrating his character. Though his foibles did not disappear, all the favorable traits presented themselves in a stronger light, on closer inspection. He certainly possesses talents which might figure in any line. If he is ambitious, it is rather of the praise which virtue dedicates to merit than of the homage which fear renders to power. His disposition is naturally warm and affectionate, and his attachment to the United States unquestionable. Unless I am grossly deceived, you will find his zeal sincere and useful, whenever it can be employed on behalf of the United States without opposition to the essential interests of France.

PLEA FOR A REPUBLIC, ALTHOUGH A NEW FORM OF GOVERNMENT.

(*From the "Federalist," 14th No.*)

But why is the experiment of an extended Republic to be rejected, merely because it may comprise what is new? Is it not the glory of the people of America, that, whilst they have paid a decent regard to the opinions of former times and other nations, they have not suffered a blind veneration for antiquity, for custom, or for names, to overrule the suggestions of their own good sense, the knowledge of their own situation, and the lessons of their own experience? To this manly spirit posterity will be indebted for the possession, and the world for the example, of the numerous improvements displayed on the American theatre in favor of private rights and public happiness. Had no important step been taken by the leaders of the Revolution for which a precedent could not be discovered; no government established of which an exact model did not present

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itself,—the people of the United States might, at this moment, have been numbered among the melancholy victims of misguided counsels; must, at best, have been laboring under the weight of some of those forms which have crushed the liberties of the rest of mankind. Happily for America,—happily, we trust, for the whole human race, they pursued a new and more noble course. They accomplished a revolution which has no parallel in the annals of human society. They reared the fabrics of government, which have no model on the face of the globe. They formed the design of a great Confederacy, which it is incumbent on their successors to improve and perpetuate. If their works betray imperfections, we wonder at the fewness of them. If they erred most in the structure of the Union, this was the work most difficult to be executed; this is the work which has been new-modelled by the act of your convention; and it is that act on which you are now to deliberate and decide.

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

(*"drawn by Mr. Madison, amid the tranquil scenes of his own final retirement; and intended . . . . . for his family and friends."*)

The strength of his character lay in his integrity, his love of justice, his fortitude, the soundness of his judgment, and his remarkable prudence; to which he joined an elevated sense of patriotic duty, and a reliance on the enlightened and impartial world as the tribunal by which a lasting sentence on his career would be pronounced. Nor was he without the advantage of a stature and figure which, however insignificant when separated from greatness of character, do not fail, when combined with it, to aid the attraction. What particularly distinguished him was a modest

dignity, which at once commanded the highest respect and inspired the purest attachment.

Although not idolizing public opinion, no man could be more attentive to the means of ascertaining it. In comparing the candidates for office, he was particularly inquisitive as to their standing with the public, and the opinion entertained of them by men of public weight. On the important questions to be decided by him, he spared no pains to gain information from all quarters; freely asking from all whom he held in esteem, and who were intimate with him, a free communication of their sentiments; receiving with great attention the arguments and opinions offered to him; and making up his own judgment with all the leisure that was permitted.

ST. GEORGE TUCKER.

1752-1828.

ST. GEORGE TUCKER was born in the Bermudas, came early in life to Virginia, where he married in 1778 Mrs. Frances Bland Randolph, and thus became stepfather to John Randolph of Roanoke. He was a distinguished jurist, professor of law at William and Mary College, president-judge of the Virginia Court of Appeals, and judge of the United States District Court of Virginia.

WORKS.

Poems: "Days of My Youth," and others.
Probationary Odes of Jonathan Pindar, Esq., [Satires].
Commentary on the Constitution.
Dissertation on Slavery: Letters on Alien and Sedition Laws.
Annotated Edition of Blackstone.
Dramas, [unpublished].

In addition to his ability as a writer, he possessed fine literary taste; and his personal character was marked by great amiability, courtliness, and patriotism.

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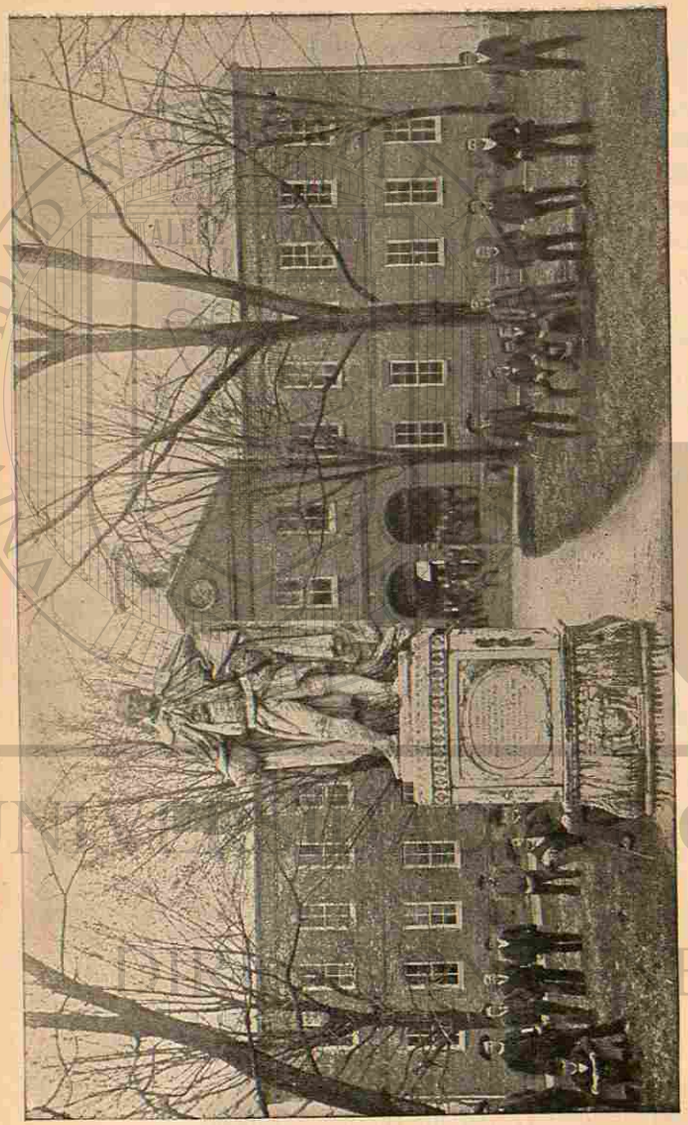

William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.

RESIGNATION, OR DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

I.

Days of my youth,
Ye have glided away;
Hairs of my youth,
Ye are frosted and gray:
Eyes of my youth,
Your keen sight is no more;
Cheeks of my youth
Ye are furrowed all o'er,
Strength of my youth,
All your vigor is gone;
Thoughts of my youth,
Your gay visions are flown.

II.

Days of my youth,
I wish not your recall;
Hairs of my youth,
I'm content ye should fall;
Eyes of my youth,
You much evil have seen;
Cheeks of my youth,
Bathed in tears have you been;
Thoughts of my youth,
You have led me astray;
Strength of my youth,
Why lament your decay?

III.

Days of my age,
Ye will shortly be past;
Pains of my age,
Yet a while ye can last;
Joys of my age,
In true wisdom delight;

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Eyes of my age,
  Be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age,
  Dread ye not the cold sod;
Hopes of my age,
  Be ye fixed on your God.

JOHN MARSHALL.

1755-1835.

JOHN MARSHALL, third Chief Justice of the United States, was born in Fauquier County, Virginia. He served as a soldier in the Revolution and then practised law in Richmond. With Charles Cotesworth Pinckney and Elbridge Gerry, he was sent to Paris in 1797 to treat of public affairs; and it was on this occasion that Pinckney made the famous reply to the propositions of Talleyrand, "Millions for defence, not a cent for tribute."

He was chief-justice of the United States for thirty-five years, being appointed in 1800 and holding the position until his death. One of the most celebrated cases over which he presided was the trial of Aaron Burr, 1807, in which William Wirt led the prosecution, and Luther Martin and Burr himself, the defence. His services on the Supreme Bench were not only judicial but patriotic also, as his decisions on points of constitutional law, being broad, clear, strong, and statesman-like, have done much to settle the foundations of our government.

He died in Philadelphia whither he had gone for medical treatment. A handsome statue of him by Story adorns the west grounds of the Capitol at Washington, and his is one of the six colossal bronze figures around the Washington Monument in Richmond. See Life, by Story, and by Magruder.

WORKS.

Life of Washington.
Supreme Court Decisions.
Writings on Federal Constitution, [selections by Justice Story].

"He was supremely fitted for high judicial station—a solid judgment, great reasoning powers, acute and penetrating mind; . . . attentive, patient, laborious; grave on the bench, social in the intercourse of life; simple in his tastes, and inexorably just."—Thomas Hart Benton, in "Thirty Years' View."

POWER OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

(From Case of Cohen vs. State of Virginia, given in Magruder's Life of Marshall.)*

It is authorized to decide all cases of every description arising under the Constitution or laws of the United States. From this general grant of jurisdiction no exception is made of those cases in which a State may be a party. When we consider the situation of the government of the Union and of a State in relation to each other, the nature of our Constitution, the subordination of the State governments to that Constitution, the great purpose for which jurisdiction over all cases arising under the Constitution and laws of the United States is confided to the judicial department, are we at liberty to insert in this general grant an exception of those cases in which a State may be a party? Will the spirit of the Constitution justify this attempt to control its words? We think it will not. We think a case arising under the Constitution or laws of the United States is cognizable in the courts of the Union, whoever may be the parties to that case. The laws must be executed by individuals acting within the several States. If these individuals may be exposed to penalties, and if the courts of the Union cannot correct the judgments by which these penal-

*By permission of Houghton, Mifflin, and Company, of Boston, as also the following.

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ties may be enforced, the course of government may be at any time arrested by the will of one of its members. Each member will possess a *veto* on the will of the whole.

That the United States form, for many and most important purposes, a single nation has not yet been denied. These States are constituent parts of the United States. They are members of one great empire, for some purposes sovereign, for some purposes subordinate. In a government so constituted is it unreasonable that the judicial power should be competent to give efficacy to the constitutional laws of the legislature? That department can decide on the validity of the Constitution or law of a State, if it be repugnant to the Constitution or to a law of the United States. Is it unreasonable that it should also be empowered to decide on the judgment of a State tribunal enforcing such unconstitutional law? Is it so very unreasonable as to furnish a justification for controlling the words of the Constitution? We think not. . . . .

THE DUTIES OF A JUDGE.

Advert, sir, to the duties of a judge. He has to pass between the government and the man whom that government is prosecuting; between the most powerful individual in the community and the poorest and most unpopular. It is of the last importance that, in the exercise of these duties he should observe the utmost fairness. Need I press the necessity of this? Does not every man feel that his own personal security and the security of his property depends on that fairness? The judicial department comes home, in its effects, to every man's fireside; it passes on his property, his reputation, his life, his all. Is it not to the last degree important that he should be rendered perfectly and completely independent, with nothing to influence or control

him, but God and his conscience? . . . I have always thought, from my earliest youth until now, that the greatest scourge an angry Heaven ever inflicted upon an ungrateful and sinning people was an ignorant, a corrupt, or a dependent judiciary. Our ancestors thought so; we thought so until very lately; and I trust that the vote of this day will show that we think so still. Will you draw down this curse on Virginia?

HENRY LEE.

1756-1818.

HENRY LEE, "Light-Horse Harry," of the Revolution, and father of General R. E. Lee, was born at Leesylvania, Westmoreland County, Virginia. His father was also named Henry Lee, and his mother was Lucy Grymes, the famous "lowland beauty," who first captured Washington's heart. Her son was a favorite of his, and it is an interesting fact that it was this same Henry Lee who delivered by request of Congress the funeral oration on Washington. In it he used those now well-known words, "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

He was educated at Princeton, and joined the American army in 1777, with his company, as Captain Lee. He rose successively to be major, colonel, general; and after the war he served in the Continental Congress and in the Virginia Legislature. He was injured in a riot at Baltimore, while trying to defend a friend, and went to Cuba for his health; but he died on his way home, at Cumberland Island on the coast of Georgia, at the home of General Greene's daughter, Mrs. Shaw.

With his first wife, his cousin Matilda Lee, he obtained Stratford House, where R. E. Lee was born; whose

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mother, however, was the second wife, Anne Hill Carter of Shirley.

WORK.

Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States, edited by his sons, Henry and R. E. Lee.

General Lee's "Memoirs of the War" is a life-like and spirited narrative of events in which he was an actor. The style is plain and clear. His style as an orator is seen in his celebrated Funeral Oration, of which we give the closing sentences.

CAPTURE OF FORT MOTTE BY LEE AND MARION, MAY, 1780.

(*From General Henry Lee's Memoirs of the War.*)

This post was the principal depot of the convoys from Charleston to Camden, and sometimes for those destined for Fort Granby and Ninety-Six. A large new mansion house, belonging to Mrs. Motte, situated on a high and commanding hill, had been selected for this establishment. It was surrounded with a deep trench, along the interior margin of which was raised a strong and lofty parapet. To this post had been regularly assigned an adequate garrison of about one hundred and fifty men, which was now accidentally increased by a small detachment of dragoons, which had arrived from Charleston a few hours before the appearance of the American troops, on its way to Camden with despatches for Lord Rawdon. Captain M'Pherson commanded, an officer highly and deservedly respected.

Opposite to Fort Motte, to the north, stood another hill, where Mrs. Motte, having been dismissed from her mansion, resided, in the old farmhouse. On this height Lieutenant-Colonel Lee with his corps took post, while Brigadier Marion occupied the eastern declivity of the ridge on which the fort stood.

The vale which runs between the two hills admitted our safe approach within four hundred yards of the fort. This place was selected by Lee to break ground. Relays of working parties being provided for every four hours, and some of the negroes from the neighbouring plantations being brought, by the influence of Marion, to our assistance, the works advanced with rapidity. Such was their forwardness on the 10th, that it was determined to summon the commandant.

A flag was accordingly despatched to Captain M'Pherson, stating to him with truth our relative situation, and admonishing him to avoid the disagreeable consequences of an arrogant temerity. To this the captain replied, that, disregarding consequences, he should continue to resist to the last moment. The retreat of Rawdon was known in the evening to the besiegers; and in the course of the night a courier arrived from General Greene confirming that event, urging redoubled activity, and communicating his determination to hasten to their support. Urged by these strong considerations, Marion and Lee persevered throughout the night in pressing the completion of their works. On the next day, Rawdon reached the country opposite to Fort Motte; and in the succeeding night encamping on the highest ground in his route, the illumination of his fires gave the joyful annunciation of his approach to the despairing garrison. But the hour was close at hand, when this joy was to be converted into sadness.

The large mansion in the centre of the encircling trench, left but a few yards of the ground within the enemy's works uncovered; burning the house must force their surrender.

Persuaded that our ditch would be within arrow shot before noon of the next day, Marion and Lee determined to

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adopt this speedy mode of effecting their object. Orders were instantly issued to prepare bows and arrows, with missive combustible matter. This measure was reluctantly adopted; for the destruction of private property was repugnant to the principles which swayed the two commandants, and upon this occasion was peculiarly distressing. The devoted house was a large, pleasant edifice, intended for the summer residence of the respectable owner, whose deceased husband had been a firm patriot, and whose only marriageable daughter was the wife of Major Pinckney, an officer in the South Carolina line, who had fought and bled in his country's cause, and was now a prisoner with the enemy. These considerations powerfully forbade the execution of the proposed measure; but there were others of much cogency, which applied personally to Lieutenant Colonel Lee, and gave a new edge to the bitterness of the scene.

Encamping contiguous to Mrs. Motte's dwelling, this officer had, upon his arrival, been requested in the most pressing terms to make her house his quarters. The invitation was accordingly accepted; and not only the lieutenant colonel, but every officer of his corps, off duty, daily experienced her liberal hospitality, politely proffered and as politely administered. Nor was the attention of this amiable lady confined to that class of war which never fail to attract attention. While her richly spread table presented with taste and fashion all the luxuries of her opulent country, and her sideboard offered without reserve the best wines of Europe—antiquated relics of happier days—her active benevolence found its way to the sick and to the wounded; cherishing with softest kindness infirmity and misfortune, converting despair into hope, and nursing debility into strength. Nevertheless the obligations of duty were imperative; the house must burn; and a respectful communi-

cation to the lady of her destined loss must be made. Taking the first opportunity which offered, the next morning, Lieutenant Colonel Lee imparted to Mrs. Motte the intended measure; lamenting the sad necessity, and assuring her of the deep regret which the unavoidable act excited in his and every breast.

With a smile of complacency this exemplary lady listened to the embarrassed officer, and gave instant relief to his agitated feelings, by declaring, that she was gratified with the opportunity of contributing to the good of her country, and that she should view the approaching scene with delight. Shortly after, seeing accidentally the bows and arrows which had been prepared, she sent for the lieutenant colonel, and presenting him with a bow and its apparatus imported from India, she requested his substitution of these, as probably better adapted for the object than those we had provided.

Receiving with silent delight this opportune present, the lieutenant colonel rejoined his troops, now making ready for the concluding scene. The lines were manned, and an additional force stationed at the battery, lest the enemy, perceiving his fate, might determine to risk a desperate assault, as offering the only chance of relief. As soon as the troops reached their several points, a flag was again sent to M'Pherson, for the purpose of inducing him to prevent the conflagration and the slaughter which might ensue, by a second representation of his actual condition.

Doctor Irvine, of the legion cavalry, was charged with the flag, and instructed to communicate faithfully the inevitable destruction impending, and the impracticability of relief, as Lord Rawdon had not yet passed the Santee; with an assurance that longer perseverance in vain resistance, would place the garrison at the mercy of the conqueror; who was not regardless of the policy of preventing waste

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of time by inflicting exemplary punishment, where resistance was maintained only to produce such waste. The British captain received the flag with his usual politeness, and heard patiently Irvine's explanations; but he remained immovable; repeating his determination of holding out to the last.

It was now about noon, and the rays of the scorching sun had prepared the shingle roof for the projected conflagration. The return of Irvine was immediately followed by the application of the bow and arrows. The first arrow struck and communicated its fire; a second was shot at another quarter of the roof, and a third at a third quarter; this last also took effect, and, like the first, soon kindled a blaze. M'Pherson ordered a party to repair to the loft of the house, and by knocking off the shingles to stop the flames. This was soon perceived, and Captain Finley was directed to open his battery, raking the loft from end to end.

The fire of our six pounder, posted close to one of the gable ends of the house, soon drove the soldiers down; and no other effort to stop the flames being practicable, M'Pherson hung out the white flag. . . . .

Powerfully as the present occasion called for punishment, and rightfully as it might have been inflicted, not a drop of blood was shed, nor any part of the enemy's baggage taken. M'Pherson and his officers accompanied their captors to Mrs. Motte's, and partook with them of a sumptuous dinner; soothing in the sweets of social intercourse the ire which the preceding conflict had engendered.

THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

(From the funeral oration, 1800.)

First in war—first in peace—and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in the humble and

endearing scenes of private life; pious, just, humane, temperate, and sincere; uniform, dignified, and commanding, his example was as edifying to all around him, as were the effects of that example lasting.

To his equals he was condescending, to his inferiors kind, and to the dear objects of his affections exemplarily tender; correct throughout, vice shuddered in his presence, and virtue always felt his fostering hand; the purity of his private character gave efflulgence to his public virtues.

His last scene comported with the whole tenor of his life—although in extreme pain, not a sigh, not a groan escaped him; and with undisturbed serenity, he closed his well-spent life. Such was the man America has lost—such was the man for whom our nation mourns.

Methinks I see his august image, and I hear falling from his venerable lips these deep-sinking words:

"Cease, sons of America, lamenting our separation: go on, and confirm by your wisdom the fruits of our joint councils, joint efforts, and common dangers; reverence religion, diffuse knowledge throughout your land, patronize the arts and sciences; let Liberty and Order be inseparable companions. Control party spirit, the bane of free governments; observe good faith to, and cultivate peace with all nations, shut up every avenue to foreign influence, contract rather than extend national connection, rely on yourselves only; be Americans in thought, word and deed;—thus will you give immortality to that union which was the constant object of my terrestrial labors; thus will you preserve undisturbed to the latest posterity the felicity of a people to me most dear, and thus will you supply (if my happiness is now aught to you) the only vacancy in the round of pure bliss high Heaven bestows."

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MASON LOCKE WEEMS.

1760—1825.

MASON LOCKE WEEMS was born at Dumfries, Virginia, and educated in London as a clergyman. He was for some years rector of Pohick Church, Mt. Vernon parish, of which Washington was an attendant. His health demanding a change of occupation, he became agent for the publishing house of Matthew Carey of Philadelphia, and was very successful, being "equally ready for a stump, a fair, or a pulpit." He played the violin, read, recited, and was humorous and interesting in conversation.

His writings are attractive and often very eloquent and forcible; but we know not how much of his narratives to believe. His "Life of Washington" is the most popular and widely read of the many lives of that great man; to it alone we are indebted for the Hatchet Story.

WORKS.

Life of Washington.
Life of Franklin.
Life of Marion.
Life of Penn.
The Philanthropist, [a tract prefaced by an autograph letter from Washington.]

THE HATCHET STORY.

(*From Life of Washington.*)

The following anecdote is a case in point; it is too valuable to be lost, and too true to be doubted, for it was communicated to me by the same excellent lady to whom I was indebted for the last, [a relative of the Washington family.]

"When George," she said, "was about six years old, he was made the wealthy master of a *hatchet!* of which, like most little boys, he was immoderately fond, and was constantly going about chopping everything that came in his way. One day, in the garden, where he often amused himself hacking his mother's pea-sticks, he unluckily tried the edge of his hatchet on the body of a beautiful young English cherry-tree, which he barked so terribly that I don't believe the tree ever got the better of it. The next morning the old gentleman finding out what had befallen his tree, which, by the by, was a great favorite, came into the house, and with much warmth asked for the mischievous author, declaring at the same time that he would not have taken five guineas for his tree. Nobody could tell him anything about it. Presently George and his hatchet made their appearance. "George," said his father, "do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry-tree yonder in the garden?" This was a *tough question*, and George staggered under it for a moment; but quickly recovered himself; and looking at his father, with the sweet face of youth brightened with the inexpressible charm of all-conquering truth, he bravely cried out, "I can't tell a lie, Pa; you know I can't tell a lie; I did cut it with my hatchet."—"Run to my arms, you dearest boy," cried his father in transports, "run to my arms. Glad am I, George, that you ever killed my tree, for you have paid me for it a thousand-fold. Such an act of heroism in my son, is more worth than a thousand trees, though blossomed with silver, and their fruits of purest gold."

JOHN DRAYTON.

1766-1822.

JOHN DRAYTON, son of William Henry Drayton, was born in South Carolina, educated at Princeton and in England, and became a lawyer. He was governor of South Carolina, 1800-2, and again 1808-10; and he was District Judge of the United States at the time of his death.

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WORKS.

Letters written during a tour through the Northern and Eastern States.
A View of South Carolina.
Memoirs of the Revolution in South Carolina, [prepared mainly from his father's manuscripts].

Governor Drayton's writings are characterized by a desire to express the simple and exact truth. His style carries with it a conviction of his sincerity and of the reliability of his narrative.

A REVOLUTIONARY OBJECT LESSON IN THE CAUSE OF PATRIOTISM, APRIL 1775.

(*From Memoirs of the Revolution.*)

With all these occurrences, men's minds had become agitated; and it was deemed proper to bring forth something calculated to arrest the public attention, to throw odium on the British Administration, to put down the Crown officers in the Province, and to invigorate the ardor of the people. And nothing was deemed more likely to effect the same than some public exhibition which might speak to the sight and senses of the multitude.

For this purpose effigies were brought forward, supposed to be by the authority or connivance of the Secret Committee. . . . They represented the Pope, Lord Grenville, Lord North, and the Devil. They were placed on the top of a frame capable of containing one or two persons within it; and the frame was covered over with thick canvas, so that those within could not be distinguished. In the front of the frame on the top, the Pope was seated in a chair of state, in his pontifical dress; and at a distance immediately behind him the Devil was placed in a standing position, holding a barbed dart in his right hand; between the Pope and the Devil, on each side, Lords Grenville and North were stationed. Thus finished the frame and effigies were fixed on four wheels; and early in the morning, this uncommon spectacle was stationed between the Market and St. Michael's Church in Broad-street to the gaze of the citizens.

Many were the surmises respecting it; but at length by its evolutions, it soon began to explain the purposes for which it was constructed. For no sooner did any of the Crown officers, Placemen, Counsellors, or persons known to be disaffected to the common cause, pass by than the Pope immediately bowed with proportioned respect to them, and the Devil at the same moment striking his dart at the head of the Pope convulsed the populace with bursts of laughter. While on the other hand, the immovable effigies of Lords Grenville and North, appearing like attendants on the Pope or criminals, moved the people with sentiments of disgust and contempt against them and the whole British Administration, for the many oppressive acts which they had been instrumental in procuring to be passed through both Houses of Parliament.

In this manner the machine was exposed; after which it was paraded through the town the whole day by the mob; and in the evening, they carried it beyond the town where surrounding it with tar barrels the whole was committed to the flames. Nor did the idea or influence of the thing end here—for boys forsook their customary sports to make models like it, with which having amused themselves, and having roused their youthful spirits into a detestation of oppression, they also committed them to the flames. And many of those very boys supported with their services and blood the rights and liberties of their country.

THE BATTLE OF NOEWEE, BETWEEN THE SOUTH CAROLINIANS AND THE CHEROKEES, 1776.

(*From Memoirs of the Revolution in South Carolina.*)

The army now crossed Cannucca Creek, and was proceeding towards Noewee Creek when tracks of the enemy's

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spies were discovered about half past ten o'clock, A. M., and the army was halted and thrown into close order. It then proceeded on its left towards a narrow valley, bordering on Noewee Creek, and enclosed on each side by lofty mountains, terminated at the extremity by others equally difficult; and commenced entering the same, for the purpose of crossing the Appalachean Ridge, which separated the Middle Settlements from those in the Vallies.

These heights were occupied by twelve hundred Indian Warriors; nor were they discovered, until the advance guard of one hundred men began to mount the height, which terminated the valley. The army having thus completely fallen into the ambuscade of the enemy, they poured in a heavy fire upon its front and flanks; compelling it to recoil, and fall into confusion. Great was the perturbation which then prevailed, the cry being, "*We shall be cut off;*" and while Col. Williamson's attention was imperiously called to rally his men, and charge the enemy, he was at the same time obliged to reinforce the baggage guard, on which the subsistence of the army depended for provisions, in this mountainous wilderness.

In this extremity, Lieutenant-Colonel Hammond caused detachments to file off, for the purpose of gaining the eminences above the Indians, and turning their flanks; while Lieutenant Hampton with twenty men, advanced upon the enemy, passing the main advance guard of one hundred men: who, being panic-struck, were rapidly retreating. Hampton, however, clambered up the ascent, with a manly presence of mind; which much encouraged all his followers: calling out, "*Loaded guns advance—empty guns, fall down and load:*" and being joined by thirty men, he charged desperately on the foe. The Indians now gave way; and a panic passing among them from right to left, the troops

rallied and pressed them with such energy, as induced a general flight: and the army was thereby rescued from a total defeat aud massacre.

Besides this good fortune, they became possessed of so many packs of deer skins and baggage; that they sold among the individuals of the army, for £1,200 currency; and which sum was equally distributed among the troops. In this engagement, the killed of Williamson's army, were thirteen men, and one Catawba Indian; and the wounded were, thirty-two men, and two Catawbas. Of the enemy, only four were found dead, and their loss would have been more considerable, if many of them had not been mistaken for the friendly Catawbas, who were in front.

WILLIAM WIRT.

1772-1834.

WILLIAM WIRT was born at Bladensburg, Maryland, and received an early and excellent education. He removed to Virginia in 1791 and began the practice of law, in which profession he rose to great and singular eminence.

He was elected Chancellor of Virginia in 1801, led the prosecution in the Aaron Burr trial, 1807, and was concerned in several other famous cases. In 1817 he was appointed Attorney-General of the United States and lived in Washington twelve years. In 1826 he delivered before Congress the address on the death of John Adams and of Thomas Jefferson; which occurred on the Fourth of July, of that year, just fifty years after the Declaration of Independence.

His health giving way under his severe labors and distress for the death of his son Robert, he resigned his office. He

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said, "All, all is vanity and vexation of spirit, except religion, friendship, and literature." He removed to Baltimore and resumed the practice of law. He was a man of fine appearance and charming social graces. It is related that on one occasion he kept a party of friends up all night long, to their utter astonishment, merely by the powers of his delightful conversation. See "Memoirs of Wirt" by Kennedy.

WORKS.

Letters of the British Spy.
Rainbow, [essays].
Life of Patrick Henry.
Addresses.
Old Bachelor, [a series of essays by a group of friends, Wirt, Dabney Carr, George Tucker, and others].

Wirt's style both in writing and speaking has been often and justly praised for its grace, culture, and luxuriance.

His "British Spy" is composed of ten letters supposed to be left at an inn by a spy, giving opinions on various things and an account especially of public men and orators that he has met in his travels in America. These letters are esteemed Wirt's best literary work, although his "Life of Patrick Henry" is perhaps better known on account of its subject.

THE BLIND PREACHER, (JAMES WADDELL.*)

(From The British Spy.)

It was one Sunday, as I travelled through the county of Orange, [Virginia], that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous, old, wooden house in the forest, not far from the roadside. Having frequently seen such objects before, in travelling through those States, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

* James Waddell, it is said, was a relative of the celebrated teacher, Dr. Moses Waddell, of Georgia, president of the State University, 1819-29.

Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness, was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

The first emotions that touched my breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But how soon were all my feelings changed! The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees, than were the lips of this holy man! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament; and his subject was, of course, the passion of our Saviour. I have heard the subject handled a thousand times; I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose that in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver.

He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour; his trial before Pilate; his ascent up Calvary; his crucifixion; and his death. I knew the whole history; but never until then had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored! It was all new; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had the force of description, that the original

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scene appeared to be at that moment acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews; the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet; my soul kindled with a flame of indignation; and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clinched.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour; when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven; his voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,"—the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until, his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect is inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

It was some time before the tumult had subsided, so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But—no: the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence, with which he broke the awful silence, was a quotation from Rousseau: "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ, like a God!"

I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on delivery. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher; his blindness, constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian, and Milton, and associating with his performance the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses; you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting trembling melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised; and then the few moments of portentous, deathlike silence which reigned throughout the house; the preacher removing his white handkerchief from his aged face, (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears), and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence, "Socrates died like a philosopher,"—then, pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both, clasped together, with warmth and energy, to his breast, lifting his "sightless balls" to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice—"but Jesus Christ—like a God!" If it had indeed and in truth been an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine.

MR. HENRY AGAINST JOHN HOOK.

(From Life of Patrick Henry.)

Hook was a Scotchman, a man of wealth, and suspected of being unfriendly to the American cause. During the distresses of the American army, consequent upon the joint invasion of Cornwallis and Phillips in 1781, a Mr. Venable, an army commissary, had taken two of Hook's steers for the use of the troops. The act had not been strictly legal; and on the establishment of peace, Hook, under the advice of Mr. Cowan, a gentleman of some distinction in the law,

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thought proper to bring an action of trespass against Mr. Venable, in the district court of New London. Mr. Henry appeared for the defendant, and is said to have disported himself in this cause to the infinite enjoyment of his hearers, the unfortunate Hook always excepted. After Mr. Henry became animated in the cause, says a correspondent [Judge Stuart], he appeared to have complete control over the passions of his audience: at one time he excited their indignation against Hook: vengeance was visible in every countenance; again, when he chose to relax and ridicule him, the whole audience was in a roar of laughter. He painted the distresses of the American army, exposed almost naked to the rigour of a winter's sky, and marking the frozen ground over which they marched, with the blood of their unshod feet—"where was the man," he said, "who had an American heart in his bosom, who would not have thrown open his fields, his barns, his cellar, the doors of his house, the portals of his breast, to have received with open arms, the meanest soldier in that little band of patriots? Where is the man? *There* he stands—but whether the heart of an American beats in his bosom, you, gentlemen, are to judge." He then carried the jury, by the powers of his imagination, to the plains around York, the surrender of which had followed shortly after the act complained of: he depicted the surrender in the most glowing and noble colors of his eloquence—the audience saw before their eyes the humiliation and dejection of the British, as they marched out of their trenches—they saw the triumph which lighted up every patriot face, and heard the shouts of victory, and the cry of "Washington and Liberty!", as it rung and echoed through the American ranks, and was reverberated from the hills and shores of the neighboring river—"but, hark!, what notes of discord are these which disturb the

general joy, and silence the acclamations of victory? They are the notes of *John Hook*, hoarsely bawling through the American camp, *beef! beef! beef!*"

The whole audience was convulsed: a particular incident will give a better idea of the effect, than any general description. The clerk of the court, unable to command himself, and unwilling to commit any breach of decorum in his place, rushed out of the court-house, and threw himself on the grass, in the most violent paroxysm of laughter, where he was rolling, when Hook, with very different feelings, came out for relief into the yard also. "Jemmy Steptoe," said he to the clerk, "what the devil ails ye, mon?" Mr. Steptoe was only able to say, that *he could not help it.* "Never mind ye," said Hook, "wait till Billy Cowan gets up: *he'll show* him the la'." Mr. Cowan, however, was so completely overwhelmed by the torrent which bore upon his client, that when he rose to reply to Mr. Henry, he was scarcely able to make an intelligible or audible remark. The cause was decided almost by acclamation. The jury retired for form's sake, and instantly returned with a verdict for the defendant. Nor did the effect of Mr. Henry's speech stop here. The people were so highly excited by the tory audacity of such a suit, that Hook began to hear around him a cry more terrible than that of *beef;* it was the cry of *tar and feathers:* from the application of which, it is said, that nothing saved him but a precipitate flight and the speed of his horse.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

1773-1833.

JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke, was born at Cawson's, Virginia, being a descendant of Pocahontas in the seventh

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generation. He lost his father early in life. His beautiful mother, to whom he was devotedly attached, afterwards married St. George Tucker, who happily was a true father to her children and educated John himself. Her death in 1788 was a life-long distress to her gifted son.

He was a prominent actor in all the stirring political life of the times, being in Congress from 1800 until his death, except from 1812 to 1814, and again in 1830 when he was minister to Russia, a position which he resigned, however, in order to return to the excitement of politics at home. He freed his slaves by will on his death, which occurred in Philadelphia as he was preparing to go abroad for his health. Many anecdotes are told of him, and he is one of the most interesting and striking figures in our history. See Benton's account of his duel with Clay; also Life, by Garland, and by Adams.

WORKS.

Letters to a Young Relative. Addresses.

John Randolph is noted for his wit, eloquence, and a power of sarcasm scathing in its intensity which he often employed, thereby making many enemies. "He is indeed original and unique in everything. His language is simple, though polished, brief, though rich, and as direct as the arrow from the Indian bow."—Paulding.

THE REVISION OF THE STATE CONSTITUTION.

(From a Speech in the Legislature, 1829.)

Doctor Franklin who in shrewdness, especially in all that related to domestic life, was never excelled, used to say that two movings were equal to one fire. And gentlemen, as if they were afraid that this besetting sin of republican governments, this *rerum novarum lubido* (to use a very homely phrase, but that comes pat to the purpose), this maggot of

innovation, would cease to bite, are here gravely making provision that this Constitution, which we should consider as a remedy for all the ills of the body politic, may itself be amended or modified at any future time. Sir, I am against any such provision. I should as soon think of introducing into a marriage contract a provision for divorce, and thus poisoning the greatest blessing of mankind at its very source,—at its fountain-head. He has seen little, and has reflected less, who does not know that "necessity" is the great, powerful, governing principle of affairs here. Sir, I am not going into that question which puzzled Pandemonium,—the question of liberty and necessity,—

"Free will, fixed fate, foreknowledge absolute;"

but I do contend that necessity is one principal instrument of all the good that man enjoys. The happiness of the connubial union itself depends greatly on necessity, and when you touch this you touch the arch, the keystone of the arch, on which the happiness and well-being of society is founded. Look at the relation of master and slave (that opprobium, in the opinion of some gentlemen, to all civilized society and all free government). Sir, there are few situations in life where friendships so strong and so lasting are formed as in that very relation. The slave knows that he is bound indissolubly to his master, and must, from necessity, remain always under his control. The master knows he is bound to maintain and provide always for his slave so long as he retains him in his possession. And each party accommodates himself to the situation. I have seen the dissolution of many friendships,—such, at least, as they were called; but I have seen that of master and slave endure so long as there remained a drop of blood of the master to which the slave could cleave.

Where is the necessity of this provision in the Constitution? Where is the use of it? Sir, what are we about?

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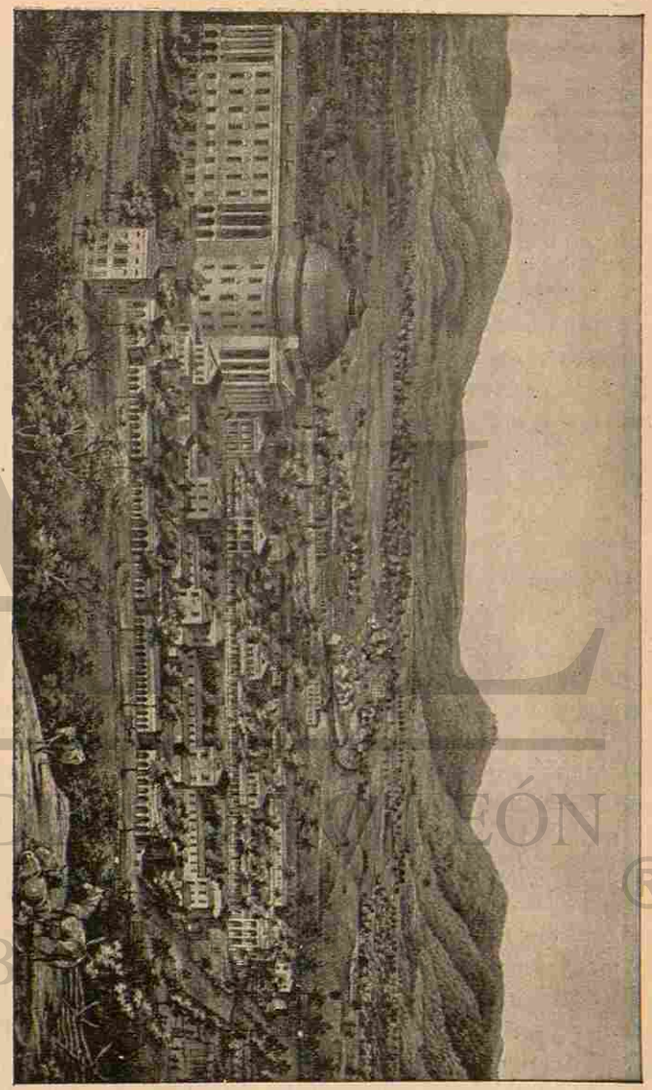
Have we not been undoing what the wiser heads—I must be permitted to say so—yes, Sir, what the wiser heads of our ancestors did more than half a century ago? Can any one believe that we, by any amendment of ours, by any of our scribbling on that parchment, by any amulet, by any legerdemain—charm—Abracadabra—of ours can prevent our sons from doing the same thing,—that is, from doing what they please, just as we are doing as we please? It is impossible. Who can bind posterity? When I hear gentlemen talk of making a Constitution for "all time," and introducing provisions into it for "all time," and yet see men here who are older than the Constitution we are about to destroy (I am older myself than the present Constitution: it was established when I was a boy), it reminds me of the truces and the peaces of Europe. They always begin, "In the name of the most holy and undivided Trinity," and go on to declare "there shall be perfect and perpetual peace and unity between the subjects of such and such potentates for all time to come;" and in less than seven years they are at war again.

GEORGE TUCKER.

1775-1861.

GEORGE TUCKER, a relative of St. George Tucker, was, like him, born in the Bermudas, and came to Virginia in 1787. He was reared and educated by St. George Tucker, and practiced law in Lynchburg. He served in the State Legislature and in Congress, and in 1825 he was elected professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy in the University of Virginia, a position which he filled for twenty years. His novel, "Valley of the Shenandoah," was reprinted in England and translated into German.



University of Virginia.

WORKS.

Essays in "Old Bachelor" Series.	Theory of Money and Banks.
Letters on the Conspiracy of Slaves.	Essay on Cause and Effect.
Letters on the Roanoke Navigation.	Association of Ideas.
Recollections of Eleanor Rosalie Tucker.	Dangers Threatening the United States.
Essays on Taste, Morals, and Policy.	Progress of the United States.
Valley of the Shenandoah.	Life of Dr. John P. Emmet.
A Voyage to the Moon.	History of the United States.
Principles of Rent, Wages, &c.	Banks or No Banks.
Literature of the United States.	Essays Moral and Philosophical.
Life of Thomas Jefferson.	Political Economy.

Prof. Tucker was a voluminous writer and treated many subjects. One or two early works of imagination and fancy gave place later to philosophy and political economy, and his style is eminently that of a thinker.

JEFFERSON'S PREFERENCE FOR COUNTRY LIFE.

(*From Life of Jefferson.*)

He tells the Baron that he is savage enough to prefer the woods, the wilds, and the independence of Monticello, to all the brilliant pleasures of the gay metropolis of France. "I shall therefore," he says, "rejoin myself to my native country, with new attachments, and with exaggerated esteem for its advantages; for though there is less wealth there, there is more freedom, more ease, and less misery."

Declarations of this kind often originate in insincerity and affectation; sometimes from the wish to appear superior to those sensual indulgences and light amusements which are to be obtained only in cities, and sometimes from the pride of seeming to despise what is beyond our reach. But the sentiment here expressed by Mr. Jefferson is truly felt by many an American, and we have no reason to doubt it was felt also by him. There is a charm in the life which one has been accustomed to in his youth, no matter what the modes of that life may have been, which always retains its hold on the heart. The Indian who has passed his first

years with his tribe, is never reconciled to the habits and restraints of civilized life. And although in more artificial and advanced stages of society, individuals, whether they have been brought up in the town or the country, are not equally irreconcilable to a change from one to the other, it commonly takes some time to overcome their preference for the life they have been accustomed to; and in many instances it is never overcome, but continues to haunt the imagination with pleasing pictures of the past or imaginations of the future, when hope gives assurance that those scenes of former enjoyment may be renewed. That most of our country gentlemen, past the heyday of youth, would soon tire of Paris, and pant after the simple pleasures and exemption from restraint which their own country affords, is little to be wondered at; but it is the more remarkable in Mr. Jefferson, and more clearly illustrates the force of early habit, when it is recollected that he found in the French metropolis that society of men of letters and science which he must often have in vain coveted in his own country, and that here he met with those specimens of music, painting, and architecture, for which he had so lively a relish. But in these comparisons between the life we are leading and that which we have left, or are looking forward to, we must always allow much to the force of the imagination, and there are few men who felt its influence more than Mr. Jefferson. In one of his letters to Mr. Carmichael, he says, "I sometimes think of building a little hermitage at the Natural Bridge, (for it is my property), and of passing there a part of the year at least."

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

(*From the Same.*)

We have seen that the subject of education had long been a favourite object with Mr. Jefferson, partly from his own

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lively relish for literature and science, and partly because he deemed the diffusion of knowledge among the people essential to the wise administration of a popular government, and even to its stability. He had not long retired from public life, before the subject again engaged his serious attention, and, besides endeavouring to enlist men of influence in behalf of his favourite scheme of dividing the counties of the State into wards, and giving the charge of its elementary schools to these little commonwealths, he also aimed to establish a college, in the neighbourhood of Charlottesville, for teaching the higher branches of knowledge, and which, from its central and healthy situation, might be improved into a university.

He lived to see this object accomplished, and it owed its success principally to his efforts. It engrossed his attention for more than eleven years, in which time he exhibited his wonted judgment and address, in overcoming the numerous obstacles he encountered, and a diligence and perseverance which would have been creditable to the most vigorous period of life. . . . . .

In getting the university into operation, he seemed to have regained the activity and assiduity of his youth. Everything was looked into, everything was ordered by him. He suggested the remedy for every difficulty, and made the selection in every choice of expedients. Two or three times a week he rode down to the establishment to give orders to the proctor, and to watch the progress of the work still unfinished. Nor were his old habits of hospitality forgotten. His invitations to the professors and their families were frequent, and every Sunday some four or five of the students dined with him. At these times he generally ate by himself in a small recess connected with the dining-room; but, saving at meals, sat and conversed with the

company as usual. The number of visiters also to the University was very great, and they seldom failed to call at Monticello, where they often passed the day, and sometimes several days. He was so fully occupied with his duties, as rector of the university, and he found so much pleasure in the occupation, that for a time every cause of care and anxiety, of which he now began to have an increased share, was entirely forgotten; and the sun of his life seemed to be setting with a soft but unclouded radiance.

UANL
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Henry Clay.

THIRD PERIOD . . . 1800-1850.

HENRY CLAY.

1777-1852.

HENRY CLAY was born at "The Slashes," Hanover County, Virginia, whence he got his title, "Mill-Boy of the Slashes." His mother, early left a widow, was poor, and on her second marriage, to Mr. Henry Watkins, removed to Kentucky. Henry Clay became a clerk and then a law-student in Richmond, Va., and in 1797 followed his mother to Kentucky, making his home in Lexington. He rose speedily to eminence as a jury lawyer, and in 1803 entered public life as a member of the State Legislature. In 1806 he entered the United States Senate, and after the war of 1812 he was sent to Belgium as one of the Commissioners to treat of peace with Great Britain.

His share in public life was most important. He was the author of the Missouri Compromise of 1820, of the Tariff Compromise of 1832, of the Bill for Protection and Internal Improvements; his agency in the first two and in the Missouri Compromise of 1850, gaining for him the title of the "Great Pacificator." With Calhoun and Webster, he formed the triad of great statesmen who made illustrious our politics in the first half of the nineteenth century.

He died in Washington City and was buried in Lexington, Kentucky, where an imposing column, surmounted by his statue, marks his tomb. In the Capitol grounds at Rich-

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mond there is also a fine monument and statue to his memory. It has been said of him that no man ever had more devoted friends and more bitter enemies. See Benton's account of his duel with Randolph.

His home, "Ashland," on the suburbs of Lexington, is now a part of the University of Kentucky. The old Court House in which so many of his famous speeches were made still stands in Lexington, and is cherished as an honoured reminder of his greatness in the eyes of his admiring compatriots. See under A. H. Stephens, *Sketch in the Senate, 1850;* also, Life, by Prentice, and by Schurz.

WORKS.

Speeches, [of which several collections have been made.]

Henry Clay was perhaps the greatest popular leader and orator that America has produced, although his influence will not be so lasting as that of profounder statesmen. He was a master of the feelings and could sway the multitude before him as one man. "His style of argument was by vivid picture, apt comparison, and forcible illustration, rather than by close reasoning like Webster's, or impregnable logic like that of Calhoun."—John P. McGuire.

TO BE RIGHT ABOVE ALL.

Sir, I would rather be right than be president. (*In 1850, on being told that his views would endanger his nomination for the presidency.*)

NO GEOGRAPHICAL LINES IN PATRIOTISM.

I know no North, no South, no East, no West.

MILITARY INSUBORDINATION.

(*From the speech on the Seminole War, delivered 1819.*)

I will not trespass much longer upon the time of the committee; but I trust I shall be indulged with some few

reflections upon the danger of permitting conduct, [Gen. Jackson's arbitrary court-martial], on which it has been my painful duty to animadvert, to pass without a solemn expression of the disapprobation of this House. Recall to your mind the free nations which have gone before us. Where are they now?

"Gone glimmering through the dream of things that were,
A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour."

And how have they lost their liberties? If we could transport ourselves back to the ages when Greece and Rome flourished in their greatest prosperity, and, mingling in the throng, should ask a Grecian whether he did not fear that some daring military chieftain, covered with glory, some Philip or Alexander, would one day overthrow the liberties of his country, the confident and indignant Grecian would exclaim, No! no! we have nothing to fear from our heroes; our liberties shall be eternal. If a Roman citizen had been asked whether he did not fear that the conqueror of Gaul might establish a throne upon the ruins of public liberty, he would have instantly repelled the unjust insinuation. Yet Greece fell; Cæsar passed the Rubicon, and the patriotic arm even of Brutus could not preserve the liberties of his devoted country. The celebrated Madame de Staël, in her last and perhaps her best work, has said that in the very year, almost the very month, when the president of the Directory declared that monarchy would never show its frightful head in France, Bonaparte with his grenadiers entered the palace of St. Cloud, and, dispersing with the bayonet the deputies of the people, deliberating on the affairs of the state, laid the foundation of that vast fabric of despotism which overshadowed all Europe.

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I hope not to be misunderstood; I am far from intimating that General Jackson cherishes any designs inimical to the liberties of the country. I believe his intentions to be pure and patriotic. I thank God that he would not, but I thank Him still more that he could not if he would, overturn the liberties of the Republic. But precedents, if bad, are fraught with the most dangerous consequences. Man has been described, by some of those who have treated of his nature, as a bundle of habits. The definition is much truer when applied to governments. Precedents are their habits. There is one important difference between the formation of habits by an individual and by government. He contracts it only after frequent repetition. A single instance fixes the habit and determines the direction of governments.

Against the alarming doctrine of unlimited discretion in our military commanders, when applied to prisoners of war, I must enter my protest. It begins upon them; it will end on us. I hope our happy form of government is to be perpetual. But if it is to be preserved, it must be by the practice of virtue, by justice, by moderation, by magnanimity, by greatness of soul, by keeping a watchful and steady eye on the executive; and, above all, by holding to a strict accountability the military branch of the public force. . . . . Beware how you give a fatal sanction, in this infant period of our republic, scarcely yet two score years old, to military insubordination. Remember that Greece had her Alexander, Rome her Cæsar, England her Cromwell, France her Bonaparte, and that, if we would escape the rock on which they split, we must avoid their errors.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

1780–1843.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY was born in Frederick county, Maryland, and was educated at St. John's College, Annapolis. He became a lawyer, was appointed District Attorney of the District of Columbia, and spent his life in Washington City.

A very handsome monument has been erected to his memory in San Francisco by Mr. James Lick: his song, the "Star-Spangled Banner," will be his enduring monument throughout our country. It was composed during the attack on Fort McHenry in Baltimore Harbor, 1814. Key had gone to the British vessel to get a friend released from imprisonment, in which he succeeded, but he was kept on board the enemy's vessel until after the attack on the fort; and the song commemorates his evening and morning watch for the star-spangled banner on Fort McHenry, and the appearance of the flag in "the morning's first beam" showed that the attack had been successfully resisted. The words were written on an old envelope. (See illustrations in the *Century Magazine*, July, 1894.)

WORKS.

Poems, with a sketch by Chief-Justice Taney.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh! say can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the clouds of the fight
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O, say, does that Star-Spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

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Star-Spangled Banner.

Obverse.

Reverse.

Seal of the United States.

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the Star-Spangled banner; O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star-Spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"*In God is our trust*"—
And the Star-Spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

1780-1851.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON was born near New Orleans and educated in France where he studied painting under David. While still a young man, his father put him in charge of a country estate in Pennsylvania. Afterwards he engaged in mercantile persuits in Philadelphia, Louisville, New Orleans, and Henderson, Kentucky, but unsuccessfully; for he knew and cared much more about the birds, flowers, and beasts

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Scene in Louisiana.

around him than about the kinds and prices of goods that his neighbors needed.

His great literary and artistic work is "The Birds of America," consisting of five volumes of Ornithological Biographies and four volumes of exquisite portraits of birds, life-size, in natural colors, and surrounded by the plants which each one most likes. "Quadrupeds of America" was prepared mainly by his sons and Rev. John Bachman of South Carolina. These works gave him a European reputation. He died at Minniesland, now Audubon Park, New York City.

His style in writing is pure, vivid, and so clear as to place before us the very thing or event described. The accounts of his travels and of the adventures he met with in his search for his birds and animals are very natural and picturesque; and they show also his own fine nature and attractive character.

A biography arranged from his diary by Mrs. Audubon was published in New York, 1868. See also Samuel Smiles' "Brief Biographies." The State Library of North Carolina possesses a set of Audubon's invaluable works, of which there are only eight sets in America.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

It is where the great magnolia shoots up its majestic trunk, crowned with evergreen leaves, and decorated with a thousand beautiful flowers, that perfume the air around; where the forests and the fields are adorned with blossoms of every hue; where the golden orange ornaments the gardens and groves; where bignonias of various kinds interlace their climbing stems around the white-flowered Stuartia, and, mounting still higher, cover the summits of the lofty trees around, accompanied with innumerable vines, that

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here and there festoon the dense foliage of the magnificent woods, lending to the vernal breeze a slight portion of the perfume of their clustered flowers; where a genial warmth seldom forsakes the atmosphere; where berries and fruits of all descriptions are met with at every step; in a word, kind reader, it is where Nature seems to have paused, as she passed over the earth, and, opening her stores, to have strewed with unsparing hand the diversified seeds from which have sprung all the beautiful and splendid forms which I should in vain attempt to describe, that the mocking-bird should have fixed his abode, there only that its wondrous song should be heard.

But where is that favored land? It is in that great continent to whose distant shores Europe has sent forth her adventurous sons, to wrest for themselves a habitation from the wild inhabitants of the forest, and to convert the neglected soil into fields of exuberant fertility. It is, reader, in Louisiana that these bounties of nature are in the greatest perfection. It is there that you should listen to the love-song of the mocking-bird, as I at this moment do. See how he flies round his mate, with motions as light as those of the butterfly! His tail is widely expanded, he mounts in the air to a small distance, describes a circle, and, again alighting, approaches his beloved one, his eyes gleaming with delight, for she has already promised to be his and his only. His beautiful wings are gently raised, he bows to his love, and, again bouncing upwards, opens his bill and pours forth his melody, full of exultation at the conquest which he has made.

They are not the soft sounds of the flute or of the hautboy that I hear, but the sweeter notes of Nature's own music. The mellowness of the song, the varied modulations and gradations, the extent of its compass, the great

brilliancy of execution, are unrivalled. There is probably no bird in the world that possesses all the musical qualifications of this king of song, who has derived all from Nature's self. Yes, reader, all!

No sooner has he again alighted, and the conjugal contract has been sealed, than, as if his breast was about to be rent with delight, he again pours forth his notes with more softness and richness than before. He now soars higher, glancing around with a vigilant eye to assure himself that none has witnessed his bliss. When these love-scenes, visible only to the ardent lover of nature, are over, he dances through the air, full of animation and delight, and as if to convince his lovely mate that to enrich her hopes he has much more love in store, he that moment begins anew and imitates all the notes which Nature has imparted to the other songsters of the grove.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

No sooner has the returning sun again introduced the vernal season, and caused millions of plants to expand their leaves and blossoms to his genial beams, than the little Humming-Bird is seen advancing on fairy wings, carefully visiting every opening flower-cup, and, like a curious florist, removing from each the injurious insects that otherwise would ere long cause their beauteous petals to droop and decay. Poised in the air, it is observed peeping cautiously, and with sparkling eyes, into their innermost recesses, while the ethereal motions of its pinions, so rapid and so light, appear to fan and cool the flower, without injuring its fragile texture, and produce a delightful murmuring sound, well adapted for lulling the insects to repose. Then is the moment for the Humming-Bird to secure them. Its long delicate bill enters the cup of the flower, and the protruded double-tubed

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tongue, delicately sensible, and imbued with a glutinous saliva, touches each insect in succession, and draws it from its lurking place, to be instantly swallowed. All this is done in a moment, and the bird, as it leaves the flower, sips so small a portion of its liquid honey, that the theft, we may suppose, is looked upon with a grateful feeling by the flower, which is thus kindly relieved from the attacks of her destroyers. . . . . .

Its gorgeous throat in beauty and brilliancy baffles all competition. Now it glows with a fiery hue, and again it is changed to the deepest velvety black. The upper parts of its delicate body are of resplendent changing green; and it throws itself through the air with a swiftness and vivacity hardly conceivable. It moves from one flower to another like a gleam of light, upwards, downwards, to the right, and to the left.

THOMAS HART BENTON.

1782-1858.

THOMAS HART BENTON was born in Hillsboro, North Carolina, and was partly educated at the State University. He left before graduation, however, and removed with his widowed mother to Tennessee, where twenty-five miles south of Nashville they made a home, around which a settlement called Bentontown gradually grew up.

He studied law with St. George Tucker, began to practice in Nashville, and was elected to the State Legislature in 1811. In 1815 he removed to St. Louis, and was elected United States Senator in 1820 on the admission of Missouri to the Union. He worked heartily and successfully in the interests of settlers in the West. His title "Old Bullion" was derived from his famous speeches on the currency,

during Jackson's administration, and they gained him a European reputation.

He and Calhoun were opposed to each other on almost every question, and they carried on a ferocious warfare in the Senate. He was a Senator for thirty years, 1820-50, and his great work gives an account of men and measures during that very exciting and intensely interesting period, in which he was himself one of the most prominent actors.

A fine statue was erected to him in the park at St. Louis.

WORKS.

Thirty Years' View of the Workings of Our Government.
Abridgment of the Debates of Congress.
Examination of the Dred Scott Case.

Benton's style as an orator was easy, full, and strong, showing him well acquainted with his subject and confident of his powers.

The "Thirty Years' View" is noted for its excellent arrangement and for a style easy and fluent yet not diffuse. "It is a succession of historical tableaux," of which the following extract presents one of the most famous.

THE DUEL BETWEEN RANDOLPH AND CLAY.

(*From Thirty Years' View.**)

Saturday, the 8th of April (1826)—the day for the duel—had come, and almost the hour. It was noon, and the meeting was to take place at 4½ o'clock. I had gone to see Mr. Randolph before the hour, and for a purpose; and, besides, it was so far on the way, as he lived half-way to Georgetown, and we had to pass through that place to cross the Potomac into Virginia at the Little Falls Bridge. I had heard nothing from him on the point of not returning the fire since the first communication to that effect, eight

* By permission of D. Appleton and Company, N. Y.

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days before. I had no reason to doubt the steadiness of his determination, but felt a desire to have fresh assurance of it after so many days' delay, and so near approach of the trying moment. I knew it would not do to ask him the question—any question which would imply a doubt of his word. His sensitive feelings would be hurt and annoyed at it. So I fell upon a scheme to get at the inquiry without seeming to make it. I told him of my visit to Mr. Clay the night before—of the late sitting—the child asleep—the unconscious tranquillity of Mrs. Clay; and added, I could not help reflecting how different all that might be the next night. He understood me perfectly, and immediately said, with a quietude of look and expression which seemed to rebuke an unworthy doubt, *I shall do nothing to disturb the sleep of the child or the repose of the mother*, and went on with his employment . . . . which was, making codicils to his will, all in the way of remembrance to friends. . . . . I withdrew a little way into the woods, and kept my eyes fixed on Mr. Randolph, who I then knew to be the only one in danger. I saw him receive the fire of Mr. Clay, saw the gravel knocked up in the same place, saw Mr. Randolph raise his pistol—discharge it in the air; heard him say, *I do not fire at you, Mr. Clay;* and immediately advancing and offering his hand. He was met in the same spirit. They met halfway, shook hands, Mr. Randolph saying, jocosely, *You owe me a coat, Mr. Clay*—(the bullet had passed through the skirt of the coat, very near the hip)—to which Mr. Clay promptly and happily replied, *I am glad the debt is no greater.* I had come up and was prompt to proclaim what I had been obliged to keep secret for eight days. The joy of all was extreme at this happy termination of a most critical affair:

and we immediately left, with lighter hearts than we brought. . . . . .

On Monday the parties exchanged cards, and social relations were formally and courteously restored. It was about the last high-toned duel that I have witnessed, and among the highest-toned that I have ever witnessed; and so happily conducted to a fortunate issue—a result due to the noble character of the seconds as well as to the generous and heroic spirit of the principals. Certainly, duelling is bad, and has been put down, but not quite so bad as its substitute—revolvers, bowie-knives, blackguarding, and street-assassinations under the pretext of self-defence.

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN.

1782-1850.

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN is one of the greatest statesmen that America has produced. He was of Scotch and Irish descent, and was born in Abbeville County, South Carolina. He received his early education from his brother-in-law, the distinguished Dr. Moses Waddell, then attended Yale College, and studied law. Early in life, 1811, he entered the political arena, and remained in it to the day of his death.

As Secretary of War under President Monroe, he re-organized the department on the basis which is still maintained. He was elected Vice-president with Adams in 1824, re-elected with Jackson, 1828, and became United States Senator, 1832, succeeding Robert Y. Hayne who had been chosen governor of South Carolina in the Nullification crisis.

From this time forth until his death, he was in the midst of incessant political toil, strife, and activity, having Web-

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ster, Clay, Benton, Hayne, Randolph, Grundy, Hunter, and Cass, for his great companions. Edward Everett said: "Calhoun, Clay, Webster! I name them in alphabetical order. What other precedence can be assigned them? Clay the great leader, Webster the great orator, Calhoun the great thinker."

As a boy he must often have heard his father say, "That government is the best which allows the largest amount of individual liberty compatible with social order."

His most famous political act is his advocacy of Nullification, an explanation and defence of which are found in the extract below. He was a devoted adherent of the Union. (See under *Jefferson Davis.*)

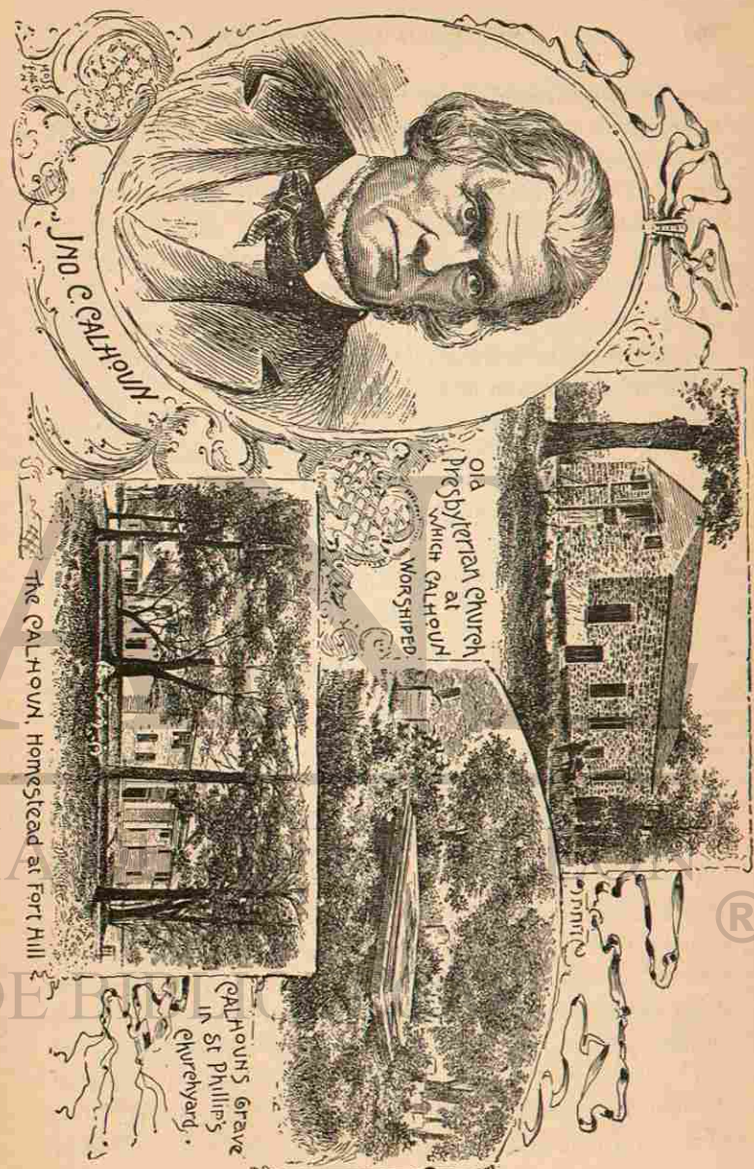
His life seems to have been entirely political; but he was very fond of his home where there was always a cheerful happy household. This home, "Fort Hill," was in the lovely upland region of South Carolina in Oconee County. It became the property of his daughter, Mrs. Thomas G. Clemson, and Mr. Clemson left it at his death to the State, which has now established there an Agricultural and Mechanical College.

Mr. Calhoun died in Washington City, and was buried in St. Philip's Churchyard, Charleston, his grave being marked by a monument. His preëminence in South Carolina during his life has not ceased with his death. His picture is found everywhere and his memory is still living throughout the entire country. See Life, by Jenkins, and by Von Holst. See under *Stephens.*

WORKS.

Speeches and State Papers (6 vols.) edited by Richard K. Crallé.

Calhoun has been called the philosopher of statesmen, and his style accords with this description. "His eloquence



was part of his intellectual character. It was plain, strong, terse, condensed, concise; sometimes impassioned, still always severe. Rejecting ornament, not often seeking far for illustration, his power consisted in the plainness of his propositions, in the closeness of his logic, and in the earnestness and energy of his manner."—Daniel Webster.

WAR AND PEACE.

War can make us great; but let it never be forgotten that peace only can make us both great and free.

SYSTEM OF OUR GOVERNMENT.

(Speech on State Rights and Union, 1834.)

I know of no system, ancient or modern, to be compared with it; and can compare it to nothing but that sublime and beautiful system of which our globe constitutes a part, and to which it bears, in many particulars, so striking a resemblance.

DEFENCE OF NULLIFICATION.

(From a Speech against the Force Bill, after the State of South Carolina had passed the Ordinance of Nullification, 1833.)

A deep constitutional question lies at the bottom of the controversy. The real question at issue is, Has the government a right to impose burdens on the capital and industry of one portion of the country, not with a view to revenue, but to benefit another? and I must be permitted to say that after a long and deep agitation of this controversy, it is with surprise that I perceive so strong a disposition to misrepresent its real character. To correct the impression which those misrepresentations are calculated to make, I will dwell on the point under consideration a few moments longer.

The Federal Government has, by an express provision of the Constitution, the right to lay duties on imports. The state never denied or resisted this right, nor even thought of

so doing. The government has, however, not been contented with exercising this power as she had a right to do, but has gone a step beyond it, by laying imposts, not for revenue, but for protection. This the state considers as an unconstitutional exercise of power, highly injurious and oppressive to her and the other staple states, and has accordingly, met it with the most determined resistance. I do not intend to enter, at this time, into the argument as to the unconstitutionality of the protective system. It is not necessary. It is sufficient that the power is nowhere granted; and that, from the journals of the Convention which formed the Constitution, it would seem that it was refused. In support of the journals, I might cite the statement of Luther Martin, which has already been referred to, to show that the Convention, so far from conferring the power on the Federal Government, left to the state the right to impose duties on imports, with the express view of enabling the several states to protect their own manufactures. Notwithstanding this, Congress has assumed, without any warrant from the Constitution, the right of exercising this most important power, and has so exercised it as to impose a ruinous burden on the labor and capital of the state of South Carolina, by which her resources are exhausted, the enjoyments of her citizens curtailed, the means of education contracted, and all her interests essentially and injuriously affected.

We have been sneeringly told that she is a small state; that her population does not exceed half a million of souls; and that more than one half are not of the European race. The facts are so. I know she never can be a great state, and that the only distinction to which she can aspire must be based on the moral and intellectual acquirements of her sons. To the development of these much of her attention has been directed; but this restrictive system, which has so unjustly

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exacted the proceeds of her labor, to be bestowed on other sections, has so impaired the resources of the state, that, if not speedily arrested, it will dry up the means of education, and with it deprive her of the only source through which she can aspire to distinction. . . . .

The people of the state believe that the Union is a union of states, and not of individuals; that it was formed by the states, and that the citizens of the several states were bound to it through the acts of their several states; that each state ratified the Constitution for itself; and that it was only by such ratification of a state that any obligation was imposed upon the citizens; thus believing, it is the opinion of the people of Carolina, that it belongs to the state which has imposed the obligation to declare, in the last resort, the extent of this obligation, so far as her citizens are concerned; and this upon the plain principles which exist in all analogous cases of compact between sovereign bodies. On this principle, the people of the state, acting in their sovereign capacity in convention, precisely as they adopted their own and the federal Constitution, have declared by the ordinance, that the acts of Congress which imposed duties under the authority to lay imposts, are acts, not for revenue, as intended by the Constitution, but for protection, and therefore null and void.

[Mr. Calhoun's biographer, Mr. Jenkins, adds, "Nullification, it has been said, was 'a little hurricane while it lasted;' but it cooled the air, and 'left a beneficial effect on the almosphere.' Its influence was decidedly healthful."]

THE WISE CHOICE.

(*From a speech in 1816.*)

This country is now in a situation similar to that which one of the most beautiful writers of antiquity ascribes to Hercules in his youth. He represents the hero as retiring into the wilderness to deliberate on the course of life which he ought to choose. Two goddesses approach him; one recommending a life of ease and pleasure; the other, of labor and virtue. The hero adopts the counsel of the latter, and his fame and glory are known to the world. May this country, the youthful Hercules, possessing his form and muscles, be animated by similar sentiments, and follow his example!

OFFICIAL PATRONAGE.

(*Speech in the Senate, 1835.*)

Their object is to get and hold office; and their leading political maxim . . . is that, "to the victors belong the spoils of victory!"* . . . Can any one, who will duly reflect on these things, venture to say that all is sound, and that our Government is not undergoing a great and fatal change? Let us not deceive ourselves, the very essence of a free government consists in considering *offices as public trusts*, bestowed for the good of the country, and not for the benefit of an individual or a party; and that system of political morals which regards offices in a different light, as *public prizes* to be won by combatants most skilled in all the arts and corruption of political tactics, and to be used and enjoyed as their proper spoils—strikes a fatal blow at the very vitals of free institutions.

NATHANIEL BEVERLEY TUCKER.

1784—1851.

BEVERLEY TUCKER, as he is usually known, was the son St. George Tucker and half-brother to John Randolph of Roanoke. He was born at Williamsburg, Virginia, educated at William and Mary College, and studied law. From

*William L. Marcy of New York, in the Senate, 1831.

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1815 to 1830 he lived in Missouri and practiced his profession with great success. He returned to Virginia, and became in 1834 professor of Law in William and Mary College, filling that position until his death. By his public writings and by correspondence with various prominent men, he took a leading part in the political movements of his times.

WORKS.

The Partisan Leader, a Tale of the Future, by William Edward Sydney.
George Balcombe, [a novel.]
Life of John Randolph, [his half-brother.]
Essays, [in Southern Literary Messenger.]
Political Science.
Principles of Pleading.

Of Judge Tucker's style, his friend, Wm. Gilmore Simms, with whom he long corresponded, says: "I regard him as one of the best prose writers of the United States."

His novel, "The Partisan Leader," made a great sensation. It was published in 1836; the story was laid in 1849, and described prophetically almost the exact course of events in 1861. It was suppressed for political reasons, but was reprinted in 1861 as a "Key to the Disunion Conspiracy." The extract is from the beginning of the book and introduces us at once to several interesting characters amid the wild scenery of our mountains.

THE PARTISAN LEADER, (WRITTEN IN 1836.)

[The scene is laid in Virginia, near the close of the year 1849. By a long series of encroachments by the federal government on the rights and powers of the states, our federative system is supposed to be destroyed, and a consolidated government, with the forms of a republic and the powers of a monarchy, to be established on its ruins. . . . . As a mere political speculation, it is but too probably correct. We trust that a benign Providence will so order events as that it may not prove also a POLITICAL PROPHECY.—Sou. Lit. Messenger, Jan., 1837.]

Toward the latter end of the month of October, 1849, about the hour of noon, a horseman was seen ascending a

narrow valley at the Eastern foot of the Blue Ridge. His road nearly followed the course of a small stream, which, issuing from a deep gorge of the mountain, winds its way between lofty hills, and terminates its brief and brawling course in one of the larger tributaries of the Dan. A glance of the eye took in the whole of the little settlement that lined its banks, and measured the resources of its inhabitants. The different tenements were so near to each other as to allow but a small patch of arable land to each. Of manufactures there was no appearance, save only a rude shed at the entrance of the valley, on the door of which the oft-repeated brand of the horseshoe gave token of a smithy. There, too, the rivulet, increased by the innumerable springs which afforded to every habitation the unappreciated, but inappreciable luxury of water, cold, clear, and sparkling, had gathered strength enough to turn a tiny mill. Of trade there could be none. The bleak and rugged barrier, which closed the scene on the west, and the narrow road, fading to a foot-path, gave assurance to the traveller that he had here reached the *ne plus ultra* of social life in that direction. . . . . At length he heard a sound of voices, and then a shrill whistle, and all was still. Immediately, some half a dozen men, leaping a fence, ranged themselves across the road and faced him. He observed that each, as he touched the ground, laid hold of a rifle that leaned against the enclosure, and this circumstance drew his attention to twenty or more of these formidable weapons, ranged along in the same position. . . . .

As the traveller drew up his horse, one of the men, speaking in a low and quiet tone, said, "We want a word with you, stranger, before you go any farther."

"As many as you please," replied the other, "for I am tired and hungry, and so is my horse; and I am glad to find

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some one at last, of whom I may hope to purchase something for both of us to eat."

"*That* you can have quite handy," said the countryman, "for we have been gathering corn, and were just going to our dinner. If you will only just 'light, sir, one of the boys can feed your horse, and you can take such as we have got to give you."

The invitation was accepted; the horse was taken in charge by a long-legged lad of fifteen, without hat or shoes; and the whole party crossed the fence together.

At the moment a man was seen advancing toward them, who, observing their approach, fell back a few steps, and threw himself on the ground at the foot of a large old apple-tree. Around this were clustered a motley group of men, women, and boys, who opened and made way for the stranger. He advanced, and bowing gracefully took off his forage cap, from beneath which a quantity of soft curling flaxen hair fell over his brow and cheeks. Every eye was now fixed on him, with an expression rather of interest than of mere curiosity. Every countenance was serious and composed, and all wore an air of business, except that a slight titter was heard among the girls, who, hovering behind the backs of their mothers, peeped through the crowd, to get a look at the handsome stranger. . . . .

As the youth approached, the man at the foot of the tree arose, and returned the salutation, which seemed unheeded by the rest. He advanced a step or two and invited the stranger to be seated. This action, and the looks turned towards him by the others, showed that he was in authority of some sort among them. With him, therefore, our traveller concluded that the proposed conference was to be held. . . . . .

He was at length asked whence he came, and answered, from the neighborhood of Richmond.—From which side of

the river?—From the north side.—Did he know anything of Van Courtlandt?—His camp was at Bacon's branch, just above the town.—What force had he?

"I cannot say, certainly," he replied, "but common fame made his numbers about four thousand."

"Is that all, on both sides of the river?" said his interrogator.

"O, no! Col. Loyal's regiment is at Petersburg, and Col. Cole's at Manchester; each about five hundred strong; and there is a piquet on the Bridge Island."

"Did you cross there?"

"I did not."

"Where, then?" he was asked.

"I can hardly tell you," he replied, "it was at a private ford, several miles above Cartersville."

"Was not that mightily out of the way? What made you come so far around?"

"It was safer travelling on that side of the river."

"Then the people on that side of the river are your friends?"

"No. They are not. But, as they are all of a color there, they would let me pass, and ask no questions, as long as I travelled due west. On this side, if you are one man's friend, you are the next man's enemy; and I had no mind to answer questions."

"You seem to answer them now mighty freely."

"That is true. I am like a letter that tells all it knows as soon as it gets to the right hand; but it does not want to be opened before that."

"And how do you know that you have got to the right hand now?"

"Because I know where I am."

"And where are you?"

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"Just at the foot of the Devil's-Backbone," replied the youth.

"Were you ever here before?"

"Never in my life."

"How do you know then where you are?" asked the mountaineer.

"Because the right way to avoid questions is to ask none. So I took care to know all about the road, and the country, and the place, before I left home."

"And who told you all about it?"

"Suppose I should tell you," answered the young man, "that Van Courtlandt had a map of the country made, and gave it to me."

"I should say you were a traitor to him, or a spy upon us," was the stern reply.

At the same moment, a startled hum was heard from the crowd, and the press moved and swayed for an instant, as if a sort of spasm had pervaded the whole mass.

"You are a good hand at questioning," said the youth, with a smile, "but without asking a single question, I have found out all I wanted to know."

"And what was that?" asked the other.

"Whether you were friends to the Yorkers and Yankees, or to poor old Virginia."

"And which *are* we for?" added the laconic mountaineer.

"For *old Virginia forever*, replied the youth. . . . . It was echoed in a shout, ... their proud war-cry of "*old Virginia forever*."

DAVID CROCKETT.

1786-1836.

THIS renowned hunter and pioneer, commonly called Davy Crockett, was born in Limestone, Green County, Tennessee. His free and wild youth was spent in hunting. He became a soldier in the war of 1812: he was elected to the Tennessee Legislature in 1821 and 1823, and to Congress in 1829 and 1833. His eccentricity of manners, his lack of education, and his strong common sense and shrewdness made him a marked figure, especially in Washington. In 1835 he went to Texas to aid in the struggle for independence; and in 1836, he was massacred by General Santa Anna, with five other prisoners, after the surrender of the Alamo, these six being the only survivors of a band of one hundred and forty Texans. See Life by Edward S. Ellis.

WORKS.

Autobiography.
A Tour to the North and Down East.
Life of Van Buren, Heir-Apparent to the Government.

Crockett's autobiography was written to correct various mistakes in an unauthorized account of his life and adventures, that was largely circulated. His books are unique in literature as he is in human nature, and they give us an original account of things. As to literary criticism of his works and style, see his own opinion in the extract below.

SPELLING AND GRAMMAR—HIS PROLOGUE.

(*From A Narrative of the Life of David Crockett, of the State of Tennessee. Written by Himself. 1834.*)

I don't know of anything in my book to be criticised on by honourable men. Is it on my spelling?—that's not my trade. Is it on my grammar?—I hadn't time to learn it, and make

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A Tour to the North and Down East.
Life of Van Buren, Heir-Apparent to the Government.

Crockett's autobiography was written to correct various mistakes in an unauthorized account of his life and adventures, that was largely circulated. His books are unique in literature as he is in human nature, and they give us an original account of things. As to literary criticism of his works and style, see his own opinion in the extract below.

SPELLING AND GRAMMAR—HIS PROLOGUE.

(*From A Narrative of the Life of David Crockett, of the State of Tennessee. Written by Himself. 1834.*)

I don't know of anything in my book to be criticised on by honourable men. Is it on my spelling?—that's not my trade. Is it on my grammar?—I hadn't time to learn it, and make

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Alamo, San Antonio, Texas.

no pretensions to it. Is it on the order and arrangement of my book?—I never wrote one before, and never read very many; and, of course, know mighty little about that. Will it be on the authorship of the book?—this I claim, and I'll hang on to it, like a wax plaster. The whole book is my own, and every sentiment and sentence in it. I would not be such a fool, or knave either, as to deny that I have had it hastily run over by a friend or so, and that some little alterations have been made in the spelling and grammar; and I am not so sure that it is not the worse of even that, for I despise this way of spelling contrary to nature. And as for grammar, it's pretty much a thing of nothing at last, after all the fuss that's made about it. In some places, I wouldn't suffer either the spelling, or grammar, or anything else to be touch'd; and therefore it will be found in my own way.

But if anybody complains that I have had it looked over, I can only say to him, her, or them—as the case may be—that while critics were learning grammar, and learning to spell, I, and "Doctor Jackson, L. L. D." were fighting in the wars; and if our books, and messages, and proclamations, and cabinet writings, and so forth, and so on, should need a little looking over, and a little correcting of the spelling and grammar to make them fit for use, it's just nobody's business. Big men have more important matters to attend to than crossing their *t's* and dotting their *i's*—, and such like small things.

ON A BEAR HUNT.

(*From the Life of David Crockett. Written by Himself. 1834.*)

It was mighty dark, and was difficult to see my way or any thing else. When I got up the hill, I found I had passed the dogs; and so I turned and went to them. I found, when

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I got there, they had treed the bear in a large forked poplar, and it was setting in the fork. I could see the lump, but not plain enough to shoot with any certainty, as there was no moonlight; and so I set in to hunting for some dry brush to make me a light; but I could find none.

At last I thought I could shoot by guess, and kill him; so I pointed as near the lump as I could, and fired away. But the bear didn't come; he only clomb up higher, and got out on a limb, which helped me to see him better. I now loaded up again and fired, but this time he didn't move at all. I commenced loading for a third fire, but the first thing I knowed the bear was down among my dogs, and they were fighting all around me. I had my big butcher in my belt, and I had a pair of dressed buckskin breeches on. So I took out my knife, and stood, determined, if he should get hold of me, to defend myself in the best way I could. I stood there for some time, and could now and then see a white dog I had, but the rest of them, and the bear, which were dark coloured, I couldn't see at all, it was so miserable dark. They still fought around me, and sometimes within three feet of me; but, at last, the bear got down into one of the cracks that the earthquake had made in the ground, about four feet deep, and I could tell the biting end of him by the hollering of my dogs. So I took my gun and pushed the muzzle of it about, till I thought I had it against the main part of his body, and fired; but it happened to be only the fleshy part of his foreleg. With this, I jumped out of the crack, and he and the dogs had another hard fight around me, as before. At last, however, they forced him back into the crack again, as he was when I had shot. . .

I made a lounge with my long knife, and fortunately stuck him right through the heart; at which he just sank down, and I crawled out in a hurry. In a little while my

dogs all come out too, and seemed satisfied, which was the way they always had of telling me that they had finished him. . . . . .

We prepared for resting that night, and I can assure the reader I was in need of it. We had laid down by our fire, and about ten o'clock there came a most terrible earthquake, which shook the earth so, that we were rocked about like we had been in a cradle. We were very much alarmed; for though we were accustomed to feel earthquakes, we were now right in the region which had been torn to pieces by them in 1812, and we thought it might take a notion and swallow us up, like the big fish did Jonah.

In the morning we packed up and moved to the harricane, where we made another camp, and turned out that evening and killed a very large bear, which made *eight* we had now killed in this hunt.

The next morning we entered the harricane again, and in little or no time my dogs were in full cry. We pursued them, and soon came to a thick cane-brake in which they had stopp'd their bear. We got up close to him, as the cane was so thick that we couldn't see more than a few feet. Here I made my friend hold the cane a little open with his gun till I shot the bear, which was a mighty large one. I killed him dead in his tracks. We got him out and butchered him, and in a little time started another and killed him, which now made ten we had killed and we know'd we couldn't pack any more home, as we had only five horses along; therefore we returned to the camp and salted up all our meat, to be ready for a start homeward next morning.

The morning came and we packed our horses with the meat, and had as much as they could possibly carry, and sure enough cut out for home. It was about thirty miles, and we reached home the second day. I . . .

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had killed in all, up to that time, fifty-eight bears, during the fall and winter.

As soon as the time came for them to quit their houses and come out again in the spring, I took a notion to hunt a little more, and in about one month I had killed forty-seven more, which made one hundred and five bears I had killed in less than one year from that time. . . .

Motto.—Be sure you are right—then go ahead.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

1789-1847.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE was a native of Ireland but was brought to this country when a child of nine. His father died in 1802 and the widowed mother took up her residence in Augusta, Georgia. He studied law and became a successful practitioner. He was Attorney-General of the State, and served also in the Legislature and in Congress. He spent the years 1834-40 in Europe studying chiefly Italian literature; in his researches he discovered some old documents relating to Dante and a portrait of him painted by Giotto on a wall which had become covered over with whitewash. On his return to America he settled in New Orleans and became professor of Law in the University of Louisiana. He died there of yellow fever.

He began an epic poem, suggested by the life and adventures of his brother, James Wilde, in the Seminole war. But it was never finished: all that remains of it now is the fine lyric, "My Life is Like the Summer Rose." This song was translated by Anthony Barclay into Greek and announced to be a newly discovered ode of Alcaeus. This claim was soon disproved by the scholars, and to Mr. Wilde

was given his due meed of poetic authorship. It appears in Stedman's "Library of American Literature," as dedicated to Mrs. White-Beatty, daughter of Gen. John Adair, of Ky., the beautiful "Florida White" of "Casa Bianca," Florida.—See Life, Labors, and Grave of Wilde, by C. C. Jones, Jr.

WORKS.

Conjectures and Researches concerning the Love, Madness, and Imprisonment of Tasso, (containing translations of poems.)
Petrarch.
Poems, original and translated.
Life of Dante, [unfinished.]
Hesperia.

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
And ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground to die;
Yet on that rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed
As though she wept such waste to see;
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
Which trembles in the moon's pale ray,
Its hold is frail, its date is brief,
Restless, and soon to pass away;
Yet when that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The wind bewail the leafless tree;
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand,
Soon as the rising tide shall beat
Their trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet still as grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea;
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

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AUGUSTUS BALDWIN LONGSTREET.

1790-1870.

AUGUSTUS BALDWIN LONGSTREET was born in Augusta, Georgia. He became first a lawyer and was elected to the State Legislature in 1821 and judge of the Superior Court in 1822. Later he became a clergyman in the Methodist Church and president of Emory College, Georgia, being afterwards successively president of Centenary College, Louisiana, of the University of Mississippi, and of South Carolina College.

His best-known book, "Georgia Scenes," seems in his later days to have troubled his conscience and he tried to suppress it entirely. But sketches so amusing and so true to life would not be suppressed. See Sketch in Miss Rutherford's American Authors, (Atlanta).

WORKS.

Essays and Articles in various magazines.
Letters to Clergymen of the Northern Methodist Church.
Letters from Georgia to Massachusetts.
Georgia Scenes, Characters, Incidents, in the First Half Century of the Republic, by a Native Georgian.
Master William Mitten.

NED BRACE AT CHURCH.

(*From Georgia Scenes, first edition, 1835.**)

[Ned Brace was a real personage, Judge Edmund Bacon, born in Virginia, 1776, lived in Edgefield, South Carolina, and died there in 1826. He was of very social, hospitable nature, a practical joker, and, as Dr. Maxcy called him, "a perfect Garrick" in his conversation. He was a lawyer of great ability; and when very young and a student at Augusta he was appointed to deliver an address of welcome to Washington on his Southern tour. If the following anecdotes are not true, they might well have been, as Judge Longstreet says.]

This being the Sabbath, at the usual hour Ned went to Church, and selected for his morning service one of those

*By special kindness of Mr. Charles Edgeworth Jones, Augusta, Ga.

Churches in which the pews are free, and in which the hymn is given out and sung by the congregation, a half recitative.

Ned entered the Church, in as fast a walk as he could possibly assume; proceeded about half down the aisle, and popped himself down in his seat as quick as if he had been shot. The more thoughtless of the congregation began to titter, and the graver peeped up slily, but solemnly at him.

The pastor rose, and, before giving out the hymn, observed that *singing* was a part of the service, in which he thought the whole congregation ought to join. Thus saying, he gave out the first lines of the hymn. As soon as the tune was raised, Ned struck in, with one of the loudest, hoarsest, and most discordant voices that ever annoyed a solemn assembly.

"I would observe," said the preacher, before giving out the next two lines, "that there are some people who have not the gift of singing; such, of course, are not expected to sing."

Ned took the hint and sang no more; but his entrance into church, and his entrance into the hymn, had already dispersed the solemnity of three fifths of the congregation.

As soon as the pastor commenced his sermon, Ned opened his eyes, threw back his head, dropt his under jaw, and surrendered himself to the most intense interest. The preacher was an indifferent one; and by as much as he became dull and insipid, by so much did Ned become absorbed in his discourse. And yet it was impossible for the nicest observer to detect anything in his looks or manner, short of the most solemn devotion. The effect which his conduct had upon the congregation, and their subsequent remarks, must be left to the imagination of the reader. I give but one remark: "Bless that good man who came in the church so quick,"

said a venerable matron as she left the church door, "how he was affected by the *sarment*."

Ned went to church no more on that day. About four o'clock in the afternoon, while he was standing at the tavern door, a funeral procession passed by, at the foot of which, and singly, walked one of the smallest men I ever saw. As soon as he came opposite the door, Ned stepped out and joined him with great solemnity. The contrast between the two was ludicrously striking, and the little man's looks and uneasiness plainly showed that he felt it. However, he soon became reconciled to it. They proceeded but a little way before Ned inquired of his companion who was dead.

"Mr. Noah Bills," said the little man.

"Nan?" said Ned, raising his hand to his ear in token of deafness, and bending his head to the speaker.

"Mr. Noah Bills," repeated the little man, loud enough to disturb the two couples immediately before him.

"Mrs. Noel's Bill!" said Ned with mortification and astonishment. "Do the white persons pay such respect to niggers in Savannah? *I* sha'n't do it." So saying, he left the procession.

The little man was at first considerably nettled; but upon being left to his own reflections, he got into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, as did the couple immediately in advance of him, who overheard Ned's remark. The procession now exhibited a most mortifying spectacle—the head of it in mourning and in tears, and the foot of it convulsed with laughter.

A SAGE CONVERSATION.

(*From Georgia Scenes, first edition, 1835.*)

[Three old women over their pipes.]

Mrs. Shad.—The old man likes a joke yet right well, the old man does; but he's a mighty good man, and I think he

prays with greater libity, than most any one of his age I most ever seed,—don't you think he does, Mis' Reed?

Mrs. Reed.—Powerful.

Mrs. Barney.—Who did he marry?

Mrs. Shad.—Why, he married—stop, I'll tell you directly—Why, what does make my old head forget so?

Mrs. Barney.—Well, it seems to me I don't remember like I used to. Didn't he marry a Ramsbottom?

Mrs. Reed.—No. Stay, I'll tell you who he married presently. Oh, stay! Why I'll tell you who he married! He married old daddy Johnny Hooer's da'ter, Mournin'.

Mrs. Shad.—Why, la! messy on me, so he did!

Mrs. Barney.—Why, did he marry a Hooer?

Mrs. Shad.—Why, to be sure he did.—You knew Mournin'.

Mrs. Barney.—Oh, mighty well; but I'd forgot that brother Smith married her. I really thought he married a Ramsbottom.

Mrs. Reed.—Oh no, bless your soul, honey, he married Mournin'.

Mrs. Barney.—Well, the law me, I'm clear beat!

Mrs. Shad.—Oh, it's so, you may be sure it is.

Mrs. Barney.—Emph, emph, emph, emph! And brother Smith married Mournin' Hooer! Well, I'm clear put out! Seems to me I'm gettin' mighty forgetful somehow.

Mrs. Shad.—Oh yes, he married Mournin', and I saw her when she joined society.

Mrs. Barney.—Why, you don't tell me so!

Mrs. Shad.—Oh, it's the truth. She didn't join till after she was married, and the church took on mightily about his marrying one out of society. But after she joined, they all got satisfied.

Mrs. Reed.—Why, la! me, the seven stars is 'way over here!

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Mrs. Barney.—Well, let's light our pipes, and take a short smoke, and go to bed. How did you come on raisin' chickens this year, Mis' Shad?

Mrs. Shad.—La messy, honey! I have had mighty bad luck. I had the prettiest pa'sel you most ever seed, till the varment took to killin' 'em.

Mrs. Reed and Mrs. Barney.—The varment!!

Mrs. Shad.—Oh, dear, yes. The hawk catched a powerful sight of them; and then the varment took to 'em, and nat'ly took 'em fore and aft, bodily, till they left most none at all hardly. Sucky counted 'em up t'other day, and there warn't but thirty-nine, she said, countin' in the old speckle hen's chickens that jist come off her nest.

Mrs. Reed and Mrs. Barney.—Humph—h—h!

Mrs. Reed.—Well, I've had bad luck, too. Billy's hound-dogs broke up most all my nests.

Mrs. Barney.—Well, so they did me, Mis' Reed. I always did despise a hound-dog upon the face of yea'th.

Mrs. Reed.—Oh, they are the bawllinest, squallinest, thievishest things ever was about one; but Billy will have 'em, and I think in my soul his old Troup's the beat of all creaters I ever seed in all my born days a-suckin' o' hen's eggs. He's clean most broke me up entirely.

Mrs. Shad.—The lackaday!

Mrs. Reed.—And them that was hatched out, some took to takin' the gaps, and some the pip, and one ailment or other, till they most all died. . . .

Mrs. Barney.—I reckon they must have eat something didn't agree with them.

Mrs. Reed.—No, they didn't, for I fed 'em every mornin' with my own hand.

Mrs. Barney.—Well, it's mighty curious!

A short pause ensued, which was broken by Mrs. Barney with, "And brother Smith married Mournin' Hooer!"

ROBERT YOUNG HAYNE.

1791-1839.

ROBERT YOUNG HAYNE was born in St. Paul's Parish, Colleton District, South Carolina, and was educated in Charleston. He became a lawyer; he served in the war of 1812, and was in the State Legislature from 1814 to 1818. He was Attorney-General of the United States under President Monroe, and in 1823 was elected to the Senate. His most famous speech is that in the debate with Daniel Webster on the Right of Nullification.

South Carolina passed the ordinance of Nullification in November, 1832, elected Mr. Hayne governor, and when President Jackson issued a martial proclamation against her action, she prepared for war. Mr. Clay's Tariff Compromise prevented any outbreak.

Mr. Hayne died in Asheville, North Carolina, yet in the prime of life. See his Life by Paul Hamilton Hayne.

WORKS.

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Mr. Hayne was one of the leaders in the stirring times in which he lived; the extract following gives an example of his bold, fearless eloquence, and his power in debate.

STATE SOVEREIGNTY AND LIBERTY.

(*From the Debate with Webster in the Senate, 1830.*)

Sir, there have existed, in every age and in every country, two distinct orders of men—the *lovers of freedom* and the devoted *advocates of power.*

The same great leading principles, modified only by the peculiarities of manners, habits, and institutions, divided parties in the ancient republics, animated the Whigs and

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Tories of Great Britain, distinguished in our own times the Liberals and Ultras of France, and may be traced even in the bloody struggles of unhappy Spain. Sir, when the gallant Riego, who devoted himself and all that he possessed to the liberties of his country, was dragged to the scaffold, followed by the tears and lamentations of every lover of freedom throughout the world, he perished amid the deafening cries of "Long live the absolute King!" The people whom I represent, Mr. President, are the descendants of those who brought with them to this country, as the most precious of their possessions, "an ardent love of liberty"; and while that shall be preserved, they will always be found manfully struggling against the consolidation of the Government as the worst of evils. . . . . .

The Senator from Massachusetts, in denouncing what he is pleased to call the Carolina doctrine, has attempted to throw ridicule upon the idea that a State has any constitutional remedy, by the exercise of its sovereign authority, against "a gross, palpable, and deliberate violation of the Constitution." He calls it "an idle" or "a ridiculous notion," or something to that effect, and added, that it would make the Union a "mere rope of sand." Now, sir, as the gentleman has not condescended to enter into any examination of the question, and has been satisfied with throwing the weight of his authority into the scale, I do not deem it necessary to do more than to throw into the opposite scale the authority on which South Carolina relies; and there, for the present, I am perfectly willing to leave the controversy. . . . . .

. . . . . The doctrine that it is the right of a State to judge of the violations of the Constitution on the part of the Federal Government, and to protect her citizens from the operations of unconstitutional laws, was held

by the enlightened citizens of Boston, who assembled in Faneuil Hall, on the 25th of January, 1809. They state, in that celebrated memorial, that "they looked only to the State Legislature, which was competent to devise relief against the unconstitutional acts of the General Government. That your power (say they) is adequate to that object, is evident from the organization of the confederacy." . . . .

Thus it will be seen, Mr. President, that the South Carolina doctrine is the Republican doctrine of '98,—that it was promulgated by the fathers of the faith,—that it was maintained by Virginia and Kentucky in the worst of times,—that it constituted the very pivot on which the political revolution of that day turned,—that it embraces the very principles, the triumph of which, at that time, saved the Constitution "at its last gasp," and which New England statesmen were not unwilling to adopt when they believed themselves to be the victims of unconstitutional legislation. Sir, as to the doctrine that the Federal Government is the exclusive judge of the extent as well as the limitations of its power, it seems to me to be utterly perversive of the sovereignty and independence of the States. It makes but little difference, in my estimation, whether Congress or the Supreme Court are invested with this power. If the Federal Government, in all, or any, of its departments, is to prescribe the limits of its own authority, and the States are bound to submit to the decision, and are not to be allowed to examine and decide when the barriers of the Constitution shall be overleaped, this is practically, "a government without limitation of powers." The States are at once reduced to mere petty corporations, and the people are entirely at your mercy. I have but one word more to add. In all the efforts that have been made by South Carolina to resist the unconstitutional laws which Congress has extended over her, she has kept steadily

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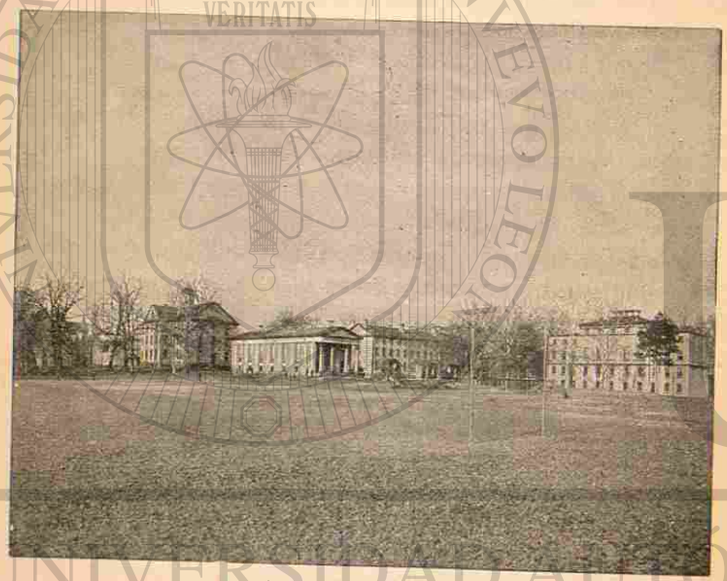

University of North Carolina.

in view the preservation of the Union, by the only means by which she believes it can be long preserved—a firm, manly, and steady resistance against usurpation. . . .
Sir, if, acting on these high motives,—if, animated by that ardent love of liberty, which has always been the most prominent trait in the Southern character, we should be hurried beyond the bounds of a cold and calculating prudence; who is there, with one noble and generous sentiment in his bosom, who would not be disposed, in the language of Burke, to exclaim, "You must pardon something to the spirit of liberty"?

SAM HOUSTON.

1793—1863.

GENERAL SAM HOUSTON, first President of Texas, was born in Rockbridge County, Virginia, but his widowed mother removed in his childhood to Tennessee and settled near the Cherokee Country. Here he was much with the Indians and was adopted by a chief named Oolooteka, who called him Coloneh (the Rover).

In 1813 he became a soldier in the Creek war and was almost fatally wounded at the battle of Tohopeka, or Horseshoe Bend, Alabama. In 1818 he decided to study law and went to Nashville, where he became quite successful as a lawyer and soon received political honors, being elected member of Congress in 1823 and governor of Tennessee in 1827.

In 1829 he left Tennessee for the West, spent three years in Arkansas among the Cherokees who had emigrated thither, his old friend Oolooteka being one of them; and in 1832 went to Texas, with which State his after life is connected. He was made Commander-in-Chief of the Texan

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forces in the struggle for independence against Mexico, and by the battle of San Jacinto, 1836, he put an end to the war; and in the same year he was elected first President of the Republic of Texas. He was elected again in 1841 after Lamar's administration; and when in 1845 Texas became a State in the Union, he entered the United States Senate where he served until 1859. He was governor of Texas from 1859 to 1861 and then retired to private life. He is buried at Huntsville.

He was ever a warm friend to the Indians; he was opposed to secession, and took little interest and no part in the Confederate war, except by allowing his oldest son to enter its service.

His life by Rev. Wm. Carey Crane, President of Baylor University, gives a graphic account of a most interesting and independent character; and it contains also his literary remains, consisting of *State Papers*, *Indian Talks*, *Letters*, and *Speeches*.

CAUSE OF THE TEXAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

(*From a Letter to Santa Anna, 1842.*)

The people of Texas were invited to migrate to this country for the purpose of enjoying equal rights and constitutional liberty. They were promised the shield of the Constitution of 1824, adopted by Mexico. Confiding in this pledge, they removed to the country to encounter all the privations of a wilderness, under the alluring promises of free institutions. Other reasons operated also. Citizens of the United States had engaged in the revolution of Mexico, in 1812. They fought gallantly in the achievement of Mexican independence, and many of them survive, and to this day occupy the soil which their privations and valor assisted in achieving. On their removal here, they brought with

them no aspirations or projects but such as were loyal to the Constitution of Mexico. They repelled the Indian savages; they encountered every discomfort; they subdued the wilderness, and converted into cultivated fields the idle waste of this now prolific territory. Their courage and enterprise achieved that which the imbecility of your countrymen had either neglected, or left for centuries unaccomplished. Their situation, however, was not disregarded by Mexico, though she did not, as might have been expected, extend to them a protecting and fostering care, but viewed them as objects of cupidity, rapacity, and at last jealousy.

The Texans, enduring the annoyances and oppressions inflicted upon them, remained faithful to the Constitution of Mexico. In 1832, when an attempt was made to destroy that Constitution, and when you, sir, threw yourself forward as its avowed champion, you were sustained with all the fidelity and valor that freemen could contribute. On the avowal of your principles, and in accordance with them, the people put down the serviles of despotism at Anahuac, Velasco, and Nacogdoches. They treated the captives of that struggle with humanity, and sent them to Mexico subject to your orders. They regarded you as the friend of liberty and free institutions; they hailed you as a benefactor of mankind; your name and your actions were lauded, and the manifestations you had given in behalf of the nation were themes of satisfaction and delight to the Texan patriots.

You can well imagine the transition of feeling which ensued on your accession to power. Your subversion of the Constitution of 1824, your establishment of centralism, your conquest of Zacatecas, characterized by every act of violence, cruelty, and rapine, inflicted upon us the profoundest astonishment. We realized all the uncertainty of men awaken-

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ing to reality from the unconsciousness of delirium. In succession came your orders for the Texans to surrender their private arms. The mask was thrown aside and the monster of despotism displayed in all the habiliments of loathsome detestation.

There was presented to Texans the alternative of tamely crouching to the tyrant's lash, or exalting themselves to the attributes of freemen. They chose the latter. To chastise them for their presumption induced your advance upon Texas, with your boasted veteran army, mustering a force nearly equal to the whole population of this country at that time. You besieged and took the Alamo: but under what circumstances? Not those, surely, which should characterize a general of the nineteenth century. You assailed one hundred and fifty men, destitute of every supply requisite for the defence of that place. Its brave defenders, worn by vigilance and duty beyond the power of human nature to sustain, were at length overwhelmed by a force of nine thousand men, and the place taken. I ask you, sir, what scenes followed? Were they such as should characterize an able general, a magnanimous warrior, and the President of a great nation numbering eight millions of souls? No. Manliness and generosity would sicken at the recital of the scenes incident to your success, and humanity itself would blush to class you among the chivalric spirits of the age of vandalism.* This you have been pleased to class as in the "succession of your victories;" and I presume you would next include the massacre at Goliad.

Your triumph there, if such you are pleased to term it, was not the triumph of arms—it was the success of perfidy. Fannin and his brave companions had beaten back and de-

* Every one in the Alamo was massacred. The inscription there now is: "Thermopylæ had its messenger of defeat: the Alamo had none."

fied your veteran soldiers. Although outnumbered more than seven to one, their valiant, hearty, and indomitable courage, with holy devotion to the cause of freedom, foiled every effort directed by your general to insure his success by arms. He had recourse to a flag of truce; and when the surrender of the little patriot band was secured by the most solemn treaty stipulations, what were the tragic scenes that ensued to Mexican perfidy? The conditions of surrender were submitted to you; and, though you have denied the facts, instead of restoring them to liberty, according to the capitulation, you ordered them to be executed contrary to every pledge given them, contrary to the rules of war, and contrary to every principle of humanity.

BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO.

(From General Houston's Report to Hon. D. G. Burnet, Provisional President of the Republic of Texas, April 25, 1836.)

I have the honor to inform you that on the evening of the eighteenth instant, after a forced march of fifty-five miles, which was effected in two days and a half, the army arrived opposite Harrisburg. That evening a courier of the enemy was taken, from whom I learned that General Santa Anna, with one division of his choice troops, had marched in the direction of Lynch's Ferry, on the San Jacinto, burning Harrisburg as he passed down. The army was ordered to be in readiness to march early on the next morning. The main body effected a crossing over Buffalo Bayou, below Harrisburg, on the morning of the 19th, having left the baggage, the sick, and a sufficient camp guard in the rear. We continued the march throughout the night, making but one halt in the prairie for a short time, and without refreshment.

At daylight we resumed the line of march, and in a short distance our scouts encountered those of the enemy, and we

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received information that General Santa Anna was at New Washington, and would that day take up the line of march for Anahuac, crossing at Lynch's Ferry. The Texan army halted within half a mile of the ferry in some timber, and were engaged in slaughtering beeves, when the army of Santa Anna was discovered to be approaching in battle array, having been encamped at Clopper's Point, eight miles below. Disposition was immediately made of our forces, and preparation for his reception. He took a position with his infantry and artillery in the centre, occupying an island of timber, his cavalry covering the left flank.

The artillery, consisting of one double fortified medium brass twelve-pounder, then opened on our encampment. The infantry in column advanced with the design of charging our lines, but were repulsed by a discharge of grape and canister from our artillery, consisting of two six-pounders, [called "The Twin Sisters."] The enemy had occupied a piece of timber within rifle-shot of the left wing of our army, from which an occasional interchange of small arms took place between the troops, until the enemy withdrew to a position on the bank of the San Jacinto, about three-quarters of a mile from our encampment, and commenced fortification. . . . . .

About nine o'clock on the morning of the 21st, the enemy were reinforced by 500 choice troops, under the command of General Cos, increasing their effective force to upwards of 1,500 men, whilst our aggregate force for the field numbered 783. At half-past three o'clock in the evening, I ordered the officers of the Texan army to parade their respective commands, having in the meantime ordered the bridge on the only road communicating with the Brazos, distant eight miles from our encampment, to be destroyed, thus cutting off all possibility of escape. Our troops paraded with

alacrity and spirit, and were anxious for the conflict. Their conscious disparity in numbers seemed only to increase their enthusiasm and confidence, and heightened their anxiety for the conflict. . . . . .

Col. Sherman, with his regiment, having commenced the action upon our left wing, the whole line, at the centre and on the right, advancing in double-quick time, rung the war-cry, "*Remember the Alamo!*" received the enemy's fire, and advanced within point-blank shot before a piece was fired from our lines. Our line advanced without a halt, until they were in possession of the woodland and the enemy's breastwork, the right wing of Burleson's and the left wing of Millard's taking possession of the breast work; our Artillery having gallantly charged up within seventy yards of the enemy's cannon, when it was taken by our troops.

The conflict lasted about eighteen minutes from the time of close action until we were in possession of the enemy's encampment, taking one piece of cannon (loaded), four stands of colors, all their camp equipage, stores, and baggage. Our cavalry had charged and routed that of the enemy upon the right, and given pursuit to the fugitives, which did not cease until they arrived at the bridge which I have mentioned before—Captain Karnes, always among the foremost in danger, commanding the pursuers. The conflict in the breastwork lasted but a few moments; many of the troops encountered hand to hand, and not having the advantage of bayonets on our side, our riflemen used their pieces as war-clubs, breaking many of them off at the breech. The rout commenced at half-past four, and the pursuit by the main army continued until twilight. . . .

[In this battle General Houston himself was severely wounded, one ball shattering his ankle. After this, "the battalion of Texan infantry

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was gallantly charged by a Mexican division of infantry, composed of more than five hundred men. . . . The Commander-in-Chief, observing the peril, dashed between the Texan and Mexican infantry, and exclaimed, 'Come on, my brave fellows, your General leads you.' . . . The order to fire was given by Gen. Houston, . . . a single discharge, a rush through the smoke, cleaving blows of rifles uplifted struck down those whom the bullets had not slain. Only thirty-two of the five hundred Mexicans survived to surrender as prisoners of war. Gen. Houston's wound in the ankle, meanwhile was bleeding profusely. His horse was dying, and with difficulty could stagger over the slain. Still the Commander-in-Chief witnessed every movement of his army, and as it rolled victoriously over the field, saw the tide of battle crowning his brave soldiers with unparalleled success."—See Crane's Life of Sam Houston.

HOW TO DEAL WITH THE INDIANS.

(From a speech on the Indian Policy of the Government, in the Senate, January, 1855.)

Sir, if the agent appointed by Mr. Polk, who has been restored by the present Executive—it is a bright spot in his Administration, and I commend him for it—had never been removed, there would have been peace to this day on the borders of Texas; but as soon as the Indian agent who was appointed to succeed him went there, he must forsooth establish a ranche; he must have a farm. The Indians who had been settled there from 1843 up to 1849, had been furnished by the Government of Texas with implements of husbandry, with seeds of every description, and they were cultivating their little farms. They were comfortable and independent. They were living in perfect peace. If you can get Indians located, and place their wives and children within your cognizance, you need never expect aggression from them. It is the Indian who has his wife in security beyond your reach, who, like the felon wolf, goes to a distance to prey on some flock, far removed from his den; or like the eagle,

who seeks his prey from the distance, and never from the flocks about his eyrie.

The agent to whom I have referred lost two oxen from his ranche where he kept his cattle. He went to the officer in command of Fort Belknap, got a force from him, and then marched to those Indians, sixty miles from there, and told them they must pay for the oxen. They said, "We know nothing about your oxen; our people are here; here are our women and children; we have not killed them; we have not stolen them; we have enough to eat; we are happy; we have raised corn; we have sold corn; we have corn to sell; we have sold it to your people, and they have paid us for it, and we are happy." The agent and the military gentlemen scared off the Indians from the limits of Texas, and drove them across the Red River to the Wichita Mountains, taking every horse and animal they had to pay for the two oxen. This was done by an accredited agent of the Government, and by an officer who deserved but little credit. Are such things tolerable, and to be tolerated in the present age and condition of our Government?

What was the consequence? Those Indians felt themselves aggrieved. They saw that a new *régime* had come; they had had the era of peace and plenty, and now they were expelled by a different influence. They felt grateful for the benign effects of the first policy toward them, and that only exasperated them to a greater extent against the second; and they began to make incursions, ready to take vengeance on any white man they might meet in their neighborhood, and slay whoever they might find. They made their forays from the opposite side of the Red River, from the Wichita Mountains, and came like an avalanche upon our unprotected citizens. There is one fact showing how your interference with the Indians within her limits has injured Texas. . . . . .

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Well, sir, there is a remedy for all this, and it is very easy to apply it; but how are we circumstanced there? Is it supposed by some that we are deriving great aid from the army, and that the greatest portion of the disposable forces of the United States is in Texas, and protecting it? How can they protect us against the Indians when the cavalry have not horses which can trot faster than active oxen, and the infantry dare not go out in any hostile manner for fear of being shot and scalped! Can they pursue a party who pounce down on a settlement and take property, and reclaim that property? Have they ever done it? Did the old rangers of Texas ever fail to do it, when they were seated on their Texas ponies? They were men of intelligence and adroitness in regard to the Indian character and Indian warfare.

Do you think a man fit for such service who has been educated at West Point Academy, furnished with rich stores of learning; more educated in the science of war than any general who fought through the Revolution, and assisted in achieving our independence? Are you going to take such gentlemen, and suppose that by intuition they will understand the Indian character? Or do you suppose they can track a turkey, or a deer, in the grass of Texas, or could they track an Indian, or would they know whether they were tracking a wagon or a carriage? Not at all, sir.

We wish, in the first place, to have men suited to the circumstances. Give us agents who are capable of following out their instructions, and who understand the Indian character. Give us an army, gentlemen, who understand not only the science of command, but have some notions of extending justice and protection to the Indian, against the aggression of the whites, while they protect the whites against the aggressions from the Indians. Then, and not till then, will you have peace.

How is this to be done? Withdraw your army. Have five hundred cavalry, if you will; but I would rather have two hundred and fifty Texas rangers (such as I could raise), than five hundred of the best cavalry now in the service. . . . . Cultivate intercourse with the Indians. Show them that you have comforts to exchange for their peltries; bring them around you; domesticate them; familiarize them with civilization. Let them see that you are rational beings, and they will become rational in imitation of you; but take no whiskey there at all, not even for the officers, for fear their generosity would let it out. . . . . I would have fields around the trading houses. I would encourage the Indians to cultivate them. Let them see how much it adds to their comfort, how it insures to their wives and children abundant subsistence; and then you win the Indian over to civilization; you charm him, and he becomes a civilized man.

WILLIAM CAMPBELL PRESTON.

1794-1860.

WILLIAM CAMPBELL PRESTON was born in Philadelphia, being one of the Preston family of Virginia who afterwards went to South Carolina. He was educated at South Carolina College, being graduated in 1812, studied law under William Wirt, and later went to Edinburgh, where he had Hugh Swinton Legaré as fellow-student. He travelled in Europe with Washington Irving, and was introduced to Sir Walter Scott.

In the practice of law he was very successful, and he made a high reputation as a popular orator, even rivaling,

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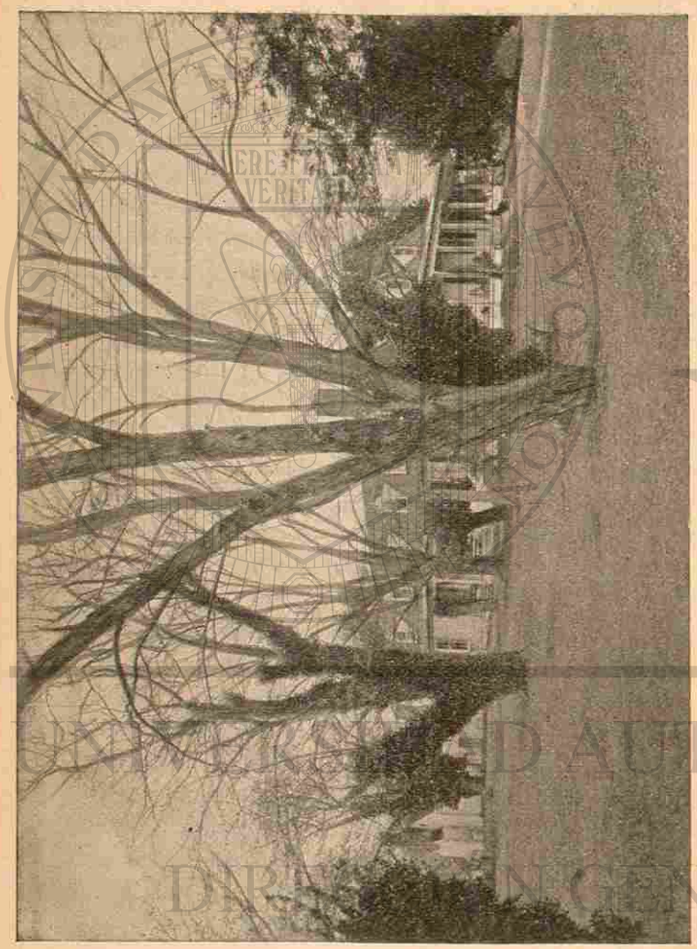

Old Plantation Home.

State House, Columbia, S. C.

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it is said, his uncle, Patrick Henry. His style is abundant, classical, finished. He was in the State Legislature 1828-32, and in the United States Senate 1836-42.

From 1845 to 1851, he was president of his Alma Mater, South Carolina College, and during his office it rose to a high point of efficiency and became the most popular educational institution in the South.

WORKS.

Addresses.

As an example of Mr. Preston's simpler style and a description of the charming social life of Columbia—the spirit of which still lives and graces the capital of South Carolina—the following extract is given. It is from a newspaper article on the death of Mr. Preston's former law-partner, Col. M'Cord, and is a noble tribute to him and to his distinguished wife, Mrs. Louisa S. M'Cord.

LITERARY SOCIETY IN COLUMBIA, 1825.

(Written on the Death of Colonel David J. M'Cord, 1855.)

Many will bring tributes of sorrow, of kindness and affection, and relieve a heaving bosom by uttering words of praise and commendation; for in truth, during many years he has been the charm and delight of the society of Columbia, and of that society, too, when, in the estimation of all who knew it, it was the rarest aggregation of elegant, intellectual, and accomplished people that have ever been found assembled in our village. Thirty years since, amidst the sincere and unostentatious cordiality which characterized it, at a dinner party, for example, at Judge De Saussure's, eight or ten of his favorite associates wanted to do honor to some distinguished stranger—for such were never permitted to pass through the town without a tender of the hospitality of that

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venerable and elegant gentleman—whose prolonged life exhibited to another generation a pattern of old gentility, combined with a conscientious and effective performance of not only the smaller and more graceful duties of life, which he sweetened and adorned, but also of those graver and higher tasks which the confidence of his state imposed upon his talents and learning. To his elegant board naturally came the best and worthiest of the land. There was found, of equal age with the judge, that very remarkable man, Dr. Thomas Cooper, replete with all sorts of knowledge, a living encyclopædia,—"*Multum ille et terris jactatus et alto*"—good-tempered, joyous, and of a kindly disposition. There was Judge Nott, who brought into the social circle the keen, shrewd, and flashing intellect which distinguished him on the bench. There was Abram Blanding, a man of affairs, very eminent in his profession of the law, and of most interesting conversation. There was Professor Robert Henry, with his elegant, accurate, and classical scholarship. There were Judges Johnston and Harper, whom we all remember, and lament, and admire.

These gentlemen and others were called, in the course of a morning walk of the Chancellor, to meet at dinner, it might be, Mr. Calhoun, or Captain Basil Hall, or Washington Irving; and amongst these was sure to be found David J. M'Cord, with his genial vivacity, his multifarious knowledge, and his inexhaustible store of amusing and apposite anecdotes. He was the life and the pervading spirit of the circle,—in short, a general favorite. He was then in large practice at the bar, and publishing his Reports as State Reporter. His frank and fine manners were rendered the more attractive by an uncommonly beautiful physiognomy, which gave him the appearance of great youth.

M'Cord entered upon his profession in co-partnership with Henry Junius Nott; and when a year or two subsequently, this gentleman, following the bent of his inclination for literature, quitted the profession, Mr. M'Cord formed a connection with W. C. Preston,—thus introducing this gentleman, who had then but just come to Columbia, into practice. The business of the office was extensive, and the connexion continued until their diverging paths of life led them away from the profession. The association was cordial and uninterrupted throughout, whether professional or social; and the latter did not cease until the grave closed upon M'Cord. While in the law, however, although assiduously addicted to the study of it, his heart acknowledged a divided allegiance with literature; which he seemed to compromise at length by addicting himself to cognate studies—of political economy, the jural sciences, and political ethics.

When he left the bar, and retired from the more strenuous pursuits of life, he found occupation and delight in these favorite studies—stimulated and enhanced by the vigorous co-operation and warm sympathy of his highly accomplished wife, who not only participated in the taste for, but shared in the labors of, these studies—and amidst these congenial and participated pursuits the latter years of his life were passed. . . . . As his early life was amidst struggle and bustle—the *fumum strepitumque* of the public arena—so his latter years were amidst the repose of an elegant and lettered retirement, in his well-cultivated fields and amongst his books. His last moments were solaced by the tender assiduities of his congenial helpmate, of his children, and of his old and long-familiar friends.

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JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY.

1795-1870.

JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY was born in Baltimore, Maryland, and received an excellent early education. He studied law, and was much in public life; he filled a large place in his native city as a man of culture and a public-spirited citizen. He served in the State Assembly and in Congress, and was Secretary of the Navy under President Fillmore when several important expeditions took place, that of Perry to Japan, of Lynch to Africa, of Kane to the North Pole. Kennedy Channel was named in his honor by Dr. Kane.

He made several trips to Europe and while in Paris became well acquainted with Thackeray. "The Virginians" was appearing as a serial, and the printers needed a new chapter. Thackeray said to Kennedy, "I wish you would write one for me."—"Well," said Kennedy, "so I will if you will give me the run of the story." And he really wrote the fourth chapter of Vol. II., describing Warrington's escape and return home through the region about the Cumberland, which he knew well.

He drew up the plan of the Peabody Institute, and was one of the Trustees; to it he bequeathed his library and manuscripts, the latter not to be published till 1900. He aided Poe in his early literary life and was always his friend. He died at Newport, whither he had gone for his health, and was buried in Green Mount Cemetery, Baltimore. See Life by Tuckerman.

WORKS.

Essays in Red Book, [a satirical journal edited by him and Peter Hoffman Cruse].
Swallow Barn, [novel of Virginia life].
Horse-Shoe Robinson, Tale of Tory Ascendancy in South Carolina.
Rob of the Bowl, a Legend of St. Inigoes.
Annals of Quodlibet, [political satires].
Memoirs of the late William Wirt,
Addresses, reports, &c,

Mr. Kennedy's writings were very popular during his life-time and deserve to be so still, for his three novels give graphic and excellent pictures of their times, and are true in their historical details, while his Memoirs of Wirt are quite as interesting. His "Cousin Lucretia's" remedy for chills was actually used by his grandmother, Mrs. Pendleton of Virginia (see Tuckerman's Life of Kennedy); and Horse-Shoe Robinson was a real hero of the Revolution whom Kennedy met in upper South Carolina, 1818.

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN IN VIRGINIA.

(From Swallow Barn.)

The master of this lordly domain is Frank Meriwether. He is now in the meridian of life—somewhere about forty-five. Good cheer and an easy temper tell well upon him. The first has given him a comfortable, portly figure, and the latter a contemplative turn of mind, which inclines him to be lazy and philosophical.

He has some right to pride himself on his personal appearance, for he has a handsome face, with a dark blue eye and a fine intellectual brow. His head is growing scant of hair on the crown, which induces him to be somewhat particular in the management of his locks in that locality, and these are assuming a decided silvery hue.

It is pleasant to see him when he is going to ride to the Court House on business occasions. He is then apt to make his appearance in a coat of blue broad-cloth, astonishingly glossy, and with an unusual amount of plaited ruffle strutting through the folds of a Marseilles waistcoat. A worshipful finish is given to this costume by a large straw hat, lined with green silk. There is a magisterial fulness in his garments which betokens condition in the world, and a

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heavy bunch of seals, suspended by a chain of gold, jingles as he moves, pronouncing him a man of superfluities.

. . . . .

I am told he keeps the peace as if he commanded a garrison, and administers justice like a Cadi.

He has some claim to supremacy in this last department; for during three years he smoked segars in a lawyer's office in Richmond, which enabled him to obtain a bird's-eye view of Blackstone and the Revised Code. Besides this, he was a member of a Law Debating Society, which ate oysters once a week in a cellar; and he wore, in accordance with the usage of the most prominent law-students of that day, six cravats, one over the other, and yellow-topped boots, by which he was recognized as a blood of the metropolis. Having in this way qualified himself to assert and maintain his rights, he came to his estate, upon his arrival at age, a very model of landed gentlemen. Since that time his avocations have had a certain literary tincture; for having settled himself down as a married man, and got rid of his superfluous foppery, he rambled with wonderful assiduity through a wilderness of romances, poems, and dissertations, which are now collected in his library, and, with their battered blue covers, present a lively type of an army of continentals at the close of the war, or a hospital of invalids. These have all at last given way to the newspapers—a miscellaneous study very attractive and engrossing to country gentlemen. This line of study has rendered Meriwether a most perilous antagonist in the matter of legislative proceedings.

A landed proprietor, with a good house and a host of servants, is naturally a hospitable man. A guest is one of his daily wants. A friendly face is a necessary of life, without which the heart is apt to starve, or a luxury without

which it grows parsimonious. Men who are isolated from society by distance, feel these wants by an instinct, and are grateful for an opportunity to relieve them. In Meriwether the sentiment goes beyond this. It has, besides, something dialectic in it. His house is open to everybody, as freely almost as an inn. But to see him when he has had the good fortune to pick up an intelligent, educated gentleman, and particularly one who listens well!—a respectable, assentatious stranger!—All the better if he has been in the Legislature, and better still, if in Congress. Such a person caught within the purlieus of Swallow Barn, may set down one week's entertainment as certain—inevitable, and as many more as he likes, the more the merrier. He will know something of the quality of Meriwether's rhetoric before he is gone.

Then again, it is very pleasant to see Frank's kind and considerate bearing towards his servants and dependents. His slaves appreciate this, and hold him in most affectionate reverence, and, therefore, are not only contented, but happy under his dominion.

HIS WIFE.

Whilst Frank Meriwether amuses himself with his quiddities, and floats through life upon the current of his humor, his dame, my excellent cousin Lucretia, takes charge of the household affairs, as one who has a reputation to stake upon her administration. She has made it a perfect science, and great is her fame in the dispensation thereof!

Those who visited Swallow Barn will long remember the morning stir, of which the murmurs arose even unto the chambers, and fell upon the ears of the sleepers; the dry-rubbing of floors, and even the waxing of the same until they were like ice;—and the grinding of coffee-mills;—and

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the gibber of ducks and chickens and turkeys; and all the multitudinous concert of homely sounds. And then, her breakfasts! I do not wish to be counted extravagant, but a small regiment might march in upon her without disappointment, and I would put them for excellence and variety against anything that ever was served upon platter. Moreover, all things go like clock-work. She rises with the lark, and infuses an early vigor into the whole household. And yet, she is a thin woman to look upon, and a feeble; with a sallow complexion, and a pair of animated black eyes which impart a portion of fire to a countenance otherwise demure from the paths worn across it, in the frequent travel of a low-country ague. But, although her life has been somewhat saddened by such visitations, my cousin is too spirited a woman to give up to them; for she is therapeutical, and considers herself a full match for any reasonable tertian in the world. Indeed, I have sometimes thought that she took more pride in her leechcraft than becomes a Christian woman; she is even a little vain-glorious. For, to say nothing of her skill in compounding simples, she has occasionally brought down upon her head the sober remonstrances of her husband, by her pertinacious faith in the efficacy of certain spells in cases of intermittent. But there is no reasoning against her experience. She can enumerate the cases—"and men may say what they choose about its being contrary to reason, and all that;—it is their way! But seeing is believing—nine scoops of water in the hollow of the hand, from the sycamore spring, for three mornings, before sunrise, and a cup of strong coffee with lemon-juice, will break an ague, try it when you will." In short, as Frank says, "Lucretia will die in that creed."

I am occasionally up early enough to be witness to her morning regimen, which, to my mind, is rather tyrannically

enforced against the youngsters of her numerous family, both white and black. She is in the habit of preparing some death-routing decoction for them, in a small pitcher, and administering it to the whole squadron in succession, who severally swallow the dose with a most ineffectual effort at repudiation, and gallop off, with faces all rue and wormwood.

Everything at Swallow Barn, that falls within the superintendence of my cousin Lucretia is a pattern of industry. In fact, I consider her the very priestess of the American system, for, with her, the protection of manufactures is even more a passion than a principle. Every here and there, over the estate, may be seen, rising in humble guise above the shrubbery, the rude chimney of a log cabin, where all the livelong day, the plaintive moaning of the spinning-wheel rises fitfully upon the breeze, like the fancied notes of a hobgoblin, as they are sometimes imitated in the stories with which we frighten children. In these laboratories the negro women are employed in preparing yarn for the loom, from which is produced not only a comfortable supply of winter clothing for the working people, but some excellent carpets for the house.

It is refreshing to behold how affectionately vain our good hostess is of Frank, and what deference she shows to him in all matters, except those that belong to the home department; for there she is confessedly and without appeal, the paramount power. It seems to be a dogma with her, that he is the very "first man in Virginia," an expression which in this region has grown into an emphatic provincialism. Frank, in return, is a devout admirer of her accomplishments, and although he does not pretend to have an ear for music, he is in raptures at her skill on the harpsichord, when she plays at night for the children to dance; and

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he sometimes sets her to singing "The Twins of Latona," and "Old Towler," and "The Rose-Tree in Full Bearing" (she does not study the modern music), for the entertainment of his company. On these occasions, he stands by the instrument, and nods his head, as if he comprehended the airs.

HOW HORSE-SHOE AND ANDREW CAPTURED FIVE MEN.

(*From Horse-Shoe Robinson, a Tale of the Tory Ascendancy in S. C.**)

[Mistress Ramsay speaking to Horse-Shoe Robinson:]

"Who should come in this morning, just after my husband had cleverly got away on his horse, but a young cock-a-whoop ensign, that belongs to Ninety-Six, and four great Scotchmen with him, all in red coats; they had been out thieving, I warrant, and were now going home again. And who but they! Here they were, swaggering all about my house—and calling for this—and calling for that—as if they owned the fee-simple of every thing on the plantation. And it made my blood rise, Mr. Horse-Shoe, to see them run out in the yard, and catch up my chickens and ducks, and kill as many as they could string about them—and I not daring to say a word: though I did give them a piece of my mind, too."

"Who is at home with you?" inquired the sergeant eagerly.

"Nobody but my youngest boy, Andrew," answered the dame. "And then, the filthy, toping rioters—" she continued, exalting her voice.

"What arms have you in the house?" asked Robinson, without heeding the dame's rising anger.

"We have a rifle, and a horseman's pistol that belongs to John.—They must call for drink, too, and turn my house, of a Sunday morning, into a tavern."

*By permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.

"They took the route towards Ninety-Six, you said, Mistress Ramsay?"

"Yes,—they went straight forward upon the road. But, look you, Mr. Horse-Shoe, you're not thinking of going after them?"

"Isn't there an old field, about a mile from this, on that road?" inquired the sergeant, still intent upon his own thoughts.

"There is," replied the dame; "with the old school-house upon it."

"A lop-sided, rickety log-cabin in the middle of the field. Am I right, good woman?"

"Yes."

"And nobody lives in it? It has no door to it?"

"There ha'n't been anybody in it these seven years."

"I know the place very well," said the sergeant, very thoughtfully; "there is woods just on this side of it."

"That's true," replied the dame; "but what is it you are thinking about, Mr. Robinson?"

"How long before this rain began was it that they quitted this house?"

"Not above fifteen minutes."

"Mistress Ramsay, bring me the rifle and pistol both—and the powder-horn and bullets."

"As you say, Mr. Horse-Shoe," answered the dame, as she turned round to leave the room; "but I am sure I can't suspicion what you mean to do."

In a few moments the woman returned with the weapons, and gave them to the sergeant.

"Where is Andy?" asked Horse-Shoe.

The hostess went to the door and called her son, and, almost immediately afterwards, a sturdy boy of about twelve or fourteen years of age entered the apartment, his clothes

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dripping with rain. He modestly and shyly seated himself on a chair near the door, with his soaked hat flapping down over a face full of freckles and not less rife with the expression of an open, dauntless hardihood of character.

"How would you like a scrummage, Andy, with them Scotchmen that stole your mother's chickens this morning?" asked Horse-Shoe.

"I'm agreed," replied the boy, "if you will tell me what to do." . . . . .

Horse-Shoe now loaded the fire-arms, and having slung the pouch across his body, he put the pistol into the hands of the boy; then shouldering his rifle, he and his young ally left the room. Even on this occasion, serious as it might be deemed, the sergeant did not depart without giving some manifestation of that lightheartedness which no difficulties ever seemed to have the power to conquer. He thrust his head back into the room, after he had crossed the threshold, and said with an encouraging laugh, "Andy and me will teach them, Mistress Ramsay, Pat's point of war—we will *surround* the ragamuffins."

"Now, Andy, my lad," said Horse-Shoe, after he had mounted Captain Peter, "you must get up behind me. . . ." . . . . By the time that his instructions were fully impressed upon the boy, our adventurous forlorn hope, as it may fitly be called, had arrived at the place which Horse-Shoe Robinson had designated for the commencement of active operations. They had a clear view of the old field, and it afforded them a strong assurance that the enemy was exactly where they wished him to be, when they discovered smoke arising from the chimney of the hovel. Andrew was soon posted behind a tree, and Robinson only tarried a moment to make the boy repeat the signals agreed on, in order to ascertain

that he had them correctly in his memory. Being satisfied from this experiment that the intelligence of his young companion might be depended upon, he galloped across the intervening space, and, in a few seconds, abruptly reined up his steed, in the very doorway of the hut. The party within was gathered around a fire at the further end, and, in the corner near the door, were four muskets thrown together against the wall. To spring from his saddle and thrust himself one pace inside of the door, was a movement which the sergeant executed in an instant, shouting at the same time—

"Halt! File off right and left to both sides of the house, and wait orders. I demand the surrender of all here," he said, as he planted himself between the party and their weapons. "I will shoot down the first man who budges a foot."

"Leap to your arms," cried the young officer who commanded the little party inside of the house. "Why do you stand?"

"I don't want to do you or your men any harm, young man," said Robinson, as he brought his rifle to a level, "but, by my father's son, I will not leave one of you to be put upon a muster-roll if you raise a hand at this moment."

Both parties now stood, for a brief space, eyeing each other in fearful suspense, during which there was an expression of doubt and irresolution visible on the countenances of the soldiers, as they surveyed the broad proportions, and met the stern glance of the sergeant, whilst the delay, also, began to raise an apprehension in the mind of Robinson that his stratagem would be discovered.

"Shall I let loose upon them, Captain?" said Andrew Ramsay, now appearing, most unexpectedly to Robinson, at the door of the hut. "Come on, boys!" he shouted, as he turned his face towards the field.

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"Keep them outside of the door—stand fast," cried the doughty sergeant, with admirable promptitude, in the new and sudden posture of his affairs caused by this opportune appearance of the boy. "Sir, you see that it's not worth while fighting five to one; and I should be sorry to be the death of any of your brave fellows; so, take my advice, and surrender to the Continental Congress and this scrap of its army which I command."

During this appeal the sergeant was ably seconded by the lad outside, who was calling out first on one name, and then on another, as if in the presence of a troop. The device succeeded, and the officer within, believing the forbearance of Robinson to be real, at length said:—

"Lower your rifle, sir. In the presence of a superior force, taken by surprise, and without arms, it is my duty to save bloodshed. With the promise of fair usage, and the rights of prisoners of war, I surrender this little foraging party under my command."

"I'll make the terms agreeable," replied the sergeant. Never doubt me, sir. Right hand file, advance, and receive the arms of the prisoners!"

"I'm here, captain," said Andrew, in a conceited tone, as if it were a mere occasion of merriment; and the lad quickly entered the house and secured the weapons, retreating with them some paces from the door.

"Now, sir," said Horse-Shoe to the Ensign, "your sword, and whatever else you mought have about you of the am munitions of war!"

The officer delivered his sword and a pair of pocket pistols.

As Horse-Shoe received these tokens of victory, he asked, with a lambent smile, and what he intended to be an elegant and condescending composure, "Your name, sii f I mought take the freedom?"

"Ensign St. Jermyn, of his Majesty's seventy-first regiment of light infantry."

"Ensign, your sarvant," added Horse-Shoe," still preserving this unusual exhibition of politeness. "You have defended your post like an old sodger, although you ha'n't much beard on your chin; but, seeing you have given up, you shall be treated like a man who has done his duty. You will walk out now, and form yourselves in line at the door. I'll engage my men shall do you no harm; they are of a marciful breed."

When the little squad of prisoners submitted to this command, and came to the door, they were stricken with equal astonishment and mortification to find, in place of the detachment of cavalry which they expected to see, nothing but a man, a boy, and a horse. Their first emotions were expressed in curses, which were even succeeded by laughter from one or two of the number. There seemed to be a disposition on the part of some to resist the authority that now controlled them; and sundry glances were exchanged, which indicated a purpose to turn upon their captors. The sergeant no sooner perceived this, than he halted, raised his rifle to his breast, and at the same instant, gave Andrew Ramsay an order to retire a few paces, and to fire one of the captured pieces at the first man who opened his lips.

"By my hand," he said, "if I find any trouble in taking you, all five, safe away from this here house, I will thin your numbers with your own muskets! And that's as good as if I had sworn to it."

"You have my word, sir," said the Ensign. "Lead on."

"By your leave, my pretty gentlemen, you will lead and I'll follow," replied Horse-Shoe. "It may be a new piece of

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drill to you; but the custom is to give the prisoners the post of honor."

"As you please, sir," answered the Ensign. "Where do you take us to?"

"You will march back by the road you came," said the sergeant.

Finding the conqueror determined to execute summary martial law upon the first who should mutiny, the prisoners submitted, and marched in double file from the hut back towards Ramsay's—Horse-Shoe, with Captain Peter's bridle dangling over his arm, and his gallant young auxiliary Andrew, laden with double the burden of Robinson Crusoe (having all the fire-arms packed upon his shoulders), bringing up the rear. In this order victors and vanquished returned to David Ramsay's.

"Well, I have brought you your ducks and chickens back, mistress," said the sergeant, as he halted the prisoners at the door; "and, what's more, I have brought home a young sodger that's worth his weight in gold."

"Heaven bless my child! my brave boy!" cried the mother, seizing the lad in her arms, and unheeding anything else in the present perturbation of her feelings. "I feared ill would come of it; *but* Heaven has preserved him. Did he behave handsomely, Mr. Robinson? But I am sure he did."

"A little more venturesome, ma'am, than I wanted him to be," replied Horse-Shoe; "but he did excellent service. These are his prisoners, Mistress Ramsay; I should never have got them if it hadn't been for Andy. In these drumming and fifing times the babies suck in quarrel with their mother's milk. Show me another boy in America that's made more prisoners than there was men to fight them with, that's all!"

HUGH SWINTON LEGARÉ.

1797-1843.

HUGH SWINTON LEGARÉ (pronounced Le-grēē') was born in Charleston, South Carolina, of Huguenot and Scotch descent. He was educated at South Carolina College which he entered at the age of fourteen, and became an excellent scholar, especially in the languages both ancient and modern. He studied law, and then completed his education in the good old way by a course of travel and study in Europe. His learning is said to have been almost phenomenal: he was one of the founders of the "Southern Review."

On his return from Europe, 1820, he was elected to the State Legislature: 1830, he was made Attorney-General of the State; from 1832 to 1836 he was *chargé d' affaires* at Brussels; in 1836 he was elected to Congress, and in 1841 appointed Attorney-General of the United States. He died in Boston, whither he had gone to take part in the Bunker Hill Celebration.

Chief-Justice Story said of him: "His argumentation was marked by the closest logic; at the same time he had a *presence* in speaking which I have never seen excelled." See Life, by Paul Hamilton Hayne.

WORKS.

E-says, Addresses, &c.
Journal at Brussels,
Memoir and Writings, (edited by his sister, Mrs. Bullen).

COMMERCE AND WEALTH VS. WAR.

(from a speech in the House, 1837.)

A people well clad and well housed will be sure to provide themselves with all the other comforts of life; and it is the diffusion of these comforts, and the growing taste for them, among all classes of society in Europe, it is the desire

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of riches, as it is commonly called, that is gradually putting an end to the destructive and bloody game of war, and reserving all the resources hitherto wasted by it, for enterprises of industry and commerce, prosecuted with the fiery spirit which once vented itself in scenes of peril and carnage.

But, sir, the result of all this is that very inequality of wealth, that accumulation of vast masses of it in a few hands, against which we have heard so much said lately, as if it were something inconsistent with the liberties, the happiness, and the moral and intellectual improvement of mankind. Gigantic fortunes are acquired by a few years of prosperous commerce—mechanics and manufacturers rival and surpass the princes of the earth in opulence and splendor. The face of Europe is changed by this active industry, working with such mighty instruments, on so great a scale.

I have travelled in parts of the continent which the spirit of gain, with its usual concomitants, industry and improvement, has invaded since the peace, at an interval of fifteen years, and been struck with the revolution that is going on. There is a singularly beautiful, though rather barren tract of country between Liege and Spa, where, in 1819, my attention had been principally attracted by the striking features of a mountainous region, with here and there a ruin of the feudal past, and here and there a hovel of some poor hind,—the very haunt of the "Wild Boar of Ardennes" in the good old times of the House of Burgundy.

I returned to it in 1835, and saw it covered with mills and factories, begrimed with the smoke and soot of steam-engines; its romantic beauty deformed, its sylvan solitudes disturbed and desecrated by the sounds of active industry, and the busy hum of men. I asked what had brought about so great a change, and found that the author of it,—a man having a more numerous band of retainers and dependents

than any baron bold of the fourteenth century, and in every respect more important than many of the sovereign princes on the other side of the Rhine—was an English manufacturer, who had established himself there some twenty years ago, without much capital, and had effected all this by his industry and enterprise.

Such, sir, is the spirit of the age; of course, in this young and wonderfully progressive country, it is more eager and ardent—and therefore occasionally extravagant—than anywhere else. But it is in vain to resist it. Nay, I believe it is worse than vain. It is evidently in the order of nature, and we must take it with all its good and all its evils together.

DEMOSTHENES' COURAGE.

[*From the Essay on Demosthenes.*]

The charge of effeminacy and want of courage in battle seems to be considered as better founded. Plutarch admits it fully. His foppery is matter of ridicule to Æschines, who, at the same time, in rather a remarkable passage in his speech on the Crown, gives us some clue to the popular report as to his deficiency in the military virtues of antiquity. "Who," says he "will be there to sympathize with him? Not they who have been trained with him in the same gymnasium? No, by Olympian Jove! for, in his youth, instead of hunting the wild boar and addicting himself to exercises which give strength and activity to the body, he was studying the arts that were one day to make him the scourge of the rich." Those exercises were, in the system of the Greeks, . . . considered as absolutely indispensable to a liberal education. That of Demosthenes was certainly neglected by his guardians, and the probability is that the effeminacy with which he was reproached meant nothing more than that he had not fre-

quented in youth the palestra and the gymnasium, and that his bodily training had been sacrificed to his intellectual.

That he possessed moral courage of the most sublime order is passed all question; but his nerves were weak. If the tradition that is come down to us in regard to his natural defects as an orator is not a gross exaggeration, he had enough to occupy him for years in the correction of them. But what an idea does it suggest to us of the mighty will, the indomitable spirit, the decided and unchangeable vocation, that, in spite of so many impediments, his genius fulfilled its destiny, and attained at last to the supremacy at which it aimed from the first! His was that deep love of ideal beauty, that passionate pursuit of eloquence in the abstract, that insatiable thirst after perfection in art for its own sake, without which no man ever produced a masterpiece of genius. Plutarch, in his usual graphic style, places him before us as if he were an acquaintance,—aloof from the world; immersed in the study of his high calling, with his brow never unbent from care and thought; severely abstemious in the midst of dissoluteness and debauchery; a water-drinker among Greeks; like that other Agonistes, elected and ordained to struggle, to suffer, and to perish for a people unworthy of him:—

> "His mighty champion, strong above compare,
> Whose drink was only from the liquid brook."

Let any one who has considered the state of manners at Athens just at the moment of his appearance upon the stage of public life, imagine what an impression such a phenomenon must have made upon a people so lost in profligacy and sensuality of all sorts. What wonder that the unprincipled though gifted Demades, the very personification of the witty and reckless libertinism of the age, should deride and scoff

at this strange man, living as nobody else lived, thinking as nobody else thought; a prophet, crying from his solitude of great troubles at hand; the apostle of the past; the preacher of an impossible restoration; the witness to his contemporaries that their degeneracy was incorrigible and their doom hopeless; and that another seal in the book was broken, and a new era of calamity and downfall opened in the history of nations.

We have said that the character of Demosthenes might be divined from his eloquence; and so the character of his eloquence was a mere emanation of his own. It was the life and soul of the man, the patriot, the statesman. "Its highest attribute of all," says Dionysius, "is the spirit of life—*το πνεύμα*—that pervades it."

A DUKE'S OPINIONS OF VIRGINIA, NORTH AND SOUTH CAROLINA, AND GEORGIA.

[*From a Review of "Travels of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar" in 1825-6.*]

In his journey through Virginia, our traveller visited Mr. Jefferson, with whom, however, he does not appear to have been as much struck as he had been with the late Mr. Adams. The Natural Bridge he pronounces "one of the greatest wonders of nature he ever beheld," albeit he had seen "Vesuvius and the Phlegrean Fields, the Giant's Causeway in Ireland, the Island of Staffa, and the Falls of Niagara." "Finally" (to use a favorite mode of expression of his own), he is amazed at the profusion of militia titles in Virginia, which almost persuaded him that he was at the headquarters of a grand army, and at the aristocratic notions of some of the gentlemen in the same state, who make no secret of their taste for primogeniture laws and hereditary nobility.

He passed through North Carolina too rapidly to do anything like justice to the many remarkable things which that

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respectable state has to boast of. Accordingly, his observations are principally confined to the inns where he stopped, the roads over which he travelled, and the mere exterior of the towns and villages which the stage-coach traverses in its route. He is of opinion, from what he saw in that region, that "it would be a good speculation to establish a glass manufactory in a country, where there is such a want of glass, and a superabundance of pine-trees and sand." It had almost escaped us, that he here for the first time made the acquaintance of a "great many large vultures, called buzzards, the shooting of which is prohibited, as they feed upon carrion, and contribute in this manner to the salubrity of the country." This "parlous wild-fowl" has the honor to attract the attention of his Highness again in Charleston, where he informs us that its life is, in like manner, protected by law, and where it is called from its resemblance to another bird, the turkey-buzzard. . . . In Columbia, he became acquainted with most of the distinguished inhabitants, of whose very kind attentions to him he speaks in high terms. The following good-natured hint too may not be altogether useless: "At Professor Henry's a very agreeable society assembled at dinner. At that party I observed a singular manner which is practiced; the ladies sit down by themselves at one of the corners of the table. But I broke the old custom, and glided between them; and no one's appetite was injured thereby." . . . .

Nothing . . . can be a stronger exemplification of the difficulties under which a stranger labors, in his efforts to acquire a knowledge of a country new to him, than the perpetual mistakes which our distinguished traveller commits in his brief notices of Georgia . . . . Even the complexion of the people of Georgia displeased him, and, coming from a Court where

French was not only the fashionable but the common language of social intercourse, he considers the education of women neglected, because they are not taught that language in situations where they might never have occasion to use it.

MIRABEAU BUONAPARTE LAMAR.

1798-1859.

MIRABEAU BUONAPARTE LAMAR, second president of the Republic of Texas, was born in Louisville, Georgia. In 1835 he emigrated to Texas and took part in the struggle for independence against Mexico, being major-general in the army. He was successively Attorney-General in the cabinet of President Houston, Secretary of War, Vice-president, and in 1838 President of the Republic, the second of the four presidents that Texas had before it became a State in the Union.

In 1857–8 he was United States minister to Central America.

WORKS.

Verse Memorials.

Lamar was rather a man of action than of letters; but the following verses speak for him as having true poetic appreciation of beauty and power to express it.

THE DAUGHTER OF MENDOZA.

O lend to me, sweet nightingale,
Your music by the fountain,
And lend to me your cadences,
O rivers of the mountain!
That I may sing my gay brunette,
A diamond spark in coral set,
Gem for a prince's coronet—
The daughter of Mendoza.

UANL UNIVERSIDAD AUTÓNOMA DE NUEVO LEÓN ® DIRECCIÓN GENERAL DE BIBLIOTECAS

How brilliant is the evening star,
The evening light how tender,—
The light of both is in her eyes,
Their softness and their splendor.
But for the lash that shades their light
They were too dazzling for the sight,
And when she shuts them, all is night,—
The daughter of Mendoza.

O ever bright and beauteous one,
Bewildering and beguiling,
The lute is in thy silvery tones,
The rainbow in thy smiling;
And thine is, too, o'er hill and dell,
The bounding of the young gazelle,
The arrow's flight and ocean's swell—
Sweet daughter of Mendoza!

What though, perchance, we no more meet,—
What though too soon we sever?
Thy form will float like emerald light
Before my vision ever.
For who can see and then forget
The glories of my gay brunette—
Thou art too bright a star to set,
Sweet daughter of Mendoza!

FRANCIS LISTER HAWKS.

1798-1866.

FRANCIS LISTER HAWKS was born at New Berne, North Carolina, and educated at the State University. He became a clergyman of the Episcopal Church in 1827 and was rector of parishes in New York, New Orleans, and Baltimore. He was the first president of the University of Louisiana, and declined three elections to the bishopric. See Life by Rev. N. L. Richardson.

WORKS.

History of North Caroiina.
History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.
History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Maryland.
Constitution and Canons of the Episcopal Church.
Auricular Confession in the Episcopal Church.
Egypt and Its Monuments.
Romance of Biography.
Cyclopædia of Biography.
Perry's Expedition to Japan.

Dr. Hawks was a distinguished pulpit orator as well as an able and untiring writer. His ecclesiastical works are considered a valuable contribution to the history of the church in the United States.

The book from which we quote, "History of North Carolina," was undertaken as a labor of love for his native State, prepared in the intervals of time allowed by "a laborious and responsible profession in a large city: . . . he frankly confesses that he would undergo such toil for no country but North Carolina. She has a claim upon his filial duty. In her bosom his infancy found protection and his childhood was nourished. He here lays his humble offering in her lap."

The story of the Lost Colony of Roanoke has been called "the tragedy of American colonization."

THE FIRST INDIAN BAPTISM IN AMERICA.

(*From History of North Carolina.*)

The colony [1587] was probably not without its clergyman, and the faithful Manteo, who was among them, had by this time become in heart an Englishmen . . .

The mother and kindred of Manteo lived on the island of Croatan, and thither, very soon, a visit was made by the faithful Indian and a party of the English, who endeavored, through the instrumentality of the islanders, to establish friendly relations with the inhabitants on the main land; but the effort was in vain. In truth, the greater portion of

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the Indians around, manifested implacable ill-will, and had already murdered one of the assistants, who had incautiously strayed alone from the settlement on Roanoke island.

On the 13th of August, by direction of Raleigh, given before leaving England, Manteo was baptized, (being probably the first native of this continent who ever received this sacrament at the hands of the English) and was also called Lord of Roanoke and of Dasamonguepeuk, as the reward of his fidelity.

VIRGINIA DARE, THE FIRST ENGLISH CHILD BORN IN AMERICA.

A few days after, another event, not without interest in the little colony, occupied the attention of all; and doubtless in no small degree enlisted the sympathies of the female portion of the adventurers. On the 18th of August, Eleanor, the daughter of Governor White, and wife of Mr. Dare, one of the assistants, gave birth to a daughter, the first child born of English parents upon the soil of the United States. On the Sunday following, in commemoration of her birth-place, she was baptized by the name of VIRGINIA.

THE LOST COLONY OF ROANOKE.

(From the Same.)

Governor White remained but thirty-six days in North Carolina. . . . Before he left, however, it seems to have been understood that the colony should remove from Roanoke Island and settle on the main land: and as, at his return, he might be at some loss to find them, it was further agreed that in the event of their departure during his absence, they should carve on some post or tree the name of the place whither they had gone; and if in distress they were to carve above it a cross, . . [This was in 1587.]

It was not till the 20th of March, 1590, that Governor White embarked [at London] in three ships to seek his colony and his children. . . White found the island of Roanoke a desert. As he approached he sounded a signal trumpet, but no answer was heard to disturb the melancholy stillness that brooded over the deserted spot. What had become of the wretched colonists? No man may with certainty say: for all that White found to indicate their fate was a high post bearing on it the letters CRO, and at the former site of their village he found a tree which had been deprived of its bark and bore in well cut characters the word CROATAN. There was some comfort in finding no cross carved above the word, but this was all the comfort the unhappy father and grandfather could find. He of course hastened back to the fleet, determined instantly to go to Croatan, but a combination of unpropitious events defeated his anxious wishes; storms and a deficiency of food forced the vessels to run for the West Indies for the purpose of refitting, wintering and returning; but even in this plan White was disappointed and found himself reluctantly compelled to run for the western islands and thence for England. Thus ended the effort to find the lost colony; they were never heard of. That they went to Croatan, where the natives were friendly, is almost certain; that they became gradually incorporated with them is probable from the testimony of a historian [John Lawson] who lived in North Carolina and wrote [published] in 1714: "The Hatteras Indians who lived on Roanoke Island or much frequented it, tell us," (says he) "that several of their ancestors were white people and could talk in a book, as we do; the truth of which is confirmed by gray eyes being found frequently amongst these Indians and no others."

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GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE.

1802-1870.

GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE was born in Preston, Connecticut, and was a teacher and lawyer in early life. In 1830 he went to Kentucky, and a year afterward became editor of the Louisville "Journal," which position he held and made illustrious during the remainder of his life. His wit and humor gave him great influence, and his paper, afterwards consolidated with the "Courier" and known as the "Courier-Journal," became a power in politics, commerce, and society. A fine statue of him adorns the Courier-Journal building in Louisville, and his fame is by no means forgotten. "Prenticeana" is a collection of his witty and pungent paragraphs. See Memorial address by his successor, Henry Watterson.

WORKS.

Life of Henry Clay. Prenticeana, [with life-sketch.]
Poems, edited by John James Piatt.

Mr. Prentice's best known poem is the "Closing Year," which elocutionists have kept before the public and which has often inspired young poets to sad verses on the passing of time.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

(*From Poems.*)*

'Tis midnight's holy hour—and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds,
The bell's deep-notes are swelling. 'Tis the knell
Of the departed year.

*By permission of Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest,
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred,
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter, with his aged locks—and breathe
In mournful cadences, that come abroad
Like the far wind harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead Year,
Gone from the earth forever.

'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart a spectre dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That spectre lifts
The coffin-lid of hope, and joy, and love,
And, bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness.

The year
Has gone, and, with it, many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow on each heart. In its swift course
It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful,
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous, and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded. It passed o'er
The battle plain, where sword, and spear, and shield

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Flashed in the light of midday—and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and mouldering skeleton. It came
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time!—
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe! what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on
He presses and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the Northern hurricane
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag—but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinion. Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink,
Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
Spring, blazing, from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations; and the very stars,
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away,
To darkle in the trackless void; yet Time,
Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all pitiless, and pauses not

Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

PARAGRAPHS.

(*From Prenticeana.*)

A pin has as much head as a good many authors, and a good deal more point.

The Turkish men hold that women have no souls, and prove by their treatment of them that they have none themselves.

A writer in the "American Agriculturist" insists that farmers ought to learn to make better fences. Why not establish a fencing-school for their benefit?

The thumb is a useful member, but, because you have one, you needn't necessarily try to keep your neighbors under it.

The greatest truths are the simplest; the greatest man and women are sometimes so, too.

A New Orleans poet calls the Mississippi the most eloquent of rivers. It ought to be eloquent; it has a dozen mouths.

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY.

1802-1828.

EDWARD COATE* PINKNEY was the son of the distinguished orator and statesman, William Pinkney, of Maryland, and was born in London while his father was minister to England. After attending the College of Baltimore, he entered the Navy at fourteen years of age and spent much of his time of service in the Mediterranean. On his father's death, 1822, he returned to Baltimore and engaged in the practice of law, at the same time making some reputation

*Mr Charles Weathers Bump Ph. D. (Johns-Hopkins), says this name should be *Coote*, as it so stands in the register of Pinkney's baptism, which he has seen.

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by his poems. "A Health" and "Picture Song" are considered his best—their beauty makes us mourn his early death. At the time he was numbered one of the "five greatest poets of the country." On his return from a journey to Mexico, taken for his health, he was elected, in 1826, professor of Belles-lettres in the University of Maryland, formerly called the College of Baltimore.

WORKS.

Poems: Rodolph, a Fragment, and other Poems.

A HEALTH.

I fill this cup to one made up
  Of loveliness alone;
A woman of her gentle sex
  The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
  And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
  'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
  Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
  Dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they,
  And from her lips each flows
As one may see the burdened bee
  Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
  The measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
  The freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
  So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,—
  The idol of past years.

Of her bright face, one glance will trace
  A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
  A sound must long remain;
But memory such as mine of her
  So very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
  Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up
  Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
  The seeming paragon—
Her health! and would on earth there stood
  Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
  And weariness a name.

SONG.

We break the glass, whose sacred wine,
  To some beloved health we drain,
Lest future pledges, less divine,
  Should e'er the hallowed toy profane:
And thus I broke a heart that poured
  Its tide of feelings out for thee,
In draughts, by after times deplored,
  Yet dear to memory.

But still the old empassioned ways
  And habits of my mind remain,
And still unhappy light displays
  Thine image chambered in my brain;
And still it looks as when the hours
  Went by like flights of living birds,
Or that soft chain of spoken flowers
  And airy gems, thy words.

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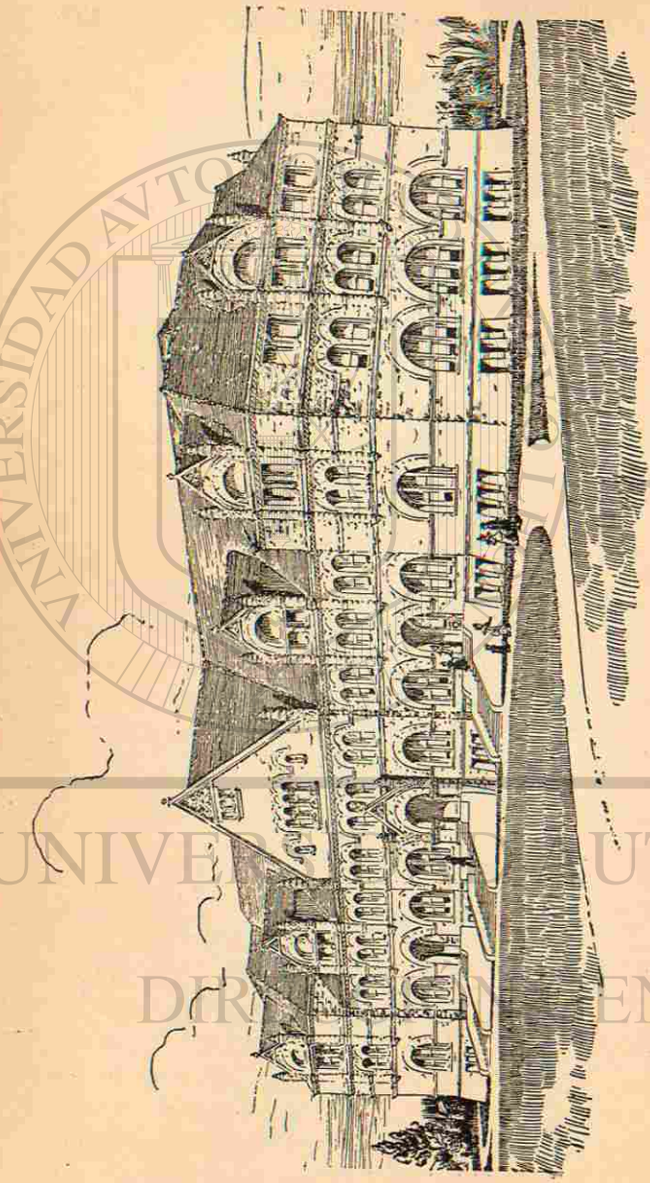

Tulane University, New Orleans, La.

Limited space permits us to give view of only one of the buildings of this great institution.

CHARLES ETIENNE ARTHUR GAYARRÉ.

1805-——.

CHARLES ÉTIENNE ARTHUR GAYARRÉ, descended from a family which was among the early settlers of Louisiana, was born in New Orleans. He was educated at the College of New Orleans, studied law in Philadelphia, and served in the State Legislature. In 1835, he was elected to the United States Senate, but ill-health prevented his taking the seat, and he spent the eight succeeding years in Europe. He was afterwards Secretary of State of Louisiana, and in the seven years of his service he did much to promote an interest in letters and history, and to establish the State Library on a firm basis.

He sided with his State in secession, and in 1863 recommended the emancipation and arming of the slaves. Since the war, he has spent his time in literary work, and has written both in English and French, gaining a distinguished place especially as a historian.

WORKS.

Histoire de la Louisiane.
Romance of the History of Louisiana.
Louisiana: Colonial History.
Louisiana, as a French Colony.
History of the Spanish Dominion in Louisiana.
History of Louisiana, to 1861.
Phillip II. of Spain.
Fernando de Lemos.
Aubert Dubayet.
School for Politics, [drama].
Dr. Bluff, comedy in 2 Acts.
Addresses.

Judge Gayarré has been an able and tireless worker in the history and literature of his native state. His works are admirable, full of life and color, although his style is lacking in terseness and strength. "He has indicated in the first volume of his 'History of Louisiana' what might be done by a gifted fiction-writer with the picturesque legends and traditions therein heaped together in luxuriant confusion.

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One feels while reading, that the writer has been hampered here and there by the temptation to be a romancer rather than remain a historian, and one does not experience any surprise at this in view of the profusion of startling and strange incidents."—Maurice Thompson.

LOUISIANA IN 1750-1770.

(From History of Louisiana, French Domination.)

It was in this year, 1751, that two ships, which were transporting two hundred regulars to Louisiana, stopped at Hispaniola. The Jesuits of that island obtained permission to put on board of those ships, and to send to the Jesuits of Louisiana, some sugar canes, and some negroes who were used to the cultivation of this plant. The canes were put under ground, according to the directions given, on the plantation of the reverend fathers, which was immediately above Canal street, on a portion of the space now occupied by the Second Municipality of the city of New Orleans. But it seems that the experiment proved abortive, and it was only in 1796 that the cultivation of the cane, and the manufacturing of sugar, was successfully introduced in Louisiana, and demonstrated to be practicable. It was then that this precious reed was really naturalized in the colony, and began to be a source of ever-growing wealth, [owing to the enterprise of Jean Étienne de Boré].

On board of the same ships, there came sixty girls, who were transported to Louisiana at the expense of the King. It was the last emigration of the kind. These girls were married to such soldiers as had distinguished themselves for their good conduct, and who, in consideration of their marriage, were discharged from service. Concessions of land were made to each happy pair, with one cow and its calf, one cock and five hens, one gun, one axe, and one spade.

During the first three years of their settlement, they were to receive rations of provisions, and a small quantity of powder, shot, grains and seeds of all sorts.

Such is the humble origin of many of our most respectable and wealthy families, and well may they be proud of a social position, which is due to the honest industry and hereditary virtues of several generations. Whilst some of patrician extraction, crushed under the weight of vices, or made inert by sloth, or labor-contemning pride, and degenerating from pure gold into vile dross, have been swept away, and have sunk into the dregs and sewers of the commonwealth. Thus in Louisiana, the high and the low, although the country has never suffered from any political or civil convulsions, seem to have, in the course of one century, frequently exchanged with one another their respective positions, much to the philosopher's edification. . .

On the 23rd of September, the intendant Commissary, Michel de la Rouvillière, made a favorable report on the state of agriculture in Louisiana. "The cultivation of the wax tree," says he, "has succeeded admirably. Mr. Dubreuil, alone, has made six thousand pounds of wax. Others have obtained as handsome results, in proportion to their forces; some went to the seashore, where the wax tree grows wild, in order to use it in its natural state. It is the only luminary used here by the inhabitants, and it is exported to other parts of America and to France. We stand in need of tillers of the ground, and of negroes. The colony prospers rapidly from its own impulse, and requires only gentle stimulation. In the last three years, forty-five brick houses were erected in New Orleans, and several fine new plantations were established." . . . .

The administration of the Marquis of Vaudreuil was long and fondly remembered in Louisiana, as an epoch of unusual

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brilliancy, but which was followed up by corresponding gloom. His administration, if small things may be compared with great ones, was for Louisiana, with regard to splendor, luxury, military display, and expenses of every kind, what the reign of Louis XIV. had been for France. He was a man of patrician birth and high breeding, who liked to live in a manner worthy of his rank. Remarkable for his personal graces and comeliness, for the dignity of his bearing and the fascination of his address, he was fond of pomp, show, and pleasure; surrounded by a host of brilliant officers, of whom he was the idol, he loved to keep up a miniature court, in distant imitation of that of Versailles; and long after he had departed, old people were fond of talking of the exquisitely refined manners, of the magnificent balls, of the splendidly uniformed troops, of the high-born young officers, and of the many other unparalleled things they had seen in the days of the *Great Marquis*.

. . . . . .

The inventories made of the property of the twelve gentlemen, whom the decree of the Spanish tribunal had convicted of rebellion, afford interesting proofs of the Spartan simplicity which existed in the colony. Thus the furniture of the bed-room of Madam Villeré, who was the wife of one of the most distinguished citizens of Louisiana, and the grand-daughter of De Lachaise, who came to the colony in 1723 as ordaining commissary, was described as consisting of a cypress bedstead, three feet wide by six in length, with a mattress of corn shucks and one of feathers on the top, a bolster of corn shucks, and a coarse cotton counterpane or quilt, manufactured probably by the lady herself, or by her servants; six chairs of cypress wood, with straw bottoms; some candlesticks with common wax, the candles made in the country, &c., &c.

The rest of the house was not more splendidly furnished, and the house itself, as described in the inventory, must have looked very much like one of those modest and unpainted little wood structures which are, to this day, to be seen in many parts of the banks of the river Mississippi, and in the Attakapas and Opelousas parishes. They are the tenements of our small planters who own only a few slaves, and they retain the appellation of *Maisons d' Acadiens, or Acadian houses.*

Villeré's plantation, situated at the German coast, was not large, and the whole of his slaves, of both sexes and of all ages, did not exceed thirty-two. His friends and brother conspirators, who were among the first gentlemen in the land, did not live with more ostentation. All the sequestrated property being sold, it was found that, after having distributed among the widows and other creditors what they were entitled to, and after paying the costs of the trial and inventories, the royal treasury had little or nothing to receive. . . . . .

There were but humble dwellings in Louisiana in 1769, and he who would have judged of their tenants from their outward appearance would have thought that they were occupied by mere peasants, but had he passed their thresholds he would have been amazed at being welcomed with such manners as were habitual in the most polished court of Europe, and entertained by men and women wearing with the utmost ease and grace the elegant and rich costume of the reign of Louis XV. There, the powdered head, the silk and gold flowered coat, the lace and frills, the red-heeled shoe, the steel handled sword, the silver knee buckles, the high and courteous bearing of the gentleman, the hoop petticoat, the brocaded gown, the rich head dress, the stately bow, the slightly rouged cheeks, the artificially graceful

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deportment, and the aristocratic features of the lady, formed a strange contrast with the roughness of surrounding objects. It struck one with as much astonishment as if diamonds had been found capriciously set by some unknown hand in one of the wild trees of the forest, or it reminded the imagination of those fairy tales in which a princess is found asleep in a solitude, where none but beasts of prey were expected to roam.

THE TREE OF THE DEAD.

(*From History of Louisiana.*)

In a lot situated at the corner of Orleans and Dauphine streets, in the city of New Orleans, there is a tree which nobody looks at without curiosity and without wondering how it came there. For a long time it was the only one of its kind known in the state, and from its isolated position it has always been cursed with sterility. It reminds one of the warm climes of Africa or Asia, and wears the aspect of a stranger of distinction driven from his native country. Indeed with its sharp and thin foliage, sighing mournfully under the blast of one of our November northern winds, it looks as sorrowful as an exile. Its enormous trunk is nothing but an agglomeration of knots and bumps, which each passing year seems to have deposited there as a mark of age, and as a protection against the blows of time and of the world.

Inquire for its origin, and every one will tell you that it has stood there from time immemorial. A sort of vague but impressive mystery is attached to it, and it is as superstitiously respected as one of the old oaks of Dodona. Bold would be the axe that would strike the first blow at that foreign patriarch; and if it were prostrated to the ground by a profane hand, what native of the city would not mourn

over its fall, and brand the act as an unnatural and criminal deed? So, long live the date-tree of Orleans street—that time-honored descendant of Asiatic ancestors!

In the beginning of 1727, a French vessel of war landed at New Orleans a man of haughty mien, who wore the Turkish dress, and whose whole attendance was a single servant. He was received by the governor with the highest distinction, and was conducted by him to a small but comfortable house with a pretty garden, then existing at the corner of Orleans and Dauphine streets, and which, from the circumstance of its being so distant from other dwellings, might have been called a rural retreat, although situated in the limits of the city. There the stranger, who was understood to be a prisoner of state, lived in the greatest seclusion; and although neither he nor his attendant could be guilty of indiscretion, because none understood their language, and although Governor Périer severely rebuked the slightest inquiry, yet it seemed to be the settled conviction in Louisiana, that the mysterious stranger was a brother of the Sultan, or some great personage of the Ottoman empire, who had fled from the anger of the vicegerent of Mohammed, and who had taken refuge in France.

The Sultan had peremptorily demanded the fugitive, and the French government, thinking it derogatory to its dignity to comply with that request, but at the same time not wishing to expose its friendly relations with the Moslem monarch, and perhaps desiring for political purposes, to keep in hostage the important guest it had in its hands, had recourse to the expedient of answering that he had fled to Louisiana, which was so distant a country, that it might be looked upon as the grave, where, as it was suggested, the fugitive might be suffered to wait in peace for actual death, without danger or offence to the Sultan. Whether this story

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be true or not is now a manner of so little consequence that it would not repay the trouble of a strict historical investigation.

The year 1727 was drawing to its close, when on a dark stormy night the howling and barking of the numerous dogs in the streets of New Orleans were observed to be fiercer than usual, and some of that class of individuals who pretend to know everything, declared that by the vivid flashes of the lightning, they had seen swiftly and stealthily gliding toward the residence of the *unknown* a body of men who wore the scowling appearance of malefactors and ministers of blood. There afterwards came also a report that a piratical-looking Turkish vessel had been hovering a few days previous in the bay of Barataria. Be it as it may, on the next morning the house of the stranger was deserted. There were no traces of mortal struggle to be seen; but in the garden the earth had been dug, and *there* was the unmistakable indication of a recent grave.

Soon, however, all doubts were removed by the finding of an inscription in Arabic characters, engraved on a marble tablet, which was subsequently sent to France. It ran thus: "The justice of heaven is satisfied, and the date-tree shall grow on the traitor's tomb. The sublime Emperor of the faithful, the supporter of the faith, the omnipotent master and Sultan of the world, has redeemed his vow. God is great, and Mohammed is his prophet. Allah!" Some time after this event, a foreign-looking tree was seen to peep out of the spot where a corpse must have been deposited in that stormy night, when the rage of the elements yielded to the pitiless fury of man, and it thus explained in some degree this part of the inscription, "the date-tree shall grow on the traitor's grave."

Who was he, or what had he done, who had provoked such relentless and far-seeking revenge? Ask Nemesis,—or,

at that hour when evil spirits are allowed to roam over the earth and magical invocations are made, go and interrogate the tree of the dead.

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

1806-1873.

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY, the "Pathfinder of the Sea," was born in Spottsylvania County, Virginia, reared in Tennessee, and entered the Navy in 1825, rising to be lieutenant in 1837. In 1839 he met with an accident which lamed him for life, and he thenceforward spent his time in study and investigation of naval subjects. Under the pen-name of "Harry Bluff," he wrote some essays for the "Southern Literary Messenger," which produced great reforms in the Navy and led to the establishment of the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

In 1842 he was appointed superintendent of the Hydrographical Office, and in 1844, of the National Observatory, at Washington, the latter position including the former. The observations of winds, currents, and storms, which he caused to be made during nine years, are embodied in his "Wind and Current Charts;" and the system thus begun was adopted by all European countries and has proven of immense benefit both to commere and science.

To him and to Lieutenant John M. Brooke, afterwards Com. Brooke, C. S. N., belongs the credit of deep-sea soundings; and to him we owe the suggestion of the submarine telegraphic cable across the Atlantic. (*See below, letter to Secretary of the Navy.*) Cyrus W. Field said, at a dinner given in 1858 to celebrate the first cable message across the

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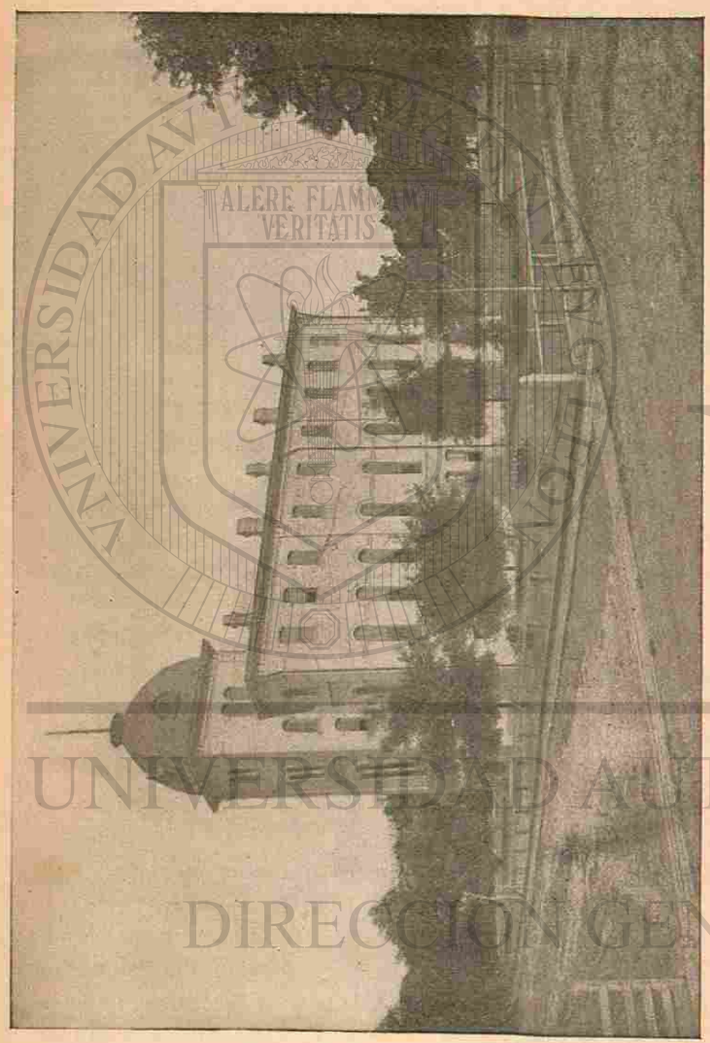

Florida State Agricultural College (Main Building), Lake City, Fla.

Atlantic,—"Maury furnished the brains, England gave the money, and I did the work."

His "Physical Geography of the Sea" has been translated into all the languages of Europe, and caused Humboldt to say that Maury had founded a new science. His researches and scientific labors gained him honors and medals from all scientific societies. His "Navigation" and "Geographies" are in popular use in our schools. His style is irresistibly attractive, being clear, strong, elegant, and indicative of truth in the man behind it.

He entered the Confederate service in 1861, and was employed at first at Richmond and later as naval agent in Europe. When Lee surrendered, he was in the West Indies on his way to put in use against Federal vessels in Southern ports a method of arranging torpedo mines which he had invented.

He then went to Mexico (1865) and took a position in the Cabinet of the Emperor Maximilian; but the revolution there (1866) terminated his relations with that government. After two years in England, he returned to Virginia and in 1868 became professor of Physics in the Virginia Military Institute. At this time the University of Cambridge conferred upon him the degree of LL. D., and the Emperor of the French invited him to Paris as superintendent of the Imperial Observatory.

His life has been written in a most engaging style by his daughter, Mrs. Diana Fontaine Maury Corbin.

WORKS.

Navigation.
Scraps from the Lucky Bay, by Harry Bluff.
Rebuilding Southern Commerce.
Wind and Current Charts.
Sailing Directions.
Physical Geography of the Sea.
Series of Geographies.
Physical Survey of Virginia.
Resources of West Virginia (with Wm. M. Fontaine).
Lanes for Steamers Crossing the Atlantic.
Amazon and Atlantic Slopes.
Magnetism and the Circulation of the Atmosphere.

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THE GULF STREAM.

(From Sailing Directions.)

It is not necessary to associate with oceanic currents the idea that they must of necessity, as on land, run from a higher to a lower level. So far from this being the case, some currents of the sea actually run up-hill, while others run on a level. The Gulf Stream is of the first class. In a paper read before the National Institute in 1844, I showed why the bottom of the Gulf Stream ought, theoretically, to be an inclined plane, running *upwards*. If the Gulf Stream be 200 fathoms deep in the Florida Pass, and but 100 fathoms off Hatteras, it is evident that the bottom would be lifted 100 fathoms within that distance; and therefore, while the bottom of the Gulf Stream runs up-hill, the top preserves the water-level, or nearly so; for its banks are of sea-water, and being in the ocean, are themselves on a water-level. . . . . .

I have also, on a former occasion, pointed out the fact, that, inasmuch as the Gulf Stream is a bed of warm water, lying between banks of cold water—that as warm water is lighter than cold—therefore, the surface of the Gulf Stream ought, theoretically, to be in the shape of a double inclined plane, like the roof a house, down which we may expect to find a shallow surface or roof current, running from the middle towards either edge of the stream.

The fact that this roof-current does exist has been fully established . . . . . by officers of the navy. Thus, in lowering a boat to try a current, they found that the boat would invariably be drifted towards one side or other of the stream, while the vessel herself was drifted along in the direction of it. . .

This feature of the Gulf Stream throws a gleam of light upon the *locus* of the Gulf weed, by proving that its place

of growth cannot be on this side (west) of that stream. No Gulf weed is ever found west of the axis of the Gulf Stream; and, if we admit the top of the stream to be higher in the middle than at the edges, it would be difficult to imagine how the Gulf weed should cross it, or get from one side of it to the other.

The inference, therefore, would be, that as all the Gulf weed which is seen about this stream is on its eastern declivity, the *locus* of the weed must be somewhere within or near the borders of the stream, and to the east of the middle. And this idea is strengthened by the report of Captain Scott, a most intelligent ship-master, who informs me that he has seen the Gulf weed growing on the Bahama Banks.

DEEP-SEA SOUNDINGS.

(From a Letter to the Secretary of the Navy, 1854, given in Mrs. Corbin's Life of Maury.)*

The U. S. brig "Dolphin," lieutenant commanding O. H. Berryman, was employed last summer upon special services connected with this office. . . . He was directed also to carry along a line of deep-sea soundings from the shores of Newfoundland to those of Ireland. The result is highly interesting upon the question of a submarine telegraph across the Atlantic, and I therefore beg leave to make it the subject of a special report.

This line of deep-sea sounding seems to be DECISIVE of the question as to the practicability of a submarine telegraph between the two continents *in so far as the bottom of the deep sea is concerned.* From Newfoundland to Ireland the distance between the nearest points is about 1600 miles, and the bottom of the sea between the two places is a plateau which seems to have been placed there especially for

*By permission of Mrs. Corbin.

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the purpose of holding the wires of the submarine telegraph, and of keeping them out of harm's way. It is neither too deep nor too shallow; yet it is so deep that the wires but once landed will remain forever beyond the reach of the anchors of vessels, icebergs, and drifts of any kind, and so shallow, that they may be readily lodged upon the bottom.

. . . . . .

A wire laid across from either of the above-named places on this side to the north of the Grand Banks, will rest on that beautiful plateau to which I have alluded, and where the waters of the sea appear to be as quiet and as completely at rest as it is at the bottom of a mill-pond. It is proper that the reasons should be stated for the inference that there are no perceptible currents and no abrading agents at work at the bottom of the sea upon this telegraphic plateau. I derive this inference from the study of a physical fact, which I little deemed, when I sought it, had any such bearings.

Lieutenant Berryman brought up, with "Brooke's deep-sea sounding apparatus," specimens of the bottom from this plateau. I sent them to Professor Bailey, at West Point, for examination under his microscope. This he kindly undertook, and that eminent microscopist was quite as much surprised to find, as I was to learn, that all these specimens of deep-sea soundings are filled with microscopic shells. To use his own words, "not a particle of sand or gravel exists in them." These little shells therefore suggest the fact that there are no currents at the bottom of the sea whence they come; that Brooke's lead found them where they were deposited in their burial-place. . . .

Had there been currents at the bottom, they would have swept and abraded and mingled up with these microscopic remains the *débris* of the bottom of the sea, such as ooze,

sand, gravel, and other matter; but not a particle of sand or gravel was found among them. Hence the inference that these depths of the sea are not disturbed by either waves or currents. Consequently, a telegraphic wire once laid there would remain as completely beyond the reach of accident as it would be if buried in air-tight cases.

HEROIC DEATH OF LIEUTENANT HERNDON.

(*From Maury's Report, in Mrs. Corbin's Life of Maury.**)

U. S. NATIONAL OBSERVATORY,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *October 19th, 1857.*

SIR,—On the 12th day of September last, at sea, the U. S. mail steamship "Central America," with the California mails, many of the passengers and crew, and a large amount of treasure on board, foundered in a gale [off Cape Hatteras]. The law requires the vessels of this line to be commanded by officers of the Navy, and Commander William Lewis Herndon had this one. He went down with his ship, leaving a glowing example of devotion to duty, Christian conduct, and true heroism. . . . .

The "Central America," at the time of her loss, was bound from Aspinwall, viâ Havana, to New York. She had on board, as nearly as has been ascertained, about two millions in gold, and 474 passengers, besides a crew, all told, of 101 souls—total, 575.

She touched at Havana on the 7th September last, and put to sea again at nine o'clock on the morning of the 8th. The ship was apparently in good order, the time seemed propitious, and all hands were in fine health and spirits, for the prospects of a safe and speedy passage home were very cheering. The breeze was from the trade winds quarter at N. E.; but at midnight on the 9th it freshened to a gale,

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which continued to increase till the forenoon of Friday, September 11th, when it blew with great violence. . .

Up to this time the ship behaved admirably; nothing had occurred worthy of note, or in any way calculated to excite suspicions of her prowess, until the forenoon of that day, when it was discovered that she had sprung a leak. The sea was running high: . . . the leak was so large that by 1 P. M. the water had risen high enough to extinguish the fires on one side and stop the engine. . . . Crew and passengers worked manfully, pumping and baling all Friday afternoon and night, and when day dawned upon them the violence of the storm was still increasing. . . . The flag was hoisted union down, that every vessel as she hove in sight might know they were in distress and wanted help. . . . . .

Finally, about noon of Saturday the 12th, the gale began to abate and the sky to brighten. . . . At about 2 P. M. the brig "Marine," Captain Burt, of Boston, bound from the West Indies to New York, heard minute-guns, and saw the steamer's signals of distress. She ran down to the sinking ship, and though very much crippled herself by the gale, promised to lay by. . . . The steamer's boats were ordered to be lowered—the "Marine" had none that could live in such a sea. . . . All the women and children were first sent to the brig, and every one arrived there in safety. Each boat made two loads to the brig, carrying in all 100 persons.

By this time night was setting in. The brig had drifted to leeward several miles away from the steamer; and was so crippled that she could not beat up to her again.

Black's (the boatswain) boat alone returned the second time. Her gallant crew had been buffeting with the storm

for two days and nights without rest, and with little or no food. The boat itself had been badly stove while alongside with the last load of passengers. She was so much knocked to pieces as to be really unserviceable, nor could she have held another person. Still those brave seamen, inspired by the conduct and true to the trust imposed in them by their Captain, did not hesitate to leave the brig again, and pull back through the dark for miles, across an angry sea, that they might join him in his sinking ship, and take their chances with the rest. . . . . .

As one of the last boats was about to leave the ship, her commander gave his watch to a passenger with the request that it might be delivered to his wife. He wished to charge him with a message for her also, but his utterance was choked. "Tell her ———." Unable to proceed, he bent down his head and buried his face in his hands for a moment as if in prayer, for he was a devout man and a Christian.

In that moment, brief as it was, he endured the great agony; but it was over now. . . . He had resolved to go down with his ship. Calm and collected, he rose up from that mighty struggle with renewed vigour, and went with encouraging looks about the duties of the ship as before. . . .

After the boat which bore Mr. Payne—to whom Herndon had entrusted his watch—had shoved off, the Captain went to his state-room and put on his uniform; . . . then walking out, he took his stand on the wheel-house, holding on to the iron railing with his left hand. A rocket was sent off, the ship fetched her last lurch, and as she went down he uncovered. . . .

Just before the steamer went down, a row-boat was heard approaching. Herndon hailed her; it was the boatswain's boat, rowed by "hard hands and gentle hearts," returning

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from on board the brig to report her disabled condition. If she came alongside she would be engulfed with the sinking ship. Herndon ordered her to keep off. She did so, and was saved. This, as far as I have been able to learn, was his last order. Forgetful of self, mindful of others, his life was beautiful to the last, and in his death he has added a new glory to the annals of the sea.

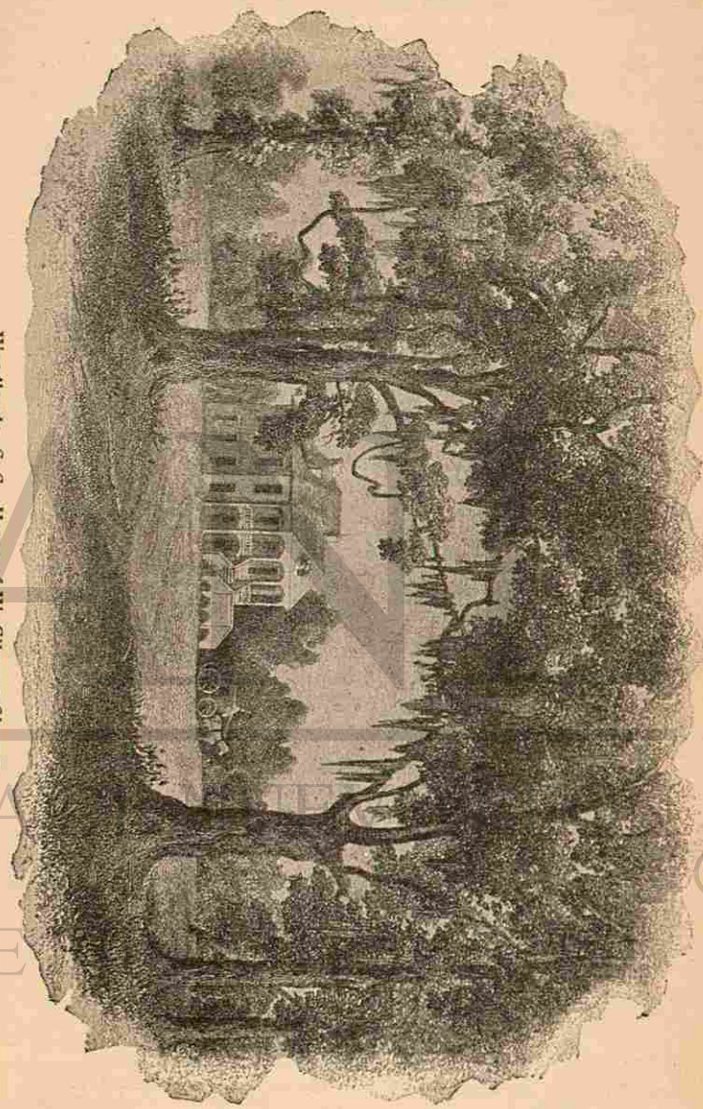
[A handsome monument to his memory stands in the Parade-ground of the Naval School at Annapolis.]

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

1806-1870.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS was born and reared in Charleston, South Carolina. His early education was limited; he was for a while clerk in a drug-store and then he studied law. But his decided taste for letters soon induced him to devote his entire time and attention to their cultivation. He wrote rapidly and voluminously, and produced poems, novels, dramas, histories, biographies, book-reviews, editorials,—in short, all kinds of writing. He was editor of various journals at different times, and did all he could to inspire and foster a literary taste in his generation. His style shows the effect of haste and overwork.

His novels dealing with Colonial and Revolutionary subjects are his best work. They give us graphic pictures of the struggles that our forefathers in the South had with the wild beasts, swamps, forests, and Indians in Colonial times, and with these and the British in the Revolutionary period. They should be read in connection with our early history, especially the following: *Yemassee, (1714, Colonial times); Partisan, Mellichampe, and Katharine Walton, (forming the*



Woodlands, S. C., Home of W. Gilmore Simms.

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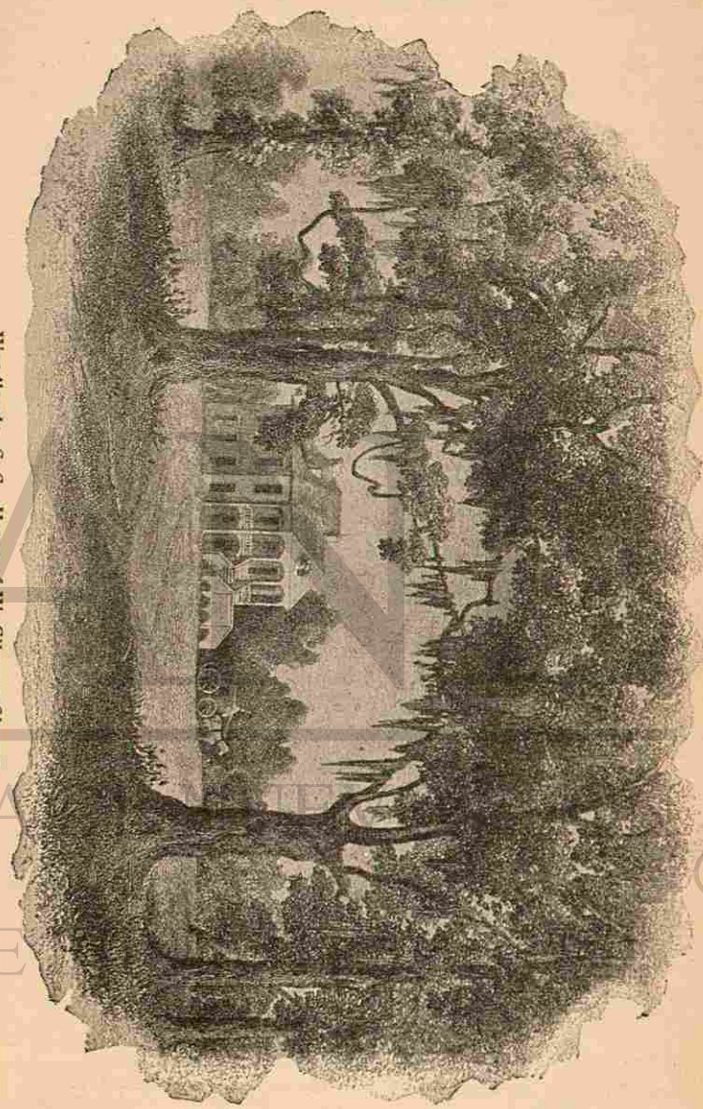

Woodlands, S. C., Home of W. Gilmore Simms.

Revolutionary Trilogy); *Eutaw; Scout; Forayers; Woodcraft*, (*1775–1783*); *Wigwam and Cabin* (*a collection of short stories*).

Some of his poems are well worth reading, especially the legends of Indian and Colonial life; and the Spirits' songs in "Atalantis" are very dainty and musical.

He was the friend and helper of his younger fellow-workers in literature, among whom were notably Paul Hamilton Hayne and Henry Timrod. At his country home "Woodlands" and in Charleston, he dispensed a generous and delightful hospitality and made welcome his many friends from North, South, and West. The last few years of his life were darkened by distress and poverty, in common with his brethren all over the South; and his heroic struggle against them reminds us of that of Sir Walter Scott, though far more dire and pathetic.

A fine bust of him by Ward adorns the Battery in his native and much-loved city. See Life, by William P. Trent.

WORKS.

NOVELS.

Martin Faber.
Book of My Lady.
Guy Rivers.
Yemassee.
Partisan.
Mellichampe.
Richard Hurdis.
Palayo.
Carl Werner and other Tales.
Border Beagles.
Confession, or the Blind Heart.
Beauchampe, [sequel to Charlemont].
Helen Halsey.
Castle Dismal.
Count Julian.
Wigwam and Cabin.
Katharine Walton.
Golden Christmas.
Forayers.
Maroon, and other Tales.
Utah.
Woodcraft.
Marie de Bernière.
Father Abbott.
Scout, [first called Kinsmen.]
Charlemont.
Cassique of Kiawah.
Vasconselas, [tale of De Soto.]

POEMS, [2 volumes.]

Atalantis.
Grouped Thoughts and Scattered Fancies.
Lays of the Palmetto.
Southern Passages and Pictures.
Areytos: Songs and Ballads of the South.

DRAMAS.

Norman Maurice.
Michael Bonham, or Fall of the Alamo.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY, &c.

Life of General Francis Marion.
Life of Captain John Smith.
Life of Chevalier Bayard.
Geography of South Carolina.
Reviews in Periodicals [2 vols.]
Life of General Nathanael Greene.
History of South Carolina.
South Carolina in the Revolution.
War Poetry of the South.
Seven Dramas of Shakspere.

SONNET.—THE POET'S VISION.

Upon the Poet's soul they flash forever,
In evening shades, these glimpses strange and sweet;
They fill his heart betimes,—they leave him never,
And haunt his steps with sounds of falling feet;
He walks beside a mystery night and day;
Still wanders where the sacred spring is hidden;
Yet, would he take the seal from the forbidden,
Then must he work and watch as well as pray!
How work? How watch? Beside him—in his way,—
Springs without check the flow'r by whose choice spell,—
More potent than "herb moly,"—he can tell
Where the stream rises, and the waters play!—
Ah! spirits call'd avail not! On his eyes,
Sealed up with stubborn clay, the darkness lies.

THE DOOM OF OCCONESTOGA.

(*From Yemassee.*)

[Occonestoga, the degenerate son of the Yemassee chief Sanutee, has been condemned, for befriending the whites, to a fate worse than death. The *totem* of his tribe, an arrow branded upon the shoulder, is to be cut and burnt out by the executioner, Malatchie, and he is to be declared accursed from his tribe and from their paradise forever, "a slave of Opitchi-Manneyto," the evil spirit.]

Occonestoga's head sank in despair, as he beheld the unchanging look of stern resolve with which the unbending sire regarded him. For a moment he was unmanned; until a loud shout of derision from the crowd as they beheld the

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show of his weakness, came to the support of his pride. The Indian shrinks from humiliation, where he would not shrink from death; and, as the shout reached his ears, he shouted back his defiance, raised his head loftily in air, and with the most perfect composure, commenced singing his song of death, the song of many victories.

"Wherefore sings he his death-song?" was the cry from many voices,—"he is not to die!"

"Thou art the slave of Opitchi-Manneyto," cried Malatchie to the captive, "thou shalt sing no lie of thy victories in the ear of Yemassee. The slave of Opitchi-Manneyto has no triumph"—and the words of the song were effectually drowned, if not silenced, in the tremendous clamor which they raised about him. It was then that Malatchie claimed his victim—the doom had been already given, but the ceremony of expatriation and outlawry was yet to follow, and under the direction of the prophet, the various castes and classes of the nation prepared to take a final leave of one who could no longer be known among them. First of all came a band of young marriageable women, who, wheeling in a circle three times about him, sang together a wild apostrophe containing a bitter farewell, which nothing in our language could perfectly embody.

"Go,—thou hast no wife in Yemassee,—thou hast given no lodge to the daughter of Yemassee,—thou hast slain no meat for thy children. Thou hast no name—the women of Yemassee know thee no more. They know thee no more."

And the final sentence was reverberated from the entire assembly, "They know thee no more, they know thee no more."

Then came a number of the ancient men,—the patriarchs of the nation, who surrounded him in circular mazes three several times, singing as they did so a hymn of like import.

"Go—thou sittest not in the council of Yemassee—thou shalt not speak wisdom to the boy that comes. Thou hast no name in Yemassee—the fathers of Yemassee, they know thee no more."

And again the whole assembly cried out, as with one voice, "They know thee no more, they know thee no more."

These were followed by the young warriors, his old associates, who now, in a solemn band, approached him to go through a like performance. His eyes were shut as they came, his blood was chilled in his heart, and the articulated farewell of their wild chant failed seemingly to reach his ear. Nothing but the last sentence he heard—

> "Thou that wast a brother,
> Thou art nothing now,
> The young warriors of Yemassee,
> They know thee no more."

And the crowd cried with them, "They know thee no more."

"Is no hatchet sharp for Occonestoga?" moaned forth the suffering savage. But his trials were only then begun. Enoree-Mattee now approached him with the words, with which, as the representative of the good Manneyto, he renounced him,—with which he denied him access to the Indian heaven, and left him a slave and an outcast, a miserable wanderer amid the shadows and the swamps, and liable to all the doom and terrors which come with the service of Opitchi-Manneyto.

"Thou wast the child of Manneyto,"

sung the high priest in a solemn chant, and with a deep-toned voice that thrilled strangely amid the silence of the scene,

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"Thou wast the child of Manneyto
He gave thee arrows and an eye,—
Thou wast the strong son of Manneyto,
He gave thee feathers and a wing,—
Thou wast a young brave of Manneyto,
He gave thee scalps and a war-song,—
But he knows thee no more—he knows thee no more."

And the clustering multitude again gave back the last line in wild chorus. The prophet continued his chant:

"That Opitchi-Manneyto!—
He commands thee for his slave—
And the Yemassee must hear him,
Hear, and give thee for his slave—
They will take from thee the arrow,
The broad arrow of thy people,—
Thou shalt see no blessed valley,
Where the plum-groves always bloom—
Thou shalt hear no songs of valour,
From the ancient Yemassee—
Father, mother, name, and people,
Thou shalt lose with that broad arrow,
Thou art lost to the Manneyto,—
He knows thee no more—he knows thee no more."

The despair of hell was in the face of the victim, and he howled forth, in a cry of agony that for a moment silenced the wild chorus of the crowd around, the terrible consciousness in his mind of that privation which the doom entailed upon him. Every feature was convulsed with emotion; and the terrors of Opitchi-Manneyto's dominion seemed already in strong exercise upon the muscles of his heart, when Sanutee, the father, silently approached him, and with a pause of a few moments, stood gazing upon the son from whom he was to be separated eternally.— . . . . . .

In a loud and bitter voice he exclaimed, "Thy father knows thee no more,"—and once more came to the ears of the victim the melancholy chorus of the multitude—"He knows thee no more, he knows thee no more." Sanutee turned quickly away as he had spoken; and as if he suffered more than he was willing to show, the old man rapidly hastened to the little mound where he had been previously sitting, his eyes averted from the further spectacle. Occonestoga, goaded to madness by these several incidents, shrieked forth the bitterest execrations, until Enoree-Mattee, preceding Malatchie, again approached. Having given some directions in an under-tone to the latter, he retired, leaving the executioner alone with his victim. Malatchie, then, while all was silence in the crowd,—a thick silence, in which even respiration seemed to be suspended,—proceeded to his duty; and, lifting the feet of Occonestoga carefully from the ground, he placed a log under them—then addressing him, as he again bared his knife which he stuck in the tree above his head, he sung—

"I take from thee the earth of Yemassee—
I take from thee the water of Yemassee—
I take from thee the arrow of Yemassee—
Thou art no longer a Yemassee—
The Yemassee knows thee no more."

"The Yemassee knows thee no more," cried the multitude, and their universal shout was deafening upon the ear. Occonestoga said no word now—he could offer no resistance to the unnerving hands of Malatchie, who now bared the arm more completely of its covering. But his limbs were convulsed with the spasms of that dreadful terror of the future which was racking and raging in every pulse of his heart. He had full faith in the superstitions of his people.

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His terrors acknowledged the full horrors of their doom. A despairing agony which no language could describe had possession of his soul.

Meanwhile, the silence of all indicated the general anxiety; and Malatchie prepared to seize the knife and perform the operation, when a confused murmur arose from the crowd around; the mass gave way and parted, and, rushing wildly into the area, came Matiwan, his mother, the long black hair streaming, the features, an astonishing likeness to his own, convulsed like his; and her action that of one reckless of all things in the way of the forward progress she was making to the person of her child. She cried aloud as she came, with a voice that rang like a sudden death-bell through the ring.

"Would you keep a mother from her boy, and he to be lost to her for ever? Shall she have no parting with the young brave she bore in her bosom? Away, keep me not back—I will look upon him, I will love him. He shall have the blessing of Matiwan, though the Yemassee and the Manneyto curse."

The victim heard, and a momentary renovation of mental life, perhaps a renovation of hope, spoke out in the simple exclamation which fell from his lips:

"Oh, Matiwan—oh, mother!"

She rushed towards the spot where she heard his appeal, and thrusting the executioner aside, threw her arms desperately about his neck.

"Touch him not, Matiwan," was the general cry from the crowd; "touch him not, Matiwan,—Manneyto knows him no more."

"But Matiwan knows him—the mother knows her child, though Manneyto denies him. Oh, boy—oh, boy, boy, boy." And she sobbed like an infant on his neck.

"Thou art come, Matiwan—thou art come, but wherefore? To curse, like the father—to curse, like the Manneyto?" mournfully said the captive.

"No, no, no! Not to curse, not to curse. When did mother curse the child she bore? Not to curse, but to bless thee. To bless thee and forgive."

"Tear her away," cried the prophet; "let Opitchi-Manneyto have his slave."

"Tear her away, Malatchie," cried the crowd, now impatient for the execution. Malatchie approached.

"Not yet, not yet," appealed the woman. "Shall not the mother say farewell to the child she shall see no more?" and she waved Malatchie back, and in the next instant drew hastily from the drapery of her dress a small hatchet, which she had there carefully concealed.

"What wouldst thou do, Matiwan?" asked Occonestoga, as his eye caught the glare of the weapon.

"Save thee, my boy—save thee for thy mother, Occonestoga—save thee for the happy valley."

"Wouldst thou slay me, mother, wouldst strike the heart of thy son?" he asked, with a something of reluctance to receive death from the hands of a parent.

"I strike thee but to save thee, my son; since they cannot take the totem from thee after the life is gone. Turn away from me thy head—let me not look upon thine eyes as I strike, lest my hands grow weak and tremble. Turn thine eyes away; I will not lose thee."

His eyes closed, and the fatal instrument, lifted above her head, was now visible in the sight of all. The executioner rushed forward to interpose, but he came too late. The tomahawk was driven deep into the skull, and but a single sentence from his lips preceded the final insensibility of of the victim.

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"It is good, Matiwan, it is good; thou hast saved me; the death is in my heart." And back he sank as he spoke, while a shriek of mingled joy and horror from the lips of the mother announced the success of her effort to defeat the doom, the most dreadful in the imagination of the Yemassee.

"He is not lost, he is not lost. They may not take the child from his mother. They may not keep him from the valley of Manneyto. He is free—he is free." And she fell back in a deep swoon into the arms of Sanutee, who by this time had approached. She had defrauded Opitchi-Manneyto of his victim, for they may not remove the badge of the nation from any but the living victim.

MARION,

"*The Swamp Fox.*"

(*From the Partisan.*)

I.

We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
His friends and merry men are we;
And when the troop of Tarleton rides,
We burrow in the cypress tree.
The turfy hammock is our bed,
Our home is in the red deer's den,
Our roof, the tree-top overhead,
For we are wild and hunted men.

II.

We fly by day, and shun its light,
But, prompt to strike the sudden blow,
We mount and start with early night,
And through the forest track our foe.
And soon he hears our chargers leap,
The flashing sabre blinds his eyes,
And ere he drives away his sleep,
And rushes from his camp, he dies.

III.

Free bridle-bit, good gallant steed,
That will not ask a kind caress,
To swim the Santee at our need,
When on his heels the foemen press,—
The true heart and the ready hand,
The spirit stubborn to be free,
The twisted bore, the smiting brand,—
And we are Marion's men, you see.

IV.

Now light the fire, and cook the meal,
The last perhaps that we shall taste;
I hear the Swamp Fox round us steal,
And that's a sign we move in haste.
He whistles to the scouts, and hark!
You hear his order calm and low—
Come, wave your torch across the dark,
And let us see the boys that go.

V.

We may not see their forms again,
God help 'em, should they find the strife!
For they are strong and fearless men,
And make no coward terms for life;
They'll fight as long as Marion bids,
And when he speaks the word to shy,
Then--not till then—they turn their steeds,
Through thickening shade and swamp to fly.

VI.

Now stir the fire, and lie at ease,
The scouts are gone, and on the brush
I see the colonel bend his knees,
To take his slumbers too—but hush!
He's praying, comrades; 'tis not strange;
The man that's fighting day by day,
May well, when night comes, take a change,
And down upon his knees to pray.

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VII.

Break up that hoe-cake, boys, and hand
The sly and silent jug that's there;
I love not it should idly stand,
When Marion's men have need of cheer.
'Tis seldom that our luck affords
A stuff like this we just have quaffed,
And dry potatoes on our boards
May always call for such a draught.

VIII.

Now pile the brush and roll the log;
Hard pillow, but a soldier's head
That's half the time in brake and bog
Must never think of softer bed.
The owl is hooting to the night,
The cooter crawling o'er the bank,
And in that pond the flashing light
Tells where the alligator sank.

IX.

What! 'tis the signal! start so soon.
And through the Santee swamp so deep,
Without the aid of friendly moon,
And we, Heaven help us! half asleep!
But courage, comrades! Marion leads,
The Swamp Fox takes us out to-night;
So clear your swords, and spur your steeds,
There's goodly chance, I think, of fight.

X.

We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
We leave the swamp and cypress tree,
Our spurs are in our coursers' sides,
And ready for the strife are we,—
The Tory camp is now in sight,
And there he cowers within his den,—
He hears our shouts, he dreads the fight,
He fears, and flies from Marion's men.

UANL
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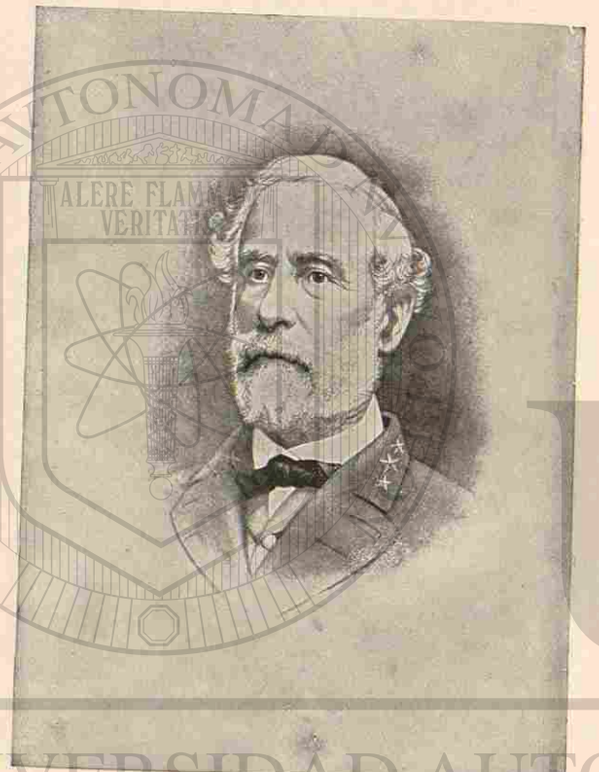

Most truly & affy yours
R E Lee

ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

1807-1870.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE was born at Stratford, Westmoreland County, Virginia, descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors. He was educated as a soldier at West Point, served with great distinction under General Scott in the Mexican War, and commanded the troops which suppressed the John Brown Raid in 1859. When his State seceded in 1861, he resigned his commission of Colonel in the United States Army, and returned to Virginia. He was appointed commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces, and later of the Confederate Army. His course during the war has elicited the praise and admiration of all military critics. After the war he quietly turned to the duties of a citizen. He became president of Washington College, which is now called in his honor Washington and Lee University. He stands with Washington a model for young men, and many monuments in marble and bronze attest the love and devotion of the South to her great Chief.

WORKS.

Edited his father's Memoirs of the Revolution. Letters and Addresses.

General Lee was a soldier and a man who acted rather than spoke or wrote. When, however, it was his duty to speak or write, he did it, as he did everything else, excellently, striving to express in simplest language the right and proper thing rather than draw attention and admiration to himself by any effort at grace or beauty of style. Its simplicity reminds us of Washington,

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His life has been written by John Esten Cooke, John William Jones, J. D. McCabe, Jr., and Fitz Hugh Lee, his nephew.

TO HIS SON.

Duty is the sublimest word in the English language.

AT THE SURRENDER.

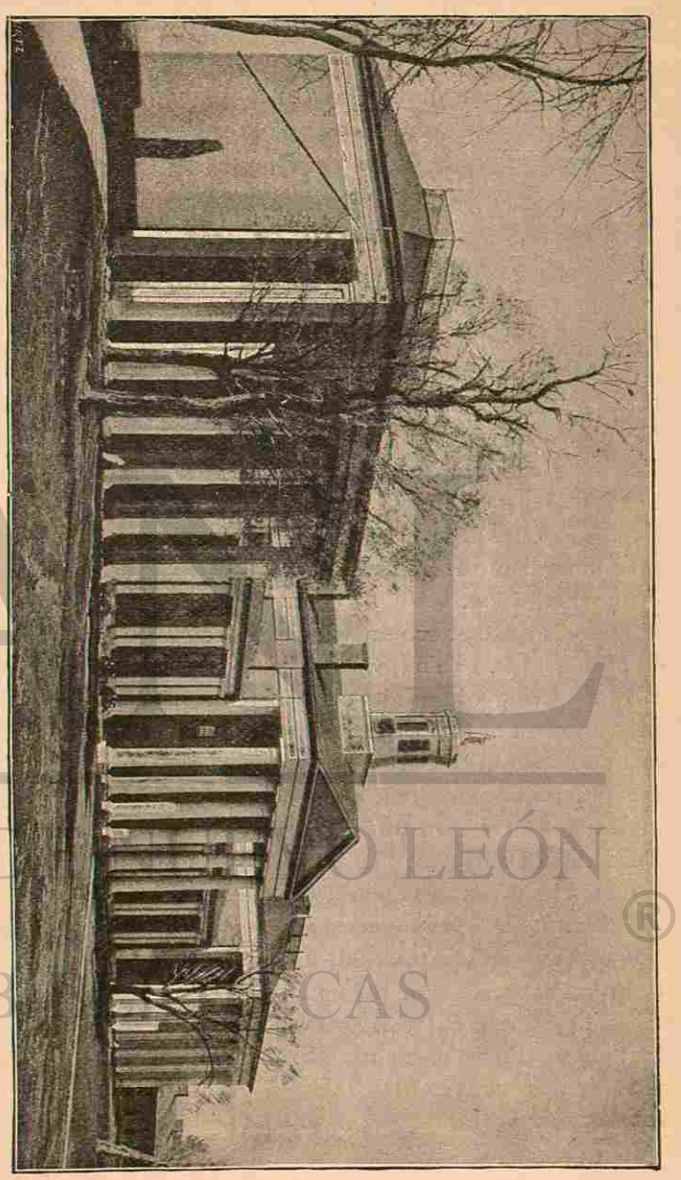
Human virtue should be equal to human calamity.

GENERAL LEE'S LAST ORDER.

(*Appomattox Court-House, April 10, 1865.*)

After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them; but, feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that would compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen. By the terms of the agreement, officers and men can return to their homes, and remain there until exchanged.

You will take with you *the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed;* and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you his blessing and protection. With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.



Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.

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LETTER ACCEPTING THE PRESIDENCY OF WASHINGTON COLLEGE.

POWHATAN COUNTY, *August 24, 1865.*

GENTLEMEN:—I have delayed for some days replying to your letter of the 5th instant informing me of my election, by the board of Trustees, to the Presidency of Washington College, from a desire to give the subject due consideration. Fully impressed with the responsibilities of the office, I have feared that I should be unable to discharge its duties to the satisfaction of the Trustees, or to the benefit of the country. The proper education of youth requires not only great ability, but, I fear, more strength than I now possess; for I do not feel able to undergo the labor of conducting classes in regular courses of instruction. I could not, therefore, undertake more than the general administration and supervision of the institution.

There is another subject which has caused me serious reflection, and is, I think, worthy of the consideration of the Board. Being excluded from the terms of amnesty in the proclamation of the United States of the 29th of May last, and an object of censure to a portion of the country, I have thought it probable that my occupation of the position of president might draw upon the college a feeling of hostility, and I should therefore cause injury to an institution which it would be my highest object to advance.

I think it the duty of every citizen, in the present condition of the country, to do all in his power to aid in the restoration of peace and harmony, and in no way to oppose the policy of the State or general Government directed to that object. It is particularly incumbent on those charged with the instruction of the young to set them an example of submission to authority, and I could not consent to be the

cause of animadversion upon the college. Should you, however, take a different view, and think that my services, in the position tendered me by the Board, will be advantageous to the college and the country, I will yield to your judgment and accept it; otherwise I must most respectfully decline the offer.

Begging you to express to the Trustees of the college my heartfelt gratitude for the honor conferred upon me, and requesting you to accept my cordial thanks for the kind manner in which you have communicated its decision, I am, gentlemen, your most obedient servant,

R. E. LEE.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

1808—1889.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, President of the Confederate States, was born in Todd County, Kentucky, but his father removed to Mississippi soon afterwards, and he was reared and partly educated in that state. Later he attended Transylvania University in Kentucky, and in 1824 entered West Point. He was graduated in 1828 and served seven years in the army, being stationed in Missouri and Minnesota. On account of ill-health he resigned in 1835 and travelled, and then settled on his Mississippi plantation, "Brierfield."

He was elected to Congress in 1845; served in the Mexican War with great distinction and was injured in eye and limb at the battle of Buena Vista. He was Secretary of War in President Pierce's cabinet, and was a Senator when Mississippi seceded from the Union.

He made his farewell to the Senate in January, 1861, and returned home where he was at once appointed commander

of the State troops. But he had been elected president of the new Confederacy by the Convention at Montgomery, and he was inaugurated, February 18, 1861. On the change of the capital from Montgomery to Richmond, he removed to the latter city and remained there until the war was ended.

He was imprisoned for two years at Fort Monroe, to be tried as a traitor to the United States. Being finally released on bail, he went for his health to England and Canada; and then he resided in Memphis and at "Beauvoir," Mississippi, which latter place was his home when he died. This home, "Beauvoir," he had arranged to purchase from Mrs. Dorsey, who was a kind and devoted friend to his family and had assisted him in his writing; but on her death in 1879, it was found that she had left a will bequeathing it to him and to his daughter Varina Anne. He, like Lee, had always declined the many offers of homes and incomes made by their devoted and admiring friends.

On him, as President of the Confederacy, seems to have fallen in some sense the whole odium of the failure of that cause; and this passage from Winnie Davis' "An Irish Knight" has a touching application to his case: "Thus died Ireland's true knight, sinking into the grave clothed in all the bright promise of his youth; never to put on the sad livery of age; never to feel the hopelessness of those who live to see the principles for which they suffered trampled and forgotten by the onward march of new interests and new men. Perhaps Freedom like some deity of ancient Greece, loved him too well to let the slurs and contumely of outrageous fortune dim the bright lustre of his virgin fame." He is enshrined in the hearts of thousands.

His daughter, Varina Anne, or Winnie, "the Child of the Confederacy," as she is lovingly called, is a writer of

some ability. She was educated in Europe, and has written "An Irish Knight" [story of Robert Emmet], and articles for magazines. Mrs. Jefferson Davis' Life of Mr. Davis is a work of rare excellence and interest. See also *Davis Memorial Volume*, by J. Wm. Jones.

WORKS.

Rise and Fall of the Confederacy. Autobiography, [unfinished; it is included in Mrs. Davis' book.]

Mr. Davis' writings have a force and dignity of style that accord well with his character. "His orations and addresses are marked by classical purity, chaste elegance of expression, a certain nobleness of diction, and a just proportion of sentence to idea."—John P. McGuire.

TRIP TO KENTUCKY AT SEVEN YEARS OF AGE, AND VISIT TO GENERAL JACKSON.

(*From Autobiography in Mrs. Davis' Life of Davis.**)

My first tuition was in the usual log-cabin school-house; though in the summer when I was seven years old, I was sent on horseback through what was then called "The Wilderness"—by the country of the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations—to Kentucky, and was placed in a Catholic institution then known as St. Thomas, in Washington county, near the town of Springfield.

. . . When we reached Nashville we went to the Hermitage. Major Hinds wished to visit his friend and companion-in-arms, General Jackson. The whole party was so kindly received that we remained there for several weeks. During that period I had the opportunity a boy has to observe a great man—a stand-point of no small advantage—and I have always remembered with warm

*By Permission of Mrs. Davis.

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affection the kind and tender wife who then presided over his house.

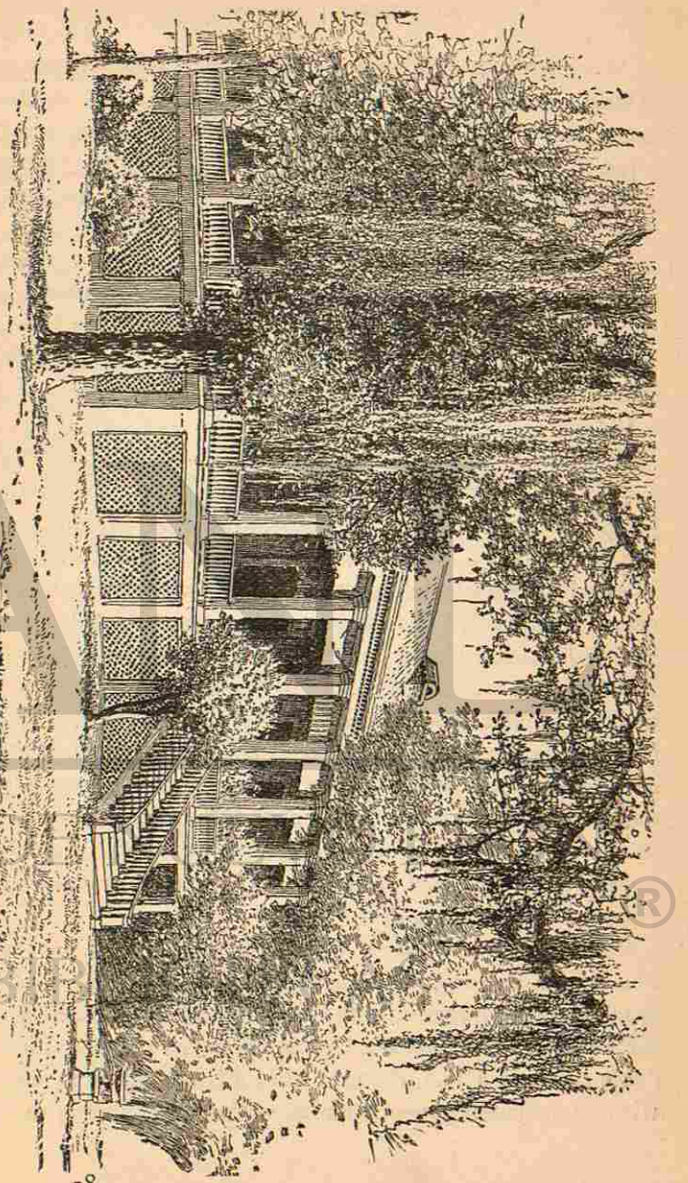
General Jackson's house at that time was a roomy log-house. In front of it was a grove of fine forest trees, and behind it were his cotton and grain fields. I have never forgotten the unaffected and well-bred courtesy which caused him to be remarked by court-trained diplomats, when President of the United States, by reason of his very impressive bearing and manner.

Notwithstanding the many reports that have been made of his profanity, I remember that he always said grace at his table, and I never heard him utter an oath. In the same connection, although he encouraged his adopted son, A. Jackson, Jr., Howell Hinds, and myself in all contests of activity, pony-riding included, he would not allow us to wrestle; for, he said, to allow hands to be put on one another might lead to a fight. He was always very gentle and considerate. . . .

Our stay with General Jackson was enlivened by the visits of his neighbors, and we left the Hermitage with great regret and pursued our journey. In me he inspired reverence and affection that has remained with me through my whole life.

LIFE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Those who have intimately known the official and personal life of our Presidents cannot fail to remember how few have left the office as happy men as when they entered it, how darkly the shadows gathered around the setting sun, and how eagerly the multitude would turn to gaze upon another orb just rising to take its place in the political firmament.



Beauvoir.

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Worn by incessant fatigue, broken in fortune, debarred by public opinion, prejudice, or tradition, from future employment, the wisest and best who have filled that office have retired to private life, to remember rather the failure of their hopes than the success of their efforts. He must, indeed, be a self-confident man who could hope to fill the chair of Washington with satisfaction to himself, with assurance of receiving on his retirement the meed awarded by the people to that great man, that he had "done enough for life and for glory," or even feeling that the sacrifice of self had been compensated by the service rendered to his country.

FAREWELL TO THE SENATE, 1861, ON THE OCCASION OF THE SECESSION OF MISSISSIPPI FROM THE UNION.

I rise, Mr. President, for the purpose of announcing to the Senate that I have satisfactory evidence that the state of Mississippi, by a solemn ordinance of her people, in convention assembled, has declared her separation from the United States. Under these circumstances, of course, my functions are terminated here. It has seemed to me proper, however, that I should appear in the Senate to announce that fact to my associates, and I will say but very little more. The occasion does not invite me to go into argument, and my physical condition would not permit me to do so, if it were otherwise; and yet it seems to become me to say something on the part of the State I here represent on an occasion so solemn as this.

It is known to Senators who have served with me here that I have for many years advocated, as an essential attribute of State sovereignty, the right of a State to secede from the Union. Therefore, if I had not believed there was justifiable cause, if I had thought that Mississippi was acting without sufficient provocation, or without an existing necessity, I should still, under my theory of the government, because of my allegiance to the State of which I am a citizen, have been bound by her action. I, however, may be permitted to say that I do think she has justifiable cause, and I approve of her act. I conferred with her people before that act was taken, counselled them then that, if the state of things which they apprehended should exist when their convention met, they should take the action which they have now adopted.

I hope none who hear me will confound this expression of mine with the advocacy of the right of a State to remain in the Union, and to disregard its constitutional obligations by the nullification of the law. Such is not my theory. Nullification and Secession, so often confounded, are, indeed, antagonistic principles. Nullification is a remedy which it is sought to apply within the Union, and against the agent of the States. It is only to be justified when the agent has violated his constitutional obligations, and a State, assuming to judge for itself, denies the right of the agent thus to act, and appeals to the other States of the Union for a decision; but when the States themselves, and the people of the States have so acted as to convince us that they will not regard our constitutional rights, then, and then for the first time, arises the doctrine of secession in its practical application.

A great man, who now reposes with his fathers, and who has often been arraigned for a want of fealty to the Union, advocated the doctrine of nullification because it preserved the Union. It was because of his deep-seated attachment to the Union—his determination to find some remedy for existing ills short of a severance of the ties which bound South Carolina to the other States—that Mr. Calhoun advocated the doctrine of nullification, which he proclaimed to be peaceful, to be within the limits of State power, not to

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disturb the Union, but only to be the means of bringing the agent before the tribunal of the States for their judgment.

Secession belongs to a different class of remedies. It is to be justified upon the basis that the States are sovereign. There was a time when none denied it. I hope the time may come again when a better comprehension of the theory of our Government, and the inalienable rights of the people of the States, will prevent any one from denying that each State is a sovereign, and thus may reclaim the grants which it has made to any agent whomsoever. . .

In the course of my service here, associated at different times with a great variety of Senators, I see now around me some with whom I have served long; there have been points of collision, but, whatever of offence there has been to me, I leave here. I carry with me no hostile remembrance. Whatever offence I have given which has not been redressed, or for which satisfaction has not been demanded, I have, Senators, in this hour of our parting, to offer you my apology for any pain which, in the heat of the discussion, I have inflicted. I go hence unencumbered by the remembrance of any injury received, and having discharged the duty of making the only reparation in my power for any injury offered.

Mr. President and Senators, having made the announcement which the occasion seemed to me to require, it only remains for me to bid you a final adieu.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

1809-1849.

EDGAR ALLAN POE was born in Boston while his parents were filling a theatrical engagement there. His father's family was of Baltimore, his grandfather being Gen. David Poe of the Revolutionary War, and his father, also named David Poe, having been born and reared in that city. His mother, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Arnold, was an English actress of fascinating beauty and manners.

Left an orphan in 1811, Edgar was adopted by Mr. John Allan, a wealthy merchant of Richmond, and was educated at private schools and the University of Virginia, and in 1830 he entered West Point. But he got himself dismissed the next year and devoted himself thereafter to a literary life. Mr. Allan declining to aid him further, he had a wretched struggle for existence.

He seems to have gone to Baltimore and made acquaintance with some of his relatives; and there he won a prize of $100 by a story, "MS. Found in a Bottle," and was kindly helped by John Pendleton Kennedy. He became editor of the "Southern Literary Messenger," in Richmond, and was afterward engaged on various other magazines, writing stories, poems, book-reviews, and paragraphs, in untiring abundance.

He married his cousin, Virginia Clemm, in 1836, and their life together was in itself ideally happy, like the life in the Valley of the Many-Coloured Grass; and Mrs. Clemm, his aunt and mother-in-law, was the good genius who watched over "her two strange children" with an unwearying devotion, deserving the tribute of the love and gratitude embalmed in his sonnet called "Mother."

His engagement with any one magazine rarely lasted long, and there is much diversity of opinion as to the cause; some ascribing it to Poe's dissipated, irregular habits and irritable temper, others to the meagre support of the magazines, still others to Poe's restless disposition and desire to establish a periodical of his own. His uncontrolled and high-strung nature, so sensitive that a single glass of wine

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He seems to have gone to Baltimore and made acquaintance with some of his relatives; and there he won a prize of $100 by a story, "MS. Found in a Bottle," and was kindly helped by John Pendleton Kennedy. He became editor of the "Southern Literary Messenger," in Richmond, and was afterward engaged on various other magazines, writing stories, poems, book-reviews, and paragraphs, in untiring abundance.

He married his cousin, Virginia Clemm, in 1836, and their life together was in itself ideally happy, like the life in the Valley of the Many-Coloured Grass; and Mrs. Clemm, his aunt and mother-in-law, was the good genius who watched over "her two strange children" with an unwearying devotion, deserving the tribute of the love and gratitude embalmed in his sonnet called "Mother."

His engagement with any one magazine rarely lasted long, and there is much diversity of opinion as to the cause; some ascribing it to Poe's dissipated, irregular habits and irritable temper, others to the meagre support of the magazines, still others to Poe's restless disposition and desire to establish a periodical of his own. His uncontrolled and high-strung nature, so sensitive that a single glass of wine

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or swallow of opium caused temporary insanity, the uncertainty of his means of subsistence, his wife's frail health and her death in 1847, were causes sufficient to render unsteady even a more solid character than Poe seems to have possessed.

His writings produced a great sensation. When "The Raven" was published in 1845, a friend said of its effect in New York, "Everybody has been raven-mad about his last poem." Mrs. Browning wrote that an acquaintance of hers who had a bust of Pallas could not bear to look at it. His fame is as great, or perhaps greater in Europe than in America, especially in France; and his works have been translated into French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Russian.

He died in Baltimore from causes never certainly known, his last almost unconscious days being spent in a hospital; his dying words were, "Lord, help my poor soul." He is buried in Westminster churchyard, and in 1875 a monument was erected over his grave by the teachers of Baltimore, generously aided by Mr. G. W. Childs of Philadelphia. A memorial to him has been placed in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, by the actors of the United States.

No poet has been the subject of more conflicting opinions as to his life, habits, character, and genius, than Poe. The best lives of him are those by John H. Ingram, an Englishman, and George E. Woodberry in the American Men of Letters Series.

WORKS.

Poems.
Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque.
Literati of New York.
Conchologist's First Book (condensed from Wyatt).
Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym.
Raven and other Poems.
Eureka, a Prose Poem.
Gold Bug, Balloon Hoax, &c.

All his best known stories are highly artistic in finish, powerful in theme, and often of such a nature as to make

one shudder and avoid them. "Israfel" is considered one of his most beautiful poems, and if his self-consciousness could have allowed him to omit the last stanza, it would have been without a flaw.

TO HELEN.

Helen, thy beauty is to me
  Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That, gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, way-worn wanderer bore
  To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
  Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand!
The agate lamp within thy hand,
Ah! Psyche, from the regions which
  Are Holy Land!

ISRAFEL.

And the angel Israfel, whose heart-strings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures.—Koran.

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
"Whose heart-strings are a lute;"
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel,
And the giddy stars (so legends tell)
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
  Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above
In her highest noon,
The enamored moon
Blushes with love,

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While, to listen, the red levin
(With the rapid Pleiades, even,
Which were seven)
Pauses in Heaven.

And they say (the starry choir
And the other listening things)
That Israfeli's fire
Is owing to that lyre
By which he sits and sings—
The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty—
Where Love's a grown-up God—
Where the Houri glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

Therefore, thou art not wrong,
Israfeli, who despisest
An unimpassioned song;
To thee the laurels belong,
Best bard, because the wisest!
Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above
With thy burning measures suit—
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
With the fervor of thy lute—
Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, heaven is thine; but this
Is a world of sweets and sours;
Our flowers are merely—flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,

He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky.

HAPPINESS.

The four elementary conditions of happiness are, life in the open air, the love of a woman, forgetfulnass of all ambition, and the creation of a new ideal of beauty.—*From Domain of Arnheim.*

THE RAVEN.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;—
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door;
Darkness there, and nothing more.

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Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from the Nightly shore,
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before.
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us, by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

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"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get the back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

ROBERT TOOMBS.

1810-1885.

ROBERT TOOMBS was born at Washington, Georgia, and studied at the University of Georgia, then under the presidency of the famous Dr. Moses Waddell; he afterwards attended Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., and studied law at the University of Virginia. He settled in his native town for legal practice and was so successful as to amass a fortune within a few years. He served in the State Legislature and in 1845 was elected to Congress. In 1861, being a member of the United States Senate, he took leave of it in order to join his State in secession. He was appointed to the Confederate Cabinet, but soon resigned and became a general in the field. After the war he was ordered to be captured and held for trial as a traitor with Jefferson Davis and Alexander H. Stephens; but he was never taken. He escaped, after much difficulty and many adventures, and went to Cuba and to

Robert Toombs.

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France: but he returned in 1867 to Georgia and resumed the practice of law.

He was notoriously the Big Rebel, even after the war, and refused to take the oath of allegiance: when asked by a Northern friend why he had never sued for pardon, he said, "Pardon for what? I have not pardoned you all yet." Later in life he said that he regretted not having re-instated himself in citizenship and taken part in public affairs. See his Life, by P. A. Stovall, and by C. C. Jones, Jr.

WORKS.

Speeches.

Mr. Toombs' speeches in Congress are said to have been fiery, powerful, and dogmatic. As a lawyer, Chief-Justice Jackson thus characterizes his style: "Concentrated fire was always his policy. A single sentence would win his case. A big thought, compressed into small compass, was fatal to his foe. It is the clear insight of a great mind only that shapes out truth in words few and simple. Brevity is power, wherever thought is strong."

"There is a regular mythology about Toombs at his State University. The things he said would fill a volume of Sydney Smith, while the pranks he played would rival the record of Robin Hood."—Stovall's Life of Toombs.

FAREWELL TO THE SENATE, 1861.

(*From Stovall's Life of Toombs.**)

Senators, my countrymen have demanded no new government. They have demanded no new constitution. The discontented States have demanded nothing but clear, distinct, constitutional rights, rights older than the Constitution. What do these rebels demand? First, that the

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people of the United States shall have an equal right to emigrate and settle in the Territories with whatever property (including slaves) they possess. Second, that property in slaves shall be entitled to the same protection from the government as any other property (leaving the State the right to prohibit, protect, or abolish slavery within its limits). Third, that persons committing crimes against slave property in one State and flying to another shall be given up. Fourth, that fugitive slaves shall be surrendered. Fifth, that Congress shall pass laws for the punishment of all persons who shall aid and abet invasion and insurrection in any other State. . . . . .

You will not regard confederate obligations; you will not regard constitutional obligations; you will not regard your oaths. What, then, am I to do? Am I a freeman? Is my State a free State? We are freemen; we have rights; I have stated them. We have wrongs; I have recounted them. I have demonstrated that the party now coming into power has declared us outlaws, and is determined to exclude thousands of millions of our property from the common territory; that it has declared us under the ban of the Union, and out of the protection of the laws of the United States everywhere. They have refused to protect us from invasion and insurrection by the Federal power, and the Constitution denies to us, in the Union, the right to raise fleets and armies for our own defence. All these charges I have proven by the record; and I put them before the civilized world and demand the judgment of to-day, of to-morrow, of distant ages, and of Heaven itself, upon the justice of these causes. I am content, whatever it be, to peril all in so holy a cause. We have appealed, time and again, for these constitutional rights. You have refused them. We appeal again. Restore us those rights as we had them; as your Court ad-

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judges them to be; just as our people have said they are. Redress these flagrant wrongs—seen of all men—and it will restore fraternity, and unity, and peace to us all. Refuse them, and what then? We shall then ask you, "Let us depart in peace."* Refuse that, and you present us war. We accept it, and, inscribing upon our banners the glorious words, "Liberty and Equality," we will trust to the blood of the brave and the God of battles for security and tranquility.

OCTAVIA WALTON LE VERT.

1810-1877.

MADAME LE VERT, as she is usually styled, was born at Bellevue near Augusta, Georgia, and was reared in Pensacola, Florida. She was a granddaughter of George Walton, signer of the Declaration of Independence, and daughter of George Walton, governor of Florida. She learned languages easily and conversed well in French, Spanish, and Italian. LaFayette said of her: "A truly wonderful child! She has been conversing with intelligence and tact in the purest French. I predict for her a brilliant career." She gave the name to the capital of Florida, Tallahassee, a Seminole word meaning "beautiful land." She spent several seasons in Washington; and she wrote such excellent accounts of the speeches in Congress, that Calhoun, Webster, and Clay frequently asked her to read to them their own speeches from her portfolio.

In 1836 she was married to Dr. Henry S. Le Vert of Mobile and removed to that city. She travelled in Europe in 1853 and 1855, and her delightful journal and letters home were afterwards arranged and published as "Souvenirs of Travel." Their spirit and style make them charming yet, and they are valuable as pictures of the times.

*All we ask is to be let alone.—Jefferson Davis.

Her memory is still fragrant as a most gracious and lovely woman, a brilliant conversationalist, and a queen of society. It is said of her that her tongue never wounded and that she never had an enemy.

WORKS.

Souvenirs of Travel.
Souvenirs of the War, [unpublished].
Souvenirs of Distinguished People, [unpublished].

TO CADIZ FROM HAVANNA, 1855.

(*From Souvenirs of Travel.*)

"O lovely Spain! renowned, romantic land!"

Our last day on board, the good Dominga (our waiting-woman) awakened us long before the dawn, saying, "Come, Señora, go with me on deck and see the day arise." We did so and were charmed with the beautiful scene. At first the sky was "deeply, darkly blue," and the stars were gleaming with a brightness never seen in more northern regions. Slowly a gauzy veil seemed wafting over them, and along the east sprang up, as it were, banners of purple and rose-color, and the intense azure of the heavens melted into a soft gray hue. Soon streaks of golden light flashed through it, and the glorious sun came forth, converting the mirror-like ocean into a sea of radiance, burnished and glittering like myriads of gems. And this was morning upon the Atlantic!

At mid-day there was a cry of *tierra! tierra!* (land! land!) which sent a thrill of joy to many hearts. We had seen none, except the island of Santa Maria (one of the Azores, near which we passed), since we left the Antilles. We ran on deck, and in a few moments

"Fair Cadiz, rising from the dark blue sea,"

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was revealed to our longing eyes. Like a great white dove, with out-spread wings, resting upon the calm waters, appeared the distant city. Ah! long shall I remember the delight of that first look upon lovely Cadiz! The day was exquisite; the air fresh and balmy, and the sea like a smooth inland lake. Gentle spirits seemed hovering around to welcome us, while a warm glowing pleasure filled our hearts.

Nearer and nearer we approached, domes, spires, and turrets gradually rising to view, until the entire outline of the city, with its snow-white houses and green alamedas, was before us. . . . . .

Cadiz is a very ancient city. It was founded by the Phœnicians, hundreds of years before the building of Rome. Upon the coat-of-arms of the city is the figure of Hercules, by whom the inhabitants say it was built. Then came the dominion of the Moors, and afterwards the Spaniards. When America was discovered, a golden prosperity beamed upon Cadiz, which was lost as soon as the Spanish Possessions in the New World proclaimed themselves free. It is strictly a commercial place, and has now only a population of sixty thousand. The city is upon a rocky point of land, joined to the peninsula by a narrow isthmus. The sea surrounds it on three sides, beating against the walls, and often throwing the spray over the ramparts. On the fourth side it is protected by a strong wall and bridges over the wide ditch. At night, they are drawn up, thus isolating the town completely. . . . . .

Leaving the bay, we plunged into the long rolling billows of the Atlantic, and bade

"Adieu! fair Cadiz, a long adieu!"

then turning the cape, upon which was once the Phœnician light-house called "the Rock of the Sun," we came to St.

Lucar. There Magellan fitted out the fleet which first circumnavigated the globe. . . . We passed the mouth of the Rio Tinto, upon which stands the convent [La Rabida], where Columbus, an outcast and wanderer, received charity from the kind prior, who interceded with Isabella and thus forwarded the plans of the great discoverer.

LOUISA SUSANNAH M'CORD.

1810-1880.

MRS. M'CORD, daughter of the distinguished statesman, Langdon Cheves [pron'd Cheeves, in one syllable], was born at Columbia, South Carolina. She was educated in Philadelphia; and in 1840 she was married to David James M'Cord, a prominent lawyer of Columbia, at one time law-partner of Wm. C. Preston. They spent much of their time at their plantation, "Langsyne," near Fort Motte on the Congaree.

She was a woman of strong character and of commanding intellect as her writings show. Speaking of her home life, a contemporary says, "Mrs. M'Cord herself illustrates her views of female life by her own daily example. She conducts the hospital on her own large plantation, attends to the personal wants of the negroes, and on one occasion perfectly set a fracture of a broken arm. Thoroughly accomplished in the modern languages of Europe, she employs her leisure in the education of her children." See under *Wm. C. Preston.*

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WORKS.

Caius Gracchus: a Tragedy.
"Sophisms of the Protective Policy," from the French.
My Dreams, [poems],
Articles in Magazines.

WOMAN'S DUTY.

(*From Enfranchisement of Woman, in "Southern Quarterly Review," April, 1852.*)

In every error there is its shadow of truth. Error is but truth turned awry, or looked at through a wrong medium. As the straightest rod will, in appearance, curve when one half of it it is placed under water, so God's truths, leaning down to earth, are often distorted to our view. Woman's condition certainly admits of improvement, (but when have the strong forgotten to oppress the weak?) . . . Here, as in all other improvements, the good must be brought about by working with, not against—by seconding, not opposing—Nature's laws. Woman, seeking as a woman, may raise her position,—seeking as a man, we repeat, she but degrades it. . . . . .

Each can labour, each can strive, lovingly and earnestly, in her own sphere. "Life is real! Life is earnest!" Not less for her than for man. She has no right to bury her talent beneath silks or ribands, frippery or flowers; nor yet has she the right, because she fancies not her task, to grasp at another's, which is, or which she imagines is, easier. This is baby play. "Life is real! Life is earnest!" Let woman so read it—let woman so learn it—and she has no need to make her influence felt by a stump speech, or a vote at the polls; she has no need for the exercise of her intellect (and woman, we grant, may have a great, a longing, a hungering intellect, equal to man's) to be gratified with a seat in Congress, or a scuffle for the ambiguous honour of the Presidency.

Even at her own fire-side, may she find duties enough, cares enough, troubles enough, thought enough, wisdom enough, to fit a martyr for the stake, a philosopher for life, or a saint for heaven.

There are, there have been, and there will be, in every age, great hero-souls in woman's form, as well as man's. It imports little whether history notes them. The hero-soul aims at its certain duty, heroically meeting it, whether glory or shame, worship or contumely, follow its accomplishment. Laud and merit is due to such performance. *Fulfill* thy destiny; *oppose* it not. Herein lies thy track. Keep it. Nature's sign-posts are within thee, and it were well for thee to learn to read them. . . . . .

Many women—even, we grant, the majority of women—throw themselves away upon follies. So, however, do men; and this, perhaps, as a necessary consequence, for woman is the mother of the man. Woman has allowed herself to be, alternately, made the toy and the slave of man; but this rather through her folly than her nature. Not wholly *her* folly, either. *Her* folly and *man's* folly have made the vices and the punishment of both.

Woman has certainly not her true place, and this place she as certainly should seek to gain. We have said that every error has its shadow of truth, and, so far, the [Woman's Rights] conventionists are right. But, alas! how wide astray are they groping from their goal! Woman has not her true place, because she—because man—has not yet learned the full extent and importance of her mission. These innovators would seek to restore, by driving her entirely from that mission; as though some unlucky pedestrian, shoved from the security of the side-walk, should in his consternation seek to remedy matters, by rushing into the thickest thoroughfare of hoofs and wheels. Woman will reach the greatest height of which she is capable—the greatest, perhaps, of which humanity is capable—not by becoming man, but by becoming, more than ever, woman. By perfecting herself, she perfects mankind.

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JOSEPH G. BALDWIN.

ca. 1811-1864.

JOSEPH G. BALDWIN was born in Virginia but early removed to Sumter County, Alabama, and was a jurist and writer of much influence and popularity in that State. He removed later to California, where in 1857 he became judge of the Supreme Court and in 1863 Chief-Justice of the State. His writings are mainly clever and humorous sketches of the bar and of the communities in which he practised. He said the "flush times" of Alabama did not compare in any degree with those of California which he described in an article to the "Southern Literary Messenger." His "Party Leaders" are able papers on Jefferson, Hamilton, Jackson, Clay, and John Randolph.

WORKS.

Flush Times in Alabama and Mississippi. Humorous Legal Sketches.
Party Leaders.

VIRGINIANS IN A NEW COUNTRY.

(*From Flush Times in Alabama and Mississippi, published in "Southern Literary Messenger."*)

The disposition to be proud and vain of one's country, and to boast of it, is a natural feeling; but, with a Virginian, it is a passion. It inheres in him even as the flavor of a York river oyster in that bivalve, and no distance of deportation, and no trimmings of a gracious prosperity, and no pickling in the sharp acids of adversity, can destroy it. It is a part of the Virginia character—just as the flavor is a distinctive part of the oyster—"which cannot, save by annihilating, die." It is no use talking about it—the thing may be right, or wrong;—like Falstaff's victims at Gadshill, it is past praying for: it is a sort of cocoa grass that has got into the

soil, and has so matted over it, and so *fibred* through it, as to have become a part of it; at least there is no telling which is the grass and which the soil; and certainly it is useless labor to try to root it out. You may destroy the soil, but you can't root out the grass.

Patriotism with the Virginian is a noun personal. It is the Virginian himself and something over. He loves Virginia *per se* and *propter se:* he loves her for herself and for himself—because *she is* Virginia, and—everything else beside. He loves to talk about her: out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. It makes no odds where he goes, he carries Virginia with him; not in the entirety always—but the little spot he comes from is Virginia—as Swedenborg says the smallest part of the brain is an abridgment of all of it. "*Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt*," was made for a Virginian. He never gets acclimated elsewhere; he never loses citizenship to the old Home. The right of expatriation is a pure abstraction to him. He may breathe in Alabama, but he lives in Virginia. His treasure is there and his heart also. If he looks at the Delta of the Mississippi, it reminds him of James River "low grounds;" if he sees the vast prairies of Texas, it is a memorial of the meadows of the Valley. Richmond is the centre of attraction, the *dépôt* of all that is grand, great, good, and glorious. "It is the Kentucky of a place," which the preacher described Heaven to be to the Kentucky congregation.

Those who came many years ago from the borough towns, especially from the vicinity of Williamsburg, exceed, in attachment to their birthplace, if possible, the *émigrés* from the metropolis. It is refreshing in these coster-monger times, to hear them speak of it;—they remember it when the old burg was the seat of fashion, taste, refinement, hos-

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DIRECCIÓN GENERAL DE BIBLIOTECAS

pitality, wealth, wit, and all social graces: when genius threw its spell over the public assemblages and illumined the halls of justice, and when beauty brightened the social hour with her unmatched and matchless brilliancy.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON STEPHENS.

1812-1883.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON STEPHENS was born near Crawfordville, Georgia, and received an early and excellent education in his father's private school and at the University of Georgia. The cost of his tuition here was advanced by some friends, and he repaid it as soon as he began to earn money. He taught for a year in the family of Dr. Le Conte, father of the distinguished scientists, John and Joseph Le Conte, now of the University of California.

He pursued his law studies alone and passed an unusually brilliant examination. He was elected to the State Legislature in 1836, and to Congress in 1843, where he served until 1858. He then retired to country life at his home, "Liberty Hall." But in 1861 he was elected Vice-President of the Confederate States. After the war he was made prisoner and confined for some months at Fort Warren near Boston. He spent several years in literary work and established a newspaper at Atlanta, called the "Sun."

He was of small stature and delicate health, and met with one or two severe accidents. His career is a wonderful illustration of the power of the mind over the body. An amusing incident is told of him in regard to his size. He was attending a political convention in Charleston as one of the chief delegates; and one evening, with several other prominent men, he was on the porch of the hotel lying on a

bench, talking with his companions who were standing about him. The hotel-keeper coming out saw the gentlemen standing, and bustling up, said, "Get up, my son, and let these gentlemen be seated." Mr. Stephens at once arose and his friends burst out laughing; they explained the situation to the hotel-keeper who was profuse in his apologies.

An instance of his remarkable bravery is the affair with Judge Cone. This gentleman considered himself insulted by a remark of Mr. Stephens and demanded a retraction. After accepting an explanation, he still insisted on a retraction, and Mr. Stephens refused to make it. Judge Cone, a tall and powerful man, then drew a knife on him and holding him down on the floor, cried out, "Retract, or I'll cut you to pieces." "*Never!*" answered Stephens, "*cut!*" and caught the descending knife in his right hand. Friends interposed; Judge Cone apologized, and they afterwards became reconciled.

Mr. Stephens was elected to the United States Senate, 1874 and 1876: he was governor of Georgia when he died. See his Life by R. M. Johnston and W. H. Browne.

WORKS.

War between the States.
School History of the United States.
History of the United States.
Speeches.

LAWS OF GOVERNMENT.

(*From History of the United States.**)

The chief end of all States, or the "*Esprit des Lois*," as Montesquieu maintains, should be the security to each member of the community of all "those absolute rights which are vested in them by the immutable laws of nature."

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Many writers maintain that the individuals upon entering into society, give up or surrender a portion of their natural rights. This seems to be a manifest error. No person has any natural right whatever to hurt or injure another. The object of society and government is to prevent and redress injuries of this sort; for, in a state of nature, without a restraining power of government, the strong would viciously impose upon the weak.

Another erroneous dogma pretty generally taught is, that the object of governments should be to confer the greatest benefit upon the greatest number of its constituent members. The true doctrine is, the object should be to confer the greatest possible good upon every member, without any detriment or injury to a single one.

SKETCH IN THE SENATE, FEB. 5, 1850.

(From Johnston and Browne's Life of Stephens.)*

Millard Fillmore, occupying the conspicuous seat erected for the second officer of the Government. . . . His countenance is open and bland, his chest full. His eye is bright, blue, and intelligent; his hair thick and slightly gray. His personal appearance is striking; and no one can look at him without feeling conscious that he is a man far above the average. On his right, near the aisle leading to the front door, sits Cass with hands folded in his lap . . . ; his sleepy-looking eyes occasionally glancing at the galleries, and then at the crowd pressing in below. Benton sits in his well-known place, leaning back in his chair, and giving all who desire it a full view of his person. One vacant seat is seen not far off on the same side of the House. A vacant seat in such a crowd excites the attention of all. "Whose seat is that?" goes in whispers around.

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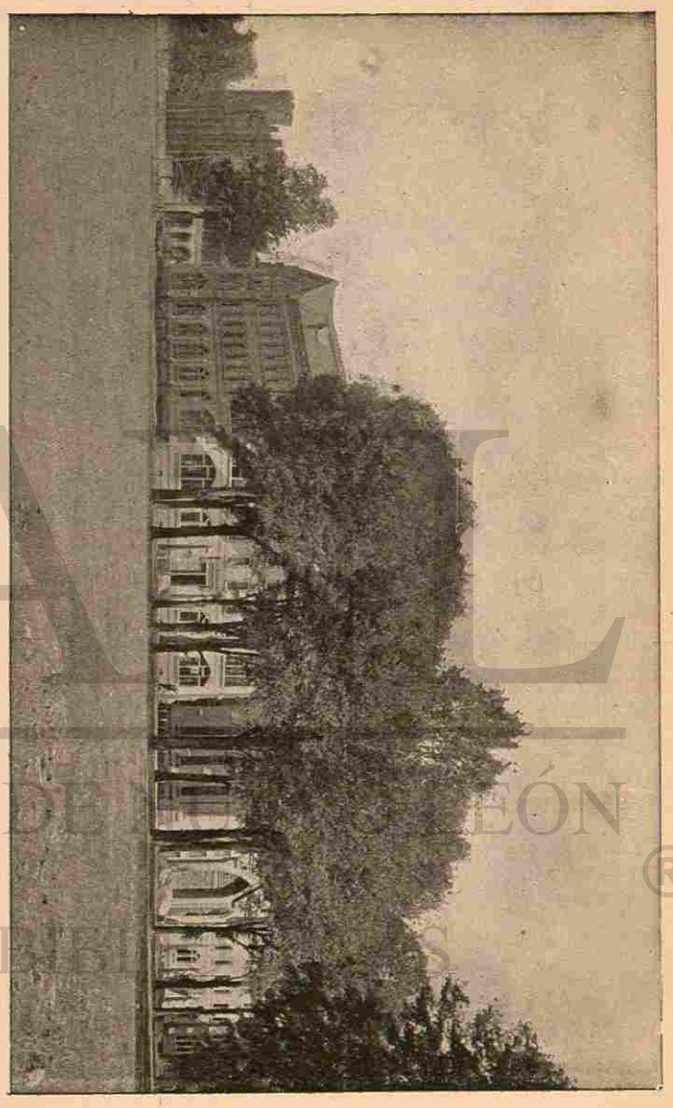

University of Alabama.

UANL
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"It's Calhoun's—not well enough to be out yet."—"Who is that sitting by Cass?" says one.—"That is Buchanan,—come all the way from home to hear Clay."—"What thin-visaged man is that standing over yonder and constantly moving?"— . . . "That is Ritchie of the *Union*."—"Who is that walking down the aisle with that uncouth coat and all that hair about his chin? Did you ever see such a swaggerer? *He* can't be a Senator."—"That is Sam Houston."—"But where is Webster? I don't see him."—"He is in the Supreme Court, where he has a case to argue to-day."—See Corwin, and Badger, and Berrien, and Dawson, all near Clay; all of them quiet while Clay pursues his writing. On the opposite side, Butler, and Foote, and Clemens, and Douglas.

After the carriage of the motion of Mr. Mangum to proceed to the consideration of the order of the day, Mr. Clay folds his papers and puts them in his desk, and after the business is announced, rises gracefully and majestically. Instantaneously there is general applause, which Mr. Clay seems not to notice. The noise within is heard without, and the great crowd raised such a shout that Mr. Clay had to pause until the officers went out and cleared all the entrances, and then he began. He spoke on that day two hours and fifteen minutes. The speech was reported in the *Globe* word for word as he uttered it. I never saw such a report before. His voice was good, his enunciation clear and distinct, his action firm, his strength far surpassing my expectation. He had the riveted gaze of the multitude the whole time. When he concluded, an immense throng of friends, both men and women came up to congratulate and to *kiss* him.

March 31st.—The Angel of Death has just passed by, and his shadow is seen lingering upon the startled countenances of all. A great man has just fallen,—Calhoun! His

race is ended. His restless and fiery spirit sleeps in that deep and long repose which awaits all the living. He died this morning about seven o'clock. Peace to his ashes! His name will long be remembered in the history of this country. He has closed his career at a most eventful period of that history, and perhaps it is most fortunate for his fame that he died just at this time.

TRUE COURAGE.

(From a Speech, 1855.)

I am afraid of nothing on earth, or above the earth, or under the earth, but to do wrong. The path of duty I shall endeavor to travel, fearing no evil, and dreading no consequences. I would rather be defeated in a good cause than to triumph in a bad one. I would not give a fig for a man who would shrink from the discharge of duty for fear of defeat.

ALEXANDER BEAUFORT MEEK.

1814-1865.

ALEXANDER BEAUFORT MEEK was born at Columbia, South Carolina, was educated at the University of Alabama, and began life as a lawyer and editor in Tuscaloosa, then capital of Alabama. He was a lieutenant in the Seminole War. He was a judge, a member of the State Legislature and Speaker of the House, and father of the public school system of the state. His later years were devoted to literary pursuits and he stands high as an orator, poet, and historian.

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WORKS.

Red Eagle, [a poem].
Romantic Passages in South-Western History.
History of Alabama, [unfinished].
Songs and Poems of the South.
Pilgrims of Mt. Vernon, [unfinished poem].

The story of the Indian Chief, Red Eagle, or Weatherford, is one of the most interesting traditions of our country. Judge Meek's writings teem with the romantic and marvellous incidents of the early history of Alabama, such as De Soto's march to the Mississippi, the Battle of Mauville and defeat of the great Indian King, Tuscaloosa, or Black Warrior, the Canoe-Fight of Dale, or Sam Thlucco, as the Indians called him ("Big Sam"), and the attack on Fort Mims.

RED EAGLE, OR WEATHERFORD.

(*From Romantic Passages in South-Western History.*)

The battle of Tohopeka put an end to the hopes of Weatherford. This village was situated on a peninsula, within the "horse-shoe bend" of the Tallapoosa. Here twelve hundred warriors . . . had fortified themselves for a desperate struggle, assured by their prophets that the Master of Breath would now interpose in their favor. Across the neck of land, three hundred and fifty yards wide, that leads into the peninsula, they had constructed powerful breastworks of hewn logs, eight or ten feet high, and pierced with double rows of port-holes, from which they could fire with perfect security. The selection of this spot and the character of its defence did great credit to the military genius of Weatherford,—and his eloquence, more than usually persuasive and inspiriting, filled his devoted followers with a courage strangely compounded of fanaticism and despair.

At an early hour in the morning, General Coffee's command having crossed the river and encircled the bend so as

to cut off all escape, General Jackson opened his artillery upon the breastworks, and having but in part demolished them, ordered forward the thirty-ninth regiment to carry the place by storm. The van was gallantly led by Col. Williams, Col. Bunch, Lieut.-Col. Benton, and Maj. Montgomery. Amidst a most destructive fire, they pressed to the breastworks, and desperately struggled for the command of the port-holes. But Maj. Montgomery, impatient at the delay, cried out to his men to follow him, and leaped upon the wall in face of the deadliest fire. For an instant he waved his sword over his head in triumph, but the next fell lifeless to the ground, shot through the head by a rifle ball. A more gallant spirit never achieved a nobler death, and the name of the young Tennesseean is preserved as a proud designation by one of the richest counties, as well as by one of the most flourishing cities, in the State whose soil was baptized by his blood!

The breastworks having been carried by storm, the Indians fell back among the trees, brush, and timber of the peninsula, and kept up a spirited contest. But, in the meantime, a portion of Coffee's command, and some of the friendly warriors under their distinguished chief, McIntosh, had swum across the river, fired the village of Tohopeka, and carried off the canoes of the enemy. The followers of Weatherford now became desperate, and from the banks, hollows, and other fastnesses of the place, fought with fury, refusing all offers of quarter. The fight continued in severity for five hours; and the going down of the sun was hailed by the survivors as furnishing them some chance of escape. But the hope was, in the main, deceptive. . . . . Not more than twenty warriors are believed to have escaped, under cover of the night. Among these, strange enough, was the chieftain [Weather-

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ford], whose appellation, "the Murderer of Fort Mims," had formed the watch-word and war-cry of his enemies in this very engagement. Favored by the thick darkness, he floated down the river with his horse, until below the American lines, and then reaching the shore, made his way in safety to the highlands south of the Tallapoosa. . .

Weatherford could not consent to fly from the nation; he felt that he owed it, as a duty to his people, not to abandon them until peace was restored. In this state of mind he was apprised that the American commander had set a price upon his head, and refused peace to the other chiefs, unless they should bring him either dead, or in confinement, to the American camp, now at Fort Jackson, near the junction of the rivers. His determination was at once taken in the same spirit of heroism that always marked his conduct. Accordingly, mounting his horse, he made his way across the country, and soon appeared at the lines of the encampment. At his request, a sentinel conducted him to the presence of the commander-in-chief, who was seated in his marquee, in consultation with several of his principal officers. The stately and noble appearance of the warrior at once excited the attention and surprise of the General, and he demanded of the Chief his name and the purpose of his visit.

In calm and deliberate tones, the chieftain said: "I am Weatherford. I have come to ask peace for myself and for my people."

The mild dignity with which these words were uttered, no less than their import, struck the American commander with surprise. [He hardly knew what to do; but he allowed some parley and Weatherford made a speech, ending thus:] "General Jackson, you are a brave man: I am another. I do not fear to die. But I rely on your generosity. You will exact no terms of a conquered and helpless people, but those to which they should accede. . . . . You have told us what we may do and be safe. Yours is a good talk and my nation ought to listen to it. They *shall* listen to it!" . . .

General Jackson acceded to the demands of Weatherford, and assured him of peace and safety for himself and people.

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE.

1816-1850.

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE, the elder brother of the better known John Esten Cooke, was born in Martinsburg, Virginia, and spent his short life happily in his native county, engaged in field sports and in writing stories and poems for the "Southern Literary Messenger" and other magazines. His lyric, "Florence Vane," has been very popular and has been translated into many languages. He was said to be stately and impressive in manner and a brilliant talker. Philip Pendleton and John Esten Cooke were first cousins of John Pendleton Kennedy, their mothers being sisters.

His death was caused by pneumonia contracted from riding through the Shenandoah on a hunting trip.

WORKS.

Froissart Ballads and other Poems.
John Carpe.
Gregories of Hackwood.
Crime of Andrew Blair.
Chevalier Merlin [unfinished].

FLORENCE VANE.

I loved thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream, and early,
Hath come again;

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I renew, in my fond vision,
My heart's dear pain,
My hope, and thy derision,
Florence Vane.

The ruin lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou didst hark my story,
At even told,—
That spot—the hues Elysian
Of sky and plain—
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime:
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main.
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane!

But fairest, coldest wonder!
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under—
Alas the day!
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain—
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep,
The pansies love to dally
Where maidens sleep;
May their bloom, in beauty vying,
Never wane,
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane!

University of Kentucky (Main Building).

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DIRECCIÓN GENERAL DE BIBLIOTECAS

THEODORE O'HARA.

1820-1867.

THEODORE O'HARA, son of an Irish exile, was born in Danville, Kentucky, and educated at St. Joseph Academy, Bardstown, where he taught Greek to the younger classes while finishing his senior course. He read law, was appointed clerk in the Treasury Department at Washington, 1845, and on the outbreak of the Mexican War entered the army as a soldier, rising to be captain and major. At the close of the war, he returned to Washington and practised law. He was afterwards editor of the "Mobile Register," and of the Frankfort "Yeoman," in Kentucky, and was employed in diplomatic missions. He was a colonel in the Confederate Army, and after the war, settled in Georgia. On his death the Kentucky Legislature passed a resolution to remove his remains to Frankfort and lay them beside the soldiers whom he had so well praised in his "Bivouac of the Dead;" and there he rests, the soldier bard, among the voiceless braves of the Battle of Buena Vista. This poem was written for the occasion of their interment; and it has furnished the lines of inscription over the gateways of several military cemeteries.

WORKS.

Bivouac of the Dead. The Old Pioneer.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

(*In Memory of the Kentuckians who fell at the Battle of Buena Vista, Jan. 28, 1847.*)

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.

On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumèd heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past;
Nor war's wild note nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

. . . . . .

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,—
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldered slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

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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

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

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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.

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."

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Then all was still, and then the band,
With movement light and tricksy,
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.

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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

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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.

Natural Bridge, Virginia.

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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

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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.

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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

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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

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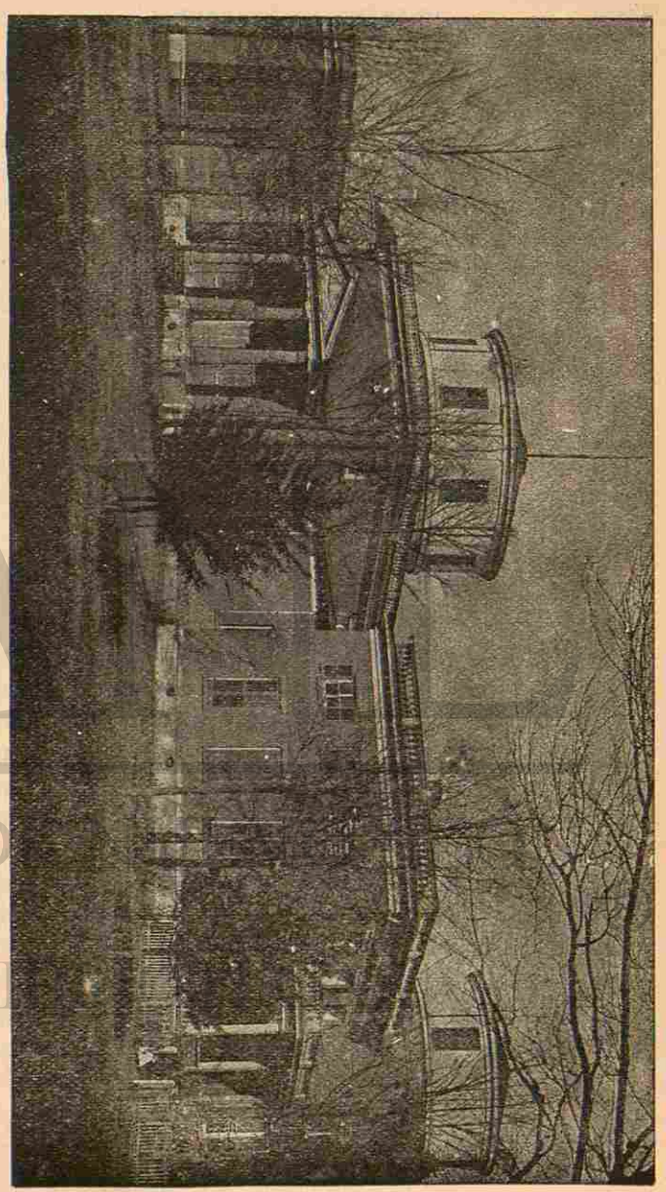
file, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments, and by brigades. He opened his cannon, siege-guns down thar, Napoleons here, twelve-pounders yonder, big guns, little guns, middle-sized guns, round shot, shell, shrapnel, grape, canister, mortars, mines, and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb 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



University of Mississippi, University P O., Miss.

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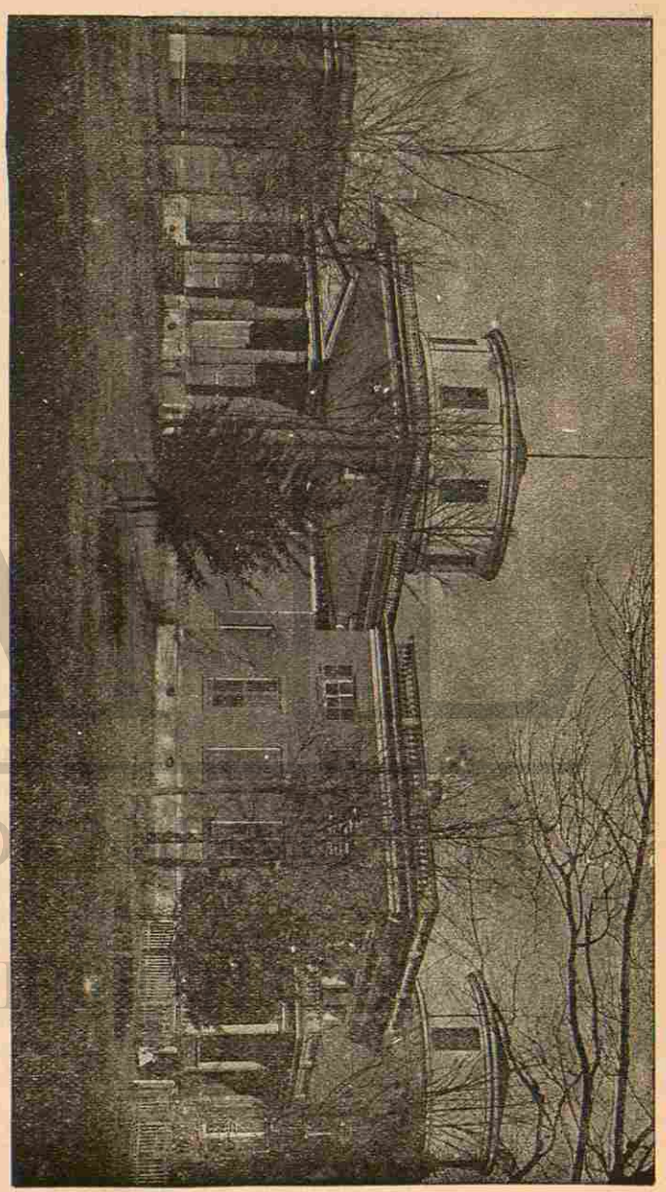

University of Mississippi, University P O., Miss.

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.
Lucia Dare, [novel].
Atalie, or a Southern Villeggiatura.
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—

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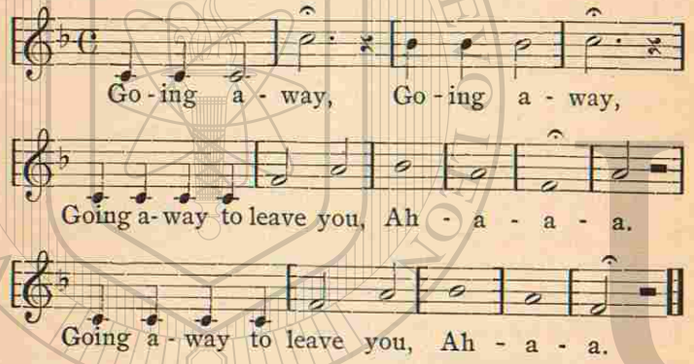
Going away to leave you,
Ah-a-a-a—
Going away to-morrow,
Ah-a-a-a—
Going away to-morrow,
Ah-a-a-a—
Never more to see you,
Ah-a-a-a—
Never more to see you,
Ah a-a-a."



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 scarcly 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,

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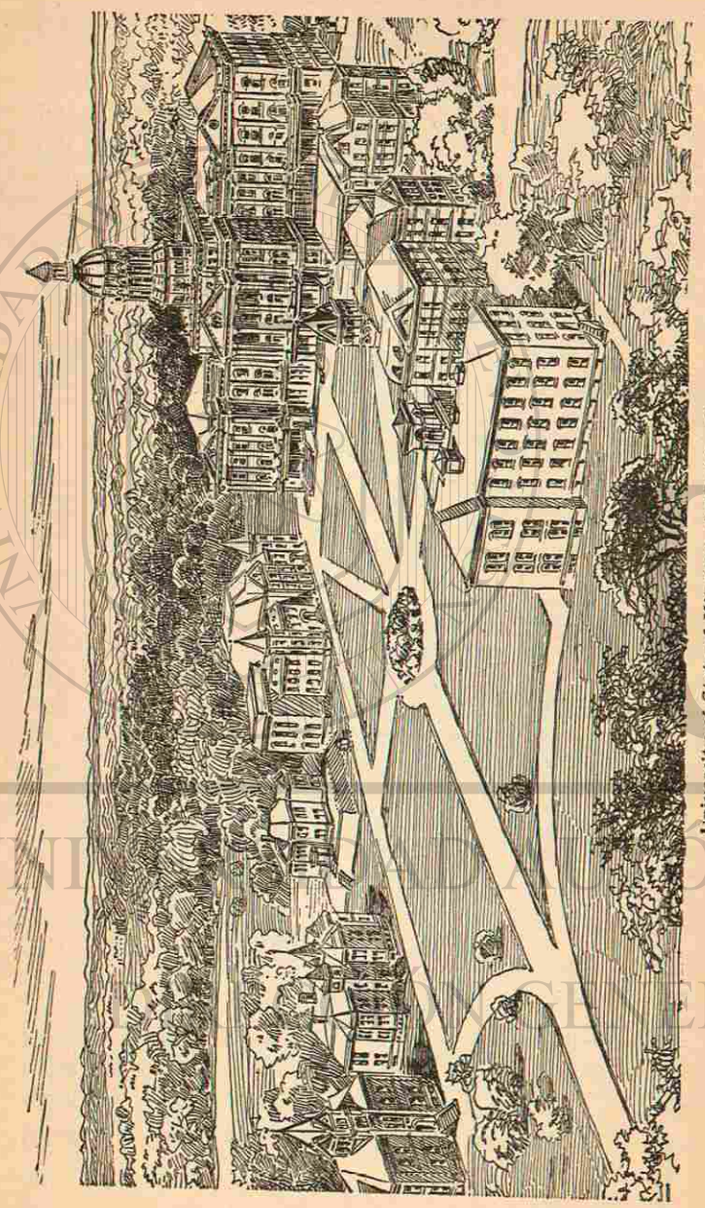

University of State of Missouri, Columbia, Mo.

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.

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DIRECCIÓN GENERAL DE BIBLIOTECAS

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.

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Heaven! shed thy most propitious dews 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.

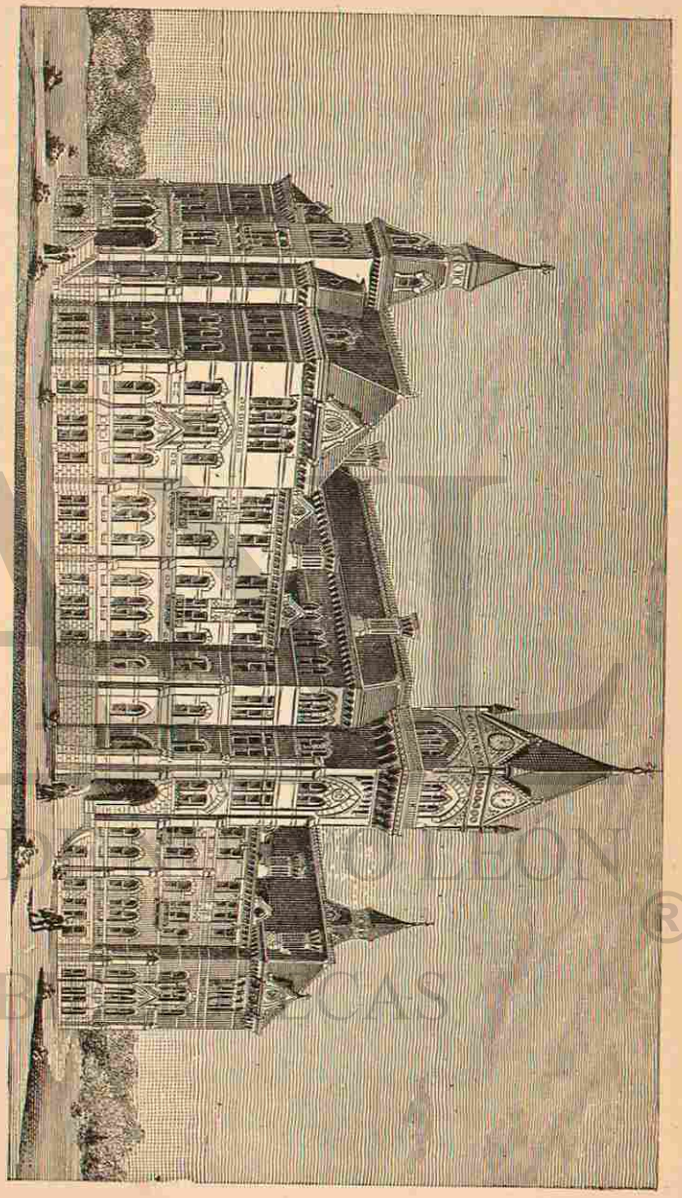
During the Civil War, he served in the Confederate Army; his entire property, the inheritance of several generations, was destroyed in the bombardment of Charleston. From 1865 till his death he resided at "Copse Hill," a small cottage home in the pine hills near Augusta, Georgia, "keeping the wolf from 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.

UNIVERSIDAD AUTÓNOMA DE NUEVO LEÓN
DIRECCIÓN GENERAL DE BIBLIOTECAS

"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 orbed, 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,
Glassed 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 floateth 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.

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DIRECCIÓN GENERAL DE BIBLIOTECAS

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

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.

UNIVERSIDAD AUTÓNOMA DE NUEVO LEÓN ®
DIRECCIÓN GENERAL DE BIBLIOTECAS

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 flieth,
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 published 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.
Virginia Comedians.
Last of the Foresters.
Life of Stonewall Jackson.
Surry of Eagle's Nest.
Mohun, or the Last Days of Lee and his Paladins.
Out of the Foam.
Heir of Gaymount.
Dr. Vandyke.
Pretty Mrs. Gaston, and other Stories.
Professor Pressensee.
Virginia Bohemians.
Virginia: a History of the People.
Maurice Mystery,
Youth of Jefferson.
Ellie.
Henry St. John, Gentleman, sequel to Virginia Comedians.
Wearing of the Gray.
Fairfax, or Greenway Court.
Hilt to Hilt
Hammer and Rapier [Grant and Lee].
Life of R. E. Lee.
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As the hour of noon approaches, the ground swarms with every species of the genus *homo;* Williamsburg and the seafaring village of Jamestown turn out *en masse*, and leave all occupations for the exciting turf.

As the day draws on the crowd becomes more dense. The splendid chariots of the gentry roll up to the stand, and group themselves around it, in a position to overlook the race-course, and through the wide windows are seen the sparkling eyes and powdered locks, and diamonds and gay silk and velvet dresses of those fair dames who lent such richness and picturesque beauty to the old days dead now so long ago in the far past. The fine-looking old planters too are decked in their holiday suits, their powdered hair is tied into queues behind with neat black ribbon, and they descend and mingle with their neighbors, and discuss the coming festival.

Gay youths, in rich brilliant dresses, caracole up to the carriages on fiery steeds, to display their horsemanship, and exchange compliments with their friends, and make pretty speeches, which are received by the bright-eyed damsels with little ogles, and flirts of their variegated fans, and rapturous delight.

Meanwhile the crowd grows each moment, as the flood pours in from the north, the south, the east, the west—from every point of the compass, and in every species of vehicle. There are gay parties of the yeomen and their wives and daughters, in carryalls and wagons filled with straw, upon which chairs are placed: there are rollicking fast men—if we may use a word becoming customary in our own day—who whirl in, in their curricles: there are barouches and chairs, spring wagons and carts, all full, approaching in every way from a sober walk to a furious headlong dash, all "going to the races." There are horsemen who lean

forward, horsemen who lean back; furious, excited horsemen urging their steeds with whip and spur; cool, quiet horsemen, who ride erect and slowly; there are, besides, pedestrians of every class and appearance, old and young, male and female, black and white—all going to the races.

The hour at last arrives, and a horn sounding from the judges' stand, the horses are led out in their blankets and head-coverings, and walked up and down before the crowd by their trainers, who are for the most part old gray-headed negroes, born and raised, to the best of their recollection, on the turf. The riders are noble scions of the same ancient stock, and average three feet and a half in height, and twenty pounds in weight. They are clad in ornamental garments; wear little close-fitting caps; and while they are waiting, sit huddled up in the grass, sucking their thumbs, and talking confidentially about "them there hosses."

Let us look at the objects of their attention; they are well worth it.

Mr. Howard enters the bay horse *Sir Archy*, out of Flying Dick, by Roderick.

Mr. James enters *Fair Anna*, a white mare, dam Virginia, sire Belgrave.

Captain Waters enters the Arabian horse *Selim*, descended in a direct line, he is informed, from Al-borak, who carried the prophet Mahomet up to heaven—though this pedigree is not vouched for. The said pedigree is open to the inspection of all comers. *Note*—That it is written in Arabic.

There are other entries, but not much attention is paid to them. The race will be between Sir Archy and Fair Anna, and perhaps the outlandish horse will not be "distanced."

"Prepare the horses!" comes from the judges' stand opposite.

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Captain Ralph Waters leaves the ladies with a gallant bow, and pushes his way through the swaying and excited crowd, toward the spot where the animals are being saddled.

A tremendous hurly-burly reigns there; men of all classes, boys, negroes, gentlemen, indented servants,—all are betting with intense interest. The dignified grooms endeavor to keep back the crowd:—the owners of the horses give their orders to the microscopic monkeys who are to ride. . . . . The riders are raised by one leg into the saddles; they gather up the reins; the drum taps; they are off like lightning.

The course is a mile in circumference, and they go round it before the excited crowd can look at them a dozen times. They whirl past the stand, and push on again.

Sir Archy leads; Fair Anna trails on a hard rein; the Arabian is two lengths behind; but he is not running.

They thunder up the quarter stretch: Sir Archy is bounding, like some diabolical monster, far before his companions, spite of his owner's cries; the Arabian has come up and locks the mare; they run neck and neck. Sir Archy whirls past the stand, and wins by a hundred yards. The immense crowd utters a shout that shakes the surrounding forest. . . . . .

The horses are again enveloped in their hoods and blankets. Captain Ralph returns to the Riverhead carriage, [that of the Lees, in which were Miss Henrietta Lee and her sister Clare.]

"Any more betting, sir?" says Miss Henrietta, satirically.

"Who, I?"

"Yes, sir."

"Assuredly!" says the Captain; "do not think, *chere ma'm'selle*, that I am very much cast down. I am so far

from that, I assure you, that I am ready to take the field again."

"Well, sir."

"Then you will bet again, madam?"

"Yes, indeed."

"*Bien*! I now stake all that is left me in the world—though not quite. I stake my horse, Selim, against the curl and the pair of gloves you wear, with the knot of ribbons at your girdle thrown in—all upon the final issue."

Henrietta blushes; for, however common such gallant proposals were at that day, she cannot misunderstand the meaning of the soldier's glance, and reddens beneath it.

"That would be unfair, sir."

"Not so, my dear madam, for are you not sure to lose?"

"To lose?"

"Yes, indeed."

"No, sir; I am sure to win."

"Bah! you ladies have such a delicious little confidence in the things you patronize, that it is really astonishing. You think Sir Archy will beat Selim? Pshaw! you know nothing about it.

This piques madam Henrietta, and she smiles satirically again as she says:

"Well, sir, I do not want your pretty horse—but if you insist, why, I cannot retreat. I shall, at least, have the pleasure of returning him to his master."

The Captain shakes his head.

"A bet upon such terms is no bet at all, my dearest madam," he says, "for, I assure you, if I win, you will return home curl-less, glove-less, and ribbon-less. All is fair in war—and love."

With which words, Captain Ralph darts a martial ogle at his companion. This piques her more than ever.

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"Well, sir," she replies, "if you are determined, have your desire."

"Good!" cries the Captain, "we are just in time. There is the horse." . . . . . .

And, with another gallant bow, the Captain rides away towards the horses. . . .

The boys are again instructed much after the same fashion: the signal is given in the midst of breathless suspense, and the horses dart from their places.

They dart around, Sir Archy again leading: but this position he does not hold throughout the first mile: he gradually falls behind, and when they pass the winning-post he is fifty yards in the rear. His owner tears his hair, but the crowd do not see him—they flush and shout.

The second mile is between Fair Anna and the Arabian, and they lock in the middle of it; but the Arabian gradually takes the lead, and when they flash up to the stand he is ten yards ahead. Sir Archy is distanced and withdrawn.

It would be impossible to describe the excitement of the crowd:—the tremendous effect produced upon them by this reversal of all their hopes and expectations. They roll about like waves, they shout, they curse, they rumble and groan like a stormy sea.

The horses are the objects of every one's attention. Their condition will go far to indicate the final result—and Sir Archy being led away and withdrawn, the race now will be between Fair Anna and the Arabian.

Mr. James looks more solemn than ever, and all eyes are turned upon him. Captain Waters is not visible—he is yonder, conversing with the ladies.

But the horses! Fair Anna pants and breathes heavily: her coat is drenched more completely than before with perspiration; her mouth foams; she tosses her head; when the rake is applied to her back a shower falls.

The Arabian is wet all over too; but he breathes regularly; his eye is bright and his head calm. He has commenced running. The first intention of Mr. James is to give up the race, but his pride will not let him. He utters an oath, and gives renewed instructions to his rider. These instructions are to whip and spur—to take the lead and keep it, from the start.

The moment for the final struggle arrives, and Captain Ralph merely says, "Rein free!"

The boys mount—the crowd opens; the drum taps and the animals are off like lightning.

Fair Anna feels that all her previous reputation is at stake, and flies like a deer. She passes around the first mile like a flash of white light; but the Arabian is beside her. For a quarter of a mile thereafter they run neck and neck—the rider of fair Anna lashes and spurs desperately.

They come up to the quarter-stretch in the last mile at supernatural speed:—the spectators rise on their toes and shout:—two shadows pass them like the shadows of darting hawks:—the mare barely saves her distance and the Arabian has triumphed.

If we could not describe the excitement after the second heat, what possibility is there that we could convey an idea of the raging and surging pandemonium which the crowd now came to resemble? Furious cries—shouts—curses—applause—laughter—and the rattle of coin leaving unwilling hands are some of the sounds. But here we must give up:—as no mere pen can describe the raging of a great mass of water lashed by an angry wind into foam and whistling spray and muttering waves, which rise and fall and crash

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incessantly, so we cannot trace the outline of the wildly excited crowd.

[Afterwards come contests with the quarter-staff, a wrestling match, running matches, a contest of singing among "a dozen blushing maidens," and of fiddling among twenty bold musicians: and the day is wound up with a great banquet.]

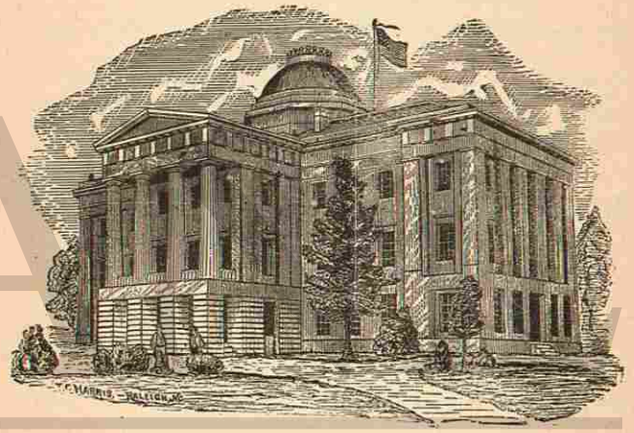
ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE.

1830-1894.

ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE was born in Buncombe County, North Carolina, and was educated at Washington College, Tennessee, and at the University of North Carolina. He studied law and began its practice in Asheville. He was soon elected to the State Legislature and to Congress; and from 1854 to his death was continuously in public life except just after the war. His wit and eloquence made him a great favorite both on the stump and in Congress, and the influence he wielded in his state was unbounded. He was opposed to secession, but joined his state in her decision and became colonel of the 26th North Carolina Regiment, one of the best of the army.

In 1862 he was elected governor of the State and was so active and enterprising in getting aid by sea for the cause that he was called the "War Governor of the South." He was in favor of considering the negotiations for peace in 1863, but he neglected no measures to insure the success of the Confederacy. In 1865 he was held a prisoner of war for a few weeks in Washington.

His political disabilities were not removed till 1872; in 1876 he was elected governor of North Carolina, and in 1879,



State Capitol of North Carolina.

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DIRECCIÓN GENERAL DE BIBLIOTECAS

United States Senator, having been elected and his seat refused him in 1870. His death occurred in Washington City, and he is buried in Asheville. His State is now preparing to erect a monument expressing her honor and devotion to her illustrious son.

WORKS.

Speeches: (in Congress and on Public Occasions.)

CHANGES WROUGHT BY THE WAR.

(*From All About it—an address before the young men of Raleigh, N. C.: published in "Land We Love," January, 1867.*)

Virginia to the north of us was settled by English Cavaliers; South Carolina, mainly by French Huguenots; both among the noblest stocks of Western Europe. North Carolina, with but a slight infusion of each, was settled by a sturdier—and in some respects—a better race than either. She was emphatically the offspring of religious and political persecution, and the vital stream of her infant life was of Scotch-Irish origin. A cross of those two noble races has produced a breed of men as renowned for great deeds and modest worth as perhaps any other in this world. Two instances will suffice for this. Perhaps the most manly and glorious feat of arms in modern times was the defence of Londonderry, as the boldest and most remarkable state paper was the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. Both were the work mainly of men such as settled North Carolina.

The Country Gentlemen.—Perhaps one of the most remarkable changes which we may expect, is one that will soon be apparent on the face of our country society. The abolition of slavery will do wonders here. It puts an end to the reign of those lordly-landed proprietors, planters, and farmers, who constituted so striking and

so pleasant a feature in our rural population. No longer the masters of hundreds of slaves wherewith to cultivate their thousands of acres, the general cheapness of lands in the South will prevent their forming around them a system of dependent tenantry, since every industrious man will be able to plough his own farm. They will therefore gradually sell off their paternal acres, no longer within the scope of prudent management, and seek homes in the towns and villages, or contract their establishments to their means and altered condition. Agriculture will then pass gradually into the hands of small farmers, and the great farms will forever disappear.

I can scarcely imagine it possible for any one to view the steady disappearance of the race of Southern country gentlemen without genuine sorrow . . .
the high-toned, educated, chivalrous, intelligent, and hospitable Southern gentlemen, of whom each one who hears me has at least a dozen in his mind's eye in Virginia and the Carolinas: whose broad fields were cultivated by their own faithful and devoted slaves, whose rudely splendid mansions stand where their fathers reared them, among the oaks and the pines which greeted the canoe of John Smith, welcomed the ships of Raleigh, and sheltered the wild cavaliers of De Soto; whose hall doors stood wide open, and were never shut except against a retreating guest;* whose cellar and table abounded with the richest products of the richest lands in the world, and whose hospitality was yet unstained by unrefined excess; whose parlors and fire-sides were adorned by a courtly female grace which might vie with any that ever lighted and blessed the home of man;

* As in the case of the gentleman for whom Senator Vance's native county was named He had over his front door the inscription:

"Buncombe Hall.
Welcome all!"

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whose hands were taught from infancy to fly open to every generous and charitable appeal, and whose minds were inured to all self-respect and toleration, and whose strong brains were sudden death to humbuggery, all the *isms*, and the whole family of mean and pestilential fanaticism.

The Negroes.—There is also a great change at hand for the negro. . . . Who that knew him as a contented, well-treated slave, did not learn to love and admire the negro character? I, for one, confess to almost an enthusiasm on the subject. The cheerful ring of their songs at their daily tasks, their love for their masters and their families, their politeness and good manners, their easily bought but sincere gratitude, their deep-seated aristocracy—for your genuine negro was a terrible aristocrat,—their pride in their own and their master's dignity, together with their overflowing and never-failing animal spirits, both during hours of labor and leisure, altogether, made up an aggregation of joyous simplicity and fidelity—when not perverted by harsh treatment—that to me was irresistible!

A remembrance of the seasons spent among them will perish only with life. From the time of the ingathering of the crops, until after the ushering in of the new year, was wont to be with them a season of greater joy and festivity than with any other people on earth, of whom it has been my lot to hear. In the glorious November nights of our beneficent clime, after the first frosts had given a bracing sharpness and a ringing clearness to the air, and lent that transparent blue to the heavens through which the stars gleam like globes of sapphire, when I have seen a hundred or more of them around the swelling piles of corn, and heard their tuneful voices ringing with the chorus of some wild refrain, I have thought I would rather far listen to them than to any music ever sung to mortal ears; for it

was the outpouring of the hearts of happy and contented men, rejoicing over the abundance which rewarded the labor of the closing year! And the listening, too, has many a time and oft filled my bosom with emotions, and opened my heart with charity and love toward this subject and dependent race, such as no oratory, no rhetoric or minstrelsy in all this wide earth could impart!

Nature ceased almost to feel fatigue in the joyous scenes which followed. The fiddle and the banjo, animated as it would seem like living things, literally knew no rest, night or day; while Terpichore covered her face in absolute despair in the presence of that famous *double-shuffle* with which the long nights and "master's shoes" were worn away together! . . . .

Who can forget the cook by whom his youthful appetite was fed? The fussy, consequential old lady to whom I now refer, has often, during my vagrant inroads into her rightful domains, boxed my infant jaws, with an imperious, "Bress de Lord, git out of de way: dat chile never kin git enuff": and as often relenting at sight of my hungry tears, has fairly bribed me into her love again with the very choicest bits of the savory messes of her art. She was haughty as Juno, and aristocratic as though her naked ancestors had come over with the Conqueror, or "drawn a good bow at Hastings," . . . and yet her pride invariably melted at the sight of certain surreptitious quantities of tobacco, with which I made my court to this high priestess of the region sacred to the stomach.

And there, too, plainest of all, I can see the fat and chubby form of my dear old nurse, whose encircling arms of love fondled and supported me from the time whereof the memory of this man runneth not to the contrary. All the strong love of her simple and faithful nature seemed bestowed on

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

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

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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-checkered 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 illume.
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

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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 settlement 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.

UANL
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Here visions throng on People and on Bard,
Ranks all a-glitter in battalions massed
And closed around as like a plumèd 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).
The Correspondent.
Poetry of the Future.
Dictionary of Southern Authors, [unfinished].
School History of South Carolina.
Bell of Doom, [a poem].
Florida of To-day.
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

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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, satellitic 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.

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

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 Salzburgers, 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 Berchtolsgaden 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 Salzburgers 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.

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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."

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-

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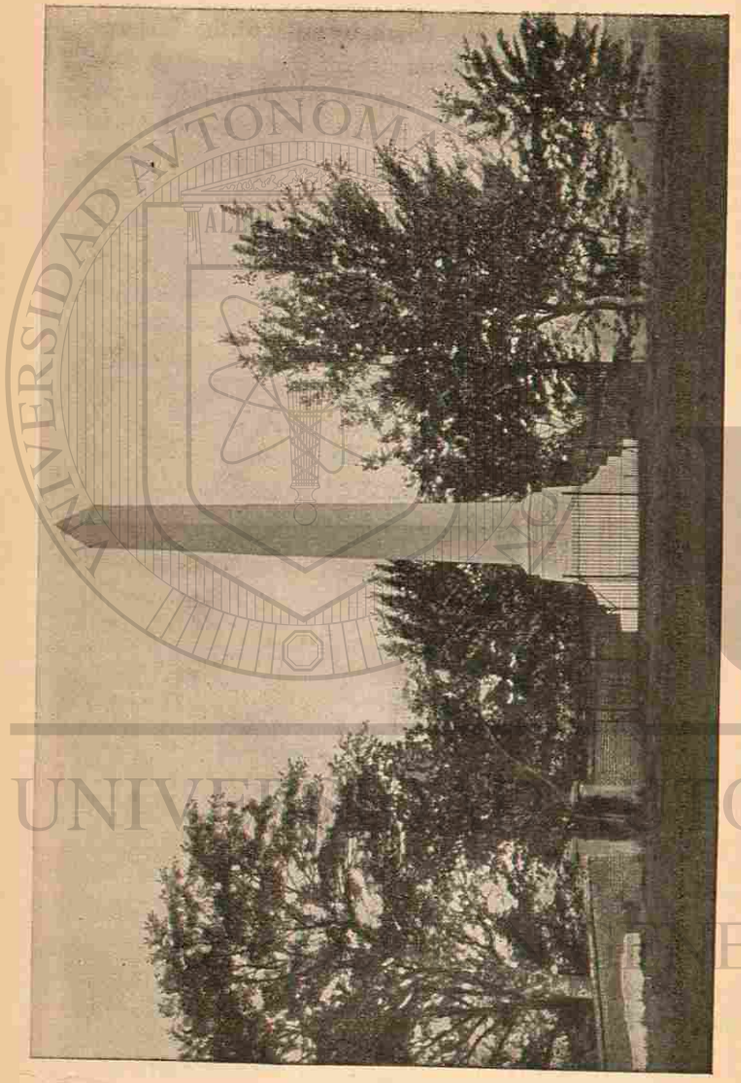

Mary Washington Monument, Fredericksburg, Va.

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

WORKS.

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

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

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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 daïs 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. Ner 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.

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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."

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"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.

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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.

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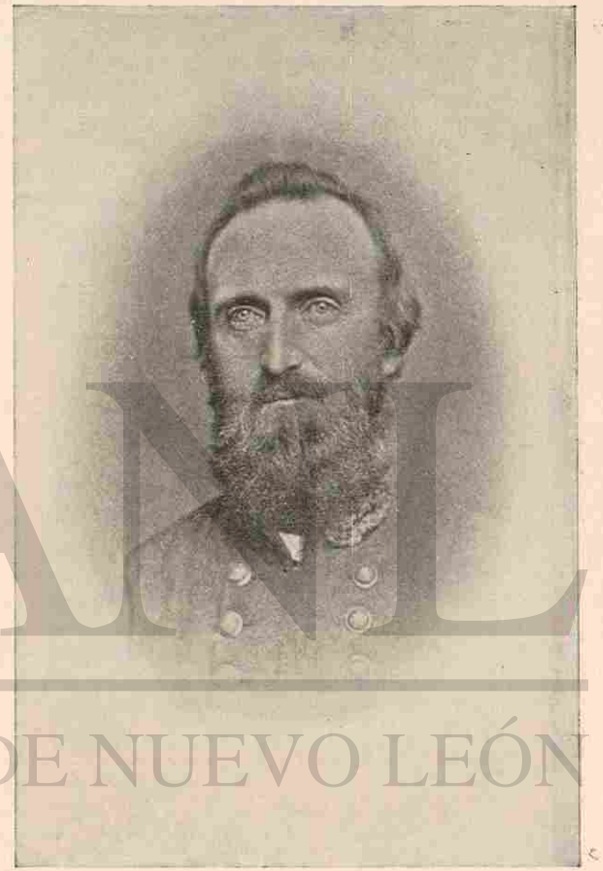

T. J. Jackson,
Lt. Gen.

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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 bronzèd 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.

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

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!

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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, Some Aspects of Modern Civilization, [a lecture].
Life of Christ, [unfinished].

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.

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Her hands lie clasped in a listless way
On the old *Romance*—which she holds on her knee—
Of Tristram, the bravest of knights in the fray,
And Iseult, who waits by the sounding sea.

And her proud, dark eyes wear a softened look
As she watches the dying embers fall—
Perhaps she dreams of the knight in the book,
Perhaps of the pictures that smile on the wall.

What fancies I wonder are thronging her brain,
For her cheeks flush warm with a crimson glow!
Perhaps—ah! me, how foolish and vain!
But I'd give my life to believe it so!

Well, whether I ever march home again
To offer my love and a stainless name,
Or whether I die at the head of my men,—
I'll be true to the end all the same.

Petersburg Trenches, 1864.

SIDNEY LANIER.

1842-1881.

SIDNEY LANIER was born in Macon, Georgia, descended from a line of artist ancestors, through whom he inherited great musical ability. He was educated at Oglethorpe College, being graduated in 1860. He and his brother Clifford entered the Confederate Army together in 1861 and served through the war; but the exposure and hardships and imprisonment developed consumption which finally caused his death.

After the war he lived for two years in Alabama as a clerk and a teacher; but his health failed and he was forced

to return home where he practised law with his father till 1873. Then deciding to devote himself to music and poetry, he went to Baltimore where he was engaged as first flute in the Peabody Symphony Concerts and in 1879 as lecturer on English Literature in Johns Hopkins University. His dread disease never relaxed and he was often obliged to quit work and go to Florida, North Carolina, Georgia, and Pennsylvania in search of strength. His death occurred at Lynn, Polk County, North Carolina, on his last quest for strength and life with which to continue the work he so much loved.

His "Science of English Verse" is said to be a new and valuable addition to the study of poetry. His poems belong to the new order of thought and life. His "Tiger-Lilies" is a prose-poem, written in three weeks just after the war and laid in the mountains of Tennessee and on the eastern shore of Virginia where he was stationed. "Beauty is holiness, and holiness is beauty," was his favorite remark on the subject of Art. His work and influence are growing in importance in the regard of students.

In 1876 he was invited to write the poem for the Centennial Exposition; and the "Meditation of Columbia," composed with the musical expression always in mind,—and so too it should be read,—was the grand Ode that graced the opening day at Philadelphia. See under *Waitman Barbe.*

WORKS.

POEMS:

Edited by his wife, Mary Day Lanier, with a Memorial by William Hayes Ward.

Tiger Lilies, [novel].
Florida: its Scenery, Climate, and History.
English Novel and Principles of Its Development.
Science of English Verse.
Boy's Froissart.
Boy's King Arthur.
Boy's Mabinogion.
Boy's Percy.

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SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE.

(*From Poems.**)

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All though the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried, *Abide, abide,*
The willful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay,*
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed *Abide, abide,*
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone,

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—Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet, and amethyst—
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain,
Downward the voices of Duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

1877.

WHAT IS MUSIC?

Music is Love in search of a word.

THE TIDE RISING IN THE MARSHES.

(*From The Marshes of Glynn.**)

Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing-withholding and free
Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves to the sea!
Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains and the sun,
Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath mightily won
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God;
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies:
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God:
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.

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And the sea lends large, as the marsh: and lo, out of his plenty, the sea
Pours fast: full soon the time of the flood-tide must be:
Look how the grace of the sea doth go
About and about through the intricate channels that flow
Here and there,
Everywhere,
Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks and the low-lying lanes,
And the marsh is meshed with a million veins,
That like as with rosy and silvery essences flow
In the rose-and-silver evening glow.
Farewell, my lord Sun!
The creeks overflow: a thousand rivulets run
Twixt the roots of the sod; the blades of the marsh-grass stir;
Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward whirr;
Passeth, and all is still; and the currents cease to run;
And the sea and the marsh are one.

How still the plains of the waters be!
The tide is in his ecstasy.
The tide is at his highest height:
And it is night.

And now from the Vast of the Lord will the waters of sleep
Roll in on the souls of men,
But who will reveal to our waking ken
The forms that swim and the shapes that creep
Under the waters of sleep?
And I would I could know what swimmeth below when the tide comes in
On the length and the breadth of the marvellous marshes of Glynn.

1878.

JAMES LANE ALLEN.

JAMES LANE ALLEN is one of the best and most successful of the living writers of the South. He is a Kentuckian, and his sketches and stories have so far all dealt with life in his native State.

WORKS.

Life in the Blue Grass.	John Gray.
White Cowl.	Sister Dolorosa.
Flute and Violin, and other stories.	A Kentucky Cardinal (1895).

SPORTS OF A KENTUCKY SCHOOL IN 1795.

(*From John Gray, a Kentucky Tale of the Olden Time.**)

A strange mixture of human life there was in Gray's school. There were the native little Kentuckians, born in the wilderness—the first wild, hardy generation of new people; and there were the little folk from Virginia, from Tennessee, from North Carolina, and from Pennsylvania and other sources, huddled together, some rude, some gentle, and starting out now to be formed into the men and women of the Kentucky that was to be.

They had their strange, sad, heroic games and pastimes, those primitive children under his guidance. Two little girls would be driving the cows home about dusk; three little boys would play Indian and capture them and carry them off; the husbands of the little girls would form a party to the rescue; the prisoners would drop pieces of their dresses along the way; and then at a certain point of the woods—it being the dead of night now, and the little girls being bound to a tree, and the Indians having fallen asleep beside their smouldering camp-fires—the rescuers would rush in, and there would be whoops and shrieks, and the taking of scalps, and a happy return.

Or, some settlement would be shut up in a fort besieged. Days would pass. The only water was a spring outside the walls, and around this the enemy skulked in the corn and grass. But the warriors must not perish of thirst. So, with a prayer, a tear, a final embrace, the little women marched out

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DIRECCIÓN GENERAL DE BIBLIOTECAS

through the gates to the spring, in the very teeth of death, and brought back water in their wooden dinner-buckets.

Or, when the boys would become men with contests of running, and pitching quoits, and wrestling, the girls would play wives and have a quilting in a house of green alder-bushes, or be capped and wrinkled grandmothers sitting beside imaginary spinning-wheels and smoking imaginary pipes.

Sometimes it was not Indian warfare, but civil strife. For one morning as many as three Daniel Boones appeared on the playground at the same moment; and at once there was a fierce battle to ascertain which was the genuine Daniel. This being decided, the spurious Daniels submitted to be the one Simon Kenton, the other General George Rogers Clarke.

This was to be a great day for what he called his class in history. Thirteen years before, and forty miles away, had occurred the most dreadful of all the battles—the disaster of the Blue Licks; and in town were many mothers who yet wept for sons, widows who yet dreamed of young husbands, fallen that beautiful August day beneath the oaks and cedars, or floating down the red-dyed river.

It was this that he had promised to tell them at noon; and a little after twelve o'clock he was standing with them on the bank of the Town Fork, in order to give vividness to his description. This stream flows unseen beneath the streets of the city [Lexington] now, and with scarce current enough to wash out its grimy channels; but then it flashed broad and clear through the long valley which formed the town common—a valley of scattered houses with orchards and corn-fields and patches of cane.

A fine poetic picture he formed as he stood there amid their eager upturned faces, bare-headed under the cool

brilliant sky of May, and reciting to them, as a prose-minstrel of the wilderness, the deeds of their fathers.

This Town Fork of the Elkhorn, he said, must represent the Licking River. On that side were the Indians; on this, the pioneers, a crowd of foot and horse. There stretched the ridge of rocks, made bare by the stamping of the buffalo; here was the clay they licked for salt. In that direction headed the two ravines in which Boone had feared an ambuscade. And thus variously having made ready for battle, and looking down for a moment into the eyes of a freckly impetuous little soul who was the Hotspur of the playground, he repeated the cry of McGary, which had been the signal for attack:

"Let all who are not cowards follow me!"

[Hereupon the soldiers plunged through the river, not seeing the Indians nor even knowing where they were; and in a few minutes they were attacked and completely routed by the Indians who were concealed in the woods and ravines of the other bank, as Boone had feared. Boone's son was killed, and he himself narrowly escaped by dashing through one of the ravines and swimming the river lower down. The slaughter in the river was great, and the pursuit was continued for twenty miles. Never had Kentucky experienced so fatal a blow as that at the Blue Licks.—L. M.]

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

1848-——.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS was born in Eatonton, Georgia, and is a lawyer: but he has devoted much time of late years to literature, and is now one of the editors of the "Atlanta Constitution."

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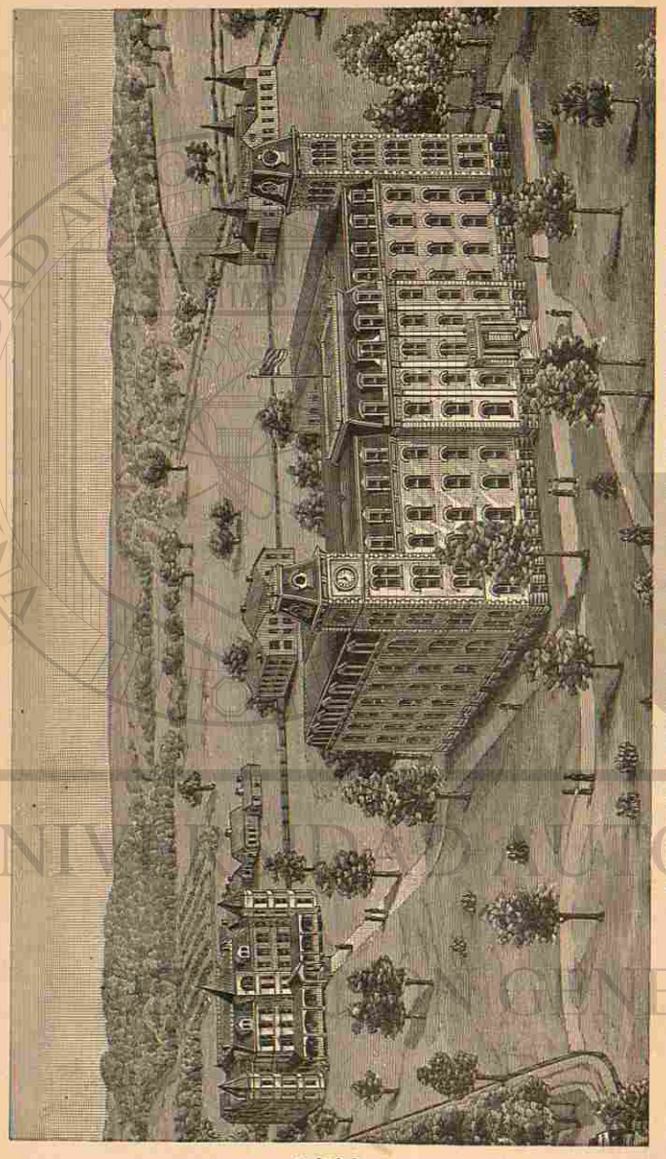

Arkansas Industrial University, Fayetteville, Washington County, Ark.

His dialect stories of "Uncle Remus" are a faithful reproduction of the popular tales of the old negroes of South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama; for the negro dialect varies in the different States. Mr. Harris' books have made these tales known in England.

"On the Plantation" is said to be autobiographical; it is a story of a boy's life during the war, well and simply told.

WORKS.

Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings.
Nights with Uncle Remus.
On the Plantation.
Little Mr. Thimblefinger.
Mingo, and other Sketches.
Free Joe, and other Georgian Sketches.
Daddy Jake, the Runaway, and Short Stories Told after Dark.

THE TAR-BABY.

(*From Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings.**)

"Didn't the fox *never* catch the rabbit, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy the next evening.

"He come mighty nigh it, honey, sho's you bawn—Brer Fox did. One day atter Brer Rabbit fool 'im wid dat calamus root, Brer Fox went ter wuk en got 'im some tar, en mix it wid some turkentine, en fix up a contrapshun w'at he call a Tar-Baby, en he tuk dish yer Tar-Baby en he sot 'er in de big road, en den he lay off in de bushes fer to see w'at de news wuz gwineter be. En he didn't hatter wait long, nudder, kaze bimeby here come Brer Rabbit pacin' down de road—lippity-clippity, clippity-lippity—dez ez sassy ez a jay-bird. Brer Fox, he lay low. Brer Rabbit come prancin' 'long twel he spy de Tar-Baby, en den he fotch up on his behine legs like he wuz 'stonished. De Tar-Baby, she sot dar, she did, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"'Mawnin'!' says Brer Rabbit, sezee—'nice wedder dis mawnin',' sezee.

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"Tar-Baby ain't sayin' nuthin', en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"'How duz yo' sym'tums seem ter segashuate?' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"Brer Fox, he wink his eye slow, en lay low, en de Tar-Baby, she ain't sayin' nuthin'.

"'How you come on, den? Is you deaf?' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'Kaze if you is, I kin holler louder,' sezee.

"Tar-Baby stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"'Youer stuck up, dat's w'at you is,' says Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'en I'm gwineter kyore you, dat's w'at I'm a gwineter do,' sezee.

"Brer Fox, he sorter chuckle in his stummuck, he did, but Tar-Baby ain't sayin' nuthin'.

"'I'm gwineter larn you howter talk ter 'specttubble fokes ef hit's de las' ack,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'Ef you don't take off dat hat en tell me howdy, I'm gwineter bus' you wide open,' sezee.

"Tar-Baby stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"Brer Rabbit keep on axin' 'im, en de Tar-Baby, she keep on sayin' nuthin', twel present'y Brer Rabbit draw back wid his fis', he did, en blip he tuck 'er side er de head. Right dar's where he broke his merlasses jug. His fis' stuck, en he can't pull loose. De tar hilt 'im. But Tar-Baby, she stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"'Ef you don't lemme loose, I'll knock you agin,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, en wid dat he fotch 'er a wipe wid de udder han', en dat stuck. Tar-Baby, she ain't sayin' nuthin', en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"'Tu'n me loose, fo' I kick de nat'al stuffin' outen you,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, but de Tar-Baby, she ain't sayin' nuthin'. She des hilt on, en den Brer Rabbit lose de use er his feet in de same way. Brer Fox, he lay low. Den Brer Rabbit squall out dat ef de Tar-Baby don't tu'n 'im loose he butt 'er cranksided. En den he butted, en his head got stuck. Den Brer Fox, he sa'ntered fort', lookin' dez ez innercent ez wunner yo' mammy's mockin'-birds.

"'Howdy, Brer Rabbit,' sez Brer Fox, sezee. 'You look sorter stuck up dis mawnin', sezee, en den he rolled on de groun', en laft en laft twel he couldn't laff no mo'. 'I speck you'll take dinner wid me dis time, Brer Rabbit. I done laid in some calamus root, en I ain't gwineter take no skuse,' sez Brer Fox, sezee."

Here Uncle Remus paused, and drew a two-pound yam out of the ashes.

"Did the fox eat the rabbit?" asked the little boy to whom the story had been told.

"Dat's all de fur de tale goes," replied the old man. "He mout, en den agin he moutent. Some say Jedge B'ar come 'long en loosed 'im,—some say he didn't. I hear Miss Sally callin'. You better run 'long."

ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

1850-——.

ROBERT BURNS WILSON was born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, but removed early to Frankfort, Kentucky, where he devoted himself to landscape painting. Some of his pictures attracted attention at the New Orleans Exposition, 1884. His poems have appeared in magazines and have been much admired for their musical flow of deep feeling and fancy.

WORKS.

Life and Love: Poems.

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FAIR DAUGHTER OF THE SUN.

(*From Life and Love.**)

Hail! daughter of the sun!
White-robed and fair to see, where goest thou now
In haste from thy spiced garden? Hath thy brow,
Crowned with white blooms, begun
To grow a-weary of its flagrant wreath,
And do thy temples long to ache beneath
A gilded, iron crown?
Tak'st thou the glint of Mammon's glittering car
To be the gleam of some new-risen star—
Yond clamor, for renown?

Stay, lovely one, oh stay!
Within thy gates, love-garlanded, remain:
For love this Mammon seeks not, but for gain—
He is the same alway.
This god in burnished tinsel, as of old,
Cares for no music save of clinking gold—
All else to him is vain:
His heart is flint, his ears are dull as lead;
A crown of care he bringeth for thy head,
And for thy wrists a chain.

Bide thou, oh goddess, stay!
Even in the gateway turn! The orange tree
Keeps still her snowy wreath of love for thee;
The jasmine's starry spray
Still waves thee back: O South! thy glory lies
In thine own sacred fields. There shall arise
Thy day, which fadeth not:
There—patient hands shall fill thy cup with wine,
There—hearts devoted, make thy name divine,
Their own hard fate forgot.

* By permission of the author, and publishers, the Cassell Publishing Co., N. Y.

DEDICATION.—SONNET.

TO ELIZABETH, MY MOTHER.

The green Virginian hills were blithe in May,
And we were plucking violets—thou and I.
A transient gladness flooded earth and sky;
Thy fading strength seemed to return that day,
And I was mad with hope that God would stay
Death's pale approach—Oh! all hath long passed by!
Long years! long years! and now, I well know why
Thine eyes, quick-filled with tears, were turned away.
First loved; first lost; my mother: time must still
Leave my soul's debt uncancelled. All that's best
In me and in my art is thine:—Me-seems
Even now, we walk afield. Through good and ill,
My sorrowing heart forgets not, and in dreams,
I see thee, in the sun-lands of the blest.

"CHRISTIAN REID."

FRANCES C. TIERNAN.

MRS. TIERNAN has written many novels of Southern life. She is a daughter of Colonel Charles F. Fisher of Salisbury, North Carolina, who was killed in the battle of Manassas. Her best known book, "The Land of the Sky," describes a summer tour through the grand mountains of her native State, taken before the railroads had penetrated them.

WORKS.

Valerie Aylmer.
Mabel Lee.
Nina's Atonement.
Carmen's Inheritance.
Hearts and Hands.
Land of the Sky.
Heart of Steel.
Summer Idyl.
Roslyn's Fortune.
Morton House.
Ebb Tide.
Daughter of Bohemia.
A Gentle Belle.
A Question of Honor.
After Many Days.
Bonny Kate.
Armine.
Miss Churchill.
Land of the Sun (1895).

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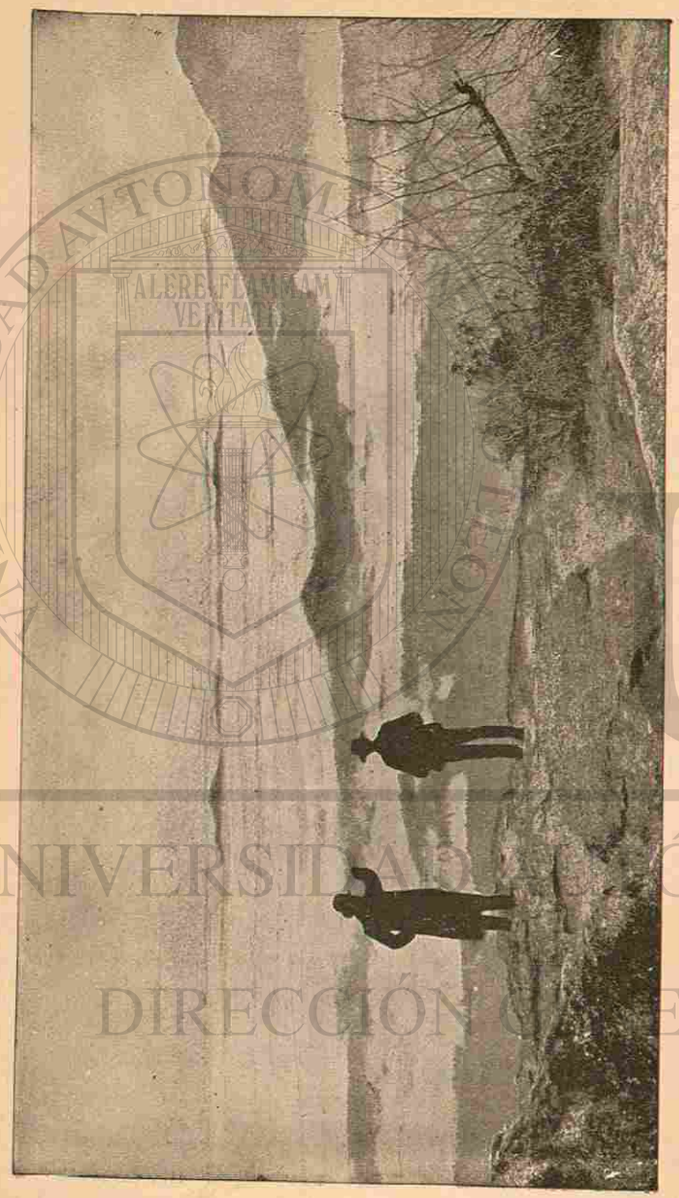

Mt. Mitchell, N. C. Above the Clouds.

ASCENT OF MOUNT MITCHELL, BLACK MOUNTAIN, NORTH CAROLINA.

(*From The Land of the Sky.**)

The sun is shining brightly, and his golden lances light up the depths of the forest into which we enter—an enchanted world of far-reaching greenness, the stillness of which is only broken by the voice of the streams which come down the gorges of the mountain in leaping cascades. Few things are more picturesque than the appearance of a cavalcade like ours following in single file the winding path (not road) that leads into the marvelous, mysterious wilderness. When the ascent fairly begins, the path is often like the letter S, and one commands a view of the entire line—of horsemen in slouched hats and gray coats, of ladies in a variety of attire, with water-proof cloaks serving as riding-skirts, and hats garlanded with forest wreaths and grasses. The guide tramps steadily ahead, leading the pack-horse, and we catch a glimpse of his face now and then as he turns to answer some question addressed to him. . . . . .

"We wind up the side of the mountain like this for several miles," says Eric, "then we travel along a ridge for some distance, and finally we ascend the peak formerly called the Black Dome, now Mount Mitchell. The whole distance is about twelve miles, and the most of it is steady climbing. . . . . .

"And it was in this wilderness that Professor Mitchell lost his life sixteen or seventeen years ago, was it not?" I ask.

"Yes, Burnett [the guide] was one of the men engaged in the search for him. He will tell you all about it. . ."

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The forest around us becomes wilder, greener, more luxuriant at every step. . . . Presently, however, the aspect of our surroundings changes. We leave this varied forest behind, and enter the region of the balsam, from the dark color of which the mountain takes its name. Above a certain line of elevation no trees are found save these beautiful yet sombre firs. They grow to an immense height and stand so thickly together that one marvels how any animal larger than a cat can thread its way among their stems. Overhead the boughs interlock in a canopy, making perpetual shade beneath. No shrubs of any kind are to be found here—only beds of thick elastic moss, richer than the richest velvet, and ferns in plumy profusion. . . . Dan Burnett leads on, and presently we emerge on the largest and most beautiful of the little prairies through which we have passed. This stretch of open ground lies at the foot of the highest peak, the abrupt sides of which rise in conical shape before us. It is here, Mr. Burnett tells us, that the mountaineers who were searching for Professor Mitchell found the first trace of the way he had taken.

"We had been searchin' from Friday to Tuesday," he says, "and on Tuesday we was pretty nigh disheartened, when Wilson—an old hunter from over in Yancey—said he hadn't no doubt the professor had tried to go down to Caney Valley by a trail they two had followed thirteen years afore, and which leads that way"—he points down into the dark wilds below us. "Well, we looked along the edge of this here prairie till we found a track. Wilson was right—he *had* tried to go down to Caney Valley. We follered his trail fur about four mile, and I was one of them what found him at last."

"He had lost his way," says Eric. "I have seen the spot—they call it Mitchell's Falls now—where he died. A stream of considerable size plunges over a precipice of about forty feet into a basin fourteen feet deep by as many wide. Into this he fell, probably at night."

"But how was it possible to bring a dead body up these steeps?" Sylvia says, addressing Mr. Burnett.

"We brought it in a sheet slung to the top of stout poles," he answers. "Then it were carried down to Asheville, and then brought up again, and buried there"—he nods to the peak above us.

"In the warmth of their great friendship and admiration, people thought that he ought to rest in the midst of the scenes he had explored so fearlessly and loved so well," says Eric. . . . Before long we gain the top, and the first object on which our eyes rest is—the grave. . . . . .

Besides the grave, the summit is entirely bare.

The view is so immense that one is forced to regard it in sections. Far to the north east lies Virginia, from which the long waving line of the Blue Ridge comes, and passes directly under the Black, making a point of junction, near which it towers into the steep Pinnacle and stately Graybeard—so called from the white beard which it wears when a frozen cloud has iced its rhododendrons. From our greater eminence we overlook the Blue Ridge entirely, and see the country below spreading into azure distance, with white spots which resolve themselves through the glasses into villages, and mountains clearly defined. The Linville range—through which the Linville River forces its way in a gorge of wonderful grandeur—is in full view, with a misty cloud lying on the surface of Table Rock, while the peculiar form of the Hawk's Bill stands forth in marked relief. Beyond,

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blue and limitless as the ocean, the undulating plain of the more level country extends until it melts into the sky.

As the glance leaves this view, and, sweeping back over the Blue Ridge, follows the main ledge of the Black, one begins to appreciate the magnitude of this great mountain. For miles along its dark crest appear a succession of cone-like peaks, and, as it sweeps around westwardly, it divides into two great branches—one of which terminates in the height on which we stand, while numerous spurs lead off from its base; the other stretches southward, forming the splendid chain of Craggy. At our feet lie the elevated counties of Yancey and Mitchell, with their surfaces so unevenly mountainous that one wonders how men could have been daring enough to think of making their homes amid such wild scenes. . . . Beyond these counties stretches the chain of the Unaka, running along the line of Tennessee, with the Roan Mountain—famous for its extensive view over seven states—immediately in our front. Through the passes and rugged chasms of this range, we look across the entire valley of East Tennessee to where the blue outlines of the Cumberland Mountains trend toward Kentucky, and we see distinctly a marked depression which Eric says is Cumberland Gap. Turning our gaze due westward, the view is, if possible, still more grand. There the colossal masses of the Great Smoky stand, draped in a mantle of clouds, while through Haywood and Transylvania, to the borders of South Carolina, rise the peaks of the Balsam Mountains, behind which are the Cullowhee and the Nantahala, with the Blue Ridge making a majestic curve toward the point where Georgia touches the Carolinas. . . . .

It is enough to sit and watch the inexpressible beauty of the vast prospect as afternoon slowly wanes into evening.

There is a sense of isolation, of solemnity and majesty, in the scene which none of us are likely to forget. So high are we elevated above the world that the pure vault of ether over our heads seems nearer to us than the blue rolling earth, with its wooded hills and smiling valleys below. No sound comes up to us, no voice of water or note of bird breaks the stillness. We are in the region of that eternal silence which wraps the summits of the "everlasting hills." A repose that is full of awe broods over this lofty peak, which still retains the last rays of the sinking sun, while over the lower world twilight has fallen.

HENRY WOODFEN GRADY.

1851-1889.

HENRY WOODFEN GRADY was born at Athens, Georgia, and educated at the State University. He became an editor, and in 1880 purchased an interest in the Atlanta "Constitution" on whose staff he remained till his death. His articles, addresses, and editorials made his name well known throughout the country, and contributed no little to the development of Southern industries after the war. A monument has been erected to him in Atlanta.

WORKS.

The New South, [a series of articles]. Editorials, addresses, &c.

THE SOUTH BEFORE THE WAR.

(*From The New South, 1889.**)

Master and Slave.—Perhaps no period of human history has been more misjudged and less understood than the slave-

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Grady Monument, Atlanta, Ga.

holding era in the South. Slavery as an institution cannot be defended; but its administration was so nearly perfect among our forefathers as to challenge and hold our loving respect. It is doubtful if the world has seen a peasantry so happy and so well-to-do as the negro slaves in America. The world was amazed at the fidelity with which these slaves guarded, from 1861 to 1865, the homes and families of the masters who were fighting with the army that barred their way to freedom. If "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had portrayed the rule of slavery rather than the rarest exception, not all the armies that went to the field could have stayed the flood of rapine and arson and pillage that would have started with the first gun of the civil war. Instead of that, witness the miracle of the slave in loyalty to his master, closing the fetters upon his own limbs—maintaining and defending the families of those who fought against his freedom—and at night on the far-off battle-field searching among the carnage for his young master, that he might lift the dying head to his breast and bend to catch the last words to the old folks at home, so wrestling the meantime in agony and love that he would lay down his life in his master's stead.

History has no parallel to the faith kept by the negro in the South during the war. Often five hundred negroes to a single white man, and yet through these dusky throngs the women and children walked in safety, and the unprotected homes rested in peace. Unmarshalled, the black battalions moved patiently to the fields in the morning to feed the armies their idleness would have starved, and at night gathered anxiously at the "big house to hear the news from marster," though conscious that his victory made their chains enduring. Everywhere humble and kindly. The body-guard of the helpless. The rough companion of the

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little ones. The observant friend. The silent sentry in his lowly cabin. The shrewd counsellor. And when the dead came home, a mourner at the open grave. A thousand torches would have disbanded every Southern army, but not one was lighted. When the master, going to a war in which slavery was involved, said to his slave, "I leave my home and loved ones in your charge," the tenderness between man and master stood disclosed.

The Northern man, dealing with casual servants, querulous, sensitive, and lodged for a day in a sphere they resent, can hardly comprehend the friendliness and sympathy that existed between the master and the slave. He cannot understand how the negro stood in slavery days, open-hearted and sympathetic, full of gossip and comradeship, the companion of the hunt, frolic, furrow, and home, contented in the kindly dependence that had been a habit of his blood, and never lifting his eyes beyond the narrow horizon that shut him in with his neighbors and friends. But this relation did exist in the days of slavery. It was the rule of that *régime*. It has survived war, and strife, and political campaigns in which the drum-beat inspired and Federal bayonets fortified. It will never die until the last slaveholder and slave has been gathered to rest. It is the glory of our past in the South. It is the answer to abuse and slander. It is the hope of our future.

Ante-bellum Civilization.—The relations of the races in slavery must be clearly understood to understand what has followed, and to judge of what is yet to come. Not less important is it to have some clear idea of the civilization of that period.

That was a peculiar society. Almost feudal in its splendor, it was almost patriarchal in its simplicity. Leisure and wealth gave it exquisite culture. Its wives and mothers,

exempt from drudgery, and almost from care, gave to their sons, through patient and constant training, something of their own grace and gentleness and to their homes beauty and light. Its people, homogeneous by necessity, held straight and simple faith, and were religious to a marked degree along the old lines of Christian belief. This same homogeneity bred a hospitality that was as kinsmen to kinsmen, and that wasted at the threshold of every home what the more frugal people of the North conserved and invested in public charities.

The code duello furnished the highest appeal in dispute. An affront to a lad was answered at the pistol's mouth. The sense of quick responsibility tempered the tongues of even the most violent, and the newspapers of South Carolina for eight years, it is said, did not contain one abusive word. The ownership of slaves, even more than of realty, held familes steadfast on their estates, and everywhere prevailed the sociability of established neighborhoods. Money counted least in making the social status, and constantly ambitious and brilliant youngsters from no estate married into the families of the planter princes. Meanwhile the one character utterly condemned and ostracized was the man who was mean to his slaves. Even the coward was pitied and might have been liked. For the cruel master there was no toleration.

The *ante-bellum* society had immense force. Working under the slavery which brought the suspicion or hostility of the world, and which practically beleaguered it within walls, it yet accomplished good things. For the first sixty-four years of the republic it furnished the president for fifty-two years. Its statesmen demanded the war of 1812, opened it with but five Northern senators supporting it, and its general, Jackson, won the decisive battle of New Or-

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leans. It was a Southern statesman who added the Louisiana territory of more than 1,000,000 square miles to our domain. Under a Southern statesman Florida was acquired from Spain. Against the opposition of the free States, the Southern influence forced the war with Mexico, and annexed the superb empire of Texas, brought in New Mexico, and opened the gates of the republic to the Pacific. Scott and Taylor, the heroes of the Mexican war, were Southern men. In material, as in political affairs, the old South was masterful. The first important railroad operated in America traversed Carolina. The first steamer that crossed the ocean cleared from Savannah.

The first college established for girls was opened in Georgia. No naturalist has surpassed Audubon; no geographer equalled Maury; and Sims and McDonald led the world of surgery in their respective lines. It was Crawford Long, of Georgia, who gave to the world the priceless blessing of anæsthesia.

The wealth accumulated by the people was marvellous. And, though it is held that slavery enriched the few at the general expense, Georgia and Carolina were the richest States, per capita, in the Union in 1800, saving Rhode Island. Some idea of the desolation of the war may be had from the fact that, in spite of their late remarkable recuperation, they are now, excepting Idaho, the poorest States, per capita, in the Union. So rich was the South in 1860, that Mr. Lincoln spoke but common sentiment when he said: "If we let the South go, where shall we get our revenues?"

In its engaging grace—in the chivalry that tempered even Quixotism with dignity—in the piety that saved master and slave alike—in the charity that boasted not—in the honor held above estate—in the hospitality that neither

condescended nor cringed—in frankness and heartiness and wholesome comradeship—in the reverence paid to womanhood and the inviolable respect in which woman's name was held—the civilization of the old slave *régime* in the South has not been surpassed, and perhaps will not be equalled, among men.

And as the fidelity of the slave during the war bespoke the kindness of the master before the war, so the unquestioning reverence with which the young men of the South accepted, in 1865, their heritage of poverty and defeat, proved the strength and excellence of the civilization from which that heritage had come. In cheerfulness they bestirred themselves amid the ashes and the wrecks, and, holding the inspiration of their past to be better than their rich acres and garnered wealth, went out to rebuild their fallen fortunes, with never a word of complaint, nor the thought of criticism!

THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

1853-——.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE was born at "Oakland," Hanover County, Virginia, of distinguished ancestry. He was educated at Washington and Lee University, studied law, and settled in Richmond. His first writings were poems and stories in the Virginia negro dialect, some of them in connection with Armistead Churchill Gordon. He is now (1894) editor of "The Drawer" in Harper's Monthly, and stands high as one of the younger writers of our country.

WORKS.

In Ole Virginia, [stories in negro dialect].
Two Little Confederates.
Elsket, and other Stories.
Essays on the South, its literature, the Negro question, &c., in magazines.
Befo' de War, (with A. C. Gordon).
On New Found River.
Pastime Stories, [written for "The Drawer"].
Among the Camps, [stories].

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leans. It was a Southern statesman who added the Louisiana territory of more than 1,000,000 square miles to our domain. Under a Southern statesman Florida was acquired from Spain. Against the opposition of the free States, the Southern influence forced the war with Mexico, and annexed the superb empire of Texas, brought in New Mexico, and opened the gates of the republic to the Pacific. Scott and Taylor, the heroes of the Mexican war, were Southern men. In material, as in political affairs, the old South was masterful. The first important railroad operated in America traversed Carolina. The first steamer that crossed the ocean cleared from Savannah.

The first college established for girls was opened in Georgia. No naturalist has surpassed Audubon; no geographer equalled Maury; and Sims and McDonald led the world of surgery in their respective lines. It was Crawford Long, of Georgia, who gave to the world the priceless blessing of anæsthesia.

The wealth accumulated by the people was marvellous. And, though it is held that slavery enriched the few at the general expense, Georgia and Carolina were the richest States, per capita, in the Union in 1800, saving Rhode Island. Some idea of the desolation of the war may be had from the fact that, in spite of their late remarkable recuperation, they are now, excepting Idaho, the poorest States, per capita, in the Union. So rich was the South in 1860, that Mr. Lincoln spoke but common sentiment when he said: "If we let the South go, where shall we get our revenues?"

In its engaging grace—in the chivalry that tempered even Quixotism with dignity—in the piety that saved master and slave alike—in the charity that boasted not—in the honor held above estate—in the hospitality that neither

condescended nor cringed—in frankness and heartiness and wholesome comradeship—in the reverence paid to womanhood and the inviolable respect in which woman's name was held—the civilization of the old slave *régime* in the South has not been surpassed, and perhaps will not be equalled, among men.

And as the fidelity of the slave during the war bespoke the kindness of the master before the war, so the unquestioning reverence with which the young men of the South accepted, in 1865, their heritage of poverty and defeat, proved the strength and excellence of the civilization from which that heritage had come. In cheerfulness they bestirred themselves amid the ashes and the wrecks, and, holding the inspiration of their past to be better than their rich acres and garnered wealth, went out to rebuild their fallen fortunes, with never a word of complaint, nor the thought of criticism!

THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

1853-——.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE was born at "Oakland," Hanover County, Virginia, of distinguished ancestry. He was educated at Washington and Lee University, studied law, and settled in Richmond. His first writings were poems and stories in the Virginia negro dialect, some of them in connection with Armistead Churchill Gordon. He is now (1894) editor of "The Drawer" in Harper's Monthly, and stands high as one of the younger writers of our country.

WORKS.

In Ole Virginia, [stories in negro dialect].
Two Little Confederates.
Elsket, and other Stories.
Essays on the South, its literature, the Negro question, &c., in magazines.
Befo' de War, (with A. C. Gordon).
On New Found River.
Pastime Stories, [written for "The Drawer"].
Among the Camps, [stories].

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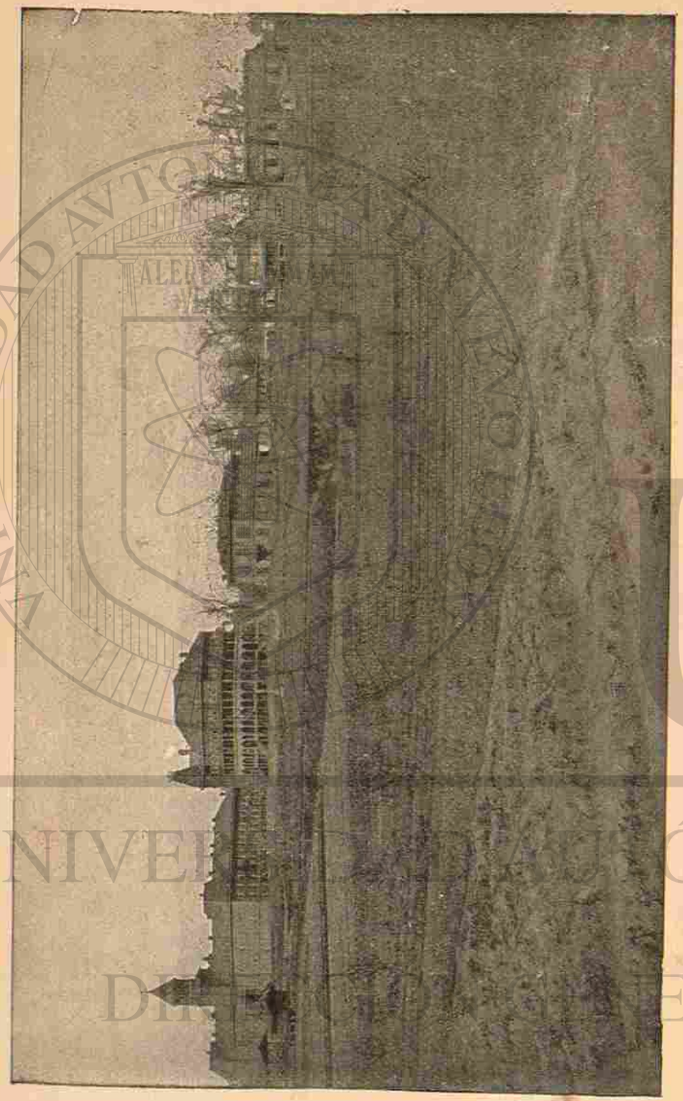

Agricultural and Mechanical College of Mississippi.

Mr. Page delineates finely the old Virginia darkey and his dialect, as Mr. Harris does the darkey of the Carolinas and Georgia. There is a marked difference between them.

"The naturalness of his style, the skill with which he uses seemingly indifferent incidents and sayings to trick out and light up his pictures, the apparently unintentional and therefore most effective touches of pathos, are uncommon."

MARSE CHAN'S LAST BATTLE.

(*From Marse Chan: In Ole Virginia.**)

"Well, jes' den dey blowed boots an' saddles, an' we mounted: an' de orders come to ride 'roun' de slope, an' Marse Chan's comp'ny wuz de secon', an' when we got 'roun' dyah, we wuz right in it. Hit wuz de wust place ever dis nigger got in. An' dey said, 'Charge 'em!' an' my king! ef ever you see bullets fly, dey did dat day. Hit wuz jes' like hail; an' we wen' down de slope (I 'long wid de res') an' up de hill right to'ds de cannons, an' de fire wuz so strong dyar (dey had a whole rigiment of infintrys layin' down dyar onder de cannons) our lines sort o' broke an' stop; de cun'l was kilt, an' I b'lieve dey wuz jes' 'bout to bre'k all to pieces, when Marse Chan rid up an' cotch hol' de fleg, an' hollers, 'Foller me!' and rid strainin' up de hill 'mong de cannons.

"I seen 'im when he went, de sorrel four good lengths ahead o' ev'ry urr hoss, jes' like he use' to be in a fox-hunt, an' de whole rigiment right arfter 'im. Yo' ain' nuvver hear thunder! Fust thing I knowed, de roan roll' head over heels an' flung me up 'g'inst de bank, like yo' chuck a nubbin over 'g'inst de foot o' de corn pile. An' dat's what kep' me from bein' kilt, I 'spects. Judy she say she think 'twuz Providence, but I think 'twuz de bank. O' c'ose,

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Providence put de bank dyah, but how come Providence nuver saved Marse Chan?

"When I look 'roun' de roan wuz lyin' dyah by me, stone dead, wid a cannon-ball gone 'mos' th'oo him, an' our men had done swep' dem on t'urr side from de top o' de hill. 'Twan' mo'n a minit, de sorrel come gallupin' back wid his mane flyin', an' de rein hangin' down on one side to his knee. 'Dyar!' says I, 'fo' God! I 'spects dey done kill Marse Chan, an' I promised to tek care on him.'

"I jumped up an' run over de bank, an' dyar, wid a whole lot o' dead men, an' some not dead yit, onder one o' de guns, wid de fleg still in he han', an' a bullet right th'oo he body, lay Marse Chan. I tu'n him over an' call him, 'Marse Chan!' but 'twan' no use, he wuz done gone home, sho' 'nuff. I pick 'im up in my arms wid de fleg still in he han's, an' toted 'im back jes like I did dat day when he wus a baby, an' ole marster gin 'im to me in my arms, an' sez he could trus' me, an' tell me to tek keer on 'im long ez he lived.

"I kyar'd 'im 'way off de battle-fiel' out de way o' de balls, an' I laid 'im down onder a big tree till I could git somebody to ketch the sorrel for me. He wuz cotched arfter a while, an' I hed some money, so I got some pine plank an' made a coffin dat evenin', an' wrapt Marse Chan's body up in de fleg, and put 'im in de coffin; but I didn' nail de top on strong, 'cause I knowed ole missis wan' see 'im; an' I got a' ambulance, an' set out for home dat night. We reached dyar de nex' evenin', arfter travellin' all dat night an' all nex' day."

MARY NOAILLES MURFREE.

"CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK."

MISS MURFREE was born at "Grantlands," near Murfreesboro, Tennessee, the family home inherited from her great-grandfather, Colonel Hardy Murfree, for whom the town was named. Her youth was spent here and in Nashville, the summers being passed in the Tennessee Mountains: shortly after the Civil War, her father removed to St. Louis, and it was there that she began to write.

Her stories are laid mainly in the mountains of Tennessee and describe vividly and truly the people, life, and exquisite scenery of that region.

WORKS.

In the Tennessee Mountains, [short stories].
Down the Ravine.
In the Clouds.
Despot of Broomsedge Cove.
Phantoms of the Foot-Bridge.
Where the Battle Was Fought.
Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains.
Story of Keedon Bluffs.
In the "Stranger People's" Country.

THE "HARNT" THAT WALKS CHILHOWEE.

(*From In the Tennessee Mountains.**)

June had crossed the borders of Tennessee. Even on the summit of Chilhowee Mountain the apples in Peter Giles' orchard were beginning to redden, and his Indian corn, planted on so steep a declivity that the stalks seemed to have much ado to keep their footing, was crested with tassels and plumed with silk. Among the dense forests, seen by no man's eye, the elder was flying its creamy banners in honor of June's coming, and, heard by no man's ear, the

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A Summer and Winter View of the University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.

pink and white bells of the azalea rang out melodies of welcome. . . . . .

Then the two men tilted their chairs against the little porch in front of Peter Giles' log cabin, and puffed their pipes in silence. The panorama spread out before them showed misty and dreamy among the delicate spiral wreaths of smoke. But was that gossamer-like illusion, lying upon the far horizon, the magic of nicotian, or the vague presence of distant heights? As ridge after ridge came down from the sky in ever-graduating shades of intenser blue, Peter Giles might have told you that this parallel system of enchantment was only "the mountings"; that here was Foxy, and there was Big Injun, and still beyond was another, which he had "hearn tell ran spang up into Virginny." The sky that bent to clasp this kindred blue was of varying moods. Floods of sunshine submerged Chilhowee in liquid gold, and revealed that dainty outline limned upon the northern horizon; but over the Great Smoky mountains, clouds had gathered and a gigantic rainbow bridged the valley. . . . . .

. . . . Simon Burney did not speak for a moment. . . . . "That's a likely gal o' yourn," he drawled, with an odd constraint in his voice,—"a likely gal, that Clarsie." . . . .

"Yes," Peter Giles at length replied, "Clarsie air a likely enough gal. But she air mightily sot ter havin' her own way. An' ef 't ain't give to her peaceable-like, she jes' takes it, whether or no."

This statement, made by one presumably informed on the subject, might have damped the ardor of many a suitor,—for the monstrous truth was dawning on Peter Giles's mind that suitor was the position to which this slow elderly widower aspired. But Simon Burney, with that odd, all-

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pervading constraint still prominently apparent, mildly observed, "Waal, ez much ez I hev seen of her goin's-on, it 'pears ter me az her way air a mighty good way. An' it ain't comical that she likes it." . . . . . The song grew momentarily more distinct: among the leaves there were fugitive glimpses of blue and white, and at last Clarsie appeared, walking lightly along the log, clad in her checked homespun dress, and with a pail upon her head.

She was a tall lithe girl, with that delicately transparent complexion often seen among the women of these mountains. Her lustreless black hair lay along her forehead without a ripple or a wave; there was something in the expression of her large eyes that suggested those of a deer,—something free, untamable, and yet gentle. "'Tain't no wonder ter me ez Clarsie is all tuk up with the wild things, an' critters ginerally," her mother was wont to say; "she sorter looks like 'em, I'm a-thinkin'."

As she came in sight there was a renewal of that odd constraint in Simon Burney's face and manner, and he rose abruptly. "Waal," he said, hastily, going to his horse, a raw-boned sorrel, hitched to the fence, "it's about time I war a-startin' home, I reckons."

He nodded to his host, who silently nodded in return, and the old horse jogged off with him down the road, as Clarsie entered the house and placed the pail upon a shelf.

. . . . . .

The breeze freshened, after the sun went down, . . . there were stars in the night besides those known to astronomers; the stellular fire-flies gemmed the black shadows with a fluctuating brilliancy; they circled in and out of the porch, and touched the leaves above Clarsie's head with quivering points of light. A steadier and

an intenser gleam was advancing along the road, and the sound of languid footsteps came with it; the aroma of tobacco graced the atmosphere, and a tall figure walked up to the gate.

"Come in, come in," said Peter Giles, rising, and tendering the guest a chair. "Ye air Tom Pratt, ez well ez I kin make out by this light. Waal, Tom, we hain't furgot ye sence ye done been hyar."

. . . . . .

The young man took leave presently, in great depression of spirits. . . . Clarsie ascended the ladder to a nook in the roof which she called her room.

For the first time in her life her slumber was fitful and restless, long intervals of wakefulness alternating with snatches of fantastic dreams. . . . And then her mind reverted to Tom Pratt, to old Simon Burney, and to her mother's emphatic and oracular declaration that widowers are in league with Satan, and that the girls upon whom they cast the eye of supernatural fascination have no choice in the matter. "I wish I knowed ef that thar sayin' war true," she murmured, her face still turned to the western spurs, and the moon sinking slowly toward them.

With a sudden resolution she rose to her feet. She knew a way of telling fortunes which was, according to tradition, infallible, and she determined to try it, and ease her mind as to her future. Now was the propitious moment. "I hev always hearn that it won't come true 'thout ye try it jes' before daybreak, an' kneelin' down at the forks of the road." She hesitated a moment and listened intently. "They'd never git done a-laffin' at me, ef they fund it out," she thought. . . . [She went out into the road.] She fixed her eyes upon the mystic sphere dropping down the sky, knelt among the azaleas at the forks of the

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road, and repeated the time-honored invocation: "Ef I'm a-goin' ter marry a young man, whistle, Bird, whistle. Ef I'm a-goin' ter marry an old man, low, Cow, low. Ef I ain't a-goin' ter marry nobody, knock, Death, knock."

There was a prolonged silence in the matutinal freshness and perfume of the woods. She raised her head, and listened attentively. No chirp of half-awakened bird, no tapping of wood-pecker or the mysterious death-watch; but from far along the dewy aisles of the forest, the ungrateful Spot that Clarsie had fed more faithfully than herself, lifted up her voice, and set the echoes vibrating. Clarsie, however, had hardly time for a pang of disappointment.

While she still knelt among the azaleas, her large deer-like eyes were suddenly dilated with terror. From around the curve of the road came the quick beat of hastening footsteps, the sobbing sound of panting breath, and between her and the sinking moon there passed an attenuated one-armed figure, with a pallid sharpened face, outlined for a moment on its brilliant disk, and dreadful starting eyes, and quivering open mouth. It disappeared in an instant among the shadows of the laurel, and Clarsie, with a horrible fear clutching at her heart, sprang to her feet. . . . the ghost stood before her. She could not nerve herself to run past him, and he was directly in her way homeward. . . . . .

"Ye do ez ye air bid, or it'll be the worse for ye," said the "harnt" in a quivering shrill tone. "Thar's hunger in the nex' worl' ez well ez in this, an' ye bring me some vittles hyar this time ter-morrer, an' don't ye tell nobody ye hev seen me, nuther, or it'll be the worse for ye." . .

The next morning, before the moon sank, Clarsie, with a tin pail in her hand, went to meet the ghost at the appointed

place. . . . . Morning was close at hand. . . . . the leaves fell into abrupt commotion, and he was standing in the road, beside her. He did not speak, but watched her with an eager, questioning intentness, as she placed the contents of the pail upon the moss at the roadside. "I'm a-comin' agin ter-morrer," she said, gently. . . . Then she slowly walked along her misty way in the dim light of the coming dawn. There was a footstep in the road behind her; she thought it was the ghost once more. She turned, and met Simon Burney, face to face. His rod was on his shoulder, and a string of fish was in his hand.

"Ye air a-doin' wrongful, Clarsie," he said sternly. "It air agin the law fur folks ter feed an' shelter them ez is a-runnin' from jestice. An' ye'll git yerself inter trouble. Other folks will find ye out, besides me, an' then the sheriff 'll be up hyar arter ye."

The tears rose to Clarsie's eyes. This prospect was infinitely more terrifying than the awful doom which follows the horror of a ghost's speech. "I can't help it," she said, however, doggedly swinging the pail back and forth. "I can't gin my consent ter starvin' of folks, even if they air a-hidin' an' a-runnin' from jestice." . . . .

DANSKE DANDRIDGE.

1859-——.

MRS. DANDRIDGE was born in Copenhagen, when her father, Honorable Henry Bedinger, was minister to Denmark. In 1877 she was married to Mr. Stephen Dandridge of Shepherdstown, West Virginia. Her first name, Danske, is the pretty Danish word for Dane, and is pronounced in two syllables.

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WORKS.

Joy, and other Poems.

Mrs. Dandridge's poems are as dainty and airy as if the elves themselves had led her to their bowers and discovered to her their secrets; and this is truly what her poetic sense has done, for the poet is a seer and singer of the secrets of nature.

THE SPIRIT AND THE WOOD SPARROW.

(*From Joy, and other Poems.**)

'Twas long ago:
The place was very fair;
And from a cloud of snow
A spirit of the air
Dropped to the earth below.
It was a spot by man untrod,
Just where
I think is only known to God.
The spirit, for a while,
Because of beauty freshly made
Could only smile;
Then grew the smiling to a song,
And as he sang he played
Upon a moonbeam-wired cithole
Shaped like a soul.

There was no ear
Or far or near,
Save one small sparrow of the wood,
That song to hear.
This, in a bosky tree,
Heard all, and understood
As much as a small sparrow could
By sympathy.
'Twas a fair sight
That morn of Spring,
When on the lonely height,

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The spirit paused to sing,
Then through the air took flight
Still lilting on the wing.
And the shy bird,
Who all had heard,
Straightway began
To practice o'er the lovely strain;
Again, again;
Though indistinct and blurred,
He tried each word,
Until he caught the last far sounds that fell
Like the faint tinkles of a fairy bell.

Now when I hear that song,
Which has no earthly tone,
My soul is carried with the strain along
To the everlasting Throne;
To bow in thankfulness and prayer,
And gain fresh faith, and love, and patience, there.

AMELIE RIVES CHANLER.

1863-——.

MRS. CHANLER, or AMÉLIE RIVES as she still styles herself in writing, was born in Richmond, Virginia, but passed her early life at the family place in Albemarle County, called "Castle Hill." She is a granddaughter of William Cabell Rives, once minister to France and author of "Life of Madison"; and her grandmother, Mrs. Judith Walker Rives, was a woman of much ability, and left some writings entitled "Home and the World," and "Residence in Europe."

She was married in 1888 to Mr. John Armstrong Chanler of New York and has since spent much time in Paris, studying painting for which she has as great fondness as for writing.

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Her first stories were written in the style of the time of Shakspere; the best of them is "Farrier Lass o' Piping Pebworth." They created a sensation as they came out and were said to be the work of a girl under twenty. She has also written stories of Virginia life and of modern times; besides poems, and dramas, in which last her talents seem to reach a higher plane than in any other kind of writing.

WORKS.

A Brother to Dragons.
Farrier Lass o' Piping Pepworth.
Virginia of Virginia.
The Quick or the Dead?
According to St. John.
Athelwold, [drama].
Barbara Dering, [sequel to The Quick or the Dead?]
Nurse Crumpet Tells the Story.
Story of Arnon.
Inja.
Witness of the Sun.
Herod and Mariamne, [drama].
Poems, [scattered in magazines].
Tanis, the Sang-Digger.

TANIS.

(*From Tanis, the Sang-Digger.**)

Gilman was driving along one of the well-kept turnpikes that wind about the Warm Springs Valley. He recognized the austere and solemn beauty that hemmed him in from the far-off outer world; but at the same time he was contrasting it with the sea-coast of his native State, Massachusetts, and a certain creeping homesickness began to rise about his heart.

In addition to this, he had left his delicate wife suffering with an acute neuralgic headache, and also saddened by a yearning for the picturesque old farm-house in which he had been born, and where they had lived during the first year of marriage. The trap which Gilman drove was filled with surveying instruments, and, as he turned into the rough mountain road, which led towards the site of the new railway for which he was now prospecting, the smaller ones

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Model School, Peabody Normal College.

began to rattle together and slide from the seat beside him. Finally, as the cart slipped against a stone, the level bounced into a puddle. He was about to jump out when a bold, ringing voice called to him:

"Set still—A'll pick hit up."

Then a figure slid down the rocky bank at his right, her one garment wrinkling from her bare, sturdy legs during the performance.

Gilman had never seen anything like her in his thirty years of varied experience.

She was very tall. A curtain of rough, glittering curls hung to her knees. Her face, clear with that clearness which only a mountain wind can bring, was white as a sea-gull's breast, except where a dark, yet vivid pink melted into the blue veins on her temples and throat. Her round, fresh lips, smooth as a peony-leaf, were parted in a wide laugh, over teeth large and yellow-white, like the grains on an ear of corn. She wore a loose tunic of blue-gray stuff, which reached to the middle of her legs, covered with grass stains and patches of mould. Her bare feet, somewhat broadened by walking, were well-shaped, the great toe standing apart from the others, the strong, round ankles, although scratched and bruised, perfectly symmetrical. Her arms, bare almost to the shoulder, were like those with which in imagination we complete the Milo. Eyes, round and colored like the edges of broken glass, looked out boldly from under her long black eyebrows. Her nose was straight and well cut, but set impertinently.

As she picked up the muddy level she laughed boisterously and wiped it on her frock.

"Thank you," said Gilman, and then, after a second's hesitation, added: "Where are you going? Perhaps I can give you a lift on your way? Will you get in?"

"Well, a done keer ef a do," she said, still staring at him.

She got in and took the level on her knee, then burst out laughing again—

"A reckon yuh wonders what a'm a haw-hawin' at?" she asked, suddenly. "Well, a'll tell yuh! 'Tiz case a feels jess like this hyuh contrapshun o' yourn. A haint hed a bite sence five this mawnin', and a've got a bubble in th' middle o' me, a ken tell yuh!"

She opened her flexible mouth almost to her ears, showing both rows of speckless teeth, and roaring mirthfully again.

"I've got some sandwiches, here—won't you have one?" said Gilman.

"Dunno—what be they?" she asked, rather suspiciously, eyeing him sidewise.

He explained to her, and she accepted one, tearing from it a huge semi-circle, which she held in her cheek while exclaiming:

"Murder! hain't that good, though? D'yuh eat them things ev'y day? Yuh looks hit! You're a real fine-lookin' feller—mos' ez good-lookin' ez Bill."

"Who is Bill?" asked Gilman, much interested in this, his first conversation with a genuine savage.

"Bill? he's muh pard, an' muh brother, too. I come down hyuh tuh git him a drink o' water, but a hain't foun' a spring yit."

"No, there isn't one in several miles," said Gilman.

"Hyuh!" she cried. "Lemme git out." . . .

And she was out, with the bound of a deer. "You g'long," she said; "a'm sorry a rode this far wi' you. You'll lart 'bout muh bar foots, an' this hyuh rag o' mine, wi' them po' white trash an' niggers. Whar you fum, anyhow? You hain't a Fuginia feller. A kin tell by yo' talk. You called

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roots 'ruts' jess now, an' yuh said we'd 'sun' be whar them other fellers be. Whar you fum?"

"From Massachusetts," said Gilman.

"S'that another langidge fuh some name a knows?"

"No—it's the real name of another State."

"Well, hit's 'nuff tuh twis' a body's tongue, fuh life, so a done blame yuh s'much fuh yo' funny talk. Mawnin'." And she began to swing herself upon a great lichen-crested boulder by the roadside. . . . . .

Gilman was naturally curious as to the type of the young barbarian whom he had met on his drive to Black Creek, and, during a pause in his work, he told a young fellow named Watkins of his adventure, and asked him to what class the girl belonged.

"I reckon, sir, she was a sang-digger," said Watkins, laughing. "They're a awful wild lot, mostly bad as they make 'em, with no more idea of right an' wrong than a lot o' ground-horgs."

"But what is a 'sang-digger'?" asked Gilman, more and more curious.

"Well, sir, sang, or ginseng, ez the real name is, is a sorter root that grows thick in the mountains about here. They make some sorter medicine outer it. I've chawed it myself for heartburn. It's right paying, too—sang-digging is, sir; you ken git at least a dollar a pound for it, an' sometimes you ken dig ten pounds in a day, but that's right seldom. Two or three pounds a day is doin' well. They're a awful low set, sir, sang-diggers is. We call 'em 'snakes' hereabouts, 'cause they don't have no place to live cep'in' in winter, and then they go off somewhere or ruther, to their huts. But in the summer and early autumn they stop where night ketches 'em, an' light a fire an' sleep 'round it. They cert'n'y are a bad lot, sir. They'll steal a sheep or a horse

ez quick ez winkin'. Why, t'want a year ago that they stole a mighty pretty mare o' mine, that I set a heap by, an' rid off her tail an' mane a-tearin' through the brush with her. She got loose somehow an' come back to me. But they stole two horses for ole Mr. Hawkins, down near Fallin' Springs, an' he a'in't been able to git 'em back. There's awful murders an' villainies done by 'em. But some o' them sang-digger gals is awful pretty. . . . Yes, sir, I reckon she was a sang-digger, sure enough."

[This wild creature of the woods was treated kindly by Gilman and his wife, and she finally sacrificed herself to save Mrs. Gilman.]

GRACE KING.

GRACE KING was born in New Orleans, the daughter of William W. King, and has made a reputation as a writer of short stories depicting Creole life. Her "Balcony Stories" are like pictures in their vivid intensity.

WORKS.

Monsieur Motte.	Bonne Maman.
Earthlings.	Bayou L'Ombre.
Balcony Stories.	History of Louisiana.

LA GRANDE DEMOISELLE.

A BALCONY STORY.

(*From the Century Magazine*,* Jan., 1893.)

That was what she was called by everybody as soon as she was seen or described. Her name, besides baptismal titles, was Idalie Sainte Foy Mortemart des Islets. When she came into society, in the brilliant little world of New

* By permission of the author, and publishers, The Century Co., N. Y.

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Orleans, it was the event of the season, and after she came in, whatever she did became also events. Whether she went, or did not go; what she said, or did not say; what she wore, and did not wear—all these became important matters of discussion, quoted as much or more than what the President said, or the governor thought. And in those days, the days of '59, New Orleans was not, as it is now, a one-heiress place, but it may be said that one could find heiresses then as one finds type-writing girls now.

Mademoiselle Idalie received her birth and what education she had on her parent's plantation, the famed old Reine Sainte Foy place, and it is no secret that, like the ancient kings of France, her birth exceeded her education.

It was a plantation, the Reine Sainte Foy, the richness and luxury of which are really well described in those perfervid pictures of tropical life, at one time the passion of philanthropic imaginations, excited and exciting over the horrors of slavery. Although these pictures were then often accused of being purposely exaggerated, they seem now to fall short of, instead of surpassing, the truth. Stately walls, acres of roses, miles of oranges, unmeasured fields of cane, colossal sugar-house—they were all there, and all the rest of it, with the slaves, slaves, slaves everywhere, whole villages of negro cabins. And there were also, most noticeable to the natural, as well as visionary eye—there were the ease, idleness, extravagance, self-indulgence, pomp, pride, arrogance, in short the whole enumeration, the moral *sine qua non*, as some people considered it, of the wealthy slaveholder of aristocratic descent and tastes.

What Mademoiselle Idalie cared to learn she studied, what she did not she ignored; and she followed the same simple rule untrammeled in her eating, drinking, dressing, and comportment generally; and whatever discipline may have been

exercised on the place, either in fact or fiction, most assuredly none of it, even so much as in a threat, ever attainted her sacred person. When she was just turned sixteen, Mademoiselle Idalie made up her mind to go into society. Whether she was beautiful or not, it is hard to say. It is almost impossible to appreciate properly the beauty of the rich, the very rich. The unfettered development, the limitless choice of accessories, the confidence, the self-esteem, the sureness of expression, the simplicity of purpose, the ease of execution,—all these produce a certain effect of beauty behind which one really cannot get to measure length of nose, or brilliancy of the eye. This much can be said; there was nothing in her that positively contradicted any assumption of beauty on her part, or credit of it on the part of others. She was very tall and very thin with small head, long neck, black eyes, and abundant straight black hair,—for which her hair-dresser deserved more praise than she,—good teeth of course, and a mouth that, even in prayer, talked nothing but commands; that is about all she had *en fait d'ornements*, as the modistes say. It may be added that she walked as if the Reine Sainte Foy plantation extended over the whole earth, and the soil of it were too vile for her tread.

Of course she did not buy her toilets in New Orleans. Everything was ordered from Paris, and came as regularly through the custom-house as the modes and robes to the milliners. She was furnished by a certain house there, just as one of a royal family would be at the present day. As this had lasted from her layette up to her sixteenth year, it may be imagined what took place when she determined to make her début. Then it was literally, not metaphorically, *carte blanche*, at least so it got to the ears of society. She

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took a sheet of note-paper, wrote the date at the top, added "I make my début in November," signed her name at the extreme end of the sheet, addressed it to her dressmaker in Paris, and sent it. . . . . .

That she was admired, raved about, loved even, goes without saying. After the first month she held the refusal of half the beaux of New Orleans. Men did absurd, undignified, preposterous things for her: and she? Love? Marry? The idea never occurred to her. She treated the most exquisite of her pretenders no better than she treated her Paris gowns, for the matter of that. She could not even bring herself to listen to a proposal patiently; whistling to her dogs, in the middle of the most ardent protestations, or jumping up and walking away with a shrug of the shoulders, and a "Bah!"

Well! every one knows what happened after '59. There is no need to repeat. The history of one is the history of all. . . . . .

It might have been ten years according to some calculations, or ten eternities,—the heart and the almanac never agree about time,—but one morning old Champigny (they used to call him Champignon) was walking along his levee front . . . . when he saw a figure approaching. He had to stop to look at it, for it was worth while. The head was hidden by a green barege veil, which the showers had plentifully besprinkled with dew; a tall thin figure. . . . She was the teacher of the colored school some three or four miles away. "Ah," thought Champigny, "some Northern lady on a mission." . . . Old Champigny could not get over it that he had never seen her before. But he must have seen her, and, with his abstraction and old age, not have noticed her, for he found out from the negroes that she had been teaching four or five years there. And he found out also—how, it is not important—that she was Idalie Sainte Foy Mortemart des Islets. *La grande demoiselle!* He had never known her in the old days, owing to his uncomplimentary attitude toward women, but he knew of her, of course, and of her family. . . . . .

Only the good God himself knows what passed in Champigny's mind on the subject. We know only the results. He went and married *la grand demoiselle*. How? Only the good God knows that too.

WAITMAN BARBE.

1864–——

WAITMAN BARBE was born at Morgantown, West Virginia, and educated at the State University in that town. Since the year 1884 he has been engaged in editorial and literary pursuits, being now editor of the *Daily State Journal*. He has already made a reputation as a speaker on literary and educational topics: and his poems, first appearing in periodicals, have now been collected into a volume called "Ashes and Incense," the first edition of which was exhausted in six months. It "has put him among the foremost of the young American poets." Edmund Clarence Stedman says of it: "There is real poetry in the book—a voice worth owning and exercising. I am struck with the beauty and feeling of the lyrics which I have read—such, for example, as the stanzas on Lanier and 'The Comrade Hills.'"

WORKS.

Ashes and Incense.

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SIDNEY LANIER.

(*From Ashes and Incense.**)

O Spirit to a kingly holding born!
As beautiful as any southern morn
That wakes to woo the willing hills,
Thy life was hedged about by ills
As pitiless as any northern night;
Yet thou didst make it as thy "Sunrise" bright.

The seas were not too deep for thee; thine eye
Was comrade with the farthest star on high.
The marsh burst into bloom for thee,—
And still abloom shall ever be!
Its sluggish tide shall henceforth bear alway
A charm it did not hold until thy day.

And Life walks out upon the slipping sands
With more of flowers in her trembling hands
Since thou didst suffer and didst sing!
And so to thy dear grave I bring
One little rose, in poor exchange for all
The flowers that from thy rich hand did fall.

MADISON CAWEIN.

1865=——.

MADISON CAWEIN, born at Louisville, Kentucky, of Huguenot descent, is one of our younger poets who seems overflowing with life and fancy. His writings show a wonderful insight into nature and power of expressing her beauties and meanings. The amount of his poetical work is astonishing, and another volume will soon appear, entitled "Intimations of the Beautiful."

*By permission of the author, and publishers, J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila.

WORKS.

Days and Dreams.
Blooms of the Berry.
Triumph of Music.
Poems of Nature and Love.
Accolon of Gaul and other Poems.
Lyrics and Idyls.
Moods and Memories.
Red Leaves and Roses.

THE WHIPPOORWILL.

(*From Red Leaves and Roses.**)

I.

Above long woodland ways that led
To dells the stealthy twilights tread
The west was hot geranium-red;
And still, and still,
Along old lanes, the locusts sow
With clustered curls the May-times know,
Out of the crimson afterglow,
We heard the homeward cattle low,
And then the far-off, far-off woe
Of "whippoorwill!" of "whippoorwill!"

II.

Beneath the idle beechen boughs
We heard the cow-bells of the cows
Come slowly jangling towards the house;
And still, and still,
Beyond the light that would not die
Out of the scarlet-haunted sky,
Beyond the evening-star's white eye
Of glittering chalcedony,
Drained out of dusk the plaintive cry
Of "whippoorwill!" of "whippoorwill!"

III.

What is there in the moon, that swims
A naked bosom o'er the limbs,
That all the wood with magic dims?
While still, while still,
Among the trees whose shadows grope

* By permission of the author, and publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.

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'Mid ferns and flow'rs the dew-drops ope,—
Lost in faint deeps of heliotrope
Above the clover-scented slope,—
Retreats, despairing past all hope,
The whippoorwill, the whippoorwill.

DIXIE.

I.

I wish I wuz in de land ob cotton,
Ole times dar am not forgotten;
Look away! look away! look away!
Dixie land.
In Dixie land whar I wuz born in,
Early on one frosty mornin';
Look away! look away! look away!
Dixie land.

CHORUS.

Den I wish I were in Dixie, hooray! hooray!
In Dixie land
I'll took my stand
To lib and die in Dixie,
Away, away, away down south in Dixie,
Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

II.

Dar's buckwheat cakes and Ingen batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble,
To Dixie land I'm bound to trabble.

The following is a list of other authors and works that would have been included in the body of the book if space had allowed. It is with great regret that only this mention of them can be made. See "List of Southern Writers" for fuller notice.

Allan, William: Army of Northern Virginia.
Asbury, Francis: Journals.
Blair, James: State of His Majesty's Colony in Virginia.
Bledsoe, Albert Taylor: A Theodicy, Is Davis a Traitor?
Brock, R. A.: Southern Historical Society Papers.
Burnett, Mrs. Frances Hodgson: That Lass o' Lowrie's.
Cable, George Washington: Bonaventure (Acadian sketches in Louisiana).
Caruthers, William A.: Knights of the Golden Horse-shoe (tale of Bacon's Rebellion).
Dabney, Virginius: Don Miff.
Davis, Mrs. Varina Jefferson: Jefferson Davis.
Dinwiddie Papers.
Elliott, Sarah Barnwell: John Paget.
Goulding, Francis Robert: Young Marooners.
Hearn, Lafcadio: Youma.
Hooper, Johnson Jones: Captain Suggs' Adventures.
Ingraham, Joseph Holt: Prince of the House of David.
Jones, John Beauchamp: Rebel War Clerk's Diary, Wild Western Scenes.
Kouns, Nathan Chapman: Arius the Libyan.
Le Conte, Joseph: Geology, Science and the Bible.
Loughborough, Mrs. Mary Webster: My Cave Life in Vicksburg (in prison during the war).

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McCabe, James Dabney, Jr.: Gray-Jackets.

McGuire, Mrs. Judith Walker: Diary of a Southern Refugee; (said to be a most faithful and pathetic picture of the terrible times in 1861–5. It was a private journal kept during the war, and Mrs. McGuire was afterwards induced to publish it).

Mason, Emily Virginia: Popular Life of R. E. Lee.

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Meade, William: Old Churches, Ministers, and Families of Virginia.

Parker, William Harwar: Recollections of a Naval Officer.

Piatt, Mrs. Sarah Morgan Bryan: Poems.

Randolph, Innis: Good Old Rebel, Back-Log.

Randolph, Sarah Nicholas: Domestic Life of Jefferson.

Semmes, Raphael: Service Afloat, Cruise of the Alabama.

Semple, Robert Baylor: History of Virginia Baptists.

Sims, James Marion: Story of My Life.

Smedes, Mrs. Susan Dabney: A Southern Planter; (a biography of Mrs. Smedes' father. Of this work, Hon. W. E. Gladstone says in a letter to the author: "I am very desirous that the Old World should have the benefit of this work. I ask your permission to publish it in England. . . . Allow me to thank you, dear Madam, for the good the book must do.").

Smith, Francis Hopkinson: Colonel Carter of Cartersville.

Spotswood, Alexander: Letters, 1710–22.

Stith, William: History of Virginia (before 1755).

Strother, David Hunter: Virginia Illustrated.

Taylor, Richard: Destruction and Reconstruction.

Wiley, Edwin Fuller: Angel in the Cloud.

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GENERAL QUESTIONS.

These questions apply to all the authors, and hence will not be repeated under each name.

1. Give the date of birth, and the date of death of those not living. 2. Where was the author born? 3. Where did he pass his life? 4. What was his education? 5. What was his profession and what positions, if any, did he fill? 6. Describe his character. 7. His style of writing. 8. Give the names of his Works. 9. Title and contents of the extracts given. 10. Learn the short extracts and poems by heart. *11. Find on the map all the places mentioned.* (*This is of prime importance, and I beg that this question may never be omitted*).

FIRST PERIOD, 1579-1750.

JOHN SMITH.—1. Why did Captain Smith fight against the Turks? 2. When did he come to America? 3. How did he spend his time after 1609? *4. What other settlement was in America at this time besides Jamestown? 5. By whom and when made?*

WILLIAM STRACHEY.—1. What is the special fame of this description of a storm? 2. Give some features of it. *3. Who was ruler of England at this time?*

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JOHN LAWSON.—1. Why did he come to Carolina, and when? 2. Tell of his sad death. 3. What is the story of "Sir Walter Raleigh's Ship"? (*See the poem, "The Palatine Ship," by William Gilmore Simms*). *4. Was there any settlement in South Carolina at this time? 5. If so, when and by whom made?*

WILLIAM BYRD.—1. What distinction has Byrd among the writers of Virginia? For what was his daughter Evelyn noted? 3. Who was governor of North Carolina in 1713-1720? *4. Is the Dismal Swamp so hard to cross now? 5. How old was George Washington when William Byrd died? 6. What town is named for Governor Eden?*

SECOND PERIOD, 1750-1800.

HENRY LAURENS.—1. Why did he go to Europe in 1771? in 1779? 2. What title was given his son John? 3. For whom was he exchanged? 4. How was he buried? *5. What was happening in America during his imprisonment, 1779-1781?*

GEORGE WASHINGTON.—1. What did his mother say of him? 2. What is his national title? 3. What monuments have been reared to him? 4. What salary had he as Commander-in-Chief? When was the Farewell Address written? *6. Where and when did his inauguration as President take place? 7. When was Washington City laid off as the Capital of the United States? 8. Name the thirteen original States.*

PATRICK HENRY.—1. What did Jefferson say of him? 2. What part did he take in the Revolutionary War? 3. When did he say "If this be treason—"? 4. When and where was his greatest speech made? *5. What other great man died the same year that he did? 6. What difference in their ages?*

WILLIAM HENRY DRAYTON.—1. Who went with him to be educated? 2. What bold public statement did he make in April, 1776? *3. What battles of the Revolution occurred in South Carolina during Drayton's life?*

THOMAS JEFFERSON.—1. What is Jefferson's title? 2. Of what political party is he considered the founder? 3. What other ex-president died the same day? 4. What inscription is on his tomb? 5. What does he say of the relative positions of the upper and lower classes? *2. Who were presidents before Jefferson? 7. Who, after him, up to the time of his death? 8. What famous Frenchman visited Jefferson in 1825? 9. Quote some of the Declaration of Independence.*

DAVID RAMSAY.—1. Who was his second wife? 2. Of what profession were their daughters? *3. Where is Fort Moultrie and for whom named? 4. Where is there a statue to Sergeant Jasper?*

JAMES MADISON.—1. What is Professor Fiske's estimate of him? 2. Tell of his marriage and of Mrs. Madison. *3. How long and when was Madison President? 4. What war took place during that time? 5. What disaster occurred in Washington in 1814? 6. What patriotic song was written the same year?*

ST. GEORGE TUCKER.—1. When did he come to America and whom did he marry? *2. Where is William and Mary College and when was it founded? 3. What famous men were teachers and students there?*

JOHN MARSHALL.—1. How long was he Chief-Justice? 2. Repeat Charles Cotesworth Pinckney's famous remark. 3. Over what great trial did Marshall preside? 4. When was it? 5. Where are fine statues of him? *6. Who was Pinckney?*

HENRY LEE.—1. What title had he in the Revolution? 2. Who was his mother? 3. What well-known words were first used by him? 4. Who was his most famous son? *5. Was Mrs. Motte's house burned down?*

MASON LOCKE WEEMS.—1. Of what church was he rector?

JOHN DRAYTON.—1. Whose son was he? 2. When did the battle of Noewee occur? *3. Who were Lord North and Lord Grenville? 4. What relation was Lieutenant Hampton to General Wade Hampton, of South Carolina?*

WILLIAM WIRT.—1. What two famous speeches by Wirt are here mentioned? 2. Who was the "Blind Preacher"? 3. What did Wirt say of life, in 1829? *4. Learn something more about the "Blind Preacher." (See People's Cyclopedia, Hart's American Literature.) 5. Who were Demothenes, Ossian, Homer, Milton, Rousseau?*

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.—1. From whom was he descended? 2. What does Paulding say of him? *3. Where is found the quotation—"Free will, fixed fate, foreknowledge absolute"?*

GEORGE TUCKER.—1. To whom was he related? 2. How long was he professor at the University of Virginia? 3. Who was founder of the University? *4. Where is the Natural Bridge? (See picture under Mrs. Preston.) 7. When was the University established and opened?*

THIRD PERIOD, 1800-1850.

HENRY CLAY.—1. What two titles did he have, and for what reasons? 2. Mention some of his companions in public life. 3. Of what measures was he the author? *4. Who was Jackson? 5. Who were Philip, Alexander, Cæsar, Brutus, Madame de Staël, Bonaparte? 6. What was the difference in the ages of Clay, Calhoun, and Webster?*

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.—1. Relate the circumstances under which the "Star-Spangled Banner" was written. *2. What city was burned by the British in the year in which this song was composed?*

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.—1. What was his favorite pursuit? 2. Where is a set of his works to be seen?

THOMAS HART BENTON.—1. What title did he gain, and how? 2. What is said of his great work? *3. Who were Randolph and Clay? 4. What was the cause of the duel? 5. What office had Clay at the time? 6. How were Benton and Clay connected? (Mrs. Clay was a cousin of Benton's, she had been Miss Lucretia Hart). 7. Whom did Benton's daughter Jessie marry, and what did she write? (See "List of Southern Writers," Frémont).*

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN.—1. Who was his early teacher? 2. What was the remark of Calhoun's father about government? 3. What is Calhoun's home now? 4. What is the principle of Nullification? 5. Who first said, "To the victors belong the spoils," as applied to public offices? 6. What does Calhoun say of it? *7. Who are the three greatest statesmen of the "Compromise Period" (1820-1850)?* 8. What does Everett say of them? *9. What does Stephens say of Calhoun in 1850? (See under A. H. Stephens).* 10. What does Webster say of him? *11. What rank does he hold as a statesman and patriot?* 12. Who are the others mentioned as contemporary with Calhoun in the Senate?

NATHANIEL BEVERLEY TUCKER.—1. Whose son was he, and whose half-brother? 2. Give the plan of the "Partisan Leader." 3. *When was Van Buren president?*

DAVID CROCKETT.—1. What was his motto? 2. What does he say of the earthquake and its effects? 3. *When was the great earthquake in the Mississippi Valley?* 4. *Where is the Alamo?* 5. *Tell something of its defence and fall. (See under Houston).*

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.—1. What discoveries did he make in Italy? 2. What is the poem by which he is known? (It is also called "The Captive's Lament"). 3. Tell the incident of its translation. 4. Who was Mrs. White-Beatty? 5. *What else can you learn of her?* 6. *Who were Giotto, Dante, Tasso, and Petrarch?*

AUGUSTUS BALDWIN LONGSTREET.—1. Who was "Ned Brace"? 2. How did Judge Longstreet feel about "Georgia Scenes" in his later years? 3. *When did Washington make his Southern tour?* 4. *How old was Judge Bacon then?*

ROBERT YOUNG HAYNE.—1. When and with whom was his great debate on Nullification? 2. What action did South Carolina take in 1832? 3. What prevented war? 4. What did Webster say the Union would be if the doctrine of State Sovereignty should be accepted? 5. What action had the citizens of Boston taken in 1809? 6. *What was the resolution of the Virginia Convention on adopting the Constitution of the United States?* 7. *Who wrote Hayne's Life?*

SAM HOUSTON.—1. When did Houston go to Texas? 2. What caused the Texan war of independence? *3. Who were the four presidents of the Republic of Texas? 4. How long was Texas independent, and when did she enter the Union? 5. Who was then president of the United States?*

WILLIAM CAMPBELL PRESTON.—1. What great orator was his uncle? 2. With what distinguished men was he associated, and who were they? *3. When was South Carolina University founded?*

JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY.—1. In what novel of Thackeray did he write a chapter? 2. What was his connection with the Peabody Institute? 3. What poet did he befriend? *4. Who was Horse-Shoe Robinson? 5. Whence his name? (He was a blacksmith).*

HUGH SWINTON LEGARÉ.—1. For what was he noted? 2. What does Judge Story say of him? *3. When did he live in Washington City? 4. When was he in Belgium?* 6. Where did he die? *6. What poet wrote his life?*

MIRABEAU BUONAPARTE LAMAR.—1. When was he president of Texas? *2. Who succeeded him?*

FRANCIS LISTER HAWKS.—1. What induced Dr. Hawks to write a history of North Carolina? 2. Who was the first white child born in America? 3. When? 4. Who was the first Indian baptized? *5. Where is the town named for him?* 6. What probably became of the Lost Colony of Roanoke and of the little Virginia Dare? *7. How old was she when her grandfather came back? 8. When did Sir Walter Raleigh send his first colony? 9. Did he ever come himself? 10. Tell of his life.*

GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE.—1. What paper did he establish? 2. *How many mouths has the Mississippi River?* 3. *Who wrote his life?* (*See under G in "List of Southern Writers"*).

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY.—1. What position had his father in 1802? 2. *For what was his father distinguished?* 3. *Who do you think were "the five greatest poets of the country" in his lifetime?*

CHARLES ÉTIENNE ARTHUR GAYARRÉ.—1. In what languages did he write? 2. Who first manufactured sugar in Louisiana? 3. When? 4. Who were lords of Louisiana in 1750-70? 5. *How long was Louisiana under Spanish domination?* 6. *When was the Louisiana Purchase made?* 7. *Tell the story of the Acadians.*

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.—1. What title did his sea studies acquire for him? 2. What was his service to the Atlantic Telegraph Cable? 3. Tell what honors he received. 4. Where is there a monument to Lieutenant Herndon?

5. What relation were Maury and Herndon? 6. Learn something of the Emperor Maximilian and the Mexican revolution.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.—1. What is the subject of most of Simms' novels? 2. Who has written his life? 3. *What is the usual form of Manneyto? (Manitou).* 4. *Who were the Yemassees and when was the Yemassee war?* 5. *Give a sketch of General Marion. (See also under Ramsay).*

ROBERT EDWARD LEE.—1. Who have written the life of General Lee? 2. What is the present name of Washington College? *3. Where are there monuments to Lee? 4. When did the Civil War begin and end? 5. Learn more of General Lee.*

JEFFERSON DAVIS.—1. When and where was he inaugurated president of the Confederacy? 2. What has his daughter Winnie written? *3. Who have written the life of President Davis? 4. When was Pierce president of the United States? 5. Where is Beauvoir? 6. Where is the Hermitage? 7. Where is Mr. Davis buried?*

EDGAR ALLAN POE.—1. What is said of the "Raven" in 1845? 2. Where are monuments to Poe? 3. Which are the best lives of him? *4. Who was John Pendleton Kennedy? 5. What is the Koran? 6. "The red levin"?*

ROBERT TOOMBS.—1. What two distinguished men besides Toombs were ordered to be captured after the war? 2. Why did he not sue for pardon? 3. Who have written his life? *4. Learn more of him.*

OCTAVIA WALTON LEVERT.—1. What was the name of her father and grandfather? 2. What did La Fayette say of her when a child? 3. What is said of her in Washington? *4. Trace her voyage to Spain from Mobile, Ala. 5. Who were the Moors and when did they rule Spain?*

LOUISA SUSANNAH M'CORD.—1. Name of Mrs. M'Cord's father? 2. Learn the last paragragh on page 292. 3. When was this article published? 4. Where is Forte Motte? 5. *For what is it noted? 6. Tell something of the Women's Rights Movement in Europe and America.*

JOSEPH G. BALDWIN.—1. What do you think of this sketch of Virginians? *2. Translate the Latin. 3. Who were Jefferson, Hamilton, Jackson, Clay, John Randolph?*

ALEXANDER HAMILTON STEPHENS.—1. In what family did he teach? 2. Name of his home? 3. Tell the anecdotes of him. 4. When did Calhoun die? *5. Tell what you can of the Senators mentioned in the sketch. 6. How did Fillmore afterwards become president of the United States? 7. When?*

ALEXANDER BEAUFORT MEEK.—1. What system was established by him in Alabama? 2. Tell some of the characters in his writings. 3. For whom is Montgomery named? *4. When was the Seminole war? 5. Who was the American general? 6. What river did De Soto discover, and when did he march through Alabama?*

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE.—1. Whose brother and whose cousin was he? 2. What is said of the poem "Florence Vane"?

THEODORE O'HARA.—1. When was the battle of Buena Vista? 2. Where is O'Hara buried? *3. What is meant by "the Dark and Bloody Ground"? 4. What famous pioneer is also buried in Frankfort? 5. Mention some others given in this book who were in the battle of Buena Vista.*

FOURTH PERIOD, 1850-1895.

GEORGE RAINSFORD FAIRBANKS.—1. What other names had Osceola? *2. Find out more about him, and about the Florida War. 3. For whom is Fort Moultrie named? 4. Who wrote the lines on page 314?*

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RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.—1. What people are described in his stories? *2. Who are they, and what are such people called in London, in North Carolina, and in different other States?* 3. Who was Mr. Ellington?

JOHN REUBEN THOMPSON.—1. Of what magazine was he editor from 1847 to 1859? 2. Who were some of its contributors? *4. What other writers edited or wrote for the "Messenger"?* 4. *Who was Ashby?*

JAREZ LAMAR MONROE CURRY.—1. What have we inherited from England? 2. What relation does Mr. Gladstone think should exist between England and America? *3. What is the Peabody Educational Fund? 4. Learn what you can of George Peabody and of the Peabody Institute in Baltimore. (See also under John Pendleton Kennedy and Sidney Lanier.)*

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON.—1. How was Mrs. Preston related to Stonewall Jackson? 2. Where did he die? 3. What were his last words? *4. Where is the Virginia Military Institute? 5. Where is the Natural Bridge? (See Jefferson's Description).*

CHARLES HENRY SMITH ("BILL ARP").—1. Tell of the Cherokees and their march to the West. 2. Who were Ridge and Ross? 3. Tell of John Howard Payne's imprisonment. *4. Why did the Cherokees go beyond the Mississippi?*

ST. GEORGE H. TUCKER.—1. What relation was he to St. George Tucker? 2. When was Jamestown burned? 3. When did the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond occur? 4. *When was Berkeley governor of Virginia?* 5. *Tell of Bacon's Rebellion. (See also Dr. Caruthers' "Knights of the Golden Horseshoe").* 6. *What is left of Jamestown now? (See under John Smith).*

GEORGE WILLIAM BAGBY.—1. What was Dr. Bagby's pen-name? 2. Whom did he succeed as editor of the "Southern Literary Messenger"? 3. *Who was Rubinstein?*

SARAH ANNE DORSEY.—1. How did Mrs. Dorsey gain her pen-name? 2. To whom did she will her Mississippi home? 3. Who was H. W. Allen? 4. What was her opinion as to going into exile after the war? 6. *Mention some other Confederate soldiers who went to Mexico.* 6. *Who was Mrs. C. A Warfield and what did she write? (See "List of Southern Writers.")* 7. *Describe the life of the mistress of a large plantation. (See under Kennedy and Mrs. M'Cord; also Mrs. Smedes' "Southern Planter.")*

HENRY TIMROD.—1. What occupation did Timrod's father choose and why? 2. Who were the companions of Timrod's vacations? 3. Who wrote a sketch of his life? 4. In what great fire was his property destroyed in Columbia? *5. When did it occur? 5. Where is Magnolia Cemetery?*

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.—1. What title has been given him? 2. What loss had he during the war? 3. What relation was he to Robert Young Hayne? 4. What book has his son published? 5. The name of his son?

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.—1. What relation was he to P. P. Cooke and to John P. Kennedy? *2. Who were Jackson and Stuart? 3. Tell something of Virginia History at the time the "Races" took place; of United States History at the same time.*

ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE.—1. What title had he and why? 2. What race settled North Carolina? 3. *What is the origin of the term "buncombe" as popularly used? 4. Tell of the Siege of Londonderry, and of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence.*

ALBERT PIKE.—1. Tell of his trip to the West. 2. Of what does his "Mocking-Bird" remind one? *3. Learn more of Pike and of his labors for Freemasonry.*

WILLIAM TAPPAN THOMPSON.—1. What distinction about his birth? *2. What was the Western Reserve?*

JAMES BARRON HOPE.—1. In what year was the 250th anniversary of the settlement of Jamestown? *2. Who is "the Man" of the Yorktown Centennial Ode? 3. Tell of the surrender at Yorktown. 4. For whom was Lord Cornwallis exchanged?*

JAMES WOOD DAVIDSON.—1. What have been his services to Southern literature? 2. What is the Beautiful? 3. The Poetical?

CHARLES COLCOCK JONES, JR.—1. What collections did he make? 2. How stands he among Georgian writers? 3. Describe the city of Savannah in 1734. *6. Tell something of James Edward Oglethorpe. 5. What did Oglethorpe write? (See "List of Southern Writers").* 6. *Who were Jasper, De Soto, Pulaski?*

MARY VIRGINIA TERHUNE ("MARION HARLAND").—1. For what special purpose was the Story of Mary Washington written? 2. When was the monument unveiled? 3. Where is it? *4. When did Mrs. Washington die?*

AUGUSTA EVANS WILSON.—1. What was Mrs. Wilson's first novel? 2. Her most famous one? *3. Translate the foreign phrases and look up the unknown names in the selection.*

DANIEL BEDINGER LUCAS.—1. When was the poem written? *2. To whom does the fifth stanza refer? 3. What was the Forum?*

JAMES RYDER RANDALL.—1. What has "My Maryland" been called? 2. When was it written? *3. Who were Carroll, Howard, Ringgold, Watson, Lowe, May?*

ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN.—1. What was his title? 2. Mention some of his poems? *3. What was the Conquered Banner?*

WILLIAM GORDON MCCABE.—*1. What were the Trenches? 2. Who wrote Tristram and Iseult?*

SIDNEY LANIER.—1. What kind of ancestry had he? 2. What is said of his "Science of English Verse"? 3. What was his favorite remark on Art? 4. Tell of the Centennial Ode. *5. To what poems does Barbe refer in his tribute to Lanier? (See under Waitman Barbe).* 6. Study well the "Song of the Chattahoochee," its rhyme, meter, and thought. 7. *What are the marshes of Glynn? (Salt marches on the coast of Ga.) 8. What are the Peabody Symphony Concerts?*

JAMES LANE ALLEN.—1. From what States was Kentucky mainly settled? 2. When was the battle of Blue Licks? *3. When was Kentucky admitted to the Union?*

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.—1. What is said of "On the Plantation"? 2. Is the negro dialect the same in all the States? *3. Who was Uncle Remus?*

ROBERT BURNS WILSON.—1. Who is the "Fair Daughter of the Sun"? 2. To whom are Wilson's poems dedicated?

CHRISTIAN REID (MRS. TIERNAN).—1. In what battle was Colonel Fisher killed? 2. *When was it?* 3. Tell of Dr. Mitchell's death and burial. (A granite monument has been erected over his grave).

HENRY WOODFEN GRADY.—1. Of what paper was he editor? 2. Where is there a monument to him? *3. Learn all that you can of the persons and places mentioned in the extract.*

THOMAS NELSON PAGE.—1. With whom did he first write? 2. What passage of Grady's does the extract illustrate?

CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK (MISS MURFREE).—1. For whom was Murfreesboro named? 2. Where are Miss Murfree's stories laid?

DANSKE DANDRIDGE.—1. Whence did Mrs. Dandridge get her first name? 2. Learn the beautiful poem by heart.

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AMÉLIE RIVES (MRS. CHANLER).—1. Who were her paternal grandparents, and what did they write? 2. What style had she at first? *3. Learn something of the ginseng-diggers in the Alleghany Mountains.*

GRACE KING.—*Describe the contrast in the life of many of the Southern planters before and after the war.*

WAITMAN BARBE.—1. To whom is the poem addressed? 2. Of what paper is he editor?

MADISON CAWEIN.—1. Of what race is he? *2. Who were the Huguenots? 2. Learn something of their history.*

DIXIE.—*1. Who wrote Dixie, and when?*

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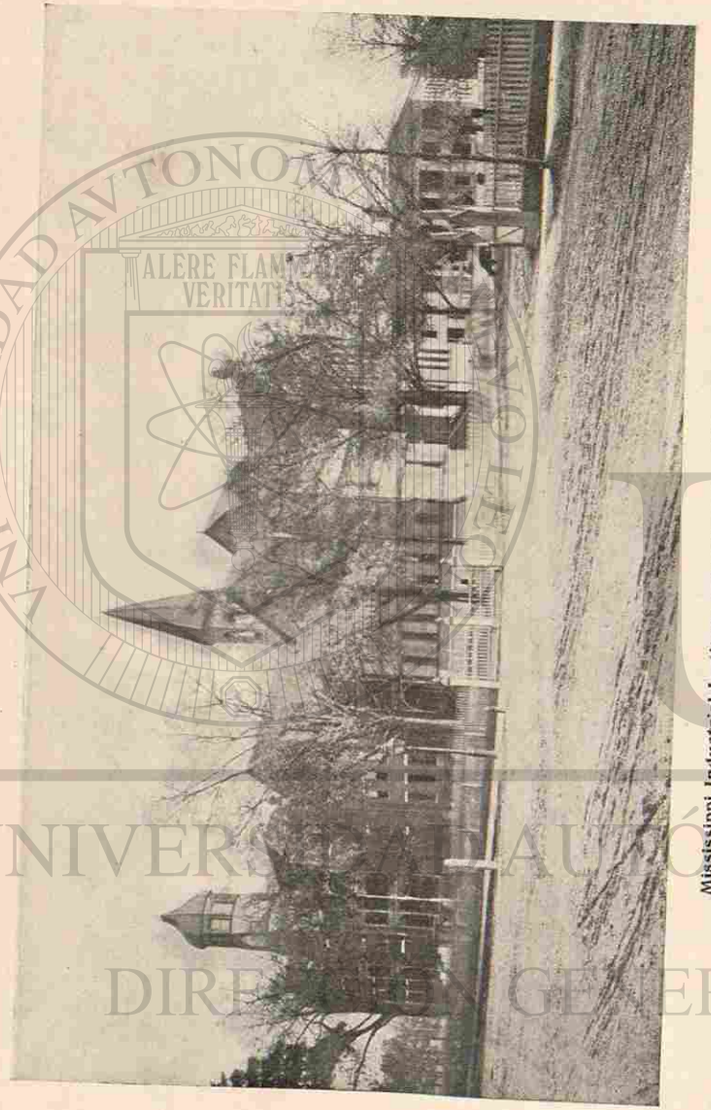

Mississippi Industrial Institute and College for Girls, Columbus, Miss.

List of Southern Writers.

This list is not complete. It is my desire to make it so, and I shall be greatly obliged for information as to names, dates, residence, and works of Southern writers. Correction of mistakes is urgently and respectfully solicited, as well as fuller details in regard to the names here given, which lack some of the above particulars.

Communications may be addressed to Miss Louise Manly, care B. F. Johnson Publishing Company, Richmond, Virginia.

Valuable aid has been most kindly and generously rendered by Prof. B. F. Meek, University of Alabama; Prof. Howard N. Ogden, University of West Virginia (now of the University of Chicago); Mr. Charles Weathers Bump, Ph. D., Johns Hopkins University; Prof. Charles W. Kent, Linden-Kent Professor of English, University of Virginia; Dr. James Wood Davidson, Washington, D. C.; Prof. B. F. Riley, University of Georgia; Mr. Alfred Holt Stone, Greenville, Mississippi; Prof. R. H. Willis, Arkansas University; Prof. F. C. Woodward, South Carolina University; Prof. C. V. Waugh, Florida State College; Miss Sara Hartman, Editor of *The Gulf Messenger*, San Antonio, Texas; Mr. F. A. Sampson, Sedalia, Missouri; Mr. William F. Switzler, Editor of *The Missouri Democrat*, Boonville, Missouri; Mr. Fay Hempstead, Little Rock, Arkansas; Mr. Leonard Lemmon, Editor of *The School Forum*, Sherman, Texas; Prof. E. M. Davis, University of Tennessee (now of Hampden-Sidney, Va.), and other professors and scholars.

Those marked * are to be found in the body of the book. The following abbreviations are used:

Bapt., Baptist.
c. e., civil engineer.
cl., clergyman.
ed., editor.
edu., educator.
jour., journalist.
R. C., Roman Catholic.
Luth., Lutheran.
M. E., Methodist Episcopal.
nat., naturalist.
P. E., Protestant Episcopal.
phys., physician.
Pr., Presbyterian.
sci., scientist.

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Abbey, Richard . . . . . M. E. Cl. . . . . Miss.
Apostolic Succession, Creed of All Men, and other religious works.

Aiken, Mrs. J. G. . . . . La.
Poems.

Ainslie, Hew, 1792–1878 . . . . . poet . . . . . Scotland, Ky.
Ingleside, On with the Tartan, Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns, and other poems.

Aleix, Mme Eulalie L. T. . . . . La.
Le Livre d'Or de la Comtesse Diane, Maxime de la Vie, Les Poésies de Lamartine.

Alfriend, Frank H. . . . . Va.
Life of Jefferson Davis, Life of R. E. Lee.

Allan, William, —— d. 1891 . . . . . colonel C. S. A . . Va.
Battlefields of Virginia, Jackson's Valley Campaign, Army of Northern Virginia.

Allen, Henry Watkins, 1820–1866 . . . . . War governor of La.
Travels of a Sugar-Planter.

*Allen, James Lane . . . . . novelist . . . . . Ky.
Flute and Violin and other stories, John Gray, A Kentucky Cardinal.

Allston, Joseph Blyth, ... soldier . . . . . S. C.
Battle Songs.

Allston, Washington, 1779–1843 artist and poet S C., Eng., Mass.
Monaldi (novel), Poems, Art writings.

Alsop, George, 1638—. . . colonist . . . England, Md.
Character of the Province of Maryland, Small Treatise on the Wild and Naked Indians or Susquehannakes of Maryland.

Anderson, Florence . . . . . Ky
Zenaida (novel), Poems.

Andrew, James Osgood, 1794–1871, . . M. E. bishop . Ga., Ala.
Miscellanies, Family Government.

Andrews, Eliza Frances, 1847 (" *Elzey Hay*") . . . . . Ga.
Family Secret, Mere Adventurers, Prince Hal, Dress Under Difficulties (fashions in Dixie during the war), Plea for Red Hair, and other writings.

Andry, Mme Laure . . . . . La.
Histoire de la Louisiane pour les Enfants.

Archdale, John, Quaker, came in 1664 as governor of Carolina.
Description of Carolina.

Archer, G. W. . . . . phys . . . . . Md.
More than She Could Bear (Tales of Texas).

Arrington, Alfred W., 1810–1867 . . . . . N. C., Mo., Ark.
Apostrophe to Water, Sketch of the South-West, Rangers and Regulators of the Tanaha.

Asbury, Francis, 1745–1816 . . . . M. E. bishop. . . . . Eng., Va.
Journal (3 vols., travels in establishing Methodism).

Ashe, Thomas, (" T. A., Gent.") . . . . . Eng., Va.
Carolina: or a Description of the Present State of that Country and the Natural Excellencies thereof (published in 1682, reprinted, 1836).

*Audubon, John James, 1780–1851 . . naturalist. . La., Pa., Ky., N. Y.
Ornithological Biographies, Birds of America, Quadrupeds of America (with Rev. John Bachman).

Augustin, George . . . . . La.
Legends of New Orleans.

Augustin, John . . . . . La.
Creole Songs, War Flowers.

Augustin, Marie.. . . . . La.
Le Macandal (novel).

Bachman, John, 1790–1874, . . . Luth. cl., nat., ... N. Y., S. C.
Quadrupeds of America (with Audubon), Unity of the Human Race, Defence of Luther.

Bacon, Julia . . . . . Tex.
Looking for the Fairies, and other poems.

*Bagby, George William, 1828–1883 . . . humorist, essayist . . . Va.
Letters of Mozis Addums and other writings.

Baker, Daniel, 1791–1857 . . . . Pr. cl., edu. . . Ga., Va., Tex.
Sermons, Address to Fathers, and other works.

Baker, William Munford (son of Daniel), 1825–1883 . cl. . Tex., Mass.
Inside, A Chronicle of Secession, by *G. F. Harrington*, Virginians in Texas, New Timothy, and other works.

Baker, Mrs. Marion A. (*Julie K. Wetherill*), 1858– . . . . . La.
Poems, essays, and other writings.

*Baldwin, Joseph G., 1811–1864 . . . jurist, humorist . . . Ala., Cal.
Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi, Party Leaders, and other writings.

Baldwin, James Mark . . . . . edu. . . . . S. C., N. J.
Mental Development in the Child and the Race, Psychology.

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Ball, Mrs. Caroline A. [Rutledge] . . . . . S. C.
Jacket of Gray and other Poems (1866).

Banister, John, ?–1692 . . . . . botanist . . . . . Eng., Va.
Insects of Virginia, Curiosities in Virginia.

*Barbe, Waitman, 1864– . . . . . ed. . . . . W. Va.
Addresses, Ashes and Incense, and other poems.

Barbee, William J, 1816– . . . cl., phys., edu., Ky., Tenn., Mo.
Cotton Question, Life of Paul, and other writings.

Barber, Miss Catherine Webb [Mrs. Towles] . ed. Mass., Ala., Ga.
(Ed. "Miss Barber's Weekly,") Three Golden Links, Freemason's Fireside.

Barclay, James Turner, 1807–1874 . . . . . cl. . . . . Va., Ala.
City of the Great King.

Barde, Alexandre . . . . . La.
Histoire des Comités de Vigilance aux Attakapas.

Barnes, Annie Maria, 1857– . . . . . S. C., Ga.
Some Lowly Lives, Story of the Chattahoochee, Found in the Sand, &c.

Barney, John, 1784–1856 . . . . . Md.
Personal Recollections of Men and Things in America and Europe.

Barr, Mrs. Amelia Edith . . . . . Eng., Tex.
Remember the Alamo, Jan Vedder's Wife, and many other novels.

Barrow, Mrs. Frances Elizabeth [Mease] (*Aunt Fanny*), 1822, S. C., N. Y.
Aunt Fanny's Story-Book, Letter G, Six Nightcaps.

Bartlett, Napier . . . . . La.
Military Recollections of Louisiana, Soldier's Story of the War.

Bartley, James Avis . . . . . Va.
Lays of Virginia.

Bascom, Henry Bidleman, 1796-1850. M. E. bishop . . . N. Y., Ky.
(Ed. "Southern Methodist Quarterly Review,") Sermons, Methodism and Slavery.

Baxter, William, 1823– . . . cl., edu., ... England, Ark.
Poems, Pea Ridge and Prairie Grove, War Lyrics.

Bay . . . . . Mo.
Bench and Bar of Missouri.

Baylor, Frances Courtenay, 1848– . . . novelist . . . . Ark., Va.
On Both Sides, Behind the Blue Ridge, A Shocking Example.

Beale, Helen G. . . . . Va.
Lansdowne.

Beard, Richard, 1799–1880, . . . Pr. cl., edu. . . . . Tenn.
Systematic Theology, Biographical Sketches, Why I Am a Cumberland Presbyterian.

Beauregard, Pierre Gustave Toutant, 1818– . . . soldier . . . . La.
Principles and Maxims of the Art of War, Defence of Charleston.

Beck, George, 1749-1812, edu. . . . . England, Ky.
Poems, original, and translated from Greek and Latin.

Bell, Orelia Key, 1864– . . . . . Ga.
Po' Jo, Jamestown Weed, and other poems.

Bellamy, Mrs. Elizabeth Whitfield [Croom], "*Kamba Thorp*," 1839– . . . . . Fla., Ala.
Four Oaks, Little Joanna, Penny Lancaster Farmer, Old Man Gilbert, The Luck of the Pendennings, (Ladies' Home Journal, 1895).

Bennett, Mrs. Martha Haines Butt . . . . . Va.
Pastimes with Little Friends, Leisure Moments.

*Benton, Thomas Hart, 1782–1858, statesman . . . . . N. C., Mo.
Thirty Years in the United States Senate.

Berkeley, Sir William, 1610–1677, colonial governor of Virginia, 1641–1676 . . . . . Va.
The Lost Lady, a Tragi-Comedy, 1638; Description of Virginia.

Bernard, P. V. . . . . La.
Un Ancêtre de la Sainte Alliance.

Berrien, John Macpherson, 1781–1856 . . . statesman . . N. J., Ga.
(Called "*The American Cicero*"). Addresss in Congress.

Beverley, Robert, 1670–1735 . statesman, historian . . . . Va.
History of the Present State of Virginia, 1705.

Bigby, Mrs. Mary Catherine [Dougherty], 1839– . . . . . Ga.
Delilah, Death of Polk, and other poems.

Bigney, Mark F . . . . . La.
Forest Pilgrims, Wreck of the Nautilus, and other poems.

Blackburn . . . . . Va.
Miss Washington of Virginia.

Blair, Francis Preston, 1821–1875 . . . . ed., soldier . . . . Ky., Mo.
(Ed. "Mo. Democrat.") Life of General William O. Butler,

Blair, James, 1656–1743, first president of William and Mary College, edu. . . . . Scotland, Va.
State of His Majesty's Colony in Virginia, Sermons.

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Blake, Mrs. Lillie [Devereux], 1835– . . . . . N. C., N. Y.
Woman's Place To-day, Fettered for Life, Southwold, Rockford, and other stories.

Bland, Richard ("Virginia Antiquary"), 1710–1776 . . . . Va.
Letter to the Clergy, Rights of the British Colonies.

Bledsoe, Albert Taylor, 1809–1877 . . . cl., edu . . . Ky., Tenn., Va.
(Ed. "Southern Review"), Theodicy, Is Davis a Traitor? Edwards on the Will, Liberty and Slavery, Philosophy of Mathematics.
"Dr. Bledsoe was a giant of Southern Literature."

Bléton, C. . . . . La.
De la Poésie dans l' Histoire.

Blount, Annie R. . . . . (*Jenny Woodbine*) . . . . . Ga.
Poems, (1860).

Boernstein . . . . . Mo
Mysteries of St. Louis.

Boner, John Henry, 1845– . . . . . N. C., N. Y.
(One of the editors of the Century Dictionary, and of the Library of American Literature), Whispering Pines (poems).

Bosman, John Leeds, 1757–1823 . . . . . lawyer . . . . . Md.
History of Maryland, Verses and prose articles.

Botts, John Minor, 1802–1869 . . . . . Va.
Great Rebellion.

Boyce, James Petigru, 1827–1889 . . . Bapt. cl., edu., . . . S. C., Ky.
(Founder of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary), Systematic Theology, Catechism.

Boyle, Virginia Frazer, 1863– . . . . . Tenn.
Old Canteen, On Both Sides.

Bradley, Thomas Bibb . . . . . Va.
Poems (with his cousin, Mrs. Creswell).

Breckinridge, John Cabell, 1821–1875 . . statesman, soldier . . Ky.
Addresses.

Breckinridge, Robert Jefferson, 1800–1871 . . Pr. cl., edu. . . . Ky.
Internal Evidences of Christianity, Knowledge of God, Travels, and other writings.

Brewer, Willis . . . . . Ala.
Alabama.

Bringhurst, Mrs. Nettie Houston (daughter of Sam Houston) . Tex.
Poems.

Brisbane, Abbott Hall, 1861– . . . . . civil engineer . . . . . S. C.
Ralphston.

Broadus, John Albert, 1827–1895 . Bapt. cl., edu. . . . Va., S. C., Ky.
Preparation and Delivery of Sermons, History of Preaching, Sermons and Addresses, Commentary on Matthew, Memoir of James P. Boyce, Harmony of the Gospels.

Brock, R. A. . . . . Va.
Virginia and Virginians, Southern Historical Society Papers.

Brock, Miss Sallie A. (see Mrs. Putnam) . . . . . Va.

Brooks, Nathan Covington, 1819– . . . . . edu. . . . . Md.
Shelley, History of the Mexican War, Literary Amaranth, and other writings.

Brown, John Henry, ... Tex.
History of Texas.

Brown, William Hill, 1766–1793. . . . . N. C.
Poems.

Browne, Emma Alice, 1840– . . . . . Md.
Poems—"The Water-Lilies Float Away," and others.

Browne, William Hand, 1828–, edu . . . . . Md.
English Literature, Life of Alexander H. Stephens, (with R. M. Johnston), George and Cecilius Calvert, Maryland.

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Mountain Muse, Adventures of Daniel Boone.

Bryan, E. L. . . . . Va.
1860–1865 (novel).

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Manch, Wild Work, Poems, and other works.

Buchanan, Joseph, 1785–1829, ed., inventor . . . . . Va., Ky.
Philosophy of Human Nature.

Buckner, Mrs. R. T. . . . . La.
Toward the Gulf.

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Butler, William Orlando, 1791–1880, soldier . . . . . Ky.
Boatman's Horn (poem).

*Byrd, William, 1674–1744, statesman . . . . . Va.
Westover Manuscripts: History of the Dividing Line, A Journey to the Land of Eden, Progress to the Mines.

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Old Creole Days (1879), Grandissimes (1880), Madam Delphine (1881), Dr. Sevier (1883), Creoles of Louisiana (1884), The Silent South (1885), Bonaventure (1887), Strange True Stories of Louisiana, edited and revised by G. W. Cable (1889), Negro Question (1890), John March, Southerner (1893–4).

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Autobiography, and other works.

Caldwell, James Fitz-James . . . . . S. C.
A Brigade of South Carolinians, Letters from Europe.

*Calhoun, John Caldwell, 1782-1850, statesman . . . . . S. C.
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Poems; Gœthe, Dante, St. Beuve, and other essays.

Campbell, Charles, 1807–1876, . . historian . . . . . Va.
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Canonge, L. Placide, 1822– . . . . . dramatist . . . . . La.
Qui Perd Gagne, Brise du Sud, Le Comte de Carmagnola, Institutions Américaines.

Carleton, Henry Guy, 1835– . . . . . dramatist . . . . . N. M., La.
Memnon.

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Reminiscences of Charleston.

Carroll, Mother Austin . . . . . La.
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Castleman, Virginia C., edu. . . . . Va.
A Child of the Covenant, Belmont, a Tale of the New South.

*Cawein, Madison, 1865– . . , poet . . . . . Ky.
Blooms of the Berry (1887), Days and Dreams, &c.

Chambers, H. E. . . . . La.
Histories of the United States (for schools).

*Chanler. Mrs. Amélie Rives, 1863– . . . . . Va.
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Chapman, John A. . . . . S. C.
The Walk (poem), History of South Carolina (for schools).

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Leaves from the Portfolio of a Georgia Lawyer, Sketches, Poems.

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Madame La Marquise, and other comedies.

Chittenden, William Lawrence, 1862– . . . . . N. J., Tex.
(called "Poet-Ranchman"), Ranch Verses.

Clack, Mrs. Marie Louise . . . . . La.
Our Refugee Household (1866).

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Life and Times of General Sam. Dale, Life of J. A. Quitman (1860), History of the War of Secession.

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That Mary Ann, and other writings.

Clarke, Mrs. Mary Bayard [Devereux], 1830– . . . . . N. C.
Wood-Notes, Mosses from a Rolling Stone, Reminiscences of Cuba, Stories, Sketches, Poems.

*Clay, Henry, 1777–1852. . . . . statesman . . . . . Va., Ky,
Addresses at the Bar and in Congress.

Clemens, Jeremiah, 1814–1865 . . . . . Ala.
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Cobb, Joseph Buckham, 1819–1858 . . . . . Ga., Miss.
Creole, Mississippi Scenes, Leisure Labor.

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Law of Slavery, Laws of Georgia, Addresses, Poems.

Coleman, Charles Washington, Jr . . . . . Va.
Poems, Literature in the South.

Collens. Thomas Wharton, 1812–1879. . . . . lawyer . . . . . La.
Martyr Patriots (drama), Humanics, Eden of Labor.

Collins, Clarence B . . . . . Fla.
(Called "Sand-spur Philosopher"), Tom and Joe, (a story of the war.)

Connelly, Emma M . . . . . Ky
Story of Kentucky, Tilting at Windmills.

Conway, Moncure Daniel, 1832–, ... Va.
Idols and Ideals, Wandering Jew, Pine and Palm, Prisons of Air, Life of Paine, and other works.

Cook, E., colonial times . . . . . Va., Md.
Sot-Weed [*Tobacco*] Factor.

*Cooke, Philip Pendleton, 1816–1850. . . . . Va.
Froissart Ballads and other Poems (1847), John Carpe, Crime of Andrew Blair, and other stories.

*Cooke, John Esten, 1830–1886 . . . . . Va.
Virginia Comedians, Surry of Eagle's Nest, and other novels.

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*Craddock, Charles Egbert (Miss Murfree). . . . . Tenn.
Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains, &c.

Crafts, William, 1787–1826, lawyer . . . . . S. C.
Raciad, and other poems, essays, &c.

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Crawford, J. Marshall . . . . . Va.
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Adventures of a Fair Rebel, In Beaver Cove and Elsewhere, Elizabeth: Christian Scientist.

*Crockett, David, 1786–1836 . . . . . soldier, hunter . . . . . Tenn.
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Cross, Mrs. Jane Tandy [Chinn], 1817–1870 . . . . edu . . . . . Ky.
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Confederate Spy.

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Cameron Hall.

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*Curry, Jabez Lamar Monroe, 1825– . . . diplomate . . . Ala., Va.
Southern States of the American Union, &c.

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Memoir of Washington.

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Don Miff, Gold That Did Not Glitter.

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*Davis, Jefferson, 1808–1889, statesman . . . . . Miss.
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An Irish Knight, Essays, &c.

Davis, Mrs. Mary Evelyn [Moore] . . . . . Ala., Tex., La.
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Logic, Moral Philosophy, &c.

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Dennis, James Teackle . . . . . Md.
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May Brooke, Oriental Pearls, &c.

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*Drayton, John, 1766–1822 . . . . . lawyer . . . . . gov. of S. C.
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Du Bose, Mrs. Catherine Anne [Richards], 1826– . . . . . Ga.
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Sermons.

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Edwards Papers.

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Jerry, The Felmeres, John Paget.

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Emory, John, 1789–1835 . . . . . M. E. bishop . . . . . Md
Divinity of Christ, Defence of Our Fathers.

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England, John, 1786–1842 . . . first R. C. bishop of Charleston, S. C.
Works (5 volumes).

Eve, Paul Fitzsimmons, 1806–1877 . . surgeon, edu . . . Ga., Tenn.
What the South and West have done for American Surgery.

*Fairbanks, George Rainsford, 1820– . . . soldier . . . . . Fla.
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Fanning, David, 1754–1825 . . . . . freebooter . . . . . N. C.
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Farmer, Henry Tudor, 1782–1828 . . . . . phys . . . . . Eng., S. C.
Imagination and other poems.

Farrar, F. R . . . . . lawyer . . . . . Va.
Johnny Reb, Rip Van Winkle.

Fauquier, Francis, 1720–1768 . . . . . colonial governor of Va.
Raising Money for the War.

Ficklen, Mrs. John R. . . . . La.
Dream Poetry.

Field, Joseph M., 1810–1856 (*"Straws"*) . . . . . actor . . . . Mo.
Drama of Pokerville.

Field, Kate, 1840– ed. *"Kate Field's Washington"* . . Mo., D. C.
Charles A. Fechter, Planchette's Diary, Ten Days in Spain, Dickens' Readings, Hap-Hazard.

Field, Miss L. A. . . . . Ga.
History of the United States.

Filley, Mrs. C. I. . . . . Mo.
Chapel of the Infant Jesus.

Filson, John, 1747–1788 . . . . . explorer . . . . . Ky., O.
Discovery, Settlement, and Present State of Kentucke.

Finley, John, 1797–1866 . . . . . Va., Ind.
Hoosier's Nest and other poems.

*Fisher, Miss Frances C. (*see Reid, Christian*).

Fitzhugh, George, 1807–1881 . . . . . Va., Tex.
Sociology for the South, Cannibals All.

Flash, Henry Lynden, 1835– . . . . . La., Cal.
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Fontaine, Lamar, ... Va., Tex.
(One of the reputed authors of "All Quiet Along the Potomac"), In Memoriam (poems).

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Texas and Texans, War of the Rebellion, Bench and Bar of the South-West, Personal Reminiscences.

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Ford, Mrs. Sally Rochester, 1828– . . . . . Ky., Mo.
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La Salle.

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Freeman, Mrs. (*Mary Forrest*).
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Frémont, John Charles, 1813–1890 . . soldier . . . . . Ga., the West.
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Furman, Richard, 1816–1886 . . Bapt. cl. . . . . S. C.
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Botanical Writings (*Gardenia*, or Cape Jessamine, named in his honor).

Garden, Alexander, 1757–1829 . . soldier. . . . . S. C.
Anecdotes of the Revolutionary War.

Gardener, H. H. (*see Mrs Smart*).

Garland, Hugh A., 1805–1854 . . lawyer. . . . . Va., Mo.
Life of John Randolph of Roanoke.

Garnett, James Mercer, 1770–1843 . . . . . publicist . . . . . Va.
(Founder and first president of the U. S. Agricultural Society.)
Female Education, Articles on Agriculture.

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Public Men of Alabama.

Gaston, James McFadden . . . . . S. C.
Hunting a Home in Brazil.

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Elle (poésie).

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Faith of Our Fathers.

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(Designer of the Washington Monument at Washington), Statistics of South Carolina, American Pharos.

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Nagle, J. E., phys. . . . . La.
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Neville, L. . . . . Va.
Edith Allen (Life in Virginia).
Nicholson, Mrs. Eliza Jane [Poitevent], ("*Pearl Rivers*"), Miss., La.
(*Editor* "New Orleans Picayune"), Burial and Resurrection of Love, and other lyrics and writings.
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Oglethorpe, James Edward, 1698–1785 . . . . . Eng., Ga.
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*O'Hara, Theodore, 1820–1867 . . . . . soldier . . . . . Ky., Ga.
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Page, John, 1744–1808 . . . . . governor of Va.
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Page, Richard Channing Moore, 1841– . . phys . . . . . Va.
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*Page, Thomas Nelson, 1853– . . . . . Va.
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Paine, Robert, 1799–1882 . . M. E. bishop. . . . . N. C., Miss.
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Billy Woodpile's Letters.

Pugh, Mrs. Eliza Lofton [Phillips], 1841–, ("*Arria*") . . . . . La.
Not a Hero, In a Crucible, and many other novels.

Putnam, Mrs. Sallie A. [Brock], 1845–, ("*Virginia Madison*") Va.
Richmond During the War, Kenneth My King, Southern Amaranth.

Pyrnelle, Mrs. Louise Clarke . . . . . Ala., Ga.
Diddie, Dumps, and Tot; Plantation Child-Life.

Ralston, Thomas Neely, 1806–, edu., M. E. cl. . . . . Ky.
Evidences of Christianity, Ecce Unitas.

*Ramsay, David, 1749–1815, surgeon . . . . . Pa., S. C.
History of South Carolina, &c.

Ramsey, James Gattys McGregor, 1796–1884 . . . . . Tenn.
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Ranck, G. W. . . . . Ky.
History of Lexington, O'Hara.

*Randall, James Ryder, 1839– . . . . . Md., La.
My Maryland, and other poems.

Randolph, Sir John, 1693–1737 (uncle of William Stith) . . . . Va.
Breviate Book.

Randolph, Edmund Jennings, 1753–1813 . . . . . Va.
Political Truth, and other Papers.

*Randolph, John, of Roanoke, 1773–1833, statesman . . . . . Va
Addresses, &c.

Randolph, Thomas Jefferson, 1792–1875 . . . . . Va.
Sixty Years of the Currency of the United States.

Randolph, Sarah Nicholas, 1839–, edu. . . . . Va., Md.
Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson (her great-grandfather), and other writings.

Randolph, Innis . . . . . Va.
Back-Log, Good Old Rebel, and other humorous poems.

Ravenscroft, John Stark, 1772–1820 . . . . first P. E. bishop of N. C.
Sermons, and other writings.

Reese, Thomas, 1742–1794 . . . Pr. cl., edu. . . . . S. C.
Influence of Religion on Civil Society.

Reese, Lizette Woodworth, 186— . . . . . Md.
A Branch of May (poems).

Reeves, Marian Calhoun Legaré, ca. 1854– ("*Fadette*") . . . S. C.
Ingemisco, Randolph Honor, Sea-Drift, Maid of Acadie, and other stories.

Reichel, Levin Theodore, 1812–1878, Moravian bishop.
Moravians in North Carolina (1857).

*Reid, Christian . . . . . N. C.
Land of the Sky, and other novels, Land of the Sun (1895).

Reid, Sam Chester, 1818– . . . . . lawyer N. Y., Miss.
McCulloch's Texas Rangers, Raid of John H. Morgan.

Relf, Samuel, 1776–1823 . . . . . jour. . . . . Va.
Infidelity, or the Victims of Sentiment.

Rémy, Henri . . . . . La.
Histoire de la Louisiane.

Renö, Itti Kinney, 1862– . . . . . Tenn.
Miss Breckenridge, An Exceptional Case.

Requier, Augustus Julian, 1825–1887 ed. . . . . S. C., Ala.
Legend of Tremaine, Christalline, Old Sanctuary, Spanish Exile, Marco Bozzaris, Ode to Victory, Ashes of Glory (reply to Ryan's "Conquered Banner").

Ribaut, Jean, 1520–1565 discoverer . . . France, Florida.
The Whole and True Discovery of Florida.

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To Presbyterians of Kentucky, Divine Decrees, Baptism, &c.

Rice, Nathan Lewis, 1804–1877 . . Pr. cl . . . . . Ky.
Our Country and the Church, &c.

Rich, R. . . . . Eng., Va.
Newes from Virginia, 1610.

Riddell, John Leonard, 1807–1867 . . phys . . . . . La.
Flora of the Western States, (*Riddellia* named in his honor).

Rivers, Richard Henderson, 1814– . . edu . . . Tenn., Ala., Ky.
Life of Bishop Paine, Mental and Moral Philosophy.

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History of South Carolina, Poems.

Rives, William Cabell, 1793–1868 . . . . . Va.
Life of James Madison, Life of John Hampden, Ethics of Christianity.

Rives, Mrs. Judith Page Walker, 1802–1882 . . . . . Va.
Souvenirs of a Residence in Europe, Home and the World.

*Rives, Amélie (see Mrs. Chanler).

Robertson, John, 1787–1873, jurist . . . . . Va.
Riego, or the Spanish Martyr, Opuscula (poems).

Robertson, Thomas Bolling, 1773–1828. . . . . Va., La.
Events in Paris (1816).

Robertson, Wyndham, 1803–1888 . . . . . governor of Va.
Pocahontas, alias Matoaka, and her Descendants.

Robinson, Fayette, —d. 1859 . . . . . Va., N. Y.
Mexico and Her Military Chieftains, California and the Gold Regions, Wizard of the Wave, and other works.

Robinson, Mrs. Martha Harrison . . . . . Va.
Helen Erskine (novel).

Rogers, James Webb, 1822– . . . . . lawyer . . . . . N. C.
Arlington, Lafitte, Madame Surratt (tragedy), Poems.

Rolfe, John, d. 1622, colonist, husband of Pocahontas . . . . . Va.
Letter to Sir Thomas Dale.

Roman, Alfred . . . . . La.
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Rouen, B. . . . . La.
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Les Meschacébéennes, Fleurs d'Amérique.

Rouquette, Adrien Emanuel, 1813–1887. . . . . La.
La nouvelle Atala, L'Antoniade, Les Savanes, and other poems.

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Life of George Mason of Gunston, Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

Rozier, Firman A. . . . . Mo.
History of the Early Settlement of the Mississippi Valley.

Ruffner, Henry, 1789–1861 . . edu . . . . . Va.
Judith Ben-saddi, Fathers of the Desert, Future Punishment.

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Russell, Irwin, 1853–1879. . . . . Miss.
Dialect Poems (1888).

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Rutledge, John, 1739–1800 . . . . . statesman, and governor of S. C.
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*Ryan, Abram Joseph, 1839–1886 . . . . . Va., Ala.
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Safford, William Harrison, 1821–, lawyer . . . . . W. Va.
Life of Blennerhassett.

Sanders, John, 1810–1858, civil engineer . . . . . Ky.
Resources of the Valley of the Ohio.

Sands, Alexander Hamilton, 1828–1887, lawyer, Bapt. cl. . . . . Va.
Recreations of a Southern Barrister, Sermons by a Village Pastor, &c.

Sandys, George, 1577–1644, colonist . . . . . Va.
Translation of Ovid (the first literary production of America), A Journey in the East, Poems.

Sawyer, Lemuel, 1777–1852 . . . . . N. C.
Life of John Randolph of Roanoke, Autobiography, Dramas.

Scanland, Mrs. Agnes Leonard, 1842– . . . . . Ky.
Myrtle Blossoms, Heights and Depths, Vanquished.

Scharf, John Thomas, 1843– . . . . . Md.
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Schoolcraft, Mrs. Mary Howard. . . . . S. C., N. Y.
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Analogy of Ancient Free-Craft Masonry to Natural and Revealed Religion.

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Gospel Restored, Messiahship.

Screven, William, 1629–1713 . . Bapt. cl. . . . . Eng., S. C.
Ornament for Church Members.

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("*Howard Glyndon*"), Notable Men of the Thirty-Seventh Congress, Idyls of Battle and Poems of the Rebellion, Sounds from Secret Chambers.

Seaton, William Winston, 1785–1866 . . jour. . . . . Va., N. C.
Annals of Congress 1798–1824 (42 vols.), Debates of Congress 1824–1837.

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Throckmorton, Maid Marian, Hale-Weston, Young Heroes of the Navy, Paul Jones, Decatur and Somers, &c.

Seemüller, Mrs. Anne Moncure [Crane], 1838–1871. . . . . Md.
Emily Chester, Opportunity, &c.

Séjour, Victor, 1809–. . . . . La.
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Semmes, Raphael, 1809–1877 . . naval officer . . . . . Md., Ala.
Service Afloat and Ashore during the Mexican War, Cruise of the Alabama.

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Surgical Journal of the War, Medical Sketches.

Semple, Robert Baylor, 1769–1831, Bapt. cl. . . . . Va.
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Shaw, John, 1778–1809, surgeon . . . . . Md.
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American Painters.

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Early History of St. Louis, Autobiography.

Shindler, Mrs. Mary Stanley Bunce [Palmer] [Dana], 1810– S. C.
Pass under the Rod, and other Poems, Southern Harp, Northern Harp, Young Sailor, and other works.

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Rise and Progress of the Christian Church, by Dr. Martin Luther.

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Onea (poem), History of the Seminoles.

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College Reforms, Scientific Education in Europe, Text-books on Arithmetic and Algebra (with R. M. T. Duke).

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Colonel Carter of Cartersville, and other stories.

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Life and Travels of James Smith, Shakerism Developed.

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Unity of the Human Race, Calvin, Presbyterian Doctrine.

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Retribution, Fatal Secret, Unknown, Gloria, Trail of the Serpent, Nearest and Dearest, The Mother's Secret, An Exile's Bride, and many other novels.

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Life of Robert Toombs.

*Strachey, William, from 1609 to 1612 secretary of the colony of Va.
True Repertory, &c.

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Eoneguski, or The Cherokee Chief.

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Taney, Roger Brooke, 1777–1864 . . jurist . . . . . Md.
Autobiography, Supreme Court Decisions, (one of them being in the Dred Scott Case).

Tardy, Mrs. Mary ("*Ida Raymond*") . . . . . Ala.
Southland Writers, Living Female Writers of the South.

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First Voyage to California, Grasshoppers and Locusts of the United States.

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Taylor, William Herron, 1838 . . . . . Va.
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Messages.

*Terhune, Mrs. Mary Virginia [Hawes] . . . . . Va., N. Y.
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Testut, Charles . . . . . La.
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Thomas, Lewis Foulke, 1815–1868 . . . . . Md., Ky., Mo.
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Life's Lessons, Captain Phil (story of the Civil War).

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Townsend, Mrs. Mary Ashley [Van Voorhis], 1836– ("*Xariffa*"), La.
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Toy, Crawford Howell, 1836– . . edu., linguist . . Va., Ky., Mass.
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Life of William Gilmore Simms.

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(now Mrs. Lambert, of Philadelphia), Poems, Loew's Bridge, &c.

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Jack Hopeton.

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Gilleland, William M. . . . . Tex.
Burial March of General Thomas Green, In Memory of General Ben. McCulloch, and other poems.

Gillespie, Mrs. Helena [West] . . . edu. . . . . Tenn., Tex.
Tennyson's Picture, and other poems.

Gilman, Mrs. Caroline Howard, 1794–. . . . . Mass., S. C.
Recollections of a Southern Matron, and many other writings, sketches, essays, &c.

Goode, George Brown. . . . sci. . . . . Va., D. C.
Virginia Cousins, Descendants of John Goode of Whitby, Va., ("replete with incidents and pictures of Southern life,") and scientific writings.

Goodloe, Daniel Reaves, 1814–. . . . . N. C.
Birth of the Republic, Reminiscences of Washington (1894), and other writings.

Gordon, Mrs. John N. . . . . Va.
Scene in the Vale of Tempe (1891).

Graham, William Alexander, 1804–1875 . . . . . Governor of N. C.
Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, Thomas Ruffin, George E. Badger, A. D. Murphey, and other addresses and State papers.

Grasty, John S. . . M. E. cl. . . . . Mo.
Memoirs of Rev. Samuel B. McPheeters (1871).

Green, Thomas Marshall . . . jour. . . . . Ky.
Historic Families of Kentucky (1889), The Spanish Conspiracy (1891), and other works.

Green, William . . jurist . . . . . Va.
Legal Treatises and Essays.

Greene, Mrs. Mary . . . . . Mo.
Life of Rev. Jesse Greene (1852)

Greenway, J. R. . . . . Va.
Here and There (1892).

Gregory, Edward S. . . . cl. . . . . Va.
Sketch of Petersburg, Poems.

Griffin, Mrs. T. M. . . . . Ala., Tex.
The Fountain, Haunted, Drifting, and other poems.

Gunter, Bessie E. . . . . Va.
Housekeeper's Companion (1889).

Haines, Hiram, ("*Stranger*") . . . . . Va.
Buds and Blossoms (poems).

Hallum, John, 1833– . . lawyer . . . . . Tenn., Ark.
History of Arkansas (1887), Diary of an Old Lawyer (1895), Life on the Frontier.

Hallum, Mattie A., 1872– . . . . . Mo., Ark.
Clay (a story in verse) and other poems.

Hambach, G. . . . edu . . . . . Mo.
Missouri Geological Survey Reports, scientific papers, &c.

Hamlett, Mrs. Lizzie . . . . . Miss., Tex.
Death of Rusk, Pleasures of Home, and other poems.

Hamner, Salley B. . . . . Va.
Now That You Are Married (1892).

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Thanksgiving Ode (1881), A South Carolina Village, Old Stone Fort at Nacogdoches, City of a Prince, Earliest Texas, The Tejas Nation, Poems, Stories, &c.

Harden, Edward Jenkins, 1813–1873 . . lawyer . . . . . Ga.
Life of George M. Troup (1859), Notes of a Short Northern Tour (translated into Latin).

Harris, Mrs. Louisa . . . . . Mo.
Behind the Scenes; or, Nine Years at the Four Courts (1893).

Harris, Thaddeus M. . . . . Ga.
Memorials of Oglethorpe (1841).

Harrison, Gessner, 1807–1862 . . edu . . . . . Va.
Laws of Latin Grammar, Greek Prepositions.

Hartshorne, Joseph, 1779– . . . phys. . . . . Va.
The Bones, and other medical works.

Hatton, John W. . . . . Mo.
Battle of Life (poem, 1882).

Hayden, Horace Edwin . . . P. E. cl. . . . . Va., Pa.
Virginia Genealogies, and other writings.

Heath, James, ca. 1812– . . . lawyer . . . . . Va.
Edgewood (novel of the Revolution, 1838).

Henderson, John B. . . . lawyer, statesman . . . . . Mo.
Speeches.

Hening, William Waller, died 1828 . . . lawyer . . . . . Va.
American Pleader (1811), New Virginia Justice (1825).

Henkel, Paul, 1754–1825 . . . Luth. cl. . . . . N. C., Va.
Baptism and the Lord's Supper, German Hymns, Zeitvertreib (poem).

Henning, Julia R. . . . edu. . . . . Va.
Geography of Virginia, Songs (with the music).

Hereford, Mrs. Elizabeth J. . . . . Ky., Tex.
Rebel Rhymes, and other poems.

Hill, Benjamin Harvey, 1823–1882 . . . . . Ga.
Notes on the Situation, Orations, &c.

Hill, Britton A. . . . lawyer . . . . . Mo.
Liberty and Law (1873), Absolute Money, Specie Resumption (1876).

Hobby, Alfred M. . . . . Fla., Tex.
Frontier from the Saddle, Sentinel's Dream of Home.

Hodgson, Joseph . . . . . Ala.
Cradle of the Confederacy (1876).

Hogg, Thomas E. . . . . Tex.
The Fate of Marvin (poem).

Holbrook, John Edwards, 1794–1871 . . . sci. . . . . S. C.
American Herpetology, Southern Ichthyology.

Holcombe, James Philemon, 1820– . . . . . Va.
Literature and Letters, &c.

Holding, Mrs. Elizabeth E. . . . edu. . . . . Mo.
Joy the Deaconess (novel).

Holmes, George Frederick, 1820– . . edu. . . . British Guiana, Va.
Comte's Philosophy, and other essays; History of the United States, Readers, and other text-books.

Hooper, William, 1782-1876 . . . . . N. C.
Fifty Years Since (1859), and other addresses.

Houston, Mrs. Margaret Moffett [Lea], –1867 . . . . . Ala., Tex.
To My Husband [General Sam. Houston], and other poems.

Howard, Overton . . . . . Va.
Life of the Law.

Hubbard, Fordyce Mitchell, 1809–1888 . . . . . N. C.
Life of W. R. Davie, Richard Caswell, The Harvey Family, &c.

Hughey, G. W. . . . cl. . . . . Mo.
The Liquor Traffic (1882), Catechism on Beer (1884), Ingersoll and Ingersollism (1883), Resurrection of the Dead, Christian Side of Faith, &c.

Hunt, James H. . . . . Mo.
The Mormon War in Missouri, 1844 (with G. W. Westbrook).

Hutchins, James H. . . . . N. C., Tex.
My Native Town, Funeral Odes, and other poems.

Hutson, Charles Woodward . . . . . Ga., Miss.
Beginnings of Civilization, Story of Beryl.

Irby, Richard . . . . . Va.
Sketch of the Nottoway Grays.

Irving, John B. . . . . S. C.
Essays.

James, Benjamin, 1768–1825 . . . jurist, ... Va., S. C.
Statute and Common Law of Carolina (1814).

Jamison, David F., 1810–1860 . . . planter, soldier . . . . . S. C.
Memoir of Bertrand du Guesclin.

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Jett, James . . . . . Va.
A Virginia Tragedy, and other stories.
Jewell, Horace . . cl. . . . . Ark
History of Methodism in Arkansas (1893).
Johnson, John, 1829– . . . c. e., P. E. cl. . . . . S. C.
Defense of Charleston Harbor (1890).
Johnston, Frederick, 1811–1894 . . . . . Va.
Old Virginia Clerks (1888).
Jones, Charles Edgeworth, 1867– . . . lawyer . . . . . Ga.
Education in Georgia (1889), Divisions of Georgia (1892).
Jones, John P. . . . . Mo.
Spanish Expedition to Missouri in 1719, Early Travel in Missouri, Missouri River and Indians, &c.
Jones, Joseph, 1833– . . . phys., edu. . . . . Ga., Tenn., La.
Aboriginal Remains of Tennessee (1876), Medical and Surgical Memoirs, &c.
Jones, Wiley . . . . . Va.
Gospel of the Kingdom.
Jones, William Hite . . . . . Va.
Federal Taxes and State Expenses.
Josselyn, Robert, 1810–1884 . . . jour. . . . . Mass., Tex.
The Last Tear I Shed, Satire on the Times, and other poems.
Keiffer, Aldine S. . . . . Va.
Poems.
Kerr, Hugh, –1843 . . . . . Ireland, Tex.
Poetical Description of Texas (1838).
Kerr, Robert Pollok, 1850– . . . . . Mo.
Presbyterianism for the People (1883), History of Presbyterianism (1886), Hymns of the Ages (1891), Voice of God in History (1890), and other works.
Kerr, Washington Caruthers, 1827–1885 . . . edu., geologist . . N. C.
Geological Papers (in regard to North Carolina).
Kilby, L. Clay . . . . . Va.
Vernon Lonsdale (1876).
King, Willis P. . . . phys. . . . . Mo.
Quacks and Quackery in Missouri (1882), and medical writings.

Kingsbury, Theodore Bryant, 1828– . . . ed. . . . . N. C.
Baptism, History of Granville County, N. C., historical and literary essays, &c.
Krauth, Charles P., 1823– . . cl. . . . . Va.
Winter and Spring in the Danish West Indies, Conservative Reformation, Christian Liberty, Berkeley's Principles, Augsburg Confession, Poems, &c.
Ladd, Mrs. Catherine [Stratton], ["*Minnie Mayflower*"], 1809– . . . edu. . . Va., S. C.
Tales, Essays, and Poems (1840–1860).
Lacy, J. Horace . . . soldier . . . . . Va.
Historical Sketches.
Laidley, Theodore Thaddeus Sobieski, 1822–1886 . . soldier . . Va.
Ordnance Manual, Rifle Practice.
Lafferty, J. J. . . . M. E. cl. . . . . Va.
Addresses, Lectures, Sermons, &c.
Lane, James H. . . . soldier, edu. . . . . N. C.
Lane's North Carolina Brigade, and other historical papers.
Langhorne, Orra Gray . . . . . Va.
Aunt Pokey's Son, and other stories.
Langston, John Mercer, 1829– . . . . . Va.
Freedom and Citizenship (1883).
Lawson, Thomas, 1781– . . . . . Va.
Sickness and Mortality in the United States Army, Meteorological Register.
Lay, James H. . . . lawyer . . . . . Mo.
History of Benton County (1876).
Leachman, Mrs. Welthea [Bryant], 1847– . . . . . Tex.
Bitter Sweet, and other poems.
Lewis, John . . . . . Va.
Young Kate; or The Rescue—a tale of the Great Kanawha.
Lewis, Meriwether . . . . . Va.
Lewis and Clarke Expedition (with Clarke).
Leyburn, John, 1814– . . . Pr. cl. . . . . Va.
Soldiers of the Cross, Hints to Young Men, pamphlets and reviews.
Lind, G. Dallas . . . phys. . . . . Mo.
Races of Man, Religions of the World, Great Educators and Their Methods, Primeval Man, The Human Body, &c.

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The Lindsays of America (1889).
Lindsley, John Berrien, 1822– . . . phys., edu. . . . . Tenn.
Military History of Tennessee, Cumberland Presbyterian History, &c.
Linn, E. A. and N. Sargent . . . . . Mo.
Life of L. F. Linn (1857).
Linn, John J., 1798–1885 . . . . . Ireland, Tex.
Fifty Years in Texas (reminiscences).
Little, Lucius P. . . . . Ga.
Ben Hardin (1887).
Littlepage, Lewis, 1762–1802 . . . soldier, diplomate . . . . . Va.
Translation XXII. Ode, Book I., of Horace (done when fifteen years old); Letters.
Lloyd, Willa D., 1866– . . . . . Tex.
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Logan, John Randolph, 1811–1884 . . . Bapt. cl. . . . . N. C.
Broad River and King's Mountain Baptist Association 1800–1882 (1887).
Lomax, John Tayloe, 1781–1862 . . . jurist . . . . . Va.
Laws of Real Property, Law of Executors, &c.
Lowe, John, 1750–1798 . . . edu. . . . . Scotland, Va.
Mary's Dream, and other poems.
Lowndes, William Jones, 1782–1822 . . . statesman . . . . . S. C.
Speeches.
Lucas, Virginia . . . . . Va.
Poems.
Ludlow, N. M. . . . . Mo.
Dramatic Life As I Found It (1880).
Lupton, Nathaniel Thomas, 1830– . . . edu. . . . . Va., Ala., Tenn.
Scientific Agriculture, Chemistry.
Luther, John Hill, 1824– . . . Bapt. cl. . . . . R. I., Tex.
My Verses, sermons and other writings.
Lytle, William Henry . . . soldier . . . . . Va.
Poems.
McCabe, James Dabney. 1808–1875 . . . P. E. cl. . . . . Va.
Masonic Text-Book.
McCarthy, Carlton . . . . . Va.
Soldier Life in the Army of Northern Virginia.

McClelland, H. B. . . . . Va.
Life of J. E. B. Stuart (1885).
McEachin, R. B. . . . . Ala., Tex.
Youthful Days, and other poems.
McDonald, Miss F. M. . . . . Va.
Who Was the Patriot?
McElligott, James N., 1812– . . . . . Va.
Orthography, Analyzer, Speaker, Hymns, Greek and Hebrew Text-Books, &c.
McGehee, Montford, 1822– . . . . . N. C.
Life of William A. Graham (1877).
McMillan, Hamilton . . . . . N. C.
Sir Walter Raleigh's Lost Colony (1888).
McQueary, Howard . . . cl. . . . . Va.
Topics of the Times, Evolution and Christianity (1889).
McRee, Griffith John, 1819–1873 . . . ed. . . . . N. C.
Life and Correspondence of James Iredell (1857).
McVey, Mrs. Nellie . . . . . Mo.
Eureka Springs, Poems.
Madison, James, 1749–1812 . . . P. E. bishop . . . . . Va.
Sermons, Eulogy on Washington.
Mallard, Robert Quarterman, 1830– . . . Pr. cl. . . . . Ga., La.
Plantation Life Before Emancipation (1892).
Mallary, Mrs. Mary Jeanie [Dagg] . . . . . Ala., Ga.
Horace Wilde, Elsie Lee, Rosalie Wynnton, Jack, A Seeming Trifle, Picciola or The Power of Conscience, Aunt Clara's School, Won by a Boy (just finished).
Manly, Basil, 1825–1892 . . . edu., Bapt. cl. . . . . S. C., Va., Ky.
Bible Doctrine of Inspiration, A Call to the Ministry, Higher Education in the South Before the War, Hymns, Sunday School Catechism, Addresses, &c.
Manly, John Matthews, 1865– . . . . . Ala., R. I.
Pre-Shaksperean Drama (1895).
Marr, Mrs. Jane Barron Hope . . . . . Va.
Novel of Spotswood's Time, "Stories and Papers," and other writings.
Martin, L. A. . . . lawyer . . . . . Mo.
Halloween, and other poems.
Maynard, Mrs. Sallie Ballard [Hillyer], 1841–1882 . . . . . Ga., Tex.
The Two Heroines, or The Valley Farm (novel); Poems.

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The Preacher's Son (1894).

Mercer, Margaret, 1792–1846 . . edu. . . . . Md., Va.
Ethics, Studies for Bible Classes (1842).

Meriwether, C. . . . . S. C.
History of Higher Education in South Carolina (1889).

Merrimon, Maud L. . . . . N. C.
Memoir of A. S. Merrimon (her father).

Miller, Mrs. M. C. [Keller] . . . . . La.
Severed at Gettysburg, Love and Rebellion.

Miles, James Warley, 1818–1875 . . P. E. cl. . . . . S. C.
Philosophic Theology, Addresses, Essays, &c.

Minnigerode, Charles G., 1814–1894 . . . P. E. cl. . . . . Ger., Va.
Sermons.

Minor, Benjamin B. . . . . Va.
Memoir of Chancellor Wythe (1852).

Minor, John Barbee, 1813–1895 . edu., lawyer . . . . . Va.
Reports of 1799–1800, legal writings, &c.

Minor, Lucian, 1802–1858 . . . ed. . . . . Va.
Abolishing the Liquor Traffic, Travels in New England, Legal Treatises.

Minor, Virginia L. . . . . Va.
Historical and Biographical Sketches, &c.

Mitchell, John Kearsley, 1798– . . phys. . . . . Va.
St. Helena (poem), Indecision (novel) 1839, Properties of Water, Essays on Medical Subjects, &c.

Montague, —— . . . . . Va.
Montagues of Virginia.

Moore, Francis . . . . . England, Ga.
Travels into Africa, Voyage to Georgia in 1735 (1744).

Moorman, R. B. . . . . Va.
Sketches of Travel in Europe.

Moran, Mrs. F. B. . . . . Va.
Miss Washington of Virginia (1891).

Moran, W. H. W. . . . . Va.
From School-Room to Bar (1892).

Morgan, William, 1775– . . . . . Va.
Illustrations of Freemasonry (1826).

Morris, Thomas Asbury, 1794– . M. E. bishop . . . . . Va.
Church Polity, Biographical Sketches and Notes of Travel, Western Methodism (1852).

Mosby, Ella F., 1846– . . . . . Va.
The Ideal Life (1877), The Christmas Inn, and other stories, poems, &c.

Murphy, John Albert . . . cl. . . . . N. C., Tex.
The First Fallen Soldier of 1861, Our Silver Wedding-Day, and other poems.

Mutter, Thomas Dent, 1811– . . . phys. . . . . Va.
Salt-Sulphur Springs of Virginia, Medical and Surgical Essays (1846).

Newton, Virginius . . . . . Va.
Confederate Navy, The Ram *Merrimac* (in Southern Historical Society Papers).

Norris, Thaddeus, 1811–1877 . . . . . Va.
American Angler's Book (1864), American Fish Culture (1868).

Odom, Mary Hunt McCaleb ("*L'Eclair*") . . . . . Ky., Miss., Tex.
Hood's Last Charge, and other poems.

Olive, Johnson, 1816–1885 . . . Bapt. cl. . . . . N. C.
Autobiography.

Otey, James Hervey, 1800–1863 . . . P. E. bishop . . . . Va., Tenn.
Unity of the Church, Sermons and Essays.

Page, William . . . lieutenant United States navy . . . . . Va.
Exploration of the Valley of the Amazon.

Page, William A. . . . . Va.
Uncle Robin in His Cabin in Virginia (1853).

Paris, John . . . Meth. Prot. cl. . . . . N. C.
History of the Methodist Protestant Church (1849).

Parker, Nathan H. . . . . Mo.
Missouri Hand-Book (1865), Geological Map of Missouri (1865), Missouri As It Is in 1867 (1867).

Parker, W. W. . . . phys. . . . . Va.
Rise and Decline of Homœopathy, Forty Years a Doctor, &c.

Pate, Henry Clay . . . . . Va.
Sketches of Virginia.

Patton, John M. . . . cl. . . . . Va.
The Death of Death.

Paxton, William M. . . . . Mo.
The Marshall Family (1885).

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Penn, Garland . . . . . Va.
California, Men of Mark, Wizard of the Wave, &c.
Perdue, E. T., 1831– . . . . . Va.
Words of Our Saviour (1890).
Phifer, C. L. . . . . Mo.
Love and Law (sonnets), Annals of the Earth, Weather Wisdom, and two other volumes of poems.
Pinckney, Charles Cotesworth . . . P. E. cl. . . . . S. C.
Life of Thomas Pinckney.
Polk, William M. . . . phys. . . . . La., N. Y.
Life of Leonidas Polk (his father).
Pollard, Marie Antoinette N. G. . . . . Va.
Poems.
Pollard, Henry Rives, 1833– . . . . . Va.
Historical Sketches, Essays, &c.
Pollard, Thomas . . . . . Va.
Hand-Book of Virginia.
Pope, William F., –1895 . . . . . Ark.
The Early Days of Arkansas.
Post, T. M. . . . . Mo.
Life of Rev. Dr. T. A. Post.
Potter, Mrs. Mary Eugenia [Guillot], 1864– . . . . . Tex.
The Press, Gibraltar, Pioneer Association of Dallas County, and other poems.
Potter, Reuben M., 1802– . . . . . N. J., Mex., Tex.
Hymn of the Alamo, Old Texian Hunter, &c.
Price, Mrs. Anna . . . . . Va.
Sunday School Stories.
Pryor, Roger Atkinson, 1828– . . . ed., lawyer, ... Va., N. Y.
Essays and Addresses.
Purdy, Mrs. Amelia V. [McCarty], 1845–1881 . . . . . Pa., O., Tex.
First Fruits, Vocation, and other poems.
Purefoy, George W. . . . Bapt. cl. . . . . N. C.
Sandy Creek Baptist Association, 1758–1858 (1859).
Rader, Perry S. . . ed. . . . . Mo.
School History of Missouri (1891).
Randolph, Alfred Magill, 1836– . . . P. E. bishop . . . . . Va.
Sermons and Discourses.

Randolph, E. A. . . . . Va.
Life of John Jasper (1884).
Randolph, Peyton, 1779– lawyer . . . . . Va.
Reports of Cases in the Supreme Court, 1821–8.
Raymond, W. M. . . . . Va.
Citronaloes (1889).
Reavis, L. U. . . . . Mo.
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Reichel, Levin Theodore, 1812–1878 . Moravian bishop . . N. C.
The Moravians in North Carolina (1857).
Reilly, J. S. . . . . N. C.
Wilmington: Past, Present, and Future.
Reynolds, Thomas C. . . . . Governor of Mo.
Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Discovery of the Upper Mississippi, State Papers, &c.
Rhodes, Edward Abesette, 1841–1863 . . . soldier . . . . . Tex.
Poem on death of his father, &c.
Rhodes, Robert H., 1845–1874 . . . . . Tex.
Prayer, Under the Cactus, and other poems.
Rhodes, William Henry, 1822– . . . . . N. C., Tex., Cal.
Theodosia (play), Indian Gallows (poems), Caston's Book (essays, poems, and sketches).
Rice, Martin Bapt. cl. . . . . Mo.
Rural Rhymes, Tales of Olden Times, Blue River Association.
Richards, William C., 1818–1892 . . . cl., sci. . . . England, Ga., Ill.
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Riley, Benjamin Franklin, 1849– . . . Bapt. cl., edu. . . . . Ala., Ga.
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Robinson, Conway, 1805– . . . lawyer . . . . . Va.
Early Voyages to America (1848), and legal works.
Robinson, John . . . . . Va.
Forms in the Court of Law of Virginia (1790, 1826).

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Rockwell, Elisha F., 1809–1888 . . . . . N. C.
Rowan County in 1774, John Thompson, James Hall, and other historical papers.

Rogers, Mrs. Loula Kendall . . . edu. . . . . Ga.
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Rose, Victor M., –1893 . . . . . Tex.
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Ross, James, 1801–1878 . . . . . ——
Life and Times of Elder Reuben Ross (his father).

Rothwell, William R. . . . edu., Bapt. cl. . . . . Mo.
Reading the Scriptures (1889), New Testament Church Order (1890), Addresses.

Rowe, Horace, 1852–1884 . . . . . Tex.
Years of Youth, and other poems.

Royall, Anne, 1769–1854, b. in Virginia (a prisoner for years among the Indians, then lived in Alabama and Washington, D. C.).
History, Life, and Manners in the United States, The Tennessee (novel), The Black Book, Letters from Alabama, Southern Tour.

Ruffin, Edmund, 1794–1865 . . . . . Va.
Essays on Agriculture, Anticipations of the Future (1860).

Ruffner, William H. . . . . ——
History of Washington and Lee University, &c.

Salyards, Joseph H. . . . edu. . . . . Va.
Idothea, a Poem (1875).

Sampson, Francis Asbury, 1842– . . . lawyer . . . . . Mo.
Natural History of Pettis County (1882), Bibliography of the Geology of Missouri (1890), Mollusca of Arkansas (1893), and other scientific and historical writings.

Saunders, Mrs. Mary [Ingle], 1836– . . . . . England, Tex.
Texas, San Jacinto Day, and other poems.

Saunders, William Lawrence, 1835–1891 . . . statesman . . . . N. C.
Edited Records of North Carolina to 1776 (8 volumes).

Schenck, David, 1835– . . lawyer . . . . . N. C.
North Carolina 1780–81, Guilford Court-House, and other historical papers.

Scott, John . . . . . Va.
Partisan Life with Mosby.

Scott, William Cooper, 1817– . . . . . Va.
Genius and Faith.

Scott, Winfield, 1786– . . . soldier . . . . . Va.
Regulations for the Army, Infantry Tactics, Memoir of Lieutenant-General Scott, written by himself (1864).

Semmes, Thomas . . . . . Va.
Poems (by "Collegian").

Sherwood, Adiel, 1791–1879 . . . Bapt. cl . . . . . Ga., Mo.
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