

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 Appalachian 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 and 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

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

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,

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

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 opprobrium, 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.

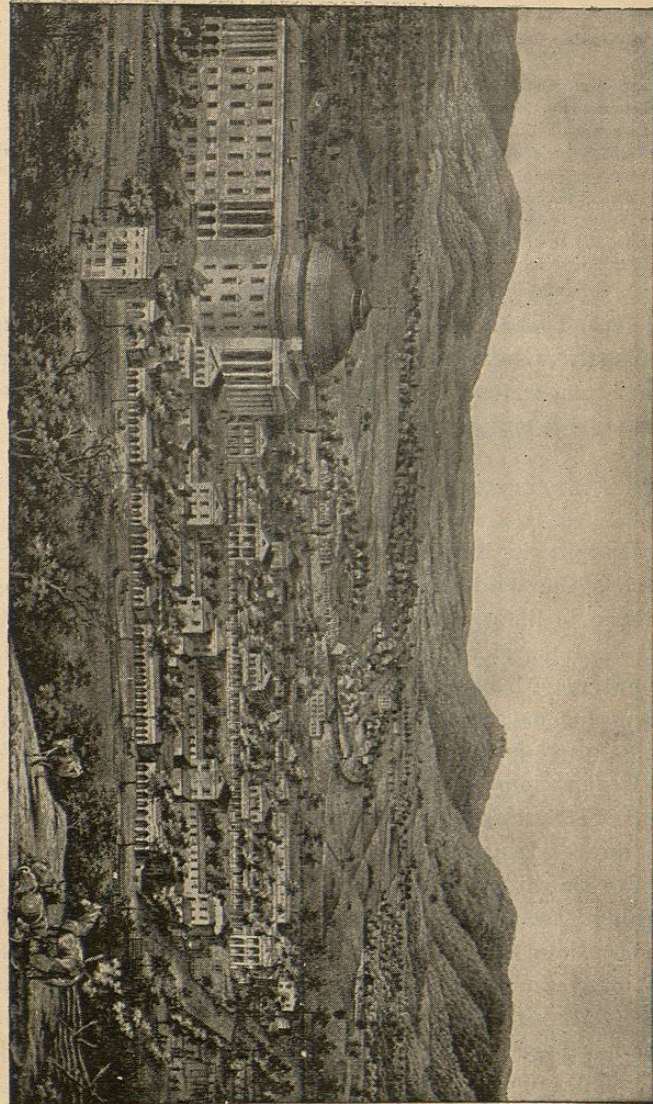
Where is the necessity of this provision in the Constitution? Where is the use of it? Sir, what are we about?

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

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 visitors 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.