

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 fifeing 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-grée') 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.

Essays, 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

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-b.]

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

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.

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 Carolina.	Auricular Confession in the Episcopal Church.
History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.	Egypt and Its Monuments.
History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Maryland.	Romance of Biography.
Constitution and Canons of the Episcopal Church.	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 Englishman.

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

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."

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.
Poems, edited by John James Piatt.

Prenticeana, [with life-sketch.]

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

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 *Cooate*, as it so stands in the register of Pinkney's baptism, which he has seen.