

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 help-

less 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;

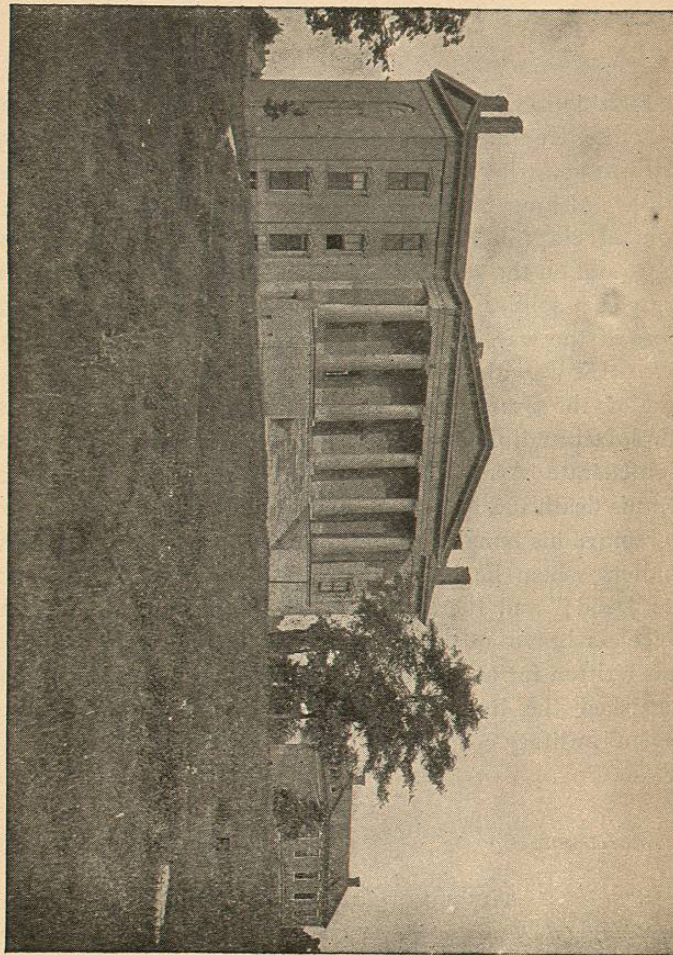
I renew, in my fond vision,
 My heart's dear pain,
 My hope, and thy derision,
 Florence Vane.

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).

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 pluméd 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.

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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