On yonder face, so beautiful to view,
How blend the lily's with the rose's hue;
Her flashing eye, in jetty radiance burns,
And almost scorches him on whom it turns.
Forth fly thy arrowy missiles; maid, beware,
Lest you should pierce the heart you mean to spare.
You may not dream that flickering hopes and fears
Hang trembling on a glance of Addie Meares.
Upon that ample brow, where jeweled thought
Is fashioned and with graceful polish wrought,
O'erhangs an eye of rare intelligence,
Whose lightest glance reveals the solid sense.
Deepest and dark, with grave and pensive ray,
Save when the radiant smiles around it play,
Who does not see through the clear, pure light
That ever guides the steps of Anna (W)right?
My eager pen, impatient to advance,
Compels me hence to take a hastier glance,
And scatter gems along the glowing line,
More brilliant than adorn Golconda's mine.
Brown, Rankin, Cowan, Walker, Prioleau,
Shall in one brilliant constellation glow.
I gaze bedazzled, yet delight me still
My modest "Valley" and the favorite "Hill" (Miss Lossie).
But can we, Muse, the starry sphere portray,
By painting separate every golden ray?
Then let my pen this endless task resign,
And bid our stars in blended glory shine.
But hark! from rosy lips there pour along
The echoing walls the mingled streams of song.
Quick to the soul the conquering floods make way
And song and beauty hold divinest sway.
Apollo could but listen, gaze, admire,
And hate, henceforth, his goddess and his lyre.
Oh sacred, cherished spot! to yield thee up
Is gall and wormwood in my parting cup.
Farewell, farewell! May wintry winds
Strain gently on thy braces and thy pins,
May no rude storm unroof thee and expose
Thy naked ribs to their remorseless blows.
May time and whitewash still thy years prolong
To shelter beauty, genius, worth, and song.
Farewell, ye summer pleasures, bright and brief,
That fade and fall before the early leaf;
With summer suns thy leaves again return.
The life that bare you, there may fill an urn.
Farewell, ye warblers, matrons, maidens, all,
Whose forms are wont to grace our festive hall.
Farewell! May Heaven His sweetest peace diffuse
Through each pure breast as sink the gentle dews.

'Neath all His shielding ægis may you rest,
With life, health, love, and friendship blest.
And when from raging summer's heats
Impelled again to flee,
You grace once more the cool retreats,
May I be there to see.

COLONEL JAMES G. BURR.

Col. James G. Burr, one of our oldest and most highly esteemed citizens, died November 13, 1898, aged 80 years.

He was born in Wilmington and was prominent in all of its stirring events. For many years he was cashier of the Bank of Cape Fear. During the War between the States, he was colonel of the regiment of Home Guards. After the war he resumed his profession as a banker. Later, he was assistant postmaster of Wilmington under O. G. Parsley, Esq., during Cleveland's administration.

Colonel Burr, like his brother Talcott, had fine literary attainments, and possessed a discriminating mind, together with an admirable judgment of men. He was much interested in local history and was regarded as an authority with reference to important dates and deeds on the Cape Fear. He wrote with precision and elegance, and contributed many interesting narratives to the local press over his *nom de plume,* "Senex."

Associated all through life with our leading citizens, he knew them well, and his sketches, valuable for their accuracy, have served to rescue from oblivion the memory of many who, in their day, adorned our community.

Attracted by mutual interest in the tales and traditions of the Cape Fear, many years before his death we became devoted friends; and, in recognition of my high regard for him, he voluntarily made over to me all his manuscripts and publications, of which he had a large accumulation. A few weeks before his last illness, however, he came to my office and confided to me that he had destroyed all his manuscripts.

He explained that he had been prevailed upon to republish the distressing story of the desecration of the Holy Sacrament by a party of twelve local debauchees in the early days of the town, and that he had been reproached repeatedly that morning by some descendants of those involved in that horrible affair; that he had then returned home and made a bonfire in his backyard of all the manuscripts which he had promised to leave me.