of Mr. Davis was very admirable. There was humor, there was sarcasm, there was exquisite irony, there were flashes of wit, there was an outburst of corosive scorn and indignation, that were wonderfully artistic and effective. At times a felicity of illustration would arrest your attention, and a great outburst of high and ennobling eloquence would thrill you with the most pleasurable emotions. The taste was exceedingly fine, and, from beginning to end, the working of a highly cultivated, refined, graceful, and elegant mind was manifest. There were passages delivered with high dramatic art that would have electrified any audience on earth. If that speech had been delivered before an Athenian audience in the days of Pericles, in Rome in the day when Cicero thundered forth his burning and sonorous eloquence, or in Westminster Hall, with Burke and Fox and Sheridan among the auditors, the speaker would have received their loudest acclaims, and his fame would have gone down the ages as one of those rarely gifted men who know well how to use their native speech and to play with the touch of a master on that grand instrument, the human heart.

"We could refer at length, if opportunity allowed, to the scheme of his argument, to his magnificent peroration, in which passion and imagination swept the audience and led them captive at the will of the magician; to the exquisitely apposite illustrations, now quaint and humorous, and then delicate and pathetic, drawn with admirable art from history and poetry and the Sacred Truth—to these and other points we might refer. But how can words, empty words, reproduce the glowing eloquence and entrancing power of the human voice when that voice is one while soft as Apollo's lute, then resonant as the blast of a bugle under the influence of deep passion? How can human language bring back a forgotten strain or convey an exact impression made by the tongue of fire when burdened with a majestic eloquence?"

From time to time Mr. Davis delivered other addresses on literary, historical, and political subjects. Especially notable were those on the death of General Lee and of President Davis.

In the third volume of *Southern Literature,* Dr. Alphonso Smith, a competent and severe critic, attributes to Mr. Davis the rare power of the

> "Choice word and measured phrase above the reach
> Of ordinary men."

"He brought," says Dr. Smith, "an interpretative imagination to bear upon every subject that he discussed; he visualized the scenes and vitalized the events he sought to portray. He had that rarest of gifts—the feeling for the right word in the right place. There was no strained after-effect, but his style was clear, strong, and flexible. He could be dignified without being heavy, and playful without being light." According him great ability as an orator, Dr. Smith adds: "His power over an audience did not rest merely on oratorical gifts, but rather upon the high moral, social, and civic ideals which he exemplified in his daily life."

No man was ever more revered in his community than Mr. Davis. He was regarded as the most illustrious son of the Cape Fear. When he died the Wilmington Chamber of Commerce prepared a memorial of his life and the Daughters of the Confederacy erected the monument to him that stands in the heart of the city. Though he declined the distinction offered him by Governor Vance in January, 1878, of being appointed to the office of Chief Justice, his memory was honored by the Supreme Court when, on the 19th of October, 1915, it accepted a portrait of him. The occasion of the presentation was notable, and Capt. S. A. Ashe delivered an eloquent and masterful address reviewing Mr. Davis' life and work.

Would that the youth of the rising generation who daily pass the bronze effigy of this foremost scholar and statesman of the Cape Fear knew more of one whose wisdom truly illustrated the principles of law and equity, whose eloquence commanded the admiration of his peers, who was beloved for his stainless integrity, and, shining in the "pure excellence of virtue and refinement," exemplified with dignity and simplicity, with gentle courtesy and Christian faith, the true heart of chivalry in Southern manhood. As we contemplate his lofty qualities, we can not repress the sigh of regret that such greatness is no more. The soaring thought, the brilliant imagination, the balanced judgment, the profound learning we do not expect to see every day, nor in every generation. The stainless honor, the broad patriotism, the noble disinterestedness of his public service are unhappily too little seen in our public men. But it is surely not too much to hope that the example of his blameless life will not be lost upon the people among whom he lived so long and so honorably. How well he exemplified in his own career the beautiful message which he brought in his early years to those just entering upon the duties of life: