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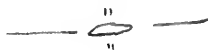
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LADIES' MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

CONFEDERATE

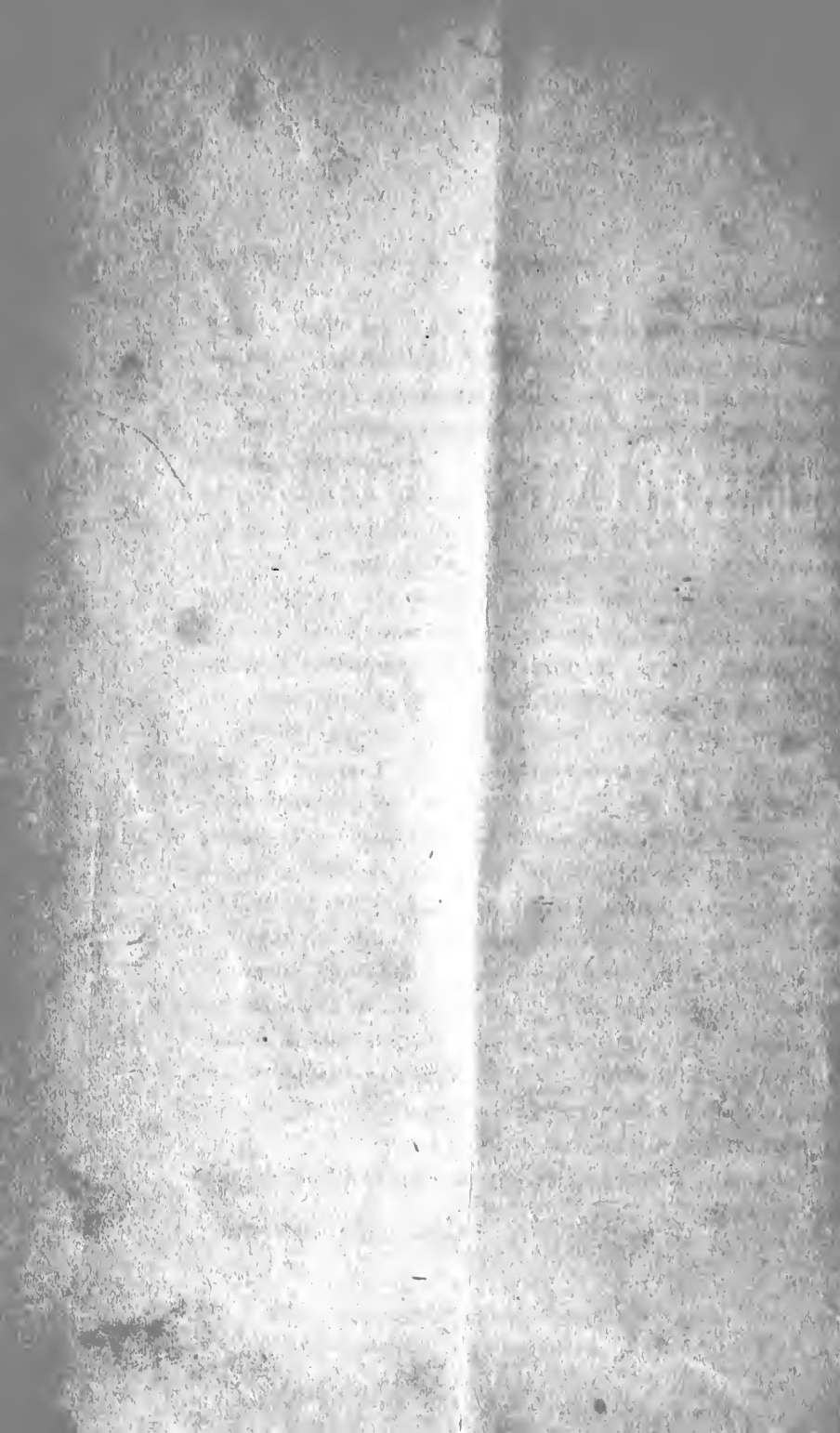
MEMORIAL ADDRESSES.

MONDAY, MAY 11, 1885.

NEW BERN, N. C.

RICHMOND, VA.:

WHITTET & SHEPPERSON, COR. TENTH AND MAIN STREETS.
1886.



NEWBERN, N. C., March 31, 1892.

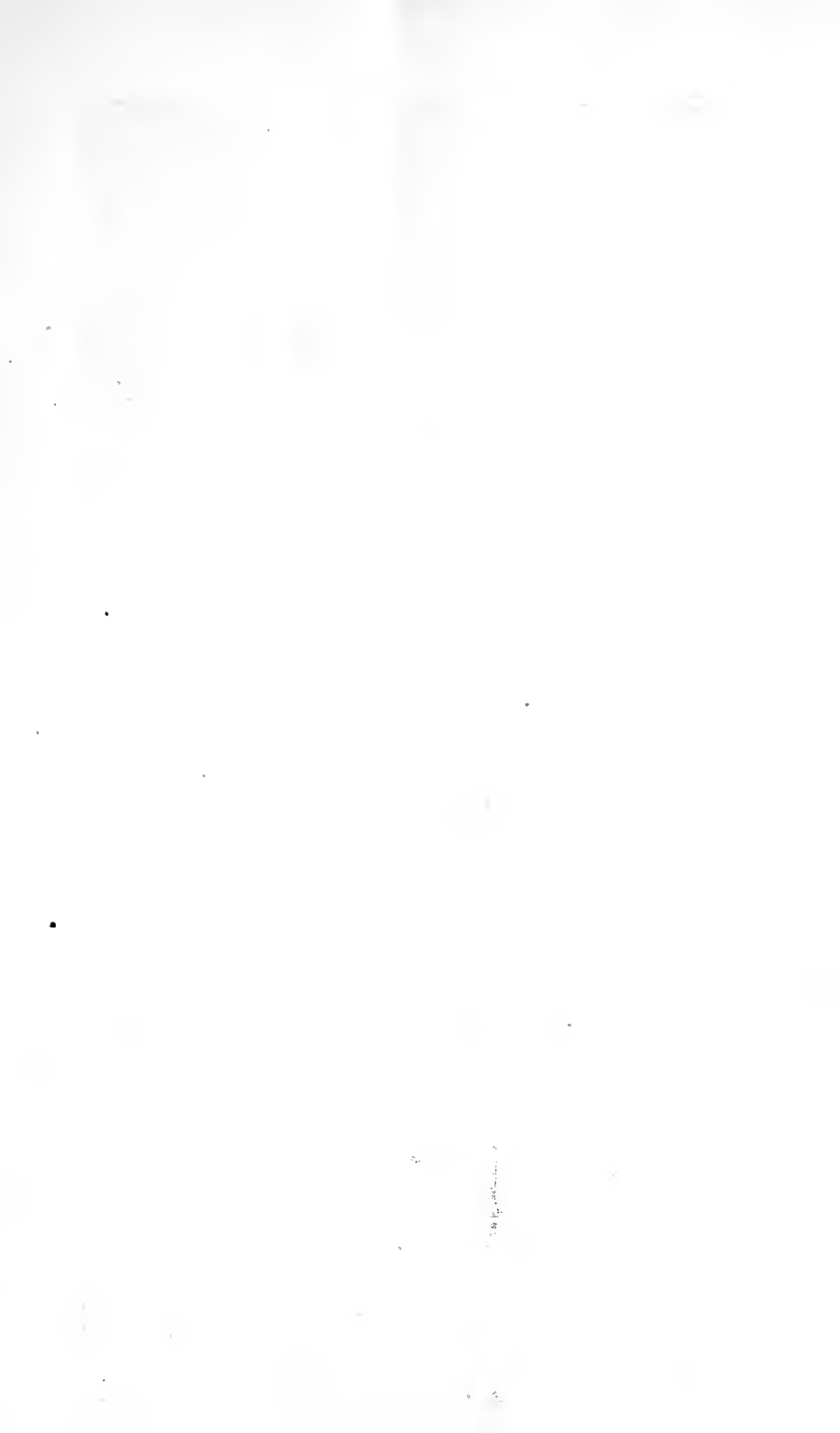
STATE CHRONICLE:—

In a recent issue of your paper you state "It is settled that the name of this place should be New Bern." You are in error. I send you an official document (just issued), being a message from the President transmitting to Congress the report of the Committee on Geographic names, and the action taken by Congress on it. The report RESPECTS THE LAWS of North Carolina which in 1723 incorporated "The Town of Newbern," and in 1868 re-chartered it "The City of Newbern;" it also sustains the usages of the Government for over one hundred years and establishes the name Newbern, Craven county, North Carolina, as per page 32 of the report. It expressly discards the names Newberne, New Berne, New Bern, New Burn, and adopts Newbern. This report, in accordance with Law, is accepted as standard authority by all the Departments of the Government. I was shown a short time past in the Post-office department at Washington the records of the Newbern Post-office for over one hundred years; during the entire time up to 1862 no other name than Newbern appears in the records. In 1862, at the time Newbern was captured by Gen'l Burnside and when it was almost entirely evacuated by the citizens, the Post-office, as shown by the records, was taken possession of by Mr. John Dibble, Mr. E. Hubbs and some others connected with Burnside's army and the name, without any legal authority, was changed to New-Berne.

The recent action of the Government restores its legal name, Newbern.

WILLIAM H. OLIVER.

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LADIES' MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

CONFEDERATE

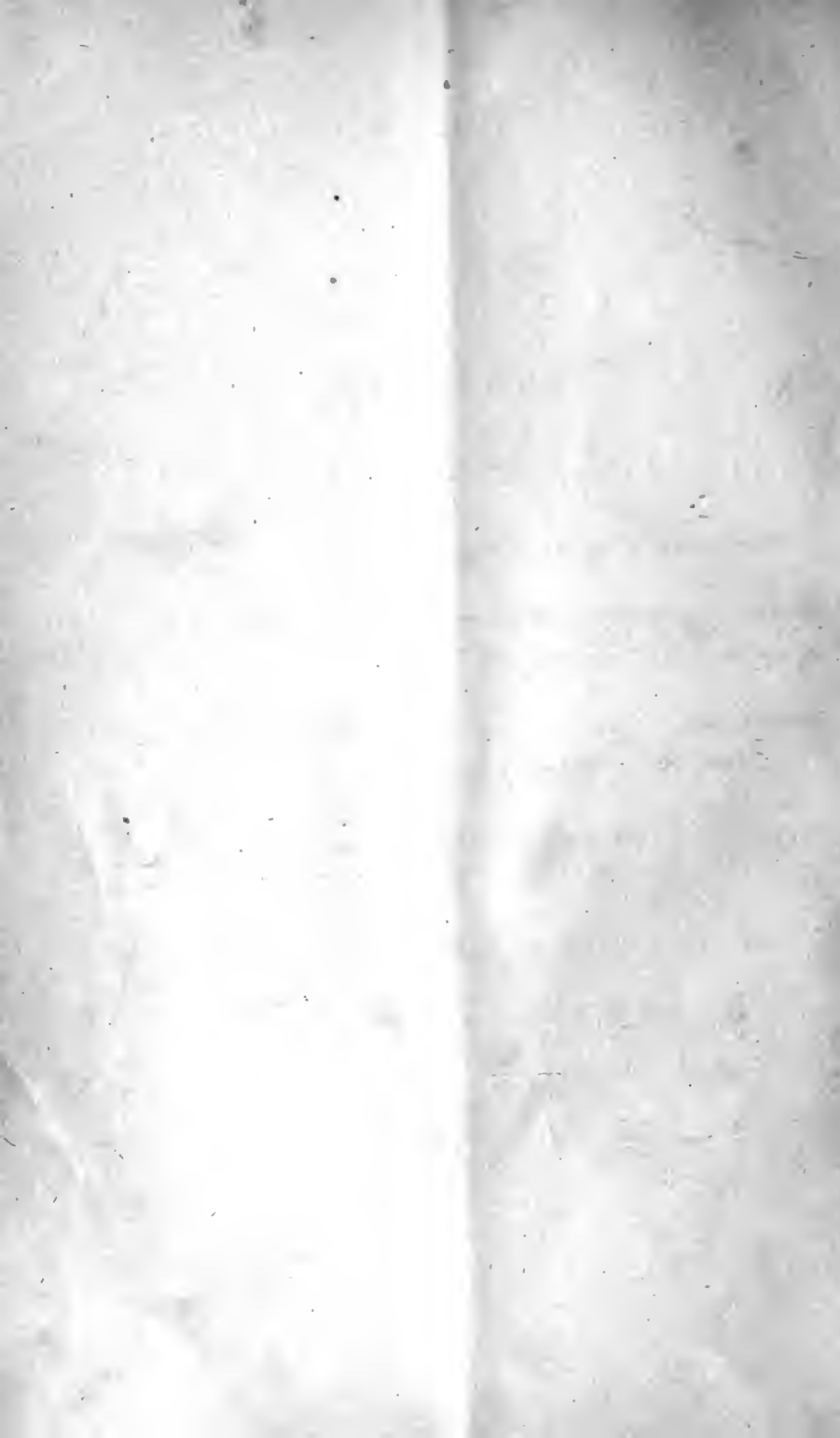
MEMORIAL ADDRESSES.

MONDAY, MAY 11, 1885.

NEW BERN, N. C.

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HISTORICAL SKETCH

OF

THE LADIES' MEMORIAL SOCIETY

OF

NEW BERN, N. C.

DURING the late sad war New Bern was long occupied by the Federal troops. At its close, the old citizens, long exiles from their homes, returned, broken in fortune, poor in worldly goods, but rich in patriotic fervor. The large-hearted women of New Bern determined, in some way, to commemorate the devotion of the dead Confederate soldiers of this section of the old North State. No means were available except what continuous effort could realize.

On November 17, 1866, the Board of City Councilmen, by a vote of four to two, passed the following ordinance :

“It is ordained by the Mayor and Council of the city of New Bern, that the plat of ground in Cedar Grove Cemetery, known as the Circle, and the four adjoining triangles, be, and the same are hereby given, set apart, and appropriated to the NEW BERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION, for the legitimate purposes for which said Association was formed.

“Be it further ordained, that the Mayor and Council of said city shall, and will convey by deed to said Association said plat of ground, so soon as said Association shall be prepared legally to receive the same.”

“THE LADIES' MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION OF NEW BERN” was organized in January, 1867, with the following officers: President, Mrs. E. B. Daves; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. J. A. Guion, Mrs. W. P. Moore and Mrs. M. McK. Nash; Secretary, Miss H. Lane;

Treasurer, Mrs. Julius Lewis. For the past eighteen years they have labored with commendable perseverance to accomplish their worthy aims. Money has been gathered from annual dues, festivals, concerts, mite chests, donations, and a final handsome and successful effort through the columns of the *New Bern Daily Journal*, by its editor, Mr. H. S. Nunn. Altogether they have received about \$3,700.

On May 2d, 1867, was laid the corner-stone of the mausoleum or vault beneath centre plat. It was completed at a cost of about \$2,000. Herein have been deposited sixty-seven bodies of Confederates, who died or were killed in or near the city during the war. Their names are preserved by the Society. Three other interments have been made since; and any Confederate soldier, remaining true to the "Lost Cause," may be buried here, if his family so desire.

Above this mausoleum, on the summit of the mound, stands the Association's crowning work—the beautiful monument reproduced in the frontispiece. It rises from a bottom base, four feet square, to a total height of eighteen feet. The bottom and sub-base, die and shaft, are of fine Rutland blue marble. The life-size statue on top was cut, after a design expressly for this monument, by the best workman in Carrara, Italy. It represents a Confederate soldier in uniform and overcoat, on picket, with every sense awake as he keenly watches for the slightest hostile movement. Calm, faithful, brave, he will never be surprised. A noble face and figure, a typical hero from the ranks! In procuring and setting in place this statue, Mr. J. K. Willis, the skilled marble worker of New Bern, kindly assisted the ladies without charge for his personal care and superintendence.

Just as this statue was put in position, the first and only president of the Association, Mrs. Daves, passed from her service here to her reward. Her last moments were cheered by the announcement of the happy completion of this work, so dear to her noble heart.

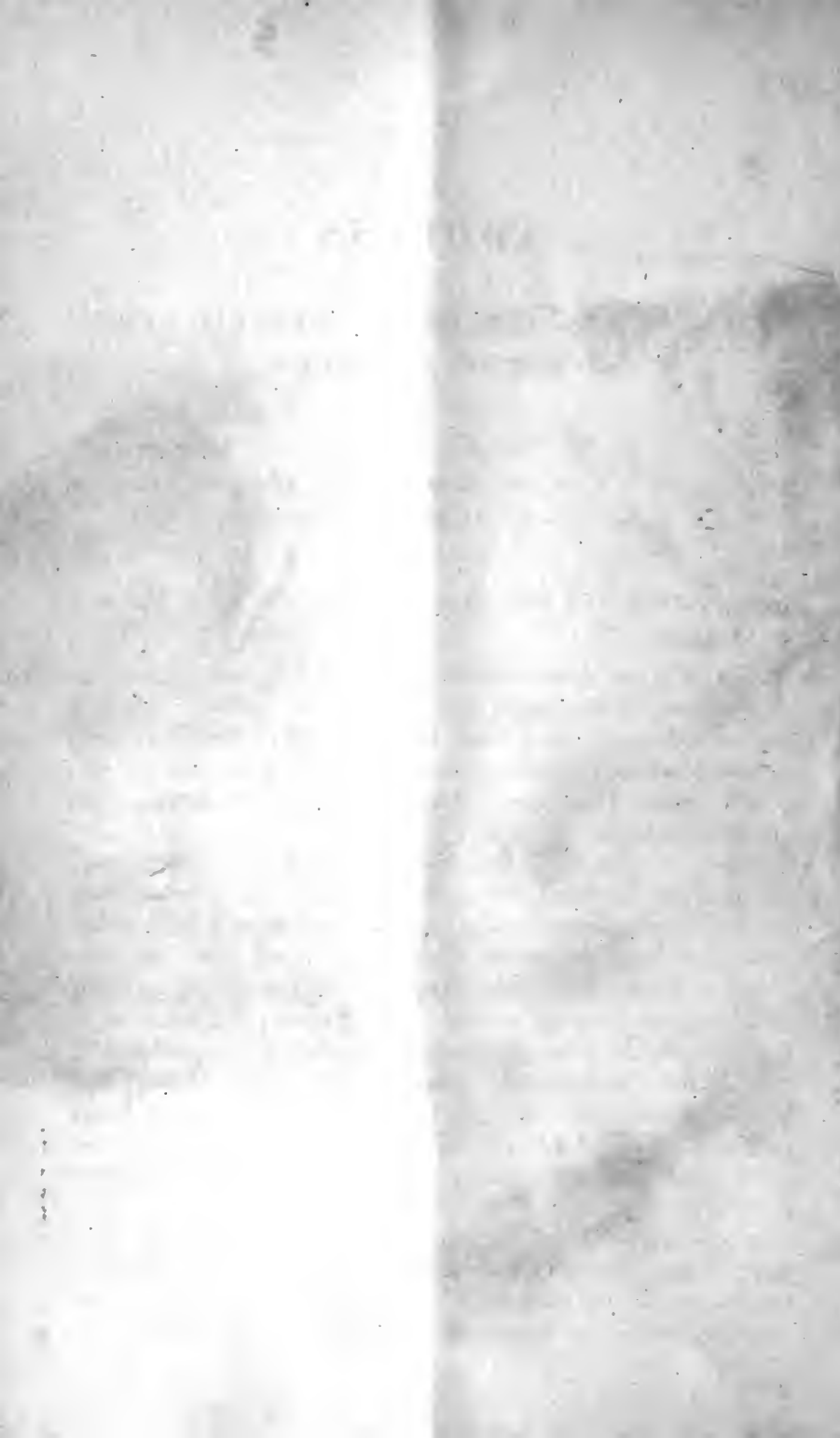
The monument was finished in time for the annual May celebration, 1885. So Monday, May 11th, a most charming and auspicious day, was appropriated to the

INAUGURATION CEREMONIES.

Steamer and railroad poured in their contributions from river and inland, from Morehead, Kingston and Smithfield, until a dense throng gathered around the tastefully decorated speaker's stand, under the pleasant shade of the Academy's beautiful grove of elms. Prominent in front were the old shot-rent and battle-inscribed flag of the Forty-eighth North Carolina Regiment, and the bright banner of the Sixty-seventh North Carolina Regiment, borne by a one-armed ex-Confederate. Old veterans of these commands honored their remembered ensigns of trying days.

After music by the choir and a prayer by Rev. V. W. Shields, Mr. Clement Manly introduced the orator of the day, Captain Hamilton C. Graham, of Dallas county, Ala., but a native of Halifax county, N. C., and formerly a captain in the Seventh North Carolina Regiment,* who then, in response to the invitation of the Memorial Association, delivered the handsome address which follows, on the Life and Services of General JAMES JOHNSTON PETTIGREW.

* Captain Graham was first a private in the Ellis North Carolina Light Artillery; then Lieutenant in the Twenty-second Regiment, North Carolina Infantry; promoted to Captain in Seventh North Carolina Regiment; severely wounded at Gaines' Mill; then appointed Judge Advocate of the General Court-martial. He is now a practising lawyer.



ADDRESS

ON

THE LIFE AND SERVICES OF GENERAL JAMES

JOHNSTON PETTIGREW, (1828-1863)

DELIVERED BY

H. C. GRAHAM, OF DALLAS COUNTY, ALA.,

AT NEW BERN, N. C., ON THE 11TH OF MAY, 1885, BY INVITATION FROM THE
NEW BERN LADIES' MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

LADIES OF THE NEW BERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION AND FELLOW-
CITIZENS :

UNDER any circumstances I should feel myself highly honored in being called upon to address an audience such as I now see before me ; but when I consider all of my present surroundings, when I remember the place where I am, and the purpose for which I am here, my heart is filled to overflowing with appreciation of this occasion.

Twenty years have passed since last I stood upon the precious soil of North Carolina. With all the longing that ever possesses the heart of the absent sons of the Old North State, I have looked forward to some day when once more I could stand amid the scenes of my youth. I have little thought, however, it would be on an occasion like this, or that I should occupy the conspicuous position in which I now find myself, through the invitation with which I have been honored from the noble association of ladies in this city, who have done so much, to their everlasting honor be it said, to perpetuate the name and fame of those gallant sons of North Carolina, who went forth to die for her and for the cause of self-government.

A beautiful custom, I learn, prevails in Carolina on the occasion of these annual memorial services, and that is, to select as the theme for the occasion the name of some conspicuous exemplar of valor and worth from among that large number of

North Carolinians who distinguished themselves in our great war between the States.

I would, ladies and gentlemen, that some more eloquent tongue than mine, that some one more practised in the arts and graces of oratory than myself were present on this interesting occasion, to voice the virtues and to pay proper tribute to the brilliant military achievements of that brave soldier and true patriot, JAMES JOHNSTON PETTIGREW, the subject of our theme to-day; for among all that long list of brave men and skillful commanders that North Carolina sent forth to battle for her cause, among that galaxy of Southern heroes that, from 1861 to 1865, claimed the admiration of the world, he was the peer of them all.

England's greatest bard hath said, that—

“To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
 To throw a perfume on the violet,
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue
 Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
 To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
 Is wa-terful and ridiculous excess.”

With this forcible and beautiful metaphor the wonderful poet intended to convey the idea that it was needless to embellish perfect excellence; and the quotation has been often used to illustrate the idea that where a great and a good man dies, whose virtues were so conspicuous that they must of necessity have been known by all men, there is no need for eulogy. The character and the achievements of such men speak more eloquently in their behalf than any language the eulogist can command. Such was the character and such the achievements of that noble son of North Carolina whose memory we seek to honor to-day.

A soldier of high resolve, with capacity for brilliant execution, a gentleman far removed from the slightest tinge of a dishonorable thought or action, of absolutely unselfish and unadulterated patriotism, James Johnston Pettigrew was emphatically a man for the times in which he lived; a man for lofty and noble deeds in a great struggle that called forth the noblest and the best attributes of human nature. Of that pure and spotless character, and elevated, knightly courage that absolutely knew not the meaning of the word fear in the performance of duty, he was a fit associate of the immaculate Lee, and a fit commander of that heroic division that scaled the heights of Gettysburg, planted their

country's banner on that fiery crest, and poured forth, alas! such a copious libation of North Carolina's best blood upon that memorable field. Of calm and dignified bearing, his fine countenance ever expressive of deep reflection and noble resolve, with that admirable poise of mind and disposition that was never too exultant in success, nor cast down in trial and defeat,

“Composed in suffering, in joy sedate;
Good without noise, without pretension great;
True to his word, in every thought sincere,
Knowing no wish but what the world might hear,”

he was eminently fitted to be a leader in a cause destined to try to the utmost the virtue and the endurance of man.

I beg you, ladies and gentlemen, not to suppose that I am attempting merely the language of eulogy in thus endeavoring to describe some of the characteristics of James Johnston Pettigrew, for he was in truth all that I have said, and more; nor do I feel that in the mere outline of his character and services permitted by the limits of this address, I could pay but the most imperfect tribute to the virtues and achievements of this departed hero and patriot.

It is a noble spectacle to witness the annual outpouring of our people on occasions like this, for the purpose of keeping alive the remembrance of the heroes of our lost cause. The memory of the sad and pathetic fate of our lost and loved ones is ours now, and it is a labor of love that we perform in scattering beautiful flowers upon their graves; but it cannot and it will not be, that the glory of their achievements will always remain the property of only a portion of this land.

As the passions and bitter animosities of the war shall disappear, and as the sentiment of the country shall become mellowed by time, history will at last do justice to that grand army of heroes who illustrated to the world such sublime heroism, self-denial and patriotic purpose for their convictions of right, and who gave such splendid exhibition of their Anglo-Saxon origin and of American manhood.

As the Englishman of to-day points with pride to the names of England's heroes emblazoned on the walls of Westminster Abbey, who fought in days gone by for different political convictions, but who fought nobly and well, whichever side they espoused; as he

to-day points to victor and vanquished alike and tells us, not that this man was a rebel, and that one loyal, but "these are the men who in the past history of my country have illustrated the heroism, the nobility and the highest virtues of the Anglo-Saxon races;" so, in the near future, the time will come when the names and the fame of our Southern heroes and patriots will become the common property of America. And when that day shall come—when that day shall come! as it will, so sure as the bright sun now gives its light from heaven—then among the long list of historic names that shall be held up to the rising generations as exemplars of all that was true and noble of valor and worth, of all that was sublime in patriotic impulse and endeavor, none will be found that will shine with a purer lustre than that of Pettigrew. In the brief story of his life that I am permitted to recite to-day, I shall be able to convey to you but an imperfect description of the man. I may speak to you of his youthful triumphs as a student, of his literary attainments in after life, of his scholarly accomplishments, of his distinguished record in the politics of his adopted State, of his achievements and his aspirations as a soldier, and we may draw our inferences therefrom; but that elevated character of his every impulse, that deep and all-pervading earnestness of purpose, that complete abnegation of self in his devotion to his cause, that keen sense of true nobility and honor, that was characteristic of the man, could only be known and appreciated for their full value by those who were thrown in immediate contact with him.

JAMES JOHNSTON PETTIGREW

was born on the shores of Lake Scuppernong, in Tyrrell county, North Carolina, on the 4th July, 1828, at the paternal estate, "Bonarva," where was ever dispensed that princely hospitality characteristic of the Southern plantation of the olden time. His father, Hon. Ebenezer Pettigrew, who, for a short period, represented his district in the United States Congress, was descended from an ancient and honorable family, of French origin, but a portion of which early settled in Ireland, and became distinguished in the civil and military history of that country. One of his ancestors, James Pettigrew, was a distinguished officer in King William's army at the battle of the

Boyne, and for gallant service there he received a grant of lands from the crown. James Pettigrew, the youngest son of this gentleman, emigrated to America in 1740, and was the founder of the family in this country. He finally settled at Abbeville, South Carolina, leaving in North Carolina his son Charles, grandfather to General Pettigrew, and the founder of the family in this State. This gentleman, who was ordained to the ministry by the Bishop of London in 1775, became an eminent divine in the English Church, and after the Revolution was chosen the first Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of North Carolina. He died, however, before his consecration, leaving one son, Hon. Ebenezer Pettigrew, to whom I have already referred.

It is eminently appropriate that this city should do honor to the memory of James Johnston Pettigrew, for his mother, Mrs. Ann B. Pettigrew, was the daughter of one of the most distinguished families that New Bern has produced, being a member of that family of Shepards whose high social standing for years added greatly to that brilliant society, which has rendered this classic town famous in the history of North Carolina.

— The early youth of General Pettigrew was passed under the instruction of that unrivalled preceptor, W. T. Bingham, in Hillsboro, and doubtless to the splendid training he there received was due much of his success during his brilliant collegiate course.

In 1843 he entered the University of North Carolina, then, as at the outbreak of the war, under the guidance of that loved and revered head, Governor David L. Swain. His college career was one continued and brilliant success.

Perhaps no student at the University ever graduated with greater distinction than did young Pettigrew in 1847. So conspicuous was his merit, of such a high order were his acquirements, that President Polk, who was attending the commencement, accompanied by Commodore Maury, at the suggestion of that distinguished officer and scientist, tendered to Pettigrew one of the assistant Professorships in the Observatory at Washington; thus placing him at the early age of nineteen in one of the most responsible and highly respected positions under the Government.

Here, while he faithfully and satisfactorily, and with great distinction to himself, performed all the duties of his office, yet the quiet and uneventful routine of the scientific studio was unsuited

to his active genius, and he longed for more vigorous action in the arena of life; consequently, in 1848, he adopted the profession of law, and commenced his studies with James M. Campbell, Esq., of Baltimore; in a short time, however, he removed to Charleston, South Carolina, and completed his legal preparation under the tutelage of his distinguished relative, James L. Pettigrew, Esq., for many years the acknowledged head of the South Carolina Bar. In 1850 he commenced an extended European tour, devoting much of his time while abroad to profound study. It was during his travels in Spain that Mr. Barringer, then United States Minister at Madrid, offered him the Secretaryship to the Legation on account of his varied accomplishments and eminent fitness for the position; but learning that the then incumbent was anxious to retain his position, with that nice consideration for the feelings of others that was one of his chief characteristics, he declined the offer.

In 1852 Mr. Pettigrew returned to Charleston and the practice of his profession. In 1856 he became an active participant in the political controversies of his State, which resulted in his election to the Legislature from the city of Charleston in the October elections of that year. There was, at this period, a dignity and consequence attached to the office of Representative in South Carolina perhaps unequalled in any other State, and the General Assembly was composed of the very best material afforded by the commonwealth. Many of the members had grown old in the service of the State, and had earned for themselves distinction that had given them a national reputation. In this body James Johnston Pettigrew, though one of the youngest members, at once became an honored and conspicuous figure.

The slavery question, with all its attendant agitations, was at this period assuming vast proportions in the politics of the country. Already distant thunders from the clouds of war were beginning to be heard from the political horizon, and perhaps in no State of the South were more extreme measures urged than in South Carolina.

In the midst of the heated and passionate controversies of the times, Pettigrew, while he was the very embodiment of that loyalty to the State which was the shibboleth of his party, yet ever tempered his sentiments with a broad and statesmanlike

conservatism, with a calm and dignified consideration, that conspicuously marked him among his co-laborers in the counsels of the State; and at the conclusion of his legislative term, perhaps no man of his years in South Carolina occupied a more prominent position among the advanced thinkers of the day.

In 1859 he again returned to Europe, his military tastes, which were ever predominant, leading him thither to observe the progress of the Italian war.

While Pettigrew was essentially a firm believer in the doctrine of State supremacy, he was intensely American in his love for and pride in his country as a whole, and in his devotion to the principles of true republicanism. His deepest sympathies were enlisted in behalf of the Sardinians, struggling to free themselves from the yoke of their oppressors during the Italian war, and he applied for and obtained a staff appointment in the Sardinian service; but while hurrying forward to join the army, before he could reach it, peace was declared, and he was unable to carry out his noble and unselfish purpose.

In his interesting book—"Spain and the Spaniards"—one of the results of his extensive travels, and published shortly after his return from abroad, commenting upon the apathy of Europe while a nation was struggling for freedom, and upon his own emotions as he hastened forward to join the Sardinian army, he says:

"It was certainly humiliating that so large a portion of Europe should have remained unsympathizing spectators of the contest. On the part of an American, acquiescence in such neutrality would have been treason against nature. Inspired by these sentiments, I was hurrying with what speed I might to offer my services to the Sardinian Government, and to ask the privilege of serving as a volunteer in her armies. * * *

No emotion of my life was ever so pure, so free from every shade of conscientious doubt or selfish consideration. * * *

I saw but the spectacle of an injured people, struggling as America had done, to throw off the yoke of a foreign and comparatively barbarous oppressor; and as we passed battalion after battalion of brave French, slowly ascending the mountain, I felt toward them all the fervor of youth, fired by the grateful traditions of eighty years ago."

Returning to South Carolina the latter part of 1859, and convinced from the signs of the times that the impending conflict between the sections could not long be deferred, Pettigrew, who had devoted much of his time while abroad to the study of military science, took an active part in perfecting the local military organizations of Charleston. Soon afterward he was chosen Colonel of the First Regiment of Rifles of that city, and through his exertions that celebrated corps was brought to the highest state of discipline and efficiency.

It is needless that I should here go into any extended recital of the momentous occurrences that preceded the secession of South Carolina. As is well known, that memorable event occurred on the 20th of December, 1860, and pending negotiations between the State and the Government at Washington. Major Anderson having evacuated Fort Moultrie and established himself in Fort Sumter, the South Carolina authorities immediately took possession of the remaining fortifications in Charleston harbor, and commenced vigorous measures to prevent reinforcements from reaching the Federal commander, and for the investment of the historic fortress where he had isolated his small and devoted band.

Colonel Pettigrew, with his rifle regiment, was ordered to take possession of Castle Pinkney, a small fortification in the harbor; but his services were soon demanded at a more important point, and he was transferred to Morris Island, where his splendid abilities as a military engineer were brought prominently into notice in the erection of some of those formidable batteries, that added so greatly to the compliment of the defences of Charleston harbor.

But events were rapidly hurrying forward to that final culmination which brought the sections face to face in the gigantic struggle. One by one additional States were added to the Confederacy, until at last that memorable 20th May, 1861, arrived, when North Carolina cast her lot with her sisters of the South. For the information of those among us to-day whose memories do not run back to this historic period,—and I know there are many, grown to man's and woman's estate, for our great struggle has already begun to drift into the long ago,—I will say that this greatest of all events in North Carolina's history, was performed with great *eclat*. As a youthful soldier and an eye-witness to the scene, it made an impression upon me that time has never effaced. The convention

then in session at Raleigh, was composed of men famous in the history of the Commonwealth. The city was filled with distinguished visitors from every portion of the State and the South. The first camp of instruction, located near by, under the command of that noble old hero, D. H. Hill, was crowded with the flower of the old military organizations of the State, and sounds of martial music at all hours of the day were wafted over the city.

When the day arrived for the final passage of the ordinance of secession, the gallant and lamented Ramseur, then a major of artillery, was ordered to the Capitol grounds with his superb battery, to fire a salute of one hundred guns in honor of the event. The battery was drawn up to the left of the Capitol, surrounded by an immense throng of citizens. The convention in the Hall of the House of Representatives were going through the last formality of signing the ordinance. The moment the last signature was fixed to the important document, at a given signal, the artillery thundered forth, every bell in the city rang a peal, the military band rendered patriotic airs, and with one mighty shout from the multitude of her patriotic sons North Carolina proclaimed to the world that she had resumed her sovereignty. Immediately afterward she began to pour her legions into Virginia.

When the Twelfth Regiment, which afterward became celebrated as the Twenty-second North Carolina Infantry, was organized, Pettigrew was chosen its colonel, having previously declined the position of adjutant-general of South Carolina. At this time he was without command, on account of the Confederate authorities declining to receive his South Carolina regiment on the terms they demanded. So anxious was he, however, to be in active service, he had proceeded to Richmond and enlisted in the Hampton Legion, when his commission as colonel of the Twelfth North Carolina Regiment reached him. Joining his command at Raleigh in a short time, he brought it to the very highest point of efficiency, so much so that, when shortly afterward he was ordered to Virginia, the Richmond papers with one accord made most favorable comment on the appearance of his regiment, as it marched through the streets of that city.

While North Carolina congratulated herself in securing the services of a man of such distinguished abilities as the commander of one of her regiments, the appointment was also exceedingly

grateful to Pettigrew, for his heart had ever yearned toward his native State with the devotion of a true and loyal son.

It may not be amiss just here to speak of the sentiments of Pettigrew in contemplating the approaching conflict, as indicated by his own words. Though much of his life had been passed in a State noted for its extreme views and utterances on the subject of secession, yet it was with no revengeful or vindictive spirit that he contemplated the struggle between the sections, but with sorrow that the land he loved so well, the mighty republic to whose glory and renown the soldiers and statesmen of the South had contributed so much, must of necessity be rent in twain. His sentiments toward the old flag were beautifully illustrated when, in July, 1861, he received a stand of colors for his regiment. On that occasion he said:

“The flag of the old republic is ours no more. That noble standard which has so often waved over victorious fields, which has so often carried hope to the afflicted and struggling hearts of Europe, which has so often protected us in distant lands afar from home and kindred, now threatens us with destruction. In all its former renown we participated; Southern valor bore it to its proudest triumphs, and oceans of Southern blood have watered the ground beneath it. Let us lower it with honor and lay it reverently upon the earth.”

Remaining in Richmond about a week, Colonel Pettigrew was ordered to report with his regiment to General Holmes, at Brooke Station, on the Richmond and Fredericksburg railroad, from whence he was ordered to Evansport, on the Potomac, where his regiment was actively employed in constructing and guarding those formidable batteries that for so many months cut off water communication with Washington city. The construction of a large portion of the defensive works at Evansport was entrusted entirely to Pettigrew, and after their completion, they were pronounced by competent authority, to be master-pieces of military engineering.

In the spring of 1862 the Army of the Potomac fell back, and proceeded to Yorktown, to meet McClellan's advance on Richmond. Previous to the evacuation of Evansport, without solicitation on his part, the commission of brigadier-general was tendered to Colonel Pettigrew by President Davis. With unparalleled mod-

esty, he declined the appointment, giving as his reason, that he was unwilling to assume the command of a brigade until he had seen more active service with his regiment. It was my good fortune at this period of the war to be serving under Pettigrew as a subaltern in the line, and I shall ever bear in remembrance the deep sadness that pervaded the regiment at the prospect of losing its beloved commander, when he was summoned to Richmond, and the joy that was manifested when he returned and made known his determination to remain with us. No regimental commander ever received a greater ovation from his troops than did Pettigrew on this occasion. As he rode through the camp on his way to his quarters, with that modest and thoughtful bearing for which he was distinguished, he was greeted by a prolonged cheer from every officer and man in the regiment. At heart, however, the command were proud of his offered promotion, and thought that the good of the service demanded that he should reconsider his determination, which he finally concluded to do after the earnest solicitation of that distinguished veteran, General Theophilus Holmes; and before leaving Fredericksburg, he took command of a brigade, his own regiment forming a portion of it.

The limits of this address permit me to make but brief mention of General Pettigrew's distinguished services to the Confederacy from this date to the battle of Gettysburg. After faithful and efficient service in the trenches at Yorktown, his brigade was active in the performance of all the duties required of it on the memorable retreat up the Peninsula. At Barhausville he supported the gallant and lamented Whiting, when that officer so splendidly repulsed a portion of Franklin's corps near West Point.

On the 1st June, 1862, occurred the sanguinary engagement at Seven Pines. In this battle Pettigrew's brigade was hotly engaged and lost heavily. While leading with great gallantry one of his regiments in a charge upon a strong position of the enemy, General Pettigrew was severely wounded by a musket ball, which passed along the front of his throat and into the shoulder, cutting the nerves and muscles of the right arm. He was left insensible on the field, and when he awoke to consciousness he was a prisoner in the enemy's camp. As no intelligence for some time could be received concerning him, the impression prevailed that he had

been killed, which occasioned universal mourning throughout North Carolina.

After about two months' confinement in prison, General Pettigrew was exchanged, and being still an invalid from the effects of his wound, he was assigned to command at Petersburg. His old brigade, through the exigencies of the service having been assigned to new commands, a new one was formed, composed of the Eleventh, Twenty-sixth, Forty-fourth, Thirty-second and Fifty-second North Carolina Infantry, and placed under his command.

With this superb body of troops, Pettigrew was destined to add still brighter laurels to those already won. Ordered to North Carolina in the fall of 1862, he repelled the Federal raid into Martin county, and also the Federal General Foster's expedition against Goldsboro' in December of that year, and by his presence with his splendid command he gave new heart and courage to the people of that section of the State.

In the demonstration by General D. H. Hill against the town of Washington, North Carolina, in the spring of 1863, Pettigrew's brigade rendered conspicuous service.

At the gallant attack near Blount's Creek General Pettigrew commanded the forces there engaged, and gave a brilliant illustration of his capacity for separate command. In this engagement his noble adjutant-general, the gallant Captain Nicholas Collin Hughes, of this city, who had distinguished himself for bravery, was painfully wounded.

Ordered again to Virginia, Pettigrew was the defender of Richmond when General Stoneman made his raid north of the city; and soon afterward he took possession at Hanover Junction. When General Lee commenced his memorable advance into Pennsylvania, Pettigrew's brigade accompanied him as a part of Heth's division.

So much has been spoken and written concerning the great passage of arms at Gettysburg, it is needless that I should here enter into any extended details on the subject. Of one thing, however, I would speak with the most positive emphasis, and that is, that there is no point connected with the history of that grandest of all the battles of our great conflict, that is more thoroughly established to the satisfaction of every candid mind, by overwhelming testimony from participants in the battle, than the fact that no

command engaged in that memorable three days' conflict rendered more distinguished service to the Confederate cause, or penetrated farther into the enemy's lines, than Pettigrew's brigade and Heth's division, which he commanded in the assault upon Cemetery Ridge. I am led to speak thus positively of this fact, not from any observations of this historic event myself, for it was my fortune at this time to be serving in another portion of the Confederacy, but because it is the record of history.

Captain Lewis G. Young, General Pettigrew's distinguished aide-de-camp, a South Carolinian, and a thoroughly reliable officer, thus describes the conduct of Pettigrew's brigade in the terrible assault on the enemy's position the 1st of July :

"No troops," said he, "could have fought better than did Pettigrew's brigade on this day, and I will testify, on the experience of many hard-fought battles, that I never saw any fight so well. Its conduct was the admiration of all who witnessed the engagement; and it was the generally expressed opinion that no brigade had done more effective service or won greater fame for itself than this had."

That this gallant officer was not too partial in his estimate of the brilliant services of this command, let the following statement of casualties testify: Of the three thousand officers and men composing Pettigrew's brigade at the beginning of the battle, eleven hundred were killed and wounded. The Twenty-sixth North Carolina regiment alone lost five hundred and forty-nine out of eight hundred men, and the Eleventh Regiment two hundred and fifty out of five hundred and fifty. The five field officers present with these two regiments were all killed or wounded. Among them fell that noble spirit, the gallant Colonel Harry K. Burgwin, of the Twenty-sixth Regiment, the Harry Percy of that bloody day.

In the midst of this engagement, Major-General Heth having been wounded, the command of the division devolved upon General Pettigrew; and upon Colonel Marshall, of the Fifty-second Regiment, that of the brigade.

On the morning of the 3d of July, General Pettigrew was ordered to report, with Heth's division, to General Longstreet, and in the memorable assault of that day on Cemetery Hill he was at first ordered to support General Pickett's division; this order, however, was almost immediately countermanded, and he was

instructed to advance upon the same line with Pickett in the main attack.

What need that I should attempt to describe this eventful day? The history of the 3d of July, 1863, has become known to almost every school boy in the land. It is well known that the great assault upon Cemetery Ridge, which may be said to have decided the fate of the Confederacy, was opened by the most terrific artillery duel the world has ever known. For more than an hour over three hundred cannon bellowed forth their thunders and shook the hills around Gettysburg, myriads of bursting shell filled the air, and immense banks of sulphurous smoke rolled over the intervening space between the armies. Suddenly there came a pause in this fearful storm, and Pickett's division of Virginians, and Heth's division under Pettigrew, the last already terribly decimated from its participation in the engagement two days previous, sprang to the assault and started on that march of death that won for them imperishable renown.

On the crest of the hill in front, strongly entrenched, lay the Federal power, with every necessary appliance of destruction then known to warfare. Up this natural glasis, perfectly open except for the numerous fences that obstructed the way of the assaulting column, for one mile and a quarter Pettigrew led Heth's division under the most destructive fire of artillery and musketry known in any battle of modern times. Overcoming every obstacle, officers and men falling at every step by scores, his brave battalions, well-nigh annihilated, at last reached the enemy's works, only to be compelled to retire by overwhelming odds, and slowly the remnant of this gallant band was forced to fall back to the point from whence they had started.

But where, alas! was that high spirited and brave brigade that delighted to call Pettigrew its commander? The gallant Marshall, who led it, lay dead upon the field, and of the three thousand who had marched with such bright hopes into Pennsylvania only eight hundred and thirty-five remained. This small remnant was brought off under the command of Major Jones, of the Twenty-sixth Regiment, every other field officer, save one who was captured, being either killed or wounded.

Pettigrew himself was painfully wounded in the hand, but he declined to leave the field and remained with his troops to the last.

Two of his staff fell at his side. I pause for an instant to pay but a brief and imperfect tribute to one of them, Captain Nicholas Collin Hughes, of this city, his brave adjutant-general. High spirited, courageous, of handsome and dignified presence, animated by the noblest impulses of patriotism, of rare talent and intellectual acquirements, idolized by his family and dearly loved for his virtues by hosts of friends, there was a congenial companionship between him and his distinguished commander that grew stronger with lengthened association. As aid-de-camp to the lamented Governor Ellis, as adjutant of the Second North Carolina Regiment, and as adjutant-general of Pettigrew's brigade, he had won golden opinions from his superiors in command, and from all with whom he had been associated. Conspicuous always for his coolness and bravery, in the thickest of the fight on the 3d of July he received his mortal wound, and lingered until the 15th, when, at Martinsburg, Va., his noble spirit passed away.

Gathering the shattered remnants of his army, General Lee commenced his retreat into Virginia. But who shall describe the agony of that march? On the morning of the 14th of July Heth's division arrived at a point near Falling Waters, on the Potomac, where a pontoon bridge had been constructed for the passage of the army. The division had been marching all night, and, footsore and weary, had thrown themselves upon the ground to take what rest they might, when General Heth, who had resumed command of his own and also of Pender's division, approached General Pettigrew and informed him that he had received orders to cross the river, and instructed him to remain as a rear guard with his command, which consisted of his own and Archer's brigades. While the conversation proceeded between these officers, their attention was attracted by a considerable body of cavalry which made their appearance on a hill about a mile distant. Not knowing whether they were friends or foes, the two generals were intently watching their movements, when they beheld a small body of horsemen emerge from a wood a few hundred yards in front. This body came forward in a gallop, with swords drawn and displaying the Federal flag. The size of the force, numbering about forty men, and their confident approach toward so large a body of infantry, led General Heth to suppose that they were Confederate troops, and he withheld the fire of his men; this fatal delusion was soon,

however, dispelled, for the reckless troopers, ignorant of the force they were about to engage, with a shout dashed into the midst of the Confederates, demanding surrender, and an exciting engagement immediately ensued. At the beginning of the mêlée, General Pettigrew's horse, frightened at the sudden and near discharge of musketry, plunged and threw his rider. Rising in great pain, for he was still suffering from his wound received at Seven Pines, and his arm was in a sling from his injury of the 3d of July, Pettigrew beheld a Federal corporal near him in the act of firing on his men. Drawing his pistol, he was approaching this soldier with a view of engaging in combat with him, when he fell to the ground, himself pierced with a pistol ball.

The Confederates having quickly overcome their bold assailants by killing and wounding nearly the entire band, approached their loved commander to find him well nigh in the agonies of death from his mortal wound. Tenderly and lovingly his sorrowing soldiers raised him and bore him across the river, carrying him on that day seven miles, and the following day fifteen miles, to the residence of Mr. Boyd at Bunker Hill, near Martinsburg.

With great fortitude and Christian resignation he bore his suffering until the end came, when, on the 17th day of July, at twenty-five minutes past six o'clock in the morning, the spirit of this knightly soldier, this unselfish patriot, this true son of North Carolina, this pure and spotless Christian, winged its flight to the God that gave it.

Wrapped in the flag he had striven so hard, from a sincere conviction of duty to defend, his body was borne to the Capitol of his loved State, and in the old cemetery of that city it was deposited with the most distinguished civic and military honors his countrymen could bestow.

In the autumn of 1866 his remains were removed to the family cemetery at Bonarva, Lake Scuppernong, and there to-day, by the side of those who were nearest and dearest to him, amid the mournful sighing of the cypress and the pine, on the shores of the beautiful lake whose plashing waves made music to his ear in his childhood days, rest the mortal remains of James Johnston Pettigrew.

Ladies of the New Bern Memorial Association, I have endeavored to respond to your invitation. That I have done so in

the most imperfect manner I am painfully conscious. Nothing but my love and veneration for the distinguished soldier and patriot, to whose memory you have dedicated the services of this day, and my high appreciation of the compliment paid me in selecting me as your orator on this occasion, could have induced me to undertake an address upon the life and character of one who, as a youthful student, received the endorsement of "excellent" from the faculty of North Carolina's time-honored University; who as a scientist was at the early age of nineteen the chosen companion of the illustrious Maury; who, as a scholar and an author, had mastered eight languages; as a legislator, was pronounced by the most eminent of his associates as the coming man in a State that had produced a Calhoun; as a soldier, ranked among the bravest and the best in an army whose heroism had excited the admiration of the world; and of whom, as a dying Christian, it was said by one of the most distinguished Bishops of the Episcopal Church, that in a ministry of nearly thirty years he had never witnessed a more sublime example of Christian resignation and hope in death.

In conclusion, permit me to say that I should consider my mission of to-day still more imperfectly performed, if I did not attempt a tribute to those noble soldiers whose memories New Bern will ever delight to honor; those of her own sons who went forth to battle, and to those other brave spirits who found a last-resting place here in your midst, and in commemoration of whose valor your beautiful monument has been erected.

I call the roll of New Bern's heroes, but there are many, alas! who cannot answer to their names.

Where are Mayhew, Brookfield, Dewey, Malone, Robinson, Cook, Carter, Dixon, Duguid, Attmore, Hall, Hyman, Johnson, Hancock, Benjamin, Frederick Cherry, Cowling, Dix, Roberts, Koonce, Coart, Herritage, McLacklan, Bryan, Bernard, and Monday? They, too, laid down their lives on the field of battle, and so long as patriotic purpose and unselfish sacrifice for one's country shall be considered the attributes of American freemen, so long will the memories of these patriots be honored in this community.

The world's history furnishes no nobler instance of patriotic response to earnest conviction of duty than was illustrated by that outpouring of the young men of the South in 1861, of

which the action of these brave men of New Bern was a fair example.

I trust in this connection I may be pardoned if I borrow the language of that eminent South Carolinian, the eloquent Trescott, himself the biographer of the noble Pettigrew, who says:

“Never in the history of the world has there been a nobler response to a more thoroughly recognized duty; nowhere anything more truly glorious than this outburst of the youth and manhood of the South. And now that the end has come, and we have seen it, it seems to me that to a man of humanity, I care not in what section his sympathies may have been nurtured, there never has been a sadder or sublimer spectacle than these earnest and devoted men, their young and vigorous columns marching through Richmond to the Potomac, like the combatants of ancient Rome, beneath the imperial throne in the amphitheatre, and exclaiming with uplifted arms, ‘*Morituri te salutant.*’

“Their leaf has perished in the green,
And while we breathe beneath the sun,
The world which credits what is done
Is cold to all that might have been.”

“Of the great men of this civil war history will take care. The issues were too high, the struggle too famous, the consequences too vast for them to be forgotten. But as for those of whom I speak, if the State is indeed the mother whom they so fondly loved, she will never forget them. She will speak of them in a whisper, if it must be, but in tones of love that will live through all these dreary days. From among the children who survive to her, her heart will yearn for ever toward the early lost. The noble enthusiasm of their youth, the vigorous promise of their manhood, their imperfect and unrecorded achievement, the pity of their deaths, will so consecrate their memories that, be the revolutions of laws and institutions what they may, the South will, living, cherish with a holier and stronger love, and, dying, if die she must, will murmur with her latest breath the names of the ‘Confederate dead.’”

At the conclusion of the oration, Chief-Marshal E. M. Duguid formed the large procession of ex-Confederate soldiers, citizens, the little firemen, and the Graded School, all preceded by the Silver Cornet Band, and proceeded to Cedar Grove Cemetery. A circle was formed around the monument, and the choir sang "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground"; after which Rev. L. C. Vass, formerly the Chaplain of the Twenty-seventh Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade, and now pastor of the Presbyterian Church in New Bern, delivered the dedicatory address that follows.

ADDRESS

ON

UNVEILING THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT,

BY

REV. L. C. VASS, A. M., NEW BERN, N. C.,

MONDAY, MAY 11, 1885.

THIS morning I was asked by the ladies of the Memorial Association to offer some remarks on the unveiling of the statue dedicated to the memory of the Confederate dead. I obey the sudden summons, as a loyal knight to female power. What disappointment and shame would sadden our world and our hearts, were it not for woman's cheerful and unwearied energy and perseverance! A most happy illustration of this is before us to-day in this statue, about to be unveiled in our presence, through the tireless and often discouraged labors of the New Bern Ladies' Memorial Society. For many years they have wrought on this work, so needed in its objects and its subjects. This day sees the accomplishment of long desires.

A SORROW.

One sorrow clouds the sunshine of our joy. Yet that is not unrelieved. She, whose earnest energies and warm heart were enlisted in this enterprise, as the active *President* of this Memorial Society from its beginning, is sleeping with those whose fame she toiled to commemorate. But just before she left us, a sweet gleam of satisfaction rested upon her face and heart, as she was told that the statue was in its place on its pedestal. As she communed in soul, in this supreme hour, with her God, she was glad that her long labors were herein crowned with success. When we unveil this statue to-day, it will stand a monument, not only to the gallant soldiers, but also a monument to the loving zeal of the honored *leader of the Memorial Association*, the late *President Elizabeth Batchelor Daves*.

NATIONAL HONORS.

It is an honor to celebrate the fame of the noble. A good name is a coveted inheritance. It surely is a supreme satisfaction, not only not to be ashamed of our ancestors, but to be able to point to their worth with confidence, to live in their reflected light, and to be elevated in sentiment and life by imitation of their distinguished achievements.

So nations have ever rightly delighted to honor their worthy sons. With wonder and admiration have I gazed on that Colossal Lion—cut with rare sculptor's skill in the solid face of a rocky cliff in Switzerland—by that genius of the chisel, Thorwaldsen. There lies the dying king of animals, pierced by the broken but fatal spear, with defiance in his speaking face, as with an echoing roar he lays his mighty paw on the shield, bearing the lilies of France. Thus significantly he perpetuates the unshrinking fidelity of that Spartan band of Swiss soldiers, who, when all others deserted the King of France, rallied as his trusted body guard around him, and arms in hand, died in honor.

So one stands in mute musing, amazement and satisfaction under the gilded dome, surrounded by the rare frescoes, polished marble and granite and speaking bronze, of the tomb of Napoleon in the Hotel des Invalides, and there honors the mindful devotion of a nation to a dead chieftain, who crowned them with fadeless glory.

So everywhere, in the marts of commerce, or in holy temples, or in the cities of the dead,—the Père le Chaises, Laurel Hills, Greenwoods, and the Cedar Groves,—we found lasting memorials to those whose name and fame we will not willingly let die.

OUR TESTIMONIAL.

To-day, then, with equal pride and pleasure we rejoice, that in our poverty, but in our honor, we are come to offer a fitting testimonial to the memory of the true and the brave, who at their country's call hastened to the fray, and endured to the death.

“ In the fair South-Land, where the red rose blooms,
And the violet scents the breeze,
Where the dark pines' bending, swaying plumes
Rise o'er the nodding trees ;
Where cottages 'mid the gray woodbine,

The jasmine-buds and the arbuté-vine,
Gleamed bright in the South-Land's summer shine,

“The rumble of war swelled over the land,
The roll of the stirring drum,
And the shrill fife pealed from cliff to strand,
And died in a solemn hum !
The din of the battle-jar in the air,
And the torch of Mars, with its crimson flare,
Were heard and seen o'er the fields so fair.”

Then the fields grew red, and the homes grew still ;
For the boys in gray lie dead ;—
Our hopes were all withered, our hearts were chill,
As we wept o'er their gory bed,—
But nature has gemmed her mantle of green,
And covered their homes with the flowery sheen,—
While God our comfort and stay hath been.

In the spring-tide of this glorious light, on this radiant afternoon, this monument is placed here with its marble soldier—his rifle grounded—to celebrate and honor for ever the worthy deeds of our gallant dead, Confederate warriors.

This illustrious host is led by him whom the 10th of May always calls to mind. In the far off northern Denmark I was both surprised and glad to hear the sentiment—coming too from the Royal Court—that in studying the records of the late sad conflicts in our land, the greatest of all the military chieftains was our own loved “STONEWALL JACKSON.”

SALUTATION.

And now evil passions are beginning to be laid to rest, and friend and foe are joining in admiring true courage and devotion to duty. So we gladly and fitly uncover our Memorial Statue to public gaze and to history, in honor of the brave who sleep in their last bivouac—in the camping ground of stainless fame. As these noble ladies of the New Bern Memorial Association now unveil this monument dedicated to heroes, let these shot-torn battle flags wave their salute, and let glad shouts arise from every tongue; and let us cherish ever, and proclaim the virtues of our Confederate brothers, soldiers, patriots!

THE UNVEILING.

At the close of this address, Mrs. L. C. Vass, Vice-President of the Memorial Association, by the movement of a cord, unveiled before the assemblage the hidden statue, and the splendid effigy of the brave and true Confederate stood forth in heaven's sunlight, on his eternal watch over the bivouac of kindred heroes. In memory of God's kind providences, the great assembly united in singing the doxology—"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

POEM.

The following poem, written for the occasion by Mrs. Mary Bayard Clarke, was then read by her son, Mr. W. E. Clarke :

"DUX FŒMINA FACTI."

"On Fame's eternal camping ground"
A sentinel now takes his stand,
To guard his comrades' dreamless sleep
Until relieved by Time's command.

But—though this soldier carved in stone
May slowly crumble and decay,—
For "earth to earth and dust to dust"
Material things all pass away :

Yet, Love, like Truth, can never die ;
And 'graved on Time's historic page,
The memory of our soldiers' deeds
Shall live undimmed from age to age.

By woman's hand 'tis written there.
"Our dead shall live," she said,
And placed her sentinel above
The grave of the Confed'rate dead.

Stand there, O effigy in stone !
To guard 'gainst time's corroding dust
The sacred mem'ries of the past
Confided to your silent trust.

The benediction was then pronounced by Rev. Mr. Shields, and quietly mound and graves were covered with beautiful flowers, betokening the perennial fragrance and honor of noble lives and deeds.

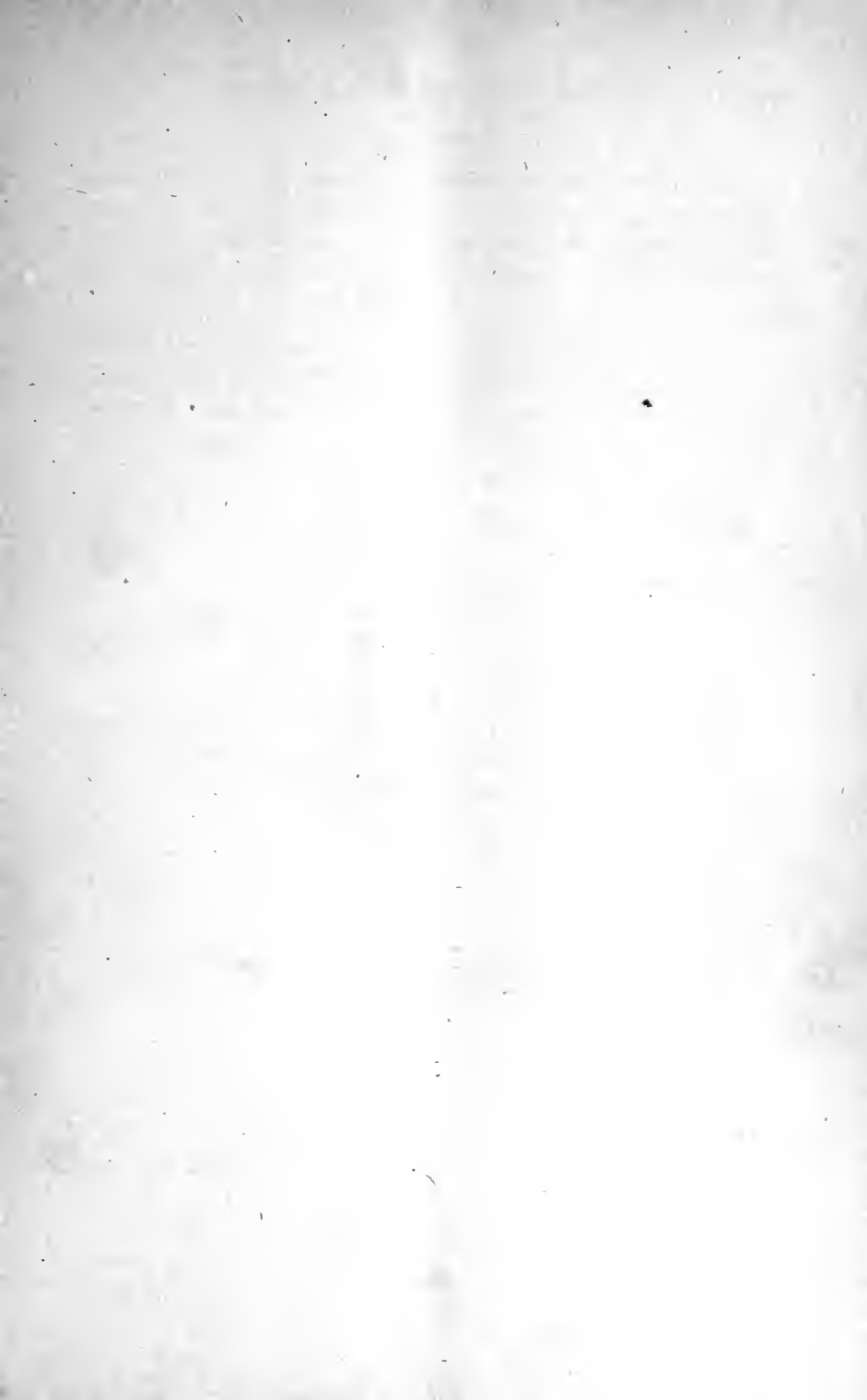
CONCLUSION.

Thus has been happily concluded this part of the Association's aims, in a manner alike creditable to them and honoring to the dead. It remains for them suitably to enclose and adorn their grounds. New members and further work are needful for these ends.

During its existence the Association has aided kindred societies and work, viz. : Stonewall, at Winchester, Va., and Hollywood, at Richmond, Va.; the removal of North Carolina's dead from Gettysburg, and erecting a sarcophagus over that great and good General, Robert E. Lee, at Lexington, Va.

PRESIDENT,	MRS. JOHN HUGHES.
	(MRS. M. MCK. NASH.
VICE-PRESIDENTS,	(MRS. L. C. VASS.
SECRETARY,	MRS. NANNIE D. McLEAN.
TREASURER,	MRS. GEORGE ALLEN.

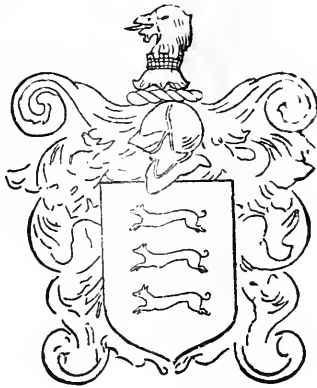
Its noble work has the hearty approbation of the living, and should receive their generous support. It will be crowned by the future with sincere gratitude and ceaseless benedictions.



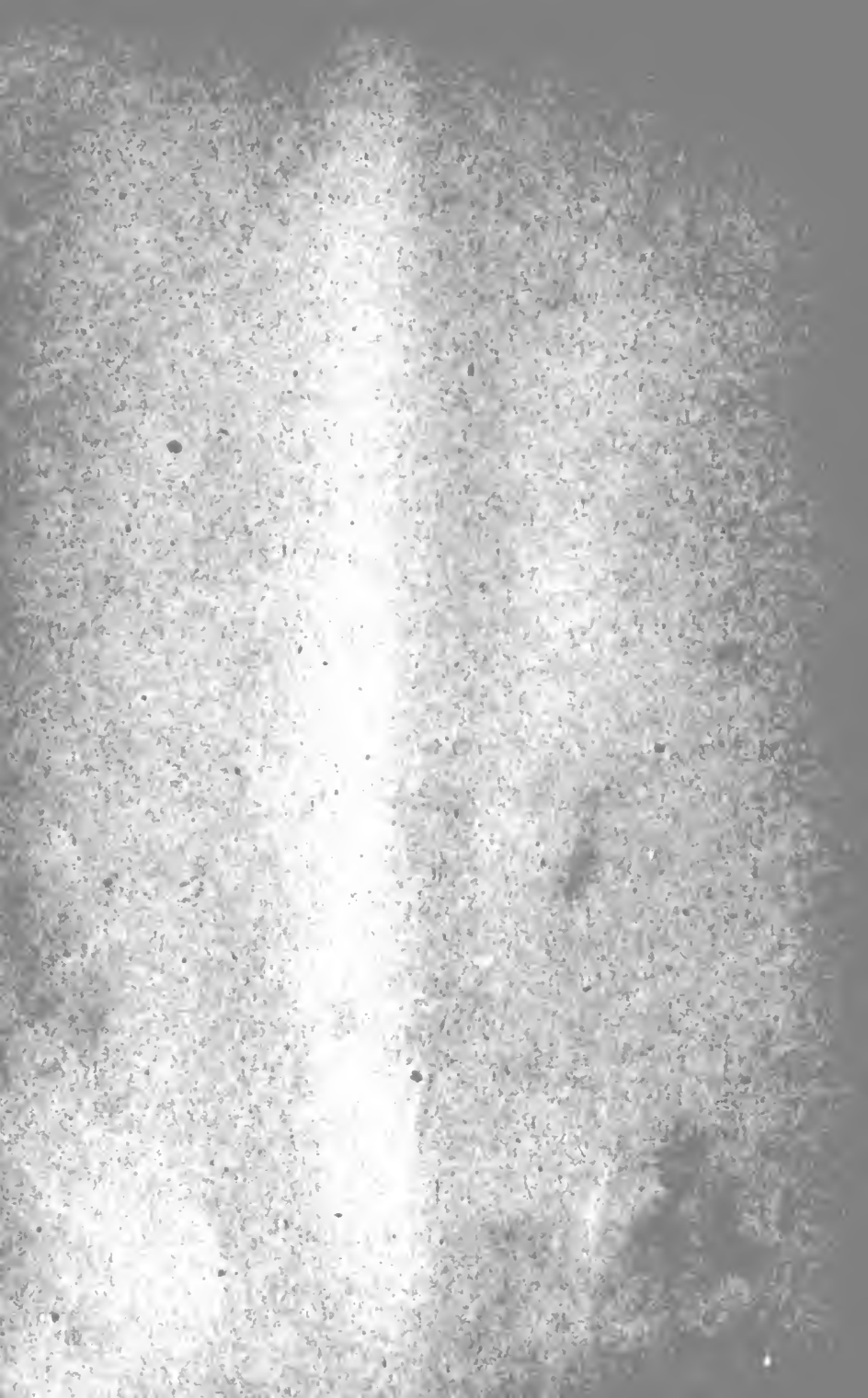


Governor George Burrington,

.. of the ..



Colony of North Carolina.



GOVERNOR
GEORGE BURRINGTON,

WITH AN

ACCOUNT OF HIS OFFICIAL ADMINISTRATIONS

IN THE

COLONY OF NORTH CAROLINA

1724--1725,

1731--1734.

BY

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1896.

“His virtues were his own, and his vices were but too common in the times in which he lived.”

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

This brief narration of a remarkable career may not be devoid of interest to North Carolinians and students of colonial history in general. In it, I have sought to gather such information as could be found in the official records, and elsewhere, concerning GOVERNOR BURRINGTON. His life, character, services to the province, and the true circumstances of his mysterious death have never before been set forth in the form of a separate sketch.

M. DEL. H.

RALEIGH, N. C., *September, 1896.*



Burrington.

GOVERNOR BURRINGTON.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS OFFICIAL ADMINISTRATIONS IN THE COLONY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

GEORGE BURRINGTON, twice Governor of North Carolina,—first for the Lords Proprietors and then under the King—was an Englishman by birth and hailed from a locality which, long before his day, had been most prolific of the bold spirits whose names are so closely linked with the exploration and settlement of the New World. To quote the language of a gifted novelist, “It was the men of DEVON, the Drakes and Hawkins, Gilberts and Raleighs, Grenvilles and Oxenhams, and a host more of ‘forgotten worthies’, whom we shall learn one day to honor as they deserve, to whom England owes her commerce, her colonies, her very existence.”* In common with England, North Carolina has already learned to honor the greatest of these worthies, and the State Capital stands as a lasting memorial of her gratitude to Sir Walter Raleigh, under whose patronage the first English settlement in America was made, in 1584.

It was about a century after the colonists, sent out by Raleigh, had mysteriously disappeared, and when their fortress on the coast of Carolina was a deserted ruin, that Burrington first saw the light. The exact place and date of his birth have not been ascertained; but as he was a resident of Devon, when appointed, and came

* Charles Kingsley, “Westward Ho!”

of Devonshire ancestry, the presumption is that he was a native of that county. As to the time, it must have been as early as 1685, for if Burrington's service in England commenced, (as he said it did), during the reign of King William, which ended in 1702, the difference between those dates would make him seventeen years old at the beginning of such service, even if he was not born at an earlier period than that estimated, as may well have been the case. If only seventeen, his first employment was doubtless in a military capacity; and, according to the above conjecture, as to age, he was about thirty-five or forty when he came to America, in 1724.

The Burrington family was seated at Ideford, in the parish of Chudleigh, Devon, about the beginning of the seventeenth century, if not earlier, and is mentioned in the herald's visitation for 1620. From Mr. Arthur A. Burrington, a present member of the family who resides near Hampton Wick, in Middlesex, England, the writer learns that Governor Burrington was a son of GILBERT BURRINGTON. But, as there were several members of the family at different times, who bore that name, a patient research has, thus far, failed to clearly distinguish them. One of these was Gilbert Burrington of Jewes-Hollecombe, in the parish of Crediton, a gentleman of some note, who inherited several manorial estates in the adjoining county of Cornwall, from his kinsman, Thomas Burrington of Sandford, in 1657. A second Thomas Burrington, who was the son of this Gilbert, served under King William in the Low Countries and made his will at the memorable siege of Namur, in 1695, whereby it was agreed with a brother officer that, should either be slain, the survivor was to receive the tents, pistols,

and other military equipages, left by the deceased in Flanders. There were several other members of the family who rendered service to the Whig cause and also appear to have been sons of Gilbert. One of these, Major Charles Burrington, is accredited by English historians with having been the first gentleman who adhered to William the Third—then Prince of Orange—when Great Britain was invaded at the beginning of the Revolution of 1688.* Another, John Burrington, was Member of Parliament from Oakhampton, Devon, and Commissioner in the Vitualling Office, or Commissary.

In Williamson's History of North Carolina, cited hereafter, it is stated that George Burrington received his appointment as an acknowledgement of some service rendered by his father to George the First, at the time of that monarch's accession. If this be true, the Governor was not a son of the Gilbert Burrington, to whom we have referred, for that gentleman died prior to 1696, and King George ascended the throne in 1715. It is possible, however, that the historian confused the services of the family, and supposed that the debt of gratitude was due Burrington's father individually. Or, it may be that the parent in question was a Gilbert Burrington, the younger, of Jewes-Hollecombe. There was a Captain Gilbert Burrington, of the Royal Navy, but he died about 1702. In any event, it is of little importance whether these gentlemen belonged to the Governor's immediate family, or whether they were more distantly related. And whether other members of the connection, than those already mentioned, were adhe-

* Sir James Mackintosh's History of the Revolution of 1688, ch. xv; Hume's History of England. ch. lxxi; Macaulay's History of England, ch. ix; etc., etc.

rents of the House of Orange is difficult to learn ; though it is by no means improbable that Governor Burrington, himself, was in the army at a later period, as he was often referred to as Captain Burrington, and it will be seen hereafter that, in writing of his family's loyalty, he boasted of having served the Crown in every reign after the abdication of King James.

It may also be of interest to note, ere proceeding with our narrative, that, in the seventeenth century, there was an American family of Burrington, in the colony of Rhode Island ;* but, whether it was descended from the Burrington's of Devon, does not appear.

And now, confining this sketch to the colonial career of our subject,—about which there is no uncertainty—we learn from the Royal Council Journals that on February 26th, 1723, King George the First signified his approbation of the appointment, by the Lords Proprietors, of GEORGE BURRINGTON, of Devonshire, Great Britain, as Governor of their Province of North Carolina, in America. The latter was thereupon required to give bond for the faithful discharge of the duties of said office, which he did, with Nicholas Vincent, of Truro, in Cornwall, and Dennis Bond, of Grange, in Dorsetshire, as his sureties.† As early as the 29th of May, 1723, before leaving England, he joined Chief Justice Gale, and Secretary Lovick, in securing a lease of the fisheries of the Colony.‡ This conveyance, signed by the Lords Proprietors and stamped with their armorial seals, is now framed and preserved in the State Library, at Raleigh, North Carolina.

* See Genealogical Dictionary of Rhode Island, by John Osborne Austin, p. 33 ; also Colonial Records of Rhode Island.

† Colonial Records of North Carolina, Vol. II, p. 480, 481.

‡ Col. Records of N. C., Vol. II, p. 490.

On the 3rd of June, 1723, the Proprietors sent a communication to the members of the Council and of the House of Assembly, in Carolina, advising them of Burrington's appointment and commending the new Governor to their good offices as a gentleman of whose inclinations to their service, and hearty desire for the welfare of the Colony, in general, their Lordships were well convinced. At the same time, Edward Moseley, Surveyor General, was directed to apportion, in fee simple, for his use, two thousand acres of land.*

From the Journal of a Council, held at Edenton, the capital of the Colony, on the 15th of January, 1724, it appears that Burrington presented himself before the Board, and exhibited the credentials, whereby he was, "Commissionated and appointed Governor General and Admiral of the Province." He was accordingly sworn in, and at once assumed his executive functions.†

From the outset of his administration, the Governor encountered opposition to his proper authority, as well as arbitrary demands. When an official order was sent by him to William Reed, his predecessor as Chief Executive (President of the Council, *ad interim*), the latter became so indignant, at being deprived of the government, that he returned the communication, with comments not altogether refined, for which he was indicted.‡ He was also known to state, upon alleged hearsay, that Burrington had been in prison, before leaving England, for beating an old woman. Historians, in later years, have given the old woman incident as a fact, but cite no authorities. Another indictment was found against one

* Col. Records of N. C., Vol. II, 489, 491.

† Col. Records of N. C., Vol. II, p. 515.

‡ Col. Records of N. C., Vol. II., p. 542.

Joseph Castleton, for volunteering the opinion that His Excellency was "a damn^d Rogue & villain and that there was not a worse Rogue & villain in the world." Castleton plead guilty, and was sentenced to stand in the pillory, on the public parade of Edenton, for two hours, and to beg pardon, on his knees, for the offence.* With the terms of this judgment he afterwards complied, and was thereupon liberated and sent on his way—a less talkative, if not a wiser, man.

In the year 1724, Chief Justice Gale visited England, for the purpose of preferring charges against the Governor, who, it was alleged, had hindered him in the exercise of his judicial duties and threatened his life. As the unanimous verdict of history places the character of the Chief Justice beyond reproach, the statements, concerning Burrington's personal violence, were unquestionably true, though the official administration of the latter, even at the time of his removal, received the endorsement of the Assembly. From the depositions presented by Gale, it appeared that, soon after reaching North Carolina, the Governor had given out repeated threats against him, saying that he would slit his nose, crop his ears, and lay him in irons; that afterwards he had insulted him in open court, and furthermore attempted to enter his house, "but finding he could not break open the door, he broke the window all to pieces, cursing and threatenng him in a grievous manner, swearing a great many oaths, that he would lay him by the heels, nay would have him by the throat, speedily, and burn his house or blow it up with gun-powder."† As might be supposed, these charges—substantiated, as

* Col. Records of N. C., Vol. II., pp. 526, 546.

† Col. Records of N. C., Vol. II., pp. 559, 560, 561.

they were, by seven members of the Provincial Council —were considered by the Proprietors just cause for the removal of Burrington. He was accordingly displaced, and succeeded by Sir Richard Everard, of Much Waltham, Essex, an English baronet, who took the oath of office on the 17th of July, 1725.* Burrington was then absent, on a visit to South Carolina and the Cape Fear; and, on the 3rd of April, had appointed Edward Moseley to administer the affairs of State until his return.†

The Colonial Assembly met, shortly after Everard's arrival, at Edenton. In an address, forwarded by the members of that body to the Lords Proprietors, they refer to the "great happiness which the Province lately enjoy'd," under Burrington, and the inconvenience caused by "the Sudden & Unexpected Change which had been made thro' the many false & malicious Calumnies raised against that gentleman by Persons of the most Vile Characters as well as Desperate fortunes." The address further enlarges on "his Carryage & behaviour being very Affable & courteous, his Justice very Exemplary & his care and Industry to promote the Interest & welfare of the Province very Eminent & Conspicuous."‡ Two of the members, who aided in drafting this paper, were Edmund Porter and John Baptista Ashe; but when their affable and courteous friend was restored to them, a few years later, it was not long before they, too, incurred the old potentate's enmity, and were denounced as ungrateful villains, who strove, by false representations, to bring his administration under the King's displeasure.

* Col. Records of N. C., Vol. II., pp. 559, 566.

† Col. Records of N. C., Vol. II., p. 563.

‡ Col. Records of N. C., Vol. II., p. 577.

The next episode, in which we see our hero recorded, is a controversy between Governor Everard and the Rev. Thomas Bailey, a missionary to whom Sir Richard had denied the use of the public house of worship, in Edenton. It was through his attachment for the preceding Governor that the parson had fallen into disfavor with Everard; so, upon hearing of his friend's predicament, Burrington aided him in collecting a congregation, which broke in the door of the Court House, where the reverend gentlemen then held services and gave the people a sermon.*

In denouncing his opponents, Burrington's statements are, at times, too extravagant to be considered, while, on other occasions, we find him pouring forth his abuse on those who richly deserve it. He was never actuated by motives of policy. As Williamson expresses it, "Whether he was guided by irregular passions, or by the honest contempt for villains, he conducted himself with such a want of prudence as to increase the number of his enemies."† From his attack on the Gale residence, it has already been seen that he was not a disciple of Lord Coke, imbued with the doctrine that "a man's house is his castle," or, if so, considered it a castle to which he was at liberty to lay siege, whenever so disposed; and soon we find him, in company with the elder Cornelius Harnett, paying the compliments of the season to Governor Everard in like manner. "I want satisfaction of you, therefore come out and give it to me," he called to Sir Richard; and, upon the non-appearance of that gentleman, proceeded to vent his wrath in a diversified and well-chosen collection of profanity, among

* Col. Records of N. C., Vol. II., pp. 579, 604, 624.

† Williamson's History of North Carolina, Vol. II., p. 33.

other things characterizing him as a calf's head, noodle, and an ape, who was no more fit to be Governor than Sancho Panza. This last opinion, says a modern writer, was also entertained by better men than George Burrington. After relieving his feelings in the manner just described, the exasperated ex-governor next turned his attention to Thomas Parris—a native of Essex, as was Everard—and, with an oath, inquired if all of his countrymen were such fools. For the violence displayed on this occasion, bills of indictment were found against Burrington, and prosecuted by William Little, Attorney General of the Colony, with whom he afterwards became reconciled and appointed Chief Justice, during his second term as Governor. Similar bills were also presented against him for attacking the houses of two other colonists,—to one of whom he also sent a challenge, and swore that he would run the other through the body with his sword. Failing to appear, in answer to these charges, the cases were continued for several terms of court, and finally brought to a close by entry of *nolle prosequi*, as Burrington left Edenton shortly thereafter.*

Notwithstanding Burrington's rough exterior, he seems to have been a man of education; and the sale of his books, mentioned in a letter hereafter quoted, shows that he was not unprovided with literature at a time when libraries were few and scattered. His orthography, it is true, would horrify a modern pedagogue: but this weakness was not peculiar to himself; for, up to the nineteenth century, uniform spelling was an undiscovered art. Some knowledge, too, of the literary productions then in existence, is shown by his familiarity with the great satire of Cervantes, from which he drew

* Col. Records of N. C., Vol. II., pp. 647, *et seq.*, 817.

Everard's counterpart, when he compared him with Don Quixote's trusty esquire.

As to religion, it has been said that Burrington was a Churchman in theory, though not in practice.* The latter portion of this statement, at least, is safe from contradiction by those who have studied his character, for he was far from a model of Christian piety; and, when smitten on one cheek, was not likely to turn the other. In fact, he had a fond preference for smiting first, which was usually indulged to his heart's content.

In the course of a few years, the proprietary rights, held by English noblemen in Carolina, with the exception of Earl Granville's estate, were surrendered to the Crown, whereby the colony again became a royal dominion. This afforded Burrington another opportunity to exercise his power, through influential friends at Court,—notably the Duke of Newcastle,—in again obtaining control of the provincial government. Chief Justice Gale, and others of equal prominence, took steps to prevent his appointment, but without avail. His commission, as Royal Governor, was issued on January 15th, 1730. He reached Edenton on the 25th of February, 1731, and took the oath of office on the day of his arrival.†

A glance at the list of exploits, recorded in this sketch, naturally leads one to believe that Burrington was devoid of executive ability, but such was not the case.

“When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why;
When foul words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,”

he was in his native element, with a vocabulary of billingsgate as inexhaustible in volume as it was ludicrous

* Church History of North Carolina, p. 103.

† Col. Records of N. C., Vol. III., pp. 66, 142, 211.

in character. And again, when decked in his war-paint, the turbulent old gentleman would sometimes startle his neighborhood in a manner most unbecoming a chief magistrate, who was commissioned to enforce the law. But, in the consideration of measures for the development of the Colony, and particularly in carrying them out, he displayed sound judgment and even keen foresight. One of his chief follies was the deep-rooted delusion that no one could oppose him through proper motives. In the words of a well-posted historian of recent times, "He could tolerate no opinion that was not in accord with his own, and deemed every one a personal enemy, if not a villain, who differed with him."* Yet, with all his faults and eccentricities, there was no one who more closely studied or better understood the character of the colonists. To the Lords of Trade and Plantations, he wrote: "The Inhabitants of North Carolina are not Industrious, but subtle and crafty to admiration: allways behaved insolently to their Governours; some they have Imprisoned, drove others out of the Country, at other times sett up two or three supported by Men under Arms. All the Governours that ever were in this Province lived in fear of the People (except myself) and dreaded their Assemblys. The People are neither to be cajoled or outwitted; whenever a Governour attempts to effect anything by these means, he will lose his Labour and show his Ignorance." †

Among other complaints against Burrington, was one charging him with having had a poor man and his family, the alleged tenants of John Porter, driven out of doors, under distressing circumstances, and then causing

* Saunders' prefatory notes to Col. Records of N. C., Vol. III., p. v.

† Col. Records of N. C., Vol. III., p. 338.

their dwelling to be burned to the ground.* His reply to the accusation, (in which he claimed the land as his own), is worthy of reproduction; for, in addition to giving his side of the controversy, it serves to throw some light on the demeanor exhibited by the early inhabitants toward his official predecessors. Referring to the charge, he says: "During the time I remained at Cape Fear, word was sent me that M^r John Porter would raise a logg house as an affront to me on my Land, upon which I gave him notice that if he did I should cause it to be fired. Some time after I was at that place, and finding a logg House of five unbarked green pine loggs in height, without either Chimney, plaistring, or other labour used in building Houses, I ordered my Negros to fire the covering to this House or Hog sty. The loggs being quite green would not burn. It is a very common Practice for the People in this Province to burn their Houses, as being a cheaper way than pulling them down. But what struck most upon me in the Affair of this Logg House was the fate of a former Governour, who was also one of the Lords Proprietors at the same time. I mean Seth Southwell Esq^{re}, who being surprized on his own Plantation and clapt into a Logg House by the late M^r Pollock and others, was there kept Prisoner until he renounced the Government and took and subscribed a strange oath, too long to be here incerted. It is not unlikely but some People in this Country might have the same intentions to me, if I would have suffered the Logg House to have remained covered." † Judging from the unpleasant experience, here related, of Mr. Southwell—or Sothel, as we more often

* Col. Records of N. C., Vol. III., 362.

† Col. Records of N. C., Vol. III., p. 618.

find it written—it would appear that, for once in his life, Urmstone, the missionary, was guilty of telling the truth, when, in 1717, he wrote home, to England, that the colonists cared no more for a Lord Proprietor than for a “ballad-singer.” More than one hundred years later, the historian Bancroft summed up the whole matter, with reference to North Carolina, in these words: “Its inhabitants were restless and turbulent in their imperfect submission to a government imposed on them from abroad; the administration of the Colony was firm, humane, and tranquil, when they were left to take care of themselves. Any government but one of their own institution was oppressive.” *

Despite the grave charges, which were the cause of Burrington’s removal, in 1725, his second appointment, in 1730, was hailed with general manifestations of approval throughout the Colony, notwithstanding the fact that strenuous efforts had been made, by some, to prevent his return to power. The Grand Jury, for the whole Province, framed an address of thanks to the King, for the thoughtfulness, displayed by him, in the selection of their former Governor, and were especially complimentary to Burrington, for the generous example he had set, in forgetting all past differences, of a personal character.† The members of the Assembly, also, in a document of the same nature, were equally as warm in their professions. “We are in duty bound,” they say, “to acknowledge as a particular mark of your Indulgence the placing over us His Excellency George Burrington Esq^r Captain General and Commander in Chief of this your Province, a Person who by his Behaviour

*Bancroft’s History of the United States (1837), Vol. II., p. 158.

†Col. Records of N. C., Vol. III., p. 134.

during the time he governed this Province for the Lords Proprietors rendered himself very agreeable to the People by the Great Care he then shewed in his due Administration of Justice and in promoting the welfare of this Province."* Governor Burrington was not backward in his acknowledgements, but declared that their demeanor to him had been so full of respect that he was at loss for words to express the esteem and regard he had for persons of such great worth and excellent qualifications.† But this love feast was of short duration. The House of Burgesses, or Assembly, passed a resolution, requesting that a proclamation be issued, for the suppression of an evil from which the people suffered,—that of charging exorbitant fees by public officials. His Excellency replied that, whoever the person might be who wrote this resolution, he was doubtless guilty of such abuses himself; and that his ruse brought to mind the strategem of a thief, who would hide himself in a house, for the purpose of robbery, and then set it on fire to escape in the smoke. He further observed that he had, in person, examined the practices in the adjoining Province of Virginia, and that there the fees charged were even more beneficial, to officers of the government, than in North Carolina. The Burgesses did not seem to think the usages of a sister colony germane to the difficulty, but relied on the Royal Charter, by which the inhabitants of Carolina were vested with the rights of British subjects. The resolution, they declared, was not the work of any one member, but expressed the sentiment of their entire House, and therefore the Governor's uncomplimentary simile was a great indignity

*Col. Records of N. C., Vol. III., p. 138.

†Col. Records of N. C., Vol. III., p. 259.

to that body, as a whole.* It is needless to say that an agreement was never reached. In the beginning, Burrington had been "at loss for words" to express his *esteem* and *regard* for the members of the Assembly, but was never known to experience such inconvenience in expressing his *anger*, and so the breach remained unhealed, until finally he was constrained to put an end to their deliberations—or "divisions, heats, and indecencies," to use his phrase—by prorogation, on the 17th of May, 1731.†

As has already been noted, Burrington was by no means lacking in his endeavors for the improvement of the Colony. Regardless, alike, of wintry blasts and the fierce heat of summer, he was ever active and untiring. Indeed, it is not overdrawing the truth to say that it was beyond the power of human endurance to toil more incessantly and undergo more personal sacrifices, in the development of its resources, than he did. It was his custom to visit the localities where new settlements were made, and inspect personally the public thoroughfares and bridges, seeing to it that they were kept in proper repair by the magistrates charged with that duty. In a communication to Lord Carteret, the Palatine, or Senior Proprietor, of Carolina, he states that on several occasions, he narrowly escaped starvation, and had, more than once, come near being drowned. To him, more than to any other person, was due the upbuilding of the Cape Fear region, which afterwards became the most important locality in the Colony. With his private means he purchased over ten thousand acres there, which brought him little or no revenue in after years, and

*Col. Records of N. C., Vol. III., pp. 262, 265, 267, 270, 271, 272.

†Col. Records of N. C., Vol. III., p. 284.

offered valuable inducements to persons who contemplated removing to that neighborhood. He pushed to completion a highway, stretching a hundred miles across the country, from Neuse River to the lower settlements: and the construction of another, still greater in length, running from the Virginia boundary to the banks of the Cape Fear, was undertaken at his instance. He discovered, and marked out the channel of the last named water-course, and of Topsail Inlet; and sounded and explored many other rivers and harbors, theretofore comparatively unknown. According to his account, the only reward he ever received was a vote of thanks from the House of Burgesses.* Nor are we left to rely upon the Governor's word for the truth of these assertions. The members of the Assembly gave public utterance to their gratitude, with a promise to make the King sensible of his services.† Stronger still is the language employed, in an address to Governor Johnston (after Burrington's permanent retirement), by inhabitants of the precincts of Edgecombe and Bertie, in 1735. They express the belief that no man living could have taken more pains, or undergone greater fatigue, to acquaint himself with the condition of the Province; that he had repeatedly made journeys into the back-woods, on foot, often accompanied by only one man. Pinched with hunger and in danger of perishing, he had been compelled, in one instance, to subsist on a single biscuit for three days. On some occasions he would come among the settlers, several hundred miles from home, with the clothing torn from his body, and, at other times, would

*Col. Records of N. C., Vol. III., pp. 29, 135, 287, 288, 434, 435, 436, 577, 617.

† Col. Records of N. C., Vol. III., p. 262.

carry considerable sums of money with him, for distribution among the poorer inhabitants, to better enable them to settle the upper country.* Even the lordly Virginian, Colonel Byrd of Westover,—who never mentioned his neighbors save in ridicule—could not withhold a letter of congratulation, which stands, however, more as an unintentional tribute to the people of North Carolina than the compliment to their Governor, for which it was meant. He wrote, that what knowledge he had of the province inclined him to fear that it would take a pretty deal of trouble to bring it into order, and that a man of less spirit than Burrington would never be able to do so; for people, accustomed to live without law or gospel, felt great reluctance in submitting to either. North Carolina, he said, was a very happy country, where a livelihood could be had with less labor than in any other part of the world. With Burrington he deplored the stubbornness of the Assembly at Edenton, and closed by declaring that if the Governor succeeded in reducing to order such anarchy and chaos, a statue ought to be erected in his honor; or, which was perhaps better, he would deserve to have his salary doubled.†

In 1732, Governor Burrington estimated that the white race in North Carolina would aggregate thirty thousand, with about six thousand negroes and less than eight hundred Indians. The militia, he said, contained about five thousand, with an additional thousand to be enrolled later on.‡

In his admirable oration, on Early Men and Times of the Cape Fear, delivered before the literary societies of

* Col. Records of N. C., Vol. IV., p. 19.

† Col. Records of N. C., Vol. III., p. 194.

‡ Col. Records of N. C., Vol. III., p. 433.

the University of North Carolina, in 1855, the Honorable George Davis states that about five miles below Brunswick, there is still a small stream, known as Governor's Creek, which takes that name from its former proprietor. Burrington's Cape Fear estate, Stag Park, had been so called as early as 1664, by explorers from Barbadoes. In 1754, he mortgaged it to Samuel Strudwick, of London, (ancestor of the Strudwick family of North Carolina), and the deed is now recorded in the archives of New Hanover County, at Wilmington. Strudwick, it would seem, afterwards deposited the title with Lieutenant-General John Guise to secure the payment of a debt. When Guise gave a discharge for the same, in 1761, he was joined in the quit-claim by LIEUTENANT GEORGE BURRINGTON, of the British Army, the Governor's sole legatee, who thereby made a conveyance of the right of redemption which had been inherited from his father.*

Cape Fear, itself, was discovered and christened with that suggestive name by the heroic Sir Richard Grenville, who came near being shipwrecked in its vicinity during the year 1585. †

Notwithstanding the gratitude professed for Governor Burrington, in the addresses of the Assembly, etc., already quoted, there never was a time when he was without enemies. The people appreciated the value of his progressive and enterprising spirit, in the post he occupied; but his intolerant disposition, and violent conduct when opposed, however honest the motives of those who differed with him, rendered no man safe who dared to thwart his designs. Among the most active opponents

* Col. Records of N. C., Vol. VI., pp. 578, 579, 580; Address of Hon. George Davis, at University of North Carolina, 1855.

† Hakluyt's Voyages (1810 reprint), Vol. III., p. 309.

of his second administration were Nathaniel Rice, John Baptista Ashe, Edmund Porter, and John Montgomery. Of these, the first three were members of the Council, former friends of the Governor, but now enemies of long standing. In addition to his public disputes, Ashe had quarrelled with Burrington over the ownership of two mares, which they both claimed, and, in consequence of charges preferred by him, was imprisoned for libel, though afterwards released, on a writ of *habeas corpus*, by Chief Justice Little.* Montgomery, who was Attorney General of the Colony, well might have thought:—

“ Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me down stairs? ”—

for his complaint is to the effect that, after attacking him with a chair, the Governor had thrown him to the floor and punched him in such a manner, with his knee, that he would probably have been killed, or seriously injured, had not bystanders interposed. After the assault, Montgomery asked for a license to return to England, which Burrington said he could not grant, until after the Council met, but would then give him a license to go to the Devil, if he desired it; and, as if by way of facilitating his acceptance of this offer, challenged him to cross the Virginia boundary where their difficulty could be privately settled, according to the code duello.† Montgomery, however, was not to be drawn out in this manner, though he was afterwards charged with having engaged in a conspiracy, with Chief Justice Smith and Secretary Rice, to murder the Governor. According to

* Col. Records of N. C., Vol. III., pp. 377, 379, 616 and 617; see also, p. 385, *et seq.*

† Col. Records of N. C., Vol. III., p. 474.

Burrington's declaration, this trio attempted to kill him with pistols, but the design was frustrated by some courageous friends, who unexpectedly came to his assistance. He further states that indictments were found against the three offenders, who thereupon fled to Virginia, and remained concealed in that Province until after the arrival of Governor Johnston, who ordered the prosecution to drop, and "immediately distinguished the assassins by his favours, every one being placed in some employment."* In commenting on the statements, here quoted, amazement has well been expressed that Governor Burrington escaped at all—"If a tithe of what his enemies said about Burrington be true, the wonder is that he got away from the colony alive, and not that an attempt was made to kill him." †

It was in the Spring of 1733 that Gabriel Johnston received the King's commission as Governor. Johnston was a highly educated Scotch gentleman, connected with the historic Annandale family of that name, and had, before coming to America, been Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of St. Andrews. He was sworn before the Provincial Council of North Carolina, at Brunswick, in the new Cape Fear settlement, on the 2nd of November, 1734. ‡ This appointment, strange to say, was taken with good grace by Burrington. He had received intimations of the prospective change, and grew impatient under the delay. To the Duke of Newcastle, he wrote:—"Haveing lived in this Province some years without receiving any money from the King, or Country, was constrained to sell not only my household goods, but even linnen, plate, and Books, and mortgage

* Col. Records of N. C., Vol. IV., p. 165.

† Saunders' prefatory notes to Col. Records of N. C., Vol. III., p. xi.

‡ Col. Records of N. C., Vol. III., pp. 368, 438, 534; Vol. IV., p. 1.

my Lands and stocks. The many sicknesses that seized me, and their long continuance, have greatly impaired my constitution and substance. My affairs and health being in a bad condition, I humbly desire my Lord Duke will be pleased to obtain His Majesties leave for my return to England." And later he says:—"I daily expect the Kings leave for my return to England; when it arrives, shall make haste to London. Hope to inform my Lords of Trade of all that is necessary for his Majesties Service in N. Carolina." *

A short while before these two dispatches were written, Burrington had temporarily absented himself from the Province, for the purpose of visiting South Carolina, when the duties of his office devolved upon Nathaniel Rice, senior member of the Council. He soon returned, however, and was present with the General Assembly, on the 13th of November, 1734, when the proceedings of that body were brought to a close by the proclamation announcing Governor Johnston's arrival.†

This terminated Burrington's political career in North Carolina. The length of his public service, in England and America together, may be estimated by the opening phrase of a letter, dated November 15th, 1732, two years, almost to the very day, previous to his retirement, on the 13th November, 1734. He writes:—"I have served the crown in every reign since the Abdication of King James, & always was allowed to behave as became a Man of Honour, and the Family whose name I bear; their Services at the Revolution and during the life of the late King William of glorious memory I hope are not yet in Oblivion." ‡ The "abdication" of King

* Col. Records of N. C., Vol. III., pp. 625, 630.

† Col. Records of N. C., Vol. III., pp. 633, 641, 643; see also Saunders' prefatory notes to that volume, pp. iii, iv.

‡ Col. Records of N. C., Vol. III., p. 375.

James occurred in 1688. The reign of his immediate successor, William of Orange, ended in 1702. So Burrington must have entered the royal service as early as the latter date, which was about twenty years before he came to America.

When he received his second appointment, in 1730, the King's warrant was given Burrington for a salary of seven hundred pounds, per annum, to be paid out of quit-rents in the Colony. But, to his sorrow, he soon discovered that getting the warrant was one thing, and getting the money was another; for, during the whole time he remained in office, the Assembly made no provision whatever for collecting the fund specified. But nothing daunted, by this neglect, the Governor pursued his policy, regardless of appropriations; and, as a consequence, was greatly impoverished at the time of his final return to Great Britain. Some months thereafter, he petitioned the King for the payment of his salary, and for re-imbursement of the expenses incurred while having surveys and drafts made of the rivers and harbors of the province.* Had he stopped with this, the historian Saunders observes, he might have succeeded; but, taking advantage of the opportunity to again get a fling at his enemies, he prayed an investigation of his official conduct, with a view of exonerating himself, which caused the petition, by advice of the Privy Council, to be adjudged irregular and dismissed.† The aggregate amount due on his salary, alone, was between two and three thousand pounds. Added to this were large sums, expended from his private means, in carrying out the royal instructions for having surveys made of different

* Col. Records of N. C., Vol. IV., pp. 164, 168.

† Saunders' prefatory notes to Col. Records of N. C., Vol. III, pp. x, xi.

portions of the colony, both by land and water. Whatever may have been the propriety, from a legal standpoint, in rejecting his petition, no technical defect in that document could relieve the moral obligation to refund all proper expenditures, and pay the salary stipulated. It is small wonder that Burrington considered himself badly treated.

In addition to valuable data contained in the original records, compiled by the Honorable William L. Saunders, from which source this sketch is almost entirely drawn, we are also indebted to the prefatory notes, which emanate from the pen of that author, for the most accurate estimate yet given of Governor Burrington's character and ability: "His official papers relating to the province, those at least unconnected with his quarrels, are well written and show an intimate knowledge of the country and the measures best adapted to promote its development. Considered alone, indeed, they would present him as an active, intelligent, progressive ruler. But they cannot be considered alone, and he stands out, therefore, as a man of ability, but utterly disqualified by grievous faults for the position he occupied. And yet he was a wiser ruler than his predecessor, Everard, and possessed no more faults; he was, too, to say the least, as wise as his successor, Gabriel Johnston, and no more arbitrary. Certain it is, too, that the province under his administration continued to flourish and greatly prosper, both in wealth and population. It may be that Burrington was hampered by his instructions from the Crown, and that no Governor could have carried them out and kept the peace with a people who, as he said, were subtle and crafty to admiration, who could neither be outwitted nor cajoled, who always behaved insolently

to their Governors, who maintained that their money could not be taken from them save by appropriations made by their own House of Assembly, a body that had always usurped more power than they ought to be allowed; with a people, in a word, who well knew their rights and dared to assert them to the full."* With this should be considered the testimony of Williamson, who, after dwelling at some length on his errors and follies, says: "He is not charged, nor was he chargeable, with fraud or corruption; for he despised rogues, whether they were small or great. Nor could he be suspected of cunning, a vice that is more dangerous, because it personates a virtue; but he sailed without ballast."† And still another tribute, also recognizing his faults, portrays him as, "Open, frank, bold, spirited, and generous; but also weak, imprudent, dissipated and reckless. A social and agreeable companion, and a staunch friend; but careless of his personal dignity, and regardless of law or authority."‡

In preparing this narrative, care has been taken to present, in an impartial manner, the facts related; and now, by adding a few words to the passages just quoted, there is no intention to attempt a palliation of one man's sins by comparison with those of others. But as a plea for consistency with persons who are too much blinded, by the shortcomings of Governor Burrington, to recognize his good qualities—(as the writer of this sketch acknowledges himself to have been, heretofore),—it is well to call attention to the fact that far greater men have been marked no less conspicuously by the faults

* Saunders' prefatory notes to Col. Records of N. C., Vol. III., p. xi.

† Williamson's History of North Carolina, Vol. II., p. 14.

‡ Address of Hon. George Davis, at University of N. C., 1855.

for which he was noted. Indeed, it may not be presumption to cast our eyes so high as the renowned ANDREW JACKSON,—in war, the peer of the bravest, and regarded by many as the embodiment of all that is wise in statesmanship. Our hearts beat high with pride at the splendid military achievements of the Hero of New Orleans; and we admire, in a no less degree, the iron will, which bore down all opposition to his civil policy. Yet the faithful biographer of “Old Hickory” is forced to record him as “surpassing all known men in the fluency and chain-shot force and complication of his oaths.” And, furthermore, we are told that he was “too quick to believe evil of one who stood to him in the relation of competitor and rival.” Nor did Jackson fall below Burrington’s mark in the violence of his personal conduct. In perusing his biography, we find him, on one occasion, armed with a large bludgeon and brace of pistols, with which to chastise an enemy in a public tavern; again, he is seen horse-whipping a political opponent, or swearing by the Eternal that he will crop the ears of a third offender, in the event of further provocation, while a relation of his countless other quarrels—to say nothing of duels—would consume pages. If the overshadowing genius, of the one, counterbalanced these imperfections, we should not, while contemplating similar faults, in the other, lose sight of valuable services rendered in an humbler sphere.

The ultimate fate of Governor Burrington has been a source of much perplexity to students of North Carolina history, owing to the conflicting statements of different writers. Wheeler, with some variation therefrom, follows the lead of Williamson, who confuses his temporary absence, in April, 1734, with his permanent retire-

ment, from office, in the Fall of that year. The first named author, after mentioning his departure from America, also says that he died "soon after," and then an account is given of his death.* Thus both historians are made liable to the charge of inaccuracy: for, as has already been noted, Burrington was with the Colonial Assembly as late as November, 1734; and it will soon be seen that his death occurred many years thereafter, in February, 1759. He was interred in the Parish of St. John the Evangelist, Westminster.†

But, returning to North Carolina authorities, it should be remembered that Dr. Williamson, upon whom Wheeler evidently relies, does not state that Burrington died soon after he reached England. The version of Williamson is that, finding himself at loggerheads with adverse factions, the Governor "retired from the helm," to which is added—erroneously, however,—by way of an explanatory note, "April, 1734." Then beginning an entirely new sentence (which should be a paragraph), he goes on to give the following account of his death: "This imprudent and eccentric man, after his return to London, sold a tract of land that he had taken up, near the Haw Fields in Carolina. Having money in his pocket on the following night, and rioting in his usual manner, he fell a sacrifice to his folly. He was found murdered the next morning, in the Bird Cage walk, in a corner of Saint James' Park." ‡

* Wheeler's History of North Carolina, part I., p. 42.

† When Burrington made his will, 1750, he resided in the Parish of St. Martin Ludgate; but, by the probate thereof, March 23, 1759, it appears that, at the time of his death, he was a resident of the Parish of St. John the Evangelist. For will, etc., see Col. Records of N. C., Vol. VI., pp. 18, 19, 277.

‡ Williamson's History of North Carolina, Vol. II., p. 35, and note.

Referring to the English newspapers of that day, we find more accurate notices, in connection with this mysterious affair, which have heretofore escaped the scrutiny of historians.

The following is an extract from the *Public Advertiser*, for Friday, February 23d, 1759:—"Yesterday was taken out of the Canal in St. James's Park, the Body of an elderly Man well dressed. His Pockets were turn'd inside out, and his Stick in his Hand, which was clinched and bruised."

The *Gazeteer and Daily Advertiser*, of the same date, says:—"Yesterday a man genteely drest was taken out of the Canal in St. James's Park, and it is supposed that he has been drowned some days."

The *London Evening Post*, February 24th to February 27th:—"The Person found drowned in the Canal in St. James's Park last Week, was George Burrington, Esq; who was Governor of the Province of Carolina in the last Spanish War, and was known and respected by the Gentlemen of that Province."

The *Whitehall Evening Post*, February 22nd to February 24th:—"Thursday Morning an elderly Gentleman was found floating in the Canal in St. James's Park; in his Pocket was found a Letter from his Son, who is an Officer in the Army now abroad, and was known by some Gentlemen who saw him taken out."

The last named paper, February 24th to February 27th, also states:—"The Person found drown'd in the Canal in St. James's Park last Week, was ——— Burrington, Esq; who was Governor of the Province of Carolina in the last Spanish War."

So ended the eventful career outlined in these pages. The manner of Burrington's death could hardly have

been accidental or suicidal, for there were evidences of robbery. And yet, it is strange that no serious wounds were noticeable on his person. In view of this fact, the most tenable conjecture will probably lead us to the conclusion that he was set upon by garroters, who first rendered him insensible by strangulation and then resorted to the canal. Thus pinioned from behind, the victim would be powerless, and it was not necessary for the robbers to disarm him of the cane, which he so desperately clasped as to retain even in death. Nearly all that has been written in history, concerning him, portrays an individual much given to the use of intoxicating liquors, which may be true: for the circumstances of his murder seem to indicate that he had been carousing with friends; and the personal demeanor, in itself, exhibited on other occasions heretofore mentioned, is further corroborative of such assertions. Yet one of the writers, to whom reference has been made, thoughtfully observes that "the seemingly respectful consideration, given to him and to his opinions by the Board of Trade after his return to England, is by no means consistent with the theory that he was a mere drunken brawler."* Another fact is also worthy of note in considering this phase of his character: that, during his administrations in North Carolina, he was surrounded by enemies, who never lost an opportunity to seize upon, if not exaggerate, every act of impropriety on his part; and still, in all of these complaints, which cover scores of pages, no mention is made of his dissolute habits. Or, to be more accurate, the writer will state that, if such charge does exist, it has escaped his observation, in making a careful examination of the records. And

* Saunders' prefatory notes to Col. Records of N. C., Vol. III., p. xi.

it should furthermore be borne in mind that if, in fact, he was addicted to intemperance, he was not alone, for he lived in a licentious age. "His virtues were his own; and his vices were but too common in the times in which he lived," is the conclusion of an impartial authority whom we have also had occasion to quote.*

Like some quaint specimen of statuary, cast in a mould which is afterwards destroyed, George Burrington can never be duplicated. And, for the "peace and dignity" of North Carolina, in the present advanced state of civilization, it is fortunate that such rulers no longer hold sway. But in a colony, which is peopled with every class of society from its mother country, subjected to the warfare of hostile savages, and abounding in unexplored lands, something more than a political economist is required to shape its destiny. The philosophy of Locke in planning a model government of Carolina, went for naught. It was a hardier type, albeit less refined, which opened to navigation the water-ways of the province, developed its resources, and laid for it the foundation of future greatness.

Such was Burrington. Could we draw aside the curtain of time and view him, as he stalked up the streets of Edenton, or beat through unbroken forests and miasmous pocosons to the sand-bars of Cape Fear, his likeness would doubtless be sought in vain, save on the canvas of poetic genius.—

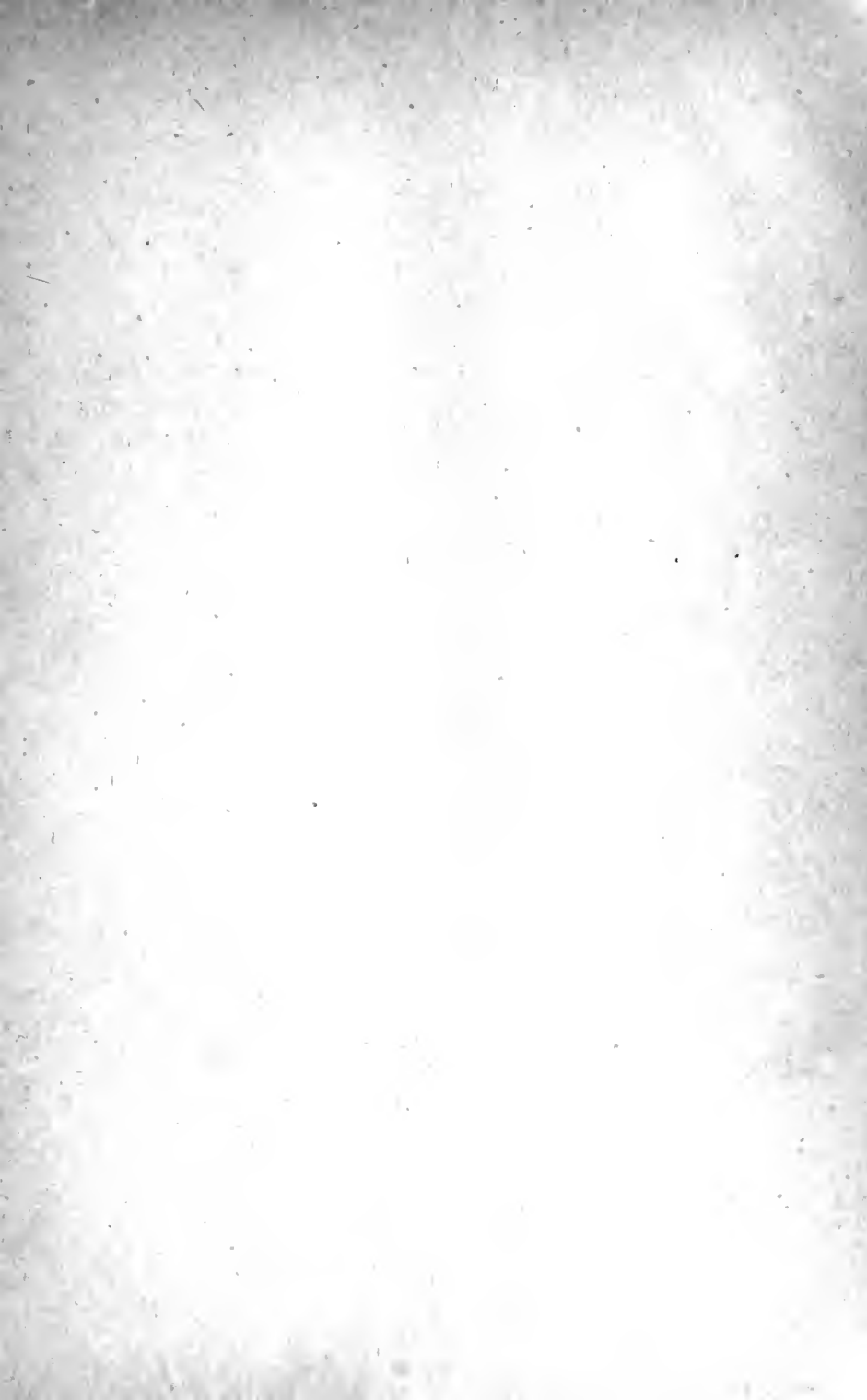
"On his dark face, a scorching clime,
And toil, had done the work of time,
Roughened the brow, the temples bared,
And sable hairs with silver shared;
Yet left—what age alone could tame—
The lip of pride, the eye of flame;

* Address of Hon. George Davis, at University of N. C., 1855.

The full-drawn lip, that upward curled,
The eye, that seemed to scorn the world.
That lip had terror never blenched ;
Ne'er in that eye had tear-drop quenched
The flash, severe, of swarthy glow,
That mocked at pain, and knew not woe."

Far from the land of his labors and turmoils the old Governor is now laid at rest. Never will that slumber be broken by political animosity or the fiercer discords of private life that marred his earthly career.

" He died, and left the world behind ;
His once wild heart is cold ;
His once keen eye is quelled and blind ;
What more?—His tale is told."





CAPTAIN JOHN DAVES

*OF THE NORTH CAROLINA LINE OF THE
CONTINENTAL ARMY.*





John Daves

A SKETCH
OF THE
MILITARY CAREER
OF
CAPTAIN JOHN DAVES

(1748 - 1804)

OF THE NORTH CAROLINA CONTINENTAL LINE
OF THE ARMY OF THE REVOLUTION;

TOGETHER WITH

SOME FACTS OF LOCAL AND FAMILY HISTORY;

BY HIS GRANDSON,

MAJOR GRAHAM DAVES, C. S. A.

OF NEW BERN, N. C.

*"Go call thy sons—instruct them what a debt
They owe their ancestors, and make them swear
To pay it by transmitting down entire
The sacred rights to which themselves were born."*

BALTIMORE
PRESS OF THE FRIEDENWALD CO.

1892



John Daves, the first of that name in New Bern, North Carolina, was a native of Mecklenburg County, Virginia, where he was born in 1748. His paternal ancestor came from England, sailing from London in 1636, and settled first in what is now Chesterfield County, Virginia. Descendants of this first settler moved in time further south, going to Mecklenburg County, Va., where some of the name still live, engaged mostly in farming and planting, which seems always to have been the principal occupation of the family.

John Daves came to New Bern when he was still very young. Relatives of his name—Richard, an uncle, and William—were already settled there, and this fact doubtless influenced him to leave his native State. The name of William Daves appears in the records of Craven County, N. C., as early as March, 1750, and in a deed dated April 30, 1754, he is mentioned as “late of the Colony of Virginia, but now of ‘Newbern Town.’” His plantation or farm was on the north side of Neuse River, but he owned property in the town also.

Of Richard Daves we have record as early as March, 1752. In 1753 he was elected one of the Commissioners of New Bern, agreeably to an Act of Assembly passed at New Bern, October 15, 1748, entitled “An Act for the better regulating the town of New Bern; for fencing the same, and securing the Titles,” etc. His associate Commissioners were John Clitherall, James Davis and John Stevenson. These Commissioners were not the “Common Council” of the town, but were a body separate and apart from the latter, and were clothed with authority “to grant, convey and acknowledge in fee any lot or lots in Newbern not already taken up and *saved*.”

From a similar board of commissioners, consisting of James Davis, Samuel Cornell, Thos. Haslen, John Clitherall and Joseph Leech, John Daves, then 22 years of age, bought on October 25, 1770, for “28 shillings,” town lot “No. 201 on Eden street,” afterward called George street. The latter name the street still bears. The number of the lot remains the same in the plan of the town,

and the change in the name of the street is alluded to in deeds of date as late as November 30, 1796. This change in the name of the street was authorized by law in 1771, when Eden street north of Pollock street was closed, and George street, named in compliment to George III, then King of Great Britain, was opened from the north front of the "Palace" premises. George street included much of what had been Eden street, but it was greatly widened, its direction somewhat changed, and it was eventually extended beyond the town limits on the north to Core Point on Neuse River. It was also sometimes called "Palace Avenue."

As a site for the famous Colonial "Palace" of Gov. William Tryon, twelve town lots bounded by Eden, South Front, Metcalf and Pollock streets were condemned by an Act of Assembly of 1767, and Eden street between Pollock and Front, and "Front street across the Palace lots" were closed. Eden street between Pollock and Front streets was reopened in 1786 by law, but "Palace" avenue, or George street beyond the north limits of the town, was long since closed, and now forms part of a truck farm. The change made in the direction of George street referred to above, will account for its not being parallel with other streets of the town running in the same direction. Eden street was so called in honor of Charles Eden, who was Governor of the Province under the Proprietary Government from 1714 to 1722, from whom also Edenton, known at one time as "Queen Anne's Creek," has its name.

A somewhat unusual condition of the deed given by the "Commissioners" mentioned, was that the grantee should, within (18) eighteen months after execution of the same, build on the lot conveyed a "house 24 x 16 feet, of stone, brick or frame," failing which the conveyance lapsed and became void. Upon the town lot purchased as above related, John Daves built the home in which he lived until his death in 1804. It remained in the possession of his widow until her death in 1822, when it became the property of their son, Thos. Haynes Daves, who occupied it until his removal to Alabama in 1836. This was the first of Captain Daves' many purchases of real estate in New Bern and Craven County. He subsequently became a large landholder in both town and county, and seems to have been fond of, and quite successful in, investments in landed estate. Shortly after the purchase of his homestead he married his first wife, Sally,

daughter of John Council Bryan of New Bern, a planter of prominence. It was through Mr. Bryan, then one of the wardens of Christ's Church, New Bern, that the silver alms-basin and communion-service, still in use in the Church, were presented to the Parish. On the plate, which is said to have been a gift from Royalty, are engraved the coat-of-arms of Great Britain and the initials G. R. (George Rex). Descendants of Mr. Bryan still live in New Bern and in other Southern towns, and many of them preserve in a marked degree the family characteristics. By this marriage there was one child, John, whose birth the mother did not long survive. The child himself died while still very young—about 1784.

This marriage was about the time of the outbreak of the War of the Revolution, in which the father was destined to bear an honorable part. We find him serving as Quartermaster of the 2d North Carolina Regiment on the Continental Establishment, as early as June 7, 1776, and on the 30th of September, 1776, he was commissioned Ensign in that regiment and assigned to the company of Captain Charles Crawford, who was also a resident of New Bern. This regiment first saw active service in December, 1775, in opposing the expedition of Lord Dunmore against Norfolk, Va., in which it acquitted itself so well that its Colonel, Robert Howe, was made Brigadier-General by the Continental Congress for his services. It was also present at Charleston, S. C., in June, 1776, at the time of the unsuccessful attack upon Sullivan's Island by the fleet of Admiral Sir Peter Parker and the troops of Sir Henry Clinton. Gen. Charles Lee, who was in command at Charleston, commends highly the bearing, discipline and efficiency of the North Carolinians and of Muhlenburg's Virginians. The 2d Regiment, and the other Continental regiments of North Carolina infantry—at the time six in number—were formed into a brigade in August of 1776 under Brig.-General James Moore, previously Colonel of the 1st Regiment. Later three other regiments were added to the brigade. Gen. Moore died in February, 1777, and Gen. Francis Nash of Hillsboro succeeded to the command. Shortly afterwards the brigade was ordered to report to Gen. Washington, and in the early Spring began its long march to Pennsylvania. In July, 1777, it was in garrison at Trenton, N. J. (After joining the army of Washington the regiments of this brigade are styled

“battalions” in all orders and official papers.) From Trenton the brigade was sent to Billingsport for the defence of the Delaware River, and on the 11th September, 1777, took part in the battle of Brandywine. At the battle of Germantown the brigade was very heavily engaged and sustained serious losses. Gen. Francis Nash and Col. Edward Buncombe were there mortally wounded, Lieut.-Col. Henry Irving of the 5th Regiment was killed, and Major Wm. Polk of the 9th badly wounded. Lieut. John Daves behaved gallantly in this action, and his commission as 1st Lieutenant bears date of the battle, October 4, 1777.

After the death of Gen. Nash, Gen. Lacklan McIntosh of Georgia was assigned to the North Carolina brigade, under whose command it passed the memorable winter of 1777-78 at Valley Forge. It was at Monmouth on 28th June, 1778, and soon after, agreeably to an Act of Congress of May 29, 1778, the regiments of the brigade were reduced from nine to four, and consolidated, and Col. Thos. Clark of the 1st Regiment was placed in command, he being the senior colonel. In May of this year Lieut. John Daves was in North Carolina on recruiting service. Col. James Hogun, previously of the 7th Regiment, was promoted Brig.-General for gallant conduct at Germantown, and succeeded Col. Clark in command of the brigade, January 9, 1779.

A battalion of the 2d Regiment commanded by Major Hardy Murfree formed part of the attacking force of Wayne at Stony Point, N. Y., on 16th July, 1779. The bravery and good services of these troops in this memorable action are highly commended by Wayne in a letter of August 10, 1779, to John Jay. In this attack Lieut. John Daves was severely wounded, and for a long time was incapacitated for duty. The brigade was in garrison at West Point in August and September, 1779, and in November of that year was ordered to South Carolina to reinforce Gen. Lincoln. That long winter's march was very severe upon the command, which reached Wilmington, N. C., in February, 1780, and Charleston on March 13th. It shared the fate of the garrison of the latter city, surrendered to Sir Henry Clinton by Gen. Benjamin Lincoln on the 12th of May, 1780, and many of its officers and men remained prisoners until the close of the war. Gen. James Hogun died on the 4th of January, 1781.

By this surrender the State of North Carolina was for a time, and at a most critical period, stripped of all regular troops.

Lieut. Daves, still disabled by the wound received at Stony Point—which is said to have been from a bayonet thrust through the body—fortunately escaped capture at Charleston. There is a tradition, however, that he was made prisoner by Col. Patrick Ferguson in South Carolina after the battle of Camden, and was released by the North Carolina troops at King's Mountain, October 7, 1780, where Ferguson was defeated and killed. Tradition further says that Daves and Ferguson had both been aspirants for the hand of Miss Sally Bryan, and that Ferguson, the unsuccessful suitor, cherished a bitter hatred for his more fortunate rival.

As soon as might be after the capture of the Continental troops at Charleston, efforts were made to levy and equip additional regiments for the N. C. Line,—a very difficult task in the then existing state of affairs. Eventually four battalions were organized, and to the 3d of these Lieut. Daves was assigned on January 1, 1781. Three of the battalions were formed into a brigade under command of Brig.-Gen. Jethro Sumner. At the battle of Eutaw Springs this brigade was very conspicuous, and both officers and men received the highest praise from Gen. Greene, in his report of the battle, for their gallantry, devotion and constancy. On the date of this action, September 8, 1781, Lieut. John Daves was promoted to a Captaincy. It is worthy of note that his name is retained on the State roster as a Captain in the 2d, the regiment in which he was originally commissioned, but in the Continental records, after 1780, he appears as of the 3d, the battalion of the new levies to which he was assigned on 1st January, 1781.

After Eutaw Springs, and the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown in October following, the war was virtually at an end, and the Continental army saw but little more active service in the field. Gen. Sumner was sent to North Carolina to punish and hold in check certain bands of Tories, one of which had captured at Hillsboro on September 13, 1781, and carried to Wilmington as prisoner of war, Thomas Burke, Governor of the State. Captain Daves remained on duty in the army until the reduction of the Continental forces in January, 1783, when he was "deranged," or honorably retired. In the "Washington Correspondence," in the Dep't of State, Washington, D. C., Book 115, pp. 142¹-43, Captain John Daves' name will be found in the "List of Officers of the late war who continued to the end thereof."

In April, 1782, at Halifax, N. C., Capt. Daves married Mary Haynes—then in the 31st year of her age,—widow of Oroondatis Davis of Halifax. Mary Haynes, born in 1751, was a daughter of Andrew Haynes and Nannie Eaton, his wife, and a granddaughter of Wm. Eaton of Northampton Co., N. C., and Mary Rives, of the Virginia family of that name, his wife. Wm. Eaton was a man of standing and influence. On the 9th of September, 1775, he was appointed by the State Provincial Congress a member of the "Committee of Safety for Halifax District," and on the same date Lieutenant-Colonel of the militia regiment of Northampton Co.,—responsible positions in those days. In 1776 he was Colonel of his regiment. (*Colonial Records of N. C., Vol. X.*) His son Thomas, brother of Nannie Eaton, was very active and prominent in the days of the Revolution. He was a member of the Provincial Congress for Bute County at New Bern, April 3, 1775, and at Hillsboro, N. C., August 21, 1775, and was appointed a member of the Provincial Council for Halifax District, September 9, 1775. On April 4, 1776, he was made Colonel of the Bute Co. regiment of militia, and was a member of the Provincial Congress which met in Halifax in November of that year, by which he was elected a member of the Council of State. This Congress completed the organization of the State Government erected upon the overthrow of the Colonial Government. Col. Eaton saw much active service in the field in both North and South Carolina in command of militia troops, and was promoted General. The name of Bute Co. was changed in 1779, and its territory divided into the present counties of Franklin and Warren.

Mary Haynes, afterwards wife of John Daves, was married first to Joseph Long of Halifax Co., N. C., in 1769, who lived but a short time after his marriage. There was one child of this marriage, Andrew Haynes Long, who was born December 20, 1770, and died in infancy. By her second marriage with Oroondatis Davis there were two children, Elizabeth Ann, born February 17, 1780, died June 4, 1781; and Mary, born October 7, 1777, who survived her parents. She was married to James McKinlay of New Bern, where she died October 5, 1840.

Oroondatis Davis was a State Senator for Halifax Co. in the General Assembly for several years,—1778–1781,—and was a member of the "Board of War" in 1780. He died June 20, 1781.

The Haynes family were of English descent, people of wealth and position. Thomas Haynes was one of the "Committee of Safety" of Halifax Co., N. C., in December, 1774, and Eaton Haynes was a member for Northampton Co. of the Provincial Congress of April 4, 1776, at Halifax. Later, others of the name were prominent in Georgia, representing that State in the U. S. Congress. Captain Roger Haynes, who was no doubt of the same family, lived on the Northeast Cape Fear River near Wilmington. His plantation was known as Castle Haynes, a name preserved as that of a railway station now on the land. Mary, a daughter of Capt. Haynes, was married in 1762 to Colonel Hugh Waddell, prominent in the wars with the Indians and French in Colonial days, and one of the leaders in the resistance to the Stamp Act in 1765. Another daughter, Margaret, was married to John Burgwin, Treasurer of the southern portion of the Province of N. C. One of the name appears in a list of the vestry of the old Parish of Blandford, near Petersburg, Va., about 1732, as does also William Eaton.

Nannie Eaton Haynes, mother of Mary, wife of John Daves, was left a widow while still quite young, and afterwards married Rev. John Pugh, from Merioneth Co., Wales, a clergyman of the English Church, settled in Mecklenburg Co., Va. By this second marriage there was one son, Eaton Pugh, who married his cousin, Miss Eaton, daughter of Gen. Thos. Eaton, previously mentioned. Eaton Pugh was a member for Halifax Co. of the General Assembly in 1792, 1794 and 1796.

After the disbandment of the Continental army, Capt. John Daves returned to New Bern with his wife, where he engaged in farming and planting. One of his plantations, called Blackman's Neck, was about three miles above the town, immediately on the south bank of the Neuse.

In November, 1789, North Carolina ratified the Constitution of the United States—that instrument having been amended as required by her Convention—and was admitted into the Union. On the 9th of February, 1790, President Washington nominated Captain Daves Collector of the port of New Bern,—a lucrative and responsible office in those days,—which nomination was confirmed by the Senate the same day. On the 6th of March, 1792, he was nominated by Washington "Inspector of Surveys and Ports of No. 2 District—Port of New Bern," and was confirmed by the

Senate on the 8th. This office he held until his resignation in January, 1800, and the appointments by his old commander were made partly in recognition of his faithful services as a Continental officer. He was therefore the first Collector of the Port of New Bern under the Constitution of the United States; but he had been previously, under the State laws, Collector of the "Port of Beaufort," with "office at New Bern"; from which it would appear that at that time New Bern, though a place of commercial importance, was not a port of entry. In like manner James Read was Collector of the Port of Brunswick, with office at Wilmington, the residence in each case being specified in the Act authorizing their respective appointments.

It was by the Legislature which sat in Hillsboro in April, 1784, that Captain Daves was elected Collector of the Port of Beaufort, and the same body passed an act authorizing the levying and collection of duties on foreign merchandize in all the ports of the State for the benefit of the Continental Government, to take effect when the other States of the Confederation enacted a similar law.

In 1789, Captain Daves was a vestryman of the Parish of Christ Church, New Bern, as appears from an Act of Assembly of that year, a position afterwards held by his son, John Pugh, and now by his grandson, the writer of this sketch. The title of Major, by which Captain Daves was almost universally known, was probably a militia rank—at least we have no record of his service as such in the Continental army.

In May, 1787, John Daves was elected a "Commissioner of New Bern," by virtue of an Act of Assembly of February, 1779, with authority to grant, convey and acknowledge in fee lot or lots in New Bern not already taken up "and saved." His fellow commissioners were James Coor, Samuel Chapman, Richard Ellis and John T. Smith.

By the County Court of Craven Co., John Daves was appointed, September 12, 1798, administrator of John Craddock, at the request of Sarah Craddock, widow. Capt. Craddock had been a Continental officer, and served in the 2d N. C. Regiment with Capt. Daves. Miss Murfree, the novelist, whose ancestor, Lieut. Col. Hardy Murfree, served with much distinction in the same regiment, adopted as her pseudonym "Charles Egbert Craddock." Is there any connection?

Captain Daves died in New Bern on October 12, 1804, in the 57th year of his age. His death was sudden, caused by apoplexy or paralysis, and he was buried with military and Masonic honors. There is a handsome monument to his memory in Cedar Grove Cemetery, New Bern, the oddly worded but very laudatory epitaph on which was written by the Rev. Thos. P. Irving, so well known as a teacher in New Bern in the olden time. The inscription and epitaph are as follows:

Here are deposited the remains
of
MAJOR JOHN DAVES;
One
Of the well tried patriots of our Revolutionary war;
who departed this life October 12th, 1804,
Aged 56 years.

Epitaph by a Friend.

Beneath this monumental stone repos'd
In shrouded gloom, the relics of the dead
Await th' archangels renovating trump,
And the dread sentence of the *Judge Supreme*.
But GOD's the *Judge!* in truth and justice robed;
Impartial to reward the friend sincere,
The virtues of the patriot, parent, spouse;
And these *O Major!* these were surely thine.
Yes, these were thine—and more still more conjoin'd
T' endear thee to thy family and friends,
To leave a lasting memory behind,
And seal thy passport to the realms of bliss.

Rev. Mr. Irving was a cultured man and of scholarly attainments, but of great eccentricity. He did not "spare the rod," but had rods in pickle, always ready to hand for refractory pupils, said rods being facetiously known as "Tippoo Sahib" and "The Great Mogul." He was a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, of which Captain Daves was a vestryman—the church his family always attended.

Mary, widow of Captain John Daves, lived eighteen years after his death. She died in New Bern on the 11th of April, 1822, and lies buried by her husband's side.

His sword and a portrait of Captain Daves are now in the possession of his grandson, Edward Graham Daves of Baltimore,

Md., but his camp chest, in which were his uniform, commissions, another sword and many valuable papers, was burned in the great fire at New Bern in the spring of 1845—an irreparable loss.

The children of John Daves and Mary Haynes, his wife, were as follows :

1. SALLY EATON; born April 27, 1783; married to Morgan Jones of Snow Hill, Md., in 1801; died in New Bern, February 17, 1802.

2. ANN REBECCA; born November 14, 1785; married to Josiah Collins of Edenton, N. C.; died in New York in December, 1833.

3. JOHN PUGH; born July 23, 1789; married Elizabeth B. Graham of New Bern, N. C., January 14, 1830; died March 21, 1838. He had married twice previously: On February 4, 1813, Mary Bryan Hatch of New Bern, and on February 1, 1816, at New Bern, Jane Reid Henry of New York. His first wife, Mary B. Hatch, died February 5, 1814; Jane Reid Henry, his second wife, on June 9, 1827, and Elizabeth B. Graham, his third wife, on May 9, 1885.

Elizabeth B. Graham, third wife of John Pugh Daves, and daughter of Edward Graham and Elizabeth Batchelor, his wife, was born in New Bern, August 3, 1804. Her mother, Elizabeth Batchelor, was born in Philadelphia, September 10, 1772, in which city her parents, Edward Batchelor and Frances Henry, his wife, were married October 27, 1768. They removed to New Bern, where both father and mother died in November, 1777.

Elizabeth Batchelor was married to Edward Graham in New Bern, June 16, 1795, and had issue :

Charles; born March 22, 1796; died July 10, 1797.

Elizabeth Batchelor, mentioned above.

Jane Frances; born December 11, 1805; married February 1, 1826, in New Bern, to Hon. Wm. H. Haywood of Raleigh; died in Raleigh, November 14, 1876.

Hamilton Claverhouse; born May 17, 1807; married Minerva Little of Littleton, N. C., December 13, 1832, and died August 30, 1841.

Edward Graham, father of Elizabeth B. Daves, was born in New York, February 18, 1764. His father, Ennis Graham, was born in Dadounan, a village of Argyleshire, Scotland, on the 15th of February, 1724, and came to New York in 1743, where he married, first, Sarah, daughter of John Man, on June 26, 1747, who died

May 25, 1762. On July 23, 1763, he married his second wife, Elizabeth Wilcocks, widow of an officer of the British army, who was the mother of Edward above mentioned. John Graham, father of Ennis, lived to the age of 80 years. Donald, father of John, came to Argyleshire from the Highlands, and attained an age of nearly 100 years. This genealogy can be extended by actual documents to the reign of David I. of Scotland ("St. David"), early in the 12th century.

The name Ennis is said to be the same as the Highland Angus. Ennis Graham brought with him from Scotland his family coat of arms, which, as also pieces of his family silver, is now in the possession of his great-grandson, Edward Graham Daves of Baltimore.

Ennis Graham died in Bound Brook, New Jersey, September 17, 1777; his widow, Elizabeth Wilcocks, in New York, in 1804.

Edward Graham, son of Ennis, after his graduation at Princeton, in 1785, read law with Hon. John Jay and settled in New Bern in the practice of his profession, where he married as already stated. He died in New Bern, March 22, 1833, and his widow, Elizabeth Batchelor, on the 26th of April, 1850.

Jane Reid Henry, second wife of John P. Daves, was a niece of Edward Graham, daughter of his sister Elizabeth and Michael Henry of New York. Jane Reid Henry was therefore first cousin of Elizabeth B. Graham, third wife of John P. Daves.

4. THOMAS HAYNES, youngest of the children of John Daves and Mary, his wife, was born in New Bern, September 24, 1791. He was for many years Sheriff of Craven Co. He married Harriet Hatch of New Bern, March 11, 1812, and in January, 1836, moved to Alabama, where he died, September 11, 1839.

GRANDCHILDREN OF JOHN DAVES.

To Sally Eaton Daves and Morgan Jones but one child was born; Mary McKinlay, on 8th of January, 1802. Her mother dying when Mary was but six weeks old, she was adopted by her half great-uncle, Eaton Pugh of Northampton Co., who gave her the additional name of Pugh. She was married, March 10, 1825, to Andrew R. Govan, then a member of Congress from South Carolina. They settled in Mississippi, at Holly Springs. Mary Pugh Govan died in McComb City, Miss., July 12, 1888.

CHILDREN OF ANN REBECCA DAVES AND JOSIAH COLLINS.

ANN DAVES; born December, 1804; married to Wm. Biddle Shepard of New Bern. Died in 1848.

MARY MATILDA; born in 1806; married to Dr. Matthew Page of Richmond, Va. Died in 1837.

JOSIAH; born March 25, 1808; married Mary Riggs of New York City, August, 1829, and died in Hillsboro, N. C., June 16, 1863.

HENRIETTA ELIZABETH; born in 1810; married to Dr. Matthew Page, widower of her sister Mary Matilda. Died in 1868.

HUGH WILLIAMSON; born October, 1812, and died, unmarried, in October, 1854.

JOHN DAVES; born in March, 1814, and died, unmarried, in March, 1862.

LOUISA MCKINLAY; born in 1817; married, first, to Dr. Thos. A. Harrison of Charles City Co., Va., and after his death, to Rev. Wm. C. Stickney, of Alabama, in 1863.

ELIZABETH ALETHEA; born in 1824; married to Dr. Thos. D. Warren of Edenton, N. C.

Louisa McKinlay and Elizabeth Alethea only, of the children of Josiah Collins and Ann Rebecca Daves, his wife, are now (March, 1892) living—both at Faunsdale, Ala. Elizabeth Alethea is a widow.

CHILDREN OF JOHN PUGH DAVES.

By his first wife, Mary Bryan Hatch :

SALLIE; born January 5, 1814; died January 17, 1814.

By his second wife, Jane Reid Henry :

1. JAMES MCKINLAY; born December 27, 1816; died July 2, 1838.

2. JOHN PUGH, born October 4, 1818.

3. JANE REID HENRY, born November 12, 1820.

4. JOHN PUGH, born July 3, 1822.

5. MARY MCKINLAY, born February 20, 1825.

The four children last named died on September 10, 1820, July 5, 1821, August 18, 1825, and March 13, 1825, respectively.

6. ELIZABETH MCKINLAY COLLINS; born May 5, 1827; married, August 6, 1850, in Trinity Church, N. Y., to Wm. W. Roberts of New Bern, an officer of the U. S. Navy; died in New Bern, March 6, 1888.

By his marriage with Elizabeth B. Graham there were six children, viz :

1. JANE GRAHAM ; born October 8, 1830 ; married, January 24, 1854, to John Hughes of New Bern, N. C.

2. JOHN ; born December 24, 1831 ; died at Beaufort, October 1, 1855.

3. EDWARD GRAHAM ; born March 31, 1833 ; married, June 29, 1855, Mary G. Foster of Cambridge, Mass.

4. MARY MCKINLAY ; born January 2, 1835 ; married to John W. Ellis, Governor of N. C., August 11, 1858.

5. GRAHAM ; born July 16, 1836 ; married in Hillsboro, November 27, 1862, Alice L. DeRosset of Wilmington, N. C.

6. ANN REBECCA COLLINS ; born March 5, 1838 ; married to Christopher W. McLean, January 14, 1869, in New Bern, N. C.

CHILDREN OF THOMAS HAYNES DAVES AND HARRIET HATCH,
HIS WIFE.

MARY ELIZABETH ; born August 6, 1813 ; died August 15, 1814.

JOHN ; born October 2, 1815.

DURANT ; born May 28, 1817 ; died in Mississippi, 1866.

THOMAS HAYNES ; died in Alabama.

LEMUEL ; died in Alabama, 1857.

PUGH.

JOHN WITHERSPOON ; born 1829.

ELIZABETH, an infant ; died in New Bern, N. C., September 28, 1833.

Authorities for the several offices and appointments held by Captain John Daves of the North Carolina Line :

QUARTERMASTER, June, 1776, 2d North Carolina Regiment; American Archives, 4th Series, Vol. 6, p. 1445; Colonial Records of N. C., Vol. X, p. 621.

ENSIGN, September 30, 1776; American Archives, 5th Series, Vol. 1, p. 1382; Colonial Records of N. C., Vol. X, p. 874.

FIRST LIEUTENANT, October 4, 1777; Army Returns (September 9, 1778), Department of State, Washington, D. C., Book 27, p. 1.

ASSIGNED TO 3D REGIMENT of the new levies for Continental service, 1st January, 1781; Washington Papers in same Department.

Promoted CAPTAIN in same, September 8, 1781; Washington Correspondence, same Department, Book 100, p. 172.

ONE OF THE "OFFICERS who continued to end of War"; Same, Book 115, p. 142-143.

HONORABLY RETIRED, January 1, 1783; Same—Washington Papers, and in "Register of the N. C. Line in the late army of the United States," July 28, 1791, Philadelphia, signed by LYNDE CATLIN and BENJA. MIFFLIN. This "Register" is in the Department of State at Raleigh, N. C.

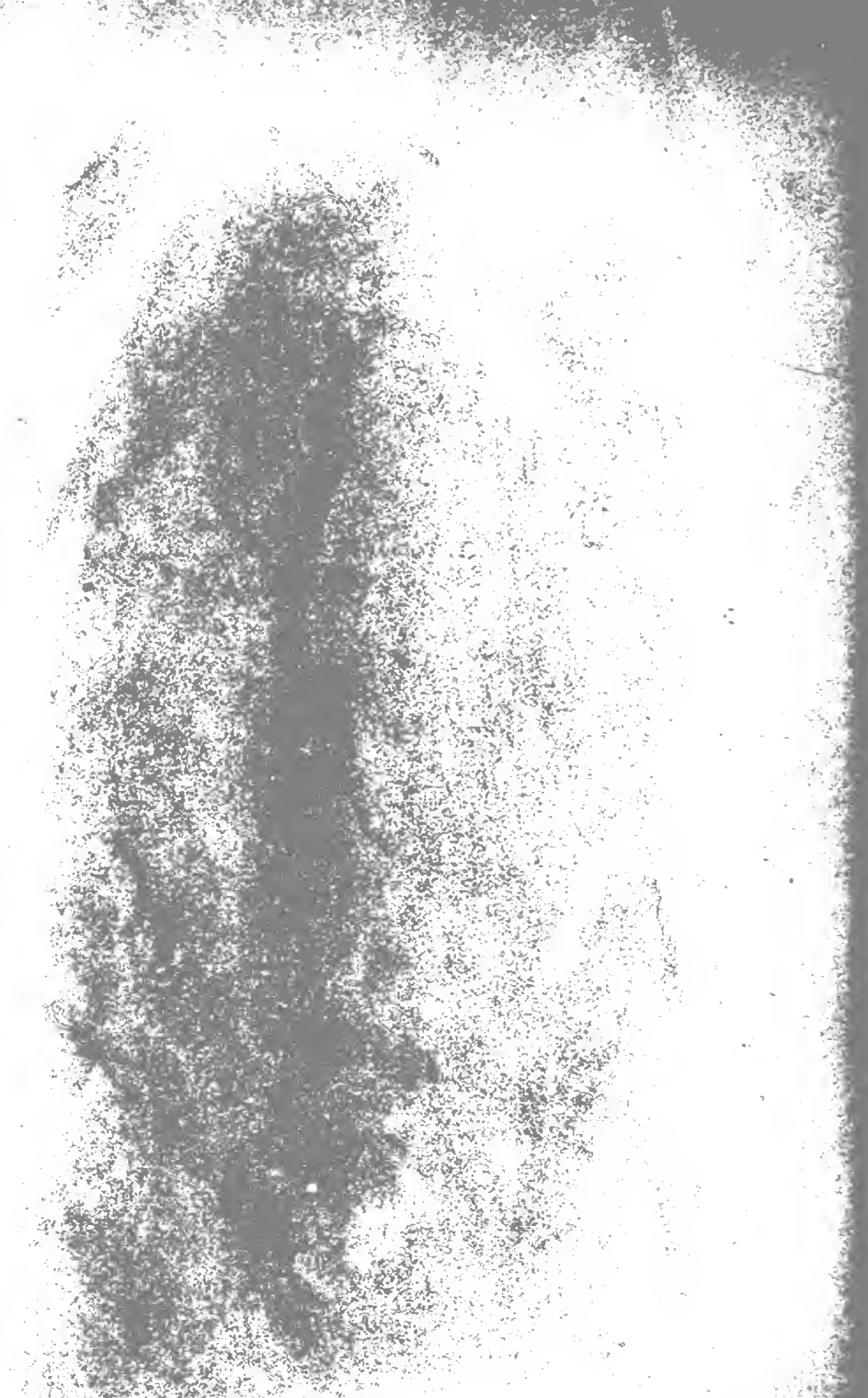
COLLECTOR of the Port of Beaufort with office at New Bern; Act of the General Assembly of N. C., Hillsboro; 19th April, 1784. Chap. 4, Sec. 12.

COMMISSIONER OF NEW BERN, with authority to convey, etc., lands in fee, May, 1787; Register's Office, Craven County, N. C., Book 30, p. 5.

COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF NEW BERN, February 9, 1790; Executive Journal of Congress, pp. 37-39.

INSPECTOR OF SURVEYS AND PORTS, March 6, 1792; Same, pp. 102-104; see also p. 111.

In a roster of "North Carolina Troops in the Continental Line," published at Raleigh in 1884, by Col. Wm. L. Saunders, Secretary of State, will be found a list of the commissions held by Captain John Daves as a line officer of the 2d North Carolina Regiment on the Continental Establishment.

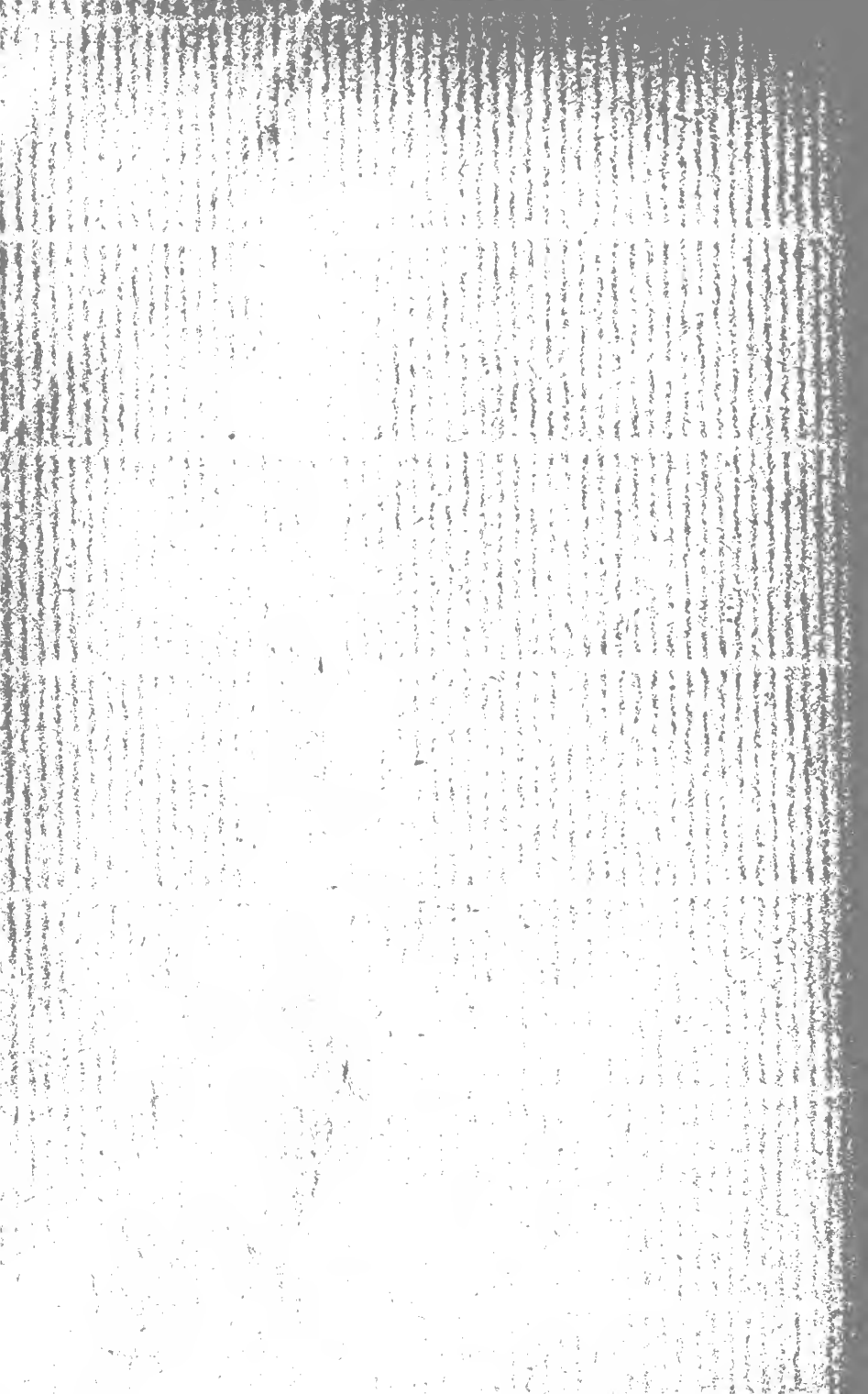


JAMES HENDERSON DICKSON, A. M., M. D.
(1806-1862)

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

BY

THOMAS F. WOOD, M. D.





James H. Slicker

BORN DECEMBER 1830 DIED SEPT. 2, 1881

JAMES HENDERSON DICKSON, A.M., M.D.

[Biographical Sketch with Portrait.]

The month of September, 1862, was one of great calamity to Wilmington. The alarming forebodings of the visitation of yellow fever in a pestilential form had ripened into a certainty. Depleted of her young and active men, there was only a military garrison in occupation, and when the presence of fever was announced the soldiers were removed to a safer locality. The country people taking a panic at the news of the presence of the fever no longer sent in their supplies. The town was deserted, its silence only broken by the occasional pedestrian bound on errands of mercy to the sick, or the rumbling of the rude funeral cart. The blockade was being maintained with increased rigor. The only newspaper then published was the *Daily Journal*, under the editorship of James Fulton, and its issues were maintained under the greatest difficulties, owing to scarcity of paper and sickness among the printers. All eyes were turned anxiously toward the physicians and those in authority for help. To all of the resident physicians the disease was a new one, not one in the number had ever seen a case of yellow fever, and among them were men of large experience. The municipal authorities recognized their helplessness; the town was neglected, for it had been overcrowded with soldiers and visitors since the early days of the spring of 1861. The black pall of smoke from the burning tar-barrels added solemnity to the deadly silence of the streets; designed to purify the air and mitigate the pestilence, they seemed more like fuliginous clouds of ominous portent, designed as a sombre emblem of mourning. Panic, distress, mute despair, want, had fallen upon a population then strained to its utmost with the bleeding columns of its regiments dyeing the hills of Maryland with their blood, until the whole air was filled with the wail of the widow and orphan, and the dead could no longer be honored with the last tribute of respect.

The Wilmington *Daily Journal* of September 29th, 1862, gave all its available editorial space to chronicle for the first time the character of the epidemic, and in a few brief words to notice the death of some of the more prominent citizens. One paragraph in the simple editorial notice ran as follows: "Dr. James H. Dickson.

a physician of the highest character and standing died here on Sunday morning of yellow fever. Dr. Dickson's death is a great loss to the profession and to the community." Close by, in another column, from the pen of the acting Adjutant Lt. VanBokkelen, of the 3d N. C. Infantry, numbering so many gallant souls of the young men of Wilmington, was the list of the killed and wounded from the bloody field of Sharpsburg.

Distressed and bereaved by this new weight of sorrow, Wilmington sat in the mournful habiliments of widowhood, striving amidst the immensity of the struggle, to make her courageous voice heard above all the din of war to nerve the brave hearts who stood as a girdle of steel before beleaguered Richmond.

James Fulton, the well-known editor of the *Journal*, the wary politician and the cautious editor, striving on the one hand to keep the worst from the world lest the enemy might use it to our disadvantage, often ruthlessly suppressed from his limited space such matters as in these days of historical research might be of the greatest service. There were two predominant topics which eclipsed all the impending sorrow and distress—foreign intervention, to bring about a peace on honorable terms, and warnings to the State government of the inadequacy of the defense of Wilmington harbor against the enemy. The former topic was discussed with unvarying pleasure. The horizon of the future was aglow with the rosy dreams of mandates from the English and French governments which would bring independence to the Confederacy and peace and quietness to the numerous homes from the sea to the mountains, where sorrow and death had hung like a pall. It is not strange, therefore, that the few publications that had survived the scarcity of printing material, should have contained so little of biographical matter. Comrades dropped on the right and the left, but the lines were closed up, the hurried tear wiped away, and the line pushed steadily forward. The distinguished physician, or general, or jurist, as well as the humble private, got his passing notice in the meagre letters which a chance correspondent sent to one of the few newspapers, and in a short time he was forgotten in the fresh calamity of the day.

We come to our task, therefore, of sketching the biography of Dr. Dickson, with a sense of the meagerness of the materials which are needed to do justice to his memory, but with deep respect and

reneration for him who, as citizen, scholar, physician and patriot, has left his lasting impress upon his native town.

James Henderson Dickson was the son of James Dickson, a commission merchant of Wilmington. He was born in Wilmington December, 1806. At the very early age of 12 or 13 he was entered at the University as a student, graduating with distinction in the class of 1823, when he was only 16 or 17 years of age.

Having made choice of the medical profession, he became a student in the office of Dr. Armand J. deRosset, the senior doctor of that name, and the oldest physician in Wilmington. The office education of a student of that day was not only that of reading through the course, but of learning by laborious practice the art of pharmacy, which included all the manipulations from pulverizing the crude drug to the completion of the galenical compounds.

He attended lectures at the Medical Department of Columbia College, New York, now the College of Physicians and Surgeons, graduating before he reached his majority, in 1827.

He began the practice of medicine at South Washington, but removed to Fayetteville sometime in 1827, where he practiced until 1837. During his residence in Fayetteville he cultivated a decided talent for surgery, particularly aspiring to those operations in which there had been but few exploits before his day, except by the more distinguished teachers. Among them may be mentioned an operation of direct transfusion (in 1833) from the arm of one sister to another, thereby saving her life.* The other operation was more notable, being one of the earliest of the orthopedic operations, before there was ever a science of orthopedy, it was a tenotomy for

*At the early date of 1833 there are but few successful cases of transfusion of blood. One by Bickersteth; one by G. G. Bird, *Midland Medical and Surgical Reporter*, Worcester, 1830; one by J. Blundell, *London Lancet*, 1829; one by W. Bingham, *Edinburg Medical and Surgical Journal*, 1827; one by D. Fox, *London Medical and Physiological Journal*, 1827; one by J. Fraser, *Lancet*, 1835; one by J. Howell, *London Lancet*, 1828; one by Waller, *London Medical and Physiological Journal*, 1825; and one in 1826. Seven cases are all that could be gathered from "Index Catalogue Library Surgeon General's Office," and from "Neale's Digest."

a club-foot, in the person of his own brother, Dr. Robt. D Dickson. This operation was done in 1835.*

From Fayetteville he removed to New York City, where for four years he practiced, returning to his native home in 1841 at the solicitation of his father, whose health was then declining. Shortly after his return to Wilmington he entered into the practice of medicine with Dr Louis J. Poisson; the latter gentleman dying in 1842, a large practice at once devolved upon him, increasing steadily to the end of his career.

In 1845 he married Miss Margaret Owen, the daughter of General James Owen, the first President of the Wilmington & Raleigh Railroad and a member of Congress from the Cape Fear District in 1817.

Those few friends who knew Dr. Dickson intimately always regretted that his life-work had not been the professor's chair, rather than the routine of general practice. The whole caste of his intellect was that of the profound student, and it was very remarkable to note with what facility he would go from the drudgery of pharmacy to the realms of science and literature. In those days few general practitioners were so well off that they did not have to stand by the hour at the pill tile after a hard day's practice, making up medicines for the messengers they found

*The operation of subcutaneous tenotomy of the tendo-achillis for club-foot has been believed to have been done by Dr. Dickson for the first time in the United States. The friends of Dr. Detmold have claimed for him the priority, based upon his reports in *American Journal Medical Sciences*, 1838; but investigation shows that Dr. Nathan R. Smith, of Baltimore, reported a case of "division of the tendo achillis for the cure of club-foot, *American Journal Medical Sciences*, 1830. The latter operation even antedates Stromeyers' operations in 1830-1831. He introduced the surgery of club-foot; but his earliest work was in 1838. According to the rules, priority of operation would not be bestowed on Dr. Dickson, as none of his cases were reported. The gentleman upon whom Dr. D. operated in 1835 is now living, himself a physician and the brother of the operator. After all, priority is not so much a ground for professional distinction as the establishment of a principle. The operator whose teaching and practice inculcates new methods that stand the test of experience, whether he be originator or imitator, is truly entitled to the honors. To Delpech we owe the first surgical idea of the treatment of club-foot, and this dates back to 1823, eight years before Stromeyers' publication.

waiting for their return from their rounds. The druggist had not then become the scientific helper of the people and the doctor, and hours of laborious work were spent in pharmaceutical manipulations, that the present generation of physicians know nothing about. The writer has seen him many times stand in his office, book in hand, snatching a half hour with a favorite author in the lull of his busy rounds. Studiousness and the habit of concentrated thought were such marked characteristics that he passed with the general public, and even with some of his patients, as a man of coldness and austerity, and while it was true that he was a man of too severe dignity and too seriously engaged with the affairs of his profession to find time for trifles, he was approachable, responsive to the demands of friendship, tender towards the afflicted, helpful to struggling young men, and susceptible to the blandishments of the gay and mirthful in season.

His back office was headquarters for old friends who sought his advice and opinions upon all subjects, from the management of estates to the burning of a brickkiln; he was the encyclopediac referee of this coterie. The business system then in vogue of attending families by the year for a given sum placed the physician of that date more in the attitude of general medical and sanitary adviser than now. Those families having large numbers of slaves at work in saw mills, rice-fields, brick-yards, turpentine orchards and elsewhere, had frequently difficult problems before them, and it was not only about the maintenance of health that they were concerned, but upon every topic of domestic and manufacturing economy did they come with their difficulties to be solved.

To illustrate his accessibility a friend related the following incident: "I had been elected cashier of a bank recently organized, but knew not where to go to secure bondsmen. I was a poor young man, having no property adequate to satisfy the demand of such a large bond, and I almost despaired of securing the situation. One night happening in the office of Dr. Dickson, he noted my troubled look and remarked upon it. I told him my story, and he replied: "Well, William, if my name is acceptable to your board of directors, you need not feel embarrassed for another day."

CHAPEL HILL ADDRESS.

Notwithstanding Dr. Dickson's studious habits, it was known to very few that his studies took as broad a range as they did in

general science and literature, until in 1853 he was invited by the Alumni Association of the University of North Carolina to deliver an address before that body.

His classmates found that Dr. Dickson had made good use of the time which had elapsed since his graduation, and that he had returned to his *Alma Mater* the ripe scholar as well as the distinguished physician. His address from beginning to end indicated the atmosphere of broad scientific study from which he caught his inspiration. His busy mind had intelligently grasped the progress science was making, and he revelled in the glories of the achievements, not only of those sciences collateral to medicine, and which the educated physician of broad reading would be expected to master as an accomplishment, but mathematics, astronomy, geology, physics, were all passed in review. Nor was this all—profoundly imbued with the national spirit, he turned with pride to the American historians, scholars, scientists and artists with a familiarity which showed the bent of his tastes, and how thoroughly he was abreast of all the progressive work in all departments.

He gave in this address the key-note of his own career. In deprecating the utilitarian standard of professional accomplishments he says: “* * * But we object to an exclusive devotion to such pursuits as having a tendency to narrow and contract the mind. Nor does it generally lead to the attainment of the highest professional reputation. Marshall and Story were not mere lawyers, but men of enlarged and profound scholarship. Mere professional attainments would probably never have elevated Jeffrey or Brougham to the peerage; Armstrong and Darwin* are hardly known except as poets, and the literary fame of Burke and Clarendon completely eclipses their professional reputation. A low degree of knowledge and an imperfect discipline of the mind is the necessary result, where the standard of present utility is set up, as the measure of its value.

“It is indeed an ignoble principle of action—a mode of thinking which casts a deadly blight upon morals, literature and art, and extinguishes all high aspirations after the beautiful and ideal, either

*Dr. Erasmus Darwin, the author of “*Zoonomia*” and “*The Botanic Garden*.”

in life or literature. We are told by the poet, and with truth, that

“Man loves knowledge, and the light of truth
More welcome strikes his understanding’s eye
Than all the blandishments of sound, his ear,
Than all of taste, his tongue.”

The general public had now learned, what his few intimate friends already knew, that the revered physician was ripening in the higher culture of the philosopher, the literateur, and the man of science.

WILMINGTON LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

In 1860 Dr. Dickson and his intimate friend, the Hon. George Davis, conceived the design of founding a public library. Starting out one day with the warm impulse of establishing for their native town the social and literary advantages of a library of choice literature, they secured as the work of one day’s solicitation eighteen hundred dollars with which to purchase books. These gentlemen with rare judgment prepared a list of volumes, not only representing the standard authors of the day, but the best editions in superior library binding, which Dr. Dickson selected during a special visit to New York City. This collection, although plundered by the army of occupation, reflects now their literary tastes and judgment, and forms the basis of the Wilmington Library Association. Before his death he, with his associates, had found a home for their collection in the City Hall building, in the room now used as the Mayor’s office, but the outbreak of the war interrupted literary pursuits, and the cherished objects of the Library were not fulfilled. He was chosen the first President of the Wilmington Library Association in 1860.

His address before the general public was on the subject then near to his heart, and was entitled, *SOME REMARKS UPON BOOKS AND LIBRARIES*. He followed Mr. Davis,* whose reputation as a public speaker was State-wide, and none who heard the fervid eloquence of Dr. Dickson when he apostrophized the book of all books—the Holy Scriptures—will ever forget the murmur of applause which seized the surprised audience that, for the first time, discovered he was more than a skilled physician, the sympathizing succorer of the distressed—he was a literary man of the

*Mr. Davis had delivered a lecture as a part of this course on “The Good Old Times; When Were They?”

highest culture, and a speaker of distinguished merits. Even to this day, the impress of that famous address is remembered and recognized as the inauguration of a literary movement in the community. The address was not published, and it is not known if the manuscript copy exists. His office was plundered by the army of occupation and his papers strown into the streets by the Federal soldiers or camp-followers. His own library, to which in 1858 and subsequently he had made such large additions, had been sent to Laurinburg for safety, was captured at that place, and the last known of it it was on board a Federal gun-boat being carried down the river.

THE MEDICAL SOCIETY OF THE STATE.

When the call for the Convention for the organization of a State Medical Society was made in 1849, Dr Dickson, although he was not of the number, was known to have been in hearty accord with the movement, but he was tied down by the burdens of an exacting practice. He became a member of the Medical Society of North Carolina in May, 1852, and in 1854 he was made its President. The weight of his influence was given in the forming of a State Board of Medical Examiners, and when this dream of its sanguine promoters was realized in 1859, he was chosen to be the first President of that new body. His associates were Otis F. Manson, J. G. Tall, C. Happoldt, W. H. McKee, Charles E. Johnson and Caleb Winslow, all men of excellent attainments—a worthy Board, to which was entrusted the first experiment in Medical State Examinations in the United States.

Dr. Dickson delivered the annual address before the Medical Society at its meeting in Fayetteville in May, 1853. His subject was "RESPIRATION" in its relation to Animal Heat, Heart's Action and Nerve Force. His review of the theories was a masterly exposition of what was then held, by the best teachers, beginning with the theory of Mayo, (*1674, *Medico-Chirurg Review*), that "the effect of respiration was to generate heat, and not to cool the blood heated by its rapid circulation throughout the body, * * * and that it does this by a process analogous to combustion." In turn he discussed the theory of Lavoisier, that heat was caused by the combustion of carbon in the lungs, pointing out the objection

*Original Essay Tractatus de Respiratione, 1668.

held to that theory. He took up the experiments of Dulong, who set forth that there was much more oxygen absorbed by the respiratory process than was necessary to convert the carbon i to carbonic acid—sometimes amounting to fully one-third more. Dulong's conjecture that inspired oxygen was expended in the combustion of hydrogen, thus accounting for watery vapor exhaled. Liebig's view that the carbon and hydrogen of the food, in being converted by oxygen into heat as if they were burned in the open air—the only difference is that the heat is spread over unequal spaces of time, but the actual amount is always the same in the torrid as in the frigid zone. Against this theory the essayist weighed the opinion of Graves, holding in the main to the theory of Liebig. Claude Bernard's account of the glycogenic functions of the liver, showing that the liver had the important function of preparing respiratory pabulum.

After reviewing the various theories he goes on to say that he is "inclined to regard the opinion of the older physiologists, which ascribed a refrigerating effect to the respiratory process, to some extent, as well founded." He did not believe that the primary or more essential function of the lungs was to sustain animal heat. "If, then, neither the maintenance of the animal temperature nor the excretion of carbonic acid be regarded as the essential function of respiration, where shall we seek an explanation of it?" His inference was that the preservation of the motion of the heart, including withal that of the muscular system and the maintenance of nerve force, were the essential and primary object of respiration, although he by no means underrated the calorific function of respiration. Forty years ago and now, physiology was a very different thing, but the philosophical spirit of the older teachers compensated largely for their deficiency of our modern facts.

The lengthiest medical contribution which Dr. Dickson gave to the public was a "Report of the Medical Topography and Epidemics of North Carolina," made to the Transactions of the American Medical Association in 1860. The basis of this paper is in part the collection of observations from physicians in several sections of the State, together with his own observations, upon the geographical distribution of disease in the various sections, with a somewhat detailed account of them. This report remains to this day the fullest description of our endemic and epidemic diseases, and was

a fair index of the capabilities of the writer in description and editing the material of others. The older members of the Medical Society of North Carolina will be familiar with this production, doubtless, but, in the light of our knowledge of the changes wrought in the characters of all diseases by the two visitations of epidemic influenza in 1889-1890, they may be impressed with the necessity of a wider range of the study of epidemiology.

The description given to this paper of "Feb. is Remittens Convulsiva," puts on record for the first time a description of a disease that was very fatal until its true nature was discerned. Dr. Dickson says: "In this class of cases the first, and sometimes the second, paroxysms of fever may be unattended with the appearance of alarming symptoms, but the third paroxysm is apt to be ushered in with a convulsion which seems to replace the cold stage of the same disease in adults, and which is always so alarming and dangerous an occurrence as to make it prudent to cut short the disease once by bringing the system very rapidly under the potent influence of the febrifuge." He modestly accords the originality of this suggestion to Dr. Henry F. Campbell, of Augusta.

Typhoid fever was a stranger to the Eastern part of North Carolina until in the fifties, as Dr. Dickson intimates, and "When it first began to prevail in the Eastern section of this State, cases exhibiting the blending or commingling of this type of fever with remittent fever were by no means uncommon, and in these cases it was necessary to keep in view its hybrid character in the treatment; such cases could not well be treated without quinine." Here we have an anticipation of Dr. Woodward's theory, for which at the International Medical Congress in 1876 he introduced the name of typho-malarial fever.

In this essay is described for the first time the invasion of cerebro-spinal meningitis, which invaded Davie county in 1856, as reported by Drs. Summerell, Kelly and Sharpe.

At the Salisbury meeting of the Society, May 15, 1855, Dr. Dickson delivered his valedictory address, on the completion of the second term of his presidency.

How nearly his life and death comported with his own model we will let an extract from this address tell:

"In times of public calamity arising from the visitations of

fearful epidemics, who but a physician is looked up to, in aid of the public authority, to suggest the means of escaping from, or of lessening, their destructive progress? What other class of citizens is there which can inspire the panic-stricken with confidence or the despairing with hope? And may I not add, what other class have exhibited more abnegation of self or heroic devotedness to the great cause of humanity in its trying hours? If proof were needed, I might point to a long list of professional martyrs, who have exhibited the calmest courage amidst scenes which have paled the cheek of the soldier, and have not flinched from the discharge of duty at the risk of life. We must remark, too, that they were not influenced by the ordinary motives which influence the soldier in the exhibition of noble daring in the field of battle. There are no applauding thousands to witness their deeds of heroic daring—to shout in their ears the grateful sound of many-voiced applause—they are not surrounded by the pomp and circumstance of glorious war—no laurel decorates their brow—no monument is reared to perpetuate their fame. After spending their lives in the daily performance of deeds which might well put the philanthropy of a Howard to the blush, they descend to the tomb unheralded by the world's applause. The world has other matters to attend to, other schemes to plan and accomplish, and the memory of its humble, unpretending benefactors passes away with the passing hour. This is no fancy picture, gentlemen. Its literal counterpart was enacted in the year that has past, on our very borders, in the cities of Savannah, Charleston and Augusta, and must be fresh in the recollection of us all. If the world chooses to ignore such devotion to the great cause of humanity, let us the more fervently cherish the recollection of their virtues, and firmly resolve to imitate their noble example by a like devotion to duty, should circumstances unfortunately devolve upon us the task."

In politics Dr. Dickson was a staunch Whig of the old school, and when the political agitations which led up to the war were stirring the people with the strongest indignation against the attitude of the North, he counselled prudence and moderation. That he was one of a very small minority favoring the settlement of the troubles in a friendly way, made him none the less resolute for the Union.

Looking over the files of the *Wilmington Daily Journal* of 1861,

our eye lit upon the announcement of a Union meeting to be held January 11th. The meeting was addressed by F. D. Poisson, J. G. Burr, George Davis and James H. Dickson. The account reads: "Resolutions were passed in favor of the settlement of the existing difficulties in the Union, and endorsing as a basis for such settlement the propositions brought forth by Senator Crittenden. In this meeting Dr. Dickson followed Mr. George Davis, "deprecating secession as a disunion of the South, and as inadequate to remedy the evils complained of by the South. If the North would not listen to the united demands of the South, then the fifteen Southern States would be justified in snapping the bonds that bind us to the North. The meeting adjourned with three cheers for the Star Spangled Banner." He lived to see his efforts for his country for reconciliation fail, and no Southern man aligned himself with the destiny of the Confederacy with more earnest courage. Hopeful of success he was not, but, like most of the staunchest who were for the Union as long as there was any prospect for its restoration, he unflinchingly cast all of his fortunes with his people.

So great were the demands of his large practice, for him to accept a position in the army was not to be thought of. He remained faithfully at his post, ministering to the sick at home. On the 6th May, of 1861, he presided over the meeting of the Board of Medical Examiners at Morganton, the last meeting held until the war ended.

It is not worth while, at this late day, to discuss the cause of the yellow fever in Wilmington in 1862. For half a century there had been no such visitation, and there was no physician then in practice who had seen a case of the disease. It was evident in August of that year that there was an unusual number of cases of fatal fever. Dr. Dickson made a report to John Dawson, Mayor, declaring the presence of yellow fever on September 17th (the letter in the *Daily Journal* is undated). His report went on to say that there had been no new cases since the 10th of September, and he hoped that this lull in the fever was due to the sanitary measures that had been adopted by the town.

On the 23d September Dr. Dickson went home with a chill which he recognized as the first stage of yellow fever. He was faithfully attended by Mrs. Dickson during his entire sickness and she fell a victim to the disease, but finally recovered. He was under the

constant care of the physicians then in town, and especially by the senior Dr. McRee, who attended him day and night until, on Sunday morning, the 28th, his spirit returned to God who gave it.

The following appeared in the *North Carolina Presbyterian* of the issue succeeding the announcement in the *Wilmington Daily Journal*:

“In our last number we published a short list of prominent citizens who died of yellow fever in Wilmington; and, amongst others, was observed the name of Dr. James H. Dickson, a citizen of high standing and an eminent physician. But, more than this, he was a man of exalted piety. For some years he had been an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and was most faithful and zealous in the discharge of his duties. On the appearance of yellow fever in Wilmington he determined to stand bravely at his post, and was engaged in the noble work of alleviating the sufferings of his fellow-man when he, too, was stricken down by the fearful epidemic. But death had no terrors for this good man. He died, as he had lived, a shining example of true piety and religious devotion. We fully concur in the remark made to us by a friend on hearing of his death: ‘No man was better prepared to die than Dr. Dickson.’”

Only a week elapsed between his official announcement of the fever to the Mayor and his own seizure, and in five days after he was dead. By the advice of the physicians all persons left town that had not already been scattered in a panic previously, and the death of Dr. Dickson spread sadness and dismay over the town and the country around. Many anxious families had centred their hopes on his professional wisdom and skill; most of them, too poor to leave town except by the impulsion of the direct necessity, had their hopes now crushed by his death.

At this distance from the sad calamity of his death, it is even now difficult to estimate his true worth. His portrait, which accompanies this sketch, denotes the serious demeanor, the reflective mind, the intellectual cast. He was taciturn at times, but it was rather the wisdom of knowing when to speak than the lack of opinions and thoughts. Apparently austere at times, it was only the inflexibility of steel when truth was at stake. In the sick room he had not the loquacity which pleases the valetudinarian, but in time of peril, quickness of discernment, accuracy of knowledge, fertility of resource, and withal gentleness of touch. His visits were short,

his words were few, his sympathy, though unexpressed, was great. Many have been the expressions of surprise and delight from the people in moderate circumstances, who, asking their accounts from him, found that the arduous services rendered had been estimated according to the purse of the recipient.

The fame which survives the medical man is largely estimated by his literary contributions. This is a method which would be unjust to the memory of Dr. Dickson. Although living the life of the student, and having no superior and few equals in scholarship in the profession, so great were the burdens of his practice, that there was little time for authorship. The glimpses we have, though, of his ability as a writer, show the quality of his trained mind and the graceful flow of his sentences. His vocabulary was rich, his research extensive, and before his death he easily held the highest position for literary culture among his professional contemporaries.

By his people—his family—his patients—his memory is not revered for scholarship, but for his skill as a physician and his consecrated Christian character. The mournful recollection that he unflinchingly perilled his life for them, is a heritage far richer than the applause of enraptured multitudes. His was the exemplification of a Christian courage which has nerved many another heart to go to the silent duty to meet "the pestilence that walketh in darkness," counting life not too dear to peril it all for the sick and helpless.

His own words are best fitted to close this memorial. They are but the prophetic forecast of that to which he attained :

"But in striving after the attainment of a high order of scholarship and the acquisition of human learning, let us not forget that man has a moral, as well as an intellectual, nature—that human learning, scientific knowledge, as we call it, is but the outward garment, the artificial investiture of truth—that our emotional feelings and affections have a higher dignity, a holier sanctity, than our intellectual powers. Let us not neglect the teaching of that *prima philosophia*, that supreme wisdom, which not only sheds its bright light on the pathway of life, but spans with its iridescent radiance the dark clouds which overhang the tomb—penetrates the otherwise impenetrable and obscure, and intermingles its cheering beams with the glorious effulgence of eternal day—that wisdom which

"Makes us brave

In the great faith of life beyond the grave."

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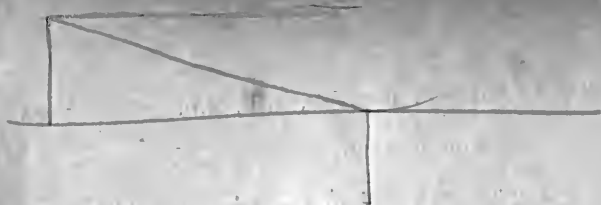
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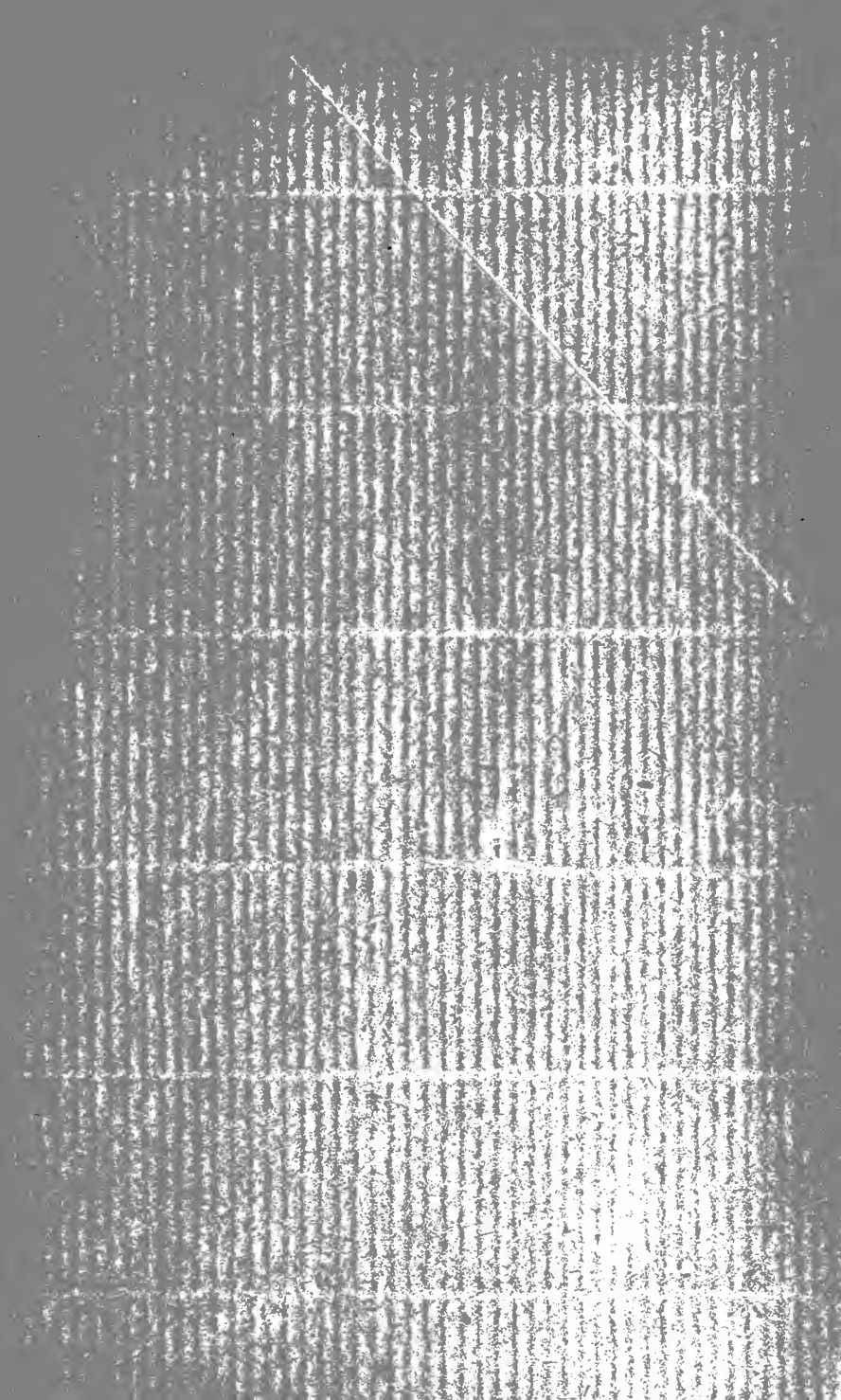
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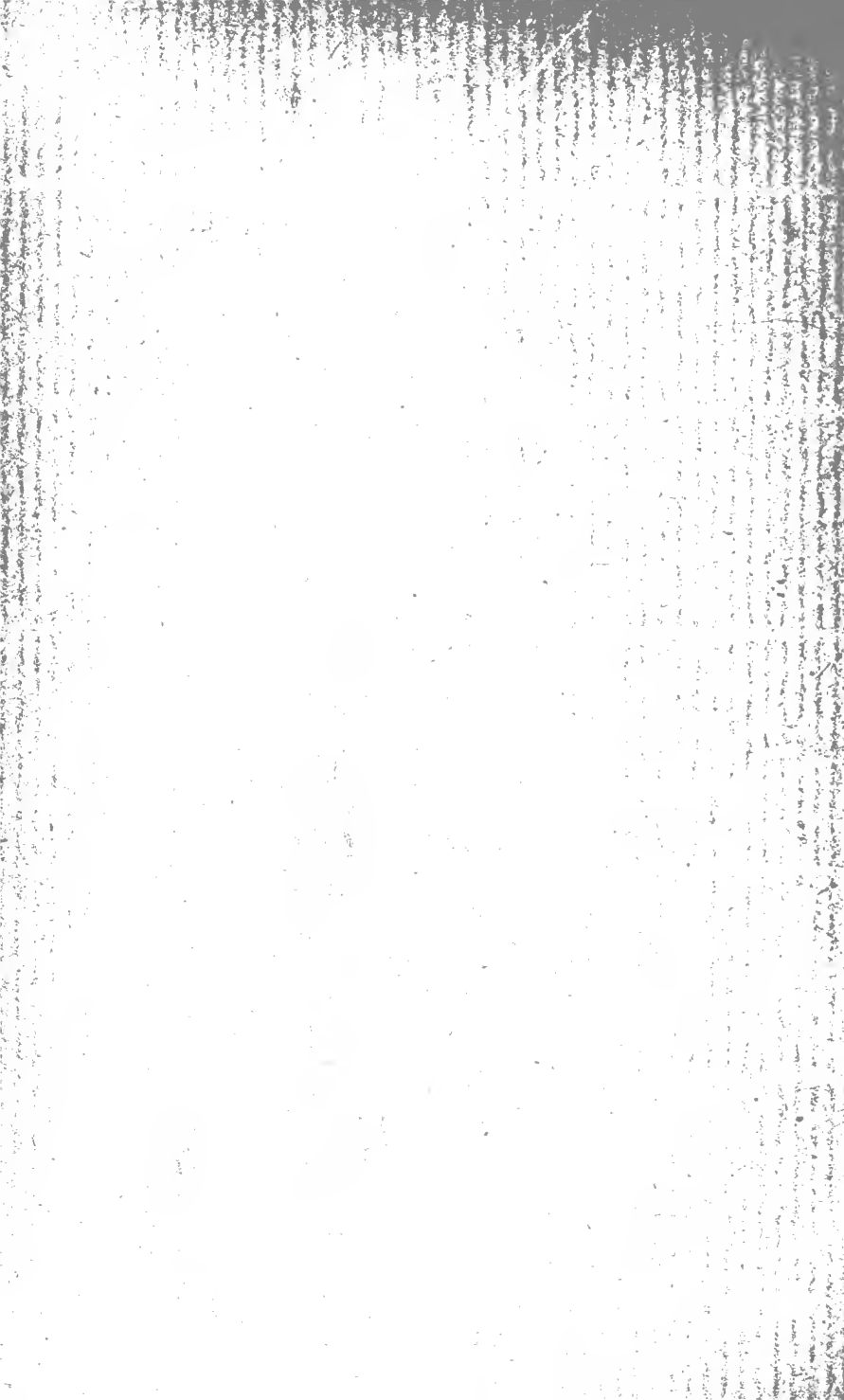
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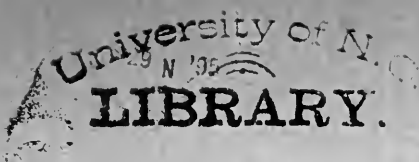
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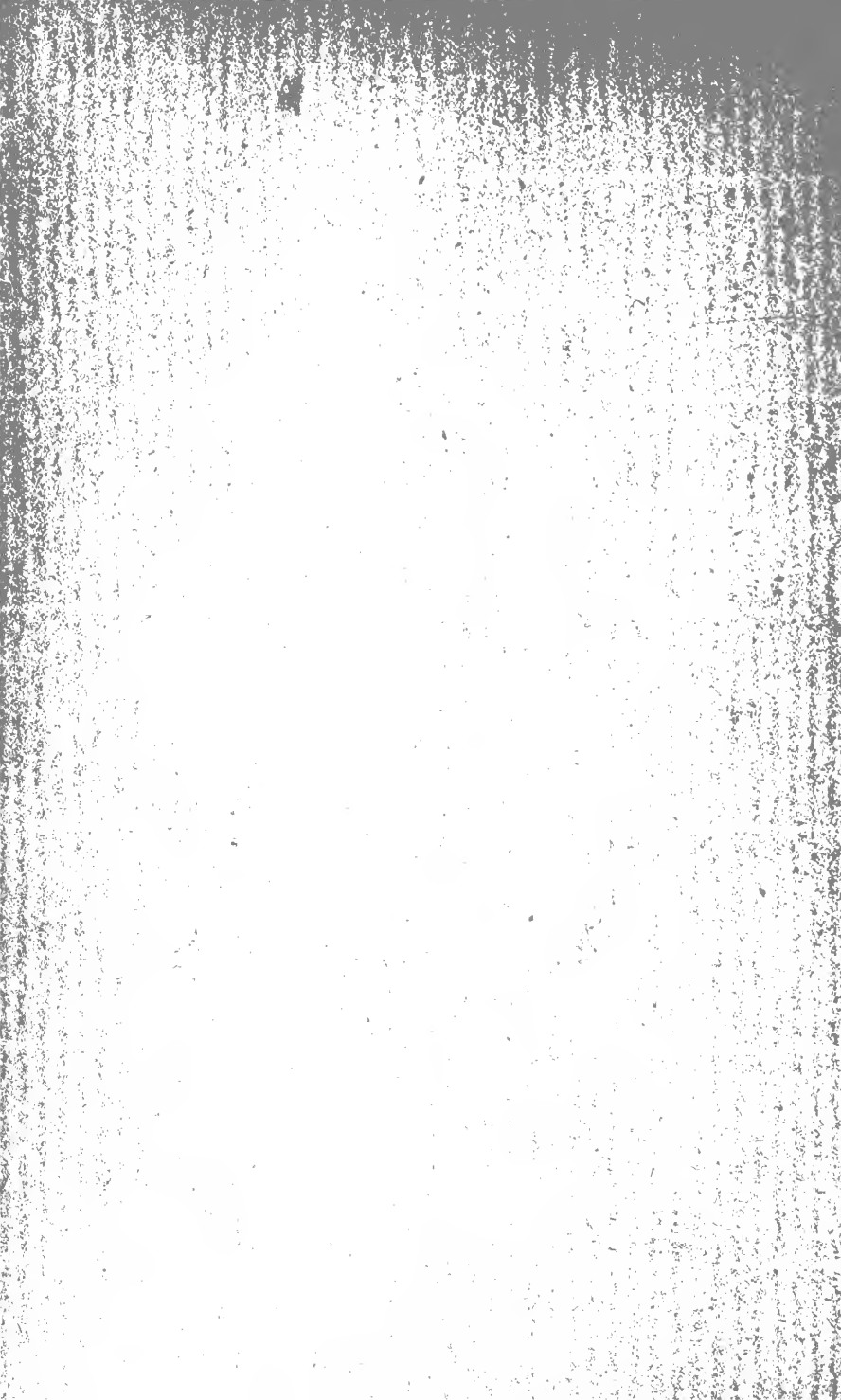
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

LIEUT. COL. "HAL" DIXON.

===== (? - 1782)

BY D. SCHENCK.



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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF LIEUT. COL. "HAL" DIXON.

THE CHEVALIER BAYARD OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

In September 1889, when I published my history entitled, "North Carolina, 1780--'81" it contained, on pages 465-466, this paragraph:

"Perhaps the most brilliant officer, whose services
"enriched the annals of that memorable invasion,
"was MAJ, "HAL" DIXON, whose dashing and
"impetuous course was so splendidly displayed
"among the scattered legions of Gates, at Cam-
"den. He refused to fly when his comrades had
"been driven from the field and his devoted band
"had been left exposed to the bayonet charge on
"its front and flanks. With a fierce spirit he
"faced his battalion to the charge, from either
"side, and fought 'as long as a cartridge was in
"his belt;' then, resorting to the bayonet himself,
"he cut his way through the attacking force and
"made good his retreat. We know from the ros-
"ter that he died July 17th, 1782, after Independ-
"ence had been won; but where he closed his eyes
"in death, or where is his unmarked grave, we
"cannot tell." His letters, in 1781, several times,
"speak of returning to Caswell County, and it
"may be that his remains rest there, 'in hope
"again to rise.'"

Since that time I have lost no opportunity to gather

information in regard to this remarkable soldier, who flashed across our Revolutionary horizon like a meteor, and then sunk into oblivion from which it seemed, for awhile, that he would never be rescued.

But during the World's Columbian Exposition, Col. Thos. B. Keogh, of Greensboro, North Carolina, was accidentally introduced to Henry C. Dixon, Esq., of Henderson, Kentucky, and being struck with the name he inquired of Mr. Dixon as to his family, and was informed that Mr. Dixon was the great grandson of Col. "Hal" Dixon, of North Carolina, and a son of the Hon. Archibald Dixon, who succeeded Henry Clay as United States Senator from Kentucky, in 1852. I afterward formed a correspondent's acquaintance with Dr. A. C. Posey, of San Francisco, California, another great grandson of Col. "Hal" Dixon, and to these two gentlemen I am indebted, chiefly, for the following account of the Dixon family.

It was a Scotch Irish family, that prolific source of American patriotism, from which has sprung so many American soldiers and statesmen.

Col. Henry Dixon, known to his comrades and friends, as "Hal" (says Maj. Joseph Graham) was a citizen of Caswell County, North Carolina. I cannot locate his homestead exactly. It is supposed by his descendants that he had two brothers, William and Robert, who resided in Duplin County, North Carolina, and another brother, Maj. Joseph Dixon, of Lincoln County, N. C., a distinguished Militia soldier, who served under General William Lee Davidson, and afterwards under General Pickens, in the campaign around Hillsboro, against Cornwallis, in 1781. Maj. Dixon also represented Lincoln County in the Legislature, and was one of the most prominent persons in that

County. William and Robert were also members of the Legislature.

Lieut. Col. "Hal" Dixon, the subject of this sketch, married Frances Wynne, by whom he had seven children, Susanna, Henry, Robert, Martha, Wynne, Rogers, and Eliza. The dates of his birth and marriage are unknown. He was probably born about the middle of the eighteenth century.

When the mother country began to oppress the Colonies with the stamp duties and tax on Tea, and when the sentiment in North Carolina was fast drifting towards a Declaration of Independence, the Legislature met at Hillsboro, the 21st day of August, 1775. One of the first acts of that body in preparing for the war, which seemed unavoidable to her political leaders, was an Act to raise two Continental Regiments, which had been called for by Congress, and which were to serve during the war. Of the first Regiment, James Moore was appointed Colonel; Francis Nash, Lieut. Colonel; and Thomas Clarke, Major. There were ten companies and ten captains in each Regiment. Among these, was Captain "Hal" Dixon.

Thus early do we find Capt. Dixon responding to the call of his country for men to defend her rights and honor. He was probably thirty to thirty-five years old at that time, with a growing family in Caswell County. He was not a professional gentleman nor a political leader. He preferred military service to either of these callings; his ardent nature was stirred by the call to arms, and he was ready at the sound of the bugle to follow where danger and glory awaited him. He was willing to sacrifice the comforts of home and the companionship of wife and children for the discipline and hardships of the camp and the company of

the stalwart patriots, who had volunteered to follow the flag which he bore.

The first Regiments were composed of the flower of the youth in the State, and their officers were generally gentlemen of means and culture and a high sense of honor. The demoralization which follows in the wake of privation and suffering had not yet sprung up, and the patriotism of the people had not yet been tainted by the demagogues, who soon began to seek popularity by promising relief from the sufferings of war. No draft or conscription had yet become necessary, and, as a consequence, the men of these two Regiments, and the four additional ones, which were ordered in April, 1776, were the best men of the land, and the Regiments themselves were justly the pride of the State. The path to glory was in their ranks, and the ambitious young gentlemen of the State rushed in to swell their numbers.

They were composed of a thousand men each. A captain's commission in one of these Regiments was considered an exalted honor, and those holding commissions vied with each other to excel in discipline and courage. Emulation, though generous and noble, was ardent and fierce. Conspicuous courage was ever alert to gain promotion, and successful strategy brought applause and reputation. Among the foremost of these young cavaliers, was Capt. "Hal" Dixon.

These two Regiments were soon hurried off to South Carolina, to repel the British invasion of that State. Of these spirited soldiers, General Charles Lee said, "I know not which corps I have the greatest reason to be pleased with, Muglenburg's Virginians, or the North Carolina Troops. They are both equally alert; zealous, and spirited."

These Regiments, after seeing service in South Carolina for some months, were, on the 15th of March, 1777, ordered to march North and reinforce General Washington, whose army had been reduced to 7,000 men in his retreat from New York City. They joined Washington at Middlebrook, in June, 1777, where they were welcomed with great joy; restoring confidence to his dejected little army and giving it strength enough to look the enemy in the face.

While under Washington they participated in the battles of Brandywine, the 11th of September, 1777; Germantown, the 4th of October, 1777; and Monmouth, June 20th, 1778. Part of them, under Major Murfree, were with Wayne at the storming of Stony Point, July 16th, 1779. They shared in the sufferings and privations of Valley Forge in the winter of 1777-'78. Colonel James Moore, who commanded Dixon's Regiment, had been promoted while in South Carolina, to Brigadier General and then died at Wilmington on his way North. General Francis Nash, who succeeded him, was killed at Germantown, where they underwent a baptism of fire that almost decimated their ranks. Dixon being conspicuous for bravery and skill during the whole of that sanguinary campaign.

On the 8th of July, 1777, soon after joining Washington, Dixon was promoted to Major, and was transferred to the third Regiment, commanded by General Jethro Sumner, the ablest commander whom North Carolina sent to the field during the whole struggle for independence. Dixon was trained under Sumner's eye. He was inspired by Sumner's courage and military spirit, and in such twin moulds they were cast, that they became as Jonathan and David, and side by

side, they fought along the bloody road, till glory and triumph perched upon their banners.

After the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, Dixon was again promoted, and made Lieut. Colonel of the Third Regiment, the 12th of May, 1778. These rapid promotions to high places bespeak the character and energy and worth of this heroic soldier. The North Carolina Regiments had been badly reduced by fevers and malaria in South Carolina, and their rapid exposure to the leaden hail around Philadelphia had made bloody inroads into their ranks, and what fevers and lead had left were again decreased by the frosts and hunger and nakedness of that awful proverbial winter at Valley Forge, the details of which makè the heart sick.

These Regiments, seven in all, which had joined Washington from time to time, were now reduced from six thousand men to less than one thousand soldiers, effective for duty, and it became necessary to "compress" the seven Regiments into three, and even with that reduction, these three remaining Regiments were scant in numbers. By this compression, which took place in May, 1778, the supernumerary officers were necessarily left out, but were allowed to retain their commissions and rank, and return to the State to recruit other regiments. How the lot of these officers was determined it does not appear, but the gallant Colonel Dixon was not among those continued in service. It is suggested that those who were most popular were sent home in order to get the advantage of their popularity in raising volunteers and recruits.

Jethro Sumner was promoted to be Brigadier General, the 9th of January, 1779, and was assigned to the duty of raising and commanding these new regiments,

while General Hogun was left in command of the three "compressed" Regiments, so that Dixon was again associated with his beloved Commander.

This article does not permit of a detail of military transactions, and I cannot therefore relate the many obstacles which lay in Dixon's path, but we soon find him in active service again.

In the summer of 1778, Colonel William Lee Davidson, another of the supernumerary officers, had raised a Regiment of Nine Months Men, who were to assemble at Bladensburg, Maryland. Dixon was Major of one of the new Regiments. They were, however, disbanded.

In the Autumn of that year, General Sumner commanded a brigade of two other Regiments in the campaign in South Carolina, the one under Colonel John Armstrong, and the other under Colonel Archibald Lyttle. Dixon was with Lyttle as Major, and was wounded at Stono Ferry, June, 1779. It was this wound which probably caused his death. Sumner and his men suffered from malaria, to such an extent that many of them were compelled to return to North Carolina, General Sumner himself returning home on a sick furlough.

In 1780, we find Colonel Dixon commanding a Regiment at Gate's defeat, near Camden, the 15th of August. It was in this battle that he rose to the grandeur of his fame, and shed immortal lustre on the North Carolina Troops under his command.

When the raw militia from Virginia broke in a panic without resistance, early in the battle, it exposed the left flank of the North Carolina Militia to a raking fire, and they were routed in succession by the bayonet. The line broke until it reached Dixon's Regi-

ment. This Regiment rested its right on the Maryland Regulars.

When their comrades fled, Dixon, standing before his men in the midst of the fire from front and flank, ordered a part of his command to face to the left and there at bay, he refused to yield or fly. His men fell around him thick and fast on every side; but his tall majestic figure was still seen moving among his comrades exhorting them to courage and firmness. His "bugle blast was worth a thousand men."

All the Militia on Dixon's left having been routed, his battalion alone was left to protect the flank of the regulars under the Baron DeKalb. The enemy now disengaged, pressed Dixon sorely, and were about to overwhelm him with numbers, when he ordered his little band to charge bayonets, and leading the charge himself, he drove the enemy before him, and then in sullen obstinacy, resumed his steady fire from the line. Surrounded on every side, De Kalb fell with eleven wounds, but the North Carolinians under Dixon, were still fighting over his body, and witnessed his expiring moments. At last every cartridge in their belts was exhausted, and facing about, Dixon ordered a second charge of bayonets and again cut his way through the serried hosts of the British, bringing with him the few who survived the dreadful carnage of this battle.

Col. Lee thus speaks of Dixon:

"None, without violence to the claims of honor and justice, can withhold applause from Col. Dixon and his North Carolina Regiment of Militia. Having their flank exposed by the flight of the other Militia, they turned with disdain from the ignoble example and fixing their eyes on the Marylanders, whose left they became, determined to vie in deeds of courage with their veteran

"comrades. Nor did they shrink from this dar-
 "ing resolve. In every vicissitude of the battle
 "this Regiment maintained its ground, and when
 "the reserve, under Smallwood, covering our left,
 "relieved its naked flank, *forced the enemy to fall*
 "*back.* Dixon had seen service, having commanded
 "a Continental Regiment under General Washing-
 "ton. By his precepts and example he infused his
 "own spirit into the breast of his troops, who, em-
 "ulating the noble arder of their leader, demon-
 "strated the wisdom of selecting experienced offi-
 "cers to command raw soldiers.

Col. Dixon's Regiment was a part of Gen. Gregory's Brigade, and Lamb, the British historian, says:

"The Continental troops behaved well, but some
 "of the militia were soon broken. In Justice to
 "the North Carolina militia, it should be remarked
 "that part of the brigade commanded by Gen.
 "Gregory acquitted themselves well. They formed
 "immediately to the left of the Continentals, and
 "kept the field *while they had a cartridge to fire;*
 "Gregory himself was twice wounded by a bayo-
 "net in bringing off his men. Several of his Regi-
 "ment and many of his Brigade, who were made
 "prisoners, had no wounds *except from bayonets.*"

This is the only instance I have found in American history where militia charged the British Regulars with the bayonet and drove them back, and these Militia, I am proud to say, were North Carolinians. Gen. Sumner did the same thing with six-months recruits at Eutaw Springs in Sept., 1781, and the Commanders of the respective armies looked on with wonder, the one with consternation, the other with exultant joy and pride.

Lee, referring to this splendid achievement, again remarks:

"Here was a splendid instance of self-possession

“by a single Regiment out of two Brigades. Dixon had commanded a Continental Regiment, and of course to his example and knowledge much is to be ascribed, but praise is nevertheless due to the troops. * * * Convinced, as I am, that a government is the murderer of its citizens which sends them to the field uninformed and untaught, where they will meet men of the same age and strength mechanized by education and disciplined for battle, I cannot withhold my denunciation of its wickedness and folly, much as I applaud, and must ever applaud, those instances like the one before us, of armed citizens vieing with our best soldiers in the first duty of man to his country.”

If “Hal” Dixon had done no more than this, it would have put his name on the roll of immortal honor, and it should be a household word in the home of every North Carolinian.

“And by their light
Shall every gallant youth with ardor move
To do brave deeds.”

There was no historian to observe and perpetuate the heroism of the North Carolina Troops with Dixon under Washington, but from this one splendid achievement at Camden, we may learn the character of all. *Ex uno disce omnes.* We do know that these troops, from six thousand men in 1776, were reduced to less than a thousand within two years, and that their bodies lie from Stono Ferry, in South Carolina, to Stony Point in New York.

Fevers and frost, bullet and ball, famine and fatigue, did their deadly work until the body of these splendid Regiments, that went forth in their pride and strength, became but skeletons in the line; until seven Regiments scarcely made three of even respectable numbers,

The tradition of the Dixon family is, that Col. Dixon was also wounded while in the North; but no particulars can be ascertained.

We next hear of our gallant hero in the days of 1781, as Inspector General in Greene's army, after Greene succeeded Gates, in 1780. In this capacity Col. Dixon was in Gen. Pickens's command of North Carolinians who annoyed Cornwallis so unbearably while at Hillsboro, and finally goaded him to desperation and drove him to the field again. He was with Lee at Pyle's defeat, Feb. 23, 1781, near where the thriving little city of Burlington, North Carolina, is now situated. Col. Dixon was also at the hotly contested affair at Whitsill's Mill, March 7th, and at Guilford Courthouse, March 15th, 1781; but having no command of his own, and acting as Inspector General, he had no opportunity of displaying his splendid courage and ability as a soldier. He was never idle; he never faltered; he was not envious; he was willing to serve wherever duty and occasion offered; he responded to every call of his country. He was entitled to a furlough and rest, but never took it; he was near his family and knew the sweetness of domestic life and peace; but was ready and willing to forego all these blessings for his country's good.

The Military board of the State gave Col. Armstrong the command of the second North Carolina battalion, which won such immortal glory at Eutaw Springs, deciding that Armstrong outranked Dixon; but Dixon never murmured or "sulked in his tent." He sought active service elsewhere. When, after the battle of Eutaw Springs, it was discovered that the decision of the Military Board was erroneous, he was restored and took command of the second battalion and

served with it until, wasted by wounds, he came home in the summer of 1782 to die.

Noble and unselfish, not seeking his own, but his country's, glory, he was ever ready to face the enemy and repel the invaders. In these noble characteristics he was such a conspicuous and singular example in military life, that he deserves to have it recorded to his honor and to receive the applause and gratitude of mankind.

The Dixon family were remarkable for the beauty and majesty of their persons. The widow of Senator Archibald Dixon, the grandson of "Hal" Dixon, says that the Senator "excelled all of his splendid race in the beauty and majesty of his person; in the grandeur of his presence. Henry Clay was his only equal, so far as I have seen, and I saw all the prominent men of his time."*

Dr. A. C. Posey, referring to Captain Henry Dixon, known also as "Hal," a son of Col. Dixon, says: "He was a man of powerful frame and muscle, six feet two inches in height, and weighing two hundred and twenty pounds. His children, both boys and girls, were his counterparts, as near as nature could make them."

Mrs. Dixon says of Wynne Dixon, the son of "Hal," "He was epauletted in the field of Eutaw Springs for

* Since writing the above paragraph, I have learned through Henry C. Dixon, of Kentucky, great-grandson of "Hal" Dixon, that Col. Dixon was certainly in the battle of Eutaw Springs, Sept. 1, 1781, and was severely wounded. The tradition of the family is, that this was the wound which proved fatal. It is often asked why only Lieut. Colonels commanded our troops after 1779 or 1780. It was done to conform to the British organization. Their battalions were commanded by Lieut. Colonels, so that we captured no Colonels, and thereupon had none to exchange for our captive Colonels. "Hal" Dixon's brother, Lieut. Wynne Dixon, was also wounded at Eutaw Springs and promoted on the field for gallant Conduct.

gallant conduct. I have heard Senator Dixon say, 'that at a review in North Carolina, he was called the handsomest man in the State.' He was six feet in height, dark hair and an eye like an eagle."

He married Rebecca Heart, daughter of David Heart.

"Hal" Dixon No. 2, Wynne's brother, was at one time a member of the Kentucky legislature: says Mrs. Dixon, "He was a bluff, genial man, but being plainly dressed and simple in his manners, some of the members undertook to badger him. He instantly rose to his feet and his splendid statue towering above them all, "Mr. Speaker," said he, "I am no speaker but I can whip any man in this house." There was a dead silence for a moment, followed by a roar of applause and he was never badgered again."

Senator Archibald Dixon was undoubtedly the author of the act repealing the Missouri Compromise of 1852. Documents in my possession, furnished by his widow, show this. He was at one time the most popular man in Kentucky. His descendants still live at Henderson, Ky., his old homestead.

Col. "Hal" Dixon died July 17, 1782. His will was admitted to probate, at September Term, 1783. The family tradition is that he died from the wound which he received at Eutaw Springs. A diligent search of five years among all the sources of information accessible to me, has failed to disclose where the body of this noble patriot was buried. Only the trump of God will discover its resting place. I think, however, that he lived on the upper waters of Moon's Creek, in the western part of Caswell County. In an addition to a deed of land made by his executors, embracing lands on this creek, I have found the diary of the march of Gen. Wayne's brigade south, in December, 1781. It

passed Leesburg, Dec. 3rd, and crossed Hico Creek, ten miles west; on the 4th it marched thirteen miles, crossing "County Line" Creek in a snowstorm, at 12 o'clock, M., and lay by on the 5th, and on that day, Capt. Davis of the Brigade went six miles and dined with Col. "Hal" Dixon. If they went north, it would have taken them to Moon's Creek.

The homestead, tradition says, was called the Red House Place, and on the fork of Moon's Creek, there is a road known as the Red House road and a farm also of the same name.

Henry C. Dixon, son of Senator Archibald Dixon, says that Col. "Hal" Dixon had three sisters, Betsy, who married one Williams and died without issue; Jane, who married a Bracken and remained in North Carolina; and Susan, who married John Williams and removed to Tennessee. George Dixon, a prominent lawyer of Memphis, Tennessee, is a descendent of Wynne Dixon.

I was not aware until recently that Col. "Hal" Dixon was at the Battle of Guilford Court House. I am indebted to my good friend, Justice Walter Clark, of the Supreme Court, for a copy of the application made to the United States Government by the heirs of Col. Dixon in Tennessee for a pension. The following is an extract from this petition:

"Herndon Haralson, then of Haywood County, Tenn., makes oath that in the year 1781, when Gen. Greene retreated from North Carolina into Virginia, before Lord Cornwallis, he, this affiant, raised a Company of Volunteers, equipped themselves and joined the army under the command of the said Col. Dixon and Gen. Pickens, and marched against a party of Tories near Hillsboro, then commanded by Col. Pyles, which they

“attacked, defeated and cut to pieces on the 21st
“of Feby., 1781,—from thence in a few days they
“fought the battles of Whitsell’s Mill and Guil-
“ford Court House.’

“Haralson also states ‘that Dixon marched to
“the North, where in some action in which he
“fought, he received a wound with a musket or
“cannon ball, but in what part of his body he doth
“not now recollect.’ ”

Extract from the petition of the heirs of Lt.
Col. Hal Dixon of the Continentals (Caswell Co.)
“The affidavit of Armistead and Francis Flippen
“asserts that Dixon ‘died of a wound received in
“said war,’ in 1782, and Nancy Stafford, then of
“Smith County, Tenn., makes oath that Dixon re-
“turned home (to Caswell County), sick of a wound
“received in some battle in South Carolina, which
“wound was the cause of his death.’ He died
“17 July, 1782. He was wounded three times—
“the last time mortally—over at Stono, S. C., 20th
“June, 1779.’ ”

I have now discharged a pleasant duty, one which I
have been contemplating for several years. I have
done tardy justice to a splendid soldier and eminent
patriot. I have set before the youth of this State a
character worthy of all imitation and rescued from
oblivion historical facts, which afford themes for the
orator and poet, facts to excite the pride of every
North Carolinian.

There remains for this or some other generation one
duty to perform; to raise a monument to the memory
of this chivalric gentleman, which shall bear the in-
scription of his heroic deeds. North Carolina is awak-
ening, she is rubbing off the slumber from her eyelids,
and on every side young and vigorous hands are bend-
ing their love and energies to bring to light the glo-

rious deeds of our ancestors. The gems of our brilliant history are being collected and arranged, and he will be most honored in the next generation, who does honor to the noble band of worthies who have preceded us.

I have no fears now for our history. Every new discovery inflames the ardor of our writers, and encourages them to work more diligently to find a richer gem. No greater soldier, no more brilliant or dashing officer, no bolder leader of men, no purer or more disinterested character will ever be unfolded than the subject of this sketch.

D. SCHENCK.

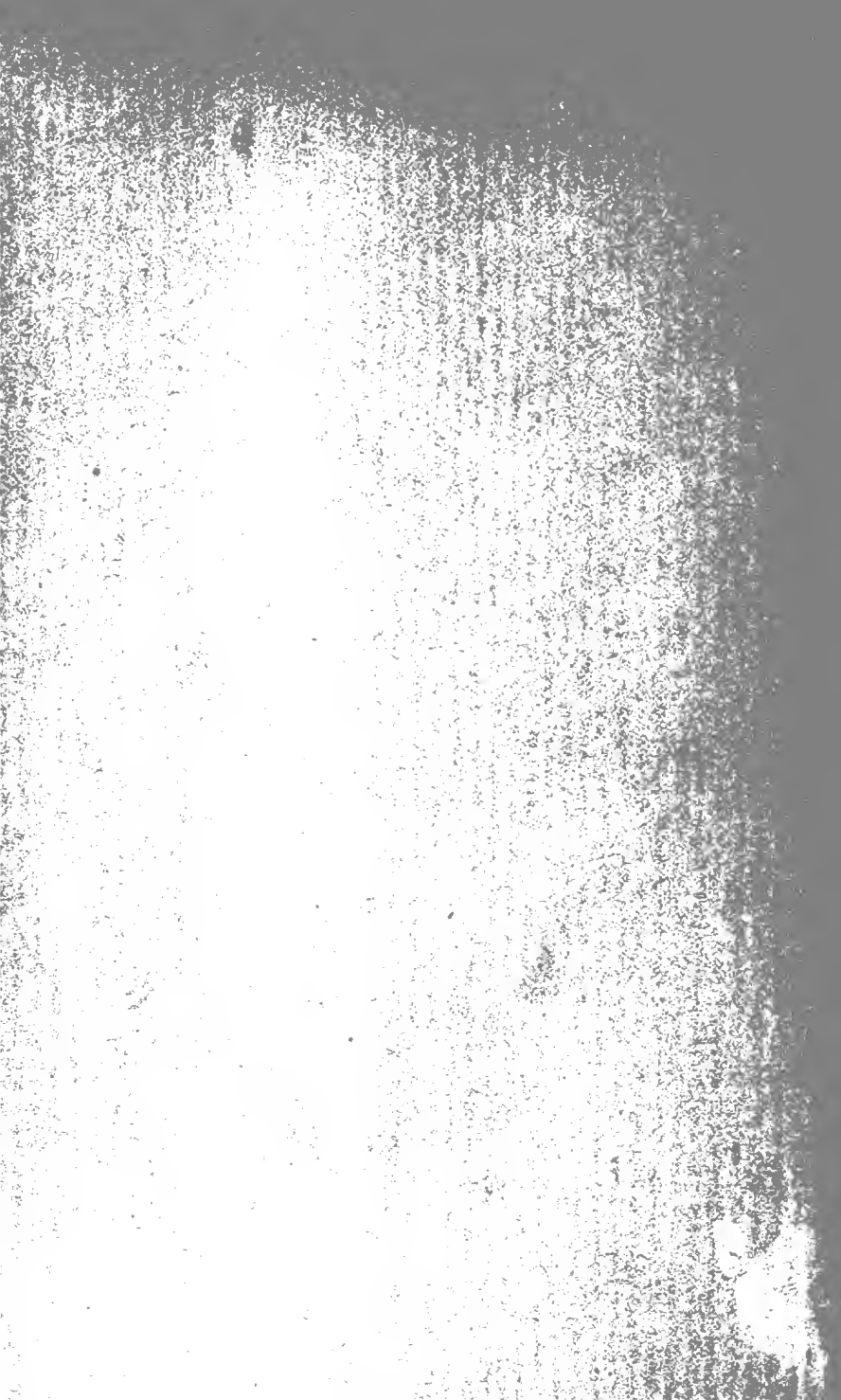
P. S. This paper was unavoidably but fortunately delayed in its publication, and I have been thereby enabled to add several important incidents in Col. Dixon's life and to correct a few mistakes in the text. I am also rejoiced, happy, to state that the money has been raised and the Mount Airy Granite Company is now making a monument, a cenotaph, to be erected on the Guilford Battle Ground, in memory of our glorious hero, and on it will be fastened a bronze plate reciting the names and dates of the battles in which "Hal" Dixon was engaged, besides other incidents of his history. It ends thus:

"THE EMBODIMENT OF CHIVALRY,
THE IDOL OF HIS SOLDIERS,
THE TRUSTED OF THE PEOPLE."

The monument will be of granite, solid and heavy, and will be erected in a conspicuous place on the field of battle, and near the C. F. & Y. V. Railroad. It will be dedicated July the 4th, 1896, D. V.

D. SCHENCK.

Sept. 17, 1895.



In Memoriam

Theodore Benedict Lyman,

D.D., LL.D., D.C.L.

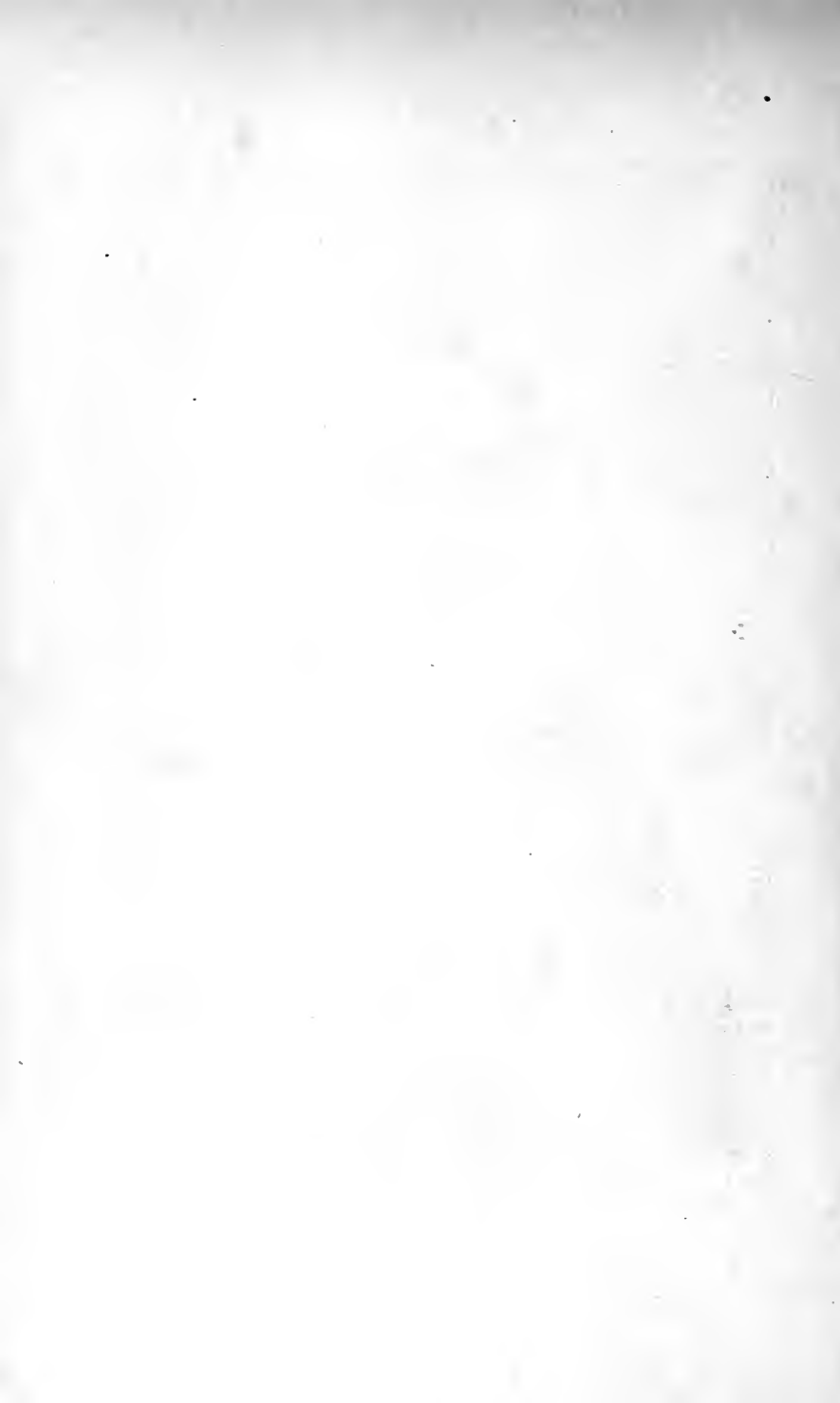
Bishop of North Carolina



[The body of the document contains several paragraphs of text that are almost entirely illegible due to extreme image degradation and noise. The text appears to be a formal report or memorandum, but the specific content cannot be discerned.]



D. B. Lyman, Bishop of N. Carolina.



Sermon

Commemorative of the Late

Theodore Benedict Lyman,

D.D., LL.D., D.C.L.

(1815-1893)

Bishop of North Carolina

Preached in St. Paul's Church, Winston

BEFORE THE

Convention of the Diocese of North Carolina

May 20, 1894.

BY

Ellison Capers, D.D.,

Assistant Bishop of South Carolina.

RALEIGH:

E. M. UZZELL, POWER PRINTER AND BINDER.

1894.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF THE CONVENTION.

Sermon.

His lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.—St. Matt., xxv, 21.

A little more than three years since, your late Bishop, addressing his brethren and friends from the pulpit of the Church of the Good Shepherd, in Raleigh, upon the commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the Priesthood, concluded a summary of his work in his Diocese with words which must still be fresh in your memories.

Standing before you, a venerable Bishop, near the end of his Episcopate, after fifty-one years of service in the Holy Ministry, a large experience in life, an extended knowledge of men, a wide observation of affairs on three continents, and abundant opportunities of enjoying the blessings of ample wealth, while faithfully serving his Lord and Master, my lamented brother concluded his grateful greeting to his people by exclaiming: “Alas! what is life when measured by its earthly limitations? Alas! for him whose only estimate of it is circumscribed by what this world can give us. The true, the real life, is that for which we must here be preparing. Each year is bringing us nearer the hour when we shall be summoned to give an account of our stewardship. When the shadows of life’s evening are darkening around us may it be our sweet privilege to close our eyes in calm and heavenly peace, while looking with trustful confidence to the coming glories of the Resurrection morn. Oh! happy he who shall then be permitted to hear, from the lips of his loving Lord, that cheering and most welcome plaudit, “Well done, thou good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

The good Bishop has reached the hour of whose sure coming he spoke; he has heard his Lord's welcome as he entered into the rest of Paradise. For him now no darkening shadows fall upon life's evening, and no care and toil await his morning. He has finished his work, and his Lord and Master has summoned him into His presence, and permitted him to hear the cheering and most welcome plaudit: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

I come to you to-day, my brethren, to bear my testimony to the character and work of your late Bishop, and in your name to bear witness to the zeal and fidelity, the energy and faithfulness with which he made full proof of his ministry as the Chief Shepherd of his flock. With me it is a labor of love. His name and office are most sacredly associated with my own elevation to the Episcopate. Taking the place of our beloved and stricken Bishop, he was my Consecrator last July, and the solemn tones of his voice, as he propounded to me those heart-searching interrogations of the Ordinal, are ringing in my ears to-day, as if I had answered them but yesterday. His venerable form and Apostolic bearing, as he stood, holding the staff you gave him, and with uplifted hand breathed the benediction of peace upon us, is before me now, brethren, and will ever be a living reality to my memory. God grant that the vows that I made in that most solemn and awful hour of my life may have for their fulfilment the answer to the prayer he so fervently made in my behalf: "Almighty God, our heavenly Father, who hath given you a good will to do all these things; Grant also unto you strength and power to perform the same."

I was with the Bishop at the consecration of his assistant, my beloved brother Cheshire, last October, and assisted in the office. He seemed to be enjoying his usual health,

and was rejoicing in the strength of a robust old age. He talked to me cheerfully and hopefully of his plans for the future, and when we parted it was with a promise that we should soon meet again to congratulate each other on the progress of the Church in the Carolinas, knit together in the holy bonds of a common faith and the sacred ties of a loyal brotherhood; but his work was then nearly done, and the summons soon came which called him from the Church Militant to take his place in the Church at rest.

In the end he had the answer to his often expressed desire that he might be spared an old age of feebleness and inactivity, and that his Lord might summon him into His presence from the battlefield of labor. Up to within a few days of his sudden departure he was busy in mind with thoughts of the Diocese, preaching his last sermons in Charlotte only ten days before his death. His last thoughts were given to a review of his Episcopate, and he had begun the preparation of an address to be pronounced in Raleigh on the twentieth anniversary of his consecration. The sermon was unfinished; the Bishop's work was done; the anniversary was spent in his chamber of mortal sickness, and two days later he closed his eyes and rested forever from the labors of his holy calling—labors which only ended at the Master's word that called him up into His presence to receive His Eternal Blessing.

Like others of our American Bishops, and hundreds of our Clergy, Bishop Lyman came to the Church from our brethren of the Christian denominations. He was born and reared in the school of Calvin, coming from good Puritan stock and the State of the Pilgrim fathers. Like the friend of his college days, the venerable and accomplished Bishop of Western New York, Bishop Lyman was a son of a Presbyterian Clergyman. Graduating at Hamil-

ton College, New York, these two young men were providentially led diligently to read Holy Scripture and ancient authors, and to them it became evident that the joint testimony of Scripture and history was conclusive as to the claims of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and so they were called of God the Holy Ghost into the ministry of the Church which from the Apostles' time had preserved these orders of ministers in Christ's Church—Bishops, Priests, and Deacons. Completing his course in Divinity in the General Theological Seminary, New York, our Bishop was ordained Deacon by his devoted friend and guide, Bishop Whittingham, in Christ Church, Baltimore, in September, 1840, and advanced to the Priesthood by the same Bishop in December, 1841, in St. John's Church, Hagerstown, Md., and was duly instituted Rector. This was Bishop Lyman's first charge. By the consent of his Bishop he was settled over the parish immediately upon his ordination to the Diaconate, and remained in charge for ten years. Here he illustrated the enthusiasm and hopefulness of his nature by laying the foundations of a Church College, generously contributing to its establishment and promoting its growth and welfare. Years afterwards, when his helpful hand had been withdrawn, and he was far away in Europe, he tells us that he met one of life's greatest disappointments when tidings came to him that the doors of St. James' College had been closed, and the work of his youth and his faith, "so full of hope and brilliant promise," had come to an end amid the clash of arms and the engrossing excitements and demands of the greatest of modern wars.

In the spring of 1850, Bishop Lyman accepted the charge of Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa., as successor to Dr. Upfold, consecrated Bishop of Indiana. For ten years Trinity, Pittsburg, was the theatre of the Bishop's untiring

labors, the spiritual home where he shepherded his devoted flock, and led them forth into green pastures of truth and righteousness. The holy house was soon full to overflowing, and the good shepherd, whose duty it is ever to care for his sheep, called upon his brethren to aid him in building another fold. And right nobly did they respond to the call. He had asked for a chapel to be attached to the parish church, and to be part of the one fold for the common flock, and such was the spirit of generosity and activity with which the Rector had inspired his people that they built a splendid stone chapel, costing \$40,000, and dedicated it to the worship of the loving Father of us all.

It soon became so flourishing a congregation that the Rector of Trinity encouraged its being a separate parish, and rejoiced to see the work of his faith, his zeal and his prayers set apart as St. Peter's Parish, with its own Rector, and Wardens and Vestrymen. Twenty years of constant work, full of cares and anxieties and unceasing activities, had made their impression on the Church in Maryland and the Church in Pennsylvania, but they had also taxed the brain and the nervous strength of the zealous Presbyter.

Dr. Lyman felt that he must have a period of repose, but he was unwilling that the work of the Church should cease for a day, or that it should lag behind for lack of an able hand and a loyal heart to direct it. Accordingly he tendered his resignation. But the ties which bind a true pastor to his flock are not easily severed, and the people of Trinity, looking back upon the work of ten years, and estimating what it had been, and looking forward to the work yet to be done, could not yield their consent to the resignation of the faithful man who had inspired it with his cheerful hope and generous heart. The Vestry declined the resignation, gave their burdened Rector a two years'

leave of absence, and requested him to select a man after his own heart to stand in his place during his absence. What higher tribute could a people pay to the devotion, the ability, the character of their Rector?

Well might my departed brother reply to his generous and faithful flock in the language of the Apóstle, writing to the Church at Philippi: "If I am offered upon the sacrifice and service of your faith, I joy and rejoice with you all, and in the same manner do ye also joy and rejoice with me." Dr. Lyman sailed for Europe, accompanied by his family, in May, 1860, and sought a haven of rest in Switzerland. And here, brethren, I am reminded of Keble's lines for one of the Advent Sundays. No doubt they came to the mind of your departed Bishop, as there came to him across the sea the summons of the Church, calling him forth from the haven of rest, where he would be, and urging upon him the pastoral charge of American Church people, then visiting the cities of the Continent. He bore his Lord's commission, and to him the Church's poet spoke the mandate of the Church's love:

"Ye who your Lord's commission bear,
His way of mercy to prepare:
Angels, He calls you; be your strife
To lead on earth an Angel's life.
Think not of rest; though dreams be sweet,
Start up, and ply your heavenward feet!
Is not God's oath upon your head,
Ne'er to sink back on slothful bed,
Never again your loins untie,
Nor let your torches waste and die,
'Till, when the shadows thickest fall,
Ye hear your Master's midnight call?"

Our Church people were flocking to Europe for recreation and travel. The great cities of the Continent, with their historic attractions, their vast capacities and agencies

for delighting the senses and ministering to the life of self-indulgence and pleasure, afforded a great temptation to the flock of Christ to neglect their spiritual culture. They were sheep of our fold, and on the Continent they were un-shepherded and in danger of being devoured by the wolf of worldliness.

They could not worship with Rome, and the Protestant Churches prayed and preached in a language "not understandable by the people." Our spiritual fathers, charged with the safety of the flock of Christ committed to their care, followed their people with anxious prayers, and would build for them a safe fold in the lands of their pilgrimage. They turned to the weary shepherd, resting in the lovely vales of Switzerland, and called upon him to go to Florence and build there a house of prayer, to be the spiritual home of our people.

He says he sought to escape this summons, but how could he? Was he not His servant who, when He went all the way to the coast of Tyre and Sidon, far from the scenes of His consuming toil, and entered into the house of a friend that He might find a short repose, "could not be hid," could not escape the toil of love, could not rest from the work of charity; because there was a widow woman there, whose dear child was grievously tormented, and whose heart was sick and torn with anxious grief, and loudly called upon Him to come to her aid, to heal her child, to give her the peace which only He could give? Was not he in the line of the men who crossed the beautiful lake of Tiberias with their Master and sought the mountain shade on the east side that they might all "go apart and rest awhile"; and who, instead of sweet and holy communion in the sacred privacy of that needed retirement on the coveted mountain, found a multitude of men, women and children, who must be

fed, and fed by them, because they were the servants and followers of Him who came down from Heaven to be as well the friend and helpful brother of men as their only Redeemer and Saviour—who came to give up His rest and His home and His life to minister to the souls and bodies of His Father's offspring?

There was no immediate rest for the weary Rector of Trinity Church, Pittsburg, though he had crossed the great ocean to find it. Our American Church people in Florence, in Rome, in Paris, in Nice, in Geneva, in Dresden must be provided with the means of grace, they must be reminded of their baptism into Jesus Christ, their holy vows at confirmation, and they must hear the gospel of their Lord, and partake in the benefits of His blessed cross in the Holy Communion of His Body and Blood.

To this work Dr. Lyman was constrained by the love of Christ, and with his characteristic energy he addressed himself to the high and holy calling. * * * The war having broken out between the Southern Confederacy and the United States Government, the Rector of Trinity, Pittsburg, forwarded his resignation from Florence, and it was duly accepted.

Dr. Lyman remained abroad for ten years, returning to the United States in December, 1870, to accept an urgent invitation to the Rectorship of Trinity Church, San Francisco, the oldest and strongest parish on the Pacific Coast.

Thus far his ministry had embraced three decades, each allotted to work in a separate sphere: the *first* given to Maryland, at St. John's, Hagerstown; the *second* to Pennsylvania, at Trinity Church, Pittsburg; and the *third* on the Continent of Europe, planting the Church in great cities, and enriching his active mind by extended observation in travel, as far east as the Nile, and to the Sacred

Mount whence issued the holy Commandments of God by the mouth of His holy Prophet, Moses.

The most important work of Dr. Lyman, during the decade he spent abroad, was the firm planting of a parish in Rome for American Churchmen. He accomplished this work by his zeal and undaunted energy, rallying our Church people in Rome to his support, and asserting his devotion to the principles of his Church in uncompromising opposition to the restrictions laid upon him by Cardinal Antonelli. When he was forbidden to hold services within the walls of the city, he left the neat and commodious chapel which he had fitted up in a central quarter of Rome, and which a large congregation had been regularly worshipping, and assumed the personal obligation of the lease of a building outside the city walls, and had it neatly fitted up for Divine worship.

Here Dr. Lyman formed the Parish of St. Paul's, Rome, which subsequently, under its Rector, Dr. Nevin, moved into the city when the Italian army opened the gates, and erected a splendid church edifice, which stands to-day "a witness for the true Catholic faith, as that faith is held and taught by the Reformed Anglican Communion."

When Dr. Lyman had been elevated to the Episcopacy, the presiding Bishop, recognizing his work in Rome and elsewhere in Europe, requested him to take the pastoral charge of the foreign churches. He accepted the charge, and for four years was the Angel of the Churches on the Continent. During his Episcopal visitations he had the great satisfaction of consecrating the beautiful Church of the Holy Trinity, in Paris; St. John's, in Dresden, and to lay the corner-stone, and subsequently to consecrate the new church in Nice.

The Diocese of California sent Dr. Lyman to the General Convention of 1871, in whose deliberations he took a useful part.

The important question of *Ritual Uniformity* came up for discussion in both houses of the Convention, and excited intense interest.

The House of Bishops, in 1868, had appointed a committee of five Bishops to consider the subject of Ritual, in the conduct of public worship and in the administration of the holy sacraments, and to report to the Bishops in 1871 what legislation, if any, was necessary. In their report the five Bishops represented to their brethren of the House of Bishops that there existed a great and growing *diversity of use* in the conduct of public worship, which confused, perplexed and troubled the people; that services over and above those provided in the Book of Common Prayer were used in certain churches; that the services of the Prayer-Book, in some instances, are unlawfully mutilated, and in others so rendered as to make it difficult to distinguish them from those of the Church of Rome, except in the language employed.

For these and other reasons the committee unanimously recommended that action be taken by the Convention.

The distinguished Bishop of Maryland moved a joint committee of both houses to consider this important matter and report to Convention; accordingly the committee was duly appointed and was composed of five Bishops, five Presbyters, and five laymen, with the able Bishop of Maryland at its head. It was upon the *Canon of Ritual*, recommended by this committee and adopted by the House of Bishops, that the debate arose in the House of Deputies. The Deputies could not agree upon the Canon proposed by the Bishops, and a protracted debate upon various amend-

ments and substitutes was finally ended by a vote, which decidedly rejected the Canon proposed by the Bishops. In the record of the vote Dr. Lyman's name is the first name recorded, California casting her vote, in both orders, in the affirmative. Great disappointment was felt by those Deputies who had voted for the proposed Canon, and a feeling of grave apprehension was excited at the failure of Convention to legislate upon a subject which it was felt had been calmly and judiciously considered by the Bishops. After the vote was announced, and the report of the joint committee laid upon the table, Dr. Lyman proposed two resolutions, which were at once adopted by the Deputies and concurred in by the Bishops.

By these resolutions the Convention of 1871 expressed "its decided condemnation of all ceremonies, observances and practices which are fitted to express a doctrine foreign to that set forth in the authorized standards of this Church."

"That the counsel and advice of the Bishops of the Church is deemed sufficient, at this time, to secure the suppression of all that is irregular and unseemly, and to promote greater uniformity in conducting the public worship of the Church and in the administration of the Holy Sacraments."

Conformity and obedience to the *doctrine, discipline* and *worship* of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America are sacred obligations, alike of Bishops and Priests, the *sine qua non* of the Church's peace, her progress, and her prosperity. Dr. Lyman asserted these fundamental truths in the General Convention of 1871, and presented his resolutions as the declaration of our highest court in loyal recognition of both the letter and the spirit of the Ordinal. The yow of the Bishop, at his consecration, diligently to minister the *doctrine* and *discipline* of the

Church, according to her written law ; to maintain and set forward the *quietness* and *peace* of his Diocese ; to make the Word of God, as the Church has received the same, the test by which he will judge of all things in doctrine and worship brought for his decision ; and his own *most solemn vow*, that he will himself obey the Church, and conform himself to her *doctrine*, her *discipline*, and her *worship*. These vows of his covenant with God the Holy Ghost, in that most momentous hour of his *consecration*, are not one whit more awful, more sacredly binding upon the Bishop's soul, than are those holy vows of his Presbyters, by which they enter into covenant with God and His Church before they "receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a Priest in the Church of God," committed unto them by the imposition of hands. Brethren, we have only to be true to our ordination unto God and His Church, and the blessings of unity and peace, grace and prosperity, shall abound unto the abundant ingathering of the people among whom and for whom we are ordained to the ministry of our Lord Jesus Christ.

In view of the work of revision, so lately completed, and the Canon law making the Prayer-Book, as finally revised and adopted by the Convention of 1892, the *standard of worship*, and the final arbiter, in the hands of the Bishop, on all questions of rubrical interpretation, and the conduct of holy worship, Bishop Lyman held *that* to break the law of the *standard*, or to worship by some other standard, and to teach the people so to worship ; to speak or write in disparagement of the Prayer-Book of the American Church, the one, only authorized guide to our worship, the sacred depository of the creed of the Church, and the witness for the truth as the Church receives and teaches it to her people—to be disloyal to the *Prayer-Book* was to be as false to

one's self and as untrue to the Church as if one had openly joined her enemies, and was avowedly among her foes.

Like Bishops Atkinson and Whittingham, Bishop Lyman was a sound, loyal and uncompromising Churchman.

He came into the Protestant Episcopal Church after a full examination of her claims upon his conscience and his reason, and he was ever the champion of her *history*, her *doctrine*, her discipline and worship.

To him she stood four-square for the truth, as it is in Jesus, a great Scriptural structure founded on Apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ being the corner-stone.

For him the Prayer-Book was the symbol and law of her doctrine and worship. Her Constitution and Canons ruled his ministry. The faith of the Church of the Apostolic age, in its simplicity and fullness, was for him the ancient Catholic faith, and that faith he found in all its integrity in the Reformed Anglican Communion, and taught in our Prayer-Book.

In the spring of 1873 North Carolina elected Dr. Lyman to the Episcopate and called him to assist the great and good Atkinson.

The consecration of Dr. Lyman, like my own in South Carolina, was the first consecration service held in the Diocese, and took place in Christ Church, Raleigh, on the 11th of December, 1873. His beloved father in God, Whittingham, of Maryland, assisted by Bishops Atkinson and Lay, being his Consecrator.

The great State of North Carolina formed the Diocese, and embraced a jurisdiction including *three* degrees of latitude and *nine* of longitude, and a population of over one million of souls.

Looking back to-day, brethren, over the twenty years of Bishop Lyman's work in North Carolina, we can trace

throughout his Episcopate the same characteristics which marked his ministry in Maryland, in Pennsylvania, in Europe, and in California.

Entrusted by his Lord with many talents, he employed them *actively* and *zealously* in the administration of his Diocese. He was pre-eminently an *active* Bishop. His hopeful temper spurred his zeal, and his generous hand urged on his Master's work.

Coming to North Carolina at a time when our Southern territory had been so lately ruthlessly devastated by the red hand of war, and our people impoverished and disheartened, Bishop Lyman brought to his work a buoyant *hope* and strong *heart*. He threw himself into the duties of his office with all the energy of his nature, and proved himself to be a worthy coadjutor of one of the ablest among our American Bishops.

When you gave him a pastoral staff at his jubilee, Dr. Marshall, in presenting it in behalf of the Diocese, bade him accept it as a mark of your appreciation of his *zeal* and *abundant labors* as the Chief Shepherd of the flock. It was the symbol of your loyalty to his *authority* over you in the Apostolic office, and your estimate of his devotion to you in the faithful discharge of his pastoral duties.

"In a Diocese so large, and so largely missionary," said Dr. Marshall, "we know, both Clergy and Laity, how bravely and cheerfully, through good report and through evil, through stress of weather, and not unfrequently in bodily suffering, our beloved Bishop has borne the incessant anxieties and constant cares and onerous responsibilities inseparable from the office of a Bishop in the Church of God."

The lamented death of the Bishop's devoted wife, which occurred in the month of April, 1889, deprived him of the

friend who had gladly shared his labors, generously contributed to his work, and who, by deeds of charity and liberal acts of love, had made herself an essential part of the work and influence of her husband.

The name of Anna Albert Lyman, dear to the Church in North Carolina, will be remembered in gratitude by hundreds whom her generous hand has blest, and her high and true womanhood consecrated in your hearts by her life-long devotion to the interests and work of the ministry of the Church.

After the lamented death of Bishop Atkinson, and until the Diocese was divided, the great and growing State of North Carolina was the field of his untiring activities.

When he spoke to you at his jubilee and reviewed his work for eighteen years, he spoke as became a Bishop, who judges his labors in the light of his responsibilities to his Lord, the needs of his Diocese, and the holy law of sacrifice.

Looking over these eighteen years of active Episcopal labors, he tells you, in all humility before his Master and Judge, that he was not content with his activities, or satisfied with his constant exertions in your behalf. "The one feeling" (he says) "which is most strongly awakened within me is that of humiliation and sorrow that in so long a ministry much more has not been accomplished. I am deeply sensible how much has been left undone which ought to have been done, and to what a degree human infirmity has availed to lessen the results which might have been secured." It did not become him then to recite the details of his abundant labors, but it becomes us now to recall them in token of our sense of the faithfulness of the Lord's steward over the things committed to his care. When, in 1873, North Carolina called Dr. Lyman from his

parish of Trinity Church, San Francisco, to be the assistant of her great and good Bishop, in round numbers the Diocese had 3,500 communicants and 51 Clergy. At the death of Bishop Atkinson, which occurred seven years later, the Clergy of the Diocese numbered 65, and the communicants had increased in round numbers to 5,800. The division of the Diocese in 1884 reduced the Clergy to 54 and the communicants to 2,900. At the death of Bishop Lyman the Clergy of his Diocese numbered 64 and the communicants 5,200—the Clergy numbering only one less than the number left by Bishop Atkinson, and the communicants within 600 of the largest number enrolled by the undivided Diocese.

The Bishop, with his faithful band of Clergy, had made full proof of the Apostolic ministry, and he lived to see the blessing of the Lord poured out upon the Church in his Diocese, and *more* than the 3,000 of Pentecost added to her Holy Communion!

Missions that were struggling for life had become self-supporting parishes, the standard of the old Church securely planted in new fields, guarded and defended by devoted men, added to the ranks of the Clergy, and 65 churches erected and set apart for the worship of Almighty God.

Well might your departed Bishop adopt the language of the Apostle to his beloved flock at Philippi: "I thank God upon every remembrance of you for your fellowship in the Gospel from the first day until now."

He rejoiced in your sympathy and your support, brethren, for without it his *abundant zeal* could not have accomplished for the Church in North Carolina the half which he accomplished. Of this he told you at his jubilee when he said from the fullness of his overflowing heart that his "whole ministry in North Carolina had been especially

cheered by the uniform *confidence*, the *forbearance*, and the cordial *sympathy* which it had been his privilege so fully to share."

That your Diocese should have advanced, my brethren, should have grown in numbers and in strength, and that to-day you should stand with one heart around my dear brother, the worthy successor of Ravenscroft, and Atkinson, and Lyman, is the witness of the Lord's grace and blessing given to His Church in answer to the prayers and labors of men who, preaching *loyalty* and *unity* in the Body of Christ, *live* in its Holy Spirit, and *work* in its sacred bond. Everywhere in our country the Church is astir with the life of her great Head. She is putting on her strength and marching forth to greater conquests than ever before.

Bishop Lay declared, in his sermon preached at Bishop Lyman's consecration, what I rejoice to repeat to-day as even *more* applicable to the Church in 1894 than to the Church in 1873: "When," said he, "since the days of the early martyrs, has there been a Church more alive than ours in her several branches to her high responsibilities?

"When have the Holy Scriptures been searched more profoundly and devoutly?

"When has there been a more earnest outreach into the highways and hedges, to bring the very beggars to the feast?

"When a more earnest aspiration of individual souls to attain a higher spirituality?"

Error may vex and trouble, but it cannot cast down a Church that *lives* and *works* in *earnest*, in the pure and life-giving atmosphere of practical godliness.

This, dear brethren, is the *strength* and the *glory* of the Church—that she lives by her Lord's spirit; works in His *power* and by his *authority*; teaches as He commanded her to teach; carries His Grace and consolation to all who will

receive it, and points only to Him as the *Way*, the *Truth*, and the *Life*.

Every service she appoints for the people preaches the Gospel to the people. Jesus Christ, in all His fullness, is presented in every office of the Prayer-Book.

His ever-blessed name is written on every page, and all His holy offices, by which He ministers life and salvation to sinners, are presented so fully, so clearly, so impressively in the sacred round of the Christian Year, that he who has eyes to see and ears to hear will surely know what the Spirit saith unto the Churches.

And now, my brethren, I must ask you to accept this tribute to the character and work of your departed Bishop, imperfect as it is, as the glad testimony of one who, coming to know him well, learned sincerely to love and to honor him.

His work is finished. He has joined the fathers of this Diocese in the holy peace and rest of Paradise.

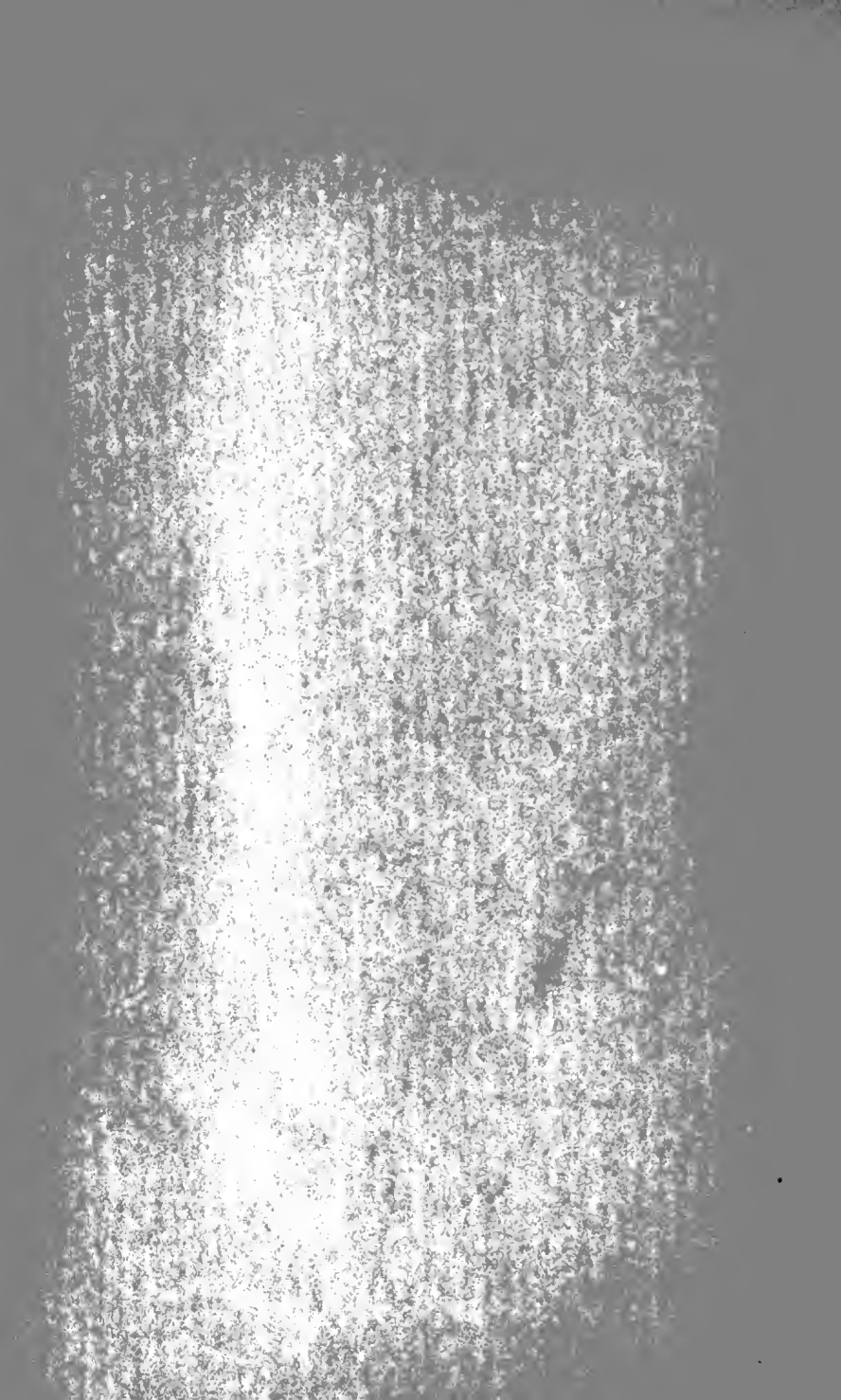
As we think of him to-day in the light of his abundant *labors*, his clear and able *teaching*, his strong *personality*, his princely liberality to the Church, and his unflinching loyalty to the essential principles of our Holy Faith—how insignificant appear his *faults*, and how great his virtues!

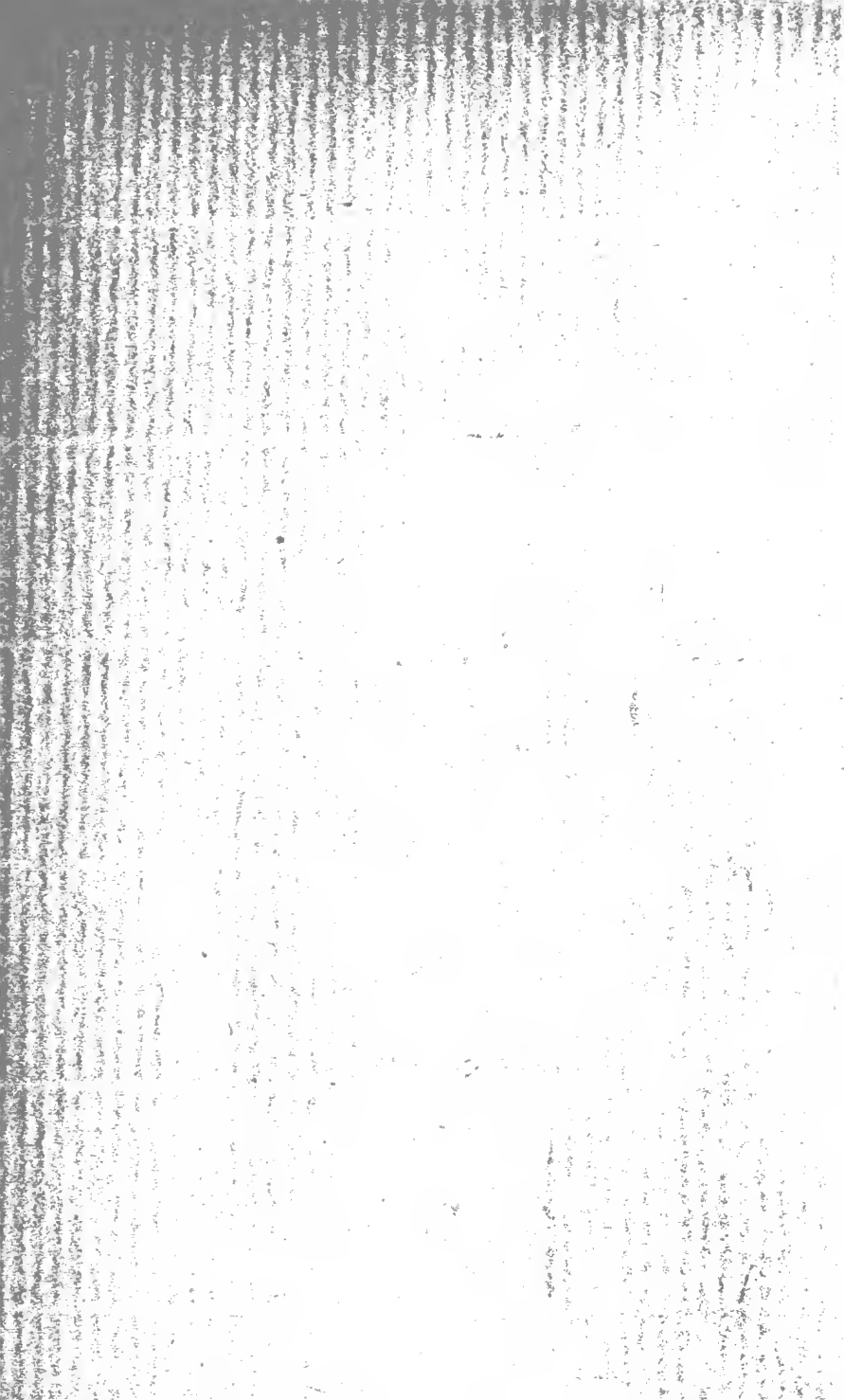
The one will be gladly forgotten, and the memory and work of the other will live while the Church lives in North Carolina, written deep on the hearts of her people, and perpetuated in sacred temples, and living works of love.

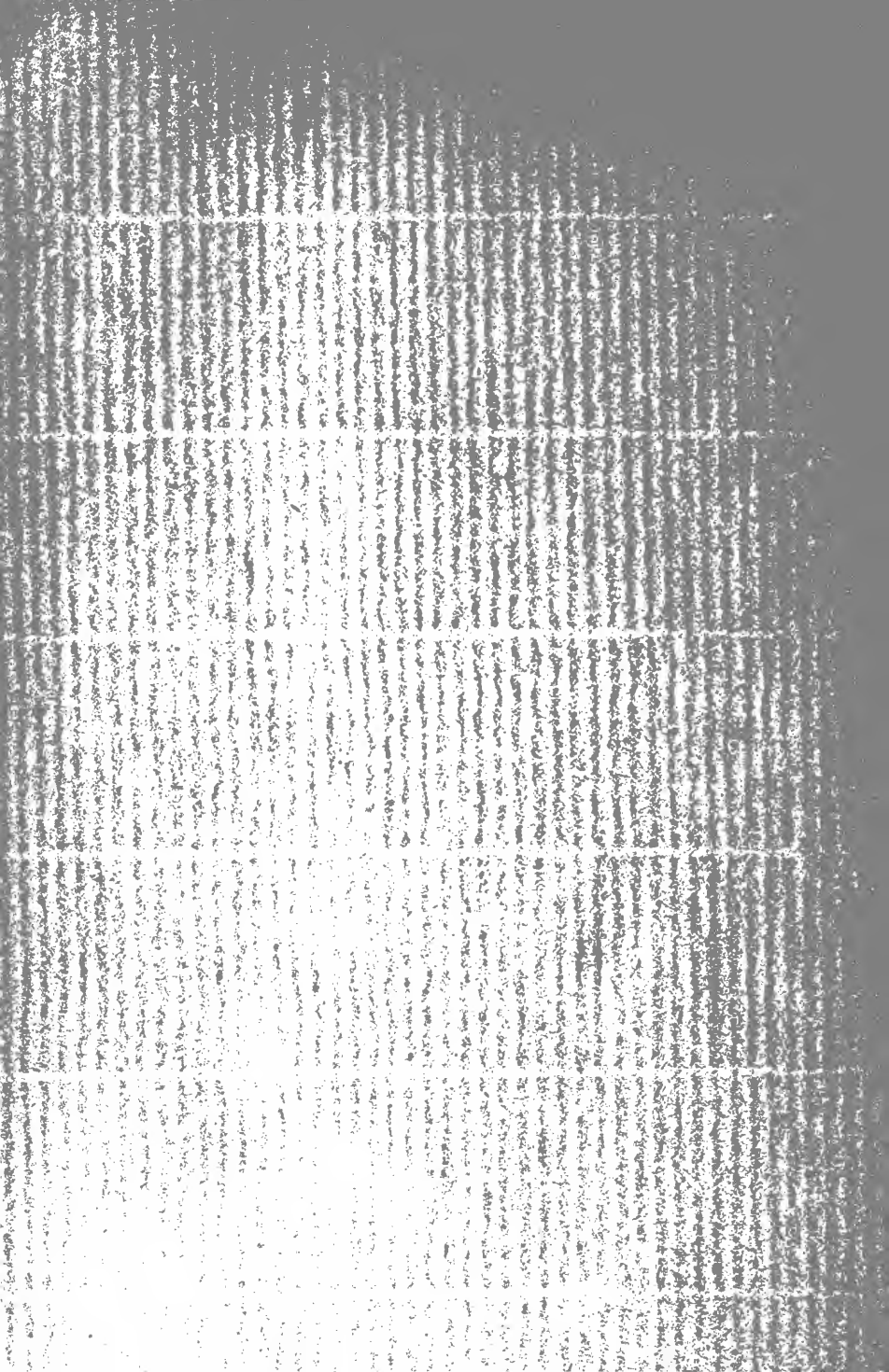
Ye venerable men of the Diocese of North Carolina—Cheshire, and Buxton, and Sutton, and Wetmore—who laid foundations and gave the strength of your youth to building up parishes, and instructing a generation in the holy principles of the religion of our Lord, I rejoice to greet you among your brethren! Faithful coadjutors of

your departed Bishops, ye linger yet on the walls of your beloved Zion, that ye may tell us how ye built her *towers* and *palaces*, and made strong her *bulwarks*, and that the generation following may know that this God is our God forever and ever, and will be our guide unto death!

And you, brethren, strong in the vigor of your ministry, on whom rests the responsibility of carrying on the work of your fathers, happy will you be if you shall work with their *faith*, their *zeal*, their glad *self-sacrifice*, and their undiscouraged *hope*!







JAMES FERGUS MCREE, M. D.

(1794-1869)

(A Biographical Sketch with Portrait.)

— BY —

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1891.

Compliments of
Thomas F. Wood.





JAMES F. McREE, M. D.,
Born Nov. 25th. 1791, Died Aug. 9th, 1869



JAMES FERGUS McREE, M.D.

(A Biographical Sketch, with Portrait.)

By THOMAS F. WOOD, Wilmington, N. C.

Dr. James Fergus McRee was born at "Lilliput," his father's plantation, fourteen miles below Wilmington, November 18th, 1794, and died of quinsy in the latter town on the 9th August, 1869.

He was one of the four sons of Major Griffith J. McRee, an officer in the American army during the Revolutionary War. His mother was Ann Fergus, the daughter of Dr. John Fergus, a native of North Carolina, of Scotch extraction, a graduate of the Edinburgh Medical College, and afterwards a surgeon in Gen. Braddock's army.

Major Griffith J. McRee was born in Bladen county, North Carolina, and was the son of Samuel McRee, an Irish emigrant from county Down, Ireland. He was a Major of cavalry in the Continental line, and when the war of 1776 ended he was a Colonel by brevet. He was in the Southern campaigns with Green and Howe and others, receiving the regular appointment of Captain of artillery 2d June, 1794, resigning in 1798 to accept the appointment of Collector of Revenue for the district of Wilmington. He died in Smithville (now Southport) 30th October, 1801.

Dr. McRee's brothers were Col. William McRee, a distinguished engineer officer in the United States Army,* who was the eldest

*Colonel William McRee, born in Wilmington 13th December, 1787, was the son of G. J. McRee and Ann Fergus. His father (and so, of course, Dr. James F. McRee's) was the child of an Irish emigrant, was a native of South Carolina, and removed in early youth to North Carolina. In 1803 he was appointed by Colonel Williams, Chief of Engineers, to West Point, he waiting for the lad to get his outfit, and carried him with him to West Point. His warrant as a Cadet in Regiment of Artillerists at West Point dates April 14, 1803, and Cadet in Corps of Engineers 1805. In 1807 he had command of the Engineer Department at Charleston, South Carolina, and in 1808 was made Captain. At the commencement of the War of 1812 he was made Major of Engineers. In 1813 he served on the northern frontier with Hampton and Izard. In 1814 he distinguished himself in an action near Falls of Niagara under command of General Jacob Brown, for which he was breveted Lieutenant Colonel. At the battle of Fort Erie he served with further distinction and was

Dr. Griffith J. McRee, an older brother, who entered the medical profession late in life (1824 or 1825), died in February, 1831, and was buried at "Lilliput," the paternal estate. Samuel McRee, born in 1801, the youngest brother, was a Captain in the United States Army, who died in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1849.

Dr. McRee, the subject of our sketch, was at the early age of 15 or 16 placed in the office of Dr. Nathaniel Hill. His opportunities for academic education were very small, his father dying when he was only 7 years old, but according to the custom of the day he went through a regular service in the office of a physician, who himself had served a regular apprenticeship under a Scotch apothecary near Glasgow, previous to entering upon his medical course at Edinburgh. It was during the time of this training in the doctor's shop (for in those days it was literally a drug shop and laboratory in a far more complete sense than the drug stores of to-day) that he pursued the study of Latin under the older student's in the office, and in that language he became quite proficient.

While the War of 1812 was going on, although Wilmington was a port into which the American privateersmen brought their captured prizes, and merchandize of various sorts was obtainable at that point, some of it being purchased and sent as far north as Philadelphia by wagons, there was at times a great dearth in some of the then indispensable drugs, so that young McRee found himself in these early student days assisting his preceptor in making calomel after the old process from the metal, a degree of the chemical art which we doubt if the best apothecary of to-day from Philadelphia to New Orleans would be skilled enough to undertake with confidence. Quinine did not come into use until many years later, and "*the bark*" and all of its various preparations, of which Huxham's tincture was the most elegant, was not yet a rival of the febrifuge simples of indigenous growth.

So early as December 9, 1800*, the Medical Society of North
breveted, after the campaign, November 30, 1814, Colonel. He served in the battles of Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, Fort Erie and New Orleans. After the war, April 15, 1815, he was sent to Europe to examine military schools, workshops, canals, arsenals, fortifications, etc., and to purchase books, maps and instruments.

*See Historical Note by Dr. Will. George Thomas, p. 75 Transactions Medical Society of North Carolina, Raleigh, May 1854.

Carolina offered premiums for the cultivation of the following drugs: "For the largest quantity of not less than 10 pounds of Fox-glove, ten dollars; for the largest quantity not less than 5 pounds of opium, twenty-five dollars (to be exhibited at the next meeting of the Society),* for the largest quantity not less than 10 pounds of rhubarb, exhibited to the Society in 4 years, thirty dollars; for the largest quantity of castor-oil not less than 5 gallons, to be obtained without heat, five dollars; and for the largest quantity not less than 50 pounds of senna, ten dollars."

So ran the patriotic sentiment of the profession of that day, that they must not buy or use imported drugs, but bend their energies to supplying their own needs. The list was a small one, to be sure, but not even burning patriotism could cause the most needed plants to grow in a soil and climate not suited to them. In the north D. Jacob Bigelow had led the profession in the study of indigenous medicines, and sixteen years after the North Carolina Society had made an effort to grow drugs, he had published his magnificent work entitled *American Botany* (1817). In (1817), the same year, Dr. W. P. C. Barton, professor of botany in the University of Pennsylvania, published "*A Vegetable Materia Medica of the United States*,"† and in the preface to his *Flora of North America*, 1821, he says: "That spirit of independence which forms the basis of character in a true American, has discovered its determination to emancipate itself from a scientific subjugation to foreign countries." This emancipation was to be largely in the discovery of indigenous plants possessing medicinal qualities.

*It was not done at the next meeting. (See above vol. of *Trans*)

†This work, now quite scarce, appeared originally in six parts in board covers, each part containing colored drawings of ten plants, which were engraved and colored from original drawings made principally by the author. The drawing and engraving, and probably the printing, were done in France, although bearing a Boston publisher's name on the title page. "Barton's *Vegetable Materia*" has not quite the finish of its Boston rival, but has the appearance of being a production of the American press, having the imprint of M. Carey & Son, Philadelphia, the predecessor of the present old house of Lea Brothers & Co. Dr. Barton's work was quite a rival of Bigelow's, and both were great undertakings for their day. The explorations of Louis & Clark, he says in his preface, had "led to high expectations in every branch of science" Dr. Shoepf, who came to America with the German troops

The medical student of the early part of the century, when he was filling the measure of his struggle towards the highest grade in professional life, made medical botany his serious study, as by his expertness in detecting medicinal plants came the replenishing of his stock of drugs. To this branch young McRee assiduously applied himself, and in the admirable library* which he collected, only a fragment of which existed when it came under the eye of the writer, there was hardly a classical work of the earlier naturalists of which we did not find some volume.

When he was ready to attend lectures he had already made large acquisitions of knowledge by his apprenticeship of four years or more, which is indicated by the fact that he graduated at the New York Medical College, now the College of Physicians and Surgeons, in 1814, after one course of lectures.† Dr. John H. Hill,‡ a retired physician and a revered Honorary Member of the Medical Society of North Carolina, says that he and his friend Dr. Waters went to attend lectures in New York in 1829-'30; they took Dr. McRee's lecture notes with them, and they found the notes on Dr. Hosack's lectures were nearly *verbatim*, as then delivered. Although his

during the Revolutionary War, published the first work on American medical botany, entitled "Materia Medica Americana potissimum Requi Vegetabilis," and it seems to have been through this stimulus that the contribution of the elder Dr. Barton ("Collections for Essay towards a Materia Medica of the United States, 1798), was written. Succeeding this "Cox's American Dispensary," "Thatcher's Dispensary," and the "Pharmacopœia of the Massachusetts Medical Society," as Barton states, were all the accessible works on indigenous plants. He earnestly solicited information from country practitioners of medicine residing in different parts of the United States to send him their observations upon medicinal plants.

*His library suffered very much by neglect even before his death. As intimated above, he brought into his collection the choicest volumes, the natural sciences bearing a large proportion to medicine. It was placed at the disposal of Dr. E. A. Anderson after the civil war, and he presented all the desirable volumes to the Surgeon General's Library.

†The American Medical and Philosophical Register says that James Fergus McRee graduated 5th in the list at a commencement held Tuesday, May 3d, 1814; he presented a thesis on "Remittent Fever of Carolina."

‡We desire to make our acknowledgment to Dr. John H. Hill, now of Goldsborough, for the kind assistance he has given us in the preparation of this sketch.

acquirements enabled him to graduate in one session, he returned to New York and attended another course.

Dr. McRee entered upon the practice of his profession in his native town in 1814, succeeding his preceptor, Dr. Nat. Hill, who had retired, leaving his practice to Dr. James Henderson, his son-in-law, and his young friend McRee. Dr. Henderson removed to Raleigh, thereby giving Dr. McRee the leading practice in the town.

He was married at Rocky Run, near Wilmington, to a niece of Dr. Nat. Hill, November 14th, 1816, and had two children—Dr. Griffith J. McRee, author of the "Life and Correspondence of James Iredell," and Dr. James F. McRee, Jr., for years a successful practitioner in Wilmington, and a surgeon in the Confederate Army.

THE YELLOW FEVER OF 1821.*

Dr. McRee was 27 years of age when he faced the epidemic of yellow fever of 1821. This was a very severe visitation. The period of incubation of this epidemic was from the 12th of July

*Wilmington in 1821 was a small village of 2,500 inhabitants, doing a considerable commerce with the West Indies. Eagles' Island, opposite the town, contains many thousand acres of swamp land, and was then part under cultivation in rice by the irrigation method, and from North east to Southwest the town was surrounded by rice-fields [Letter of Dr. John Hill in the "American Medical Recorder," 1821—"Yellow Fever as it prevailed in Wilmington in 1821"] "The parts of the town adjacent to the river are but a few feet elevated above its surface. The wharves are made ground, badly constructed, and are always overflowed by storms and frequently by high tides." There was in the vicinity of the public square an unfinished wharf, partly filled with decaying vegetable matter. The docks were notoriously filthy, and the cellars so low and damp as to require bailing daily in wet seasons. The commercial part of the business of the town being conducted mostly by strangers, "who desert us during the sickly season," their premises being locked up, they were rendered putrid by the decaying "potatoes and other vegetable substances left there." Such had been the condition of things for years. The brig "John London" came in from Havana 25th July, 1821, and following upon it was the appearance of yellow fever. Dr. John Hill, in his article to the "American Medical Recorder," contends for the local origin of the fever (and its now contagiousness), apparently believing it to be an intensified form of bilious fever. One of his colleagues had asserted that he had attended two cases of yellow fever

to the 9th of August. His sister, Mrs. Morrison, died of the disease at Smithville.

Dr. John Hill says it did not have respect to age, sex or color. Dr. McRee's account of it to Dr. John H. Hill was that there were many "walking cases" A man would feel as if he had recovered entirely of the disease, get up, put on his clothes, walk down street as though nothing was the matter with him; meet his friends and be congratulated on his recovery, return home, and in a short time expire. One case he related of Mr. Charles Wright, a prominent lawyer of that time, who had avoided the exposure of the contagion by residing on the Sound (8 miles from Wilmington). After the epidemic had ceased he came up to town, on his way to Duplin county. Dr. McRee met him and cautioned him by no means to go into his office, as his servant had been sick there and recovered, since which the office had been closed without ventilation. He remarked that his papers were in the office and that he must get them as it would be useless for him to go to court without them.

before the "John London" came in. The story of the arrival of the vessel after twelve day's passage from Havana with a sick mate on board who had fever and jaundice (to the latter disease he declared to the health officer he was subject!); the only other sick man was one who, in a fit of mental derangement owing to the voyage, jumped overboard and was drowned; the bedding of the captain was taken to his house, into the thickest settled part of the town, and no sickness occurred in his family; "many of the most respectable citizens partook of a collation on board the "John London," and were seated for hours in the cabin in unsuspecting "security, passing the fiery ordeal unharmed"; it was some time in August when the disease began to be epidemic Here we have the story of yellow fever which was actually repeated forty-one years after. The treatment of that day was just as it remained for fifty years afterward; following Dr Johnson [Dr. James Johnson, the author of "The Influence of Tropical Climates on European Constitutions," etc, etc], calomel was given in 20-gr doses with $\frac{1}{2}$ grain of opium, and, not waiting for the action of the calomel, which was retarded by the opium, an enema was given. The immediate object after the bowels were evacuated was to "establish a full mercurial action by calomel and the ointment, Dr Hill adding, emphatically, that he ever found this treatment "no fraud upon the public." [It is worth noting that Dr. Hill gave with satisfaction carbon" (pulverized charcoal), "rubbed up," $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 teaspoonful in an ounce of lime-water, and repeated it every hour, to keep the stomach quiet.]

He did so, went to court, and, after being there a few days, was taken sick with symptoms of the fever, started home, but got no further South than Washington, from which place he sent for Dr. McRee, dying before he could get to him. The friend who roomed with him and nursed him at court and until he died, entirely escaped the disease. This incident fairly identifies the nature of the disease as the same which visited us in 1862. The physicians who practiced in Wilmington at that date were Dr. DeRosset, the elder, and Dr. John Hill, who was afterwards President of the Bank of Cape Fear. When the epidemic of 1862 visited Wilmington Dr. McRee was the only physician* who had any experience in it, and he was not slow to recognize the fever, although he had then been sixteen years out of practice. He nursed the lamented Dr. Dickson during his fatal attack of the fever.

Dr. McRee was magistrate of police (equivalent to Mayor) for the town of Wilmington from about 1827 to 1831, a period covering the time of the so-called "negro insurrection," commanding at the time a troop of cavalry that did effective patrol duty. When Wilmington was captured by the Federal Army (1865) the elder negroes who remembered his day of municipal rule, plied the ears of their willing listeners, the officials of the army of occupation, with bitter tales of their wrongs, which caused them to treat him with gross indignity.

AS A BOTANIST.

When Mr. Moses A. Curtis came to Wilmington from Massachusetts, in October, 1830, as tutor to Governor Dudley, he found Dr. McRee a most diligent student of botany. One of his old friends writes me that, "Amidst all his labors in his profession, he devoted a great deal of his time to botany." His practice was largely in the country, and the young doctor could ride along the solitary roads for miles, greeted at nearly every step with the happy faces of old and new floral friends. From savanna to sandhill, from river swamp to causeway, in the flaring heat of an August sun or the nipping frosts of January, he caught the glowing colors of the *liatris*, the *coreopsis*, the *solidago*, the *gerardia*, and was enlivened by the busy hum of the insects among the *sarracenas* and *droseras*,

*It was stated differently, but erroneously, in the biography of Dr. Dickson, in the August number.

nor had he far to look in the sheltered nook of a bog for a brave spiranthes, with its spiral necklace of pearls, or an aster, with its radiant purple, lifting their heads amid the desolation of winter. It was in such a school that he trained his perception, heightened his power of diagnosis, exercised his memory, and meditated upon the wonders of God's providence and creation. A lost art now, because of the necessities of other studies and diversions, but one which at this day added a galaxy of distinguished names to science and likewise added permanent material to botanical knowledge.*

Dr. McRee retired from practice first in 1834-'35, and settled upon a plantation at Rocky Point (now in Pender county), about fifteen miles from Wilmington. He was a successful planter, finding it congenial with his tastes, and affording him opportunity to indulge his passion for botanical exploration. When the Rev. M. A. Curtis published his "Catalogue of Plants Growing Spontaneously Around Wilmington," in 1832, he made his acknowledgment to him for his assistance, and all through the list we see rare plants inserted upon his authority, most of them found at Rocky Point. Subsequently he added 30 or 40 new plants to Curtis' list.

He conducted a considerable botanical correspondence and exchange of plants with other botanists, and kept his own herbarium renewed with fresh specimens up to later days. In 1837 he made a journey to Southwest Georgia, stopping over at Augusta to pay his respects to Dr. Ray, a botanical correspondent he had never seen, and the meeting between the two friends was of that cordial sort that only the kinship of botany can inspire.

Shortly after he returned from Georgia he resumed the practice of medicine in Wilmington, continuing in it until 1846. He purchased the old estate of the Revolutionary patriot, Cornelius Harnett, from John R. London. Here, amid the beautiful floral family which he gathered around him, he expected to end his days. Every ornamental tree or shrub he came across in his botanizing tramps he added to his collection, until his broad acres imitated

*His name is only signalized in botany by the naming of a species (a variety, according to Sereno Watson) of *Galactia Macreei*, incorrectly spelt, by the author quoted, *Macraei*.

the botanical gardens of Michaux, near Charleston and Bartram, at Germantown.*

He was a successful horticulturist, raising upon his farm at Hilton a variety of kitchen products not found at that day (1857) in our markets—taro, rhubarb, canteloupes, burr-artichokes (*cynara scolymus*), and others—stimulating others in the art of kitchen gardening by his example.

It was as a diagnostician that Dr. McRee excelled, and in the consciousness of his ability his manner was that of the autocrat. This trait extended into many of the relations of life. His pride was that of conscious power, and the all-but unlimited scope of his authority over his large household and plantation servants, and the ready admission of his superior learning by his confrères, tended to confirm him in it. The spirit of the faculty of that day was that of imperiousness and dogmatic assertion, and in his own community he was an "authority" to be feared by opponent, to be warmly welcomed by friend.

As a surgeon, he was bold and original, at a period when the amputation of a limb or couching a cataract was considered the test of surgical ability. As early as 1840, Dr. E. A. Anderson relates, he performed a plastic operation for the restoration of a perineum in the person of one of his negro servants, who was suffering from complete procidentia uteri.

His habit of study was a part of his existence, and after he had attained the seventies he was a diligent reader of the standard

*The ancient mansion of Cornelius Harnett overlooks the banks of the Northeast Cape Fear River. It comprised a large tract of well wooded upland, with a small body of swamp rice-land skirting it to the North and East. It was here that Harnett lived, and where, during Dr. McRee's day, an old-fashioned Southern hospitality abounded. It was sold in 1867 to Mr. Grafflin, of Baltimore. Since then the proud acres are scarred by an ugly railroad cut, an iron bridge crossing the river at this point, and the pumping station and stand-pipe of the Clarendon Water Works denoting the changed spirit of the times. The quaint old house is at the mercy of negro tenants, and in a few years all will be ruins. It was under the hill, only a few yards from this house, that Mr. Canby, of Wilmington, Delaware, found a specimen of true Maiden's Hair Fern, *Adiantum Capillus-Veneris*, which had escaped the keen eyes of both Curtis and McRee. What would the old botanist have said had he known of the presence of such a treasure so close under his windows!

authors in medicine. Only a week or so before he died he was enjoying the classical work of "Pareira on Materia Medica and Therapeutics.

An old copy of the *Cape Fear Recorder* states that he was elected a vestryman in St. James' church February 7th, 1827. His seat was occupied in church with such regularity that the minister would have been as much missed as he. As the shades of old age gathered around him he lost much of his austerity of manner, and took special pleasure in aiding the young students of the profession. His readiness in his latter days in botanical diagnosis was the admiration of all who sought information from him.

His continued interest in the profession is shown by the fact that, as late as 1868, he was President of the New Hanover County Medical Association.

The following memorial of his life-work is taken from the records of this Association :

"Died, suddenly, in the city of Wilmington, on the morning of the 9th of August, 1869, Dr. James F. McRee, Sr., in the 75th year of his age.

"In this brief notice we have to record the unexpected death of our oldest and most prominent physician. Dr. McRee was in every sense a veteran in the service. For more than 50 years he wore the harness of the physician, and as such treated four generations—dying loved and honored by them all. He outlived the venerable DeRossett, the Nestor of the profession, who carried us back to the days of Cornwallis and the Revolution of 1776. He was a contemporary of the lamented Dickson, a pupil of Dr. Nathaniel Hill, the finished scholar and high-toned gentleman of the old school. He lived to see them all sleep the last sleep of the just, and has now gone to join the endless number of those whose dying moments his gentle hand and kind heart led through the dark valley of death.

"Dr. McRee was a man of more than ordinary attainments—a finished classical scholar, he read Latin and French with as much ease as English—an accomplished chemist, a bold, daring and skillful surgeon, unrivalled in his diagnosis and prognosis—he became the most popular and successful practitioner on the 'Cape Fear.'

"In the department of botany the Doctor excelled—that branch

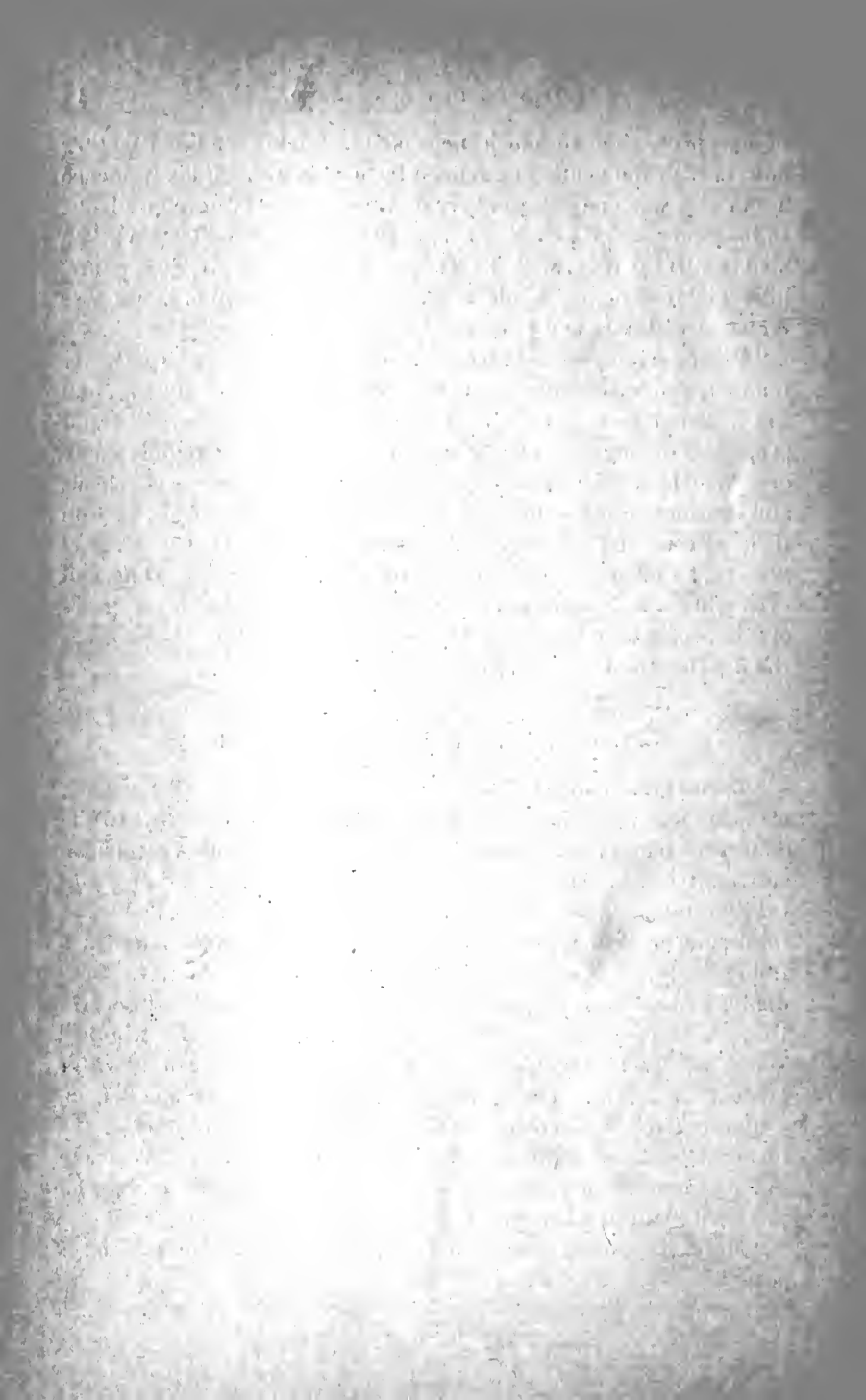
of our profession so much neglected. Loving and cultivating flowers with the gentle and refined taste of a woman, his residence in our city was one gay *parterre* of rare native and foreign plants. In his younger and palmier days, elegant and refined taste marked his beautiful garden, with its endless variety of roses, jessamines, lilies and magnolias, while a large and spacious hot-house was crowded with rare and gorgeous tropical plants.

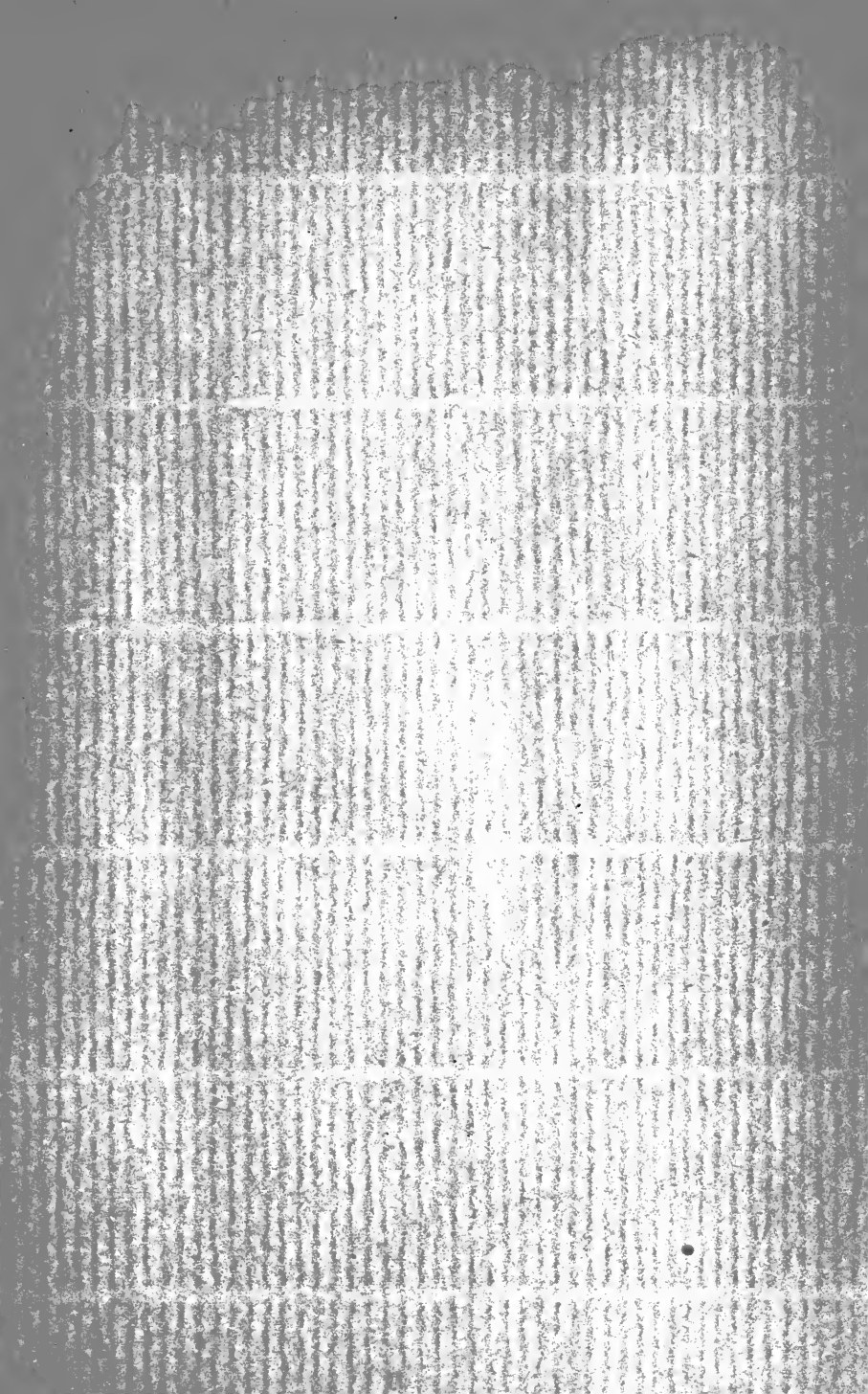
“With the indigenous ‘*Materia Medica*,’ the Doctor was perfectly familiar, and was *authority* on all disputed points of botany, and was referred to on every hand to determine the name, class and properties of any unknown plants in the Cape Fear region, many of which he used successfully in his practice. Always courteous and considerate in his deportment to his fellow-physicians, he won their esteem and affection. A strong supporter of the Medical Society, he filled the honored place of President for some time, and even when the infirmities of years put an end to the active duties of his profession; his venerable form encouraged by his presence the debates and discussions of the younger members.

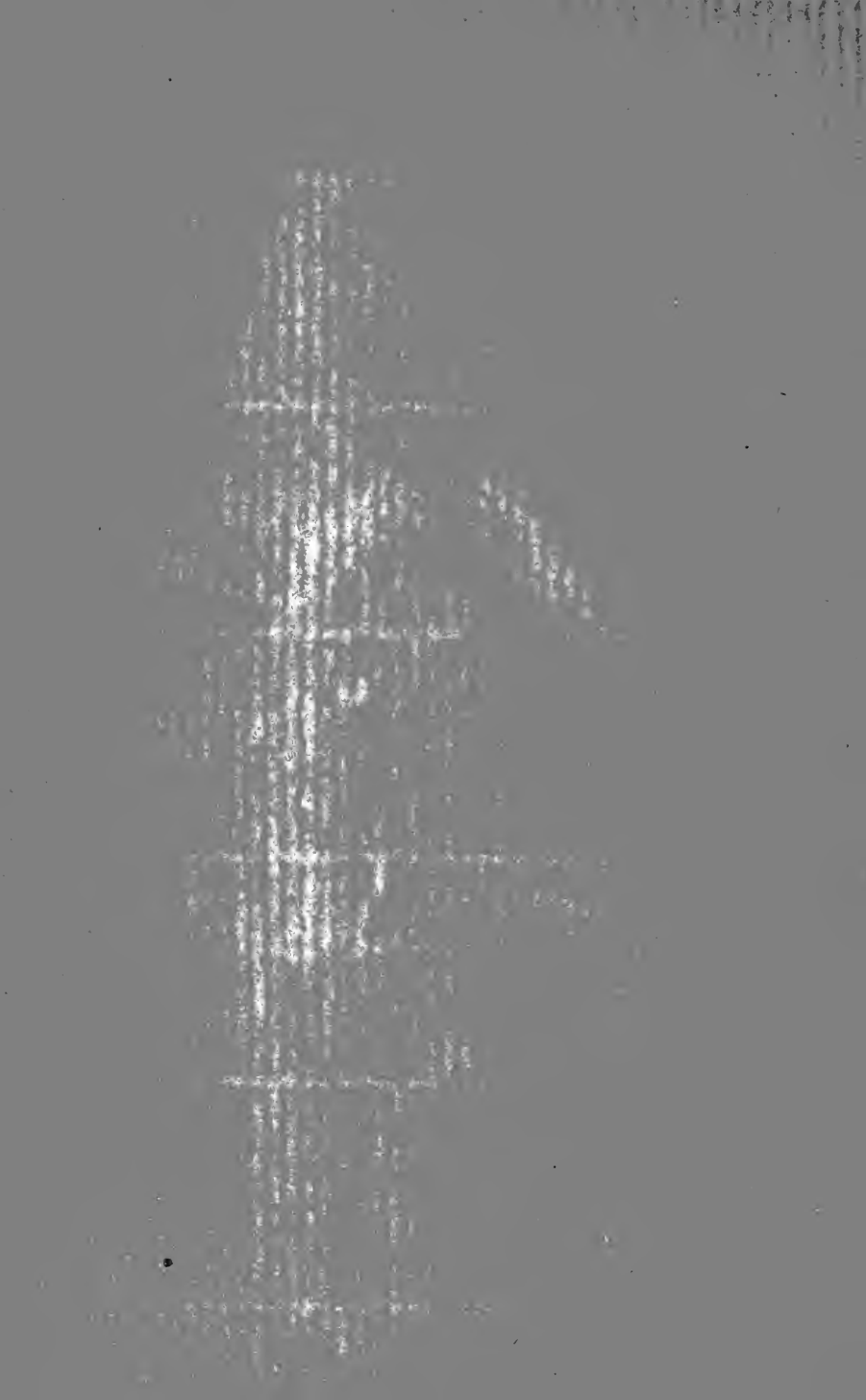
“No time-server or trickster was he;
No truckler to the dominant powers that be.”

“In the great contest through which our State has just passed, his heart was with his own people. He lived and died *true* to the South, the land of his birth. To the day of his death he took an active interest in the profession he so long served. Fond of medical literature, he read with eagerness all the new journals, and loved to discuss medical topics with his friends. A perfect mind in a failing body, his grand intellect was unclouded to the last. Suddenly, without warning, without pain, he passed from life to death. But, not unprepared, his house was in perfect order. He who had looked unblenchingly upon death for years, feared it not now, for he died the death of the righteous. A noble Christian gentleman, a kind-hearted, benevolent man, a tender, skillful physician, the tears and wails of mothers and orphans follow him to his lonely grave, where sleep peacefully the bodies of his loved ones, who preceded him but a few years ago.”

“Mark the honest man and behold the upright, for his end is peace.”





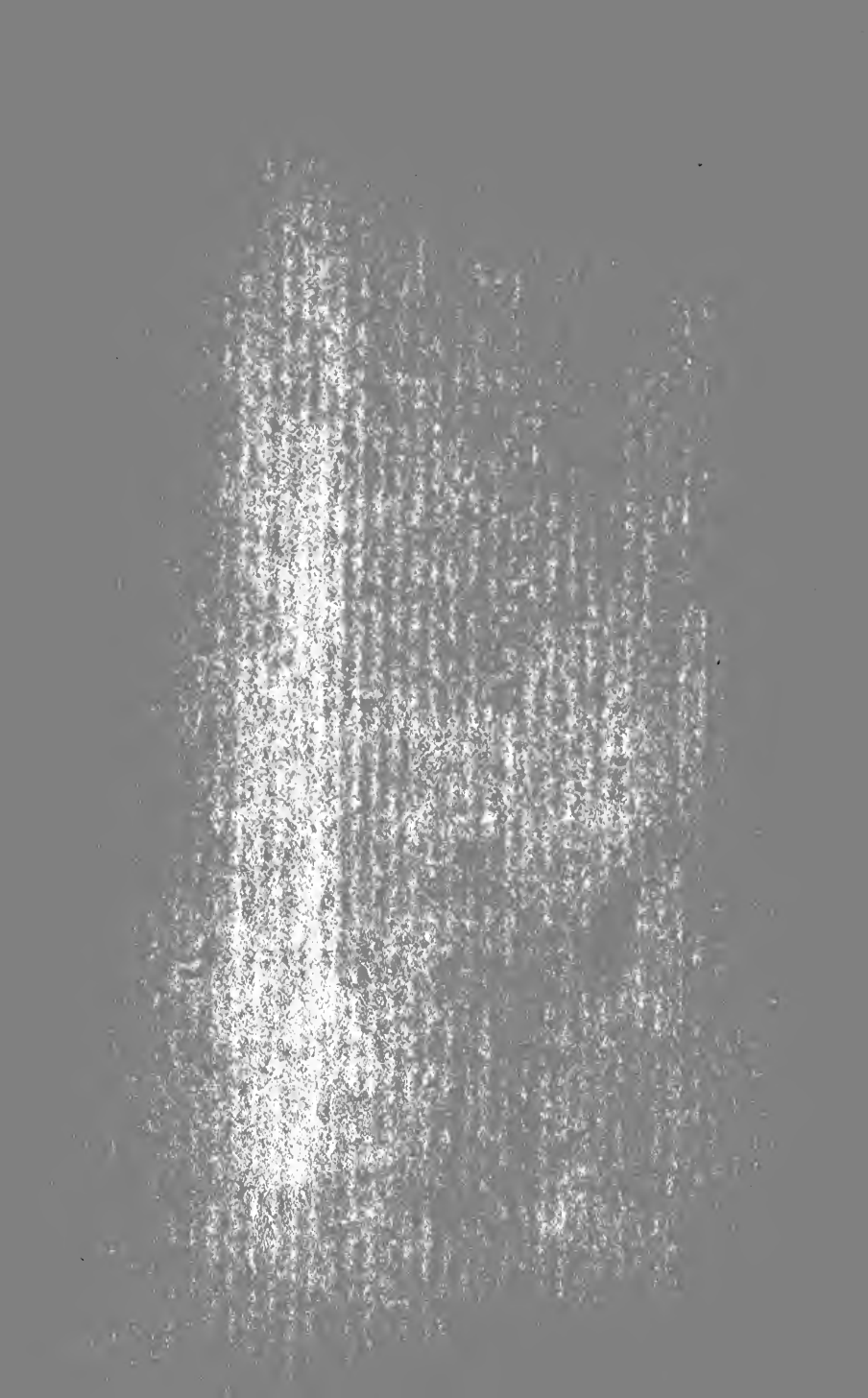


A MEMORIAL
OF THE
HON. GEORGE DAVIS.

(1820-1896)

BORN IN NEW HANOVER COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA,
MARCH 1ST, 1820.

DIED IN WILMINGTON, N. C., FEBRUARY 23RD, 1896.



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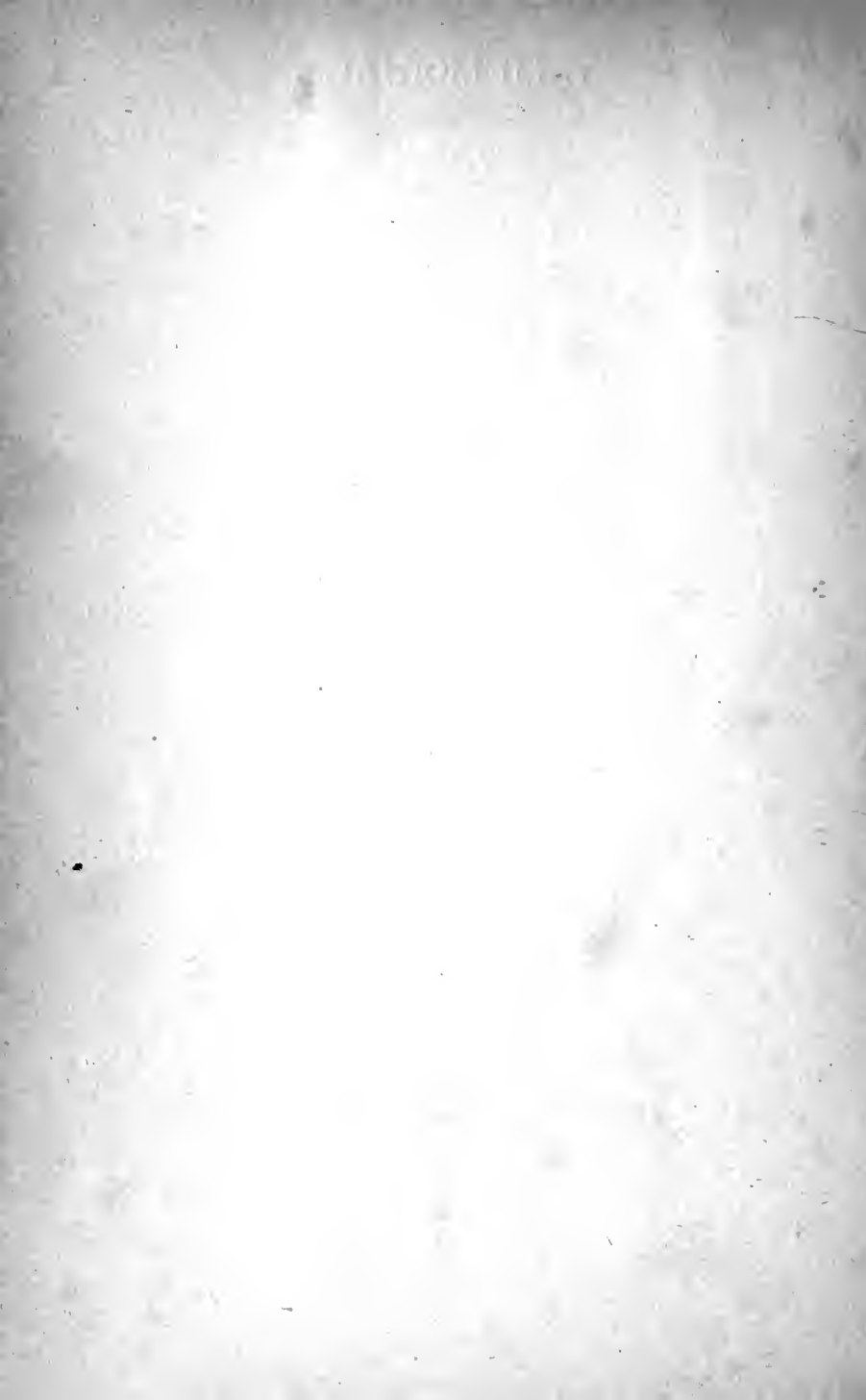
Senator from the State of North Carolina, in the
Congress of the Confederate States
of America.

Attorney General of the Confederate States of
America.

DIED IN WILMINGTON, N. C., FEBRUARY 23RD, 1896.

*Prepared and published by direction of the Wilmington
Chamber of Commerce.*

1896.

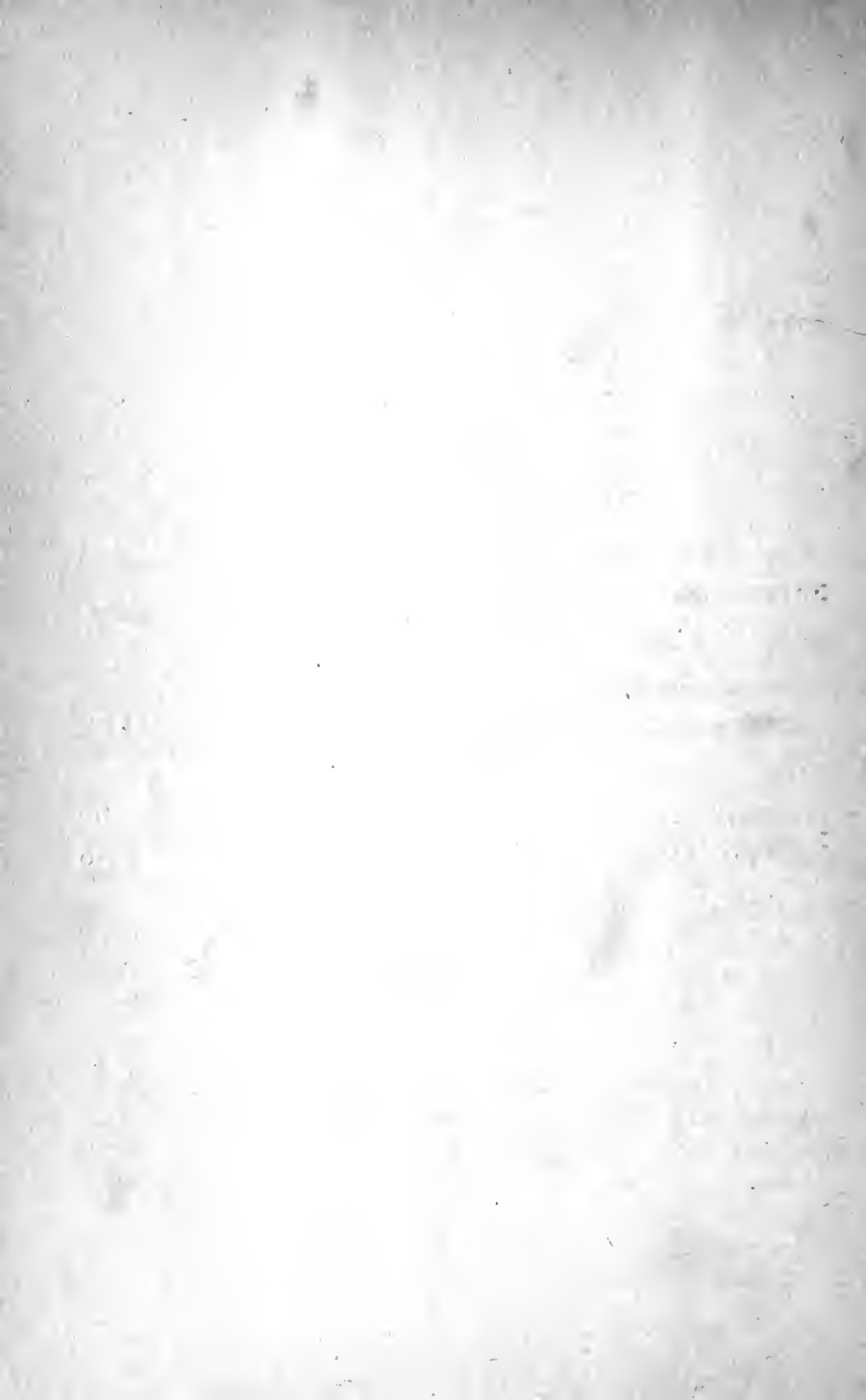




Very Truly Yours,
Geo. David

Wilmington, N. C., March 5th, 1896.

At a special meeting of the Wilmington Chamber of Commerce called to receive the report of Messrs. James Sprunt, William Calder and William R. Kenan, a committee appointed at the last meeting of the Chamber "to prepare a suitable memorial and record" of the Honorable George Davis ; the President, Mr. James H. Chadbourn, Jr., being in the chair, Mr. William Calder, on behalf of the said committee, presented and read the following :



Memorial.

YOUR committee, appointed to prepare a "suitable memorial and record" of our late distinguished and venerated citizen, the Honorable GEORGE DAVIS, approached the task assigned them with a profound sense of their own inadequacy to offer anything worthy of that noble life, but with an earnest desire to add to all the true and beautiful things that have been said of him some memorial that would more fully set forth the labors and achievements of the foremost citizen of our Cape Fear section.

To do this we have thought nothing could be more appropriate than a free use of his own writings and the testimony of his contemporaries at the various periods of his life — what *he* said, what *he* wrote and what he did, obtaining thus a clearer conception and reminder of his high morality, his great ability and his rare eloquence.

We are also moved to this course by the hope that it may inspire the rising generation with a desire to study his career, and in a grateful people the resolve to rescue from oblivion his scattered compositions.

Nearly fifty years ago, a gifted young orator, who had from boyhood held the admiration and confidence of his fellow-citizens of Wilmington, appeared before a large assembly in the old Presbyterian church on Front street, and said :

"He who has watched the sun in its bright course through the firmament and seen it gradually decline until it went down in darkness beneath the horizon, may turn from the contemplation with no feelings of sorrow or regret, for he knows that the period of its absence is mercifully ordained as a season of necessary repose to him and to all, and that the morrow will restore its beams to revive and reanimate all nature. But if the last

declining ray which struck upon his eyelids had brought to him the conviction that he had gazed for the last time upon the sun in the heaven—that henceforward there was to be no more rising nor setting, no morning nor evening, nor light, nor heat—no effulgent day, with all its glorious beauties and excellencies; but night and darkness, unrelieved save by the twinkling stars, were to be the law of earth forever—with what sensations would the poor wanderer view that last setting of the sun!

“With feelings somewhat akin to those I have imagined we behold the death of the great and good whom we love and reverence. But now, they were here, with all the generous impulses and excelling virtues that dignify and adorn humanity clustering thickly around them. We rejoiced in their presence, we were better under their benignant influence, we were happy in their smiles—we felt that it was day, and looked not into the future. They are gone. The places of earth shall know them no more forever. The mysterious law which loosens the silver cord and breaks the pitcher at the fountain, penetrates the heart. The darkness and the thick night of desolation are upon us. But we have more than the pale rays of the twinkling stars still left to guide and cheer. By the light of their lofty deeds and kindly virtues memory gazes back into the past, and is content. By the light of Revelation hope looks beyond the grave into the bright day of immortality, and is happy. So, with the consolation of memory and hope, let us take the lesson of the great calamity which has befallen our country.”

The eloquent speaker was George Davis, and the occasion was an outpouring of our people to honor the memory of the illustrious Henry Clay.

Mr. Davis was born March 1st, 1820, on his father's plantation at Porter's Neck, then in New Hanover, now Pender, county. His father was Thomas F. Davis, and his mother Sarah Isabella Eagles, daughter of Joseph Eagles.

He left home at eight years of age, and attended the school of Mr. W. H. Hardin, at Pittsboro, after which he returned to Wilmington, where, upon the invitation of Governor Dudley, he

was prepared for college by Mr. M. A. Curtis (afterwards the Rev. Dr. Curtis, of Hillsboro), who then acted as tutor in the Governor's family at his residence on the corner of Front and Nun streets. He matriculated at Chapel Hill in the fourteenth year of his age, the youngest member of his class, and graduated when eighteen, with the highest honors of the University. We have before us the time-stained pages of his valedictory address, the lofty sentiments of which indicate an embryotic type of true manhood, which steadily developed with his years. After a polished and scholarly address to the audience and the President and Faculty, in which his love for his Alma Mater was manifest, he concluded as follows :

“And for us there is one consolatory thought that relieves in some slight degree the stinging pain and bitterness of this parting moment: It is the hope that we will leave behind us a not unremembered name—that we will still retain, though absent, a place in the memory of those whom we have loved with a brother's heart—whom we have clasped to our bosoms with more than fraternal affection. It is the hope that after we shall be no longer with you, when you tread those walks which we have loved, when you behold those fair scenes which used to gladden our eyes, some kind voice may whisper among you: “I wish they were here.” This is our hope, this our prayer; for to be thus remembered is to be blessed indeed.”

Upon Mr. Davis' return to Wilmington, immediately after his graduation, he began the study of law, probably in the office of his distinguished brother, Thomas Frederick Davis, who practiced for a time here, but who was afterwards led to advocate higher and more important interests than those of a worldly character, and who became Bishop of South Carolina in 1853.

Before Mr. Davis became of age, in the year 1840, he was licensed to practice in all the courts of law, and soon became a leader in his profession. Endowed with extraordinary talents, which he assiduously developed by close study and painstaking preparation, he never entered a cause without a thorough knowledge of its bearings. He was well versed in all depart-

ments of the law, thoroughly equipped in general literature, and was a logical and forcible debater. He was held in the highest esteem by his fellow-members of the bar, who recognized him among the ablest jurists of his time. His honesty of purpose and fidelity to his profession distinguished him through life.

Although a leader in this section of the Whig party, his ambition never led him to seek office, and throughout the forty years of his active professional and official life he won the calm respect and good opinion of all parties by his extensive legal acquirements, his quickness of perception, his soundness of understanding, and by his dignified and chivalric politeness.

On November 17th, 1842, he married Mary A. Polk, daughter of Thomas G. Polk, and great-grand daughter of Thomas Polk, one of the signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. Mrs. Davis died 27th September, 1863.

One of the most attractive features of his well-rounded character was his cultivated and refined literary taste. His essays are among the choicest expressions of his times, and those upon the history and traditions of the Cape Fear region will be of priceless value to coming generations. We have already given the introduction of his celebrated eulogy on the life and public service of Henry Clay, and we shall recall by brief extracts some other literary gems which we trust may be gathered and published in full by his grateful and devoted people.

On the 8th of June, 1885, he delivered an address before the two literary societies of Chapel Hill on "The early men and times of the Lower Cape Fear," some of which we will quote, illustrative of his delightful style of narrative, and also as giving some indications of the qualities of the ancestry from which he sprung.

A lineal descendant of the founders of the Cape Fear settlements, he had an intense love for his native section, and it is an irreparable misfortune that he never undertook the writing of the history of Eastern Carolina. That he desired to do so we are assured, but the exigencies of life never permitted what would have been to him truly a labor of love.

In an address before the Historical and Scientific Society of Wilmington, on the 26th of November, 1879, entitled "A Study in Colonial History," he said :

"I have been persuaded that the civil commotion which is known in our history as Carey's Rebellion has never been fairly treated ; that the historians, deriving all their information from the Government party, and treading solely in each others footsteps, have told only the story of that party, and have greatly misrepresented the motives, the characters and the actions of the men who were opposed to it. And I have desired, when time and opportunity should serve me, to undertake a careful examination of the subject in the hope, if possible, to undo some of the wrong of the historians. The present address is intended only as an introduction to that more serious work, and its object is to start a new train of thought and prepare the way for it.

"The historian of the United States has complained of the carelessness with which the history of North Carolina has been written. The reproach is but too just. As Colony and State not yet two centuries old, the story of her infancy and early progress is a sealed book to the many, and to the curious few is more imperfectly known than that of nations which flourished and decayed thousands of years ago. And if this is true of the State at large, it is eminently so of that section of it in which I live. The Cape Fear country has never had a historian. Its public records were always meagre and barren. Its private records, once rich and fruitful sources of history, have become much mutilated and impaired in the lapse of time by accident, and by the division and emigration of families. Its traditions are perishing, and are buried daily with our dead, as the old are passing away. And the little which has been preserved by the pen of the historian is scattered through volumes, most of which are rare, and some of them entirely out of print. I have thought, therefore, that, instead of sermonizing upon themes which were long ago threadbare, I could not better employ my allotted hour than in giving you a sketch, imperfect as it may be, of the early Times and Men of the Lower Cape Fear. I shall not aspire to

the dignity of history. My time and opportunities for research have been too limited, and the subject is too full for the compass of an ordinary address. I assume the humbler, but still pious, duty of connecting recorded facts, of perpetuating traditions and of plucking away the mosses which have gathered on the tombs of some of our illustrious dead. In so doing I may be accused of sectional pride. But I can afford to brave such a charge, for I feel that the motive is higher and purer; that it springs from a loyal devotion to the honor of my whole State, and a sincere admiration for the character of her whole people, and especially of her good and great that are now no more. My single desire is to awaken a new interest in her history by assuring you that you will find there her amplest vindication from the taunts and aspersions which are so freely flung against her. And I would fain hope that I need offer no apology for my subject, since I come to speak to North Carolinians of things that touch nearly the fame of the good old State, and the memory of her noble dead."

In an address before the Literary Societies of Chapel Hill, on the early Times and Men of the Lower Cape Fear, he said:

"I begin, now, my sketch with some passages from English history, extracting first from Hume's account of the Irish Rebellion of 1641: 'There was a gentleman called Roger More, who, though of narrow fortune, was descended from an ancient Irish family, and was much celebrated among his countrymen for valor and capacity. This man first formed the project of expelling the English, and asserting the independency of his native country. He secretly went from chieftain to chieftain and roused up every latent principle of discontent. He maintained a close correspondence with Lord Maguire and Sir Phelim O'Neale, the most powerful of the old Irish. By conversation, by letters, by his emissaries, he represented to his countrymen the motives of a revolt,' etc. "By these considerations More engaged all the heads of the native Irish in the conspiracy.

"It is not my purpose to pursue the history of this rebellion. It was disastrous to the Irish, and deservedly so, for they

disgraced themselves by barbarities which shock humanity. With these, however, it is certain that More and Maguire had nothing to do. For Maguire was taken in the outset of the revolt at the unsuccessful attack upon the Castle at Dublin, and was condemned and executed. And of More, Hume himself says: 'The generous nature of More was shocked at the recital of such enormous cruelties. He flew to O'Neale's camp, but found that his authority, which was sufficient to excite the Irish to insurrection, was too feeble to restrain their inhumanity. Soon after he abandoned a cause polluted by so many crimes, and he retired into Flanders.'

"He must have been a man of no ordinary character, and justly entitled to the admiration of all lovers of freedom, who, though driven into exile and branded as a rebel and a traitor, could yet draw forth language like the foregoing from the apologist and defender of the Stuarts! Fortunately, the world will not now take its definition of treason from those who bow to the Divine right of kings.

"Two years later another event occurred, of minor importance, in English history, but worthy of notice here. In 1643 the city of Bristol was captured by the forces of the Parliament. At that time Robert Yeoman or Yeamans was sheriff, or, as some say, an alderman of the city, and active and zealous in the service of the King, and after its surrender he was condemned and executed for his loyalty."

It will appear hereafter how these two events (the rebellion and exile of More and the execution of Yeamans, so entirely disconnected in history) have a very important bearing upon the subject of this sketch.

"Soon after the proposals of the Proprietors were first published some gentlemen of Barbadoes, dissatisfied with their condition, and tempted by the liberal offers which those proposals held out, in September, 1663, dispatched a vessel under command of Captain Hilton to reconnoitre the country along the Cape Fear river. They explored both branches of the river for many miles, and it is remarkable that two noted places,

named by them Stag Park and Rocky Point, are so called and known at this day. Returning to Barbadoes in February, 1664, they published an agreeable account of their voyage and of the country which they had been sent to examine. Among the planters who had fitted out this expedition was John Yeamans, eldest son of Robert Yeamans, the sheriff of Bristol, who had been hanged at the taking of that city in 1643. He had emigrated to Barbadoes with the view of mending his fortunes, and being pleased with the report of the expedition, he determined to remove to Carolina. He went to England to negotiate with the Proprietors, and received from them a grant of large tracts of land, and at the same time he was knighted by the King in reward for the loyalty and misfortunes of his family. Returning from England, in the autumn of 1665, he led a band of colonists from Barbadoes to the Cape Fear, and, induced by the traces of civilization which were left by the New England colony, he pitched upon the spot they had inhabited, and purchasing from the Indians a tract of land thirty-two miles square, he laid the foundations of a town which he called Charlestown, in honor of the reigning monarch. Martin and Bancroft declare that the site of the town is still a matter of uncertainty; but the doubt is only with the historians. Tradition has fixed the spot beyond dispute. It is on the north side of Old Town Creek, at its junction with the river, nine miles below Wilmington.

“In the last decade of the seventeenth century a name appeared in the history of South Carolina, destined soon to be distinguished there, and near a century later to become still more illustrious in the annals of the Cape Fear. The head of this family was James More, the descendant, and it is believed the grandson, of Roger More, who led the Irish Rebellion in 1641. In the wreck of his family and fortunes he, too, like so many others, had looked towards the setting sun, and fixed his eyes upon the ‘summer land’ of Carolina. He had inherited all the rebellious blood of his grandsire—his love of freedom, his generous ambition, and his bold and turbulent spirit. He soon acquired great influence in the Province, and upon the death of

Governor Blake, in 1700, he was elected Governor by the deputies of the Proprietors.

“ This Governor, James Moore, married the daughter of Sir John Yeamans ; and thus, by a singular fortune, these families, which had suffered from such opposite causes in the old world, became united in the new ; and the blood of Robert Yeamans and of Roger More mingled in North Carolina to breed some of the noblest champions of her freedom, and the pioneers of permanent civilization upon the Cape Fear.”

From this union of the Yeamans and the Mores, offspring on the one side of the martyred adherent of the rights of kings, and on the other of the ardent rebel exiled from a country he could not free, Mr. Davis was a lineal descendant, and we may well believe that in him were united all the worthiest attributes of each line of his sturdy ancestry—love of liberty tempered by respect for law and prestige, sound conservatism subservient to a lofty patriotism, and all directed and inspired by the rare genius of his own God-given soul.

Another address which has been widely quoted was prepared for a charitable object and delivered before a large audience in Thalian Hall. It was printed afterwards in the *South Atlantic Magazine* of this place, January, 1879, and is entitled “ An Episode in Cape Fear History.”

In it occurs this notable passage, which we may call the apotheosis of the slaveholder :

“ Yeamans returned to Barbadoes, and in the autumn of that year, as we have seen, led his colony to the Cape Fear. He governed there for five years with gentleness, humanity and prudence, and then returned to Barbadoes. In 1671 he was appointed a Landgrave of Carolina, with a grant of 12,000 acres of land, to be located at his pिकासure. And in the same year he went to settle a plantation on the Ashley river, in South Carolina, where a colony under Governor Sayle had landed the year before. This seems to be a simple announcement of a very commonplace fact ; but it was the little cloud no bigger than a man’s hand. It was the most portentous event of all our early history.

For he carried with him from Barbadoes his negro slaves; and that was the first introduction of African slavery in Carolina. (Bancroft, 2,170; Rivers, 169)

“ If as he sat by the camp-fire in that lonely Southern wilderness, he could have gazed with prophetic vision down the vista of two hundred years, and seen the stormy and tragic end of that of which he was then so quietly organizing the beginning, must he not have exclaimed with Ophelia, as she beheld the wreck of her heart's young love—

“ ‘ O, woe is me ! To have seen what I have seen, see what I see ! ’

“ Slavery is in the grave, and nothing can disturb its eternal rest. I would not, if I could, raise it from the dead. The slave is free. God speed him in his freedom, and make him worthy of it. The slaveholder has passed into history at the cannon's mouth. His future life must be there, and there he will live forever. He did the State some service. Was great in council and in action, clear in honor and in truth, and always a man wherever true manhood was wanted. He knew how to compel the love of friends and the respect of enemies, and how to build his proudest monument in his country's greatness. But there are those who never loved him, and whose fashion still it is to make him the embodiment of evil, the moral scarecrow of the times. True, he ended well. True, that as he stood and died by his hearthstone, fighting, as he believed, for God and country, he was something for men and gods to behold. But what is that to them? They desire to see nothing but his humiliation, and to their distorted vision Belisarius, blind and begging at the Roman gates, was not half so poor a sight. They cannot forgive him for having been great, and they delight to howl the death-song of his greatness. They trample on its grave. They cover it with curses, and Pelion upon Ossa they pile their offal upon it. And they think that they have buried it out of their sight forever. And do they think that the spirit which brought this Republic out of chaos, and directed it for the fifty years of its truest greatness and purity, can be annihilated by a proclama-

tion? And do they believe that Washington and Jefferson, and Jackson and Clay, and Stonewall and Lee, and all the long roll of our heroes and patriots and statesmen, are but dead names, pale ghosts that can but squeak and gibber at their fallen greatness? That they have left no living memories in their children's hearts, no sacred seed that can once more burgeon and bloom for our country's honor? Oh, no! That spirit is not dead. It will rise again. Not in the old likeness, for old things have passed away. But transformed and quickened into a new life. Once more it will make itself a name for the nation to sound. Once again it will step to the front and pass first in fight as it was wont to do whenever great opinions are clashing, or a great cause imperilled. Once again to the front, whenever and wherever freedom's battle is to be fought. Once again to the front, no more to contend with brethren in arms, but only in the generous strife for the glory and honor of a common country."

And again, this description of Cape Fear :

"Looking, then, to the Cape for the idea and reason of its name, we find that it is the southernmost point of Smith's Island, a naked, bleak elbow of sand, jutting far out into the ocean. Immediately in its front are the Frying Pan Shoals, pushing out still further twenty miles to sea. Together they stand for warning and for woe, and together they catch the long, majestic roll of the Atlantic as it sweeps through a thousand miles of grandeur and power from the Arctic towards the Gulf. It is the play-ground of billows and tempests, the kingdom of silence and awe, disturbed by no sound save the sea-gull's shriek and the breaker's roar. Its whole aspect is suggestive, not of repose and beauty, but of desolation and terror. Imagination cannot adorn it. Romance cannot hallow it. Local pride cannot soften it. There it stands to-day, bleak, and threatening, and pitiless, as it stood three hundred years ago, when Greenville and White came nigh unto death upon its sands. And there it will stand, bleak, and threatening, and pitiless, until the earth and the sea shall give up their dead. And as its nature, so its name is now, always has been, and always will be, the Cape of Fear."

In May, 1856, Mr. Davis was invited by the Board of Trustees of Greensborough Female College to address the Literary Societies of that celebrated Institution, and his speech on this occasion, the publication of which was not anticipated by its author, has been regarded by many as one of the best efforts of his life.

In that address occurs the following passage :

“A rich and well stored mind is the only true philosopher’s stone, extracting pure gold from all the base material around. It can create its own beauty, wealth, power, happiness. It has no dreary solitudes. The past ages are its possession, and the long line of the illustrious dead are all its friends. Whatever the world has seen of brave and noble, beautiful and good, it can command. It mingles in all the grand and solemn scenes of history, and is an actor in every great and stirring event. It is by the side of Bayard as he stands alone upon the bridge and saves the army; it weeps over the true heart of chivalry, the gallant Sidney, as with dying hand he puts away the cup from his parched and fevered lips. It leaps into the yawning gulf with Curtius; follows the white plume of Navarre at Ivry; rides to Chalgrove field with Hampden; mounts the scaffold with Russell, and catches the dying prayer of the noble Sir Harry Vane. It fights for glory at the Granicus, for fame at Agincourt, for empire at Waterloo, for power on the Ganges, for religion in Palestine, for country at Thermopylæ, and for freedom at Bunker Hill. It marches with Alexander, reigns with Augustus, sings with Homer, teaches with Plato, pleads with Demosthenes, loves with Petrarch, is imprisoned with Paul, suffers with Stephen, and dies with Christ. It feels no tyranny and knows no subjection. Misfortunes cannot subdue it, power cannot crush it, unjust laws cannot oppress it. Ever steady, faithful and true, shining by night as by day, it abides with you always and everywhere.”

In 1861 the shadow of a great national calamity appeared—the whole country was convulsed with conflicting emotions. The political leaders of North Carolina were divided upon the

issue. Mr. Davis loved the Union, and steadfastly counseled moderation. His appointment by Governor Ellis as a member of the Peace Commission, to which further reference is made, created a feeling of absolute confidence in the minds of the conservative citizens.

The desire of the people of North Carolina was to see peace maintained whether the Union was preserved or not, and for this purpose the Legislature on January 26, 1861, appointed Commissioners to conventions to be held at Montgomery, Richmond and Washington City. These Commissioners were Hon. Judge Ruffin, Hon. D. M. Barringer, Hon. David S. Reid, Hon. John M. Morehead, Hon. D. L. Swain, J. R. Bridgers, M. W. Ransom and George Davis, Esqrs. Mr. Davis went to Washington City as a member of the Peace Congress which assembled on February 4, 1861. The moral weight of the position, and the character of the gentlemen then and there assembled, gave to the significance of the occasion portentous aspects. The Congress sat with closed doors, ex-President Tyler was elected President, and on taking the chair made one of the most eloquent and patriotic speeches ever heard. This Conference was in session until February 27th, 1861, when Mr. Davis telegraphed: "The Convention has just adjourned *sine die*, after passing seven articles of the Report of the Committee, much weakened. The territorial articles passed by a majority of one vote. North Carolina and Virginia voted against every article but one."

It is difficult for those of us who remember only the intense unanimity of the Southern people after the war was fairly inaugurated, to realize how in those previous troublous days the minds of men were perplexed by doubts. Up to this time the Union sentiment in North Carolina had been in the ascendant. The people waited upon the result of this Congress, and in this section especially was the decision of many reserved until Mr. Davis should declare his final convictions. His announcement of them marked an epoch in his life, and in that of countless others, for weal or woe.

Immediately upon his return home, the following correspondence took place:

WILMINGTON, 2d March, 1861.

Dear Sir :—Your friends and fellow citizens are exceedingly anxious to hear from you with reference to the proceedings of the "Peace Congress," and to have your opinion as to their probable effect in settling the distracting questions of the day.

Will you be kind enough to give them a public address at such time as may suit your convenience?

Respectfully yours,

JAMES H. DICKSON,
ROBERT H. COWAN,
D. A. LAMONT,
THOMAS MILLER,
DONALD MACRAE,
ROBERT G. RANKIN,
JAMES H. CHADBOURN,
A. H. VANBOKKELEN,
O. G. PARSLEY.

TO GEORGE DAVIS, Esq.

WILMINGTON, 2d March, 1861.

Gentlemen :—Being under the necessity of leaving home to-morrow, I will comply with the request of my fellow-citizens, as intimated in your note, by addressing them at such hour and place this evening as you may appoint.

Respectfully yours,

GEO. DAVIS.

TO DR. JAS. H. DICKSON, and others.

The newspaper reports of the public meeting, and of Mr. Davis' powerful speech which followed, do not convey to our minds the overwhelming sensations of those who listened to this masterpiece of oratory. Mr. Davis was obliged to close before he had finished his address. The people were profoundly

moved, the hearts of all were deeply stirred. Many left the hall while he was speaking, for they could not restrain their emotion.

The *Daily Journal* of March 4, 1861, says: "In accordance with the general desire, George Davis, Esq., addressed his fellow-citizens on last Saturday, March 2d, at the Thalian Hall in reference to the proceedings of the late Peace Congress, of which he was a member, giving his opinion as to the probable effect of such proceedings in settling the distracting questions of the day. Although the notice was very brief, having only appeared at mid-day in the town papers, the Hall was densely crowded by an eager and attentive audience, among whom were many ladies." The report of the speech is very full, and deals with all the vital questions which were discussed at the Peace Congress. Mr. Davis said that "he shrunk from no criticism upon his course, but, indeed, invited and sought for it the most rigid examination. He had endeavored to discharge the duties of the trust reposed in him faithfully, manfully and conscientiously, and whatever might be thought of his policy, he felt that he had a right to demand the highest respect for the motives which actuated him in pursuing that policy." Referring to his own previous position, what he believed to be the position of the State, the course of the Legislature in appointing Commissioners, and the objections to the action of the "Peace Congress," Mr. Davis said he had gone to the "Peace Congress" to exhaust every honorable means to obtain a fair, an honorable and a final settlement of existing difficulties. He had done so to the best of his abilities, and had been unsuccessful, for he could never accept the plan adopted by the "Peace Congress" as consistent with the right, the interests or the dignity of North Carolina.

Mr. Davis concluded by "emphatically declaring that the South could never—never obtain any better or more satisfactory terms while she remained in the Union, and for his part he could never assent to the terms contained in this report of the "Peace Congress" as in accordance with the honor or the interests of the South."

When Mr. Davis had concluded Hon. S. J. Person moved

that the thanks of the meeting be tendered to Mr. Davis for the able, manly and patriotic manner in which he had discharged the duties of his position as a Commissioner from North Carolina. The motion was enthusiastically carried.

On June 18, 1861, Mr. Davis and Mr. W. W. Avery were elected Senators for the State of North Carolina to the Confederate Congress. In alluding to his election the *Journal*, the organ in this section of the Democratic party, says :

“ Mr. Davis in old party times was an ardent and consistent member of the opposition, and was opposed to a severance from the North, until he felt satisfied by the result of the Peace Conference that all peaceful means had been exhausted.”

In 1862 he, with W. T. Dortch, was again elected Senator by the Legislature.

In January, 1864, he was appointed by President Davis Attorney General in his Cabinet. The commission bears date 4th January, 1864.

The high esteem in which Mr. George Davis was held by his devoted chief is attested in the following letters addressed by the Confederate President to his faithful Attorney General after the evacuation of Richmond :

CHARLOTTE, N. C., 25th April, 1865.

HON. GEO. DAVIS, C. S. Attorney General :

My Dear Sir :—I have no hesitation in expressing to you my opinion that there is no obligation of honor which requires you, under existing circumstances, to retain your present office. It is gratifying to me to be assured that you are willing, at any personal sacrifice, to share my fortunes when they are least promising, and that you only desire to know whether you can aid me in this perilous hour to overcome surrounding difficulties. It is due to such generous friendship that I should candidly say to you that it is not probable that for some time to come your services will be needful.

It is with sincere regret that I look forward to being separated from you. Your advice has been to me both useful and cheer-

ing. The Christian spirit which has ever pervaded your suggestions, not less than the patriotism which has marked your conduct, will be remembered by me when in future trials I may have need for both.

Should you decide (my condition having become rather that of a soldier than a civil magistrate) to retire from my Cabinet, my sincere wishes for your welfare and happiness will follow you; and I trust a merciful Providence may have better days in store for the Confederacy, and that we may hereafter meet, when, our country's independence being secured, it will be sweet to remember how we have suffered together in the time of her sorest trial.

Very respectfully and truly, your friend,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., April 26, 1865.

Hon. GEORGE DAVIS, Attorney General :

My Dear Sir :—Your letter dated yesterday, tendering your resignation has been received. While I regret the causes which compel you to this course, I am well assured that your conduct now, as heretofore, is governed by the highest and most honorable motives. In accepting your resignation, as I feel constrained to do, allow me to thank you for the important assistance you have rendered in the administration of the Government, and for the patriotic zeal and acknowledged ability with which you have discharged your trust.

Accept my thanks, also, for your expressions of personal regard and esteem, and the assurance that those feelings are warmly reciprocated by me.

With the hope that the blessings of Heaven may attend you and yours,

I am, most cordially, your friend,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

This affectionate regard for the beloved leader of the Cape Fear has been the subject of repeated conversations in late years

between a member of your committee and the distinguished lady who still bears the honored name of Jefferson Davis, and who was ever faithful and true to him and to the people whom he loved.

Upon the receipt of the sad intelligence of his death, she writes from a sick bed the following tender and sympathetic lines :

“ I am able to sit up a little, and regret that I am not strong enough to say as much about dear Mr. George Davis as my heart dictates.

“ He was one of the most exquisitely proportioned of men. His mind dominated his body, but his heart drew him near to all that was honorable and tender, as well as patriotic and faithful, in mankind. He was never dismayed by defeat, but never protested. When the enemy was at the gates of Richmond he was fully sensible of our peril, but calm in the hope of repelling them, and if this failed, certain of his power and will to endure whatever ills had been reserved for him.

“ His literary tastes were diverse and catholic, and his anxious mind found relaxation in studying the literary confidences of others in a greater degree than I have ever known any other public man except Mr. Benjamin. Upon being asked one day how he was, he answered: ‘ I am very much comforted and rested by Professor Holcombe’s *Literature in Letters*,’ which was one of the few new books which came out during the Confederacy. One of the few hard things I ever heard him say was when some one asked him if he had read Swinburne’s *Laus Veneris*, and added, ‘ You know it is printed on wrapping paper and bound in wall paper.’ Mr. Davis answered: ‘ I have never thought wall paper wholesome, and am sorry to know there was enough wrapping paper on which to print it.’

“ He was fond of tracing the construction of languages, and the variants from one root were a favorite subject of conversation with him.

“ When he fell in love and married a charming woman, the whole of Richmond rejoiced with him, and expressed no doubts of the happiness of either. Mr. Davis’ public life was as

irreproachable as his private course. Once when my husband came home wearied with the divergence of opinions in his Cabinet, he said: 'Davis does not always agree with me, but I generally find he was right at last.'

"I cannot, of course, tell you about his political opinions, except that he was one of the strictest construers of the Constitution, and firmly believed in its final triumph over all obstacles to freedom.

"My husband felt for him the most sincere friendship, as well as confidence and esteem, and I think there was never the slightest shadow intervened between them.

"I mourn with you over our loss, which none who knew him can doubt was his gain."

Following his arrest at the close of the war, the late Attorney General was imprisoned for some months in Fort Hamilton, sharing to that extent the vicarious sufferings of his chief, and was finally released upon parole not to leave the State of North Carolina.

During this period Mr. Davis' second marriage was celebrated in Weldon, on the 9th of May, 1866, to Monimia Fairfax, daughter of Dr. Orlando Fairfax, of Richmond, Va. (Mrs. Davis died 27th July, 1889.)

At this time earnest solicitations were made, and flattering inducements offered to Mr. Davis to remove to a Northern State, and practice his profession in a more extended field. Doubtless such a step would have inured greatly to his worldly advantage, but he resisted all the allurements, and declared his intention to live among his own people, and share the fate of those whom he loved and who had shown him indubitable proof of their affection for him.

On the evening of the 3d of November, 1876, during the Tilden-Vance campaign, Mr. Davis delivered in the opera house, which was filled to its capacity, a speech of great eloquence and power, upon the political issues of the day, which was reported for the *Morning Star* newspaper, in its issue of the 4th of November, and editorially referred to as follows:

“The speech to which we listened is a very memorable one. It will long abide with us as one of those felicitous, rounded, finished efforts of a highly endowed and noble intellect that will be ‘a memory and a joy forever.’ We have pigeon-holed that great speech in the escritoire of our own mind, where we have stored but few of the productions of the men of our generation.

“As a composition the effort of Mr. Davis was very admirable. There was humor, there was sarcasm, there was an exquisite irony, there were flashes of wit, there was an outburst of corrosive scorn and indignation that were wonderfully artistic and effective. At times a felicity of illustration would arrest your attention, and a grand outburst of high and ennobling eloquence would thrill you with the most pleasurable emotion. The taste was exceedingly fine, and from beginning to end the workings of a highly cultured, 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, or in Rome when Cicero thundered forth his burning and sonorous eloquence, or in Westminster Hall, with Burke, and Fox and Sheridan among his auditors, he would have received their loudest acclaims, and his fame would have gone down the ages as one of those rarely gifted men who knew well how to use his native speech, and to play with the touch of a master on that grand instrument, the human heart. We feel confident that no man of taste, culture and intelligence who heard Mr. Davis will charge us with undue enthusiasm or excessive laudation. It was unquestionably the matured production of an exceedingly gifted mind, and produced the happiest effect upon a large and highly interested audience.

“And now, with this general statement of our impressions, how shall we attempt to reproduce even a meagre abstract of so able and imposing an effort? 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 it would be in vain. 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, or resonant as the blast of a bugle under the influence of deep passion? How can the pen convey to others the sweet melody of harp or viol, or how can human language bring back a forgotten strain, or convey an exact impression that is made by the tongue of fire when burdened with a majestic eloquence."

On the 31st of March, 1880, Mr. Davis and Judge Thomas Ruffin were selected by the Commissioners named in the Act of the General Assembly authorizing the sale of the Western North Carolina Rail Road to W. J. Best and associates, to act as counsel for the State, and to prepare the deed and contract.

For their distinguished services in this matter, which are well known, he and Judge Ruffin refused to accept any compensation.

In January, 1878, Governor Vance offered Mr. Davis the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court, made vacant by the death of Chief Justice Pearson, which was declined for reasons shown in the *Raleigh Observer* newspaper of December 22d, 1877, as follows :

HON. GEORGE DAVIS.

"As was natural, when the time came to look around for men to put upon the highest judicial tribunal in the State, and people everywhere began to seek out the ablest and the best, the people of North Carolina instinctively, and, we may say, almost with one consent, cast their eyes upon Mr. George Davis, of Wilmington. As pure as he is able, and as able as he is true and devoted to the land that gave him birth, North Carolina never had a more worthy, a more brilliant or more devoted son than he, nor one better fitted in all the qualities of head and heart for the high position to which people everywhere had expected him soon to be called. It is with unfeigned regret, therefore, that we publish the following letter to a gentleman in

this city announcing Mr. Davis' purpose not to allow his name to be used in connection with the nomination for the Supreme Court bench, and giving his reasons therefor:

WILMINGTON, N. C., December 20, 1877.

My Dear Sir:—You will remember that in a personal interview some time ago you desired to be informed whether I would accept a nomination for the Supreme Court bench, and were kind enough to intimate that you believed the Democratic party would tender me the nomination if I desired it. I replied that it was not a thing to be determined lightly or hastily; that I would give it a deliberate and serious consideration, and at the proper time would communicate to you my decision.

In my judgment that time has now arrived. The subject has of late been urged upon me so frequently, and from so many different quarters, that silence is no longer proper, if even possible.

No man can hold in higher estimation than I do the dignity of such a position. To fill it worthily would be the highest reach of my ambition. And even to be esteemed worthy of it by any considerable portion of the bar and people of North Carolina is an honor which touches me profoundly.

But in this thing, as in so many others, I am obedient to necessity. I cannot live upon the salary. And barely to live is not all my need. One of my first duties in life now is to endeavor to make some provision for the little children that have come to me in my age. At the bar such an expectation may not be unreasonable when better times shall come. But upon the bench I should be compelled to abandon such a hope forever.

I must therefore decline to permit my name to go before the Convention of the Democratic party in connection with such a nomination.

You are at liberty to make such use of this letter as you may think proper.

Very truly, your friend,

GEO. DAVIS.

We also present a few of the letters written to Mr. Davis with special reference to this subject :

RALEIGH, N. C., 14th January, 1878.

My Dear Sir:—Want of time only has prevented me from writing to congratulate you, not upon the tender of the Chief Justiceship, but upon the universal manifestation of the opinion that you were the first man in the State to whom it ought to be tendered, and that your acceptance of the place would satisfy every demand, and silence every claim in regard to the appointment. I do not think your friends, especially personal friends, I mean, here, can take any credit to themselves for Governor Vance's action—certainly I cannot. He approached me, and not I him, having come to my office for the purpose. He said that from the time the death of Chief Justice Pearson was announced to him, he being then at Charlotte, until the time of speaking, and all along the road whenever the matter was referred to, the universal expression was that you were the person to whom the people were looking to be made Chief Justice. The Governor said, aside from his desire to meet the expectation of the people, and to make a good appointment, there were considerations personal to himself which caused him to desire your acceptance of the position ; and it would relieve him from embarrassment in choosing from other gentlemen who might desire the place. Your appointment, he was satisfied, would not give offence to any aspirant not appointed. * * * * *

I doubt if a Chief Justiceship was ever before tendered to any one so exclusively for the reason that personal fitness and popular demand concurred in dictating it. Nor were the personal considerations that influenced the Governor less complimentary to yourself ; as, but for the other considerations moving him to the appointment, you would not have been available to relieve him from embarrassment. For to relieve that embarrassment it was needed the new Chief Justice should be *facile princeps*.

* * * * *

I have availed myself of the first opportunity to write to you

and say what you were entitled to know, though I was not at liberty to use my information in a public way.

And so, with the best wishes for you and yours, now and ever, I am,

Very respectfully,

W. L. SAUNDERS.

Hon. GEO. DAVIS, Wilmington, N. C.

NORTH CAROLINA, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
RALEIGH, N. C., January 24th, 1878.

Hon. GEO. DAVIS, Wilmington, N. C. :

Dear Sir :—I am in receipt of your letter in regard to the Chief Justiceship, and although it does not call specially for a reply, I cannot forbear making a brief response.

I desire to avail myself of this opportunity to say to you, in person, what I have often said and always thought in your absence, that you are one of the men who have steadily pursued principle for its own sake, spurning alike the temptations of office and the lures of ambition when they came not strictly within the utmost requirements of dignity and manly honor. As such there has come to me, as the result of my position, no greater happiness than the ability to testify my appreciation of your character and worth, and of the great service your example has been in shaping and toning the political ethics of our society. In attempting to honor you by the bestowment of that great office I have also attempted to show what is my own sense of State honor, as well as to give expression to the general voice of our people. In this respect I was happy in the belief that I could not err as between you and the distinguished gentleman who was finally chosen.

Earnestly hoping that you may not be disappointed in the attainment of those ends for the sake of which you declined the Chief Justiceship, and with my best wishes for your prosperity and happiness, I am, dear sir, as ever since first I saw your face in your own home in December, 1854, I have been,

Your friend and obedient servant,

Z. B. VANCE.

One of Mr. Davis' most beautiful compositions was dictated to an amanuensis a few weeks before his death, and while he was disabled by paralysis. It was a memorial of the life and work of the late W. T. Walters, of Baltimore, President of the Atlantic Coast Line. The occasion was Mr. Davis' last appearance in public, at the annual meeting of the Wilmington and Weldon Rail Road Company, during which resolutions of respect and honor to the memory of the original projector of the Atlantic Coast Line system were adopted.

Mr. Davis was counsel for the Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta Rail Road Company, formerly the Wilmington and Manchester Rail Road Company, from the date of its existence up to his death.

Upon the death of Mr. William A. Wright, he succeeded him as counsel for the Wilmington and Weldon Rail Road Company.

During a recent interview the Executive of both railroads, President Warren G. Elliott, said to one of your Committee, and with evident great feeling :

“ My admiration of Mr. George Davis was unbounded. Your request that I should add to the memorial of his life which you are preparing on behalf of the Chamber of Commerce a few lines on the character of this good man, is one that I cannot well resist, while any effort on my part to do justice to the occasion will necessarily fall far short of the mark.

“ Having known Mr. Davis personally for only a few years (for I first met him after his face was turned to the setting sun, and his feet were on the decline of the road), I must leave to others the pleasant task of recording their personal recollections of his earlier career, and confine myself to the impressions made upon me by a close personal acquaintance during the declining years of his beautiful and exemplary life.

“ It was my good fortune, in the discharge of my official duties, to have the benefit of his advice and counsel, and if ever a difficult or doubtful question arose it was always solved by him on the side of truth and justice.

“ Mr. Davis gave to us a splendid illustration of every manly

and noble virtue. He was a good man, a just man, a strong man; a patriotic citizen, full of love and affection for his native State; a lovable, companionable friend; affectionate and tender in his domestic relations; a brave and fearless man, with a love for the right and a scorn for the wrong; chivalrous and honorable, a true and genuine type of the Olden School—the type that never had its superior, and that never will.

“It is almost a useless task that we should undertake to place on record any memorial of Mr. Davis as a lawyer. His name and his fame will be handed down from generation to generation. The recognized head of his noble profession in this State, no future historian can ever truthfully record the great deeds of the best and ablest sons of this noble old Commonwealth without paying tribute to George Davis of New Hanover as an honor to his profession, and as a lawyer of the highest eminence and purest type. He was indeed a skillful lawyer, a wise counsellor, able, strong and vigorous. Appreciated by all as a leader in his profession, he has bequeathed to the younger members of the Bar an example that they should love to follow and to reverence; a legacy to all of them of inestimable value, for his life was a lofty ideal, a standard to be lived up to, and worthy to be followed.

“He has laid down his armor when the tide was at its ebb, after having enjoyed during a long and eventful life the greatest riches that this world can bestow—the genuine love, reverence, respect and admiration of his fellow-men—with his integrity unstained, and without a whisper of detraction against his motives, his character or his purposes; and the Christian grace and dignity with which he met the final summons was but the crowning glory of an honorable and exemplary career on this earth.”

The last appearance of Mr. Davis before a general audience was at the mass-meeting in the Opera House, in 1889, to do honor to the memory of ex-President Davis. He was already

in feeble health, and unequal to an oration, but the tenderness and sweetness of his personal reminiscences, as he presented the side of his friend's character that was least known to the world, will abide in the memory of those who heard him, like the lingering fragrance of flowers that have faded and passed away. In the concluding passage, in which he spoke of the President's religious faith, he unconsciously reflected his own simple and abiding trust in God; and we can find no words which more fittingly describe the Christian life of *our* Mr. Davis, than those that he uttered of his dead chieftain :

“ He was a high-souled, true-hearted Christian gentleman. And if our poor humanity has any higher form than that, I know not what it is. His great and active intellect never exercised itself with questioning the being of God, or the truth of His revelations to man. He never thought it wise or smart to scoff at mysteries which he could not understand. He never was daring enough to measure infinite power and goodness by the poor, narrow gauge of a limited, crippled human intellect. Where he understood, he admired, worshipped, adored. Where he could not understand, he rested unquestioningly upon a faith that was as the faith of a little child—a faith that never wavered, and that made him look always undoubtingly, fearlessly, through life, through death, to life again.”

In that address also occurs the following passage, which is worthy of all preservation as the declaration of one of commanding intellect and wide experience, after he had reached the limit of three-score years and ten, as to what attribute he considered of the highest value in human character :

“ My public life was long since over; my ambition went down with the banner of the South, and, like it, never rose again. I have had abundant time in all these quiet years, and it has been my favorite occupation, to review the occurrences of that time, and recall over the history of that tremendous struggle; to remember with love and admiration the great men who bore their parts in its events.

“ I have often thought what was it that the Southern people

had to be most proud of in all the proud things of their record? Not the achievements of our arms! No man is more proud of them than I; no man rejoices more in Manassas, Chancellorsville and in Richmond; but all nations have had their victories. There is something, I think, better than that, and it was this, that through all the bitterness of that time, and throughout all the heat of that fierce contest, Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee never spoke a word, never wrote a line that the whole neutral world did not accept as the very indisputable truth. Aye, truth was the guiding star of both of them, and that is a grand thing to remember; upon that my memory rests more proudly than upon anything else. It is a monument better than marble, more durable than brass. Teach it to your children, that they may be proud to remember Jefferson Davis."

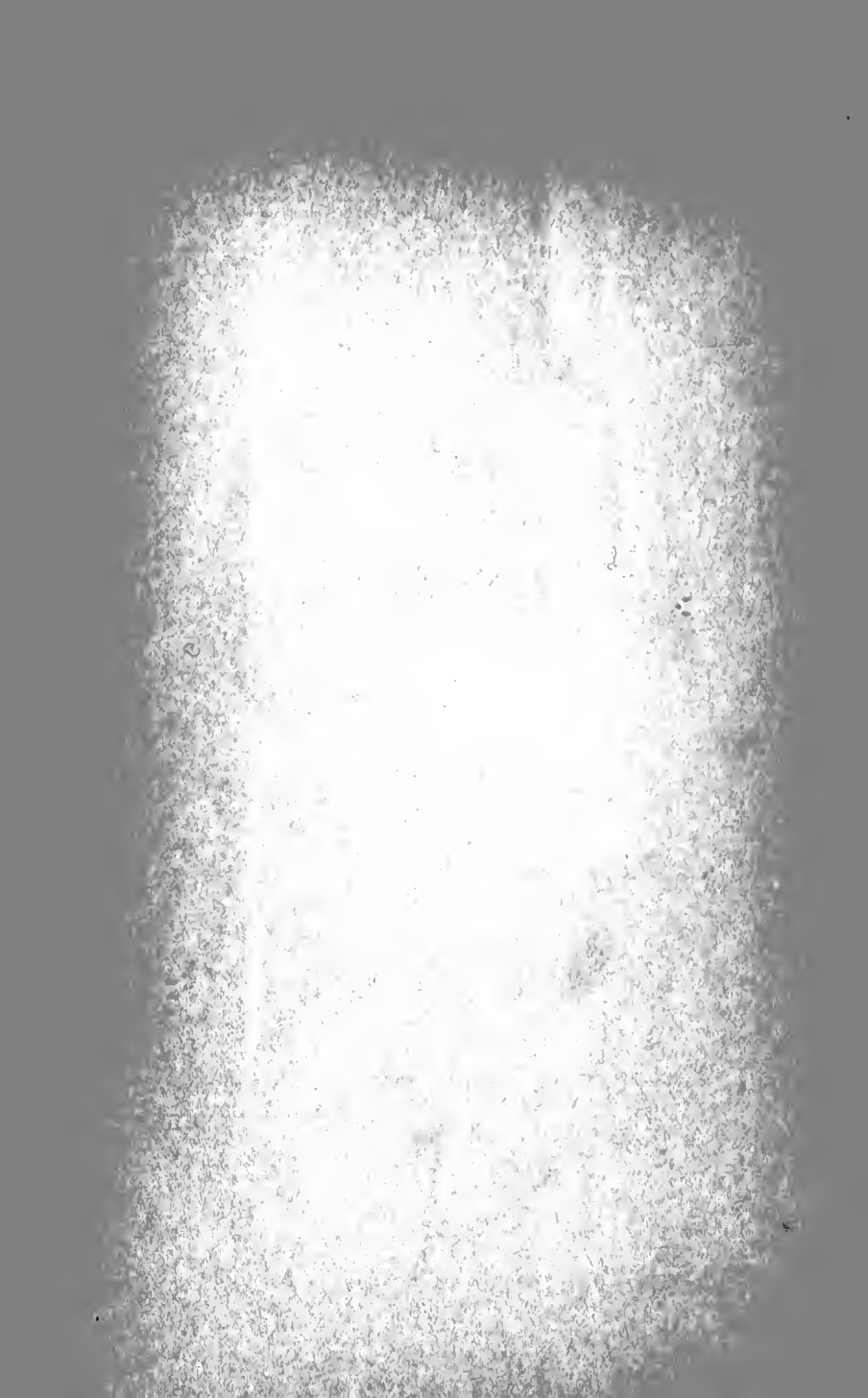
As we contemplate the lofty qualities of the noble man who has been taken from our community and Commonwealth, we cannot repress the sigh of regret that such greatness is no more. The soaring thought, the brilliant imagination, the balanced judgment, the profound learning, we do not expect to see every 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.

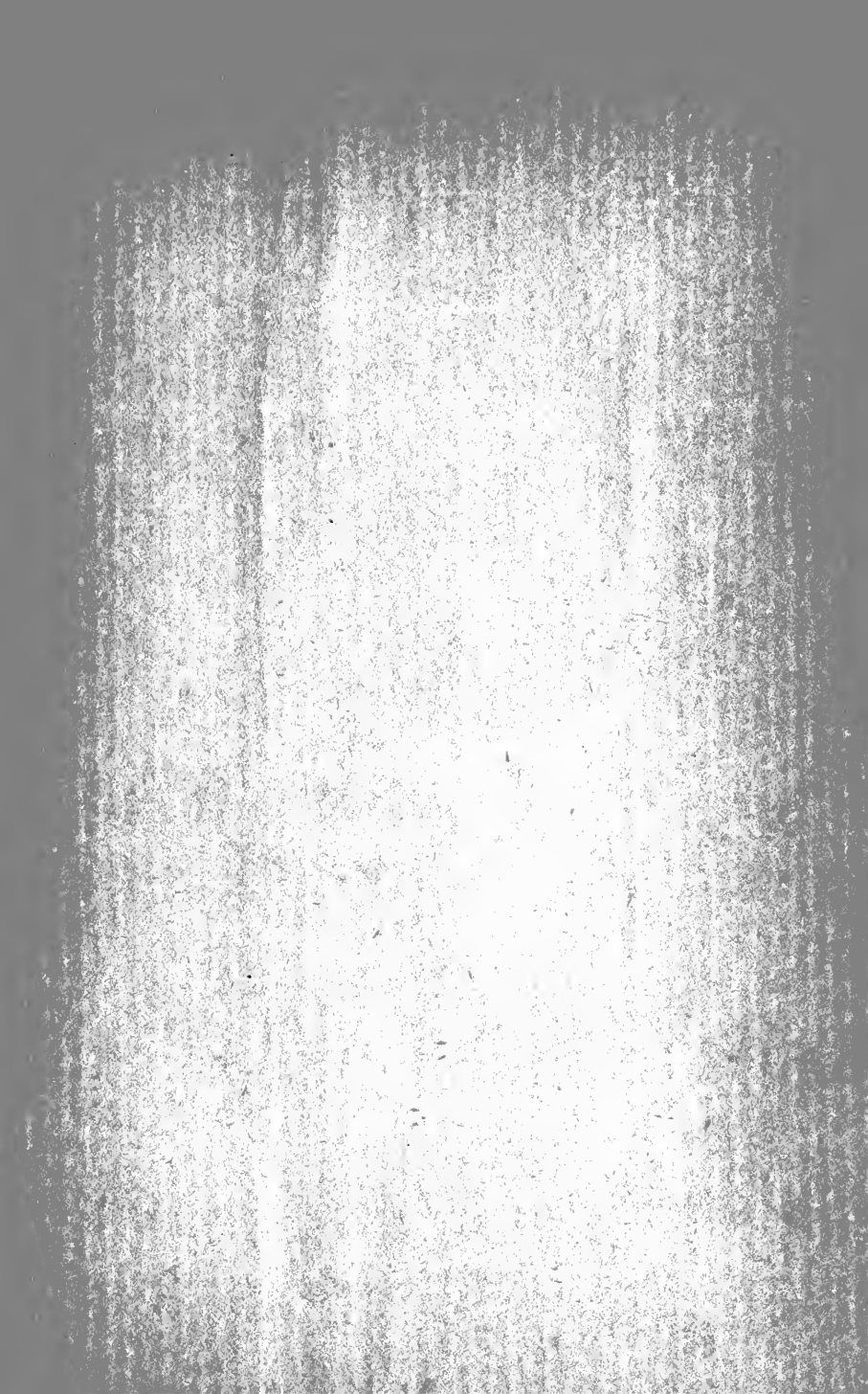
How well he exemplified in his own career the beautiful message, which he brought in his early years to those just entering upon the duties of life:

"Rather be yours the generous ambition to shine only in the pure excellence of virtue and refinement. * * * Go forth, then, into the world, and meet its trials and dangers, its duties and pleasures, with a firm integrity of heart and mind, looking ever onward and upward, and walking erect before the gaze of

men, fearless, because without reproach. When the glad sunshine is upon you, rejoice and be happy. When the dark hours come, light them with a gentle patience and a Christian faith. * * * This above all: 'To thine own self be true, and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.'









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TOGETHER WITH

THE TRIBUTES OF RESPECT TO HIS MEMORY, BY VARIOUS
PUBLIC MEETINGS AND LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS,

AND

THE ADDRESSES DELIVERED

AT THE RE-INTERMENT OF HIS REMAINS,

BY

RT. REV. JAMES H. OTEY, D. D.,

BISHOP OF TENNESSEE,

AND

HON. DAVID L. SWAIN, LL. D.,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY.

—o—

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PUBLISHED BY J. M. HENDERSON,

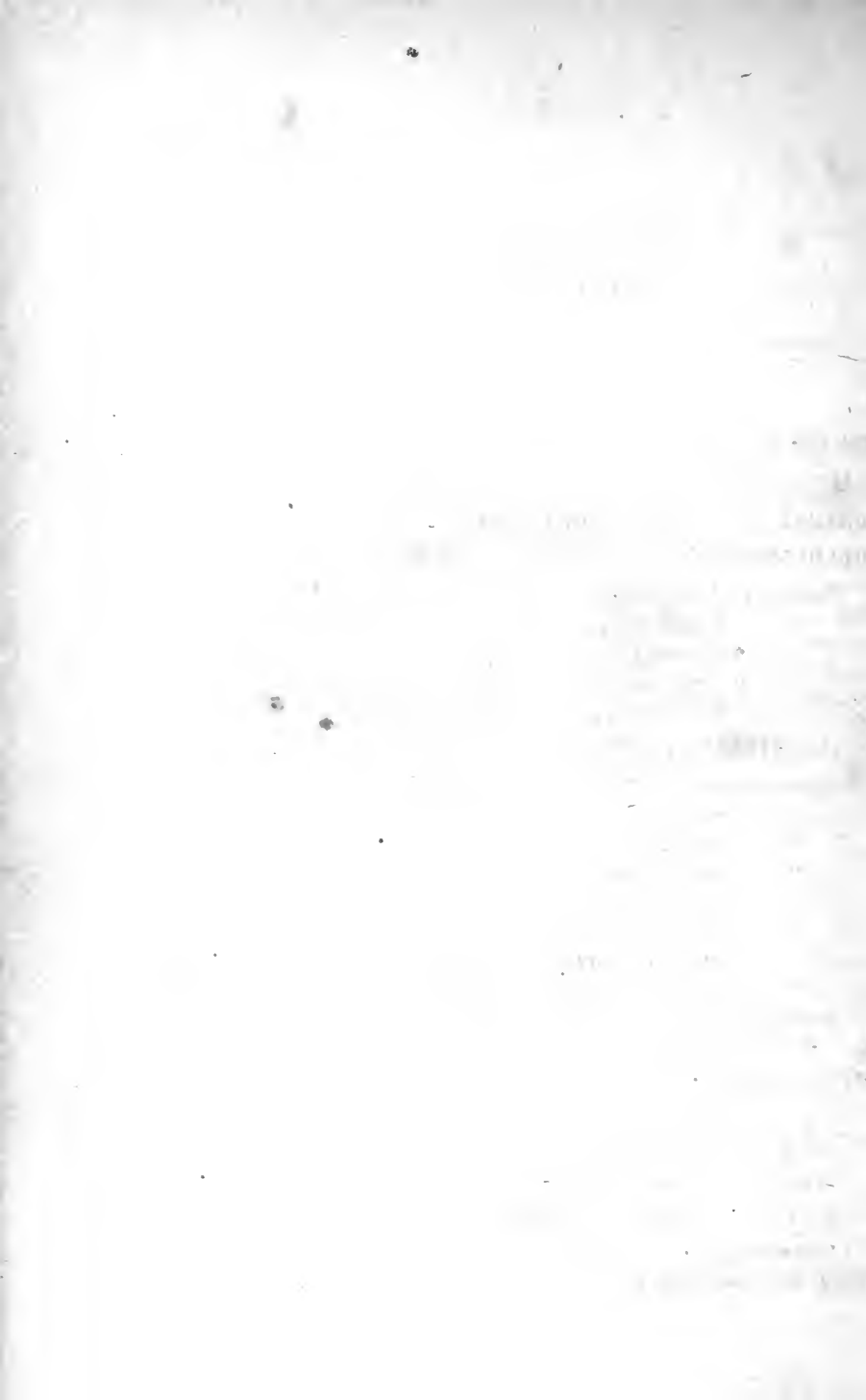
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MEMOIR.

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES PHILLIPS.

ELISJA MITCHELL, D. D., Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology in the University of North Carolina, was born in Washington, Litchfield County, Connecticut, on the 19th of August, 1793. He was the eldest son of ABNER MITCHELL, a respectable farmer of that township, whose wife, PRUEBE ELIOT, was a descendant in the fifth generation of JOHN ELIOT, the celebrated "Apostle to the Indians." Dr. MITCHELL was thus a member of a family now very widely spread over the United States, and reckoning many who have exercised much influence in Commerce, Politics, Science, and Religion. He possessed many of the characteristics which marked the ELIOTS, especially of the earlier generations. The Rev. JARED ELIOT, M. D. and D. D., minister for many years at Killingworth, Connecticut, was Dr. MITCHELL's great-grandfather. He was distinguished in his own times for his knowledge of History, Natural Philosophy, Botany, and Mineralogy, while as a theologian he was sound in the faith and delighted in the doctrines of Gospel Grace. Among his correspondents were Dr. FRANKLIN and Bishop BERKELEY, and in 1762 he was honored by the Royal Society of London with a gold medal for a valuable discovery in the manufacture of Iron. This ancestor Dr. MITCHELL closely resembled in many peculiarities of body and soul. Both were men of large stature, of great bodily strength, of untiring activity, of restless curiosity, of varied and extensive attainments, of a quaint and quiet humor, of persevering generosity, and of a well established piety. This desire for excellence in things pertaining to the mind was a prominent feature in Dr. MITCHELL's character from early childhood. When only four years old he acted a spirited part in an exhibition of the school he then attended, greatly to his own satisfaction, and to the delight of his friends. As he grew older, he was never so well pleased as when his playmates would gather around him to hear him tell what he had read in his books, and explain the pictures they contained. His preparation for college was completed by the Rev. AZEL BACKUS, D. D., who maintained

for many years a classical school at Bethlem in Litchfield County, and was afterwards the first President of Hamilton College in New York. Dr. BACKUS was famous in his day for skill in training boys. He exercised a very strong control, over even the vicious, by his genial disposition, his good common sense, his keen wit, his unsleeping vigilance, his long suffering patience, his respectable attainments in Science, and his devout deference to the will of God. Those who knew Dr. MITCHELL will readily perceive that many of his excellent peculiarities, as a man and as a Professor, must have received an important development by his association with DR. BACKUS.

DR. MITCHELL graduated at Yale College in 1813. along with the Hon. GEORGE E. BADGER, DR. OLMSTED, President LONGSTREET, Mr. THOMAS P. DEVEREUX, the Rev. Mr. SINGLETARY, and others who have been of note in various walks in life. Among these he was counted as one of the best scholars in their class, being especially distinguished for his knowledge of English Literature. He was very popular with his College mates, and the younger members of the Institution especially delighted to do him honor. The College Society to which he belonged depended on him to gain it credit on public occasions. His fine physiognomy, the dignity of his person, the originality of his discussions, and the humor that enlivened them, rendered his orations acceptable to his audience, and secured him respect from men of taste and education. It was not till the Senior year that he became thoughtful on the subject of Religion. The kind and gentle persuasions of a classmate—a man of humble powers of mind but of exemplary piety—had great influence in leading him to that serious examination of his life and hopes, which resulted in his conversion.

On quitting College, DR. MITCHELL taught in a school for boys, under the care of DR. EIGENBRODT, at Jamaica, in Long Island. Afterwards, in the Spring of 1815, he took charge of a school for girls in New London, Connecticut. Here he formed an acquaintance with Miss MARIA S. NORTH, who was the daughter of an eminent physician of that place, and became his wife in 1819. Experience has shown the wisdom of this choice, inasmuch as for nearly forty years this lady presided over his household, so as to command his entire esteem and confidence. In 1816 DR. MITCHELL became a Tutor in Yale College, and while so engaged he was recommended to the favorable notice of the Trustees of the University of North Carolina. This was done through Judge GASTON, by the Rev. SERENO E. DWIGHT, a son of President DWIGHT, and at that time Chaplain to the Senate of the United States. Ever since 1802 one of the most active and judicious of the Trustees of the University, Judge GASTON was at that time a member of the House of Representatives, and on terms of intimacy with Mr.

DWIGHT. Because of this recommendation, in 1817, these gentlemen were appointed each to a professorship in the University of North Carolina—Dr. MITCHELL to the chair of Mathematics then vacated by Dr. CALDWELL's elevation to the Presidency, and Dr. OLMSTED to the chair of Chemistry, then first established at the University. After spending a short time at the Theological Seminary in Andover, Massachusetts, and receiving a license to preach the Gospel from an orthodox Congregational Association in Connecticut, Dr. MITCHELL reached Chapel Hill on the last day of January, 1818, and immediately began to discharge his duties as a professor—a labor from which he ceased only by reason of death. In the discharge of these duties he exhibited an energy, a vigilance, an intelligence, a good common sense, a self denial, an attention to minute particulars, and a success rarely surpassed or even equalled. During the thirty-nine-and-a-half years of his connection with the University his absences from his post on account of sickness, visits to the seat of government, attendance on ecclesiastical bodies, and from all other causes, did not occupy, on an average, more than three days in a year. Indeed, it may be safely stated that, throughout that entire period, his days and his nights, in term time and in vacation, were devoted to his professorship. No one of the hundreds of Students who have been connected with the University during the last generation will be able to recall the memory of his absence from morning and evening prayers but as a rare exception to a general rule.

Dr. MITCHELL preached his first sermon in the College Chapel shortly after his arrival there, and his last in Salisbury, North Carolina, when on his way to the scene of the labours that cost him his life. He was ordained to the full work of the Christian Ministry by the Presbytery of Orange in Hillsborough, North Carolina, in the fall of 1821. During his long ministry there were very few weeks in which he did not declare to his fellow men the will of God for their salvation. He always and most heartily acknowledged that this Kosmos, with whose varied phenomena he was very conversant, was created and controlled by a personal God, whose wisdom, power, goodness, and holiness he set forth with no little skill, and often with a very striking originality. This he did during a time wherein too many of his associates in the investigation of Nature indulged in speculations, and clothed them in language, that ignored the existence of an authoritative revelation concerning Creation and Providence. His minute acquaintance with the Archæology and Geography of the Holy Scriptures rendered his exposition of them at times luminous in a remarkable degree, and, most deeply interesting. For the redemption of the one race of mankind, from the abyss of sin and misery into which the fall of Adam had plunged it, he looked only to the mystery of the Cross inwrought by the

Holy Ghost and received by Faith into the heart of each individual, and he rested his own soul thereon with sincere and deep felt emotions. During his eventful life he was ever an attentive observer of the signs of the times, being a great reader of newspapers and other periodicals. In these he had noticed so many associations for the reformation of the evils in humanity, skilfully organized and vehemently recommended, and after all, superseded by their original projectors, that while he did not oppose schemes, which, devised by man, relied on the organization of his fellow men for the attainment of reformation, he was not disappointed when these attempts failed; and he persevered in the old way of presenting to his hearers the necessity of a prompt and persevering dependence on the power of personal and revealed religion to regulate the affections and the daily life.

But it was as a professor that Dr. MITCHELL displayed the most energy and accomplished the greatest results. Until 1825 he presided over the department of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. During this period the doctrine of Fluxions, now called the Calculus, was introduced into the College curriculum, and the degree of attainment in other branches of Mathematics was elevated considerably. In 1825, when Dr. OLMSTED accepted a situation in Yale College, Dr. MITCHELL was transferred to the chair thus vacated and left his own to be filled by Dr. PHILLIPS. The pursuit of Natural Science had always been a delightful employment with Dr. MITCHELL. Even while a Professor of Mathematics he had frequently indulged his taste for Botany by pedestrian excursions through the country around Chapel Hill. After he took upon himself instruction in Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology he extended and multiplied these excursions, so that when he died he was known in almost every part of North Carolina, and he left no one behind him better acquainted with its mountains, vallies, and plains, its birds, beasts, bugs, fishes, and shells, its trees, flowers, vines, and mosses, its rocks, stones, sands, clays and marls. Although in Silliman's Journal, and in other periodicals less prominent but circulating more widely nearer home, he published many of his discoveries concerning North Carolina, yet it is to be regretted that he did not print more, and in a more permanent form. It would doubtless have thus appeared that he knew and perhaps justly estimated the worth of many facts which much later investigators have proclaimed as their own remarkable discoveries. But the information he gathered was for his own enjoyment, and for the instruction of his pupils. On these he lavished, to their utmost capacity for reception, the knowledge that he had gathered by his widely extended observations, and had stored up mainly in the recesses of his own singularly retentive memory.

But it was not only for accuracy and intelligence as a personal observer, that Dr. MITCHELL was famous, marked as his exertions were by a wonderful activity of body, patience of labour, and insensibility to fatigue. He read greedily all that he had a chance to read on the subjects directly or indirectly concerning his professorship, and on many other things besides. So that he well deserved the name of "the walking Encyclopedia." There were very few subjects on which men of polite literature, or of abstract as well as natural science converse, wherein he was not an intelligent and appreciative listener, or an instructive teacher. His knowledge of Geography was wonderful. It was a constant amusement for him to read the advertisements in a large commercial newspaper, to learn what things were bought and sold in the markets of the world, and then to sit down and find out where the things were manufactured. Such was his reputation for these acquisitions that when any one wanted some rare information on a Historical, or Geographical, or more strictly Scientific matter, it was a common thing to say, "Go, ask Dr. MITCHELL." He also kept himself supplied with periodicals and magazines in which the Sciences he taught were developing; for he loved to have his knowledge fresh, and would not wait for others to winnow the true from the false. He took pleasure in running the pure metal from the crude ore for himself. His large library contained something on almost every thing. But it was in such a form, and obtained in such times, and at such prices that in the market it never would have brought any approximation to what it cost him. The Sciences he taught were developing while he taught them, and he felt it incumbent on him to have at the earliest moment whatever treatise he heard of as likely to secure him the best and latest information. Much of what Dr. MITCHELL had to read is not now necessary, and many of his acquisitions may seem to others useless, but he thus provided that no one of his pupils left his laboratory without having an opportunity of learning all that was of interest or of use to him on the subjects there discussed. Nor were his remarkable accomplishments as a professor confined to his own department. In the Ancient Languages he was frequently ready and able to help a colleague who was prevented from discharging his own duties. In the Mathematics he would often, at public examinations, propose such questions as showed that his earlier love still retained a hold on his attention and affections. He was a good writer, and in the department of Belles Lettres he was a well-read and instructive critic. When it was known that he was to deliver an address before the North Carolina Agricultural Society, a friend, who knew him well, exclaimed, "I'll warrant that Dr. MITCHELL begins at the garden of Eden." And so he did. But by the time that, passing through Egypt and Canaan, Greece

and Rome and Great Britain; he got to Chatham County in North Carolina, he furnished, as usual, an essay full of rare information, judicious suggestions, peculiar humour, and excellent common sense.

As a teacher, Dr. MITCHELL took great pains in inculcating the first principles of Science. These he set forth distinctly in the very beginning of his instructions, and he never let his pupils lose sight of them. When brilliant and complicated phenomena were presented for their contemplation, he sought not to excite their wonder or magnify himself in their eyes as a man of surprising acquirements, or as a most dexterous manipulator, but to exhibit such instances as most clearly set forth fundamental laws, and demanded the exercise of a skilful analysis. Naturally of a cautious disposition, such had been his own experience, and so large was his acquaintance with the experience of others, that he was not easily excited when others announced unexpected discoveries among the laws and the phenomena which he had been studying for years as they appeared.— While others were busy in prophesying revolutions in social or political economy, he was quietly awaiting the decisions of experience. He constantly taught his pupils that there were times wherein they must turn from the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so sweetly. His influence on the developments of Science was eminently conservative, for he loved the old landmarks. As a disciplinarian he was vigilant, conscientious, long suffering, firm, and mild. Believing that the prevention was better than the cure of the ills of a College life, he was constantly watching to guard the Students from a violation of the rules of morality and common propriety. When offences were committed, to the offender he set forth his conduct in its true light, and often with very plain language. But when punishment was to be inflicted he generally proposed that which appealed to the culprit's better feelings, and left him a door open for a return to a better mind and an earnest attempt for his reformation. Many cases are known where such unwearied and unostentatious kindness has produced the happiest results. How widely extended it was no one can tell now for it was almost always shown to the receiver alone. It sprang from a love to man and fear of God, for Dr. MITCHELL never feared the face of his fellow.

Dr. MITCHELL enjoyed being busy. Neither laziness nor idleness entered into his composition, so that he always had something which he was doing heartily. Besides being a Professor, he educated his own children and especially his daughters to a degree not often attempted. He was a regular preacher in the College Chapel and in the village Church, the College Bursar, a Justice of the peace, a Farmer, a Commissioner for the village of Chapel Hill, and at times its Magistrate of Police. What-

ever plans he laid were generally sketched on a large scale, and when executed, they were commonly well done. Although a man of strong feelings, his excitement rarely lasted long, and he did not harbour resentment even when he had to remove unjust suspicions, or forgive unmerited injuries. His generosity was abundant, and was often appealed to again and again. No friend of his ever asked him for help without getting all that he could give him. In this he often swore to his own hurt yet he did not change.

Such were the leading characteristics of Dr. MITCHELL who loved God and every thing He has made; and now, while his colleagues mourn for one who counselled with wisdom and executed with vigour—while men of Science miss the co-operation of a learned associate members of the Cabinet and Ministers to foreign countries, with Senators and Representatives in Congress, Governors of our States with their Judges and their Legislators, Ambassadors from the Court of Heaven, and men of renown in the professions, learned Professors, with famous School-masters, and thousands of other pupils in more retired positions rise up in all parts of our country to do their revered preceptor high honor. His bow abode in strength to the last, neither was his natural force abated. He died as Abner died, and because they loved him unlettered slaves as well as mighty men followed his bier weeping.

Dr. MITCHELL perished on Saturday, the 27th of June, 1857, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. He attempted alone to descend Mt. Mitchell the highest peak of the Black Mountain which is in Yancey County, North Carolina. But a thunder storm detained him on the mountain, so that it was evening and dark as he was groping his way down the mountain's sides. Not far from nineteen minutes past eight—for his watch marked that time—he pitched head-long some forty feet down the precipice into a small but deep pool of water that feeds the Sugar Camp Fork of Caney River. At the bottom of this pool he was found on the 8th of July by Mr. THOMAS D. WILSON, who with some two hundred other mountain men were looking for Dr. MITCHELL in every glen on the sides of that fearful mountain mass. This was the fifth visit that Dr. MITCHELL had paid to the Black Mountain, the others being in 1835, 1838, 1844, and 1856 respectively. His object at this time was partly personal, and partly Scientific. He wished to correct the mistakes into which some had been led concerning his earlier visits, and to so compare the indications of the Spirit Level and the Barometer, that future explorers of mountain heights might have increased confidence in the results afforded them by these instruments. His untimely end left both parts of this work to be completed by the pious hands of others.

Dr. MITCHELL was buried in Asheville, North Carolina, on the 10th of July, 1857, by the side of one of his College mates. But at the earnest solicitation of many friends, and especially of the mountain men of Yancey, his family allowed his body to be removed and deposited on the top of Mt. Mitchell. This was done on the 16th of June, 1858. There he shall rest till the Judgment Day, in a mausoleum such as no other man has ever had. Reared by the hands of Omnipotence, it was assigned to him by those to whom it was given thus to express their esteem, and it was consecrated by the lips of eloquence warmed by affection, amidst the rites of our Holy Religion. Before him lies the North Carolina he loved so well and served so faithfully. From his lofty couch its hills and vallies melt into its plains as they stretch away to the shores of the eastern ocean, whence the dawn of the last day stealing quietly westward, as it lights the mountain tops first, shall awake him earliest to hear the greeting of

“WELL DONE GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT.”

THE SEARCH FOR PROFESSOR MITCHELL'S BODY.

From the Asheville Spectator.

Messrs. Editors—Having spent a week at the scene of this memorable calamity, in search of the body of Dr. Mitchell, and assisting in its removal after it was found, I have been requested by sundry citizens to give to the public a sketch of the deplorable event. In accordance with their request, I now take my pen to give you all I know of the accident, which has caused so much sorrowful excitement in this region, and which I doubt not will unnerve the public feeling to its centre throughout the State when the sad tidings shall be generally known.

It is known to all who have felt interested in our State Geography, that there lately sprung up a dispute between the Hon. T. L. Clingman and Dr. Mitchell, in regard to one of the high peaks of the Black Mountain put down in Cook's map as Mt. Clingman. The former alledging that he was first to measure and ascertain its superior height to any other point on the range, and the latter gentleman asserting that he was on that same peak and measured it in the year 1844. After several letters, pro and con, through the newspapers, Dr. Mitchell announced last fall his intention of visiting the mountains again for the purpose of re-measuring the peak in dispute, taking the statements of some gentlemen who had acted as his guides on his former visits, &c. Sometime since, about the middle of June, I think, he came up, in company with his son Chas. A Mitchell, his daughter, and a servant boy, established his headquarters at Jesse Stepp's, at the foot of the mountain, and began the laborious task of ascertaining the height of the highest peak by an instrumental survey, which as the former ad-measurements were only barometrical, would fix its altitude with perfect accuracy. He had proceeded with his work near two weeks, and had reached to some quarter of a mile above Mr. Wm. Patton's Mountain House, by Saturday evening, 2½ o'clock, the 27th of June, at which time he quit work and told his son that he was going to cross the mountain to the settlement on Caney River for the purpose of seeing Mr. Thomas Wilson, Wm. Riddle, and I believe another Mr. Wilson, who had guided him up to the top on a former visit. He promised to return to the Mountain House on Monday at noon. There was no one with him. This was the last time he was ever seen alive. On Monday his son repaired to the Mountain House to meet his father, but he did not come. Tuesday the same thing occurred, and though considerable uneasiness was felt for his safety, yet there were so many ways to account for his delay that it was scarcely thought necessary to alarm the neighborhood; but when Wednes-

day night came and brought no token of him, his son and Mr. John Stepp immediately started on Thursday morning to Caney River in search of him. On arriving at Mr. Thos. Wilson's, what was their astonishment and dismay to learn that he had neither been seen nor heard of in that settlement! They immediately returned to Mr. Stepp's; the alarm was given, and before sundown on Friday evening companies of the hardy mountaineers from the North Fork of the Swannanoa were on their way up the mountain. The writer, happening to be present on a visit to the Black, joined the first company that went up. About eighteen persons camped at the Mountain House that evening, and continued accessions were made to our party during the night, by the good citizens of that neighborhood, who turned out at the call of humanity as fast as they heard the alarm, some from their fields, some from working on the road, and all without a moment's hesitation. Early on Saturday morning our party under the command of Mr. Fred Burnett and his sons, all experienced hunters, and Jesse Stepp and others who were familiar with the mountains, struck out for the main top, and began the search by scouring the woods on the left hand or Caney River side of the trail that runs along the top. We continued on this way to the highest peak without discovering any traces whatever of his passage, when our company became so scattered into small parties that no further systematic search could be made that day. But directly in our rear as we came up the mountain was Mr. Eldridge Burnett with some more of his neighbors, who had come from their houses that morning; and hearing a report that Dr. Mitchell had expressed his intention of striking a bee line from the top for the settlements without following the blazed trail way to Caney River, they searched for signs in that direction, and soon found a trail in the soft moss and fern that was believed to have been made by him, and followed it until it came to the first fork of Caney, where it was lost. Nothing doubting but they were on his track, and that he had continued down the stream, they went several miles along the beat of the river, over inconceivably rough and dangerous ground, until dark, when they threw themselves upon the earth and rested till morning. Mr. Stepp, Mr. Fred Burnett and others made their way to Wilson's on Caney River to join the company that was coming up from the Yancey side, and the writer and many others returned, gloomy and disappointed to the Mountain House. Thus ended the first day's search. During almost the entire day the rain had poured down steadily, the air was cold and chilling, the thermometer indicating about 44° at noon, whilst the heavy clouds wrapped the whole mountain in such a dense fog that it was impossible to see any distance before us. It seemed as if the genii of those vast mountain solitudes were angered at our un-

wanted intrusion, and had invoked the Storm-God to enshroud in deeper gloom the sad and mysterious fate of their noble victim.

Sabbath morning came, but its holy stillness and sacred associations were all unregarded, and the party camping in the Mountain House, now largely augmented by constant arrivals from the settlements, plunged again into the gloomy forest of gigantic firs, and filing through the dark and deep gorges struck far down into the wilds of Caney River. Mr. Eldridge Burnett's party returned about 2 o'clock, bringing no tidings and seeing no further trace whatever of the wanderer's footsteps. Still later in the day Messrs. Fred. Burnett and Jesse Stepp and party returned with some twelve or fifteen of the citizens of Caney River, having traversed a large scope of country and finding still no trace of the lost one. The rain still continued to pour down, and the gloomy and ill-omened fog still continued to wrap the mountain's brow in its rayless and opaque shroud. Just before dark the remaining party came in, unsuccessful, tired, hungry and soaking with water. A general gloom now overspread the countenances of all, as the awful and almost undeniable fact was proclaimed, that Dr. Mitchell was surely dead, and our only object in making the search, would be to recue his mortal remains from the wild beasts and give them christian sepulture! It could not be possible, we thought, that he was alive, for cold, and hunger, and fatigue, if nothing worse had happened to him, would ere this have destroyed him. Alas! we reasoned too well. By this time the alarm had spread far and near, and many citizens of Asheville and other parts of the country were flocking to the mountains to assist in the search for one so universally beloved and respected. On Monday the company numbered some sixty men. New routes were projected, new ground of search proposed, and the hunt conducted throughout the day with renewed energy and determination, but still without avail. On Tuesday the company of Buncombe men separated into three squads and took different routes, whilst Mr. Thomas Wilson and his neighbors from Caney River, took a still more distant route, by going to the top of the highest peak and searching down towards the Cat-tail fork of the River. They were led to take this route by the suggestion of Mr. Wilson, that Dr. M. had gone up that way in his visit to the high peak in 1844, and that perhaps he had undertaken to go down by the same route. They accordingly struck out for that point, and turning to the left to strike down the mountain in the prairie near the top; at the very spot where it is alleged that the Doctor entered it thirteen years ago, they instantly perceived the impression of feet upon the yielding turf, pointing down the mountain in the direction indicated of his former route. After tracing it some distance with that unerring woodcraft which is so wonderful to all

but the close observing hunter, they became convinced that it was his trail and sent a messenger back some five miles to inform the Buncombe men, and telling them to hurry on as fast as they could. The writer with Mr. Charles Mitchell and many others were in a deep valley on the head waters of another fork of the river, when the blast of a horn and the firing of guns on a distant peak, made us aware that some discovery was made. Hurrying with breathless haste up the steep mountain side in the direction of the guns we soon came up and found the greater part of our company watching for us, with the news that the Yancey company were upon the trail we had been so earnestly seeking so many days. After a brief consultation, two or three of our party returned to the Mountain House for provisions, and the balance of us started as fast as we could travel along the main top towards our Yancey friends, and reached the high peak just before dark. Here we camped in a small cabin built by Mr. Jesse Stepp, ate a hasty supper and threw ourselves upon the floor, without covering, to rest.

About 1 o'clock in the night, just as the writer was about closing his eyes in troubled and uneasy slumber, a loud halloo was heard from the high bluff that looms over the cabin. It was answered from within and in a moment every sleeper was upon his feet. Mr. Jesse Stepp, Capt. Robert Patton and others, then came down and told us that the body was found. Mournfully then indeed those hardy sons of the mountain seated themselves around the smouldering cabin fire, and on the trunks of the fallen firs, and then, in the light of a glorious full moon, whose rays penciled the dark damp forest with liquid silver, seven thousand feet above the tide-washed sands of the Atlantic, the melancholy tale was told. Many a heart was stilled with sadness as the awful truth was disclosed and many a rough face glittered with a tear in the refulgent moon-light as it looked upon the marble pallor and statue-stillness of the stricken and bereaved son, and thought of those far away whom this sudden evil would so deeply afflict.

It was as they expected. The deceased had undertaken to go the same route to the settlements which he had formerly gone. They traced him rapidly down the precipices of the mountain, until they reached the stream (the Cat-tail fork), found his traces going down it—following on a hundred yards or so, they came to a rushing cataract some forty feet high, saw his foot-prints trying to climb around the edge of the yawning precipice, saw the moss torn up by the outstretched hand, and then—the solid, impressionless granite refused to tell more of his fate. But clambering hastily to the bottom of the roaring abyss, they found a basin worn out of the solid rock by the frenzied torrent, at least fourteen feet deep, filled with clear

and crystal waters cold and pure as the winter snow that generates them. At the bottom of this basin, quietly reposing, with outstretched arms, lay the mortal remains of the Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D. D., the good, the great, the wise, the simple minded, the pure of heart, the instructor of youth, the disciple of knowledge and the preacher of Christianity! Oh what friend to science and virtue. what youth among all the thousands that have listened to his teachings, what friend that has ever taken him by the hand, can think of this wild and awful scene unmoved by the humanity of tears! can think of those gigantic pyramidal firs, whose interlocking branches shut out the light of heaven, the many hued rhododendrons that freight the air with their perfume and lean weepingly over the waters, that crystal stream leaping down the great granites and hastening from the majestic presence of the mighty peak above, whilst in the deep pool below, where the weary waters rest but a single moment, lies the inanimate body of his dear friend and preceptor, apparently listening to the mighty requiem of the cataract!! Truly "Man knoweth not his time, and the sons of men are entrapped in the evil, when it cometh suddenly upon them."

Upon consultation it was thought best to let the body remain in the water until all arrangements were completed for its removal and interment: judging rightly that the cold and pure waters would better preserve it, than it could be kept in any other way. At day light a number of hands went to cutting out a trail from the top of the mountain to where the body lay, a distance of three miles, whilst others went to Asheville to make the necessary arrangements. Word was also sent to the coroner of Yancey, and to the citizens generally to come and assist us in raising the body on Wednesday morning. At that time a large number of persons assembled at Mr. Jesse Stepp's and set out for the spot, bearing the coffin upon our shoulders up the dreary steeps. We had gone near ten miles in this way, and had just turned down from the high peak towards the river, when we were met by Mr. Coroner Ayers, and about fifty of the citizens of Yancey, coming up with the body. They had got impatient at our delay, and enveloping the body in a sheet and fastening it securely upon a long pole, laid it upon the shoulders of ten men and started up the mountain. And now became manifest the strength and hardihood of those noble mountaineers. For three miles above them the precipitous granites and steep mountain sides forbade almost the ascent of an unincumbered man, which was rendered doubly difficult by great trunks of trees, and the thick and tangled laurel which blocked up the way. The load was near two hundred and fifty pounds and only two men could carry at once. But nothing daunted by the fearful exertion before them, they step boldly up the way, fresh hands stepped in every few moments, all struggling without inter-

mission and eager to assist in the work of humanity. Anon they would come to a place at which it was impossible for the bearers to proceed, and then they would form a line by taking each others hands the uppermost man grasping a tree and with shouts of encouragement heave up by main strength. In this way, after indescribably toiling for some hours they reached the spot. Here was afforded another instance of the great affection and regard in which the deceased was held by all. These bold and hardy men desired to have the body buried there and contended for it long and earnestly. They said that he had first made known the superior height of their glorious mountain and noised their fame almost throughout the Union, that he had died whilst contending for his right to that loftiest of all the Atlantic mountains, on which we then stood, and they desired to place his remains right there, and at no other spot. It would indeed have been an appropriate resting place for him, and greatly was it wished for by the whole country, before its being told them that his family wanted his remains brought down. They reluctantly yielded, and the Buncombe men proceeded to bring the body slowly down the valley of the Swannanoa. Before leaving the top, the writer took down the names of all present, and will ask you to publish them to the world, as men who have done honor to our common humanity by their generous and disinterested conduct on this melancholy occasion. I am no flatterer, Messrs. Editors, but I must confess that the labor which these mountain men expended and the sacrifice they so willingly and cheerfully made, is worthy of all praise and admiration. May God reward their kindness; I feel sure, the numerous friends and pupils of the dear deceased would rather read the list of these men's names than the "ayes and nays" of any Congressional vote that has been recorded in many a day.

FROM YANCEY.

Nathaniel B. Ray, I. M. Broyles, Joseph Shephard, Washington Broyles, Henry Wheeler, Thomas Wilson, Jas. M. Ray, D. W. Burleson, G. B. Silvers, J. O. Griffith, E. Williams, A. D. Allen, A. L. Ray, Thomas D. Wilson, E. A. Pyatt, D. W. Howard, W. M. Astin, James H. Riddle, Dr. W. Crumley, G. D. Ray, Burton Austin, James Allen, Henry Ray, T. L. Randolph, John McPeters, W. B. Creasman, S. J. Nanney, Samuel Ray, E. W. Boren, Rev. W. C. Bowman, J. W. Bailey, Thomas Silvers, Jr., Thomas Calloway, Henry Allen, J. L. Gibbs, Jesse Ray, James Hensley, Robert Riddle, W. D. Williams, J. D. Young, William Rolen, G. W. Wilson, John Rogers, James Allen, Jr. J. W. Ayres, J. F. Presnell, R. A. Ruple, W. J. Hensley, D. H. Silvers, R. Don Wilson, Jas. Calloway.

FROM BUNCOMBE.

S. C. Lambert, William Burnett, R. H. Burnett, R. J. Fortune, Ephraim Glass, J. H. Bartlett, B. F. Fortune, A. N. Alexander, James Gaines, J. E. Ellison, John F. Bartlett, F. F. Bartlett, Elijah Kearly, E. Clayton, A. Burgin, Jesse Stepp, D. F. Summey, T. J. Corpning, Harris Ellison, T. B. Boyd, A. J. Lindsey, Joshua Stepp, William Powers, R. P. Lambert, Tisdale Stepp, Daniel Burnett, Thaddeus C. Coleman, A. F. Harris, W. C. Fortune, Fletcher Fortune, Capt. Robert Patton, Cooper, servant of Wm. Patton, John, servant of Fletcher Fortune, Esq.

A. J. Emmerson, Chatham County, A. E. Rhodes, Jones County, H. H. Young, and Moses Dent, Franklin County; all students of Wake Forest College.

This list does not comprise all who assisted in the search, as much to my regret I did not take a list of any but those present at the removal of the body. I believe, however, that the names of all are recorded on the register of Mr. Patton's Mountain House, where the friends of Dr. Mitchell can see them when they visit (as I have no doubt many will) the scene of his death.

This ends my brief sketch of this melancholy affair. As to any eulogy upon Dr. Mitchell's character I feel myself unequal to the task. I trust that it will be appropriately pronounced by some one of his learned and devoted fellow laborers of the University. My feeble pen could add nothing to his moral and intellectual stature. I will only say, that I loved him as sincerely as any one in the State. I am gratified to be able to state that unusual kindness and respect was exhibited by every citizen of the country throughout the whole transaction.

Yours truly,

Z. B. VANCE.

A FUNERAL SERMON,

DELIVERED IN THE

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT ASHEVILLE,

ON THE TENTH OF JULY 1857.

By the REV. ROBERT HETT CHAPMAN, D. D.,

A SON OF THE SECOND PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY.

MAN KNOWETH NOT HIS TIME: * * * THE SONS OF MEN ARE SNARED IN AN EVIL WHEN IT FALLETH SUDDENLY UPON THEM.—Eecl. chap. 9, v. 12.

What words of truth are these? and how fearfully have they been realized in the incidents which have convened us here to-day! The doctrine of the Text is, that there is a dreadful uncertainty respecting things terrestrial—that trials, and changes, and death are our heritage here,—that in our calmest, and even apparently in our safest hours, we are but short sighted and frail—all exposed and in peril; and know not what a day may bring forth! Children of clay, and inhabiting a globe of graves, we are in peril every hour! It is true the Almighty upholds, and we are in His hands! His Providence is over us, but whether it shall be afflictive, or benignant—whether of the issues of Life, or of Death we cannot tell! The future is all before us, but shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it! its issues, and its events are alone known to the Infinite! To the Christian, and in his conception there are no accidents—nothing fortuitous—the hand of God is in it all; and so it is in point of fact *with us all*; whether we realize it, or not—God telleth off your days and mine, and those of the entire race!—as an hireling we shall each accomplish our day, and then pass on and up to the Judgment of the great God! Then should we not watch? ought we not to be ready? lest suddenly coming He find us sleeping!

Man knoweth not his time! but certain it is, that here, on earth, wherever found he is all incident to suffering—exposed to calamity and danger—the sure victim of coming dissolution, aye the certain trophy of Death! His leaden fingers shall be laid upon you and me, chilling the pulsations of life—His arm of power shall be by us felt, breaking the golden bowl at the fountain!—we shall all experience his wasting influence, changing

the countenance and bidding us pass from Earth to the Spirit Land! but when these trials shall reach us:—when we shall each in our lot go down before the puissant arm of him, who breaks the sword of valor, and takes the diadem from the brow of kings—when the veil shall part before your spirit's eye and mine, and the gales of eternity shall freshen upon our souls, God alone knows! Sometimes danger and death show themselves in the distance, and with slow and steady step gradually approach, letting us know, that they aim at us and ours, and that their office and work is with us; at other times they draw nigh with steady tread—noiseless, silent, unperceived they gather round; their presence is but recognized in their attack—in the marks of their desolation—in the affixing of an unchanging seal which cannot be mistaken, and which can neither be blotted out, nor broken! All may be quiet without, and calm within; and there may be no sense of danger, and no fear—but Death is there, and sudden destruction. The veil of Eternity sometimes parts as in the twinkling of an eye and the soul without sign or token, or note or warning, is in the spirit land, summoned to the presence of God, its Infinite Judge! Ah, Friends! the text is true, “Man knoweth not his time.” The sons of men are oftentimes snared in sudden calamity; there is an awful, a fearful uncertainty as to what is before us, when we shall be called on to lay aside these vestments of mortality, and to stand before Jehovah God our Judge! Then is it not wise?—would it not be well to have our preparation work well and early done, that we may stand ready, and waiting for the coming of the Son of Man? “Man knoweth not his Time—as the fish are taken in a net, as the birds are caught in a snare, so are the sons of men snared in an evil when it falleth suddenly upon them.” My Text has been selected, and the train of thought just indulged in, suggested, by one of those fearful incidents of life which alike startle and appall! Tidings of them fall not listlessly on human ears, they fall not deeply, and painfully to affect human hearts! It is no ordinary death scene that we chronicle: nor is it the departure from the scenes of time of any ordinary man, that we have met in the Sanctuary to meditate upon! ELSHA MITCHELL! the loved and venerated—the astute and wise—the man of God and Christian Minister, lies low in death! He is no more of earth, for God hath taken him up to the scenes of the spiritual, and caused him to mingle in the realities of the eternal world! His family are bereft of their Head—no more shall he guide them by his counsels, nor at morning and evening lead their devotions:—the temple of Science has had extinguished in him one of its living lights, and taken down and removed is one of its stalwart pillars! The Church of God and its courts have in him lost an advocate—a judicious counsellor, and prized presbyter! His seat

at the family table, in the hall of Science, and within the Sanctuary of God, have alike been vacated by the sad event which has convened us, and which we are endeavoring spiritually to improve! His agency as father, friend, and instructor, and Christian Minister has ceased; and no more shall we enjoy his converse, weigh his counsels, or go with him up to the House of God! Ye reckon it in days since some of you enjoyed his sunny smile and kind hearted converse, and communion! When last with him, aye when last seen of mortal vision, he was full of life—as buoyant with hope, and had as bright promise of future years and usefulness, as had any of you, or your race! but he is not—his summons was sudden—fearfully sudden! Yours may be as sudden, and not as safe! He died emphatically alone! Neither wife nor brother nor son nor friend nor man was near! Amid mountain fastnesses, under laurel shades, and with unceasing sound of moaning pines and rushing waters, furnishing an appropriate requiem, alone and without human aid or sympathy, he breathed out his life. Except for efforts the most patient and untiring on the part of the community, his death as to its place, and means, and time would have remained a mystery; his grave would have been unknown and his body unseparated. There is something, at once grand and fearful in such a death! Far from human habitation—amid the solitude of nature—her works there on the grandest scale—it brings up those mounts of God mentioned in the Scripture, Pisgah and Nebo, and suggests the death scene of the “Ruler of His people” as connected therewith—Angels performed the dying offices of the one, nor is it vain speculation to suppose that in needful form and sympathy they were present with the other; this sure Word of God informs us that they minister to the heirs of salvation!

I have said Dr. Mitchell was alone in his death—I speak of earth and of man—I except angelic influences, and the presence of his covenant God and Saviour! He who stamped grandeur on those mountains, and marked out a channel for those pure and crystal waters did not in that hour desert His servant but was near him and around him! Do I say too much? what says the Scripture? “as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so Jehovah is round about them that fear Him”—What says God himself? “Fear not! I am with thee, be not dismayed! I will never leave thee nor forsake thee!” Tell me not of accidents! Speak not to me of second causes! God’s hand was in the startling event, as it is in all events. He designs that we should feel it, and lay it to heart, and wisely improve it. From that mountain side and seething pool where they found him there cometh a voice deep, thrilling, and loud, addressing itself to you, and me, to all! Its language is “prepare to meet thy God!” Who can fail to realize, if he will throw around the scene one lingering thought,

that amid these frowning precipices and impervious shades and wildly dashing waters, and with death at hand, it was far more important to have been the humble child of God, the devoted follower of Christ, than to have been the man of gold, or of distinction and fame, or even a sceptered king, with destitution of this grace! Ah! the well earned fame, the distinctions of our departed friend and brother, have here no power in imparting joy and comfort to those who loved him in life, and to whom he is doubly dear in death!—their hope, and joy, and strong consolation is based on the simple fact that Dr. Mitchell laid all his honors, and loved to lay them, at the feet of Christ and around His Cross!—that there he hung his hopes of Heaven—that there he planted his expectations of Life Everlasting! He was an humble child of God, and a Christian! In that fact there is comfort, joy, strong consolation! When father, or mother, or child, or brother, or friend passes from earth, let me know they are in Heaven, and among the blood-bought and ransomed, and I cannot unduly grieve! Who would call them back from their rapt scenes of angelic joy, and again attach the chains of sense, and affix the stains of sin to their freed and pure spirits? Earth is fleeting and mingled are its scenes—its joys are at best but transient! there is no treasure worth securing, save that which is laid up in Heaven! Moral victories are alone worthy the effort, and the energy of the deathless spirit of man!

“Man knoweth not his time and the sons of men are snared in an evil when it cometh suddenly upon them!” This is Truth, and it teaches us that evil oftentimes comes upon us in an hour when we least expect its approach! The future is all before us, and we must meet it; but its scenes are with the Deity—an impenetrable veil covers it from your vision and mine—we tread at best but a darkened path, and know not our time of trial! It may occur in our happiest hours, and amid scenes of gushing joy; the cloud may gather and loom up, and burst within an hour! What reverses have been witnessed in this changing world between the rising of the sun and the lengthening of its shadows! What, as in the present instance between the going down of that orb of light and the breaking of the day! Death often steals on dying men unheralded—no note of warning precedes his approach! Some whilst pressed with care, engrossed with business, and all unprepared, are hurried away—others engaged in the pursuit of pleasure, and with no sense of danger, suddenly feel his touch, stilling the pulsations of life, and bidding them up to the Judgment! Some in life’s morning and the hey-day of their being, as they fondly fancy, with the world all before them! Others with hoary locks, and shortened steps! some prepared with armor on—with loins girt about, and their lamps trimmed and burning! Others amid their course of folly

--the love of sin unslain, and depravity burning its deep and corroding brand within the soul! Ah! it is the suddenness of scenes like these—it is their unexpectedness to the individual, which makes them so awful and fearful! Prepared for death—girded for the judgment, and clad in those robes of righteousness, which alone can bear its living light; a sudden death is not to be deprecated—with the love of God within the soul, and the living everlasting Saviour at hand, a solitary death is not to be deplored! But unprovisioned for eternity how fearful! unprepared for the solemn interview with God, which must then ensue, how tremendously awful is a sudden death! Who would appear before his Maker with the love of sin uppermost in his soul—who would thus appear, even united to Christ, with the world clustering around, and clasping the affections of the heart? Not so! Oh, not so, would he that is wise die! How lightly, friends, should we esteem the thing of time, and what priceless value should we attach to the interests of the deathless soul! And yet poor man, in his blindness and sin, reverses all this! God stoops, and invites us to his arms, and to his heavenly home, but too many busied with the vanities of earth, and eager in its pursuits, slight those rich treasures and everlasting joys—turn away from these offers of life, and seek an heritage for time!

Other thoughts, friends, crowd upon me, but I must hasten! I trust you see and feel the teachings of the text, enforced as they are by the fearful incident which convened us together. We are but pilgrims on the shores of time! Sojourners on the earth as were our fathers! Here we have no abiding place—passengers at the best, we walk in darkness, under perils and in great suspense—the future is all hidden—we know not what a day may bring forth! Do you esteem the picture dark and gloomy? and ask what can be done? I answer, trust in the Lord and do good! thus may you fill up your lives with acts of usefulness, and deck them with deeds of Christian honor! Thus passing away, piety shall give you the tribute of tears; and the bosom of virtue shall send forth sighs at your decease! Do you still ask, as to what can be done? I answer, make Jehovah God in Christ your refuge, and trust, and then it shall be well with you, well with your soul! “He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.” It is your privilege so to live, and so to bind the hopes of the gospel of Jesus Christ to the heart, that you may dread the grave as little as your bed! Here is the Bible of God—the great moral light which teaches Jehovah’s will—presents the provisions of His mercy; with its truths received—with its remedies embraced—with its Saviour believed in, and trusted on, you have a stay which shall avail amid the conflicts of time—more! it shall cheer you as you go down under the power of Death’s arm—light-

ing up the grave and dispelling forever all its fearful shadows! Earth is changing! but Heaven is stable and sure! Fix your affections there! and now from that solitary place in the wilderness where my Brother breathed out his life, and passed from earth: aye from that bier on which now lie his mortal remains, there cometh a voice addressed to you, to me, to all present—and yet it singles us out and addresses us each, and its language is, “Be ye also ready for the coming of the Son of man! prepare to meet God!” Obey this voice, and your death scene shall be peaceful as are angelic slumbers, and your eternity shall be passing happy, and supremely blissful as of the riches of Jehovah’s grace! Thus prepared and panoplied, when you come to walk through the valley of the shadow of death you shall have the rod and the staff, the presence of Him, who is the Resurrection and the Life.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

MEETING AT ASHEVILLE.

From the Asheville News, July 16.

It having been announced in Asheville, on Wednesday morning, 8th July, instant, that the dead body of Professor Elisha Mitchell, of Chapel Hill, had been discovered in the vicinity of the Black Mountain; pursuant to a short notice, a large meeting of the citizens of Buncombe county and many others from a distance, met in the Court House at 5 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, when, on motion of Z. B. Vance, Esq., Rev. Jarvis Buxton was appointed Chairman of the meeting.

Mr. Buxton, on taking the chair, made some feeling and appropriate remarks, explanatory of the object of the meeting, and upon the services and character of Professor Mitchell in his relations to the University, also as a man in his social and domestic relations, and as a christian gentleman. He said he knew the deceased well, having been a member of his household while a student at College, and that to know him was to love him.

On motion, John D. Hyman was appointed Secretary of the meeting.

W. M. Shipp, Esq., after prefacing with a few remarks, in which he bore testimony to the exalted character of Dr. Mitchell, and his eminent services in his devotion to Science and Education, offered the following resolutions, expressing a desire that they would be adopted:

1. *Resolved*, That we have heard, with the most profound regret, the announcement which has just been made, of the sad and melancholy death of the Rev. Dr. Mitchell, of the University of this State.

2. *Resolved*, That in the death of Dr. Mitchell, the University has lost one of its most tried friends; the Faculty one of its most zealous votaries; and the church of God one of its most faithful ministers.

3. *Resolved*, That in the opinion of this meeting, it would be highly appropriate—should it meet the approbation of his family—that the remains of the deceased be deposited upon some eligible point of the Black Mountain; a place with which his name has been connected for many years, as the first to call public attention to its superiority in height to any point in the United States, East of the Rocky Mountains.

4. *Resolved*, That, in our opinion, no more suitable testimonial of respect to the memory of the deceased could be given, than the erection of

an appropriate monument upon the mountain, with which his name and sad fate are so intimately associated; and, to carry out this purpose, we ask the assistance of all good citizens of the State and the friends of education and science generally.

5. *Resolved*, That to the family of the deceased we extend our heartfelt condolence, and the Chairman of this meeting appoint a committee of three persons to convey to them a copy of these resolutions, and express our sympathy in their bereavement.

6. *Resolved*, That a copy of these proceedings be forwarded to the President of the University, with a request that he convey to the Faculty and Students our deep sympathy in the great loss they have sustained in the death of their oldest member and most experienced instructor.

7. *Resolved*, That the Chairman appoint a committee of six to take such steps as they may think advisable to carry out the object of the 4th resolution.

8. *Resolved*, That a copy of these proceedings be published in the Asheville papers, and that the papers of the State generally be requested to copy.

Hon. Thos. L. Clingman said he approved of the resolutions and hoped they would be adopted. He added his testimony to the eminent services of Professor Mitchell in his explorations of this section of the State, both in regard to its topography and geology.

Rev. Dr. Chapman made some eloquent and touching remarks in relation to the sad calamity that had called the meeting together.

Z. B. Vance, Esq., being called upon, narrated the circumstances, as far as they had been ascertained, that attended the death of Professor Mitchell. He also said that great credit was due to a large number of gentlemen, principally persons residing in the vicinity of the Black Mountain, for their untiring exertions to recover the body of the deceased.

On motion the resolutions were unanimously adopted.

In accordance with the 5th resolution, the Chairman appointed the following gentlemen as the committee: Rev. Dr. Chapman, Wm. M. Shipp and James W. Patton, Esq's. On motion, the name of the Chairman was added to the list.

In pursuance of the 7th resolution, the Chairman appointed the following committee: Messrs. A. S. Merrimon, David Coleman, Z. B. Vance, John A. Dickson, W. M. Shipp, and James A. Patton.

On motion of A. S. Merrimon, Esq., the Chairman appointed twenty persons to superintend the conveying of the body of the deceased to its place of burial. The following persons were appointed: Z. B. Vance, A. S. Merrimon, J. A. Patton, R.M. Henry, Thadaeus Coleman, G. W. Whitson,

James Gaines, D. F. Summey, A. Burgin, W. M. Hardy, W. A. Patton, J. E. Patton, J. D. Hyman, S. C. Bryson, W. Morrison, T. A. Corpening, and T. B. Boyd.

On motion the meeting adjourned.

JARVIS BUXTON, Chairman.

JOHN D. HYMAN, Secretary.

MEETING AT CHAPEL HILL.

From the Chapel Hill Gazette, July 13.

Upon Friday the 10th instant very painful rumors of the sudden death of the Rev. Dr. Mitchell, on Black Mountain, reached Chapel Hill. On Saturday these rumors received some confirmation, and upon Sunday evening all doubt was removed by intelligence that his body had been found floating in the Cat-tail Fork of Caney River, in the county of Yancey, at a point where the water was about twelve feet in depth; circumstances rendering it very probable that he had fallen some forty feet, from a precipice overhanging the river. His hand still clasped a broken branch of Laurel.

Dr. Mitchell had been busily engaged for several days in making Barometrical and Trigonometrical observations upon Black Mountain. On Saturday, the 27th of June, he had nearly completed these labors. During that day he separated from his son in order to visit Caney River Settlement, making an appointment to meet him the next Monday at the Mountain House. He was not seen again, and it was only after several day's search by many citizens in that vicinity, carried on with ardor and sympathy which do them great honor, that his body was found on Tuesday evening, the 7th of July, as is above described. It is understood that he was interred at Asheville on the 10th instant.

Upon receiving the above intelligence, the citizens held a full and solemn town-meeting in the University Chapel. On motion of David L. Swain, Edward Mallett, Magistrate of Police, was called to the Chair, and Jones Watson, Esq., was appointed Secretary.

The Chairman announced that in anticipation of such a meeting, he had appointed the Rev. Dr. Hawks, who providentially was with us upon this occasion, together with Samuel F. Phillips Esq., a Committee to prepare resolutions for the consideration of the meeting.

Dr. Hawks then arose, and gracefully alluding to his own deep interest in the community amidst which he had received his early education, continued in a few eloquent and touching observations upon the occasion

which had called forth this display of feeling, and then submitted the following preamble and resolutions:—

“WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father, in His wise Providence, to take unto Himself the Rev. Elisha Mitchell, late Professor of Chemistry and Geology in the University of North Carolina; we the inhabitants of Chapel Hill, convened in town meeting, for the purpose of testifying our respect for the memory of a good man, who has gone to his reward,—leaving it to his associates to render their appropriate tribute to his well known scientific character, desire to speak as his fellow citizens, and bearing our willing testimony to his worth as a man, have

Resolved, That in the death of Dr. Mitchell, our whole community has sustained a loss not easily repaired, in the removal of one who, resident in this village for forty years, has, during that period, fulfilled all the duties of an enlightened, public-spirited citizen, with the most exemplary propriety, illustrating in his daily walk and conversation the christian principle by which his life was regulated.

Resolved, That in no one particular has his example been more striking than in his universal kindness to the poor and suffering. Ever ready to help his fellow creatures, and mindful that his Master went about doing good, while he ministered to the spiritual wants of the blind and erring, he was no less prompt in alleviating bodily misery: and the poor of Chapel Hill and its vicinity, who have been partakers of his silent and unostentatious benevolence, will especially have cause long to treasure up the memory of their departed friend and benefactor.

Resolved, That our whole community, of all classes, gratefully recognizing the worth of an eminently good man now removed from among us, and submitting, in humble faith to the dispensation of the Gracious God who has seen fit thus to visit us with sorrow; do tender our Christian sympathy and love to the bereaved family of our departed friend; and mingling our smaller sorrow with their more grievous and heavy affliction, do commend them in our prayers to the merciful goodness of that everlasting God whose chastenings to his children are but proofs of his affection.

Resolved, That the individuals composing this meeting will, as a mark of respect for the memory of Dr. Mitchell, wear the usual badge of mourning, on the left arm, for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, duly certified by the officers of this meeting, be communicated to the family of Dr. Mitchell.

These were seconded by President Swain who dwelt in terms of strong eulogy upon the long public services of the deceased, lamenting over a loss which to himself, he added, was irreparable.

Other remarks, appropriate to the occasion, were made by Messrs. S. F.

Phillips, Sidney Smith, Charles Phillips and Jones Watson. Thereupon the Resolutions were passed unanimously.

Upon motion of S. F. Phillips, the persons present went in procession to the residence of Dr. Mitchell, in order to present in person to his family, the resolutions that had been adopted. This having been done, the meeting adjourned.

All the stores and other places of business of our town were closed and all business suspended, during the meeting.

MEETING AT FAYETTEVILLE.

From the Argus, July 18.

DEATH OF PROF. MITCHELL.

THIS great man is no more. By his death the cause of science has sustained an irreparable loss—Chapel Hill one of its strong pillars—and North Carolina one of her noblest sons.

As will be seen below, he came to his death among those mountains which had so long been the subject of his investigation—a martyr to science.

Prof. Mitchell has occupied the position of Professor in our University for thirty years or more, and has during that period, established his reputation as one of the very first scholars in the country.

We learn from the *Standard* that a peak of the Black Mountain has been selected for the burial of Dr. Mitchell. This we are rejoiced to know. No place could be more fitting for the last resting place of the illustrious dead, than those grand and magnificent Mountains that were so long the object of his study. No more suitable monument could be reared to his memory which must endure as long as Mountains stand.

We append the following Resolutions which were passed in this town, by the resident graduates of the University of North Carolina.

A meeting of graduates of the University of North Carolina residing in and near Fayetteville was held on Tuesday, July 14, 1857, W. J. Anderson, Esq., presiding, and Mr. Geo. H. Haigh acting as Secretary.

The Chairman having announced the melancholy intelligence on account of which they had been called together,

Messrs. W. B. Wright, John Winslow, W. A. Huske, W. H. Haigh, J. C. Huske, R. P. Buxton, P. M. Hale, R. H. Sandford, and B. Fuller, representing different classes, were appointed a Committee to prepare resolutions suitable for the occasion.

WHEREAS, Almighty God, by a painful and most melancholy act of his

Providence, has brought to a sudden and sad end the life of our former respected preceptor and friend, the Rev. Dr. Elisha Mitchell, Professor in the University of N. C. :

Therefore, *Resolved*, That we have received intelligence of this most mournful event with feelings of pain and unmingled sadness.

Resolved, That as in his life we have have been made debtors to him by his faithful instructions and by his unwearied devotion to our best interests, so now in his death we cherish his memory in our hearts.

Resolved, That the Rev. Dr. Elisha Mitchell, by his great and varied learning, by his indefatigable zeal in the pursuit of knowledge, his spirit of invincible perseverance in whatever he deemed to be right, by his devotion to the duties of his profession, whether as a teacher of science or as a teacher of the religion of the Gospel, by his devotion to the interests of his pupils, to the interests of the University of which he was so distinguished a Professor, and by his devotion to the interests of the State at large, and in a word, by a long, honorable, and useful life of incorruptible integrity and fidelity to duty, has made himself to be an ornament and an example to his profession and to his fellow men in general.

Resolved, That in view of the eminent services which he has rendered the State, *directly*, by the prompt and faithful discharge of particular duties assigned him, and less directly, but not less effectively by his devotion to the cause of education, the deceased has entitled himself to a public testimonial of respect to his memory ; and we hereby pledge ourselves to assist in any measure tending to that end.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, with an expression of our sincerest sympathy and condolence ; and also, that a copy be sent to his brethren of the Faculty, and to each of the Literary Societies at Chapel Hill, with the request that they be filed in their archives.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

W. J. ANDERSON, Chairman.

GEORGE H. HAIGH, Secretary.

MEETING AT GREENSBORO'.

From the Times, August 23.

A MEETING of former pupils and friends of Dr. Mitchell, resident in Greensboro and vicinity, was held in the Court House on Monday evening last, for the purpose of giving public expression to their feelings of grief and sympathy, excited by the painful intelligence of his death.

Hon. James T. Morehead was called to the Chair on motion of John H. Coble, and on motion of R. M. Sloan, Jr., Charles E. Shober, Esq., was appointed Secretary.

On taking the chair, Mr. Morehead addressed the meeting appropriately and feelingly upon the mournful subject which had called it together. He was a student at the University when Dr. Mitchell first became connected with it, and had known him intimately ever since. He was therefore well qualified by length of acquaintance to speak of him.

On motion of Rev. C. H. Wiley, the chairman appointed a committee, consisting of Ralph Gorrell, Esq., R. P. Dick, Esq., Jesse H. Lindsay, Sr., W. L. Scott, Esq., J. A. Long, Esq., and Rev. C. H. Wiley, to prepare resolutions expressive of the sentiments of the meeting. The committee retired, and after a brief absence, reported through their chairman Rev. C. H. Wiley, the following Preamble and Resolutions:

WHEREAS, we have heard of the recent death of the Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D. D., late Professor in the University of our State, under circumstances peculiarly sad and startling, and well calculated to excite the tenderest interest and sympathy on the part of every lover of science, therefore,

Resolved, That we have received the tidings of this melancholy event with emotions of profound sorrow, cherishing as we do a lively recollection of the many amiable qualities, of the great and varied acquirements, and of the long, laborious and useful services of our lamented friend and instructor.

Resolved, That we regard the death of Prof. Mitchell as a public calamity, long identified as he has been with the progress of science and scientific improvements in North Carolina, devoted to her interests and her honor, and for many years an invaluable member of the Faculty of her University, which is greatly indebted to his zeal, his learning and his industry for its eminent success and illustrious character.

Resolved, That we cordially respond to the suggestion that some fitting and lasting monument to the memory and character of the deceased should be erected among those stupendous scenes amid which he fell a Martyr to the cause of Science, and that, to this end, we will contribute of our means and influence.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased with the expression of our sincerest condolence and sympathy, and that copies also be sent to the Faculty of the University and to each of the Literary Societies, with a request that they be entered on the *records* of the University and filed in the archives of the Societies.

Mr. Wiley accompanied the report of the resolutions with a few remarks mainly explanatory of the manner of Dr. Mitchell's death as he

had received it from a resident of the region of country where the painful casualty occurred, and then the resolutions were unanimously adopted.

On motion of Julius Gorrell, Esq., the newspapers of the town were requested to publish the proceedings of the meeting, and then, on motion, it was adjourned.

JAMES T. MOREHEAD, Chairman.

CHARLES H. SHOBER, Secretary.

MEETING AT WILMINGTON.

From the Wilmington Herald, August 5.

ACCORDING to previous notice, a meeting of the Trustees, former Students, and Alumni of the University of North Carolina was held in the Court House in the town of Wilmington on the 29th of July, 1857.

On motion Dr. Thomas H. Wright was called to the chair, and John D. Taylor requested to act as Secretary.

The object of the meeting was explained in a few feeling and appropriate remarks by George Davis, Esq., who also moved the appointment of three to draw up suitable resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting. Whereupon George Davis, Esq., Rev. Dr. C. F. Deems and Eli W. Hall, Esq., were appointed by the Chair.

The Committee through their chairman, Dr. Deems, submitted the following resolutions which were unanimously adopted.

WHEREAS, the whole State of North Carolina has recently been called to mourn the sudden and violent close of the life of Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D. D., Senior Professor in the University, and whereas no other section of the State can furnish a larger proportionate number of those who have enjoyed the acquaintance of the eminent deceased, therefore

Resolved, That the Trustees and former Students and Alumni of the University of North Carolina, and the friends of science and of the late Prof. Mitchell, assembled in Wilmington, do sincerely sympathise with the general grief which his death has spread over the country; that his great abilities, vast acquirements, and indomitable industry, while they combined to present in him a model to the young men of the land, did much towards the elevation of the University of our State to that lofty position which it maintains among the very first institutions of learning in America: that his contributions to general science have given him a respectable place among the most learned, and his special devotion to the development of all the physical resources of North Carolina has laid the State under obligations which the gratitude of many a generation will scarcely avail to cancel.

Resolved, That we will unite in whatever plan the authorities of the University may adopt to perpetuate the excellent memory of him whose devotion to the interests of the Institution through more than the ordinary time of a generation has entitled his name to be held in reverential remembrance.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of the late Dr. Mitchell, with the expression of the most sincere and tender sympathy of this assembly.

Resolved, That a copy of these proceedings be furnished to the President and Faculty of the University of North Carolina, and our condolence with them at the great social and official breach made in their ranks by the recent dispensation of Divine Providence.

Resolved, That these proceedings be published in all the papers in Wilmington.

Dr. Deems, after offering the resolutions, paid an eloquent and touching tribute to the memory of Dr. Mitchell, testifying from his intimate association with him as a colleague, friend, and neighbor, to his many generous traits of character and kindness and benevolence of heart.

On motion of James C. Smith, Esq., the meeting then adjourned.

THOMAS H. WRIGHT, Chairman.

JOHN D. TAYLOR, Secretary.

TESTIMONIALS OF RESPECT.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE UNIVERSITY.

RALEIGH, July 4, 1857.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Trustees of the University, at the Executive office in this City on the 4th inst., the following proceedings were had:—

His Excellency Governor Bragg having officially communicated intelligence of the recent, sudden, and melancholy death of the Rev'd Dr. Elisha Mitchell, late Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology in the University, the Executive Committee, in view of his character as a Christian gentleman; of his arduous, long continued and inestimable services in the Academic corps, and his distinguished position for the last forty years as a member of the Faculty, in the administration of the affairs of the College; in view of his eminent attainments in literature and science: his ardent patriotism and public services; consider the present a fit occasion to express their unanimous sentiment of true condolence and sympathy with the widow and family of the deceased, with the officers and members of the College, and the people of the whole State, at the sad and overwhelming bereavement which we have all sustained; and in the name and on behalf of the whole body of the Trustees of the University, this Committee will cordially unite with other associations and individuals in paying enduring honor to his memory.

Resolved, That the half year's salary of the professor, for the residue of the present fiscal year, be paid by the acting Bursar of the College to the widow of the deceased, and that her family be permitted (if she so desires it) to continue the occupation of her present residence until the close of this year.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing proceedings be placed in the hands of the widow of the deceased.

In consideration of the vacancy occurring by the death of Dr. Mitchell, in the Professorship of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology, and the Bursar's Bureau at the beginning of the session just commencing:

Resolved, That to enable the Board of Trustees to fill these places permanently, with judgment and discretion, the President of the University, Gov. Swain, be authorized and requested, with the concurrence of the Faculty to distribute the various duties of these several offices among such

members of the Faculty as may be willing to undertake them, and, if necessary, to appoint one or more tutors. That such temporary arrangements shall be in force for and during the present session only; or, for such shorter period as the Board of Trustees or this Committee shall hereafter determine.

Test :

CHAS. MANLY, Sec'y.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE FACULTY.

CHAPEL HILL, July 17, 1857.

At the first regular meeting of the Faculty of the University, after a solemn prayer to Almighty God, the following paper was unanimously adopted.

WHEREAS, since the last meeting of the Faculty of the University, an All-Wise God has been pleased, by a dispensation the more distressing because unexpected, to take unto Himself the oldest member of our Body, the Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D. D., Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology:—bowing in humble submission to this sad bereavement, We, the Faculty of the University, desiring to bear our testimony to the worth of our departed companion and friend, and enduringly to record our tribute to his memory, have unanimously adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That in the lamented death of our late associate we feel that the Institution to which we belong has lost one of the most valuable officers she ever possessed; and that in the devotion of forty years to her service his zeal never slackened, his diligence never relaxed, his faithfulness never slumbered; but during all that long period, ripening constantly in experience, he consecrated his best faculties and varied attainments to the advancement of the usefulness and honor of the Institution of which he was so distinguished an ornament

Resolved, That we cannot but feel also the loss that Science has sustained in the removal of our departed friend. Pursuing it in various departments and not unsuccessful in any that he attempted, the rich and varied stores of his well cultivated mind gave to him, deservedly, a celebrity that, reaching beyond the limits of this his immediate sphere of action, secured to his name and opinions a weight of authority that was felt and acknowledged by the scientific throughout our land; and in the midst of our regrets it affords us a melancholy satisfaction to reflect that he met his death in the cause of Science, and thus, in appropriate keeping with the duties of his life has, in his death, added his name to the list of her honored martyrs.

Resolved, That our loss is in our view more sorrowful still when we think of him as the christian gentleman, whose heart overflowing with the tenderest sympathies of humanity, made him the ever beneficent friend of the poor and wretched ; as the minister of our Holy Faith, dispensing the precious truths of eternal life to the sinful and wayward ; as the watchful friend and faithful guardian of the young, by whom he was surrounded, ever ready to speak to them in gentleness and love, the wise words of warning and counsel ; as the intimate companion and associate of ourselves, whose presence brought experience to our deliberations, and the cheerful playfulness of innocent mirth to our social intercourse.

Resolved, That this our faint tribute to the worth of Dr. Mitchell be recorded on our Minutes and that a copy thereof be communicated to the family by the Secretary ; accompanied with the assurance of the deep condolence and the heart-felt sympathy of every member of the Faculty.

Resolved, That the Rev. Dr. Phillips be requested to deliver in the Chapel of the University, on Sunday next, an appropriate Funeral discourse and that the President of the University himself be respectfully desired to prepare and pronounce before the University an Eulogy on our deceased brother, at such time as may suit his convenience.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE STUDENTS.

CHAPEL HILL, July 22, 1857.

At a Meeting of the Students held in Girard Hall, the following resolutions were adopted in memory of the Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D. D., Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology.

WHEREAS, The All-wise God as part of his inscrutable dealings with men has seen fit to call our beloved and honored preceptor, Dr. Mitchell, from a life of labor and usefulness ;

Resolved, That we do sincerely lament his decease, and tender our sympathies to his afflicted family.

Resolved, That in the death of Dr. Mitchell, the University has sustained a loss scarcely to be repaired ; that we the students miss a true friend, Science an active, able and learned follower ; and Religion a sincere and zealous advocate.

Resolved That his habits of laborious and patient research rendered him a model for every aspirant for honorable distinction ; that his great proficiency in the departments of which he had charge, admirably fitted him for his office as a teacher ; that his intellect, naturally acute and comprehensive, and by many years of reading and reflection the repository of al-

most every kind of useful or recondite knowledge, rendered him eminently an honor to this Institution and to the State; that his high toned principles commanded universal respect, and the kindness of his heart made him near to all who knew him.

Resolved, That in token of our high esteem for his memory, we will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

MEETING OF THE DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

DIALECTIC HALL, July 24, 1857.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, by a most sudden blow to remove from the midst of our community the Rev. Dr. Elisha Mitchell; the Dialectic Society, acknowledges that the intimacy of his personal and official relations with all of its sitting members demands that it depart from the custom which renders such obituary tributes as this appropriate only to those who have been members of its particular organization; the more especially as Dr. Mitchell was eminent among the lovers of Virtue and Science;

Resolved, That this catastrophe, which has caused a shock through all the domain of letters, occasioned a loss to this University, so great and peculiar as to call for the deepest sorrow on the part of all who have any connection therewith.

Resolved, That although none of us had been privileged to follow our late revered Professor along those paths of study which were specially his own, yet we desire to say that we make it matter of honest pride that we were Students of the University during his era; that we can recall in after life many circumstances of profit and pleasure in our intercourse with him; and record here our obligations to him for that high example that the much absorbed and universal student need not, amidst such pursuits, divest himself of those homely yet noble qualities which make the benevolent and public spirited citizen, the courageous magistrate, and the humble and sincere christian—that the youth not only of the State, but of the country, will in years long yet to come, remember him as one who guided the footsteps of their fathers amid many rugged paths in the search of knowledge and truth, and even by them will his name be recorded with those great benefactors of his race.

Resolved, That upon the loss of this their distinguished member, we tender our condolence to our brethren of the Philanthropic Society, and pledge ourselves to co-operate with them in such manner for erecting a permanent memorial of our respect and gratitude as may be deemed suitable.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be filed in the Archives of our Body and that one be sent to the bereaved family of the deceased as the last sad tribute of our respect to his memory.

Resolved, That we also wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

J. G. McNAB,	}	COM.
J. G. MOREHEAD, JR.,		
F. D. STOCKTON.		

MEETING OF THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.

PHILANTHROPIC HALL, July 26, 1857.

THE members of the Philanthropic Society having learned the sudden and melancholy death of the Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D. D., the Senior Professor in our University; to express the feelings which the sad event has inspired us with, have

Resolved, That in the death of Dr. Mitchell our University and the cause of learning in our Country have suffered a great and irreparable loss; that we, his pupils, are bereft of a most able, skillful and learned instructor, and have been separated forever from a man whom we admired and a friend whom we loved, whose many kind offices and wise counsels we shall sadly miss.

Resolved, That we offer our sincere and earnest sympathies in this affliction to the family of our deceased friend, and to the Faculty of the University which he served and honored so long.

Resolved, That our Society, of which he was a member and whose interest he always gladly served, has lost a warm and zealous patron and friend; and that our members wear the badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That the Committee present copies of these resolutions to the family of Dr. Mitchell, and to the Faculty of the University.

W. S. HUMPHRIES,	}	COM.
ADDISON HARVEY,		
S. D. GOZA,		
E. S. J. BELL.		

MEETING OF THE TRUSTEES OF DAVIDSON COLLEGE.

DAVIDSON COLLEGE, July 16, 1857.

On motion of Rev. Dr. Lacy,

Resolved, That a Committee consisting of C. L. Hunter, M. D., Rev. W. W. Pharr and Edwin R. Harris, Esq., be appointed to prepare resolu-

tions expressing the views of the Board, in relation to the sudden and melancholy end, of the late Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D. D., Professor in the University of North Carolina.

The following Preamble and Resolutions were offered and unanimously adopted :

WHEREAS, The Board of Trustees of Davidson College has just learned of the death of a venerable and learned Professor of the University of North Carolina, the Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D. D., who fell as a martyr to Science, and whereas his name is intimately connected with the building up and dissemination of sound learning in this State :

Therefore, *Resolved*, That we deeply deplore the great loss sustained by the State at large, by the Church of Christ, of which he was an active and a useful member, and by the Institution of which he was a distinguished and prominent Professor.

Resolved, That it becomes us, as a body of Christian men, to bow with reverence and humility, to this dark, melancholy and inscrutable dispensation of Providence, thus impressively reminding us that "in the midst of life we are in death."

Resolved, That we cordially extend to the family and relatives of the deceased our sincere condolence, and heart-felt sympathy in this their sudden and afflictive bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing Preamble and Resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased, to the President and Faculty of the University, and to the Raleigh papers, with the request that the same be published.

C. L. HUNTER, W. W. PHARR, EDWIN R. HARRIS.	}	COM.
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MEETING OF THE FACULTY OF DAVIDSON COLLEGE.

DAVIDSON COLLEGE, July 18, 1857.

At a meeting of the Faculty of Davidson College held on the 18th day of July 1857, the following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted, viz :—

Whereas the painful rumors which reached us a few days ago of the sudden and melancholy death of a distinguished Professor of our State University has been surely confirmed, we cannot refrain from some expression of the thoughts and feelings so naturally prompted by the sad news.

We regard the death of the Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D. D., as a public calamity, which must fill all who knew his eminent worth with the profoundest grief. Not only the University, but the State, has suffered an irreparable loss in being thus suddenly deprived of the invaluable services of one of her most laborious, ardent and successful instructors of youth. And we have abundant reason to know that there are those among the best and ablest in nearly every State of the Union who have carried with them from the University the impression of his high and generous character as a christian gentleman and scholar, who will mourn his death as a personal bereavement. The church also, in this general grief, sorrows most of all, because she has lost, in this distinguished philosopher an eminent christian minister and a noble exemplar of the high and essential harmony of Science and Religion. Through the whole of a long life he was an assiduous and enthusiastic devotee of Science; and to us there is something of a melancholy, poetic grandeur and greatness in the place and manner of his death—whereby Science in burying one of her worthiest sons has hallowed a new Pisgah, which future generations shall know and mark.

His career on earth is closed; and this mournful dispensation of Divine Providence brings forcibly to the mind of us all the solemn admonition of our Lord, “Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh.”

Resolved, That we deeply sympathies with the Faculty of the University, of which he was the oldest member, and has been so long an ornament and pillar, in the great loss they have sustained in this sudden and mournful visitation.

Resolved, That a copy of this paper be sent to the family of Dr. Mitchell, not only to convey to them the expression of our sincere sympathy and condolence, but to remind them that though he, their stay and guide and light, is taken away from them and us, all is not taken; that there is still left to them an imperishable heritage in the good fame and the wide and distinguished usefulness of this eminent servant of the Church and of the country.

By order of the Faculty.

C. D. FISIBURN, *Clerk*.

MEETING OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF CHAPEL HILL.

CHAPEL HILL, July 13, 1857.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Our Heavenly Father in whose hands alone are the issues of life and death, to call from among us our venerable and

much beloved fellow member, the Rev. Elisha Mitchell; Therefore,

Resolved, That we have received with feelings of the deepest sorrow, the intelligence of his sad and melancholy fate.

Resolved, That while we bow with humble submission to the decree of the Supreme Governor of all things, we shall ever cherish in our hearts, the sentiments of esteem and friendship, with which his life and character have impressed us.

Resolved, That in his death the Commissioners and community of Chapel Hill have sustained an irreparable loss.

Resolved, That we most sincerely sympathise with his bereaved family in their trouble and distress.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the journals of the Village, that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased also to the Chapel Hill Gazette with request for publication.

E. MALLET, *Magistrate Police.*

P. H. McDADE,	} COMMISSIONERS.
H. B. GUTHRIE,	
J. H. WATSON,	
C. SCOTT.	

MINUTE OF PRESBYTERY.

MINUTE adopted by the Presbytery of Orange at its session in Lexington, N. C., October 20th 1857.

“Inasmuch as it has pleased God to remove from us so suddenly, by a mysterious providence, our beloved brother, Elisha Mitchell—for nearly forty years a Professor in the University of North Carolina, having successively filled the Chairs of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, and of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology—it becomes us, while we deplore our weighty loss, to submit humbly to the stroke laid upon us. Let us, therefore, remember that we are now taught in this Providence that the time is short, and that no loveliness, nor usefulness, nor learning can exempt us from the solemn call that soon awaits each of us.

We recommend that a copy of this minute be sent to the family of the deceased brother with the hearty sympathy of this Presbytery.

WM. N. MEBANE, *Ch'n. Com.*

MINUTE OF SYNOD.

THE Committee appointed by the Synod of the Presbyterian Church in North Carolina, at its meeting in 1857, reported the following minute to the meeting in 1858.

“The Synod of North Carolina records with heart-felt sorrow the loss of one of its oldest members by the death of the Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D. D., Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology, in the University of North Carolina. Late in 1817, Dr. Mitchell was licensed to preach the everlasting Gospel by a Congregational Association of orthodox faith in Connecticut. He was ordained to the full work of the Gospel ministry by the Presbytery of Orange. His first sermon was preached in the Chapel of the University not long after his licensure, and his last in the Presbyterian Church in Salisbury, a short time before he perished. So his ministerial service of nearly forty years was rendered altogether while in communion with this body. He was probably the most learned man that ever lived in this State. He was a skillful and conscientious Professor, and as such was constantly engaged in preparing for their various walks in life the youth of the land. He was a well-grounded believer in Revelation, and no common expounder of its doctrines in matters of Natural Science, as well as in those of Religion. The Synod gladly recognizes the healthful influence of his teachings upon the many generations of his pupils, in that he always led them, by precept and by example, to look for the Lawgiver of nature as well as for its laws. He also preached regularly to them the great doctrines of moral depravity, the necessity of an atonement by a Divine Redeemer, of regeneration and sanctification by the Holy Ghost, and of faith and repentance by each individual of the one race of Adam. By the will of God, he served his generation faithfully in his day, and he was cut off while surrounded with unfinished plans of usefulness. This death calls upon the Synod to lament that Science has lost a learned, patient, and devout investigator—that Education must miss an honest and accomplished guide, and that Religion needs another faithful watchman upon the walls of Zion. The Synod also mourns for itself, the absence of one who was to many of its members a revered preceptor, and to all a sincere friend, and a worthy co-laborer in the harvest of God.

In view of this solemn event the Synod resolves,

That while it thanks the great Head of the Church for its long and fraternal intercourse with Dr. Mitchell, and for the example of untiring industry, unflinching liberality, unceasing acquisition, fearless conscientiousness, and consistent piety afforded by his life, its surviving members will so improve his sudden and unexpected death in the midst of his un-

dertakings, that, when their work here is done, they too may leave behind the savor of a life spent in the fear of God and the love of man.

That the Stated Clerk of the Synod send a copy of this minute to the family of Dr. Mitchell as a mark of respect and sympathy from his brethren in Christ the Lord."

DRURY LACY, *Ch'n. Com.*

THE RE-INTERMENT.

PROPOSED MONUMENT.

TO THE PEOPLE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

From the Asheville Spectator.

THE sad fate of the late Professor Mitchell of the University of North Carolina is well known to all. He perished in one of the wild gorges of the Black Mountain, during a laborious investigation which he had undertaken relative to the highest of the different peaks. Upon receiving this melancholy intelligence, a large number of the citizens of Buncombe and adjoining counties assembled in the Court House at Asheville to give some public expression of their feelings in regard thereto, when among others the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That, in our opinion, no more suitable testimonial of respect to the memory of the deceased could be given, than the erection of an appropriate Monument upon the mountain, with which his name and sad fate are so intimately associated; and to carry out this purpose, we ask the assistance of all good citizens of the State and the friends of education and science generally.

In pursuance of the object herein expressed the undersigned were appointed a committee to solicit aid from the citizens of North Carolina, and the former pupils and friends of the deceased everywhere. The family of Dr. Mitchell have given their consent to have his remains removed from Asheville and deposited on the highest peak of the Black Mountain, and as soon as the arrangements are all made this will be done. Abundance of granite, capable of being worked, is to be found on the very spot where we propose to erect this monument, and it is thought that \$5,000 will be amply sufficient to accomplish what we desire.

In view of the fact, that he was the first to visit these mountains and to make known their superior height to any east of the Rocky Mountains, and that he spent a great portion of his time, and finally lost his life in exploring them, we think it will be admitted that no more fitting testimony of esteem could be offered his memory, and no more fitting spot found whereon to erect it. The noble mountains themselves will stand his most worthy and enduring monument, but the State of North Carolina certainly owes him something, who has so long devoted his best energies to the instruction of her youth.

The committee propose by this circular simply to make known what is intended, feeling confident, that to the good people of the State and the vast number of old pupils and personal friends of the deceased, nothing more need be said. The plan of the monument will be discussed when sufficient funds are secured for its completion. They invite the co-operation of the county committees, and of single individuals throughout the State. Contributions can be transmitted to the committee or any one of them, by any means most convenient, who will deposit all such sums in the Bank of Cape Fear at this place to await the making up of the requisite amount. All papers friendly to this project are requested to copy this circular.

Z. B. VANCE,	} Com.
JAS. A. PATTON,	
JOHN A. DICKSON,	
A. S. MERRIMON,	
D. COLEMAN,	
W. M. SHIPP.	

THE RE-INTERMENT OF DR. MITCHELL'S REMAINS.

BY RICHARD H. BATTLE, ESQ.

From the Raleigh Register, July 10, 1858.

On the evening of Monday, the 14th of June, the body of Dr. Mitchell, after having rested for nearly a year in the pretty little grave-yard of the Presbyterian Church in Asheville was exhumed for re-burial on the top of the highest peak of the Black Mountain. Encased in coffins of wood and metal it was laid at the foot of a large Oak tree, preparatory to its removal the following morning. It was entrusted to the care of several energetic, able-bodied mountaineers, whose zeal in performing the laborious task assigned them is worthy of high commendation. From the dawn of day on the 15th, till a full hour after darkness had settled down on the sides of the Black, and from a very early hour till near midday on the 16th, they were at work with scarcely a minute of rest or relaxation.

From the nature of the road, by which the top of Mt. Mitchell was to be reached, it was hardly practicable that a regular procession should attend the body; but many citizens of the town and visitors from a distance—among the latter, the venerable Bishop of the diocese of Tennessee, the distinguished President of the University, and Messrs. Ashe and Mitchell, the

son-in-law and son of him we had met to honor—some in vehicles and others on horseback, left Asheville between 8 and 9 o'clock, a. m., several hours after the corpse had been taken from its former resting place. It being only twenty miles to Mr. Stepp's, a place of accommodation at the foot of the Black, we easily reached it in time to refresh ourselves with a good dinner, and a rest to prepare us for the more toilsome portion of our journey. The vehicles hitherto used being here dispensed with and bridles and saddles substituted in their place and animals being hired by those of us who had not provided ourselves upon leaving the village, the upward journey was begun about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. By a few, of preference or necessity, the ascent was made on foot; but much the greater number were mounted on surefooted horses or mules.

The winding of the road up the steep sides of the mountain, to make the climbing possible for man and beast, gave to the long line of horsemen quite a striking appearance. Those in front seemed often to be going in a direction just opposite to that of those in their rear and the line was constantly assuming the form of the letter S. It was to one at a little distance a sight strange and picturesque, viewed in connection with the surrounding beauties of mountain scenery—the majestic oaks and chestnut trees, the undergrowth of mountain laurel and ivy and the large red and yellow honey-suckles, the overhanging rocks and the little brooks, fresh from the springs a few yards higher up, that met us at every turn. At the expiration of about the fourth hour from the time of starting we had made but five miles, but half the distance from the base to the summits and reached the "Mountain House" a little before sunset. This is what may be called a *Summer Hotel* and is from its situation a somewhat singular place of entertainment, standing, as it does, on or rather *against*, the side of the mountain at a point where, in some directions the declivity is very precipitous. It was, I believe, built at the expense of a wealthy citizen of Charleston, S. C., Mr. Wm. Patton, (lately deceased), who was himself in former years an occasional tenant during the heats of Summer. The furious winds of Winter and the driving rain storms of the Spring would deter the stoutest heart from making it a permanent habitation. It is therefore left to the mercy of the elements for six or eight months of the year and was untenanted at the time of our visit.

It may not be amiss here to remark, that near the Mountain House is first observed the change in the character of the growth on the mountain that constitutes its distinguishing feature. The trees and shrubs before mentioned as overhanging the first half of our winding road, at this point, and the corresponding altitude on all sides of the Black, give place to the Balsam, which is the exclusive growth of the mountain tops. It is

the dark green of this tree as seen from a distance that has given the name of "the Black" to this mountain or rather to this *long range of peaks*. It would be too much of a digression to enumerate the many uses to which this tree, with the resin it exudes, is put by the people living about the mountain for many miles from its base.

The kind hospitality of some of the relatives of Mr. Patton, the proprietor, had procured for us the keys of the hotel, and made all our large company free to enter at pleasure every apartment from cellar to garret, and select their places for sleeping. To the same gentlemen and to Dr. Boyd of the "Eagle Hotel," Asheville, we owed the means of satisfying a craving appetite, the necessary consequence of the continuous exercise we had taken. Our numbers making sitting impracticable, we ate standing a primeval meal; using our hands and fingers as plates and forks, and I might add, *spoons*. We were glad to find in hot coffee, which we swallowed with avidity without milk or cream, an effective sedative to nerves which the cold piercing air of our great altitude was rapidly unsettling.

In the meanwhile those in charge of the body were toiling slowly upward. In many places, the oxen drawing a sled, upon which it had been placed, became useless in consequence of the muddiness or steepness of the way and for short distances the corpse was carried on the shoulders of the mountaineers. It was after nine o'clock, and many of our company had retired for the night before they arrived. One by one, tired, wet, muddy and chilled, these worthy men came in, seeking a share of the supper of which we had partaken and the pallets we had spread upon the floors. It was late before the house was quiet and even then, as thoughts of the novelty of our situation and of the mournful purpose for which we were there; besides occasional whispers from some one more awake than the rest; and the wintry state of the atmosphere—which not the blazing fires on our hearths, the thick blankets in which we were wrapped, nor the animal heat diffused from the bodies of so many room-mates could entirely dispel—all served to prevent our falling asleep for some time.

An early start, after a hasty breakfast on the remnants of the supper of the preceding evening and securing the animals turned loose to shift for themselves during the night, enabled most of us from the Buncombe side to reach the top of Mt. Mitchell before 9 o'clock. While awaiting the commencement of the ceremonies we had several hours in which to enjoy the magnificent prospect our lofty elevation afforded us. The cold mists that at first enveloped the tops of the mountain were gradually dispersed by the sun as he rose higher in the heavens, and then was revealed to us a grander scene than it had ever before been our lot to behold. The majestic heights of the peaks that with Mt. Mitchell rise from a common

base; the Blue Ridge in the distance; the deep frightful gorges on all sides below us, growing every moment more distinct as we gazed upon them and pictured to ourselves the fall and death of the old friend we were then to bury; the river winding with their silver streams in every direction from their little sources in the recesses of the mountains; the beautiful farms with their golden harvests, cultivated spots amid the boundless wilderness of trees; the light fleecy clouds dotting the horizon; and the blue sky above; all formed a picture that any one not entirely devoid of a taste for the beautiful in nature could not fail to gaze upon with feelings of silent admiration.

In the meantime the sturdy mountaineers of Yancey were assembling in great numbers. They, many with their wives and daughters, had toiled up the long and steep ascent to witness the burial of the friend, who nearly a quarter of a century before, endeared himself to them while laboring to ascertain the height of their famous mountain and explore its hidden recesses, who had died amongst them while verifying the results of those former labors and who was found by *them* at the bottom of his watery grave. A stranger did not require words from them to know how they loved him while living and cherished his memory after death. They had not long to wait; for the body, kept with much difficulty in its place on the sled, as the oxen made their way over the miry road and slippery roots was drawing near its final resting-place. At the foot of the steep knoll that forms the summit, the oxen and sled were finally dispensed with, and a friendly emulation was displayed by the Yancey Mountaineers in offering their broad shoulders to support the corpse.

R. D. Wilson, Esq., of Yancey, being requested to act as Marshall, here formed a procession in the following order:

Citizens of Buncombe.

Citizens of Yancey.

Students of the University.

THE CORPSE.

Family of the Deceased.

Trustees and Faculty of the University.

The President and Rt. Rev. Orator.

Upon reaching the summit of the Mountain, the lines in front of the Corpse were opened and the procession in reversed order advanced to the grave, Bishop Otey reading the impressive service of the Episcopal Church for the Burial of the Dead. Arrived at the brink of the grave, a necessarily shallow one dug mostly through rock, the body was lowered; and the Bishop, from a desk formed of a stone taken from the grave, delivered a funeral address to an audience that stood or sat with heads reve-

rently uncovered. When it is remembered that with great inconvenience and trouble and upon very short notice the Bishop had come from his distant home on the banks of the Mississippi, every one is assured that he spoke the truth when he said, that *gratitude and love* caused him to be there to pay the last honors to the instructor and friend of his youth—surely such a tribute to friendship has been seldom offered in this selfish world. We scarcely knew whom more to admire—him who *inspired*, or him who *felt* such undying friendship—him who was *eulogized* or him who *spoke the eulogy*.

Upon motion of Gov. Swain a vote of thanks, that seemed to come from the inmost heart of the audience, and a request for a copy of the address for publication were unanimously adopted and were but a feeble testimony to the general appreciation of it. Though composed chiefly of people of the surrounding counties, Mountaineers, whose lives had been spent far from schools and academies of learning, the whole assembly seemed most deeply interested and impressed. And when the Rt. Rev. Orator spoke of the zealous and untiring labors of his departed friend, for forty years, in the cause of religion and science and in the instruction of hundreds of the youth of this State—of all the Southern States, and of his tragic death in verifying in his old age measurements and observations made by him on that mountain long years before. I am sure there was not one of his hearers too young or too ignorant to *feel* that in the death of Dr. Mitchell, North Carolina lost one of her noblest sons, one of her brightest ornaments.

The able President of our University then, after paying a graceful compliment to the address we had so much admired, in words eloquent though unstudied, added his testimony to the truth and justice of its eulogy; and alluding to the eminent appropriateness of the place of burial he expressed an intention on the part of himself and his friend N. W. Woodfin, Esq., of Asheville, as owners, to present the ground on which they stood, the top of the high peak, to the Trustees of the University on condition that it shall be called *Mt. Mitchell*—alleging very truly, that the right of property is not more theirs than the right to give it a name. Of the propriety of this name, it seems to me, no one who has had the opportunity as we had on that occasion of interrogating Dr. Mitchell's guides to the different peaks in 1835, can entertain the slightest doubt. If the word of man, corroborated by independent circumstances, is to be believed, *Dr. Mitchell was on the summit on which his remains now rest, with William Wilson and Adoniran Allen in 1835.*

At the conclusion of ex-Governor Swain's address, which was extemporaneous, James W. Patton, Esq., moved that he be requested to write it out for publication; and R. Don Wilson, Esq., of Yancey, Col. Washington

Hardy, of Buncombe, and J. W. Graham of the University were appointed a committee to confer with him and with Bishop Otey, and to urge most earnestly the permission to publish their several addresses.

To these solicitations I was happy to learn neither of the distinguished speakers considered himself at liberty to turn a deaf ear, and consent was given that the public should have in print, what was so edifying to us who were present at the delivery. Though they have not the propitious accessories of the occasion—the top of the lofty mountain, the open grave, the body of the departed, the tone of the speakers and the mournful faces of the listening hearers, to heighten the effect of what was said, I feel confident that the general appreciation of it will be akin, if not equal to ours.

It is a coincidence not unworthy of remark, that on Mt. Mitchell, in the persons of Bishop Otey and his respected friend and class-mate Dr. Thomas H. Wright of Wilmington, and of Mr. Graham and Mr. Mitchell the beloved son of the departed, were here to mourn at his funeral, members of the first and of the last class that Dr. Mitchell instructed at the University.

MOUNT MITCHELL—JUNE 16, 1858.

From the University Magazine.

PROUD PEAK ! so sternly rising 'mid the smiling heaven—
 Thy haughty brow by thunderbolts and tempests riven,
 Dark bristling with thy jagged pines, like warriors mailed,
 And beetling crags where erst unharmed have eagles sailed,
 Among thy giant brothers grim, without a peer ;
 Thy solitudes unwoke from rolling year to year,
 By man, or aught, save howling storms or brutes of dread ;
 To-day, how thou must marvel at th' unwonted tread
 Of those who climb thy heights, and cloud-throned summit scale,
 To chant o'er Science' martyred son the funeral wail.

Oh, haughtiest ingrate!—to prove thy pride and place,
 E'en o'er proud Washington, king of the mountain race ;
 This was his eager wish from year to year pursued—
 And with his blood thy cruel clutches thou'st imbued !
 Rock-hearted type of Pride, thou would'st undoubted claim,
 By search or measure true, of king the rank and name !
 Oh hateful cliff, from whose rough, treacherous, wildering height,

The kind and wise old man fell on that saddest night,
 Sweet stream beneath ! whose pitying bosom took him in,
 As down, down, down, with headlong crash and horrid din
 Of hurtling stones around he fell, and none was nigh
 To hear, for help his last, heart-thrilling, gasping cry.
 Uproot the frail, weak, Laurel tree to which he clung ;
 False herb ! a precious life in truth upon thee hung
 That night, as oft it has on thy poetic meed—
 Alas ! thou'rt ever but the broken, piercing reed !
 What, though it mocked his dying grasp, the treacherous laurel bough,
 Fame's self he'd won, and needed not the emblem now.
 A crown of glory shall be his beyond the grave
 O'er which his well-earned earthly laurels fadeless wave.
 Sleep, good and kindly man, in this thy tomb sublime :
 Such was thy wish, here to await the end of time.
 Honored wherever Science lifts her searching eye,
 Loved in thy classic home thy memory cannot die !

And OTTEY, who o'er thy pale, cherished form, doth say
 The last fond words that loving, honoring lips e'er may ;
 Well may he feel the spell of place upon him now ;
 For he is mountain-born. Lo ! on his glorious brow
 High thoughts inspired fleet on, as storm and sunshine chase
 Each other o'er the calm, uplifted, mountain's face.
 Thou'rt like to Saul amidst his brothers ; he like each,
 And like thy far-off heights, his lofty soarings reach,⁵
 Far, far beyond the aching sight and easy ken,
 Of most who walk this earth and bear the names of men.

On dark, blue, Otter's rounded peak, oft hath he said,
 " Make thou, my well beloved, my last and lonely bed :"
 But oh ! may God, the Merciful, forbid that thou
 Shouldst find a martyr's grave, as he we mourn o'er now.
 Yet what more noble, worthy, death may be desired ?
 The great, the good, he long pursued—achieved—expired.

True nobleman of nature thou—gentle, yet firm,
 Honored to terror's verge by scholars through the term ;
 But like a brother loved, when college rule was done ;
 The master so august, and genial friend in one.
 Oh, noble MITCHELL ! thy revered and cherished name
 Old CHAPEL HILL deems sweetest heritage of fame.

Oh! tender, loving ones of his dear home embalm
 His memory with sighs ye must · but seek for calm
 In all the good he living, did ; and dying, paid
 His life—upon the shrine of zeal in duty laid.

Dark mountain king! baptized with sacrificial blood,
 Mt. Mitchell *now*. Gained by this broad and easy road,
 Black Peak, no longer frowning unattained and wild,
Love hath subdued thee to the footsteps of a child :
 A monument to that immortal power, thou'rt given
 To man, by HIM who made and ruleth Earth and Heaven.

V. O. M.

RICHMOND, VA., JUNE 16, 1858.



"That 'tis Man's highest glory TO BE GOOD."

A FUNERAL ORATION

AT THE

RE-INTERMENT OF THE REMAINS

OF THE

REV. ELISHA MITCHELL, D. D.

LATE PROFESSOR OF

CHEMISTRY, MINERALOGY AND GEOLOGY IN THE

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

ON MOUNT MITCHELL,

JUNE 15, 1858.

BY THE

RT. REV. JAMES H. OTEY, D. D.,

BISHOP OF TENNESSEE.

CHAPEL HILL:

PUBLISHED BY J. M. HENDERSON.

PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY.

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A FUNERAL ORATION.

Who needs to be told, in the midst of the awe-inspiring scenes of grandeur which here surround us, that "God only is great?" "There is neither speech nor language," but a voice comes from all these lofty heights, these profound and awful gulfs, comes to the soul of man—of every reflecting man here, and re-echoes the sentiment of reverence to which Moses gave utterance in the sublime language, "Before the Mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made, Thou art God from everlasting, and world without end!"

Man and his works are perishable and ever perishing. Nature is more stable and enduring. The scenes of great events serve as striking memorials to future ages; while the changeless features impressed upon them, convey by contrast, an awakening lesson of the mutability of human things.

In the art in which genius sometimes displays its most brilliant powers, and fancy amuses itself with mimic representations of passions and wants on the great stage of life; the curtain falls upon the scenery and action together: and when the walking shadows of being disappear, the "counterfeit presentment" of objects, introduced to strengthen the illusion, is removed from view, as unmeaning lumber.

Not so with the reality enacting on the wide and varied field of human existence and enterprise. The action, it is true, is fleeting and inconstant. Generations succeed each other in mournful and rapid succession; and their

works are swept away, as the leaves of the forest are driven before the chilling blasts of autumn. But the scenes among which men labour and toil and struggle remain with the same characters unchanged, which God impressed upon them; having all of perpetuity that earth can give; destined to witness other crises and other catastrophes in the ever-passing drama of mortality; and to furnish to the end of time, silent but truthful monuments to the facts of history. Races, institutions, religions and governments; arts, trades, associations, and dynasties follow each other in mighty and varied series, sheltered beneath the shadows flung from the same mountain heights, and mirrored in the same placid waters. The storied plain of Marathon with its encircling hills, its meandering rivulet, its marsh—the grave of many a Persian horseman—its beach, battered by the surges of the Ægean sea, continues now, as on that memorable day, when it was pressed by the feet of the flying Mede, with shaftless quiver and broken bow, or trampled in hot haste by the furious and conquering Greek, with red, pursuing spear! But the nations, the ideas, the altars and the institutions of those who contended there for victory, are dissolved as utterly, and almost as long ago, as the bodies of the slain in the lonely mound which yet marks the spot of their inhumation.—The majestic summit of “high Olympus” still overlooks the peaceful vale of Thessaly, with the same lofty and pure eminence which commended it to heathen fancy as the throne of the Gods; as the council chamber where “Jove convened the Senate of the skies,” to decide the fate of nations. But the divinities themselves, the intellectual creations of ancient poets; the fair humanities of those old religions which the ingenuity of Statesmen invented, or employed, to effect political objects; the power, the beauty and the majesty that had there their imagined haunt, on its consecrated heights, have all vanished and live no lon-

ger in the faith or fancy of mortals. The truth of which I am speaking is most strikingly illustrated in the associations which henceforward will cling to this Father of American Mountains; rising here in majestic grandeur; with its rocky battlements scathed by the red lightnings, but yet unharmed; and throwing back the voice of the loudest thunders, from its deep-muttered and reverberating caverns, and transmitting the awful roar from crag to crag, until earth herself appears to shudder with fear and trembling. A few years only have elapsed since it stood here in solitary loneliness, unchronicled amidst changes which have marked the passing away of nations of men that roamed under its woody sides or climbed its dizzy heights!

We tread the scenes over which buried tribes and generations of men once wandered; we gaze upon the cloud-capped summits which once filled their vision; we strain the eye to trace the dim and distant outline that bounded their horizon; the places which know us, knew them; saw all that we would vainly explore; and heard those shrouded secrets of the shadowy past which are never to be recovered from oblivion till the coming of that hour when "the earth shall give up her dead!"

The eye of one who first drew breath in a northern clime, and moved by the most honorable motives which can govern human conduct, to seek useful employment in this, his adopted State, and led by the desire to add to the stock of human knowledge, or by the natural love of the sublime and beautiful, rested some twenty three years ago upon this glorious monument of the Creator's handy-work. He traversed its most deeply wooded dells; he stood upon its loftiest peaks; he gazed in rapture upon its bold and magnificent outlines of grandeur; his spirit here drank in the sweet and elevating influences of the Heavenly world, and though no angels, messengers from the spirit land, met him here to lift the veil that covers eternal things, yet here he

doubtless held communion with his God, and in that solitude and silence which are most propitious to devotion, he felt in the mingled affections of love, reverence and fear that filled the soul of the disciple upon the mount of transfiguration and which inspired his breast, that it was indeed good for him to be here.

“ Early had he learned
 To reverence the volume that displays
 The mystery, the life, that cannot die ;
 But in the mountains he did *feel* his faith !”

* * * * *
 “ The whispering air
 Sends inspiration from the mountain heights.”

WORDSWORTH.

We know not what were the varied emotions and exercises of mind which the contemplation of these scenes of sublimity and beauty excited in him. We know that he possessed a soul thoroughly attuned to the full appreciation of all these things; and tastes formed and educated by study and observation to derive the most exquisite pleasure as well as profit from their contemplation. He has not, so far as I know, left on record any account of the reflections to which acquaintance with the view of these things gave rise. Whatever shape they took, sure I am, they were in spirit holy and elevating and if now they exist in words of human language, they remain as precious mementoes of love and affection to those who were enshrined in his heart. But mere selfish gratification formed no part of his character and its elements, if they mingled at all in the motives which actuated his pursuits, did so incidentally. If this constitution of his mind led him to investigate the laws and operations of nature and derive pleasure from such occupations, the affections of his heart influenced him not less to turn all his discoveries and convert all his acquisitions to the good of mankind. Perhaps not a flower blooms on this mountain and sheds its fragrance to perfume the bree-

zes that fan its brows, but a specimen of it adorns his herbarium. Perhaps not a root draws nourishment and healing virtue from its soil, but its like or a description of it enriches the collection of his Cabinet. Perhaps not an animal roams through these wilds; not a bird warbles its matin notes of joy, or sings its vesper-hymn of praise, amidst these umbrageous groves; not a reptile crawls around these rock-serrated ridges; nor insect floats in the morning beams that herald the approach of the "powerful king of day," or sports in the rays that leave their dewy kiss upon the brow of this giant son of the everlasting hills (as Night throws around him her sable folds, inviting to repose,) that he has not observed its habits, tracked its ways, learned its instincts, and chronicled its history. Is there a rock upheaved from yonder summit that throws exultingly its thunder-rifted crags to the sky, or that protrudes in stately and proud disdain, from yonder iron-bound and beetling cliffs, as though it held in contempt all smaller things?—He knew its class, its composition, its age. Is there a mineral that has been dug from these hills; that has rolled down from these ridgy steeps; or been uncovered by the torrents that rave and roar down these mountain sides?—He knew its form and family, its value and its uses. Hither he brought the theodolite with its unerring precision to compute angles; the surveyors chain to measure distances; the compass to determine bearings; the barometer to weigh the atmosphere and the hygrometer to ascertain its humidity. From all these elements of Scientific calculation as developed by means and instruments that speak no language but that of truth, simple, and naked truth—unmoved from propriety by envy, unswayed by the whisperings of ambition—he ascertained and proclaimed that this spot on which we here stand—this glorious summit, raised above the scenes of a toiling and weary world, was the highest land in the United States, East of the Mississippi River!

Who then has a better right than he, to give it a name?—None; by all that is praiseworthy in honest labor, sacred in truth and just in reward!

But what has convened this vast assembly? What has brought the people from their homes as far as the eye can reach from this proud eminence over all the land below, to gather here in solemn silence—seriousness impressed on every countenance and reverence enthroned on every brow? The dwellers in vales and on the mountain tops are here. The husbandman has left his plough; the artisan his tools; the professional man his office; the merchant has quit the busy mart of trade; the man of Science has closed the doors of his study; the student has laid aside his books to come hither! “The bridegroom has come forth from his chamber and the bride from her closet,” the Fathers and Mothers of the land are here! “Young men and maidens, old men and children;” and the ministers of the Sanctuary are here to do honor to this occasion, and in this place no “unfit audience chamber of Heaven’s King,” to consecrate the spot, as far as the act of man may, “to deathless fame!”—No martial music breaks upon the hearing, stirring the hearts of men and gathering armed hosts in the serried ranks of battle; no sound of the trumpet, nor voice of prophet has collected this mighty concourse of living men! I never saw such an assembly: I never expect to see the like again! I never read of any thing in history approaching its equal or its parallel, except the gathering of the hosts of Israel on Mount Carmel at the call of Elijah! In the physical features of the scene here presented to the eye, the proportions of grandeur and beauty more than equal those of Carmel. The moral grandeur of the object and of the assembly gathered by Elijah far surpass ours. Indeed they were never equalled in our world except when God descended upon Sinai and surrounded by

terrible emblems of power and glory proclaimed his law to his people.

But what has moved us, as by the spirit of one man to be here to-day? From the banks of the majestic Mississippi in the West, and from the shores where thunders the Atlantic wave in the East, we have met on this midway ground. For what? To do homage to GOODNESS, my countrymen! Some of us to pay the tribute of our love in tears to the memory of one who was dear to us as a Father! Many of us who in years long past could appropriate the language of the prophet in behalf of Israel and say, "My Father! thou art the guide of my youth." All of us to testify our appreciation of merit and by one act to link for ever the honored name of ELISHA MITCHELL, with this Monarch of Mountains. Here then, and to-day, we commit to the ground all that remains of his perishable body. Here, in the face of Heaven, in the light of yonder Sun, whose radiance beams brightly on this spot when darkness veils the world below, and the storm-cloud with its fringes of fire girdles the mountain waist,—in the name of truth, honor, and justice; by right of prior discovery; by merit of being the first to claim the honor of actual measurement and mathematical determination; by virtue of labors endured with unremitting patience, and terminated only by death; we consecrate this mountain by the name of Mt. MITCHELL and we call upon you to speak your approval and say Amen! Yes, we consecrate it—a monument raised to the memory of DR. ELISHA MITCHELL, to a fame,

"Unwasting, deathless and sublime,
That will remain while lightnings quiver,
Or stars the hoary summits climb,
Or rolls the thunder chariot of Eternal Time."

A. PIKE.

Here I might consider my undertaken task as finished—the object of my long and wearisome pilgrimage as consummated; but I must crave your indulgence, while I endea-

vor in humble imitation of him whose death we deplore, and whose virtues we honor, to improve even this occasion to the practical benefit of my fellow men. Such, methinks, would be his course, if he were living and called to act in the circumstances under which I find myself placed. He allowed no opportunity to pass unimproved, if by any means he could employ it to the good of mankind. Little did I think, this time last year, that I should be soon called to officiate at his burial—to see the doors of death opened and then closed upon him, till the clangor of the Archangel's trumpet shall break the silence of the grave, and the dawn of the resurrection morn shall shed its light over all the places of the scattered and slumbering dead! But God's ways are inscrutable—his wisdom unsearchable and his judgments a great deep. Submission, trust and hope are the virtues which his dealings with us evermore and emphatically inculcate.

About seven years ago I stood by the tomb of Sir WALTER SCOTT, the great Weird of the North—the man whose genius by a kind of magic influence held the world spell-bound. His grave was made under an arch in the ruins of Dryburg Abbey and covered with a plain slab of Sand-stone, his name with the date of his birth and death inscribed upon it. His wife and eldest son reposed in death by his side, one on the right, the other on his left. It was the most melancholy-looking place I ever saw. The spirit of sadness seemed to preside over the spot; to utter its low voice in the gentle and just audible murmurs of the Tweed; to breathe sighs in the light winds that whispered through the trees and to brood over all the scene like a dull haze obscuring the brightness of the sky. It seemed to me, as if this great man had come to this secluded spot to lay down the burden of mortality in mockery of the pride and vanity of human expectations. It is well known, that his fondest and most earnest desires were to attain the honors and ti-

tles of a baronetcy and to become the founder of an ennobled family. For this, his vast and versatile powers were taxed to the utmost strength, and even beyond endurance. He seemed just on the eve of realizing his ardently cherished hopes. His literary fame was redolent with the praises of a world of admirers. He attracted the favorable notice of his sovereign, and through the interest of one and another, powerful in Court influence, he gained the name of Baron. And very soon the vicissitudes of trade, through which he hoped to acquire the means of maintaining his newly conferred dignity, imposed on him the stern obligation of laboring for his bread, and the liquidation of the just claims of his creditors. Bravely he waged the battle of life: But "time and change happen to all" and at last the mightiest of all conquerers met him: and in his grasp he yielded up life and all its promises of distinction, with as little resistance as an infant offers to the over-mastering and crushing strength of a giant. For what purpose had he lived and to what end had he employed the commanding talents with which God had endowed him? It is an accredited maxim, "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*"—that is speak nothing derogatory of the dead. We accept the aphorism, and mean not to deny its obligation in practice. We would not take one leaf of pine or laurel from that crown with which the suffrage of a world has graced the brow of Scotland's favorite son. But by suggesting a comparison between the works of the great Magician of the North and the unobtrusive and patient labors of the Professor toiling for forty years in the Academic shades of Carolina, in their acknowledged results upon human society, I would add a modest and unpretending *Forget-me-not* to the wreath which adorns the honored head of our beloved friend.

We ask, how much have the writings of Sir Walter contributed to the formation of correct principles of human

conduct, and enforced the obligations of virtue? To the entertainment of the world they have made a large contribution. He has made Scotland classic ground. He has converted her hills into mountains, her fresh ponds into magnificent lakes, her rivulets into deep, flowing rivers. Every thing he has robed with the colors of imagination; but when you come to look at the reality, you are astonished to find that of all men, he has furnished in his descriptions of men and things, the most striking, marvellous and thoughtful exemplification of what his brother poet, Campbell says, in the opening of his poem, on the Pleasures of Hope;

“Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.”

His characters are unreal; his estimate of the obligations and standard of virtue, defective; his exemplifications of principles in practice, imaginary and very rarely such as any judicious father could safely propose for the imitation of his children. It is more than probable that there is not a living man in the world, whose character has been fashioned after the model which Sir Walter Scott has drawn of the most brilliant conception which his mind has realized of human excellency. And herein lies the marked difference between the practical teacher—the conscientious instructor and trainer of the young, and the man whose conceptions of life and its responsibilities are embodied in the dreams of poetry, and in the thrilling and moving scenes depicted in the descriptions of the writers of Romance and Fiction.

When we stand by the grave of Professor MITCHELL we feel that we are near the ashes of one who has labored and striven conscientiously in the noblest and holiest of the causes of humanity. That cause was, and is, and must ever be, to develop and strengthen the intellectual powers in alliance with efforts to cultivate and cherish and bring into healthy action the moral affections; in a word to

educate the head and the heart at the same time. Never was there a greater mistake nor one more injurious to personal and relative interests, to social and public weal than to separate these and attempt to effect a divorce between the intellectual and the moral in man. What sort of a creature would a man be, if he had no heart? No heart to feel for another's woe; nor to rejoice with them that rejoice; and never to weep with them that weep; to have no word of encouragement for the desponding; no look of compassion for the suffering; no hand to feed the hungry or clothe the naked; no promptings to go on errands of mercy to the sick and dying? Yet this is what the presuming wisdom and arrogant spirit of this age has attempted in some of the highest and, in point of mental furniture, some of the best endowed institutions in our country.

With such a system Professor MITCHELL held no sympathy. Defective as all institutions founded upon Legislative patronage unquestionably are, in necessary provision for teaching christianity as a system of divine revelation for the salvation of men, and that, in consequence of the petty rivalries and mean jealousies of sectaries, who seem unable to comprehend and embrace the enlarged and catholic spirit of the gospel, and who would see every institution of learning in the land crumbled into ruins rather than not have a direct share in its management and government,—this defect in moral training founded on the recognition of the great facts and doctrines of Christianity, so justly complained of by parents, and particularly by religious parents, in the education of their sons, Professor MITCHELL, I know, endeavored to supply by infusing the religious element, as much as possible, into his instructions in the lecture room, and more especially in his conversation with those who were so fortunate as to win his personal regard. More than forty years have now elapsed since he first entered the walls of the North Carolina Universi-

ty, and assumed the duties of the chair of Mathematics. I was there then, an untaught, undisciplined and unsophisticated youth. I remember what a deep impression his commanding form, his noble brow on which mind seemed enthroned, and his dark, lustrous eye made upon our young hearts. Besides him there were the President, the venerable Dr. CALDWELL, Dr. HOOPER, Professor of languages, and two Tutors, the late PRIESTLY H. MANGUM, and JOHN M. MOREHEAD, afterwards Governor of the State. Professor OLMSTED, now of Yale, his "*fidus et carus comes*" added his strength to the Academic Corps, some months later. How many now living and dead whose characters, as developed in the various departments of human life, have the precepts and example of Professor MITCHELL in the last forty years contributed more than any other man's influence to form and develope!

Does any one ask where are the monuments of his labors? We answer they will be found among the members of the Cabinet—among Senators in the Council Chamber—Representatives in the Halls of Congress—Governors of States—Judges sitting in the highest places of Justice—Legislators—Ministers to Foreign Governments—Heralds of the Cross—Men of renown in all the departments of human enterprise—Lawyers, Physicians, Professors, Schoolmasters—a mighty array of talent, of learning and worth, the influence of which is felt through all the land, and will continue to be felt while industry and knowledge shall be honored, or gratitude find a name and place of esteem among men.

Have not the recorded observations of mankind given the character of an established and admitted fact to the assertion that a man's future usefulness depends upon his early associations? and that the destiny of every human being is written upon his heart by his Mother or by his Teacher? If "the Boy is father of the Man," how much of

the excellency and usefulness of that manhood depends upon the wisdom, the sagacity, the care and the skill of him to whom is entrusted the rearing and training of that boy! Socrates was the teacher of Plato and of Aristotle, the brightest luminaries of the ancient heathen world! And of this last, Philip of Macedon, the wisest monarch of his day, and father of Alexander the Great, is said to have expressed his high admiration by writing, that he was not so "thankful to the Gods for making him a father, as he was for their giving him a son in an age when he could have Aristotle for his instructor."

If the time permitted I could tell you, by the recital of remembered instances, how Professor Mitchell's wise and far-reaching care, his ever-present and friendly watchfulness and parental solicitude for the student, manifested themselves in the lecture room, on public occasions, in the social circle, and in the administration of discipline. Every where, and in all things, he acted as if under an abiding conviction, that he was forming the principles and character of those to whom would presently be committed, not only their own individual, personal happiness, but the guardianship of the great public interests of the land, and the momentous concerns of souls that would live when the cares and turmoil of this world were ended. Thoughts dwelling upon these responsibilities were ever present with him, and words of instruction, of advice and of warning, as the occasion served, mingled themselves in, and if I may so say, infused fragrance to, all his direct communications with the young. I could tell you how he projected short pedestrian excursions into the surrounding country for the benefit of his class, in order that they might reduce the principles of science which they had learned from the book into practice; and how his conversation always abounded with striking and pleasant anecdotes, about men of other countries and other times; intended by him not only to relieve

the weariness of labor, but to serve as striking illustrations of some moral truth spoken, or as incentives to persevering effort, or to inspire a worthy emulation. I could tell you how he was ever ready to relieve the difficulties of the student, by patient efforts at explanation ; to unfold to him the intricacies of mathematical calculations ; the mysteries of science—its sublime truths, the use and the beauty of their application—how he wrought for his improvement from the garnished heavens where myriads upon myriads of worlds speak the Creator's glory, power and praise ; through the rich and variegated fields which the science of Botany displays, to the wonders of Geology with its mysterious history and revelations, "graven with an iron pen in the rock forever ;" and to the marvellous discoveries which the microscope makes in the insect world ; and from all these departments brought forth stores rich and abundant, to enlarge and improve his understanding and mend his heart.— A task so grateful to me, so just to his memory, and which, if faithfully performed, might be so beneficial to the living, I must leave to others having more time and better opportunity to do it justice.

"Can that man be dead,
Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind ?
He lives in glory ; and his speaking dust
Has more of life than half its breathing moulds. "

MISS LONDON.

We must hasten to the performance of the melancholy duties for which we have here met. His "record is on high !" His memory, enshrined in the hearts of those who knew him, shall live till this mountain which perpetuates his name shall perish in the fires of the last conflagration.

We may pause a moment to speak of his death. Its circumstances are too well known to you all to make their detail necessary. It is sufficient to mention that on the 28th day of June 1857 he parted with his son to cross the mountain to Thos. Wilson's.

A storm, not an uncommon event in this region at that season of the year, arose and shrouded the mountain in thick darkness. He wandered from his way, and never reached the point of his destination. The fact of his being missed and the consequent uneasiness of his son and daughter were soon made known to the hardy sons of this region; who, touched with the genuine feelings of sympathy and humanity so characteristic of all people whose dwellings are in proximity to Nature's grandest and noblest works, assembled speedily and in large numbers to begin the work of search for him who was missing, and whose visits to their mountain homes, and whose affability of manners, simplicity of deportment and instructive conversation had gained for him a sure lodgment in their respect and in their hearts. It may indicate the savage wildness of the region to state, that this search was continued for ten days diligently but without success. At length, at the end of that time, perseverance and diligence, animated by affection and led by love, were rewarded by the discovery of the body.—His manly, breathless form was discovered in a deep, clear basin of water at the foot of a precipice forty feet high, from which he had fallen in the darkness of the night, when none but God was nigh. His noble features were not disfigured and not a bone of him was broken. What a death, my hearers! probably without a pang—without consciousness of pain or suffering! In the mysterious appointment of Heaven, his hour had come, and his transition from the mortal to the immortal state, was as rapid as the ascent of Elijah, by a “chariot and horses of fire.” We know not of the communings held with his own heart, in the loneliness of that last walk upon the mountains, while the storm-cloud wrapped its folds of darkness around him, and the hoarse thunder uttered its loud dirge to herald the passage of his spirit from the cares and toils of a weary world, to the rest and peace of the better land. Did in-

instinctive fears alarm him, as all unconscious of danger in his path, he approached the fatal ledge of the precipice?— We know not. Did any exclamation burst from his lips, at the instant he became sensible of falling from its dizzy height? God only knoweth. We only know that his life had been such as to give to all who knew and loved him, the precious consolation of hope in his death. We only know that his name will hereafter be encircled with the same halo that sheds its light upon the names of the Franklins—the Andersons and the Kanes, who perished in prosecuting their labors in the cause of science—in making known the wonders of God's works, and the fruits of whose efforts and cares were meekly and modestly laid at the foot of the cross. I hold up the example of his life as embodying the elements of precious consolation to his surviving family and friends; of animating encouragement to the young, and of solemn warning to the living; admonishing them to remember, by a catastrophe never to be forgotten, that “in the midst of life we are in death.” I hold it up to his children, as the strongest incentive that can nerve the heart by sweet memories of the dead, to walk as he walked, in virtue's ways. I take it to his now desolate hearth-stone—to his widowed home, and unfolding there a life and conversation, all of which are treasured up in the deepest recesses of the soul, I would say to the bruised spirit, in remembrance of the rich mercies of the past, be comforted, by all the kindling hopes of the future. Let the holy recollections of years gone—the path of life's pilgrimage, illuminated by the light which shone from a faith illustrated by good works—throw brightness over his grave; consecrate his memory; and spread the hue of Heaven's own gladness over the bereaved and rifled bosom, in contemplating the assurance of a happy re-union beyond the tomb.

As the traveller wends his weary way along the journey of life, his eye, from many a distant point in his road, will

catch a glimpse of this lofty eminence, rising heavenward, like a great beacon-light over the waste of mortality; and its name repeated by men who will ever be found dwelling under its shadow, will remind him that here repose the ashes of a great and a good man. In this palace of nature—this vast cathedral raised by God's hand, where swift winged winds mingle their voices with the dread sounds of Heaven's thunder, we leave him—leave him—

“ Amid the trophies of Jehovah's power
And feel and own, in calm and solemn mood,
That, 'tis man's highest glory, *to be good.* ”

THE HISTORY OF

The History of the County of Middlesex, from the earliest times to the present, in a series of letters to a friend, by John Stowe, Esq. in two volumes. The first volume contains the history of the county from the earliest times to the reign of King Henry the Second. The second volume contains the history of the county from the reign of King Henry the Second to the present time.

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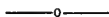
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A VINDICATION

OF THE PROPRIETY OF GIVING THE NAME "MT. MITCHELL,"

TO THE HIGHEST PEAK OF "BLACK MOUNTAIN:"



AN ADDRESS,

DELIVERED 16TH JUNE, 1858,

BY

HON. DAVID L. SWAIN, LL. D.,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF N. C.



CHAPEL HILL:

PUBLISHED BY J. M. HENDERSON.

PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY.

1858.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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The University of Chicago is a leading center of research and learning in the natural and social sciences, the arts, and the humanities. We seek students who are intellectually curious, academically excellent, and committed to the pursuit of knowledge. Our admissions process is designed to identify students who will thrive in our rigorous and collaborative environment.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE arrival of PROFESSOR CHARLES PHILLIPS had been anxiously expected until the close of the ceremonies. He was, however, confined at home by severe illness. At the conclusion of Bishop OTEY's address, and before the coffin was lowered into the grave President SWAIN remarked that the duty of representing the University in these ceremonies had most unexpectedly devolved upon him. That the audience were aware, that his friend and colleague, Professor PHILLIPS, had carefully investigated the points of controversy which had recently arisen with respect to the original discovery of this mountain height. To the Professor's published papers he would refer for a more extended vindication of Dr. MITCHELL's fame than was necessary to his purpose.*

President SWAIN said that in relation to this question, he was very loth to indulge himself in a statement even of facts within his own knowledge, or susceptible of direct proof, by persons then present whose truthfulness no one would question. That his reluctance arose not merely from a consciousness of his inability to do the full justice to the subject, anticipated from Professor PHILLIPS; but from a painful apprehension, that anything he should say might serve only to mar the effect of the most touching and interesting exhibition of filial piety he had ever witnessed. That the venerable Prelate to whom they had all listened with so much delight, had at an unreasonably short notice, in the midst of pressing engagements, harassing anxieties and cares, left the sick-bed of a near relative, and travelled six hundred miles from the Mississippi to the Alleghany, to pay a tribute of respect and affection at the grave of an instructor, with whom his intercourse began quite forty years ago. This simple incident is all the evidence that need be required of the true character of the living and the dead. It is an incident, with the attendant circumstances, such as has never occurred before and will never occur again. The moral sublime is in beautiful harmony with the surrounding scenery. He who of the race of men first stood in life, is the first to find repose, in death, on the highest ascertained elevation on the continent, east of the Mississippi. Of the latter distinction, no one can divest him. Of his right to the former, the evidence is believed to be scarcely less clear and conclusive.

After referring to the fact that he was a native of the County of Buncombe, during five years one of their Representatives in the General As-

*See University Magazine for March 1853, pp. 293-318.

sembly, a resident of Asheville until 1831, and a citizen until his removal to the University in 1836, President SWAIN remarked, that to the deceased he stood in a relation no less intimate and endearing. He was his pupil in 1822, had been a Trustee of the University since 1831, and at the head of the Institution since 1835. His friends Bishop OTEY and Dr. WRIGHT, were class-mates, and their acquaintance commenced at an earlier period, they had known him longer, but there was no man living who knew him as well as he. For several years previous to, and during the entire period of President SWAIN's connection with the University, Dr. MITCHELL was the Senior Professor. More than twenty years of daily intercourse afforded the fullest and fairest opportunity to form a correct opinion of his true character. He was a man of no ordinary ability, of very unusual attainments in literature and science, of indomitable perseverance, untiring industry and unflinching courage.

It was natural that the sudden death of such a man should produce a deep sensation in any community of which he was a member. But there was a kindness of heart and amenity of manner, that had endeared Dr. MITCHELL to all within the range of his associations; and the manifestations of grief by the Faculty, the Students, and the community, were heart-felt, and universal. The rich and the poor, the bond as well as the free, men women and children, united in the award of funeral honors to an extent without a parallel, in the history of Chapel Hill.

Two days after the observance of the ceremonies upon the mountain, the addresses of Bishop OTEY and President SWAIN, at the earnest request of the citizens of Asheville, were repeated at the Court House, to a large auditory. The subjoined narrative, is more nearly a report of the remarks of President SWAIN upon the latter, than upon the former occasion.

ADDRESS.

IN the year 1825, in the city of Raleigh, while a member of the Legislature from the County of Buncombe, I was introduced to the late John C. Calhoun, then Vice-President of the United States. After a playful allusion to my height, which he said corresponded with his own and that of General Washington, he remarked that we could also congratulate ourselves on the circumstance, that we resided in the neighborhood of the highest mountain on the continent, east of the Rocky Mountains.

The suggestion took me entirely by surprise, and I inquired whether the fact had been ascertained. He replied, not by measurement, but that a very slight examination of the map of the United States, would satisfy me it was so. That I would find among the mountains of Buncombe, the head-springs of one of the great tributaries of the Mississippi, flowing into the gulf of Mexico; of the Kenhawa, entering the Ohio; and of the Santee and Pee-dee, emptying into the Atlantic. That these were the longest rivers in the United States, east of the Rocky mountains, finding their way in opposite directions to the ocean, and that the point of greatest elevation, must be at their sources.

In June, 1830, in company with the late Governor Owen, and other members of the Board of Internal Improvements of the State, I descended the Cape Fear river from Haywood to Fayetteville. Professor Mitchell of the University, availed himself of the opportunity thus afforded for a geo-

logical excursion and accompanied us. In the course of familiar conversation, I referred to the conjecture of Mr. Calhoun, in relation to the height of our Western Mountains. He intimated then, or at a subsequent interview, his concurrence in opinion with Mr. Calhoun, and mentioned that the distinguished naturalists, the elder and younger Michaux, had arrived at the same conclusion about the beginning of the century, from very different data.—They had found in the Black Mountain, trees and other specimens of Alpine growth, that they had observed nowhere else South of Canada.

In the summer of 1835, Dr. Mitchell made his first attempt to verify by barometrical measurement, the accuracy of the opinions expressed by these gentlemen. His exploration was laborious, careful and patient. A subsequent explorer remarks “that at the time Dr. Mitchell began his observations, with regard to the height of the Black Mountain, it was much more inaccessible than it has since become, by reason of the progress of the settlements around its base, so that he was liable to be misled, and thwarted, by unforeseen obstacles, in his efforts to reach particular parts of the chain, and when he did attain some point at the top of the ridge, nature was too much exhausted to allow more than one observation, as to the immediate locality.” The accuracy of this statement will be most clearly perceived and readily admitted, by those most familiar with the character of this mountainous region, then and now. It is impossible for a stranger to form a clear conception of the obstacles that were encountered and the difficulties overcome.

Dr. Mitchell’s account of this exploration was published in due time, and attracted very general attention at home and abroad. There are few, even of the most obscure village newspapers of that day, in which notices of it may not be found. It was the first authoritative annunciation, that

the summit of the Black Mountain in North Carolina, was higher than that of the White mountains in New Hampshire, and the highest in the United States east of the Mississippi. The accuracy of the measurement was at first controverted, but subsequently yielded by writers in Silliman's American Journal of Science, and has long since ceased to be the subject of doubt.

The question that remains to be settled is of less importance, but it is believed, that its proper and truthful solution, is no less favorable to the deceased Professor's claim to accuracy as a man of science—was the pinnacle measured by Dr. Mitchell in 1835, the highest peak of the Black Mountain ?

In 1839, an agent of the publishers of Smith's Geography and Atlas, called upon me at the University, and requested an examination of the work and an opinion of its merits. On an intimation that it was not very accurate in relation to the Southern States, and especially erroneous in various instances with respect to North Carolina, he requested me to revise it at my leisure, and transmit a corrected copy to the publishers. I complied. A copy of this book is now before me, and on page 138, in the section descriptive of North Carolina is the following paragraph :—
 “Mount Mitchell in this State, has been ascertained to be the highest point of land in the United States, east of the Rocky Mountains.”

At the time I revised the Geography and Atlas, I requested Dr. MITCHELL, to mark upon the map of North Carolina, the highest point of elevation in the Black Mountain range. He did so, and I wrote against it “MOUNT MITCHELL.” A copy of this corrected map “entered according to an Act of Congress in the year 1839, by Daniel Burgess, in the Clerks office in the District of Connecticut,” is now in my possession. I have examined it carefully and with all the aid to be obtained from Cook's map of the State,

and the knowledge derived from a recent visit to the mountain, I am by no means certain, that if the maps were submitted to me a second time for revision, I could make a nearer approximation to accuracy in the delineation of the highest peak, than did Dr. MITCHELL in 1839.

The following Book Notice is copied from the *Raleigh Register* of June 5th, 1840. The replies to the suggestion of a name for the highest peak of the Black Mountain, appeared in the *Highland Messenger*, the first newspaper that was established west of the Blue Ridge.

The Rev. D. R. McNALLY, D. D., extensively and favorably known as the Editor of the *Christian Advocate* at St. Louis, Mo., one of the official organs of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, was at that time a citizen of Asheville, and the Editor of the *Highland Messenger*. It is perhaps proper to state that the article copied from the *Raleigh Register*, was written by me, and that I am the friend alluded to in the closing editorial of the *Messenger*. The name of Mount Mitchell as "an appellative" of the highest summit east of the Mississippi had its origin in these publications.

[From the *Raleigh Register*, June 5th, 1840.]

SMITH'S GEOGRAPHY AND ATLAS.

WE took occasion, some weeks since, to direct attention to the very neat and excellent Geography of S. Augustus Mitchell, and the admirable Atlas, by which it is accompanied. We have no disposition, in noticing the work placed at the head of this article, to abate in the slightest degree the high commendation we bestowed upon the labors of Mr. Mitchell.

It is due to Mr. Smith, however, to say, that a very slight inspection of his book will satisfy any one, that it will prove a dangerous competitor to the whole tribe of candidates for patronage in this department.

The Geography is well written and what is quite as important, is very accurate in its details, geographical and statistical. Like other School Books by the same author, it is upon the *productive system* and well adapted to the comprehension of the younger class of learners. Among the pictorial embellishments, is a good representation of our new State House

and of the armorial device of the State copied from the Great Seal. In the description of the State, Mount Mitchell is stated to be the highest point of land in the United States, east of the Rocky Mountains. We are gratified to see the reputation of the Senior Professor in our University established upon so durable, firm and elevated a basis.

The mechanical execution of the book however, is decidedly inferior to Mitchell's; but such is not the case with the Atlas, which is the neatest and most accurate collection of maps for the use of Schools, which has fallen under our observation. The new counties, Henderson and Cherokee, created by our last General Assembly, are delineated on the map of the State.

[From the Highland Messenger, June 12, 1840.]

It seems that Mr. Smith, the geographer, and the editor of the *Raleigh Register*, have taken "the responsibility" to inform "the whole world," that the Black Mountain in this County, is hereafter and forever to be called Mount Mitchell. Now, inasmuch as this has been done without once deigning to consult the good people of Buncombe, whose authority is always higher, than any powers whatever at Raleigh (as they are something like a mile above them,) we hereby give notice to all whom it may concern, and to all whom it may not concern, that Black Mountain is to be Black Mountain as long as Buncombe remains Buncombe. If Mr. Smith will publish another edition of his work, and consent to call Buncombe, Mount Smith, then we will consent to call the Black Mountain Mount Mitchell.

[From the Highland Messenger, June 19, 1840.]

SMITH'S GEOGRAPHY.

It has been suggested to us that our remarks last week in reference to the change of the name of the Black Mountain, were calculated to do injustice to the individual, to perpetuate whose memory the change of the name had been proposed. It was certainly the farthest from our intention to do injustice to any one, and particularly to detract in the smallest possible degree from the well earned, and well deserved reputation of Professor Mitchell. We penned the article in question, under the impression that Mr. Smith had applied the name of Mount Mitchell, to the whole mountain range, so well known in this region as the Black Mountain.—The latter appellation has its foundation in nature, and is too old and too well established to justify any attempt at substitution. The thought would be preposterous. We are perfectly willing to concede the name of Mount Mitchell to that particular point on the Black Mountain, which Professor Mitchell, after a degree of labor and expense, which none other than a

genuine devotee of science would have incurred, demonstrated to be the most elevated point of *measured* land east of the Rocky Mountains. We say *measured* land, because we have long believed, and still believe that there is one, if not two points, in the same range of mountains higher than that one measured by Professor Mitchell, from forty to sixty miles west of the Black Mountain.

If Mr. Smith will, in the next edition of his work, use language a little more precise than in his last, we will concede to him the right to pronounce Mount Mitchell one of the peaks of the Black Mountain to be 6,476 feet in height, and the most elevated summit that has been as yet correctly measured in the United States. In reference to this particular peak, none will more readily or cheerfully unite in giving it the appellation of Mount Mitchell than we. It is nothing more nor less than what the worthy Professor is entitled to, as discovery is the foundation of right all over the world to regions previously unknown, and a great proportion of our geographical nomenclature will show that it frequently gives title as well as right. We shall, at a leisure hour, recur to this subject, and most respectfully invite the attention of Professor Mitchell, and other scientific gentlemen to the peaks, which, in our opinion, are much higher than those already measured.

In the meantime, an esteemed friend has kindly promised to procure and transmit to us for publication the interesting article of Professor Mitchell, on this subject, originally published in the *Raleigh Register*, and subsequently transferred to the "American Journal of Science," conducted by Professor Silliman.

During a visit to Asheville in the summer of 1843, I found the half of a large tract of land bounded for several miles by the extreme height of the Black Mountain, for sale, and more for the purpose of becoming, in connection with my friend Nicholas W. Woodfin, Esq., a proprietor of Mount Mitchell, than for any other reason, I purchased the moiety owned by W. B. Westall. Two years afterwards, in June 1845, the tract was surveyed by Nehemiah Blackstock, Esq. His son Robert V. Blackstock, was marker, the late James P. Hardy, a member of the Palmetto Regiment who died a soldier's death in Mexico, and W. F. Angel were the chain bearers.

On Wednesday the 16th June, in company with Bishop

Otey and many others, I took part in the funeral ceremonies, at the re-interment of the remains of Dr. Mitchell, on the highest peak of the Black Mountain. Among the persons present were my old friend William Wilson, whom I had not seen for many years, his cousin, Thomas Wilson, the well known guide to the Black Mountain, who was the first to discover the body of Dr. Mitchell, in the pool, at the bottom of the Falls which bear the Doctor's name, and Nathaniel Allen, the son of Adoniram Allen. The two latter are comparatively young men, and were children when I ceased to be a resident of Asheville.

Bishop Otey and myself examined each of them carefully and minutely in relation to the leading facts connected with Dr. Mitchell's explorations of the Black Mountain, and the fatal catastrophe which terminated his existence. William Wilson stated, that he was never on the spot, where we then stood, until the Summer of 1835, that then in company with his friend and neighbor Adoniram Allen, deceased, he went there as the guide of Dr. Mitchell. He entered into a detail of the leading incidents connected with the difficult and laborious ascent of the mountain, pointed out the route and referred to the most remarkable localities and objects, which then presented themselves on the way. He stated that after the exploration of 1835, he had never been on the top of this mountain until some time subsequent to Dr. Mitchell's death; when, hearing that a controversy had arisen with respect to the pinnacle then measured, he determined, old and feeble as he was, to ascend it again, and had done so. He said that he recognized, as he went up from point to point, the remarkable places which had attracted his attention when he climbed it with Dr. Mitchell. He had now gone over the same route the third time, and entertained no doubt of the accuracy of his recollections. There is probably no one, whose course of life and long familiarity with this range of

mountains, entitle his statements in relation to it to more implicit confidence.

He referred repeatedly to young Mr. Allen, for confirmatory statements, in relation to the line and manner of ascent, which he had heard from his father, the late Adoniram Allen, and was corroborated by him throughout.

Mr. Thomas Wilson and Mr. Allen united with the old gentleman in the statement that this was the only peak, known during many years to the citizens of Yancey, as MOUNT MITCHELL; and that until recently they had never heard the name applied to any other pinnacle.

Mr. William Wilson mentioned in the course of his remarks, that during the time they were on the mountain, Dr. Mitchell climbed the highest Balsam he could find, cut away the limbs near the top of the tree, and after repeated observations with the instrument he carried with him for the purpose, said that the peak on which they were, was the highest of the range. I examined the tree to which Mr. Wilson pointed as the one, or near the one, which Dr. Mitchell climbed, and found the initials R. V. B., J. P. H., plainly carved in the bark. It stands within a few feet of the newly-made grave of Dr. Mitchell.

On my return to Asheville, two days after parting with Mr. Wilson, I met very unexpectedly with Mr. Robert V. Blackstock, whom I did not recollect to have seen before, but who, I am glad to hear, is worthy of his lineage. With his father, Nehemiah Blackstock, Esq., well known as an accurate surveyor, a skillful woodman, and a man of intelligence and integrity, my acquaintance began in my early boyhood. The young man, on an intimation of my desire to see his father, and examine the plat made for me in 1845, informed me that it was in Asheville, and that he could probably supply the information I desired in relation to it. He obtained it immediately. Directing my attention to the beginning corner, he traced the line from point

to point, until it reached the extreme height where Dr. M. was buried, and the marked corner tree which Mr. Wilson had shewn me, standing within a few feet of the grave.—The following entries, copied from the plat, require no explanation, for those familiar with such muniments of title. “Mitchell’s highest point, Balsam, R. V. B., J. P. H.”—Here Mr. Blackstock remarked that at the time he cut his initials upon that Balsam, he climbed either that tree, or one standing near it, in order to obtain a more commanding view of the mountain scenery, and that when near the top, he was surprised to find that limbs had been trimmed away, and called out to his companions below :—“some one has been here before us.” Mr. B. was not on the mountain, when the funeral ceremonies took place, and had, at the time his statement was made, no knowledge of what had occurred between Mr. Wilson and myself.

Mr. William D. Cooke’s map of the State was published in 1847. It is, in most respects, greatly superior to any previous attempt at a correct topographical representation of North Carolina. He had access to such surveys of roads and rivers, as had been made with a view to the internal improvement of the State, and preserved in the public offices. No surveys were made at the public expense to facilitate his labours, and he received no assistance from the public treasury. The enterprise was arduous, expensive and hazardous; and, under the circumstances, accomplished in a manner highly creditable to his industry, liberality and skill. There was no public survey to guide him in his attempt to delineate this mountain range; but there is no evidence of any effort having been made to avail himself of the best private materials, which might have rewarded proper research.

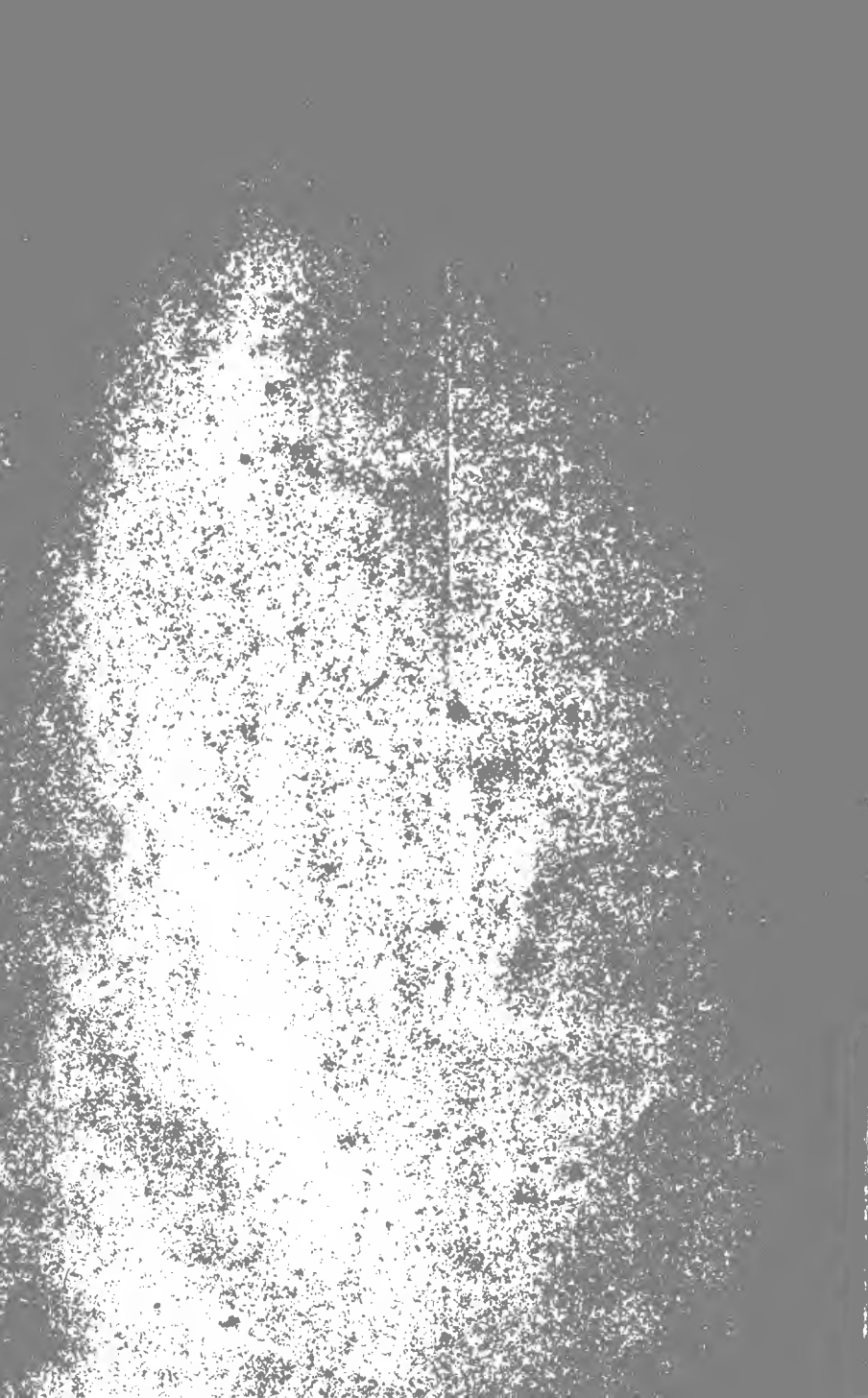
To attempt “to remove an ancient landmark,” is both a private and a public wrong. To transfer the name of the discoverer of the interesting geographical fact, that the

BLACK is the highest mountain on the continent, east of the Mississippi, from the point designated by Smith in 1839, and by Blackstock in 1845, and place it beneath the names of a series of persons who in 1855 or subsequently, when settlements had encroached upon the base, and paths had been opened to the summit, with published data as a guide for computation, may have successively measured a loftier peak than their predecessors, is as inconsiderate as it is unjust.

Mr. Cooke cannot suppose that the point designated by him as "Mount Mitchell," in 1855, and by Blackstock as the "Party Knob" in 1845, is the summit that was measured by Dr. Mitchell in 1835. It is impossible for any one to compare Smith's map and Blackstock's plat with Cooke's map, and not perceive that it cannot be. The "Party Knob" rises near the dividing line between Buncombe and Yancey. "Mount Mitchell," as delineated by Smith and Blackstock, is in Yancey county, east of south from Burnsville, and some four miles north of the Buncombe line.

Mr. Cooke may erase "Mount Mitchell" from his map, if he chooses to do so—the continent does not bear the name of its discoverer—but he will not be permitted to perpetrate a double wrong, by placing the name of Dr. Mitchell where neither the Doctor, nor any friend of his, ever desired to see it.





ADDRESS

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

MAJ. GEN. STEPHEN D. RAMSEUR,
(1837-1864)

BEFORE THE

LADIES' MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION OF RALEIGH, N. C.,

MAY 10TH, 1891.

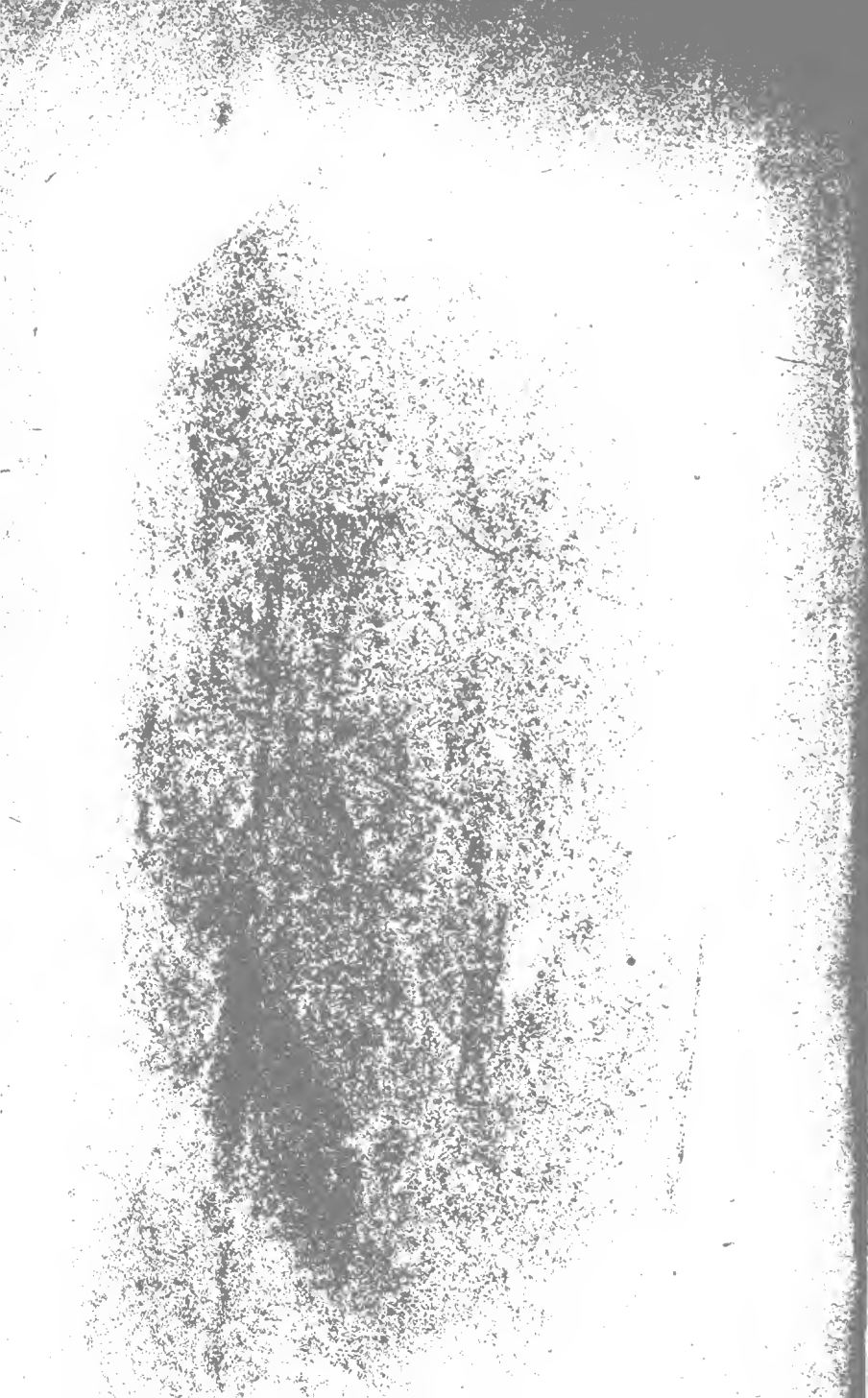
BY

HON. WILLIAM R. COX.

RALEIGH:

E. M. UZZELL, STEAM PRINTER AND BINDER.

1891.





MAJOR GENERAL STEPHEN D. RAMSEUR.

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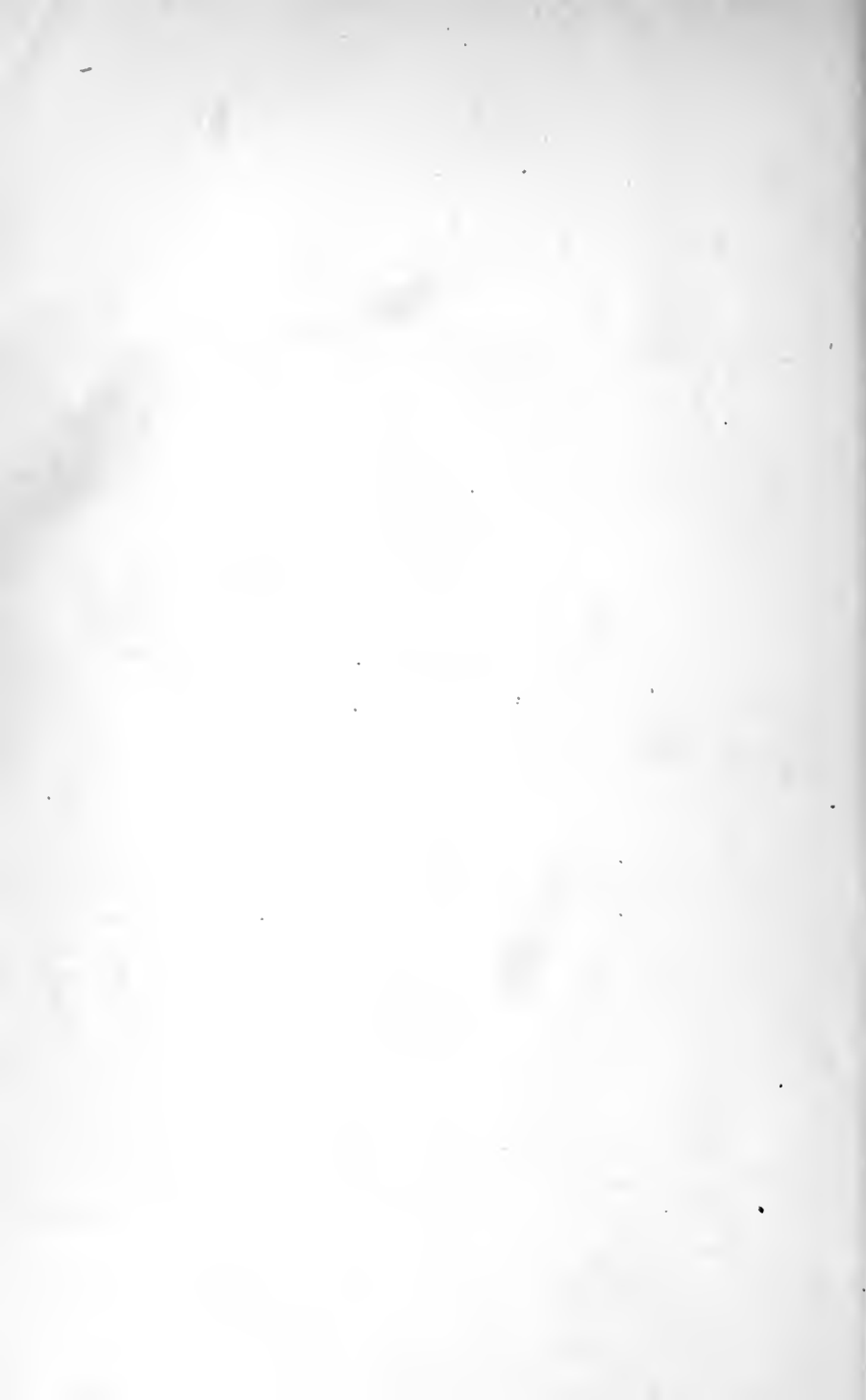
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ADDRESS.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen :

When Xerxes looked upon the countless hosts of Persia he is said to have wept when he reflected that within one hundred years from that time not one of those then in his presence would be living. It is with similar emotions every survivor of the war between the States must be moved when called upon to pass in review and comment upon the heroic deeds and still more heroic sufferings of those who participated in that fierce and unrelenting conflict.

It is now over a quarter of a century since the last hostile gun of the war was fired; the laws are everywhere respected and obeyed; and every citizen, irrespective of section or service, recognizes it as his first duty to march to the defense of his government whenever menaced by foes either from within or without.

To such as may question the policy or propriety of these memorial reunions, and inquire why these gatherings of the people, which may keep alive the estrangements of the past, we commend the remarks of that eloquent New Yorker, Chauncey M. Depew, who, upon a similar occasion forcibly and truthfully declared that "vapid sentimentalists and timid souls deprecate these annual reunions, fearing they may arouse old strife and sectional animosities; but a war in which five hundred thousand men were killed and two millions more wounded, in which States were devastated, and money spent equal to twice England's gigantic debt, has a meaning, a lesson, and results which are to the people of this Republic a liberal education, and the highest chairs of this university belong to you."

The ladies of this association have a just appreciation of the necessity for preserving the truths of history for the future historian, who, with a juster prospective which distance may give,

shall write a history of our common country. They have wisely decided that at each annual reunion an active participant of the war shall be called upon to portray the life and character of some distinguished comrade who in the late war yielded up his life in obedience to the laws of his State and for a cause his conscience told him was right. The necessity for preserving the data thus collected becomes more important from the fact that in every war, whatever may be its original merits, writers will always be found to misrepresent and belittle the vanquished, while with fulsome adulation they sing pæans to and crown with laurels the brow of the victor. Even distinguished participants in such strifes are not slow to yield to importunity the autobiographic memoirs of colossal achievements scarcely recognizable by their friends, the effects of which are misleading. In the late war, and by the chroniclers of that war, we were denounced as rebels and traitors, as if the promoters of such epithets were ignorant of the fact that in our Revolutionary war Hancock, Adams and their compeers were denounced as rebels and traitors, while Washington and Franklin broke their oaths of allegiance to join this despised class. Indeed, the very chimney-sweeps in the streets of London are said to have spoken of our rebellious ancestors as their subjects in America. Therefore, with a conscience void of offense, while we would not and should not forget our hallowed memories of comradeship and of common suffering, we cherish them alone as memories, and seek no willows upon which to hang our harps, no rivers by which to sit down and weep while we sing the songs of the long ago.

Wars have existed from the beginning of time; and, despite the spread of christianity and the growth of enlightenment, will probably continue until time shall be no more. In the war between the States there was but little of malice, of vengefulness and vindictiveness. As to its origin there is little probability of our agreeing so long as it is insisted that the North fought chiefly for the eradication of slavery and the South for its perpetuation. At the formation of this government

SLAVERY

existed in every State. New England, which ultimately became the principal theatre of free-soilism and abolition agitation, was at one time more interested in the slave trade than any other section of our country. It is not mere speculation to declare that had her soil and climate been adapted to the cultivation and production of the chief staples of the South she would have recognized it as a great outrage to have been compelled to relinquish so profitable an institution without her free consent. By prospective enactments our Northern friends gradually abolished slavery, and their slaves were sent South and sold. The money arising from such sales was carried North, invested in manufactories, ships and brick walls. Their section prospered and we rejoice in their prosperity as a part of our common country. In an address delivered by Mr. Evarts before the New England Society he said that the Puritan believed in every man attending to his own business, but he believed every man's business was his own. There is a great deal of truth portrayed in this sportive suggestion. Having profitably escaped from this "great iniquity," their restless intellectuality early prompted them to express their abhorrence of slavery. The great body of American people really cared very little about this institution, or, at least, if they deprecated it they recognized it as a matter of local legislation, for which they were not directly responsible; therefore, the question of its abolition for over half a century made but little headway, and only became a potential element of discord when it was discovered that its agitation would have the effect of securing the ascendancy of one of the great political parties of the country. As slavery only obtained in the minor section its agitation, on sectional grounds, ultimately had the effect of promoting a crisis which enabled the ambitious and aspiring politicians to inflame the passions of their followers until they were prepared to see their country plunged into a war, which the border States, led by Virginia, did all that lay in their power to avert. Recognizing the weakness of this institution,

as well as the fact that they were numerically greatly in the minority, the slave-holding States simply asked to be "let alone." But as it was threatened that they should be surrounded by a cordon of free States until slavery had "stung itself to death," and that this government could not exist "half free and half slave," the purposes of the dominant section became so manifest the Southern States felt that, in justice to themselves, they could no longer remain quiet. The causes for this agitation had their existence in the colonial era, when slavery was universal; and the settlement was postponed on account of the difficulty of arriving at a satisfactory solution. Two irreconcilable theories of

POPULAR GOVERNMENT

were at the outset proposed. The one advocated by Mr. Hamilton contemplated a strong centralized authority, fashioned after that of a limited monarchy; the other, which was proposed by Mr. Jefferson, recognized the people as the source of all power, and insisted that they should be left as free and untrammelled from governmental control as its exigencies might demand. The one contemplated a magnificent central government, with that ostentation and parade that keeps the masses in awe; the other a simple, economic, democratic government, regulated and governed by the people. The followers of these statesmen were known by the party names of Federalists and Republicans. The elder Adams was the first President of the Federalists, and during his administration and with his approval the Alien and Sedition laws were passed, the effect of which was to abridge, if not imperil, the freedom of the press in its criticism upon public officials. This measure, with others of an unpopular nature, so outraged public sentiment as to elect Mr. Jefferson, the apostle of Democracy, to succeed Mr. Adams by an overwhelming majority, and the views he entertained and ably advocated laid the foundation for that great popular approval which maintained his party in power, with but brief intervals of interruption, from that time up to the beginning of the war. The student of history will discover

that the institution of slavery played a minor part in the political agitations of this country so long as our politics related alone to questions of national policy. The first serious difficulty of more than local significance which threatened our institutions arose from the imposition of an excise tax on distilled spirits, known as the "Whisky Rebellion." The second, from the hostility of the New England States to the war of 1812, which seriously interfered with their commercial traffic. So great was this discontent that a convention was called to meet at Hartford, Conn., which had in view the secession of the States represented from the Union. In 1820 was passed what is known as the Missouri Compromise, which in effect was simply a truce between two antagonistic revenue systems, while the nullification movement was directed against the tariff system. So that up to this time the chief complaint against any legislation of our country arose from dissatisfaction to its economic system.

Prior to the war the North had devoted herself chiefly to trade and manufacturing, to mechanic arts and industrial pursuits, while the South, owing to its easier lines of life, the fertility of its soil, with its genial climate and "peculiar institution," had turned her attention to the science of politics and a consideration of governmental affairs, the consequence of which was that the controlling voice and influence in the councils of the nation rested with her. As the North, by its industry and enterprise, grew in wealth and the development of a more liberal education, she became impatient and restless under this control, and resolved at all hazards to escape from it. Free-soilism and abolitionism, which up to this time had been the obedient hand-maid to any party that would lend its co-operation, were believed to be the potential elements by which to arouse the apprehensions of the South as to the security of slavery and thus tend to the arrangement of parties on sectional lines. From this time forward the leading statesmen of the South were denounced and vilified as aristocrats and slave-drivers; and on the recurrence of every national contest this new party resorted to every device to create animosities between the sections. At this time the

Democratic party was so strong it became factional, and was finally disrupted through the political jealousy of its leaders. In consequence of their division in the ensuing election four presidential candidates were offered for the suffrage of the people, and Mr. Lincoln was elected. As it was the first time in the history of our country that a President had been elected by a purely sectional vote, and a large portion of his followers were believed to be intent on either the abolition of slavery or a disruption of the Union, the gravest apprehensions were felt. The situation at that time is so lucidly and graphically described in the memoir of Richard H. Dana, recently prepared by Mr. Adams, Minister to England under Mr. Lincoln's administration, I cannot better present the matter than by using his language: "Looking back on it now, after the lapse of nearly thirty years, it is curious to see how earnestly all played their parts and how essential to the great catastrophe all those parts were. The extremists on both sides were urging the country to immediate blows, regardless of consequences, and by so doing they were educating it to the necessary point when the hour should come. Had the Southern extremists prevailed, and the Southern blood been fired by an assault on Fort Sumter in January, the slave States would probably have been swept into a general insurrection while Buchanan was still President, with Floyd as his Secretary of War. Had this occurred it is difficult now to see how the government could have been preserved. The Southern extremists, therefore, when they urged immediate action were, from the Southern point of view, clearly right. Every day then lost was a mistake, and, as the result proved, an irreparable mistake. On the other hand, had the extremists of the North prevailed in their demand for immediate action they would in the most effective way possible have played the game of their opponents. Fortunately they did not prevail, but their exhortations to action and denunciations of every attempt at a compromise educated the country to a fighting point."

That large and respectable body of patriotic citizens who were wedded to the Union and dreaded war, and above all

things a civil war, were in favor of any compromise which might result in preserving harmony between the sections. It is difficult at this time to appreciate the excitement of those stormy days. Moderation and silence was but little understood or appreciated. The firing upon Sumter fired the hearts of both sections, and followed, as it was, by a call of Mr. Lincoln for troops to make war upon the States, promptly welded the States of the South into one common bond. They felt that if they must fight they preferred to fight the stranger rather than their neighbors who were contending for the maintenance of their own rights, and that to yield to the party in power at such a juncture was but to invite further aggressions on their rights, and that this would involve their subjugation with the overthrow of their most cherished institutions. That no permanent compromise was practicable, and that war at some time was inevitable must now be clear to all; that the war has taken place; that the abolition of slavery has occurred; that the South has been thrown open to settlement, to free and unembarrassed communication to the outside world; that the greatness of our section and the capabilities of our people to maintain our free institutions has been manifested, and that the war has proved a great educator to all, is now conceded. In turning over the government to our Northern friends the much misrepresented people of the South can point with pride to the fact that the declaration that "these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free," was penned by a Southern statesman; that this declaration was made good under the leadership of a Southern general; that "the father of the Constitution" was a Southern man; that through a President, a Southern man, our boundaries were extended from ocean to ocean and from the Gulf to the lakes; and that prior to the late war all assaults against the integrity of the Union were compromised and accommodated mainly through Southern statesmanship. When, after fifty years of its existence, the government was turned over to the statesmen of the North, in the language of one of her gifted and eloquent sons, the South surrendered it to her successors "match-

less in her power, incalculable in her strength, the power and the glory of the world.”

It is of

STEPHEN D. RAMSEUR

that we now propose to speak—his life, his services and his lamented death. In the Piedmont section of our State there is one county named in honor of that Revolutionary hero, Benjamin Lincoln, who at the time was in command of the Continental soldiers in Charleston harbor, fighting for the freedom and independence of the American colonies. This county was originally a part of Mecklenburg, the “Hornets’ Nest” of the Revolution, and her sons partook of the sturdy patriotism of their neighbors. In her territorial limits was fought the battle of Ramseur’s Mill and other stirring scenes of like nature. Lincoln, though one of the smallest counties in the State, gave to history such well-known Revolutionary names as Brevard, Dickson, Chronicle and others, which, though less generally known, were no less patriotic and determined in upholding their principles. The county-seat of Lincoln, with that want of imagination and originality for which Americans are celebrated, is called Lincolnton, a small village long distinguished for the culture, refinement and unobtrusive hospitality of its people. While her citizens were not wealthy they enjoyed such affluence as enabled them to be independent and self-reliant. About the year 1837 there ^{V&A C} was born in Lincoln county three children, each of whom became distinguished in war before attaining his twenty-seventh year, and also from among her accomplished daughters came the wives of Stonewall Jackson, Lieutenant General D. H. Hill and Brigadier General Rufus Barringer. Ramseur, Hoke and R. D. Johnson were born within a year of each other, and for distinguished services in the field were promoted and entitled to wear the coveted general’s wreath on their collars. This same county gave to Alabama Brigadier General John H. Forney, a gallant soldier, who is now, and for years has been, one of her most faithful and trusted members in the national Congress. Born and reared amidst

such favorable and stimulating surroundings, it is not a matter of surprise that these young men should have been prompted by an honorable emulation to secure those prizes that were justly their own, for "*blood will tell.*" Entirely free from the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," ever kind and accessible to those about him, skillful and able in the field, Major General Hoke readily became the idol of his soldiers. While not attaining to so high a rank, Brigadier General Johnson was an able and fearless soldier. The life of Ramseur, while briefer, was not less brilliant and attractive than that of any of his contemporaries. It has been eloquently said by another: "A book of dates, a table of dynasties, a succession of kings, or popes, or presidents—these in one aspect are history; but if they are to attract, or impress, or enduringly influence us, behind these dry bones of the historian's cabinet there must glow and palpitate the living lineaments of a man."

But should we choose an element of pre-eminent power to interest mankind, that element must consist of the life and deeds of some prominent actor upon the great theatre of war. While many admire, enjoy and are improved by the triumphs of the imagination and the reason the impulse and the heart of the multitude in every age and clime have been taken captive by the great actors rather than by the great thinkers among men. This has been true from the time of Joshua until that of Mahomet, and from thence to the present time, and we must conclude that the multitude is right. Even the eloquence of Demosthenes, the oratory of Cicero, the glowing periods of Longinus, the beauties of Gibbon, the orphic rhythm of Milton, the profound reasoning of Bacon and the marvelous creations of Shakespeare, all have their enthusiastic admirers, but the heart of the multitude goes out in profound admiration for the courage, the genius and marvelous achievements of the great conquerors of the world. It attends them not only in their triumphs, but accompanies them with its sympathy in disappointments and misfortunes. So many elements are combined to constitute the truly great commander I will not endeavor to enumerate them, but will content myself by saying

that the popular sentiment that the ideal general displays his greatest power upon the battle field is an error, of which the late Von Moltke is a notable example. His greatest achievements consist in so preparing and mobilizing his forces as to virtually secure his success before encountering his adversary. Our Revolutionary period supplies us with an example of one of those matchless leaders, who, while he lost the majority of the great battles in which he was engaged, yet, even amidst the hardships and sufferings of a "Valley Forge," by his forethought, his patience and unselfish patriotism could win and retain the confidence and admiration of his troops until he led them to the achievement of results which won the admiration of mankind. And our late war gave us the example of one who in all respects was a fitting complement of the former. Peerless in victory and in adversity, he was matchless. Among the many able general officers which the exigencies of the late war called to the front, Ramseur is entitled to rank high, and gave the most flattering promises of still greater achievements.

Stephen D. Ramseur, the second child of Jacob A. and Lucy M. Ramseur, had Revolutionary blood in his veins through John Wilfong, a hero who was wounded at King's Mountain and fought at Eutaw Springs. He was born in Lincolnton the 31st day of May, 1837. His surroundings were well calculated to promote a well developed character and a strong self-relying manhood. His parents were members of the Presbyterian Church, and did not neglect to see their son properly instructed in their religious tenets. They were possessed of ample means for their section, and gave to him the best advantages of social and intellectual improvement without being exposed to the "devices and snares of the outer world." To the strong and beautiful character of his mother, Ramseur is said to have been indebted for the greater part of his success in life. In preparing the life of Dr. Thornwell, Rev. Dr. Palmer has asserted a truth which may be classed as a proverb: "The pages of history will be searched in vain for a great man who had a fool for his mother." In writing of her the Hon. David

Schenck, who married Sallie Wilfong, her second daughter, says: "As a young lady she was said to have been beautiful and attractive. I knew her intimately from 1849 to her death. She was a woman of great force of character. To a judgment clear and firm she united gentleness, tenderness and sympathy. Her manners were easy and courteous and fascinating. She was an active and devoted member of the Presbyterian Church, and brought up her children in the teachings of the shorter catechism from their early youth. It was to her that General Ramseur owed the mental and moral foundations of his character." He received his preparatory training in the schools of Lincolnton and in the village of Milton, then he matriculated at Davidson College, entered the Freshman class and passed eighteen months at this institution. He early displayed that decision of character and force of will that distinguished him in after life. He had an ardent longing for a military career, and though disappointed in his efforts to secure an appointment as a cadet at the United States Military Academy, he was not cast down. Through the aid of General D. H. Hill, then a professor at Davidson, his second application was successful. He was given his appointment to the Academy by that sturdy old Roman, the Hon. Burton Craige, who before the days of rotation in office was long an able and distinguished member of Congress from our State. Ramseur spent the usual term of five years at the Academy and was graduated with distinction in the class of 1860. Among his class-mates of national reputation were Generals James H. Wilson and Merritt, Colonel Wilson, Commandant at United States Military Academy, and Colonel A. C. M. Pennington, U. S. A.

Through his courtesy, sincerity and the conscientious discharge of his duties while at West Point he formed many valued friendships both among his fellow-students and in the corps. After graduating, Ramseur entered the light artillery service and was commissioned Second Lieutenant by brevet. He was in the United States army but a short time prior to the breaking out of hostilities, and during that time was assigned to

duty at Fortress Monroe. In April, 1861, he resigned his commission in the old army and promptly tendered his sword to the Provisional Government of the Confederate States, then assembled at Montgomery. By this government he was commissioned First Lieutenant of Artillery and ordered to the department of Mississippi. About this time a battery of artillery was being formed at Raleigh, whose membership was comprised of the flower of the patriotic youth of the State. It was called "the Ellis Artillery," in honor of our then very able and patriotic Governor, whose early death by *phthisis* was an irreparable loss to our State in the early days of the war. The officers were Manly, Saunders, Guion and Bridgers, who, owing to our long peace establishment, were not familiar with even the rudiments of the drill. Therefore, with more patriotism than selfish emulation, they promptly applied through Lieutenant Saunders to their friend the Governor for some suitable and reliable commander. With a pardonable pride in so fine a company, Governor Ellis had doubtless previously considered this subject in his own mind. At all events, so soon as the request was made known he promptly replied: "I have the very man. You couldn't get a better. It is Lieutenant Ramsenr." Thereupon a dispatch was sent tendering him the command, which reached him on his way to his new field of duty. He accepted the unsolicited but none the less coveted distinction of repelling the invasion of his native State in command of her own sons, and repaired at once to Raleigh. On arriving at the camp of instruction near this place he found a first-class command of raw recruits without equipments or discipline or the remotest conception of the magnitude of the great contest before them. Many had joined the artillery because it was known to be one of the higher and more attractive branches of the service. They concurred with Secretary Seward, that the war was a matter of a few months, or else with Vice-President Stephens, that for the defense of their firesides gentlemen should not be kept in camps of instruction and discipline, but permitted to remain at their homes, for they were capable of judging when the enemy

should be met, and by what methods most easily defeated. If they had read of war it was, in books which gave it such gloss and glamour as made every battle magnificent, if not positively delectable, for such, indeed, is the general current of popular history. Not so Ramseur, who had been taught in the school where the art of war is thoroughly explained, the discipline and drudgery of soldier life daily seen and the distinctions and advantages of rank recognized and respected. His education and experience led him to concur with Viscount Woolsey, who, in speaking of war, declares that active service teaches us some painful lessons: "That all men are not heroes; that the quality as well as quantity of their courage differs largely; that some men are positively cowards; that there always is, always has been, and always will be, a good deal of skulking and malingering; it teaches us not to expect too much from any body of men; above all things to value the truly brave men as worth more than all the talkers and spouters who have ever squabbled for place in the arena of politics." Ramseur was well satisfied with the *esprit de corps* of his command, and resolved to employ it to the best advantage. To do this his men must have a knowledge of tactics, discipline, and subordination was indispensable. He had considered all this, determined what was right, and whether it conformed with the wishes and inclinations of those who belonged to the command or not was not material with him. Indeed, duty was his polar star. He did not willingly sever his connection from the old army, but when called on to elect whether he would fight for or against his people and his State there was no hesitancy, no doubt as to where his duty lay, and he threw his whole soul and energies into the cause of the South. This company was composed of twelve months men. Ramseur wanted soldiers, and wanted them for the war. This being known, some, a few members of the company, began to become discontented. They feared they were to be treated as regular soldiers, and insisted that inasmuch as they had volunteered only for twelve months that should the company be reorganized for the war they were entitled to withdraw. They were good men

and did not desire to leave the service: they were allowed to withdraw, and in other fields made valient soldiers. The reorganization of the battery was soon completed, all elements of discord eliminated, and, under the skillful management and discipline of its new Captain, made admirable progress. The great thing now was to secure its guns and equipments, and in this the company was aided by its name and the patriotic ardor of the citizens of Raleigh. At this time there was only one field battery available, and for it another company was applying. The name and *personnel* of the Ellis Artillery won the prize, while the voluntary subscriptions of our citizens supplied it with horses. Being without tents or suitable parade grounds, Mr. William Boylan tendered it his residence and out-buildings for shelter and ample grounds as a camp for instruction. The offer was accepted, and here the company received that impress which, when called to Virginia and brought in comparison with others, carried off the palm for their soldierly bearing, their splendid drill and handsome equipment. In the latter part of the summer of 1861 the company was ordered to Smithfield, Va., where the fall and winter months were spent without graver duties than occasional reconnoissances to and from Norfolk. McClellan's army was now near Washington, confronted by that of General Joe Johnston, while the public mind of the North was becoming very impatient at its inaction, and began to renew the cry of "On to Richmond!" which had been so popular before the inglorious defeat of the Federal army at Manassas. McClellan, unable to resist this clamor, determined to endeavor to reach the Confederate capital by way of the lower Chesapeake, and on transports transferred his army to the Peninsular and sat down before Yorktown. It is estimated that McClellan at this time had an army of not less than one hundred and twenty thousand men fit for duty. This force was to be confronted and delayed until Johnston could arrive by thirteen thousand Confederates under J. B. Magruder, who, in order to accomplish this purpose, was compelled to cover a front of thirteen miles with his small force. The work was done, and with consummate ability, and it is no

disparagement to others to say there was no officer in either army better qualified to play such a game of bluff than the genial, whole-souled Magruder. Ramseur was ordered to report with his battery at Yorktown. When he arrived Magruder, who had known him in the old army, detached him from his battery and placed him in command of all the artillery on his right. Here Ramseur saw his first active service in the field, and received the promotion of Major. On the arrival of the forces of McClellan a campaign of maneuvering commenced which delayed advance for over a month. In the meantime Ramseur had been elected Lieutenant Colonel of the Third Regiment of Volunteers, but declined to leave his battery. Subsequently, and before serious demonstrations had begun, he was elected Colonel of the Forty-ninth Regiment of Infantry. He was still reluctant to leave his battery, but appreciating the fact that Manly and its other officers were then well qualified for any duties that might be required of them, through the persuasion of friends he was induced to accept the promotion. Subsequent events soon justified his confidence in this artillery company. At the battle of Williamsburg, where it received its first baptism of fire, it gathered fadeless laurels which it was destined to wear throughout the war with a fame still augmenting.

The Forty-ninth Regiment was composed of raw recruits who were gathered together in the camp of instruction at Raleigh, organized into companies and regiments and instructed as to its duties in the field. With his accustomed energy and ability Ramseur immediately addressed himself to the labor of making soldiers out of these new recruits. By constant drill he soon had his regiment in fair condition; and, as the emergency was pressing, he moved with it to the point of danger. The regiment was assigned to the brigade of an old army officer, General Robert Ransom, who was soon to become a distinguished Major General of cavalry in the Army of Northern Virginia and thence to be assigned to the command of all the cavalry under Longstreet in his operations in the West. In the series of battles around Richmond, known as the "Seven Days' Fight,"

Ramseur, while gallantly leading his regiment in the battle of Malvern Hill, received a severe and disabling wound through the right arm, but declined to leave the field until the action was over. This wound necessitated his removal to Richmond, where he was detained for over a month before his injury permitted him to enjoy the much-coveted pleasure of a visit to his home. Indeed, the arm was broken, and he was ever afterwards compelled to wear it in a sling.

In his report General Ransom speaks of the conspicuous gallantry of Ramseur and his men, and it was by reason of his soldierly qualities mainly, displayed upon this occasion, that his promotion to the rank of

BRIGADIER GENERAL

soon followed. While still at home wounded Ramseur received notice of his unexpected promotion. At first he doubted whether one so young should accept so responsible a position, and was disposed to decline the promotion. His friends did not coincide in his views, and through their persuasion he was induced to accept it. In October, 1862, with his arm still disabled, he went to Richmond to make a decision in regard to the brigade offered him. While there he called upon Mr. Davis, alike distinguished as a soldier and a statesman, to whom he expressed the fears then agitating his mind. In that affable and engaging manner peculiar to himself, Mr. Davis at once dismissed any suggestion of his declining, and on the contrary urged him to accept the command, return home and remain until he had entirely recovered his health and his strength. But Ramseur obeyed only in part the suggestions of his Commander-in-chief. He accepted the command of the brigade and went at once to the Army of Northern Virginia, and, with his wound still green, entered upon the discharge of his duties. This brigade was then composed of the Second Regiment, organized and instructed by that able tactician, scholarly and accomplished gentleman, Colonel C. C. Tew, who was killed at Sharpsburg; the Fourth by the chivalrous and lamented Brigadier General George B. Anderson,

who died of wounds received at Sharpsburg; the Fourteenth, before its reorganization, was commanded and instructed by that soldierly and ardent North Carolinian, Brigadier General Junius Daniel, who fell in the Spottsylvania campaign ere his commission as a Major General had reached him; and the Thirtieth by Colonel F. M. Parker, the brave soldier and courteous gentleman, of whom further mention will be made during the course of this narrative. Ramseur, "like apples of gold in pictures of silver," was aptly and fitly chosen the worthy commander of this distinguished brigade, and immediately addressed himself to its reorganization. His admirable qualifications for his duties and his pure and chivalrous character were soon recognized and appreciated and infused new life and spirit into the command. As a disciplinarian he was rigid; as a tactician, skillful; as a judge of men, good; as a redressor of wrongs, prompt; as an officer, courteous and urbane; as a soldier, fearless and chivalrous. He early commanded the respect and ultimately won the hearts of all over whom he held command. This brigade at the time he assumed command was in Rodes' Division of Jackson's Corps. Ramsenr remained in command without events of any particular importance occurring until he entered upon his

CHANCELLORSVILLE CAMPAIGN.

His report of that famous battle is so full and complete, and so clearly displays the unselfish and chivalrous nature of this officer, I am confident I cannot do better than to incorporate it as a part of this sketch. It reads as follows:

"MAY 23, 1864.

"SIR:—In obedience to Orders No. —, dated May 7th, 1863, I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of my brigade in the series of skirmishes and battles opening at Massaponax Creek and ending in the splendid victory at Chancellorsville:

"Wednesday A. M., April 29th, the brigade was placed below Massaponax Creek to dispute the enemy's crossing, and remained

in that position, occasionally annoyed by their artillery (by which I lost a few men) and kept on the alert by picket firing until Thursday evening, when we were withdrawn to a point near Hamilton's Crossing.

"Friday, May 1st, at 3 A. M., we were aroused for the march and led the advance of Major General Rodes' Division in the direction of Chancellorsville. At a distance of seven miles from Fredericksburg we were detached from our own division and ordered to report to Major General Anderson, when we advanced upon the enemy, who fell back in confusion before our sharpshooters for several miles, strewing the way with their arms and baggage, this brigade, with General Posey on our right and General Wright on our left, for upwards perhaps of two miles, being in advance. About 6 P. M. we found the foe in force upon our front and supported by batteries that poured grape unsparingly into the woods through which we were still advancing. Night approaching a halt was ordered, and we slept on our arms with a strong picket line on the outposts.

"Saturday, May 2d, we were relieved about sunrise and shortly thereafter marched by a series of circuitous routes and with surpassing strategy to a position in the rear of the enemy, whom at about 5 P. M. we were ordered to attack.

"This brigade was directed to support Brigadier General Colquitt, with orders to overlap his right by one regiment, and was placed accordingly. At the command we advanced with the division, preserving a distance of about one hundred yards in the rear of General Colquitt. Brisk firing was soon heard upon our front and left, indicating that General Doles had encountered the foe. At this point General Colquitt moved by the right flank, sending me word by an officer of his staff that the enemy was attempting to turn his right. I immediately moved by the right flank, but heard no firing in that quarter. Again he sent his staff officer to inform me that the enemy was passing by his right flank, when I directed him to say to General Colquitt (in effect) that the firing indicated a sharp fight with General Doles, and that my impression was that his support was needed there,

and that I would take care of his right flank. General Colquitt moved to the front, with the exception of one regiment, which continued to the right. I then pressed on by the right flank to meet the enemy that General Colquitt's staff officer twice reported to me to be in that direction, and prosecuted the search for half a mile perhaps, but not a solitary Yankee was to be seen. I then came up to the division line and moved by the left flank to the support of General Colquitt, whose men were resting in line of battle on the field General Doles had won.

“Saturday night our division occupied the last line of battle within the intrenchments from which the routed corps of Sigel had fled in terror. My brigade was placed perpendicular to the plank-road, the left resting on the road, General Doles on my right and Colonel (E. A.) O’Neal, commanding Rodes’ Brigade, on my left. I placed Colonel (F. M.) Parker, Thirtieth North Carolina, on the right of my brigade; Colonel (R. T.) Bennett, Fourteenth North Carolina, on right centre; Colonel (W. R.) Cox, Second North Carolina, left centre, and Colonel (Bryan) Grimes, Fourth North Carolina, on left.

“Sunday, May 3d, the division, being as stated, in the third line of battle, advanced about 9 o’clock to the support of the second line. After proceeding about one-fourth of a mile I was applied to by Major (W. J.) Pegram for support to his battery, when I detached Colonel Parker, Thirtieth North Carolina, for this purpose, with orders to advance obliquely to his front and left and join me after his support should be no longer needed, or to fight his regiment as circumstances might require. I continued to advance to the first line of breastworks, from which the enemy had been driven, and behind which I found a small portion of Paxton’s Brigade and Jones’ Brigade, of Trimble’s Division. Knowing that a general advance had been ordered, I told these troops to move forward. Not a man moved. I then reported this state of things to Major General Stuart, who directed me to assume command of these troops and compel them to advance. This I essayed to do, and, after fruitless efforts, ascertained that General Jones was not on the field and that Colonel (T. S.) Garnett had been killed,

I reported again to General Stuart, who was near, and requested permission to run over the troops in my front, which was cheerfully granted. At the command "Forward!" my brigade, with a shout, cleared the breastworks and charged the enemy. The Fourth North Carolina (Colonel Grimes) and seven companies of the Second North Carolina (Colonel Cox) drove the enemy before them until they had taken the last line of his works, which they held under a severe, direct and enfilading fire, repulsing several assaults on this portion of our front. The Fourteenth North Carolina (Colonel Bennett) and three companies of the Second were compelled to halt some one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards in rear of the troops just mentioned for the reason that the troops on my right had failed to come up and the enemy was in heavy force on my right flank. Had Colonel Bennett advanced the enemy could easily have turned my right. As it was, my line was subjected to a horrible enfilading fire, by which I lost severely. I saw the danger threatening my right, and sent several times to Jones' Brigade to come to my assistance, and I also went back twice myself and exhorted and ordered it (officers and men) to fill up the gap (some five or six hundred yards) on my right, but all in vain. I then reported to General Rodes that unless support was sent to drive the enemy from my right I would have to fall back. In the meantime Colonel Parker of the Thirtieth North Carolina, approaching from the battery on the right, suddenly fell upon the flank and repulsed a heavy column of the enemy who were moving to get in my rear by my right flank, some three or four hundred of them surrendering to him as prisoners of war. The enemy still held his strong position in the ravine on my right, so that the Fourteenth North Carolina and the three companies of the Second North Carolina could not advance. The enemy discovered this situation of affairs and pushed a brigade to the right and rear of Colonel Grimes and seven companies of Colonel Cox's (Second North Carolina), with the intention of capturing their commands. This advance was made under a terrible direct fire of musketry and artillery. The move necessitated a retrograde

movement on the part of Colonels Grimes and Cox, which was executed in order, but with the loss of some prisoners, who did not hear the command to retire. Colonel Bennett held his position until ordered to fall back, and, in common with all the others, to replenish his empty cartridge-boxes. The enemy did not halt at this position, but retired to his battery, from which he was quickly driven, Colonel Parker of the Thirtieth North Carolina sweeping over it with the troops on my right.

“After replenishing cartridge-boxes I received an order from Major General Rodes to throw my brigade on the left of the road to meet an apprehended attack of the enemy in that quarter. This was done, and afterwards I was moved to a position on the plank-road which was intrenched, and which we occupied until the division was ordered back to camp near Hamilton’s Crossing.

“The charge of the brigade, made at a critical moment, when the enemy had broken and was hotly pressing the centre of the line in our front with apparently overwhelming numbers, not only checked his advance but threw him back in disorder and pushed him with heavy loss from his last line of works.

“Too high praise cannot be accredited to officers and men for their gallantry, fortitude and manly courage during this brief but arduous campaign. Exposed as they had been for five days immediately preceding the fights on the picket line, they were, of course, somewhat wearied, but the order to move forward and confront the enemy brightened every eye and quickened every step. Under fire all through Wednesday, Wednesday night and Thursday, without being able effectually to return this fire, they bore all bravely, and led the march towards Chancellorsville on Friday morning in splendid order. The advance of the brigade on Friday afternoon was made under the very eyes of our departed hero (Jackson) and of Major General A. P. Hill, whose words of praise and commendation, bestowed upon the field, we fondly cherish. And on Sunday the magnificent charge of the brigade upon the enemy’s last and most terrible stronghold was made in view of Major General Stuart and our division com-

mander, Major General R. E. Rodes, whose testimony that it was the most glorious charge of that most glorious day, we are proud to remember and report to our kindred and friends.

“To enumerate all the officers and men who deserve special mention for their gallantry would be to return a list of all who were on the field. All met the enemy with unflinching courage; and for privations, hardships, and splendid marches, all of which were cheerfully borne, they richly deserve the thanks of our beautiful and glorious Confederacy.

“I cannot close without mentioning the conspicuous gallantry and great efficiency of my regimental commander. Colonel Parker of the Thirtieth North Carolina was detached during the fight of Sunday to support a battery, and having accomplished that object moved forward on his own responsibility and greatly contributed to wrest the enemy’s stronghold at Chancellorsville from their grasp as well as prevent their threatened demonstrations upon the right of my brigade; the gallant Grimes of the Fourth North Carolina, whose conduct on other fields gave promise of what was fully realized on this; Colonel Bennett of the Fourteenth North Carolina, conspicuous for his coolness under the hottest fire, and last, though not least, the manly and chivalrous Cox of the Second North Carolina, the accomplished gentleman, splendid soldier, and warm friend, who, though wounded five times, remained with his regiment until exhausted. In common with the entire command, I regret his temporary absence from the field, where he loved to be.

“Major Daniel W. Hurtt, Second North Carolina State Troops, commanded the skirmishers faithfully and well.

“To the field and company officers, one and all, my thanks are due for the zeal and bravery displayed under the most trying circumstances.

“To the gentlemen of my staff I owe especial thanks for services rendered on the march and upon the field. Captain Seaton Gales, Assistant Adjutant General, and Lieutenant Caleb Richmond, Aide-de-camp, were with me all the time, promptly carrying orders under the very hottest fire. I take pleasure, too,

in speaking of the bravery of private James Stinson, courier, a youth of twenty, who displayed qualities a veteran might boast of, and of the conduct of private J. B. Beggarly, also a courier to headquarters.

“To Dr. G. W. Briggs, Senior Surgeon of the brigade, my thanks are due for his zeal, skill, and care of the wounded.

“I am, sir, very respectfully,

“Your obedient servant,

“STEPHEN D. RAMSEUR,

“*Brigadier General Commanding.*”

In the report of this battle by Major General Rodes he makes the following remarks as to the part borne by Ramseur's Brigade:

* * * * *

“While these movements were taking place on the left, Ramseur and Doles pushed forward on the right, passed the first line of intrenchments, which had already been carried, passed the first and second lines of our troops, and became fiercely engaged. Doles deflecting to the right, passed up a ravine behind the graveyard on Chancellor's Hill, and finally came out in the field nearly opposite the house, driving the enemy before him as he advanced, actually getting several hundred yards to the rear as well of those troops opposing the rest of my division as of those opposing General Anderson's Division. Subsequently he was compelled to fall back and was directed by General Lee to take a large body of prisoners. Ramseur, after vainly urging the troops in the first line of intrenchment to move forward, obtained permission to pass them, and, dashing over the works, charged the second intrenchment in the most brilliant style. The struggle at this point was long and obstinate, but the charge on the left of the plank-road at this time caused the enemy to give way on his left, and this, combined with the unflinching determination of his men, carried the day and gave him possession of the works. Not being supported, he was exposed still to a galling fire from the right, with great danger of being flanked. Not-

withstanding repeated efforts made by him, and by myself in person, none of the troops in his rear would move up until the old "Stonewall Brigade" arrived on the ground and gallantly advanced in conjunction with the Thirtieth North Carolina Regiment, Colonel F. M. Parker, of Ramseur's Brigade, which had been detached to support a battery, and was now on its return. Occupying the works on the right of Ramseur, and thus relieving him when his ammunition was nearly exhausted, the Stonewall Brigade pushed on and carried Chancellorsville heights, making the third time that they were captured."

In this battle Ramseur, though severely wounded, declined to leave the field, and is especially mentioned by Rodes as one who was "distinguished for great gallantry and efficiency in this action."

It will be remembered that it was here that that great ideal soldier of the Army of Northern Virginia, who stood second only to Lee, Stonewall Jackson, fell mortally wounded, and was carried from the field. His command then devolved on A. P. Hill, who was wounded, and then upon General J. E. B. Stuart, whose plume, like that of Harry of Navarre, was always seen conspicuous in the thickest of the affray. While each of these Generals mentioned Ramseur and his brigade in the most flattering terms, I will not stop to quote from their reports. I prefer to hasten on and call your attention to what will be recognized by every soldier of that army as one of the highest compliments and most distinguished tributes that could have been paid to Ramseur and his command. I beg you to pause and reflect upon the force and power of each expression. It emanates from one not given to compliments, but who, in all of his public communications, seemed to weigh and carefully consider each word that he used. I am confident that the existence of this letter was not known either to Ramseur or to any of his command when written, and came to my notice for the first time only very recently.

GENERAL LEE'S TRIBUTE.

It reads as follows :

“HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,

“June 4th, 1863.

“HIS EXCELLENCY ZEBULON B. VANCE,

“*Governor of North Carolina, Raleigh:*

“GOVERNOR:—I have the honor to call the attention of your Excellency to the reduced condition of Brigadier General Ramseur's Brigade. Its ranks have been much thinned by the casualties of the battles in which it has been engaged, in all of which it has rendered conspicuous service. I consider its brigade and regimental commanders as among the best of their respective grades in the army, and in the battle of Chancellorsville, where the brigade was much distinguished and suffered severely, General Ramseur was among those whose conduct was especially commended to my notice by Lieutenant General Jackson in a message sent to me after he was wounded. I am very desirous that the efficiency of this brigade should be increased by filling its ranks, and respectfully ask that, if it be in your power, you will send on recruits for its various regiments as soon as possible. If this cannot be done I would recommend that two additional regiments be sent to it if they can be had. I am satisfied that the men could be used in no better way to render valuable service to the country and win credit for themselves and their State.

“I am, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) “R. E. LEE,
“*General.*”

Mark the language: “I consider its brigade and regimental commanders the best of their respective grades in the army.” What army? The Army of Northern Virginia! The best on the continent! Who sends a message to Lee about Ramseur that is worthy to be repeated to the Governor of the State? Stonewall Jackson, from his bed of anguish. No higher eulogy could be pronounced.

After the battle of Chancellorsville, Ramseur, with his brigade, accompanied the army of Lee in its invasion of Pennsylvania. In connection with Rodes' Division, in the first day's fight at Gettysburg they secured the elevated ridge known as Oak Hill, which was the key-note of the entire field. Swinton, in his "Army of the Potomac," says: "When towards three o'clock a general advance was made by the Confederates, Rodes speedily broke through the Union centre, carrying away the right of the First Corps and the left of the Eleventh, and, entering the interval between them, disrupted the whole line." The Federal troops fell back in much disorder, and were pursued by our troops through the town of Gettysburg. This was our opportunity to have seized the heights, the subsequent assaults on which proved so disastrous to us during the progress of this battle. Ramseur urged that the pursuit should be continued until Cemetery Heights were in our possession. The light of subsequent events shows that he was clearly in the right. Our friends in Virginia are fond of boasting of the advanced position of their troops at Gettysburg. It is a thing to be boasted of. Her sons were gallant and martial, and far be it from me to detract one tittle from the fame to which they are entitled, yet it is but an act of justice to call attention to the fact that the only two brigades which entered the works of Cemetery Heights on the second day of the battle were Hoke's North Carolina and Hays' Louisiana brigades. The former was then under the command of that gallant soldier and accomplished gentleman, Colonel Isaac E. Avery, who lost his life on this occasion while gallantly leading his brigade on the heights on the 2d of July. In his report of this battle, Early says:

* * * * *

"As soon as Johnson became warmly engaged, which was a little before dusk, I ordered Hays and Avery to advance and carry the works on the heights in front. These troops advanced in gallant style to the attack, passing over the ridge in front of them under a heavy artillery fire, and there crossing a hollow between that and Cemetery Hill, and moving up this hill in the

face of at least two lines of infantry posted behind stone and plank fences, and passing over all obstacles, they reached the crest of the hill and entered the enemy's breastworks, crossing it, getting possession of one or two batteries."

Brigadier General Iverson, of Georgia, had manifested such a want of capacity in the field at Gettysburg he was relieved of his command and assigned to provost guard duty. As a further mark of Lee's appreciation of Ramseur this brigade was assigned temporarily to his command, in addition to the one he already commanded.

In the various skirmishes and battles of this campaign Ramseur displayed his usual efficiency and gallantry. After returning from Pennsylvania our troops went into winter quarters near Orange Court House, and as it was clear that after the exhaustive campaigns of the year we would enjoy a period of comparative quiet, Ramseur obtained a leave of absence for the purpose of entering into the most important relations of one's life. He had long been attached to and was then engaged to Miss Ellen E. Richmond, of Milton, but the consummation of his hopes had been often deferred by the exigencies of the public service. He was now made supremely happy in their marriage, which occurred on the 22d of October, 1863.

The successive failures of the Army of the Potomac in its engagements with the Army of Northern Virginia created a general apprehension throughout the North that unless something more satisfactory was accomplished the successful issue of the war was becoming a most doubtful problem. This prompted the nomination of General Grant to the grade of Lieutenant General and he was assigned to the command of "all the armies of the United States." One of the conditions of his acceptance was that he should not be hampered in the discharge of his duties by the central authorities at Washington—a wise and judicious precaution, which else had resulted in his supersedure after his terrible losses at Coal Harbor, where, according to Swinton, he had thirteen thousand of his men killed and wounded within the space of two hours, and this without inflicting but little loss on his adversary.

On the morning of May 5th, 1864, over one hundred thousand of Grant's troops had crossed the Rapidan, and thence followed that series of battles on the overland route to Richmond, wherein the killed, wounded and disabled on the part of Grant's army were as great as the whole army of Lee when these engagements commenced. During this march Ramseur's men were frequently engaged in successful skirmishes and battles with the enemy, but the great battle in which he shone conspicuously was on the 12th of May, at

SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE.

On the afternoon of the 11th there was severe fighting on our right, when Ramseur's men mounted over our works and drove the enemy from our front in a hand-to-hand engagement. It was expected by Lee that during the night Grant would withdraw his troops for the purpose of continuing his advance on Richmond. In order to be in readiness to confront him when he should make this change, Lee had directed that the guns in front of Ed. Johnson's Division, in a point in our lines known as the "salient," should be withdrawn during the night to facilitate our movements in the morning. This fact became known to Grant through a deserter from our lines. Hancock's Corps was in front of this point, and he was directed to approach under the cover of night and a dense fog and assault the line at early dawn. The attack resulted most successfully, for our works were captured, together with a large number of prisoners. To restore in part this line became Ramseur's duty. In his report of the action he speaks substantially as follows: That in anticipation of an attack on his front on the morning of the 12th he had his brigade under arms at early dawn. Very soon he heard a terrible assault on his right. He therefore moved Cox's Regiment, which was in reserve, to a position perpendicular to his line of battle. At this time the enemy was massing his troops for a further advance. For the purpose of driving him back he formed his brigade in a line parallel to the two lines held by the enemy. The men in charging were

directed to keep their allignment and not pause until both lines of works were ours. How gallantly and successfully these orders were executed were witnessed by Generals Rodes and Ewell. The two lines of Federal troops were driven pell-mell out and over both lines of our original works with great loss. The enemy held the breastworks on our right, enflading the line with destructive fire, at the same time heavily assaulting our right front. In this extremity, Colonel Bennett of the Fourteenth offered to take his regiment from left to right, under a severe fire, and drive back the growing masses of the enemy on our right. This hazardous offer was accepted as a forlorn hope, and was most successfully executed. To Colonel Bennett and his men, says General Ramseur, and his gallant officers, all honor is due. I distinctly recall the circumstances under which the charge was made, and for cool audacity and unflinching courage I never saw it surpassed. At the time the movement was commenced Colonel Parker's Regiment and the Federals were engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter in and over the works, while my regiment was pouring a most destructive fire into the Federals in our front. We entered these works at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 12th and remained in the works fighting and contending for over twenty hours. When relieved, hungry and exhausted, we dropped upon the wet ground and slept most profoundly.

A correspondent of the *London Morning Herald*, who had familiar access to Lee's headquarters, in a description of the battle of the Wilderness, gives this vivid account of the action of Ramseur's Brigade on the morning of the 12th :

"The Federalists continued to hold their ground in the salient, and along the line of works, to the left of that angle, within a short distance of the position of Monaghan's (Hays') Louisianians. Ramseur's North Carolinians of Rodes' Division formed, covering Monaghan's right; and being ordered to charge, were received by the enemy with a stubborn resistance. The desperate character of the struggle along that brigade-front was told terribly in the hoarseness and rapidity of its musketry. So close was the fighting there, for a time, that the fire of friend

and foe rose up rattling in one common roar. Ramseur's North Carolinians dropped in the ranks thick and fast, but still he continued, with glorious constancy, to gain ground, foot by foot. Pressing under a fierce fire, resolutely on, on, on, the struggle was about to become one of hand to hand, when the Federalists shrank from the bloody trial. Driven back, they were not defeated. The earthworks being at the moment in their immediate rear, they bounded on the opposite side; and having thus placed them in their front, they renewed the conflict. A rush of an instant brought Ramseur's men to the side of the defenses; and though they crouched close to the slopes, under enfilade from the guns of the salient, their musketry rattled in deep and deadly fire on the enemy that stood in overwhelming numbers but a few yards from their front. Those brave North Carolinians had thus, in one of the hottest conflicts of the day, succeeded in driving the enemy from the works that had been occupied during the previous night by a brigade which, until the 12th of May, had never yet yielded to a foe—the Stonewall."

In an address before the Army of Northern Virginia, Colonel Venable, of Lee's staff, says: "The restoration of the battle on the 12th, thus rendering utterly futile the success achieved by Hancock's Corps at daybreak, was a wonderful feat of arms, in which all the troops engaged deserve the greatest credit for endurance, constancy and unflinching courage. But without unjust discrimination, we may say that Gordon, Rodes and Ramseur were the heroes of this bloody day. * * * * Rodes and Ramseur were destined, alas! in a few short months, to lay down their noble lives in the Valley of Virginia. There was no victor's chaplet more highly prized by the Roman soldier than that woven of the grass of early spring. Then let the earliest flowers of May be always intertwined in the garlands which the pious hands of our fair women shall lay on the tombs of Rodes and Ramseur, and of the gallant dead of the battle of twenty hours at Spottsylvania."

General Long, in his "Life of Lee," puts the name of Ramseur in the van of those who rushed into this angle of death and hurled back the Federals' most savage sallies. During the long and fierce struggle I saw soldiers place the arms of their comrades who had just fallen in such a position as when they had become stiffened they would hold the cartridges we were using. Yes, fighting and exhausted, amidst blood and mud and brains, they would sit on the bodies of their fallen comrades for rest, and dared not show even a finger above the breastworks, for so terrible was the fire at this angle that a tree eighteen inches in diameter was cut asunder by minnie balls. After the battle was over Generals Lee and Ewell thanked Ramseur in person, and directed him to carry to his officers and men their high appreciation of their conspicuous services and heroic daring. At this time such portions of the First and Third Regiments as were not captured in the salient were placed in the brigade, and it is sufficient praise to bear witness that from that time on to the surrender at Appomattox their officers and men always showed themselves worthy of the highest confidence reposed in them. In appreciation of the conspicuous services rendered by Ramseur on this occasion, he was made a Major General and assigned to the command of Early's Division, and I had the distinguished honor of being assigned to Ramseur's (now to become Cox's) historic brigade.

THE VALLEY OF VIRGINIA,

both physically and strategically, is one of the most attractive regions of that State. It is not less distinguished for the brilliant achievements of Stonewall Jackson than for the ardent patriotism of its men and the devotion and sacrifices of its women to the cause of the South. It was here that Jackson, with only a little army of thirteen thousand men, defeated and drove from the valley Milroy, Fremont, Banks and Shields, whose combined forces were five times as great as his own, besides capturing vast quantities of much needed commissary and ordnance stores and large numbers of prisoners. After

the battle of Coal Harbor the Second Corps, composed of Ramseur's, Rodes' and Gordon's Divisions, were placed under the command of Early, and directed to proceed to this valley, with instructions to capture or destroy the army of Hunter, a recreant Virginian, who was marching in the direction of Lynchburg, destroying the country as he moved along. Attached to this corps was Nelson's and Braxton's battalions of artillery, together with a division of cavalry. At this time Breckinridge, who, in a brilliant engagement, had recently defeated Sigel, was at Lynchburg awaiting our arrival. Our troops were transported by rail. Ramseur's and the greater part of Gordon's Divisions were sent forward as soon as they were ready. They arrived at Lynchburg at about 4 o'clock P. M., on the 17th of June. Here they united with Breckinridge and the troops of Major General Ransom, who was in command of the whole cavalry in the valley. Hunter was in camp near the city of Lynchburg. In a letter to me, General Ransom says that at this time "he (Ramseur) and I reconnoitered the left flank of Hunter's army and found it could be most advantageously assailed, and in person reported the fact to General Early, who said he would not attack until the whole of Rodes' Division had arrived from Richmond. The opportunity to destroy Hunter's army was then lost." Hunter took counsel of his fears and advantage of the cover of night and darkness to make a hasty retreat. Early on the morning of the 19th we commenced a pursuit, and just before night overtook the enemy's rear at Liberty, when Ramseur's Division moved on it and drove it through the place. It was now ascertained that Hunter had not taken the route that we anticipated, but had retreated by way of Beauford's Gap, where, the next day, he was found occupying a commanding position on the crest of the mountain. After our arrival we spent the afternoon in efforts to secure a position from which to successfully assail him the following day. Hunter, by our failure to promptly pursue at daylight, made his escape, and being in the mountains further pursuit was useless. Early, in his report, says: "By mistake of the messenger who was sent

with orders to General Rodes to lead the next morning, there was some delay in his movement on the 21st, but the pursuit was resumed very shortly after sunrise." After resting a day we resumed the march and reached Buchanan that night. Our next important move was to cross the Potomac into Maryland. We reached Frederick, Md., about the 9th of the month, when Ramseur, after a slight resistance, moved through the town and brushed away the Federals before him. Our invasion had so alarmed the Federal capital that General Wallace was directed to move at once with such forces as he had and could collect and interpose them between us and Washington. When Wallace reached our front he drew his troops up on the eastern bank of the

MONOCACY.

Ramseur deployed in his front, drove his skirmishers across the river and a brief and brisk artillery duel followed. In the meantime McCausland, with his cavalry, crossed the river, attacked the Federal left flank and threw it into confusion, which Early discovering, threw forward Gordon's Division, commanded by Breckinridge. Gordon moved to the assistance of McCausland, while Ramseur crossed over the railroad bridge and fell upon Wallace, who retreated with great precipitation, leaving in our hands six or seven hundred prisoners besides his killed and wounded. Our loss in killed and wounded was severe, but as this was a sharp and brilliant engagement, well planned and spiritedly executed, it infused new life into our troops. On the 10th we moved to Rockville. As the weather was hot and the roads dusty, our troops were easily fatigued and made but slow progress. The next day we resumed the march, and in the afternoon reached Seventh street pike, which leads into Washington. In a history of the Army of the Potomac, Swinton, in speaking of this movement, says: "By afternoon the Confederate infantry had come up and showed a strong line in front of Fort Stevens. Early had there an opportunity to dash into the city, the works being very slightly defended. The hope at headquarters that the capital could be saved from capture was very

slender." The truth is, the Sixth and Ninth Corps of Grant's army were then *en route* to save the capital, and for us to have entered it at this time might, in the end, have proved a costly experiment. Probably more expedition might have been exercised by us in our march. After reconnoitering and skirmishing a couple of days, we turned our backs on the capital, beat a hasty retreat to the Potomac, followed by the enemy's cavalry.

The next engagement of any importance in which Ramseur was concerned was at Winchester, where he was left with his command and a battery of artillery to protect the place from a threatened attack from Averill. While here he was informed by General Vaughan, in command of the cavalry, that Averill, with a small force, was at Stephenson's Depot, and could be surprised and easily captured. Placing too much confidence in these representations, Ramseur advanced against him without the proper precaution of throwing forward a strong skirmish line, and he encountered Averill with a large force of infantry and cavalry, and met with a pretty severe repulse. In a letter to me, General W. G. Lewis, who was wounded in this engagement, says that Ramseur was not altogether responsible for the mistake that occurred, for he had every reason to suppose that the information furnished by Vaughan was correct. This matter, while not of much importance, is referred to simply because it is the only instance in which he met with a reverse. The blame properly rests upon General Vaughan, who should have been more careful in his statements.

On the 9th of September information reached us that a large force had been concentrated at Harper's Ferry, which consisted of the Sixth, Nineteenth and Crook's Corps, and was under a new commander, who proved to be Sheridan. From this time on constant maneuvering and skirmishing occurred between the two armies, in which Ramseur was more or less prominently engaged. Sheridan proved to be a wary, cautious and prudent commander. In all of these movements it appeared that his purpose was rather to ascertain the strength and character of his adversary than to engage him in battle. Early was disappointed

and disgusted by his wary methods, and says in his "Last Year of the War" that "the events of the last month had satisfied me that the commander opposing me was without enterprise and possessed an excessive caution which amounted to timidity. If it was his policy to produce the impression that his force was too weak to fight me, he did not succeed; but if it was to convince me that he was not an able and energetic commander, his strategy was a complete success, and subsequent events have not changed my opinion." Sheridan had recently been transferred from the Army of the West, where Lee's methods and "Stonewall Jackson's way" were known as towers of strength. For the first time Sheridan was given an independent command, had a wholesome dread of our veterans, and also fully realized the fact that upon the result of his first encounter with his adversary there was involved an important political as well as military element.

Grant's campaign from the Wilderness to Coal Harbor had been disappointing to the North, where there was a feeling that so far the war had been a failure, which, in commenting on, in his "Army of the Potomac," Swinton says, that when the records of the War Department shall be carefully examined they will develop discoveries of the most startling nature. In speaking of public sentiment just prior to the battle of Winchester, Grant says in his "Memoirs":

"I had reason to believe that the administration was a little afraid to have a decisive battle fought at that time, for fear it might go against us and have a bad effect on the November elections. The convention which had met and made its nomination of the Democratic candidate for the presidency had declared the war a failure.

"Treason was talked as boldly in Chicago as ever it had been at Charleston.

"It was a question of whether the government would then have had the power to make arrests and punish those who thus talked treason.

"But this decisive victory was the most effective campaign argument made in the canvass."

In addition to what Grant says, there was another motive which made Sheridan timid in encountering our forces, and possibly Grant's presence was necessary to get him up to the fighting point.

In his "Memoirs," Sheridan says :

"I had opposing me an army largely composed of troops that had operated in this region hitherto under "Stonewall" Jackson with marked success, inflicting defeat on the Union forces almost every time the two armies had come in contact.

"These men were now commanded by a veteran officer of the Confederacy, General Jubal A. Early, whose past services had so signalized his ability that General Lee specially selected him to take charge of the Valley District, and notwithstanding the misfortunes that befell him later, clung to him to the end of the war. The Confederate army at this date was about twenty thousand strong, and consisted of Early's own Corps, with Generals Rodes, Ramseur and Gordon commanding its divisions; the infantry of Breckinridge, of Southwestern Virginia; three battalions of artillery, and the cavalry brigades of Vaughan, Johnson, McCausland and Imboden."

Early had marched and countermarched so often in the presence of and around Sheridan's army without bringing him to a test of strength, he began to think him no better than Hunter, and entertained more contempt for than fear of him. He separated his divisions at will, and scattered them from Winchester to Martinsburg—twenty-two miles—with no greater motive than that of interrupting railroad traffic, producing a little diversion in Washington, and securing a few commissaries in Martinsburg. His last movement in this direction was on the eve of the

BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

Of this movement he says that, "having been informed that a force was at work on the railroad near Martinsburg, I moved on the afternoon of the 17th of September with Rodes' and Gordon's Divisions and Braxton's artillery to Bunker Hill; and on the morning of the 18th, with Gordon's Divis-

ion and a part of the artillery, to Martinsburg, preceded by a part of Lomax's cavalry." It will thus be seen that in the presence of a largely superior force, and a new and untried commander, Early had his troops stretched out and separated like a string of glass beads with a knot between each one. In a previous move of a similar nature on Martinsburg, at Bunker Hill, I had been reliably informed that the next time Early should make the mistake of separating his command Sheridan intended to attack and endeavor to crush his troops in detail. This fact I communicated to General Rodes, who replied: "I know it. I have told Early as much"; and with much irritation of manner, said: "I can't get him to believe it."

On the morning of the 19th the booming of cannon was heard in the direction of Winchester. As skirmishing at this time was frequent, we could not positively decide as to what it portended. Rodes was now at Stephenson's Depot, Breckinridge and Gordon at Bunker Hill, and Ramseur at Winchester. Rodes received orders to "move out," but was not directed where to go. We moved out, took position behind a rock wall north of the road intersecting the Winchester road, where we anxiously awaited further orders for the space of two hours. All this time Ramseur, with his seventeen hundred men, was actively engaged with Sheridan's advance corps. Had we have been properly directed, we could have moved forward and crushed this corps before the remainder of Sheridan's troops arrived, and secured a complete victory. In speaking of the time when the firing commenced, Early, who was with Gordon, says: "I immediately ordered all the troops that were at Stephenson's Depot to be in readiness to move, directions being given by Gordon, who had arrived from Bunker Hill, to move at once, but by some mistake on the part of my staff officer, the latter order was not delivered to either Generals Breckinridge or Gordon."

Ramseur was compelled to bear the whole brunt of the attack of Sheridan's army until we came to his support, about 10 A. M. While Rodes was moving in column up the Martinsburg road, near Winchester, we were unexpectedly called to attention, faced

to the left, and moved forward to engage the enemy, who had advanced to within one hundred yards of the road. Grimes' Brigade was on the right, mine in the centre, and Cook's on the left, for Battle's was still behind. After a brief and vigorous assault the Fedrals commenced falling back.

Grimes drove him through the woods and formed on the left of Ramseur, while I was driving the Federals before me in an open field, supported by Cook on my left. The latter brigade was brought to a temporary halt. Rodes was now in my rear, and dispatched his only remaining staff officer to push forward this brigade. At this moment Lieutenant J. S. Battle of my staff came up, informed me that Colonel Bennett of the Fourteenth Regiment had just had his horse shot under him, and he had given him his. It was now that General Rodes was shot in the head by a ball, and caught by Lieutenant Battle as he fell from his horse. The fall of Rodes was not observed by the troops, who pushed on, and struck a weak line between the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps. At this point the Federals were severely punished, and fell back, leaving their killed and wounded. A large number of officers and men were secreted in a ditch, whom we captured. We pursued the enemy, with a hot fire, beyond the crest of the hill on which Grimes had established his line. Here Evans' Brigade, upon meeting a heavy fire, fell back, which exposed my brigade to a concentrated, direct and left oblique fire. Seeing that I could not maintain this advanced position, my Aide, Major Gales, was sent to General Early with a request to have a battery placed on a hill in my rear. This was promptly done, when my men fell back and were formed behind the battery, which opening with telling effect upon their heavy lines, they laid down, and the victory appeared to be ours. In this brief engagement Colonel Bannett had two horses shot from under him and was captured. Colonel Cobb of the Second lost a foot, and Colonel Thurston of the Third was severely wounded. While my loss in officers and men had been severe, my troops were in fine spirits. Here we lay until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when Major G. Peyton of the division staff directed me to fall back, for

the infantry had retired from my left, and Fitz Lee's cavalry was hotly engaged with that of the Federals. I replied that there was no occasion for my falling back, as I could repulse any assault the Federals might attempt; and upon their endeavoring to advance, I opened fire upon them and they rapidly sought shelter. Discovering (after Major Peyton retired) that the Federals were in my rear, I fell back in good order to the Martinsburg pike and formed on the left of our troops. Here we were exposed, without any protection, to a heavy artillery fire, which was inflicting unnecessary punishment upon my men. I turned to General Breckinridge, who was near, and pointed to a line of hills and suggested that that was the place to make our stand, to which he agreed. Thereupon I faced my men about and commenced retiring deliberately to the hills, all the troops conforming to this movement. General Early, through a staff officer, directed me to return; I thereupon faced my men about and moved them to the front. Upon reaching the turnpike a second officer came from General Early and directed me to fall back. Facing my men about, I again commenced slowly retiring. While thus marching and countermarching in a murderous fire, a cannon-ball struck in the color-guard, just in the rear of my horse's tail, cut one man asunder, tore off the skull of another, which was thrown in front, and spattered blood and brains on all who were near. My veterans, instead of being stampeded, only pressed a little more impulsively upon my horse's tail.

War hath its horrors, which the selfishness and ambition of men bring upon them, and they must endure them; but the suffering and distress of females no true man can complacently witness. Such scenes of distress and heart-rending agony as were manifested by the true women of Winchester as their town was uncovered and they were thus exposed to the foe, while they cannot be described, brought tears to the eyes of stoutest men.

Our troops now retreated towards Fisher's Hill. My brigade secured the elevation which I had selected, and stood as a menace to pursuit until our army had measurably retired. Then

proceeding to the turnpike, I was retreating in column, when Dr. Hunter McGuire, who was with Early, approached and said General Early was feeling badly; that we had lost but one caisson, and he wished I would take my troops and protect from capture the artillery then passing. I informed him that I was so far from division headquarters (for our army was not then in sight) that I did not desire to have my brigade exposed to capture unless he would bring me an order from General Early, who was then riding slowly along the pike. He returned to the General and came back and said the General said he wished I would do it. I then dispatched Assistant Adjutant General Gales to General Battle, who, after the fall of Rodes, was in command of the division, with information as to where I was and what I was doing. I then turned to my command, which had been joined by other troops who had lost their commands, and directed them to deploy and advance between the enemy's cavalry and our artillery, which was done with great spirit and promptness in the presence of the General, but without a word of indorsement from him. In this manner we moved on, protecting the artillery until near dusk, when we found Ramseur with his division thrown across the turnpike to prevent pursuit. About the time the artillery and my brigade crossed his line the enemy made a spirited charge to capture the guns. Ramseur's men rose and met it with a well-directed fire, which stopped further pursuit. I moved on and soon joined our troops. So that Ramseur, upon whom the enemy had opened their battle in the morning, gave them the last repulse at night.

Of this battle, Early writing, says: "A skillful and energetic commander of the enemy's forces would have crushed Ramseur before any assistance could have reached him, and thus caused the destruction of my whole force; and later in the day, when the battle had turned against us, with the immense superiority of cavalry which Sheridan had and the advantage of the open country, would have destroyed my whole force and captured everything I had. * * * * * I have thought, instead of being promoted, Sheridan ought to have been cashiered for

this battle." In his "Memoirs," Grant says: "Sheridan moved at the time fixed upon. He met Early at the crossing of the Opequan Creek and won a most decisive victory—one which electrified the country. Early had invited this attack himself by his bad generalship, and made the victory easy." Considering the great disparity of numbers, this battle of Winchester was, after all, no great victory on the part of Sheridan, and Grant intimates as much, for his troops outnumbered those of Early more than three to one. His cavalry was in fine condition, while ours was worn down by excessive duties and scant forage. It was won at a critical moment to the Federal government, and it became to its interest to magnify it in every way practicable.

After our defeat at Winchester we fell back and formed a line of battle behind Fisher's Hill. In our encounter with Sheridan's army, notwithstanding our defeat, his loss had been severe and his pursuit was languid. It was the 20th before he reached our front, and several days were passed in maneuvering and skirmishing. Ramseur's Division occupied the left of our line of battle and the prolongation of our line was defended by cavalry. On the 22d, Sheridan threw forward Crook's Corps, pushed back our cavalry and took possession of our line. Ramseur hearing the firing to his left, withdrew my brigade from the line and ordered me to move in the direction of the firing, for after the fall of Rodes, Ramseur, to our great gratification, was placed in charge of his division. On moving to the left I had a brisk skirmish with a part of Crook's men, but did not encounter the main force. From the firing in the direction of our line it was soon apparent that our army was falling back. I now met General Lomax with a part of his men, and he kindly conducted me by the nearest route to the turnpike over which we were retreating.

It was full dusk when we reached the road. Colonel Pendleton, an admirable officer and an accomplished gentleman-of the corps staff, met me and requested that my brigade be thrown across the road to cover the retreat. The brigade was promptly formed, advanced rapidly to a fence, where it met the

enemy in a hand-to-hand encounter, repulsed them and stopped the pursuit for the night. It was while near me that Colonel Pendleton, whom I had intimately known when on Jackson's staff, fell mortally wounded.

Napoleon said: "The moral force in war is worth twice its physical effect." Unfortunately, from this time on, that moral force which leads to success in battle was, in this army, under its present leadership, sadly lacking.

A word now as to the

PRIVATE SOLDIER

of the Confederate army. The emergencies of the South called forth all of her sons to the front ("from the cradle to the grave," as Grant expressed it), and in its ranks might be found men of every position in society. From education, association and pursuits he was superior to the ordinary soldier. He fought not for pay, for glory or promotion, and received but little of either. He coveted danger, not from recklessness, but for the loved ones at home, whose approbation and safety were dearer to him than life itself. His honors and rewards were the approval of a good conscience. His humor was droll; his wit original; his spirits unflagging; his shoeless feet, tattered clothes and "hard-tack" were oftener matters for jest than complaint. When his officer was considerate and capable he was his idol. He was intelligent, understood the issues at stake and discussed the merits and conduct of every battle. Whether on the picket line or the forefront of battle, behind every trusted musket there was a thinker, and there was an accommodation and comradeship between the mere boy and the oldest veteran. It was such devotion and unsurpassed heroism as was displayed by the privates of each army, equally brave and of one nationality, that makes our country great and demonstrates to the world the excellence and superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race.

"Can comrades cease to think of those who bore
The brunt of conflict, marching side by side—
Forget how youth forgot his beardless face,
Made beauteous by his valorous arm?"

No, never! while a widowed heart ceases to forget or a sister shall coldly touch the brother's "honored blade." All honor then to the noble women who, in his old age and poverty—that "ill-matched pair"—seek to provide, if not a home, at least a shelter for him. May Heaven's choicest blessing rest upon them and all who shall aid them in their pious and patriotic work.

To return to my narrative. After the affair of Fisher's Hill we fell back to the lower passes of the Blue Ridge, where Sheridan followed us as far as Staunton. Then, after destroying the Central Railroad, he retreated up the valley and took position behind his intrenchments at

CEDAR CREEK.

Early had now been re-inforced by the return of Kershaw's Division, Cutshaw's battalion of artillery and some cavalry, which about made up his losses at Winchester and Fisher's Hill. About the time Sheridan fell back it had been Early's purpose to attack him, which he doubtless anticipated, for he heard that Longstreet had joined Early, and it was their purpose to destroy him. Early pursued Sheridan beyond Middletown, where he found him too strongly intrenched for a direct attack, and we were therefore formed behind our breastworks at Fisher's Hill. From our signal station, which overlooked their camp, it was discovered that the Federal left flank was lightly picketed, and by a long detour and careful movement could be taken in reverse. A flanking movement was directed by Early and mainly intrusted to Gordon, who, with Ramseur's Division, commenced moving early after dark. The night was consumed in a fatiguing and exhausting march, which was conducted with the greatest secrecy. We reached the point at which we were to cross the creek and make the attack at early dawn. Here we were joined by Payne's cavalry, who at full speed dashed upon and captured Sheridan's headquarters, and, but for his absence, would have captured him. While Crook's Corps was enjoying its undisturbed quiet, and possibly dreaming of to-morrow, we descended like a wolf on the fold and

aroused them by "Rebel yells" and peals of musketry, and they hastily fled in garments more suited to a camp than a ball-room.

After our great reverses the sensation of pursuit was delightful. As Ramseur hurried from point to point to hasten forward his troops where resistance was offered his presence and manner was electrical. Notified of our attack by the firing, the Federals in other parts of the field formed and offered some resistance, but they were so much demoralized that my little brigade drove back a division ten times its number after but slight resistance. By 8 o'clock we had captured nearly all their artillery and from fifteen hundred to two thousand prisoners, and the Federals were in retreat. Early in the meantime, with two divisions which had scarcely been engaged, came upon the field. Gordon informed me that he then advised him to seize all his wagon, artillery and ambulance horses—indeed, every one he could get—mount his men upon them, and hotly pursue the Federals before they could recover from their panic. But we were very deliberate. While this was occurring Sheridan was at Winchester, on his return from Washington. He gives this graphic account of his meeting with his fleeing troops: "At Mill Creek my escort fell behind and we were going ahead at a regular pace when, just as we made the crest of the rise beyond the stream, there burst upon our view the appalling spectacle of a panic-stricken army—hundreds of slightly wounded men, throngs of others unhurt, but utterly demoralized, and baggage wagons by the score, all pressing to the rear in hopeless confusion, telling only too plainly that a disaster had occurred at the front. On accosting some of the fugitives, they assured me that the army was broken up, in full retreat, and that all was lost; all this with a manner true to that peculiar indifference that takes possession of panic-stricken men." In the meantime General Wright, with one division and some cavalry, had the only organized force in our presence. The return of Sheridan and the lack of a vigorous pursuit had the effect to allay the panic with which his army was seized early in the day. Ascertaining from some prisoners that were captured that Longstreet was not with Early, Sheridan reorgan-

ized his men the best he could and turned upon us, I should say about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Ramseur kept his men well in hand, and from behind rock walls successfully resisted the advance of the Federals. Near 4 o'clock Kershaw's Division gave way on my left. I sent my headquarter courier, private Beggarly, to report the fact to General Ramseur. While doing so his horse was shot through the ear and the horse upon which General Ramseur sat (for he refused to take shelter) was killed. At the request of General Ramseur, private Beggarly let the General have his horse. So careful was Ramseur of the rights of others, even in the midst of a severe engagement, this horse was not taken before getting my consent.

During this whole encounter no man could have behaved more magnificently and heroically than Ramseur did in his efforts to resist the overwhelming tide which was now setting in upon us. From the position which he occupied the retreat of Kershaw's Division and the overlapping flanking column of the Federals could be seen. His troops became alarmed and could not be held in position, and in a vain effort to hold them this brave and accomplished young officer fell

MORTALLY WOUNDED

and was captured. In speaking of his conduct upon this occasion, General Early says: "Major General Ramseur has often proved his courage and his capacity to command, but never did these qualities shine more conspicuous than on the afternoon of the 19th of this month, when, after two divisions on his left had given way and his own was doing the same thing, he rallied a small band and for one hour and a quarter held in check the enemy, until he was shot down himself. In endeavoring to stop those who were retiring from the field I had occasion to point them to the gallant stand made by Ramseur with his small party, and if his spirit could have animated those who left him thus battling the 19th of October would have had a far different history. He met the death of a hero, *and with his fall the last hope of saving the day*

was lost! General Ramseur was a soldier of whom his State has reason to be proud—he was brave, chivalrous and capable.” General Grimes says, in his report of this battle: “Up to the hour of 4 P. M. the troops of this division, both officers and men, with a few exceptions, behaved most admirably, and were kept well in hand. But little plundering and only a few shirking their duty. After that hour all was confusion and disorder. The brigade commanders conducted themselves, each and all, with great coolness and judgment, and are deserving of especial mention for using all possible efforts to check their troops, but without success. The death of the brave and heroic soldier, General Ramseur, is not only a loss to this division but to his State and country at large. No truer and nobler spirit has been sacrificed in this unjust and unholy war.” Colonel Winston, commanding the Forty-third and Forty-fifth North Carolina Regiments, says that “only one man of those regiments in passing through the rich spoils of the enemy’s camp fell out of ranks, and he did it to get a hat, and was court-martialed.” And so far as I observed, the charge of General Early, that the loss of the fruits of our victory in the morning was ascribable to the plundering of the soldiers, is a great injustice. Certainly it is so as applicable to that large body of North Carolinians who were then in his corps, and who upon this, as upon prior and subsequent occasions, proved themselves to be among the best soldiers in the Army of Northern Virginia.

What General Lee said in his letter to General Early, dated September 22d, 1864, in regard to his strategy as a separate commander, was clear to all, and in the main led to his want of success. Lee said: * * “As far as I can judge from this distance, you have operated more with your divisions than with your constituted strength. Circumstances may have rendered it necessary, but such a course is to be avoided if possible.” When General Forrest was asked the cause of his uniform success he replied: “I get there first with the most men.” If not classic, this is at least epigrammatic.

We cheerfully accept the well merited tribute General Early pays the chivalrous and knightly Ramseur, but it is insisted he

is entitled to one still higher. Instead of fighting with a few hundred men, as Early elsewhere says, we see him, in the language of General Grimes, "holding his division well in hand," officers and men doing their duty faithfully, while the disorder and confusion in other parts of the field hastens the disaster which with troops skillfully handled should not have occurred.

It will be asked if the criticisms of Early's valley campaign are just, why did not General Lee remove him? There are several good reasons why General Lee should have been slow to pursue such a course. Early was a man of superior intelligence, he was earnest in the cause, and as a brigadier and division commander a hard fighter and successful officer. There is, however, a marked difference between a chief and subordinate commander, and Lee had never known him otherwise than as a subordinate. It is true that Lee was finally compelled to remove him, and we may presume it was his reluctance to wound that caused him to unwillingly take the step which soon became necessary. This forbearance was in keeping with Lee's general character, as known to those who served under him. It is so well expressed by Colonel W. H. Taylor of his staff, in his book entitled "Four Years with General Lee," we can but quote from him. He says:

"If it shall be the verdict of posterity that General Lee in any respect fell short of perfection as a military leader it may perhaps be claimed: First, that he was too careful of the personal feelings of his subordinate commanders, too fearful of wounding their pride, and too solicitous of their reputation. Probably it was this that caused him sometimes to continue in command those of whose personal fitness for their position he was not convinced, and often avowedly or tacitly assumed responsibility for mishaps clearly attributable to the inefficiency, neglect or carelessness of others."

Through the courtesy of the family of General Ramseur, I am placed in the possession of a personal letter from R. R. Hutchinson, of Virginia, an able and accomplished officer, who before the battle of Cedar Creek had long served as Major and Acting Adjutant General to the division. Major Hutchinson was with

General Ramseur when he received his fatal wound, was captured while endeavoring to remove him from the field, and by his bedside during his last moments.

His account of the sad occurrence on that occasion is so vivid and touching no apology is deemed due for introducing his letter, with a single omission, in this monograph :

“NEAR STRASBURG, VA., October 20, 1864.

“MRS. S. D. RAMSEUR *Milton, N. C.* :

“DEAR MADAM:—I do not know how to write to you; how to express my deep sympathy in your grievous affliction; but the Christian soldier who has gone before us to that other world has asked me to do it, and I must not shrink from the performance of this duty, however painful. I am writing by the side of him whose last thought was of you and his God, his country and his duty. He died this day at twenty-seven minutes past 10 o'clock A. M., and had at least the consolation of having by his side some who wore the same uniform and served in the same holy cause as himself. His last moments were peaceful, his wounds were painful, but his hope in Christ led him to endure *all* patiently. He received his mortal wound yesterday afternoon (October 19th) between the hours of 5 and 6 P. M. at the post of honor and of danger, where he always was. Our troops had fallen back a short distance but had reformed, and were stubbornly contesting a position on a hill which the enemy attacked from three sides. He exposed himself to every shot, cheering and encouraging all. I was not far from him when I saw his horse shot; he procured another, which was shot also, and immediately after he received his fatal wound (the second), all in the space of a very few minutes. I ran over to him, got some men, and bore him to the rear, your brother joining us on the way. I then went off after an ambulance, found it, but saw on returning with it that he had been left, as I thought, in the enemy's lines. This fear was soon after dissipated, however, by seeing him on Captain Randolph's horse, the Captain running along side and supporting him. We got him

then to the ambulance I had brought up. I thought he was safe then, not knowing how dangerous was his wound, and remained with the rear guard. When I was subsequently captured by the enemy's cavalry, I was carried to General Sheridan's headquarters, and learning that General Ramseur had been captured, asked and obtained permission to remain with him. The road had been blocked up by wagons, causing a delay, that gave the enemy time to get up and take him prisoner, just south of Strasburg. Many of his former friends (West Pointers) called to see him yesterday and to-day, and offered every assistance in their power, General Sheridan among the number. He was taken to General Sheridan's headquarters and made as comfortable as circumstances would permit. Dr. James Gillespie (Cutshaw's Battalion of Artillery), a Confederate surgeon, assisted by the enemy's surgeons, attended to him and did all that could be done under the circumstances. He suffered a good deal from his wound, the ball having entered his right side, penetrating the right and left lung, and lodging near the left side. But the end was peaceful and quiet. He spoke continually of you, and sent very many messages to his family, but above all, to his wife. He told the ambulance driver to tell General Hoke that he "died a Christian and had done his duty." He told me to "give his love and send some of his hair to his darling wife"; and often wished he could "see his wife and little child before he died." He told me to tell you he had a "firm hope in Christ, and hoped to meet you hereafter." He died as became a Confederate soldier and a firm believer.

"I inclose the lock of hair he desired sent you.

"Respectfully,

R. R. HUTCHINSON,

"Major and A. A. G. P. A. C. S."

IN CONCLUSION.

Ramseur in personal appearance was slight, erect, alert, earnest in speech, with dark prominent eyes and well developed forehead. He was an ideal soldier.

General Robert Ransom, in writing of his bearing in action, while they were together in the valley, says: "Ramseur com-

manded infantry and I the whole of Early's cavalry during the time I was with Early. Whenever I had opportunity to see Ramseur his conduct was marked by great energy, brilliant dash (often amounting to impetuosity) and an enthusiasm which inspired those he led."

Among the soldiers of Napoleon, Marshal Ney was known as "the bravest of the brave." When asked whether he ever felt fear in battle, he replied that he never had time. His reply might aptly be that of Ramseur. When in action his enthusiasm arose with the magnitude of the dangers that environed him. But this enthusiasm was controlled by a well-directed judgment as to the best disposition to make of his troops, and as to the weak points of his adversary. He fully realized that war meant danger, even death; that the eyes of his troops were upon him, and their greatest safety lay in marching fearlessly and promptly to the front of danger, and he never hesitated to lead them.

On the day preceding the battle of Cedar Creek, General Ramseur received intelligence of the birth of the little child mentioned in the letter of Major Hutchinson. The birth of one's first born arouses a thousand thrilling emotions in the heart of every manly bosom which can be felt but not described.

General Ramseur was a superb horseman, and on the day of the battle he appeared upon the field well mounted and dressed with an unusual care in his handsome General's uniform. He wore upon the lapel of his coat a *boutonniere*, the gift doubtless of some fair and patriotic woman in that section, bestowed in recognition of the joyous event which he had made known to her. I have already described the enthusiasm with which his presence on this occasion inspired, as he hastened from one part of the battle field to another, and an electric glow even thrilled through my impassive breast as we drove our gallant adversaries before us, they making just enough resistance to heighten the effect danger inspires. How different is the situation of man and woman under such circumstances. To man the presence of danger is all-absorbing. Woman, on the approach of an impending

battle is filled with the most anxious forebodings of danger, which are to be followed after the battle has been fought with still more wearying and anxious thoughts and sleepless nights—for her there is no rest until the list of killed and wounded is received and doubt is resolved into certainty.

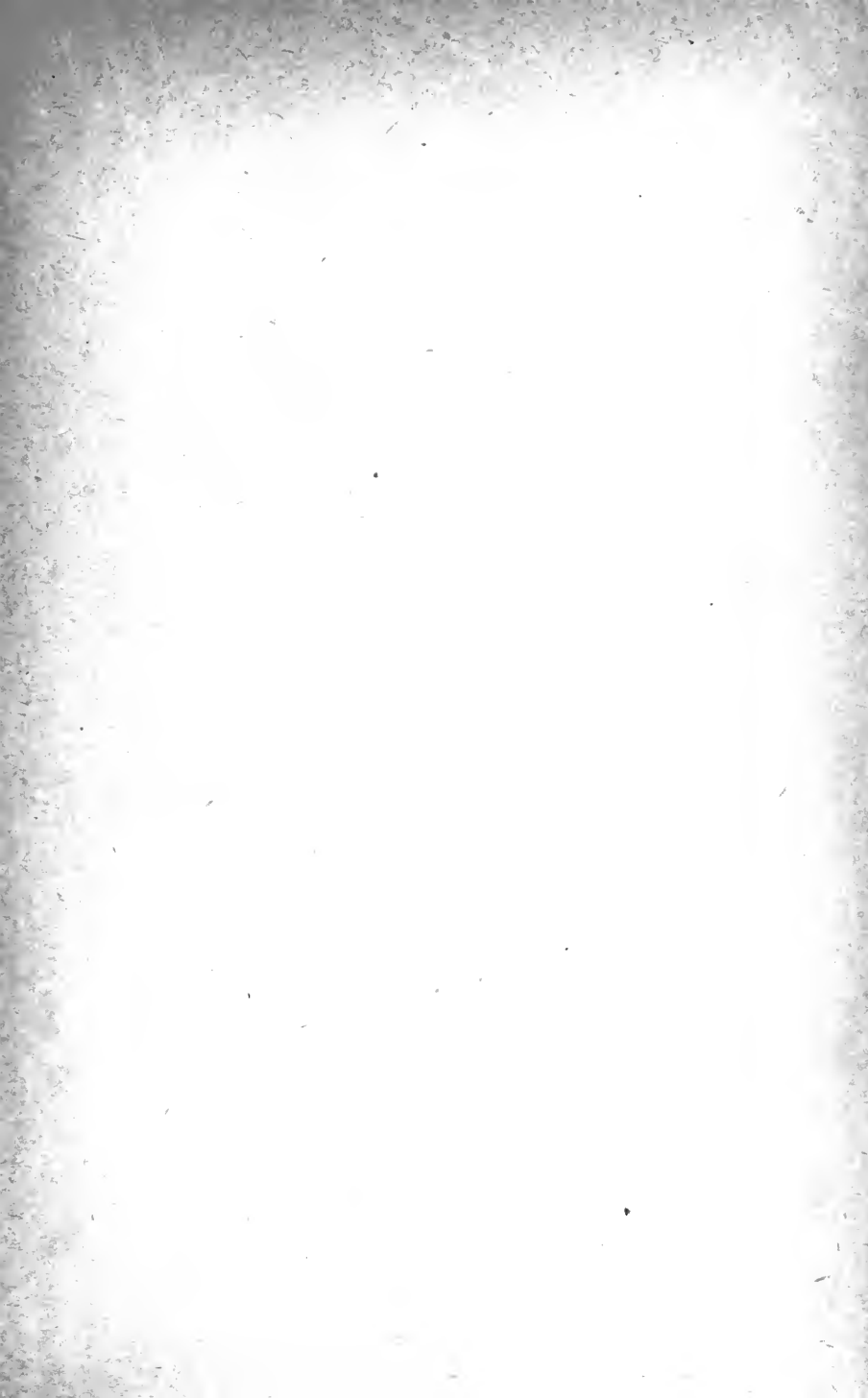
No doubt amidst that day's vicissitudes Ramseur's mind was continually dwelling upon his wife and child, and pleasant thoughts of an early meeting and of additional honors that might be his, for in the course of this address it may have been observed he scarcely ever participated in an important battle that he did not win a promotion. It is wisely provided that no man can see what a day may bring forth, or certify how long he has to live. In Ramseur's case it is pleasant to feel that as a hero and a Christian he was prepared to meet his last enemy when he came. When being borne from the field his memory revisits the old homestead, and he thinks of one between whom and himself the warmest ties had always existed. There was but a month's difference in their ages. "Tell General Hoke," he says, "I did my duty and died a Christian."

"He died, but his end was fitting,
Foremost in the ranks he led,
And he marked the heights of his nation's gain,
As he lay in the harness—dead."

The Rev. E. Harding, his connexion and chaplain, in his sketch of General Ramseur, to which I am indebted in preparing this memoir, in writing of his Christian character, says: "Ramseur read his Bible a great deal, and when opportunity offered held family prayers; that he was "fond of conversing on religious subjects, and punctual in attending divine service"; that he "was a high-toned and chivalrous gentleman, a gallant soldier, an humble Christian."

His last thoughts on earth were of home and Heaven, the sweetest words in any language. He said, bear this message to my precious wife: "I die a Christian and hope to meet her in Heaven." No balm to the bruised heart could be more precious, no assurance more gratifying.

Irrespective of section, irrespective of service, the blue and the gray—Sheridan, Custer, Federal and Confederate surgeons—gather around his couch to minister to his wants and smooth his dying pillow. His soul takes its flight, and the day men called his last was his first in the Paradise of God. His body was carefully embalmed by the Federals, borne through their lines and delivered to his early and cherished friend, General Hoke. And thus was illustrated the saying that the world would remain at peace if those who made the quarrels were the only men that fought, for between the soldiers of the two armies there was no personal animosity—of one race, of one nationality, equally brave and equally sincere, they did not bring on the war, and not with their consent has its animosities been continued. Ramseur's remains were carried to his native village, and there a large concourse of his neighbors and friends assembled to express their sorrow and do honor to his memory. They accompanied his remains to their last resting-place, which is in the Episcopal church-yard, and deposited them beside those of his father and mother. Over them a loving and devoted kinsman has had erected a handsome monument, on one side of which is engraved the Confederate flag and the principal battles in which he fought, and on the other the date of his birth and of his death, with this appropriate inscription: "A Christian Soldier."







THE LIFE AND CHARACTER

— OF —

WILLIAM L. SAUNDERS, LL. D.,

— 1835 - 1891 —

AN ORATION DELIVERED BEFORE THE

Alumni Association of the University of
North Carolina,

TUESDAY, MAY 31ST, 1892.

— BY —

HON. ALFRED MOORE WADDELL.

WILMINGTON, N. C.,
JACKSON & BELL, STEAM POWER PRESSES.

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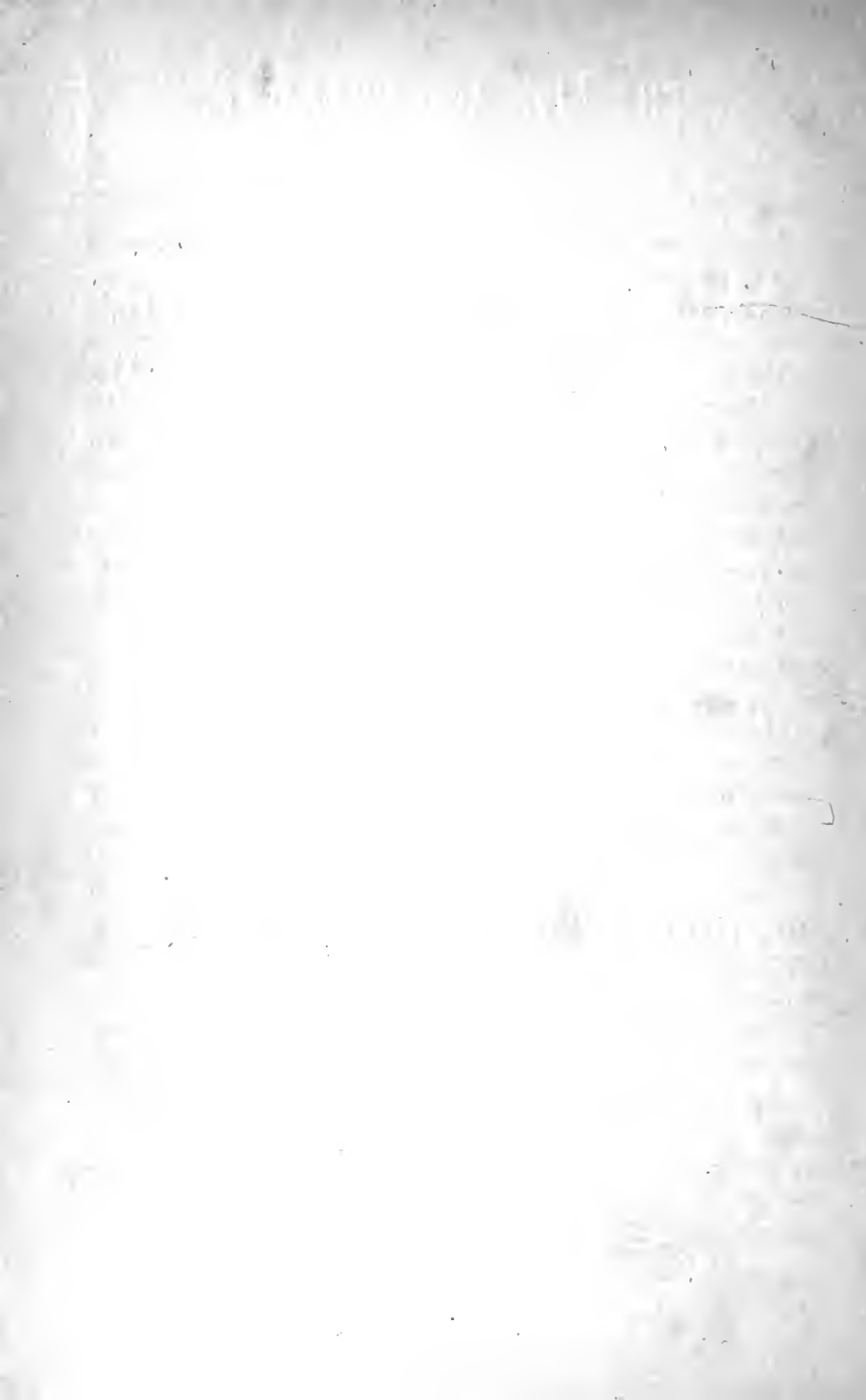
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MR. PRESIDENT, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION :

An eloquent man, who does not believe in the existence of God or the immortality of the soul, standing by an open grave and pronouncing a eulogy upon him who is to occupy it, presents one of the saddest spectacles this world affords. Such a service finds no support even in philosophy, for if death is the end and its victim has ceased to exist, there is nothing in all the wide universe to which the eulogy can be applied, except a fast fading picture on the walls of memory; and it becomes a mere empty declamation to those who will themselves soon pass into nothingness—a shadow-drama, acted before a shadow-audience, upon which in a little while will fall the curtain of eternal night.

But the tribute which one pays to a departed friend, in the full faith and assurance that he still lives, and will live forever, is a reasonable and a pious service, approved of Heaven, and honored among men. The words of the orator in the one case, however beautiful, are but the cry of despair; the utterance of the speaker in the other, however simple, is that of a soul conscious of its immortality, and rejoicing in a deathless hope. Clouds and darkness encompass the one service; upon the other rests “the light that never shone on land or sea.”

You could have extended to me no invitation which would appeal more irresistibly alike to my sense of public duty, and to my loyalty to a life long friendship than that which has brought me here to-day.

If more than thirty years of intimate association between two men will justify one of them in attempting to give a faithful portraiture of the other after he has passed the portals of the grave, I am not entirely unqualified for the duty before me; but I fully realize the difficulty of so performing it as not to render it worthless by exaggerated eulogy on the one hand, or inadequate tribute on the other. It shall be my aim, as it is my hope, to do justice.

I would not do less, and he of whom I speak, though voiceless now, would not have me do more.

And I begin to do justice by declaring it to be my deliberate conviction that our State has never produced a son who was more intensely North Carolinian in every fibre of his being, or one who rendered more continuous, unselfish, devoted, and valuable service to her than did WILLIAM LAURENCE SAUNDERS—service, too, a large part of which was performed by him during years of ceaseless physical pain and suffering. Indeed his whole life from boyhood to the day of his death, through evil and good report, in adversity or prosperity, was devoted to the work of sustaining and defending her honor, and the welfare of her people. If, therefore, any North Carolinian ever deserved to be remembered with gratitude for his public services it was he; and if the State had not persistently from the beginning of her existence refused to recognize by some permanent memorial any obligation for such services by any of her sons, we might indulge the hope that she would erect a monument to his memory. She stands alone among civilized governments in this respect, for she has never erected a single memorial stone to show the world that she ever produced a son worthy of remembrance. Nor are her people peculiar in this respect alone. Ever jealous of any encroachment upon their liberties, ever ready to suffer and die in defence of them, the history of their State is rich with illustrations of their patriotism—and yet that history remains to be written. Prolific of heroes in every war on this continent, of statesmen in every period of political strife, of great men in all professions and callings—the world has never known it, because the people of the State have never seemed to recognize, or care for it. Mankind are apt to forget, and all too soon, the good and great who have passed away; we in North Carolina do not appear to know that there are, or ever were, such among us. Readily recognizing them elsewhere we never think of finding them at home and in our midst. More true is it here, I think, than in any other State of this republic that a prophet is not

without honor save in his own country, and among his own people. And yet, even when just criticism of this kind was indulged in before him, WILLIAM L. SAUNDERS never failed to eulogize and defend the people of North Carolina. He had absolute confidence in them as to everything, and was always ready to vindicate them against any sort of imputation from any quarter. Nor was it a mere blind prejudice on his part. He was not blind to the peculiarities of his fellow-citizens as a community, but he always insisted that with all their faults and peculiarities they were the best people he had ever known. He made no display of this sentiment, and never sought to make capital of it for selfish ends, as he might have done if he had been a demagogue, but he sincerely felt and always acted upon it. No man ever lived who was more thoroughly imbued with faith in the people, and, therefore, he prized government by the people as the greatest of all political blessings. Bred to the law, and a student of Anglo-Saxon institutions, the principle of local self-government was precious in his sight, and arbitrary power of any kind anywhere he instinctively hated, and was ever ready to combat. So intense were his convictions on this subject that I myself used sometimes jocularly to accuse him of being opposed to government of any kind. These convictions were not by any means wholly the result of temperament, but were the outcome, chiefly, of study, reflection, and observation. He was a Democrat—in its largest as in its narrower sense—from principle, and he was ready to vindicate his principles at all times and at every hazard. In this respect, as in every other, he was a man of character.

It is not my purpose to give the details of his public career, but to present a picture of the man as he was, in his relation to the public, and in private life. I will not go farther into his record as a soldier in the war between the States, than merely to say that he went in as a subaltern and came out with the glorious remnant of Lee's army the Colonel of a decimated and war-scarred regiment, bearing upon his person terrible wounds, and

enjoying the unqualified respect of his associates for duty faithfully and gallantly performed.

In 1871, towards the close of the "Reconstruction" period, during which he did as much to rescue the State from the ruin and degradation which threatened her as any man within her borders, he was arrested by the United States authorities and carried to Washington to be examined by the "Ku Klux" committee, with the hope and expectation, on the part of those who caused his arrest, of extorting from him a confession of his own complicity in the acts of the "Ku Klux," or of at least procuring evidence against others. I can never forget his presence there, or the result of his examination. Although myself a member of the Committee, he was my guest and shared my bed during his stay in Washington, but not one word passed between us on the subject of his arrest, and no information was asked or given in regard to the organization of which he was supposed to be the Chief. He appeared before the Committee, and was asked more than a hundred questions, every one of which, except a few formal ones, he steadfastly refused—or, as he expressed it, declined to answer.

He was badgered, and bullied and threatened with imprisonment (which I really feared would be imposed upon him,) but with perfect self-possession and calm politeness he continued to say: "I decline to answer." It was a new experience for the Committee, because the terror aroused by the investigation had enabled them to get much information, and no witness had up to that time thus defied their authority; but they recognized that they had now encountered *a man*, who knew how to guard his rights and protect his honor; and, after some delay, he was discharged with his secrets (if he had any) locked in his own bosom, and carrying with him the respect and admiration of all who witnessed the ordeal through which he had passed.

In these days of a restored Union, and a return to normal conditions such conduct may not appear to have in it any element of heroism, but under the circumstances which then surrounded

the Southern people it required both moral and physical courage of the highest order. Those circumstances constitute the one indelible and appalling disgrace of the American people—the one chapter of their history which contains no redeeming feature to relieve it from the endless execration of the civilized world.

A distinguished orator from a Northern State declared in Congress in 1872, that one-third of the boundaries of this Republic had been filled “with all the curses and calamities ever recorded in the annals of the worst governments known on the pages of history,” and, attacking the authors of these calamities, he exclaimed: “From turret to foundation you tore down the governments of eleven States. You left not one stone upon another. You rent all their local laws and machinery into fragments, and trampled upon their ruins. Not a vestige of their former construction remained.” And again he said: “A more sweeping and universal exclusion from all the benefits, rights, trusts, honors, enjoyments, liberties, and control of a government was never enacted against a whole people, without respect to age or sex, in the annals of the human race. The disgraceful disabilities imposed upon the Jews for nearly eighteen hundred years by the blind and bigoted nations of the earth were never more complete or appalling.”

Those who are old enough to remember that most shameful period of our history will readily recall the degradation, the crimes against civilization, and the terrorism which then prevailed, and how amidst the general dismay the faint-hearted stood helpless and silent before the arbitrary and reckless power exercised over them; and they will also remember with still more vividness how, as to a trumpet call, the strong hearts and brave thrilled responsive to every word and act of those who stood amidst the storm, erect, steadfast, and true to their birthright. Leader among the leaders of them was WILLIAM L. SAUNDERS, and this exhibition of his dauntless spirit before the chief priests of the persecution, assembled at the capitol of the country, and

panoplied with irresponsible power, won for him a claim to the admiration of all true men.

From that day he began to grow in public esteem, and to be regarded as one in whose faithfulness and sagacity the people might safely confide. Soon afterwards he began his editorial career in Wilmington, and at once acquired an influence in public affairs which gradually spread all over the State; and when, several years later, he removed to Raleigh, and became one of the editors of the *Observer*, he was a recognized power in North Carolina.

It would not, I think, be an exaggeration to say that while occupying this position, and afterwards the office of Secretary of State, he was more frequently consulted by leading citizens, not only in regard to political affairs, but to various matters of general public interest, than any man in the State.

The reason was that to an eminently practical cast of mind he united a rare judgment and a quick perception of the relations of things, which made him a wise and safe counsellor—the wisest and safest, perhaps, of his generation of public men in North Carolina. He was never disconcerted by difficulties and never lost his balance, but always kept a clear head and maintained a calm self-possession. In addition to a natural modesty he possessed the rare faculty of knowing exactly when to speak, and when to be silent, and his capacity for patiently listening amounted to genius. Rapid in thought he was always deliberate of speech, and action. Conservative, cautious, and prudent, his judgments were apt to stand without revision, and it is doubtful if in his whole editorial career he ever had occasion to recall one as unjust, or extravagant. It is not strange, therefore, that his counsel was sought in times of doubt and difficulty, and was followed with confidence by those to whom he gave it. And when his social character is considered it is still less surprising, for he was so genial, and gentle, and kindly, and cheerful that it was a pleasure to be associated with him.

I never knew a man, apparently so practical and emotionless, whose sympathies were more easily reached, or whose impulses were more generous. His strong aversion to a display of feeling by others was often attributable to his consciousness of his own inability to withstand it. A pathetic story, or a burst of eloquence would bring tears to his eyes. The truth is that, little as it was suspected by those who were not near to him, he was a man of decidedly emotional nature. And, as a corollary, he possessed the keenest sense of humor, and enjoyed a laughable incident as heartily as any one I ever knew.

These personal traits, added to the moral and intellectual characteristics to which I have referred, will readily account for his great and widespread influence, and for the hosts of friends throughout the State who honored him while living and sincerely mourn his death.

He had always cherished a loyal affection for this University of which he was a graduate, and in 1875 he became a Trustee and member of the Executive Committee, and so remained until his death. He was also appointed Secretary and Treasurer, which position he filled for nearly the same length of time. In the discharge of his duties in these capacities, although for the larger part of the time a confirmed invalid and great sufferer, he did as much to "revive, foster, and enlarge" the University, according to the testimony of the Faculty themselves, as any one had ever done. In the tribute which they paid to him soon after his death they used this language:

"From his graduation to the day of his death he was loyal to his Alma Mater, and gave to her the best thoughts of his big brain, and the ardent affection of his great heart. Watchful, steadfast, patient, and wise, he never lost sight of her interest, never wavered in her support, and, when the crises demanded it, marshalled and led her alumni to her defence."

Every one who knew him at all intimately will corroborate these statements of the Faculty, for his profound interest in the welfare of the University was constantly manifested in his conversation as well as in his acts. He loved the grey walls of these

old buildings, and the refreshing shade of these majestic oaks with an hereditary as well as with a personal affection, and in the evil days that followed the war the silence and desolation which reigned here grieved him sorely, and stimulated him to the task of restoring the University to her ancient prestige.

But a higher motive than mere sentiment moved him to the work. He regarded it with the eye of a statesman and a patriot, and anticipated the blessings it would bring to future generations.

It was eminently fit, therefore, that the Alumni should have dedicated this hour to his memory, and have thus acknowledged their obligation for his services.

The crowning labor of his life, however, and the one which will constitute a more lasting monument to him than any that others could erect, was his "Colonial Records." I do not know how others may view the circumstances which attended the conception and execution of this invaluable work, but to my mind they appear to have been clearly Providential.

At different times in the history of the State spasmodic efforts had been made to secure the early records which were known to exist in England, but these efforts were mostly individual, and supported by very limited means, and they resulted in a very unsatisfactory collection of fragmentary material.

When the Legislature finally resolved to make a sufficient appropriation, and to inaugurate an authoritative search for all documents bearing upon our Colonial history, COL. SAUNDERS had never paid any especial attention to the subject; and if his health had not failed the probability—nay the certainty—was that he would have been promoted to higher positions than that of Secretary of State—the incumbent of which office was required to superintend the publication of the material, when obtained — and thus the labor of editing it would have fallen upon his successor, who, whatever his capabilities for the ordinary duties of the office might have been, would almost certainly have fallen far short of the supreme excellence as an historical editor which he developed. But his painful malady, which was doubtless

partly the result of wounds and exposure during the war, about this time began to confine him to indoor life and soon to his chair, and thus he was anchored for his life-work. From the beginning he was interested in it—in a very short time he became enthusiastic over it—and thence forward he gave his whole mind and heart to it. The result to him personally was that he became, beyond all comparison, the best informed man upon our Colonial history that has ever lived, while in the extent, and accuracy of his knowledge of the subsequent history of the State he has had very few equals. To one who was interested in such studies it was a great pleasure to listen to his criticisms upon and discussions of those early men and times in North Carolina, and his Prefatory Notes to the different volumes of the Records are a masterful presentation of the trials and struggles of our forefathers, and a glorious vindication of them against the historical scavengers who have sought to defame them. The vindication, too, is not that of the advocate or the rhetorician, but of the calm, fact-weighting historian and philosopher. *Now*, since he has opened and arranged this store house of facts, which were heretofore unknown or only guessed at, the history of North Carolina can be fully and truthfully written, and it is to be hoped that some equally devoted son of hers will soon take up the task, and perform it as acceptably as he did his.

Nothing so delighted him in his investigations as the discovery of facts which proved the existence among the early settlers of the Democratic spirit, and no incidents roused his enthusiasm like those in which this spirit forcibly asserted itself. He would quietly smile at the conduct of such characters as John Starkey, who despite sneers and ridicule persistently refused to wear shoe-buckles and a queue, but his eye would kindle and his cheek glow at such declarations as that of John Ashe that the people would resist the Stamp Act "to blood and death." His sympathies were altogether with those who, like the Regulators, sought redress of grievances even by violent and revolutionary methods, because he believed that, underlying all such movements there was the true spirit of liberty and devotion to the rights of man;

which were to him of inestimably greater importance than the preservation of the forms of law, or even the peace of society.

But he indulged in no harsh criticism of those other patriots who—believing that liberty regulated by law was the only liberty worth preserving, and fearing for the safety of society—aided in suppressing such movements; for he knew and honored their motives, notwithstanding his own strong sympathy with those who resisted and fought them.

In a word he pursued his labors with the true spirit of historic investigation, and meted out with an impartial hand honor to whom honor was due, and blame to all who deserved it. And he rejoiced in the work of rescuing from oblivion the names and the noble acts of the pioneers of our civilization and in placing them in their true light for the admiration of posterity.

In this work he was engaged for about eleven years, with frequent interruptions caused by illness, and a more conscientious, faithful, and valuable work has never been done for North Carolina. It is the great reservoir of facts from which all must draw who would write accurately and truthfully the history of the first century of our civilization.

It was done by a true and loving hand, under the inspiration of a brave and loyal heart, without the least expectation or hope of reward of any kind, and solely for the honor of the State which gave him birth, and the people to whose welfare he devoted all the years of his life.

And this is attested by the glowing words with which he concluded the long and laborious task, and which are instinct with the spirit of a lofty patriotism.

Hear those words, his last public utterance, in which he invoked God's blessing on his native State:

“And now the self-imposed task, begun some eleven years ago, is finished. All that I care to say is that I have done the best I could that coming generations might be able to learn what manner of men their ancestors were, and this I have done without reward or the hope of reward, other than the hope that I might contribute something to rescue the fair fame and good name of

North Carolina from the clutches of ignorance. Our records are now before the world, and any man who chooses may see for himself the character of the people who made them. As for myself, when I search these North Carolina scriptures and read the story of her hundred years' struggle with the mother country for Constitutional Government and the no less wonderful story of her hundred years' struggle with the savage Indian for very life, both culminating in her first great revolution; and then coming down to her second great revolution, when I remember how the old State bared her bosom to the mighty storm, how she sent her sons to the field, until both the cradle and the grave were robbed of their just rights; how devotedly those sons stood before shot and shell and the deadly bullet, so that their bones whitened every battlefield; when I remember how heroically she endured every privation, until starvation was at her very doors, and until raiment was as scarce as food, and with what fortitude she met defeat, when after Appomattox, all seemed lost, save honor; especially, when I remember how, in the darkest of all hours, rallying once more to the struggle for Constitutional Government, she enlisted for the war of Reconstruction, fought it out to the end, finally wresting glorious victory from the very jaws of disastrous defeat, I bow my head in gratitude and say as our great Confederate commander, the immortal Lee, said, when watching the brilliant fight some of our regiments were making, at a critical time in one of his great battles, he exclaimed in the fulness of his heart, 'God bless old North Carolina.' "

When his work was finished the General Assembly passed a resolution of thanks to him by a rising vote, and this honor, which his own diffidence had not allowed him to anticipate, seemed to be accepted by him as a sufficient compensation for all he had done, and touched him, perhaps, as no other event of his life had done.

And now, the one object, for the accomplishment of which he had so earnestly hoped almost against hope that his life might be spared, having been attained—the stimulant which had sustained him during years of racking pain being withdrawn—his mortal part began to succumb to the malady of which he was a victim, and he gradually yielded to its assaults until the 2d day of April, 1891, when he "fell on sleep," and the weary soul found rest.

Sweet be his rest, and glorious his awaking! And may the State whose honor was the object nearest his heart bear him in remembrance as a mother her offspring!

No thought of impending evil to her disturbed his last hours. The morning sun whose beams first fell upon his new-made grave, journeying Westward looked down upon her broad domain and found there only peace, fraternity, and good government—those blessings for which in her behalf he strove with single minded devotion. In the brief year that has since elapsed she has been again encompassed with danger, and threatened with disaster—disaster which, if it had come, would not have been the work of alien hands as before, but would have had the added sting of being wrought by her own sons. As his living presence would have been most potent to avert it, so—now that the peril seems happily passed—none can more heartily rejoice than would he at her escape, for not dearer to the Psalmist was the peace of Jerusalem than to his heart the welfare of his native State.

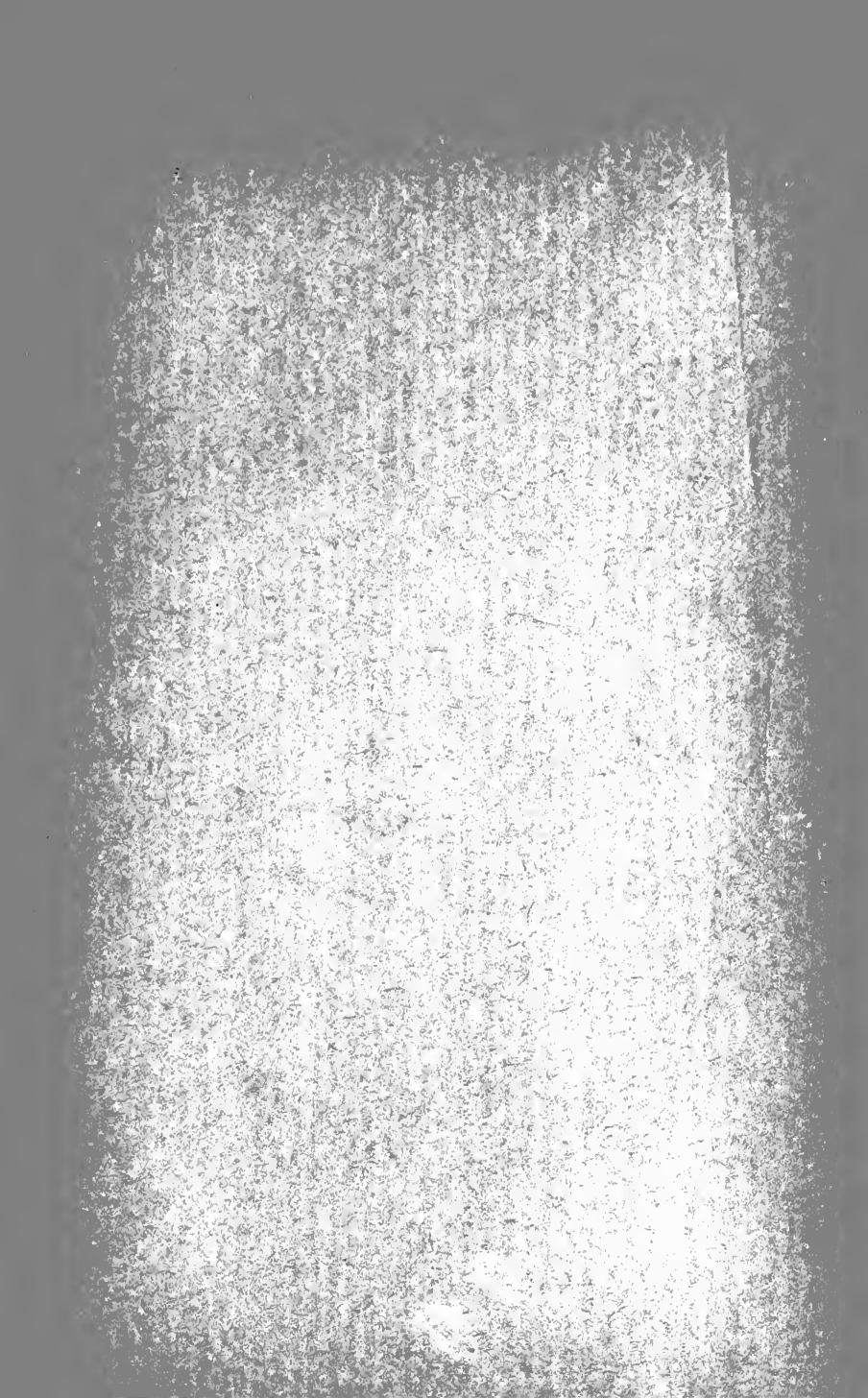
Recently I stood, at night, on the narrow peninsula where twenty-seven years ago fleet and fort proclaimed in thunder the fame of Fort Fisher. To the eastward heaved the sea, on whose rolling billows the rising moon poured a flood of silvery light, while opposite, and hanging low above the shining river in the limitless depths of the western heavens, glowed the serene orb of the evening planet, whose glories heightened as it neared the horizon. Between lay the long line of ragged mounds over which the tide of battle ebbed and flowed when the expiring hopes of a brave people were forever extinguished. Beneath wave and earth-mound alike patriot bones were bleaching, mute witnesses of the horrors of civil strife and of the emptiness of human ambition. Higher rose the goddess of the night, wider grew the sheen upon the waters, lower and more luminous sank the star. A solemn stillness, unbroken save by the voices of the night-wind and the sea, reigned supreme.

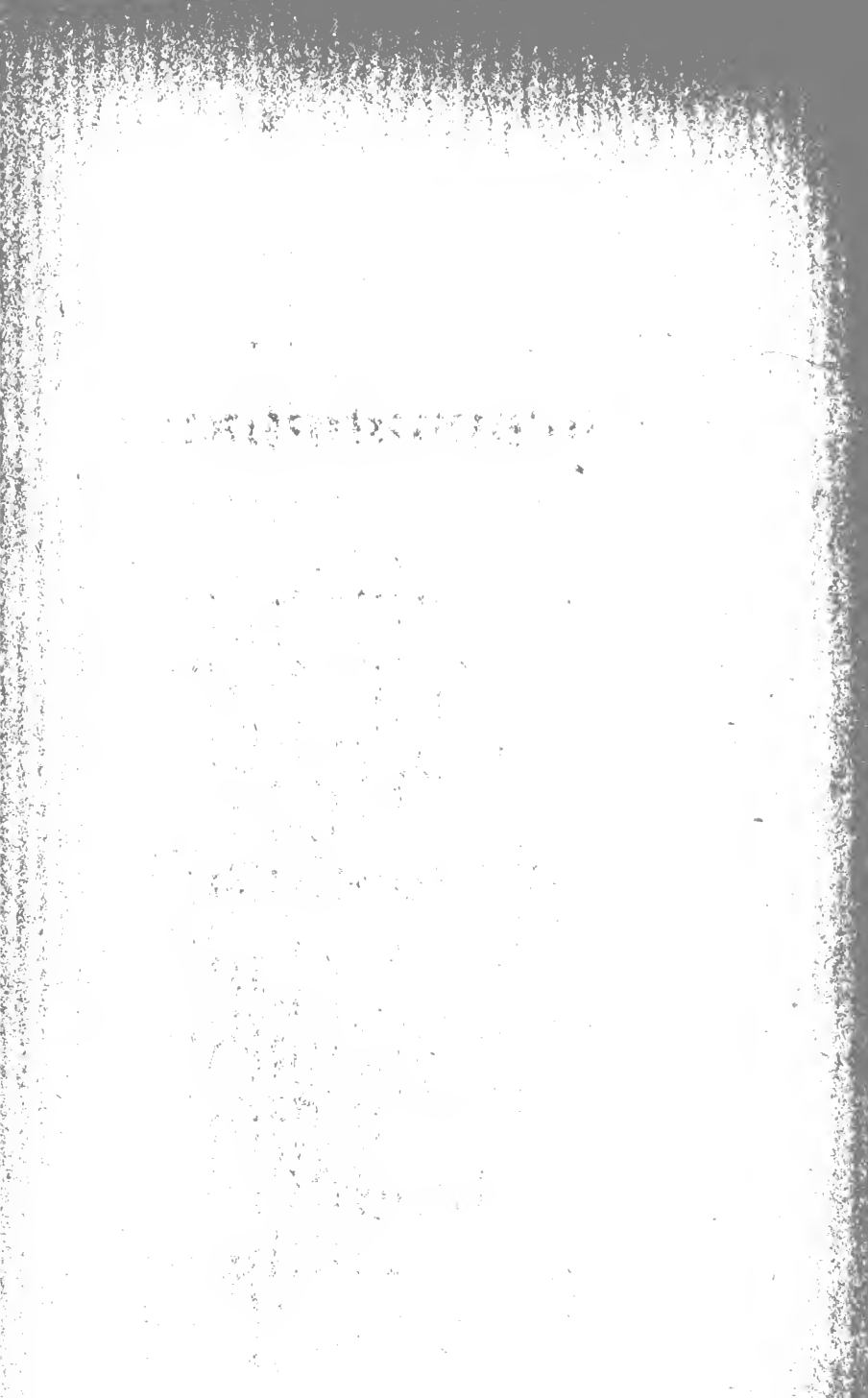
A more beautiful or a more impressive spectacle never greeted the gaze of one who looks reverently and wonderingly upon the

splendors of the physical universe, and as I watched that evening planet sinking to its rest a voice within me whispered: "So too to the patriot's eye there is no vision more grateful than the career of him who, forgetful of self and mindful only of the rights and liberties of his fellowmen, gives his life to their service, and, with the lustre of his virtues ever brightening to the end, passes from their view."









ADDRESS

BY

KEMP P. BATTLE, LL. D.,

ON THE

LIFE AND SERVICES

OF

BRIGADIER GENERAL JETHRO SUMNER,

AT THE

BATTLE GROUND

OF

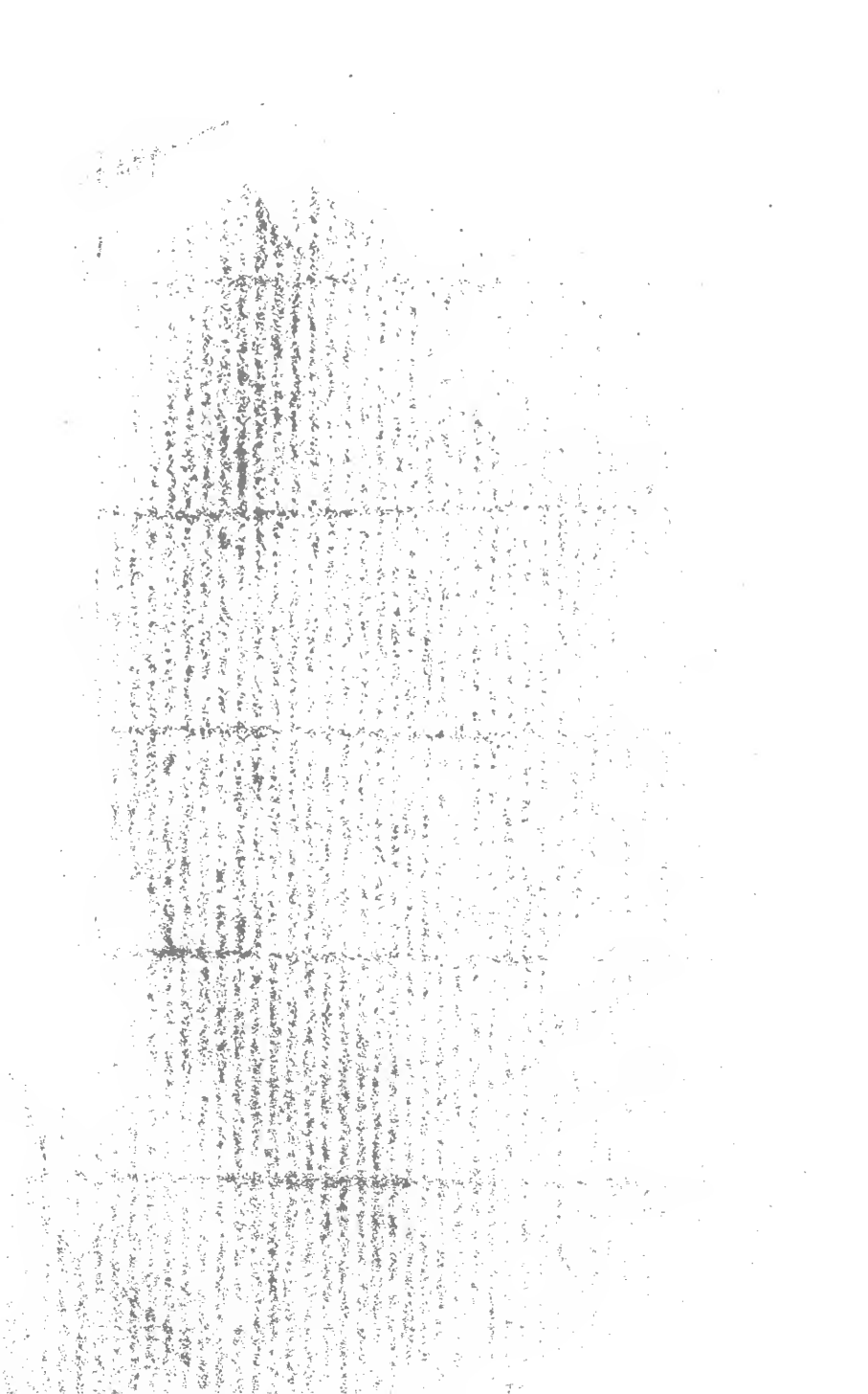
GUILFORD COURT HOUSE

JULY 4TH, 1891

GREENSBORO:

Reece & Elam, Book and Job Printers.

1891.



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(1733-1785)

BATTLE GROUND

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The President of the Gailford Battle-Ground Company, who, with wonderful energy and success, has been making green the memories of the warriors, who, on the 15th of March, 1781, 110 years ago, on this spot inflicted on the disciplined army of Cornwallis the blow which saved the Carolinas from slavery, has caused to be transported the remains of General Jethro Sumner from the wilds of Warren county to yonder green mound. The heavy stones, which by the care of his daughter, were over his dust, have been reverently taken down and as reverently re-erected here, It is my duty to-day to endeavor to aid the noble efforts of our President in sweeping away the dust which has accumulated over the history of this patriot of 1776.

The task has not been an easy one. The facts of his career were only obtainable by diligent re-search through many manuscripts of a public nature and through numerous volumes relating to the history of Virginia and the Carolinas and of the United States. His Family Bible, his private papers, his correspondence with his intimate friends, have been in the vicissitudes of years irretrievably lost. If I do not depict with such detail as you would like large parts of his career, you must attribute the failure, not to want of industry on my part, but to the destruction of the family records, so characteristic of this restless, rapidly changing population of ours.

We know nothing of Gen. Jethro Sumner's family in England, whence it came. It must have been one of respectability and substance, for we find his grand-father William Sumner becoming a free-holder of Virginia soon after William and Mary ousted from the English throne Mary's tyrannical father, James II. He came about the time of

the removal by the choleric Governor Nicholson of the capitol from Jamestown to Williamsburg and of the founding of the second college in America, the noble old William and Mary, named in honor of the new Sovereigns, (1691). On his plantation, called Manor, (for English ways and English names were then much liked) one mile from the town of Suffolk, he raised his tobacco and his corn and wheat, and after the fashion of the day, his blooded horses and fat cattle, while a family of five boys and one daughter grew up around him.

The name of the daughter has not come down to us. The names of the five boys were Jethro, John, James, William and Dempsey. It is altogether probable that Jethro was the oldest. The right of primo-geniture then existed and was dear to the land-holders, who had not lost their English love of aggrandizing the family name by entailing the principal homestead on the oldest son. I find that Jethro Sumner was in 1743 one of the first vestrymen of the Episcopal church at Suffolk, and his oldest son, Thomas, was in his stead four years afterwards. General Sumner in his will refers to the "Manor plantation" of his brother in Virginia. These facts seem to show that Jethro, the elder, inherited the paternal land.

They are not conclusive, however. There is a seemingly well authenticated tradition that he married a wealthy woman. This may have enabled him to own a "Manor plantation" near his native place, to attain the dignity of a vestryman, and devolve the same on his eldest son.

Jethro Sumner, the elder, died early, leaving three children, Thomas, already named, Jethro and Sarah. Thomas lived many years and died a bachelor, though not childless. General Sumner's will shows that he did not devise his "Manor plantation" to him, but bequeathed him only a legacy in money.

Sarah married a man with the singular name of Rushworms, whose family seems to have become extinct.

Jethro Sumner, the younger, was born in 1733 and was probably about twelve years of age at the death of his father. How long he had been deprived of a mother's care we do not know. There is a tradition that he was well cared for by his mother's mother.

It is important to understand the influences by which his character was moulded and his physical powers fitted for the rough life he was destined to undergo. To use the word so much a favorite with scientists, what were his environments in childhood and boyhood?

His father, as I have stated, was a vestryman of a parish of the church of England, that of Suffolk. Associated with him was Andrew Meade, one of the wealthiest and most influential men of his day, father of Richard Kidder Meade, one of Washington's most trusted aides-de-camp throughout the Revolutionary war, and grandfather of the eminent Bishop William Meade, who revived the Episcopal church in Virginia and whose book on the "Old Churches and Families of Virginia" is a store-house of valuable information. With Meade and Sumner were Edward and John Norfleet, Lemuel Riddick, Daniel Pugh and John Gregory, members of prominent families in Virginia and North Carolina. It was the custom for the heads of the great families of each neighborhood to be placed on the vestries because, as church and State were united, they were civil as well as ecclesiastical officers. They levied taxes and enforced the laws. Most of the Burgesses who made the laws were vestrymen. In the old vestry lists appear George Washington, Peyton Randolph, Edmund Pendleton, General Nelson, Governor Page, Richard Henry Lee, George Mason and hundreds of others, the best men of Virginia. While nominal adhesion to the Church of England was

required, no exhibition of piety or religious behaviour was a condition precedent or subsequent for holding the office. In many cases parsons were not patterns for their flocks. I give only one instance out of many to illustrate this statement. One of the colonial parsons engaged in a fisticuff fight with his vestry and signalized his success over his adversaries by a triumphant sermon on the following Sunday on the text from the prophet Nehemiah, "I contended with them and cursed them, and smote certain of them and plucked off their hair." It is to the credit of the vestry of Suffolk that they ejected from their church one Balfour who was guilty of drunkenness and profanity. Of course there were numbers of excellent men like Commissary Blair, but when bad examples were not uncommon it could not be expected that the laity should have a much higher standard of Godly piety.

The East Virginia planters of Colonial days were a race of striking virtues, but with many defects both as to character and conduct. They were high spirited, brave and truthful. They were loyal to the English Crown, but they understood their rights and were always ready to defend them. As their plantations supplied them with nearly all the necessaries of life and they had a surplus sufficient to furnish the guns and powder and shot, the tea and coffee and sugar, the ribbons, the laces and other knicknacks, which the fair sex of all ages and under every clime must have to gild the refined gold of their natural charms, they were in heart and habit independent. The country mansions were the theatres of generous hospitality and kindness. There was lavish abundance of home-made productions. There was not much travelling when thirty-five or forty miles a day over rough roads and dangerous ferries were the rule, but the people were free from the feverish restlessness engendered by our railroads and steamboats. The occasional visits to rela-

tives and friends on occasions of weddings or natal days or Christmas holidays, or to the great world at Norfolk or Richmond, or the capital, Williamsburg, were productive of more thrilling pleasure than the frequent and stale modern excursions to seaside or to mountain.

The occasional visits to the town gave glimpses into the world of fashion. Theatrical companies aped the acting of London and Paris, and the great balls brought out powdered wigs and bespangled coats and magnitudinous hoops and gorgeous silks and ruffles which would have passed muster in the circles beyond the Atlantic.

The colonial planters were devoted to horses, and boasted justly that they owned scions of the best racers of England. They had frequent races and both sexes thought it no harm to bet on them, the men heavily, often to the impairment of their fortunes, the ladies seldom venturing beyond a pair of gloves. Foxes abounded so as to threaten the existence of lambs and poultry; great hunts were not only a sport but a necessity. These were rounded off with bountiful feasts and drinking frolics, thereby causing the name of fox-hunting to be synonymous with reckless dissipation. Cock-fighting and gambling at cards were considered respectable in those "good old days." Grand balls assembled the young and the old for the stately minuet and the lively Virginia reel, and weddings were celebrated with festivities which lasted for many days. They were a gay and fun-loving people. There has come down to us an advertisement which describes the sports which doubtless young Jethro often joined.

First is to be a horse-race. Then came a match at cudgelling (or fighting with sticks) for a hat as the winner's prize. Then twenty fiddlers are to compete for a new fiddle, all the competitors to play together and each a different tune. Twelve boys are to run 112 yards for a

hat worth twelve shillings. A wrestling match follows; a silver buckle is to adorn the leg of the victor. The prettiest girl on the ground is to have a pair of silk stockings worth a "pistole" (a Spanish gold coin of about \$4.00 value). The managers assure the public that "this mirth is designed to be purely innocent."

The young men learned the art of horsemanship not only in fox-chases, but by constant habit of visiting and travelling on horseback. So deep-rooted was this fashion, that a traveller of that day avers that he has often seen men walk five miles to catch a horse in order to ride one.

The use of fire-arms was learned by practice in hunting bears and deer, wild turkeys and squirrels, and other game so numerous as to seriously threaten the existence of food crops. Shooting-matches, too, were common, the victor not only winning the stake, but receiving the plaudits of admiring neighborhoods.

There was little of what we call education. A few boys received college training at William and Mary. Still fewer were sent to the great schools or universities of England, but the greater part were content with reading and writing and a little arithmetic. The writing was invariably legible, but much liberty in spelling was allowable. Shakespeare spelt his own name in four different ways 150 years before, and his example of independency was followed in colonial times. If Washington and his generals had not fought better than they spelt, Clinton and Cornwallis would have shaken hands over a subjugated country. In General Sumner's will the county of "Isle of Wight" is spelled "Ilewhite." The gallant Murfree writes of "legenary coors" (legionary corps). Uniform spelling came in with Webster's blue-back spelling-book. The colonial gentleman was likewise too proud to be willing to submit himself to the strict gram-

matical rules of the solemn pedant who posed as the predecessor of Lindley Murray.

But while there was little education from books, there was a most valuable training from the exigencies of life in a country full of natural resources, but requiring for their development incessant watchfulness and incessant toil. The carrying the chain and the compass through thickets almost impenetrable and swamps almost impassible, the felling of forests, the defence from floods, the war of extermination against wild animals, the occasional march to help the settlers of the mountain lands to repel the hostile, or to barter for furs with the friendly, Indians, the rough sports on horse and on foot, all these, joined with watchful criticism and discussion of their rights by charter and by inheritance, made a hardy, self-reliant, independent, proud and daring people. They were, as a rule, respectful to those in authority, friendly and courteous to their equals, kind and considerate to their inferiors, but equally ready when angered by encroachment upon their rights to resist fiercely, to avenge insults, to crush insubordination even with cruelty.

While the bulk of the Eastern Virginia planters preserved the characteristics I have described, there were great modifications in individual instances caused by the New Light revival of religion about the time when the celebrated George Whitefield passed through the colonies, and by the thunders of his eloquence mightily stirred the hearts of the people. Many were moved to discard the prevailing amusements as sinful, but in the main the old ways and sentiments continued until rudely interrupted by the terrible destruction of wealth caused by the war of Independence. In some communities they lingered for many years afterwards, even up to the recent great civil war.

I have been minute in depicting the habits and the

character of the people among whom young Jethro Sumner was trained up to manhood, because in describing them I have pictured him. His removal to North Carolina did not change him for the better or for the worse.

X Hardly had Jethro Sumner reached maturity before a contest broke out, of tremendous influence on the destinies of this country. This was the great struggle between the French and the English for the ownership of the magnificent territory, drained by the Mississippi and the great lakes and their tributaries. The French sought by connecting Quebec and New Orleans with chains of forts, and by gaining the alliance of powerful Indian tribes to confine the English between the ocean and the Alleghanies. If this plan should succeed the hated Gauls with their corrupt, despotic government and Roman Catholic religion, would dominate the Western world, as under the Grand Monarque, Louis XIV, they had dominated Europe. The English colonies would be stunted in their growth and possibly be swallowed up finally by their powerful neighbor. The colonies saw their danger and from Maine to Georgia they declared for war.

In the early stages the plans of the French were crowned with success. Our colonies had been designedly kept in a state of pupilage to the mother country. While there was great individual capacity, they had not been taught to organize into armies. Looking each to England for their commerce, and most of them for their chief executive and judicial officers and their clergy, they knew little of one another. Their laws were subject to the royal veto. They had not learned the immense value of union among themselves. Their levies of soldiers were badly supported and badly armed. At first too, the English government supported them in a manner feeble and actually tending to cripple their efforts. The officers sent were stupid and arrogant, as full of conceit of their

own importance as contempt for the colonists. There was disaster almost everywhere. Washington was forced to surrender to superior numbers at Great Meadows in 1754. In 1755 the pompous but brave old braggart, Braddock, lost his army and his life near Fort Du Quesne, the English were driven from Oswego, and from Lake George and the able and heroic Montcalm held possession of Louisburg, which commands the mouth of the St. Lawrence, Crown Point and Ticonderoga on Lake Champlain, Frontenac and Niagara on Lake Ontario, Presque Isle on Lake Erie and the chain of forts ending with Fort Du Quesne on the Ohio, while ruthless savages were laying waste the entire North West frontier of the British colonies.

In 1757 the genius of Pitt changed disaster into victory. He gained the confidence of the colonies by consulting their legislatures about the conduct of the war. He promised arms and ammunition, tents and provisions, the colonies to raise, clothe and pay the twenty thousand troops called into service with promise of reimbursement by parliament. Incompetent officers were replaced by able officers. Amherst captured Louisburg and superceded Abercrombie, who had lost two thousand troops in a rash assault on Ticonderoga. Bradstreet captured Oswego. Forbes, aided by Washington, seized Fort Du Quesne, and on the 13th of September the great contest was virtually won by Wolfe's heroic capture of Quebec. Well might old Governor Dobbs cause his glorious Thanksgiving Hymn to be sung to show our gratification for such signal victories, which he piously assures the Great Commoner, were in accordance with the prophecies of the Book of Revelations. The French power was broken and in the following year (1760,) which witnessed the death of the old King George II and the succession of his grandson George III, also wit-

nessed the final conquest of Canada and the end of the glorious dream of a dominating New France in the New World. Three years later the English flag waved over all the land from the Ocean to the Mississippi.

I give some verses of Governor Dobbs' hymn:

To God, our God's Almighty Name,
 Let Britons all their voices raise,
 And publish by the mouth of fame
 In songs of joy our Saviour's Praise.

His church from papal Thralldom freed
 And Gallic Powers united Force
 His great vicegerent he decreed
 O'er Briton's Isle to steer his course.

From Wood the British Lion roars
 Uprears the Christian sanguine cross,
 O'er Eagle, Beast, triumphant soars
 With Angels riding the white horse.

Now Angels charged with vials dire
 Of Gods Great Wrath 'gainst Papal Beast,
 Are poured forth in God's great Ire
 O'er Beast, false Prophet, Heathen Priest.

Let Angels then in chorus sing
 With us in Hymns of joy abroad
 Hosanna to our Saviour King
 Hosanna to his Christ our God !

Jethro Sumner was an actor in this great struggle. Bearing a letter of commendation from Governor Dinwiddie to Colonel Washington, he was in 1758 appointed a Lieutenant in a Virginia regiment of which Wm. Byrd was Colonel, General Joseph Forbes being Commander-in-Chief. Washington had been endeavoring with insufficient means, to defend the long frontier from the terrible savages, whose destruction of property and slaughter and torture of the settlers, old and young,

male and female, had been inconceivably horrible. No effectual stoppage could be put to their ravages without the capture of Fort Du Quesne. Forbes determined to lead an expedition against it. Washington urged that the old Braddock road should be followed. Interested speculators in Pennsylvania persuaded old General Forbes, now in the last stages of disease, to cut a new road through the wilderness of that State. Fifty days were occupied in going fifty miles. Forbes' second in command, Col. Henry Bouquet, desirous of winning all the glory, pushed forward Major Grant with about eight hundred Highlanders and a company of Virginians. Like Braddock's, his force was utterly defeated. The Virginians saved the detachment from annihilation, as they saved the remains of Braddock's forces. The winter was coming on. The fierce winds began to blow; the snow began to whiten the hills. The General and his council of war talked of delaying the march till spring. Washington begged to be allowed to lead the van with his provincials, who were clamoring for an onward move. Through all difficulties, watching against ambuscades, infusing his indomitable spirit into his men, he pressed on. The French officer saw that he had an officer of brains and daring in his front, and, setting fire to the wood-work of the fort, he fled with his troops down the Ohio. On the 25th of November, 1758, Washington and his brave troops marched into the ruined fortress. Jethro Sumner was one of those daring men, who gained for the Anglo-Saxon race the control of the Ohio, and started their onward march, which from that day has had no backward move, and ninety years later climbed the lofty Rockies and planted the starry flag on the shores of the Pacific.

His were likewise among the kindly hands which, after the victory was gained, reverently and tenderly gathered the bones of Braddock's men, whitened by the sun,

and amidst the solemn silence of the interminable forest, gave them christian burial. A great city, whose smoke from a thousand factories overshadow the scenes of those old fightings, commemorates by its name of Pittsburg the sagacious and daring war minister who prepared the victory.

Although Washington, after his great object was gained, being elected a member of the Assembly, resigned his colonelcy and carried his lovely bride to enjoy the festivities of Williamsburg, Sumner remained in service until his regiment was disbanded in 1761. He was evidently an officer of merit. An order published in the Colonial Records of our State, dated November 26th, 1760, from Colonel Bouquet, his superior, shows that he was intrusted with separate command at Fort Bedford. His regiment marched twice into the Cherokee country as far as Holston river, while Colonel Grant with an army of twenty-six hundred men terribly avenged the massacre of the garrison of Fort Loudon. For their services grants of land were authorized to be given to the discharged officers and soldiers who had served during the war—five thousand acres to field officers, three thousand to captains, two thousand to sub altern and staff officers, two hundred to non-commissioned officers, and fifty to privates. Sumner having reached the grade of Captain, was entitled to three thousand acres.

This war prepared the way for American Independence. It taught the Colonists their own strength. It taught them how to fight, and what is of still more importance, that they could fight. When they themselves had protected the arrogant British regulars from destruction, when they had seen the superiority of their own officers to those of the mother country, the superiority of Washington, for example, over Braddock, the traditional idea of colonial inferiority vanished forever. They learned

the value of union. They learned the value of organization and discipline. The war was a training school for their officers—for Washington and Mercer, Sumner and Montgomery, Putnam and Morgan and many others.

After his return to Nansemond the young officer determined to change his home. Probably his long service among the hills and mountains had given him a distaste to the dreary flatness of the lands which adjoin the great Dismal Swamp. Only an imaginary line separates our State from Virginia. There has been for two centuries a steady movement of population from the dearer lands of the valley of the James to the cheaper lands drained by the streams which flow into the Albemarle and the upper waters of the Tar. The Sumners, the Eatons, the Mannings, Smiths of Scotland Neck, the Ransoms, the Armsteads, the Riddicks, the Norfleets, the Saunderses, the Lewises, the Ruffins, the Camerons, the Battles, the Plummers, the Bakers, the Pughs, the Winstons, the Winbornes, the Hunters, the Bridgerses, the Thomases, the Taylors and hundreds, perhaps thousands of others, were all old Virginia families. Some changed their homes because, being younger sons, they had no share in the paternal lands; others, because high living or losses by gaming had worsted their estates; others to exchange few acres for many equally fertile, or old fields for virgin forest, others to escape by settlement among the rolling hills of Bute and the country westward the miasmatic diseases of the low country. But for whatever cause they migrated they changed neither their opinions nor their practices, nor their business habits. They still sent their produce to Virginia markets—Richmond, Petersburg or Norfolk. Returning wagons brought back the tea and coffee and sugar and molasses and ladies' finery. They kept their accounts in both Virginia and North Carolina currency. Visits to these cities for shopping or pleasure were the *summum bonum* of

the aspirations of young men and maidens. Those who enjoyed this entrancing felicity were considered as greater travellers, and were regarded with more envy than those who now tell of scaling Alpine Summits, or gazing at the domes of St. Peter or St. Paul, or chaffering with the shop girls of Paris. When I was young I heard from the lips of those who were belles of Warren nearly a hundred years ago stories of the gayety of the balls and the splendor of the theatres, and the gorgeousness of the dresses of the Virginia cities. What a grand State we would have if James river were our Northern boundary! How much wealth and how many bright sons and daughters of ours have been carried off to enrich our neighbors!

Most of these emigrants from Virginia became true North Carolinians. Occasionally would be heard arrogant boasting of Virginia superiority, as from the old man, mentioned to me by my mother, who answered all who disputed with him, "Weren't I born in James river, and ough'nt I to know?" But most of them, as Jethro Sumner did, devoted their affections and their energies to their adopted State.

Captain Sumner settled at the court house of the new county of Bute (pronounced Boot), named in honor of the first instructor and minister of George III, who became so odious that a favorite amusement among the populace was with groans of derision to throw an old jack-boot into a bon-fire and dance around the crackling effigy. An early General Assembly of free North Carolina expunged the name of the odious Marquis from the map and substituted Warren and Franklin as names of the new counties carved from the old. The court house of Bute was a few miles to the south of the present county seat of Warren. Here Jethro Sumner set up his household gods.

It is a lovely country. A traveller, a captain in the

British army, J. F. D. Smyth, who visited all parts of the country south of the Potomac and Ohio about a year before the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, says, "There is an extreme valuable body of rich high land that extends five miles around Bute court house; this whole tract is strong and fertile in an uncommon degree. There is scarcely a pine tree to be found within that distance, although the surrounding woods on every side are much mixed with them." Governor Josiah Martin, in a letter to Earl Hillsborough in 1772, mentions having passed through Granville and Bute, and is strong in his expressions of praises of their præminence both in soil and cultivation as well as in the manners and condition of the inhabitants. He was preparing to buy a home here when he was driven from our State.

We do not know the exact date of Sumner's settlement in Bute. It was certainly prior to 1769. Mr. Wm. J. Norwood has in his possession an account book kept with all the neatness of penmanship and durability of black ink so remarkable among our ancestors. It contains the dealings of the neighbors with the keeper of the tavern at Bute Court House. It shows among many others the account of General Sumner from November 1769 to November, 1774. It effectually contradicts the statement of Captain Smyth as to his occupation. He says Sumner pursued the business of tavern-keeper, and that more than one-third of the general officers of the American army had the same occupation, and were chiefly indebted to that circumstance for their rank. He gives as a reason that by this public calling their principles became known, and their ambitious views were excited by the variety of the company they entertained. Smyth's book shows violent false prejudices throughout. In his opinion Washington was a very poor General, but a most cunning demagogue, his moderation and disclaimer of desire for

office being only for electioneering purposes. The book is valuable in many respects, but utterly unreliable in its statements about the officers of our army. It would have been no discredit to Sumner if he had been the keeper of the only inn at the Court House, but this account-book shows that he was the owner of it and rented it to one Elliott for £36 per annum. Smyth states, as we learn from other sources, that he had married "a young woman of good family, who brought him a handsome fortune."

X Captain Sumner was appointed sheriff in 1792. The office was a very dignified and responsible one. The appointment was by the Governor of one out of three nominated by the Justices of the county. I have a copy of his commission, signed by Gov. Jo. Martin at Hillsborough at August Term, 1772. It is a proof of the high character and business habits of Sumner, that while there had been great uprisings of angry people in some of the counties almost adjoining Bute, and loud complaints of extortion and embezzlement in those and many others, there were no charges of such criminal conduct in Bute. There were no Bute militia in Tryon's army which marched against the Regulators in 1771, from which I gather that while they themselves were not disposed to join the insurrection they knew too well the sufferings of their neighbors to be willing to crush them by armed violence.

The account-book of Bute Court House tavern confirms my statement that Sumner and his neighbors retained the habits and feelings of Eastern Virginia. The New Light and Great Revival, if they made any impression on them, it was only transitory. We see glimpses of the same high-living and love of fun. We see notices of a Court House ball, of a "bull-dance," the progenitor probably of the modern "stag," of a game of pitch, (quoits, probably, of which Chief Justice Marshall was especially fond); of games at cards, at which one of the players

“got broke” and borrowed money of the landlord, of £10 paid by Sumner for the erection of a battery, which was a wooden wall for playing the good old game of “fives;” of a barbecue costing £6, 7s and 3d, given by William Park; and of fox-hunts of course. All these were accompanied by drinking of liquor in some shape. Sometimes it is rum pure and simple, or as we say “straight;” more seldom it is brandy, never whiskey, but usually it is some mixture. The most common is bumbo, composed of rum, water, sugar and nutmeg; but we have also juleps (spelt julips) and grog and flip; sometimes we see wine and sangaree and cider too (spelt cyder). There is an entry which the rising generation hardly understands. After a “rousing frolic” is a charge for “broke glasses.” This suggests the foolish custom of winding up the feast with some jolly toast and, after drinking it, smashing the tumblers against the ceiling, typifying that having conferred a pleasure so divine, they should never henceforth be debased to any ignoble use.

And in this account-book we detect William Person (called Billy Parsons) and Green Hill, members of the General Assembly, engaged in what we consider a crime, but was then expected of all candidates—that is, treating at elections. They are charged with their proportions of “liquors expended in the court house while voting, 10 shillings; also toddy 1s and 3d. Rum 1s 6d. Toddy 1s 2d.”

There was a strange hallucination in regard to spirituous liquors in the “good old days.” The men of that generation thought they were drinking health and joy and long life. In truth they were drinking down gout and dropsy, and liver disease, and kidney-troubles, and short life. There were few old men of that generation.

General Sumner was like the rest—he kept the prevailing fashion. Smyth says he was a “facetious” man. Doubtless he told good stories about his experiences in

the army, and the peculiarities of the unlettered backwoodsmen with whom as sheriff he had dealings. He was "of person lusty and rather handsome," says Smyth, that is he had a strong body and vigorous health, and a fine manly bearing. The cynical Englishman of a nation of grumblers, chronicles that his dinner was excellent. All those colonial gentlemen understood the art of giving good dinners. The woods swarmed with fat turkeys, tame and wild. Pigs were always ready to supply the luscious barbecue. Steaks of venison or tender beeves, hot biscuits and glorious corn-bread, only to be found on Southern tables, savory ham and fresh fish from the fish trap in the creek, together with abundant vegetables and the jams and preserves and plum pudding, which his young wife with her snowy apron and her stately courtesy knew so well how to make; all these and more smoked on the table, while the odors of nutmeg and mint floated in the air. We can easily call to our mind the Jethro Sumner of that day, at the age of forty-two, his long hair combed back so as fully to expose his rubicund face, tied in a cue behind, his countenance frank and open, looking one straight in the face with a clear, bright eye, his body inclining to portliness, as became the devourer of good cheer; vigorous from out-door exercise, on foot or on horse, in sport and on business, having the air of authority as became the executive officer of a county in those monarchical days when official station inspired far more awe than at present; as became too a man who had learned the art of command in actual service in an army where officers and men were widely separated by social as well as army rank; as became, too, the owner of a great estate and many laborers. At the dinner-table, in the familiarity of social intercourse with a young military officer of wealth and good blood, he showed appreciation of a good joke, a quality which has

not yet died out in North Carolina. I think better of him for that. Capt. William Biggs, an admirer of Chief Justice Merrimon, and Col. Henry A. Dowd, an admirer of Senator Vance, were once rather heatedly discussing the relative excellencies of their favorites; "I admit," said Biggs, "that Vance can tell a joke better than Merrimon"— "Stopright there!" shouted Dowd, "I tell you no man but a smart man can tell a good joke." It is a pleasant picture—these two—the Bute county sheriff and the English officer exchanging their army anecdotes over their nuts and wine, or rather, I should say, over their hickory nuts and bumbo, in the beautiful month of November, 1774, both too polite to discuss the angry questions which will in three years array them in opposite armies at Germantown, thirsting for each other's blood, the host an American colonel, the guest a British captain. Notwithstanding Sumner's desire to be agreeable to his guest, Smyth notices that he was a man "of violent principles" in regard to the pending quarrel between the mother country and the colonies. Being a man of ardent temper he embraced the cause of the colonists with his whole soul. A few words as to the nature of this difference.

The last French and Indian war left Great Britain with a debt so enormous in the eyes of the financiers of that day that it seemed impossible to pay it, \$700,000,000. To an Englishman, the claim that the colonies should help to pay these expenses incurred partly for their own benefit seemed most reasonable. It seemed equally clear to him that parliament should exercise the taxing power for the purpose of securing such payment. To Americans also the first proposition was not unreasonable, but to the second was determined and angry dissent. Planting themselves on their rights as inheritors of the principles of Magna Charta and other great bulwarks of liberty, and

on their special rights granted by their charters the colonists said "the British parliament can tax the property of the people whom its members represent, but the parliament of each colony is the only body which can tax the property of its people." For over one hundred and fifty years they had possessed home rule in regard to the control of their liberties and their property, and this home-rule they determined to retain in all its integrity, or die. Kings, Lords and Commons, the legislature of Great Britain could regulate the internal affairs of the British Isles. King, Council and Assembly only had power to regulate the internal affairs of each colony. They had submitted to odious navigation laws passed by the imperial parliament, because they affected their external relations, but they had never submitted and they vowed they never would submit to the acts of parliament, not elected by themselves, affecting their internal relations, for that would be slavery. They were Englishmen and as such loved the monarchy. The youthful King George was for a time popular. He and Charlotte of Mecklenburg had homely virtues and kindly hearts. Although our ancestors expunged from our maps the odious names of Tryon and Bute they allowed the names of Mecklenburg and Charlotte to remain. They loved to talk of "Farmer George." They believed that the hostile legislature was the work only of the Lords and the Commons, and hence they constantly and in vehement terms even in the early days of the war protested their loyalty to the crown and confidence in the people of England, as distinguished from the politicians. They found to their cost that although in his private capacity he was a man of benevolence, as sovereign, the King's views of the royal prerogative made him the most lasting enemy of their independence, and after blood began to flow the people seemed to sustain the parliament.

No part of the State was more unanimous in resistance to English aggressiveness than the county of which Sumner was sheriff. "There were no Tories in Bute" was the proud boast. And few families contributed as much to the common cause as the descendants of William Sumner. One of his grandsons, Luke Sumner, repeatedly represented his county, Chowan, in the State Congresses before and the State Senate during the war, and was the highly trusted chairman of the committee of safety from Chowan, member of the eminent committee which reported the constitution of 1776, and many other important committees, such as those for the purchase and manufacture of arms. David Sumner was a member of the State Congress of August, 1775, and of the committee of safety of Halifax and Lieutenant Colonel of Militia. James Sumner was Lieutenant in a company of Light Horse. Robert Sumner was member from Hertford of the Convention of 1776 which formed the State Constitution, and of the State Senate afterwards, while Elizabeth Sumner's husband, Elisha Battle, was representative from Edgecombe in the State Congress of 1775, 1776 and the State Senate under the Constitution.

But the most eminent of all the family was Jethro Sumner, whose "violent principles" were noticed by Smyth. As sheriff it was his duty to hold the elections, and he could not himself be elected to the Convention of 1774 and of March, 1775, but after the flight of Governor Martin to the royal-ship Cruiser, we find him member of the Hillsboro Congress of August, 1775. This notable Provincial Congress, still holding to the constitutional notion that the king could do no wrong and that consequently all acts in his name were the acts of parliament or of ministers, all signed a test, drawn up by a committee of which Hooper was chairman. No man could be a member without avowing in writing his determination to resist

to the utmost extremity all attempts by parliament to impose taxes upon the colonies, or to interfere with its local concerns, and pledging himself under the sanction of virtue, honor and the sacred law of liberty to support all acts of the Continental and Provincial Congresses, because they were freely represented in them. This test was afterwards to be signed generally by every organized body in the Province.

The Congress proceeded with firmness and wisdom to inaugurate a provisional government and prepare for war. The militia was organized, a special force of five hundred minute men for each of six judicial districts was ordered to be raised, besides two regiments of five hundred each for the continental army. Bounties were offered for the manufacture of articles most needed.

Captain Sumner was chosen Major of the minute men of the Halifax District. They were in effect volunteer militia, with privilege of electing their company commissioned officers. A bounty of 25 shillings was allowed privates to buy a uniform, to consist of a hunting-shirt, leggings and black garters. An allowance of ten shillings for a smooth-bore musket and twenty shillings for a rifle was made to those furnishing these weapons. When in actual service the colonel was paid 14 shillings a day, major 9 shillings and 6 pence and so on; a private 1s 2od 3f. The minute men were to serve six months and were to be drilled 14 days at the beginning of their service and once a fortnight afterwards. They were to be subject while in service to the laws of war. The officers were to out rank militia officers of the same grade. Some of these minute men did excellent work in the prevention of the rising of tories and sometimes in actual fighting.

Major Jethro Sumner at once showed the superiority natural to one who had learned the art of war under

Washington. Occasion was now had for his services. Within a few weeks after the adjournment of Congress the following order was issued:

IN COMMITTEE OF SAFETY,

November 28th, 1775, Halifax.

Ordered that Major Jethro Sumner raise what minute men and volunteers he can, and follow Colonel Long with the utmost dispatch. By order.

A copy.

ORON. DAVIS, *Clerk.*

Colonel Long was doubtless Nicholas Long, of Halifax, Colonel of Sumner's batalion. Three companies had been apportioned to Halifax and two to Bute. Lord Dunmore, the execrated Governor of Virginia, was ravaging the coast of the Chesapeake and threatening Norfolk. Most probably Colonel Long had hurried to the defence of Norfolk, and Sumner followed with the minute men of Bute. On the 9th December, eleven days after the order of the committee of safety, the minute men of Virginia defeated Fordyce's grenadiers in the action at Great Bridge. Colonel Howe, afterwards General Howe, hurried forward the second regiment of Continentals, and took command of them and of the North Carolina minute men. He arrived two days after the victory of the Great Bridge, but he and his troops so gallantly defended Norfolk that the baffled Dunmore on the first day of January, 1776, burnt the town and sailed away. Howe was emphatic in his praises of the troops under his command and the Legislature of Virginia thanked him and his men for their efficient services, while the Provincial Council of our State resolved "that he was justly entitled to the most honorable testimony of the approbation of the Council for his important services" and thanked him and all the brave officers and soldiers under his command for

their splendid conduct, having acquitted themselves greatly to their honor and the good of the country."

The slender hope of accommodating the differences of the two countries grew rapidly less. Blood was shed on North Carolina soil. The British authorities, with the co-operation of Governor Martin, formed a scheme to bring upon the Province the horrors of a civil strife with the Tories, of insurrection of the slaves and Indian massacres on the western frontiers. They were all checked by the defeat of the Tories at Moore's Creek Bridge and by the crushing of the Cherokees by Rutherford. The Congress of 4th April, 1776, at Halifax, looked the great issue boldly in the face, discarded their hope of friendship from the English King or English people, and, the first of all the colonies, authorized its delegates in the Continental Congress to vote for Independence. The militia was ordered to consist of all between 16 and 60 years of age. A Brigadier-General for each district was elected. Four additional regiments were voted for the American Continental army, and £400,000 or \$1,000,000 in bills of credit were ordered to be issued for the purpose of paying all expenses. The name of Provincial Council for the supreme executive power was found to be inappropriate, as the word "Provincial" implied a recognition of dependence on Great Britain. The name Council of Safety was substituted. Large executive and judicial powers were given, care being taken, however, that they should not be despotic. Three vessels of war were ordered to be built and officers appointed for them.

So highly appreciated was the conduct of Major Sumner that at the next meeting in April of the Provincial Congress he was promoted to the Colonelcy of the 3rd Regiment of the Continental troops. His field officers were William Alston, Lieutenant-Colonel; Samuel Lockhart, Major. His Captains were William Brinkley, Pin-

kethman Eaton, John Gray, William Barrett, Jacob Turner, George Granbury, James Cook, James Emmett. The other Colonels were Thomas Park of the 4th, Edward Buncombe of the 5th, and Alexander Lillington of the 6th. Owing to the promotion of Generals Moore and Howe to be Brigadier-Generals, Francis Nash soon to be promoted, and Alexander Martin were made Colonels of the 1st and 2nd Regiments. The enlisting of men was voluntary, and the following instructions to recruiting officers are interesting. They were to accept "able-bodied men only, capable of marching well and of undisputed loyalty." Regard must be had as much as possible to "moral character, particularly sobriety." The Colonel was authorized to reject those not fit for service. No soldier under 5 feet 4 inches high shall be enlisted. They must be healthy, strong-made, and well-limbed. The character of disqualifying bodily infirmities sounds strange in our day. They must be "not deaf or subject to fits, or ulcers on their legs, or ruptures." The last mentioned may have been frequent on account of the practice of log-rolling matches, and other violent exercises, but what caused the prevalence of ulcers and fits is a mystery. The recruit took an oath to be "faithful and true to the United Colonies" and to, "lay down his arms peaceably when required so to do by the Continental Congress;" that he would serve the United Colonies to the utmost of his power in defence of the just rights of America against all enemies whatsoever," so that the soldiers were no longer in any manner subject to the orders of North Carolina. This probably explains the jealousy of certain North Carolina officials toward them.

The amount of information we have of the early movements from day to day of these Continental troops is remarkably meagre. The statement of Hugh McDonald, an unlettered private in the 6th regiment, written at his dicta-

tion years after the war, printed in the North Carolina University Magazine, is almost our sole authority for much of their history.

McDonald, recently from Scotland, who had been with his father a Tory, at Moore's Creek Bridge, was taken as a guide by a party of Whigs, engaged in arresting the participants of that battle. He was offered the liberty of returning to his father, but being fearful of his vengeance, enlisted in the 6th regiment under Lillington, when "about the age of fourteen years." About the middle of July, 1776, the recruits were carried to Wilmington, where General Francis Nash was in charge of the brigade of 6 regiments. Lillington was too old to go on parade, and Lieutenant-Colonel Lambe was substituted. Recruiting had been very successful and the regiments were full. About the middle of November the troops were marched north to join Washington, but were stopped for three weeks in Halifax on the land of Col. Nicholas Long, now Commissary-General of this State. They were marched back to participate in a campaign against Florida. They paused on their journey near the boundary line of South Carolina, about three weeks, "making excellent beds of the long moss of the trees." Here a squad of men claimed that they were enlisted for only six months, and on being refused their discharges deserted. "Three of them were colored people," so it appears that free colored men helped to gain American Independence. From this camp they marched to Charleston, and lay in camp opposite to Fort Sullivan until the middle of March, living on fresh pork and rice as their constant diet, the expedition to Florida being abandoned.

The account of McDonald is in the main correct, without doubt, but is not true as to at least three of the Continental regiments. It has always been thought that only the first and second regiments under Colo-

nels Moore and Martin, brigaded under Brigadier-General Howe, participated in the brilliant defence of Charleston on the 28th of June, 1776, Charles Lee being General in Chief, and that they only of the North Carolina soldiers were entitled to the splendid praise of General Lee, all the more valuable because he had been an officer in the English army, "their conduct is such as does them the greatest honor; no men ever did and it is impossible ever can behave better," and again in his report to the Virginia Convention, "I know not which corps I have the greatest reason to be pleased with—Mecklenburg's, Virginia's or the North Carolina troops; they are both equally alert, zealous and spirited." But a letter from Col. Jethro Sumner to Lieutenant-Colonel William Alston, printed in the 10th volume of our Colonial Records p 790, shows, I think, that Sumner and his regiment were at the defence of Charleston.

A few days after this victory at Charleston in July, 1776, General Lee undertook an ill-advised expedition to attack St. Augustine in Florida, taking with him, says Moultrie who was second in command, the Virginia and North Carolina troops. At Savannah, after losing many from sickness, he halted until he was ordered North by Congress. Moultrie refused to continue the movement unless properly furnished with material and supplies, which Lee had totally neglected and which were never furnished. The letter from Sumner to Alston dated September the 3rd, shows that his regiment was with this ill-starred expedition and of course was with Lee at Charleston.

The letter places Sumner in the most favorable light. He states that General Lee had given him leave to return to North Carolina for the purpose of providing necessaries for the troops in view of the coming winter. He urges Lieutenant-Colonel Alston to be particularly

careful of the discipline and to keep a good understanding among the officers and soldiers. He wishes them informed of the cause of his leaving, that it was to their benefit. He says, "You are at all times to keep up a strict discipline, but to reserve a mode of clemency as among young troops; now and then to throw something of a promising hope among them of a quick return to North Carolina, which I doubt not but sometime hence will be the case. It will engage the mind and for a time dispense with inconveniences. Be careful in seeing no fraud is done them by the commissaries, and their pay regularly to a month delivered by their captains."

X We see here a kind, fatherly and careful heart. Receiving his commission in April his troops are raised and when first under fire at Charleston two months afterward behaved with conspicuous gallantry. We learn from many sources that they were badly provided with arms and clothing. They are marched by the restless, ambitious, injudicious Lee in the sickly season, through the swamps of South Carolina to Savannah. Finding it impossible to go farther for want of supplies, they are placed in pestilential camp without any near prospect of active service. Their Colonel, believing that they will remain in winter quarters here, gets leave to go to their distant homes in order to obtain necessaries for their comfort. His heart yearns for them in his absence, and he urges the Lieutenant-Colonel who is to command them to be strict in discipline, but at the same time to remember that they are young troops, and need encouragement and comfort. He fears that they will become homesick, and that they will be cheated by the commissaries. He exhorts the Lieutenant-Colonels to keep up their spirits by arousing hopes of early return to their beloved State, and to see that they get their rights. Soldiers with such a sympathetic and careful commander were sure to recip-

evocate his watchfulness for them by attention to duty in camp and on the battle-field.

At the same time that Colonel Sumner went to North Carolina, Lee was ordered North to join Washington. At the urgent request of the authorities of Georgia and South Carolina, the North Carolina troops remained for the defence of those States during the fall and winter following the Declaration of Independence. During this time Washington's army by the expiration of enlistments and the casualties of the retreat across New Jersey, frequent skirmishes, including the brilliant victories of Princeton and Trenton, had been reduced to 7,000 men. It became probable that the next struggle would be for the possession of Philadelphia. The North Carolina troops were on the 15th of March, 1777, ordered to join his army. The route was by Wilmington, Halifax and Richmond. The story of their brilliant victory over the British fleet had preceded them. Their progress through Virginia was an ovation. They could, says the chronicle, hardly march two miles without being stopped by ladies and gentlemen who flocked to see them. At Georgetown those who had not suffered from small-pox were inoculated with such success that not a man was lost. They reached Washington's camp at Middle-brook about the last of June. They were placed under the command of General Alexander, Lord Sterling.

They had only a short rest. In a few days, after finishing their long march, General Howe, the British commander, embarked 18,000 men on transports, and landing at Elkton marched towards Philadelphia. Although Washington had only 11,000 men, part of them raw militia, he concluded that it would demoralize the country to give up Philadelphia without risking a battle. He met the enemy on the 11th of September at Brandywine. Sterling's division, including Nash's brigade, was under the command

of Sullivan. They showed praiseworthy courage. The flight of Sullivan's own division exposed the flank of Sterling and of Stephen. As Bancroft says "These two divisions, only half as numerous as their assailants, in spite of the unofficer-like behaviour of Stephen, fought in good earnest, using their artillery from a distance, their muskets only while within forty paces." They were forced to yield to superior numbers. Sullivan redeemed his want of generalship by personal bravery, and Lafayette fought by their side as a volunteer and was shot through the leg.

Within five days Washington was ready for another fight, but the conflict was prevented by a furious rain-storm, which damaged the powder of both armies. On the 4th of October he formed an excellent plan for attacking the enemy at Germantown. The brigades of Maxwell and Nash under Sterling, formed the reserve in the most difficult attack—that on the British left. This attack was successful, and if it had been properly supported by other parts of the army would have won the victory. North Carolina lost some of her ablest men—General Nash. Col Henry Irvin, Jacob Turner, a captain in Sumner's regiment, and soon afterwards the noble-hearted Colonel Edward Buncombe who was wounded and fell into the hands of the enemy, died at Philadelphia. Although the attack at Germantown failed, the spirit shown, the admirable plan, the speedy recovery from the disaster at Brandywine, proved to the world that such troops, with a leader so constant and wise and energetic, could not be conquered. It convinced the court of France that an alliance with the struggling colonies would be safe and tend to cripple her hereditary enemy.

Two more regiments from North Carolina joined the army during the winter of 1777-'78, the 8th under James

Armstrong, Colonel, and the 9th under John P. Williams, Colonel, and at least Armstrong arrived in time to participate in the battle of Germantown.

The North Carolina brigade went through with fortitude the heart-rending sufferings at Valley Forge in the winter of 1777-'78. When the news of the Alliance of the United States and France and the sailing of the French fleet to America induced the British commander to retreat to New York, giving up Philadelphia, they as usual did faithful service at Monmouth on the 20th of June—a victory which would have been most signal for the Americans but for the misconduct of the traitor Gen. Charles Lee. They were posted on the left of the army and prevented the turning of that flank by Cornwallis.

In May, 1778, on account of the diminished numbers, the North Carolina battalions, as they were called after joining Washington's army, were consolidated. The 6th was put into the 1st under Col. Thomas Clark; the 4th into the 2nd under Col. John Patton, and the 5th into the 3rd under Col. Jethro Sumner.

After the battle of Monmouth there was little fighting by Washington's army until the Yorktown campaign. It lay near Morristown, in New Jersey, and to the North of that point, watching the army of Clinton in New York. Sumner was promoted for his faithful services to be Brigadier-General on January 9th, 1779. The North Carolina regulars, dwindled to only seven hundred men, were ordered to the South for defence of Georgia and South Carolina. General Howe had been disastrously defeated near Savannah, and Congress had superseded him with General Lincoln. General Sumner and his brigade had the post of honor in the attack on the intrenchments of the enemy at Stone Ferry on June 20th, 1779. The troops were ordered to trust to the bayonet only, but meeting with a heavy fire, they could not be restrained

from returning it. They behaved with great spirit, but as Moultrie, who had been charged with this duty, was unable for the want of boats to prevent the arrival of reinforcements to the British, Lincoln withdrew his men with small loss and in good order. Soon after the battle active operations ceased, on account of the heated air laden with malaria. Sumner's strong constitution, which had resisted the fierce cold of a Pennsylvania winter, could not save him from the prevailing fever. He was forced to ask leave of absence, expecting a speedy recovery in the highlands of Warren. His presence in North Carolina was needed to aid in forwarding recruits to his depleted brigade. His request was granted early in July, and he was therefore not engaged in the disastrous assault on Savanaah by the French and American forces on October 9th, 1779.

In November, 1779, Gen. Sumner was again with Lincoln and joined in the advice to cross the Savannah into Georgia, a movement rendered of no avail by the defeat of General Ashe. On account of his great personal influence in North Carolina he was detached to raise four new regiments of regulars, and so escaped being captured at Charleston.

A more difficult and thankless task could not be conceived. He met with no sympathy from the civil authorities or from the people. The latter preferred the short terms and less exacting discipline of the militia service; the former sympathized with them and gave little aid to the enlistments in the regular service until the disaster of Camden and the invasion of Cornwallis made them tremble for the fate of the State.

Baffled in the attempt to conquer the Middle States the British ministry determined to transfer the theatre of war to the South. They believed that the fears of slave insurrections and the presence of a large Tory element in

the South would insure a speedy reduction of Georgia and South Carolina, North Carolina and Virginia to the authority of the crown. The character of the war was to be changed. Those who refused to return to their allegiance and to render active aid to the British cause were to be treated as traitors. Terror of imprisonment and death, loss of property, and insult, even outrage, to women and children was to be employed as a potent argument. The worst elements of society, the robbers and murderers, were to be furnished with authority to perform their nefarious calling, legitimated by the King's commission. All the horrors which have attended civil war in the darkest ages and among the most cruel people were now to be experienced by the Southern States, under the new policy of Clinton and Cornwallis.

The policy seemed for awhile successful. In 1779 occurred the disastrous failure to capture Savannah. In May, 1780, Charleston capitulated, and by the blundering policy of General Lincoln, 2,000 of our best regular soldiers, the heroes of many hard-fought battles, including the North Carolina brigade under Gen. Hagan, were lost forever. Georgia and South Carolina were overrun, only a few small partizan bodies under Marion and Sumter and others, keeping alive the slumbering fires of existence.

To make matters worse, Congress which had already inflicted one unwise General on the South, now sent another still worse. The defeat of Gates at Camden left North Carolina open to invasion, and inspired with courage all the despairing and disaffected to increase the ranks of the Tories. But the pluck and endurance of the patriots paralyzed for a short while, were soon as strong as ever.

General Sumner was one of the most active and efficient officers in the movement which led to the salvation of the Carolinas. I sketch briefly his services, premising

that Judge Schenck has, with his accustomed ability, given the same in greater detail in his valuable book, "North Carolina in 1780-'81."

Assaid before the North Carolina regulars, except those who were absent on leave, were captured under Lincoln at Charleston. Gen. Greene on account of unreliability of short term troops earnestly desired the organization of another brigade of regulars. He was ably seconded by the General Assembly, whose determinations like that of Senators of old Rome, rose higher as the invader drew nigher. As the Roman Senators did in times of extreme danger, they appointed a Dictator—a Council-Extraordinary—composed of the Governor (Nash), ex-Governor Caswell and William Brignol of New Berne, and for fear the Assembly should be prevented from meeting, gave it all the powers vested in the Board of War and Council of State, the powers of the purse and of the sword, the power "to do and execute every act and doing which may conduce to the security, defence and preservation of this State."

A new militia law was passed much more stringent and efficient than before, but even in their great extremity their dread of a centralized government was emphasized by the provision that officers of the Continental service should not be placed over the militia. Conscription, the last resort of a self-governing people, was adopted. A law to raise 2,720 men for filling up the Continental battalions was enacted and great bounties offered. The militia was divided into classes of fifteen, and the option to volunteer was given. If there was no volunteer, one from each class was to be drafted. Each volunteer or draft was to receive a bounty of £3,000 in bills or non-taxable certificates bearing six per cent. interest and receivable for taxes. In addition to this amount three barrels of corn per annum for the wife and each child un-

Under ten years of age were to be given every year while the husband or father continued in service. A special tax of three per cent. of all the property of each class was levied to pay these bounties. To volunteers in the Continental line during the continuance of the war were offered £2,000 in cash, and at the close of service a prime slave and 640 acres of land. And finally all run-aways and deserters, all those who harbored deserters, all who failed to appear at the time of drafting, were to be *ipso facto* privates in the Continental army for twelve months.

Other strong measures were authorized, such as power of impressment of supplies for the army, the confiscation of property of Tories, and a specific tax of one peck of corn or the equivalent in other provisions, for each £100 of property. This was afterwards increased to one bushel. These were stern measures, and could only have been enacted by those who valued freedom over property and life.

Prior to the battle of Guilford, March 15th, 1781, there seems to have been small success in recruiting. The rapid movements and apparently the overwhelming superiority of Cornwallis, the fears engendered by his possession of Hillsboro and the great impetus given to the Tory movement, seemed to paralyze the people. Greene was forced to replenish his small army with militia. Seeing this state of things, Sumner, with the full approval and at the request of Greene, offered his services as commander of a brigade of militia. Greene had faith in the saying of the ancients that an army of hares with a lion at the head is superior to an army of lions with a hare to command them. The able patriot, Willie Jones, General of the Halifax brigade, was willing to surrender his place in favor of the tried veteran. But General Caswell refused the tender of service, and Jones being incapacitated by sickness, Gen. Thos. Eaton, the next in command, insisted on leading the brigade to their dis-

graceful desertion at Guilford Court House, after having, as Judge Schenck shows, performed their duty at the beginning of the fight. Once before had Sumner been treated with scant courtesy. When, after his flight from Camden, Gates left Caswell at Charlotte to gather together the fragments of militia, he thought best to join Gates in Hillsboro and left Sumner in command. By some influence the latter was superseded by Smallwood, not a citizen, and certainly not his superior in ability. He was in command, too, over a brigade of militia at ~~Ramsour's~~ ^{sey's} Mills, on Deep River, Caswell being present, on September 5th, 1780. Why Caswell refused the services of so eminent and useful a soldier it is impossible now to ascertain. A charitable conjecture is that he thought the views of discipline held by a Continental officer trained under the exacting discipline of Frederick the Great, Baron Steuben, too severe for militia. His experience at Camden should have taught him sounder military views. The admirers of Caswell may excuse him on the ground that the law prohibited the employment of Continental officers over the militia, but this defence is met by the fact that the Council Extraordinary had full power to assign Sumner to this duty if in its opinion the safety of the State required it. Any two of the council could act, and Governor Nash, it is known, was, in his favor. On Caswell seems to be the sole responsibility of having in charge of our militia, not the proved veteran Sumner, nor John Baptista Ashe, nor Murfree, two other Continental officers chafing under enforced idleness, but Butler and Eaton, good men, but destitute of military experience, in whom the soldiers had little confidence and of whom they were not afraid. Virginia made no such mistake. The stern veteran, Stevens, placed behind his militia some of his grim, fearless old soldiers, with instructions to shoot all retreating without orders, and hence

the extraordinarily soldier-like behaviour of those raw troops. Morgan pursued similar tactics when he formed his militia at Cowpens, with a deep river behind them. They were afraid not to fight. As an old friend said to me once, "Fright is the bravest of all passions."

Gov. Alexander Martin differed widely from Caswell. On the 1st day of January, 1772, he made an urgent request to General Sumner for Continental officers. He writes, "With your leave, Major Hogg accepts a command of Light Infantry of 500 men with Major McCree; Captain Tatum in command of a troop of horse attached to Major Hogg. Captain Dixon also will command such of the State troops as are now at Warren Court House until the corps can be organized under Lieutenant Marshall. * * * I flatter myself with the great advantage this State will derive from having the honor of Continental officers in its service at this important period which may finally blast the hopes of a despairing enemy and cause them to fall an easy prey to our arms."

Denied the opportunity of leading the militia in the pending campaign, imitating his great commander, Washington, who performed his public duty with serene indifference to misunderstanding and jealousy, in defiance of all difficulties and discouragements, Sumner energetically continued his efforts to raise his Continental brigade. His correspondence with Colonel Nicholas Long, Major John Armstrong, Major Pinketham Eaton, Col. Hal Dixon, and others, shows clearly the number and weight of his difficulties, and the extraordinary efforts to overcome them.

By letter and by personal visits he endeavored to spur up the recruiting officers to the enlistment of volunteers, the militia colonels to the enforcement of the drafts, the commissaries and quarter-masters to the collecting of supplies. He urged La Fayette and Steuben to forward

arms from Virginia. In some directions his success was flattering; in others the work was impeded by the fear of Tories, by the disloyalty or inertness of the drafting officers, by the poverty of sections, which had been harrowed by the enemy or by domestic marauders. Rank Tories often enlisted, drew their bounties and the same night deserted. He wrote strong and moving appeals to encourage volunteering or to reconcile the people to drafting—with no grace of style, but with the eloquence of earnestness.

His efforts were only in part successful. Col. John Armstrong, in a letter to Sumner, gives graphic account of the trials. He says: "The General (Greene) seems very uneasy about the delay of the draft of the Salisbury district and of the desertions that frequently happen by reason of the forced number of Tories into the service, and as soon as they receive the bounty they desert. I have received nigh 300 men, and will not have above 200 in the field. I did everything in my power to bring out the drafts of this district, but all to no purpose. There is one-half at home yet, and remain without molestation. As for clothing, there was little or none sent fit for a negro to wear, except from Rowan. I am sorry that I ever had anything to do with such slothful officers and neglected soldiers. There is a number of them now almost naked, and when cold weather sets in they must be discharged, for no officer would pretend to put them on duty. The neglect we have labored under heretofore, together with the present, make the service very disagreeable to every officer in camp. We are without money, clothing, or any kind of nourishment for our sick; not one gill of rum, sugar or coffee, no tents or camp kettles or canteens, no doctor, no medicine; under these circumstances we must become very inefficient." * *

"I am afraid that in a short time you will have but few

officers in the field, by reason of the shameful neglect of the State. We seem rather a burden than a benefit to them; we are tossed to and fro like a ship in a storm."

At one time Sumner had orders to join Baron Steuben in Virginia. Armstrong says, "I wish it had been my lot to have gone with you to Virginia where we would have been under your immediate care. * * I am fully satisfied that you are not acquainted with our circumstances here, or otherwise it would have been removed."

The only thing praised by Armstrong is the pleasantness of the situation of the camp, "plenty of good water." "But," he adds, with a groan, "It hath one failing—it will not make grog." At that day, spirituous liquors, chiefly rum, were regarded as necessaries more than either sugar or coffee, classed with medicine. General Wm. R. Davie, the Commissary-General of the State, on November 1st, in a letter to General Sumner, writes: "I have ordered some rum to be put in motion for the Southern army for the use of your brigade." "You are sensible," he naively adds, "that unless it is sent in charge of one of your own officers, it may lose much on its journey, and may not be properly applied on its arrival. General Davie's views accord with those of the old Scotch preacher, "My brethren! It is said that the test of honesty is being entrusted with uncounted gold. I am proud to say that many of you can stand that test. But there is one which I fear none of you can stand—being entrusted with unmeasured whiskey."

It will be noticed that Armstrong says that if Sumner had known of the sad condition of the soldiers a remedy would have been found. This is confirmation of what I have already mentioned of his tender care of his troops.

Although the required number had not been raised, yet Sumner was able on the 14th of July, 1781, to march

from Salisbury for Greene's camp in South Carolina, to take command of a thin brigade of one thousand men, distributed into three battalions, commanded by Colonels John Baptista Ashe, John Armstrong, and Reading Blount. Arms had been received chiefly from Virginia, some 250 of the muskets being excellent weapons, made in Philadelphia. The residue consisted of old weapons on which repairs were made after reaching camp.

In the pleasant hills of the Santee the raw soldiers, many of whom were conscripted because of their desertion from their militia duties, were taught the drilling and discipline of soldiers. The enemy, under Stewart, was near the confluence of the Wateree and Congaree, each army in sight of the watch-fires of the other. Two large rivers ran between, effectually preventing surprises, and the operations were confined to cutting off convoys and foraging parties, in which the infantry was not employed.

Greene was the first to move. On the 22nd of August he marched up the Santee, and Stewart, divining his intention to cross, fell back forty miles nearer his supplies at Eutaw Springs, where the battle occurred. In this stubborn conflict, in which both sides displayed the lofty qualities for which the Anglo-Saxon race is distinguished, Sumner and his brigade, although the soldiers were new levies with only three months' training, and most of them had never before been in battle, made such a brilliant charge as to win from General Greene the strong commendation. "I was at a loss which most to admire, the gallantry of the officers or the good conduct of the men." And again, "The North Carolina brigade under Sumner were ordered to support them, and though not above three months men, behaved nobly." Governor Martin wrote: "I congratulate you on the honor you have gained at the

head of the North Carolina army at the Eutaw." And such was the general verdict. Captain Smyth, the British officer heretofore mentioned, speaks of Sumner's having "distinguished himself in the course of the late war, being the General Sumner of the American army, who has been so active in the Carolinas."

Although the glory of the conceded victory was denied the Americans, the British forces hurried off to Charleston, and Greene, weakened by the expiration of the term of service of so many of his men, retired to his old camp among the hills of the Santee, soon to rejoice over the glorious news from Yorktown. Here he waited for recruits and watched the enemy.

As soon as the camp was reached, Sumner at Greene's request returned to North Carolina for a second time on the thankless business of raising new forces and urging the supplying of his brigade with food and clothing. Colonel Armstrong wrote on February 13th, 1782, from camp at Colonel Shivers, 30 miles from Charleston: "Your officers and soldiers are very naked and no hopes of being better. * * General Greene hath asked me several times if I had any accounts from you and likewise about some clothing he expected you to send to camp." * * "Everything in this State seems to be in our favor. The Assembly of this State is now sitting at Jacksonborough, and is determined to raise two regiments, be the expense what it will. They have made a present of ten thousand guineas to General Greene, to be paid in land, negroes and handsel furniture of such estate that hath been confiscated in the present Assembly."

On April 7th, 1782, an official report signed by Henry Dixon, Lieutenant-Colonel of the 2nd regiment, and attested by Major J. Burnett, aid de camp of Greene, shows that the brigade then consisted of 1154 men, but that the terms of 326 would expire in the same month, 299 in

May, 141 in June, and so on—1,000 in all by the 1st of January, 1783—leaving only 154 for service. The officers of the South Carolina line and of the legionary corps were authorized by Greene to enlist North Carolina Continentals as fast as discharged. There was universal apathy. The currency became worthless, and people in defiance of stringent laws began to refuse to accept it. Specie began to make its appearance at the North, but very little found its way to our State. There was no "provision made for the soldiers when recruited. One officer writes that he has men, but no food; another that he has not a single blanket to his company. Another that his drafted men have not come in, and if he obeys Sumner's order to march he will go alone. Another says that the men came in slowly, and that numbers desert, "we are very scarce of provisions and under the necessity of impressing from the inhabitants who have been greatly disturbed." * * "The people will make very little corn in this (Caswell) county."

It is impossible at this late day to trace with any minuteness the actions of General Sumner during the last eighteen months of the war. As no great movements of the armies were inaugurated it is probable that he remained in North Carolina, prosecuting his duty of raising troops. In this, his efforts, as were similar efforts in other States, had little success. The ravages of disease in the low lands of South Carolina where the operations were carried on, had been so great that each recruit as he turned his back on North Carolina felt that he was marching to suffering and death. Drafting was the only remedy, and this became so odious that only one-third of those liable in North Carolina were procured, while in Virginia and South Carolina the authorities refused to adopt this method of replenishing their armies. The country seemed exhausted, and the long prayed for peace came none too soon.

On the 23rd of April, 1783, furloughs were granted to the North Carolina soldiers, and they returned gladly to their homes. In some few places they were received with festivities and rejoicings, but most of them settled quietly to the pursuits of peace. It should be remembered that no North Carolina soldiers were guilty of mutinous attempts to obtain their rights by force, as were those of various other States, and that a North Carolinian (Howe) was called by Washington to protect the National Legislature from the threats of violence of mobs. Our officers and privates were content to rely on the sense of justice of their State government, and history shows that all was done that could be done by a ruined people. Large grants of the fertile lands of Tennessee were made them, including 25,000 acres to General Greene, while General Sumner's share was 12,000 acres. A commission was appointed to settle and pay the just dues, which the Continental Congress had failed to discharge.

In the closing years of the war only the energy generated by fears of defeat and ruin had kept up the people to the fighting point. After the capture of Cornwallis there was a universal feeling that the war was practically over. The exertions, which were the fruit of terror and despair, gave way to supineness and lethargy. The poor soldiers, far from home, seemed to have been forgotten. In some commands there were mutinies and threats to enforce their rights at the point of the bayonets. An Alexander, a Cæsar, a Napoleon, might have urged the fierce discontent of the army for the auguration of a military despotism. The great and good Washington, by the union of kindly sympathy and occasional force, quieted these troubles. The brave soldiers who encountered all the sufferings which can afflict mankind, hunger, thirst, nakedness, disease, wounds, separation from loved

ones, apparent ingratitude and neglect from those in civil authority, officers whose fame will never die, and their humble followers, "unnamed demigods of history," hung up their swords and their muskets on the bare walls of their ruined dwellings, and addressed themselves manfully to repairing their shattered fortunes and laying the foundation of the Great Republic of the world. As S. S. Prentiss so beautifully said to the returned soldiers from the Mexican war: "Thus the dark thunder cloud at Nature's summons marshals its black battalions and hovers in the horizon, but at length its lightnings spent, its mission finished, its dread artillery silenced, it melts away into the blue ether, and the next morning may be found glittering in the dew drops among the flowers, or assisting by its kindly moisture the growth of the young and tender plants."

General Sumner was exempt from some of the trials suffered by his compatriots. He was a man of large possessions. His home was not in the track of the armies and suffered no injury from rude soldiery. His neighbors were all loyal to America and we find no depredations of Tories or deserters in Bute. His prudence kept him from debt. In the midst of admiring friends, enjoying the satisfaction of a well-earned reputation, he spent the residue of his days in the management of his estate, the care of his slaves and his blooded horses, the training of his children and the exercise of a generous hospitality. His wife probably died during the war, as she seems to have been living in 1781, and was not living in 1785.

Only once was he induced to leave his privacy. In 1784 was formed the Society of the Cincinnati, composed of officers of the Continental army. Its name was taken from the personification of Washington called like Cincinnati of old from his farm to the salvation of his coun-

try. It was designed to perpetuate the feelings of patriotism and brotherly affection engendered by the long struggle together for Independence, and provide for the indigent in their ranks. Washington was its President General. General Sumner was President of the North Carolina division and presided over a meeting of the delegates at Hillsboro on April 13th. As delegates to the general body he appointed Archibald Lyttle, Maj. Reading Blount and Maj. Griffith J. McRee. As in the original incorporation the primogeniture principle was contemplated, fears entered the public mind that the Society was an entering wedge for the introduction of an aristocracy into our country. This hostility, coupled with the difficulty of communication in this large but thinly settled State gave it a short life here. In some of the States it still flourishes, Hamilton Fish, of New York, being the successor of Washington as President General. From it is derived the name of one of the most flourishing cities of the West.

Before closing, I must give you some details throwing light upon General Sumner as a citizen.

We have the inventory of his effects, returned by his executors. Including the bounty lands in Tennessee, he left over 20,000 acres of land, besides town lots in Halifax, Louisburg and Smithfield, in Virginia. He owned two valuable farms in Warren county, one called his "Manor Plantation" and the other his "Bute Court House Plantation." On them were thirty-five slaves, nearly all able to work; and seventeen horses, some of them racers; and about 240 hogs, twenty sheep and eighty-six head of other cattle. The possession of this large amount of stock, together with 150 barrels of old corn and a quantity of bacon and beef and "six hogsheads of prized tobacco and about two to prize," as late as the 15th of March, after the winter was passed, is a pretty good

showing for his management. The mention of a "quantity of quart bottles, some rum, brandy, cyder and wine," five large China bowls and four small ditto, shows that he kept up the convivial habits which distinguished Warren society for so many years, while the "one chamber chair" suggests that the war-worn veteran, after leaving his active army life, may have contracted by too-generous living that affliction formerly called the aristocratic disease, the gout, exceedingly common in that day. There is an enumeration of large quantities of earthenware and china, silver and ivory-handled knives and forks, "two square tables, two round tables and two tea ditto," which shows that he was accustomed to exercise bountiful hospitality. As mementos of his army experience we find £2,374. 9s. 6d. of army certificates, his silver-handled sword, bequeathed to his eldest son, his fire-arms bequeathed to his second son, and "his campbeds, bedsteads and furniture," which he gave to his daughter. The silver salver, silver spoons, "large and small," silver-handled and ivory-handled knives, china-ware and other furniture, gold watch and silver watch, show that he lived in good style, while his division of his "printed books" between his two sons, in that day when books were quite rare, indicates that he had some taste for literature.

The end was much nearer than the age of fifty-two years would seem to make probable. The exposures of war from the bitter cold of Valley Forge to the fever swamps of South Carolina, whence deadly miasma rises almost like a visible mist, undermined his strong constitution. General Sumner's will is dated March 15th, 1785, and the inventory returned by his executors is dated March 19th, 1785, so that he must have died between these dates.

I regret that I can ascertain nothing satisfactory about General Sumner's wife, Smyth states, as I have mention-

ed, that she was young at the time of the marriage, of good family and of a handsome fortune. Wheeler says that she was a widow Heiss, of New Berne, but none of the old inhabitants of that town know anything about her. General Sumner bequeaths to his daughter the "clothing and jewels of his wife, now in possession of Mrs. Long, of Halifax." Mrs. Long of Halifax, the widow of Col. Nicholas Long, the Commissary-General, was a notable lady, whose maiden name was McKinnie, and, from the fact that Mrs. Sumner's clothing and jewels were left with her, coupled with the fact that one of her sons was named McKinnie Hurst, and further that it appears from an act of the General Assembly, disentailing some lands, that the McKinnies and Hursts were related, the presumption is that she was either a McKinnie or a Hurst, nearly related to Mrs. Long. This presumption is strengthened by the fact that one of the devisees of Sumner's lands, in case of the death of all his children in their minority, was Nicholas Long, Jr., a son of Mrs. Long.

General Sumner left three children, all minors. We do not know the dates of his marriage or of the birth of any of his children, except Jacky Sullivan, who married Thomas Blount, a brother of Major Reading Blount, one of Sumner's Colonels. She changed her name to Mary Sumner Blount, and died in 1822. She was born in 1778 and was probably the youngest child. The two sons were Thomas Edward and McKinney Hurst. To the former doubtless the oldest child, was devised his Manor Plantation. To McKinney Hurst, the Bute Court House Plantation. In case either should die in their minority the other was to have the whole. If all his children should die in their minority his lands were to go to Nicholas Long, Jr., and the oldest son of Benjamin McCulloch and James Gray. His executors nominated were

Benjamin McCulloch, John Baptista Ashe, Young McLemon and James Grey, but only McCulloch and Grey qualified. The sons died without issue, and so all the property finally vested in Mrs. Jacky Sullivan (or Mary Sumner Blount) and was by her scattered among sixty legatees, including the Episcopal church of Raleigh and friends who had been kind to her. Her husband was a member of Congress of the United States, and one of the commissioners to locate the Capital and also the University.

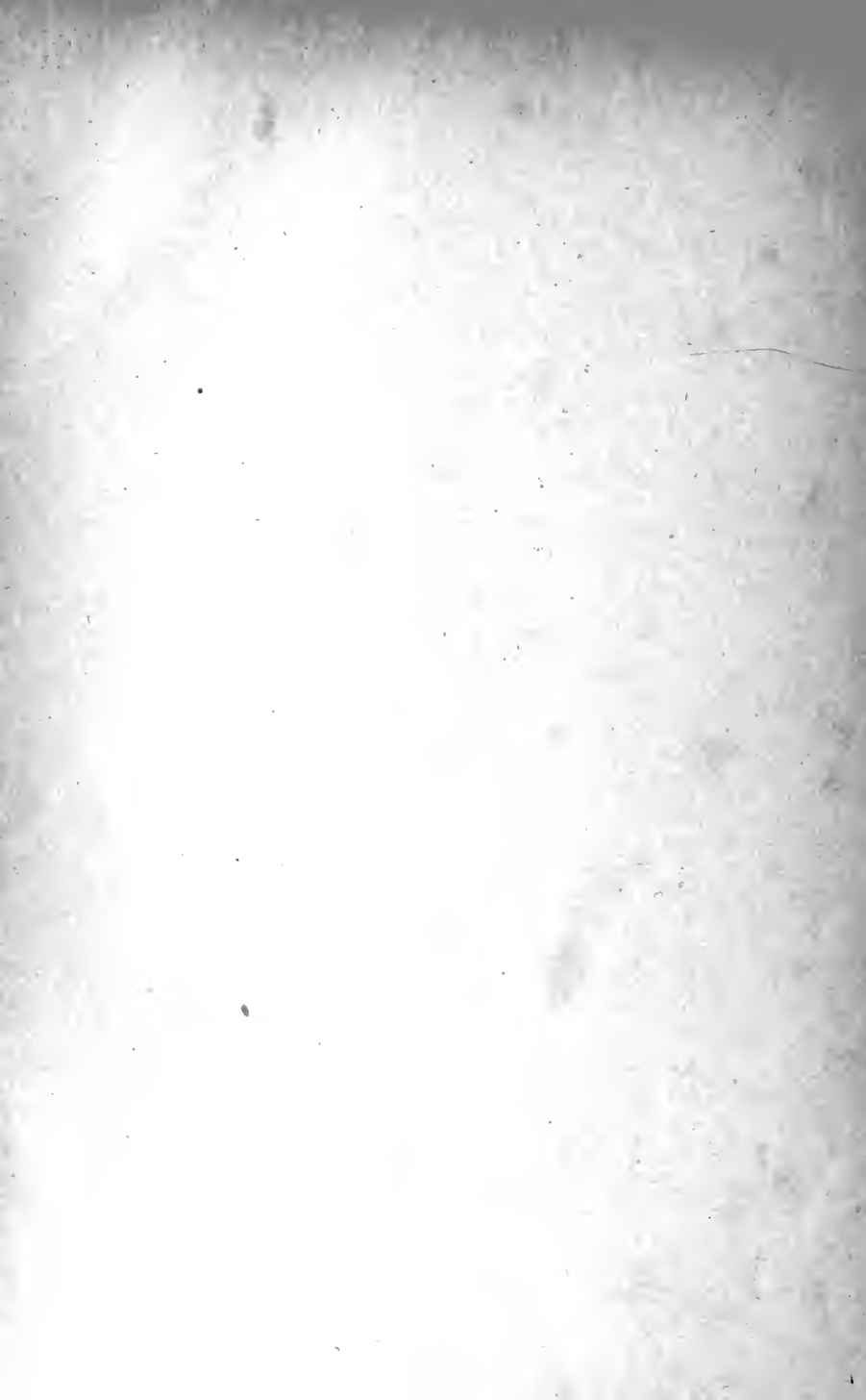
From the foregoing sketch, hastily prepared from materials scattered through scores of manuscript letters and numerous printed books, we are able to estimate what manner of man Jethro Sumner was. He was not a genius; he had little education derived from books. But he had a generous nature and a big heart. One of his colonels writes, "Dear General, you are no stranger to our sufferings; we have our eyes upon you as our support in our hour of need." They did not lean on a broken reed, but on a sturdy oaken staff. He had a strong head and sound common sense. General Greene and Governor Nash and scores of military leaders in the dark hours of a desolated State, of civil strife, of ruined currency, of despondency and of terror, asked the aid of his sagacity and pluck, and asked not in vain. He had a long experience in actual military service in the field through most of the French war, and from the burning of Norfolk, January 1st, 1776, until the close in 1783, in fierce battles, in laborious marches, in dreary encampments, in thankless recruiting service, from a Lieutenant to a Brigadier-General's place. Although not brilliant, he was always faithful and reliable, performing his full duty without faltering and without a murmur. In all his letters we find no carping at superiors, no jealousy of equals, no despondency or cowardice of heart. He was a loyal, brave, true, gallant soldier. He had no art to push himself, or

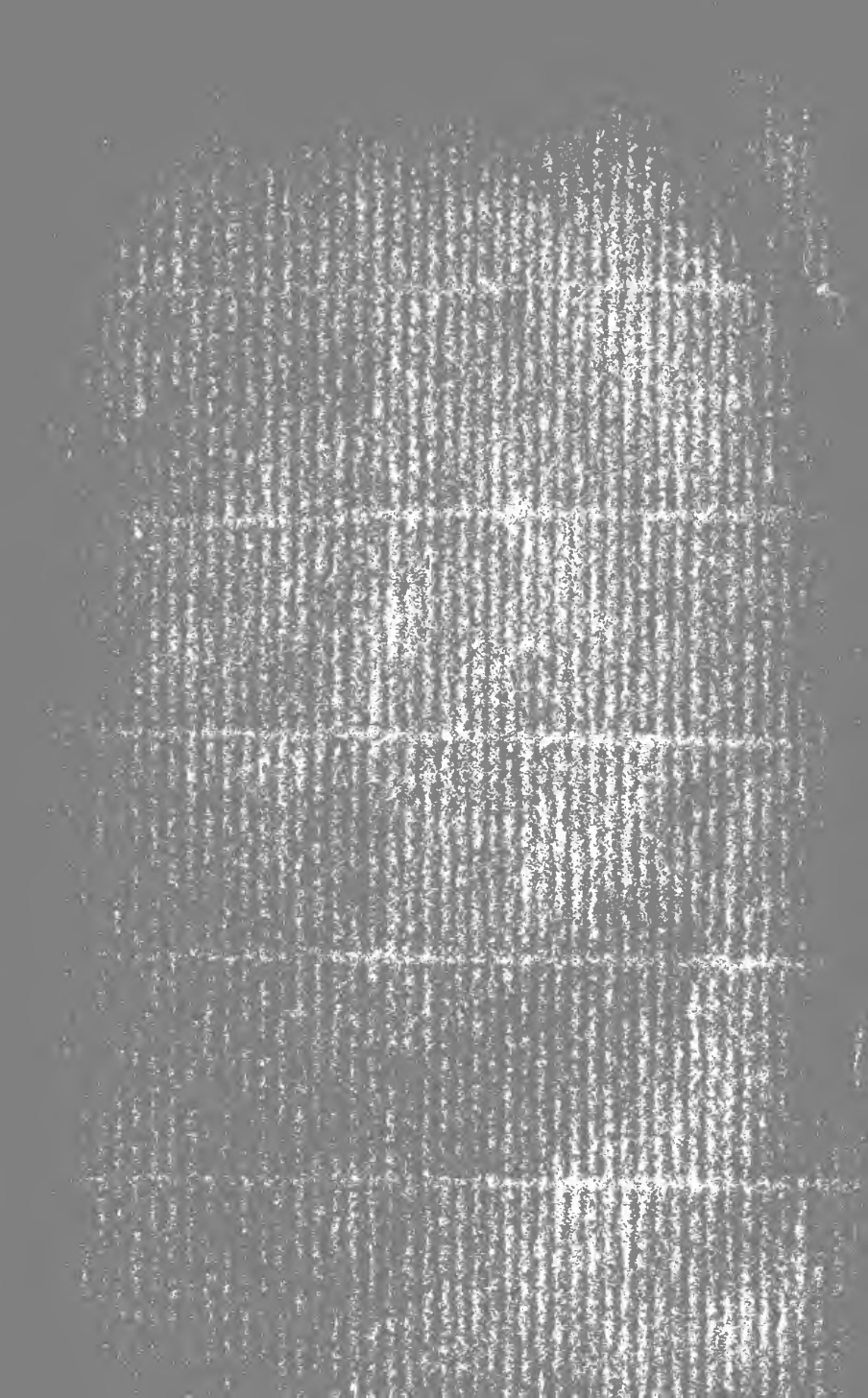
publish his exploits. He kept no predecessor of the modern newspaper correspondent in his tent in order to puff him into notoriety. He did his whole duty and made no boast. He left no posterity to keep his fame burnished. The noble State love of Judge Schenck has brought his bones from their secluded resting-place in the woods of Warren to this beautiful battle park, where his monument can be seen and his name read by countless visitors. He has likewise caused me to exhume his military and civil record from musty manuscripts and notices scattered in many books, and expose it to the eyes of all who take interest in the deeds and sufferings of our forefathers. I thank him and his committee for putting this task upon me.

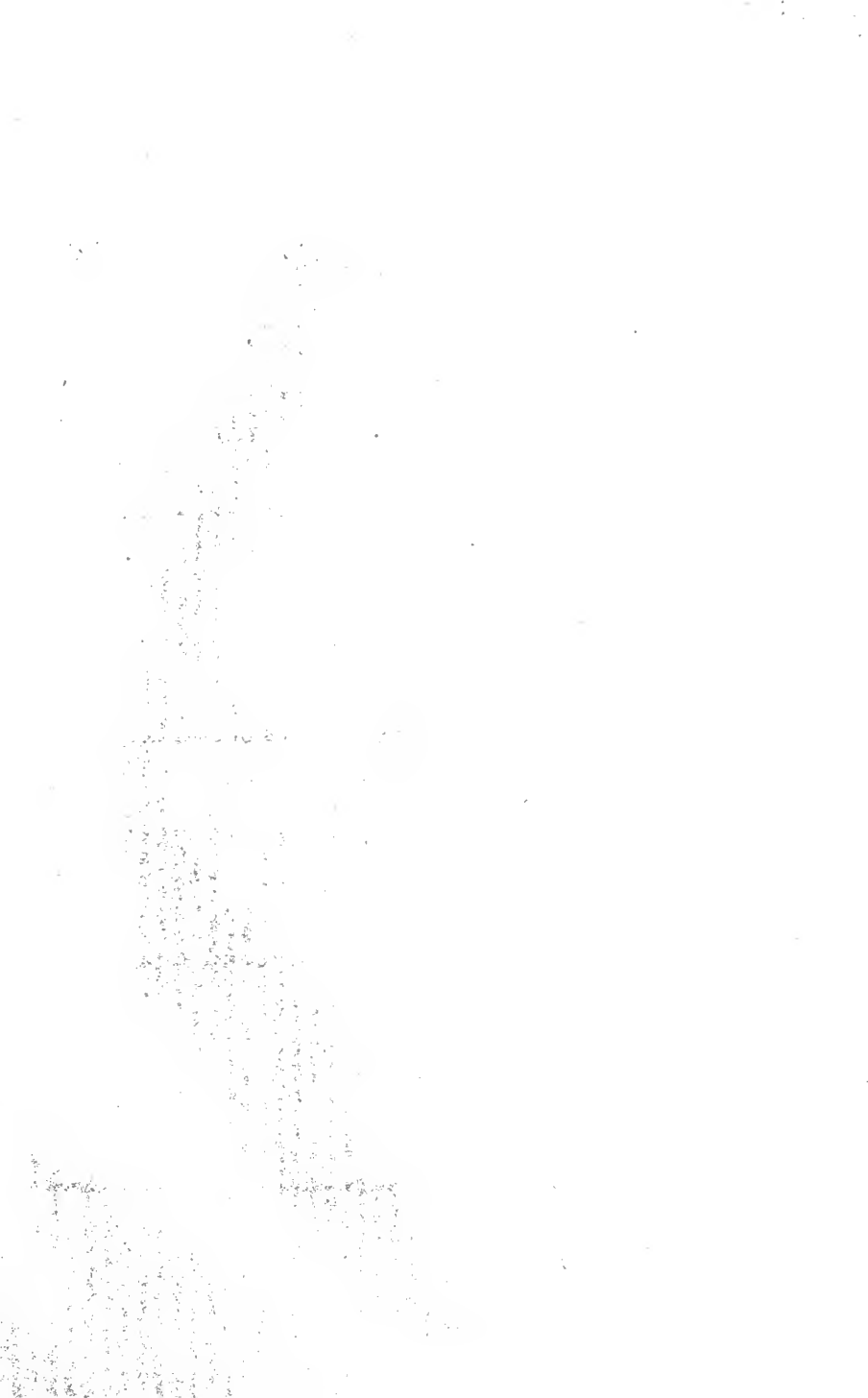
Fellow Citizens: I have endeavored to give you a truthful account, not making the subject of my address a hero impossible to be imitated, or an unapproachable saint, but exactly as he was—a man, a gentle-man, whom all should know and love. I hope, in view of all his sacrifices for us and our liberties, in view of his kindly acts to our suffering ancestors, you will join me in thanks to the giver of all good, because of His gift to North Carolina of “Jethro Sumner, one of the Heroes of 1776.”*

*This is the inscription on Sumner's monument.

NOTE.—By a slip of memory it is stated on page 34 that Sumner joined in the advice to Lincoln to cross the Savannah in November, instead of April, 1779. Ashe's defeat was in ^{June 4} ~~November~~ 1779, and of course did not frustrate the movement. K. P. B.







C. B. Denson

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED IN RALEIGH, N. C., ON MEMORIAL DAY
(MAY 10), 1895.

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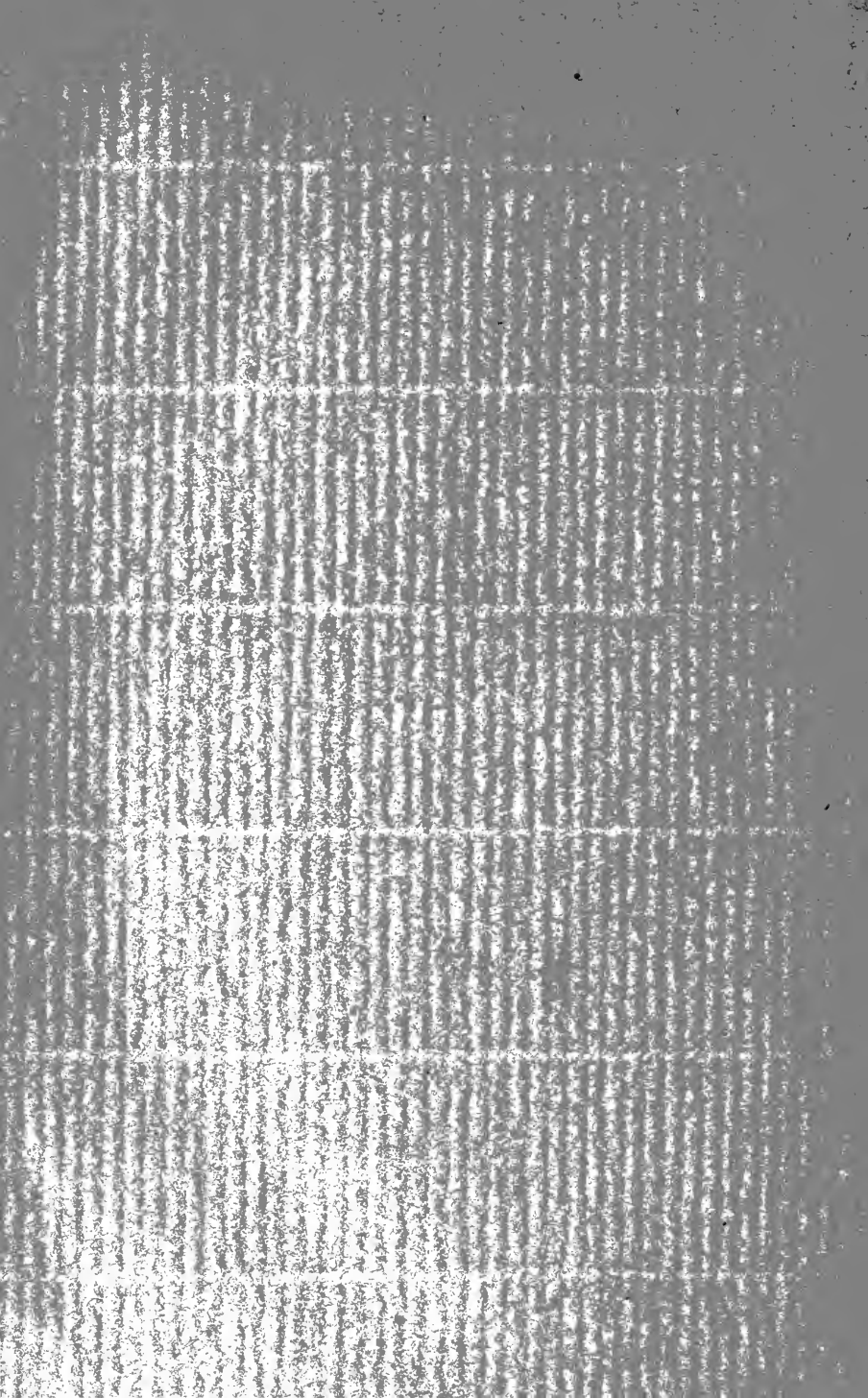
CONTAINING A MEMOIR OF THE LATE

Major-General WILLIAM HENRY CHASE WHITING,
OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

(AT THE REQUEST OF THE LADIES' MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.)

By C. B. DENSON,
(Of the Engineer Service of the Confederate States Army.)

RALEIGH :
EDWARDS & BROUGHTON, PRINTERS AND BINDERS.
1895.



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RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
TO THE
SURVIVING PARTNER OF THE JOYS AND SORROWS
OF THE
MATCHLESS GENIUS, THE HEROIC SOLDIER,
AND THE UNSELFISH PATRIOT
TO WHOSE MEMORY THESE PAGES ARE
DEVOTED.

AN ADDRESS.

Ladies of the Memorial Association, Comrades of the Confederate States Army, Ladies and Gentlemen :

The poet has said in touching numbers—

“ Fold up the tattered, blood-stained cross,
By bleeding martyrs blest,
And heap the laurels it has won,
Above its place of rest.
It lived with Lee, and decked his brow
From Fate's empyreal Palm;
It sleeps the sleep of Jackson now—
As spotless and as calm.

Sleep, shrouded ensign! not the breeze
That smote the victor tar
With death across the heaving seas
Of fiery Trafalgar,
Can bid thee pale! Proud emblem, still
Thy crimson glory shines!

* * * * *

Sleep in thine own historic night!
And be thy blazoned scroll,
A warrior's banner takes its flight
To greet a warrior's soul!”

Character is the foundation of human greatness. In its perfection, it represents, in the individual, the sum of the activities of life; in a national sense, it is the development in history of the ruling spirit of a people, leading to the flower of achievement—to the utmost limit of moral, physical and intellectual effort, in the discharge of duty.

The element of character most God-like, is self-sacrifice.

According to this standard, we are here to-day, thirty years after the deep-mouthed cannon have hushed their voices, to honor the memory of the most peerless heroes in the annals of the world

He who imagines that the statesmen of the South, above all the people of North Carolina, rushed into the tremendous conflict of the Civil War in thoughtless pride, or mad determination to preserve a single species of property, knows nothing of the true spirit that filled the hearts of the best of the land.

The Union had been the beloved object of Southern patriotism. Alamance and Mecklenburg sounded to arms for the revolutionary struggle, Patrick Henry's eloquence fired the torch of liberty, Washington led her hosts, Madison drafted the Constitution, Marshall interpreted the laws—Southern men all. King's Mountain and Guilford were the precursors of the inevitable close of the drama of the revolution at Yorktown. For seventy years and more Southern genius dominated the country and led it, step by step, to the pinnacle of fame. Jefferson and Jackson were the great Executives of the first half of the century. The second War of Independence, in 1812, was maintained chiefly by Southern valor. Scott and Taylor, as well as Lee and Davis, in the Mexican war, were men of the South. Fought by an overwhelming majority of Southern men, that war, with the purchases previous thereto and succeeding, by Southern statesmanship, had doubled the area ruled by the Federal government, against the repeated protest of the North. The South had given to the general government, of her own accord, the princely territory of the States between the Tennessee and the Great Lakes. There was never a conflict in behalf of the Union and the Constitution of these United States, in which the men of the South did not far outnumber those of any other section, and give their precious lives in due proportion.

The world will never know how much it cost the South; how stupendous was the price that North Carolina paid to defend the Constitutional rights of the States. Was there no sorrow in contemplating the destruction of the fabric

reared by the efforts of Southern statesmanship and cemented with the blood of her children?

Who, to-day, would have had this old Commonwealth trample upon her traditions—even from the earliest colonial days, “of the freest of the free,” in Bancroft’s words—and tamely submit to military usurpation from Washington to send her sons into the field, against every dictate of conscience and settled conviction of the sovereign rights of the States; to send her sons, I say, against their brethren of Virginia and South Carolina—bone of their bone, and flesh of their flesh, not only in the claims of blood, but in history and sentiment?

Never have the annals of history known a line of statesmen like those who guided the fortunes of this country for three-quarters of a century or more! Think of the purity of character of Nathaniel Macon, of John C. Calhoun, of William A. Graham, of Jefferson Davis! Who knew more of the Constitutional authority of the State to order her citizens to stand in her defence than such statesmen?

My comrades, when men stand above the graves of our sacred dead and drop a flower there to honor them, because they died for what they thought was right, and bend their heads before your gray hairs, in token that your suffering for long years touches them, because you thought you were right—there is a vain and empty echo to such words, kindly meant as they may be.

For one, I am here to affirm, before high Heaven, that they *were right*, and that North Carolina would have been recreant to every principle of honor and duty had she done otherwise. When I see the saintly Bishop-General, who was born on your own soil, leaving the pulpit under the imperative sense of overwhelming duty and sharing the dangers of the field; at one moment stretching forth his arms in blessing upon the stricken people, and the next moment torn apart by an enemy’s shot, I feel, with the poet—

“A flash from the edge of a hostile trench,
 A puff of smoke, a roar,
 Whose echo shall roll from Kennesaw hills
 To the furthestmost Christian shore,

Proclaim to the world that the warrior priest
 Will battle for right no more;
 And that for a cause which is sanctified,
 By the blood of martyrs unknown,

* * * * *
 He kneels, a meek ambassador,
 At the foot of the Father's throne.”

When I think of Stonewall Jackson, wounded unto death, yet wrestling in prayer with his God, as he was wont to do, in the valley of the Shenandoah, before some bloody enterprise of the next day, like the stern Covenanters of old, and then committing his cause and his fellow-soldiers to a Heavenly care, “to rest under the trees” this day, thirty-two years ago—the question recurs, “Was he not in the right?”

When I picture the matchless dignity of Robert E. Lee, looking from his charger in grave serenity upon a field tumultuous with every form of effort of horse and man, and incarnadined with human gore; or recall him, as it was my fortune to see him, in the peace and quiet of his headquarters, and mark the signs on his countenance, of the God-given intellect, and regal dignity of spirit, that afterwards refused fortune and honor abroad to share poverty and labor with his own at home, I am forced to declare—if such immortal spirits were wrong, then let me be wrong with them!

In a memorial address twenty-six years ago, the brave and lamented Col. Robert H. Cowan used this language, when our people were sitting amid the thickest gloom of their great calamity, and patriotic Wilmington was erecting a memorial to our dead. He declared:

“ In the Pass of classic Thermopylae, there is a monumental pillar reared by the decree of the Amphictyonic Council, to the memory of Leonidas and his devoted three hundred. It bears an inscription, written by the poet of the time, in a style of true Lacedæmonian simplicity, and yet it is so tender and touching in its tone, and so lofty in its sentiment, that it appears to me to be sublime :

“ ‘ Oh stranger ! tell it to the Lacedæmonians.
That we lie here in obedience to their laws.’ ”

“ Let the stranger, whoever he may be, that visits this sacred spot, go and proclaim it to all the world that these brave men lie here in obedience to the laws of North Carolina.”

The tongue that spoke these words has long been silent in the grave, but they are forever true. The mother State, conservative in all her history, pondered her steps long and well. What she ordered was done in the plain path of duty, when all other resource had departed. But that duty once ascertained, was performed with a tenacious determination almost without a parallel.

In this transitory life, the most precious things are the spiritual forces—the invisible, but immortal, powers that mold men’s lives.

Look about you, in your beautiful Capital City, putting on anew the garniture of spring. Consider the swift passing away of the material objects about us. A century or two, and where are the most pretentious of our structures? Where are our marts, and factories, and temples? Forms, fashions, institutions change—the rich and the poor exchange places—animated nature bows to decay and passes in turn to oblivion!

But the ashes of the noble dead remain in mother earth and the memory of their deeds hallows the soil. Think you that the valor of George B. Anderson is lost, the gallantry of L. O’B. Branch, the calm and intrepid patriotism of the host of lesser rank that lie beside them in either of our cities of the dead—Burgwyn, and Turner, and Shotwell; the Haywoods, Manlys, Rogers, Engelhard; the knightly

Smedes, the great-hearted Wm. E. Anderson—ah! where shall I pause in the bead-roll of heroes; how dare we not include every private, who bore his musket well, in that great brigade that lie in eternal bivouac on our eastern slopes, awaiting the trump of the resurrection morn?

Tried by the standard of devotion to duty, and sublime self-sacrifice, the men whom your fair women delight to honor were worthy of the highest niche in the temple of military fame—the brightest crown, as patriot martyrs.

They lie on every battle-field of importance throughout the South. At Winchester, where the sacred ashes have been gathered from many bloody contests, they exceed in melancholy array those of any other State.

At Fredericksburg, the dead and wounded of North Carolina exceeded those of all other States of the South combined.

In the Seven Days' struggle around Richmond, one-half of the number of regiments in Lee's entire army were sons of your soil.

Would you seek the most magnificent spectacle of undying courage? Behold the Fifth North Carolina at Williamsburg; see it in the Fourth North Carolina at Seven Pines; find it in the Third at Sharpsburg; watch it in the Eighteenth at Spottsylvania; behold it in the Twentieth at Frazer's Farm; see it in the Twenty-sixth at Gettysburg, whose loss was the greatest recorded in history; glory in it in the Thirty-sixth North Carolina, as it envelopes Fort Fisher, and the heroic Whiting, with a halo of imperishable fame.

Yet how shall we separate a gallant few from all the brave sons of Carolina, in all her serried battalions? And how shall a single day's exhibition of God-like self-surrender and indomitable daring represent to us the daily struggle on the picket-line, the weary march, the long night watch, the agonizing wound, the dreary imprison-

ment, the slow starvation, the unceasing anxiety for distant wife and child, the sorrow for a broken and desolated country, the unspeakable pain of final defeat.

Alas! for the unknown graves that hide the broken hearts of our comrades, worn by disease, whom we left behind at every camp, in the sand-hills by the sea, or dotting the grassy glades of mountain valleys.

Yet the very boys emblazoned immortal deeds upon the escutcheon of their State.

At Chancellorsville, the death wound came to a lad of barely seventeen. His musket dropped; with Spartan fortitude he raised his hand to the gushing wound, and faltered forth to his commander, "Major, I am killed; tell my father that my feet were to the enemy!" So fell Wilson Kerr, of North Carolina.

At Petersburg, in the suburb of Pocahontas, lies the last man of the retreating army of Lee. The enemy were rapidly closing on the rear guard, and he volunteered to fire the bridge in the face of certain death. He reached its middle, applied the match, and then, though torn by a grape-shot, that boy of sixteen walked back to the bank and yielded his precious life.

The enemy, in admiration of his valor, gave him a soldier's burial on the very spot—wrapped in his old gray blanket that was slung about his shoulders, and the only shroud over his fair features from the enveloping clay was the apron of a solitary woman, brave enough to venture there to weep over him.

So died Cummings Mebane, of North Carolina.

" His country was the lady of his dreams,
Her cross his knightly sign—
He died! And there he lies,
A stately, slender palm,
Felled down, in tender blossoming,
Across her grave! "

Young men of North Carolina, you who are her hope and pride, and who will be her strong staff, when we shall have become but a memory, see to it, I beseech you, that such sublime virtue, which accepts certain death for the safety of the whole, and the good of the State, be commemorated in yonder capitol in glowing canvass or enduring marble.

Happy will be that people, who, in honoring virtue and commemorating sublimity of human character, stamp the image of the ancestor upon the mind and heart of the children!

All honor to the noble women of the Memorial Association of Raleigh, that they have taught their lesson, year by year, not only in the silent but eloquent eulogy of flowers; not only in recalling to mind the heroic self-sacrifice of the hosts in gray, in their voiceless camps of death; but also have decreed that heroes who have served their country in conspicuous station, shall be honored by the recital of their services, and a record shall be forever kept in grateful remembrance.

It is the privilege of the speaker to recite briefly some of the many leaves of history, which cluster like chaplets of laurel around an illustrious soldier, who though not born upon your soil, loved with his whole heart your people and your State, and gave his life for them.

WILLIAM HENRY CHASE WHITING, the son of Levi and Mary A. Whiting, was born March 22, 1824, at Biloxi, Mississippi.

His father, originally from Massachusetts, spent his life as an officer of the U. S. Army, serving forty years, from 1812 to 1853, being at his death Lieutenant Colonel of the First Artillery.

At twelve years of age he was ready for the Public High School of Boston, where he remained two years, taking the highest stand, particularly in Latin and Greek. Gifted

with extraordinary quickness of perception, unyielding tenacity and fidelity of memory, and great will-power, the combination gave evidence of the rarest mental power. He saw at a glance, yet comprehended to the utmost depth. At fourteen, he entered Georgetown College, D. C., and completed with ease the four years' course in two years, besides receiving his diploma with high distinction at the head of his class. It was said of his knowledge of Latin, that he could converse in it with fluency.

Yet an entirely different class of studies awaited him at West Point, where he entered the U. S. Military Academy, at seventeen. Always at the top, he took at once a high stand, maintained it throughout the course, and graduated after four years, July 1, 1845, at the head of the class of forty members, and with a higher stand than any officer of the army had ever taken up to that period.

Cadet Whiting is described briefly, but vividly, a letter from his room-mate, Gen. Fitz John Porter, to the speaker:

“ 119 WEST 47TH STREET, NEW YORK.,

“April 23, 1895.

“CAPT. C. B. DENSON.

“MY DEAR SIR: * * * I deeply regret that it is not in my power to furnish you information which would aid you in writing a memoir of my old friend, Gen. W. H. C. Whiting. It would be a great pleasure to me to do it if I could. Though he and I were classmates and room-mates at West Point, and necessarily very intimate, after graduating we met but a very few times, and then only for a few hours. * * * Our spheres of duty widely separated us, and we knew of each other only through an occasional letter. * * * * As a cadet, Whiting's career was most exemplary. Pure in all his acts; of the strictest integrity, ever kind and gentle and open-hearted to his comrades; free from deception; just in his duty to his service and Academy, and never but kind and just to his comrades, and the cadets under him. These qualities caused him to be loved by his companions and respected by his subordinates, and honored and trusted by his superiors.

“He was of first-rate ability, as shown in his studies and graduation at the head of his class. So long as he was in the army, he maintained that reputation, and there was great regret that he resigned to take to a different cause and field.

“Wishing you success in your efforts, I am,

“Yours truly,

F. J. PORTER.”

It was no small honor to be first in a class that held Gen. Charles P. Stone (the organizer of the army of Egypt, after the Civil War), Gen. Fitz John Porter, Gen. Gordon Grainger, Gens. E. Kirby Smith, Barnard E. Bee, and the like. It has been generally conceded that no class contained so many men that afterwards rose to distinction in the great War.

Upon graduating, his position entitled him to the honor of an appointment to the Engineer Corps, the élite of the army. He served as Second Lieutenant until his promotion to First Lieutenant, March 16, 1853, and Captain, December 13, 1858. He tendered his resignation from the United States service February 20, 1861.

Shortly after graduation, he was ordered to the dangerous task of laying out a military road from San Antonio to El Paso. It will be remembered that Texas had just been annexed, and the country swarmed with the fierce Comanche Indians. This was accomplished with a small party, although with many hair-breadth escapes from the rifle and scalping knife.

He was next at various stations on the Gulf until 1852. While temporarily in command at Pensacola, he won high reputation among professional engineers, by successfully closing an opening made by the waters of the lagoon, breaking through to the Gulf, thereby endangering the Fort (Pickens) by undermining. This had baffled the efforts of several engineers, who had attempted to close it, at great expense to the government.

Ordered next to Fort McHenry, then under the command of Col. Robert E. Lee, he was transferred shortly after to Fort Point, California, at San Francisco, thence to Wilmington, N. C., and from that point to Fort Pulaski, Georgia, and Fort Clinch, Florida. Upon her secession, Georgia made him Major of Engineers, and on March 29, he received the same rank in the Confederate Army.

Then began the long line of services, in many capacities and at many points to the Southern cause, much of which was devoted to North Carolina, and the closing years of his career wholly so.

Sent to Charleston, S. C., to inspect the works being constructed against Fort Sumter, he recognized at once the faults of location and construction, and reported the danger to President Davis. He showed the letter to Beauregard, and ordered him to take charge. Gen. Beauregard recognizing the truth of the situation, proceeded to change the entire location, and, to use his language:

“I determined to alter the system, but gradually, so as not to dampen the ardor or touch the pride of the gallant and sensitive gentlemen who had left their homes, at the call of the State, to vindicate its honor.”

Gen. Beauregard, in his report of the capture of Fort Sumter, April 12, 1861, said:

“The Engineers, Majors Whiting and Gywnn, and others, on whom too much praise cannot be bestowed for their untiring zeal, energy and gallantry, and to whose labors is greatly due the unprecedented example of taking such an important work, after thirty-three hours' firing, without having to report the loss of a single life, and but four slightly wounded.

“From Major W. H. C. Whiting I derived also much assistance, not only as an engineer, in selecting the sites and laying out the channel batteries on Morris Island, but as Acting Assistant Adjutant and Inspector General, in arranging and stationing the troops on said Island.”

Major Whiting was made Adjutant General and brought his great abilities into service on Morris Island, to prepare for the attack upon Sumter, which was successful April 11, 1861.

An Englishman, and an accomplished critic of military men and measures, speaks in exalted terms of praise of Major Whiting's operations there; and long after, General Gist writes of his ardent desire that Whiting should return to Charleston in complete command.

Leaving Charleston now for the field, he remains in North Carolina long enough to advise as to the defences of the Cape Fear, at the following request of the Governor, the lamented John W. Ellis, who fell a victim to disease early in the war. He writes:

“EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
“RALEIGH, N. C., April 21, 1861.

“WM. H. WHITING.

“SIR: You are hereby appointed Inspector-General in charge of the defences of North Carolina.

“Your attention will be particularly directed to Forts Caswell and Johnston, and the mouth of the Cape Fear River, Beaufort harbor and Fort Macon, Ocracoke and the coast generally.

“Exercise all the powers necessary to the public defence; extinguish lights, seize vessels belonging to the enemy, and do whatever may seem necessary.

“Given under my hand,

JOHN W. ELLIS.

“By the Governor:

“GRAHAM DAVES, *Private Secretary.*”

Seeing the forts in North Carolina in Confederate hands, he advised a system of defence, especially of the important Cape Fear region—after examining the condition of the forts and harbors; but there being no reason to anticipate immediate attack, he obeyed a call to duty in Virginia, whither he repaired to report for service to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, in command at Harper’s Ferry of the Confederate forces protecting the Shenandoah Valley.

With his usual activity, he grasped the situation at Harper’s Ferry, and we find Gen. Joseph E. Johnston saying, in his “Narrative of the War,” page 17:

“A careful examination of the position and its environs, made on the 25th May, with the assistance of an engineer of great ability, Major Whiting, convinced me that it could not be held against equal numbers, etc.”

In correspondence, years afterwards, Johnston refers to this period and to Whiting’s judicious aid upon his staff with the highest commendation.

Now the first great conflict came on at Bull Run. Anticipating the event, Whiting was entrusted with the charge of arrangements for the moving of the army at Harper's Ferry, to the aid of Beauregard at Manassas, and had the railroad authorities kept their repeated pledges to him, reinforcements would have reached the field of Manassas in time to have crushed McDowell earlier in the day, spared much Confederate blood, and possibly cut off the retreat of the United States forces to Washington. Gen. Whiting had in charge the blowing up of Harper's Ferry, which General Johnston pronounced a "masterly piece of work."

Whiting was with the troops whose opportune arrival at Manassas saved the day, including the gallant Sixth North Carolina, whose Colonel (Fisher) gave up his life on the field of battle. His name is immortalized by the fortress where North Carolinians withstood the greatest bombardment that the world has ever known.

In General Joseph E. Johnston's official report of the battle of Manassas, he mentions Whiting first, of all his staff, and declares:

"Major W. H. C. Whiting, Chief Engineer, was invaluable to me for his signal ability in his profession, and for his indefatigable activity before and in the battle."

For his brilliant service on the field, President Davis, who was on the ground, wrote the following order (which I hold in my hand), entire as to text and signature:

"MANASSAS, VA., July 21, 1861.

"GEN. J. E. JOHNSTON,

"*C. S. Army.*

"SIR: Major Sam. Jones and Major W. H. C. Whiting, of the Army of the Confederate States of America, are assigned to duty with 'Volunteers,' with the temporary rank of Brigadier Generals, and will be obeyed and respected accordingly. JEFFERSON DAVIS.'"

The permanent commission was dated by the Secretary of War August 28th, to rank from the glorious 21st July, the day of Manassas.

He was ordered at first to the command of Bee's brigade, their General having been killed at Manassas.

It will be remembered that, after that collision, both sides began to realize the magnitude of the impending struggle, and to raise, equip and discipline their armies with more military order and detail. And in the South, preparations for better defences, than the batteries hastily thrown up, were going forward.

General Whiting gave his best efforts, as a trained soldier, to the equipment and training of the troops, while his engineering skill was freely drawn upon for the public welfare.

General Whiting was assigned the command of the brigade of General Bee, killed at Manassas. This was composed of the Sixth North Carolina, Fourth Alabama, Second and Eleventh Mississippi. Major J. S. Fairly, now Lieut. Colonel J. S. Fairly, of Charleston, S. C., who served with distinguished ability on the staff of Gen. Whiting, says, in a letter to the speaker:

"With Bee's and the Texas Brigade, under Gen. Wigfall, the division went into winter quarters near Dumfries, Va., and built heavy batteries, commanding the Potomac River, sometimes inflicting loss upon the enemy attempting its navigation; but his great work and constant care during the whole winter, was, first, to have his troops make themselves comfortable winter quarters; next, to organize them for the victories they were to win, by thorough drill—constant drill—by squad, by company, by regiment, by brigade, by division, or, as the troops called the last, 'neighborhood drill;' thus accustoming the troops to act in concert, and in the presence of each other, so giving them confidence in each other and in their officers. 'Little Billy,' as the troops endearingly called him, was indefatigable.

"With the opening spring, our retreat from Dumfries, and march from Fredericksburg began, and was accomplished without loss, although the roads were indescribably bad. We encamped near Fredericksburg and thence went to the Peninsula to await General Johnston's further movements."

When the spring opened, Johnston determined to evacuate Norfolk and Yorktown, and retire upon Richmond,

there to meet the enormous army gathering under General McClellan. The evacuation was skilfully performed, and the enemy checked in direct pursuit at Williamsburg, largely by the sacrifice of the Fifth North Carolina, under McRae, whose losses were so frightful and bravery so heroic as to win for it the sobriquet of the "Bloody Fifth."

It was next found that the enemy had landed in force at West Point, and had occupied a thick woods between the New Kent road and Eltham's Landing, threatening the column on the march, with a fatal attack upon its flank. General Johnston reports:

"The security of our march required that he should be dislodged, and Gen. G. W. Smith was entrusted with this service. He performed it very handsomely, with Hampton's and Hood's Brigades, under Whiting, who drove the enemy, in about two hours, a mile and a half through the woods to the protection of their vessels of war. If the statements published in the Northern papers at the time are accurate, their losses were ten times as great as ours."

So much for prompt and timely action at a critical moment. The whole of Franklin's superb division was routed by Whiting's two small brigades.

This repulse occurred May 6th, and inspired the troops anew with devoted confidence in their indomitable leader.

In token of this General Whiting was surprised at the reception of a letter from the officers of the Fourth Alabama, of his brigade, tendering to him a present of a noble charger, which on May 22d was formally presented at dress-parade, "as an evidence of high esteem and appreciation of you as a soldier and a gentleman, by the regiment."

On the last day of the same month, occurred the famous engagement of the Seven Pines. It will be remembered by veterans that this bloody conflict has gone into history as a drawn battle. The victory of Seven Pines for the Confederates being followed by inaction at Fair Oaks the

next day, and the result a check, but not an overwhelming defeat for the U. S. troops, as it might have been.

The testimony of the "Records of the Rebellion," in which is all the evidence of reports of Commanders throughout the field, shows unmistakably that the same sluggishness and want of response to orders, which lost the battle of Gettysburg, by the failure of Longstreet to move in time to the support of Pickett and Pettigrew, was at fault there.

Gen. G. W. Smith shows (*Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Vol. II., 241) that Whiting's division, advancing at 6 A. M., was blocked by Longstreet's troops, and in spite of herculean efforts, message after message having gone forward, was not permitted to advance until 4 P. M. He had been finally held in reserve by General Johnston, in case Longstreet was in danger of being overpowered, and who now was supposed to be overwhelmingly engaged. But, alas, the truth of history is, that eight brigades of Longstreet's thirteen, had not even been engaged.

Col. B. W. Frobel, of the Engineers, was on Whiting's staff, and he writes (in 1868) of one of the rare mistakes made by that great soldier, Joseph E. Johnston, as follows:

"Generals Johnston and Whiting were following immediately after Whiting's Brigade. As the brigade reached the road, near the railroad crossing, I was sent to halt it. On returning, after doing this, I joined the Generals, who were riding toward the crossing. Gen. Whiting was expostulating with Gen. Johnston about taking the division across the railroad—insisting that the enemy were then in force on our left flank and rear. Gen. Johnston replied: 'Oh, General Whiting, you are too cautious.' At this time we reached the crossing, and nearly at the same moment the enemy opened an artillery fire from the direction pointed out by General Whiting. We moved back up the road near the small white house; Whiting's Brigade was gone. It had been ordered forward to charge the batteries which were firing on us.'

"The brigade was repulsed, and in a few minutes came streaming back through the skirt of woods to the left of the Nine-Mile road near the crossing. There was only a part of the brigade in this charge. Pender (commanding a regiment) soon rallied and reformed those on the edge

of the woods. Gen. Whiting sent an order to him (Pender) to reconnoitre the batteries, and if he thought they could be taken, to try it again. Before he could do so, some one galloped up, shouting, 'Charge that battery!' The men moved forward at double-quick, but were repulsed, as before, and driven back to the woods.'

"Gen. Whiting immediately arranged for a combined attack by the brigades of Whiting, Pettigrew and Hampton.

"Alas, for the mistake in not reconnoitring the position first, before crossing the railroad, as Gen. Whiting had suggested, and then attacking before Gen. Sumner's Corps could reinforce Couch, who was holding the Federal line. For by the time the three brigades could be brought into action, many, with little or no ammunition left, unknown to the Confederates in the thick woods, Gen. Sedgwick's leading division, of Sumner's Corps, with Kirby's Napoleon guns, had arrived, and a new and immensely superior enemy was encountered by the devoted band in the assault. Sedgwick says, on arriving, 'We found Abercrombie's Brigade, of Couch's Division, sustaining a severe attack and hard pushed by the enemy.'"

Again and again the Confederates attacked, but to meet bloody repulse. General Smith says:

[Battles and Leaders of the Civil War, Vol. ii, p. 247]. "Believing that Whiting had, on the right, as much as he could well attend to, I went with Hatton's Brigade to the extreme front line of Hampton and Pettigrew in the woods, and soon learned that General Pettigrew had been wounded, it was supposed mortally, and was a prisoner. Gen. Hatton was killed at my side just as his brigade reached the front line of battle, and in a very few minutes Gen. Hampton was severely wounded. In this state of affairs, I sent word to General Whiting that I would take executive control in that wood, which would relieve him for the time of care for the left of the division, and enable him to give his undivided attention to the right.

"In the wood, the opposing lines were close to each other, in some places not more than twenty-five or thirty yards apart. The firing ceased at dark, when I ordered the line to fall back to the edge of the field and re-form. In the meantime Whiting's Brigade and the right of Pettigrew's had been forced back to the clump of trees just north of Fair Oaks station, where the contest was kept up until night."

Longstreet says, in writing on June 7th:

"The failure of complete success on Saturday, I attribute to the slow movements of Gen. Huger's command. * * * I can't but help think that a display of his forces on the left flank of the enemy would have completed the affair, and given Whiting as easy and pretty a game as was ever had upon a battle field."

In the cold calm light of facts now developed, it is not difficult to see that the slowness was on the part of the writer of that report, who should, by Johnston's orders, have moved at daybreak on the 31st, and who failed to move at all, as ordered by General Smith, on the morning of June 1st.

Although not permitted to gather the fruits of their unyielding courage, Smith's division under Whiting prevented Sumner's forces from reaching Keyes' at Seven Pines (a matter of supreme importance), and deprived Keyes and Heintzelman of two brigades and a battery of their own troops.

It has been mentioned that during the events narrated, Gen. J. J. Pettigrew was wounded very seriously. I cannot forbear, in this presence where so many dear friends of General Pettigrew remain, to record for future history an unpublished letter from Pettigrew to Whiting, fraught with the pure patriotism and exquisite self-sacrifice characteristic of both heroes, who sleep in death together for the cause they served.

I hardly need remind you, that this (like his report) was written by an amanuensis, and exhibits in its feeble signature the exhaustion of one wounded almost unto death.

“JUNE 4, 1862,

“EAST CHICKAHOMINY—ENEMY'S CAMP.

“MY DEAR GENERAL:

“I am very much ashamed of being in the enemy's hands, but without any consent of my own. I refused to allow myself to be taken to the rear after being wounded, because from the amount of bleeding, I thought the wound to be fatal; it was useless to take men from the field under any circumstances, for that purpose.

“As I was in a state of insensibility, I was picked up by the first party which came along, which proved to be the enemy. I hope you know, General, that I never would have surrendered, under any circumstances, to save my own life, or anybody's else, and if Generals Smith or Johnston are under a different impression, I hope you will make a statement of the facts of the case.

"I am extremely anxious to be exchanged into service again; I am not fit for field service, and will not be for some time, but I can be of service in any stationary position with heavy artillery.

"I would be glad that an immediate effort be made for my exchange by resigning my place as Brigadier General and accepting the place of Junior Lieutenant of artillery. If I am ordered to Fort Sumter, I can do good duty. I do not suppose there will be any objection to make this exchange, and I make this proposition because we have *no* Brigadier General to exchange, and I suppose after I lay down this rank there will be no disposition to hold me personally, beyond any other officer.

"I hope my troops did well, although deprived of my leadership.

"Very truly,

"(Signed.)

J. J. PETTIGREW."

"After some weeks of inaction," says Major Fairly, of Gen. Whiting's staff, writing to the speaker, "the march, ostensibly to reinforce Jackson in the Valley, was taken up by Gen. Whiting's Division. I was afterwards told that it occurred in this way: Early in June, when all was still quiet along the lines, one day Gen. Whiting rode over to the quarters of Gen. Lee, and learning that he was out, sat down at his desk and wrote on a slip of paper, 'If you don't move, McClellan will dig you out of Richmond,' and left it, asking Col. Chilton, I think, to call the General's attention to it upon his return. It was not long before a courier came to Whiting's headquarters with a note or message asking Gen. W. to come to army headquarters. On his arrival, the General said, 'General Whiting, I received your note; what do you propose?' Whiting then developed the plan of appearing to reinforce Jackson's victorious army in the Valley, thus threatening Washington, and causing stoppage of troops then about to leave Washington to reinforce McClellan, and Jackson, by forced marches, was to fall on his right, north of the Chickahominy River, and destroy him before the powers at Washington could discover the '*ruse de guerre*,' and send him reinforcements.

"Gen. Lee approved, but said, 'Whom can I send?' Gen. Whiting replied, 'Send me.' 'Ah, but I can't spare you; you command five brigades.' Gen. Whiting, with the unselfish patriotism which always characterised him, said, 'I will take my two old brigades and go,' to which Lee replied, 'When can you go?' 'I am ready now,' said Whiting. 'Oh!' said Gen. Lee, 'you can march Thursday.' This occurred, I think, on Tuesday. And so he did." * * * * *

"We lay at Staunton two days. The next morning we began a forced march to meet Jackson's corps at Brown's Gap, where we took the lead and kept it. The rapidity of the march may be judged when I say, that the teamsters were ordered to water their horses before starting, and not to allow them to stop for water until night, and I was instructed to stay by the column and enforce the order. I could but sympathize with the

teamsters, but horses must suffer that our men might be fed on the march, and so kept up to their work.

“Our division led the advance of Jackson’s Corps, and reached the field of Gaines’ Mill, or Cold Harbor, about 5 o’clock in the afternoon of the 27th June, 1862, and, if my memory serves me right, on Friday, and none too early, for I learned that every division of ours north of the Chickahominy had been thrown against McClellan’s right, held by Fitz John Porter, and all had failed; and we soon knew why. He had twenty thousand United States regulars behind the strongest field fortifications that I had ever seen, both from construction and position.”

The battle of Gaines’ Mill, one of the most sanguinary conflicts of the Seven Days’ Battle, occurred June 27th, and Gen. Stonewall Jackson thus reports of two of the brigades of General Whiting’s division (although the General was only a Brigadier in actual rank). Jackson says:

“Dashing on with unfaltering step, in the face of those murderous discharges of canister and musketry, Gen. Hood and Col. E. M. Law, at the head of their respective brigades, rushed to the charge with a yell. Moving down a precipitous ravine, leaping ditch and stream, clambering up a difficult ascent, and exposed to an incessant and deadly fire from the entrenchments, these brave and determined men pressed forward, driving the enemy from his well-selected and fortified position. In this charge, in which upwards of a thousand men fell, killed and wounded, before the fire of the enemy, and in which fourteen pieces of artillery and nearly a regiment were captured, the Fourth Texas, under the lead of Gen. Hood, were the first to pierce these strongholds and seize the guns.”

The Sixth North Carolina participated in this famous charge. Gen. E. M. Law, commanding one of these brigades under Whiting, describes the action fully in the “Southern Bivouac” (1867). He says:

“By 5 P. M., on the 27th June, the battle of Gaines’ Mill was in full progress all along the lines. Longstreet’s and A. P. Hill’s men were attacking in the most determined manner, but were met with a courage as obstinate as their own, by the Federals who held the works.

“After each bloody repulse, the Confederates only waited long enough to reform their shattered lines, or to bring up their supports, when they would again return to the assault. Besides the terrific fire in front, a battery of heavy guns on the south side of the Chickahominy was in full play upon their right flank.

“There was no opportunity for manoeuvring or flank attacks, as was the case with D. H. Hill, on our extreme left. The enemy was directly in front, and he could only be reached in that direction. If he could not be driven out before night it would be equivalent to a Confederate disaster, and would involve the failure of Gen. Lee’s whole plan for the relief of Richmond.

* * * * *

“It was a critical moment for the Confederates, as victory, which involved the relief or loss of their capitol, hung wavering in the balance. Night seemed about to close the account against them, as the sun was now setting upon their gallant, but so far fruitless efforts.

“While matters were in this condition, Whiting’s division, after crossing, with much difficulty, the wooded and marshy ground below Gaines’ Mill, arrived in rear of that position of the line held by the remnants of A. P. Hill’s division. When Whiting advanced to the attack, a thin and irregular line of General Hill’s troops were keeping up the fight, but, already badly cut up, could effect nothing, and were gradually wasting away under the heavy fire from the Federal lines. From the center of the division to the Chickahominy Swamp on the right the ground was open, on the left were thick woods; the right brigade (Law’s) advanced in the open ground, the left (Hood’s) through the woods.

“As we moved forward to the firing, we could see the straggling Confederate line, lying behind a gentle ridge that ran across the field, parallel to the Federal position. We passed one Confederate battery, in the edge of the field, badly cut to pieces and silent. Indeed, there was no Confederate artillery then in action on that part of the field. The Federal batteries in front were in full play. The fringe of woods along the Federal line was shrouded in smoke, and seemed fairly to vomit forth a leaden and iron hail.

“Gen. Whiting rode along his line and ordered that there should be no halt when we reached the slight crest occupied by the few Confederate troops in our front, but that the charge should begin at that point, in double-quick time, with trailing arms and without firing.

“Had these orders not been strictly obeyed the assault would have been a failure; no troops could have stood long under the withering storm of lead and iron that beat into their faces, as they became fully exposed to view, from the Federal lines. As it was, in the very few moments it took them to pass over the slope and down the hill to the ravine, a thousand men were killed or wounded. The brigade advanced to the attack in two lines.

* * * * *

“Passing over the scattering line of Confederates on the ridge in front, the whole division ‘broke into a trot’ down the slope toward the Federal works. Men fell like leaves in an autumn wind; the Federal artillery tore gaps in the ranks at every step; the ground in rear of the ad-

vancing column was strewn thickly with the dead and wounded. Not a gun was fired in reply ; there was no confusion, and not a step faltered as the two gray lines swept silently and swiftly on ; the pace became more rapid every moment ; when the men were within thirty yards of the ravine, and could see the desperate nature of the work in hand, a wild yell answered the roar of Federal musketry, and they rushed for the works.

“The Confederates were within ten paces of them when the Federals in the front line broke, and leaving their log breastworks, swarmed up the hill in their rear, carrying away their second line with them in their rout. Then we had our ‘innings.’ As the blue mass surged up the hill in our front, the Confederate fire was poured into it with terrible effect. The target was a large one, the range short, and scarcely a shot fired into that living mass could fail of its errand. The debt of blood, contracted but a few moments before, was paid with interest.

“Firing as they advanced, the Confederates leaped into the ravine, climbed out on the other side, and over the lines of breastworks, reaching the crest of the hill beyond with such rapidity, as to capture all of the Federal artillery (fourteen pieces) at that point.

“We had now reached the high plateau in rear of the centre of Gen. Porter’s position, his line having been completely cut in two, and thus rendered no longer tenable. From the flanks where Whiting’s Division had burst through, the Federal lines gave way in both directions.

“R. H. Anderson’s brigade, till then in reserve, passed through on the right, and led the way for Longstreet’s Division, while on the left the roll of musketry receded towards the Chickahominy, and the cheering of the victorious Confederates announced that Jackson, Ewell and D. H. Hill were sweeping that part of the field.

“The battle was won, and the Federal infantry was in full flight towards the swamps of the Chickahominy.”—*Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, p. 363.

General Whiting should have been promoted as Major General immediately after the Seven Days’ Battles, but unaccountably it was delayed until the next year. With a sense of injustice at the reduction of his command to a brigade thereafter, he wrote to General Lee, and transmitted certain important papers. The following is the answer of General Lee (from an unpublished letter). I read:

August 9th, 1862.

MY DEAR GENERAL: I have received your note of the 4th; have read the enclosures with interest. I return them at your request. But forget

them, General; do not let us recollect unpleasant things: life is very short. We have so much to do. We can do so much good, too, if we are not turned aside. Everything will come right in the end. * * * There is not much science or strategy required in our present contest. Do not let that disturb you. * * * I am glad to hear you are doing well. * * * G. W. Smith has returned to duty, and I learn General Johnston is progressing favorably. So you will believe me when I say all things will come right.

Wishing you all happiness,

I am, very truly yours,

R. E. LEE.

GEN. W. H. C. WHITING.

Events at this period will be better understood by the perusal of the following letter to the speaker, from Gen. Gustavus W. Smith (now of New York city), who was second in command to General Johnston at Seven Pines, and subsequently in command of the army until relieved by Gen. R. E. Lee:

130 EAST 115TH STREET,
NEW YORK CITY, April 23, 1895.

CAPT. C. B. DENSON, *Raleigh, N. C.*

MY DEAR SIR: In compliance with your request of the 10th instant, I send you "my views of the military services of the late Major General W. H. C. Whiting, C. S. A."

In doing so, it seems best that I should refer, at least in a general way, to the opportunities I had for forming opinions on that subject.

General Whiting and myself were associated for one year as Cadets in the Military Academy at West Point. When he entered, in July, 1841, I had just passed into the first class. During the year that we had been together before my graduation, I came to know him well. At that time he was a lad of very prepossessing appearance and of great promise. At the end of the year he was at the head of his class, in which were many who, later, became highly distinguished Generals. Among these were W. F. Smith and Fitz John Porter.

In 1844, when I returned to the Academy, and was assigned to duty as an Assistant Professor of Engineering, Whiting was still at the head of his class, and for a large portion of that year came under my immediate personal instruction.

In 1845 he was graduated and appointed Lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers U. S. Army, in which I had then served three years. The intimate friendly relations that were formed between us during the two years we were together at West Point continued until 1861—although we were most of the time stationed at ports far distant from each other.

In the latter year, when I joined Gen. J. E. Johnston's army, in September, and was assigned to command the Second Corps, Whiting commanded one of its brigades; and our personal and official relations were from that time closer and more intimate than ever before.

In the early part of that summer Whiting had been Chief of Staff to Gen. J. E. Johnston. At the battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861, he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General of Volunteers, and placed in command of Bee's brigade, made vacant by the death of General Barnard E. Bee, killed in that battle.

Whiting was justly proud of his new assignment, and he determined, if possible, to fully supply the place made vacant by Bee's death. But it was soon suggested by President Davis that the existing brigades in that army should be reorganized.

On that subject the President wrote to me, October 10, 1861: "How have you progressed in the solution of the problem I left—the organization of troops with reference to States and terms of service? Mississippi troops were scattered as if the State was unknown. Brig. Gen. Clark was sent to remove a growing dissatisfaction, but though the State had nine regiments there, he, Clark, was put in command of a port and depot of supplies. These nine regiments should form two brigades—Brigadiers Clark and (as a native of Mississippi) Whiting should be placed in command of them, and the regiments for the war should be put in the army man's brigades."

Besides his rank in the Volunteers, Whiting then held a commission as Major of Corps of Engineers in the regular Confederate States Army. On the 24th October, 1861, he wrote to me: "I had heard that attempts were on foot to organize the regiments into brigades by States—a policy as suicidal as foolish. * * * For my own part, I shall protest to the bitter end against any of my regiments being taken from me; they are used to me and I to them, and accustomed to act together. If left to their own desires, not one would be willing to change. It has been reported to me that a General Clark of Mississippi came into my camp and wanted Falkner and Liddell, commanding two of the best regiments in the service, to unite with him in getting them under his command. They refused. He did not do me the honor to call upon me; nor did I know of his presence or his object. Had I known his purpose I would have put him in arrest. He was miffed because they preferred to remain as they are.

"If they persist at Richmond (in their purpose to reorganize the brigades), they will be guilty of inconceivable folly. * * * For one, I am not disposed to submit for one moment to any system which is devised solely for the advancement of log-rolling, humbugging politicians—and I will not do it. If the worst comes, I can go back to North Carolina or Georgia, where I shall be welcome, and where I shall (as Major of Engineers) find enough to do in defending the coast."

The proposed reorganization of brigades was not carried into effect at that time; and General Whiting retained command of the troops who were used to him, and he to them.

When General Johnston's army occupied the defensive line at and near Yorktown, General Whiting commanded a division composed of three brigades—his own and those of Hood and Hampton. That division formed a portion of my command during the operations at Yorktown, and in the withdrawal of our army to the vicinity of Richmond.

On the 28th May, 1862, under authority from General Johnston, the following order was issued by my direction:

“The division now commanded by Brig. Gen. Whiting, and the brigades of Brig. Gen. Pettigrew and Brig. Gen. Hatton will, until further orders, constitute one division under command of Brig. Gen. Whiting.”

That division bore my name. My command, proper, at that time, was the left wing of General Johnston's army, which was composed of the division under Whiting, and the divisions of A. P. Hill and D. R. Jones.

On the next day, May 29th, General Johnston wrote to General Whiting: “For any purpose but that contemplated yesterday the present disposition of our troops is not good—it is too strong on the extreme left. If we get into a fight here, you will have to hurry to help us. I think it will be best for A. P. Hill's troops (his division) to watch the brigades, and for yours to be well in this direction—ready to act anywhere. Tell G. W. (General G. W.) Smith, commander of the left wing of the army.”

On the 30th of May, 9:15 P. M., General Johnston sent direct to General Whiting an order preparatory for battle; and at the same time sent the order to me: “If nothing prevents, we will fall upon the enemy in front of Major General (D. H.) Hill, who occupies the position on the Williamsburg road, from which your troops moved to the neighborhood of Meadow Bridges. Please be ready to move by the Nine-mile road, coming as early as possible to the point at which the road to New Bridge turns off.

“Should there be cause of haste, General McLaws, on your approach, will be ordered to leave his ground for you, that he may reinforce Gen. Longstreet.

“McLaw's division was guarding the crossings of the Chickahominy from the Mechanicsville, and formed a portion of the center of the army, commanded by General Magruder.”

The leading brigades of the division under Whiting moved at dawn from their position in “the neighborhood of Meadow Bridges;” and soon after sunrise, May 31, near General Johnston's headquarters in the northeast suburb of Richmond, formed their line of march to the Nine-mile road, obstructed by troops of Longstreet's division. Becoming impatient at the delay thus caused, General Whiting addressed a note

to General Johnston on that subject, and received the following reply from an officer of the General Staff:

"General Johnston directs me to say, in answer to yours of this date, that General Longstreet will precede you. What he said about McLaw's (in the order of battle sent to Whiting), was merely in case of emergency. He has given no orders to Magruder."

From that time the movements of the division under Whiting were directed by General Johnston in person. He was with it the whole day, until he was wounded a little before sunset. Whoever may be responsible for the most unfortunate delay on the part of the Confederates in attacking the Federal Corps, badly isolated at Seven Pines, on the morning of the 31st May, no blame can attach to Whiting, or to the division he commanded.

Without entering upon a description of the battle of Seven Pines, it may be mentioned here, that, as second officer in rank in the Army of Northern Virginia, I took command at dark on the 31st May; General Joseph E. Johnston having been, a short time before, removed from the field very seriously wounded. About 2 P. M. on the 1st of June, by order of President Davis, I turned over the command, on the field, to Gen. R. E. Lee. On the 2d June I was suddenly struck down by disease and taken to Richmond.

On the 10th June, General Whiting addressed the following to my Chief of Staff:

"The attention of the General commanding the army should be called to the condition of this division. Its effective strength is daily decreasing. Since Yorktown, with the exception of some four days when it was encamped near Richmond, it has been constantly in contact with the enemy. It has fought two battles (one near the head of York river, the other at Seven Pines), the last engagement of great severity, in which it suffered heavy loss, especially in officers; followed by two days of great hardship and privation. It now occupies an important position, where the service is exceedingly onerous, directly in the face of the enemy, with whom they are constantly engaged. They are in a swamp of exceedingly unhealthy character, and to properly defend our center the labor is exhausting. * * * It is absolutely necessary that other troops relieve (this) the first division. If no other offers, the second (that of A. P. Hill, which was not engaged at Seven Pines) might take its place. The Major General, no doubt, is well aware of the condition of affairs, and although (he is) not now on duty, I appeal to his influence if it can be exerted. A copy of this is sent direct to the General Commanding the Army."

The foregoing appeal resulted in the relief of that division from its "onerous" service. In an interview with General Lee, Whiting suggested and requested that orders be issued requiring him to take his own brigade and that of Hood, by rail, via Lynchburg, to join General

Jackson's forces in the Valley of Virginia, and then march with those forces to rejoin the main army.

The instructions were given and executed; and these two brigades, under Whiting's command, played an important part in Lee's operations against McClellan in front of Richmond, and continued under Lee until Whiting was selected by the Confederate Government to take charge of the defences of Wilmington and the Cape Fear District.

In the meantime I had partially regained health, and been assigned command in portions of Virginia and the whole State of North Carolina, with headquarters at Richmond. Thus, Whiting's assignment to the Cape Fear District brought him again under my command.

Soon thereafter I urged, and repeatedly insisted, that in all fairness, he ought to be promoted to the rank of Major General. The importance of the command he then exercised would more than justify his immediate advancement; and his previous services, as commander of a division in more than one campaign, and upon various battle-fields, fully entitled him to this promotion.

On the 7th February, 1863, I resigned my commission in the Confederate States Army. On the 14th General Whiting wrote:

"I received your note with great sorrow. It leaves me in the dark about the causes of so serious a step. I suppose unwarranted interference with your command is the immediate reason."

On the 23d of the same month he wrote: "I know you have a great deal of injustice to put up with and, harder yet, I see the Secretary of War interfering in the subordinate details of your command; but remember what you told me when I, too, was smarting under injustice of no common kind."

From the time he entered the Confederate service as Chief Engineer at Charleston, Whiting, in every position he was called upon to fill, proved himself to be a thoroughly competent officer. His great natural ability was supplemented by a high order of education and systematic study of his profession. His good influence over officers and men under him was unbounded; and he was thoroughly loyal and true to those who were placed over him.

His extraordinary skill as a military engineer was fully exemplified in the defensive works he planned and constructed for the defense of the approaches to Wilmington; and, I am convinced, that in the final attack of the Federals upon that place, President Davis, by superseding General Whiting at the eleventh hour and depriving him of supreme control over the defences he had created, made a sad mistake.

In private life, in every relation, he was always a warm-hearted, high-toned gentleman, respected and beloved for his great worth. His death, from wounds received when Wilmington fell, was deeply lamented by all Federal, as well as Confederate, officers who knew him.

Very truly yours,

GUSTAVUS W. SMITH.

On the 28th February, 1863, the long delayed promotion of Brigadier General Whiting to Major General was made, and the correspondence of the General shows letters from some of the best and bravest General Officers of the army writing of their own accord to entreat him not to decline the tardy recognition, but to accept and work on for the good of the cause. General Smith said, "Accept, I beg you, what in justice should have been done long ago."

General Gist wrote from Charleston:

"Knowing you will feel disposed to decline this promotion, from high and proper motives, I have concluded to intrude my advice, and beg you to accept. Although all acknowledge that you should have been promoted long ago; still, we must make sacrifices for our common country and cause. In common with many officers and citizens, I much desire you to be sent to us, for the command of the district of Charleston. We will have additional troops soon, and may expect a Major General to command the whole."

It adds to the force of this letter to remember that its writer was then senior Brigadier General commanding at Charleston himself.

He was called now to the defence of Wilmington, proceeding to his post of duty in November, 1862. A week afterwards he writes the General Commanding at Richmond:

"My first, and last request will be for troops. Not less than 10,000 effective men should be collected as soon as possible, with five or six field batteries. The peculiar features of the site make the presence of a strong manoeuvring force, in addition to the stationary batteries, indispensable."

The importance of Wilmington, the only port practicable for use by Confederates, it is impossible to set forth to those unacquainted with the straits of the Confederacy. It was the mouth of the Confederate States, and when it was closed, arms, ammunition, food, clothing, medicines, machinery and supplies of every character were cut off.

To lose it was to receive a fatal blow—a wound which must endanger the life of Lee's army.

It was difficult of defence—easy to attack by one or more of a number of routes. Situated twenty-five miles from the fortifications at the nearest mouth of the Cape Fear, it was yet only about six miles from points on the coast, where a landing might be effected. Assailable not only here, and at the mouth of the river, by way of Oak Island, below Caswell, and an expedition via Southport, or by march from Kinston or Newbern, the enemy's cavalry having occupied the line as far as New Hope, in Onslow; or, again, by attack upon Caswell or Fort Fisher. Its preservation was a source of deep anxiety.

It was, in fact, the second capital of the Confederacy. Here the wharves were lined with the swift, narrow, smoke-colored, blockade-running steamships taking away cotton and bringing supplies. Men of all nationalities were upon these, and possibly spies. The beautiful snow-white ensign of the South, with the battle-flag of the troops for its union, fluttered from the Chickamauga and other vessels of war; ammunition and ordnance for the most distant points were landed upon the wharves, and sent away, even when the eager eyes of those whose safety was bound up with Wilmington's defence saw it leaving the spot where it was most needed.

Strange to say, never was the vast importance of this last harbor of access from the rest of Christendom appreciated, until the die was cast and all was over!

General Whiting was ordered there in November, 1862, the place having been thought comparatively safe from attack during the fall of that year, while an epidemic of yellow fever ravaged the city and cost the lives of many noble men.

It was no longer a question of batteries strong enough for resistance against a few vessels, but as port after port

was closed, and many taken, the day came when the effective force of the flower of the whole American Navy was to be brought to bear. Appreciating this, the General gave himself, his every thought and effort, to the gigantic task before him.

Ably seconded by the brave and vigorous efforts of Col. William Lamb, commanding the Thirty-sixth North Carolina (a regiment of heavy artillery), he encouraged the exertions of Lamb in building and strengthening the huge Mound Battery and a line of defence on the land side at Fort Fisher, while he gave his own attention to the entire system of defences as a whole. Forts Caswell, Holmes, Campbell, Anderson and others were greatly strengthened, enlarged, furnished with better artillery where practicable, military roads and bridges made extending up the Sounds, complete topographical maps prepared, torpedoes made and filled, the channel obstructed except at points commanded by a chain of batteries on the river, a pontoon bridge constructed, batteries thrown up commanding the approach at North East river from Goldsboro or Newbern, redoubts built near the city, mines dug, and telegraphs placed in position.

But there were two vital needs he could not control—the number of troops to support the works, and the amount of ammunition to carry on the contest. His letter-books show not one appeal, but dozens of earnest, imploring requests of the Secretary of War, of General Smith, of General Lee, of General Bragg when stationed at Richmond in general charge, and of the President himself, showing with the prevision of the great military genius, what must inevitably ensue. It is most pathetic to read page after page, and think how literally it was fulfilled.

In the letter-book of General Whiting may be found the following clear and definite warning, written to the Secretary of War, July 24, 1863, a year and a half nearly before

the attack came, just as he prophesied with his unerring military insight, He says:

“I beg leave to call your attention to my numerous letters to your predecessor, and yourself, in defence of this place, and my memoir to the President.

* * * * *

“You are aware that the town can be approached and attacked without any demonstration upon the harbor at all, and yet if the city should fall, the harbor must inevitably be lost. Of one thing we may be sure—should Wilmington be taken by the enemy, we cannot take it back. When the enemy do come against us, it will not be sufficient to rely upon a hasty assemblage of regiments, from different parts of the country; their first step must be met and forced back, lest it prove fatal.

“Let them get a foothold, either near Fisher or Caswell, and with their immense resources and water carriage, all of the faithful labors and immense work done here, is jeopardized and in great danger. Or, let them approach the city and establish themselves, and the like must result. There is but one cause to prevent it, and that is, their point of attack being ascertained or divined, to have troops at hand to drive them into the sea the moment they land. Delay or weakness gives them cover and protection. A few days with the powerful flanking fire of their navy, on an open beach, and they are impregnable, and have a grasp upon the place that we cannot unloose.

“Very respectfully,

“W. H. C. WHITING, *Major General.*”

General Whiting gave his heart to the work of the defence of North Carolina. He had been long and successfully engaged, before the war, in the improvement of the navigation of the Cape Fear, and learned to know and esteem her people. He had won, as his bride, one of the noble women of the Cape Fear, Miss Kate D. Walker, daughter of Major John Walker, of Smithville and Wilmington.

His estimate of the high-toned people among whom he lived is seen in the military order published in the winter of 1862, by him, in a period of great anxiety:

“I request all those citizens of Wilmington, who are willing to take arms in defence of their homes, and I well know there are many such, to organize themselves into a body, with such weapons as they may

have, and with those that I can supply, and I suggest that they select a leader and such officers as their numbers require.

"I address this request to many gallant gentlemen, who from age, and according to law, in the exercise of many duties, are not otherwise called on to bear arms in this war. I and my staff will be glad to afford them instruction, at such times and places as may be most convenient. They will be called on when the enemy is at our doors. I am confident from my long and intimate association with the men of Wilmington, and vicinity, that they are not only willing, but eager to fight the invader, and am sure they will do their utmost to the last.

(Signed.)

"JAS. H. HILL,

"*Chief of Staff.*"

"W. H. C. WHITING,

"*Brig. Gen. Commanding.*"

The ceaseless labor went on day after day, month after month, heaping up defensive works, driving palisades, sounding the channels (for the treacherous sands of that inlet give new direction to the channel after every storm from the sea), protecting commerce, and the routine of the command, complicated as the great forwarding depot of the South; but he never ceased to warn Richmond that stationary fortifications alone could not accomplish the impossible task of holding the port; there must be a supporting force of troops to meet at once troops embarked by the enemy, as they would be out of reach of the guns of the Fort, whether on Oak Island or near Fort Fisher.

Meanwhile events were rapidly progressing elsewhere, and the sad story of repeated Confederate losses was growing familiar.

The following remarkable letter from Gen. Joseph E. Johnston deserves record here:

"DALTON, GA., March 7, 1864.

"MAJOR GENERAL WHITING.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I cannot express to you the satisfaction given me by the recognition of your once familiar handwriting. How it reminded me of the time when military service and high command gave me as much pride as pleasure; and gave me those feelings because the General Officers serving with me, were soldiers in every sense of the word—in whom I had full confidence. Many of them—some of them, friends whom I loved.

“A life, as long as Methuselah's, would not let me see another such army as that we had from Harper's Ferry, via Manassas and Yorktown, to the Chickahominy and Richmond. However, the tone and temper of this army has certainly improved greatly since the beginning of 1864, and I would now freely meet odds of three to two. * * * The only drawback is the want of artillery horses, and the wretched condition of those we have. We have scarcely a team capable of a day's march, or a day's service in battle.

“I see from your letter, that you have heard of my attempt to get you into this army as Lieut. General. When I made the recommendation, it was with a strong hope of success, for I had heard here that one of the President's A. D. C's had expressed the opinion that you would be promoted. The reason given for putting aside the recommendation, was an odd one to me. It was that you were too valuable in your present place. If you were with me, I should feel confident.”

What line of eulogy, however expressed, could come with greater power than from the master of strategy and the patriot hero, whom his troops loved with undying devotion, and who gave the last bloody lesson to the invader on North Carolina soil—in the struggle at Bentonville? To ask for Whiting as his second in command, and to declare: “If you were with me, I should feel confident!” That is a sentence which should be the immortal epitaph of the hero whose life we attempt to review to-day.

In his valuable address, delivered at the request of Cape Fear Camp, United Confederate Veterans, by Col. William Lamb, is this description of Fort Fisher, which was still unfinished when the attack occurred. He says:

“The plans were my own, and as the work progressed, were approved by French, Raines, Longstreet, Beauregard and Whiting. It was styled by Federal engineers, ‘the Malakoff of the South.’ It was built solely with the view of resisting the fire of a fleet, and it stood uninjured, except as to armament, two of the fiercest bombardments the world has ever witnessed.

“The two faces to the works were 2,580 yards long, or about one and a half miles. The land face mounted twenty of the heaviest sea-coast guns, and was 682 yards long; the sea-face with twenty-four equally heavy guns. The land face commenced about 100 feet from the river, with a half bastion, originally Shepherd's Battery, which had been doubled in strength, and extended with a heavy curtain to a full bastion

on the ocean side, where it joined the sea-face. The work was built to withstand the heaviest artillery fire. There was no moat with scarp and counter scarp so essential for defence against storming parties, the shifting sands rendering its construction impossible, with the material available. The water slope was twenty feet high from the berme to the top of the parapet, at an angle of forty-five degrees, and was sodded with marsh grass, which grew luxuriantly. The parapet was not less than twenty-five feet thick. The guns were all mounted *en barbette*, with Columbiad carriages; there was not a single casemated gun in the fort. Experience had taught, that casemates of timber and sand-bags were a delusion and a snare, against heavy projectiles, and there was no iron to construct others with.

“Between the gun-chambers, containing one or two guns each, there were heavy traverses, exceeding in size any heretofore constructed, to protect from an enfilading fire. They extended out some twelve feet on the parapet, and were twelve feet or more in height above the parapet, running back thirty feet or more. Further along, where the channel ran close to the beach, inside the bar, a mound battery, sixty feet high, was erected, with two heavy guns, which had a plunging fire on the channel; this was connected with a battery north of it, by a light curtain.

“Following the line of the works, it was over one mile from the mound to the redan, at the angle of the sea and the land faces. From the mound, for nearly a mile, to the end of the point, was a level sand plain, scarce three feet above high tide, and much of it was submerged during gales. At the point itself, was Battery Buchanan, with four guns, in the shape of an elliptic, commanding the inlet, its two 11-inch guns covering the approach by land.

“Returning to the land face, or northern front of Fort Fisher, as a defence against infantry, there was a system of sub-terra torpedoes, extending across the peninsula five or six hundred feet from the land face, and so disconnected, that the explosion of one would not affect the others; inside the torpedoes, about fifty feet from the berme of the work, extending from the river bank to the seashore, was a heavy palisade of sharpened logs, nine feet high, pierced for musketry, and so laid out as to have an enfilading fire on the centre, where there was a redoubt guarding a sally-port, from which two Napoleons were run out as occasion required.

“The garrison consisted of two companies of the 10th North Carolina, under Major James Reilly; the 36th North Carolina, Col. William Lamb, ten companies; 4 companies of the 40th North Carolina; Co. D of the 1st North Carolina Artillery Battalion; Co. C, 3rd North Carolina Artillery Battalion; Co. D, 13th North Carolina Artillery Battalion, and the Naval Detachment, under Captain Van Benthuisen.”

Colonel Lamb affirms that at no time during the last and heaviest action were there in the Fort more than 1,900 men, including the sick, killed and wounded.

The activity of the blockade-running steamers stirred the Federal Government to prepare a gigantic force for the long deferred attack. It was known that the Confederate steamer, R. E. Lee, had made twenty-one trips within ten months from the British port of Nassau, and Chicago bacon had become familiar in our ranks. Men of world-wide fame visited the port under assumed names. Among these was Hobart Pasha, the Englishman who afterwards commanded the Turkish Navy; Captain Murray, who was C. Murray Aynsley, afterwards Admiral in the British Navy, and others.

Rumors came thick and fast of the great expedition in preparation, and in the midst of active movement the troops were thunderstruck at the news that Gen. Braxton Bragg had assumed command at Wilmington, superseding but not removing General Whiting, who remained second in command.

The speaker, whose duties in the Engineer service called him to many points of the city and river defences, found the feeling of melancholy foreboding at this change to be universal.

General Bragg's career in the Mexican war, in the vigor of early life, when Captain of artillery, was most brilliant and honorable. But whatever may have been the cause, no matter what his ability or efforts, the fact was known that his record throughout the war, from the attack on Pickens, to the day that he gave up the army of Tennessee to Johnston, was one involving much slaughter and little success. Colonel Lamb says (in his address at Wilmington in 1893):

“This was a bitter disappointment to my command, who felt that no one was so capable of defending the Cape Fear as the brilliant officer who had given so much of his time and ability for its defence.

"The patriotic Whiting showed no feeling at being superseded, but went to work, with redoubled energy, to prepare for the impending attack. He visited Confederate Point frequently, riding over the ground with me, and selecting points for batteries and covered ways, so as to keep up communication, after the arrival of the enemy, between the fort and the entrenched camp, which I began at Sugar Loaf.

"He pointed out to me where the enemy would land on the beach, beyond the range of our guns, and on both occasions the enemy landed at that very place, without opposition, although Whiting had prepared ample shelter for troops, to seriously retard, if not prevent a landing.

"It seems incomprehensible," Lamb continues, "that Gen. Bragg should have allowed the Federal troops, on both attacks, to have made a frolic of their landing on the soil of North Carolina. Six thousand soldiers from Lee's army within call, and not one sent to meet the invader and drive him from the shore."

"Half the garrison had been sent to Georgia, against Sherman, under Major Stevenson. On the day the fleet came in sight, we had but 500 men, but next day we were reinforced by two companies under Major Reilly, a company of the 13th N. C. Battalion, and the 7th Battalion Junior Reserves, boys between 16 and 18, in number 140—making a total in the fort of 900 men and boys.

"The brave young boys, torn from their firesides by the cruel necessities of the struggle, were as bright and manly as if anticipating a parade.

"What nobler women can be found in all history, than the matrons of the Old North State, who, with their prayers and tears, sent forth their darlings in a cause they believed to be right, and in defence of their homes? Self-sacrificing courage seems indigenous to North Carolina. No breast is too tender for this heroic virtue. The first life-blood that stained the sands of Confederate Point, was from one of these youthful patriots.

"Saturday (Christmas eve)," Col. Lamb says, "was almost an Indian summer day, and the deep blue sea was as calm as a lake. With the rising sun out of the ocean, there came upon the horizon, one after another, the vessels of the fleet, numbering more than fifty men-of-war; the grand frigates led the van, followed by the ironclads. At 9 o'clock the men were beat to quarters, and silently stood by their guns. * * * The Minnesota, Colorado and Wabash came grandly on, floating fortresses, each mounting more guns than all the batteries on land, and the first two combined carrying more shot and shell than all the magazines in the fort contained.

"From the left salient to the mound, Fort Fisher had forty-four guns, and not over 3,000 shot and shell, exclusive of grape and shrapnel. The Armstrong gun had only one dozen rounds of fixed ammunition, and no other projectiles could be used in its delicate groves. The order was

given to fire no shot until the Columbiad at headquarters fired, and that each gun that bore on a vessel should be fired every thirty minutes, and not oftener, except by special order, unless an attempt was made to cross the bar, when every gun bearing on it, should be fired as rapidly as accuracy would permit."

For five hours this tremendous hail of shot and shell was poured upon the works, before they hauled off for the night.

General Whiting had been assigned to no duty by General Bragg, although it was his right to have commanded the supporting troops. He determined to go to the Fort and share its fate. Meeting its commander, who offered to relinquish the control, the General declined to take away the glory of the defence from the brave Lamb, but declared he would counsel him, and fight as a volunteer.

The second day by 10 o'clock the fleet was in line again, some five miles long, and from half a mile to a mile and a half distant, pouring a rain of shot and shell. Landing his troops out of range, as evening approached, a column of attack was formed. The fire of the fleet reached over one hundred immense projectiles per minute. The garrison was rallied to the line of the palisades, and the guns of the land defences being nearly intact, if that storming column had reached the Fort, hardly a man would have been left alive to tell the tale. But they faltered and broke, and the advanced line threw themselves on the sand to creep out of fire. They re-embarked, and the first battle of Fisher was over, amid the rejoicing of the Confederates. Strange to say, no effort had been made by Bragg's troops; he had not even ordered an attack upon 700 shivering wretches left behind by their comrades on the night of the 26th, whose condition made them an easy prey.

Ten thousand shots had been fired, and the damage to the Fort was comparatively little, and the battle had been won by its garrison alone.

The great armada steamed northward to refit and take in fresh ammunition and more troops. General Whiting asked for the necessary fixed ammunition for the guns as 1,272 shots out of 3,000, had left a dangerously small supply, and for hand grenades to be used on the ramparts, and for torpedoes to be placed in the anchorage whither the fleet was certain to return. None could be obtained. Part of his veteran artillerists were actually withdrawn, and new troops sent in without experience.

His personal unselfishness was so great, his skill so eminent, his bravery so cool and calm, his kindness to all so unvaried, that his troops loved him—in the words of Major Sloan, his Chief of Ordnance, they “almost worshipped him!”

In the midst of the whirling shells, he scarcely removed his pipe from his mouth, as he stood upon the open rampart spattered from the bursting shells. Lieutenant Hunter, of the Thirty-sixth, writes to the speaker:

“I saw him stand with folded arms, smiling upon a 400-hundred pound shell, as it stood smoking and spinning like a billiard ball on the sand, not twenty feet away, until it burst, and then move quietly away. I saw him fifty times a day—I saw him fight, and saw him pray; and he was all that a General should be in battle. He was the best equipped man in the Confederate States to defend the port of Wilmington, and his relief by Bragg brought gloom over the entire command.”

Time fails me to relate the details of the great battle of the 13th, 14th and 15th of January. The fleet arrived the night of the 12th, and early next day began the rain of projectiles, increasing in fury at times to 160 per minute, and directed by converging fire to the destruction of the guns on the land force of Fisher, and the pounding of the northeast salient to a shapeless ruin.

Again General Whiting came to the Fort, on the first day's bombardment, and upon his entrance he said to Lamb:

“I have come to share your fate, my boy. You are to be sacrificed. The last thing I heard Gen. Bragg say, was to point out a line to fall back upon, when Fisher fell.”

The firing never ceased—all day and all night long the 11-inch and 15-inch fiery globes rolled along the parapet; the palisades were cut to pieces, the wires to the mines were ploughed up in the deep sands. An English officer who had been present at Sebastopol, declared it was but child play to this terrific shaking of earth and sea, by a fleet whose broadside could throw 44,000 pounds of iron at a single discharge.

The men fought on—their quarters having been burned, with blankets and clothing—in the depth of winter, without a blanket for rest, for three days, with cornmeal coffee and uncooked rations—for not even a burial party could put its head out of bombproof without casualties. On the evening of the 13th, some 8,500 troops landed four miles north, in the language of their commander, as if at some exciting sport, with no one to molest them. Throwing up entrenchments on either side, they began an approach upon the Fort, which no longer possessed an armament of great guns on that face.

Telegram after telegram besought General Bragg to attack; but his troops had been ordered sixteen miles away for an idle review, and when they were in position again, he refused to attack the two brigades of negro troops which held the land side, though urged repeatedly by telegraph, which was out of the enemy's control!

The fire suddenly increased to inconceivable fury about 3 P. M. of the 15th, and the air was hot with bursting shells. All at once there was ominous silence, and the column of the enemy, of 1,600 picked sailors and 400 marines, under the flower of the officers of the Navy, were seen approaching the northeast redan. Whiting and Lamb rallied their gallant band upon the exposed ramparts—the

struggle was terrible, but with twenty-one officers killed and wounded, that column was broken to pieces, and a sight never seen in the world before, of two thousand United States Naval troops in full flight! leaving four hundred on the sands, and their commander, Breese, simulating death among them, to escape capture.

But alas, two battles were going on at the same time! Half a mile distant, at the left of the land face, Ames' division had assaulted, through the gaps in the palisades. Although, by the Federal accounts, three of every five who reached the works were shot down, Major Reilley's men were so outnumbered that two traverses with their gunchambers were taken.

Just as the Naval attack was beaten back, Gen. Whiting saw the Federal flags planted on those traverses. Calling on the troops to follow him, they fought hand-to-hand with clubbed muskets, and one traverse was retaken. Just as he was climbing the other, and had his hand upon the Federal flag to tear it down, General Whiting fell, receiving two wounds—one very severe through the thigh.

Meantime Curtis' troops—the brigades of Bell, Penny-packer and others—were sent forward at intervals of fifteen minutes, swarming into the entrance gained, and their engineers following upon their steps, threw up quickly such works as made it impossible for the thinned ranks of the beseigers to drive them out.

Colonel Lamb fell with a desperate wound through the hip, a half hour after the General; yet the troops fought on hour after hour, at each successive traverse. It was the struggle of North Carolina patriots. Lamb, in the hospital, found voice enough, though faint unto death, to say, "I will not surrender!" and Whiting, lying among the Surgeons near by, responded, "Lamb, if you die, I will assume command, and I will never surrender!"

But the ammunition had given out—the Staff and the

brave Chaplain, McKinnon, had emptied the cartridge-boxes of the dead, under fire, and brought in blankets such scanty supply of cartridges as could be found. The wintry night set in, and four hours thereafter those glorious sons of Carolina fought, until a little after 9 P. M.

The garrison retired to Battery Buchanan, taking their wounded officers; and its two heavy guns, uninjured, might have kept the land force at bay until they could have embarked in boats, but Lieutenant Chapman of the Navy had spiked his guns and taken himself away, with all the boats, (by whose order is not known); and thus the garrison was left to its fate.

It has been declared to be the glory of the army of Lee, that it placed *hors du combat* as many men of Grant's army in the campaign of the Wilderness as equalled its own numbers.

What, then, shall we say of the heroic band at Fisher? Colonel Lamb says, with burning eloquence:

"I had half a mile of land-face, and one mile of sea-face to defend with 1,900 men. I knew every company present and its strength. This number included the killed, wounded and sick. If the Federal reports claim that our killed, wounded and prisoners showed more, it is because they credited my force with those captured outside the works, who were never under my command.

"To capture Fort Fisher, the enemy lost, by their own statement, 1,445 killed, wounded and missing. Nineteen hundred Confederates, with 44 guns, contending against 10,000 men on shore (8,500 of the army, and 2,000 of the navy), and 600 heavy guns afloat, killing and wounding almost as many of the enemy as there were soldiers in the fort, and not surrendering until the last shot was expended.

"When I recall this magnificent struggle, unsurpassed in ancient or modern warfare, and remember the devoted patriotism and heroic courage of my garrison, I feel proud to know that I have North Carolina blood coursing through my veins, and I confidently believe that the time will come with the Old North State, when her people will regard her defence of Fort Fisher, as the grandest event in her historic past."

Let us declare to-day that the hour has come when no base slander shall longer deface the fair fame of the Carolinians at Fisher.

Adjutant General Towle, of Terry's (U. S.) army, in narrating these events, says:

"Through the whole evening, until long after darkness closed in, they had offered the most stubborn defence. Never did soldiers display more desperate bravery and brilliant valor. With their leaders, Whiting and Lamb, both disabled with wounds, and sadly reduced in number, well foreseeing, too, the fresh force to be brought against them—under these circumstances, when night fell upon them, with no hope of relief, they gradually abandoned the fort, and retreated about a mile to the extreme point of the peninsula. No boats had been collected for the emergency. The strong tidal currents of the Cape Fear made swimming impossible. In this *cul de sac*, they awaited the captivity closing upon them. It was 10 o'clock at night when Abbott's Brigade completed the occupation."

President Davis, in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," says of this event:

"The garrison stood bravely to their guns, and, when the assault was made, fought with such determined courage as to repulse the first column, and obstinately contended with another, approaching from the land side, continuing the fight long after they had got into the fort.

"Finally, overwhelmed by numbers, and after the fort and its armament had been mainly destroyed, I believe, by a bombardment greater than ever before concentrated upon a fort, the remnant of the garrison surrendered. The heroic and highly gifted Gen. Whiting was mortally, and the gallant commander of the fort, Col. Lamb, seriously wounded."

Two days and a night the wounded suffered before they were embarked upon the steamer which conveyed them to their Northern prison.

The distinguished head of the *Norfolk Virginian*, M. Glennan Esq., who was one of the brave boys in the Fort, and known as Sergeant Glennan, writes to the speaker as follows:

"I never saw a more patient sufferer than Gen. Whiting. His wound was most painful, yet he never murmured, never complained, and was always cheerful. His wants were attended to by his Chief of Staff, Major Hill, and one of his Aides, a Lieutenant, whose name I cannot recall. I attended to the wants of Col. Lamb, and as an illustration of General Whiting's consideration, and his gentleness of disposition, I

remember that, seeing that I was greatly fatigued from want of rest, he directed the Lieutenant to 'Relieve that boy, and let him have some rest,' which was done, and I enjoyed a long, sweet slumber, which greatly refreshed me.

"While in prison, he was in separate quarters from other prisoners, and desired to know how they were getting on. He got permission for me to visit him, after a little incident that had occurred between the Commanding Officer at Governor's Island and myself. He was much pleased with it, and brevetted me a Lieutenant. At that time there was every indication that he would recover. His death was a great surprise—a shock.

"He was the soul of honor; none braver, none more gentle. North Carolina may well feel proud of her adopted son."

In the trying hours, previous to the last battle, in the extremity of his anxiety for the fate of the Fort, and with it that of Lee's army, and the cause, he telegraphed the Secretary of War, and received the following dispatch, which places the responsibility of failure where it belongs:

"JANUARY 13, 1865, RICHMOND, VA.

"GEN. W. H. C. WHITING.

"Your superior in rank, Gen. Bragg, is charged with the command and defence of Wilmington.

J. A. SEDDON,

"*Secretary of War.*"

The following is the official report of Major General Whiting of the operations of January 15th:

"FORT FISHER, January 18, 1865.

"GEN. R. E. LEE,

"*Commanding Armies Confederate States.*

"GENERAL: I am sorry to have to inform you, as a prisoner of war, of the taking of Fort Fisher, on the night of the 15th instant, after an assault of unprecedented fury, both by sea and land, lasting from Friday morning until Sunday night.

"On Thursday night, the enemy's fleet was reported off the fort. On Friday morning, the fleet opened very heavily. On Friday and Saturday, during the furious bombardment on the fort, the enemy was allowed to land, without molestation, and to throw up a light line of field-works, from Battery Ramseur to the river, thus securing his position from molestation, and making the fate of Fort Fisher, under the circumstances, but a question of time.

On Sunday, the fire on the fort reached a pitch of fury to which no

language can do justice. It was concentrated on the land face and front. In a short time nearly every gun was dismounted or disabled, and the garrison suffered severely by the fire. At 3 o'clock the enemy's land force, which had been gradually and slowly advancing, formed into two columns for assault.

"The garrison, during the fierce bombardment, was not able to stand to the parapets, and many of the reinforcements were obliged to be kept at a great distance from the fort.

"As the enemy slackened his fire to allow the assault to take place, the men hastily manned the ramparts and gallantly repulsed the right column of assault. A portion of the troops, on the left, had also repelled the first rush to the left of the work. The greater portion of the garrison, being, however, engaged on the right, and not being able to man the entire work, the enemy succeeded in making a lodgment on the left flank, planting two of his regimental flags in the traverses. From this point, we could not dislodge him, though we forced him to take down his flag, from the fire from our most distant guns, our own traverses protecting him from such fire. From this time it was a succession of fighting, from traverse to traverse, and from line to line, until 9 o'clock at night, when we were overpowered, and all resistance ceased.

The fall, both of the General and the Colonel commanding the fort, one about 4, and the other about 4:30 P. M., had a perceptible effect upon the men, and do doubt hastened greatly the result; but we were overpowered, and no skill or gallantry could have saved the place after he effected a lodgement, except attack in the rear.

"The enemy's loss was very heavy, and so, also, was our own. Of the latter, as a prisoner, I have not been able to ascertain.

"At 9 P. M., the gallant Major Reilly, who had fought the fort, after the fall of his superiors, reported the enemy in possession of the sally-port. The brave Captain Van Benthuyzen, of marines, though himself badly wounded, with a squad of his men, picked up the General and Colonel, and endeavored to make way to Battery Buchanan, followed by Reilly, with the remnant of the forces. On reaching there it was found to be evacuated; by whose orders or what authority, I know not; no boats were there. The garrison of Fort Fisher had been coolly abandoned to its fate.

"Thus fell Fort Fisher, after three days' battle, unparalleled in the annals of the war. Nothing was left but to await the approach of the enemy, who took us about 10 o'clock P. M. The fleet surpassed its tremendous efforts in the previous attack.

"The fort has fallen in precisely the manner indicated so often by myself, and to which your attention has been so frequently called, and in the presence of the ample force provided by you to meet the contingency.

"The fleet never attempted to enter until after the land force had done

its work, and, of course, unless the supporting force played its part, Fort Fisher must have fallen. Making every allowance for the extraordinary vigor and force of the enemy's assault, and the terrific effect of the fire of the fleet upon the garrison, and the continual and incessant enfilading of the whole point from Battery Buchanan to the Fort, thereby preventing, to a great extent, the movement of my troops, I think that the result might have been avoided, and Fort Fisher still held, if the commanding General had done his duty.

"I charge him with this loss; with neglect of duty, in this, that he either refused or neglected to carry out any suggestion made to him, in official communications by me, for the disposition of the troops, and especially that he, failing to appreciate the lesson to be derived from the previous attempt of Butler, instead of keeping his troops in the position to attack the enemy on his appearance, he moves them twenty miles from the point of landing, in spite of repeated warning.

"He might have learned from his failure to interrupt either the landing or the embarking of Butler, for two days, with his troops, though disgraceful enough, would indicate to the enemy that he would have the same security for any future expedition. The previous failure was due to Fort Fisher alone, and not to any of the supporting troops.

"I charge him, further, with making no effort whatever to create a diversion, in favor of the beleaguered garrison, during the three days' battle, by attacking the enemy; though that was to be expected, since his delay and false disposition, allowed the enemy to secure his rear by works—but works of no strength. I desire that a full investigation be had of this matter, and these charges which I make; they will be fully borne out by the official records.

"I have only to add, that the Commanding General, on learning of the approach of the enemy, would give me no orders whatever; and persistently refused, from the beginning, to allow me to have anything to do with the troops from Gen. Lee's army. I consequently repaired to Fort Fisher, as the place where my own sense of duty called me.

"I am, General, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"W. H. C. WHITING,

"Major General, (*prisoner of war*)."

"HOSPITAL, FORT COLUMBUS, GOVERNOR'S ISLAND,

"NEW YORK HARBOR, February 19, 1865.

"The above is an exact copy of the dispatch dictated to Major Hill, in the hospital at Fort Fisher (and preserved in his note-book) on the 18TH JANUARY, 1865, and which I intended to have endeavored to forward at that time by flag of truce, and accordingly made a request of Gen. Terry. On his reply, that it would be necessary to refer it to Lieut. Gen. Grant, I concluded to postpone the report. I wish to add a few

remarks upon the difference between the two attacks, and also give some information which I have acquired. Had the enemy assaulted the work on the first attack he would have been beaten off with great slaughter.

"The fire of the fleet on that occasion, though very severe and formidable, was very diffuse and scattered, seemingly more designed to render a naval entrance secure, than a land attack, consequently our defense was but slightly damaged. We had nineteen guns bearing on the assault, and above all, the palisade was almost as good as new. Moreover, the fleet, during the first bombardment, hauled off at night, giving the garrison time for rest, cooking, and refreshment. It is remarkable, that during the first bombardment, no gun's crew was ever driven from its gun; but on the 13th and 14th January, the fleet stationed itself with the definite object of destroying the land defence by direct and enfilade fire; the latter, a *feu d'enfillement* to knock down the traverses, destroying all guns and pound the northeast salient into a practicable slope for the assaulting column.

"By 12 M. Sunday, not a gun remained on the land front. The palisade was entirely swept away, and the mines in advance, so deeply did the enemy's shot plough, were isolated from the wires, and could not be used. Not a man could show his head in that infernal storm, and I could only keep a lookout in the safest position to inform me of the movements of the enemy.

"Contrary to previous practice, the enemy kept up the fire all night. Cooking was impracticable. The men, in great part, in Fisher at the second attack, were not those of the first, and were much more demoralized. The casualties were greater, with but one ration for three days. Such was the condition when the parapets were manned on the enemy's ceasing firing for assault.

"As soon as a lodgment was made at Shepherd's battery on the left, the engineers at once threw up a strong covering-work in rear of Fisher, and no effort of ours, against overwhelming numbers could dislodge them.

"Then was the time for the supporting force, which was idly looking on only three miles off (which could see the columns on the beach), to have made an attack upon the rear of the assaulting columns; at any rate, to have tried to save Fort Fisher, while the garrison had hurled an assaulting column, crippled, back, and were engaged, for six hours, with five thousand men vigorously assaulting it.

"Gen. Bragg was held in check by two brigades of colored troops, along a line of no impediment whatever. Once at this line, by the river bank with his three batteries of artillery, and his whole force steadily advancing, the enemy's fleet could not have fired again, without hurting their own men. The enemy had not a single piece of artillery; altogether about seven or eight thousand men.

"Pushing our batteries to Camp Wyatt and Col. Lamb's headquarters, and opening heavily on Shepherd's Battery, with an advance of our troops, and such of the enemy as could not have escaped in boats, must have fallen into our hands; but it was not to be.

"I went into the fort with the conviction that it was to be sacrificed, for the last I heard Gen. Bragg say, was to point out a line to fall back on, if Fort Fisher fell. In all his career of failure and defeat, from Pensacola out, there has been no such shame incurred, and no such stupendous disaster.

"Wounded, in the hospital, with mortification at the shameful haste, I heard the blowing up of Fort Caswell, before the enemy had dared to enter the harbor.

"I demand, in justice to the country, to the army, and to myself, that the course of this officer be investigated. Take his notorious congratulatory order, No. 14 (17), with its numerous errors, and compare his language with the result. I do not know what he was sent to Wilmington for. I had hoped that I was considered competent; I acquiesced with feelings of great mortification. My proper place was in command of the troops you sent to support the defence; then I should not now be a prisoner, and an effort, at least, would have been made to save the harbor, on which I had expended for two years, all the labor and skill I had. I should not have had the mortification of seeing works, which our very foes admire, yielding after four days' attack, given up and abandoned without even an attempt to save them.

"I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"MAJOR GENERAL W. H. C. WHITING."

The following letter is the last expression of Gen. Whiting on the subject-matter of these reports:

"To the Editor of the Times:

"The enclosed is a copy of a fragmentary letter commenced by Whiting to me, and which he wrote lying on his back in the hospital, the day before he died. He did not have the strength to finish or sign it. It was given to me after my return from Europe, having been found by the surgeon and preserved. I was in England, having access to the London journals, and Whiting desired me, as a friend, to vindicate his reputation. I do so now, for if there ever was a noble and gallant fellow, true to his friends and true to his convictions of duty, it was W. H. C. Whiting.

"Very respectfully,

"Louisville, Ky., July 6, 1880.

"BLANTON DUNCAN."

— *John*
"HOSPITAL, GOAT ISLAND, March 2, 1865.

"COLONEL BLANTON DUNCAN.

"MY DEAR DUNCAN: I am very glad to hear from you on my bed of

suffering. I see the papers have put you in possession of something of what has been going on. That I am here, and that Wilmington and Fisher are gone, is due wholly and solely to the incompetency, the imbecility and the pusillanimity of Braxton Bragg, who was sent to spy upon and supersede me about two weeks before the attack. He could have taken every one of the enemy, but he was afraid.

"After the fleet stopped its infernal stream of fire to let the assaulting column come on, we fought them six hours, from traverse to traverse and from parapet to parapet, 6,000 of them. All that time Bragg was within two and a half miles, with 6,000 of Lee's best troops, three batteries of artillery and 1,500 reserves. The enemy had no artillery at all. Bragg was held in check by two negro brigades, while the rest of the enemy assaulted, and he didn't even fire a musket.

"I fell severely wounded, two balls in right leg, about 4 P. M.; Lamb a little later, dangerously shot in the hip. Gallant old Reilly continued the fight hand to hand until 9 P. M., when we were overpowered.

"Of all Bragg's mistakes and failures, from Pensacola out, this is the climax. He would not let me have anything to do with Lee's troops. The fight was very desperate and bloody. There was no surrender.

"The fire of the fleet is beyond description. No language can describe that terrific bombardment. One hundred and forty-three shots a minute for twenty-four hours. My traverses stood it nobly, but by the direct fire they were enabled to bring upon the land front, they succeeded in knocking down my guns there.

"I was very kindly treated and with great respect by all of them.

"I see that the fall of Fisher has attracted some discussion in the public prints in London. So clever a fellow as Captain Cowper Coles, R. N., ought not to take Admiral Porter's statement and reports *au pied de lettre*, and he ought to be disabused before building theories on what he accepts as facts, and which are simply bosh.

"The fight at Fisher was in no sense of the word a test for the monitor *Monadnock* (over which Porter makes such sounding brags), or of any other monitor or ironclad."

It is possible that under more favorable circumstances, the wounds of General Whiting might not have proved mortal, but the transfer in the depth of winter to the bleak climate of New York, the confinement in the damp casement of Fort Columbus, on Governor's Island, and the natural depression that lowers the vitality of a prisoner of war gradually proved too much for a constitution worn by great fatigue and anxiety.

As weakness increased, and the shadow of the inevitable

approached, he met it with the fortitude of his whole life—with humility before God, with perfect dignity and serenity towards men. The Post Chaplain writes:

“I have seldom stood by a death-bed where there was so gratifying a manifestation of humble Christian faith. * * * I asked him if he would like to see some of the religious papers. He said ‘No, that they were so bitter in their tone, he preferred the Bible alone; that was enough for him.’ He partook of the holy communion, at his own request, in private, on the Sunday afternoon before his death. * * * That was very sudden to all here, but it was a Christian’s death, the death of the trustful, hopeful soul.”

With a mother and two sisters in Hartford, and a brother in New York, no regret ever escaped his lips or sigh from his heart, that he had drawn his sword for the constitutional rights of the State in which he was born, the people among whom he had spent his life, and for distant North Carolina, whose Governor had confided her defences to him, and for whose honor and glory he was about to lay down his life, with the innumerable army of martyrs.

History tells us that the British, struck with the heroism of Lawrence, who cried, “Don’t give up the ship!” as he was taken below with a mortal wound, gave to the remains of their enemy profound funeral honors at Halifax, in token of admiration and respect.

It is too much to expect that in the throes of the great War between the States, the guns of the fortress that had been his prison while alive, should have saluted his cold ashes as they were borne away; and yet, rarely, if ever, in all that struggle, was there such a demonstration of sympathetic regard and profound respect at the burial of a prisoner of war.

The New York *Daily News* of March 13, 1865, has the following:

“One of the most prominent matters in which Christian civilization differs from that which obtained under the rule of Paganism, is the administration of the rights of sepulchre to the remains of a deceased enemy.

"The superiority of the former over the latter, was very noticeable on the occasion of the obsequies on Saturday, at Trinity Church, of the late Major General W. H. C. Whiting, who was wounded at the taking of Fort Fisher, being in command of that garrison, transferred on his arrival here to Governor's Island, as a prisoner of war, and who died of his wounds, in the Military Hospital there, on Friday last.

"A very large concourse of people was present, and the profoundest respect was paid to the deceased, and his sorrowing relatives and friends. Gen. Beale (the agent in this city for supplying the Confederacy with soldiers' blankets in exchange for cotton), with five other intimate friends of the deceased General, most of whom are paroled Confederate officers, acted as pall-bearers on the occasion. Several Federal officers, in uniform, were in attendance at the obsequies." [The pall-bearers were General Beall, of the Confederate service, and Gen. Stone, Major Trowbridge, Major Prime and Lieut. Mowry, of the United States service, and Mr. S. L. Merchant.—C. B. D.] "The Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, Rector of Trinity, was the officiating minister, assisted by Rev. Dr. Ogilvie.

"The corpse of the deceased was brought from Governor's Island about 12:30 o'clock on Saturday morning, and placed in the vestibule of Trinity, where, for half an hour, the friends and relatives were allowed to view the features of the late General.

"The body was embalmed, and on the coffin lid were laid beautiful floral offerings of natural camellias, in the shape of a cross and a heart. The face of the deceased was of the handsomest and most manly character. The coffin was rosewood, silver-mounted, and the breast-plate bore the following inscription :

"MAJOR GENERAL W. H. C. WHITING, C. S. A."

"BORN IN THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI."

"DIED ON GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK HARBOR,"

"MARCH 10, 1865."

"Aged 40 years, 11 months and 18 days."

"After it had been closed, lady friends of the deceased placed upon the lid beautiful two crosses of white camellias, fringed with evergreen, and a wreath of the same.

"Shortly after 1 o'clock, Drs. Dix and Ogilvie began the solemn service, in accordance with the prescribed ritual of the Episcopal Church. The coffin was then placed in front of the altar, and as it was borne up the aisle, an incident that attracted some attention, was the placing upon the coffin, by a young lady, of a beautiful cluster of camellias, bound with a black ribbon.

"After the usual services, the prayer of the commitment was read by Dr. Dix, at the foot of the coffin.

"After the benediction, the body was borne to the waiting hearse, and the solemn cortege of carriages passed down Broadway *en route* to Greenwood, where the remains were placed in a receiving vault."

The following obituary appeared in a North Carolina paper:

“Nihil quod erat, non tetigit; nihil quod tetigit, non ornavit.”

“The death of Major General Whiting deserves more than a passing notice. Born in a garrison, the son of an eminent officer of the old army, a graduate, with distinguished honor, of the first military school on this continent, he was peculiarly qualified, by education and association, to render his country marked service.

“Constantly on active and varied duty, whilst an officer of the United States army, he was enabled, by experience, to improve a mind already well practiced in his profession, and cultivate a taste for that arm, of which, at an early age, he was regarded as a brilliant ornament. Upon secession, he promptly resigned his commission, and offering his services to the Provisional Government at Montgomery, was appointed Major of Engineers in the regular Confederate army.

“Assigned as Chief Engineer Officer at Charleston, his engineering skill was recognized as of essential benefit in the operations which reduced Fort Sumter.

“Transferred to Virginia, he was selected by Gen. J. E. Johnston as Chief of Staff, and, after the first battle of Manassas, received the merited promotion to the rank of Brigadier General.

“The commander of a splendid division in the Army of Northern Virginia, he served in the campaigns of 1861 and 1862 with conspicuous credit. In the seven days' battles around Richmond, his command did gallant service, contributing in a large measure to our successes. The ability evinced by General Whiting in the disposition on that occasion and handling of his troops, combined with his coolness and self-possession, elicited the highest praise; the President himself, an eye-witness, bearing cheerful testimony to his worth and valor.

“But it was not in the field only, that General Whiting's abilities and talents were displayed. Assigned to the command of the defences of the Cape Fear, he exhibited, in the works which constituted those defences, a genius and skill as an engineer which won the unstinted praise of every military judge—praise that was even accorded by the enemy.

“His administrative capacity was of the highest order—a perception wonderfully quick; familiar with all the details of his command, thereby conversant with its wants; always accessible; prompt in the dispatch of business; firm, yet courteous, in his intercourse; reconciling, with unusual facility, conflicting interests; establishing with great success, regulations for a trade requiring commercial, rather than a military knowledge; harmonizing the civil and military authority in his department, he possessed the entire confidence of the community in which he was stationed,

“Placed in a subordinate position in the department which he had so long and ably commanded, and the successful defence of which was

his hope and pride, he was doomed to witness the great disaster of the war, unable, by protest or remonstrance, to change the tactics which, in his opinion, induced the fall of Wilmington.

"In command of Fort Fisher, sharing the privations and dangers of its garrison, twice wounded in leading it against the assaults of the enemy, captured with his troops, he died a prisoner, cut off from those kindnesses which affection can only prompt, and love alone offer.

"General Whiting possessed those rare personal qualities most to be appreciated, in the intimate associations and familiar intercourse of private life.

"Unpretending in the observance of the duties of the church, of which he was a strict communicant; aiming to be just, without fear and without prejudice; sincere in his friendships; frank, generous, who 'felt a dream of meanness like a stain'; his character was the embodiment of truth and honor.

"Of the noble sacrifices made for the cause, of the gallant dead who have fallen in its defence, the name of none will be more inseparably interwoven with its history than that of William Henry Chase Whiting.

"How sweet his sleep beneath the dewy sod,
Who dies for fame, his country, and his God.'"

One who served under him, describes him thus:

"I always thought him a very handsome man—commandingly handsome. He was not tall, but he possessed a striking carriage. He was well put together, compact, well-formed, sinewy. His face was strikingly handsome. His head was shapely, and hair thick and iron-gray. He was an ideal soldier and commander."

Says Major Benjamin Sloan, Chief of Ordnance, in a recent letter to Major Fairly, of the General's Staff, and now Colonel J. S. Fairly, of Charleston:

"I wish I could find words to express my admiration for the man, for the soldier, whom the men in the Department of Wilmington loved, trusted, honored—yea, worshipped. His military perceptions were so clear, his nerve so steady, and his hand so vigorous, that under his direction we all felt absolutely secure. A skilled engineer, he had left nothing undone for the defence of the Cape Fear, and if on the night that Fisher fell, Whiting could only have been on the outside, in command, with the troops that stood idly by, and saw Ames from the land side overpower the little garrison, a very different story would now be history.

"Once, in Virginia, I was sent by my commanding officer to General Lee, bearing a note of complaint (and with good reason), that he had

been, by Gen. Lee's order, improperly subordinated to others; and I remember Lee's endorsement upon the note, in substance: 'What do you care about rank? I would serve under a Corporal, if necessary.'

"General Whiting did the thing which Gen. Lee said he would do. Without a murmur, giving up the command of the defences, which he had so magnificently planned, he went down into Fort Fisher, where the presence of such a gallant commander as Colonel Lamb, made it unnecessary, and gave up his life in its defence.

"The peer of any one in intellect, he died as he had lived—the modest, Christian gentleman, the lovely man, the brave, unflinching soldier. I think his death was sublime.

"The last time that I ever saw Gen. Whiting, was on the boat which carried him for the last time to Fort Fisher. I had followed him down to the landing, and had just stepped from the gang-plank to the deck, when he spied me. 'Where are you going?' he said. 'With you,' was my reply. 'You must go back,' said he: 'You can serve me better here than in Fort Fisher.' With a heavy heart I went ashore, and stood watching him while I could see him. With Whiting penned up in Fisher, our faith was badly shaken.

"I believe, fairly, that there are not many of us left who used to assemble in headquarters, on the corner of the main street, in Wilmington. In spite of the stirring war times then, my life was full of hope, and I recall many and many a happy hour I spent in your company in the little cottage under the shadow of the City Hall."

Page after page might be multiplied with one and the same testimony from glorious heroes who served under him; they all speak the language of devotion, of veneration for his matchless power, and of the strong manly love in true souls for the chivalric quality of self-sacrifice.

With an exquisite illustration of this grace so tender, I bring this review to a close, conscious in the light of my own remembrance of his princely soul, of how far this portraiture falls short of the embodiment of his moral and mental grandeur.

The incident referred to is this. Sergeant Glennan writes to the speaker:

"At headquarters there was a detail of couriers, consisting of youths from 16 to 18 years. They were the bravest boys that I have ever seen. Their courage was magnificent; they were on the go all the time, carrying orders and messages to every part of the fort.

“ Among them was a boy named Murphy, a delicate stripling. He was, I think, from Duplin County, the son of Mr. Patrick Murphy, I think, and brother of Dr. Murphy, of the Morganton Asylum. The former was a citizen of Wilmington for many years after the war, and a true son of the ‘Lost Cause.’ He and I were intimate friends and companions. He had been called upon a number of times to carry orders, and had just returned from one of his trips, I think to Battery Buchanan. The bombardment had been terrific, and he seemed very exhausted and agitated. After reporting, he came to me, and tears were in his eyes, ‘Sergeant’, he said, ‘I have no fear personally ; morally I have, because I do not think I am the Christian I ought to be. This is my only fear of death.’

“ And then he was called, to carry another order. He slightly wavered, and Gen. Whiting saw the emotion, ‘Come on, my boy,’ he said, ‘don’t fear ; I’ll go with you.’ And he went off with the courier, and accompanied him to and from the point where he had to deliver the order. It was to one of the most dangerous positions, and over almost unprotected ground. The boy and the General were companions on the trip, and they returned safely. There was no agitation after that on the part of my companion.

That evening he shouldered his gun, when every man was ordered on duty to protect the fort from the charge of Gen. Terry’s men. The boy met death soon, and his spirit was wafted onward to a Heavenly home.

“ The General received his mortal wound in the same contest, in the thickest of the fight.

“ I tried to find the remains of my dear boy friend, but in vain. He rests in a nameless grave, but his memory shall ever be treasured.”

When, a few days hence, the patriotic women of this city and State shall see the fruition of their hopes and labors, and amid the thunders of cannon, and the acclamations of thousands, yonder superb memorial to our dead shall flash upon the vision of the multitude, may that proud figure which surmounts it in manly dignity, stand forever the majestic symbol of duty performed—of heroic courage, of sublime fortitude. May it tell forever the story that when the sun set upon the cross-barred flag at Appomattox, it could not set upon the character that makes North Carolina what she is. May it speak to every youth who passes under its shadow the words of glorious Whiting:

“ Come, my boy, have no fear in the path of duty ; I, the Spirit of the Dead, will go with you ! ”















