New Berne Weekly Journal.

W. A. TUNY, P. HARPER. INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS. Terms $2.00 Per Year.

VOL. VIII. NEW BERNE, CRAVEN COUNTY, N. C., MAY 21, 1885. NO. 8.

IT IS

Well For You To Know

That we keep the largest [illegible] Clothing, [illegible] &c., &c., [illegible]

That we do sell Good Reliable [illegible] honest competition will permit.

That we deal square and fair w[illegible]

That the large number [illegible] "business" ways.

That we cordially [illegible]

The Celebrated Pearl Shirt,

and examine any goods you buy.

That we will let you take goods home [illegible]

That we desire to thank you [illegible]

That we beg you to continue the same.

That we are Jobbers of Lorillard's and Rail Road Mills Snuff, [illegible] Tobacco, "Arm and Hammer" brand Soda, [illegible] Coat's Spool Cotton, and many other articles.

GETTINGER BROS.,

Sign of The Celebrated Pearl Shirt.

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Schwerin & Ash

Are again in business, and having bought their goods in the NEW YORK AND BOSTON MARKETS from MANUFACTURERS and FIRST HANDS ONLY for CASH, are now prepared to offer goods at

ASTONISHING LOW PRICES.

Clothing in Endless Variety. Men's Blue Flannel suits at $6. Men's Worsted suits at $10.

Ladies Cloth Gaiters at 60 cents a pair. Ladies fine Button Boots at [illegible] a pair.

4-4 Brown Domestics at 4½ cts. a yard. Printed cloth [illegible] a yard.

Lawns and White Dipiedes at [illegible] cts. a yard.

And other Bargains too numerous to mention.

Fine Assortment of Gents' Furnishing Goods, Straw and Fur Hats.

Goods Saved from the Fire will be sold at a Sacrifice.

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Middle Street, between Humphrey & Hunter's and A. H. Hahn's.

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The cost is moderate, and the payments are made in monthly assessments.

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AGENT FOR THE COMPANY.

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White Lead, Paint, Oil, Varnish, Glass, Putty, Etc., Etc.

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Having just equipped our Factory with the Latest Improved Machinery, we are prepared to compete in prices and [illegible]

Estimates cheerfully [illegible]

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feb8 dwtf NEW BERNE, N. C.

ADDRESS

On the Life and Services of General JAMES JOHNSTON PETTIGREW,

Delivered by

WILLIAM [illegible] in accordance with a vote of the New Berne Memorial Association, on Decoration Day, May 10th, 1885.

The New Berne 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 practiced 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 today, 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 beautious eye of heaven to garnish
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

With this forcible and beautiful metaphor the wonderful poet intended to convey the idea that it was needless to embelish 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 today.

A soldier of high resolve with capacity for brilliant execution, a gentleman far removed from the slightest tinge of 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 sealed 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.

[illegible] without noise, without pretension or great [illegible]

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

I beg you, ladies and gentlemen, to do me the justice that I am attempting merely the language of eulogy in this endeavoring to describe some of the characteristics of James Johnston Pettigrew, for he was in truth all that I have said and more. I should feel that in the mere outline of his character and services I should be doing but the most imperfect justice to the virtues and the services of this departed hero.

[illegible]

[illegible] time 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 today 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 which ever side they espoused; as he today 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 race." 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 gentlemen, 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 Berne 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 brilliant success during his 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, he thought and nevertheless found time to study law, and his genius was unsurpassed. His active spirit could not rest in the more monotonous duties of his office, and he adopted the profession of law, and commenced his studies with Chief Justice M. Campbell, Esq., of Tallahassee, Florida, as his preceptor. He was admitted to the bar, however, before he had completed his legal preparation, under the tuition of his distinguished preceptor, the property of which he was the owner.

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[illegible]

[illegible] Pettigrew was ordered to take position in Castle Pinkney, a small island in the harbor, but his services were soon demanded at a more important point, and he was ordered to Morris Island, where his splendid abilities as a military engineer were brought prominently into play in the erection of some of those formidable batteries that [illegible] to the confusion and [illegible] of Charleston for [illegible]

[illegible] 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 today 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 12th Regiment, which afterward became celebrated as the 22nd 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 12th 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 streams 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 mounting 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 in perfect proofs of military engineering.

In the spring of 1862 the Army of the Potomac left Acquia and proceeded to Yorktown to meet McClellan's advance on Richmond. Pettigrew, in the evacuation of Evansport, as had been his part in the construction of the batteries, displayed such marked ability as to assure the command of a brigade until he had assumed duty as major with his regiment. It was my good fortune at this period of the war to be serving under Pettigrew as a subaltern in the 22nd, 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 Peninsular. At Barhamsville 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 11th, 26th, 44th, 32d and 52d 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 position 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 of penetrated further 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 this 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, Gen. 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:

"Nor can I pass, and he would have bright brave 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 generally acknowledged to be more effective service in some greater time for such than any other I had seen. That this gallant officer was one too particular in his estimate of the gallant services of his command, let the following statement of a military witness, Colonel Fairchild, of the 154th New York, speak: 'General Pettigrew's brigade came up in good order and with a yell that [illegible] battle, though [illegible] Wherever they [illegible] killed and wounded.' The 26th North Carolina Regiment alone lost 549 out of 800 men, and the 11th Regiment 250 out of 550. 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 26th 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 52d 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 glacis, 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 26th 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 aide-de-camp to the lamented Governor Ellis, as Adjutant of the 2nd 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 3rd 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 forever dispelled, for the rashness in approaching of the force they were at no to engage, with a shout dashed into the midst of the Confederates, demanding surrender, and an every engagement immediately ensued. At the beginning of the move General Pettigrew's horse frightened at the soldiers and near discharge of musketry plunged and threw his rider, fracturing great pain, for he was still suffering from his wound received at Seven Pines, and he [illegible] the pain of the fall. Lieutenant Colonel Fairchild, upon hearing the shot, ran back to the man. Drawing his pistol, he was approaching the wounded officer with a view of engaging one of the men, when he fell to the ground himself pierced with a rifle ball.

The troopers, having [illegible] over the field, dismounted, [illegible] and securing their [illegible] approached their [illegible] and [illegible] in from his mortal wound [illegible] and lovingly his companions [illegible] 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 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 today 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, rests the mortal remains of James Johnston Pettigrew.

Ladies of the New Berne 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 as a military or near 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 today still more imperfectly performed if I did not attempt a tribute to those noble soldiers whose memories New Berne 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 Berne's heroes; but there are many, alas! who cannot answer to their names:

Where is Mayhew, Brookfield, Dewey, Malone, Robinson, Cook, Carter, Dixon, Dugnid, Attmore, Hall, Hyman, Johnson, Hancock, Benjamin and Frederick Cherry, Cowling, Dr. Roberts, Keonce, Court, Herritage, McLacklin, 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 Berne 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 those 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 issue 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 forever 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 death, will so consecrate their memories that be the revolutions of laws and institutions what they may, the South will, living, cherish with a fuller and stronger love, and dying, if die she must, will murmur with her latest breath the names of "the Confederate dead."

RECOVERED FROM THE FIRE!

Having recovered from the late fire, I hereby wish to call the attention of my Patrons and the public in general that I am now occupying the Store lately occupied by Asa Jones, and wishing a continuance of the liberal patronage given me heretofore, I have received by every steamer since the fire a

COMPLETE NEW STOCK OF

Spring and Summer Goods,

which I will sell at REDUCED PRICES.

For the NEXT SIXTY DAYS I will sell goods cheap from the fire BELOW COST.

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I have a large and New Selected stock of the latest styles which I will sell LOWER than any other House in the city.

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

Hats, Trunks and Valises,

[illegible] prices unanswerable. [illegible] I will not be [illegible]

M. H. SULTAN.

PHŒNIX TOBACCO STORE.

[illegible] from the ashes. [illegible] Middle street. [illegible] Mr. Oliver's Meat [illegible] be pleased to see [illegible] TOBACCO, [illegible] Chewing and [illegible] Tobacco, Tar [illegible] Tatham and [illegible] etc., etc.

[illegible] PALMER.

[illegible] dw