

Written by Benjamin Franklin Hall (in 1924)

In response to the oft-repeated request of my daughter, Jessie Dalziel Hall, for the story of my life, I have undertaken this sketch. And, in order to make it less personal and more interesting, I will give a brief history, as far as information is available, of the Duplin County branch of the Hall family, and also of my mother's immediate family--the McGowans. I am indebted to my niece, Mrs. J.A. Briggs, for the earlier history of the Hall family, which she obtained largely from the public records of the State of North Carolina and Duplin County.

I am now in my 83rd year, since the 29th of last January, and this sketch will show that some of my ancestors lived to a very advanced age. My grandfather, William Hall, was born in 1741. He came from Virginia in his early life, and settled on the Northeast River, at a place which was afterwards named Hallsville, for the Hall family. Public records show that he served as a justice of the peace in Duplin County, that he enlisted in the militia in December, 1782, and served under Captain James Kenan in a seven days fight against the Tories, in which the latter were defeated and put to rout. For this service he received Army pay. He was married three times. His first wife was Miss Moulton, who bore four sons - Abram, Louis, Daniel, and William. His second wife was Miss Margaret Pearsall, daughter of Edward Pearsall, who also bore four sons. An old family letter refers to a daughter, but it is uncertain whether her mother was the first or second wife. Her name is given as Katherine, but I haven't the date of her birth. The four sons were Edward Pearsall, born 1786, Nicholas, born November 3, 1787, Isaac, date not known, and Thomas Pearsall, my father, born February 6, 1796. His third wife was Miss Moulton, sister to his first wife, who had no children. I have no record of the lives of the first four sons. Those of his second wife have many descendants in different parts of the country. Edward moved to Burlington, and married Miss Eliza Ward of Onslow County. Their children are all dead--Dr. William Hall of New York City being the last to die, about ten years ago, but their grandchildren and great grandchildren are well known in several states, from New York to Alabama. Isaac, moved to Alabama, and raised a family there, some of whose descendants are still living, but unknown to me. Nicholas remained in Duplin, and on February 10, 1811, married Catherine Kinnear, daughter of James and Susan Kinnear and on born March 2, 1792. They had twelve children: Margaret Ann, born December 1, 1812; James Edward, May 2, 1814; Elizabeth Jane, April 22, 1816; Susan Kenan, February 24, 1818; Thomas, January 11, 1820; Eleanor, November 13, 1821; Owen Kenan and George McMillan [twins], May 26, 1824; Katherine Priscilla, October 28, 1826; and Mary Katherine, April 16, 1829. The twins and Mary Katherine died in early life. The others, with their families, are mentioned further on in this paper. My father, Thomas Pearsall Hall, was married twice. His first wife was Miss Sarah Simpson, whom he married (I have been told) on his twenty-first birthday. She bore seven children, all of whom died in youth except the oldest [John William Hall], who was born June 5, 1817. My father's second wife (my mother), whom he married September 16, 1830, was Susan Eliza McGowan, born December 5, 1807, daughter of William and Mary McGowan. Their children were Edward James, born July 24, 1831 and died March 28, 1867; Nicholas, born September 17, 1832 and died December 23, 1844; Jeremiah Pearsall, born May 24, 1834 and died August 10, 1862; Andrew Jackson, born January 13, 1836, died May 4, 1837; David, born August 6, 1837, died June 9, 1859; Samuel, born June 16, 1840, died July 3, 1851; Benjamin Franklin, born January 29, 1842, now living and in his 83rd year.

None of my brothers ever married, but my half-brother, John William, was married when I was a little more than a year old, on May 18, 1843, to Miss

Margaret Sheffield, who was born on April 24, 1824 and the daughter of Lincoln Sheffield. She made him a most excellent helpmeet, and was a faithful and loving mother to their eight children: Henry, born February 7, 1844; William Thomas, March 14, 1846; James, July 31, 1848; Sarah Jane, January 25, 1851; Mary Susan, August 24, 1853; Louisa Ellen, June 29, 1856; Isaac Nicholas, October 2, 1858; and Samuel Bruce, February 16, 1866.

Henry volunteered early in the Civil War, was fatally wounded in the battle of Gettysburg, and died in the latter part of August. William Thomas married Florence [Eugenia] Meares, in 1879. He died March 26, 1890, leaving his wife and two children: a son, John William Hall, and a daughter, Margaret Jane Hall, who are now living at Hallsboro near the old family home, and have families of their own. James never married. He died December 26, 1889. Sarah Jane married Prof. W.B. Royall, of Wake Forest, September 6, 1871. They had four sons: William, Robert, James, and John, who are still living. She died June 5, 1919. Her husband is still living, and though in feeble health, continues his faithful work as Professor of Greek in the college. Mary Susan married D.M. Flynn of Columbus County, and soon after their marriage they moved to Florida, where he prospered. They have no children but adopted some of the children of her younger brother, Samuel Bruce, after the death of his wife. They still keep their home in Florida but spend part of the time in Seattle with one of their adopted daughters. Louisa married Mr. James A. Briggs, May 25, 1875, a successful hardware merchant of Raleigh, North Carolina. They have one daughter and two sons, all married, and the two sons have children of their own. Samuel Bruce married twice. His first wife, Margaret Sasser, bore seven children, and as she died when they were very young, they were adopted by his sisters. They are all still living, as is their father, with his second wife, who has no children. Isaac Nicholas died in childhood, October 28th, 1862. The father and mother of the family - John William and Margaret, united with the Baptist church at Hallsville, under the ministry of the Rev. Guy - a Godly old man, who was lovingly called "Father Guy", and their children followed their parents' faith, and became faithful members of the Baptist church. John William died July 22, 1887, a little more than seventy years of age. Margaret, his wife, died June 7, 1899, in her seventy-fifth year.

During my early years, the free use of intoxicating liquors was not disapproved. In many homes, a decanter stood on the sideboard, and whiskey offered to all guests. My father's excessive use of it was probably one of the chief causes of the poverty in his family. Some years prior to my birth, he had moved from the village of Hallsville to a rather poor farm, about a mile distant, where there was a little water-powered grist mill. Our home was a little one-room log cabin, with a door on each side, and without windows. The only other buildings on the place were a little log kitchen in front of the house, and a small barn at the rear. It was my father's purpose to build a better house, about where the kitchen stood (about a hundred yards from the mill) and to use the cabin in which we lived as a kitchen, but he died September 7, 1844, before he was able to carry out his plan. I was a little more than two years and seven months old at the time of my father's death, and yet I remember seeing him on two occasions. The first was probably a month before his death, when he was walking on the old mill dam and leading me by the hand. He appeared feeble and walked slowly. Later he was taken to the home of my mother's father, William McGowan, about two miles from Kenansville, where my mother's two sisters helped her in caring for him. I remember coming into the house suddenly from my play and jumping on the bed where he lay but was promptly taken away. I suppose he was then probably near his death. I was too young to realize the meaning of death, or to grieve over his departure. During the next four succeeding years, I made long visits to those aunts, who were very kind and indulgent. They worked hard, and lived very comfortably,

having everything necessary to good living except money which is now considered essential. They would often ask me what I would have for dinner, and my choice was usually either chicken pie or potato pie. My grandfather's brother, Joseph McGowan, was the owner of considerable property in land and slaves, and he gave my grandfather the free use of one colored man, Sam, and one colored woman, Sylvia. The woman aided in the cooking and preparing meals, and both she and Sam cultivated crops of almost every kind then known - corn, oats, wheat, rye, sweet and Irish potatoes, and even a little patch of cotton for home use. There was no separate orchard, but there were many fruit trees - apples, pears, plums, and peaches, scattered about over the plantation. In the fall, when the apples were gathered, several barrels of cider were made in the old-fashioned cider press, which consisted of a wooden crate, about twenty inches square, open at both ends, placed on an inclined board platform, with small grooves in it, through which the juice ran out into a trough below. The apples were placed in a trough, and beaten into a pulp, and poured in this crate. A movable, but close-fitting cover was placed in the crate over the pulp. A wooden beam about eight inches square and fifteen feet long, with one end placed in a mortice in a large hickory tree and held by a pin to work as a lever was used to press out the juice.

On the farm was every variety of poultry then known--large members of "barn-yard" chickens, guinea fowl, pea fowls, turkeys, geese, and ducks. Their varied calls produced a pandemonium day and night, which to my childish ears was quite pleasant. And I was much amused at the peacocks hiding themselves when they were shedding their gaudy feathers. There were also cattle, hogs, and sheep on the place, which according to the custom had free range of the woods in summertime and pastured on the farm in winter. The family was well supplied with beef, milk and butter, mutton, and pork. The chief source of "sweetening" was the long row of beehives in the front yard. Wool from the sheep was spun and woven and with the cotton from the patch, made the greater part of the clothing for the family, both white and colored. The picking of seed from the cotton by hand was a part of the winter evening entertainment, in which I took a childish part. The cotton and wool were spun on the old-time spinning wheel and woven into cloth on the loom in the kitchen. There was a story current in those days that a woman made the boast that she, with the help of two or three maid servants, would present her husband with a full suit of clothes twenty-four hours after the wool was taken from the sheeps' backs. And she did it!

As was the custom in those days, the hides from the cows killed for beef were tanned and made into shoes for the family. From all of this, it would appear that there was very little use for money, which I seldom saw in the house. Sam and Sylvia contributed largely toward producing those abundant supplies, and shared freely in the enjoyment of them, and lived carefree lives. Sylvia's voice could be heard from the fields, lifted in happy song, her favorite being, "Blow ye, the trumpet, blow". Sam expressed his satisfaction by "running away" like Major Worthington's Isam, for about two weeks every fall. He had an improvised secret camp somewhere in the woods, from which he would sally forth at night, and gather his supplies from the farmyard, and to relieve himself of the burden of cooking, would sometimes visit our kitchen (which was about fifty yards from the house) just before dinner, especially when there was company, and remove the entire dinner, probably with the connivance of Sylvia.

As I grew older, I made shorter and less frequent visits to this Elysium of my childhood, remaining more at home in order to attend school, and to perform some small part of the family duties. When I was nine or ten years old, I learned to "tend" the water mill, which was the chief source of the family support. About this time, I experienced the first real sorrow of my life, in the death of my brother, Samuel. He was two years older than I and was

delicate from childhood. He was my constant playmate, and I, being healthy, robust, and self-willed, directed all our activities. The same was largely true of my relations with my brother David, who was five years older. He was healthy and strong, but of a yielding disposition, and submitted to my dictation. The memory of this domineering disposition, and the fact that it continued with me into later life, is one of the sorrows of my old age. And while confessing, I may also regretfully add my lack of appreciation of the tender care of my mother, under the hard conditions of her life in my childhood, and the love and overindulgence of these good aunts of mine, who made my childhood so happy.

During those early visits of my childhood, my grandfather was past seventy years of age, feeble in health, and seldom left the house. He was born December 5, 1772, and married Mary Pearsall, who was about ten years younger. Their children: Zilpah, born 1802; James P. McGowan, born October 29, 1805; Katherine; Nancy; Joseph; William; Mary (the dates of whose births I have not been able to ascertain), and my mother Susan Eliza, born December 5, 1807. Zilpah, late in life (1864) married David Southerland, who was about ten years her senior. He died about 1891, and she in 1896, in her 94th year. James married Jane Stokes. He died in 1860, and she in 1886. They had five children: James, Mary Jane, William W., Joseph A., and Susan Ann. All except Susan Ann died some years ago. She is now living with her husband, Mr. J.S. Strickland, about three miles from Kenansville, but in feeble health. Katherine married Lincoln Sheffield, and had two daughters, Elizabeth and Martha. Elizabeth married Jacob Edwards and was the mother of the five children mentioned elsewhere in this sketch - all of whom are now dead. Martha married William Sloan. She died several years ago, leaving several children and some grandchildren, who are still living in different parts of this country. Nancy married Richard Stanley. They had no children. Her husband died in Kenansville during the Civil War. My mother lived with her several years during the war and afterwards, until the death of my oldest brother. Later, my Aunt Nancy was stricken with an incurable disease, and after my mother came to my home in Wilmington, [Aunt Nancy] spent nearly nine years as an invalid under the tender care of Lucy Stokes, until she was relieved by death. Joseph married Charity Carroll and moved to Mississippi. They had two children, Joseph and Ann, and according to my information, the entire family has died.

William married Betty Turner, who bore two daughters, Mary and Zilpah. His wife died before the Civil War, and his eldest daughter some years later. He was devotedly attached to her, and after her death was greatly depressed in mind, and lingered several years in ill health until his death. His youngest daughter married a Mr. Strickland and died about five years ago. Mary married W.J. Stokes, on November 21, 1847. They had one child, Lucy, born March 15, 1850. She was married twice - first to Mr. Morton, and second to Mr. Atkinson. Since the death of her late husband, she has been living with her cousin, Mrs. Susan Ann Strickland, near Kenansville. Her father served in the Civil War and died March 1, 1890. Her mother died January 16, 1894.

My grandfather, as seen from the date of his birth, 1772, was about eleven years old at the close of the Revolutionary War and could tell many interesting stories about Tory activities in Duplin County. Apparently, the King of England had a good many loyal adherents in that section. His father, though not in the army, was an active supporter of the patriotic cause. Bands of Tories visited his home several times, and attempted to take him prisoner, but, through the watchfulness of his wife and servants, he was able to escape. In their visits to this and other homes, the Tories, under the license of war, which excites men's worst passions, perpetrated many acts of vandalism against

their neighbors and former friends. They took away such things as they could conveniently carry and destroyed a great deal of property they could not remove. In those days, feather beds were considered a necessary part of household furnishings. They took these out in the yard, ripped open the ticks and scattered the feathers in the wind. They seemed to have an unquenchable thirst for whiskey and spent much time in looking for the McGowan stock. They prodded the earthen floor of the meat house with their swords, thinking he might have buried it there, and on one occasion hung up old Sam, a colored servant, two or three times in an effort to make him disclose its hiding place. Sam either did not know, or refused to tell, and they finally cut him down, insensible, and left him to recover as he could. He revived and served his master many years longer. Annoyed by their failures to capture Mr. McGowan (my great grandfather), the Tories finally succeeded in surrounding the house while he was in it and made him a prisoner. They ordered him to get his best horse and go with them. He called the same servant, Sam, whom they had previously hung, and told him to go down to the pasture, and bring his best nag, Bessie. Sam understood his meaning by calling the name of the horse he wanted. Mr. McGowan had built a pen in the dense woods some distance from the house, and kept his horses in this pen to hide them from the Tories, and the Bessie he called for was a worn out old mare, which Sam led up in due time, and was about to put a saddle on her, but his master shook his head, knowing they would take away his saddle if he started with it. Then, his wife, seeing his sad plight, brought one of her good blankets, and offered it to him, but he shook his head at that also, and mounted the animal bareback, and started off with his Tory captors. One of the Tories had seen this good blanket, which his wife had placed on the piazza rail and was leaning on it while looking after her husband with longing eyes and great distress, and he rode back, after the party had gone some little distance, and snatched the blanket from under her arms. In doing this, he saw a bright ring on one of her fingers, and ordered her to take it off, and hand it to him. She tried to remove it, but it had not been removed in some time, and the joints on her fingers had enlarged slightly, and she could not pull it off without great effort. The Tory then jerked out his sword and threatened to cut her finger off if she did not hand it to him. Under this threat, she jerked the ring off, and part of the skin with it. My grandfather, then a boy about ten or eleven years of age, was standing by and saw this, and was so enraged he stepped back into the house and took his father's rifle from its hiding place, and stepped to the door and leveled it at the Tory to shoot him. His mother, seeing his action and knowing that if he killed this man, the whole party would come back and probably murder the entire family, sprang towards him just as he had his finger on the trigger, throwing the gun back, but not in time to stop it from firing, and the ball entered a buffet which stood in a corner of the [living] room behind him. This explains the hole I had seen in this buffet, which was then in a corner of the living room in my grandfather's home and is still an heirloom in the family.

My father's death left my mother six sons, the oldest, Edward James, being about thirteen years of age. Nicholas died about three months after my father's death, and Samuel, about seven years later. The other four grew to manhood. My brother Edward was taken by our Uncle E.P. Hall, of Wilmington, where he had a comfortable home, and was given the advantage of city schools, but, unfortunately, without parental oversight, contracted many of the bad habits of the city youths. And, perhaps by inheritance, as well as according to the custom of the time, he and my brother Jerry both used intoxicants too freely.

Edward returned to our home in Duplin County about 1853 or '54, after failing in a small business on the coast, near the mouth of the New River. In the meantime, the tolls received from the little water mill, and the pigs and

chickens raised on the place, were the chief support of the family - supplemented by a good many fish caught in the mill ponds. There was no money in the house, and at times less than a week's supply of provisions. In dry weather, when the (water) was too low for the mill to run, the supply was even less. Twice in my childhood, in times of heavy freshet, the mill dam broke and emptied the pond. The neighbors very kindly came together and repaired the dam, but this required three or four weeks, and during this time, living in the little log cabin was still more scant, except for the larger supply of fish caught in the shallow water of the pond. I became a fisherman at the age of five or six, and sought success, not merely for the sport, but also from an earnest desire to vary the family diet. At about the same age, I learned to swim, with rough but good-natured boys of the neighborhood for teachers. They would throw me into deep water, then jump in to rescue me, until I learned to take care of myself.

In those days, I was an irregular attendant at a Sunday School taught in the free church building between our home and Hallsville. This was a "Free Church" in a large sense. Rev. Dr. James M. Sprunt of Kenansville usually preached in it on fifth Sundays. It was used also by Methodists, Baptists, Universalists, and probably other religious denominations. On weekdays and evenings, it was also occasionally used for singing school, magic lantern exhibits, and community entertainments. Being very young, I was in the youngest class of the Sunday School, in which the alphabet was taught, and I was so slow that my Mother expressed the fear that I would never learn my letters. My trouble, however, was not so much mental dullness as inability to keep still, and unwillingness to apply my mind.

My first attendance at day school was the three months' winter term at what was popularly known as the Mud Hole Academy, so named because of the low, wet ground around the building. This school was taught by Mr. J.D. Mallard, whom the pupils considered to be a right harsh disciplinarian. He reproved me severely and threatened to whip me for putting the G in the wrong place in spelling the word *sign*. I spelled it s-i-n-g. Some of the girls had not measured up to his requirements in their lessons, and he threatened to whip them with a little leather horse whip he had brought to school and hidden in the chimney. The larger boys (and some of them were nearly grown) told him if he undertook this, he would have to whip them too, and he changed his mind. This is merely a sample of school discipline in those days. The schoolhouse was about two and a half miles from our home, and I, of course, walked the distance every morning and evening, though I was only about seven or eight years of age. The next school I attended was taught by Miss Isabella Sprunt, sister to Rev. James M. Sprunt of Kenansville and Mr. Alexander Sprunt of Wilmington. She subsequently married my cousin George Hall. This school was principally for girls, of whom there must have been twenty or thirty, but she also received small boys like me and a few others. Among the girls was one - almost a young lady - Miss Virginia Humphrey, whose kindness to the little boys made her very popular with them. Three of us were especially attached to her used to buy from each other the privilege of sitting by her, the consideration being one biscuit per day.

This school was taught in a little log building about twelve feet wide and fifteen to twenty feet long, with doors and windows on both sides. On one side of the building was a pulpit apparently used for religious gatherings. The furnishings consisted of a chair and a table for the teacher, and a desk - (so-called) about half the length of the schoolhouse, with wooden benches without backs on each for the pupils' seats. The "desk" was probably three and a half to four feet wide, with a level center of about one foot, and the two sides inclining towards the seats. On these sloping sides the pupils wrote and studied their lessons. Miss Sprunt was an excellent teacher and drew pupils from some distance. Many of the girls were from Onslow and Jones Counties and

boarded with families in the village. I attended this school probably two or three years, and made fair progress, earning several book prizes offered by the teacher for scholarship and good behavior. I recall with a mixed sense of shame and amusement my conceited estimate of my knowledge, after knowing fairly well the geography of the United States and beginning the study of English grammar and the rudiments of natural philosophy.

The home of my half-brother, John William, was about half a mile from ours, and about one mile from Hallsville on the public road. His house was a comfortable one for those times, having five or six rooms, and a large oak tree in front of his house gave his place its name of The Big Oak. He owned some farmlands, and several slaves, and gave my mother the free use of a colored woman, Grace, and performed other acts of kindness toward the family in those hard days. His slaves cultivated crops, but seldom made enough for the years' support, and his neighbors jokingly said that Mr. Hall locked his barns in the summer when the feed was all out. His principal business, however, was a general store at Hallsville, conducted under the name of J.W. and T. Hall, his partner being our cousin Thomas Hall. They dealt largely in turpentine, which was distilled into spirits turpentine and rosin, and the product shipped by the river to Wilmington. The turpentine farmers were generally very poor. They would haul one or two barrels of turpentine in carts a distance of five to fifteen miles to Hallsville and exchange it for a few days' family supplies. In some instances, either from choice or inability to own wheel vehicles, they would attach two barrels of turpentine to parallel beams at each end of the barrels, with pegs inserted through auger holes in the beams and into the barrel heads, and thus roll the load [by horse] or mule or ox, as the case might be, all the way to market. And naturally, this was a very heavy task for the poor animal. It is pleasant to interject here, however, that after the turpentine was exhausted, the lands were cleared up and converted into farms, and the owners have prospered and lived comfortably of late years.

Hallsville was a favorable location for the distilling of turpentine, being located on the Northeast River, which in times of freshet afforded cheap transportation for the product. The spirits turpentine was carried down in cargoes of fifty to a hundred casks in open flat boats, and the resin floated in the water in long rafts containing several hundred barrels. These rafts consisted of a framework of large timbers divided into sections by cross beams. In these sections were placed, parallel, small saplings, the space between them being the length of a resin barrel. A small auger hole was bored at each end, in the chine of the barrel (the chine being the projection of a stave about one inch beyond the head of the barrel). The barrels were then tied to these small saplings by hickory withes twisted to make them pliable. (A trifling sum was paid for the withes, and I can remember earning a few dimes myself by gathering them). A few boards were then placed on top of these rafts, and covered to a few inches depth, with dirt for protection against fire, since on this platform the raftsmen lived and did their cooking. These boats and rafts floated with the current of the river, having no motive power of their own. They were provided with heavy oars, twenty to thirty feet long, mounted at each end of the craft on an upright fulcrum about two feet high. The crafts were steered by these oars, and the river being narrow and crooked, it sometimes required the utmost exertion of the steersmen to sweep around the sharp curves. It required about a week for the flat boats, and a few days longer for the rafts, to reach Wilmington, where the cargoes were delivered to commission houses, who represented the country merchants, and extended them credit in money and goods. The raft timbers were sold for a trifle, the flats were usually loaded with heavy goods, and taken back up the river against the

current, by oars worked from the sides as well as from the ends. This was very heavy work, and the return trip sometimes occupied as much as two or three weeks. I have known the trip to take so long that the river would run low, and the scows become stranded on the sand bars, so it would be necessary to send wagons to meet the boats and haul the freight ten to twenty miles. This crude method of transportation was necessary especially in handling resin, as the value of it was too little to justify railroad transportation and hauling a distance of fourteen miles to the nearest station. In these days of low prices for resin, many of the distillers ran the resin out on the ground and left it. Mr. Edward Armstrong of Hallsville who ran a country store and turpentine distillery, turned several hundred barrels of resin into Limestone Creek. This and many others of these old resin beds were dug up after the Civil War, the resin melted and poured into barrels, and sold at four to seven dollars per barrel. Some of the rivermen who handled these crude crafts are worthy of special notice. I remember three notable ones - Harvey Jarman, who was hired from his owner at \$300 per year, and the usual supply of food and clothing; John Jones, a free mulatto; and "Jim Brandy", who belonged to my Uncle Nicholas Hall. These men were expert in handling the oars. Harvey was a good distiller as well as oarsman, and a very faithful worker. Jim Brandy did fairly well when he was not drunk or fishing - both of these being his favorite occupations. One of his methods of fishing was to dive down, grope under rocks and stumps for the fish which he brought up in both hands, and sometimes even in his teeth. He was able to remain under water an unusually long time. Jim considered whiskey one of the necessities of life, and there is a story told of his extraordinary ingenuity in securing it. Mr. Armstrong and some of the other merchants sold liquors in those days. The village of Hallsville was built in the angle formed by the junction of Limestone Creek and Northeast River. The water from these swollen streams in times of freshet covered the road and surrounding ground to the depth of several feet, so the warehouses had been built on pilings several feet above the ground. In one of these warehouses, Mr. Armstrong kept his supply of liquors. It was noticed that Jim was in the happy state of being half drunk nearly all the time, and there was much debate as to the source of his supply. A colored man was sent one day to the warehouse to bring a cask of rum to be put on sale in the store. He returned with the message that there was an empty cask but no rum in the warehouse, and investigation was made as to the loss of liquor, since the floor was dry and there was no sign of leakage. Upon moving the cask, however, it was found that a small auger hole had been bored through the floor into the cask. On being confronted with this evidence, Jim confessed that he had located the cask, made the hole and drawn his supply nightly from it, and plugged up the hole with a wooden pin. Quite ingenious, one must admit, for a drunken negro.

Mr. Edward Armstrong, above referred to, married two daughters of my Uncle Nicholas Hall. His first wife was Margaret Ann (called Peggy Ann) who bore him five children: Nicholas Edward, Mary Susan, Barbara, Thomas and Ellen. His second wife was Susan, who bore him no children. Nicholas was given a medical education and practiced a few years at Hallsville. But being generous and kind, his collections from his poor patients were very small. He abandoned the practice and engaged in mercantile life first in Wilmington and afterwards at "Tar Landing" in Onslow County, where he married Miss Alice Humphreys. She bore him eleven children, three of whom died in childhood. The eight now living are Margaret (now Mrs. Swinson), Nicholas, Frank, John Ashford, Paul Cameron, Eva (now Mrs. Blanchard), Mary and Alton. My own family will remember Barbara Armstrong as a kind companion and faithful attendant upon my mother in her declining years and until her death in our home in Wilmington. Mary Susan died a year or two after the Civil War; Thomas some years later; Nicholas a few years later; and Barbara about fifteen years ago. Ellen married Mr. James

Jussly and is still living in Savannah.

My cousin, Thomas Hall, partner to my half-brother John William in his store and turpentine trade, married two of my mother's cousins, the daughters of Joe McGowan. His first wife was Margaret Ann (called Peggy Ann) who bore no children, so far as I have ever heard. His second wife (sister to his first wife) Mary Brown McGowan, bore two sons - Joseph Nicholas and Thomas Quincy. The older son married twice and had a large family of children. He moved to South Carolina and I have no record of his family, except one son, Leon, a brilliant young minister of the Methodist church. The second son, Thomas Quincy, married Miss Fanny Carr, who bore him three children, two of whom died in childhood, and the third, Margaret Hall, is still living with her mother at Wallace, North Carolina. Thomas Quincy was a successful merchant at Wallace and following the faith of his father and mother was a faithful member of the Methodist church, while his wife and daughter were equally good Presbyterians. Before his death, which occurred in 1922, he contributed liberally to the support of both churches. He left them a comfortable home, which they share in beautiful Christian hospitality, with their friends and acquaintances.

James Edward Hall, son of Nicholas and other brother of Thomas, married Miss Margaret McCann, who bore no children. They were both earnest Christians of the Presbyterian faith. He was frail in health, and died many years before his wife, who lived to a very advanced age, and died in the home of her adopted daughter in Georgia.

George Hall, another son of Nicholas Hall, married twice. His first wife was Miss Isabella Sprunt (the great-aunt of my children) who bore him only one child that died in infancy. His second wife was Miss Julia Davis. She bore four children, all still living - Williams, Katherine, Edward and Alex. The parents of these children died several years ago. Sarah Jane, another daughter, married William Farrior, and had one daughter, Sarah, who died about 1872.

As was mentioned earlier in this paper, Edward Armstrong, married two of Nicholas Hall's daughters. There were two other daughters, Eleanor and Priscilla. The later never married. Her father, Nicholas Hall, died April 7, 1861. Her mother was then at an advanced age and in feeble health, but lived until a few years after the Civil War, suffering constantly from severe neuralgic pain for the last few years of her life. During this time, she was tenderly cared for by her daughter Priscilla, and her grandson, Dr. N.E. Armstrong, who was then practicing medicine at Hallsville. The other daughter, Eleanor, was married June 29, 1843, to Mr. James M. Sprunt, a young Scotchman who had come to America after spending some years in business in the West Indies. There is an interesting story connected with his coming to Hallsville. He was on his way in a sailing vessel to Boston to accept a position as Spanish correspondent in a commercial house. The vessel was disabled off the North Carolina coast, and put into Wilmington for repairs. On arriving here, he learned that the Boston firm had suspended. And hearing that a teacher was wanted for a private school at Hallsville, he applied for the position. He had been educated in Edinburgh, Scotland. My Uncle Nicholas had received only the limited country school education of those days, but felt it his official duty to test the applicant's qualifications for teaching, and put him through an examination on Peter Parley's History, which proved satisfactory. Eleanor Hall attended his school, and the romance which ended in their marriage commenced while she was his pupil. She bore him nine children: Christiana, Katherine, Isabelle, Susan, Nicholas Hall, Mary, James, Edward, Katherine Priscilla, and Margaret McCanne. Three of these children--Katherine, Susan and Mary--died in infancy. The other six grew to maturity, married, and reared families. Isabella, who married Dr. J.E. Matthews, had no children of her own, but

reared the oldest daughter of her sister, Christiana Blac, and the twin daughters of her sister Katherine Priscilla Faison, who died at their birth. Alexander Sprunt arrived in this country several years after his brother James - about the year 1851, bringing his wife, Jean Dalziel, and five children: Margaret Tannahill, James, Mary Kennedy, John Dalziel and Alexander. Four others were born in this country - Thomas Edward, William Hutchinson, Christiana McQueen and Jean Isabella. All these are still living except Margaret Tannahill, my own beloved wife, the mother of my seven children, who died April 26, 1914. The brothers, Alexander and James, brought their parents to this country, and gave them a comfortable home near Hallsville, where they lived till the death of the mother in 1864. Her husband survived her three years, living after her death in the home of their son, Alexander, where he died in 1867. Among the eight surviving children of Alexander and Jean Dalziel Sprunt are those who can tell much better than I the true story of the struggles and successes of the Sprunt family, with its noble record of large and faithful Christian and social service, and loyalty to the Presbyterian faith of their fathers. The two brothers, Alexander and James Sprunt, died the same year - Alexander on April 11, 1884, and James, December 6, 1884. Jean Dalziel, wife of Alexander, died July 2, 1892. Eleanor Hall, wife of James, died June 6, 1876.

About the time my brother Edward returned to Duplin County, my brother Jerry was deputy sheriff, and in order to reach the remote sections of the county to which his duties called him, he owned and rode rather an ungainly horse, popularly known as "Old Joe", and known for his speed. He had won prizes in the County Fairs, both for trotting and pacing. Jerry had a keen sense of humor, and in performance of his duties of deputy sheriff acquired a fund of interesting stories. One of these stories was associated with the popular belief in the uncanny powers of the "seer" of ghosts and visions, among the old negroes. It was said that two immense white hounds were seen to emerge on dark evenings from the old Free Church building and chase passers-by, apparently without any effort to overtake them. Jerry said that whenever he passed that church on a dark evening, he would say, "Old Joe, you can beat those ghost hounds - go home!" At any rate, he never saw them. Another of those peculiar superstitions was that sometimes on the day of the death of any person of special prominence, he or she was seen walking abroad about the hour of death. However, the story of the ghost was related only after the burial of the dead and might be taken with some allowance.

About 1854, Jerry resigned as deputy sheriff, and he and Edward opened a general store in Kenansville. The next year, 1855, when I was thirteen years old, I cultivated a crop on the little farm, plowing [with] a little marsh pony which had been given [to] the family by my brother Jerry, and with a little help from Grace in hoeing the crop, we made a fairly good support for the family for the next year. My brothers, however, thought it advisable that the family should move to Kenansville where they were in business, that they might give a home to my mother and better opportunity for schooling to me. The little farm and mill were sold to my half-brother, John William, and we moved to Kenansville, (I think) in the latter part of 1855. We did not own a home there but lived in three different rented houses for the next few years. I attended the Grove Academy, conducted by the Rev. James M. Sprunt, as principal. Mr. Sprunt had taught [for] some time in Onslow County after leaving Hallsville, then removed to Kenansville with his family. Here he studied theology, according to the custom of the time under one of the older ministers of the Presbyterian church, and was ordained to the ministry, and was installed as pastor of Grove Church. Subsequently the churches at Faison and Mt. Zion were added to his charge, and he devoted his whole ministry to

these three churches, declining calls to serve in larger fields. He was given the title of Doctor of Divinity, which in his humility he might have declined, but for the fact that refusal would have given him more publicity than acceptance. With the growth of the Academy, he brought to his aid as assistants Mr. B.F. Grady [and] Mr. J.D. Mallard - the latter being [the] teacher of the primary grades. It was a school for both boys and girls, and the attendance at times was as high as one hundred and twenty. Some of the pupils being nearly grown, [a] sharp rivalry developed among some of the older boys for the favor of the girls, which sometimes led to amusing incidents resulting in the discomfiture of the boyish suitors. There were several flocks of goats in the neighborhood, and the boys delighted in teasing the old billy goats at the head of the flocks. One of the boys was walking home one day with his best girl, carrying her bag of books. There was an open muddy ditch by the side of the road along which they were walking, and a billy goat was grazing in a field nearby. The combination appealed to the boy as a good opportunity to amuse his girl. The goat promptly accepted his challenge, and made for the boy, who intended to jump the ditch. But unfortunately, the goat had learned something from the boys, and boy instead of goat went into the muddy water. He emerged very much crestfallen, with his girl's bookbag, and himself, covered with yellow mud. Another lad once climbed over the fence and challenged a billy goat in the field near the schoolhouse, with the whole school standing by as spectators. His idea was to jump back over the fence before the goat could reach him. This challenge also was promptly accepted, and again the goat was victor, but he reached the boy in time to help him over the fence. The lad had certainly succeeded in amusing the spectators, but with considerable damage to his pride and his trousers. My friends and acquaintances of recent years would hardly suppose that I had ever been regarded as a fast runner, but I did enjoy that reputation at school. The County fair grounds were near the schoolhouse, and in the races around the track, I outran the others, for which they dubbed me "Old Joe" in honor of my brother's horse who had won prizes both for pacing and trotting around the same track.

While attending school, I helped to cultivate a garden and a little patch of corn to feed pigs that I was raising as a contribution to the family support. one of my best pigs was missing one afternoon, and as he did not appear [the] next morning, I felt somewhat concerned, and asked some of my school friends if they had seen him. One of the boys told me he saw just such a pig as I had described on a big drunk yesterday afternoon and explained how it occurred. A man was leaving the village with a jug of whiskey in his hands, which he broke against the cart wheel in attempting to put it in the cart. The lower half of the jug fell to the ground with half a pint or more of whiskey in it. The pig, catching the odor, ran up and drank it greedily, and was soon lying down in a drunken sleep. He came home that afternoon, still rather unsteady, and looking sick, and I venture the guess he was a more ardent prohibitionist thereafter than that other pig who furnished the means of his first drink.

My two older brothers did not succeed in their business venture and closed the store within one or two years. Jerry went to Wilmington and undertook the business of merchandise broker. Ned went to our uncle William McGowan's and helped him in his farm for awhile and later became an assistant in the store of J.W. and T. Hall at Hallsville and lived in Thomas Hall's family. Under the kindly influence of these good people who were faithful Methodists, he also united with the Methodist church. My brother David was of a quiet steady disposition, a member of the Baptist Church in Kenansville, and not much given

to books, but more inclined to mechanics. He entered the carpenter's trade, under Mr. Charles of Kenansville, in which he was making good progress until he was stricken with typhoid fever, and died June 9, 1859, at Kenansville. I made fairly good progress at Grove Academy, under Dr. James Sprunt, who gave me free tuition, as indeed he did for several others, some of whom had parents able to for it, but he never pressed collections. As a proof that high grade of scholarship was not required of teachers in these days, I was given a public school teacher's certificate at the age of sixteen, and taught my first school between Kenansville and Warsaw about four miles from Kenansville, and two miles from my Uncle James McGowan's, with whom I boarded during the three month term, his children being among the pupils in my school. The ninety dollars I received for this term constituted my support until the next fall, when I secured another school. This second school was taught in the mud hole academy I had attended as a pupil in my childhood. After the close of this term, I taught private school for a few months in the little log school building near Hallsville, in which I had attended a girls' school under Miss Isabella Sprunt. My next school was taught in what was known as the Island Creek district, about fifteen miles from Kenansville, and not far from Mt. Zion Church. It should be stated, however, that before I taught this last school Dr. Sprunt had been induced to take charge of the Female Seminary that had been established in Kenansville and taught by Mr. Rogers and his assistants. Mr. Rogers having resigned, Dr. Sprunt took charge of it. Mr. Samuel Clement had been placed at the head of the Grove Academy, now exclusively for boys, and I attended school several months under him before teaching my last mentioned school in the winter of 1860-61~ until nearly the beginning of the Civil War. This was a school in a country district, rather out of touch with the outside world, and though the winter nights were rather cold and there was no fire in my room, I frequently sat until eleven or twelve o'clock at night, pursuing my studies to qualify myself for teaching a higher grade school. News of the impending war reached us slowly at this remote place, and after carefully considering the causes leading to it, I reached the firm conviction that there was no just ground for war between the States, and that the differences should be settled by compromise in an amicable way by the statesmen on the two sides. In fact, I had virtually made up my mind that I would not enter the Southern army. But within a month after school closed, and the battle of Fort Sumter had been fought, the enthusiasm for war had become so strong that it swept nearly all the young men of that section into the army, and my two brothers, Edward and Jerry, and I joined the first Company-- the Duplin Rifles from Duplin County. I may disappoint my family when I say that it is not [my] purpose to go into the gruesome and bloody details of the war. They have always been offensive to me, and in my mature years I have become more and more convinced that all wars are brought about by the selfishness of a few ambitious leaders, generally on one side of the controversy, but sometimes on both. Very few of these responsible for war ever reach the firing line but send occasional letters of sympathy to the bereaved parents, wives and children, whose loved ones and protectors have been made the victims of their pride and selfishness. These strictures need to be qualified by the admission that wars of defense are sometimes necessary, as in the case of the Great War of 1914 to 1918 in Europe--the most disastrous the world has ever known. But who made this war, and why? Thinking people outside of Germany, and doubtless many within, find the cause in the ambitious scheming of German rulers and their military advisors. For more than a generation the people had been diligently taught the false doctrine that might is right, and the German nation superior to all others. When the time was thought to be ripe, a pretext was found, the conflict launched, millions of lives sacrificed, grief-stricken homes left desolate, prosperous nations reduced to bankruptcy; and then, in the regular order, the inevitable

aftermath of war, the moral decadence which continues to threaten the very foundations of civilization. And all for the proud ambition of a few men who basely deserted their people in the time of defeat. The followers of Christ need to hold fast, and teach by word and example, the truth the world is trying to forget: God created man in his own image, and the souls he made share equally in His love and care; and the further truth that the chief end of man is not to murder his fellowmen to gratify the vanity of others, but to glorify the Lord and enjoy Him forever. To resume the brief story of my part in the war between the states, the legislators of North Carolina passed an act to raise 10,000 state troops, divided into ten regiments, eight of infantry, one of cavalry, and one of artillery, to serve during the present war unless sooner discharged. These troops were intended to serve only within the State of North Carolina. Our Company, the Duplin Rifles, was one of the first to be enrolled under this act, with the following officers: Thomas S. Kenan, Captain; James G. Kenan, W.A. Allen, Thomas S. Warton and John W. Hinson, Lieutenants. We were sent to a camp of instruction near Raleigh, and through oversight or confusion on the part of the officers, twelve companies were enrolled in the First North Carolina Regiment, instead of ten as required by military regulations. These companies had enlisted for six months' service. By further act of the Legislature, troops were enlisted for the Confederate Army, and after ten regiments had been organized, the first volunteers were also transferred to the Confederate Army. All regiments after the first were enrolled either for twelve months or for the war. This made the first regiment of North Carolina troops the eleventh in the Confederate Army, and the other nine followed in succession up to the twentieth. The Duplin Rifles and the Lumberton Guards were transferred to the second (which became later the twelfth regiment, thus giving this regiment eight twelve months' companies and two six months' companies. After leaving the camp of instruction, our regiment was sent to a camp near Norfolk, Virginia. We saw no fighting during the six months' term of our two companies but spent almost the entire time in short marches and drilling, until we became as expert in maneuvers as cadets. We became weary, however, of this restricted life under military discipline, and our two companies returned home at the expiration of the six months' term.

Several of us remained at home about six months, but others enlisted earlier in other companies. Among these were my brothers, Edward and Jerry. I am unable now to give the number of the regiment to which their company was attached, but Jerry was appointed a corporal, and placed in charge of a guard over army supplies in Wilmington. During exposure to winter weather, he contracted severe cold, which developed in[to] consumption. He was taken to the home of Uncle Nicholas, at Hallsville, whose family aided my mother in caring for him. During his illness he united with the Presbyterian Church. He exhibited great patience under his sufferings, until his death, August 10, 1862.

A little later, a new company was formed under the name of Duplin Rifles, which I joined, and this became Company A in the 43rd North Carolina regiment - Thomas Kenan being the Colonel and James G. Kenan the Captain of our company. Both Thomas and James Kenan were wounded and captured in the Battle of Gettysburg, sent as prisoners to Johnson's Island, and exchanged near the end of the war too late to enter service again.

Following my expressed purpose to give but a brief summary of my soldier life, I will say that I was made First (orderly) Sergeant of my company, and it was my duty to keep the company records, and to call the rolls at reveille in the morning and at taps at night, and on any other occasion when required. Ours being Company A, this position placed me in front of both the company and the

regiment on the march, and among the first in battle in surprise attacks or flank movements. This position was not of my seeking, but I never shirked either camp or battle duties. I never entered battle without fear, and I believe the same is true of my comrades; but in the heat of battle and lust for victory, we soon forget personal danger, and, as the newspapers reported, "fought like devils". This describes too truly the passions and actions of men intent upon the destruction of their fellow men, and gives at least some plausibility to the theory of the evolution of our race from a lower form of animals, and furnishes another serious indictment against war. I was never wounded though I took part in all the battles and many of the skirmishes in which our regiment was engaged, except a part of the campaign of 1864, from the first of June 'til October, during which I was very ill most of the time. The chief engagements in which I took part were at Malvern Hill, the closing of the seven days battle around Richmond; Gettysburg; the capture of Plymouth and Washington, North Carolina, early in 1864; the battle of Drury's Bluff, May 14th, 1864; two battles near Hanover Junction about the end of the same month; the defense of Petersburg and Richmond, for some months prior to the close of the war, the final engagements in the trenches at Petersburg before its evacuation on the 2nd of April; then the running fights almost day and night from there to Appomattox, where General Lee's army surrendered. For reasons that will appear, two of these battles will be described in more detail. The first is that mentioned as the second battle near Hanover Junction. Our Company and another of our regiment -the two numbering about seventy men, were directed to occupy as an outpost a line of breastworks which had been evacuated by our main line. These breastworks were nearly a mile from the main line, in the woods, near the edge of a field. On reaching this spot, we found the breastworks occupied on both sides by a regiment of the enemy. The sudden meeting was a surprise to both parties, and each called loudly on the other to surrender. But as neither promptly accepted the invitation, fighting began, and for a few minutes, bayonets were used, the only time I saw this done during the war. Apparently not relishing this rough treatment, the Federals soon joined their comrades on the other side of the breastworks, thus placing the breastworks between the combatants, not immediately opposite, but our line being a little to the right, and therefore our left wing nearly opposite the left wing of the Federals on the other side. Some of our men took positions behind trees, and at these close quarters the battle continued for about an hour. It became quite apparent that the enemy was getting the worst of it, for nearly every man that raised his head above the breastworks was shot. The day had been very warm, but a cold rain came on, so heavy that it compelled a truce on both sides. We sat in the rain waiting to resume the fight, but receiving no response to our challenging fire, [we] sent a small squad out to reconnoiter. This party soon returned with the report that the entire Federal regiment of eight hundred or one thousand had retreated during the rainstorm, leaving on the field more dead and wounded men than the whole number engaged on our side. I do not recall the number, but probably as many as four [or] five of our men were either killed outright or died from the wounds received in the battle. Exposure to this rain, after the warm day and the heat of battle, gave me a severe cold, and this, together with the scant, rough, half-cooked army feed, brought on a long, severe attack of gastritis, from the effects of which I have never yet fully recovered. I was sent to a hospital in Richmond, where I found my brother Edward, who had been severely wounded in the Battle of Drury's Bluff, in which I also had taken part, without knowing he was in it. I was able to travel, and was given a thirty days' furlough, partly on my own account, but no doubt chiefly that I might take him home and relieve the hospital of a hopeless case. I carried him to the home of my Aunt Nancy Stanley in Kenansville where she and my mother cared

for him during the nearly three years of helplessness and suffering, which ended in death, March 28, 1867.

At the expiration of my thirty days' furlough, I was very little better and was granted a sixty days' extension by the medical examining board in the hospital at Wilson, North Carolina. I improved some but was still unwell at the expiration of this second furlough. I was refused further extension, and returned to my regiment, then in the valley of Virginia. On reaching camp, the regimental surgeon, a man of kindly disposition but Army manners, asked me why I had returned. I told him there was nothing else to do, as I had been refused further extension of furlough and to this he replied, "Why the [devil] didn't you stay anyhow? You are not fit for service." And he was right. The next day our regiment marched several miles through the rain, and in the evening I had a high fever, which grew worse the next day, and I was sent to a hospital in Lynchburg, where I suffered from a severe attack of typhoid pneumonia. The overtaxed doctors and nurses no doubt gave me the best attention they could, with the limited supplies at their command, but evidently abandoned hope of my recovery, for I heard one of the doctors say to the nurse standing by my bed one day, "We'll have to bury that poor fellow in a few days." I had been unconscious, and he of course didn't know that I had heard him, but his words irritated me, and if I could have spoken, I think I would have said, "You won't!" Anyhow, he didn't. After this little episode, I began to improve, and I think I received extra care because of my unexpected recovery. The only nourishment I received for some time during my convalescence was a glass of whisky punch three times a day. I became so fond of it that I looked forward with much interest to feeding time, although I bore the remarkable reputation of an army teetotaler.

When I became strong enough to walk, I thought of asking for a discharge to return to the army, and when I was called before the hospital board of surgeons, I expected to get my discharge. Instead of that, however, they gave me a sixty days' furlough, advising me kindly that I was too weak to return to active duty. And I found they were right, as the short walk to the railroad station with my very light baggage wearied me very much. I spent the vacation at the home of my Aunt Nancy Stanley, with my mother and wounded brother. My health improved very much during the sixty days, and I rejoined my regiment near Petersburg. During the winter, we made several quick marches, and some bold demonstrations against the enemy's line, but without any heavy battles. Early in the spring we occupied the breastworks which had been built for the defense of Petersburg. We lived in little low huts or tents partly underground, as protection against the enemy's frequent bombardment. On the evening of Saturday, April 1st, about ten o'clock, the bombardment became unusually heavy, and as was expected, proved to be preparation for the infantry attack which occurred some hours later. In this assault, some sections of our line were broken, one of these breaches being in the line just to the left of our brigade, which was ordered to retake the position. We proceeded to do this by a slow but steady movement, using for protection the traverses built at right angles to the breastworks, about fifty yards apart. In the front of the recaptured main line was Fort Mahone, on a little elevation in the ground probably seventy-five yards from our breastworks, and about three hundred yards from the enemy's line. This fort was built because the elevated position gave an extended view of the front. A deep ditch called a covered way was dug to afford communication between the fort and our line. This fort was held by the enemy, who were occupying the trench outside of it, and using the fort as protection from the fire of our men in the recaptured main line. And this brings me to the second battle I promised to describe in more detail. The captain commanding our regiment directed me to take a squad

of men and recapture the fort. I asked for volunteers to join me, and about half of our company stepped out (I think seventeen men). We entered the covered way, which was near our position, and while going in I noticed there was another squad of men, perhaps less than ours, joining us. I saw no one in command of them, and they apparently acted under my orders. When I left the covered way and sprang into the fort, the Federal commander - a lieutenant, I think - came quickly forward, reaching the handle of his sword to me and saying, "I surrender." I accepted it and directed him to march his men into our lines by the same covered way which we had entered. We did not take time to count them, but I was told afterwards that one hundred and two presented themselves as prisoners to our command. The enemy was still occupying in force the reverse side of the main line, about seventy-five to a hundred yards from this fort. Under my directions, our little company opened a rapid fire upon their left rear flank, under which a good many fell, and the line quickly broke in rapid retreat. From the Federal position, this retreat had the appearance of a considerable disaster, and a brigade, probably three thousand or more, was sent forward to recapture the fort, and a portion of the abandoned line. We held the fort until they began to enter it, and knowing that our little squad could not oppose a whole brigade, we retreated through the same covered way by which we had entered, without the loss of a single man, either killed or wounded. After our surrender, I took home the captured sword, under the provisions of the parole which [allowed the] officers to keep their side arms and horses. In Clark's history of North Carolina troops, the capture of this fort is described as a great exploit accomplished by a captain with a company of sixty men. I mention this to show how the passion for military glory affects men's minds and intervenes in the writing of history. Therein lies another indictment against war.

Perhaps I should mention the bare possibility that this fort might have been recaptured the second time on the same day, but this is highly improbable, as I never heard of it, though we occupied the mainline near this fort until the withdrawal and retreat of the army [that] began that night - Sunday, April 2nd. On this retreat, we suffered from a lack of supplies, and frequent attacks of the enemy. Our regiment justified the confidence of our commander by repelling many of these attacks, either as rear guard or van guard of the retreating army, as we occupied both these positions at different times. In the seven days' march to Appomattox on short supplies, the men were almost exhausted, and yet, on the morning of Sunday, April 9th, we made a vigorous attack on the enemy, apparently with the view of breaking their lines. They retreated before us, and we captured some prisoners and several guns. But in the midst of this successful advance, we were recalled, and ordered to join the rest of the army, which we found massed in the valley near the courthouse. Without inquiring into the cause of this movement, I dropped to the ground on my face, and was almost instantly sound asleep from exhaustion. I was very soon shaken awake by some of my comrades and told that the army had surrendered. I promptly denied it and told them not to bother me. But it was impossible to remain long in doubt, as I realized that the massing of the [army] could mean nothing else. It would be difficult to analyze the emotions that overpowered us, but for the first time I shed tears over the war. There were many regrets, among them the failure of a cause for which so many men had suffered and died, and which had reduced a once prosperous country to poverty. And for myself the keen sense of loss of four years which should have been given to college training to prepare me for larger service, and these four years spent in much privation and suffering for a cause I did not approve.

The victors could afford to be generous, and about their first act was the issuing of rations to our army, which was practically without food. The only humiliating ceremony attending the surrender was the stacking of guns in front of the victorious army as an acknowledgement of our defeat. Even in this, there was consideration shown by the commanding General, in giving strict orders that there should be no demonstration by the Federal soldiers, who stood perfectly still through the ceremony.

After the troops' return to their respective camps, there were exchanges of friendly visits between the soldiers of the two armies.

It took about two days to complete the terms of surrender, and to prepare and distribute the paroles. Under the circumstances, these paroles were liberal in spirit, providing that men and officers should remain unmolested at their homes so long as they did not take up arms against the United States government, and also permitting the officers to take with them their horses and sidearms.

On Wednesday morning, April 12th, the army was disbanded, and the men left on foot in small squads for their distant homes, some of which, lying in the line of Sherman's march, were found in ashes, and the families scattered and in want. It was General Sherman who defined war was hell, and no one knew better than he, for he helped make it so.

The little squad of about six or eight that I joined was gradually reduced to two, as the men reached their homes in North Carolina. After exhausting the rations issued to us by the Federal commissary, we lived like tramps by asking for food of the families on the way. They always wanted news of their boys and friends in General Lee's army and responded freely as far as they were able to our request for food. But there was very little in the county except green vegetables which had hardly reached edible growth.

On reaching Goldsboro, the Federal officer in command offered free transportation as far as Magnolia to the two of us who were bound for Kenansville. However, as this would require some delay in waiting for the next train, we thanked him and told him since we had walked this far, we would continue our journey on foot. We reached Kenansville on April 21st, having made the journey of about 225 miles in nine days--an average of about twenty-five miles a day. I went to the home of my Aunt Nancy Stanley, where my mother and my wounded brother were living.

After the surrender of General Lee's army, it was evident that further resistance to superior numbers, well fed and equipped, was in vain; and the two remaining armies in the field surrendered soon afterwards - General Joseph E. Johnston's near Raleigh, April 26th, and General Kirby Smith's in the west, in early May.

With few exceptions, the soldiers of both armies who had survived the privations and sufferings of war, were willing to accept the results, and work together in peace to rebuild the united nation. But citizens in the North in considerable numbers, (some of whom were active in bringing about the conflict) were unwilling to receive the South on equal terms without further punishment. Shrewd but unprincipled politicians, seeing in this settlement a possible means of promoting their selfish ambitions, proposed and inaugurated, as far as they were able, a regime of persecution peculiarly offensive to Southern feelings. The ballot was given to the ignorant negroes but recently freed from slavery, and the manipulation of their votes by Southern scalawags and Northern carpet - baggers (familiar names in those days) brought nearly municipal, county and state governments under the control of this mongrel class, whose chief activity lay in levying taxes and issuing bonds, the proceeds of which they spent largely in high living and debauchery. It was currently reported that a member of the North Carolina Legislature, a white man, a native of the state, was seen in New York with a carpet bag full of railroad bonds he had helped to issue, staking them freely on games of chance

in the city gambling dens. Many respectable citizens were arrested without civil process and tried by court martial. Some of them were convicted on charges of which they were innocent, and of which they had never heard until they were read before the court.

The assassination of President Lincoln, April 14, 1865, was attributed to the treachery of Southern men and provided an excuse for further persecution of the southern people. It was reported that the cabinet of President Andrew Johnson, who succeeded President Lincoln, had under consideration the arrest and trial for treason of all officers in the Confederate army from Colonel upward. That this purpose was not carried into effect reflected much credit on General Grant. On hearing of the discussion, he asked permission to meet the cabinet, and finding argument unavailing to turn them from their purpose, laid his sword on the table, and said, "Mr. President, I tender my resignation as an officer in the United States Army. I cannot remain longer in the service of a government which violates the solemn pledge which, as commander-in-chief, I had a right to give to the officers of General Lee's army. In the paroles issued to them, it was guaranteed that they should remain unmolested so long as they did not take up arms against the United States Government." At that time, General Grant was looked upon by both soldiers and civilians as the victorious hero who had brought the war to a successful conclusion, and the cabinet wisely concluded that it would not be safe to sacrifice the friendship of one whose influence with the people was greater than that of civil administration. His resignation was not accepted, and the plan was abandoned. However, other means were found for the exercise and gratification of this spirit of malice and hatred, which is one of the most deplorable and persistent of the evils engendered by war. Internal revenue taxes were levied in such a way as to bear heavily on the impoverished south. In direct violation of the constitution guaranteeing equal rights and privileges to all the states, a heavy tax was laid on cotton, a product of the southern states only. (Many years afterwards, when a saner state of mind prevailed, Congress passed an act refunding this unlawful tax, so far as the claimants could be found.)

These intolerable conditions gave rise to the invisible empire, known as the Ku Klux Klan, which the government vainly endeavored to suppress. It was an unlawful organization, but flourished in spite of the law, and removed some of the burdens under which the people were suffering. Its methods were such as would be indefensible in times of peace, under just and orderly government, but unfortunately, no such government existed in the South at that time. The sudden midnight appearance of the Klan in its ghostly paraphernalia so intimidated the ignorant negroes that many of them resigned their easy official positions and returned to work in the cotton and corn fields. In dealing with the more stubborn ones, as well as with the carpet-baggers and scalawags, harsher methods were sometimes used to convince them that their services could be dispensed with.

Where was, of course, the usual decline in public morals which follows all great wars, with its wave of crime, and charges and counter-charges of graft and dishonesty in public as well as private life. It is sad to reflect that many years were required to bring a return of normal peace conditions. But it is needless to dwell on these things, for we are altogether too familiar with them at the time this paper is being written. And whether the public officials now under investigation are guilty or not, the general suspicion of dishonesty in public life is a sign of the usual loss of moral stamina after all great wars.

It may be regarded as a hopeful sign that the people generally (outside of

officialdom) are beginning to recognize this tendency and to enter their protest against the cause. The following words are quoted from a recent trade circular: "War always breeds Socialism, Bolshevism, and Radicalism, in all their various forms, because the enormous expenditures necessitated by war, the careless and reckless use of government property, the suspension of the most ordinary and necessary safeguards in transacting business, breed carelessness, extravagance and a lack of common, old-fashioned honesty and good morals in big and little minds alike." A recent action of the United States Senate shows how easily the seeds of war may be sown by those in authority, who never expect to share in its privations and dangers. The ever-troublesome question of immigration was before the Senate, and among other amendments was one providing for the exclusion of the Japanese. While this amendment was under discussion, a letter was received from the Japanese Ambassador, expressing fear that its adoption might result in grave consequences to the traditional friendship between the two nations. The Senate construed this as a veiled threat, and proceeded hastily to adopt the amendment, by a vote not far from unanimous, and therefore not partisan. Very few average readers had discovered this veiled threat, and the Ambassador sent a second letter disclaiming any such intention. Whether it was intended or not, the Senate would have suffered much less damage to its dignity and retained more fully the confidence of the people it is supposed to serve, by proceeding in a quiet and orderly manner to perform its duty, without invoking a flimsy excuse to justify an act of doubtful justice and propriety. Two other government officials outside of the Senate, in recent public addresses showed the same heedless spirit, in urging that the United States should have a Navy stronger than that of any other nation, in apparent disregard of the limitation of arms agreement to the contrary. Many other instances might be called up, but only two more need to be mentioned as reflecting upon our law-makers. One of these is the conviction of a member of Congress for violating the law that he helped to make. The other is the undignified conduct of two members of a Congressional investigating committee, who flew at each other with fists and sticks very much after the manner of street gamins.

To resume my much-interrupted story, I reached my Aunt Nancy Stanley's home after my two hundred and twenty-five mile tramp, without a penny, and with no clothes except the old worn Confederate uniform in which I had served for several months. After a brief rest, I looked for employment to provide for my own living and partial support for my mother and brother.

The first opening offered was a private school at Magnolia. I accepted the offer and conducted the school for two terms with fair success - the number of pupils sometimes being more than forty. I spent the week ends - from Friday afternoon till Monday morning at my Aunt's, by walking the eight miles each way, on a sandy road; and in order to be in good time for the opening of school on Monday, I started so early that I sometimes saw the stars on my morning walk. After this, I was induced to accept the office of deputy sheriff of the county, but this position being neither lucrative nor pleasant, I resigned in a few weeks. My next employment was as the clerk of a dry goods house in Wilmington - for which I still had less aptitude, and after a few months gave it up. I then returned to Hallsville, and opened a small private school, in the old Free Church building near the village. The old log schoolhouse, in which I had been both pupil and teacher, had fallen into decay during the war. My prospects seemed to be on the decline, for this school was small and unprofitable. Before the close of the term, I was offered the position of bookkeeper by the firm of Edwards & Smith in Wilmington, and willingly accepted it. During my school terms, I had given some attention to the study of bookkeeping and was able to perform the duties fairly well. This

job was also of short duration, for the firm failed within a year. Three causes contributed to this failure; the first was probably found in the men themselves. Mr. Smith was a college trained man, but unfamiliar with business, and much better fitted for professional life. Mr. Edwards was uneducated, but a good mixer, had many country friends, and furnished the second cause of failure by extending credit too liberally. The third cause was perhaps the worst. This firm, like many others, in those days, sold liquor, which attracted a bad class of customers, and made the store a resort for the old-time drinkers, who were now without means to satisfy their appetite. Some of these in a friendly and social way would go behind the counter and help themselves to drink several times a day. One free patron found virtue in liquor at all seasons. In cold weather he would say, "How nice it is to be warmed up by a good stiff drink," and in hot weather, "It threw off the heat in perspiration, and made one so comfortable." On the failure of the business, a compromise was made with the creditors on the basis (as I remember) of 33 1/3 cents on the dollar. Mr. Smith moved with his family to Texas. Mr. Edwards assumed the compromise obligation and asked me to join him as partner in undertaking to continue the business. This partnership was formed in March 1869. My capital was one hundred dollars saved out of my salary. Mr. Edwards was only in the expectancy of a little surplus out of the old business after paying off the compromise, but the collection of debts was very slow and tedious, and if he realized anything more than the compromise, it was very little, and only after several years. We made fairly good progress for a small business, which we conducted in the same rented building Edwards & Smith had occupied on Water Street, about three doors south of Market.

Later we rented a building on North Water Street, which we occupied only one year, and then removed to a building we had bought on South Water Street, a few doors south of the one we had occupied originally. Encouraged by this beginning, and with brighter hopes for the future, I entered upon a suit, which after some delay and discouragement, led to the best adventure of my life. On April 12th, 1871, I married Margaret Tannahill Sprunt, who might have sat as Solomon's model for the ideal woman, "Many daughters have done worthily, but thou excellest them all." When I asked her father's consent to our marriage, he paid a high tribute to her character in five brief words, "She will do her duty." And in all the forty-three years of our married life, she never failed. To her, duty was a cherished privilege, and service the necessary statement of her spirit. In daily waiting upon God and in communion with him, she found strength for life's burdens, comfort in its sorrows, and the peace that this world can neither give nor take away. The memory of her never-failing love and faithfulness is a blessed heritage for those who lived within the inner circle of her life.

For the first six months of our married life, we boarded with Mr. and Mrs. Harris Northrop on the corner of Second and Dock Streets. I then bought from my wife's brother, Mr. James Sprunt, the house and lot on the corner of Ninth and Princess Streets, which is still the home of my family. In this home, our seven children were born on the following dates: James Sprunt, July 11, 1872; Alexander McDonald, December 9, 1873; Susan Eliza, September 9, 1875; Louis Edward, August 4, 1877; John, October 28, 1879; Jesse Dalziel, December 5, 1881; Jane Sprunt, September 2, 1884; all of whom are still living useful Christian lives, as will appear later in this story.

My wife and I united with the First Presbyterian Church, both by letter, she from the Second Presbyterian Church, now St. Andrew's, and I from Grove Presbyterian Church of Kenansville. Quite in line with her sense of Christian duty, she had the children baptized in early babyhood, and vaccinated as soon as the family doctor would consent, and never felt satisfied about each child until these two duties were performed.

I cannot remember now when I began the useful practice of tithing, or whether it was suggested by her, but certainly it had her cordial approval. The business of Edwards and Hall continued to prosper for another year and established a credit that almost resulted in our undoing in the great panic of 1872 and 1873. Our banker, Mr. James Dawson, under the temptation of one percent per month, extended credit, as did some commercial houses, out of proportion to our capital, our liabilities being probably seventy-five per cent of our nominal assets at the beginning of the panic. The word, "nominal" is used advisedly, because most of the assets were in open accounts against country traders and farmers whose paying ability was greatly impaired by heavy decline in the value of all kinds of produce. And yet, we were probably saved from bankruptcy by the fact that our business was still comparatively young and small. Our creditors were more urgent in their demands for settlement than they were toward other houses longer established and of larger credit and capital. To meet these demands, it was necessary to realize something on our assets, and Mr. Edwards spent most of his time in the country, trying to make collections. Money was scarce, and we gladly received any kind of produce, such as turpentine, corn, cotton, peanuts, bacon, etc., often paying more than market value, and selling at less than cost. But even this proved to be to our advantage, for there was a continued steady decline in value of all products for several months. Other houses of larger capital and credit, not being under pressure, waiting the return of normal conditions, lost more heavily, and some of them failed. Our largest creditor was our banker, Mr. Dawson, and in order to allay his anxiety, it was necessary to see him from one to three times a week, to report progress. Knowing his visits to our office would not strengthen our credit, I made appointments to meet him at his office in the bank. To his repeated inquiries as to when we would begin to pay our overdue notes, I answered, "After we have paid all our other creditors", explaining to him that, should any of these smaller creditors secure judgements against us, it would probably throw the business into bankruptcy, and realize much less for the creditors than we ourselves could work out of it. He usually assented to the soundness of this policy, but it needed to be repeated and explained over to him from time to time. It was probably a year before we reached his notes, and reduced them so steadily that he was willing to extend even more liberal credit, and later reduced the rate of interest to ten and then to eight per cent per annum.

As the business began to grow again, Mr. Edwards proposed the opening of a branch house at Tar Landing in Onslow County, about five miles from Jacksonville. The nearest railroad station was then probably more than thirty miles distant. We bought a few small schooners from fifteen to twenty tons and transferred our goods in these schooners through New Inlet along the coast and up New River to our landing about a mile from the store. This gave us a virtual monopoly of the trade, and probably we carried as much stock as all the other stores in the county together. Mr. Edwards took personal charge of this branch, leaving the conduct of the Wilmington house to me, with the very efficient aid of Mr. Oscar Pearsall, who had joined me. Unfortunately, Mr. Edwards' faith in his fellowmen over-ruled his judgment, and he built up a large credit business with people of small means. This made heavy demands on the Wilmington house, and it became quite burdensome in a few years. In 1876, he attended the World Exposition in Philadelphia, and almost immediately on his return was stricken with typhoid fever, which resulted in his death in two or three weeks. Dr. N.E. Armstrong and Mr. Frank Andrews had been assistants in this business. Mr. Andrews was then a mere lad of about fourteen years of age and has been associated with me in different enterprises in business ever since.

On the death of Mr. Edwards, I asked Mr. Oscar Pearsall to join me, and we

continued the business under the firm name of Hall & Pearsall in the Edwards and Hall building. I was appointed administrator of Mr. Edwards' estate, and guardian of his children.

The supervision of our Tar Landing business and the collection of debts made it necessary for me to visit the place about once a month. The fifty-five-mile journey was usually made by buggy, and most of the way in deep sand. There was no comfortable stopping place on the route, and it required from very early in the morning till eight or nine o'clock at night to cover the distance. I often took one of my boys with me for our mutual pleasure and companionship, and they will remember that they usually slept the latter part of the journey. In the final settlement of the Tar Landing branch, we lost about four thousand dollars, but there was evident need of a general store in that section, and as our little schooners offered the cheapest transportation, I continued the business under the management of Dr. Armstrong, assisted by Frank Andrews. It paid fairly well 'til the W & N railroad was built. Then several stores were opened at Jacksonville, and our Tar Landing business declined. Mr. Andrews and I also opened a store in Jacksonville, which we conducted a few years without profit, and closed it. Afterwards, Mr. Andrews became travelling salesman for Hall & Pearsall, and still occupies the same position, in which he renders faithful service.

Mr. Edwards' family consisting of his wife (my cousin, Elizabeth Sheffield) and five minor children, moved to a small but comfortable home in Kenansville, which I bought out of funds received from his interest in our business, which, in the final settlement, amounted to about thirty thousand dollars. Mrs. Edwards was in feeble health at the time of her husband's death, and about three years later died of consumption. Her children apparently inherited the disease, which soon began to develop in the older ones. Katie, the oldest daughter, died a few years after her mother. Under the advice of doctors, I sent the two older sons, James Zwinglius and Frank Hall to Southern California, and placed them on an orange ranch near Riverside. For a while, they did well there, but about two years later, James died. After his death, I sent the two younger children, a girl, Jakie, and a boy, Hiden, to join Frank. All three of these grew stronger and married and, for a while, seemed to be in fair health. But some years later, Jakie died, leaving a second husband and two children. Hiden followed a few years later, and Frank survived some years longer, and died a few years ago, but probably not of consumption. Since Frank's death, I have lost touch with all the members of the family except Hiden's wife, who is evidently an energetic and talented woman, a leader in social and educational service in her district. She writes me an occasional interesting letter, generally about Christmas time.

In the sixth year of Dr. Joseph R. Wilson's pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church, Wilmington, (1879) I was elected ruling elder, making the seventh member of that body, besides the pastor. The other six members, who had already served several years were B.G. Worth, A.A. Willard, John M. McLaurin, George Chadbourn, Samuel Northrop and C.H. Robinson. The session continued without further change for several years, but as the older members died one after another, others were added, and many changes have since been made, leaving me now the oldest member of that body, and James Sprunt the second oldest. I served as clerk of the session for twenty-five years, from 1881 to 1906.

On the death of my wife's father, in 1884, I was appointed to succeed him as trustee of Union Theological Seminary, then located at Hampton Sidney, Virginia. There were then twenty-four trustees - six ministers and six elders from each of the controlling Synods - Virginia and North Carolina. At some of our meetings, all the members were present, and there were seldom less than

twenty. My association with this body of men is one of the pleasantest memories of my old age. They were earnest, Godly men, attending faithfully to their duty, and sometimes our sessions lasted until midnight. When off-duty, they found relaxation in relating interesting personal experiences and amusing anecdotes, of which the ministers especially had a large and varied fund. The students were always a fine body of earnest men, and not without a good sense of humor, which they sometimes showed during examinations on Hebrew by handing us laymen the books wrong side up. We gravely accepted them and told the boys we could read them quite as well backwards as forwards. My experiences in the life and service of this institution were as different from those in the Confederate Army as light from darkness or good from evil. In 1898, the Seminary was moved to Richmond, and the history of its growth and development since that time is too well known to require further notice in this sketch. I served on the board thirty-two years, 1884 to 1915, when increasing deafness and declining strength made me feel it my duty to give place to a more active member. Not many others have served as long. Dr. H.G. Hill of Maxton is a notable exception. He served from 1872 till his death last January, fifty-two years, and with exceptions, attended all the meetings and took an active part in the work.

About 1891, Hall & Pearsall moved to Nutt Street at the end of the first Wilmington Y.M.C.A. building. We had previously bought this lot, extending from Front to Nutt Street on Mulberry (now Grace), intending to build on it later. But when the Y.M.C.A. planned to build, no suitable lot could be found at moderate cost, and we consented to sell the Association this lot at cost, and to lease the Nutt Street end. We also bought the block and a half between Hanover and Brunswick Streets, extending from Front Street to the waterfront. We built up the water front to deep water, by moving the sand hill from the half lot between Front and Nutt Streets, and making solid ground to the wall of piling driven in for the purpose, this making convenient docks for vessels of light draft. On this made ground, we built a large warehouse, which was used for several years in connection with our business.

On December 26, 1900, we incorporated the business under the present title of Hall & Pearsall, Inc. Later, about 1901, finding the distance between our office and warehouse too great for convenience, we built an office on the Nutt Street end of the block on which our warehouse stood. About the same time, we sold to the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad the half block between Front and Nutt Streets. Later, about 1906, we sold to the Seaboard Airline the waterfront of the other block, retaining only one hundred feet in depth on the Nutt Street front of two hundred and sixty-four feet. In 1907, we divided this lot, Mr. Pearsall taking the end on which our office stood, and establishing a separate business in connection with his sons, and I, with my own son Louis, moved into the larger office and warehouse which I had built on my end of the lot the same year.

The deficiencies in my own education made me more eager to give my children better opportunities, and they all had the advantage of college training. Two of them, Alexander and Louis, preferring business life, entered the offices of Hall & Pearsall without completing their college course. James and John graduated from Davidson College. All my daughters—Susan, Jennie, and Jane—graduated with credit from Wellesley College, where they enjoyed the confidence and esteem of both the faculty and student body. After graduation, James entered the medical school of Davidson College, but suffering from asthma, he moved to Los Angeles, California, in 1896, and pursued his studies in the medical college of that city. After graduation, he entered into practice in that city, and on January 8, 1913, married Miss Edith Kirkpatrick, who was an accomplished musician, and has made him an excellent wife. They

both united with Immanuel Presbyterian Church of that city, and he was made a deacon of it. After our country entered into the great World War, he spent about two years as physician and surgeon in the aviation fields of San Antonio, Texas, and San Diego, California. In the fall of 1919, he returned to Wilmington with his wife (they have no children) and is now serving in the James Walker Hospital of this city. They have many friends, especially among the doctors and musicians of the city. Edith's talent is recognized and highly appreciated by lovers of good music.

Alexander found a good wife in Miss Margaret Hargrove of Kenansville, whom he married November 11th, 1896. They have five children, born on the following dates: Mary Hargrove, October 3, 1897; Margaret Sprunt, July 12th, 1900; Jessie Kenan, November 11, 1909; Jean McDonald, June 21, 1913; Alexander Sprunt, September 20, 1914. In 1904, Alexander entered into the family grocery business, which he still conducts as a corporation, under the name of the Wilmington Grocery Co., of which he is president.

Louis also found a good wife in Miss Eleanor Nunnallee Williams of Red Springs, whom he married April 21, 1908. They have two children, Margaret Tennahill, named for her Grandmother Hall, born May 22, 1910, and William Fitzhugh, named for his Grandfather Williams, born December 23, 1914. After Mr. Pearsall and I established separate businesses, Louis became vice-president of our corporation, and the principal manager of our business. He developed into an expert accountant, such a man was needed for office manager in the cotton exporting house of his uncles and their associates, Alexander Sprunt and Son. After rendering efficient services in our business for twenty-five years, he accepted with my approval, the invitation of that house, and entered its service March 1, 1924.

After John graduated at Davidson, he took a partial course in electrical engineering, in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and entered into that business in this city. He also found a good wife in Katherine Boger Hoke, of Lincolnton, whom he married October 17, 1906. They have two children, Benjamin Franklin, Jr., named for his Grandfather Hall, born February 26, 1908, and Thomas Hoke, named for his Grandfather Hoke, born August 8, 1909. John found the electric business overdone for the limited demand at the time, and therefore unprofitable. About the year 1909, he entered the office of Hall & Pearsall, in which he is still serving as secretary and treasurer, and associate manager with myself.

It would give me pleasure to enlarge upon the varied excellencies and many virtues of these families, the fathers, mothers and children, but we will let the fathers stand upon their records, while Solomon speaks for the mothers; "Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord." As for the children, life is largely before them, and upon them and to the generation to which they belong rests the responsibility of establishing better relations among men, and showing the unspeakable folly of war, and the power of the religion of Jesus Christ to bring peace and good will among men. And may God grant the wisdom so sorely needed, and faithfulness, if need be even unto death, to bear the burdens and fulfill the duties which lie before them.

It is cause for profound gratitude that my children and grandchildren are following the faith of their parents and grandparents as loyal members of the Presbyterian Church. Louis and his family are members of the Church of the Covenant, in which he is a ruling elder, and all the others are members of the First Presbyterian Church, in which I have been a ruling elder for forty-five years, Alexander about fifteen years, and John six years. Alexander has served as clerk of the session for twelve years. Full indulgence, I am sure, will be granted by the others, if it appears that I am reserving the best for last.

None of my daughters have ever married, and it would seem that before they entered life, it was fully planned for them. Indeed, it would seem impossible for them to carry the burden of separate families without leaving off many of the important duties they now perform. Sue's activities cover almost every field of Christian and social service. During the war and immediately after, she served as reconstruction aid, and has kept up her helpful interest in some of the disabled soldiers and their families. Her most important work just now is in the Lees-McRae Institute at Banner's Elk, in which she is serving as volunteer teacher. Jessie's splendid record of faithfulness can be told in a few words. When she was about five years old, she told her mother that she intended to be a missionary. Without wavering, she has held to that purpose. She is now happy in the seventeenth active year of service in the Southern Presbyterian mission at Tsing-Kiang-Pu, China. Only the annals of the better world can show the beauty and value of her consecrated life. Jane has taken up in large measure the work of her mother in the local church and Presbyterian Auxiliary, which she has conducted in fine spirit, and with the cordial approval of her associates. In Sue's absence, she assumes the duties of our household, and the care and entertainment of her Father. This leads naturally to the thought that nothing could be better for old age than the wise and benevolent autocracy of two good women (sometimes only one) under which my declining years are being passed. The lack of those wise and benevolent qualities in national rules has [two words omitted] world to democracy, only to make the sad discovery that representative government is little if any better, as is shown by recent investigation in our own capital.

This sketch would be incomplete without further reference to my present business, and those associated with me in it. In 1918, Hall & Pearsall, Inc. bought from Mr. Oscar Pearsall the building and lot he received in the division of 1907. The building has been rented to Dunn Brothers, who still occupy it, and whom we find very pleasant and desirable neighbors. This half of the original Nutt Street front is now owned by the corporation of Hall & Pearsall, and the other half by me, and in the larger building on this lot our business is now conducted.

Much has been said and written about habit as second nature, and this second nature acquired in fifty-five years in one line of business has no doubt much to do with my unwillingness to give it up in the 83rd year of my life. A further reason is that I have not laid by enough to retire with a comfortable competence. There is, however, another and perhaps a more compelling attraction in the cordial co-operation and friendship of these who have been so long associated with me. My son John has been with me about fifteen years, most of the time the efficient secretary and treasurer of the corporation and is now sharing with me the management of the business. Mr. Frank Andrews has been with me in different enterprises for nearly fifty-years, and is still the manager of our Dudley Farm in Onslow County, and a faithful salesman for Hall & Pearsall, Inc. Mr. W. S. Bunting, during thirty years with us, has developed his native gifts into a high order of salesmanship, and made many friends among our patrons. Miss Sallie Smith, our stenographer, who has been with us almost as long, has added to her duties those of office secretary, and in large measure private secretary for my personal work. These all are not only faithful helpers in the business, but also show a personal friendship and consideration for me in my old age, which I highly appreciate. It is with much regret that we are to lose our bookkeeper, Mr. W. F. Powell, who has been with us eight years, and whose work may be briefly described as correct and on time. The real estate business, because of some former experience in it, still has attractions for him, and he recently accepted an offer to re-enter it. Some of our colored helpers are worthy of special mention, Charles H. Hill has

been with us for thirty-five years, and Tom Starkey for something over thirty years. They have always been diligent and faithful in their duties, and loyal in their devotion to the business and the families connected with it. An older man, Uncle Enoch, serving as porter, and James Hall, a younger man, as truck driver, have been with us for a shorter time, but are both good workers and faithful in their duty.

In reviewing these pages, I find that I have written a good deal more than was asked of me, and that a good deal of space has been given to the statement of my own views on the outstanding crime of all the ages— war --with its accompanying evils.

There is a proverbial lack of respect for unsought opinions, but I cherish the hope that my readers will give my views at least patient consideration, if they cannot approve them, and extend kind indulgence to the old man who has known something of the causes, and suffered much from the consequences of the things he deploras and denounces. It is sad to note that while the whole world is still in sorrow and deep poverty from the devastation of the greatest of all wars, the rulers, governors, parliaments, congresses responsible for the government of nations are devoting more time and expense in preparations for further wars than in plans to prevent them.

There is still hope, based upon the splendid sacrificial work of Woodrow Wilson, even though it is now temporarily rejected by men of smaller minds, that coming generations of all the nations may show better judgment in safeguarding their own national interests, without violating those of others. This day, April 26th, 1924, is the tenth anniversary of the death of my wife, and she is no less in my thoughts now than she was at the end of the first year. The grace and loveliness of her character shine forth with increasing brightness and beauty as the years go by. For her, there was no sting in death, no terror in the grave. Her only regret, as she told me a few days before her death, was in leaving those she loved. But if we follow her as she followed Christ, the separation will not be long.

"Before the sun in all his state,
 Illumed the eastern skies,
 She passed through glory's morning gate
 And walked in Paradise.
 My knowledge of that life is small,
 The eye of faith is dim
 But 'tis enough that Christ knows all
 And she is now with him."

And together they await

The loved ones she left behind. In our home there are two Bibles which I prize very highly. One of them she gave me on April 12th, 1890, the nineteenth anniversary of our marriage, and on the fly leaf she wrote, "In commemoration of nineteen happy years and in the hope of many more." The other I gave her October 20th, 1891, on her forty-seventh birthday. She used it daily when she was able, and marked in the margin one of her favorite texts...

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