children to safer places in the interior, and the coming of speculators and adventurers to the auction sales of the blockade-runners' merchandise, as well as the advent of lawless and depraved characters attracted by the camps and shipping, had quite changed the aspect of the whole community. The military post, including all the river and harbor defenses, was under the command of Maj. Gen. W. H. C. Whiting.

The Yellow Fever.

The distress of Wilmington during the yellow fever epidemic was described as follows by the late Dr. Thomas F. Wood in his biographical sketch of one of the heroes of that fearful scourge, Dr. James H. Dickson, who died at his post of duty:

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

"The *Wilmington Journal* of September 29, 1862, gave all its available editorial space to chronicle, for the first time, the character of the epidemic, and in a few brief words to notice the death of some of the more prominent citizens. One paragraph in the simple editorial notice ran as follows: 'Dr. James H. Dickson, a physician of the highest character and standing, died here on Sunday morning of yellow fever. Dr. Dickson's death is a great loss to the profession and to the community.' Close by, in another column, from the pen of the acting adjutant, Lieutenant VanBokkelen, of the Third N. C. Infantry, numbering so many gallant souls of the young men of Wilmington, was the list of the killed and wounded on the bloody field of Sharpsburg.

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

"James Fulton, the well-known proprietor of the *Journal,* the wary politician and cautious editor, striving to keep the worst from the world, lest the enemy might use it to our disadvantage, often ruthlessly suppressed from his limited space such matters as in these days of historical research might be of the greatest service. There were two predominant topics which eclipsed all the impending sorrow and distress: first, foreign intervention, for the purpose of bringing about an honorable peace; second, warnings to the State government of the inadequacy of the defense of Wilmington Harbor against the enemy. The former topic was discussed with unvarying pleasure. The horizon of the future was aglow with the rosy dreams of mandates from the British and French Governments which would bring independence to the Confederacy and peace and quietness to the numerous homes, from the sea to the mountains, where sorrow and death had hung like a pall. It is not strange, therefore, that the few publications that had survived the scarcity of printing material should have contained so little biographical matter. Comrades dropped on the right and on the left, but the ranks were closed up, the hurried tear wiped away, and the