line pushed steadily forward. The distinguished physician, or general, or jurist, as well as the humble private, got his passing notice in the meagre letters which a chance correspondent sent to one of the few newspapers, and in a short time he was forgotten in the fresh calamity of the day."

The following may be added to Dr. Wood's interesting account:

In August, 1862, the military occupation, the laxity of municipal control, the constant movement of troops, the utter neglect of sanitary precautions, the non-enforcement of quarantine regulations, practically invited the introduction of yellow fever from Nassau by the daily arrival of blockade runners with frequent cases of infection.

The first victim was a German wood-and-coal dealer named Swartzman, whose place of business was on the wharf quite near the landing place of the blockade runner *Kate,* which brought the infection. My father was informed promptly of this by our physician, Dr. James H. Dickson, who advised him to remove his family at once to the country. As my father had seen much of this terrible scourge in the West Indies and in South America, he recognized the gravity of the situation, and sent us all to Duplin County, where he had relatives. Before we left, a ludicrous incident occurred which has stuck in my memory. One of my brothers having kept to his room from indisposition, was at once the object of much solicitude. My father, being a bit of a medico, directed the boy to put out his tongue, which he did with evident reluctance, to the horror of my father, who declared he had symptoms of yellow fever. A shame-faced confession that the patient had been secretly chewing tobacco, which had caused his sickness, relieved the situation and calmed our fears. The year 1862 is still remembered by our older people as a period of terror and dismay. The date of frost was delayed nearly a whole month that fall and nothing but frost would stay the fearful pestilence.

Among the devoted band of Christians who remained at their post of duty and yielded up their lives while rendering succor to those who could not leave, were Rev. R. B. Drane, rector of St. James's parish, aged 62 years; James S. Green, treasurer of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, aged 63 years; Dr. James H. Dickson, an accomplished physician and man of letters, aged 59 years; John W. K. Dix, a prominent merchant, aged 30 years; Isaac Northrop, a large mill owner, aged 67 years;

James T. Miller, a prominent citizen and the collector of the port, aged 47 years; Rev. John L. Pritchard, a Baptist minister, who fell at his post, never faltering, aged 51 years. Thomas Clarkson Worth, an eminent merchant, after laboring among the sick and destitute, yielded his life to the plague November 1, 1862; Cyrus Stowe Van Amringe, one of nature's noblemen, who refused to leave and remained to help the sick, died at his post, aged 26 years. Rev. Father Murphy, a Roman Catholic priest, a hero among heroes, worked night and day until nearly the last victim had died, and then fell on sleep. Rev. A. Paul Repiton was the only minister remaining in the city who survived. He worked unceasingly for the sick and buried the dead. His name is blessed in the annals of Wilmington. Hundreds of others bravely met the issue and remained to nurse the sick during the horror, and few survived. Of about 3,000 inhabitants who remained in the city, about 446 died within three months.

In a sketch of Wilmington in 1867, the late Joshua T. James wrote of the epidemic as follows:

"In August, 1821, the yellow fever appeared here, introduced by means of the brig *John London* from Havana. It raged with great violence for about six weeks and a large proportion of the citizens of the little town, then numbering only about 2,500 inhabitants, was swept away by it. In the autumn of 1862 its ravages were terrible. It began August 6 and ended November 17, 446 persons having died of the plague within that time. In this instance, as in the former, it was imported from the Indies, and on this occasion by the steamship *Kate,* a blockade runner, trading between this port and Nassau. For over ten weeks it raged with terrible violence, and at a period, too, when it was most difficult to combat its effects. Medicines and provisions were both scarce and high in price, and the little luxuries needed for the convalescent were most difficult to obtain. Those of the frightened inhabitants that were able to do so fled the town; all business was abandoned, and the closed stores and silent streets gave the place the appearance of a deserted city. It was then, in that time of distress and suffering, that a few of the noble spirits of Wilmington arose equal to the emergency. Regardless of self, many of our oldest and most valued citizens remained behind to minister to the wants of those who were unable to leave. Distributing food to the poor, medicine and attendance to the sick, consolation to the dying, and holy burial