under his arm, marched solemnly up to the chancel rail and deliberately sat in the aisle on the wooden block throughout the sermon. Then, as he entertained a strong objection to the offertory formality in the service as an idolatrous innovation, he walked quietly out again, to the evident relief of the congregation, who feared he might brain the parson with the piece of timber. He bore himself bravely throughout his long and honored life and met the infirmities of old age with a smiling countenance.

Besides these, a host of others whose services should not be forgotten crowd the memory. Brave Maj. Alexander MacRae, of age far too advanced for service in the field in Virginia, accepted command of the First Battalion of Heavy Artillery in General Hebert's brigade, and did duty at the mouth of the Cape Fear until the fall of Fort Fisher. The gallant old father was worthily followed by his brave sons, whose record appears elsewhere.

John J. Hedrick was major of engineers. He was a brave and skillful artillery commander, and had been in active service since the beginning of the war. In the early days of the conflict he had charge of the erection of batteries at Confederate Point and in the vicinity, one small fort on Bald Head being named Fort Hedrick in his honor. When the Fortieth Regiment (Third Artillery) was organized in December, 1863, Major Hedrick was appointed its colonel. This regiment took part in the defense of Fort Fisher, December 24 and 25, 1864, and January 13, 1865, and on January 17 it was ordered to Fort Anderson, about ten miles up the river, where the garrison of about 900 men was under the immediate command of Colonel Hedrick. On February 17, the enemy attacked the fort in the rear with about 10,000 infantry, while Porter, with a fleet of sixteen gunboats and ironclads, lying within a few hundred yards of the fort, quickly demolished the guns. In this fight, under Colonel Hedrick's leadership, great bravery and heroism were shown; but, finding the command in danger of being cut off by a heavy column of infantry in the rear, Colonel Hedrick determined to evacuate the fort. Carrying all the light guns, including the Whitworth cannon, they fell back towards Wilmington. Later, while on the way to meet the enemy advancing from New Bern, there was a battle at Jackson's Mills, in which

about 2,000 Federal prisoners were captured; but the Confederate loss was heavy. Here, while gallantly leading his regiment in a charge upon the enemy, Colonel Hedrick was seriously wounded.

John D. Barry enlisted as a private in Company I, Eighth Regiment, and on the reorganization was elected captain of the company. On the fall of the gallant Colonel Purdie, of Bladen County, in June, 1863, he became colonel of the regiment. He was a valiant and dashing officer, and nobly upheld the traditions of his family, one of the best of the Cape Fear section, his grandfather being Gen. Thomas Owen and his great uncle, Gov. James Owen. The companies composing the Eighth Regiment of Volunteers (afterwards the Eighteenth North Carolina State Troops) were:

The Wilmington Light Infantry, Capt. Henry Savage; the Wilmington Rifle Guards, Capt. Robert Williams; the Scotch Boys, Capt. Charles Malloy; the German Volunteers, Capt. C. Cornehlson; and the companies of Capt. George Tait, of Bladen County; Capt. Robert Tait, of Bladen County; Captain Norment, of Robeson County; Captain Gore, of Whiteville, Columbus County; Capt. J. R. Hawes, of Long Creek, New Hanover County.

About the first of August, 1864, General Lane being wounded, Colonel Barry was appointed temporary brigadier general and commanded the brigade, skirmishing almost daily till the 28th. Subsequently, while on a reconnoitering tour, Colonel Barry was wounded by a sharpshooter. Some time in the latter part of 1864, when General Lane returned to the brigade, Colonel Barry, on account of his wounds and impaired health, was assigned to departmental duty with his regular grade of colonel.

After the close of the war, he returned to Wilmington and, in partnership with William H. Bernard, began the publication of the *Dispatch*. Only a few years of broken health remained to him, and nearly fifty years ago he died in the old house he had left in vigorous youth and with high hopes in 1861.

A few years ago, Col. John D. Taylor passed from our midst, leaving a great name as a soldier and a Christian gentleman, with an affectionate memory of his manly figure, his gentle, sympathetic smile, and the empty sleeve he wore. He was captain in the Thirty-sixth Regiment (Second Artillery), was