ton. He says that in November, 1862, Captain Newkirk's cavalry and Captain Adams with a section of a field battery captured a steam gunboat of the enemy on New River. Her crew escaped, but her armament, ammunition, and small arms were captured.

Capt. William Harris Northrop, a prominent business man of Wilmington, who served in the Confederate cause in various capacities throughout the war, was born in that city in 1836, and there reared and educated. In 1855 he became a member of the Wilmington Light Infantry, with which he was on duty before the secession of the State at Fort Caswell, and later at Fort Fisher. In June, 1865, he was commissioned lieutenant and assigned to the Third North Carolina, then stationed at Aquia Creek, on the Potomac. He served in the line about eighteen months and was then commissioned captain quartermaster. After six months of this duty with his regiment, he was transferred to the Second Corps, Engineer Troops, and stationed at Wilmington and vicinity. After the evacuation of that city he was attached to the staff of General Bragg until the surrender. Among the engagements in which he participated were Aquia Creek on the Potomac, the Seven Days' Battle before Richmond, Frederick City, Boonsboro, Sharpsburg, and Bentonville. Both as a company officer and as a staff officer, his service was marked by bravery and entire devotion to the cause. After the close of hostilities Captain Northrop constantly resided at Wilmington.

Capt. W. P. Oldham was captain of Company K, Forty-fourth Regiment, North Carolina Troops. At the Battle of Reams Station Captain Oldham sighted one of the guns repeatedly, and when he saw the effect of his accurate aim upon the masses in front, he was so jubilant that General MacRae, with his usual quiet humor, remarked: "Oldham thinks he is at a ball in Petersburg."

Rev. George Patterson, D.D., of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was commissioned on the 30th day of December, 1862, chaplain of the Third Regiment. He was faithful to the last. He preached in Wilmington for years after the war, and afterwards in Memphis, Tenn., where he recently died.

One of our venerable survivors of war times who retains the respect and admiration of all who know him, and they are legion, is Richard P. Paddison,[1] of Point Caswell, whose military record is told in his own words. A chapter of his humorous experiences can appropriately be added, as the tragedies of these fearful years of bloodshed were not without a comic point of view.

[1]Captain Paddison has since died.

He tells us that in the month of March, 1861, "this part of North Carolina was wild with excitement and rumors of war, and a public meeting was called at Harrell's Store, in Sampson County, for the purpose of organizing a military company to be tendered the Governor. In a short time an organization was effected, and a man named Taylor was elected captain. At the next meeting they voted to call the company the 'Wild Cat Minute Men.' Next the question came up as to where the company should go. After considerable talk it was voted that the company should remain around Wild Cat as a home protection. There were a number of us, however, who did not take to the Wild Cat idea, and quietly withdrew and marched to Clinton, where a company was being organized by Capt. Frank Faison, called the 'Sampson Rangers,' composed of the flower of the young men of the county. I joined as a private in this company. We had a good time drilling and eating the best the country could afford, and every fellow was a hero in the eyes of some pretty maiden. But this easement was suddenly cut short by orders to go with utmost dispatch to Fort Johnston. The whole town was in excitement. We were ordered to get in marching order, and to my dying day I shall remember that scene—mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts all cheering and encouraging their loved ones to go forth and do their duty; such love of country could only be shown by true Southern womanhood. After a good dinner and a sweet farewell under the inspiring strains by the band of 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' we took up our march to Warsaw, where we boarded the train for Wilmington and arrived before night. We were met by the officials and marched up Front Street to Princess and Second; here we halted and the fun began. On the northeast corner stood a large brick house built for a negro jail and operated, I think, by a Mr. Southerland. We were informed that this was to be our quarters for the night. Now picture in your mind, if you can, a hundred and twenty wealthy young men, most of them Chapel Hill and high-school boys, whose combined wealth could purchase half the city of Wilmington, being forced to sleep in a negro jail. We marched into the house and deposited our luggage, which in after years would have been sufficient for