

selves accordingly.

IN MEMORIAM.

MR. EDITOR: Grant me space in your columns to record the name of another martyr to the cause of our afflicted and bleeding country.

John W. White, son of Robert and Mary White, was a native of Spartanburg District, born Feb. 27th, 1832. In his early manhood he made a profession of Christianity, and, in October 1856, connected himself with the Baptist Church, at Cedar Spring, of which he lived an accepted and exemplary member. He was a kind son, an affectionate husband, a tender and loving father, a pure patriot and a true christian. In the year 1857, he was married to Miss Mary Cooper, daughter of the late James W., and Lucy Cooper.

Since the beginning of this cruel war, I have witnessed many touching scenes, but nothing has more elicited my sympathies than the condition of this bereaved family. If there be a christian in all the war party of the North, who are rampant for our blood and the complete demolition of all the rights and institutions of the South. I should desire that he should have beheld with me, that desolate home, heard the plaintive expression of a mournful widow, and seen the group of unconscious little ones, one of whom may never be held its father's face: but to whom he has left an invaluable legacy in a spotless name and unflinching patriotism. If there be a sentiment of humanity left in such a heart, I am sure it would have been touched by this pathetic scene. To Him, who hath promised to be a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless, we commend this disconsolate mother and her tender orphan babes.

Mr. White assisted in the organization of the 18th Regiment, Col. Edwards, in September, 1861, in which he was a Lieutenant in Captain A. K. Smith's Company. A campaign of three months on the coast of this State, resulted, to him, in the complete prostration of health from which he never fully recovered. After a violent and protracted illness, which commenced with measles and terminated in a most dangerous type pneumonia, he so far recovered his strength as to induce the belief that he might again, though in feeble health, be of some service in that cause so dear to his heart,—the independence of his native land. In March 1863, he joined the 29th Regiment which was stationed near Charleston. When on the 19th of July, the battle order was given to his Regiment, he was advised by several of his companions to remain behind, as he was quite unwell, but to this he objected, saying that as long as he had any strength he was ready to do battle for his country. He worked laboriously during that night throwing up breast works behind which they lay during the following day exposed to the scorching rays of the sun which greatly enhanced his suffering. In the afternoon he was taken to the bombproof hospital, where he spent the night in great agony, which was augmented by the continuous and heavy discharges of artillery. On the next morning, July 21st., it was necessary to remove him about a mile distance to Cumming's Point. The fatigue incident to this removal was more than his exhausted frame could support, and he rapidly sank into the quiet and peaceful embrace of death, comforted and solaced, as we joyfully believe in his last hours, by the great and exceeding precious truths of the Gospel, and accompanied through the dark valley and shadow of death by that blessed Saviour whom he had so faithfully served for many years.

"Hark they whisper; angels say

Sister spirit, come away;

The world recedes;—it disappears!

Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears

With sounds seraphic ring.

Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!

Oh grave! where is thy victory!

Oh death! where is thy sting?

J. S. H.

Cedar Spring.