THE PRESIDENT’S MESSAGE

My first message as your president was in the form of “A Review of Events” that happened in Wilmington during 1861. I would like to continue in a reminiscent mood as 1862 dawned on the Confederate States of America.

As the eyelids of a small child slowly droop toward slumber at the end of a long, hard day of play, so came the end of 1861. The new year was looked on with much anxiety! However, some knew that set backs and defeats were a possibility in 1862, but the vast majority of people were strong in their beliefs that the C. S. A. was invincible and would never reach the unforeseen gloomy spring days of 1865.

The Wilmington Daily Journal at that time was published by Fulton and Price, Editors. It expressed the feelings and attitude of Wilmingtonians each day of the week. The price of the Journal was fifty cents a month, and the paper emerged daily from its building located in downtown Wilmington. Mr. James Fulton was Editor, and Mr. A. L. Price was Associate Editor. Their philosophy, views, and expressions appear in the Journal each day. However, now a new brand of advertisements familiar with war time materials and provisions was becoming a daily occurrence. Food was advertised as being plentiful, the social events were now in the form of entertaining troops, deriding the Lincoln Administration was common practice, and enlistment bounties were advertised, and the theater entertainment was also in a war time vein.

The daily circulation of the newspaper was not listed, but it listed a population of New Hanover County as 10,617 whites, 756 free colored, 10,933 slaves, totaling 21,715 inhabitants. However, with each publication of the Daily Journal, Wilmington was also changing. The quaint, and peaceful port city would soon be “busting out all over,” it would soon become the key to the survival for the Confederacy. Its importance magnified, it grew stronger and bolder as it assumed its role of the life line for the Confederate States. To reflect the change of time that was taking place in our home town, the remaining words will be in the form of excerpts from the Journal during the early days of 1862.

January 1, was a perfectly clear day, and the most pleasant weather that has been seen in six years. The air has been bright, clear and balmy. We trust this may prove an omen of a bright future to open on the Confederate States in ’62.

Worth and Daniels just received six legs of choice Virginia butter and twenty-five boxes of Confederate Mills Coffee.

Heavy firing yesterday at Fort Caswell. However, it was two blockading steamers off the Western Bar. It is supposed they were practicing at their guns.

Baldwines are headquarters for Officer fatigue shirts. Over one hundred uniform shirts are in stock.

T. C. and B. C. Worth recently received one thousand pounds of North Carolina hams; ten firkins of prime butter; twenty barrels of flour; ten bbls. of N. O. molasses; ten bbls. of N. O. corn and rye whiskey; eight hundred bushels of corn; five hundred pounds of feathers; and five thousand pounds of dry fruit.

Colonel James Lane at Regimental Headquarters called a staff meeting of the 88th Regiment, North Carolina Volunteers, to draft a resolution thanking the ladies of Wilmington for a social dinner given the Regiment.

“GLORIOUS NEWS!!”

A new hotel opened in Wilmington the 31st of December 1861. On Front Street near Market Street opposite the Cape Fear Bank.

The Palmetto Hotel and Restaurant Board and Lodging per day $1.50
Single meals 50c
Lodging (without meals) 30c

It will be seen by an advertisement in today’s Journal that the Brigade Quartermaster is desirous of purchasing a number of wagons and mules.

We don’t believe that Abe Lincoln is going to get a divorce in order that he may marry the wife of the late Prince Albert.

All letters or packages intended for the Howard Cavalry can be left at the store of Mr. Eilers, corner of Market and Water Streets.

“ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS BOUNTY!!”

Recruits wanted for the war. To go into a regiment now forming under command of Colonel John L. Cantwell. Clothing, rations and usual pay allowed and ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS BOUNTY MONEY paid when mustered into service.

Apply soon to James W. Lippitt, northeast corner of Front and Market Streets.

James McCormick, Confederate Clothing Manufacturer. Front Street above Market. Reminds you that he has received a shipment of Confederate Buttons from England by way of the Steamship Eliza Worley at Charleston.

The Thespian Family or Queen Sisters will appear at the Theatre this week. Several outstanding press stories from the papers of Charleston, Savannah, Augusta, Richmond and Petersburg, state they are really admirable and are accompanied by an admirable band called the Palmettos Band.

THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE OR A LOVER IN A BOX

(which gives an amusing sketch of the principle events of secession including the death of Elsworth and the Martyr Hero Jackson, interspersed with songs.) Also Singing and Dancing—Music by the Palmettos Band.

Doors open a 7 o’clock, to commence at 7½ o’clock Admission to Parquette and Dress Circle 50c, Gallery 25c.

The Lincoln Naval Commander in the Gulf has a queer name—Captain Farragut.

Continued on Page 6
MEETING

Time and Place: Wednesday, February 14, 1962, St. Andrews-Covenant Presbyterian Church, 8:00 P.M.

Speaker: David Stick.

Topic: Coastal North Carolina.

David Stick grew up on Roanoke Island and attended school in Manteo and Elizabeth City. After a year at the University of North Carolina he entered the newspaper field which had interested him since his first job at the age of fifteen with the Elizabeth City Independent. World War II transferred his reportorial work from civilian to military and he served as a U.S. Marine Corps Combat Correspondent in The Campaigns of Peleliu, Leyte and Okinawa. After several years as Associate Editor of the American Legion Magazine he returned to Dare County to free lance.

He is the author of Fabulous Dare, Graveyard of the Atlantic and The Outer Banks of North Carolina.

At the present time David Stick is writing a book on Carolina hurricanes while attending to his duties as County Commissioner, owner and manager of The Southern Shores Realty Co., owner and manager of North Carolina Books, member of The Carolina Charter Tercentenary Commission and as president of Dare County's Convention Center and Museum, Inc.

Mr. and Mrs. Stick and their three sons live at Colington Island on a high bluff overlooking Roanoke and Croatian Sounds.

CONFEDERATE CENTENNIAL

THE COMMEMORATION OF THE CIVIL WAR is to be made both "instructive and constructive," if the wishes of its new chairman are carried out.

In a statement issued to the nation after his appointment as chairman of the Nat-Civil War Centennial Commission early last month, Dr. Allan Nevins said the aim will be to "discourage observances that are cheap and tawdry, or that are divisive in temper, or that fall short of honoring the heroism of the 600,000 men who gave their lives.

Accent will be placed on observances which will assist the American people to understand the "mingled tragedy and exaltation of the war," and to draw from it lessons commensurate with its importance.

In its program under new administration, the Commission will strive to:

1. Promote the publication of books and the collection of sources which will stand as a permanent memorial.

2. Make the principal events of the war, civil and military, more meaningful to teachers and students in the nation's schools.

3. By use of mass media, give local observances a national interest and impact.

4. Enlist the support in this work of poets, essayists, novelists and composers.

The central theme in all activities, Dr. Nevins said, will be unity and not division, "for out of the brothers' war slowly emerged the basis of a firm union of hearts instead of an uncertain union of jarring political elements."

He added: "So far as we can, we shall allow the just pride of no national group to be belittled or besmirched. A host of white Southerners died for what they believed a just cause; a host of white Northerners died for what they held a sacred duty; a host of Negroes died, many in the uniform of the United States, for the achievement of freedom and human equality. We must honor them all. When we finally reach the commemoration of Appomattox, we shall treat it not as victory or defeat, but as a beginning—the beginning of a century of increasing concord, mutual understanding, and fraternal affection among all the sections and social groups of the republic."
19th CENTURY WALL PAINTING IN NORTH CAROLINA

By Ben F. Williams

It is probably true that no technique throughout the history of art has suffered more physical abuse than that of wall painting. On the other hand, some of our oldest, greatest and best preserved visual documents are paintings on walls, whether they were executed on the walls of primeval caves, inside burial chambers of the Egyptian pyramids, the catacombs of the Early Christians, on the vaulted ceilings and walls of the Renaissance and Baroque churches; or even on the crude hand-hewn pine planks of early 19th century houses in eastern North Carolina. Many such works are dormant and in good condition beneath coats of paint, wallpaper, whitewash or stucco. Many others are being destroyed daily by exposure to the elements, a more or less common occurrence in eastern North Carolina. Fire is a particular hazard to the many North Carolina wooden structures in which there are painted walls.

North Carolina, in the early 19th century, did not have the heritage of elegance which Virginia had borrowed from England, nor did it possess the wealth of the planters across the border in South Carolina. As was the case with most of the original thirteen colonies, the predominant influence was still English. Thus the inevitability of English design was felt in North Carolina; but because the area did not attract

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Ben F. Williams is Curator of Painting at the North Carolina Museum of Art.

Fig. 1. Decoration in Duplin County House.

Fig. 2. Room painted in 1838, Scotland County, N. C. Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Folk Art Collection, Williamsburg, Va.
the very wealthy, the element of creativity by necessity entered the scene earlier.

In Wilmington and in Salem the art of furniture-making was highly developed. In the area to the west, influenced by the Moravians of Salem, walls were kept free of decoration. The simple lines of furniture made from fine woods seemed best against plain surfaces. In contrast, much of the furniture made in Wilmington was to be painted and seemed best shown against paint.

My interest in painted walls came first through the discovery of the general quality of the paint itself. The paint used in this area in the early 19th century had the quality of lying close to the surface of the wood or plaster upon which it was placed and never destroying the surface texture—a kind of stain. Unlike modern paints which have surfaces of their own, these old paints had qualities that were like that of a gouache or watercolor, and it was probably because of these qualities that people used them in a decorative, pictorial way rather than mere surface covering and protection. In examining records of sales, one finds that almost always the component parts of paint were sold separately, never mixed. Raw pigments were often bound together with the local pine resin, milk or eggs. Chances are the lady who did the attractive decorations in a house in Duplin County prepared the paint in her own kitchen. (Figure 1)

The painted decorations were painted with fingers and the occasional use of other daubs. The restrained use of soft colors on a ground of grayed red earth paint made these sensitive decorations, which cover the wall panels of a three room farm house, one of the most pleasing works of the 1840's in this State.

Fig. 3. Over mantel, St. John's Lodge, Wilmington, N. C., cornerstone laid in 1804.

Fig. 4. The Masonic Lodge built in 1808, New Bern, N. C.
MRS. WHISTLER'S LETTERS,
1853-1877

FROM "ARRANGEMENT IN GREY AND BLACK"

The painter called the portrait "Arrangement in Grey and Black" but the world has since persisted in calling it "Whistler's Mother." Of his title Whistler said, "Now that is what it is. To me it is interesting as a picture of my mother, but what is of more right the public to care about the identity of the portrait? It must still fail to find its merits as an 'arrangement' and it very nearly fell." This is true, for you may remember that when the portrait was sent for exhibition at the Royal Academy in 1872 it was first relegated to the cellar washrooms, rescued by S. Conway, curator (Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, Director of the National Gallery), and tardily hung, but not much admired. Later Whistler had to pawn it, redeeming it for £50. In 1881 it was exhibited at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, but no man or institution in Whistler's native land cared to pay $1,000 for it, and his most famous portrait re-crossed the ocean and in 1891 was sold to the French government for 8,000 francs (gross profit about $500). It was hung in the Luxembourg, whereupon Whistler moved to Paris to be near it. After his death in 1903 it was elevated to the Louvre.

Once in his student days in Paris Whistler happened to mention his mother, "Your mother?" said Lamont, who (like Whistler) was to be a character in the "Prefab" plays. "I should have thought of you earlier, Jimmy." "Yes, indeed, I have a mother," Whistler replied, "and a very pretty bit of color she is."

And now, lest you be beginning to suspect that we have reached "Arrangement in Grey and Black" from the Louvre and are about to offer it for sale, we hasten to say that we do not have this masterpiece, but we do have more than sixty autograph letters written by its subject, Anna Mathilda (McNeill) Whistler—"Whistler's mother," and not an arrangement. Though she was born a Southerner Mrs. Whistler made her boys observe the Sabbath as strictly as any little New England Yankee, and while "puritan" is perhaps the last adjective applicable to son James, the two were deeply devoted to each other, though of course with more affection than understanding. She once made him promise never to paint on Sunday, and he kept this promise when he remembered it. After Mrs. Whistler joined James in England—"Jemima" in these letters—they lived much of the time in the same house, where, writes Hesketh Pearson, "the affectionate homage of her son was offset by such shocks to her modesty as the sight of the parlourmaid posing for him in the nude."

Yet Mrs. Whistler accepted most of her son's guests gracefully. "I knew some of your gentlemen friends and Southern belle friends very fond of each other. The tiny redhead recited his poems at her knee and she nursed him when he was ill. She suffered, when she did not approve, a parcel of artists, models, street musicians, boatmen, and hangers-on, but she rebelled and helped printers, a bibulous painter, and stopped it all overnight because it was raining and stayed three years. "My dear Mummy," said James, "who else is there to whom one can say 'play' and he would play, and 'stop playing' and he would stop right away?"

Mrs. Whistler was the daughter of Dr. Charles D. McNeill of Wilmington, N. C., but lived much of her married life in the North and in England, and James was born in Lowell, Mass. In 1864—though he once said he would be born when and where he chose, and did not chose Lowell. She wanted James to become a parson and did not encourage his early proclivity for dawing: "I told him his gift had only been cultivated as an amusement." Walking on the cliffs above the town with her brother Jack and his "Black Stangl" paintings in England, in 1881, James burst into tears, declared that he had not been kind enough to her, and cried, "It would have been better had I been a parson!" When he had shied away from the church her mother resolved to make him a soldierr, and his father and grandfather (who fought for Burgoyne at Saratoga) had been.

In 1851, at seventeen, James entered West Point, where he remained three years until his dismissal for deficiency in chemical science. He had been "black rooms" and "black-brown," or "major-general""). In one of the letters in our group (Searsdale, N. Y., April 3, 1854) Mrs. Whistler writes: "Jemima at West Point may not come to see me. Her last report of health

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

17 January 1962

Mr. Henry J. MacMillan, Editor
Lower Cape Fear Historical Society Bulletin
Wilmington, North Carolina

Dear Henry:

I was distressed and saddened to receive, only yesterday, a letter from Mrs. Louis T. Moore, telling me of our friend's death.

I notice in this morning's receipt in the mail where more than 60 letters of Anna Mathilda McNell Whistler's and an original etching of the great artist's were offered for sale by Goodspeed's, 18 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. I am sending the first part of the catalogue herewith thinking Whistler's friends might be able to get the necessary thousand dollars together for this remarkable collection. I'm writing to Goodspeed's and sending them your name just in case you'd like to be added to their mailing lists. I'd buy this collection and donate to the Lower Cape Fear Historical Society, Inc. if I could afford it. Do hope you can get someone there to help you in acquiring these. It would, indeed, be a fitting memorial to Mr. Moore, don't you think?

I'm enclosing, as a gift to the society, photostatic copies of a Thomas J. Jackson document signed, which I recently saw offered for sale at $300 by Goodspeed. I thought, even a photograph of the great Stonewall would be appreciated by the society which I helped organize.

With every good wish,

Ever sincerely,

Julien D. Martin

Editor's Note: Reproduced from "The Month at Goodspeeds," Jan-Feb., 1992, Vol. XXXIII, Nos. 4-5.
recorded a miraculous escape from death in his cavalry exercise." Perhaps this refers to the occasion when the Superintendent, Col. Robert E. Lee, seeing him slide over his horse's head, remarked, "I am pleased to see you for once at the head of your class."

In 1855 James went to Paris to study art, but he was living in London in 1863 when his mother made her way from the North down to Richmond, where Willie was a surgeon in the Confederate Army, and thence escaped to England in a blockade-runner. James, who had been living in London with his sister, Deborah, had recently quarreled with her husband, Seymour Haden, surgeon andetcher, and was temporarily domiciled, whereupon, write the Pennells, "it was decided that he and his mother should live together, and some of his most delightful years were those that followed." Our letters, several from their now famous Old Battersea Bridge addresses, reflect their family life in these years. In the spring of 1855 Dr. Willie Whistler was sent to England on Confederate government business. The Civil War ended a week after his arrival and he remained there, becoming a successful physician, and living in Wimpole Street. There is much about Willie in his mother's letters.

The sixty-odd letters of Mrs. Whistler are closely written in a small, neat hand and may total 50,000 words or more. They are 99 40/100% legible but the reading must be done slowly and there is so much of it that we can only skim these letters now, and we offer them with misgivings that we may have overlooked some fine nuggets. They are a mine of biography and, to the best of our knowledge, are unpublished except for some not entirely verbatim excerpts which were printed in the Atlantic Monthly of September, 1926, with the editorial note that the original letters had been "found in a house once owned by a friend of Mrs. Whistler."

"CORRECTION. Historians differ on the name of the father of Anna Matilda McNeill, who was a daughter of Dr. Daniel McNeill. The family line is on record in the office of the Clerk of Court in Bladen County, N. C. This was attested to by J. P. McNeill, great grandson of John McNeill a brother of Dr. Daniel. J. P. McNeill stated in 1920 that his great grandfather was a brother of Dr. Daniel McNeill who was educated in Scotland at the University of Edinburgh, and that "upon his return to America he located in Wilmington, N. C. where he practiced for many years." He also mentioned Anna Matilda McNeill, daughter of Dr. Daniel McNeill.

Court records show Dr. Daniel McNeill as a physician of Wilmington as early as 1788. He was a resident of Wilmington as late as Feb. 13, 1814 (St. James Parish Register record). The mother of Anna Matilda McNeill was Martha Kingsley, a second wife who was much younger than her husband. She was living with Anna Matilda McNeill Whistler in 1850 (Census record) and was listed as age 75 years. Quoting from the "Raleigh Register," January 9, 1829, "Died on the 8th ultimo, at the seat of his brother John McNeill, Esq., 'Oak Forest,' Bladen County, Doctor Daniel McNeill in the 72nd year of his age, a native of this State, late of Baltimore, and for many years a resident of Wilmington, N. C."

LOWER CAPE FEAR HISTORICAL SOCIETY
WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE
Continued from Page 1

The fine gay Caisson car for Confederate Uniforms has just arrived. Officers who have been waiting for them may secure their suits by calling soon at:
J. Hetsinger, No. 50 Market Street.

The New York Herald states that on January 1, the Confederate Army had 365 thousand men actually in arms. We know of twenty-three or twenty-four companies from this county alone. We doubt as one in one hundred has fired a gun in anger!

Inducement Held Out! We find the following strong inducement to recruit in a late Boston Paper in the form of an advertisement: Virginia oysters are more palatable when eaten on the 'sacred soil.' This can be done by enlisting in the Federal Army. Apply at the General Recruiting Station, 14 Pitts Street.

"THE SPIRIT OF OUR PEOPLE!"

Elizabeth City is in ashes, burned by her own people rather than permit the Yankees to have it. That is the spirit of North Carolinians! Shall they not be sustained, and re-inbursed out of the property of those who, making fortunes in our midst, ran away from us in the hour of danger.

"FASTING, HUMILIATION AND PRAYER!"
Commissioners Office
Wilmington, North Carolina
February 19, 1862

The city authories of our sister cities of Charleston, Augusta, and Columbia, having set Friday, the 21st instant, to be observed as a day of Fasting, Humility, and Prayer, and requested us to unite with them, it is earnestly recommended that that day be observed here by general suspension of business, and by such religious services as may be deemed proper.

It is right and becoming in this hour of our country's peril, when our rights and liberties are in danger, that we should humble ourselves before the God of Battles, and invoke his blessing upon our cause.

John Davison, Mayor

These advertisements, announcements, and editorials have proved to be very interesting to me, and I also wanted to share them with you. I sincerely hope you enjoyed reading what the citizens of Wilmington were also reading a century ago.

R. Jack Davis
President

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