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JOURNAL OF THE NEW BERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The JOURNAL OF THE NEW BERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY is a semiannual publication of the New Bern Historical Society, a nonprofit organization dedicated to the preservation of the rich heritage of New Bern. Articles, letters, photographs, and memorabilia relevant to the history of New Bern and Craven County may be submitted to the editor for review. (Post Office Box 119, New Bern, North Carolina 28563)

MEMORIES OF CEDRIC BOYD
HIS ROLE IN THE BEAUTIFICATION OF NEW BERN

Mary Rackley

On Saturday April 9 I had the pleasure of taking the New Bern Spring Historic Homes & Gardens Tour with some of my family. It could not have been a more beautiful day. The flowers were in full bloom, and the restoration of the homes was an education in itself, each house proudly exhibiting its own unique architecture.

As I walked along the streets of New Bern and around the waterfront, my mind began to flood with memories like a levee that had just broken: "New Bern on the Go", "Help Keep Our City Green and Clean", "A City Moving Ahead", "Beautify New Bern and Kick-off Spring Clean-up, Paint-up, Fix-up Campaign", "New Bern Gets Top Award for Beautification", "New Bern Wins National Trophy".

My mind is filled with memories of the citizens of New Bern and the many civic committees working together. And there was one man who was always a committee member if not the chairman. He was known locally as "a one-man bandleader for beautification" and "a force behind awards".

I suppose it all started around 1959 when Public Works Director Cedric M. Boyd and the New Bern Garden Club teamed up to promote the planting of trees and flowers. "That led to community involvement and cooperation of the people," stated Cedric Boyd. He always gave credit to those who helped. "It's not just what we have done but what the community has [done] and is doing," he said. In 1959 New Bern was awarded third prize in its population category in the National Cleanest Town contest conducted by the National Clean-up, Paint-up, Fix-up

Bureau.

Cedric Boyd was a driving force who developed a sense of community pride among the people of New Bern. In accepting the trophy for New Bern Boyd stated

> While we have a long way to go yet, this award shows that we have started and are making progress. We want to thank every individual and group for their cooperation and fine progress made in order that our city may be recognized on a national level. I covet your continued cooperation in keeping up what we have started and in making further progress in order that New Bern may become a healthier and more beautiful city.
>
> We shall not be satisfied until our city receives the first place award, and I am sure every citizen of New Bern feels the same way. Let's not stop our work because of this award, but let it be a stepping stone to finer, better and bigger things.

Cedric M. Boyd died 20 years ago. The date was May 17, 1974.

> His Work Will Live Forever. . . . Constantly striving to improve the welfare of the citizens, Cedric Boyd was an example of all things a good public servant should be . . .

stated that day's edition of THE SUN JOURNAL.

Only 57 years old when he died, Cedric Boyd is remembered as a towering giant of a man (6' 6" tall), with a friendly smile, sense of humor and an ever present cigar as his trademark. He was full of energy and ideas, and he always had a funny story to tell.

A native of Craven County, he was educated in the Bridgeton schools and entered private business prior to joining the city of New Bern in 1954 as building inspector. When Cedric Boyd started working with the city as Public Works Director, the

parks budget was a modest $300 account earmarked for shrubs, however the money had never been used. By the 1970s that amount had increased to about $20,000, but the city received much more in total value through donations and work performed by the Woman's Club and other civic groups.

Many small lots were left vacant when U. S. Highway 17 and other new roads were cut through town. Cedric Boyd arranged for city ownership of these parcels of land and developed them into neighborhood parks and places of beauty. Some 200 flowerpots were designed by Boyd, built by the Department of Public Works, and placed throughout the city.

Cedric M. Boyd Park located at the New Bern approach to the Cunningham Bridge over the Trent River was completed in 1967. It was formerly known as Union Point Park. Boyd chose the modern design for the concrete structure housing restrooms, the marble floors coming from the old courthouse. Boyd added launching ramps and docking spaces, and his staff built them under his supervision. The marina and park used and appreciated by area residents have won both state and national awards.

The city of New Bern has received national and state awards for beautification programs under Cedric Boyd's direction. He was invited on many occasions to speak on the topic of beautification and did so all across North Carolina.

Cedric Boyd was Director of the New Bern Public Works Department for 20 years and secretary of the New Bern Planning Commission. To better train his workforce of approximately 60 men, Boyd conducted night classes, including reading, writing, driver training, and work projects.

Boyd served on the Board of Directors of the New Bern-Craven County Chamber of Commerce and the New Bern-Craven County American Revolution Bicentennial Commission. He was a member of the New Bern Historical Society, honorary member of the New Bern Garden Club, president of the Lions Club, and president of the New Bern Civitan Club,

which named him Civitan of the Year and Citizen of the Year. He was chairman and director of Farm Festival Week, an event promoting better understanding between residents of the city and county. He was also affiliated with St. John's Lodge, A. F. & A. M., New Bern York Rite Bodies, and the Sudan Temple.

Boyd served on the Board of Directors of Keep North Carolina Beautiful, Inc., and was president of the North Carolina State Builders Association, the only president of the organization to be elected for two terms. At the peak of his career he was named Tar Heel of the Week by THE NEWS & OBSERVER (Raleigh).

When the American Public Works Association named Cedric Boyd one of the 10 top administrators in 1970, the news release read:

> We feel that the entire city of New Bern shares in this award and that it is a direct reflection on the efficiency and high caliber of public service rendered by the Department of Public Works.

The New Bern-Craven County Chamber of Commerce cited Cedric Boyd in a resolution, saying

> His personal efforts and untiring work over the years have greatly contributed to the growth and attractiveness of the community, which has won for seven years consecutive the National Cleanest City Award.

As Cedric Boyd and I sat on the bank of the Neuse River one lazy summer afternoon, he told me that his greatest achievement was learning how to get along with and work with people. He could not have achieved what he had without the help of others. "I believe in God, my family, and my community," he said.

When he took time away from the hustle of municipal government, he went boating or fishing on the Neuse and Trent rivers or the coastal waters. He

CEDRIC MCCOY BOYD (1916-1974)
Photo by Wray.

enjoyed traveling and camping out. Often while on vacation he would make a side trip to visit another city and check out its urban renewal or waterfront developments.

Boyd thrived on public speaking and averaged a speech every other week. He always talked about New Bern, illustrating his remarks with some of the slides he had taken. Photography had always been one of his hobbies.

By now the reader must be wondering how I know so much about Cedric McCoy Boyd. He was my father, and I am extremely proud of his many accomplishments. He contributed a great deal to your community during his tenure as Director of Public Works. New Bernians today should also be proud of the work of Cedric Boyd.

Two or three years before he died, my father made these statements:

> We have good public relations; we started with not too much interest, but it has grown. Now all seem to appreciate what we have been able to do as a community.
>
> The parks department also does school landscaping, and vandalism is something we don't have much of now. Years ago we did, but we started making talks in the schools and got them [students] to understand that it's their city.
>
> Civic pride is one of the greatest things that has come out of this [beautification program] in New Bern. Sure, we have our problems, but who doesn't?
>
> There is always something new, a challenge, always a backlog, new things that need to be done. I don't consider myself a nervous individual, but if I'm not doing anything, I'm miserable.
>
> BUT YOU MUST REMEMBER ONE THING: IT'S NOT WHAT ONE PERSON DID, BUT WHAT THE

COMMUNITY HAS DONE.

If my father Cedric Boyd had taken the New Bern Spring Historic Homes & Gardens Tour with me this year, he would have said: "Well done my fellow New Bernians! You've done real good these last 20 years."

ROBERT E. LEE CALLS THE SHOT "TAKE NEW BERN"--1864

Fred Sloatman

It wasn't Southern hospitality that kept Federal troops in New Bern, North Carolina, from March 14, 1862, until the end of the war. Union forces dominated Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds and the tributary rivers flowing into them. They held Fort Macon and the railroad from Morehead City to New Bern. Marauding troops combed the countryside in search of food and horses. Supplies were scarce, and hardship prevailed among the local populace. They prayed for the war to end and for the Yankees to go home.

Johnny Reb did not ignore the unwelcome visitors. Troop strengths and maneuvers were under constant surveillance, and the Confederate command waited for the moment to strike back. It arrived in January 1864.

On the second day of the month General Robert E. Lee gazed out the window of his winter headquarters, deep in thought. He sat down at his desk, picked up a pen, and addressed a letter to Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America. The subject was New Bern, its defenses and vulnerability. He pointed out that troops, so long unmolested, become lax. He envisioned a raiding party coming down the Neuse River under the veil of darkness, capturing the gunboats in the rivers and turning their guns on the defenders. Meanwhile a force from the west would storm the land defenses and capture the city.

Davis agreed wholeheartedly to the plan and offered the command to Lee. Unfortunately for the South, Lee declined because he was busy preparing

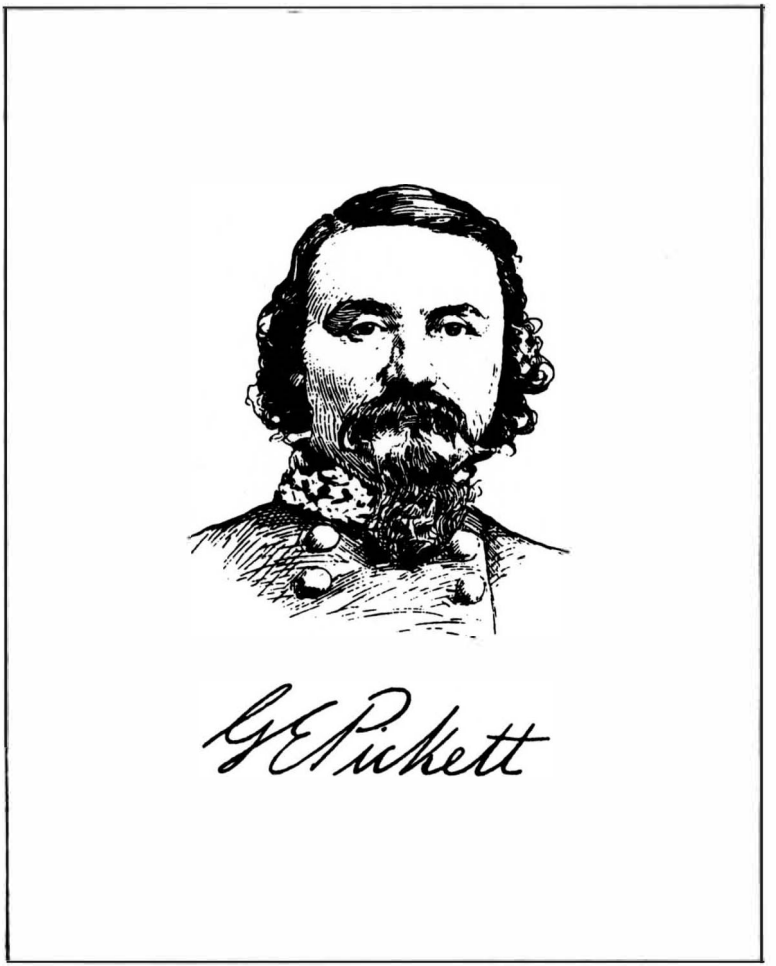
for his spring campaign. The task was assigned to Major General George E. Pickett, and preparations began immediately.

To explain this campaign, I must briefly point out defense lines, troop strengths and some of the maneuvers. I spare the reader lengthy lists of the participating outfits and their commanders. I have found three personalities whose presence greatly affected this historic event: a courageous naval commander, a tenacious first lieutenant, and an overcautious general. These men will be discussed in detail. There were many others, of course, brave men on both sides fighting for their cause and their lives.

One hundred thirty years ago New Bern, the city located at the confluence of two rivers, could best be described as a triangle. The broad and deep waters of the Neuse River to the north and the Trent River to the south formed natural defense barriers. Today, just beyond Pollock Street, where Trent Boulevard begins, you come to a park with swings, slides, and a ball field. Here is where the star-shaped Fort Totten stood with its heavy artillery. This was the end of the city limits and the main fortress of defense. To the north stood Fort Stevenson, and to the south were redoubts at the Trent, all manned with artillery. Earthworks connected these fortifications defended by infantrymen, all under the command of General Innis N. Palmer. The Union Force had two years to perfect its posture and did it well. This is important to fully appreciate the odds faced by the invading army.

The security of the defenders was bolstered by forts on the opposite sides of the rivers: Fort Anderson, almost opposite Fort Stevenson, and Fort Gaston on the south side of the Trent. Gunboats were also on hand to repel invaders and support the land batteries. Lastly, reinforcements from Beaufort and Morehead City could be rushed to New Bern by rail if needed.

When the Union Force invaded two years before with 11,000 troops, the Confederate troops barely



MAJ. GEN. GEORGE EDWARD PICKETT (1825-1875)
Photo from Appleton.

numbered 4,000. Now the table was turned. Pickett's force, all told, numbered close to 15,000 men. Palmer, in a frantic call for reinforcements, revealed his troop strength to be but 3,500. He did, however, arm "a respectful force of Negroes". On about the fourth day of the siege, 800 reinforcements arrived. Numbers, however, do not tell the story. The Union Force had superior armaments and better lines of communication with its outposts. The Signal Corps used both visual and telegraph service. Pickett had to rely heavily on couriers, which sometimes did not come through.

Commander John Taylor Wood, the Confederate officer chosen to lead the raiding party down the Neuse River, was the son of Robert Wood, a Union general and Jefferson Davis's chief military aide as well as his nephew. Lastly, he was the grandson of Zachary Taylor, "Old Rough and Ready" and former President of the United States. One might say John Taylor Wood was tailor-made for the job. He had already achieved hero status, having captured seven enemy vessels in commando raids. For this operation he was assigned 250 courageous men armed only with cutlasses, rifles, and revolvers. His flotilla consisted of 12 cutters and two large launches. The latter, each armed with twelve-pound bow howitzers, were to oppose any gunboats which might interfere and were also to provide a rear guard for the raiders.

Wood and his forces arrived at Kinston by rail on January 31 and immediately launched their boats in the Neuse River. The cutters for this expedition would be propelled by oarsmen and lead the party down the narrow, winding stream--a long and arduous trek. The men kept silent, always on the alert for sentries along the way. At 3:30 a. m. the river broadened, and Wood sighted the glow from lights at New Bern. At the same time he heard heavy fire in the distance. The day was February 1, and the battle to repossess New Bern had begun.

The cutters were formed into two columns and proceeded side by side downstream to seek out the enemy boats. They combed the dark and foggy river,

coming so close to the city they could hear the sentries on shore. No sight of enemy craft was to be found. Wood returned upstream to rest and take nourishment.

Meanwhile New Bern's besieged Commander Palmer ordered the three gunboats which were nearby to come to his defense. The largest ship was the UNDERWRITER, a 186-foot side-wheel steamer, manned with a crew of 84 men and mounted with four heavy guns. It moved up the Neuse and moored about 500 yards below Fort Stevenson. Its presence was discovered that evening by Wood who was scouting the river.

At 2:30 a. m. on February 2, two columns of raider boats neared their target. Aboard the UNDERWRITER an alarm was sounded, "boat ahoy!" The men pulled hard on their oars as the crew above scurried to the deck. Grapnels were thrown over the rails, and the raiders climbed aboard. The fierce battle which followed was bloody and decisive. The crewmen not killed were taken prisoner. The prize belonged to Wood's men. Unfortunately an enemy shell penetrated the wheelhouse and burst amid the machinery, rendering the ship useless. It was torched and abandoned. At 5:00 a. m. flames reached her magazine, and a tremendous explosion lit the early morning sky. The mighty warship settled to the bottom of the river. Wood retreated upriver with his men and captives, buried his dead, and then reported to General Pickett.

The Federal forces kept permanent picket lines eight to nine miles beyond the city limits. They dug earthworks, built blockhouses, and set up campsites at strategic locations.

This February I drove west out of the city on Route 55 to visit the site of one important outpost. In the vicinity of Clarks I passed Saunder's Lane on my left, and a quarter of a mile beyond I came to a bridge spanning Batchelder's Creek. On the far side was a historical marker telling of the Confederate Army's attack on February 1, 1864, led by George Pickett. I stood on the bridge and looked over the

marshy waters beyond. Stagnant pools covered with a green slime were far from inviting. I wondered what this site looked like on that dreary day 130 years ago.

First Lieutenant Abram P. Haring of the 132 New York Regiment was assigned to permanent outpost duty. He was in command of a detachment of 11 men stationed at this crossing the night Johnny Reb paid his visit.

Haring and his men were aware of the dangers they faced so far from the city fortress. They took precautions to protect themselves from surprise attack. The wood bridge they guarded had four-by-four planking. At nightfall the men would return to the reserve position on the New Bern side of the creek after taking up half of the bridge planks. The planks were stacked atop each other to form another breastwork. On both sides of the road were earthworks 50 feet long. To the right of the road was a blockhouse which also served as the lieutenant's headquarters. Haring was here when he heard the first shot. Nothing unusual, he thought. Soon he heard others and ordered his men to take cover. In a few moments he heard the enemy shuffling down the road. As they stepped on the other end of the bridge, he challenged them. Their officer gave the order, "Charge!"

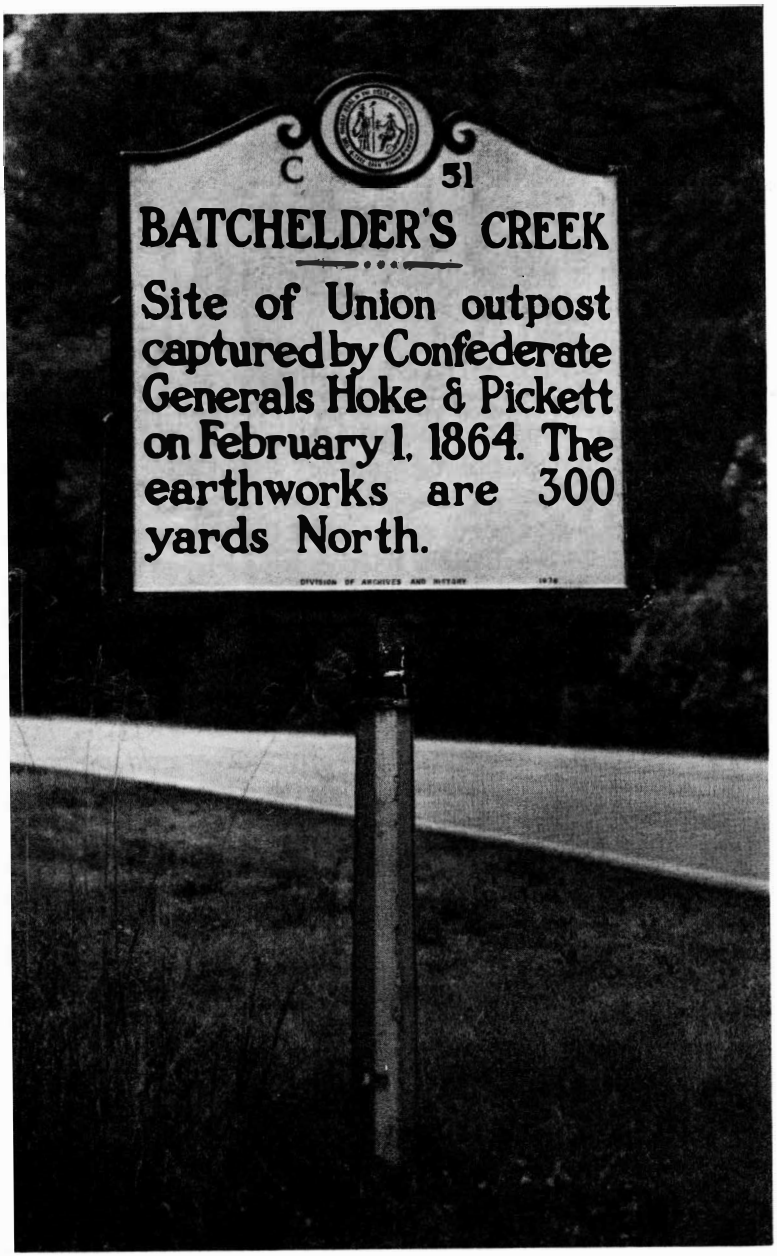
Haring ordered his men, numbers 1 through 5, "Ready-aim-fire." The forces were but 20 feet apart. The Rebs fell back but reappeared under confusion. The lieutenant continued to order his men to fire in a rotating order. The attackers again fell back, this time calling for artillery. In short time two pieces of artillery took position, and a shot was fired. His men could feel movement of the air as the shot passed over their heads, and Haring divided them into two groups, one on each side of the road. For an hour they stood their position, hooting and heckling the enemy. The officer of the day arrived to announce reinforcements were on their way.

When the cannons were silent, Haring feared a rear attack. He purposely darted about making

noises to draw enemy fire. This was a brave deed in itself. Two hours later he was reinforced with 150 men. After sunrise Rebel sharpshooters had their position so covered it was difficult to move about. After seven hours the invaders moved upstream, felled trees, crossed the stream, and advanced in single file to Haring's right flank position. In a gallant move the lieutenant sprang up, gave a command, and led his men to safety. Little did he know he had been opposing Pickett's main assault force numbering thousands. The Confederate force moved down the Washington Road, capturing artillery and men. Most of the Yankees were able to retreat in an orderly manner back to the city's defenses. Haring would later receive the Medal of Honor for his gallant stand.

Pickett's attack plan was complex, not allowing for delay and failure. A command on the north side of the Neuse was to have captured two Federal forts and blocked reinforcements from the north. A second force approaching New Bern from the south side of the Trent River was to have severed rail and telegraph connections with Morehead City, attacked fortifications on the south side of the Trent, and then crossed over the railroad bridge. Both commanders reported enemy positions were impregnable and failed to assault them. I am greatly puzzled. Was it cowardice, or was the sacrifice not worth it? General Barton led the southern approach, commanding 5,000 men including 600 cavalry and 14 artillery pieces. Why did he falter?

Seth Barton, a West Point graduate, spent a dozen years in the United States Army. In July 1861 he resigned to join the Confederate cause. He served under eight commands before joining Pickett at New Bern. He had been captured at Vicksburg and exchanged in July 1863. That was one good reason to be cautious. When he was given this new assignment, he made his own intelligence check. The information he was given later proved to be false. When he departed from Kinston, he moved with such secrecy even his own officers were oblivious to their



MARKER IDENTIFIES CIVIL WAR SITE. Photo by Conway.

objective.

The day after I visited the Batchelder's Creek battle site I drove out Madam Moore's Lane on the south side of the Trent. I crossed over a high bridge that spans Brice's Creek, took a left turn at a gas station, and proceeded for a short distance to observe the wide, deep and twisting stream. I could imagine Seth Barton's frustration, marooned on the west side of this stream without a bridge to cross over. Then I recalled that Barton had served as Stonewall Jackson's engineer. Surely he had the know-how to build bridges. But did he want to? Why he didn't attempt to cross the stream and storm the batteries became a haunting question.

For three long days Pickett's main force faced the New Bern line. Some had advanced as close as a half mile but were repulsed by the big guns. When a communique was received from Barton announcing his refusal to take the fortifications, Pickett ordered Barton to join him in a grand frontal assault. Later Pickett changed his mind and ordered his troops back to Kinston.

The attack was over, but not all had failed. Men and guns were captured, and the UNDERWRITER lay at the bottom of the river. The diversion attack which General Lee had set up with General Whiting in Wilmington had been a huge success. The Union barracks at Newport had been taken, rail lines had been disrupted, and material was captured. Within a few days Union communications were back to normal.

In May Seth Barton was again leading troops in a battle at Drewry's Bluff and failed to execute an order from his superior. He was relieved of his command, but was later recalled to active duty. In 1865 he was once more taken prisoner. Fortunately the war was soon to end, and the weary general would return home.

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THE "SNAKE-EYE" WINDOW

Melissa Anne Robbins

Editor's note: Melissa Anne Robbins is a fifth grade student at Trent Park School and the daughter of Jeanne and Mark Robbins.

Oh, this old window
And what it must have seen
As it looked over the city
So quiet and serene.

What this window has seen,
It can never tell.
But it can tell you one thing,
The view was always swell.

It has seen New Bern's history
Right before its eye.
It has watched as New Bern grew older,
Seen horse and carriage go by.

In 1915 New Bern opened a streetcar line.
The clickety-clack,
All along the track,
Now that was really fine.

It watched as four men
Drove a Model "T",
Across the Neuse River on ice--
Whee!

It looked on with horror as
The Great Fire made its rounds,
While flames shot up
From the north side of town.

In the 30s the streets
Were paved with oyster shells, not gold.
It may have made for a bumpy ride,
If it was, no one told.

The great Yankee slugger,
Babe Ruth, came to town.
Off he went a-hunting,
He was followed all around.

In 1941 problems got out of hand,
And so, on December 7
Our involvement
In World War II began.

Barbour Boat Works
Supplied the Navy with new boat parts,
And kept all reminded
Of New Bern's great, big heart.

"Ladies" Connie, Diane, and Ione,
Visited one right after the other,
Each would leave one house,
Then demolish another.

Mrs. Kellenberger's dreams of Tryon Palace
Seemed like something out of the blue.
When finally it stood on its original grounds,
She proved that dreams really do come true.

Presidents Truman and Roosevelt
In New Bern did tarry,
They were treated like kings,
And with friends, they made merry.

In the 1960s
There were shouts of happiness and mirth,
As New Bern celebrated
250 years after its birth.

The Gaston "Ghastly" Hotel
Burned in 1965.

"SNAKE-EYE" WINDOW ON WILLIAM B. BLADES HOUSE SEES EVERYTHING. Photo by Conway.

If there were any left inside,
They were lucky to get out alive.

In the 70s again,
There were parades and celebrations,
For the Bicentennial year
Of our grand, old nation.

Leander Morgan about this time
Won the mayoral election--hands down!
For the city of New Bern,
He became the first black mayor of town.

Craven County's education
And New Bern's city schools
In the 80s became one system,
Had new ideas and new rules.

During Operation Desert Storm,
Flags flying high and ribbons of gold
Lined the streets,
Gave us hope and made us bold.

Not too very long ago
A garden's original plans were found,
Which caused gardeners to cry, "Oh, no!
They're for Tryon Palace's grounds!"

Oh, these memories with gladness,
The "Snake-Eye" window stores,
And even now, as I speak today,
It has room for many a more.

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WILLIAM TRYON, AN ADVOCATE OF DESOLATION WARFARE?

Thomas J. Farnham

Editor's note: Thomas Farnham is the author of FAIRFIELD: THE BIOGRAPHY OF A CONNECTICUT TOWN, published in 1988.

Anyone interested in the history of New Bern, Craven County, or North Carolina had to have welcomed Paul David Nelson's biography of William Tryon entitled WILLIAM TRYON AND THE COURSE OF EMPIRE: A LIFE IN BRITISH IMPERIAL SERVICE when it first appeared in 1990. Although other volumes have examined particular aspects of the governor's career, Nelson's is the first book to scrutinize his overall role in British America.

Tryon's anonymous eulogist, a fellow Englishman, predicted in 1788, the year the governor died, that "the name Tryon [will be] revered across the Atlantic while virtue and sensibility remain". Unfortunately, although at least a modicum of virtue and sensibility seems to have survived in this part of the world, Tryon's name is not so remembered in America. In fact, since 1779 most Americans who have bothered to give any thought to the meaning of his tenure in the western hemisphere have considered him more a villain than a hero and regarded his conduct during the last year he participated in the American Revolution as proof itself for America's departure from the British Empire. That he should be so harshly judged is particularly unfortunate, because during the years prior to the outbreak of hostilities between the colonies and the mother country Tryon served both the colonies of North Carolina and New York well and later stood as one of America's staunchest

authenticated accounts under oath as may be of the barbarities and cruelties occasioned and executed by the enemy in their late incursions and ravages in said town". Diligent as he was, Burr discovered that Tryon's men, with the exception of the jaegers, behaved themselves well enough to suggest they had never heard of Tryon's policy of desolation warfare.

Tryon's force reached Norwalk on July 10 and caused more or less as much havoc there as it had at Fairfield. Eighty houses, two churches, 87 barns, 17 shops, and four mills burned that day in Norwalk. Some of these buildings had served as hiding places for snipers; they were automatically torched. In Norwalk as in Fairfield many of the buildings which burned were structures for which Tryon had issued protections. Edmund Fanning's[1] loyalist troops paid little attention to these protections and burned as they saw fit. Also a brisk wind in Norwalk accounted for the loss of many buildings. As Tryon himself explained, "it is very difficult, where the houses are close and of very combustible materials (of boards and shingles), to prevent the spreading of the flames". Clearly the wind cannot exonerate Tryon, but equally apparent from an examination of the raids in both Fairfield and Norwalk is the fact that Tryon was probably more inept than evil.[2] In Fairfield he failed to provide for the safe return of his men to their ships, chose the wrong troops to cover his retreat, and consequently ended up responsible for more damage than he had planned to inflict. In Norwalk he neglected to anticipate how easily the fires his men started could spread.

What Tryon sought to do in each of these raids was to walk a very narrow line; he hoped to prove to Americans that Washington and other revolutionary leaders were incapable of protecting them but at the same time to make his point without alienating the local population. It was folly, he intended to demonstrate, for Americans to place their safety in the hands of such miscreants. His was not a general campaign of terror, of wholesale, wanton devastation, and he was no precursor to William Tecumseh

Sherman, a general avowedly committed to destroying his opponent's resources. Contrary to Nelson's assertions, Tryon still retained his faith in the loyalty of large numbers of Americans, still believed that if they could only see the truth of their situation they would return to the fold.

Tryon described his motivations carefully in the report he submitted to General Clinton on July 20 at the conclusion of the raids. He asserted that the American people followed their revolutionary leaders for two reasons: first, because they feared "their [leaders'] tyranny", and second, because the radicals in charge had been able "to inspire a credulous multitude with a presumptuous confidence in our forbearance". He then explained why he took the harsh measures he did during the raids: "I wish to detect [i. e., unmask] this delusion and, if possible, without injury to loyalists". He saw no great harm to the general population, he argued, "from the irritation of a few in the rebellion, if a general terror and despondency can be awakened among a people already divided . . . and easily impressible". Tryon remained vastly less interested in desolating the American landscape than in ending the thralldom under which Americans had, from his perspective, too long been suffering. If Americans understood that their leaders were--again speaking from his point of view--as inept as they were corrupt and realized that British forbearance resulted more from a spirit of kinship than from a lack of resolve to achieve victory, the people of the 13 colonies might yet come to their senses.

Ultimately Tryon hoped to win the American people away from the false god of independence and back to the embracing arms of George III. But his tactics, instead of winning the hearts and minds of the colonists, played right into the hands of those rebels whose task it was to keep Americans focused on independence. Samuel Bostwick, as an example, wrote a whole pamphlet to prove that Tryon was a deranged murderer. Yale College President Ezra Stiles asserted that Tryon's "barbarity was savage and cruel, if not without a parallel, yet to a degree

of the highest and most brutal rigor of war". David Humphreys, aide-de-camp to Washington, used his poetic skills to reach a similar conclusion:

> Tryon, behold thy sanguine flames aspire,
> Clouds ting'd with dyes intolerably bright;
> Behold, well pleased, the village wrapt in fire,
> Let one wide ruin glut thy ravish'd sight!
> E'er fades the grateful scene, indulge thine eye,
> See age and sickness, tremulously slow,
> Creep from the flames--see babes in torture die,
> And mothers swoon in agonies of woe.

If these men had planned Tryon's raids themselves, they could not have concocted a scenario that better served their purposes, just enough damage inflicted to enrage even the most lukewarm patriot but certainly not enough to alter in any way the military balance. For General Tryon to have thought he could create sufficient chaos to frighten Americans but not enough to infuriate them made about as much sense as his believing the notorious jaegers would behave themselves if left alone to bring up the rear in Fairfield.

The July 1779 raids marked the end of Tryon's career as a field commander in the American Revolution. By the late summer of 1780 he was aboard ship, headed back to England, while American propagandists continued their efforts to etch in stone his reputation as an apostle of desolation warfare, a conclusion that Paul David Nelson seems too eager to accept.

NOTES

[1]Readers will recall Edmund Fanning as North Carolina Assemblyman from Orange County who in 1766 introduced a bill "for erecting a Convenient building within the Town of Newbern for the resi-

dence of the Governor". During the revolution he commanded a loyalist unit known as the King's American Regiment.

[2]A careful look at all three raids must lead one to conclude that nearly everything that could go wrong did go wrong. The militia in New Haven prevented General Garth's troops from rendezvousing with Tryon's men and consequently forced the raiders to remain in New Haven an entire day longer than they had planned. In Fairfield Tryon was unable to overwhelm the fort which protected the town harbor, and the general and his men never even attacked New London, the expedition's principal target.

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Dr. Nelson, Professor of History at Berea College, Berea, Kentucky, is a recognized specialist on American Revolutionary and Hispanic American history. He is the author of numerous books and articles on history topics.

OLD BRUNO

Mary Rackley

Editor's note: Mary Rackley, daughter of the late Mary and Cedric Boyd of New Bern, is now employed with the Department of Defense and lives in Columbia, Maryland.

"Seventy-six trombones led the big parade,
With a hundred and ten cornets close at hand."
WHAT IN THE WORLD IS THAT? My eyes got as big as silver dollars, my jaw dropped, and my mouth got wider and wider. It's a bear! It's a BIG BLACK BEAR.

There on that hot summer day in August 1957 stood a big black bear on the flatbed of a truck in the middle of a parade. Accompanying the bear on the float were three or four beauty queens in their strapless taffeta gowns with fitted bodices and full bouffant skirts.

The New Bern City Council appointed my father Cedric M. Boyd, Director of Public Works, and Mrs. A. D. Hickman, Secretary to the City Manager, as co-chairmen for New Bern's participation in the parade celebrating the 100th anniversary of the founding of Morehead City. After some discussion the committee decided to enter a float representative of the city of New Bern. All citizens of New Bern knew the bear as the emblem of their city, so Daddy chose to make a big black bear to ride prominently on the float.

First, Daddy drew the outline of the bear on a large sheet of plywood; then he and Mr. Heber Coward, an employee of the Public Works Department, constructed a framework of the plywood and steel rods the appropriate size to support a bear.

The framework was covered with wire mesh and the process finally completed when cement was spread over the frame to form the surface. Construction of the bear weighing approximately 700 pounds took place at the Public Works lot on First Street on a Saturday and Sunday.

The float, built on one of the trucks at the Department of Public Works, was 53 feet long. It was decorated with the bear being the main attraction by Mrs. Hickman and Daddy, with help from other Public Works employees.

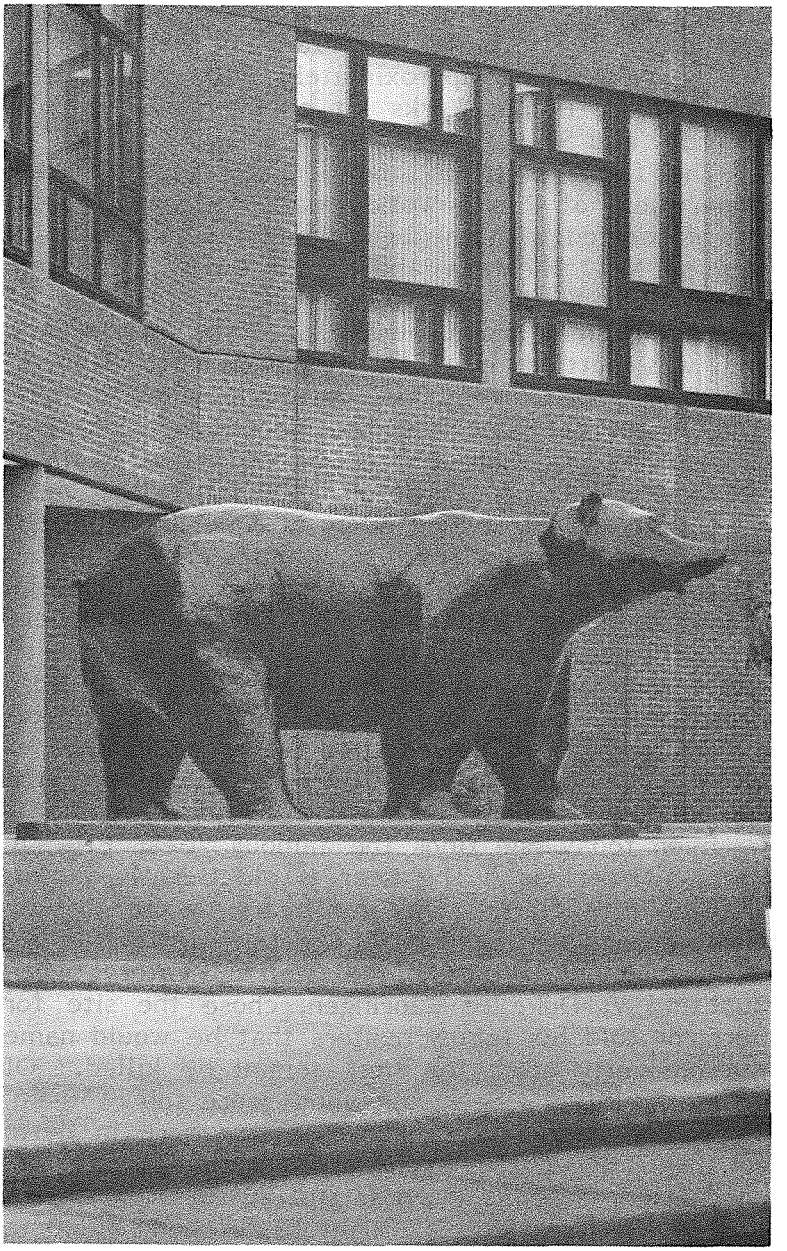
New Bern is the namesake of Bern, Switzerland, and was settled in 1710 by Swiss and German colonists seeking religious, political, and industrial freedom in the New World. Baron Christopher de Graffenried was their leader. Second oldest town in North Carolina, New Bern is one of the most important and interesting cities in America from the standpoint of history and historic sites.

After New Bern had adopted the armorial bearings of Bern, Switzerland, in 1896 the Burghesses of Bern presented to our city a banner of Bern which was framed and hung in the City Hall. The word "Bern" means bear. Two copper black bears, symbols of the town, were placed over the arched entrances of the City Hall and a third over the entrance to the central fire station.

Even today one finds the famous "Bear Pits" in Bern, Switzerland. The bear is old Bern's mascot, and the city places some fat bears in the pits to clown around for the tourists and townsfolk.

Legend has it that in the twelfth century, when Buchtold V, Duke of Zähringen, chose the site for Bern, he told his fellow hunters that he would name the new city after the first animal he killed. Of course he killed a bear; the woods were full of them. Today the bear image appears everywhere in Bern: on flags, the city coat of arms, buildings, statues, chocolates, umbrellas, and as stuffed toys.

Just think--what if Buchtold V had killed a rabbit--"New Rabbit, North Carolina"--or if he had killed a fox--"New Foxy, North Carolina". Oh! We



OLD BRUNO LOOKS ACROSS PATIO. Photo by Conway.

do not even want to think of that. I am glad those woods were full of bears!

On August 7, 1957, when that big black 700-pound bear made its debut in the 100th anniversary parade in Morehead City, it made New Bern proud. Entered in both the water parade and land parade competitions, the float not only won second place for originality, but also third place for its beauty.

When it returned to New Bern, no one knew what to do with that big black bear. The City Council decided to give the bear to New Bern High School, for Bruno had made a hit with the teenagers in 1957 as he still does today. It was only fitting that the bear (one of a kind) be a permanent fixture at New Bern High School. The bear was moved to the present New Bern High School when it was completed in 1991 and placed on the patio to the right of the entrance.

That is how OLD BRUNO became our mascot.

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BOOK REVIEW

CAROLINA CAVALIER: THE LIFE AND MIND OF JAMES JOHNSON PETTIGREW, by Clyde N. Wilson. (Athens, Georgia: University of Georgia Press, 1990. Illustrations, chapter notes, index, and sources. 296 pp. $22.95.)

An image of the antebellum southern gentleman comes easily to mind. He wears a long dark-colored coat over a bright waistcoat; at his neck is a ribbon tie, and on his head a wide-brimmed hat. He gallops a fine black stallion to the porch of the grand plantation house, dismounts, and with a flourish of his hat greets the dark-eyed young lady standing demurely under a frilly umbrella. Their ensuing discussion is earnest and heartfelt, but conducted with charm and extreme courtesy under the watchful eye of a spinster aunt. Clark Gable did it well.

There was a great deal more substance to at least one Carolina "Cavalier", James Johnson Pettigrew, than the scene above might indicate, and that is in large part presented in CAROLINA CAVALIER. This small volume reveals intriguing details on the shortened life of a romantic southern gentleman. The opportunity to look beyond the surface of those who lived, and died in many cases, for the Southern cause is seldom available to us. Military accomplishments in the Civil War are somewhat of a postscript to the social and cultural aspects of this singular man.

Born July 4, 1828, at Bonarva, Tyrrell County, North Carolina, to Ebenezer, a successful planter, and Ann, a native of New Bern, the youngster had every opportunity to live a full and rewarding life. Ann's death in pregnancy in 1830 devastated the family, and the young children were sent to live with

their mother's Shepard and Bryan relatives. Wealthy and well educated, these New Bern residents could well afford to look after four additional children. A little later the lad Johnson acquired a patron, a wealthy Tyrrell planter who provided supplemental monies if any were needed.

From his earliest years, Johnson (as he was usually called) consorted with friends and family of accomplishment and distinction. Visits with his father at Bonarva were short and infrequent. From the age of eight he attended Bingham Academy in Hillsborough, North Carolina's most distinguished school. In 1843 he entered the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill and achieved a perfect academic record. On graduation in 1847, aged only 19, he was appointed Professor at the Naval Observatory, Baltimore. In 1849, tiring of routine, he moved to Charleston, South Carolina, to be with his father's Petigru relatives who used the original French spelling of their name. Deciding to take up law, his uncle James Louis Petigru's vocation, he left for Europe to study in Berlin, Germany. Receiving his degree in law in 1852, he traveled extensively and became greatly impressed by the artistic and cultural life of Western Europe, particularly the Latin countries. The people, primarily the ladies of Italy and Spain, proved extremely attractive to him, and he wrote of their charms frequently. Returning to Charleston in 1853, he became junior partner to his uncle and entered into the social, cultural, and political life of that great city.

Talk of independence and secession was rife in South Carolina during the 1850s, and Johnson regarded this development with a wary eye. He believed that the state could achieve its proper destiny within the Union. Despite his beliefs, however, he joined the South Carolina Militia in case his ideas were incorrect. Military organizations had the added feature of establishing important social connections.

Active and ambitious, Johnson entered the state legislature for a one-year term in 1856. With the rapid expansion of the state's agricultural economy

many planters and politicians, in particular the governor, advocated a return to the slave importation trade which had long since been abandoned. Slave labor was still an important contributor to the economy, but no new slaves had been brought from Africa for several years.

Pettigrew held strong convictions against this nefarious practice, convinced that the existing labor force, if used efficiently, would render new slave importations unnecessary. He also made strong arguments against the inhuman procedures carried out by ship captains and crews who in the main were New Englanders. Johnson Pettigrew had little time for those north of the Mason-Dixon line. His report against resumption of the slave trade to the South Carolina legislature was a landmark presentation, and support for the governor's proposal to reopen the practice was slowly eroded. Having exhausted himself by overexertion in the social life, militia training, law practice, and legislative duties, he did not stand for reelection. War clouds loomed on the horizon, and he devoted more time to the militia. Secession seemed inevitable at a not-too-distant date, but it was still visualized as a peaceful occurrence.

After 10 years in Charleston Johnson decided to return to Europe, at least for a short period. Unrest and armed conflict in central Europe during his visit prompted him to see some of the action. Observing armies presented no real involvement, and he tried to enlist in the Sardinian military force fighting to free Italy from the Austrian yoke, but he was not accepted. Going to Spain he stayed for some time, reveling in the social and cultural life. Once more he wrote idolizing Spanish women and their place in society, so distinctly different from America. Publishing NOTES ON SPAIN AND THE SPANIARDS on his return to Charleston in 1860, he expressed his admiration for that country and its people in unending and a little overblown terms.

By the time of Pettigrew's return to Charleston political developments had hardened, and it was only

a matter of time before shots were fired. In December 1860, with South Carolina having declared unilateral secession, Pettigrew took command of the South Carolina First Regiment of Rifles. At the fall of Fort Sumter in April of 1861 he left the regiment to take on government business. This did not please him, and in July he assumed command of the Twenty-second North Carolina Regiment then encamped along the Potomac. Promoted to Brigadier in March of 1862, he and his brigade saw service in several battles and skirmishes. He was wounded at Seven Pines and taken prisoner. Exchanged in the summer of 1862, he lost no time in resuming the fight and in August formed Pettigrew's Brigade. Relegated to the quiet sector of the war, eastern North Carolina, skirmishes, raids, and counterattacks against the Union forces entrenched along the coastline were carried out with little change in the strategic situation. Pettigrew did not feel the capabilities of himself or his men were being fully utilized.

Constant pleas to the Confederate Command finally produced results, and the Brigade joined Lee's Army of Northern Virginia on the march to Pennsylvania. The decisive battle of that abortive mission, Gettysburg, was disastrous for North Carolina regiments. Despite successes on July 1, 1863, casualties were incredibly high. On July 3, the culminating day, Pettigrew commanded Heth's Division and took part in Pickett's charge. Once again North Carolina troops took the brunt of that infamous action and suffered devastating losses.

Troops under Pettigrew's command, despite their severely depleted numbers, formed a rearguard in the retreat from Gettysburg, and on July 14 Johnson Pettigrew received his fifth and mortal wound. He died on the seventeenth, after an agonizing trauma, at the age of 35. Clearly Pettigrew was the type of man who exemplified Southern chivalry, but much more than that simple attribute, he was educated, astute, and ambitious, the character of man needed by the South in its will to survive. The pity is that so few of his class did return to civilian life and

make a "new" South after the conflict.

The author probably overpraises his subject on a number of occasions, and in other cases does not fully substantiate some of the claims for Pettigrew's prowess on so many levels. Few warts are exposed, which leads to some suspicion that aspects of his life are neglected. What, for instance, were his real relationships with women, particularly those in Spain? In the incisive and analytical atmosphere of today's biographical writing all aspects of a life are expected to be presented. An old Russian proverb states, "When you meet a man you judge him by his clothes. When you leave him you judge him by his heart". James Johnson Pettigrew had enormous heart.

Jim Gunn