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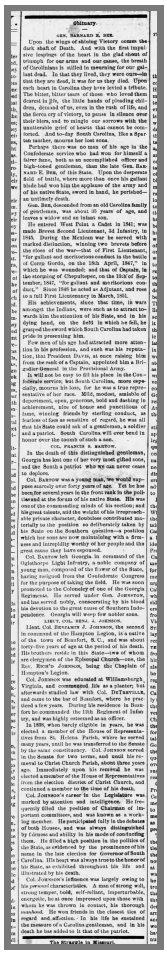

Obituary

GEN. BERNARD E. BEE.

Upon the wings of shining Victory comes the dark shaft of Death. And with the first impulsive leapings of the heart in the glad chasm of triumph for our arms, comes the sad, sad news of our loss. We rejoice that we have gone far out of Gotham, but that they fired, they were outnumber, they are dead, is war for no they died. Upon each heart in Carolina they have bestud a trifoion. The bitter, bitter tears of those who loved them dearest in life, the little hands of pleading children, demand of us, even in the rank of life, and the fierce cry of victory, to pause. In silence over their bier, and to mingle our sorrows with the unutterable grief of hearts that cannot be comforted. And to-day South Carolina, like a Spartan mother, mourns her lost sons.

Perhaps there was no man of his age in the Confederate service who had won for himself a fairer fame, both as an accomplished officer and high-toned gentleman, than the late Gen. Bee. Since the 21st of July, 1861, he has been in the field of battle, where more than once his gallant blade had won him the applause of the army and of his native State, sword in hand, he perished—an untimely death.

Gen. Bee, descended from an old Carolina family of gentlemen, was about 35 years of age, and leaves a widow and an infant son.

He entered West Point a Cadet in 1841; was made Brevet Second Lieutenant, 3d Infantry, in 1845. During the Mexican war he served with marked distinction, winning two brevets before the close of the war—that of First Lieutenant, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Cerro Gordo, on the 18th April, 1847; in which he was wounded; and that of Captain, in the storming of Chapultepec, on the 13th of September, 1847, "for gallant and meritorious conduct." Since 1848 he acted as Adjutant, and rose to a full First Lieutenancy in March, 1861.

His achievements, since that time, it was amongst the Indians, were such as to attract towards him the admiration of his State, and in his dying hand, on the field in which he fell, he grasped the sword which South Carolina had taken pride in presenting him.

Few men of his age had attracted more attention in his profession, and each was his reputation, that President Davis, at once raising him from the rank of a Captain, appointed him a Brigadier-General in the Confederate service.

It will not be easy to fill his place in the Confederate service, but South Carolina, more especially, mourns his loss, for he was a true representative of her men. Mild, modest, amiable of deportment, open, generous, bold and daring in achievement, alive of honor and punctilious of home, winning friends by startling conduct, as fearless of fear as sensitive of regard, he was all that his State could ask of a gentleman, a soldier and a patriot. South Carolina will ever bend in honor over the tomb of such a son.

COL. BARTOW'S SERVICE.

In the death of this distinguished gentleman, Georgia has lost one of her very most gifted sons, and South Carolina a patriot who we can never cease to deplore.

Col. Bartow was a young man, We would suppose scarcely over forty years of age. Yet he has been for several years in the front rank in the public eye as the forum of his native State. He was one of the commanding minds of his section; and his great talents, and the weight of his irreproachable private character, doubtless contributed materially to the position so deliberately taken by his State on the Southern question—a position which her sons are now maintaining with a firmness and intrepidity worthy of her people and the cause for which they are contending.

Col. Bartow left Georgia in command of the Oglethorpe Light Infantry, a noble company of young men, composed of the flower of the State, having resigned from the Confederate Congress for the purpose of taking the field. He was soon promoted to the Colonelcy of one of the Georgia Regiments. He served under Gen. Johnston, and has served nobly, consecrating by his blood his devotion to the great cause of Southern Independence. Georgia will weep few nobler sons.

LIEUT. COL. JOHNSON.

Lieut. Col. Benjamin J. Johnson, the second in command of the Hampton Legion, is a native of the town of Beaufort, S. C., and was about forty-five years of age at the period of his death. His brothers reside in this State—two of whom are clergymen of the Episcopal Church—one, the Rev. Rene's Johnson, being the Chaplain of Hampton's Legion.

Col. Johnson was educated at Williamsburgh, Virginia, and commenced life as a planter, but afterwards studied law with Col. DeTreville, and came to the bar of Beaufort, where he practiced a few years. During his residence in Beaufort he commanded the 15th Regiment of Infantry, and was a Major of Cavalry in 1860.

In 1850, when barely eligible to years, he was elected a member of the House of Representatives from St. Helena Parish, where he served many years, until he was transferred to the Senate by the same constituency. Col. Johnson served in the Senate for two terms, and until his removal to Christ Church Parish, about three years ago. Immediately upon his removal he was elected a member of the House of Representatives from the election district of Christ Church, and represented that district in the Legislature.

Col. Johnson's career in the Legislature was marked by attention and intelligence. He frequently filled the position of Chairman of important committees, and was known as a working member. He participated fully in the debates of both Houses, and was always distinguished by fairness and ability in his mode of conducting them. He filled a high position in the politics of the State, as evidenced by the prominence of his name in the late election for Governor of South Carolina. His heart was always true to the honor of his State, as exhibited throughout his life and in his death for her.

Col. Johnson's influence was largely owing to his personal characteristics. A man of strong will, strong temper, bold, self-reliant, imperturbable, energetic, he at once impressed upon those with whom he was thrown in contact, his thorough manhood. He was friends in the closest ties of regard and affection. In his life he exemplified the manners of a Carolina gentleman, and in his death he has added to it that of the patriot.

The Mercury in Mississippi.

Bee/Bartow/Johnson Obituaries

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