

White, a brother, declares that this was the last Confederate Cabinet meeting.

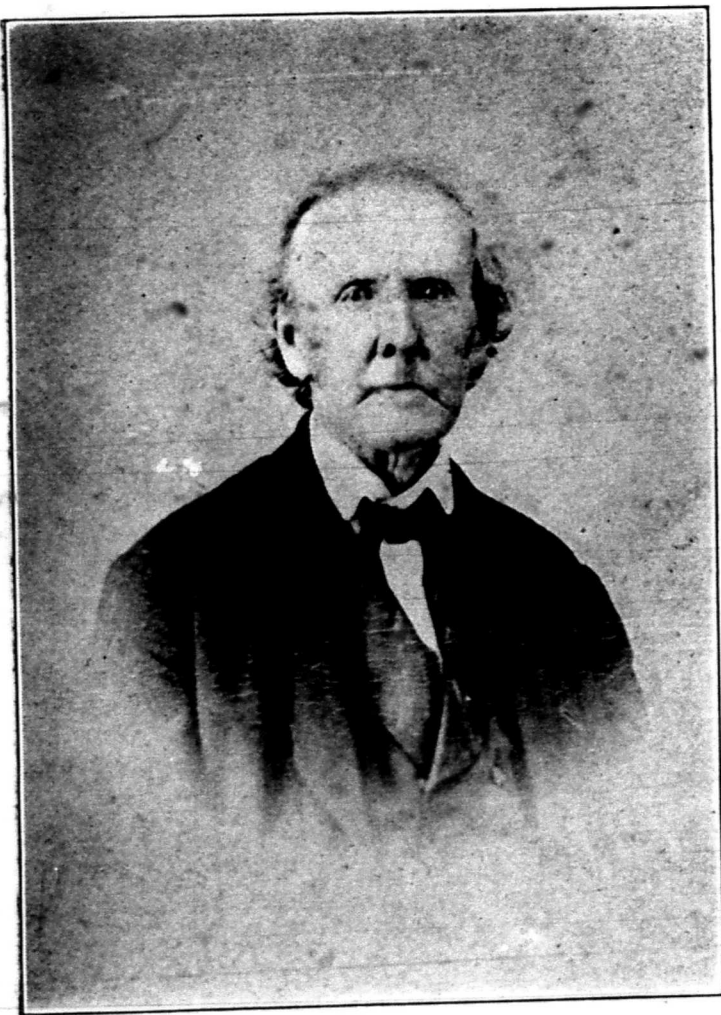
By the second marriage of Mr. Phifer, to Mary Martha White, there are seven living children. Sons, William White, Robert Smith, George Martin and Edward White. Daughters, Mrs. M. C. Quinn, Miss Cordelia White and Mrs. Wm. G. Durant.—*Contributed by W. W. Phifer.*

COL. ZEB. MORRIS.

COL. ZEBULON MORRIS was born April 23, 1789, and died May 1, 1872. He was the youngest son of William Morris and Elizabeth Ford Morris, the daughter of John Ford, Esq., one of the signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. He was born, lived and died on the same plantation, a part of the old Ford estate, ten miles east of Charlotte, on the Lawyers' Road. He was married to Martha Rea, the daughter of the Hon. John Rea, January 13, 1814. He was a remarkable man in a great many respects, as gentle and amiable as a woman and as bold and fearless as a lion. As deputy sheriff of this county, on one occasion he arrested a desperado, who swore that he would kill the first man who attempted to arrest him. Col. Morris handed his pistol to a man who had accompanied him and advanced unarmed on the desperado, who threw down his gun and said, "Zeb Morris, you are the only man who could have arrested me alive."

Col. Morris owned a great many slaves, to whom he was very kind, and they showed their attachment to him by remaining on his plantation after the surrender. He owned about 1,500 acres of land, was a lover of fine horses and a most graceful rider. In fact, it was a common saying—when anyone rode well—"he sits in the saddle like Zeb Morris."

Below are two obituary notices, one by Rev. R. Z. Johnston and the other by the late Wm. Yates, editor of the *Charlotte Democrat*:



COL. ZEBULON MORRIS.

This man's death will carry sadness and sorrow to many hearts. He was an old man—83 years and 7 days—and it would be difficult to point to another whose death would sadden so many homes in our community. He lived fifty-eight years and three months with the wife of his youth, who survives him at the advanced age of 76 years. He raised a large family, and had 46 grandchildren, 26 of whom are living, and 18 great grand-children, 15 of whom are living. Children and grand-children live in this county and adjoining counties, in easy communication with the old family residence. Great was the lamentation to-day over one so agreeably connected in these dear and tender relationships, when his familiar face was seen for the last time, cold in death, in the spacious family hall, and

“The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave;
The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm,”

told us how “the fashion of this world passeth away.”

That dear old home—the dearest spot on earth to so many loving hearts, the scene of so much pleasure in former days—is dismantled. Though the day has been one of the liveliest of the season, even the beautiful lawn around the mansion and the venerable oaks that shade the old spring, and the orchards, seemed to put on mourning, and the birds seemed to sing

“How vain are all things here below,
How false and yet how fair!
Each pleasure has its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.”

Col. Morris lived to look upon strange faces in familiar places, and to feel like a lonely representative of a former generation. That venerable, faithful and useful man, and his life-long family physician, in whose arms he may almost be said to have fallen asleep, Dr. Samuel Watson, and a few others, whose locks are white and whose infirmities are multiplied, are all that remain to tell us of better days. O how can those who knew him afford to give him up!

" Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God !"

He was a successful man; though living on thin land, nothing ever went lean and hungry about him. Constant in his friendship, liberal to the poor, just in his dealings, true to his engagements, kind to his children and servants, tender in his feelings, and generous with his hospitality, he was a gentleman always and everywhere. His piety was unassuming, but deep, and the Philadelphia Church has buried a constant and substantial supporter.

The 1st day of May, 1872, will long be a melancholy day to pastor and people. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." May this promise moderate the sorrows of the mourners in this melancholy event, till "they that weep be as though they wept not;" and "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any pain."

R. Z. J.

DIED.

In this county, on the 1st instant, after a short illness, Col. Zebulon Morris, in the 83rd year of his age. Up to within a few weeks of his death Col. Morris was a man of extraordinary physical and mental ability. He raised a large number of children, men and women of respectability and worth, and lived to see them all settled in life, and his grandchildren and great-grand-children starting out in the journey of this world's trials and crosses. Col. Zeb Morris was no ordinary man, as the writer of this paragraph knows. He was faithful and true as a man and friend, as an old-line Democrat and patriot, and as a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church, always a firm friend of the right and an enemy of wrong doing in any shape. He leaves a large number of relatives and friends in this county to mourn the death of a true man and a good citizen. Mecklenburg