



James H. Osborne

Hon. James W. Osborne.

This section is headed by one of the greatest men the country has ever produced, and no better eulogy can be pronounced than the following, written by Gen. D. H. Hill:

"The nations of the earth, the most distinguished in history, for prowess in the field, wisdom in legislation, progress in science and art, purity of taste in polite literature, and refinement in the social circle, are precisely those which have most cherished the memory of their heroes, statesmen, scholars and patriots. It has been well said that the land that erects no monuments to its illustrious dead, will soon cease to produce men worthy of a place in history. To neglect departed greatness is to degrade living eminence.

"The Bible, with its wonderful adaptation to the wants of our race, sanctions cherishing tender recollections of the saints of the Lord. 'The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.' 'The memory of the just is blessed.' Here we have a prophecy and a command, both involving a high obligation and a glorious privilege—to keep fresh and green in the minds of men the memory of those who died in the full hope of a blessed immortality."

And thus the friends of the late Hon. J. W. Osborne feel that in attempting a tribute to his exalted worth, they are discharging a sad but gracious duty. It is meet that we should revere the memory of a man of mighty intellect, of profound scholarship, and of matchless eloquence, who brought all of his rare and varied gifts and accomplishments and laid them as an humble offering at the foot of the cross. There remains nothing now of his manly person and noble mein, of his vast learning and attainments, but

"The knell, the shroud, the coffin and the grave,
The deep, damp vault; the darkness and the worm."

His simple faith in Christ was worth a thousand-fold more than all his talents and acquirements, and the lesson

of his life comes home to every bosom, "With all your gettings, get understanding." We can now think with grateful satisfaction that those great powers of mind, which were our pride and astonishment on earth, are ever expanding in knowledge, ever getting new revelations of Divine love and ever attaining new degrees of holiness. The saddest sight on our afflicted earth is that of a man of great gifts, culture and refinement, living out of Christ and deliberately choosing to spend his eternity with the coarse, the brutal and the depraved. With heartfelt gratitude, we adore that distinguished love which made our illustrious countryman choose that good part which shall not be taken away. Judge Osborne was born in Salisbury, N. C., on the 25th of December, 1811, and died in Charlotte on the 11th day of August, 1869, so that he hardly passed the meridian of life, and until a short time before his death, "His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." He was a graduate of our State University at Chapel Hill. He was always an earnest student, devoted especially to the sciences.

The extent and variety of his reading was truly marvelous. There was scarcely a subject he had not looked into, if indeed he had not mastered it. Few clergymen outside of our theological seminaries were so well read in theology. He said on one occasion that there was a charm about the study of theology that no other reading possessed for him, and he devoured huge volumes of theologic lore with the most eager relish. Fluency of speech was a natural gift with Judge Osborne, and this, combined with his vast acquaintance with books, made his language the very choicest Anglo-Saxon. His warm-hearted, genial, pleasant manner, and bright, kindly face added a charm to the whole, which was absolute. He had no equal as a conversationalist, and his intimate friends can never forget the grace and fascination of his address. And so his ready command of the best words, his learning, his enthusiasm, his sonorous voice and graceful delivery, made him one of the very first orators in the land. The magic spell thrown around Judge

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Osborne in the social circle and on the hustings was his imperturbable good temper, and that proceeded from his large-hearted humanity, his sincere and unaffected love for his race. He had a kind word and a pleasant smile for everybody, simply because he loved mankind. He needed not a veil of charity to cover their crimes and frailties; in his own simple guilelessness he did not know their faults. Those who had known him for thirty and forty years, say that they never saw him angry. He had not an enemy among the people with whom he lived since early manhood. The most remarkable thing in the career of this great man was the hold he had upon the hearts of men of every creed and party, although in his official capacity he had often been opposed to the interests and wishes of the many.

He was admitted to the bar in Charlotte in the year 1833. He took a high stand in his profession at the very outset and maintained it while he lived. This was not due merely to his genius, his learning, and his eloquence, but in a large degree to his unselfish and sympathetic nature, which made him adopt his client's cause as his own and identify himself thoroughly with the interest, the views and feelings of the client. He was twice elector for the State at large, first in the Clay campaign and then in the contest between Seymour and Grant. He was appointed by President Fillmore superintendent of the United States Mint at Charlotte, which he held for four years. He was chosen by Gov. Ellis to fill a vacant judgeship in 1859, and the General Assembly confirmed the selection November 26, 1860. But it is as the Christian gentleman, we love to think of our illustrious statesman. He was sincerely and unaffectedly devout; a lover of God and man. We who were in the belt of the late total eclipse of the sun, observed a black spot projected on the lower limb of the sun. Gradually, the dark shadow crept higher and higher. The cattle came lowing home. The bewildered fowls of the air sought their roosts. The black spot crept higher and higher, until darkness covered the sky, with here and there a star sending forth a ghastly

and unnatural light. Then the sun, like a mighty giant, threw off the black mantle and came forth in all his strength, beauty and majesty, rejoicing our hearts with some glorious beams that had been hid for a time. And thus, as our friend was a star of the first magnitude, we contemplate his death as a temporary eclipse, and believed that when the shadows of earth have passed away, the brilliant intellect that dazzled us below, will shine out with renewed effulgence above.

REV. JOHN HUNTER.

Of this worthy pioneer have descended a number of ministers of the Associated Reformed Presbyterian Church.

Rev. John Hunter was the son of Thomas Hunter, a godly and pious man. He first saw the light in Mecklenburg county, N. C., November 13, 1814. Graduating at Jefferson, Pa., September, 1841, license was granted by the First Presbytery April 17, 1843. His first pastorate was over Back Creek, Prosperity and Gilead, this county, being solemnly ordained and installed July 24, 1844. For three years beginning in 1855, he served a colony mostly of Mecklenburgers in Alleghany county, N. C. In September, 1858, he began his ministry at Sardis and was formerly installed January 11, 1859.

His ministry was very successful. To the west in 1874, Ebenezer was built, now self-supporting and ministered unto by the able and judicious Dr. G. R. White.

On the east in 1886, Thyatira was erected. In this new and incompleated building occurred his death stroke and last effort to preach. In March, 1886, after singing and prayer, Luther, infant of Annie and E. B. Williams, was baptized. His text, I Cor., 13:13, was given out, but after proceeding a few minutes, his voice faltered and ran lower. As he seemed to be falling, his son, Dr. L. W. Hunter, and others eased him down. Being partially paralyzed, he succeeded in making them understand he wanted the 23rd Psalm sung. This was the first service in Thyatira, and his last effort to