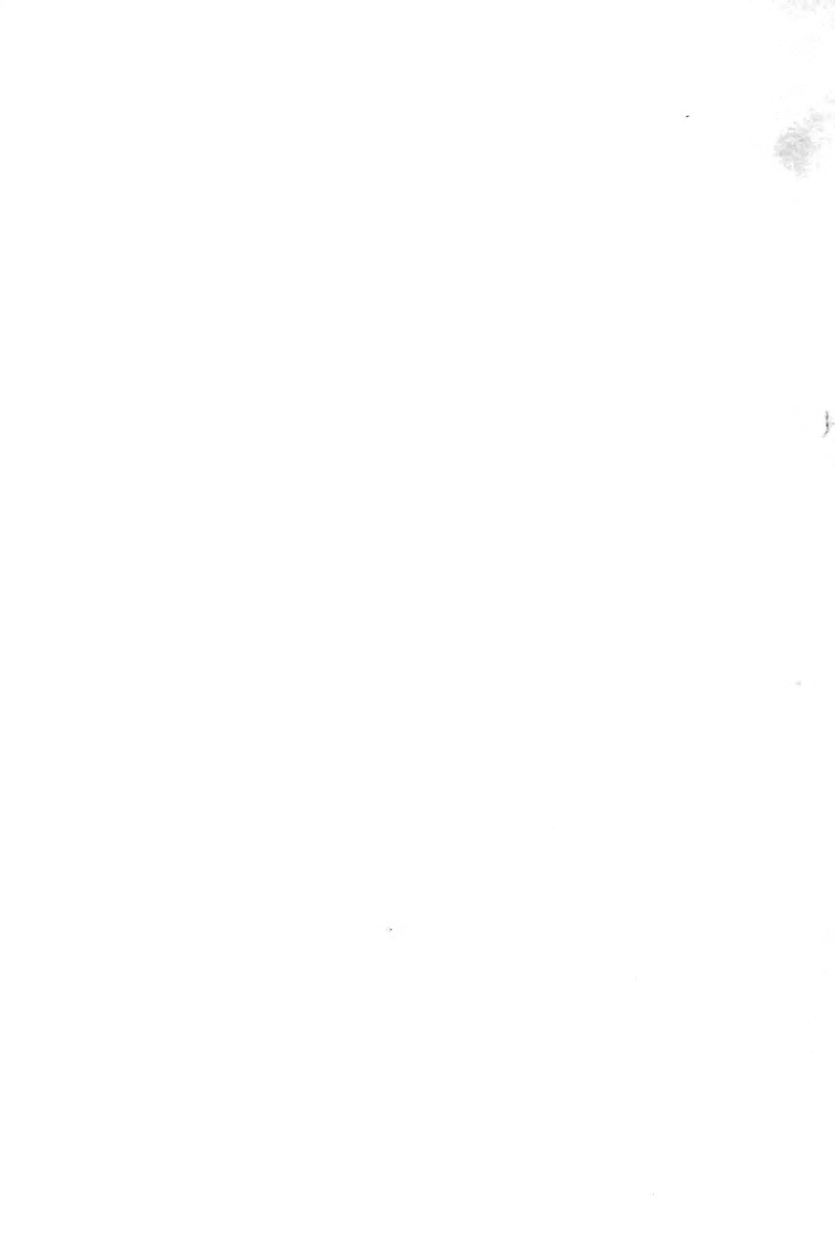




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BALLADS *of* COURAGEOUS CAROLINIANS



BALLADS
of
COURAGEOUS CAROLINIANS

SOME VERSIFIED LEGENDS
of THE OLD NORTH STATE
FOUNDED UPON FACT
FANCY AND FICTION

BY
MARSHALL DELANCEY HAYWOOD

"Of thine own country sing."—WALLACE

"Od's-life! must one swear to the truth of a song?"—PRIOR

RALEIGH
EDWARDS & BROUGHTON PRINTING CO.
1914

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MARSHALL DELANCEY HAYWOOD

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ALDINE BOOK CO.

To

Wilson Gray Lamb

PRESIDENT OF

THE NORTH CAROLINA SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI

IN PEACE AND IN WAR A LOYAL NORTH CAROLINIAN
AND A WORTHY REPRESENTATIVE OF HEROIC
REVOLUTIONARY ANCESTORS

THIS WORK IS INSCRIBED

AS A

TOKEN OF FRIENDSHIP AND ADMIRATION

447281

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BALLADS *of* COURAGEOUS CAROLINIANS

Old Colonial Days

To the present let us bid adieu
And with the past commune;
As Holy Writ enjoins, we'll view
The rock whence we are hewn.

Tales of a brave and warlike race
My pages will unfold—
Of peace and strife, of death and life,
Of word and action bold.

I'll seek to tell of men long gone,
Of long forgotten ways,
And how our fathers wrought and fought
In old colonial days.

Roanoke Island

OR THE LANDING OF CAPTAIN RALPH LANE, WITH SIR WALTER
RALEIGH'S COLONISTS ON THE COAST OF CAROLINA IN 1585.

If sandy hills could only tell
What deeds in ancient days befell,
We first would hear of Redskin braves
Whose bones now moulder in their graves.

And then upon this western shore,
Where Christian never trod before,
Bold Raleigh's voyagers were seen—
Sent hither by the English Queen.

'Above their ships within the bay
Floated St. George's banner gay,
While on the decks, for action set,
Stood culverin and falconet.

Then Captain Lane, with eye serene,
Gazed proudly on the quiet scene;
And when his voice the silence broke,
In solemn tones he slowly spoke:

“My noble men—so true and brave
When tempest-tossed upon the wave—
In safety we have now been brought
To this good haven which we sought.

“This fertile land, so fair and green,
We claim of right for Britain’s Queen,
And our good blades, on land and main,
Shall guard it from the fleets of Spain.

“In Holy Scriptures we may read
A man once took a mustard seed
And cast it in a garden fair,
When soon its branches filled the air.

“We plant a nation!—may it stand
For all that makes a noble land;
And English laws shall rule this State
Where dwell the happy, wise, and great.

“May God, to Whom our fathers prayed,
Still shelter those who seek His aid;
And may His favor rest on all
Who gather at our Sovereign’s call.

“So up St. George, and down with Spain!
Long may our Queen in honor reign!
We’ll sweep her foes from every sea,
And make this western country free!”

Blackbeard the Corsair

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE MATRIMONIAL AND PIRATICAL
EXPLOITS OF A NOTED NAVIGATOR.

On the coast of Carolina,
In the dim and distant past,
Lived a gay and fearless pirate,
Who could weather any blast;
And all the ladies madly loved
This buccaneer so bold,
Who wore a gorgeous uniform
With epaulets of gold.

He had thirteen loving spouses
To share his earthly joys,
He had several hundred daughters
And ninety little boys;
And when within the nursery
These brats began to cry,
He'd start out on a voyage—
In a ship he didn't buy.

He raised his sable standard
Beside the Spanish main,
Then scuttled twenty galleons,
And started north again;
In bleak New England's waters
He rode before the gale,
And for the coast of Africa
Put forth his dreaded sail.

Along the sands of Guinea
He went in search of gold,
And came off with some natives
Stored snugly in his hold;
When he was home again, he said
He'd sell his human goods
To planters on the Albemarle
In Carolina's woods.

Then he returned to Ocracoke
And, as he looked around,
He thought he saw two merchant ships
Come sailing through the sound ;
“We’ll take these now,” the corsair said,
“And soon will have them plundered”—
But, as he spoke these careless words,
Two crashing broadsides thundered !

What he had thought were merchant ships,
Like drones without a sting,
Were sloops of war from Hampton Roads,
Sent out by England’s King !
They shot the pirate’s sails to shreds,
They slaughtered all his crew,
They made his boat a floating wreck,
And cut his neck in two.

High on a mast his head they kept—
A warning sad and dire!—
While all his little children wept
To lose their noble sire;
And all his winsome widows, too,
With grief would nearly choke
When thinking of their lover true
Who died at Ocracoke.

So now, my friends, to end this lay,
A moral let me press—
Don't act as did this rover gay
And marry to excess;
For wives galore engender strife,
And you will have to roam,
Or pass away your weary life
With squalling babes at home.

The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence

AT CHARLOTTE, N. C., MAY 20, 1775.

You have heard of bloody exploits
 And deeds of daring done ;
You have heard of matchless valor,
 In battles, lost and won ;
You have heard of armies fighting
 With frenzied desperation,
But what I now relate was done
 With cool deliberation.

The patriots of Mecklenburg
 Were men of spirit bold,
Who scorned to wear a tyrant's chains,
 Or profit by his gold ;
They loved their native forests,
 Their mountains and their streams,
And freedom was the only thought
 That filled their daily dreams.

So to the trusty Polk they said :
 “The time still nearer draws,
When we shall strike our fetters off,
 Or die in Freedom’s cause ;
Be watchful of our sacred rights,
 We’ll gather at your call,
And, rising in our righteous wrath,
 Will break our country’s thrall.”

With this they journeyed homeward,
 To rest until the day
That they were called together
 In the pleasant month of May ;
And then, in solemn council,
 They gathered to proclaim
’Twas death to aid oppressors,
 Or their country’s honor shame.

Then rang with fierce defiance:
 "We'll serve no earthly king!
They've stirred the dreaded 'Hornets' Nest,'
 They'll feel the hornets' sting!
Our countrymen at Lexington
 Inhumanly were slain,
And now, with God's assistance,
 Our freedom will we gain!"

Then came the Revolution
 That shook this mighty land,
And the thundering of cannon
 Was heard on every hand;
Our rifles dealt destruction
 From the mountains to the sea,
And the people of America
 Became forever free.

All hail to Carolina!
First of the "Old Thirteen"
To face the wrath of Britain's King
With calm and fearless mien;
All honor to old Mecklenburg
And her great Declaration,
And to the men who first conceived
The freedom of our Nation.

The Masons of '76

A TALE OF THE GRAND LODGE OF AMERICA, AT HALIFAX, NORTH CAROLINA, WHICH CEASED WORK DURING THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE FACTS THAT PROVINCIAL GRAND MASTER JOSEPH MONTFORT EXPIRED AT THE BEGINNING OF HOSTILITIES, DEPUTY PROVINCIAL GRAND MASTER CORNELIUS HARNETT DIED IN A BRITISH PRISON AT WILMINGTON, AND PROVINCIAL GRAND SECRETARY WILLIAM BRIMAGE WAS EXILED FOR TORVISM BY THE AMERICANS.

In Halifax, renowned of old,
I've heard a stirring legend told,
How Masons of an ancient day
Were ruled by Montfort's gentle sway.

Their working-tools they wielded long,
Then closed the Lodge with happy song;
Or round the table formed a ring
And drained their cups "to Craft and King."

Yet once, when Montfort took his place,
A troubled look was on his face,
While Harnett, in his apron white,
Sat silent at the Master's right.

The visiting Brethren, one and all,
Were welcomed to the spacious hall,
And Brimage made a record fair
Of all the Craftsmen gathered there.

“My Brothers,” said the Master old,
“Sad tidings for the Craft I hold;
The King, whom we have honored long,
Now seeks to do our country wrong.

“His forces march and take the field
To conquer all who will not yield;
His free-born subjects he defies,
And all their chartered rights denies.

“If for the King we take our stand,
We prove untrue to this fair land;
If to the land such help we bring,
We fight the armies of our king.

“I’ve told you this unwelcome news,
And listen now to hear your views;
In this, our sad perplexing plight,
Wise counsels yet may guide us right.”

Then up rose Brimage in his place,
To Montfort bowed with courtly grace,
And to the Lodge, assembled there,
Hastened his homage to declare.

“Most Worshipful,” he slowly said,
“In England I was born and bred,
And to this far-off western land
I journeyed at my King’s command.

“Sworn to maintain his righteous laws,
If war must come, I’ll back his cause;
Take heed, lest treason on you bring
The vengeance of our country’s King.

“Forever honored be his name,
And may we all uphold his fame!
Call me a Tory if you will—
To good King George I’m loyal still.”

Then Harnett rose, with heart of fire,
By long oppression roused to ire,
And curses loud he showered down,
On all adherents of the Crown.

In scornful tones rang out his cry :
“Let cowards yield who fear to die!
But rest assured, my Brothers all,
With freedom’s friends I’ll stand or fall.

“Our fathers, reared on English soil,
Were long inured to blood and toil;
They swept the Spaniards from the sea,
And founded here a country free.

“Shall we, the sons of such a race,
Our sacred heritage disgrace?
Better the gibbet and the grave
Than creep on earth, a cringing slave!

“Grand Master Warren gave his life
At Bunker Hill, in deadly strife;
And Masons here, in brave array,
Have fought where Caswell led the way.”

Beneath the Lodge's windows then
There passed a line of mounted men,
While blatant bugles, ringing clear,
Awoke the echoes far and near.

A banner strange these horsemen bore
Which none had ever seen before;
Fair were its white and crimson bars
And azure field, bedecked with stars.

Three gallant soldiers, Craftsmen all,
Now sought the old Masonic Hall;
And by their grips and tokens true
Soon passed the portals safely through.

Patten and Lamb, and Murfree too,
In uniforms of buff and blue,
With sabres dangling at their side,
All entered with a hasty stride.

“Short time for greetings have we here!”
Bold Patten cried, in accents clear,
“With our brave men we’re riding post
To Washington’s beleaguered host.

“From this old State, so dear to all,
Southward we heard our country’s call;
And bloody fields the tale can tell
We tried to do our duty well.

“Our troops are camped within your town,
But, ere another sun goes down,
We’ll strike our tents and northward go
To seek again the hated foe.

“America has sought redress
And shown the cause of her distress;
But England’s monarch fiercely swore
He ne’er would treat with rebels more.”

“Farewell to peace,” said Montfort then,
“You now must fight like free-born men,
Since by their conduct well we know
The purpose of the coming foe.

“But here on earth I cannot stay,
For sickness holds me in its sway;
God have you in His keeping long
And shield our land from force and wrong!”

“With fond farewell, and wishes warm,
I close this Lodge in Ample Form;
May Heaven’s richest blessings fall
On all the Masons in this hall!”

When next the Craft in session met,
The sun of Montfort’s life had set;
Thus closed the Master’s honored sway,
Thus passed his noble soul away.

The Flint-Lock Rifle

A TALE OF THE FIRST WHIG VICTORY OF THE REVOLUTION AT
MOORE'S CREEK BRIDGE, NORTH CAROLINA, FEBRUARY 27,
1776.

A rifle on my chimney hung
 With lock of flint and steel—
A piece whose summons sharp had rung
 Beside the cannon's peal
When patriots for freedom fought,
 When waved their blades in air
Around the homes their sires had sought
 Mid Indian forests fair.

Within an arm-chair's warm embrace
 In weariness I lay,
Before a cheerful fireplace
 Which drove dull care away ;
Then gazing on the weapon grim,
 I thought upon the past,
Nor recked I that my blaze grew dim,
 And wintry was the blast.

And now, it seems, in vision clear,
Another scene I see—
In comes an ancient pioneer
And doffs his cap to me;
Around the room he casts his eyes
Till on the gun they fall,
And then, unheeding my surprise,
He lifts it from the wall.

“In spirit land I long have dwelt,”
He thus his tale began,
“And in the silent hours have felt
So far remote from man
That o’er the earth my eyes were cast
To find some token old,
And fate rewards my search at last
With this dear prize I hold.

“This rifle true, now owned by you,
Was once my pride and trust,
It heard the red man’s fierce halloo,
And dashed him to the dust;
In peace, it filled my board with game,
In war, it played its part,
And when the Tories charging came
It found their leader’s heart.

“Recalling now the years long dead,
Methinks again I hear
MacDonald’s Highland legions tread
The pathway to Cape Fear;
A winding creek they soon behold,
Spanned by a bridge of pine,
Where, like the Spartan host of old,
Stands drawn our battle line.

“ ‘King George and broadswords!’ fierce and
loud

Next rings their slogan call,
As the great chieftain, brave MacLeod,
Comes rushing to his fall;
Yet onward still, with charge and cheer,
His clansmen press the fight,
As paladins, unknown to fear,
With claymores long and bright.

“The bridge was long, with planks uptorn,
The stream ran swift below,
Yet quick to dare this hope forlorn,
Pressed forward still our foe;
Before our rifles’ deadly crack
Full brave they made a stand,
But faltered on the narrow track
Ere they had gained the land.

“Then, drenched with blood, they onward bore,
While still was spared them breath,
And fell our fatal guns before—
Unconquered still in death!
Thus darkly closed that deadly fray
And Freedom’s sun uprose,
To shine on happier scenes today
When vanquished are our foes.”

The pioneer thus closed his tale,
Assumed a martial tread,
And pausing there, so tall and pale,
Thus solemnly he said:
“When other foes our country smite,
And she’s cast down with doubt,
I’ll bring this rifle to the fight
And help to drive them out.”

Then waving me a fond adieu,
My guest no longer spoke,
His presence faded out of view—
And slowly I awoke!
Upon the chimney once again
Was seen the hunter's friend,
My fire in ashes long had lain
And night was at an end.

King's Mountain*

OCTOBER 7, 1780.

Fierce Ferguson came marching down
And pitched his tents at Gilbert Town,
 Within the Old North State;
No man who viewed his strong array,
Upholding Britain's iron sway,
 Could then foresee his fate.

He bade his messengers proclaim
A pardon, in King George's name,
 To each repentant foe;
And tales they told on every hand
Of how the rebels brought the land
 To misery and woe—

“Georgia has yielded to the Crown,
The old Palmetto flag is down,
 New England sues for peace;
Upon Virginia's rugged shore
Our reinforcements daily pour,
 So let your treason cease.”

*Though the campaign against Ferguson was organized in North Carolina, he was two miles inside of South Carolina when the battle took place. In his work, *South Carolina in the Revolution, 1775-1780*, pp. 789-790, McCrady says the American forces at King's Mountain were “composed of 200 Virginians, 510 North Carolinians, and 100 South Carolinians. The small party of Georgians present served with Williams.”

Then spoke an ancient mountaineer :
“Naught of New England can we hear,
 But trust her valiant sons ;
Those other States will share our fame
By helping us your pride to tame
 With hunting-knives and guns.

“Our own McDowells, brave and true,
Are forming now a rendezvous
 On Quaker Meadows fair ;
Hambright, Lenoir, and Cleveland stout,
With Vance and Winston have come out
 To join their forces there.

“Shelby and Williams, strong Sevier,
And Chronicle, devoid of fear,
 Are longing for the fray ;
And trusty allies from afar
Are marching to the scene of war
 With all their brave array.

“At home, in his Virginia glen,
Bold Campbell marshals now his men
 To join us in the fight;
The State upon our southern side,
Where Lacey’s daring troopers ride,
 Is rising in her might.

“And far away, on Georgia hills,
Hammond and Clarke resent the ills
 Our country undergoes;
They even now, with grim intent,
Are on this deadly errand bent
 To strike our tyrant foes.

“So let your gasconading Scot
Beware the Deckard rifle’s shot—
 We know its use full well!
And how we’ll track him to his lair,
Leaving his lifeless body there,
 The future years shall tell.”

The speaker paused: then saw afar
The crippled spy, young Joseph Kerr,
 Come limping on his way; `
He ran to meet that scout so bold,
Whose tidings (in a whisper told)
 Described the King's array—

“Our foes decamped within the night
And on yon mountain's lofty height
 Have fortified their post;
They revel there with song and wine,
And even swear the Power Divine
 Shall not molest their host.”

The old man answered: “Let them stay!
Tomorrow, at the break of day,
 We'll seek the Redcoats there;
And Ferguson shall sorely rue
The time his base marauding crew
 First breathed our western air.”

The morrow's clouds hung low and still
As up the steep and rugged hill
 A thousand hunters sped ;
With rifles pouring fire and smoke,
Through bayonets they fiercely broke,
 And piled the ground with dead.

The Tory leader, in his pride,
With brave DePeyster by his side,
 The fight would never yield ;
His silver whistle wildly blew,
Till, pierced with seven bullets through,
 He dropped upon the field.

And many a bold assailant fell,
To save the land he loved so well,
 Before the day was won ;
Pale Chronicle could rise no more,
And Williams weltered in his gore
 Beneath the autumn sun.

When Ferguson was stricken dead
His men in consternation fled
 To reach the level plain;
But in the mountain's lower glades
They met with countless ambuscades,
 And sought the hill again.

Surrounded there and brought to bay,
They yielded up the hopeless fray
 To those bold rebel bands;
And never more, with vaunting pride,
In warlike guise they dared to ride
 Throughout our mountain lands.

May we, in all the coming years,
Honor those stalwart pioneers
 Who battled for the right;
And may our discords pass away
Until we reach that happy day
 When men shall cease to fight.

The Turkey and the Judge

A LEGEND OF THE PEE DEE VALLEY IN NORTH CAROLINA.

While scorching rays of the sultry sun
Were beating through the trees,
An old judge lay, one summer's day,
Reclining at his ease.

His hairless pate was shining
Like the mighty gilded dome
That towers o'er St. Peter's,
Near the Vatican, at Rome;
And many pleasure-seeking flies
Had exercised that day
By skating on his cranium,
To while their time away.

A scarlet nightcap then he finds,
 To keep away the flies,
And meanders through the garden
 Till a shady nook he spies;
And then his slumber he resumes,
 Lulled by the humming bees
And the odor of the roses
 That was wafted on the breeze.

Soon a stately turkey-gobbler
 Sauntered down the winding path,
When His Honor's flaming turban
 So stirred his inmost wrath,
That then and there he gobbled out:
 "I'll punch his old bald head!"
And, flying on his prostrate form,
 He struck the jurist dead!

'Twas thus the old colonial judge
Was gathered to his sires ;
And even at the present day,
Beside their cottage fires,
The farmers of the old Pee Dee
With morbid fears grow pale,
And shudder at the rustling leaves,
As they relate the tale—

Of how, at midnight's silent hour,
Within the churchyard green,
The aged sleeper's ghastly form
In calm repose is seen ;
And how the feathered murderer,
In phantom shape, is said
To strike again the deadly blow
Upon his victim's head.

Zebulon Baird Vance

Never did Fame record a name
From falsehood's taint more free;
Never did sinful earth give birth
To son more brave than he.

In peace, he was a leader sage,
In war, a soldier true;
No secret strife he waged in life,
His actions all men knew.

No ill-got treasure stained his hands,
No selfish ends he sought;
God send our State such men again—
Men who can ne'er be bought.

To Our Confederate Dead

ON LAYING THE CORNERSTONE OF THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT IN RALEIGH ON MAY 22,* 1894.

Noble martyrs! gently sleeping
On the hills throughout the South,
From the lordly old Potomac
To the Mississippi's mouth,
From the wave-beat shoals of Hatteras
To Antietam's bloody plain,
In a holy cause you suffered—
For your country you were slain.

Now does grateful Carolina
This fair column proudly rear
To her chivalrous defenders
Who, without reproach or fear,
Four long years, in bloody conflict,
With the sword her rights maintained—
Fighting for a land invaded
Which their fathers' valor gained.

*The cornerstone of the Confederate Monument in Raleigh bears date May 20 (the anniversary of the signing of the Ordinance of Secession); but, as May 20 in 1894 fell on Sunday, the laying of the cornerstone took place on the following Tuesday, May 22.

In the shades of Southern forests
Many of you now repose,
All unheeding, in your slumbers,
Earthly joys or human woes;
Waiting for the final summons
Of the Master up above,
To be joined with happy kindred
In the realms of peace and love.

A Toast

Here's to the Sons of the Revolution—
May they defend the Constitution,
Uphold our Nation's ancient glory,
And praise her name in song and story.

Reveries of a Tar-Heel Scribe

In legends of the Table Round
And Arthur's knights so bold,
We read of Caradoc renowned,
Bedecked with spurs of gold.

He fought for fame of lady fair,
Who was his wedded wife;
And lovely maids had champions there
To mingle in the strife.

Their swords in deadly combat rang,
To win the world's renown;
And troubadours their praises sang
In castle, field, and town.

But now the brave Sir Lancelot,
 Sir Ector, and Sir Kay
No longer tilt at Camelot
 Before their ladies gay.

Those stalwart knights have passed away
 To join the silent dead;
And I prefer sweet peace's sway
 To that fierce life they led.

Honor and fame I may not gain
 In any warlike guise,
And never win a "sweet Elaine"
 With love-light in her eyes.

For I'll not mount a war-horse strong
 To make a minstrel's rhyme;
Or kill men as I ride along,
 To pass away my time.

The pen, as I've been often told,
 Is mightier than the glaive,
Wherewith were slain those knights of old
 And hurried to their grave.

So in my Carolina home
I'll write in peace, and never roam,
Pass happy moments while I may,
Welcome the friends who come my way,
And fill my eup and drink a toast
To those who love their neighbors most.

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