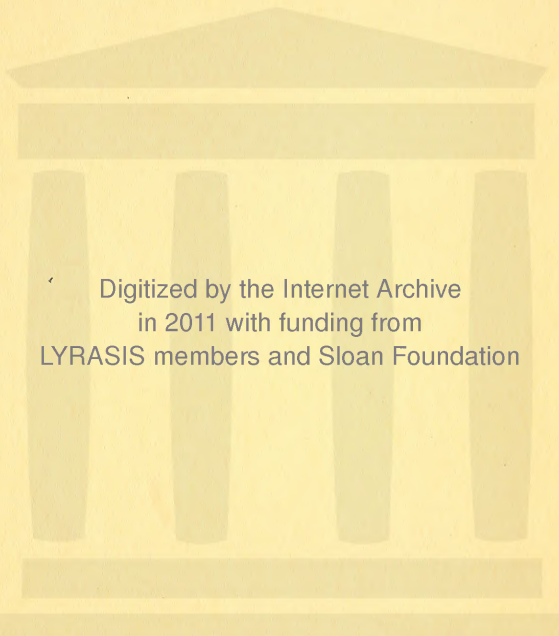


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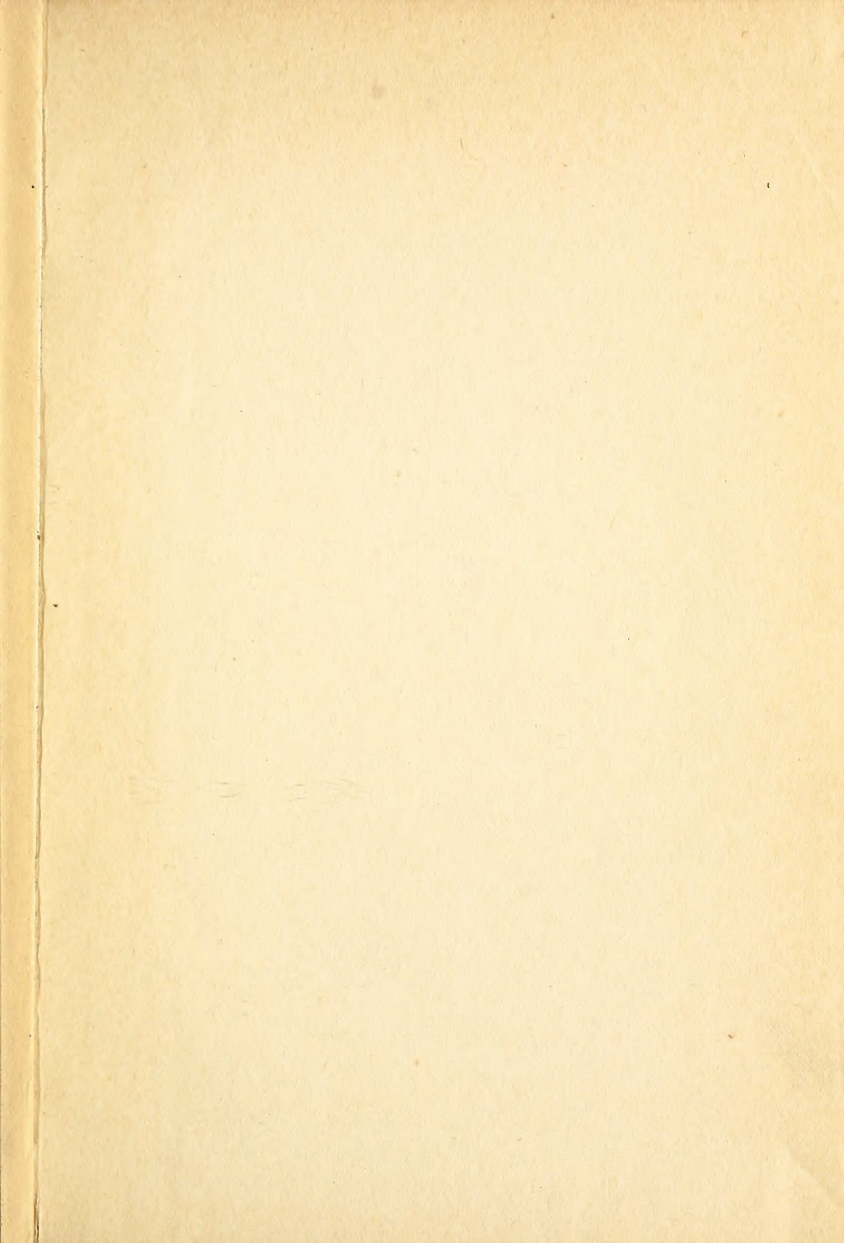


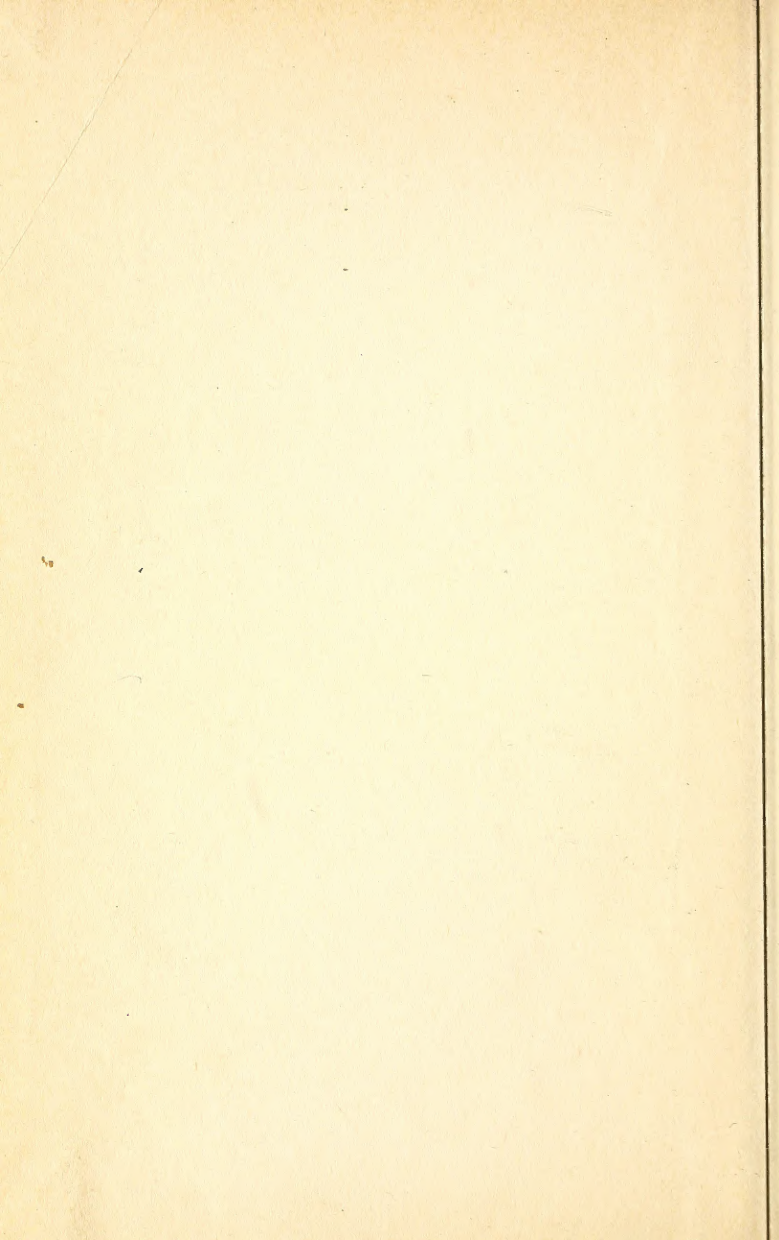
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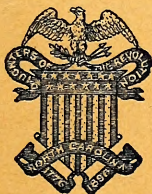


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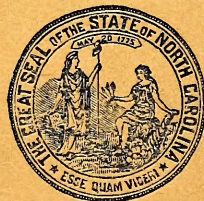
THE
NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET



GREAT EVENTS IN
NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY

TRIAL OF JAMES GLASGOW,
AND THE SUPREME COURT
OF NORTH CAROLINA,

BY
KEMP P. BATTLE, LL. D.



PRICE, 10 CENTS

\$1 THE YEAR

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VOL. III.

1. May—The Trial of James Glasgow, and the Supreme Court of North Carolina.
Kemp P. Battle, LL. D.
2. June—The Cherokee Indians.
Major W. W. Stringfield.
3. July—The Volunteer State (Tennessee) as a Seceder.
Miss Susie Gentry.
4. August—Historic Hillsboro.
Mr. Francis Nash.
5. September—Some Aspects of Social Life in Colonial North Carolina.
Charles Lee Raper, Ph. D.
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Mrs. L. A. McCorkle.
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Mrs. Hayne Davis, Miss Mary Hilliard Hinton, Mrs. R. T. Lenoir.
8. December—Governor Charles Eden.
Mr. Marshall DeLancey Haywood.
9. January—The Colony of Transylvania.
Judge Walter Clark.
10. February—Social Conditions in Colonial North Carolina: An Answer to Colonel William Byrd, of Westover, Virginia.
Alexander Q. Holladay, LL. D.
11. March—Historic Homes in North Carolina—Quaker Meadows.
Judge A. C. Avery.
12. April—The Battle of Moore's Creek.
Prof. M. C. S. Noble.

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MISS MARY HILLIARD HINTON. MRS. E. E. MOFFITT.

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In beginning this new series, the Daughters of the Revolution desire to express their most cordial thanks to the former competent and untiringly faithful Editors, and to ask for the new management the hearty support of all who are interested in the brave deeds, high thought, and lofty lives of the North Carolina of the olden days.

MRS. D. H. HILL.

THE TRIAL OF JAMES GLASGOW, AND THE SUPREME COURT OF NORTH CAROLINA.

BY KEMP P. BATTLE, LL. D.,

(Professor of History, University of North Carolina).

The territory, now occupied by the counties of Lenoir and Greene, was cut off from Johnston in 1758 and was called after the royal Governor of that day, Dobbs, whose Christian name was Arthur. He was a Scotch-Irishman of Castle Dobbs in the county of Antrim, a member of the Irish Parliament, High Sheriff of Antrim and Surveyor-General of Ireland. He was an author too, but his books were of ephemeral interest. He was industrious and, I believe, honest, but was so lacking in tact that he had many quarrels with his Assembly. He did not, however, deserve the insult of having his name expunged from our map. As early as 1759 he was enthusiastic in resisting the encroachments of the French and showed his statesmanship by urging on the great English war minister, William Pitt, the importance to the American colonies of expelling them entirely from our continent.

Still in 1791 the name of the good old fussy Governor, possibly because his nephew, Richard Dobbs Speight, then a Federalist, was in bad odor politically, gave place to Lenoir and Glasgow, the former in honor of a King's Mountain hero, then Speaker of the Senate, the latter after the Secretary of State.

This Secretary, James Glasgow, was one of the most trusted men of the Revolution. In conjunction with Alexander Gaston, the father of Judge William Gaston, and Richard Cogdell, grandfather of George E. Badger, he was one of the Committee of Safety of the Newbern District. He was major of the militia regiment of the county of Dobbs. When North Carolina, on the 18th December, 1776, adopted its Constitution and took its place among the free States of the earth, Richard Caswell was its first Governor, Memucan Hunt its first Treasurer and James Glasgow its first Secretary of State. He was one of the venerable men who formed the first lodge of the noble order, hoary with age and crowned with honor, the Free and Accepted Order of Masons. His autograph is side by side with those of William Richardson, Samuel Johnston, Richard Caswell, Richard Dobbs Speight, John Stokes and others like them.

Behold the reward of dishonesty and official corruption!

The name of the great general, who saved our State from subjugation after Gates' tragic defeat at Camden, Nathaniel Greene, has supplanted that of the obliterated Glasgow, the worthy William White took his place in the office of Secretary of State, and on the records of the Masons the dismal lines of disgrace are drawn around the signature of the poor wretch, who was weighed in the balance and found wanting.

The same love of lucre, which often in our day drags to ruin public officers, entered the breast of Glasgow. It was in 1797 discovered with horror that he had been issuing fraudulent grants of lands in Tennessee and mountainous

North Carolina. He had been cheating the State for whose liberties he had suffered. He had been cheating the ignorant, who had relied on his integrity. He had disgraced a high and honorable office. He had many accomplices, men of pluck and daring, who hesitated not to cut through difficulties with the knife of the assassin, or to destroy incriminating evidence by fire or poison or the rifle ball.

Eminent public services, high official position, extensive family connections could not among our ancestors screen criminals from punishment. Glasgow was indicted for misdemeanor in office. It was more convenient to have the trial in Raleigh, where the public records were kept. A special tribunal was constituted by the General Assembly for the trial of the accused. The act was drawn by the eminent Judge John Haywood, a cousin of the popular State Treasurer of the same name. At least two of the Judges were to meet in Raleigh and hold the Court. While so convened they were authorized to hear and determine on appeal causes which had accumulated in the District Courts. They were to meet twice a year, and to sit not exceeding ten days at each term. Both the Attorney-General, Baker, and Solicitor-General, Jones, were ordered to prosecute, and a special agent was authorized to prepare and arrange the evidence and attend the trial. This is the solitary instance in our history of the employment of a public "attorney," charged with the functions of an English attorney, as distinguished from the barrister. The act was to expire in the beginning of 1803.

The accused sought for one of their counsel the man of

greatest reputation as a criminal lawyer in the State, Judge Haywood, who drew the act constituting the Court. They paid him a fee of \$1,000, then considered enormous, to resign and take their case. The people generally much blamed him for what they considered a desertion of his post for a pecuniary consideration. His emigration to Tennessee, where he was elevated to the Supreme bench, is thought to have been caused by the popular disapprobation, which was intensified by his attacking the constitutionality of the act, which he himself had drawn.*

Glasgow and his accomplices were not content to trust to the eloquence and skill of Haywood. Certain documents in the Comptroller's office were evidence necessary to conviction. It was determined to abstract them and to burn the Capitol, in which they were deposited. The plot was laid in Tennessee in a room in the inn adjoining that in which lodged Judges McNairy and Tatom. They overheard the plans of the conspirators, and, after consulting with the District Attorney, afterwards President Jackson, determined to prevent them.

Samuel Ashe, of an eminent family, ancestor of one of our ablest Supreme Court Judges, Thomas Samuel Ashe, was Governor of the State, after long and able service as Judge. A messenger was despatched in hot haste to warn him of his danger. The task was difficult and perilous. The roads over the mountains were little better than Indian trails.

* While non-professional men may have been of opinion that Judge Haywood violated propriety, I think that lawyers do not consider him blameable. K. P. B.

Over precipitous cliffs, in the sharp winds and snows of winter, through swollen torrents, through the dense primeval forests he sped his way. He carried in his bosom the letter which would save our archives and ensure that there should be no miscarriage of justice. If his object had been known his murdered corpse would have fed the hungry wolves of the Alleghanies. Governor Ashe was prudent, and to this day the students of history know not whom to thank for saving our early records. A trusty watch was set, and soon a slave of one of the accused, Phil Terrell by name, was caught in the act of breaking into the Comptroller's office. The prosecutions were successful, the accused were convicted and punished, while the poor negro died a felon's death on the gallows-tree.

THE SUPREME COURT.

But what has the crime of Glasgow to do with the creation of the Supreme Court? Our legislative history shows that this great tribunal was indirectly caused by his fall.

By the 1777 Judiciary Act of the State of North Carolina, following that of the Province, in 1767, the State was divided into six Judicial Districts, of from four to eight counties each, the courts being held in the borough towns of Edenton, Newbern, Wilmington, Halifax, Hillsborough and Salisbury. In 1782 the District of Morgan (now called Morganton) was added; in 1787 that of Fayetteville. There were three Judges only. The courts corresponding to our Superior Courts were held in the towns named. Any two of the

Judges could hear appeals. In 1790 the eight districts were divided into the Eastern and Western "Ridings," and a fourth Judge added. Two of them in rotation were required to hold the courts in each Riding. While the new arrangement was more convenient to the Judges, their appellate functions were less satisfactory to litigants than under the old. Harassing delays and diverse decisions of the same questions of law were not only possible but frequent. And the tired Judges, worn out by tedious travel over almost impassable roads, were unable to give to the subjects thorough and satisfactory attention. All lawyers and their clients were keenly desirous of obtaining a more uniform appellate tribunal.

The Glasgow Court was in the right direction. Pressure was brought on the General Assembly to continue longer the parts of the act providing that there should be a meeting of the Judges to hear appeals. That body, economical to stinginess, at a time when land was taxed by the acre and the State revenue was less than \$100,000 a year, doled out another three years' existence, but with the childish provision that no attorney should speak or be admitted as counsel in the Court. In 1804 it was made a Court of Record, and the opinions ordered to be reduced to writing. In the following year the name was changed from the Court of Conference to the Supreme Court, and the limit to its duration removed. In 1806 our present system of having Superior Courts in every county was adopted, and two more Judges added. In 1810 those who held the Supreme Court were required to write

out their opinions at length, for which they were allowed extra \$100 each. They were also required to elect a Chief Justice, the choice falling on John Louis Taylor.

Although the meeting of the Judges at Raleigh to hear appeals was a great improvement on the preceding plan, in 1818 the General Assembly was induced to give us the priceless institution of a Supreme appellate tribunal, composed of learned Judges whose sole business was to decide questions of law on appeal. They were fortunate in securing men of highest character and recognized ability, Chief Justice Taylor and Judges Hall and Henderson. The Court has had a most useful and honorable career, and is firmly fixed in the confidence of the people of our people.

I have shown how a great and valuable institution grew out of a notorious malfeasance in office in the Executive Department of our State, even as Samson's honey flowed out of a lion's carcass, dried by the desert wind. While we should not hesitate to chronicle our short-comings, we should felicitate ourselves on the fact that such acts of misconduct by our public officers have been exceedingly rare, and that those appointed directly by our people, or by their legislative agents in the General Assembly, have as a rule been very fair representatives of the intelligence, the honesty and incorruptibility of the State.

THE LORDS PROPRIETORS OF THE PROVINCE OF CAROLINA, 1663:

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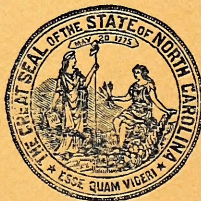
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NORTH CAROLINA CHEROKEE
INDIANS.

BY

WILLIAM W. STRINGFIELD,

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL 69TH N. C. T.



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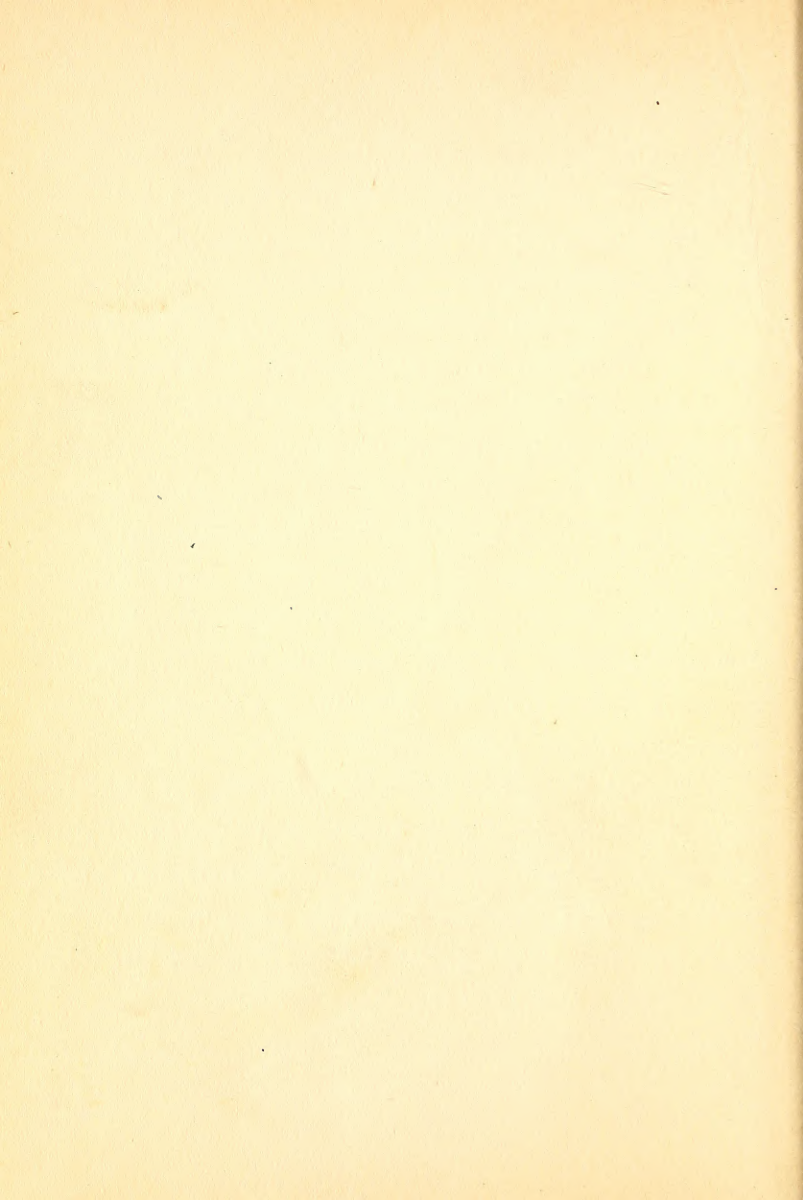
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NORTH CAROLINA CHEROKEE INDIANS.

By WILLIAM W. STRINGFIELD,
(Lieutenant-Colonel 69th N. C. T.).

INTRODUCTION.

It was my intention, in the beginning, to record only my personal recollections of those Indians left in North Carolina after the Removal—known as the “Eastern Band of Cherokees.” While I have not confined myself strictly to their story, such was my original intention, and for this reason, I have made no mention of many prominent members of the tribe who were identified with the “Nation” rather than the “Eastern Band,” notably John Ross, Elias Boudinot, and the “Cadmus of his race,” George Gist (Sequoya), inventor of the Cherokee alphabet.

It would take an article such as I have written to adequately describe their present condition and surroundings. However, as we are told “It is a foolish thing to make a long prologue and to be short in the story itself,” I submit this sketch without further explanation or apology.

It is not of the mythical or traditional, but of the real Cherokee that I write—and not so much of the ancient as the modern.

Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, in her “Century of Dishonor,” says the Indians are peculiarly the wards of the nation. While claiming to be as good a friend of “the poor Indian” as Mrs. Jackson, I cannot altogether agree with her in some of her statements and conclusions. As I mention later, I had several hundred of the Eastern Band of Cherokees in my

command during the Civil War, and since that time I have lived near them. I can, therefore, speak from a personal knowledge of their racial peculiarities and characteristics, such knowledge being as necessary when writing of the Indian as when writing of our *other race* problem, the more vexed one of our "brother in black."

A great deal has been written about the "mountaineers" of Western North Carolina, but very little about the *native* mountaineers—these lords of the forest, who roved from one "happy hunting ground" to another in this beautiful "Land of the Sky" for centuries before the white man came to disturb their Arcadia, and, eventually, take their lands.

The name "Cherokee" is a corruption of "Tsalgi," and has no meaning in their own language. We find it first in the Portugese recital of De Soto's expedition, published in 1557 as "Chalaque." In a French document it appears as "Cheraqué," the English form "Cherokee" appearing as early as 1708.

Linguistically the Cherokees are related to the Iroquoian stock, their marked differences being due to their long separation.

The Cherokee language had many dialects, as is the case with tribes scattered over a large territory. We find these dialects divided into three principal ones—the Eastern, Middle and Western. The Eastern, also called the Lower Cherokee, was spoken by the tribes in South Carolina and Georgia. The Middle dialect was originally spoken in the towns along the Tuckasegee, and is the dialect used by most of the Indians

now residing in the Qualla Reservation. The Western dialect was spoken by the tribes of Tennessee and by some in upper Georgia and North Carolina. It is the "literary dialect," and is spoken by those who reside in the West.

It will be seen, therefore, that Adair's classification of "Ottari" (among the hills) and "Erati" (lowland) will have to be rejected as insufficient. Also the derivation of the word Cherokee from "Cheera," meaning fire. This element was held in great respect by them, the "sacred fire" being kept constantly burning in their "town house." They believed if this house was destroyed by their enemies the sacred fire would sink into the ground, where it would continue to burn, though unseen by them. The older Cherokees believe this fire still burns within the mounds at Franklin and Bryson City. Some of their men, who were in the Confederate service and stationed near there, claimed to have seen smoke arising from them.

We are told that the Cherokees were the most intelligent of the tribes, and that it was due to their military prowess that they were able to hold the most beautiful, picturesque and secure homes of all the American tribes. Their love for their mountain home was, and is, intense, many of them dying of broken hearts when forced by the Federal Government to remove to the West. Of this blot on the escutcheon of our country, I shall speak later.

They possess a keen and delicate appreciation of the beautiful in nature, and their language is soft and melodious—when spoken by them. Their most beautiful names lose

their soft resonance of sound when spoken by English lips. Tlâge-si Se-le-tah, my Indian name, I like still to hear from the lips of my old comrades in arms. A pity it is that the euphonious names given our mountains and rivers by them, such as "Tocheeostee," "Zillicoah," "Wayeh," etc., should have been replaced by such prosaic ones as at present designate them.

The Cherokees, like their kindred, are very credulous and superstitious. They people the dark solitudes of the mountains with spirits, evil and good. The "Devil's Court-house," "Devil's Looking-glass," and other places believed to be the abode of His Satanic Majesty, were carefully avoided. Bravery atoned for a multitude of sins, and it was always the most courageous in arms who were most esteemed.

Many beautiful legends of the Balsams, whose majestic peaks, gloomy forests and sparkling cascades appealed strongly to their imaginations, are handed down to us. The following one is taken from Zeigler's "The Heart of the Alleghanies," and is as descriptive of the scenery now as in former days:

"The Indians believed they were originally mortal in spirit as well as body, but above the blue vault of heaven there was, inhabited by a celestial race, a forest into which the highest mountains lifted their dark summits. It is a fact worth noticing that while the priests of the Orient described heaven as a great city with streets of gold and gates of pearl and fine gems, the tribes of the Western Continent aspired to nothing beyond the perpetual enjoyment of wild nature.

“The mediator, by whom eternal life was secured for the Indian, was a maiden of their own tribe. Allured by the haunting sound and diamond sparkle of a mountain stream, she wandered far up into a solitary glen, where the azalia, kalmia and the rhododendron brilliantly embellished the deep, shaded slopes, and filled the air with their delicate perfume. The crystal stream wound its crooked way between moss-covered rocks, over which tall ferns bowed their graceful stems. Enchanted by the scene, she seated herself upon the soft moss and, overcome by fatigue, was soon asleep. The dream-picture of a fairyland was presently broken by the soft touch of a strange hand. The spirit of her dream occupied a place at her side, and wooing, won her for his bride.

“Her supposed abduction caused great excitement among her people, who made diligent search for her recovery in their own villages. Being unsuccessful, they made war upon the neighboring tribes in the hope of finding the place of her concealment. Grieved because of so much bloodshed and sorrow, she besought the Great Chief of the Eternal Hunting Grounds to make retribution. She was accordingly appointed to call a council of her people at the forks of the Wayeh (Pigeon) river. She appeared unto the chiefs in a dream, and charged them to meet the spirits of the hunting ground with fear and reverence.

“At the hour appointed the head men of the Cherokees assembled. The high Balsam peaks were shaken by thunder and aglow with lightning. A cloud as black as midnight settled over the valley, then lifted, leaving upon a large rock

a cluster of strange men, armed and painted as for war. An enraged brother of the abducted maiden swung his tomahawk and raised the war-whoop, but a swift thunderbolt dispatched him before the echo had died in the hills. The chiefs, terror-stricken, fled to their towns.

“The bride, grieved by the death of her brother, and the failure of the council, prepared to abandon her new home and return to her kindred in the valleys. To reconcile her, the promise was granted that all brave warriors and their faithful women should have an eternal home in the happy hunting ground above after death. The Great Chief of the forest beyond the clouds became the guardian spirit of the Cherokees.”

The Cherokees dwelt in villages, usually near some stream where fish and game were plentiful. In Echota, their “city of refuge” and their capital, their councils were held, and there lived the Archi-magus, Oconostata, and the prophetess, the famous Nancy Ward, their “Beloved Woman,” who though not as well known to the general reader as Matoaka, deserves as high a place in our regard as the Virginia maiden. This city of refuge was like the sanctuary of ancient times. Here an enemy, or even a criminal, could abide in safety.

The first account we have of the Cherokees dates back to 1540, when De Soto, the great Spanish explorer, traversed the southern and middle part of their domain, searching for gold. This march was one of destruction and devastation, equalled only in later times by Sherman’s “March to the Sea.”

In the century following De Soto's march there were numerous hostile incursions by the Spanish and their Indian allies, in which they carried off many Cherokees as prisoners and sold them into slavery in the West Indies. Being stalwart fellows, they were more valued as slaves than the less hardy negro. These incursions were usually from the south, as any one familiar with the topography of the country will see how their interior position kept them long from any intercourse with the settlers on the coast.

Cornelius Doherty is the first white man of whom we have any knowledge as living among them. In 1690 he settled among them as a trader, and I am sorry to chronicle that his influence, like that of many of his compatriots, was rather more degrading than elevating. Under his tutelage they soon became expert horse thieves, and the whites in retaliation would incite hostile tribes to make war upon them. So many braves were captured and sold into slavery by the colonists, that at last, in desperation, they appealed for aid to the Governor, who interfered and stopped the nefarious trade, securing thus, with but few lapses, the future loyalty of the tribe.

The French made and accepted similar overtures along the northern borders, but their persuasive powers were of no avail among the Cherokees, who remained friendly to the English.

It would be impossible to definitely locate the original boundaries occupied by the Cherokees, but they covered an area of at least 40,000 square miles, extending from near Pittsburg, Pa., on the north, to the Santee in middle South

Carolina, covering, as will be seen, the Appalachian, Blue Ridge and Cumberland regions.

The Cherokees are not without the trait possessed by all other Indians—they are good haters as well as fighters. Adair, who lived among them for forty years, has this to say of their thirst for revenge:

“I have known them to go a thousand miles in pathless woods, over hills and mountains, through large cane-swamps full of grape-vines and briars, over broad lakes, rapid rivers, and deep creeks, exposed to the extremities of heat and cold, the vicissitudes of the seasons, to hunger and thirst, to fatigue and other difficulties. Such is their over-boiling, revengeful temper, that they utterly disregard all these things as imaginary trifles, if they are so happy as to get the scalp of the murderer or enemy, to satisfy the supposed craving ghosts of their deceased relatives.”

While contact with civilization has subdued the wild nature of the red man somewhat, much of his spirit still remains.

Not long since, at a game of La Crosse on their “reservation,” between the clans, so great was their excitement over the game, that the squaws, when everything else had been “put up,” cut off their “raven tresses” and cast them into the pile, which, as is their custom, was set on fire at the close of the game—all joining hands and dancing wildly around the bonfire, while they made the welkin ring with their uncanny war-whoop and unearthly screams.

The Cherokees had and have many redeeming traits of character. They did not always put their prisoners to death,

but adopted some whites into the tribe, turned others loose and allowed many to "run the gauntlet" to freedom. Their houses of refuge I have already mentioned.

As we look backward, shame to us! the atrocities committed were not all on the side of the savage. It seems incredible, yet history teaches us (white man's history too) that the Plymouth Rock settlers and their descendants not only scalped, but beheaded their prisoners. However, as they hanged and burnt witches of their own flesh and blood, they were no respecters of persons. The Cherokees being further west and south, knew little and suffered less from King Philip's War, but they heard much about these "northern barbarities."

It is only too true that the early settlers, as a rule, utterly disregarded every personal, private right an Indian was ever supposed to have. Treaty after treaty was made, only to be broken before the change of the moon. After treating or ceding away all of Kentucky—that "dark and bloody ground"—with parts of Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama, still the white man reached out for more, and *took* it, until finally little more than the backbone of the rugged mountains was left, and, as will be seen later, much of that was taken!

At the close of the Revolutionary War the Cherokees, broken in spirit and shattered in fortune, made a final peace with the whites. They were at war with the Creeks and other Indian tribes constantly—retiring to the mountain fastnesses of Western North Carolina and North Georgia.

In the Creek War they were appealed to by the great war-

rior Tecumseh to join him in a general uprising. This chieftain had been made a general by the British, and he made a personal visit to the Cherokee chief, Junaluska, at his home, and at the town house on Soco creek, in Swain county, which was near the home of the late "Black Fox," an old Methodist minister.

Tecumseh is said to have used his most persuasive arts and flattering promises upon the sturdy old warrior, but he remained true to his friends then and ever after.

It is a peculiar and, to the writer, a pleasing coincidence, that the vital conference was held here, where, on February 6, 1864 (improperly stated March 6th in "North Carolina Regimental History," Sixty-ninth Regiment), the writer, in command of two hundred whites and one hundred and fifty Indians, fought back, and but for lack of ammunition would have captured the notorious Kirk with his five or six hundred followers.

The Indians were led by a grandson of Junaluska, and both whites and Indians were descendants of the soldiers of 1812-'14. This was the only time during the Civil War that armed Federals were in their midst. The Indians remained loyal, but were greatly excited. It was impossible to keep them quiet. The war-whoop and crack of the rifle resounded everywhere. They followed close upon the heels of Kirk, even across the Smoky Mountains. However, this is anticipating somewhat.

When the War of 1812 was declared, Junaluska, at the head of eight hundred Cherokee warriors, did valiant ser-

vice for the United States, and, at the battles of Emukfaw Creek and Horse-shoe Bend, their services were indispensable.

In the former the father of the writer, a pioneer Methodist minister, then but a lad, was shot down in the immediate presence of General Jackson, and would have been killed and scalped but for the timely succor of the General, who personally aided in carrying him to the rear. He bore, hence, on his forehead, an honorable scar to his grave.

North Carolina remembered Junaluska, and as a slight reward he was given a farm in what is now Graham county, where he afterwards lived, died and lies buried. His grave may still be seen on the outskirts of Robbinsville.

Another great chief, by many considered the greatest, was Yonaguska (Drowning Bear). Tall of stature and of commanding presence, standing six feet five inches, and of strikingly handsome presence, he possessed qualities which made him both loved and feared by his people. He was considered by Colonel Thomas to be as great a man as John C. Calhoun. Certainly a man who wielded as great an influence for good over rude warriors as he deserves a place in history. He knew how to appeal to their superstitions as well as guard their weaknesses, as the following facts will show: Having been addicted to the use of whiskey himself, he realized its demoralizing influence, and determined upon the reformation of the tribe. And now he proved himself to be a master! With the cunning of the Indian and wisdom of a statesman, he appealed to their superstition. He fell into a trance, which lasted for fifteen days. During that time

the warriors, twelve hundred of them, marched and counter-marched around his supposedly dead body. At last came the time for burial, but just as they were ready to perform the last rites—according to their custom—the dead chief was seen to move, and the well-known voice was heard again.

In an awe-stricken silence they listened to the voice of their new prophet. He told them of his long service. How he had always tried to serve their interests, and how the "Great Spirit," in His great love and pity for them, and grief over their excesses, had called him to the "happy hunting ground" that he might return and warn them. Tears streamed down the faces of all who listened, and they were eager to do the will of their prophet. Colonel Thomas was asked to write a pledge, which the old chief signed, then his followers: From that time the use of spirituous liquors was abandoned, any violation of their pledge being punished at the whipping-post. A good remedy at the present time!

A lack of humor is characteristic of the Indian—but Yonaguska was not wanting in this trait. Some one having brought a Cherokee translation of Matthew from New Echota, he would not allow it to be read until he had passed judgment upon it. He always held to his Indian faith, and was very suspicious of missionaries. However, after hearing several chapters read, with a grunt of satisfaction he dryly remarked: "It seems to be a very good book. Strange the white people are not better, after having had it so long."

During the life of Yonaguska pressure was frequently brought to bear upon him to induce him to move west with

his people. This he always indignantly refused to do, and he counseled them to the last to remain in their old homes, as they might go to a State where their liberties would be more curtailed than in North Carolina. He died at a very old age, a year after the Removal.

Of this removal, a Georgia soldier then, afterwards a colonel in the Confederate service, had this to say: "I fought through the Civil War, and have seen thousands of men shot to pieces, but that Cherokee Removal was the most cruel work I ever knew." The manner of removal is indeed a stain upon our flag!

This treaty (1835), it seems, was demanded by the people of Georgia, and enforced against the wish of the Cherokees, almost to a man. The Federal authorities (Jackson was President) hesitated and delayed in the matter, Jackson, no doubt, remembering the valiant service of these same Cherokees at the "Horse-shoe." His conscience pricked him sorely. A burning, stinging, acrimonious debate rang through both halls of Congress. Democrats for the bogus treaty, Whigs against it—the latter led by Clay, Webster, Everett, Wise and Davy Crockett. President Van Buren coming in, was disposed to give more time, but Governor Gilmer of Georgia was relentless. The Cherokees must go; and the majority did go. But how? Seventeen thousand were forced to move, two thousand left voluntarily.

State and Federal troops made the move. The Indians were hunted down like wild beasts. Many of the officers and soldiers protested against such cruelties; but the Cherokees

had to go. Soldiers guarded every one everywhere. One old man, when thus surrounded, calmly gathered his children around him, and all, in their own language, commended themselves to God; after which he said to the astonished soldiers: "Take us where you will, our God is with us."

Another brave ran off to the mountains, was followed for weeks; finally he came home and was found at sunrise half starved, prone upon the ground between the graves of his father and mother. Another notably cruel case was that of "Old man Charley." In his party were his wife, his three sons and their families. They were ordered in a rough manner to "move up"; a soldier at the same time prodded the old squaw, who was foot-sore and weary, in the side with his bayonet. Exasperated beyond endurance, Charley and his sons sprang upon the soldiers, and in the confusion which followed one soldier was killed. The Indians made their escape, but later, hearing that others would suffer if they did not surrender, Old Charley bravely came forth to his own death. By order of General Scott he and his two sons were shot, their friends being compelled to do the shooting, as it was thought this would have a salutary effect on the others. And so the work of removal went on! Junaluska said of General Jackson: "If I had known he would allow us to be treated so, I would have killed him at the Horse-shoe."

I quote from the Nineteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology concerning this tragedy in the lives of the Cherokees: "The history of this Cherokee removal of 1838, as gleaned by the author from the lips of the actors in

the tragedy, may well exceed in weight of grief and pathos any other passage in American history. Even the much-sung exile of the Acadians falls far behind it in its sum of death and misery. Under Scott's orders the troops were disposed at various points throughout the country, where stockade forts were erected for gathering in and holding the Indians preparatory to removal. From these, squads of troops were sent to search out with rifle and bayonet every small cabin hidden away in the caves or by the side of mountain streams, to seize and bring in as prisoners all the occupants, however, or wherever they might be found. Families at dinner were startled by the sudden gleam of bayonets in the door-way, and rose up, to be driven with blows and oaths along the weary miles of trail that led to the stockade. In many cases, on turning for one last look as they crossed the ridge, they saw their homes in flames, fired by the lawless rabble that followed on the heels of the soldiers to loot and pillage. So keen were these outlaws on the scent that in some instances they were driving off the cattle and other stock before the soldiers had fairly started their owners in the other direction." Indian graves were robbed of silver medals and other valuables placed with the dead. Some future Harriet Beecher Stowe may here find the truth to embody in a story of the oppressed!

The Eastern Band of Cherokees, of whom I am supposed to write, were, originally, the fugitives who refused to go, and could not be caught!

Colonel William H. Thomas, upon whose shoulders the

mantle of Yonaguska fell, needs no mention at the hands of the writer. As his history is so closely interwoven with that of his native State, it has been often written. The Indians lost nothing and gained largely under his leadership. Although a Democrat and true Southerner, he, at first, refused to take the Indians into the war, until forced to do so by public opinion, then for local defense. As the emergency of the times arose, a company was increased to a battalion, a battalion to a regiment, the regiment to the "Legion," and finally to two regiments, two battalions and a battery of artillery. None of this, however, has place here except the four Indian companies.

In thus going into the Southern army the Indians were actuated solely by their respect and veneration for their chief, Colonel Thomas. East Tennessee, where most of their military duties were performed, was just across the great Smokies from their homes. As one of the regimental officers of the "Legion," the writer can truthfully declare that in all of the conduct of the Indians towards the Federals they were always humane and generous, with no excesses beyond those of ordinary soldiers. In only one instance did the savage come to the surface. At Baptist Gap, in the Cumberland mountains, September, 1862, in a fight with the Federals, one of our lieutenants—a splendid Indian warrior, and a grandson of Junaluska—was killed in a gallant charge. His followers were so much incensed that they dashed forward with their war-whoop and battle-cry, and before they could be restrained they had scalped several of the wounded enemy.

This officer, Lieutenant John Astoogastoga, was a handsome, manly, Christian fellow, and would have been a man of mark in any community. Many of the Indians later on during the war had many good opportunities to desert, had they wished to do so. I must say that I cannot believe the statement sometimes made by Federals that the Indians deserted whenever they found an opportunity to do so.

As many intelligent and patriotic whites differed in opinion about the war, it would not have been so surprising had the Indians done so. A few months after the collapse of the Confederacy, I had occasion to travel through the Indian settlement, and I was astonished to learn how angry they were with the whites for surrendering so tamely, as they thought. It was more than a year after the close of the war before they would permit those who had fought on the Union side to return to their homes, and then only at the command of Colonel Thomas.

I wish to say, further, that while there was some confusion and drunkenness, their average behavior was better than that of the whites. I think it worthy of mention, and germane to the subject, to further state that the Indians were the last troops to surrender in the South—east of the Mississippi river. This surrender took place in the town of Waynesville, on May 10, 1865. It should be borne in mind that the entire Department of Western North Carolina, being isolated, after the surrender of East Tennessee reported directly to General Lee. After his surrender and the surrounding and capture of Johnston's army, the Federals, in the meantime, having

pushed forward, the Department was cut off from all communication with the outside world.

A truce had been called, when very unexpectedly Colonel Bartlett of New York (Third N. C. Federal) broke loose from flag of truce agreements at Asheville and went rapidly over Buncombe and Haywood counties *stealing horses*.

Colonel Thomas, with three hundred Indians, and Colonel James R. Love, with three hundred men, confronted him at Waynesville. He was driven into the town and surrounded. Colonel Thomas, with his Indians, retired to the mountain west of town (Mt. Maria Love), which was within shooting distance. Hundreds of camp-fires were built over the face of the mountain, and the night was made hideous by the war-whoop of the Indians. One Federal was killed and many more wounded by their sharp-shooters.

The bonfires and hideous yells had the desired effect. The following morning Colonel Bartlett sent out a flag of truce and asked for a conference. Colonel Love, with several of his men, and Colonel Thomas, with twenty of his largest and most warlike-looking Indians, stripped to the waist and painted and feathered off in fine style, entered the town. An agreement was made by which the Legion was paroled, the officers and men being allowed to keep their arms.

This surrender had a salutary effect upon all. Both whites and Indians returned to their homes and began work on their farms—the Indians the most peaceable of all, and less to be feared.

When these Indians were allowed to remain in the East a

small annuity was allowed each one. This fund had accumulated and had become quite a "plum." As we all know, "carpet-baggers" loved "plums," so it happened that the Cherokees were not allowed to escape the fate of their unfortunate white friends. This would not have happened but for the unfortunate illness of their much-loved chief, who was stricken in body and mind when his services were most needed. Rival claims for the chieftainship arose, and great confusion ensued. The younger generation growing up "knew not Joseph," and were the easy prey of designing men. However, the best citizens of the country, duly appreciating the gravity of their own and the Indians' surroundings, lent a helping hand, and alleviated much suffering.

For the last eighteen or twenty years the Federal Government has not been remiss in its efforts to train and educate the younger Indians in the necessary and useful arts of living. A Training and Industrial School, with extensive buildings, shops, gardens, etc., is in full operation on the banks of the beautiful Oconolufy at Cherokee, formerly "Yellow Hill," at the old Arneechee ford. How much permanent benefit is to arise remains yet to be seen.

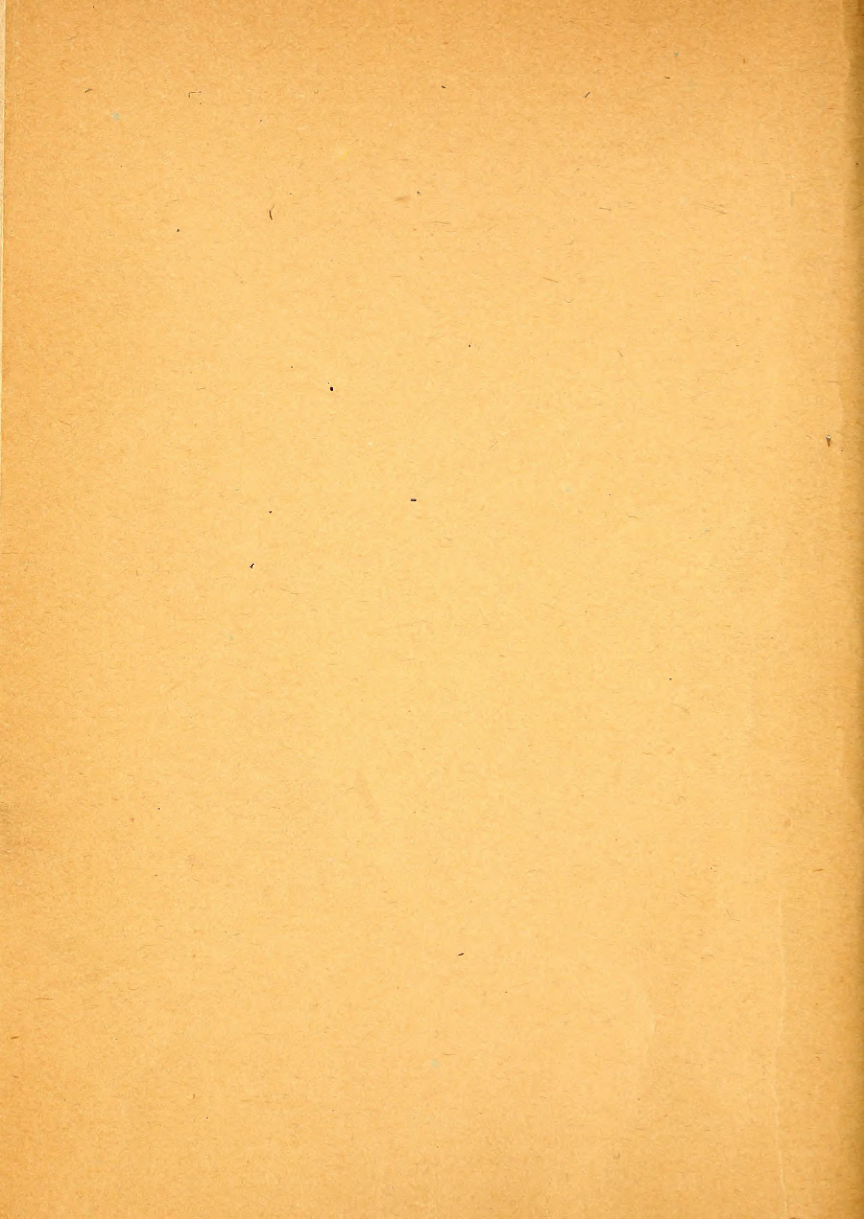
Recently graduates from this school and Carlisle, Pa., were on the streets of Waynesville—husband and wife. She, in the usual way, had upon her back a great load of baskets, and a papoose. He was *loaded* down with a bow and arrow. She made the baskets, carried them to Waynesville, sold them and bought him a pair of shoes and a hat. For herself she

purchased a red bandana and some artificial roses, which she displayed with many grunts of satisfaction and pride.

Many tourists now visit this Reservation, and it certainly calls up a curious, if not startling, train of thought, to stand upon one of the many beautiful hillocks surrounding this school and hear the beat of "long roll" and the full swelling notes of the "Cherokee Band" of twenty-four brass horns, well tuned to music, daily drilling upon the beautiful green sward.

On the "Reservation" of one hundred thousand acres of land immediately surrounding the school, the Indians are now fairly happy and contented, and with each returning year are better able to support themselves. This school is located five or six miles from Whittier, N. C., by a good driving road, on the banks of the beautiful, sparkling and romantic Soco and Oconolufy rivers—one of the most favored spots in this beautiful Land of the Sky, "where God has written His love in trailing-arbutus, flowering azalia and many-tinted rhododendron; and has recorded His majesty on heights where centuries have slept, and woke to find their brows unchanged by marring stroke of time's rude pen."

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VOL. III

JULY, 1903

No. 3

THE
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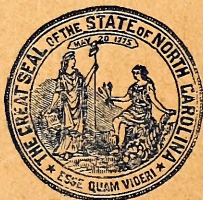


GREAT EVENTS IN
NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY

THE VOLUNTEER STATE
(TENNESSEE) AS A SECEDER.

BY
MISS SUSIE GENTRY,

Regent "Old Glory" Chapter and State Historian
D. A. R. of Tennessee.



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"CAROLINA! CAROLINA! HEAVEN'S BLESSINGS ATTEND HER!
WHILE WE LIVE WE WILL CHERISH, PROTECT AND DEFEND HER."

RALEIGH
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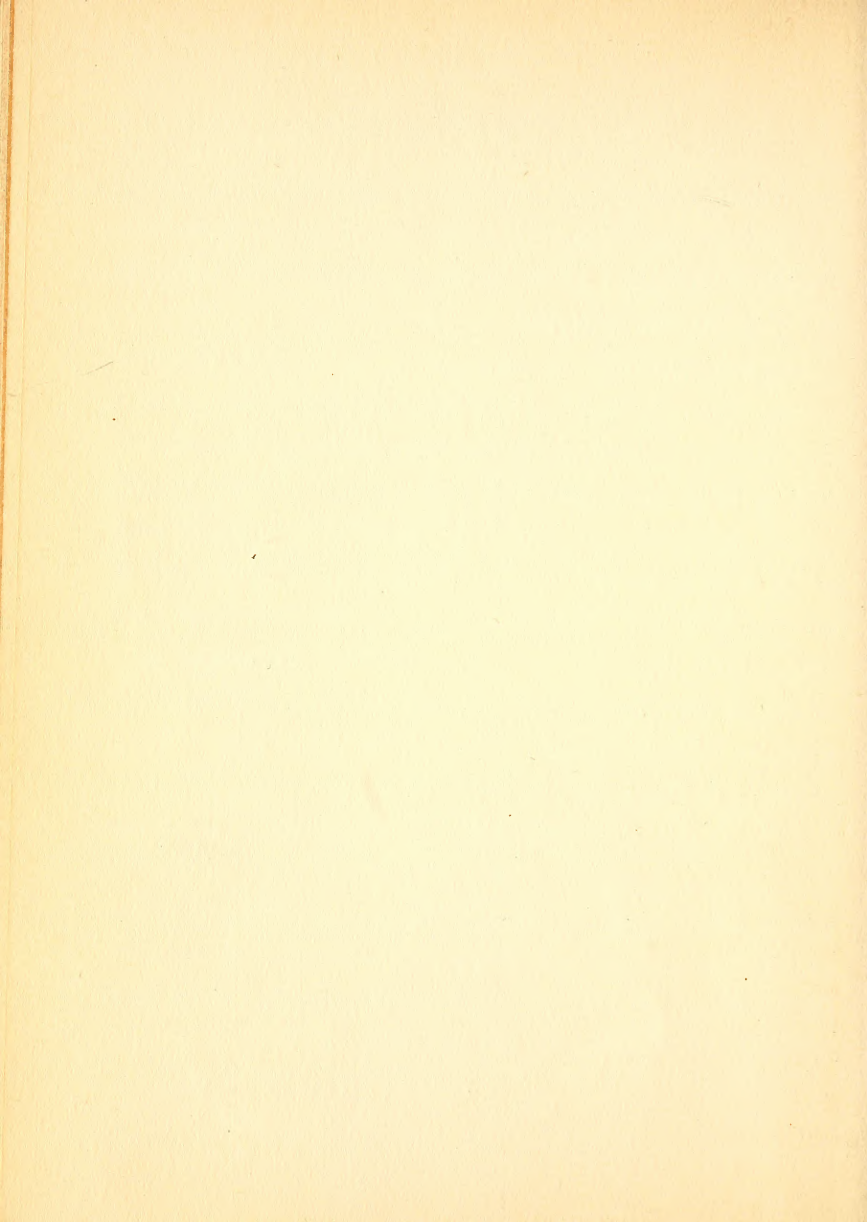
PREFACE.

The object of the NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET is to erect a suitable memorial to the patriotic women who composed the "Edenton Tea Party."

These stout-hearted women are every way worthy of admiration. On October 25, 1774, seven months before the defiant farmers of Mecklenburg had been aroused to the point of signing their Declaration of Independence, nearly twenty months before the declaration made by the gentlemen composing the Vestry of St. Paul's Church, Edenton, nearly two years before Jefferson penned the immortal National Declaration, these daring women solemnly subscribed to a document affirming that they would use no article taxed by England. Their example fostered in the whole State a determination to die, or to be free.

In beginning this new series, the Daughters of the Revolution desire to express their most cordial thanks to the former competent and untiringly faithful Editors, and to ask for the new management the hearty support of all who are interested in the brave deeds, high thought, and lofty lives of the North Carolina of the olden days.

MRS. D. H. HILL.



THE VOLUNTEER STATE (TENNESSEE) AS A SECEDER.

By SUSIE GENTRY,

Regent "Old Glory" Chapter and State Historian D. A. R. of Tennessee.

"Yes, give me the land that hath legends and lays,
That tell of the memory of long vanished days;
Yes, give me the land that hath story and song,
To tell of the strife of the right with the wrong:
Yes, give me a land with a grave in each spot,
And names in the graves that shall not be forgot;
Yes, give me the land of the wreck and the tomb,
There's grandeur in graves—there's glory in gloom,
For out of the gloom future brightness is born;
As after the night looms the sunrise of morn,
And the graves of the dead with the grass overgrown
May yet form the foot-stool of Liberty's throne,
And each simple wreck in the pathway of might
Shall yet be a *rock* in the temple of Right."

—*Father Ryan.*

The "Volunteer State" is rightly named when we call to mind the times she has seceded. Never being a colony, she is remarkable in having made three attempts at secession—and her large measure of success in two of the three efforts.

The secession of 1861 is of too recent a date to be of special interest to the general reader, but the two previous attempts hold much for the descendants of men of both the "Old North State" and Tennessee.

To the North Carolinian and Tennessean it is interesting to read of the discovery of Tennessee, so to speak. Chisca, an Indian village, is believed to have occupied the present site of that notable cotton mart—Memphis. On the morning of its discovery by De Soto in the spring of 1541, his soldiery rushed disorderly into it, robbing the homes and taking many men, women, and children prisoners. The ruler, Chisca, was ill, but would have rushed headlong into battle, but for those peace-makers—the women—and the cooler-headed of his attendants.

De Soto called a camp, and the next morning some of the natives advanced without speaking, turned their faces to the east, made a profound genuflection to the sun, then turned to the west and made obeisance to the moon, and concluded with a similar but less profound reverence to De Soto.

They had come in the name of the Cazique, Chisca, and all of his subjects to bid them welcome, offer their services and friendship.

They were also desirous to see the kind of men who were to rule over them. A tradition had been handed down from their ancestors that a white people would come and conquer their country. Thus met these two warriors of widely distant lands—one acknowledged victor and ruler, the other a defeated king! The Spaniards remained in Chisca twenty days, during which time they built four piraguas; about three hours before day on the twentieth day De Soto ordered the piraguas to be launched with four troopers of tried cour-

age in each, and thus was the "Father of Waters" first crossed by white men in Tennessee.

Except the four piraguas built by De Soto, the cabin and fort erected by La Salle in 1682 was the first handicraft of civilized man in the boundaries of the State.

It was at the village of Nequassa (of the Cherokees), April, 1730, that Sir Alexander Cumming met the Cherokees and demanded of them obedience to King George. Here Moytoy of Tellequo was made Commander-in-Chief of the Cherokee nation. From *Tenassee* (their chief town on the west bank of the Little Tennessee river, a few miles above our "Tellico") was brought the crown, five eagle feathers and four scalps, which they requested Sir Alexander to lay at his Sovereign's feet. From this ceremony came our State's name—the changing of one letter and the addition of another to "Tenassee."

The Treaty of Paris, or of the Peace of 1763, was a transaction by which France ceded to England the territory now comprised by the State of Tennessee, as well as a large amount of other territory. In this cession of France to England the rightful owners of this vast property—the Indians—were entirely ignored. The Indians, as was natural, objected to the numerous excursions into their hunting grounds, and finally resistance was resorted to. To pacify the increasing hostility of the Indians, King George issued his wonderfully generous and logical (?) Proclamation of October 7, 1763—"That a Sovereign only has the right to purchase lands of the Indians."

Again, in 1768, Captain Stuart concluded a treaty with the Cherokees at Hard Labour, S. C. That vast area between the Ohio and Tennessee rivers was uninhabited by the Indians, but was the pugilistic field for their many desperate conflicts with their enemies. Its title was claimed by the Confederacy of the Six Nations; by a deputation from them a formal remonstrance was presented to the Superintendent of Indian Affairs against the continued encroachments upon these lands, May 6, 1768. Accordingly, a convention was held at Fort Stanwick, N. Y., October 24th; 3,200 Indians of seventeen different tribes were present, and November 5th a treaty and deed of cession to the King was signed.

At the treaty at Hard Labour the Indians had assented to an expulsion of the Holston settlements, and as a consequence the nucleus was formed of the first permanent settlement within the limits of Tennessee, in the latter part of December, 1768, and early part of January, 1769.

When, a year later, James Robertson ("the father of Tennessee") and his *confreres*—collaborators in hardship and ingenuity in dealing with the Indians—founded Watauga settlement, there was a latent idea of secession in their minds, although an humble petition was sent to the North Carolina Assembly as late as August 22, 1776.

North Carolina at this time held about twenty-nine million acres beyond the Alleghanies—from these mountains to the Mississippi river—all the region which now is within the boundaries of the great State Tennessee; and this vast domain was acquired without money or blood on the part of

North Carolina, she having used actually King George the Third's theory "that a Sovereign [State (?)] only has the right to purchase lands of the Indians," confiscated all lands south of latitude $36^{\circ} 30'$; the other unoccupied lands of the Cherokees she had gained through John Sevier and his brave comrades, who had been of not even one dollar's expense to her for several years!

The war with the Cherokees having happily come to an end, and safety and prosperity again reigning in the settlements, a treaty was made with them and signed July 20, 1777. In April of the same year the Legislature of North Carolina passed two acts of importance to this new-founded government—that of encouraging the militia and volunteers in prosecuting war against the red man, and in establishing "Washington District." In this district was all the territory of the now "Volunteer State"—and the budding flower of the seed of secession from North Carolina. In November following Washington county was created, and justices of the peace appointed and the establishment of Courts of Pleas and Quarter Sessions.

James Robertson and "The Notables" (men well known to history) really formed a government, though they did not so call it; still they were living without the laws and protection of either North Carolina or Virginia, though just on the boundaries of both. North Carolina and Virginia each claimed jurisdiction over this section, but the claim never extended further than slight discussions in State papers. They were entirely self-dependent—an unsupported, unpro-

tected outpost on the ragged edge of civilization! Having no regular government, it was necessary that they become a law unto themselves; therefore they thought out their laws, or rules of government, and lived by them in comparative comfort and satisfaction.

These self-proclaimed laws of James Robertson and the Notables were adopted in 1772, and are believed to be the first written compact of government west of the mountains. This "Tribunal of Notables" exercised every prerogative of government except the infliction of capital punishment, which for some time was necessary; and yet this government was the outcome of a man stealing a horse in the public thoroughfare. From what a small acorn does a giant oak sometimes grow!

For a number of years this form of government performed its functions with satisfaction and success to the people, but was in a reality a secession. It served its purpose of fitting certain men for places of responsibility, and a people for Statehood, and then ceased to exist.

From the ashes of Robertson's rule, or government, sprang Phœnix-like the "State of Franklin"—the first *independent* secession ever known of a State. This vast territory, by an act of the North Carolina General Assembly of 1783, had been ceded to Congress. According to this act North Carolina was to have authority over all this section until Congress should accept the cession.

The members from the four Western counties of Washington, Sullivan, Greene and Davidson were present, and

voted for the cession. These men seeing their well-being and protection, as a section, was of no special interest to the mother State, crimination and reerimination were freely indulged in by both North Carolina and her independent offspring—the “State of Franklin.”

This self-willed child called to mind that in the Bill of Rights, adopted at the same time with the State Constitution (in 1776, at Halifax), a clause had been inserted authorizing the formation of “one or more governments westward of this State”; and believing that Congress would not accept this cession of land in the prescribed time—two years—and feeling that the settlements within the prescribed boundaries would practically be excluded from the protection of North Carolina and Congress, and with no authorized government, it devised means whereby it might extricate itself from the many and unexpected difficulties by which it was assailed and surrounded.

This was done by assembling a convention composed of two elected delegates from each captain’s company to devise means of protection and redress. These thirty-six men, whose names are well known, accordingly met at Jonesboro, Tennessee, August 23, 1783, Davidson county having no representative present. Jonesboro, as we know, was named for General Willie Jones, of North Carolina.

John Sevier was chosen President, and Landon Carter Secretary. During the meeting the Declaration of Independence was read, and the independence of Washington, Sullivan and Greene counties suggested. An appointed com-

mittee drew up and presented a notable report to Congress—that it accept the cession of North Carolina, and that they be recognized *as a separate government*; and should any part contiguous to Virginia (“Frankland”) make application to join this association, after making such request of Virginia, that both should enjoy equal and like privileges, and one or more persons should be sent to represent the situation of things to Congress. The report was adopted by a vote of many men whose names are as sentinels in the history of both North Carolina and Tennessee.

The plan of the association was drawn up by Messrs. Cocke and Hardin; and after certain deliberations (in 1784) a plan was adopted to send a suitable person to Congress, and to cultivate public spirit, benevolence and virtue, and pledged themselves to protect the association with their lives, fortunes, faith, and reputation.

Some trouble arose as to this measure, and the convention broke up in great confusion—some wanting to secede, others opposing it; before disbandment of this meeting the General Assembly of North Carolina, then in session at New Bern, repealed the act of secession to the United States; appointed Attorney-General for the Superior Court, and ordered that the said court convene at Jonesboro; organized the Militia of Washington District into a brigade, and appointed John Sevier Brigadier-General. This was done in opposition to the appointments made by the government of the “State of Franklin.” General Sevier expressed his satisfaction therewith, and advised “no separation”—as did Tennessee’s “sil-

ver-tongued orator," Meredith P. Gentry, of a later period, but who finally gave his all—brains, health and wealth—for his loved Southland. But the people were not to be advised or controlled by North Carolina, she having, in her treatment of them, proven a veritable "step-mother"; so they proceeded to hold a convention, of which Sevier was elected President, and F. A. Ramsey Secretary. The people who had revolted from North Carolina continued to maintain and enjoy their government; but the Constitution was yet to be ratified or rejected by a convention chosen by the people. Such an assemblage met, when John Sevier, the President, presented the Constitution of North Carolina as the foundation of government for the new State; with some modifications it was adopted by a small majority. This Assembly at Greenville, Tennessee, was the first Legislative assembly that ever convened in Tennessee—November, 1784. John Sevier was chosen Governor, and filled the other offices with men of his own choosing.

Governor Martin, hearing of the organization of the "State of Franklin," wrote Governor Sevier, inquiring as to its meaning. Governor Sevier promptly returned answer as to what had been done, and the reasons therefor. An elaborate manifesto from Governor Martin and the Legislature of North Carolina proved of no avail, as the people had had a taste of self-government, and were not disposed to give up their sweet morsel.

This state of things continued until the latter part of 1787, when a Sheriff from North Carolina was commissioned

to seize upon the estate of Governor Sevier while he was fighting on the frontier with the turbulent "red man." The order was executed, and about sixty of his negroes were taken captive, but were afterward replevined. Again Governor Sevier tried to make reconciliation between the "State of Franklin" and the "Old North State," but to no purpose.

Soon after, on July 29, 1788, Governor Johnston issued a warrant for Governor Sevier's arrest for "high treason against the State of North Carolina."

His highly dramatic trial, and escape in total darkness from the one-roomed log court-house at Jonesboro; his rapid flight over the mountains on his fleet-footed race-mare, brought for his flight by his staunch friend, Dr. James Cozby; his expatriation and subsequent re-instatement; his serving as the first Congressman from the great Mississippi Valley in 1790, are well known to all.

The "State of Franklin," soon after Governor Sevier's impeachment, ceased to exist as such; but North Carolina saw the expediency of a final separation, and this was effected by the second cession act, dated December, 1789, seventeen years after the first seed of secession was sown—like the century plant, a flower of late fruition. The "State of Franklin" was hereafter known as "The Territory of the United States Northwest of the River Ohio" (see "An Ordinance for the Government of the Territory of the United States Northwest of the River Ohio," passed July 13, 1787), again as the "Territory of the United States South of the River Ohio," by act of Congress of May 26, 1790.

JULY IN NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY.

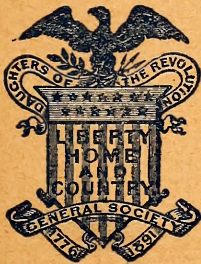
The fleet under Philip Amidas and Arthur Barlow anchored on the 16th, 1584, in Trinity Harbor; Miller assumed charge of Government, 1677; on the 13th, 1716, Charles Eden was appointed Governor; in 1777 Major Joseph Winston, Waightstill Avery and Robert Lanier obtained the treaty of the Long Island of Holston—securing lasting peace with the Cherokees; North Carolina Convention met in the Presbyterian Church at Hillsborough on the 21st, 1788, to consider the new Federal Constitution; engagements at Pacolet River on the 14th, and at Earle's Ford on the 18th, in 1780.

VOL. III

AUGUST, 1903

No. 4

THE
NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET

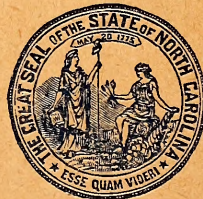


GREAT EVENTS IN
NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY

HISTORIC HILLSBORO,

BY

FRANCIS NASH.



PRICE, 10 CENTS

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THE NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET.

GREAT EVENTS IN NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY.

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"CAROLINA! CAROLINA! HEAVEN'S BLESSINGS ATTEND HER!
WHILE WE LIVE WE WILL CHERISH, PROTECT AND DEFEND HER."

RALEIGH

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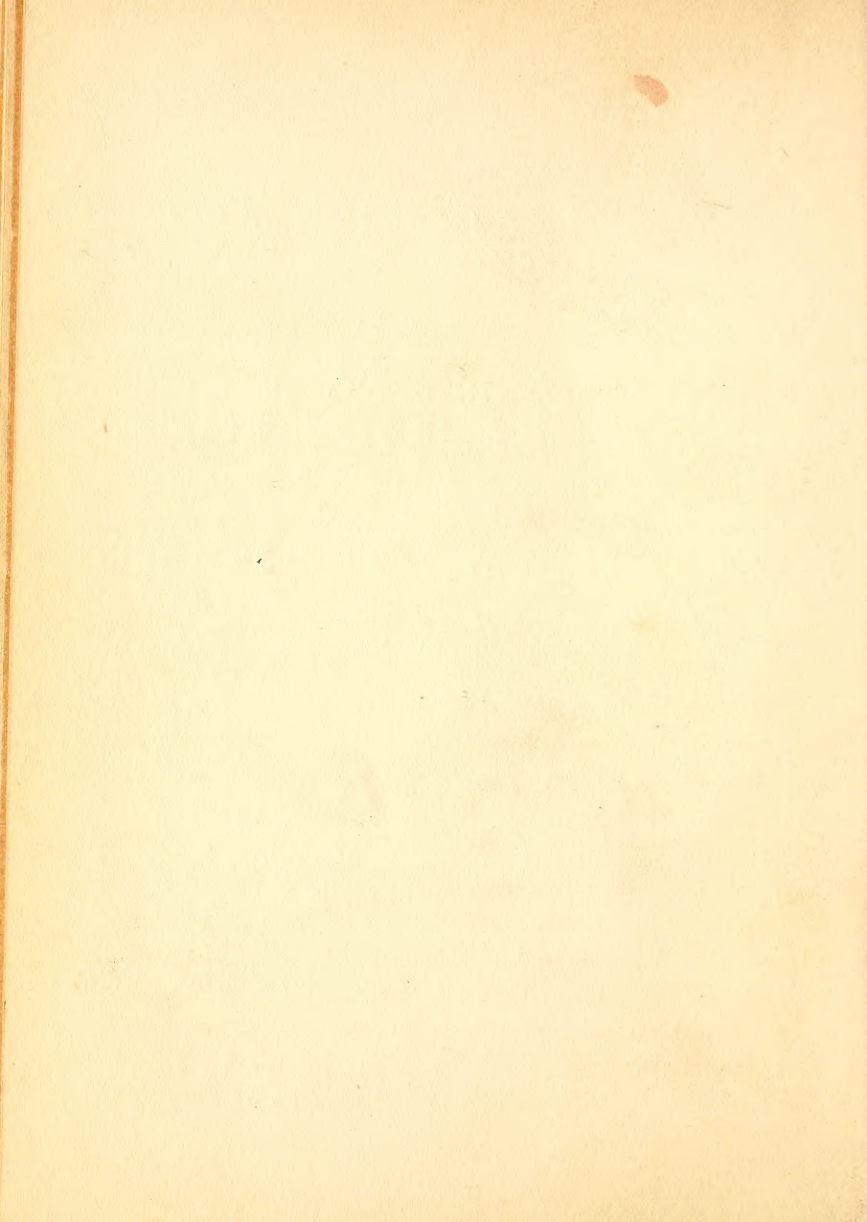
PREFACE.

The object of the NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET is to erect a suitable memorial to the patriotic women who composed the "Edenton Tea Party."

These stout-hearted women are every way worthy of admiration. On October 25, 1774, seven months before the defiant farmers of Mecklenburg had been aroused to the point of signing their Declaration of Independence, nearly twenty months before the declaration made by the gentlemen composing the Vestry of St. Paul's Church, Edenton, nearly two years before Jefferson penned the immortal National Declaration, these daring women solemnly subscribed to a document affirming that they would use no article taxed by England. Their example fostered in the whole State a determination to die, or to be free.

In beginning this new series, the Daughters of the Revolution desire to express their most cordial thanks to the former competent and untiringly faithful Editors, and to ask for the new management the hearty support of all who are interested in the brave deeds, high thought, and lofty lives of the North Carolina of the olden days.

MRS. D. H. HILL.



HISTORIC HILLSBORO.

By FRANCIS NASH,

Of the Hillsboro Bar and Member of the American Historical Association.

The progress of settlement in Orange county presented the usual phases—first, the Indian trader; next, the hunter and pioneer, and then the settler, with his pack-horses, his sturdy helpmeet and five or six children, his axe, his strong health and dauntless self-reliance. A clearing is made, a log cabin is built, and there in that home in the wilderness, free from all artificial restraints, he and his—nature's children—thrive on what she provides. Neighbors come to partake with him of this freedom, and continue to come until Lord Granville's agents, with their surveyors, enter upon the scene, and grants must be sued out and quitrents paid. As the settlements grow more numerous, civil government appears—first in the form of the tax gatherer, and then in those of the Justice and his Constable. Soon a new county must be formed and a central location for the county-seat selected. There a town must be laid off and given a name. To it come the merchant, the lawyer, the tavern-keeper, the artisan and the court officials, adventurers, all, in the perennial pursuit of gain. Rude in its beginnings, the town is, however, the emporium for the trade and the headquarters for the politics, the news and the fashions of all the country

about it, and to it great crowds come at the quarterly courts for a holiday—a holiday that partakes of the strenuous character of the people themselves. The best shot of one community pits himself against the best shot of another; the cock of the walk of Haw River must try conclusions with him of Little or Flat River, while the friends of each look on, restrained from indulging in a free fight themselves only by their interest in the main event, and so on, wrestler with wrestler, runner with runner, race-horse with race-horse, and game cock with game cock—a strong, free people, as yet but half-civilized, unconsciously preparing itself for a great career. Meantime the stock of drinkables at the various taverns is growing smaller and smaller, and the self-important Justices are sitting in the court-house trying minor offenses or settling minor disputes between man and man, and puzzled occasionally by some astute lawyer referring, in hope of enlightenment, but in a helpless way, to Nelson's Justice, Cary's Abridgment of the Statutes, Swinborn on Wills, Godolphin's Orphan's Legacy, Jacob's Law Dictionary, or Wood's Institutes—books required by law to be upon the court table.

Hillsboro, as Hillsboro, began to exist November 7, 1766. It had been, at that time, a town for more than twelve years, but its growth had been very slow and its history uneventful. Since 1764, though, it had been an improving place. A number of young, energetic, able adventurers had located there between 1761 and 1764. Edmund Fanning came in 1761. He was born in 1737, in Connecticut, son of Colonel

Phineas Fanning; graduated at Yale, 1757; studied law in New York, and came to Hillsboro, then Childsburg, as above said. In March, 1763, he qualified as Register of the county. It is generally thought that extortion in this office made him rich. As a matter of fact, his income from that office was small. His income from his law practise was, however, very large. He was the best equipped lawyer in the province, appeared on one side or the other of every litigated case—even the Regulators employing him—and there was much litigation. Besides this, he speculated in real estate and was a partner in a mercantile establishment until 1769, when he sold out to William Johnston. Thus he grew rich rapidly, and this, concurring with his haughty manners, made him many enemies. He built himself a fine house and was instrumental in the erection of a commodious store and a handsome church, and secured a parson for that church—Rev. George Meiklejohn—and a school-master for the town. And it is believed that it was through his influence with Governor Tryon, and Tryon's influence with the Earl of Hillsboro, that the clock that still keeps the time and strikes the hours was obtained from the King. He had a good library, and was, too, liberal in the loan of books to his neighbors. He returned to New York in 1772, after the Regulator troubles, paid a short visit to North Carolina in 1773, was Colonel of Loyalists during the Revolutionary war, Governor of Prince Edward Island, 1794; made an LL. D. by Yale in 1803; General in the British army, 1808; removed to England in 1815, and died in 1818. There has

been no man so harshly treated by our historians as this man.

In late 1762, or early 1763, two young Virginia lawyers came across the line to Childsburg—Abner and Francis Nash. Abner removed soon after to Halifax and New Bern, though he continued for many years to own property in Hillsboro and to practise in its courts. Francis qualified as Clerk of the County in March, 1763, and continued to reside in the town until his death. They came of a substantial English family, that in the time of the Commonwealth espoused the cause of Cromwell, and at the Restoration removed to Pembrokehire, Wales, and located near Tenby, in that shire. John, son of Abner, of this family, about 1730, came with his wife, Ann Owen, to Virginia, purchased an estate, called Templeton Manor, in the fork of the Bush and Appomattox rivers, and afterwards became quite prominent in the minor political history of that province. There Abner, the third son, and Francis, the fourth, were born—the one about 1740, and the other about 1742.

Of the merchants of that period were James Thackston, a partner of Fanning, and John Dowell, a partner of Francis Nash, in mercantile ventures.

With the coming of these young, energetic and ambitious men, the town took on new life. At Governor Tryon's suggestion, probably, its name was changed to Hillsboro, as compliment to the Earl of that name. In 1767, Rev. George Meiklejohn, a tall, dark, raw-boned Scotchman, with harsh features, slow, deliberate manner, and the broadest of dialects, came as minister in charge of St. Matthew's parish.

A market-house was built over the intersection of King and Churton streets, with wagon-ways through it. A handsome church was completed soon after, and in 1768 or 1769 the wealthy Scotch merchants, William Johnston and Ralph Macnair, became residents of the place. Much more commodious residences were erected, and, though the men outnumbered the women, there was with the new stock of goods some show of dress and fashion. Mr. Fanning was notoriously careful of his person, and his raiment was of the most expensive material and the newest fashion. In this little society he was the model (and envy) of the lesser beaux. There was some culture, too. Besides, Mr. Fanning, Mr. Johnston, Mr. Macnair and Mr. Thackston were all educated gentlemen, well acquainted with books other than their day-books and ledgers. Mr. Francis Nash is said to have been handsome, and, though high-spirited, singularly gentle, generous and warm-hearted, and was educated as the well-to-do Virginia planter educated his son. Out in the country, but near enough to form part of this society, was Colonel Thomas Hart (he of whom Captain Smyth writes so admiringly in his "Travels in America"), with his bevy of handsome daughters. And Mr. Meiklejohn, with his abundant but cumbrous classical learning, his Scotch fondness for strong drink and his Scotch capacity for resisting its influence, must not be forgotten. To be able to drink steadily and freely with all the guests, without getting drunk, was a great accomplishment in those days. Says Waightstill Avery, passing through Hillsboro about that time: "The

evening was spent with a great crowd of lawyers and others. *I narrowly escaped intoxication.*"

These were some of the men whom the Regulators proposed to regulate. I can deal with that disturbance in a summary way only. That the people had just cause of complaint against officials is true beyond doubt. A loosely drawn and ambiguous fee bill gave an opportunity for each man to put his own construction upon it; and, as human nature was the same then (only more so) that it is now, the officials construed it liberally in their own favor, and the agitators construed it strictly against them. Of course calculations made upon such a totally different basis resulted in a difference that could not be reconciled. It was easy to convince a people always sensitive to the encroachments of any man or set of men upon their rights, that these officials were all rogues, fattening and growing rich upon what they had extorted from their own hard earnings. And history is in this regard constantly repeating itself. The ignorant but free masses, when there is a real grievance, always respond to the appeal of the artful agitator and hate the real or imagined oppressor with an intense if not savage hatred—a mad passion that we deplore, while we respect the spirit that inspires it. It is a racial instinct, inbred in their nature, that when wisely controlled by education and enlightenment, makes them a great people. It is, it seems to me, admiration for this spirit that has made some of the historians mistake the nature of the Regulator troubles and insist that the Regulation was the beginning of the Revolution. In truth, it was

never directed against any existing political institution. They expressly disclaimed any quarrel with King or Parliament or Assembly. They demanded that dishonest public officials should be removed and punished; and Governor Tryon not complying with the demand so summarily as they desired, they, inspired by hatred and revenge, proceeded to administer this punishment themselves. So they were an organized but irresponsible and uncontrollable mob—not a great people in the first throes of a struggle for independence. Fanning they hated with a cruel and relentless hatred. His haughty carriage, his pugnacious nature, his bull-dog tenacity, his rapid accumulation of wealth and his undisguised contempt for them maddened them. In March, 1768, they lay in wait for him to kill him, along the Salisbury road. In April, 1768, one hundred of them came to town, forcibly took from Sheriff Tyree Harris a horse upon which he had levied, tied the Sheriff himself to a tree, terrorized the citizens of the town and fired several shots through Fanning's house, he being at the time absent. In 1769 they caught Sheriff John Lea in the country, tied him also to a tree and trounced him soundly; and in September, 1770, they broke up the Superior Court, whipped John Williams, Thomas Hart, Alexander Martin, Michael Holt and others, and would have whipped John Gray, Thomas Lloyd, Francis Nash, Tyree Harris and others had they not "timorously fled." Judge Henderson, that night about 10 o'clock, with his thoughts still "much engaged on his own protection," stepped out a back way and made his escape, leaving "poor

Colonel Fanning and the little borough in a wretched situation." They first severely whipped and then made a prisoner of Fanning—like a huge tiger cat, with its prey, keeping him over for the morrow to make more sport for them before they should devour him. They stopped short of this, however, contented themselves with disgracing him further, destroying his furniture and wrecking his house, and drinking or spilling his wines and liquors.

Then came the Johnston bill, the battle of Alamance, the return of the army to Hillsboro, the trial of the prisoners, the execution of six of them, and the departure of Governor Tryon and Edmund Fanning to New York—events that must be passed over with the mention.

With the end of the Regulator troubles came renewed prosperity to Hillsboro. Several valuable citizens were added to its population. Among others, Nathaniel Rochester and Thomas Burke. Rochester was a man of decided parts, afterwards became a prominent man and patriot, going to Maryland in 1783, thence to New York, where the city of Rochester was named for him. Thomas Burke was a son of Ulick Burke and Letitia Ould, born about 1747 in Galway county, Ireland. Some family trouble made him, in 1764, come to Accomac county, Virginia. There he studied medicine and probably practised it for a while, but soon gave it up for the law. He came to North Carolina in 1772, and, after some hesitation between Halifax and Hillsboro, settled at the latter place in March of that year. He had married Miss Mary Freeman of Norfolk in 1770. He "was

of middle stature, well formed, much marked by the small-pox, which caused the loss of his left eye." His was a short but very remarkable career. As a lawyer and statesman he ranked with the ablest before he was thirty years of age. He was, too, an energetic, zeal-inspiring patriot—a man of fine executive ability, having the thorough confidence of the people of the State. With all these solid qualities, he was very high-strung, very susceptible to external impressions, a good deal of a humorist and something of a poet, as well as orator. In short, he was an Irish genius, with great virtues and serious faults, brilliant success and woful failure, excessive joy and heart-breaking grief, laughter and tears, side by side all through his life.

Governor Martin came to Hillsboro July 2, 1772, with his household and suite, to spend the summer. The citizens of the town and section made the most of this visit, met him in grand cavalcade on his approach, escorted him to his lodgings, entertained him and his suite most royally, dined and wined them to satiety, and witnessed their departure, the latter part of September, with regret.

While here the Governor visited the Regulator settlements, had interviews with James Hunter and others of their leaders, and assured them of his earnest desire to serve them. James Hunter says of this visit: "This summer our new Governor has been up with us, and has given us every satisfaction we could expect of him. * * * I think our officers hate him as bad as we hated Tryon, only they don't speak so free." In the same letter he says: "Morris Moore

and Abner Nash have been up to see me, to try to get me in favor again, and promised to do all they could for you" (William Butler), "and I think they are more afraid than ever." Both parties were evidently trying to gain the favor of the Regulators, with the advantage decidedly with Governor Martin. It is possible, also, that the Atticus letter was written soon after this visit, for its authorship was by many at first attributed to Abner Nash.

Until 1775 the life of the town presented no striking or unusual incidents. There was a quiet attempt to put the militia of the county upon a better fighting basis, and there was an independent company organized in the town, and it was assiduously drilled by an old British corporal—an unostentatious preparation for eventualities that they were willing to meet, but hoped to avoid. Late in 1774, Mr. James Hogg, a Scotchman of wealth and culture, came with his family to reside at Hillsboro. He himself was of the same stock as the Ettrick Shepherd, and his wife, Miss Alves, was second cousin to Sir Walter Scott.

The first provincial Congress (the third convention) convened at Hillsboro in August, 1775, and held its sittings in the handsome church that stood near the site of the present Presbyterian church. This was the first instance of the use of Hillsboro for a place of meeting for any general representative body. This great Congress—great in *personnel* and great in results—has recently been described in the BOOKLET, so I will pass it by. Its time was kept by the same clock that is striking the hours as I write—then in the tower of

the church, and now in the cupola of the court-house. The members were entertained very hospitably by the residents of the town and its environs; and, though some from the east, all high livers, suffered from a change of climate and water, and one died, on the whole they found their stay pleasant. Governor Caswell was in bad humor when, some years later, in the midst of a similar epidemic, he called it "an infernal place."

At the beginning of the Revolutionary war, society at Hillsboro had improved distinctly. There were fewer bachelor dinners, less dining and wining, and more family life. Edmund Fanning, with his fine gentleman manners, his show of wealth and expensive habits, had gone. Mr. Macnair had married Miss Hall, so it is thought, and was living one mile east of town. Francis Nash had married Miss Sally Moore, and was living just west of the church. Thomas Burke, with his handsome but unmanageable wife, resided near town on his farm, and they were visited occasionally by her somewhat gay sisters. Mr. James Hogg, with his family of sons and daughters, was living within a stone's throw of the east line of the town. Colonel Hart was still living and active, and one of his daughters had married Jesse Benton, and another John Taylor. Colonel Thomas Lloyd, south of town, was growing old and feeble, but one son-in-law in Orange, John Hogan, and another in Rowan, Adlai Osborne, were as prominent, socially and politically, as he had been. And ten miles west of town were the Mebanes, always prominent in the social and political life

of the section. Nine miles west of town, too, was Winindale, the summer residence of Mr. Samuel Strudwick, noted for its good cheer and hospitality. He would come up from Stag Park each summer with his French wife and two young sons, the older of whom was in a few years to have his romance that ended in a tragedy.

The sons of Hillsboro during the war volunteered freely and served willingly wherever duty called them, but no battle was fought near the town. There, however, troops concentrated, and there they took refuge after the battle of Camden. There, too, a ruthless and hungry and despairing soldiery preyed upon friend and foe alike until Mr. Burge interfered. I have told the story elsewhere, and have not space to retell it here. And after all the trials and deprivations of the fateful year 1780, Lord Cornwallis and his army came in February, 1781. On the 25th, though, he left the town little the worse for his visit, and the streets about the courthouse the better to the present day for the cobble-stones placed there by his soldiers.

General Francis Nash was the only prominent citizen of the town killed during the war. Desperately wounded on October 4th at Germantown, he lingered in excruciating agony until the 7th, attended by Dr. Craik, Washington's own physician. Thus was ended a short but very promising military career. As the chill of death was creeping upon him he said to Dr. Craik: "I have no favor to expect from the enemy. I have been consistent in my principles and conduct from the commencement of the trouble. From the first

dawn of Revolution I have been on the side of liberty and my country.”

Thomas Burke was elected Governor June 25, 1781, qualified June 26th and entered at once, energetically and efficiently, upon the performance of his duties. Coming up from Halifax to Hillsboro, he arrived at the latter place on September 7th or 8th, 1781. On the morning of September 12th, a grey, foggy morning, David Fanning with his Tories, and Colonel McNeill with his Highlanders, raided Hillsboro and captured Governor Burke and his suite, and, without any efficient hindrance, carried them safe to Wilmington. In a short time Burke was transferred to Charleston, where he was paroled to James Island. There the Tories attempted to assassinate him, and he appealed to General Leslie, the commandant, for protection, but in vain. After waiting sixteen days, and no notice taken of his appeal, he, on January 16, 1782, broke his parole and made his escape, and after some negotiations through General Greene with General Leslie, that were fruitless, he returned to North Carolina and resumed the reins of government. The criticism of his course by the public, the exultation of some of his foes and ill-concealed contempt of others, and the coldness of some former friends, so preyed upon his mind that he refused to stand for re-election in April, 1782, retired to private life, found temporary relief in ardent spirits, and then, attacked by disease that he had not stamina to resist, succumbed to it on December 2, 1783, and was buried on his farm near Hillsboro. Governor of a State struggling for independence, by

the unanimous suffrage of its Assembly and with the universal approbation of its people, when he was thirty-four; dead of a wrecked life and broken heart when he was thirty-six, and buried in a grave so obscure and unmarked that now probably not a dozen persons know its exact location—surely this was the great tragedy of our Revolutionary history.

I must close, however, with the following, written by him for a lady a few weeks before his death, and when peace, and with it independence, was in plain view:

Let bards who give voice to the clarion of fame,
The worth of our chief and our soldiers proclaim;
Such only can Washington's glory pursue—
Too sublime for our notes, and too bright for our view.

But let softer scenes, which we hope to enjoy
Henceforth, gentle fair ones, our voices employ;
Our husbands, our lovers restored to our eyes,
Our cheeks know no tears, our bosoms no sighs.

No more shall the dread apprehensions affright,
Of soldiers by day and assassins by night;
Secure, bright and cheerful our days shall now prove,
And our nights know no tumults, but transports of love.

To make home delightful henceforth be our care,
With delicate skill the rich feast to prepare,
To converse with variety, freedom and ease,
And, with elegant novelty, always to please.

When mothers, to rear the young heroes to fame,
And infuse the true spark of the future bright flame;
To deck the young virgins with graces refined,
And embellish with sense and good humor the mind.

AUGUST IN NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY.

Manteo was baptized and made Lord of Roanoke on the 13th, 1587; Virginia, daughter of Ananias and Eleanor Dare, and granddaughter of Governor White, was born on the 18th, 1587; Governor White returned from England in 1590 and found the colony gone; Henderson Walker, Governor, 1699; in 1710, Edward Hyde arrived and took possession of office; Provincial Congress met at Halifax on the 20th, 1775; battle of Fort Hatteras, 1861.

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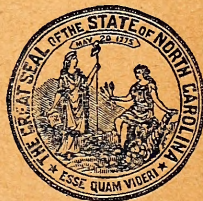


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THE

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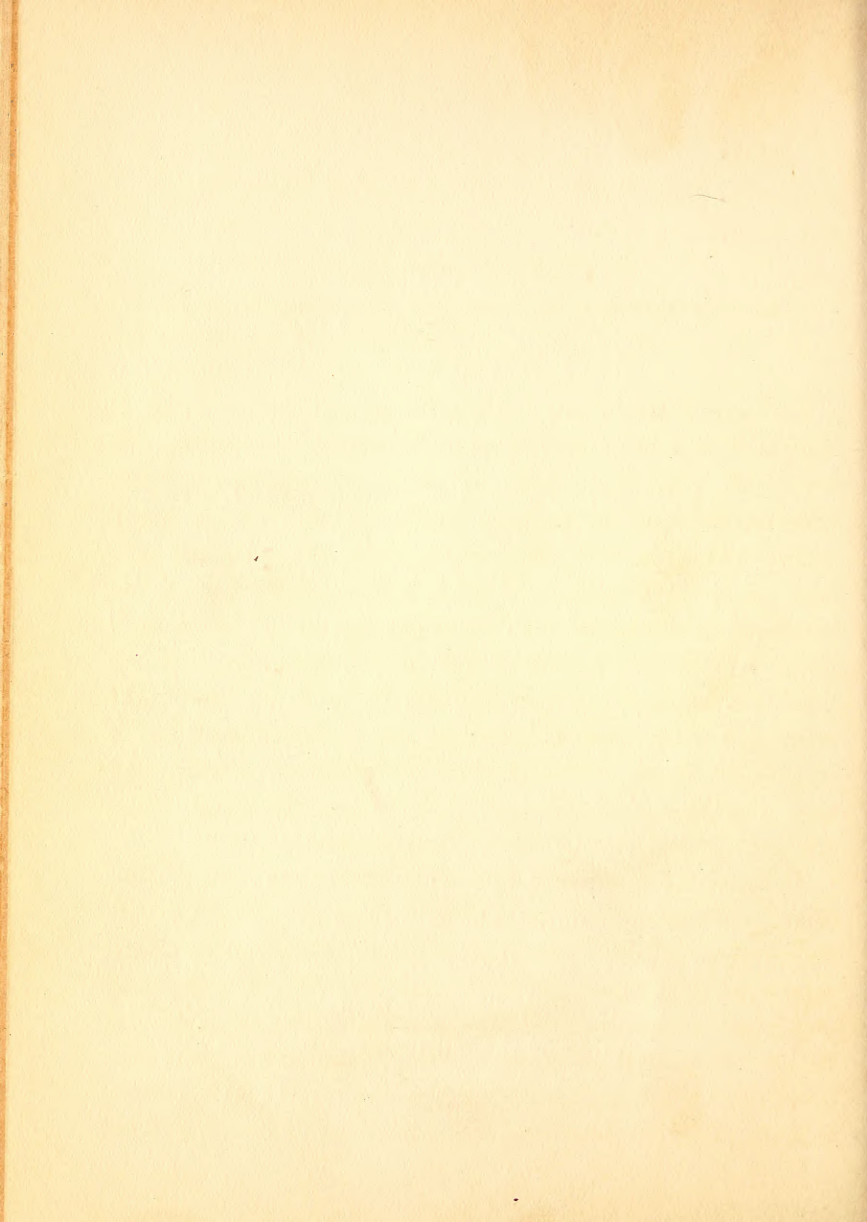
PREFACE.

The object of the NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET is to erect a suitable memorial to the patriotic women who composed the "Edenton Tea Party."

These stout-hearted women are every way worthy of admiration. On October 25, 1774, seven months before the defiant farmers of Mecklenburg had been aroused to the point of signing their Declaration of Independence, nearly twenty months before the declaration made by the gentlemen composing the Vestry of St. Paul's Church, Edenton, nearly two years before Jefferson penned the immortal National Declaration, these daring women solemnly subscribed to a document affirming that they would use no article taxed by England. Their example fostered in the whole State a determination to die, or to be free.

In beginning this new series, the Daughters of the Revolution desire to express their most cordial thanks to the former competent and untiringly faithful Editors, and to ask for the new management the hearty support of all who are interested in the brave deeds, high thought, and lofty lives of the North Carolina of the olden days.

MRS. D. H. HILL.



SOCIAL LIFE IN COLONIAL NORTH CAROLINA.

BY CHARLES LEE RAPER, PH. D.,

Head of the Department of Economics and Associate Professor of History,
University of North Carolina.

The social life of any people has so many phases that to discuss it in a very limited space is almost impossible. To trace out, with any detail, all the social aspects of North Carolina during its colonial period would require much energy and time, and this tracing would fill the pages of a book of large proportions. Such a tracing, if done by an historical student and literary artist, would, however, be a thing of great interest and value. To my mind, North Carolina as a colony is still virgin soil for such an artist; the social life of its colonists is still almost wholly unknown. To be sure, we know something of certain phases of this life, but only in a loose and disconnected way; and we know almost nothing of the economic life of these pioneers.

To know the different races and religious sects which came to our soil during the first hundred years of our life, where they settled and lived from generation to generation, how they supported themselves and their families, how they married and intermarried, the kind of homes which they established as the centers of their affections and the birthplaces of their children, their ideals of marriage and the purity of their homes; to know of their educational opportunities and standing, their

schools and school-masters, their libraries and literature; to know of their churches, their ministers and acts of devotion to the religious ideal; to know of their social intercourse and pleasures, their holidays, their frolics and drinkings, of their low as well as of their high status of moral conduct—all of this would be most valuable and charmingly interesting.

But much of this can never be done, at least at all accurately. For such a picture to be made for us would not only require the student and the literary artist, but also the sources of information; and many of these are no longer within our reach. Pioneer peoples, as were our early ancestors, the settlers and colonizers of North Carolina, are not the ones to leave behind them full records of their life work; they care rather little whether the future shall know them as they were or not. Though the records left us are meager in many places, still from them we could, if we would, reconstruct a picture of ourselves, incomplete to be sure, during our infancy as a people.

It is the purpose of this paper to begin such a work, to lay the foundation, with the hope that at later times we may be able to build up certain parts of it, somewhat in detail. At present many of its parts could not be constructed, as the material for these is not yet collected. However, there are some phases of our social life the records of which have been brought together, and of these the historical student can now speak.

The colonists who settled in the province of North Carolina were, to a large extent, from England, directly or indi-

rectly. There were, to be sure, some other nationalities among them. A few Huguenots, a very few, came and settled near Bath and on the Trent river, between 1690 and 1707, bringing with them distinct ideas of industrious and sober living. Some Swiss and Germans, from the Palatinate, made a small permanent settlement at the confluence of the Neuse and the Trent rivers early in the eighteenth century, founding the town of New Bern, one of the first in the province. Other Germans, from the south-western part of their fatherland, came and settled along the Yadkin and Catawba rivers, then the western frontier of the colony. They reached North Carolina soon after 1750, having come first to the province of Pennsylvania. These brought with themselves their purity of religious devotion and their ideas of simple and active living. But next to the English, in numbers and strength, came the Scotch-Irish and the Scotch, from 1730 to 1770. These settled along the Eno, Haw and Catawba rivers, and in the present counties of Bladen, Cumberland, Robeson, Moore, Richmond, Scotland and Harnett. And with these came ideas which have had much to do with our political, industrial, social, intellectual and religious growth and development. More churches were built, and these became centers of great activity. Schools were now established throughout the middle and western portions of the province, and many of these became famous for their learning and influence.

These colonists, whether of one nationality and racial traits or of another, left their mother or fatherland before Europe

had become a great industrial country. The English colonists came to North Carolina when their mother country was still in a primitive condition and type of agriculture, industry and commerce, before the great industrial revolution had come, when the economic life was not much advanced over that of the feudal period. Crude tillage was to be found everywhere in England, and scientific fertilizing and rotation of crops were as yet almost wholly unknown. Their manufactures were still entirely of the guild or domestic type, carried on upon a very small scale and with the least possible skill, method and organization; their products were made in the homes of the artisan or of the small farmer, and for the most part by the hands of unskilled men and women. The trading, as a rule, was not extensive and in a comparatively small number of products. The other colonists came from countries even less advanced in their economic life than was England.

In every case these colonists, whether English, Swiss, German or Scotch, brought with themselves when they came to our soil the institutions of their mother country, social and economic, as well as political and religious; and they could not do otherwise, as their ideas, customs and institutions were inseparably connected with themselves. For the most part they were accustomed to the farm; they knew little about the skill of the finished artisan, of the sailor or the dealer in merchandise. Having been farmers in the old world, it was most natural that they should become farmers in the new. The necessities of the situation drove them to that occupation

which they knew best, both by training and tradition; and they soon found a soil suited to an easy living, being easily tilled and fertile. All the first colonists, and for the most part those who came during the eighteenth century, took up farms and established homes along the chief rivers, on the fertile lands of the valleys. Here it was most easy to produce their grains and breadstuffs, much of their meats being supplied out of the abundance of nature, out of the rivers and from the extensive forests. Here also it was possible to transport their surplus products to their neighbors, to the other colonies or to the old world, water being an easy means for such transportation. Finding the soil so fertile and fish and game so abundant, they cared little to enter the industrial and commercial fields, except in a very small domestic way. To be sure, they must manufacture some articles—materials for their cabins and houses—though in some cases these were brought from England, some implements of tillage and of transportation, canoes and small boats, crude mills for converting their grains into breadstuffs, the coarser cloth with which to cover and protect themselves, hats and shoes, and some of the utensils of their housekeeping. But their manufacturing was on such a small scale, even during the latter part of the colonial period, that this part of their life never became a very important one. There are no records of the colonists of North Carolina making complaints against the famous trade acts of England, as was done by many of the New England and middle colonists, these acts having practically no effect in colonial North Carolina. This very fact—

that no complaints were made against the trade acts—is strong evidence that we did not carry on any extensive manufacturing, for had these acts restricted us in a material way we would unquestionably have complained; we, as colonists, were quite fond of making complaints, and even of going as far as violent conduct whenever our rights were infringed upon. In commerce the colonists did something, but never to any great extent. They sold the surplus products of their farms—corn, tobacco, cotton, meat and hides. They also, to an extent, sold clapboards and ship timbers.

Being largely agricultural in their occupation, it was very natural that towns should develop very slowly. In fact, during the first forty years of their life not a single town or village was developed, and during the latter part of the colonial period there were only a few. As late as 1750, almost one hundred years after the beginnings of the province, there was not a single town with a population of one thousand. Bath had been founded as a town in 1704, New Bern in 1710, Edenton in 1714, Beaufort in 1723, Brunswick in 1725, Wilmington in 1734, but these were very small and unimportant, even throughout the whole colonial period. Charlotte, Salisbury, Hillsboro and Fayetteville were organized as towns between 1758 and 1762, and none of these during the colonial period became important for their population or industrial and commercial activity. In short, town life never became very attractive to many of the colonists of North Carolina, and what few towns there were became much more important as centers of political activity than they did of

commercial, industrial or social life. They were centers of local government, and often of political conflicts. They were places where a few products were bought and sold—not places of their making. The surplus products of the farms for miles about them were taken there and exchanged for a few simple articles, salt being a very important one, and now and then converted into currency. At times they were centers of religious devotion and of intellectual life. There churches were erected, but during the last fifty years of the province more places for religious worship were to be found in the country than in the towns. Here were a few schools and libraries, but there were more in the rural districts.

So, then, for the most part our study is of the farmer, and of that farmer who lives, as do all colonists in a new country, close to the elements of nature, with environments on every hand which create and cultivate individuality and self-reliance. As we have seen, the North Carolina colonists did not, as a rule, congregate together in towns, nor did they so often live close to each other in the country; they scattered far and wide, ever moving westward in search of fertile lands. Their families were large, as is always the case with colonists in a new and fertile country; a large number of children was the ideal of each family. Parents living the life that the colonists must live, and having the strong, vigorous blood which flows in the veins of pioneers, were blessed with a great offspring. And to rear these children was a very simple task; as a rule they repaid their parents the expenses of their rearing, even during the first twenty years of their life.

These North Carolina farmers, during the colonial period, were as a rule much unlike the farmers of Virginia and South Carolina. They were rarely great landlords, as was the case in these two provinces. The territorial policy, both under the Proprietors and the Crown, looked to the establishment of a system of small land-holdings in North Carolina. Six hundred and forty acres were, as a rule, the largest number of acres granted to any one person. There were, however, a few exceptions to this policy, but only a very few. To be sure, a few very large tracts were granted by the Crown to certain London merchants, but these were made for purposes of speculation rather than settlement. This policy of small grants made it possible for almost every man or boy to become the possessor of a farm. To lease this or to purchase it did not require much money, as the quit-rents were small and the purchase price low. With easy and cheap lands and with large families, it was most natural that marriage should take place at an early age. Marriage at thirteen was not so unusual, and at fifteen was most common. There was therefore a high birth rate; the population increased rapidly by means of the excess of births over deaths and as a consequence of much immigration, especially after 1735. With such a territorial system we would not expect to find many great farmers during the colonial period of North Carolina, and they did not develop to any great extent. To be sure, one farmer could purchase the lands of some of his neighbors, especially so during the latter part of the period, and this was done here and there, but to no great extent. In

short, then, we must study the farmer colonists, and for the most part of the smaller type. And in this particular the subject of our study is quite different from what it would be were we to study the social life of South Carolina or Virginia—the homes of great landlords, with the show and power of feudal barons.

Now, having defined to an extent the subject of our study, and having given to it a certain general setting, we are able to take it up somewhat in detail. We may now study our farmer colonist in some particular phases of his social life. The remaining portion of this paper will be devoted to that phase of his life known as his education and culture.

I believe that it is now well established that most of the colonists came to North Carolina for economic, not religious, reasons. They came to improve their means of living and to add to their wealth and well-being in the material things of life. To be sure, the prospect of religious freedom was also attractive to them, but it was by no means the determining element in their coming. After they became colonists they paid no great attention to the securing of ministers or the erection of places of worship. As evidence of this, there were but two or three Anglican churches in the whole province prior to 1729, though this was the established church from 1701 to 1776. There were during the early period a few places of worship for the Quakers, but not many. After 1735 the Presbyterians and Baptists established churches in several places in the western portion of the province; and so did the Germans after 1753. But upon the whole the first

hundred years of the colony saw no great religious activity. There were, as we have seen, only a few churches, and there were at times practically no ministers to serve these. So that upon the subject of religious instruction not much can be said beyond the statement of its great scarcity and inefficiency.

What was the condition of secular instruction among the colonists? Here the picture is even less bright. During the first fifty years of the province there were but two or three little schools, and during the latter years, while there was an improvement, still it was by no means marked. It seems that as late as 1776, when the province was transformed by its citizens into a state, secular as well as religious instruction was in a low status; education was still almost wholly neglected by the great majority of the colonists, and so was it now by the masses of the people in the old world. While this was the condition of the bulk of these farmer colonists, still some of them were well educated, either by private tutors or in the schools of Virginia, New England or old England. However, most of the farmers lived an easy life, a life near to nature; and though they were unpolished in many ways, still in them the love of personal freedom became a great passion. For a long time the province was very thinly settled, the population being along the rivers and streams, which were often far separated from each other. The means of communication between these settlements and between North Carolina and the outside world were very few and inefficient. In fact, the American colonists as a whole were far away from

the great heart pulse of intellectual life and culture. They were separated from England and Europe, the source and center of this life and culture, by more than three thousand miles of space. To traverse this space during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was no easy or quick task; it required months. Not only was North Carolina, as the other provinces, separated from home by this great distance, but her means of communication were far less efficient than were those of many of the other colonies. She had few good harbors and few ships; she came in touch with the life of the old world largely indirectly—that is, through her neighbors to the north or south. It was therefore most natural that education should develop very slowly in North Carolina.

As we have stated, there were some educated and cultured people in the province of North Carolina. They had libraries of their own. There were some books in the colony as early as 1680, and three or four libraries during the first decade of the eighteenth century. Most naturally these were in the northeastern part of the province, the oldest and wealthiest part. In the Cape Fear and western sections there were no books prior to 1750, but from this time to the close of the provincial period we find books and libraries belonging for the most part to the Presbyterian ministers and school-masters.

In the education of the colonists, whatever it was, the Anglican Church played a most important part, especially so during the time prior to 1760. In fact, all of the educational effort in the whole province prior to this date came

from this source. The English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, which was formed about the first of the eighteenth century and was in operation until the close of the provincial period, took the leading part in this work. It had great influence upon the colonists, especially in giving religious and secular instruction; it was the great teacher of the North Carolina colonists for more than fifty years. According to Dr. S. B. Weeks, whose statements are always found to be accurate, this society sent to the colonists at least six hundred bound volumes and a large number of tracts. It did more than send books and tracts. It sent missionaries and teachers, and established schools as well as libraries. As far as the evidence goes, Charles Griffin was the first professional school-master in North Carolina. He came and settled in Pasquotank county in 1705. He was during this year appointed by the vestry as reader, and then opened a school, the first one in the province. This was attended by a number of children, among whom were Quakers. Three years later, in 1708, the province was to have another teacher—Rev. James Adams. He was directed by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel to settle in Pasquotank county and to assume the control of the school which Griffin had established. Griffin was transferred to Chowan, where he opened another school and acted as reader and clerk. In 1712 we find record of another school-master at work in the province, at Saram on the frontier of Virginia as well as of Carolina. He, like Mr. Griffin, was a layman, and his name was Mashburn. That he held any position under the

vestry we cannot find out, but that he was under the general direction of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel there is sufficient evidence.

These three school-masters carried on for a few years successful local schools. Whether there were others devoting their energies to the instruction of the youth of the colonists during the proprietary period, 1663-1729, we cannot say; if so, they have left no records to speak for themselves. For some time after the Crown assumed control in the government of the province, local schools were apparently unknown. As far as we know, Rev. James Moir, a representative of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, was the next school-master after Mr. Mashburn. In 1745 he opened in the town of Brunswick a little school, using the first story of his dwelling-house for such purposes. In 1759 Colonel James Innes, by will, left his plantation, "Point Pleasant," near the town of Wilmington, his large personal estates, his library and one hundred pounds sterling, to be used for school purposes. Apart from the donations of books and tracts by the English missionary society, of which we have spoken, this was the first gift made to education in North Carolina. Four years later a high school was opened at Bandon, not far from Edenton, by Rev. Daniel Earl and his daughter. Mr. Earl was a minister in the Anglican Church, being the rector of Saint Paul's Parish of Chowan. This high school of Mr. Earl's was to be followed by others of the same type, by the academies of New Bern in 1764, and of Edenton in 1770. The academy in New Bern was established by a Mr. Tomlin-

son, most probably under the influence of the English missionary society. His efforts were so successful that the society gave him an annual grant on his salary. After this school had been in successful operation for about two years, it was incorporated by an act of the provincial legislature. It was by this act made a public school for the town of New Bern. The trustees appointed by the act were required to take the oaths of the government and subscribe the test, thereby becoming public officers. Though now made a public school, it was still under the direction of the Church of England; its master and teachers must belong to this church. But this was most natural, as the Anglican Church was the provincial establishment; and it was in accord with the provisions of the schism act. Not only was it made a public institution, but the legislature gave it financial aid. A duty of one penny per gallon was levied on all rum and other spirituous liquors imported into the Neuse river for the period of seven years. The academy of Edenton was chartered in 1770-1771, with practically the same provisions as the one in New Bern, except the one granting financial aid from the provincial government.

So far we have traced the efforts and their results of the Anglican Church in the cause of education during the colonial period. We have also spoken of the two successful efforts on the part of the provincial legislature. This body made several other attempts to establish schools for the province and to found a public school system, but they were for one reason or another unsuccessful. Had such a system been

established it would have been under the direction of the Anglican Church, as the provisions of the schism act required; and this act was in force in North Carolina, theoretically at least, from 1730 to 1773. It practically forbade any one keeping a school, public or private, unless he was an Anglican in regular standing. Had it been rigidly enforced in the province of North Carolina, our paper would now come to a close, as there would have been no other schools for the colonists. But, luckily for North Carolina, the provisions of this act were not rigidly enforced. The scattered settlements of the middle and western parts of the province and the great numbers of Dissenters in these localities, especially after 1740, made it impossible for the provincial government, which had its residence for the most part along the sea coast, to carry out such provisions. The result was that western North Carolina was to have during the last few years of the colony's life several academies, apart and distinct from the Anglican Church. Of these we shall now speak for a few moments.

As we have stated, many Scotch-Irish and Scotch Presbyterians came to North Carolina from about 1735 to 1770. These came by different routes, but when they reached the province they to a large extent settled in one section, the Piedmont region. Here they mingled and intermingled with each other. Here they established a good many churches, and wherever a church was established there they also built a school. These Presbyterians were the leaders of the intellectual and religious growth of the colony during its lat-

ter years. They were an energetic people; they were vigorous in teaching others their ideas of a moral and religious life. And not only this, but these North Carolina Presbyterians were to be stimulated by those in the provinces to the north. As early as 1744 the Synods of Pennsylvania and New York began to send missionaries to the Presbyteries in the southern colonies, especially in North Carolina, and these continued to come until the close of the provincial period. In the number of those who came in this capacity to our province, and many of these became famous for power and influence, Princeton College could claim most of them as her sons. It is perhaps safe to state that the Synods of New York and Pennsylvania, under the leadership and inspiration of such an institution as Princeton College, had more to do with the education of North Carolina during its last fifteen years as a province than all other forces combined. They did for the colonists, especially those in the western part of the province, during 1760-1776, what the English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel had attempted to do during the first fifty years of the eighteenth century. The schools—and these were of the classical type—established by them were great in their influence. To do more than name them would not be in harmony with the other parts of this paper, though a detailed statement of their history would be most interesting. The most important of these high or classical schools were: Crowfield, near Davidson College, opened in 1760; Caldwell's "Log College," near Greensboro, with the famous Dr. David Caldwell as its master, in 1766; Queen's Museum, at Char-

lotte, in 1767; and the schools of Rev. Henry Patillo in Orange and Granville counties. Not only were these schools for the Presbyterian youth, but for the sons of other religious faiths. Neither were they local; to them went boys from all parts of the province. They soon became the really great educational centers of the whole colony.*

*For a much more detailed statement see Week's *Libraries and Literature*, Week's *Beginnings of the Common School System in the South*, and Raper's *The Church and Private Schools of North Carolina*.

GOVERNORS OF NORTH CAROLINA.*

PROPRIETARY GOVERNORS OF ALBEMARLE.

William Drummond	1663-'67	Thomas Harvey	1695-'99
Samuel Stephens	1667-'73	Henderson Walker	1699-1704
— Cartwright	1673-'76	Robert Daniel	1704-'05
Thomas Eastchurch	1676	Thomas Cary, Deputy	1705-'06
Thomas Miller, Deputy	1678	William Glover	1706-'07
John Culpepper	1678		
John Harvey	1680	From 1708 to 1711, utter ab-	sence of government.
John Jenkins	1680-'81		
Henry Wilkinson	1681-'83	Edward Hyde	1710-'12
Seth Sothel	1683-'89	Thomas Pollock (acting)	1712-'14
		Charles Eden	1714-'22
From 1689 the Chief Executive		Thomas Pollock (acting)	1722
is called Governor of North Caro-		William Reed (acting)	1722
lina.		George Burrington	1724-'25
Philip Ludwell	1689-'93	Sir Richard Everard	1725-'29
Alexander Lillington	1693-'95		

THE ROYAL GOVERNORS.

George Burrington	1729	Arthur Dobbs	1754-'65
Nathaniel Rice (acting)	1734	William Tryon	1765-'71
Gabriel Johnston	1734-'52	James Hasell (acting)	1771
Nathaniel Rice (acting)	1752	Josiah Martin	1771-'75
Matthew Rowan (acting)	1752-'54		

*This list is compiled from Redpath's Encyclopedia, Moore's History of North Carolina, and list published by Dr. Kemp P. Battle of the University of North Carolina.

GOVERNORS OF INDEPENDENT STATE.

Richard Caswell	1777-'79	David L. Swain	1832-'35
Abner Nash	1779-'81	Richard D. Spaight, Jr.	1835-'37
Thomas Burke	1781-'82		
Alexander Martin	1782-'84	Since 1836 Governors have been	elected by the people.
Richard Caswell	1784-'87		
Samuel Johnston	1787-'89	Edward B. Dudley	1837-'41
Alexander Martin	1789-'92	John M. Morehead	1841-'45
Richard D. Spaight, Sr.	1792-'95	William A. Graham	1845-'49
Samuel Ashe	1795-'98	Charles Manly	1849-'51
William R. Davie	1798-'99	David S. Reid	1851-'55
Benjamin Williams	1799-1802	Thomas Bragg	1855-'59
John Baptista Ashe (elected but died before qualifica- tion)	1802	John W. Ellis	1859-'61
James Turner	1802-'05	Warren Winslow (acting)	1861
Nathaniel Alexander	1805-'07	Henry T. Clark	1861-'62
Benjamin Williams	1807-'08	Zebulon B. Vance	1862-'65
David Stone	1808-'10	William W. Holden	1865
Benjamin Smith	1810-'11	Jonathan Worth	1865-'68
William Hawkins	1811-'14	William W. Holden	1868-'71
William Miller	1814-'17	Tod R. Caldwell	1871-'74
John Branch	1817-'20	Curtis H. Brogden	1874-'77
Jesse Franklin	1820-'21	Zebulon B. Vance	1877-'78
Gabriel Holmes	1821-'24	Thomas J. Jarvis	1879-'85
Hutchins G. Burton	1824-'27	Alfred M. Scales	1885-'89
James Iredell	1827-'28	Daniel G. Fowle	1889-'91
John Owen	1828-'30	Thomas M. Holt	1891-'93
Montfort Stokes	1830-'32	Elias Carr	1893-'97
		Daniel L. Russell	1897-1901
		Charles B. Aycock	1901

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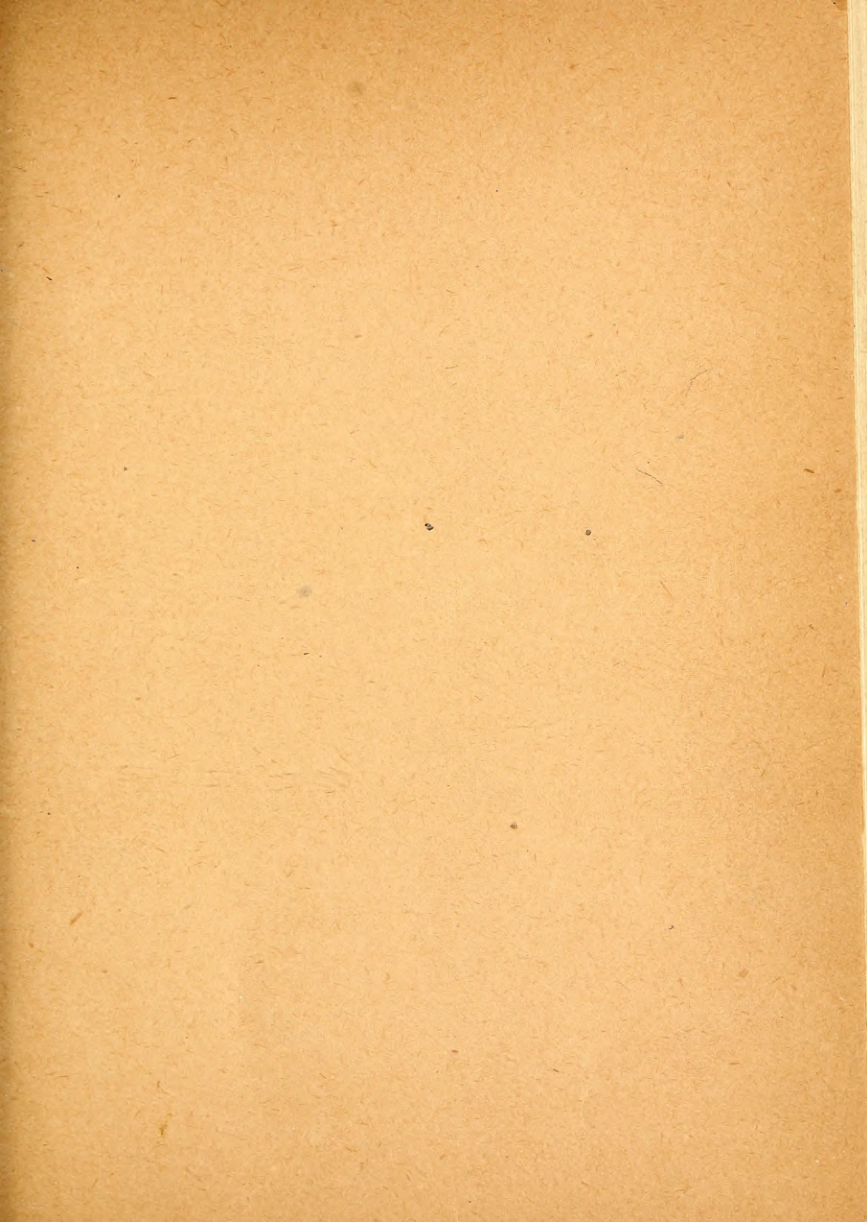
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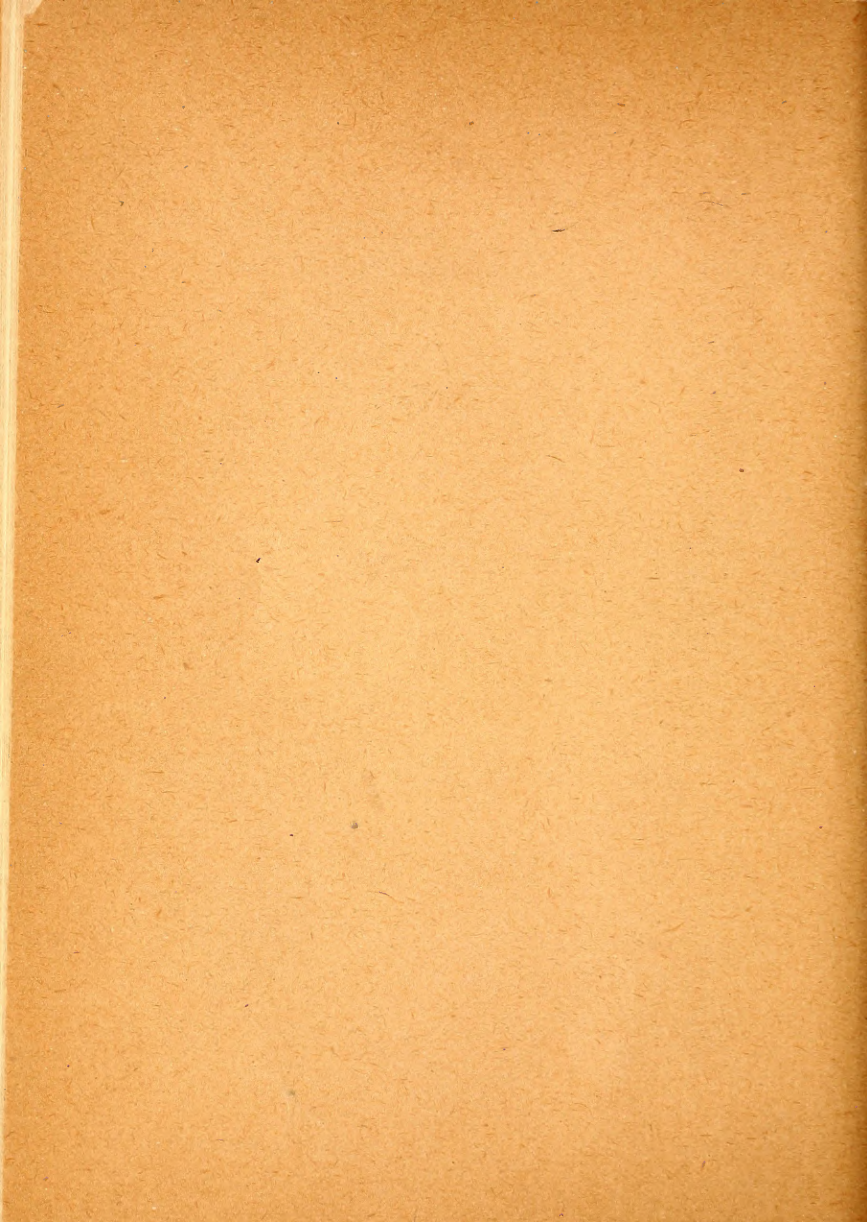
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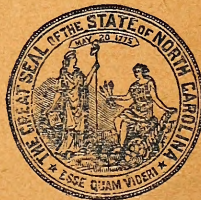
No. 6

THE
NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET



GREAT EVENTS IN
NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY

HISTORIC HOMES
OF
NORTH CAROLINA.
PART III.



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THE NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET.

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EDITORS:

MISS MARY HILLIARD HINTON. MRS. E. E. MOFFITT.

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"CAROLINA! CAROLINA! HEAVEN'S BLESSINGS ATTEND HER!
WHILE WE LIVE WE WILL CHERISH, PROTECT AND DEFEND HER."

RALEIGH

E. M. UZZELL & Co., PRINTERS AND BINDERS

1903

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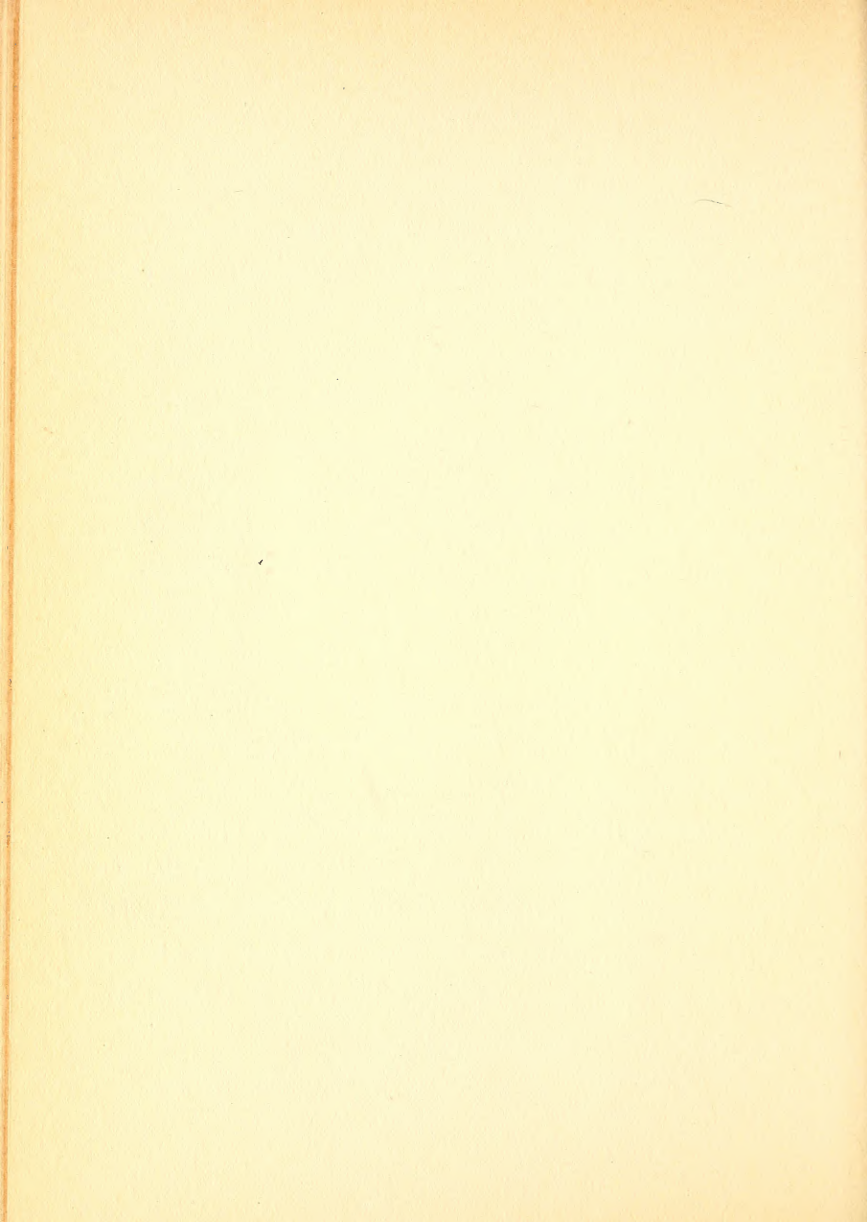
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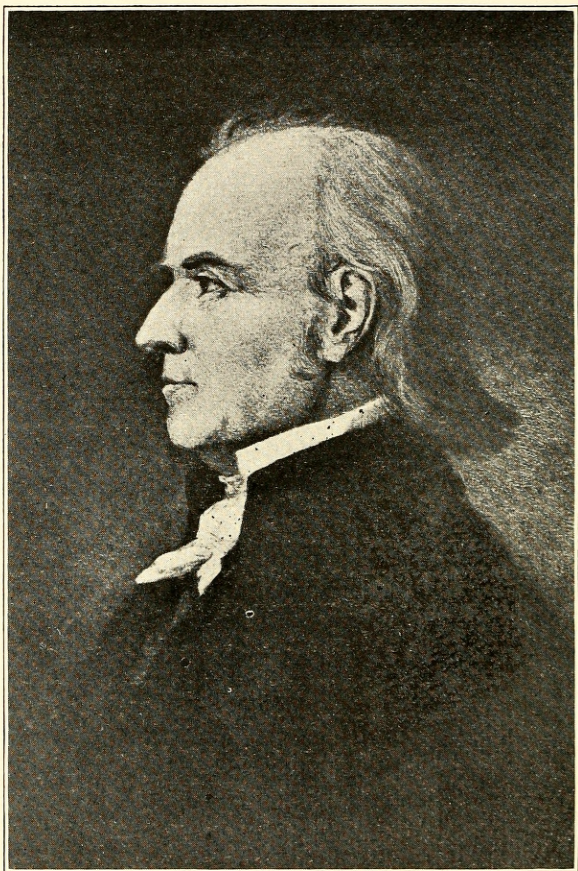
The object of the NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET is to erect a suitable memorial to the patriotic women who composed the "Edenton Tea Party."

These stout-hearted women are every way worthy of admiration. On October 25, 1774, seven months before the defiant farmers of Mecklenburg had been aroused to the point of signing their Declaration of Independence, nearly twenty months before the declaration made by the gentlemen composing the Vestry of St. Paul's Church, Edenton, nearly two years before Jefferson penned the immortal National Declaration, these daring women solemnly subscribed to a document affirming that they would use no article taxed by England. Their example fostered in the whole State a determination to die, or to be free.

In beginning this new series, the Daughters of the Revolution desire to express their most cordial thanks to the former competent and untiringly faithful Editors, and to ask for the new management the hearty support of all who are interested in the brave deeds, high thought, and lofty lives of the North Carolina of the olden days.

MRS. D. H. HILL.





GENERAL WILLIAM LENOIR.

FORT DEFIANCE.

BY MRS. RUFUS THEODORE LENOIR, SR.

This ancestral home, called by many of its friends "The Fort," is located in a lovely little valley some twenty miles from the source of the Yadkin river. It stretches along the river on either side for five miles or more and nestles among the slopes and foot-hills, sleeping, as it were, in perfect peace and security, while the blue mountains guard and keep watch over it on every side, its beauty ever changing—dark and grand in storm, brilliant when bathed in the golden sunshine, soft and fleecy when the purple mists hang over it; even the seasons vie with each other in bringing their own peculiar and precious gifts.

It was to this favored spot that General William Lenoir came soon after the Revolutionary War, and in time became possessor of almost the whole of it, giving portions of it to several of his children as they in the course of events married and left the roof-tree.

On account of its many natural charms and because of the congeniality and unity that existed between these families, the gayety and happiness of the younger members—of whom there were a goodly number—one of its lovers many years ago called it "The Happy Valley," and the name still clings to it. General Lenoir built his mansion in 1784-'85, and one

can hardly realize in this age of architecture that it was a wonderful structure in that day, the people in the surrounding country coming long distances to behold and admire it. He chose a site near an old fort, from which the place takes its name, and it is of this fort that I write, quoting in this article a description of the old home as it was a quarter of a century ago.

This fort was built on the east side of a table-land, on the very edge of a precipice. It was built of logs, in the early history of the country, when the Indians were numerous and troublesome. The women and children were often hurried into this refuge, while the fathers, husbands and sons defended them. The family cemetery, a beautiful and quiet spot, commanding a view of a great portion of the country, is on the site of this fort. The first one laid to rest there was a little child who died while in the fort. Many arrow-heads have been found about the place, hurled there, no doubt, from the bows of the warrior who made desperate efforts to hold the dark, deep forests which he loved and of which he had been lord so long, claiming them as his own by prior right; and stout and brave hearts they must indeed have been who contended with this relentless and obstinate foe. Whether the red man has been wronged we do not stop here to enquire, but he has been driven far westward, and his Happy Hunting Grounds are now broad and fertile fields. His bones and relics mark his retreating foot-steps. Across the river from the fort is an Indian burying-ground, in which have been found many curious treasures buried with their dead. Two

very large and heavy battle-axes were found in the creek below the fort many years ago, and one other relic worthy of mention, said to be the finest specimen of the kind known—a rare and beautifully polished stone eighteen inches in length, slender and shapely and tapering from the symmetrically curved head to the end, smooth and black as ebony—thought by those versed in Indian lore to have been held by the ruling chief as a badge of authority when sitting in council. Many others, showing wonderful ingenuity in workmanship and ideas of proportion and finish, are still preserved in the old home.

If these hills and streams and fields and mountains could speak, what tales would thrill us, of hardships, sacrifices and sufferings of the whites, and what cunning and cruelty of the red man, so exasperated by his wrongs! But I must not digress, but pass on to the old mansion, and by permission of the author of "Hand in Hand Through The Happy Valley," I will give a description of it in her own words, as it was at that time. Mrs. Oertel says: "The home to which I would lead my readers is known by the very belligerent and bristling cognomen of 'Fort Defiance.' The name is far, however, from giving any idea of the spirit that pervades it or its inmates, but is derived from an old fort of that name, which in the early history of our country did service in the line of defence erected against the Indians. It was located here, just behind the spot where the residence now stands, upon the edge of a steep set-off, at the foot of which a creek flows. The former site of the fort is now the grave-yard,

where a goodly family group, members of four generations, are quietly waiting for the resurrection. A strange fascination clings about this curious old house. It is so quaint in construction and the air about it seems so thick with memories that we cannot help loving it. In the center of the building a spacious room running through the entire house, from which a stairway with heavy oaken banisters leads up to the second floor, is called 'The Hall.' A large fire-place with panel work above and around it fills up one end. In the corner the grim old clock stands, ruthlessly ticking away the hours and days and years—ticking slowly and solemnly, as if it had upon its beating heart a remembrance of the many lives it has seen come and go in this old home, whose hours of birth and death have been numbered from its dial, as if it had gained through all these years, watching the fleeting human shadows which have passed before it, a sense of its own steadfastness and of the importance of its mission."

This "Hall" has been largely used as a dining apartment, although the family dining-room is at present to the right of it. If its walls could speak, what tales they could tell of merry times in the long ago, of the family reunions, the birthdays and the wedding feasts!

The antique sideboard which has so often groaned beneath the dainties piled upon it still keeps its place near the old clock; there seems to be a kind of comradeship between them, as if they could say "You and I" to each other, and a sort of stately, old-time spirit lingers about them both. There are doors, front and back, leading from the "Hall" into the

open air. Behind the smaller dining-room is a bed-room, and from it a second stairway leads to a suite of rooms above, from which again a second stairway rises to the old garret, a perfect curiosity shop in its way, being filled with all the paraphernalia, the waifs and strays of a family life a century old.

To the left of the "Hall" is the parlor, with a room attached to it, and a third stairway enclosed and winding, with odd little drawers in the wall all up the sides. There is no connection with this parlor part of the house and the rest except by way of the piazza, which stretches the whole length of the house, festooned with trailing vines, grapes and roses. Neither is there any connection on the second floor between the apartments to which the three stairways lead. The modern ideas of convenience find no place here in this respect. The kitchen and servants' room are detached from the house, as is the usual custom in the South.

"Roses either side the door, are
 Growing lithe and tall,
 Each one set, a summer warder,
 For the keeping of the hall—
 With a red rose and a white rose
 Leaning, nodding to the wall."

From the central door a wide walk leads out through the garden. It is bordered on each side with spacious beds of flowers that seem to flourish here as nowhere else. Surely never anywhere else do leaves unfold and buds bloom where they meet with such a gracious, loving welcome as here. All the sweet old-fashioned flowers find plenty of room. The

old spicy pink, the sweet william, tulips and hyacinths, the hollyhocks, the jump-up-johnnies, the blue corn flowers, sweet-peas and poppies and great clumps of annunciation lilies are not crowded out, though they stand in close proximity to many of the new and more pretentious blossoms; and in the winter the cold-pit is full of the newest triumphs of floriculture.

At the end of the walk is a secluded nook, covered and shaded by century-old cedars and surrounded by the old-fashioned box, dark and cool at the hottest midday, jocosely called by the family "The Lovers' Retreat." Indeed, it has been said that in the course of events several engagements have taken place in this romantic and cosy corner. Around the entrance roses and lilac bushes flourish, while in the early part of the day on every side the eye is gladdened by the clean, pure faces of the morning-glories which run riot over everything.

Of course, to those who have lived here so long this garden is haunted ground, peopled to their loving ken with forms that others see not. Among them there is one, a—

"Little maid with wondrous eyes,
Not afraid, but clear and tender,
Blue and filled with prophecies,"

as she looked dreamily out at "life's unlifted veil," whose lovely, happy life was interwoven with its flower-life like warp and woof. Looking out beyond the garden bounds, on to the mountains, green pastures, rich harvest fields, and quiet, solemn woodlands lie. To the right the ground descends

rapidly to the same little stream of water before spoken of as running down below the family burying-ground. It flows through the barn-yard, giving drink, bright and fresh and clear, to the many full-uddered cows gathered therein. It is like the sweet idyl—

“The lovely laughter of the wind-swept wheat,
The easy slope of yonder pastoral hill,
The sedgy brook whereby the red kine meet
And wade and drink their fill.”

Beside this stream there stands several large old beech-trees with great overhanging branches and white roots, with their multitudinous arms stretched and intertwined in the most fantastic way. They have a weird, elfish look, especially by moonlight.

“On the left the sheep are cropping
The stout grass and daisies pale,
And the apple-trees stand dropping
Separate shadows to the vale;
Over which, in choral silence,
The hills look you their ‘All Hail!’”

Just behind the house, between it and the garden, stands a huge catalpa-tree. The old giant has basked in many a summer sun and braved many a storm. An aged grape-vine throws its snake-like form up the trunk and around its branches and gracefully intertwines its leaves and sprays with the large plain leaves of the tree.

Several smaller houses are grouped about, in one of which stands the loom, where wondrously fine fabrics are woven by hand—not only jeans and linseys, but fine dimities and table

and bed linen and tasteful carpets. Though in these days of steam machinery goods could be bought cheaper than they can be thus manufactured at home, and very much trouble be saved, still so many of the poor people around have been in the habit of depending on the old home for their subsistence in these various industries, that the present mistress feels it her duty to keep up the old customs.

In front of the house is a circle of grand old spruce pines. They are strong and vigorous and are magnificent in form and solemn and stately in their intensely dark-green foliage.

The mansion was built by General William Lenoir nearly one hundred years ago, the work of construction being commenced in 1785. It was a laborious undertaking in those days. The frame is of heavy oaken timber and still in a state of excellent preservation. General Lenoir lived at that time in a smaller house on the opposite side of the river. The nails were made by hand by the blacksmith on his plantation, and the most of the heavy lumber was sawed with a whip-saw.

The cornice which still adorns the eaves, the looking-glasses and other articles, were ordered from Liverpool. They were received at the port of Charleston and hauled all the long way in road wagons.

General Lenoir was born in Virginia. His grandfather was a French Huguenot—one of four brothers who were expelled from France at the time of the revocation of the Edict of the Nantes. He came to America in his own vessel, and in one of his voyages to or from his native country after-

wards, his vessel was lost in a storm, carrying him to a seaman's grave. General Lenoir was rather a stern man, of dignified demeanor, but it has been said of him that his manners towards the fair sex were like those of the knights of the olden time. He was exceedingly kind to the poor, and his doors were always open to receive the traveler, as there were no taverns in the country in those primitive days. Perhaps the best account that could be given of his life is contained in the epitaph upon his tombstone. The matter of the inscription was left to his friends and associates in public life. This is their estimate of him—their tribute to his memory:

HERE LIES
ALL THAT IS MORTAL OF
WILLIAM LENOIR,
BORN MAY 8TH, 1751.
DIED MAY 6TH, 1839.

In times that tried men's souls he was a genuine Whig. As a lieutenant under Rutherford and Williams in 1776, and as a captain under Cleveland at King's Mountain, he proved himself a brave soldier. Although a native of another State, yet North Carolina was proud of him as her adopted son. In her service he filled the several offices of Major-General of the Militia, President of the Council of State, member of both houses of the Legislature, Speaker of the Senate, first President of the Board of Trustees of the University, and for sixty years Justice of the Peace and Chairman of the Court of Common Pleas. In all these high public trusts he was found faithful. In private life he was no less distinguished as an affectionate husband, a kind father and a warm-hearted friend. The traveler will long remember his hospitality, and the poor bless him as their benefactor.

Of such a man it may truly be said that his highest eulogy is the record of his deeds.

A very interesting incident in connection with the battle of King's Mountain is related by the family. When the call

came for recruits, as Major Ferguson of the British army was coming up the country with his command, intending to embody and organize the Loyalists beyond the Wateree and Broad rivers, and to intercept the mountain men who were retreating from Camden, every man who had a horse started for the scene of action. William Lenoir was then living in Wilkes county and joined the forces under Cleveland. He was made a captain, and his two friends, Herndon and Jesse Franklin, afterwards Governor of the State, had also some official appointments. These three made a compact together that they would stand by and succor each other in whatever circumstances they might be placed. As the command was going up the mountain there came a man beckoning and calling, "Back! Back!" and he pointed out another way, which they took, and that proved to have been the only way by which Ferguson could have escaped. That man was quite unknown, had never been seen by any of them before and was never seen afterwards.

General Lenoir always said it was a providential interference—that it was God's will that the Federal forces should be triumphant, and so He led them by the right way to cut off the enemy's only chance of escape.

There is also treasured up in the old home an English officer's sword that General Lenoir picked up and brought home with him from the battle-field. It has a fine, keen blade, upon which is engraved this legend in Spanish:

"Draw me not without reason,
Sheathe me not without honor."

His wife was of an aristocratic English family and a thorough church-woman. She was so situated in life that she was cut off from all church association. But though true to her church and never uniting with any of the denominations around her, she had a large and loving heart, full of generous impulses, giving out its affection to all who called themselves Christians. She was so amiable and good that her children used to say "Mother not only forgives an injury, but really and truly forgets." She was a cripple and walked with crutches for the last ten years of her life, but she was always contented and cheerful.

Mrs. Oertel closes her description of the old place by saying: "A grandson of this worthy couple is now owner of the venerable home." This grandson, the youngest and last of his father's house, is still spared to it, strong and hale enough for one only two years from fourscore.

One is gone—a gentle sister, so closely allied to the old home and The Happy Valley—the "Aunt Sade" of all the connection and friends whom she loved—so faithful and so loyal to all the "family traditions."

"Life's work well done,
Life's race well run,
Life's crown well won."

She has been called to the peace and blessedness of Paradise.

Three generations bearing the same name—Rufus Theodore Lenoir—now live in the old mansion, and the happy frolics and joyous laughter of four-year-old Rufus Theo-

dore III. echoes through the halls that were for a time so quiet. The house has been necessarily remodeled and much of the quaintness and the "savor of the olden time" has given place to comfort and convenience.

Other changes there are. The old sun-dial that in the old, old time stood in the middle of the garden, surrounded by sweet-fringed pinks and thyme and camomile, is gone, and the old-time flowers are supplanted by others. The rows of lavender that so delicately perfumed the linen closet are "sweet memories of the past." But the dark old spruce pines, tall and stately, planted more than a century ago by the hand of the first master of the house, still stand around and woo the whispering winds. And the tulips, jonquils, crocuses, snow-drops and hyacinths, sweet heralds of spring—"the same fair things lift up the same fair faces"—coming forth out of their winter's sleep, perfume the air and gladden the hearts of all beholders, as they have done, year by year, since they were planted by dear hands a century ago. But the restlessness and aggressiveness so apparent everywhere has found its way into this "Happy Valley," and the sound of the falling of giant trees on the mountain sides, the noise of the ruthless saw and the steam whistle are heard on every side.

But God's works remain. His mountains stand around unchanged in form, the same soft mist hangs over them, the balmy breezes blow, the bird-songs thrill the air, and the same quiet peace—foretaste of God's perfect and eternal peace—broods over all. May the same peace abide ever in the hearts

of all those who know and love "The Happy Valley," ever bearing in mind that this same favored spot, this sweet vale that no works of man can destroy, is a precious heritage from the old Revolutionary soldier and hero, General William Lenoir.

Oh, if by Jesus' pity
 We gain the Heavenly Rest,
 And find the loved and sainted
 Who slumbered in thy breast,

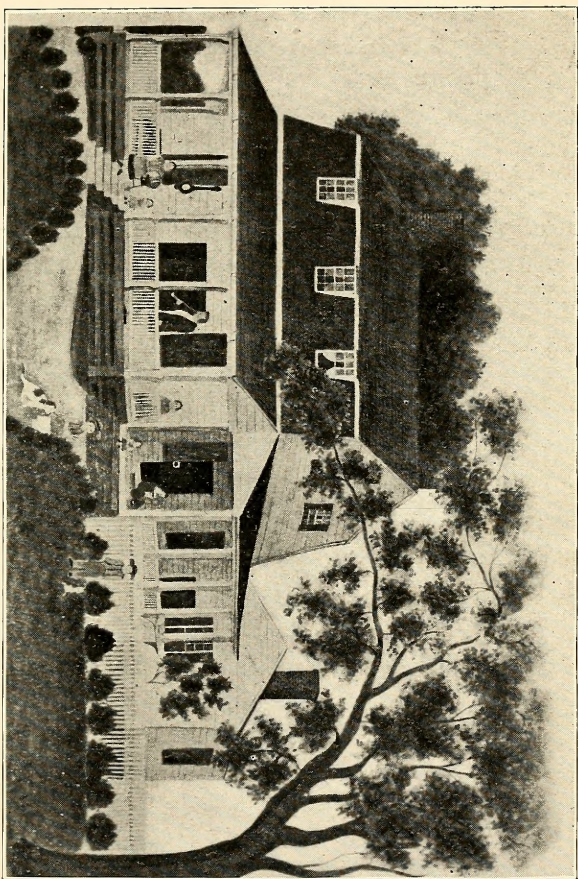
 Shall we the Crystal River
 See gleam in land so fair,
 And learn, Sweet Vale, thy beauty
 Had helped to bring us there?

 That all thy charms so goodly,
 By a gracious Father given,
 Were pledge of joys eternal
 And perfect peace of Heaven?

PANTHER CREEK.

BY MRS. HAYNE DAVIS.

About the year 1750, Joseph Williams and Rebecca Lanier of Granville county were married. They moved to what was then Surry county and settled about three miles from the "Shallow Ford" of the Yadkin river. They owned a large body of land and many slaves. They seemed to prosper in every way. In the course of a few years came the call to arms. Joseph Williams responded at once and was soon in command of a regiment and served all through the war. Mrs. Williams, who had three sons, took charge at home and managed all things well. Before leaving for the war, Colonel Williams had laid in all kinds of supplies for his family, and we have little idea what that meant in those days of plenty and comfort. After a time came the news of the approach of the army of Lord Cornwallis. Mrs. Williams had an infant of only two weeks old, her fourth son, and as the British army approached, she took her children and an old negro woman and sought refuge in the woods, where she remained until the army had crossed the river at the Shallow Ford. When she reached home she found that all of her supplies had been entirely destroyed by the army, nothing having been left. They were not as ruthless as many invaders, as her home and the quarters of her negroes were not



PANTHER CREEK.

burned. We can hardly imagine what it must have been to her to be again under a roof. Her infant child, named Nathaniel, had contracted a heavy cold while they were in the woods; and, not having even the barest necessaries of life left, and her husband away in the field, she decided to return to Granville county, where her family lived. How she was to make the journey was a most serious question, and one that we cannot realize. It tried her to the uttermost, but her brave heart did not quail; and after arranging for her two oldest boys and the negroes, she mounted a horse with her sick baby in her lap and a boy of two and one-half years behind her, and, alone, made the long journey to Granville in safety, much of the country being forests and a great deal of it swarming with Tories, but she was unmolested and at last found the rest which we can see she sadly needed. Her child was ruined by the exposure, the soft place in his head never closing, and although he lived to be over twenty years old, was a constant care to his mother, who was devoted to him. To the end of his life she kept him in her own room.

Her family were French Huguenots, who left France after the revocation of the Edict of the Nantes. Among other things, they brought their Huguenot Bible, which was lost when the old homestead, Panther Creek, was burned. Colonel Williams' Revolutionary uniform and cocked hat and many other relics were destroyed at the same time.

After peace was declared the Williamses began life again at Panther Creek. Colonel Williams was still active in the

field, several times helping to drive the hostile Indians back. On one of these expeditions his command camped on what is now the site of the city of Knoxville. Colonel Williams is said to have remarked, "Some day a great city will be here." He raised a family of ten sons and two daughters. Several of his sons were graduated at the University of North Carolina.

1. Robert, "a man of distinguished attainments, great research and acute intellect," was a member of Congress from 1797 to 1803. He was the Adjutant-General of the State during the War of 1812. He built the brick house in Raleigh down on Fayetteville street, owned by Mr. Roulhac afterwards, and then by Dr. Kemp Battle.

2. Joseph. He owned a large body of land in what is now Yadkin county, across the river from the town of Rockford. Among his descendants are James D. Glenn, of Greensboro, and Robert B. Glenn, of Winston.

3. John. He made the trip with his mother across the State on horseback. He settled in Knoxville, Tennessee. He was colonel of a Tennessee regiment and fought at the battle of Horseshoe Bend under General Jackson against the Creek Indians. He was Senator from Tennessee and Minister to Guatemala. While he was serving in the Senate, his son, Joseph L. Williams, was a member of the House of Representatives. Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson is his great-grandson.

4. Nathaniel, born during the Revolution and ruined by

exposure when only two weeks old, when his mother fled from her home on the coming of the British army.

5. Lewis. He entered public life in 1813 as a member of the House of Commons and was re-elected in 1814. In 1815 he was elected member of Congress and served continuously until 1842. He died in Washington in 1842. He never married.

6. Thomas, Lewis' twin brother, moved to Tennessee and was long Chancellor there.

7. Alexander lived in Greeneville, Tennessee, where he owned many broad acres. Judge Snead of Knoxville is his grandson.

8. William owned the Strawberry Plains Plantation in Tennessee, which, during the War Between the States, was ruined by the Yankees, nothing but the land having been left. Major Stringfield of Waynesville is his grandson.

9. James died comparatively young.

10. Nicholas. He inherited the home, Panther Creek, where he spent his days in ease and affluence, dispensing a most lavish hospitality until the end of the Civil War, which brought with it the changes which broke up so many Southern homes. The home was built in the old colonial style, and the garden was famous for its hedges, flowers and shrubbery, of which I am told but little except the tin box is left. Mr. Nicholas Lillington and his family live at the old place. Mr. N. Glenn Williams, another grandson, who owns much of the land, lives near.

11. Rebecca, the oldest daughter, married Colonel Wimbish of Halifax, Va. She was one of the two first pupils of the Salem Female Academy.

12. Fannie married Colonel John P. Ervin of Nashville, Tennessee. His sister was the wife of John Bell, the last Whig candidate for the presidency.

The Williams family were famous as high-toned men and women, always ready to answer with their best to the calls of State and country, and their descendants are numerous in many parts of the South.

From DeBow's Review, November, 1860, page 583, by James Colton, the following extract is taken :

THE RESIDENCE OF NICHOLAS WILLIAMS UPON THE YADKIN.

"Approaching the house, the scene before him reminded the writer of some of those splendid old baronial possessions in England which have been so graphically described by Sir Walter Scott in his brilliant stories of olden times.

"The forest of oak, pine, cedar and chestnut formed a complete circle, leaving an open space of about ten acres, in the midst of which the mansion—a neat and antiquated-looking building which was commenced before the Revolution and finished after its close—almost entirely hid from view by wide-branched oaks, which flung their gnarled arms over a thick carpet of the most delicious greensward.

"On our left, as we approached the mansion from the large gate of the outside enclosure, is a meadow of tall, waving

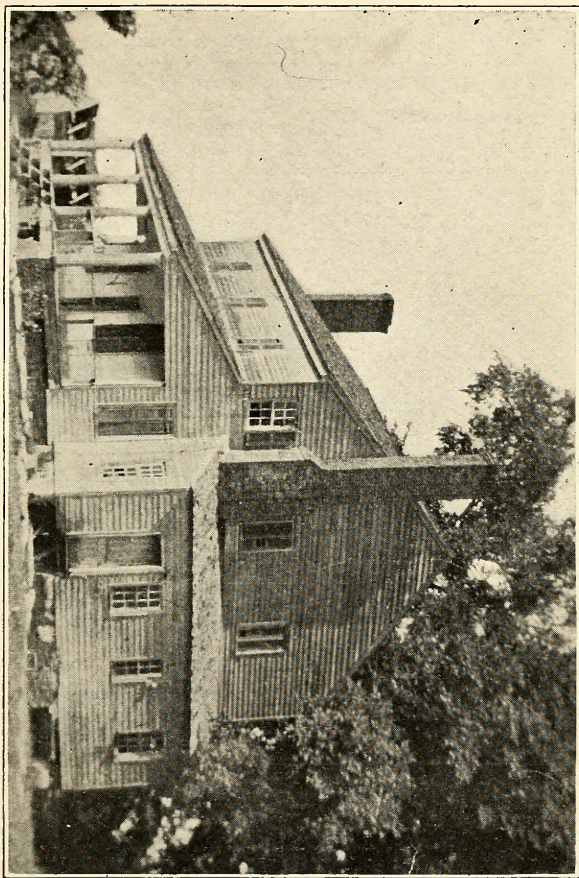
grass, and on the right is a lovely flower garden—shrubbery which Thurston might have envied, environed by a beautiful juniper hedge. No one who has read Milton's *Paradise Lost* can look upon a beautifully arranged garden without being so richly reminded of the charming Garden of Eden, which his strong imagination so richly bodied forth in that immortal poem."

CLAY HILL-ON-THE-NEUSE.

BY MARY HILLIARD HINTON.

As one journeys east from the capital of North Carolina over the Tarborough road, he sees on the right, after crossing Neuse River, a quaint colonial house standing high on a hill clearly outlined against the southern sky—a speaking memorial of a Revolutionary patriot, prominent during the latter part of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, and of a fascinating period that has passed away forever. This is “Clay Hill,” the home of Major John Hinton of the Revolution. The antiquity and the very air of departed better days, and the gloom, which permeate this landmark of Wake county’s early history, suggest courtly manners, stiff brocades, powdered coiffeurs, high-heeled slippers, knee-breeches and huge buckles. Later the uniforms of buff and blue, and the intrusion of the Tories. What a contrast to the valley below, where progress and invention have left their stamp! There a modern iron bridge spans the Neuse, and the quiet is broken by the mighty rush of water over the dam, the buzz, ever constant, of an up-to-date electric plant, the puffing of a gasoline launch and the occasional passing of an automobile. “Clay Hill” has witnessed many stirring events, and numerous interesting scenes have occurred within its walls. Could a fuller record of its past history be

CLAY-HILL-ON-THE-NEUSE.



obtained, how valuable it would be to a student of social life in North Carolina, since the mode of living here represented the customs of the higher aristocratic circle in this inland section. Here a lavish hospitality was dispensed, some of the most influential men of that time in the State—names familiar in our history—having at one time or another partaken of the courtesies of its genial host. Here gay hunting parties, sumptuous dinners and large weddings were some of the occasions of gathering together the distant planters, statesmen, soldiers and their families—the beaux and belles of long ago. Here has been known the vandalism of two wars and the secret meetings of the Ku-Klux Klan.

Major John Hinton came of an old and honored English family. He was the eldest son of Colonel John Hinton, one of Wake's pioneers and Revolutionary soldiers, and of Grizelle Kimbrough, his wife. He was born in Wake county, March 14, 1748. During his childhood his home was a log cabin, (the door of which was in the top of the house, entered by means of a movable ladder), surrounded by thousands of acres of primeval forest full of wild beasts and roving Indians. This section was the hunting-ground of the Tuscaroras. Near the site of Hinton's old home can still be found traces of an Indian burying-ground. There were no neighbors in that vast wilderness. Later, however, from the east came Colonel Joel Lane, whom tradition styles "a dressy widower," and settled at Bloomsbury; while some ten miles to the west Colonel Theophilus Hunter, senior, founded "Hunter's Lodge." Between these families existed the most

friendly relations, resulting in marriages. Eventually the family of Nathaniel Jones located at "White Plains," about fourteen miles away. Then, too, came Nathaniel Jones of "Crabtree," not a blood relation, though connected by marriage with the builder of "White Plains."

Major Hinton, being the eldest son, soon learned self-reliance. While his father was adding to his vast landed estate by taking up new grants of land, he also took up numerous grants from Earl Granville. These contained about six hundred and forty acres each, the usual amount bestowed on the early settlers of the Province of Carolina. After coming into possession of his inheritance on the death of his father in the spring of 1784, he was regarded as one of the three wealthiest men in his county, as well as one of the most influential. There were large tracts owned by him around the present town of Raleigh. On March 26, 1776, Colonel John Hinton sold his son John a tract of land containing 640 acres on Neuse river, for "the sum of one hundred pounds proclamation money," which shows the value of real estate at the beginning of the Revolution. He owned a number of slaves who were fresh from the jungles of Africa. These ignorant savages were soon enlightened in the arts of civilization and proved useful servants. As a proof of the kindness of their master, these slaves were devotedly attached to him.

On June 27, 1765, at the early age of seventeen, John Hinton, junior, married Pherebee, daughter of John Smith, the founder of Smithfield, North Carolina, and Elizabeth

Whitfield, his wife. The bride was but sixteen, having been born October 16, 1748, and childish even for her years. Often she was frightened by the boyish pranks played by her husband. They settled at "Clay Hill," where they lived happily till the war-cloud overshadowed the colonies.

"Clay Hill" is the second oldest house now standing in the county, the home of Colonel Joel Lane at Bloomsbury (now Raleigh) being the oldest. Major Hinton erected "Clay Hill" *before* the Revolution. It is well built, only heart timber having been used, while the nails are of wrought iron. Though more than a century and a quarter old, it is still in a fine state of preservation, and there is no reason, if care could be taken, why it should not stand many years longer. At that time in this sparsely settled back country it was really an elegant residence, without a superior. Such work then was a tremendous undertaking; on a river that is not navigable, with no town near by and only deep, muddy roads leading to the outer world, made the task of building almost impossible. The name naturally implies the character of the soil of that particular eminence—red clay. The grounds were covered with the greenest grass, shaded by stately sycamores, tall elms, and cedars. A neat white paling surrounded all. The main entrance faced the rising sun. A porch, whose slanting ceiling is plastered, supported by four small fluted columns, extends the length of the front side. From this point one has a fine view of the surrounding landscape: for miles can be seen the graceful undulation of the hills, intersected with

valleys, crowned here with forests, there with well-tilled fields. Through it all slowly flows the Neuse to join the Trent at New Bern. Bathed in the golden sunshine of autumn, softened by blue and purple tones, this is a goodly scene to gaze upon, recalling vividly that fairer "Land of the Sky." The single front door opened into the parlor; on the right a door led into the small but inviting dining-room; into this opened the butler's pantry. Through this butler's pantry all meals were brought from the outside kitchen (since destroyed) over the stone-paved walk. Back of the dining-room was a bed-room without a fire-place. The builder of "Clay Hill" deemed such a luxury as a fire in one's sleeping apartment unhealthy! Adjoining this was a dressing-rooms and closets. The parlors opened into a square back hall. From this a stair-case, with a quaint, plain balustrade, leads to the upper story. Here are a large hall-room and three chambers. In the lower hall are two out-doors. In this hall the last mistress of "Clay Hill" on summer evenings sometimes served tea from the daintiest china. The wainscoting on the first floor was high, but was replaced later by some about nine inches deep. The rooms, whose walls are hard-finished, are high-pitched; the wood-work is ornamented, but is not elaborate. The small windows have tiny panes and blinds. In the plan of the whole, convenience was regarded. There is a cellar in which were stored choice wines. Originally the house was painted white, the blinds green. The furniture was mahogany and walnut. The silver was of the severely plain colonial style, exceedingly white and only marked with

the initial "H." A certain ladle has been in the family for generations and descends to the eldest son, who has always borne the name John. It is now in the possession of the seventh of the name, a resident of Georgia. The family Bible also passed to that branch. There was a large collection of handsome cut-glass and elegant china, a set of India china and other dainty pieces.

Guests at "Clay Hill" could never forget the lavender-scented linen and the spotless napery. A few books composed the library. There were many substantially built out-houses on the premises—in fact, all necessary to the management of a large, well-ordered plantation. Some of these are still standing. On the south was the garden—a typical old-fashioned one, intersected by carefully kept walks bordered with all kinds of flowers. Here bloomed in profusion roses, jonquils, hyacinths, crape myrtles, snow-balls, lilacs, sweet betsies, honeysuckles and lavender, the very air being redolent with their heavy perfume. All the herbs found a place here, viz., tansy, rue, thyme, sage, mint.

John Hinton, junior, never wavered—his feelings were with the patriots. Though loyal to the Crown till tyranny reigned, he decided to defend the rights of his native land, risking life and fortune in the long struggle. On August 20, 1775, the Provincial Congress met at Hillsborough and made preparations for the approaching conflict. On September 9th Congress appointed officers for the minute-men in the different counties. The officers chosen for Wake were: John Hinton, Colonel; Theophilus Hunter, Lieutenant-Colonel;

John Hinton, junior, First Major; Thomas Hines, Second Major. Major Hinton was present with his regiment at the battle of Moore's Creek Bridge, February 27, 1776, and took an active part in that decisive engagement.

During the war Major Hinton was compelled to leave his family and home to the mercy of those most ruthless invaders, the Tories, but happily they escaped alive. On one occasion, when he happened to be at "Clay Hill," a band of Fanning's fiends, knowing of his presence and that he had in his possession funds of the unrecognized government, came upon him at night. The guide to this band was an enemy whom Hinton had once found stealing at his fish-trap in the Neuse and fired at him. It was never forgiven. This man remained in the yard as a sentinel while the gang forced an entrance into the house, breaking a panel out of the front door. Major Hinton saw the hopelessness of his position, but determined to defend his sick wife and helpless children at all odds. In the fierce struggle they fired upon him, wounding him badly. They demanded that Major Hinton should relinquish at once his precious charge, but he refused to comply; whereupon they seized him, tying his hands in front, bound him to an arm-chair and beat him unmercifully; still that strong will yielded not. As a last resort they threatened to hang him and made preparations for the act. In the meantime a thorough search was made. The coin, tied in bags, was locked in the secretary. Suspecting this, they said they were going to break into it. It was then that his wife said: "Don't break it open; I shall unlock it." Throwing a

blanket around her, she rose from the bed, unlocked the desk, lowered the lid and slipped the bags of money under the blanket and retired to the bed safely. In the interval Major Hinton, unnoticed, undid with his teeth the knots in the ropes tied on his wrists, and, slipping out of the house, dispatched a message to his brother, Colonel James Hinton, to come at once with his troop of horse to his aid. Thinking of some silver spoons that had not been hidden, Mary, their little daughter, snatched them up, and, escaping from the house in the darkness, rushed into the garden and concealed them in the bed of pinks, thus saving them. The vandals seized upon the patriot's wearing apparel and the frightened slaves, and after finding their victim gone and hopes baffled, departed amid volleys of oaths which waxed but the stronger when the stolen clothes were found to be much too large. Colonel James Hinton and his troop, coming up at this critical moment, started after the Tories in hot pursuit. They finally succeeded in overtaking them on the Hillsborough road, nearer that town than Raleigh, and capturing some, hanged them to trees by the roadside as a reward for their fiendish conduct. Then they returned to "Clay Hill" with the slaves.

In 1779 Major Hinton represented Wake County in the General Assembly and again after the Revolution.

In 1788 our legislators decided to have a permanent instead of a migratory capital. Wake being the most centrally located county, it was voted that the site selected should be within her boundaries. Nine commissioners were chosen to

locate the seat of government. Only six acted. They were Frederick Hargett, Chairman; Joseph McDowell of "Quaker Meadows," William Johnston Dawson, James Martin, Thomas Blount and Willie Jones. It was Major Hinton's desire to have the capital on the banks of the Neuse where the little hamlet of Milburnie once stood. His brother-in-law, Colonel Joel Lane, was equally ambitious to obtain the vote in favor of the present site on his land some six miles west of the Neuse. These two were among the seventeen tracts offered. On the first ballot the votes were cast as follows: Hinton's tract on the Neuse, three votes; Joel Lane's, two; the land of Nathaniel Jones of "White Plains" (near the present village of Cary), one. They adjourned to meet the following day, March 30, 1792, when Joel Lane found his land accepted, while Major Hinton's obtained but one vote. The decision was a most bitter disappointment to the latter, and from that time a coolness existed between the two families, supposed by some to have been due to the conduct of Colonel Lane on that occasion. Tradition claims that he gave a dinner to the commissioners and that they partook too freely of the choice wines to vote clearly. Had Raleigh been situated on the river its scenic beauty would have been enhanced, though probably the course pursued has given better health to its inhabitants.

The slaves formed an interesting, unique group in that colonial home. There was "Blind Jim" (totally sightless), who always saddled Major Hinton's riding horse and brought him to the front door. Then there was that couple who came

from Africa and who never learned to speak English well—Old Mingo and “Mammy Kizzy,” who was a princess, the daughter of a king on the dark continent. She wore bouquets of natural flowers in the holes in her ears. As a dairy-maid she excelled. She instructed the children and grandchildren in that especial branch of housekeeping. Jeffrey was another trusted slave. Major Hinton once sent him up the country horse-back. He was much astounded some time later to see him return horseless. Upon inquiry he learned that Jeffrey had swapped the horse for some reputed wonderfully fine species of peas! They were planted and found to be equal to representation and ever after went by the name of “Jeffrey’s peas.” The carriage driver, Buck, was a brother of “Uncle Brisco,” who was Colonel John Hinton’s body servant during the war, belonged to the “Gunny (a corruption of Guinea) stock,” and was a remarkable negro. He drove “Peacock” and “Phoenix” to the second carriage brought to Wake. It was a high vehicle, entered by means of steps lowered from the back. The old cook was an unusual character. One day she went into the cellar for something for dinner, and could not resist the temptation of partaking of the rum. When found and reproved, she replied, “So I suits master, I don’ keer.” She prepared to perfection the Major’s ideal spring dinner, “a boiled chicken and a bag-pudding,” as well as his favorite salad, a bunch of lettuce leaves and mint tied with a shalote and dipped in dressing. There was one Johnson, an uncle of President Andrew Johnson, who was employed to superintend the women spinning.

Of the many weddings which occurred at "Clay Hill" the first was that of Mary Hinton to Henry Lane. Their daughter, Margaret Lane, was also married here to the brilliant lawyer, Moses Mordecai. She was married in white satin, Empire style, and her trousseau contained enough handsome silk and satin gowns to satisfy the fastidious bride of the twentieth century. It was here that Judge Henry Seawell, nephew of Nathaniel Macon, came a-wooing and won his beautiful bride, Grizelle, second daughter of Major Hinton. These rooms in those days echoed with the exquisite music of his violin. He had a most serious rival in Theophilus Hunter, junior, of "Spring Hill," wealthy, aristocratic and of prominent position, whom her parents preferred to the poor but handsome and gifted young lawyer, who came to the county with only his license and a horse. This partiality was shown by the treatment bestowed upon their respective steeds. When Theophilus Hunter, junior, rode over to "Clay Hill" to pay court to the choice of his heart, his horse was taken promptly, stabled, fed and groomed, while Henry Seawell's was allowed to remain tied to the rack and paw the earth in his fury and craving for feed and water! At a hunting party the latter was given a bird gun and the poorest stand in the country, where deer were never known to pass. Growing weary of ill luck, he retired to the house in quest of another *deer*, with domestication the object this time. He was more successful with the change, and that day won his suit. They were married at "Clay Hill," April 17, 1800, by Cargill

Massenburg. After the marriage Major Hinton highly approved of his son-in-law.

Major Hinton was a devoted Churchman, religiously observing all the feasts and fasts of the Established Church. There is now in existence a prayer-book containing his autograph. He was tall, large and fine-looking—a perfect gentleman, very refined, with elegant manners.

One of the favored members of the household was the favorite dog, "Venture," an immense animal that always accompanied his master on his rides, faithfully guarding his horse when tied.

Major John Hinton died October 19, 1818. He is buried at "Clay Hill." The grave-yard is back of the garden, surrounded by a rock wall. His grave is marked by a plain granite head and foot piece and bears a simple inscription, now nearly obliterated by time's touch. Beside his lie the remains of Pherebee Hinton, his wife, who died December 19, 1810. Their children were:

1. John Hinton of "Stoney Lonesome," who married Sally, daughter of Colonel Needham Bryan.
2. Mary, who married Henry Lane. Her remains are interred at "Clay Hill."
3. Samuel, who died soon after graduating at the University of North Carolina.
4. Grizelle, born May 26, 1782, known to a large circle of relatives as "Aunt Seawell," who married Judge Henry Seawell of "Welcome," Wake county.
5. Willis, who died young.

6. Betsey, who inherited "Clay Hill" and died unmarried in May, 1865.

Betsey Hinton, called by a host of loving relatives "Aunt Betsey," was the youngest child and a fine Christian character. As a housekeeper she had no superior. With her lived Mrs. Grizzly Ryan, youngest daughter of Colonel Joel Lane. An overseer attended to the plantation. In the sixties the old home experienced another warlike intrusion. It was in the spring of 1865, when Sherman's Army was indulging in its "vandalic march," that the families on the adjoining and distant plantations fled to the Capital for safety. No art of persuasion could prevail on the mistress of "Clay Hill" to leave, believing her presence would protect her property. Some slaves and a few white women and children alone remained with her. The enemy were scouring the country. One night she retired, to be awakened by soldiers breaking into the house at a late hour; the yard and every building were filled with Federal soldiers. An entrance was forced into her very room and this lady of eighty-odd years was driven from her bed. After ransacking the premises, they departed to apply the torch to the paper mill at Milburnie.

The great change of fortune and the weight of years were more than even that brave spirit could endure. She died a few weeks after the surrender. After her death the place passed to the nearest relatives out South, who sold it, and thus this historic home became the property of strangers, wholly unappreciative of its quaintness and history. What a sad change! To-day the fences and garden have disappeared,

many trees have been cut down, cotton is cultivated on the once beautiful lawn, some of the out-buildings have been burned, others are dilapidated, and there are signs of decay and neglect about the old homestead itself.

There are no descendants of Major Hinton's sons now living in North Carolina, the name in that branch having become extinct in the State.

It is to be lamented that we Americans do not retain the English custom of entailing the family seat and revering every relic that bears on a noble past.

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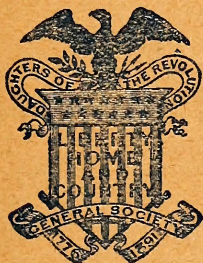


VOL. III

NOVEMBER, 1903

No. 7

THE
NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET



GREAT EVENTS IN
NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY

WAS ALAMANCE THE FIRST
BATTLE OF THE REVOLUTION?

BY

MRS. L. A. McCORKLE.



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THE
NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET

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WHILE WE LIVE WE WILL CHERISH, PROTECT AND DEFEND HER."

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PREFACE.

The object of the NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET is to erect a suitable memorial to the patriotic women who composed the "Edenton Tea Party."

These stout-hearted women are every way worthy of admiration. On October 25, 1774, seven months before the defiant farmers of Mecklenburg had been aroused to the point of signing their Declaration of Independence, nearly twenty months before the declaration made by the gentlemen composing the Vestry of St. Paul's Church, Edenton, nearly two years before Jefferson penned the immortal National Declaration, these daring women solemnly subscribed to a document affirming that they would use no article taxed by England. Their example fostered in the whole State a determination to die, or to be free.

In beginning this new series, the Daughters of the Revolution desire to express their most cordial thanks to the former competent and untiringly faithful Editors, and to ask for the new management the hearty support of all who are interested in the brave deeds, high thought, and lofty lives of the North Carolina of the olden days.

MRS. D. H. HILL.

ALAMANCE.

1771.

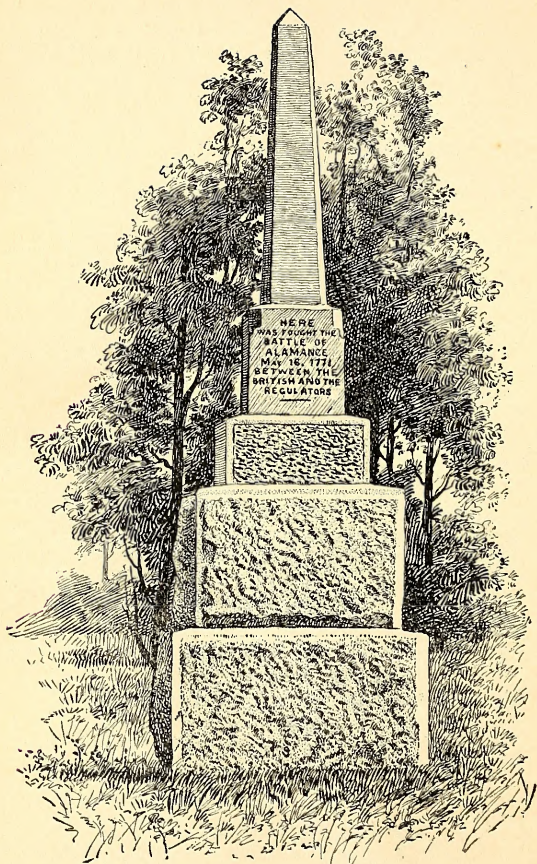
The following poem by Seymour Whiting should be memorized by every child in North Carolina. When this poem was written no monument had been placed on the old battleground. The monument which now marks the spot was erected in 1880.

No stately column marks the hallowed place
Where silent sleeps, unurned, their sacred dust—
The first free martyrs of a glorious race,
Their fame a people's wealth, a nation's trust.

Above their rest the golden harvest waves,
The glorious stars stand sentinel on high,
While in sad requiem near their turfless graves
The winding river murmurs moaning by.

But holier watchers here their vigils keep
Than storied urn or monumental stone;
For Law and Justice guard their dreamless sleep,
And Plenty smiles above their bloody home.

Immortal youth shall crown their deathless fame,
And as their country's glories still advance,
Shall brighter glow, o'er all the earth thy name,
Our first-fought field of freedom—Alamance!



MONUMENT ON ALAMANCE BATTLE-GROUND.

WAS ALAMANCE THE FIRST BATTLE OF THE REVOLUTION?

BY LUTIE ANDREWS MCCORKLE,

Author of "Old-time Stories of the Old North State."

"Constructive historical work deserves and gets more credit than does destructive work. To overthrow the idols of our forefathers is considered akin to sacrilege; but the time is come when we are compelled to bow our heads and acknowledge that some of our forefathers were as great rascals as some of us."

This remarkable paragraph introduces an article entitled "Regulators in a New Light," which appeared in the *Charlotte Observer* of January 25, 1903. While few of us, I trust, are willing to admit the "soft impeachment" of being rascals ourselves, fewer still, doubtless, are willing to accord this distinction to their forefathers, and say in earnest what Burns said in jest:

"My ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood."

"The average history of Revolutionary events," our enlightened critic goes on to say, "gives but one side of the question, and even that side is whitewashed." After such a bold announcement, we are not surprised by the recklessness with

which the writer proceeds in his "destructive work." That he succeeds in showing the Regulators in a "new light" is unquestionable; but that it is a true light will at least admit of some degree of doubt.

Such sweeping assertions as these arraign a formidable array of writers of eminent talent as men incompetent, by reason of carelessness and partiality, to perform the tasks which they undertook. Bancroft, Lossing, Hawks, Wheeler, Swain and Graham were not only men of recognized ability, but were untiring, painstaking, conscientious seekers after truth. With one accord they believed and stoutly maintained that "the first blood shed in battle with the troops of the English government in support of the principles of the American Revolution was the blood of North Carolinians, and the first battle-field was the soil of that State" at Alamance. They had pursued their investigations under a profound sense of their duty to preserve the history of their country for the instruction of future generations, and they gave the results of their inquiries to the public as truth, to be cherished with honest pride by every patriotic American. Now it is charged that theirs was "constructive work"—the construction of an idol to be worshiped by a credulous people, and that it now becomes the bounden duty of the destructive critics of this generation to demolish this idol in the interest of historic certainty.

The causes of the Regulation movement, culminating in the battle of Alamance, it is alleged, were "ignorance and vengeance on one side and vanity and error on the other." The "flagrant and unjustifiable wrongs" under which the people

groaned are thus laughed to scorn, and the patriots of 1771 are represented as the dupes of a cowardly demagogue who was using his influence to avenge personal grievances.

Possibly no two facts in American history have been more doubted and discussed, and in consequence more indisputably proven, than that the battle of Alamance was the first battle, and the Mecklenburg Declaration the first declaration of independence in the revolt of the colonies against the Crown of England. The latter was the natural sequence of the former. And yet, just as during the Wars of the Roses, there were patriotic Englishmen who sided with the house of York, and others with the house of Lancaster; as during the Protectorate there were patriots both among the Roundheads and among the Cavaliers; as during the Revolution some good men sided with England against their own countrymen, believing Toryism to be a religious virtue; as during the war between the States there were conscientious Unionists who fought in the Federal army against their own neighbors and kindred; so for the last century there have been among us two parties—the one believing, the other refusing to believe, in the patriotism of the heroes of Alamance and in the authenticity of the Mecklenburg Declaration.

By far the ablest and best equipped advocate of the “destructive theory” in the former instance is Mr. Francis Nash of Hillsboro, N. C. In a most interesting and admirably written paper on “Hillsboro: Colonial and Revolutionary,” he essays to prove that the organization known as the Regulators was “an ignorant, headstrong populace,” “all criminals

in a common riot," moved by "imaginary grievances," and led by "an unscrupulous fomentor of strife," who has since been elevated as a "sentimental hero." He would have us believe that the battle so long regarded by our people with patriotic pride as the "first fought field of freedom" was "little more than a neighborhood riot," and denounces the assertion that "the same spirit inspired the Regulators that inspired the Sons of Liberty or the Lexington Minute Men" as "sentimental slush." The battle of Alamance he would have us believe was but "the after-clap of a disgraceful riot." Himself the descendant, if I mistake not, of a gentleman who was a victim of one of the few outrages charged against any of the Regulators, their self-assumed title a stench in the nostrils of his family for more than a century, Mr. Nash shows somewhat of the unreasoning spirit of hereditary prejudice, and writes with a zeal worthy of a better cause. I am persuaded that he is not just in his denunciation of the Regulators, albeit they may have been unduly prejudiced against that Francis Nash whose honored name he bears and whose patriotic blood flows in his veins.

Mr. Nash has undertaken to overthrow the position on this question of many men whose testimony is incontrovertible, and seeks to break the force of documentary evidence that is overwhelming in its mass and conclusiveness. Whatever may be said of Hawks, Wheeler, Swain and Graham on the score of hereditary bias and local prejudice as being natives of North Carolina, the same weakness cannot be charged to Bancroft, Caruthers, Lossing and Foote, all of whom are a unit in their

conclusions in the premises. These men were natives of other States, and, with the exception of Bancroft, they all visited the scenes they described and gathered the facts, not only from documentary evidence that had been handed down from colonial times, but in great part from men who witnessed or participated in the battle and in the events preceding. Thus, it is seen they had at their command not only the records to which Mr. Nash appeals so confidently, but the testimony of men who were able to communicate the facts at first hand. Not a few of these, it may be added, were Presbyterians, to whose testimony, as it will be shown presently, Mr. Nash is himself disposed to defer on all occasions.

The statements of Bancroft, in his "History of the United States," edition of 1854, are for the most part quotations from the letters of Governors Tryon and Martin to Lord Hillsborough, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and from cotemporary publications in Philadelphia, New York and Boston. This great historian tells us that he had a very full collection of papers bearing on the Regulators, and he declares that "the blood of rebels against oppression was first shed on the branches of the Cape Fear river." Nor is the opinion of Dr. Caruthers to be despised. He lived for forty years in the section which had been the storm center of the Regulation movement, being the immediate successor of Dr. David Caldwell as pastor of the historic churches of Alamance and Buffalo. He gathered many of his facts from "old men of great respectability, who were then living and remembered the former times." When he used verbal testimony he "took pains

to get an account of the same thing from different persons or from the same person at different times, for the purpose of comparing them together and ascertaining the truth." And he tells us that "the Regulation is now regarded by our greatest men as the very germ of the Revolution in this State." Dr. Hawks tells us he lived "where the spot on which the Regulators were hanged met his eye every day," and declares that "God made the flower of freedom grow out of the turf that covered these men's graves." He also had a personal acquaintance with cotemporaries of those who laid down their lives at Alamance.

The Regulators were, in Mr. Nash's opinion, "an ignorant, headstrong, lawless populace," as they were regarded by Edmund Fanning and his associates. In this view, however, he is not sustained by the testimony of men of eminent character who were associated with some of the Regulators. Dr. Caruthers tells us "there were many men in most of the upper counties engaged in that affair who were then, as their descendants are now, among the most sensible, upright and respectable people in the country. Most of them had enjoyed the advantages of a Christian training, and at that time had the ministrations of able and devoted men. The parishioners of such men as McAden, Caldwell, Balch, Craighead and others were probably something more than semi-barbarians and were not likely to be an unprincipled and lawless rabble, but many from these congregations were not only united with the mass of the Regulators in their addresses and petitions and all their legal methods of obtaining a redress for their

grievances, but were actually engaged in the battle." He says further: "Those [of the Regulators] who lived in the region in which I have been acquainted seem to have been regarded as honorable in all the relations of life, and were much esteemed as men and citizens."

Dr. Foote, like Dr. Caruthers, spent years in the section involved in this disturbance, and enjoyed a personal acquaintance with the immediate descendants of the Regulators. "The descendants of these people," he writes, "who were at the time treated as rebels and stigmatized in government papers as ignorant and headstrong and unprincipled, hold the first rank in their country for probity and intelligence, have held the first offices in their own and in the two younger and neighboring States, and have not been debarred the highest offices in the Union."

Mr. Nash himself admits that the four men whose names we have of the six who paid the penalty of their patriotism on the gallows at Hillsboro did not answer the description "lawless and ignorant." James Pugh made a manly defense of his course in the speech he delivered on the gallows, rebuking Tryon for dereliction in duty, and "advised him to put away his corrupt clerks and tax-gatherers and be a friend of the people." Benjamin Merrill "was an honest, upright man." Of Robert Matear "little is known"; but against the statement of Caruthers that "he with Thompson had never taken any part in any riot and was a Regulator only in sympathy," Mr. Nash thinks the fact conclusive that "he was convicted at Hillsboro and executed, though six other convicts

were respited and afterwards pardoned." Surely Matear must have been "ignorant and lawless," since his character and record were not such as to commend him to the mercy of that humane Governor who refused to listen to the Regulators and shot down Robert Thompson, an unarmed man, with his own hand! Messer's integrity may be judged from the fact that he was permitted to leave the State in search of Hermon Husband, having promised to return and suffer himself to be executed if he could not bring Husband back. He failed in his effort and returned in due time to die for his offense. Many others who were numbered with the Regulators, such as Thomas Person, Colonel Bryan and Captain Raleigh Sutherland, were men of "unimpeachable character." If Mr. Nash is correct in saying that at that time "the most moral communities in the whole section were those over which a few Presbyterian ministers held sway and exerted an influence for good," then the weight of evidence seems to be against his position, for we are told that "a large proportion of the men in Dr. Caldwell's congregation were Regulators." True, Dr. Caldwell's letter to Tryon, in which he declares that the people of his congregation are not in sympathy with the Regulators, is often quoted; but those who make use of this letter for the purpose of discrediting the Regulation movement invariably fail to state that it was written in 1766, five years before the battle of Alamance, and at a time when Dr. Caldwell himself was a comparative stranger in that section, having settled there only the previous year. In the five succeeding years he and his flock had ample occasion

and opportunity to change their minds, and it is certain they did. Besides, "the people of Orange and equally of Rowan and Mecklenburg were unanimous in their resolutions to claim relief from the Governor." So we find "the most moral communities in that section" engaged in the contest; for the congregations of McAden, Caldwell, Balch and Craighhead, who, to use Mr. Nash's phrase, "held sway and exerted an influence for good," extended over this section. Dr. Hawks tells us that "when the final struggle came every one of these spiritual guides, to a man, was on the side of an oppressed people." Even Hermon Husband, who figures in the pungent periods of our destructive critics as "a selfish stirrer-up of turmoil, a fomentor of strife," seems to have been regarded as a man of some character by those who knew him, Clerk Fanning and the Hillsboro lawyers excepted. Says Caruthers: "I have conversed with a number who knew him personally and intimately in their youth, as they were neighbors, some of whom are yet living, and they all speak of him as a man of strict integrity and as a firm and sincere advocate of what he considered the rights of mankind. When people find they have been deceived by a man who has courted their favor merely for some selfish end, they usually turn against him, but this was not the case with the people he represented." Dr. Caldwell thought, as Caruthers was assured by the family of that distinguished patriot and divine, "that Husband was a little headstrong and impetuous, but he believed him to be honest in his intentions." It is known that Husband was a personal friend and relative of Benja-

min Franklin, from whom at various times he received messages and pamphlets. Although Husband, bred a Quaker and deprecating all bloodshed as contrary to the law of Christ, fled at the first gun at Alamance, it appears by no means unreasonable that from Franklin he may have derived many of his opinions, and that, though desiring a peaceful solution of every difficulty, he may have been actuated by motives as pure as were the motives of those who afterwards laid down their lives for the cause of liberty. Very certain it is that the agitation begun by the Regulators had made good headway in Granville and Halifax, as well as in Orange and the more western counties, some time before Husband took a hand in it. Think what we may of his conduct at Alamance and afterwards, we are, in strict justice, compelled to accord him the verdict of contemporary public opinion. And while we would make no "sentimental hero" of him, we have no right to attribute to him selfish and vengeful motives.

Mr. Nash does not discuss the "causes leading up to the War of the Regulation, except as they affect the history of colonial Hillsboro." Having thus left out of view a large part of the facts bearing on our question, he persuades himself, and would persuade others, that the whole movement was contemptible in its origin and spirit, and that Alamance was only the "after-clap" of what all must admit was a "disgraceful riot." Conceding all the facts alleged as to the riot at Hillsboro, we are by no means compelled to regard Alamance as the "after-clap" of that unfortunate affair, and much less are we required to admit that the men of Alamance were men

of another spirit than that which animated the Sons of Liberty and the Minute Men of Lexington. The truth is, the disturbances around Hillsboro were but the temporary out-flashings of a spirit of deep resentment against corrupt officials which pervaded the whole piedmont section of the colony, and was felt even on the distant sea-board. Before the Stamp Act bred defiance in the east, the people of the middle counties had long been groaning under the exactions of the officers of the law, and simultaneously, though without concert of action, "pleading in the anguish of their souls" for deliverance from the extortions and abuses of power under which they suffered. It would hardly be possible for discontent so widespread not to evoke some lawlessness. When men bred to count themselves freemen have seen law disregarded and justice trampled under foot, what wonder if they fail to respect the law and its officers? When wise heads are convinced that foul wrong is being done without rebuke, hot heads will sometimes plot hasty vengeance.

And what more natural than that the Regulators should have cherished an "especial antipathy toward Hillsboro"? It was a very small village, chiefly known to them as the home of Edmund Fanning, whose abuses of the law had made him odious to the people; as the home of the lawyers who justified and defended him, making his cause their own, and as the seat of a court in which a judge had flaunted his contempt for a long-suffering people in their faces by fining the chief culprit a penny and costs when convicted of extortion on six counts. Goaded by a sense of outrage, some of these

men, in an outburst of indignation, undertook to "administer wild justice" after their own fashion. But it is a well known fact that these outrages, instead of being excused as the "overflow of exuberant patriotism," as Mr. Nash would have us believe, were deplored and "condemned by the great body of Regulators." Because a small number of rude "fellows of the baser sort" were guilty of lawless conduct in one neighborhood, it is neither in accord with "historic truth" nor with historic justice to hold the entire body responsible for such conduct, and much less is it right on that account to impugn the motives of all those men of piedmont North Carolina who for ten long years waged a fight for their liberties. This was precisely the uncharity of Governor Tryon, according to the testimony of his successor.

But in referring to the "so-called extortions practiced upon the people," Mr. Nash concedes that "the charges of public officers were *in some instances* oppressive"; and yet, in his evident anxiety to establish confidence in Tryon's view of the "discreet and steady behavior of Colonel Fanning," and to relieve his character from unjust aspersion, he tells us that on certain papers Fanning "was entitled to a charge of eight shillings, whereas he made a rule, out of abundance of caution, to charge only six shillings." It is matter of well attested fact also that, "out of abundance of caution," to re-imburse himself for occasional generosity and keep his famous wine cellar well filled, Colonel Fanning was wont to charge \$15 for a marriage license, for which the law allowed him but one dollar.

Governor Josiah Martin, who succeeded Tryon very soon after the battle of Alamance, was undoubtedly in a position to know whereof he spoke. After spending some months in and around Hillsboro, he wrote to the Earl of Hillsborough, Secretary of State for the Colonies, as follows:

"NORTH CAROLINA, HILLSBOROUGH,
"August 30, 1772.

. . . "My progress through this country, my Lord, hath opened my eyes exceedingly with respect to the commotions and discontents that have lately prevailed in it. I now see most clearly that they have been provoked by insolence, and cruel advantage taken of the people's ignorance by mercenary, tricking attorneys, clerks and other little officers, who have practised upon them every sort of rapine and extortion, by which, having brought upon themselves their just resentment," etc.

Referring to this letter of Governor Martin, and also to the petition of the people of Orange to Chief Justice Howard and his associates, Bancroft says: "The people had no respite from the insolence of mercenary attorneys and officers, and were subjected to every sort of rapine and extortion. The courts of law offered no redress. At the inferior courts the justices, who themselves were implicated in the pilfering of public money, named the juries. The sheriff and receivers of taxes were in arrears for near seventy thousand pounds which they had extorted from the people and of which more than two-thirds had been irretrievably embezzled." In 1769 Governor Tryon himself wrote to the Assembly:

"The fact is too well known to admit of a denial, that in a long course of years past great sums of the public money have

been lost by the negligence or insolvency of sheriffs and other collectors with their sureties. And it is presumed that in the same course of time considerable sums have sunk after they were lodged in the public treasury, whereof no account has hitherto been made."

Were it needful to add anything to these statements, we could rely upon the facts mentioned by Bancroft, that the petition of the Regulators was signed by about five hundred men and was fortified "with a precise specification of acts of extortion, confirmed in each instance by oath." He had in his possession a copy of that petition, with its signatures.

Against all this mass of evidence, conclusive to any unprejudiced mind, Mr. Nash brings up the address presented to Governor Tryon in the Assembly of 1770 by Robert Howe, Samuel Johnston, Maurice Moore, Cornelius Harnett, Abner Nash, Joseph Hewes and Edmund Fanning, in which they "condemn without stint both the motives and the acts of the Regulators." As these men, with the exception of Fanning, were afterwards "distinguished patriots," Mr. Nash would have us consider their opinion conclusive as to the status of the Regulators. But he fails to tell us that these men, except Joseph Hewes, were all lawyers, and, Fanning only excepted, all from the eastern part of the province. The fight of the Regulators had all along been largely against the lawyers. They had plainly stated in one of their protests: "It is not our form or mode of government, nor yet our laws, that we are quarreling with, but with the malpractice of the officers of our County Court, and the abuse we suffer from those who

are empowered to manage our public affairs." Can we wonder if the acts of mercenary individuals had brought odium upon the whole profession? Nor can we forget that the people of the sea-board had not felt the heavy hand of extortion as the poor farmers of the interior had felt it. The Governor residing in the east, the officers of the law would be held in check there and would hardly dare to practice the oppressions that were common in more remote regions. Besides, the east had been longer settled and was more prosperous through its flourishing commerce with the outside world, while in the interior there was little either of coin or currency, the people subsisting solely upon their small crops, and their trade being chiefly barter. Hence, men from the east were hardly prepared to appreciate the motives (even though they may at a later period have followed the good example) of the Regulators in fighting "for the liberties they had inherited."

The Regulators, says Mr. Nash, "demanded that dishonest public officials should be removed and punished; and Governor Tryon not complying with their demand so summarily as they desired, they, inspired by hatred and revenge, proceeded to administer this punishment themselves. So they were an organized but irresponsible and uncontrollable mob—not a great people in the throes of a struggle for independence."

Were the Regulators a mob? Let them answer for themselves. "We tell you, in the anguish of our souls," they said to Governor Tryon, "we cannot go to law with our powerful

antagonists; that step, whenever taken, will terminate in the ruin of ourselves and families." They had had experience with lawyers and had grown wiser because of that sad experience. "That is all we want," they said to the Governor's secretary—"liberty to make our grievances known," so confident were they of the righteousness of their cause. This, surely, is not the unreasoning spirit of a mob. Their determination, as set forth in resolutions adopted at one of their earlier meetings, was:

"1st. That we will pay no more taxes until we are satisfied that they are agreeable to law and applied to purposes therein mentioned, unless we cannot help it or are forced to it.

"2d. That we will pay no officer any more fees than the law allows," etc.

Again, let Governor Martin, who seems honestly desirous to deal fairly by them, answer in their behalf. The "tricking attorneys, clerks and other little officers," he writes to the Earl of Hillsborough, in the letter already mentioned, had "engaged government in their defense by artful misrepresentations, that the vengeance the wretched people in folly and madness aimed at their heads was directed against the Constitution; and by this stratagem they threw an odium upon the injured people that by degrees begot a prejudice which precluded a full discovery of their grievances. Thus, my Lord, as far as I have been able to discover, the resentment of government was craftily worked up against the oppressed, and the protection which the oppressors treacherously acquired, where the injured and ignorant people expected to

find it, drove (some of them) to acts of desperation and confederated them in violence, which, as your Lordship knows, induced bloodshed; and, I verily believe, necessarily." In the adroit special pleading of Mr. Nash, the craft and stratagem of Fanning is being repeated in this year of grace 1903.

The Regulators, says Bancroft, "asked no more than that extortioners be brought to fair trials and the collectors of public money called to proper settlement of their accounts." Tryon made promises, only to break them, until they found to their sorrow that "his Excellency was determined not to lend a kind ear to the just complaints of the people." And such was the craft and cunning of Fanning and the lawyers who aided and abetted his rascalities that the Regulators were doomed to disappointment in their sanguine "hope that naked truth and native ignorance would poise the superexcellent flourishes and consummate declamation of their powerful adversary." Certain it is, however, that something more than the "superexcellent flourishes" of Mr. Nash's specious argument will be needed to "poise" the right of the men of Alamance to be regarded as patriots contending for their liberties. History has given its verdict, and that verdict is not likely to be changed by the arguments of those whose methods and animus compel them to become the apologists of Fanning and of Tryon.

Mocked in the courts, stigmatized as "outlaws and rebels," again and again deceived by the royal Governor, these men whom Mr. Nash denounces as a "lawless and irresponsible mob" *twice* retired quietly to their homes on receiving a mere

promise of redress—once when they had gathered seven hundred strong at Hillsboro, and again when five hundred of them had assembled at Salisbury. Here again we do not find any spirit of irresponsibility and lawlessness.

Nor were they men of lawless and cowardly spirit who, without a leader and in large part unarmed, stood before Tryon at Alamance, desiring naught but permission to present to him a respectful petition laying before him in ample detail all their grievances, “in full hope and confidence of being redressed by him.” To have submitted to his peremptory and insulting demands would have been to exhibit the cringing spirit of slaves. So, with the courage of martyrs, those of them who were armed stood their ground when Tryon precipitately began the battle. Thus was given, as Caruthers says, “the first expression of the principles and spirit which covered the men of ’76 with immortal honor.”

When Captain Raleigh Sutherland, coming with a force from Surry to help the Regulators, wept on hearing from a distance the guns of Alamance, because he was not there with his countrymen “who were shedding their blood in defense of their rights,” he was animated by the same spirit which led General Francis Nash to say, with his dying breath, on the field of Germantown, “From the first dawn of Revolution I have been on the side of liberty and my country.” The difference was, that Sutherland was first to recognize that dawn of Liberty’s day.

But it is urged that the men of Alamance were not fighting British troops, and that they were not fighting for inde-

pendence. As to the first quibble, it is sufficient to state that they were fighting the same sort of a force that suffered defeat at the hands of Shelby and Cleveland at King's Mountain—colonial militia, flying the British flag and led by officers who represented the British crown. As to the second, the same argument would prove that Lexington was not a battle of the Revolution at all, and that in fact the Revolution did not commence until July, 1776. The truth is, none of the colonists at first desired independence. The common demand of all was redress of grievances. Only thirty-seven days before the battle of Lexington, John Adams declared "that there are any who pant after independence is the greatest slander on the province."

Once more, it is said that the men of Alamance did not come thither expecting to fight. Neither did the men of Lexington. We are told that "the night preceding the outrage at Lexington there were not fifty people in the colony that ever expected any blood would be shed in the contest." The patriots of Alamance were stigmatized as rebels, and suffered the spoiling of their plantations and the burning of their homes, and some of them were executed as traitors and rebels. According to the British view, the men of Lexington were nothing more nor less.

Compare the utterances and the deeds of the men of Alamance with those of the men of Lexington. They of Lexington instruct their representatives to demand "radical and lasting redress of their grievances." The Regulators, when promised a respectful hearing, are so sure of compliance with

their just demands that they cry "Agreed! That is all we want—liberty to make our grievances known." On the village green of Lexington free-born Americans swore "to combat manfully for their birthright inheritance of liberty." On the greensward of Alamance the Regulators, counting themselves free-born, gave full proof of their resolve "to know and enjoy the liberty which they had inherited."

Word chimes with word. Deed harmonizes with deed. The same spirit of freemen, ready to die for liberty, breathes in both. At Alamance there burst forth in a battle for right and justice the same undaunted spirit of love for freedom that afterwards flashed in the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, and later flamed at King's Mountain, at Cowpens and at Guilford Court House. Nor does it alter this fact, that some of the Regulators, forced by Tryon to take the oath of allegiance to the British government, afterward fought in the ranks of the Loyalists against their own countrymen, as some of those who had oppressed them were in the ranks of the patriot army. This is, in truth, but another argument to show that theirs was not the irresponsible temper and lawless disposition of a mob. They kept their oath out of regard to solemn obligations which they considered binding in the sight of heaven; and it is matter of history that they were promised as loyalists all the redress for which they had fought at Alamance, and under a Governor who had declared his conviction of the justice of their cause. It is matter of history also that the Presbyterians of Mecklenburg hesitated because of their oaths, when independence was proposed, and disregarded

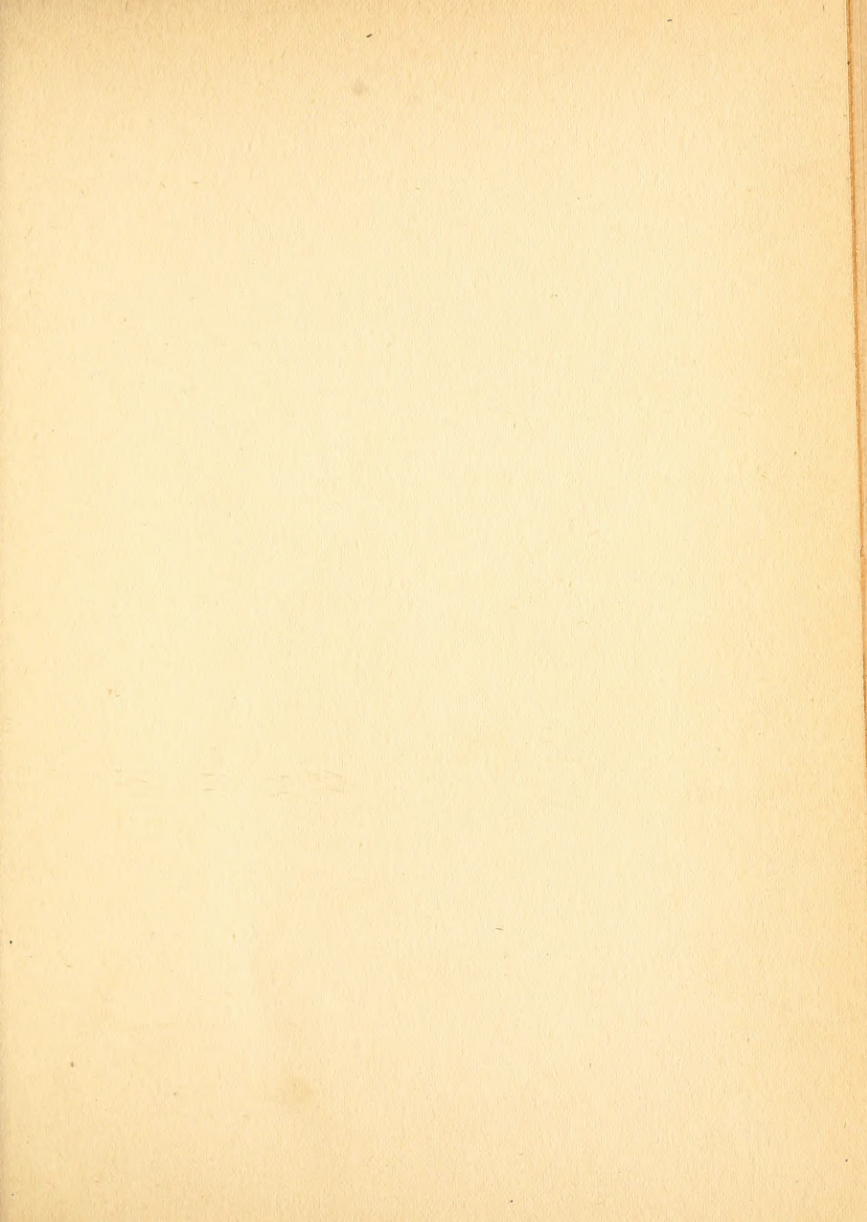
those oaths only under the advice of their leaders. If any fact in the history of the United States is well attested, it is that the fire which flashed forth at Alamance was not quenched in the ashes of defeat. It left embers burning from which, as the years went by, there was kindled throughout Surry, Anson, Rowan and Mecklenburg and across the Alleghanies in the independent "State of Franklin," founded by refugees from the country of the Regulators, a flame of patriotic fervor which, uniting at last with the fires of Lexington and Bunker Hill, swept away the entire remnant of British power in the colonies. In the State of Franklin, the immediate offspring of the Regulation movement, independence was a fact before it was dreamed of elsewhere. In that little Commonwealth in the mountains no British flag ever waved and no officer of the British Crown ever came, and there the people, outraged and outlawed by British oppression, "set to the people of America the dangerous example of erecting themselves into a State separate and distinct from and independent of the authority" of the English Crown.

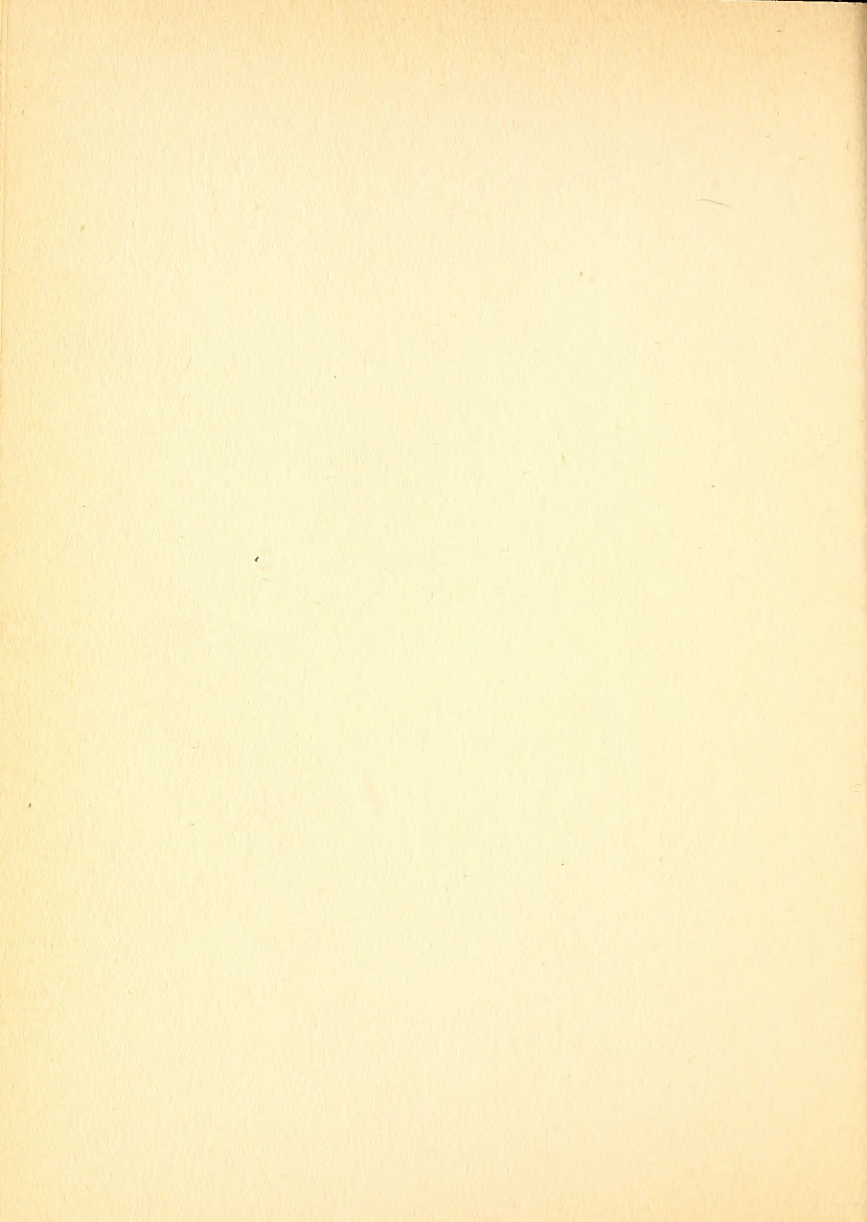
In view of all the facts, attested by cotemporary witnesses and admitted by royal Governors, we feel constrained to believe that what Bancroft says of the men of Lexington should be, in all its particulars, held applicable to the heroes of Alamance, and to them only.

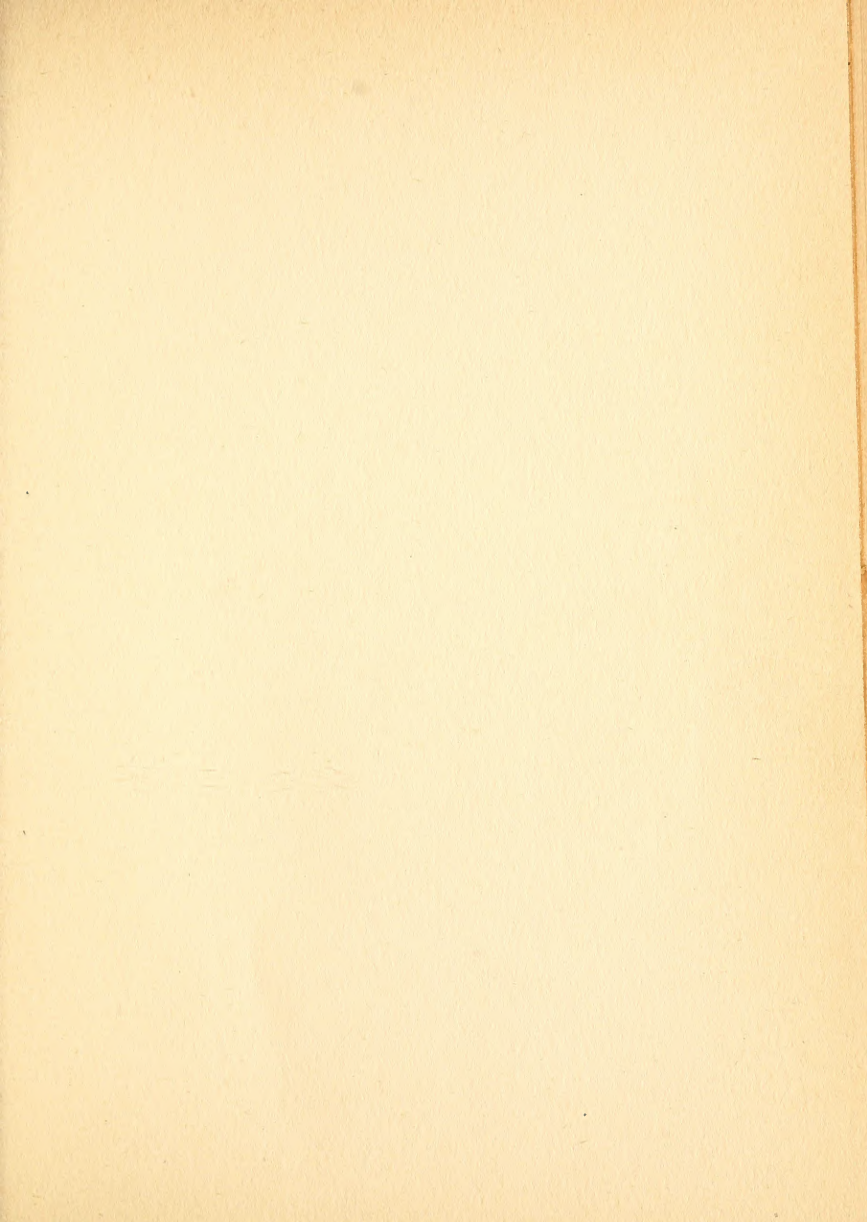
"There they now stood, with arms in their hands, silent, fearless, willing to fight for their privileges, scrupulous not to begin civil war, as yet unsuspecting of danger. The ground on which they trod was the altar of freedom, and they were

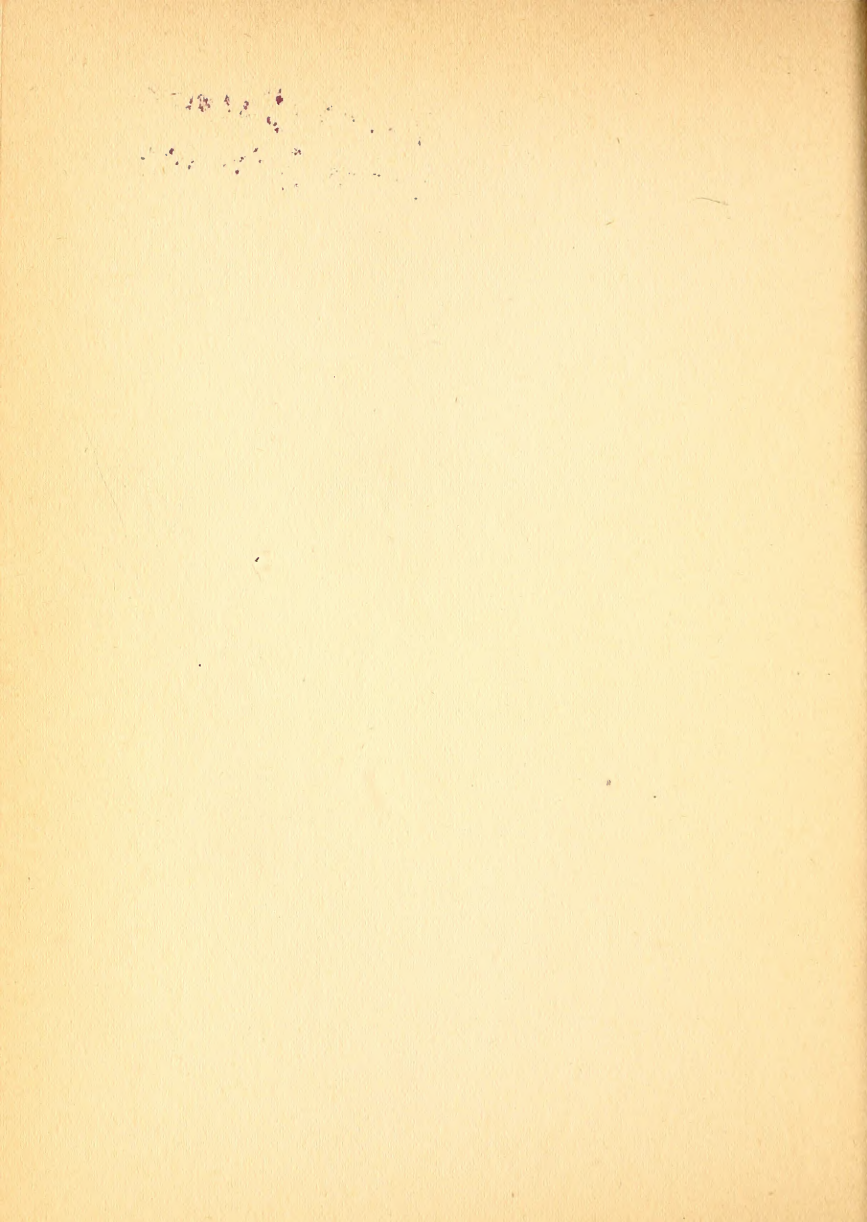
to furnish the victims. They gave their lives a testimony to the rights of mankind, bequeathing to their country an assurance of success in the MIGHTY STRUGGLE WHICH THEY BEGAN."

Let us hold their names in grateful remembrance, and let the "expanding millions of their countrymen renew and multiply their praise from generation to generation."









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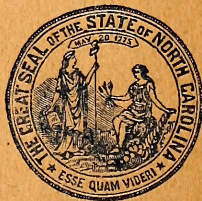


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WHILE WE LIVE WE WILL CHERISH, PROTECT AND DEFEND HER."

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PREFACE.

The object of the NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET is to erect a suitable memorial to the patriotic women who composed the "Edenton Tea Party."

These stout-hearted women are every way worthy of admiration. On October 25, 1774, seven months before the defiant farmers of Mecklenburg had been aroused to the point of signing their Declaration of Independence, nearly twenty months before the declaration made by the gentlemen composing the Vestry of St. Paul's Church, Edenton, nearly two years before Jefferson penned the immortal National Declaration, these daring women solemnly subscribed to a document affirming that they would use no article taxed by England. Their example fostered in the whole State a determination to die, or to be free.

In beginning this new series, the Daughters of the Revolution desire to express their most cordial thanks to the former competent and untiringly faithful Editors, and to ask for the new management the hearty support of all who are interested in the brave deeds, high thought, and lofty lives of the North Carolina of the olden days.

MRS. D. H. HILL.



GOVERNOR CHARLES EDEN.

BY MARSHALL DELANCEY HAYWOOD,

Author of "Governor William Tryon and His Administration in the Province of North Carolina, 1765-1771."

To strike down the barrier by which Father Time separates the present from the past, and introduce our reader to a dignitary who was sent to rule the unruly people of North Carolina in the days of long ago, is the purpose of this sketch. We thus salute CHARLES EDEN, who bears the imposing title of "Governor, Captain-General, and Commander-in-Chief, in and over His Majesty's Colony of North Carolina, and Vice-Admiral of the same." This gentleman received his commission from Queen Anne, but she died a few months after his arrival in America, and he later served for a much longer time under her royal successor, George the First.

A native, probably, of England, born in 1673, Governor Eden was a little over forty years of age when he crossed the Atlantic to enter upon the duties of his office. The first record of his service which we are able to find is in the year 1713, when it appears in a communication from the British Board of Trade to the Earl of Dartmouth, Secretary of State under Queen Anne, that the Lords Proprietors of North Carolina had recommended Charles Eden, Esquire, to Her Majesty for appointment as Governor of said colony. This recommendation having met with the Queen's approval at a meeting of the Royal Council on the 18th of May, in the above year, Mr.

Eden was required to give bond to the amount of one thousand pounds for the faithful discharge of the duties of his office. Several months thereafter (August 13th) the Proprietors sent an order to Francis Brooke, Surveyor-General of North Carolina, directing him to apportion a tract of land, embracing one thousand acres, for the personal use of the new Governor.

It was a year, almost to the day, after receiving his appointment, that Governor Eden appeared before the Provincial Council, "holden at y^e house of Capt. Jno. Hecklefield in Little River on ffriday the 28th day of May, Ano Dom. 1714," and took the oath of office. At the time of Eden's arrival the acting Governor was Thomas Pollock, President of the Provincial Council. The latter had succeeded Governor Edward Hyde, recently deceased, who was a cousin of the reigning sovereign.

At the time of Governor Eden's accession the members of his Council, or Deputies of the Lords Proprietors, were the following gentlemen: Thomas Pollock (President), Thomas Boyd, Nathaniel Chevin, Tobias Knight, Christopher Gale and William Reed. This Board was increased by the appointment of Francis Forster on August 10, 1714, and Frederick Jones on November 15, 1716. Richard Sanderson and John Lovick also appear as members at a later date during Eden's administration.

As Mr. Knight will figure in some of the transactions presently to be recorded, a few words concerning his personal history may be of interest. On November 6, 1714, he was re-appointed Collector of Customs for the District of Currituck,

a post which he had held since the 9th of May, 1712, at the beginning of the administration of Governor Hyde. Under Hyde's administration, Knight was also a member of the Council, and he became Chief Justice on August 1, 1717. He died in the summer of 1719.

News of Queen Anne's death having been communicated to Governor Eden, a meeting of the Council was held on November 6, 1714, when it was duly proclaimed that "the High and Mighty Prince, George, Elector of Brunswick Lunenburg," was lawful heir to the imperial crowns of Great Britain, France and Ireland. After this ceremonial the oath of allegiance to the new sovereign was taken in turn by the Governor and his Councilors.

At the time of the terrible massacre by the Tuscarora Indians in 1711, the authorities of South Carolina had given generous and timely aid to North Carolina in her hour of peril by sending a force under Colonel John Barnwell to aid her against the savages. In the spring of 1715, South Carolina had troubles of her own with the hostile tribe of Yemassee Indians and Governor Eden was prompt to repay her kindness. On May 25th, in the year just mentioned, "The Honourable y^e Governor's own Regiment" was drawn up, and the companies of Captains Benjamin West, John Palin and John Norton furnished volunteers to go by sea to the scene of hostilities under the command of Colonel Theophilus Hastings, of South Carolina; while Colonel Maurice Moore (who had first come to North Carolina with Barnwell's men) was sent by land to the relief of his former

home with a force of colonial troops. The South Carolina Assembly was not unmindful of the assistance rendered by Governor Eden, as on the record of their proceedings, jointly thanking him and the Governor of New York, it appears:

“Governor Hunter and Governor Eden claim also our best acknowledgments as persons sincerely affected with our calamities, the one sending us very considerable assistance in gallant and expert officers and soldiers, and the other laboring with the greatest application and industry to engage the warlike Senekas in our cause, a people who by their power of their arms and the terror of their name are alone equal to the war and sufficient to subdue all our enemies, and whom we may daily expect to that purpose.”

During the same session, upon motion to that effect, it was ordered:

“That Colonel Maurice Moore be desired by the messenger to attend this House; and, when come into the same, Mr. Speaker do give him the thanks of the House for his service to this Province in his coming so cheerfully with the forces brought from North Carolina to our assistance, and for what further services he and they have done since their arrival here.

“The House being informed that Colonel Maurice Moore attended, it was ordered that he should be admitted; he was admitted accordingly, and Mr. Speaker (according to order) gave him the thanks of this House for his said services.

“Having expressed his acknowledgment to the House for that favor, Colonel Moore then withdrew.”

At a later period the South Carolina Assembly voted a sum of money to Colonel Moore and his command for their services, and the soldiers under Hastings were rewarded in like manner. Hastings, like Moore, was a veteran of the Barnwell expedition.

Having been greatly reduced in power by war with the whites, and also unable through smallness of numbers to cope with their Indian enemies, a large majority of the Tuscaroras, about the years 1714-'15, left North Carolina under Chief Handcock and went to join the Iroquois confederacy in New York. This northern confederacy—composed of the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas—was up to that time called the Five Nations; and, after the arrival of the Tuscaroras, which added one tribe to their number, came to be known as the Six Nations, under which name it afterwards so conspicuously figured in the colonial and Revolutionary warfare of New York.

Before they made war on the colonists of North Carolina, which was just before Eden became Governor, the Tuscaroras had been the most powerful tribe in the province. The historian Lawson (who afterwards fell a victim to their torture) tells us that they had, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, about twelve hundred fighting men, scattered along the Neuse and Tar rivers, in fifteen villages. The names of these villages were as follows: Haruta, Waqui, Conta-nah, Anna Oooka, Conauh-kare Harooka, Una Nauh-an, Kentanuska, Chunanets, Kenta, Eno, Naur-hegh-ne, Oonossoora, Tosneoc, Nonawharitse, and Nursoorooka. After

the greater part of their tribe had gone northward, as above noted, a small band of the Tuscaroras stayed for a time in North Carolina under the friendly chief, King Tom Blount. In June, 1717, at their own request, they were removed from a reservation between the Neuse and Pamlico rivers which had been awarded them by treaty, but which they considered too much exposed to Indian attacks from the southward, and received in exchange a new hunting ground in Bertie Precinct, on Morratock (now Roanoke) river. These Indians seem afterwards to have followed their kindred to New York, as the North Carolina historian Martin (whose work was published in 1829, though written at a somewhat earlier date), says: "The descendants of these Indians, at this day, though removed to the northern lakes, still retain their right to the land thus granted them, and have at various times sent agents to collect the rents accruing thereon, in which they have been assisted by the Legislature."

When the great English philosopher and publicist, John Locke, wrote the Fundamental Constitution or Grand Model for the government of Carolina, that instrument provided for the institution of an hereditary order of colonial nobility whose members were to bear the title of *Landgrave*. At a council of the Lords Proprietors held in London at the Palace of St. James on the 19th of February, 1718, Governor Eden was raised to this Carolina peerage as a Landgrave, and was the last person who ever received that honor.

At a meeting of the Governor's Council on the 30th of October, 1718, it was ordered that a Board of Commission-

ers—consisting of Frederick Jones, William Reed and Richard Sanderson—should proceed in the following May to act conjunctively with a like commission from Virginia in settling the boundary between the two colonies. Owing to a disagreement between the Commissioners of the respective provinces, the duty with which they were charged was not performed, and it was not until about ten years later that the boundary was run by another joint commission, whose labors have been immortalized by Colonel William Byrd of Westover, in his *History of the Dividing Line*.

A vacancy having occurred in the Vestry of the parish in Chowan Precinct by the death of Thomas Peterson, Governor Eden was chosen as successor to that gentleman on the 3d of January, 1715. The parish, just alluded to, now lies in Edenton, and is known as St. Paul's, though the venerable edifice which at present serves as a house of worship was erected at a somewhat later date. The Parish of St. Paul was erected by an act of the Colonial Assembly in 1701. Governor Eden was very active in his efforts for the advancement of religion, and kept up a constant correspondence with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, urging that more missionaries be sent to the neglected field in North Carolina. Under the laws of England a parish is a certain amount of territory within the jurisdiction of ecclesiastical authority; and, in North Carolina, when the colony was a dependency of Great Britain, parishes were often fixed in their bounds before a house of worship, or parish church, was erected. It is probable that prior to the erection of the

present building of St. Paul's Church, which was begun about 1736, no church worthy of the name existed in Edenton, though there was a rudely constructed log building begun in 1702, the year after the parish was formed. In 1711 this log structure was described as without floor or seats—loose benches on the sand serving as pews. Often, in those days, religious services were held in the court-house; and sometimes, no doubt, private houses of the colonists were used for that purpose. In the spring of 1728, Colonel Byrd of Westover, in referring to Edenton, remarks: "I believe this is the only metropolis in the Christian or Mahometan world, where there is neither Church, Chapel, Mosque, Synagogue, or any other place of Publick Worship of any Sect or Religion whatsoever." This picture is almost as alluring as the one drawn by the Commissary of the Bishop of London, at an earlier period, when, referring to Charleston, then the capital of our sister colony of South Carolina, he wrote: "I never repented so much of anything, my sins excepted, as much as my coming to this place. * * * The people here, generally speaking, are the vilest race of men upon the earth; they have neither honour, nor honesty, nor religion, enough to entitle them to any tolerable character, being a perfect medley or hotch-potch, made up of bankrupt pirates, decayed libertines, sectaries and enthusiasts of all sorts, who have transported themselves hither from Bermudas, Jamaica, Barbadoes, Monserat, Antego, Nevis, New England, Pennsylvania, etc."

When Eden was Governor the Atlantic coast was swarming with pirates, who plied their trade with great energy and success. Foremost among these freebooters was the notorious "Blackbeard," whose real name history tells us was Edward Teach. In the original records, however, his name appears written about every other way but Teach, to-wit: Tach, Tache, Theach, Thach, Thache, Thatch, Thack, and Tack. Piracy finally grew so formidable that the authorities were powerless to cope with those engaged in that dread calling; and King George, about the year 1717, offered a pardon to all buccaneers who should forsake their nefarious operations and surrender themselves to some officer of the Crown. "Blackbeard" at first did not take advantage of this amnesty; but eventually he did make his submission to Governor Eden, receiving the King's pardon in due form. But the old corsair soon tired of life on shore, and put to sea again; nor should we judge him too harshly therefor, as history tells us that he had thirteen wives! "None but the brave deserves the fair," yet when these deserts run up to thirteen, even the brave may tremble. Apparently the gallant navigator was more sought after by the ladies of his time than if a prophecy had come to pass as recorded in Isaiah (iv, 1), where it is written: "And in that day seven women shall take hold of one man, saying: We will eat our own bread, and wear our own apparel; only let us be called by thy name." At any rate, Captain Teach was once more on the high seas, ostensibly as a merchantman bound for the Island of St. Thomas. Soon, however, it began to be whis-

pered that "Blackbeard" had not forgotten his old tricks; and these suspicions were strengthened when he one day made his appearance, towing into port a large French vessel laden with cocoa, sugar, and other sweet-meats. This vessel, though uninjured by storm and intact in every particular, was said by Teach to have been found abandoned at sea; and the Court of Admiralty sustained his claim. As the North Carolina authorities made no effort to apprehend Teach, Governor Spotswood of Virginia took the matter in hand, and sent Lieutenant Robert Maynard with an armed vessel (some accounts say two vessels) in search of the pirate. After a bloody battle fought at Ocracoke Inlet on the 22d of November, 1718, Maynard was victorious. He sailed back to Virginia with a number of prisoners, and the severed head of Teach (whom he had slain in single combat) dangling at his bow-sprit. On the pirate's body was found a letter from Tobias Knight, of whom mention has already been made. This letter contained many professions of friendship, with a few dark hints about matters which the writer said he wished to tell, but did not care to put on paper. Knight also said in his letter that he believed Governor Eden likewise would be glad to see Teach. There can be no doubt whatever that Knight was on very friendly terms with "Blackbeard," as a large part of the goods awarded to the pirate by the Admiralty Court was stored in a barn which Knight owned. So strong, indeed, were the suspicions against the latter that the Virginia authorities formally preferred charges against him for his alleged misconduct, and

demanded that he be put on trial as an accessory in the crime of piracy. When the matter, however, came before the North Carolina Council (of which, it may be mentioned, Knight himself was a member) he was acquitted of the charges made against him.

There is no evidence whatever that Governor Eden himself ever had any improper relations with Teach, though one might think, from some accounts printed in history, that they were bosom friends. Knight's note, found on the pirate's body, stated that the writer believed the Governor would be glad to see Teach before the latter left the country, and that is the only shadow of a foundation for the charge. What reason there was for this belief (if it really existed, and was not intended as a bit of flattery) does not appear. Knight was not Private Secretary to the Governor, though many histories state that he was. He was Secretary of the Colony, and did not even live in the same locality, his home being at the town of Bath, while the Governor lived in the vicinity of Queen Anne's Creek (now Edenton), nearly fifty miles away.

At the time Teach lived unmolested in North Carolina he held the royal pardon for his past offenses. The vessel and its cargo, which he later brought into the port of Bath, though piratically taken, were adjudged to be his property by a decision of the Admiralty Court, and the Governor had no right either officially or personally to set aside that decision and seize the property.

Of the disposition of Teach's skull I have read an account by Mrs. Cornelia Phillips Spencer which says that it was made into a bowl and rimmed with silver; and that in such form it is said still to be preserved in Virginia. The truth of this tradition (for Mrs. Spencer seems not to speak from positive personal knowledge) may be well worth the investigation of some antiquarian of the Old Dominion.

On December 26, 1718, quite a disturbance was raised at Sandy Point, when Edward Moseley, Maurice Moore, Thomas Lutten, Joseph Moore, and Henry Clayton forced their way into the office of John Lovick, Deputy Secretary of the Colony, and took possession of the public records, including Council Journals, together with the Great Seal of the Colony, and held the building for twenty-four hours. What their object was in so doing does not appear, but the Governor promptly had them placed under arrest for the offense. Moore and Moseley were bound over to court in a bond of one thousand pounds each, and Moseley had to give an additional bond of one thousand pounds to answer an indictment for slandering the Governor. The slanderous words were alleged to have been uttered on the day after Moseley's arrest for forcing Lovick's office. It was charged that he had declared that Governor Eden could easily engage an armed force to arrest honest men, but could not raise a power sufficient to apprehend pirates; that the Governor acted like a German Prince, and he hoped to see him put in irons and sent home to answer for his misconduct. When placed on trial for the forcible trespass, Moore was fined five pounds,

Luten twenty shillings, and Moseley and Clayton five shillings each. On the indictment for slander, Moseley was fined one hundred pounds and declared incapable of holding any office of honor or trust in the colony for the space of three years. It is probable that this sentence was later remitted, as Moseley afterwards apologized for his violent language, at the same time promising for the future to "behave himself with the greatest care and respect imaginable."

Governor Eden married Mrs. Penelope Golland, the widow of a Mr. Golland who lived at Mount Golland (now Mount Gould), on the Chowan river in Bertie Precinct. Eden had no children of his own; but, by her previous marriage, Mrs. Eden had at least two children, John and Penelope Golland. The last named was four times married: first, to Colonel William Maule; second, to Secretary John Lovick; third, to George Phenev; and fourth, to Governor Gabriel Johnston. It has been generally supposed, and often stated in print, that this lady, who eventually became the first wife of Governor Johnston (Johnston was twice married), was Governor Eden's own daughter. This, however, is unquestionably an error.

There is one piece of legal proof on record which in itself shows that Governor Eden died childless, and is as follows: If he had been the father of any children, they, of course, would be his next of kin and heirs at law. Yet at a meeting of the Provincial Council of North Carolina during the administration of Governor Burrington, on July 31, 1724, a petition was presented on behalf of Roderick Lloyd and

Anne, his wife, together with Margaret Pugh (daughter of Mrs. Lloyd by a former marriage), averring that Mrs. Lloyd was "only sister and heir" of Governor Eden; that John Lovick, "by pretext of a pretended will made by the said Governor," had fraudulently possessed himself of the Eden estate as executor; that the will had been procured in an unlawful and indirect manner, and was not signed and witnessed, as the law required. Mr. Lovick, as executor, made due answer to this petition; and, *while not denying that Mrs. Lloyd was next of kin*, proceeded to show that Governor Eden had made and signed his will in due form and that it was also attested by the number of witnesses necessary; that said will had been duly proven in open court, and afterwards recorded, as the law required. It may be of interest to add that the truth of Mr. Lovick's answer is even now shown by the fact that the will in question at present stands on record in the archives of North Carolina deposited in the office of the Secretary of State at Raleigh. It is signed by the testator, and witnessed by Henry Clayton, William Badham, and Mary Badham. In it Governor Eden makes no reference to any children or other relative, except his niece, the above-mentioned Margaret Pugh, "youngest daughter of Robert Pugh, Esq^{re}, des^{ed}." To her he bequeaths five hundred pounds sterling, and the rest of his fortune is left to friends in North Carolina and Virginia—with John Lovick as residuary legatee.

Mrs. Penelope Eden, wife of the Governor, was born in 1677, and preceded her husband to the grave by about six

years. She seems to have been a woman of strong mind and will power, deserving respect for the awe in which she was held by those impelled through selfish motives to influence her husband. The Reverend John Urmstone, whose character was not the most savory, wrote in 1717 as follows: "I have gained mightily upon the Governor since the death of his wife, a strange, meddling, troublesome, proud woman, who put him often upon doing that which he had no mind to. I believe for the future we shall always have a good understanding."

In the property inherited by John Lovick as residuary legatee of Governor Eden, was the latter's seat, Eden House, in Bertie Precinct. Lovick died childless and bequeathed the estate to his widow, who was Governor Eden's step-daughter, as has been noted. She married Mr. Lovick after Eden's death. In later years, when this lady was the wife of Governor Gabriel Johnston, the latter made Eden House his home; and, in the course of time it descended, with other property, to the Dawson family, Governor Johnston's only daughter having married John Dawson.

The death of Governor Eden occurred in the fiftieth year of his age on Monday, the 26th of March, 1722, and he was succeeded by President Pollock, who was Governor *pro tempore* only for a few months, himself dying on the 30th of the following August. Then William Reed, President of the Council, acted as Governor until the arrival of George Burington, who was regularly commissioned to that office by the Lords Proprietors.

Governor Eden was buried in the precinct (now county) of Bertie, near Eden House, his late dwelling. There his remains rested until July, 1889, when they were exhumed and borne across the Chowan river to Edenton. In that historic town they now repose, being deposited in the burial-ground of St. Paul's Church, of which he was at one time a Vestryman. There, too, have been gathered the remains of Governors Henderson Walker and Thomas Póllock. Together lie these ancient rulers, with other builders of the colony, who, leaving their cares and earthly honors behind, have passed to a well-earned rest.

“The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.”

The original slab which was placed as a memorial to Governor Eden still marks his grave. It is made of slate, set in brownstone, and has shown itself more capable of withstanding the ravages of time than many marble monuments of less age. On it are the following inscriptions:

HERE LYES Y^e BODY OF CHARLES EDEN ESQ^r WHO
 GOVERNED THIS PROVINCE EIGHT YEARS TO Y^e
 GREATEST SATISFACTION OF Y^e LORDS PROPRIETORS
 & Y^e EASE & HAPPYNESS OF Y^e PEOPLE. HE
 BROUGHT Y^e COUNTRY INTO A FLOURISHING
 CONDITION & DIED MUCH LAMENTED MARCH Y^e

26 1722 ÆTATIS 49.

AND NEAR THIS PLACE LYES ALSO Y^e BODY
 OF PENELOPE EDEN HIS VIRTUOUS CONSORT
 WHO DIED JAN^{ry} Y^e 4th 1716 ÆTATIS 39.

VIVIT

POST FUNERA

ILLE

QUEM VIRTUS NON MARMOR

IN ÆTERNUM

SACRAT.

Over these inscriptions were originally (on a separate slab) the armorial bearings of Governor Eden, but this escutcheon has been broken out and a part of it lost. A fragment of the shield, however, is still preserved, being in custody of the Reverend Robert Brent Drane, D. D., Rector of St. Paul's Church at Edenton. By the sheaves of wheat (or *garbs*, to use an heraldic term) displayed on this fragment, the Governor is proclaimed a member of the Eden family of the County Palatine of Durham in the north of England. This noted family has contributed two English Governors to American colonies: Charles Eden of North Carolina, whose services are set forth in the present sketch, and Robert Eden, who came to govern Maryland in the year 1768. The Eden family claims descent from Robert de Eden, an owner of land in Preston-on-Tees, held by knight's service under the Bishop of Durham, and who died about the year 1413. Another Robert Eden (of West Auckland, in the county of Durham) became a Baronet on the 13th of November, 1672, and a like title was conferred upon one of his great-grandsons, the above-mentioned Governor Robert Eden of Maryland, on September 10, 1776. The latter's seat was Truir, in the county of Durham. These two baronetcies became merged in 1844, when Sir Robert Johnson-Eden, of West Auckland, died unmarried and was succeeded by his cousin, Sir William Eden of Truir. Another William Eden (brother of the Governor of Maryland) was advanced to the Irish peerage on November 18, 1789, as Baron Auckland, and became Baron Auckland of West Auckland in the peer-

age of Great Britain on May 22, 1793. At a later date (in 1839) his son and heir received the additional titles of Baron Eden of Norwood, in the county of Surrey, and Earl of Auckland. This was George Eden, Earl of Auckland, at one time Governor-General of India. Among other distinguished members of the family have been Sir Ashley Eden, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal; Admiral Henry Eden of the Royal Navy; Sir Charles Eden, Vice-Admiral in the same service and a Lord of the Admiralty; Lieutenant-General John Eden, of the Royal Army; Sir Frederick Morton Eden, a sociologist and author; the Right Reverend Robert John Eden, third Baron Auckland, who was Lord Bishop first of Sodor and Man and afterwards of Bath and Wells; the Right Reverend Robert Eden, Lord Bishop of Moray and Ross, and Primus of the Church in Scotland; Morton Eden, a noted diplomatist, who was raised to the Irish peerage as Baron Henley of Chardstock, and one of whose sons (the second Baron Henley) changed his surname of Eden to Henley; Lieutenant-General Morton Eden of the Royal Army; Sir Frederick Eden, also an army officer, who was killed at New Orleans during the second war between Great Britain and America, just a fortnight before the great battle of January 8, 1815; Lady Emily Eden, a novelist, and writer on affairs in India, and others who might be mentioned.

Though the old slab of slate which marks the resting-place of Governor Charles Eden has well served its purpose, the historic town of Edenton—named in his honor—is a nobler

and more enduring memorial. This place at first went by the Indian name of Matecomack, or "the Towne in Matecomack Creek," was sometimes called the Port of Roanoke, and later became known as Queen Anne's Creek, in compliment to England's lady sovereign. The Colonial Assembly gave it the name of Edenton about the time of Eden's death in 1722. For long years it was the capital of the colony. There it was that Governors Burrington, Everard, and the elder Johnston held sway; there, too, the patriotic ladies of a later period planned trouble for King George when they placed themselves on record against the tax on tea; there, in the dark hours of the Revolution, Samuel Johnston, Joseph Hewes, James Iredell, and their compatriots maintained a standard of statesmanship nowhere excelled in America; and, in the same ancient borough, within the memory of a generation still living, have dwelt men who, in peace and in war, well proved that they were worthy inheritors of the fair fame won by their forefathers—

"In the good old colony days,
When we were under the King."



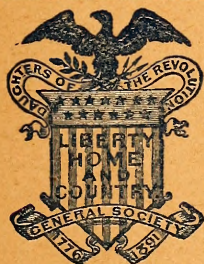


VL. III

JANUARY, 1904

No. 9

THE
NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET



GREAT EVENTS IN
NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY

THE
COLONY OF TRANSYLVANIA.

BY
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WHILE WE LIVE WE WILL CHERISH, PROTECT AND DEFEND HER."

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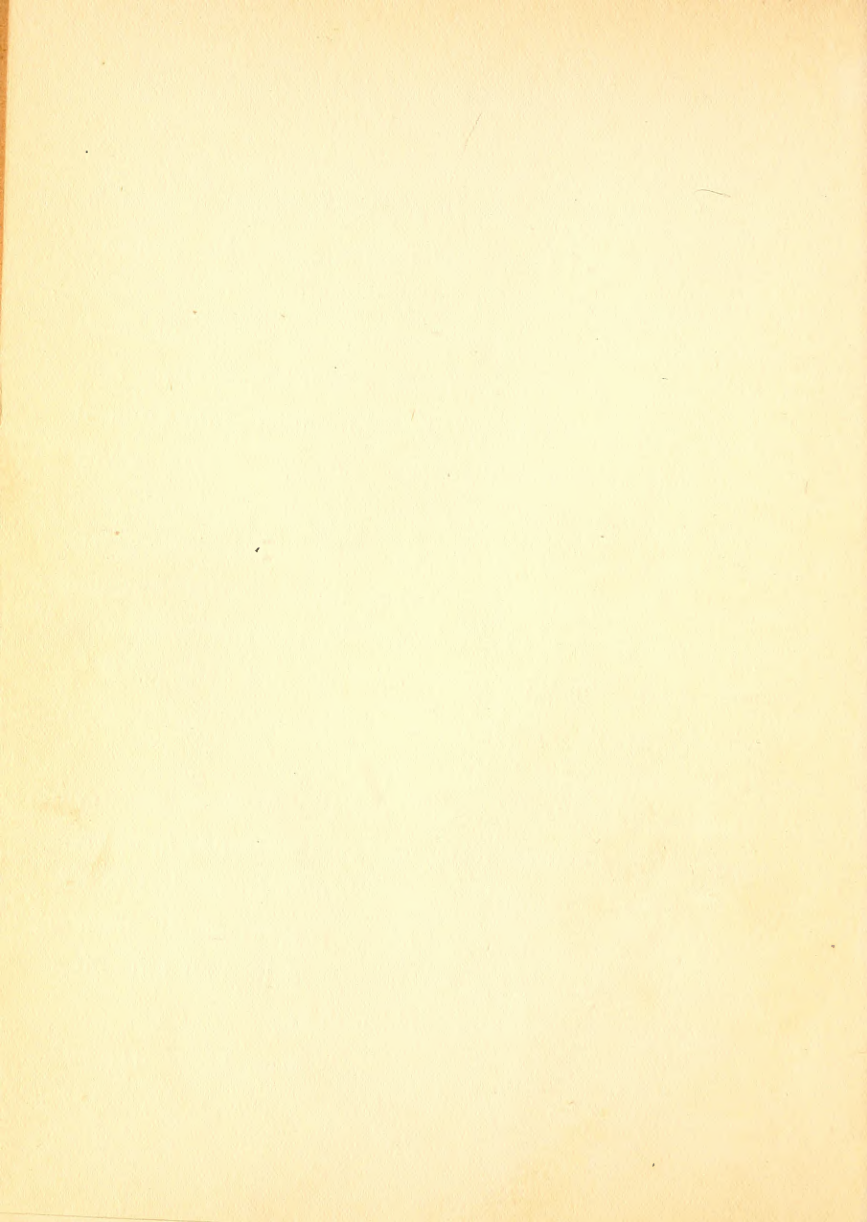
PREFACE.

The object of the NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET is to erect a suitable memorial to the patriotic women who composed the "Edenton Tea Party."

These stout-hearted women are every way worthy of admiration. On October 25, 1774, seven months before the defiant farmers of Mecklenburg had been aroused to the point of signing their Declaration of Independence, nearly twenty months before the declaration made by the gentlemen composing the Vestry of St. Paul's Church, Edenton, nearly two years before Jefferson penned the immortal National Declaration, these daring women solemnly subscribed to a document affirming that they would use no article taxed by England. Their example fostered in the whole State a determination to die, or to be free.

In beginning this new series, the Daughters of the Revolution desire to express their most cordial thanks to the former competent and untiringly faithful Editors, and to ask for the new management the hearty support of all who are interested in the brave deeds, high thought, and lofty lives of the North Carolina of the olden days.

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THE COLONY OF TRANSYLVANIA.

BY CHIEF JUSTICE WALTER CLARK,

Editor "North Carolina State Records" and "Regimental Histories of
North Carolina."

In the army of the ill-fated Braddock, which, in 1755, marched to its memorable defeat in the mountains of western Pennsylvania, were a hundred North Carolina frontiersmen under Captain Hugh Waddell. Their wagoner and blacksmith, a native of Pennsylvania, but who had then for some years been a resident of what is now Davie county, North Carolina, was Daniel Boone,* at that time twenty-one years of age. In the following years he made the acquaintance of Colonel Richard Henderson, who, struck with Boone's intelligence and the opportunity for fortune offered by the new lands south of the Ohio, since known as Kentucky, organized a company, and employed Boone in 1763 to spy out the country.† The task was one of hardship and danger, and years passed before it took final shape. Boone is known to have made one of his visits to Kentucky in 1769, and was probably there earlier. In 1773 he again attempted to enter Kentucky, carrying his family, but was driven back, with the loss of six men killed by the Indians, among them his eldest son, at Wallen's Gap.

Under the North Carolina Judiciary Act of 1767, Martin

*Thwaites' "Life of Boone," 21.

†Haywood's "Tennessee," 48 (Ed. of 1891).

Howard was appointed Chief Justice, 1 March, 1768, with Maurice Moore and Richard Henderson associates, positions which they held until 1773, when the law expired and the courts were closed till another Judiciary Act was passed by the new government in 1777. It is possible that as Henderson and his associates had employed Boone in 1763 that Henderson's appointment to the judgeship prevented prompt action, for we find that soon after the expiration of his office Henderson and Nathaniel Hart, one of his partners in the proposed land scheme, journeyed in October, 1774, to the Otari towns to open negotiations with the Cherokees for the grant of suitable territory. The Indians very cautiously deputed one of their chiefs, called the "Little Carpenter," to return with the white men and examine the goods offered. This chief returned to his tribe with a favorable report in January, 1775, and the Overhill Cherokees were bidden to assemble at the Sycamore Shoals of the Watauga. The order to assemble was given by the head chief, Oconostata, a very old man, famous for his prowess in war with the whites. At the appointed rendezvous, on 17 March, 1775, the treaty was signed by Oconostata and two other chiefs, Savanookoo and the Little Carpenter (Atta Culla-Culla), in the presence and with the assent of 1,200 of the tribe, half of them warriors.* In consideration of £12,000 in goods, the Indians granted to Henderson and his associates all the lands lying between the Kentucky and the Cumberland rivers, embracing over half of what is now Kentucky and part of Tennessee. The treaty was debated

*Roosevelt's "Winning of the West," Part II, Chapter 2.

sentence by sentence, the Indians choosing their own interpreter. It was only signed after four days' minute discussion and after fierce opposition from a chief known as Dragging Canoe. The goods must have been put at a high valuation, for one brave who received as his share only a shirt contemptuously said he could secure more with his rifle in one day's hunting. On the other hand, the Indians received full value, for they had in truth no title to convey, and they plainly told Henderson he would have great trouble to obtain or hold possession on account of other tribes. The territory was not occupied and owned by the Cherokees, nor, indeed, by any tribe, but was a battle-field, where hostile bands met to fight out their quarrels. Besides, as we shall see later on, neither the British government nor the authorities of Virginia or North Carolina would recognize the authority of the Indians to convey. None the less the plan of Henderson and his associates was a bold, audacious dash for fortune. He at once named his acquisition Transylvania.

Judge Richard Henderson, the moving spirit of the enterprise, was born in Hanover county, Va., 20 April, 1735. His ancestors by his father's side were from Scotland and his mother's people (Williams) were Welsh. He accompanied his father, Samuel Henderson, to Granville county, N. C., about 1745, where his father later became Sheriff. Richard Henderson studied law with his cousin, Judge John Williams, whose step-daughter, Elizabeth Keeling, he afterwards married. Besides being Judge 1768-1773, he was re-elected Judge

14 August, 1778, but declined. In 1778 and 1782 he was a member of the Council of State, and in 1781 a member of the House of Commons for Granville county.

The company formed by Judge Henderson to buy the Indian lands consisted of himself, John Williams (later Judge) and Leonard H. Bullock of Granville, William Johnston, James Hogg, Thomas Hart, John Lutterell, Nathaniel Hart and David Hart, of Orange county. The Harts were near kinsmen of Thomas Hart Benton, who was also born in Orange county. Thomas Hart, his grandfather, and Jesse Benton, his father, were among the colonists who accompanied Judge Henderson to Boonesborough.

A full account of the treaty and the incidents attending its negotiation and ratification are to be found in the proceedings of the Virginia Convention, 1777, taken upon the memorial of Richard Henderson and others, and is preserved to us in the Jefferson MSS., 5th Series, Vol. VIII. The British spy, Captain J. F. D. Smyth, in his "Tour in America," Vol. I, p. 124, visited John Williams at his home in Granville about December, 1774, where he met Judge Henderson, whom he lauds as a genius, and says he did not know how to read and write till after he was grown. As Henderson became Judge at the age of thirty-three, and as, besides, Smyth styles him Nathaniel Henderson, and adds that Williams was said to be a mulatto, and looked like one, no faith is to be given to any of his statements. He, however, says probably with truth (p. 126) that Judge Henderson had made a secret pur-

chase of territory from the Indians before his public treaty later on.

As soon as it became apparent that the Indians would sign the treaty, Henderson started Boone on ahead, on 10 March, 1775, with a company of thirty men to clear a trail from the Holston to the Kentucky. This was the first regular path opened into the wilderness, was long known as Boone's Trace, and became forever famous in Kentucky history as the Wilderness Road. It led over Cumberland Gap and crossed Cumberland, Laurel and Rockcastle rivers at fords which required swimming when the streams were in freshet. It was a narrow bridle path, chopped out in the wilderness and thickets, and a blazed way in the tall open timber. After a fortnight's hard work the party had almost reached the Kentucky river, when, before daybreak on 25 March, as they lay around their dying camp fires, they were attacked by Indians, who killed two of their number and wounded a third. The hardy pioneers held their ground without further loss till daylight, when the Indians drew off. Boone held on his course till he reached the Kentucky river, and on 1 April began to build Boonesborough on an open plain, where there was a salt lick and two sulphur springs. His small force had scarcely erected their log cabins and broken ground for corn planting when the Indians they had already fought returned with re-inforcements and "killed and sculped," as Boone termed it, several men. The rest would have abandoned the settlement, but Boone was made of sterner stuff and sent a special messenger to Henderson to hurry him forward with the main body.

Boone's terse and common-sense letter has been published and is mentioned in Henderson's journal below given.

Henderson had started off as soon as the treaty was completed, and took with him forty mounted riflemen and a number of negro slaves, a drove of beef cattle and a train of wagons loaded with provisions, ammunition, material for making gunpowder, seed corn and other seed, and various articles of necessity for his intended settlement; but he was obliged to leave the wagons in Powell's Valley, for Boone had not been able to construct more than a bridle path. Accordingly their goods and implements were packed on horses and they proceeded. Besides the journal which Henderson kept, a man named William Calk jotted down the daily incidents of the journey in his diary, which has also been printed, numerous extracts from which, some of them amusing, are given in President Roosevelt's "Winning of the West," Part II, ch. 2. The party carried with them "Irish tators" to plant, among the agricultural supplies, besides bacon and corn meal, and one of the driven beeves was occasionally killed, though their chief dependence for subsistence was the deer, turkeys, buffalo and other game which they shot. The journey was very painful and much impeded by rains, snow, the often steep and muddy path, swollen streams and hourly peril of attack from Indians. On 7 April, at Cumberland Gap, they met Boone's special messenger, and time and again they met panic-stricken parties of other intending settlers returning home in all haste. Henderson sent an encouraging reply by one of his party, Captain Cocke, who volunteered for this dangerous service, and

who later was one of the first United States Senators from Tennessee. But for the establishment of the fort at Boonesborough, Kentucky would have been entirely abandoned by the whites in 1775, just as it had been the previous year. Had this occurred again in 1775, Kentucky would have doubtless been entirely unsettled until after the Revolution, and might have remained British soil. To Boone and Henderson is due the fact that this did not happen, but they could not have held their ground, in all probability, had it not been for the defeat which had been inflicted on Cornstalk and his confederacy of Indians at the battle of the Great Kanawha, or Point Pleasant, in the October previous, by General Lewis.

Felix Walker,* one of Boone's party, thus describes in his narrative, which is still in existence, the arrival at the future site of Boonesborough: "On entering the plain we were permitted to view a very interesting and romantic sight. A number of buffaloes, of all sizes, supposed to be between two and three hundred, made off from the lick in every direction: some running, some walking, others loping slowly and carelessly, with young calves playing, skipping and bounding through the plain. Such a sight some of us never saw before, nor perhaps ever may again."

Henderson, in the meantime, as already stated, was pushing on with his party, and arrived, with the loss of some panic-stricken deserters, at Boonesborough on his fortieth birthday, 20 April, 1775, the day after the battle of Lexing-

* Later member of Congress from North Carolina, for three terms.

ton, which began the Revolutionary War, an event, however, of which he did not hear till 29 May. His journal on this memorable trip, from 20 March, 1775, and afterwards down to 25 July, is well worth preservation, and is here given:

JOURNAL OF COLONEL RICHARD HENDERSON RELATING TO
THE TRANSYLVANIA COLONY.

Monday, March 20th, 1775.—Having finished my treaty with the Indians at Watauga, set out for Louisa, and arrived at John Shelby's in the evening.

Tuesday, 21st.—Went to Mr. John Sevier's, in company of Colonel Williams and Colonel Hart, and staid that day.

Wednesday, 22d.—Messrs. Williams and Hart set off home, and I staid with Mr. Sevier.

Thursday, 23d.—Still at Mr. Sevier's. N. B.—Because our horses were lost, though not uneasy, as Messrs. Hart and Luttrell made a poor hand of traveling.

Friday, 24th.—Set off in pursuit of Mr. Hart and Luttrell. Overtook them both and lodged at Captain Bledsoe's.

Saturday, 25th.—Came to Mr. Calloway's.

Sunday, 26th.—Staid there.

Monday, 27th.—Employed in storing away goods.

Tuesday, 28th.—Set off for Louisa.

Wednesday, 29th.—Continued our journey. N. B.—Luttrell not come up.

Thursday, 30th.—Arrived at Captain Martin's in Powell's Valley.

Friday, 31st.—Employed in making a house to secure the wagons, as we could not possibly clear the road any farther. N. B.—My wagon and Samuel Henderson's came up; also Mr. Luttrell in the evening.

Saturday (April) 1st (1775).—The first day of April. Employed in making ready for packing, etc. Mr. Hart came up.

Sunday, 2d.—Continued at Captain Martin's, waiting for the wagon.

Monday, 3d.—Still continued waiting for the wagon.

Tuesday, 4th.—Still continued waiting for the wagon. The same evening the wagon arrived, though so late we could not proceed.

Wednesday, 5th.—Started off with our pack-horses about three o'clock. Traveled about five miles to a large spring. The same evening Mr. Luttrell went out hunting and has not yet returned. The same evening Samuel Henderson's and John Farrar's horses took a scare, with their packs, running away with the same, saddle and bridle. Farrar's saddle-bags and other things damaged. Next morning Samuel Henderson and Farrar went in pursuit of their horses, saddles, etc. The same evening John Farrar returned to our camp with news that they had found all their goods, but two of their horses were missing.

Thursday, 6th.—Sent John Farrar back with provisions to meet and assist Samuel Henderson, with orders to stay with him till they overtook us, as we promised to wait for them at Cumberland Gap.

Friday, 7th (probably Saturday, 8th).—Samuel Henderson and John Farrar returned to us with their horses, packs and everything safe, we having waited at our camp, ten miles below Martin's, for them.

(Without date).—Traveled about six miles to the last settlement in Powell's Valley, where we were obliged to stop and kill a beef. Wait for Samuel Henderson. This was done (namely, "killing the beef") whilst waiting for Samuel Henderson.

Friday, 7th.—About break of day, began to snow. About eleven o'clock received a letter from Mr. Luttrell's camp, that there were five persons killed on this road to the Cantuckee by the Indians. Captain Hart, upon the receipt of this news, retreated back with his company and determined to settle in the Valley to make corn for the Cantuckey people. The same day received a letter from Dan. Boone that his company was fired upon by the Indians, (who) killed two of his men, though he kept the ground and saved the baggage, etc.

Saturday, 8th.—Started about ten o'clock. Crossed Cumberland Gap about four miles. Met about forty persons returning from the Cantucky on account of the late murder by the Indians. Could prevail on one only to return. Mem.—Several Virginians who were with us returned.

Sunday, 9th.—Arrived at Cumberland river, where we met Robert Willis and his son returning.

Monday, 10th (April, 1775).—Dispatched Captain Cocke to the Cantucky to inform Captain Boone that we were on the road. Continued at camp that day on account of the badness of the weather.

Tuesday, 11th.—Started from Cumberland. Made very good day's travel of near twenty miles. Killed beef, etc.

Wednesday, 12th.—Traveled about five miles. Prevented going any farther by the rains and the high waters at Richland creek.

Thursday, 13th.—Last night arrived near our camp. Stewart and ten other men camped within half a mile of us on their return from Louisa. Camped that night at Lorrel (Laurel) river. They had well-nigh turned three or four of our Virginians back.

Friday, 14th.—Traveled about twelve miles to a camp.

Saturday, 15th.—Traveled about eighteen miles and camped on the north of Rock Castle river. This river is a fork of the Cumberland. Lost an axe this morning at camp.

Sunday, 16th.—About twelve o'clock met James McAfee with eighteen other persons returning from Cantucky. Traveled about twenty-two miles and camped on the head of Dick's river, where Luna, from McAfee's camp, came to us resolved to go to the Louisa.

Monday, 17th.—Started about three o'clock. Prevented by rain. Traveled seven miles.

Tuesday, 18th.—Traveled about sixteen miles. Met Michael Stoner with pack-horses to assist us. Camped that night in the eye of the rich land. Stoner brought us excellent beef in plenty.

Wednesday, 19th.—Traveled about sixteen miles. Camped on Otter creek, a good mill place.

Thursday, 20th.—Arrived at Fort Boone, on the mouth of the Otter creek (on) Cantuckey river, where we were saluted by a running fire of about twenty-five guns, all that were then at the fort. The men appeared in high spirits and much rejoiced on our arrival.

On viewing the fort and finding it not sufficient to admit of building for the reception of our company, and a scarcity of ground suitable for clearing at such an advanced season, was at some loss how to proceed. Mr. Boone's company having laid off most of the adjacent good lands into lots of two acres each and taking it as it fell to each individual by lot, were in actual possession and occupying them. After some perplexity, resolved to erect a fort on the opposite side of a large lick near the river bank, which would place us at the distance of about three hundred yards from the fort—the only commodious place where we could be of any service to Boone's men, or *vice versa*.

On communicating my thoughts to Mr. Luttrell on this subject, with my reason for preferring this place to a large spring over a hill, at three-quarters of a mile from Fort Boone, he readily gave his assent and seemed pleased with the choice. Mr. Hart said, in a very cold, indifferent manner, "he thought it might do well enough." Accordingly it was resolved that a fort should be built on said place, etc. Moved our tents to the ground, *i. e.*, Mr. Luttrell and myself and our particular companies lodged there Saturday night.

Sunday, 23d (April, 1775).—Remained at camp. Passed the day without public worship, nothing of that kind having been put in practice before, and ourselves much at sixes and sevens and no place provided for that purpose.

Monday.—Proceeded, with the assistance of Captain Boone and Colonel Calloway, to lay off lots. Finished nineteen, besides one reserved round a fine spring.

Tuesday.—Finished the lots—in all, fifty-four in number.

Saturday, 22d.—Finished running off all the lots we could conveniently get, to-wit, fifty-four, and gave notice of our intention of having them drawn for in the evening. But as Mr. Robert McAfee, his brother Samuel and some more were not well satisfied whether they would draw or not, wanting to go down the river about fifty miles, near Captain Harrod's settlement, where they had begun improvements and left them on the late alarm, and being informed myself in hearing of all attending that such settlement should not entitle them to lands, etc., from us, and appearing much concerned and at a loss what to do, on which the lottery was deferred till next morning at sunrise, thereby giving them time to come to a resolution.

Sunday, 23d.—Drawed lots, etc. Spent the day without public worship.

Monday, 24th.—Employed in viewing the respective lots and endeavoring to satisfy the drawers by exchanging my own and those over whom of our company I had any influence to give entire satisfaction.

Tuesday, 25th.—As there were fifty-four lots and not so many drawers by thirteen, some of the best lots were left; therefore had a second lottery, at the end of which everybody seemed well satisfied. I had been able by one way or other to obtain four lots for the fort garden, etc., and

in these lotteries our particular company had such luck in drawing as to enable me to give in exchange lots which entirely gave satisfaction.

Wednesday, 26th.—Other people coming, employed in showing lots for their use. Sowed small seed, planted cucumbers, etc.

Thursday, 27th.—Employed in clearing fort lot, etc. Mr. Luttrell, Nat. Henderson and Samuel Henderson all that assisted me. Mr. Hart, having made choice of a piece of ground for his own and people's cultivation adjacent to the town lands, did not come near nor offer assistance, though I had often mentioned to him the necessity of building a magazine, our powder being exposed in tents and the weather somewhat rainy. Mr. Luttrell reported to me that Captain Hart would have nothing to say to the fort, things were managed in such a manner, though I cannot guess the reason of his discontent.

Friday, 28th.—Mr. Luttrell chose a piece of ground about three-quarters of a mile from the fort and set three of his people to work; two remained with me to assist in clearing about where the fort is to stand. He on all occasions is exceedingly obliging and good-natured and seems desirous of promoting the company's interest.

Saturday, 29th.—Built, or rather begun, a little house for a magazine, but did not finish it. Mr. Hart told me in the morning that he would assist, but never saw or heard of him this day more.

Sunday, 30th.—No public worship.

Monday, 1st May (1775).—Continued to work on the magazine.

Tuesday, 2d.—Continued same work and working on our lots.

Wednesday, 3d.—Finished the magazine. Captain John Floyd arrived here, conducted by one Jo. Drake from a camp on Dick's river, where he had left about thirty men of his company from Virginia, and said he was sent by them to know on what terms they might settle our lands; that if it was reasonable they would pitch on some place on which to make corn, or otherwise go on the north side of the river. Was much at a loss on account of this gentleman's arrival, as he was surveyor of Fincastle under Colonel Preston, a man who had exerted himself against us and said and did everything in his power or invention, as I am informed, to defeat our enterprise and bring it into contempt. 'Tis said that he not only had our case represented, or rather misrepresented, to Lord Dunmore, but actually wrote to Governor Martin on the subject. This man (Captain Floyd) appeared to have a great share of

modesty, an honest, open countenance and no small share of good sense, pleading in behalf of himself and his whole company, among which were one Mr. Dandridge (son of Nat. West Dandridge of Virginia) and one Mr. Todd, two gentlemen of the law in their own parts, and several other young gentlemen of good families. We thought it most advisable to secure them to our interest, if possible, and not show the least distrust of the intentions of Captain Floyd, on whom we intend to keep a very strict watch.

Accordingly, though the season was too far advanced to make much corn, yet we promised them land, etc., 1,000 acres to the principal gentlemen, on the terms of Henderson & Company. This we would not have done but for the scarcity of men and the doubt with respect to the Virginians coming into our measures, according title, etc.

We restrained these men to settle somewhere in a compact body for mutual defence and to be obedient to such laws as should from time to time be made for the government of all the adventurers on our purchase, and gave them leave to make choice of any lands not before marked by any of our men or a certain Captain Harrod and his men, who were settled somewhere about fifty miles west of us on the head of Salt river, and of whom we could form no conjecture, but thought it best to prevent any interruption to him or his men till we should know what he intended with respect to us and our title.

The day before this, one Captain Callomees and Mr. Berry, with five other men, arrived here from Frederick or somewhere in the north-west frontiers of Virginia. They had heard nothing of our purchase when they left home, but merely set off to view the country, etc. Hearing of us and our pretensions, they thought proper to come, though they seemed not very conversable, and I thought I could discover in our first intercourse a kind of sullen dissatisfaction and reserve, which plainly indicated a selfish opinion to our disadvantage. This, after some time, wore off, and they gladly treated with us for lands and other indulgences, which we granted.

Thursday, 4th (May, 1775).—Captain Floyd returned home; seemed highly pleased with gaining his point of settling, etc. I must not omit to mention here that Mr. Floyd expressed great satisfaction on being informed of the plan we proposed for legislation, and said he must most

heartily concur in that and every other measure we should adopt for the well governing or good of the community in general. This plan is exceedingly simple and I hope will prove effectual. 'Tis no more than the people's sending delegates to act for them in general convention.

Friday, 5th.—Nothing material. Let Mr. William Cocke have five yards and a half oznaburgs off my old tent, for which I charge him 5s. 6d. V. money.

Saturday, 6th.—Lived on as usual. Very little of Mr. Hart's company. He kept much to himself—scarcely social.

Sunday, 7th (May, 1775).—Went into the woods with my brothers, Nat. and Samuel, and Captain Boone, after a horse left out on Saturday night. Staid till night, and on our return found Captain Harrod and Colonel Thomas Slaughter from Harrodstown on Dick's river. Colonel Slaughter and Harrod seemed very jocose and in great good humor.

Monday, 8th.—Rainy. Was much embarrassed with a dispute between the above-mentioned gentlemen. Captain Harrod, with about forty men, settled on Salt river last year; was drove off, joined the army with thirty of his men, and, being determined to live in the country, had come down this spring from Monongahela, accompanied by about fifty men, most of them young persons without families. They came on Harrod's invitation. These men had got possession some time before we got there, and I could not certainly learn on what terms or pretense they meant to hold land, and was doubtful that so large a body of lawless people, from habit and education, would give us great trouble and require the utmost exertion of our abilities to manage them; and, not without considerable anxiety and some fear, wished for an intercourse with Captain Harrod, who, I understood, was chief and had all the men in that quarter under his absolute direction and command. But was soon undeceived as to this point. Though these gentlemen were friendly to each other and open in all their conduct, they were warm advocates and champions for two different parties. A schism had raised between Harrod's men, whom he brought down the Ohio with him, and those from divers parts of Virginia and elsewhere, amounting to about fifty in number on both sides. Harrod's men, being first on the spot, claimed a priority of choice; and had they stopped there the dispute would scarcely ever had existed, for the others seemed willing to give in to such

a preference. But the complaint laid before us by Colonel Slaughter in behalf of the other men, and on which we were to decide, was that Harrod's men had not contented themselves with the choice of one tract of land apiece, but had made it their entire business to ride through the country, mark every piece of land they thought proper, built cabins, or rather hog-pens, to make their claims notorious at the place, and by that means had secured every good spring in a country of twenty-odd miles in length and almost as broad. That, though it was in those parts one entire good tract of land, and no advantage in choice except as to water, yet it was unjustly depriving them of every essential inducement to their settling in the country. That, for their own part, after giving up that Captain Harrod should, as to himself, have any indulgence, that his men might each make a choice for himself first, and then that they might come in for the second choice. This was strenuously urged by their advocate, Colonel Slaughter, a sensible and experienced old gentleman, a man of good family and connexions and a great friend to our country, and with this farther in his favor, that the men he appeared for had, from their first assembling together at Harrodsburg, in obedience to our written declaration respecting encouraging settlers in our country, industriously employed themselves in clearing land and making ready for as large a crop of corn as possible, depending on a punctual performance on our part. That Captain Harrod's men had totally neglected to do anything that way, there being at this time in Harrod's settlement at the Boiling Spring, six miles from Harrodsburg, not more than three acres cleared and ready to be planted, and that for the Captain only, whilst in less time with the same number of hands they had somewhere between sixty and eighty.

Fair and clear as this case was in favor of Slaughter's men, upon every principle of justice and our own express declaration in writing, we were afraid to determine in favor of the right side; and, not being capable, if we could have done it, to give a decree against them, our embarrassment was exceedingly great. Much depended on accommodating the matter, which we dare not offer. The day favored us, being rainy, and caused them to spend it with us, by which means we had it in our power to get better acquainted with the opposite gentlemen and give a turn to the dispute for the present, trusting to a future day and

hoping that some conciliating measures would be offered and agreed to by themselves.

To divert the debate on the foregoing occasion and draw them a little off so disagreeable a subject, the lawless condition we were in, and the want of some such thing, made the subject conversation, mixed with occasional matters. It answered the end. Our plan of legislation, the evils pointed out, the remedies to be applied, etc., etc., were acceded to without hesitation. The plan was plain and simple; 'twas nothing novel in its essence; a thousand years ago it was in use, and found by every year's experience since to be unexceptionable. We were in four distinct settlements. Members of delegates from every place, by free choice of individuals, they first having entered into writings solemnly binding themselves to obey and carry into execution such laws as representatives should from time to time make, concurred with by a majority of the proprietors present in the country.

The reception this plan met with from these gentlemen, as well as Captain Floyd, a leader in Dick's river settlement, gave us great pleasure; and therefore we immediately set about the business. Appointed Tuesday, the 23d instant, at Boonesborough; and accordingly made out writings for the different towns to sign, and wrote to Captain Floyd, appointing an election, etc. Harrodsburg and the Boiling Spring settlement received their summons verbally by the gentlemen aforesaid.

Tuesday, 9th (May, 1775).—Colonel Slaughter and Captain Harrod took their departure in great good humor, and apparently well satisfied. Our plantation business went on as usual; some people planting, others preparing, etc. We found it very difficult at first, and indeed yet, to stop great waste in killing meat. Many men were ignorant of the woods, and not skilled in hunting, by which means some would get lost, others, and indeed at all times, shoot, cripple and leave the game, without being able to get much, though always able to keep from want, and sometimes good store by them. Others of wicked and wanton dispositions would kill three, four, five or half a dozen buffaloes, and not take a half-horse load from them all. These evils we endeavored to prevent, but found it not practicable; many complaining that they were too poor to hire hunters, others loved it much better than

work; and some who knew little of the matter, but conceity, from having a hunting shirt, tomahawk and gun, thought it an insult to offer another to hunt for him, especially as pay was to be made.

For want of a little obligatory law or some restraining authority, our game soon, nearly as soon as we got here, if not before, was drove very much. Fifteen or twenty miles was as short a distance as our good hunters thought of getting meat, nay, sometimes they were obliged to go thirty, though by chance once or twice a week a buffalo was killed within five or six miles. This method of destroying game was, from our first coming, kept a secret from us as much as possible, and indeed we did not wish to be informed of it. The strictest inquiry was made into every hunter's conduct. It would not do to have it in our power to convict a man of the fact we had highly censored, and spoken of as a thing to be taken notice of, and let the culprit pass unnoticed. 'Twas some pleasure to find they were afraid of discovery; and I am convinced this fear saved the lives of many buffaloes, elks and deer. As to bear, nobody wasted any that was fit to eat, nor did we care about them.

Mr. Hart continues to keep himself much retired on his hill, and unless urged does not give himself any pains about our public affairs. I wish it may not be owing to discontent with something done, or supposed to be done, by Mr. Luttrell or myself, or both.

Wednesday, 10th (May, 1775).—Nothing remarkable.

Thursday, 11th.—Common occurrences.

Friday, 12th.—Old story.

Saturday, 13th.—No washing here on this day; no scouring of floors, sweeping of yards, or scalding bedsteads here.

Sunday (May 14, 1775).—No divine service, our church not being finished. That is to say, about fifty yards from the place where I am writing, and right before me as I am now writing, with my face to the south, the river about fifty yards behind my camp, and a fine spring a little to the west, stand one of the finest elms that, perhaps, nature ever produced in any region. This tree is placed on a beautiful plain, surrounded by a turf of fine white clover, forming a green to its very stock, to which there is scarcely anything to be likened. Its trunk is about four feet through to the first branches, which are about nine

feet from the ground; from thence above it so regularly extends its large branches on every side, at such equal distances, as to form the most beautiful tree that imagination can suggest. The diameter of its branches from the extreme ends is one hundred feet; and every fair day it describes a semicircle on the heavenly ground around it, after the sun has risen to the tune of fifteen degrees, and so at evening, above the horizon, of upwards of four hundred feet in circuit, and at any time between the hours of ten and two, one hundred persons may commodiously seat themselves under its branches. This divine tree, or rather one of the many proofs of the existence, from all eternity, of its Divine Author, we came time enough to redeem from destruction. Not owing to its beauty—that was unnoticed—the leaves were not out; and the lazy could find no pleasure in basking under it—'twas too big to be cut down without labor, and it would not die for butting ('twas said) the first year. The claimer of the lot in town, on which it stood, would have wished it in the Red Sea, at the devil, or anywhere, to have got clear of it; and I believe 'twas owing to the dread of cutting this tree that made my way easy in endeavoring to obtain the lot for the purpose of building a fort.

Thank God, the tree is mine, where I often retire, and oh! were my family and friends under it with me, it would be a heavenly tree indeed. But this is not the case.

This same tree is to be our church, state-house, council-chamber, etc.; and, having many things on our hands, we have not had time to erect a pulpit, seats, etc., but have by Sunday sennight to perform divine service for the first time in a public manner, and that to a set of scoundrels who scarcely believe in God or fear a devil, if we were to judge from most of their looks, words and actions.

Monday (May), 15th.—Omitted to mention the receipt of a packet of letters by express from Colonel Hart, Messrs. William Johnson and James Hogg, as also two from Captain Russell with some enclosures (*vide* letters). Was much disappointed in not receiving accounts from my family and friends. It seems these gentlemen of the company, strangely transported with the news of a few men's being killed, and my writing precisely for ammunition and supply of salt, had not even given themselves time to think; but sent off an express with little

more advice than that my last letter had come to hand; they were sorry for the accident; prayed fervently against such evils for the future; d—d the Indians for rascals; commended our courage for going on notwithstanding the mischief; hoped that we were fortified, and able to resist a little; gave us very good advice, and left us to destruction. These letters bear date from the 20th to the 23d of April. Must not omit to mention a most friendly letter accompanying these, from my old friend Colonel Fanning, dated the 10th. This, over and above the satisfaction of perusing the most cordial declarations of entire friendship, etc., by the by, gave me some satisfaction as to my wife and family. A true friend cannot omit offices of friendship. He did not omit to mention his stay at Colonel Williams' a few days before, and that all was well at my house. A word from Colonel Hart, which he got from Mr. Bullock, informs me that my wife and family were well about the 14th or 15th of last month, or Mr. Bullock must have been longer from home than 'tis presumable he was.

With this express arrived here ten men, inclusive, eight from Dunmore and two from Powell's Valley (express, etc.). Major Bowman, Captain Bowman and one Captain Moore were the principal men. With these we had no difficulty; they seemed to be well pleased with the country, offered to buy lands, and are willing to settle on our terms; were prepared to make corn; asked to be indulged, having come out at a late season, which we granted readily, as they seemed like very good people, and said they imagined one hundred families at least would be out with them before spring. They seemed desirous of being in Harrod's neighborhood, and there was some degree of relationship and acquaintance among them. Therefore sent them off in great good humor.

Tuesday (May), 16th.—Continue eating meat without bread, and should be very contented, were it not for the absence of four men who went down the river by land, on Friday sennight, to bring up the goods left by Captain Callomees at the mouth of Elkhorn, about fifty or sixty miles below. These men were expected on Tuesday or Wednesday last, at farthest; and having no news of them till now, some matter of great concern to Captain Callomees; and it is not a little alarming to ourselves.

Wednesday, 17th.—Hunters not returned. Almost starved—drank a little coffee, and trust to luck for dinner. Am just going to our little plant patches, in hopes the greens will bear cropping; if so, a sumptuous dinner indeed. No meat but fat bear and a little spoiled buffalo and elk, which we made out with pretty well, depending on amendment to-morrow.

Captain Callomees grows very uneasy on account of his men—applies to me for men and horses to go in search—six men and nine horses. Gave my permission to do what was in my power; proposed it at dinner to Mr. Luttrell, who denied, as having no horses fit to go and thinking footmen would answer. In short, Mr. Luttrell was unwell; seemed in an ill humor with everything about him, or don't think he would have refused doing a thing in which not only the honor of the company was so much concerned, but 'twas refusing to listen to the calls of humanity herself. He is at sometimes thoughtless, but, I think, means to act as well as may be for himself and company.

This evening wrote a line to Colonel Calloway at the fort (Mr. Boone being away) and another to Captain Hart, stating the case and desiring assistance, and, withal, asking them to come to my camp in the morning to determine on something.

Thursday, 18th (May, 1775).—Colonel Calloway and Captain Hart came early. Mr. Calloway could raise three men and one horse; Captain Hart, one horse. Mr. Luttrell was in bed, and not in good humor. (The bells made too much noise.) This I suppose from hearing him quarreling with the horses in the night and his lying later than usual. Had only two mares and one horse; the mares in the plough, the one very poor with a sore back, and the other not much better, but willing she should be rode. My horse was * * * running in the woods, very poor, and I believe would not go on a journey of twenty miles without giving out. However, the day proving dark, and no good woodsmen to be gotten, our hunters, Mr. Squire Boone and Michael Stoner, being still out, as also Captain Boone and some others, all of whom were by promise to have returned last night, and on whose account, as they were gone over and down the river, I was a little uneasy; went about a mile to Captain Callomees' camp, stated the case, etc. He seemed of my opinion, that it was best to wait this day,

and try to get more men and horses (which we hoped to effect), especially some good woodsmen.

'Tis now 12 o'clock. No news of hunters or the absentees.

Three o'clock. Hunters came in; no news of the lost men.

Friday, 10th (May, 1775).—Sent off Mr. Stoner with Captain Callo-way and some of his men in search of those persons above mentioned. On this occasion no person turned out except John McMillion, and no person offered, or could be prevailed upon to lead (though there were many fat, idle ones about town every day, and at this time more than twenty in sight), save Captain Cocke, Captain Hart, Nat. Henderson and myself. (Mine indeed was one of the companies). P. S.—Callo-meas returned, and Hogan going in his place.

This evening Mr. Nath. Jewet arrived here from Captain Floyd, whom, with six other men, he says, he left about ten miles off on the west side of the river, looking land, etc. By him heard that Captain Floyd was not at St. Asaph at the return of Captain Slaughter and Mr. Harrod, and being afraid that the town on that account has not proceeded to elect delegates to meet in convention.

Saturday, 20th (May, 1775).—The election for Boonesborough was had this afternoon with great regularity, when Squire Boone, Daniel Boone, William Cocke, Samuel Henderson, William Moore and Richard Calloway were elected. Number of votes as follows: (Here occurs a blank of several lines in the MS.).

Wrote to Mr. Todd and sent Wm. Bush to St. Asaph, directing an election in case 'twas not done, with orders to be in on Tuesday evening at farthest.

Monday 22d.—One Captain Thomas Guess arrived from above Pittsburg with six or seven men. Their business was to survey 8,000 acres of land by officers' claims on the north side Kentucky. Brought news that the Lees, surveyors for the Ohio company, were at Wheeling as they past, and talked of coming down the river.

Tuesday, 23d (May, 1775).—Delegates met from every town. Pleased with their stations, and in great good humor.

Wednesday, 24th (May, 1775).—The Convention met; sent a message acquainting me that they had chosen Colonel Thomas Slaughter, Chair-

man, and Mr. Math. Jewet, Clerk; of which I approved. Went and opened the business by a short speech, etc.

Thursday, 25th.—Three of the members of the committee waited on the proprietors with a very sensible address, which they asked leave to read, and read it and delivered it in. Returned an answer, and business went on. This day four bills were fabricated and read: One for establishing a Tribunal of Justice; 2d, Malitia; 3d, for Preventing the Destruction of Game; 4th, a Law Concerning Fees—some of which I got a slight view of—(very imperfect). The delegates very good men, and much disposed to serve their country.

Friday, 26th, (May, 1775).—Convention continues. Good order, etc.

Saturday, 27th.—Finished Convention in good order. Everybody pleased, etc.

Sunday, 28th (May, 1775).—Divine service for the first time by the Rev. John Lyth, minister of the Church of England. Most of the delegates returned home.

Monday, 29th.—Captain Guess and Captain Harrod set out on the north side of Kentucky to look for land whereon to lay officers' claims to the amount of 8,000 acres—five or six in company. Mr. Lawrence Thompson and — Thompson arrived from Orange. No letters from our friends. Letter with an account of the battles at Boston.

Tuesday 30th.—Nothing uncommon.

Wednesday, 31st.—Mr. Hay and Captain — arrived from P. D. News that Governor Martin turned Regulator, joined by John Cobon and a number of other scoundrels.

Thursday, 1st June (1775).—Jesse Oldham arrived from the C. (probably Carolina) with letters. Much news.

Friday, 2d.—Hunters returned. Very good meat, etc.

Saturday, 3d.—People arrived from St. Asaph. Had wantonly broke up. Had their tools, and on their way home.

Sunday, 4th.—Whitsunday; rainy; divine service by Mr. Lyth. Captain Harrod returned.

Monday, 5th.—Made out commissions, to-wit: for Harrodsburg, Boiling Spring Settlement and St. Asaph, both military and civil.

Tuesday, 6th.—Captain Harrod went down the river home, accompanied by Mr. David Wilson and Alexander from McLenb'g, who arrived

here last week. Mr. Hart talks of going next Monday. Abundance of people going away, selling their lots, etc., and will not be detained. Offered several young men to admit them to enter lands as if they were making corn, etc., rather than they should go; they seemed determined on going, and accordingly went in the evening. This afternoon Captain Hart entered 1,000 acres of land on Salt River, including the Salt Springs. His reason for so doing, as Mr. Luttrell informed me—and said Mr. Hart seemed much disturbed—was that I intended for myself the mouth of Salt Lick Creek, including a salt spring. Mr. Luttrell entered 1,000 acres adjoining Mr. Hart's entry at Salt Lick.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.—Nothing extraordinary.

Sunday, 11th (June, 1775).—Daniel Goodman went away with John Luney, Wm. Wilson and Page Portwood. Divine service by Mr. Lyth. Wrote by Daniel Goodman to my wife, Daniel Williams and John Christmas.

Monday, 12th.—People going away—Mr. Hart, etc. Wrote constantly till 3 o'clock in the morning.

Tuesday, 13th (June, 1775).—Colonel Boone set off for his family, and the young men sent with him for salt, etc.

Wednesday, 14th.—Made a list of what men we had left at the camp, and found them to amount to —.

Thursday, 15th.—Things as usual.

Friday, 16th.—Fine rain.

Saturday, 17th.—A muster of the men at the fort by Captain Moore. Thirty-two men appeared under arms—in bad order; weather wet, etc.

Sunday, 18th (June, 1775).—Fine growing weather. Corn planted the 26th and 27th of April was tasseled and shot. Had a mess of snap beans. Peas ripe and cucumbers set. Michael Stoner, our hunter, not returned; was expected yesterday. No meat. Two men from Virginia found bacon, on which, with the beans aforesaid, we had an excellent dinner.

Monday, 19th.—Fair and fine growing weather. Hunters not returned; grow very uneasy on their account.

Tuesday, 20th.—Went a-hunting. Hunters returned just as we were ready to set out.

Wednesday, 21st.—Returned home late at night with a load of buffaloes, and found two gentlemen with Colonel Harrod and some young men at our camp. These gentlemen, Mr. Nourse and Mr. Johnston, were from Virginia; Nourse from Berkeley, and Johnston from Frederick county. Both had called on Captain Russell at Pt. Pleasant, who had tempered them well. We found them clever and as much in our interest as we could wish. They were then on their way to the No. of Kentucky, to survey officers' claims, etc. They soon resolved on purchasing and becoming settlers with us. Mr. Johnston made application to have about 10,000 acres of land granted to him as officers' claims, though not more than 1,000 surveyed, the rest only entries in Colonel Preston's books. On being refused, or what amounted to the same, advised to survey on Crown lands, lest he might fail, went over to lay his claims on the other side. Seemed satisfied with our reasons for giving no arrearage warrant. N. B.—One piece of 1,000 acres, surveyed near the Falls, we gave him some encouragement about.

Thursday, 22d.—Colonel Harrod, with the other two gentlemen, crossed the river.

Friday, 23d.—Nothing extraordinary. Discharged Mr. Stoner and Mr. Jackson, our hunters, for a while. Stoner engaged to go after my brother Samuel's horses. Samuel and two others set off down the river in a canoe to hunt elks, our horses being too much fatigued with constant riding.

Received a letter by Mr. Johnston from the Rev. Charles M. Thurston, advising of the proceedings in the Virginia Convention, and desiring to make a large purchase in partnership with Johnston and Emd's Taylor.

Saturday, 24th (June, 1775).—Things as usual.

Sunday, 25th.—Mr. Nourse and Mr. Johnston arrived from the woods much pleased with the lands, but complained much for want of water. Hunters returned; good luck.

Monday, 26th.—Nothing extraordinary.

Tuesday, 27th.—Mr. Nourse, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Alexander and Mr. Jonathan Jennings set off for Virginia. Colonel Harrod and Mr. Benjamin Johnston set off just before them for Harrodsburg. In the afternoon two very good fellows, to-wit, Sigismund Striblin and Daniel

Holloback, who had been with us, off and on, upwards of a month, set off for Pittsburg. They took with them in their canoes two young men to bring up two canoes from down the river about seventy miles, belonging to Captain Callomees and Mr. Benj. Parry, for which we were to give 3£ 10s. in case they brought them up safe. Striblin and Holloback left us 93 pounds of flour, 20 of which was for Mr. Luttrell, the rest for two brothers and ourselves. This day settled all accounts with Abraham Mitchell and allowed him £6 for his trouble in coming out and having assumed to pay Ralph Williams £5 for him, am now indebted 2 of V. m'x, which is in full.

Wednesday, 26th.—Things as usual, only scarcity of meat.

Thursday, 29th.—Same case.

Friday, 30th.—Meat plenty, and many joyful countenances.

Saturday, 1st July, 1775.—Dry weather. People going away. Mr. Luttrell and myself set off for Harrodsburg to meet Colonel Slaughter, who has been about four weeks viewing Green River, etc.

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.—Were bogging in the woods, seeking the way. Went too near the river, and was much plagued with the hills, cane and bad ways.

Wednesday morning, 5th July.—Arrived at Captain Harrod's and found all well.

Thursday, 6th.—Went to Harrodsburg; saw Colonel Slaughter and others from Green River; accounts something different. Colonel Slaughter seemed well pleased in general, but could not find a spot on which to locate his 10,000-acre tract, but said there was a fine country. Others spoke indifferently and thought otherwise.

Friday, 7th.—Set off back in company with Mr. Slaughter and about twelve others who were going on to bring out their families or stock. Harrodsburg seemed quite abandoned—only five men left on the spot to guard the crop, etc. Came on to St. Asaph, where we lodged that night. On our way saw the Knob and Flat Lick—the former of which is a great curiosity—containing within the lick and (illegible) near 100 acres of land.

Saturday, Sunday, Monday and a part of Tuesday.—On our way home. 'Twas our intention to have hit Boone's Trace about 20 miles south-west of Boonesborough, but crossed it inadvertently and got out

of our way. We suffered in this journey a little for want of provisions. The weather very dry, and the springs being scarce, water was rarely to be gotten. Buffaloes had abandoned their range, and were gone into other parts. When we got to this place we found all well, but a scarcity of meat. Sundry people gone since we left home, and more going.

Wednesday, 12th (July, 1775).—Horses being almost worn-out, my brothers, Nathaniel and Samuel, with some others, went up the river in a canoe to get meat if possible. Our salt quite out, except a quart which I brought from Harrodsburg. The men sent for salt not yet returned, nor any news from the East. Times a little melancholy; provisions very scarce; no salt to enable us to save meat at any distance from home. No account or arrival from (illegible). Weather very dry, and we not able to raise above ten or fifteen fighting men at any one time, unless they were all summoned, which could not easily be done without long notice, they being much dispersed, hunting, etc.

Thursday, 13th July.—Things as usual. Meat a little difficult to get.

Friday, 14th; Saturday, 15th; Sunday, 16th; Monday, 17th; Tuesday, 18th; Wednesday, 19th.—Nothing uncommon, more than that three men arrived, to-wit, Captain Linn, Mr. Crittenden and one Thornton Farrar, from Monongahela, intending to settle on the No. of Kentucky. No news.

Thursday, 20th.—My brother Samuel, Joel Walker, Val Harmon, John Harmon, and their boys set off for Carolina; and Captain Linn and his company set off down the river to Lee's Settlement, with whom I sent two men for a little salt, our men being not yet returned.

Friday, 21st, Saturday, 22d; Sunday, 23d.—Nothing uncommon, more than that a fellow called Grampus, belonging to Mr. Luttrell, ran away on Thursday, which was thought nothing of at first, supposing he would return; but on Saturday it was discovered that he had stolen Mr. Luttrell's mare (his only riding beast), and was totally gone, supposed to be countenanced by the Ralstons, who went away a day or two before my brother, and were to wait.

Monday, 24th (July, 1775).—Mr. Luttrell took a resolution of following his man, and immediately set off with Captain Benning and Mr.

Hay and one William Bush, I believe with an intent of not returning till he goes home, though he declares he would not go farther than the settlement, or where he could get his man, till I should overtake him, as I have intentions of going home as soon as a sufficient number of people comes to defend the fort.

Tuesday, 25th.—Things as usual. Weather dry, and indeed has been so most of the summer. We had a little rain on Sunday and Monday as sennight, but are still in great want. One Mr. Thomas Carlen, from Colonel Floyd's camp, informs me that all is well there. By Captain Linn we were informed that five or six men were gone down the Ohio to the Falls, by order of Captain Bullit. Mr. Bullit's orders and his men's resolutions were to pay no regard to our title, but settle the land *volens volens*. They also inform that Major Connolly is resolved on the same conduct.

At the close of the above Journal (which is now in the "Draper" collection in the State Library at Madison, Wis.) Judge Henderson states that his journal, beginning with Wednesday, 26 July, continues the narrative, but the latter has never been found.

Henderson established a land office at Boonesborough and proceeded to issue grants, over nine hundred in number, to the Transylvania colonists for five hundred and sixty thousand acres altogether. He also had hastened to organize a government and issued a call for the election of delegates to the Legislature of Transylvania. There were three other settlements at that time within the bounds of Transylvania, *i. e.*, Harrodstown, Boiling Springs and St. Asaph's, and each sent its delegates to Boonesborough to establish a government. As stated in the journal above, these delegates, seventeen or eighteen in number, met at Boonesborough 23 May, in session under a gigantic elm, and were addressed by Colonel

Henderson. They organized a government and passed sundry laws, under his advice, providing for courts of law, for regulating the militia, fixing clerks' and sheriffs' fees, issuing writs of attachment, prohibiting profane swearing or Sabbath breaking, for the protection of game, for preserving the breed of horses, to prohibit firing the range, and guaranteeing complete religious freedom and the toleration of all sects. The colony soon after, owing to the troublous times, began to lose population, and the new government not being recognized, the Legislature met only once more, in December, 1775, to elect a Surveyor-General.

Virginia claimed the Kentucky country, and North Carolina that part of Transylvania which lay south of the parallel of 36 degrees 30 minutes, and both proclaimed the Indian treaty with Henderson to be null and void as against themselves, but valid against the Indians, for the statute law from the beginning had forbidden that any citizen should acquire title to any lands directly from the Indians. Lord Dunmore, the royal governor of Virginia, denounced Henderson and his acts, as did Governor Martin of North Carolina in special proclamations, which last is dated 10 February, 1775, and is to be found in Vol. IX, N. C. State Records. Indeed, the latter in a letter styled Henderson and his associates "an infamous company of Land Pyrates."

The Journal of the Legislature which met at Boonesborough is printed in full in the appendix to Ranck's "History of Boonesborough," together with Judge Henderson's elaborate address to them as President of the Colony of Transylvania

and many other valuable documents connected with the brief history of the colony.

On 8 July, 1775, Judge Henderson was doubtless surprised to see appear in the colony Captain (or Dr.) J. F. D. Smyth, who in Vol. I of his "Tour in America," p. 325-346, gives a fairly full description of the colony, country and a free opinion of Henderson and his followers. He had traveled the last four hundred and ninety miles through the almost unbroken wilderness in nineteen days. After a stay of six weeks, he left (p. 353) for New Orleans, going down the Ohio and Mississippi. Had the settlers suspected his true character as a British spy, his journeyings would have abruptly ended. Indeed, all during the Revolution the sparse population of Kentucky had to endure the bloody inroads of the Indians, in the pay of the British government. Boonesborough sustained Indian sieges in 1776, 1777 and 1778. The account of the latter, given in Ranck's "Boonesborough," is graphically told, and is one of the most thrilling and interesting incidents of the kind extant. The fort was constructed under Henderson's orders, and the original plan, in his handwriting, still exists. The history of the fort proves that it did not deserve the contemptuous opinion expressed of it by the aforesaid Smyth. It was in shape a parallelogram, two hundred and fifty feet long and half as wide. Little or no iron was used in its construction. At each corner was a two-story loop-holed block-house to act as a bastion. The stout log cabins were arranged in straight lines, so that their outer sides formed part of the wall, the spaces between them being filled with a high stockade, made

of heavy squared timbers, thrust upright into the ground and bound together within by a horizontal stringer near the top. They were loop-holed like the block-houses. The heavy wooden gates, closed with stout bars, were flanked without by the block-houses and within by small windows cut in the nearest cabins. The houses had sharp sloping roofs, made of huge clapboards, and these great wooden slabs were kept in place by long poles, bound with withes to the rafters. In case of dire need each cabin was separately defensible. When danger threatened the cattle were kept in the open space. The weak point in this, as in all other Kentucky forts of that day, was the lack of water, for, strange as it may seem, all the colonists depended upon natural springs, and did not know that wells could be dug. There was not a well in that whole section till years later.

The siege of 1778 took place after Transylvania had ceased to exist, but as it was against the fort built by Judge Henderson, these incidents may be mentioned. Early in the morning of 7 September, 1778, suddenly a war party consisting of four hundred and forty-four Indians, mostly Shawnees, and twelve whites, appeared. As they pretended to be peaceful, the men of the fort sent their women to bring in a supply of water and to drive in the stock, knowing the savages would not show their real designs by firing on them. An attempt at treachery in a meeting for a treaty of peace having failed, the savages noisily drew off at night, and their horses could be heard splashing in the stream, but they quietly returned

by another route and lay in ambush. Boone, however, commanded the fort, and this *ruse* also failed. Then open siege began, lasting nine days, during which, out of the garrison of thirty men and twenty boys, two were killed and four wounded, while thirty-seven were killed and a great many wounded of the enemy. At one time the Indians stole near in the darkness and set the stockade on fire and shot at the defenders, who used their scanty supply of water to put it out, in which they were aided by a providential rain. Besides, the Indians had begun a tunnel from the river bank. The garrison finding this out, started a counter mine, and raised upon Colonel Henderson's former kitchen in the stockade a bullet-proof conning tower. The following colloquy took place: "What are you red rascals doing down there?" yelled one of the garrison in Shawanese to the unseen Indians below the bank. "Digging," was the return yell. "Blow you all to the devil soon; what you do?" "Oh," was the cheerful reply, "we are digging to meet you, and intend to bury five hundred of you." When water and provisions in the fort were about exhausted and everything was desperate under the continuous fire, night and day, a rain came down in torrents, causing the Indian tunnel to cave in, as well as putting out the fire, as already stated, and replenishing the garrison's supply of water. Thereupon the Indians were discouraged and sullenly withdrew.

Among the most romantic incidents of the history of Boonesborough was the capture of three young girls by the Indians

14 July, 1776. They had gone a short way down the river in a canoe on a bright summer's day and were taken prisoners by a straggling party of braves and hurried off. With the presence of mind of their time, they indicated the route taken by pieces furtively torn from their dresses and broken twigs, which caught the eye of their kinsmen. They were thus tracked and speedily retaken. One of them, Betsy Calloway, was soon after, on 7 August, 1776, united in marriage to Samuel Henderson, brother of Judge Henderson. This was the first marriage in Kentucky and was celebrated in great style, as was also the news of the Declaration of Independence, which reached the colony about the same time. In 1792, when Kentucky was admitted to the Union, Boonesborough was one of the largest towns in the State, but in 1810 it had almost ceased to exist, and now for long years has been a corn field. *Ilium fuit.*

John Williams visited the colony in December, 1775, and opened a land office. He returned to North Carolina in September, 1776. Whether this was Judge John Williams or John Williams of Caswell (later Speaker of the North Carolina Senate) is not clear. Among the early pioneers who went with Boone and Henderson in 1775 were Isaac Shelby, afterwards a leader at King's Mountain in 1780 and later on the first Governor of Kentucky and United States Secretary of War; also Twitty, of the well known Rutherford County family, who brought a contingent of men from his neighborhood. The school-teacher at Boonesborough, Joseph Doni-

phan, was father of Colonel A. W. Doniphan, who made the famous ride to Chihuahua in the war with Mexico.

On 25 September, 1775, the Proprietors—as Henderson and his associates were styled—held a meeting at Oxford, N. C., and sent James Hogg as their delegate to Philadelphia with a written application to the Continental Congress to admit Transylvania as the fourteenth colony. He also carried letters to Jefferson and Patrick Henry, but they opposed any recognition of the colony, and it was refused. In 1778 the Virginia Legislature solemnly set aside the Transylvania proceedings as null and void, but allowed Colonel Henderson and his associates a grant of 200,000 acres. North Carolina pursued a similar course and also allotted the company 200,000 acres on the collapse of the colony.

Boone having gone back to North Carolina, returned early in 1776 with his family and a re-inforcement of sturdy settlers. Among them were his wife and daughters, the first white women in Kentucky. The arrival of the sun-bonnets made a great change at once. The young fellows spruced up, and decency and cleanliness came more into evidence. Boone remained permanently in Kentucky, but his connection with Henderson and Transylvania was over. Henderson likewise went home and returned the next year with forty settlers, but the enterprise collapsed in December, 1776, altogether. He visited Boonesborough again, and for the last time, in 1780, to procure corn for his settlement on the 200,000 acres granted him by this State near Nashville, Tenn. The Virginia part of Transylvania became Kentucky county

in Virginia, 7 December, 1776, and later was further subdivided. Kentucky became a State in 1792.

In 1779 Judge Henderson was appointed a commissioner to extend the line between Virginia and North Carolina through Powell's Valley, his associates in this duty being Oroondates Davis, John Williams of Caswell, James Kerr and William Bailey Smith. The same year he opened a land office at the French Lick, now Nashville, Tenn., for the sale of the lands which had been granted his company by Virginia and North Carolina—200,000 acres by each State.

The next summer he returned home and spent the remainder of his life in the service of North Carolina, as above narrated. He died at his home in Granville county 30 January, 1785, not quite fifty years of age. No stone or memorial marks his grave and no portrait of him exists. He lives in the memory of his deeds and in the fame of his descendants. The residence he occupied had been removed to Williamsboro, and though somewhat modernized still stands.

He left by his marriage with Elizabeth Keeling, stepdaughter of Judge Williams, six children: 1. Fanny, who married Judge Spruce McCay of Salisbury. 2. Richard, who died at the age of thirty, but who was already a lawyer of note. 3. Archibald, also a lawyer and attaining great distinction. He was a member of Congress, 1799-1803. 4. Elizabeth, who married Mr. Alexander. 5. Leonard, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of this State. 6. John Lawson Henderson, also a lawyer. He was Comptroller of the State

in 1825, and afterwards, for several years and up to his death, in 1843, Clerk of the Supreme Court. From them have been descended many of the foremost citizens of this State, who have honored every walk in life.

WALTER CLARK.

Raleigh, N. C.,

25 December, 1903.

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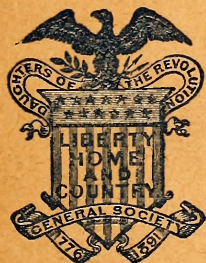


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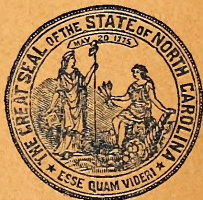


GREAT EVENTS IN
NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY

SOCIAL CONDITIONS IN
COLONIAL NORTH CAROLINA

BY

ALEXANDER Q. HOLLADAY, LL.D.



PRICE, 10 CENTS

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GREAT EVENTS IN NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY.

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NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET

"CAROLINA! CAROLINA! HEAVEN'S BLESSINGS ATTEND HER!
WHILE WE LIVE WE WILL CHERISH, PROTECT AND DEFEND HER."

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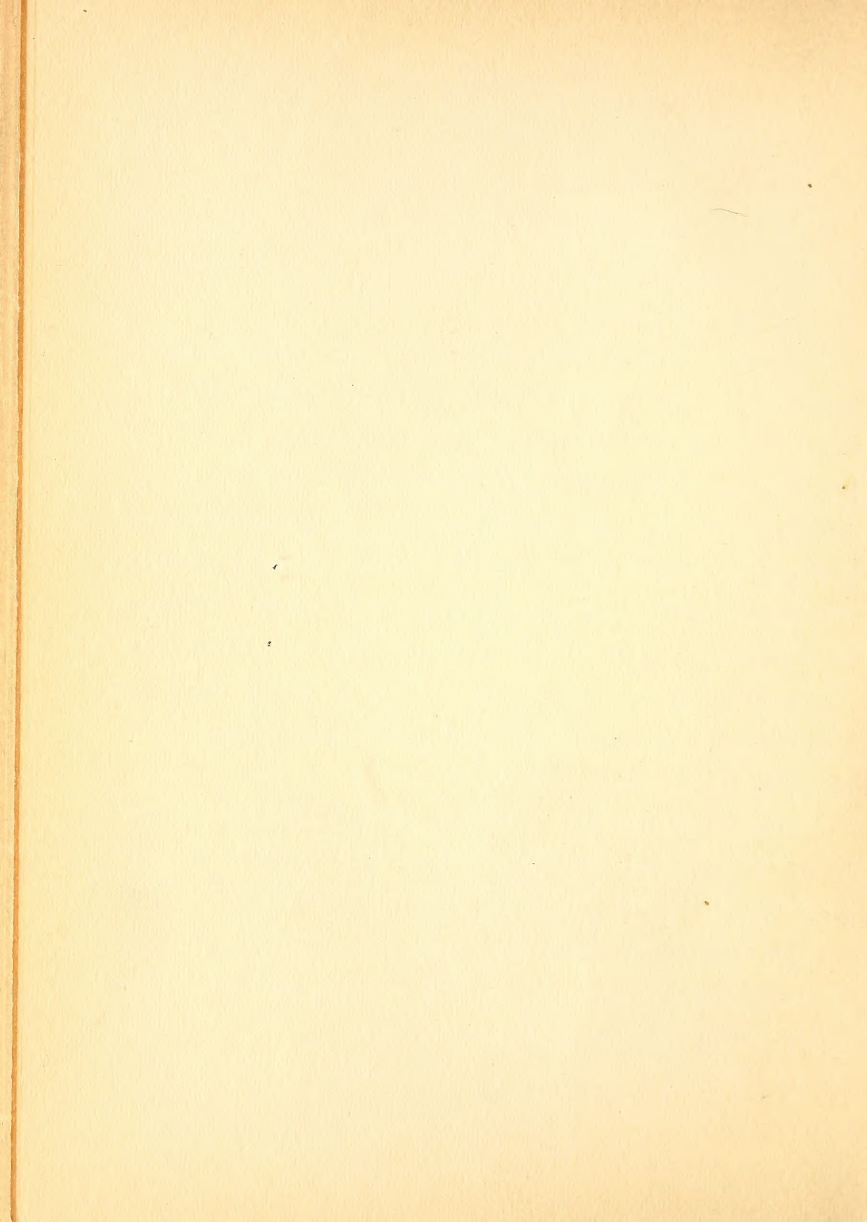
PREFACE.

The object of the NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET is to erect a suitable memorial to the patriotic women who composed the "Edenton Tea Party."

These stout-hearted women are every way worthy of admiration. On October 25, 1774, seven months before the defiant farmers of Mecklenburg had been aroused to the point of signing their Declaration of Independence, nearly twenty months before the declaration made by the gentlemen composing the Vestry of St. Paul's Church, Edenton, nearly two years before Jefferson penned the immortal National Declaration, these daring women solemnly subscribed to a document affirming that they would use no article taxed by England. Their example fostered in the whole State a determination to die, or to be free.

In beginning this new series, the Daughters of the Revolution desire to express their most cordial thanks to the former competent and untiringly faithful Editors, and to ask for the new management the hearty support of all who are interested in the brave deeds, high thought, and lofty lives of the North Carolina of the olden days.

MRS. D. H. HILL.



SOCIAL CONDITIONS IN COLONIAL NORTH CAROLINA.

BY ALEXANDER Q. HOLLADAY, LL.D.,

(In answer to Colonel William Byrd, of Westover, Virginia).

There are few figures in the stately pageant of American colonial history so brilliant and fascinating as that of Colonel William Evelyn Byrd, son of the first William Byrd, who came to Virginia about 1656, and, purchasing the fertile lands on James River previously owned by the Pauletts and Blands, created there the noble old home of Westover, the dwelling place of the Byrd descendants for considerably more than a century; and now, after several changes of ownership, fortunately in the possession of a chatelaine in sympathetic touch with all the associations of the place, and dowered with the graces of temperament, taste and talent to cherish and perpetuate its traditions of social charm and polished hospitality.

Colonel Byrd was born to one of the amplest estates in America, and may be said to have been a favorite child of fortune to the very end of his active and prosperous life, at the age of three score and ten. He possessed much solid ability, as well as the lighter, sparkling gifts of the *salon*. He was noted for the beauty and commanding grace of his person, and endowed with a magnetic bearing which drew men to him and made him a central figure in every circle, the cyno-

sure of neighboring eyes. As a fitting crown and climax to so many shining qualities, his character was strong, enterprising, and sagacious, continually spurring him on to profitable and public-spirited uses of the extraordinary advantages and opportunities he enjoyed. Wise, well-bred, and witty; rich, and respected; generous, and genial; surely all the good fairies brought their best gifts to his cradle, and on his tombstone might well be engraved the one word "*Felicissimus*" instead of the somewhat labored inscription we may still read in the pleasant old-time garden at Westover.

And yet one fairy must have been present at his birth with a spice of malice in her nature, since with all his goodly gifts this brilliant and lordly gentleman of a lordly age grew up with one foible that never left him—a sharp and cynical wit, the shafts of which he was prone to scatter with something of careless levity, leaving his auditors uncertain whether he spoke in jest or earnest, and his readers doubtful lest he might be quite capable of distorting facts to heighten his antithesis, or of sacrificing accuracy to make a better background for his *bonmot*.

Colonel Byrd, though not a professional author (perhaps he thought with the great Mr. Congreve that professional authorship was beneath the dignity of such a magnate as himself), had very considerable literary talent, not excelled, if equaled, by any American of his day, and left behind him a folio volume of manuscripts, evidently carefully copied by a neat amanuensis, and afterward studied by the author, with many revisions and corrections in his own handwriting. This

volume was preserved for more than a hundred years, first at Westover and then by Colonel Byrd's Harrison descendants at Lower Brandon in Prince George County, Virginia. After their century-long slumber, these sprightly and entertaining manuscripts were published in 1841, and since that time have been several times reprinted, the last time in very sumptuous form, and edited by a North Carolina scholar. The subjects treated by Colonel Byrd are as follows: "The History of the Dividing Line between Virginia and North Carolina" (Colonel Byrd being one of three commissioners from Virginia appointed to meet a similar commission of representative gentlemen from North Carolina, and jointly with them to determine the line), "A Progress to the Mines," and "A Journey to the Land of Eden in 1733." All of these are written with an ease and vivacity that lead us to wish that instead of being as it were, born in the purple, the conditions of Colonel Byrd's life had been such as to force him into authorship as a profession, and so led him to the production of works that might have achieved permanent fame and greatly enriched the scanty treasury of American colonial literature. It is in "The History of the Dividing Line" that we find the utterances to which we demur, for the reason that the witty writer, in the recklessness of his satire, makes statements about North Carolina which cast slurs upon the conditions of that colony, not only unneighborly and unnecessary, but, as may be easily shown, wholly unjustified by the facts themselves, or by any serious investigation on his part. We proceed to quote freely and literally some of his caustic remarks, not omitting the severest,

to show the worst that a mocking wit could say of a young colony, not yet removed by one long human life from its first settlement:

“And because a good number of men were to go upon this expedition a chaplain was appointed to attend them, and the rather because the people on the frontiers of North Carolina, who have no minister near them, might have an opportunity to get themselves and their children baptized.” Speaking of a certain piece of land, he says: “It would be a valuable tract of land in any country but North Carolina, where, for want of navigation and commerce, the best estate affords little more than a coarse subsistence.” “And considering how fortune delights in bringing great things out of small, who knows but North Carolina may one time or another come to be the seat of another great empire?” “Flax thrives likewise extremely, being perhaps as fine as any in the world, and I question not might with a little care be brought to rival that of Egypt; and yet the men are so intolerably lazy they seldom take the trouble to propagate it.” He says of the Quaker creed: “That persuasion prevails much for want of ministers to help the people to a decenter way to Heaven.”

“It is natural for helpless man to adore his Maker, in some form or other; and were there any exceptions to this rule, I should expect it to be among the Hottentots of the Cape of Good Hope and of North Carolina.” These be somewhat bitter words. We once heard of an exemplary English lady who, finding occasion to remain a considerable time in Paris, resolutely refused to speak French, and nobly submitted to all the

discomfort of never being able to make herself understood during her sojourn, because she felt it wrong to encourage the perverted inhabitants of that frivolous but interesting city to persevere in the use of their absurd mother tongue. Perhaps for reasons of State or conscience, Colonel Byrd thought it unwise to encourage the North Carolina settlers to persevere in making their own fortunes in their own way and in making a Commonwealth to suit themselves.

But we proceed with our quotations: "If a parson come in their way, they will crave a cast of his office, as they call it, else they are content their offspring should remain as arrant pagans as themselves. They account it among their greatest advantages that they are not priest-ridden, not remembering that the clergy is rarely guilty of bestriding such as have the misfortune to be poor. They do not know Sunday from any other day, any more than Robinson Crusoe did, which would give them a great advantage were they given to be industrious. But they keep so many Sabbaths every week that their disregard of the seventh day has no manner of cruelty in it, either to servants or cattle." "Some borderers, too, had a great mind to know where the line would come out, being for the most part apprehensive lest their lands should be taken into Virginia. In that case they must have submitted to some sort of order and government, whereas, in North Carolina every one does what seems best in his own eyes." "Surely there is no place in the world where the inhabitants live with less labor than in North Carolina. It approaches nearer to the description of Lubberland than any other, by the great felicity of

the climate, the easiness of raising provisions, and the slothfulness of the people. The men, for their part, just like the Indians, impose all the work on the poor women. They make their wives rise out of their beds early in the morning, at the same time that they lie and snore till the sun has risen one-third of his course and dispersed all the unwholesome damps. Then, after stretching and yawning for half an hour, they light their pipes, and, under the protection of a cloud of smoke, venture out into the open air, though if it happens to be never so little cold they quickly return, shivering, into the chimney corner. When the weather is mild they stand leaning with both arms upon the corn-field fence, and gravely consider whether they had best take a small heat at the hoe, but generally find reasons to put it off till another time. Thus they loiter away their lives like Solomon's sluggard, with their arms across, and at the end of the year scarcely have bread to eat. To speak the truth, it is a thorough aversion to labor that makes people file off to North Carolina, where plenty and a warm sun confirm them in their disposition to laziness for their whole lives." "Since we were like to be confined to this place till the people returned out of the Dismal, it was agreed that our chaplain might safely take a turn to Edenton to preach the gospel to the infidels there and christen their children. He was accompanied thither by Mr. Little, one of the Carolina commissioners, who, to show his regard to the church, offered to treat him on the road with a fricassée of rum." "Very few in this country have the industry to plant orchards, which in dearth of rum might

supply them with much better liquor." A page or two further on, when not very distant from Edenton, he says: "Here there may be forty or fifty houses, most of them small and built without expense. A citizen here is counted extravagant if he has ambition enough to aspire to a brick chimney. Justice herself is but indifferently lodged, the court-house having much the air of a tobacco house. I believe this is the only metropolis in the Christian or Mahometan world where there is neither church, chapel, mosque, synagogue nor any other place of public worship of any sort or religion whatsoever. What little devotion there may happen to be is much more private than their vices. The people seem easy without a minister as long as they are exempted from paying him." "For these reasons, these reverend gentlemen have always left their flocks as arrant heathen as they found them. This much, however, may be said for the inhabitants of Edenton: that not a soul has the least taint of superstition or hypocrisy, acting very frankly and above-board in all their excesses. Provisions here are extremely cheap, and extremely good, so that people may live plentifully at a trifling expense. Nothing is dear but law, physic and strong drink, and the last they get with so much difficulty that they are never guilty of the sin of suffering it to sour upon their hands." "Our chaplain returned to us in the evening from Edenton. He had preached there in the court-house, for want of a consecrated place, and made no less than nineteen of Father Hennepin's converts." "We christened two of our landlord's children, which might have remained infidels all their lives had we not

carried Christianity to his own door. The truth of it is, our neighbors of North Carolina are not so zealous as to go much out of their way to procure this benefit for their children; otherwise, being so near Virginia, they might, without exceeding trouble, make a journey to the next clergyman upon so good an errand; and, indeed, should the neighboring ministers once in two or three years vouchsafe to take a turn among these gentiles, to baptize them and their children, it would look a little apostolical, and they might hope to be requited for it hereafter, if that be not thought too long to tarry for their reward." "Then we went to Mr. Kinchin's, a man of figure and authority in North Carolina, who lives about a mile to the southward of the place where the surveyors left off. By the benefit of a little pains and good management this worthy magistrate lives in much affluence. Amongst other instances of his industry, he had planted a good orchard, which is not common in that indolent climate, nor is it at all strange that such improvident people, who take no thought for the morrow, should save themselves the trouble to make improvements that will not pay them for several years to come; though if they could trust futurity for anything they certainly would for cider, which they are so fond of that they generally drink it before it has been done working, lest the fermentation might unluckily turn it sour." "This being Sunday, we had an opportunity of resting from our labors. The expectation of such a novelty as a sermon in these parts brought together a numerous congregation. When the sermon was over, our chaplain did his part toward making eleven

of them Christians." "This part of the country being very proper for raising cattle and hogs, we observed the inhabitants lived in great plenty without killing themselves with labor." And on another occasion "Our chaplain did his office and rubbed us up with a seasonable sermon. This was quite a new thing to our brethren of North Carolina, who live in a climate where no clergyman can breathe any more than spiders in Ireland." "The indolence and dissipation of the middling and lower classes of white inhabitants are such as to give pain to every reflecting mind. Horse-racing, cock-fighting and boxing matches are standing amusements, for which they neglect all business, and in the latter of which they conduct themselves with a barbarity worthy of their savage neighbors. The ferocious practice of stage boxing in England is urbanity compared with their mode of fighting. In their combats, unless specially precluded, they are admitted (to use their own term) "to bite and gouge," which operations, when the first onset with fists is over, consists in fastening on the nose or ears of their adversaries with their teeth and dexterously scooping out an eye, on which account it is no uncommon circumstance to meet men in the prime of youth deprived of one of those organs. This is no traveler's exaggeration; I speak from knowledge and observation. In the summer months it is very common to make a party on horseback to a spring, near which there is usually some little hut with spirituous liquors, if the party are not themselves provided, where their debauch frequently terminates in a boxing match, a horse race, or perhaps both. I was myself accidentally

drawn into one of these parties, where I soon experienced the strength of the liquor, which was concealed by the refreshing coolness of the water. While we were seated round the spring, at the edge of a delightful wood, four or five countrymen arrived, headed by a veteran Cyclops, the terror of the neighborhood, ready on every occasion to risk his remaining eye. We soon found ourselves under the necessity of relinquishing our posts and making our escape from these fellows, who evidently sought to provoke a quarrel. On our return home, whilst I was rejoicing at our good fortune and admiring the moderation of my company, we arrived at a plain spot of ground by a woodside, on which my horse no sooner set foot than, taking the bit between his teeth, off he went at full speed, attended by the whoops and hallowings of my companions. At the end of half a mile my horse stopped short, as if he had been shot, and threw me with considerable violence over his head. My buckle—for I was without boots—entangled me in the stirrup, but fortunately broke into twenty pieces. The company rode up, delighted with the adventure, and it was then for the first time I discovered that I had been purposely induced by one of my friends to change horses with him for the afternoon; that his horse had been accustomed to similar exploits on the same *race ground*; that the whole of the business was neither more nor less than a native piece of pleasantry, and that my friends thought they had exhibited great moderation in not exposing me at the spring to the effects of “biting and gouging.”

Before turning to such illustrative records on these subjects as are accessible to us, we will cite the judgment of another, of higher authority than ourselves, upon Colonel Byrd's trustworthiness as a historian, and, holding as we do with the gentleman who said that for a really nice, dignified and influential job he would rather have that of a bishop than any other, we will first quote the late venerable Bishop Meade of Virginia, so long one of the foremost figures in American church history. Referring to one of Colonel Byrd's characteristic sarcasms leveled at the inhabitants of Governor Spotswood's once noted town of Germanna on the Rapidan, the good Bishop says: "Mr. Byrd's writings being full of such remarks, we may conclude that he does not always expect us to receive them as historical verities."

The observations of our witty Colonel seem to have been limited to a few miles along or near the undetermined line between the two colonies, now on one side, now on the other, sometimes uncertain on which side he was sojourning, and to have been made in exactly thirty days, being wholly incidental to the tedious and harassing work of directing the surveyors through swamp and wilderness, scarcely inhabited. For rather more than half the time specified the commissioners seem to have made their halting places on the Virginia side of the line, though the shafts of the Colonel's satire are invariably leveled, not indiscriminately, but at the dwellers on what he supposes to be the Carolina side. It seems hardly credible that a mile or two either way from an unknown boundary should show such remarkable variation. If true,

it presented an interesting and difficult problem to scientific investigators, and we grieve that there was no Humbolt or Darwin to sift these extraordinary facts to the bottom and explain the causes producing phenomena so unexpected. It seems to us, however, more reasonable to suppose that our traveling Colonel, with the celerity of impatient genius, was a little too hasty in his generalizations to be accurate. Perhaps he pursued the novel though somewhat unsatisfactory method of collecting information practised later by Mrs. Leo Hunter's noble guest, Count Smartlark, when making notes for his monumental work on Chinese Metaphysics. With the directness and simplicity of real genius this accomplished nobleman accumulated everything the encyclopedias contained, first under the heading Metaphysics, and second under China, and then dexterously united the two subjects into one, thereby producing an immortal work, ingenious and unique, and probably quite as beneficial to mankind as if it had emanated from the mind of Hobbes or Kant. Colonel Byrd's account of the habits, morals and general condition of Edenton is in the Count's happiest vein. He never saw Edenton, not having accompanied the chaplain on his notable visit, but setting out with the axiom that the North Carolina settlers were Hottentots, and Hottentots being admittedly fond of intoxicating liquors, and Edenton being a North Carolina town, *qu. e. d.*, the inhabitants of that unhappy metropolis cannot have any other virtue but that of being without hypocrisy and are shamelessly open and above-board in their vicious lives. We feel like crying out with the pious fruit peddlers of Smyrna,

“In the name of the Prophet! Figs!” but nothing shall make us believe there was ever any dearth of “cakes and ale,” to say nothing of good Nantes and Madeira, among the dainties of hospitable Westover.

If all this captious badinage only means that the colony of North Carolina was younger than Virginia or Massachusetts, with a less numerous and more scattered population, and, as a necessary consequence, the details of governmental routine perhaps less completely organized at the extremities of its territory, and the settler’s life in general somewhat simpler, then nobody wishes to deny that the settlement of that colony began about two generations later than the planting at Jamestown. Georgia was first settled two generations later yet than North Carolina, and we fail to see wherein the age of either colony furnishes occasion for ridicule or criticism.

If Colonel Byrd’s sarcasms seriously mean (which we are loth to believe) that in his deliberate judgment the brave men and good women who as pioneers opened the ground and laid the foundation on which was built the colony and State of North Carolina were not as respectable and respected as those of other American colonies, then we say bluntly and emphatically he either wrote in utter ignorance or in great disregard of all the authorities on the subject. Colonel Byrd was too well-read a scholar not to know that everything solid and lasting must have its modest beginning. Never yet has any nation sprung into the arena of earthly grandeur, all panoplied, magnificent and mighty, like Minerva with the majesty of Jove encircling her. The mighty empire of Persia began

with the enterprise of a petty tribe of mountain shepherds. The still greater power of imperial Rome grew out of the banding of a handful of outlaws under a bold, ambitious captain. England, the Rome of modern times, has grown out of repeated incursions of creek pirates who at last took possession of the soil, driving the native British into the swamps and mountains to lodge and feed with their own swine. In every pioneer State the whole method and apparatus of living is naturally simpler and less elaborate than it becomes in even one generation later, and the simplicity of life characteristic of the first settlers of every State in this great Union is in no sense the badge of that bitter poverty and unthrift which degrade or destroy. It is rather the beginning of affluence and the parent of luxury, and American manhood should feel a noble pride in the character, ideals and energy which enabled our forefathers, under many difficulties and privations, to lay broad and deep the foundation of various Commonwealths, out of which has grown a nation so populous and mighty that from the beginning of the present century it must be compared with the greatest empires of history. About the time Englishmen were busy planting settlements along the American coast, quaint Sir Thomas Browne wrote: "With all his faults, man is a noble animal." And so indeed he is, as he ought to be, since he is, even though faintly, the image of his Divine Maker; and it is one of the highest and noblest qualities of any race that it can send forth its young men, strong and brave, to subdue a wilderness, to form new societies and found new States, in the proud confidence that instead of sinking

into savagery and degradation they will patiently endure temporary hardship, privation and, as actually happened at Jamestown, even starvation, and march steadily on, stubborn, invincible, triumphant, to their destined goal. North Carolina has every right to feel proud that at a period when the daily exigencies of life in a new settlement made constant demands upon time and energy her founders could show so much accomplished in the way of creating and organizing a new Commonwealth, with its varied needs and all the complex machinery of government for a territory larger than England, with a scattered population about equal in all to some of the parishes of London. It would be an interesting and useful work to make a thorough study of this matter in all its phases, and investigate the social conditions of colonial North Carolina in the broadest sense, and it could not fail to throw light on the genesis of a nation if it were possible to fully set forth all the conditions and environments of one of its component units. We should, indeed, like to see the founders as they really were, to know all about their ways and means of living, their domestic economies, their primitive manufactures, their schools and libraries, their recreations; in short, every interest, great or small, that made up the sum of their lives. None of these are without value to a faithful historian; but to study and present the subject would require a huge volume, and is far beyond the power or scope of the present writer, whose only purpose is to refute Colonel Byrd's flippant criticisms.

To be more specific, we may, without unfairness, sum up his charges as follows: total depravity, almost universal idleness, and general roughness and grossness of living.

On the first count of this sweeping indictment, the utter disregard of all religious or moral obligation, we will first quote again from Bishop Meade: "Colonel Byrd was a man of great enterprise, a classical scholar, and a very sprightly writer. The fault of his works is an exuberance of humor and of jesting with serious things, which sometimes degenerates into that kind of wit which so disfigures and injures the writings of Shakespeare. He never loses an opportunity of a playful remark about Christians, and especially the clergy. He was under the impression that there was not a single minister of the church in North Carolina. *In this we think he is mistaken.*" The venerable Bishop might have spoken his *last sentence* much more positively. We know that Colonel Byrd was entirely wrong. In the third volume of the Rev. Dr. Anderson's "History of the Colonial Churches," published in London (and a most instructive and valuable work it is to American students), we find ample evidence bearing directly on this subject. Speaking of the labors of missionary clergymen sent out by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, just two hundred years ago, Dr. Anderson says: "Foremost among these were the services of John Blair, who first came out to North Carolina in 1704 as an itinerant missionary, through the courtesy of Lord Weymouth, and after suffering many hardships returned to encounter them a second time as one of the permanent missionaries of the society and

commissary of the Bishop of London. At the time of Mr. Blair's *first visit* to North Carolina he found three small churches already built in the colony, with glebes belonging to them. His fellow-laborers sent out by the society in 1707 and the next few years were Adams, Gordon, Urmstone, Rainsford, Newman, Garzia and Moir. Governor Eden, and after him Sir Richard Everard, appear to have actively exerted themselves to promote the extension and welfare of the church, and later Governor Dobbs urgently begged that a bishop be sent to the colony to take energetic charge of the spiritual needs of the people. In 1715 the Assembly passed an act dividing the colony into nine parishes, affixing a stipend to each, not to exceed fifty pounds per annum [a sum then equal to about seven hundred dollars now]." "Two more of the North Carolina clergy at this time deserve to be named with especial honor, because they had both resided as laymen for some years in the province, and therefore been eye-witnesses of the hardships to which the church there was exposed. The first of these, John Boyd, received from the Bishop of London authority to enter upon his arduous work, and the manner in which he discharged his duties in Albemarle County, North Carolina, till his death, six years later, proved how fitly it had been conferred upon him." "Clement Hall was the second of these two consecrated men, and his career even more distinguished. His labors and journeyings remind us of those of the great Wesley. In eight years he traveled about fourteen thousand miles, preached near a thousand sermons, baptized more than six thousand grown persons and

children, administering the Lord's Supper frequently to as many as two or three hundred persons on a single journey, besides performing the incidental labors of organizing churches and classes, catechising children, visiting the sick and burying the dead." This would seem to be no indifferent example of a true Christian soldier and shepherd of souls, not unworthy of comparison with St. Paul himself. He stands out in pleasing contrast with the Rev. John Dunbar, who distinguished himself by fighting a duel in Westover churchyard, behind the wall of the pulpit from which he had often preached, and celebrated the Last Supper of the Prince of Peace. This edifying specimen of a Christian minister was the son-in-law of Colonel William Byrd, whose intimate knowledge of his character may have added sharpness to the Colonel's many gibes at the clergy. We do not think the figures given in the above account of Rev. Clement Hall's labors make any bad showing for the Hottentots of Colonel Byrd's satire. They seem to have heard the Word gladly, to have welcomed Mr. Hall's ministrations and yielded such fruit to them as must have mightily lifted up that good man's soul and given him strength and courage for still greater exertions in the Master's service.

It is not easy to produce direct evidence of the industry or indolence of any community a hundred and seventy years ago, but we can form a safe judgment from admitted indicative facts. There is no doubt that a mild climate, a fertile soil and teeming waters offer strong temptations to indolent enjoyment; and as Colonel Byrd concedes all these natural

advantages and attractions to North Carolina, the wonder is, not that some surrendered to the allurements of this earthly Paradise (their kind is by no means unknown north as well as south of this particular Elysium), but that a sufficient number resisted their temptations to create material for export not proportionately exceeded in quantity or value by any of the thirteen colonies. Certainly no other colony paid such taxes as \$14 for a marriage license, or dreamed of building a vice-regal palace to cost a quarter of a million. All the facts go to show that a great majority of the people were resolutely bent on accumulating values and improving their fortunes as rapidly as possible, and we can draw pretty accurate inferences as to the general industry of a people when we look into the books of the tax-gatherer.

The personality of the influential men of a community, its statesmen and leaders, their character, public and private, their homes and way of living, furnish a sure guide to the standard of intellect, culture and refinement obtaining among their people. Does not Edward Moseley, statesman and patriot, stand out the peer of any public man in America of his own or any earlier day, not excepting Vane in Massachusetts, or Nathaniel Bacon in Virginia? Governor Gabriel Johnston was a worthy rival of Governor Spottswood in the energy and good sense with which through his long and successful administration he pushed forward the development of his province. No fair-minded student will assert that the names of Pollock and Harvey, Samuel Johnston, Harnett, Porter, Caswell, Ashe or Hewes do not deserve as high and honorable

place in our eighteenth century as those of Hancock or Adams, Dickenson, Trumbull, Rutledge, Pendleton, Wythe or Mason. William Hooper was a greater statesman than Charles Carroll, and a much better man than Benjamin Franklin. In the military service Waddell, Nash, Davidson, Rutherford, John Ashe, Sumner approved themselves in all things worthy brothers-in-arms and true "knights companion" of Warren or Mercer.

No cavil can break down the evidence of a Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence on May 20th or May 30th, 1775, an action more spirited and dangerous to its participants than the famous wresting of *Magna Charta* by the united Barons of England from a powerless King, and entitling the names of Alexander and Brevard to a lofty niche in the American Walhalla.

Truly there were giants in those days in North Carolina as elsewhere. Stately men were there, too, and if Colonel Byrd had dined with Governor Eden or Sir Richard Everard he would have met some of them and have been invited to visit their hospitable homes, some of them not unworthy of comparison with his own fair Westover; and we feel sure that when "put on his book oath" he would have freely admitted that not grand homes but grand souls make a people great. // Distinction of social charm, high breeding and refinement of domestic life are matters of local tradition rather than of statistical record. It is not often that one man or family can draw the eyes of a nation to these neighborhood particulars, though it was said of Sir Walter Scott at Abbots-

ford that he did the honors for all Scotland; but all the country-side in North Carolina is rich in the legend of these virtues, clustering around the hearth-stones of many a gallant mansion whose very ruins are more than a century old. These are only echoes now around the sites of Belfont and Brompton, The Hermitage, Lillington Hall, The Neck, Winendale, Ormond House and Mosely Hall—“*etiam ruinæ perierunt.*” But when we remember the great men who dwelt in these vanished homes, and the kindred spirits who gathered around them, we bow in silent reverence over their honored names. Clay Hill and Wakefield still remain, old and faithful custodians of the precious memories of their gentle owners. Orton still stands in solitary grandeur, keeping watch and ward over the lower Cape Fear, and King Roger Moore was a worthy counterpart in every respect to King Carter of the Rappahannock.

Is Buncombe Hall, with its open doors, its princely welcome and boundless hospitality, no more to be remembered of men because its mutilated grounds and crumbling walls are now silent monuments of by-gone splendor, “whose lights are fled, its garlands dead” almost a hundred and fifty years ago? As Steele finely said of a gifted lady in London, it was a liberal education to have enjoyed the privileged entrée to the Montfort House, that realm of maiden beauty and purity, the home sparkling with wit and innocent mirth, of every refining influence, where Colonel Willie Jones and Colonel John Ashe found those exquisite wives, whose grace and wit and spirit not only charmed their countrymen but put to the

blush and silenced armed foes, even the surly and savage Tarleton.

It is difficult to imagine a more brilliant and attractive home than that of Colonel Willie Jones himself, in historic Halifax. It was like Monticello, the home of his friend, Thomas Jefferson, a roof which by the magnetism of genius and high breeding drew to its cherishing hearth-stone everything of wit and wisdom and cultured merit that came within reach, and which gave out of all these as freely and richly as it received.

There was no fairer home in all America than the old Johnston House by Edenton, later known as Hayes. Not even Drayton Hall on the Ashley near Charleston, nor splendid Hampton near Baltimore, nor Livingston Manor on the Hudson, nor Rosewell on the York, speak more eloquently of home refinement in the olden time nor look down more gloriously upon the shining waters. The last time we saw it was near sunset. From the mossy walls of the grave-yard where rests so much honored dust we walked through the beautiful grounds by the windows of the library toward the bay, striving as we walked to bring before our mind's eye the forms of the long-vanished fair women and great men who once lived and moved amid these exquisite scenes. Ships were gliding on to their appointed havens. "The horns of Elfland" seemed to send out their mellow notes, echoing from shore to shore, and over everything was shed a golden glow that gave one moment's fleeting vision of a celestial "light that was never on

sea or land." Almost unconsciously the words rose to our lips: "*Vede Napoli é muori.*"

We do not believe a more dignified and polished society ever met in America than gathered in Governor Tryon's palace in New Bern. We look back through the mists of a century and a half, and may fancy we see in powdered hair and rustling brocade the gorgeously-attired figures gliding through solemn minuet and quick gavotte, keeping joyous time to bassoon and viol, all unconscious of the storm destined to break so soon and bring to an end forever these loyal and royal fêtes. The last ball in that grandest of all the vice-regal palaces on the American continent must have been sounding like the Duchess of Richmond's entertainment in Brussels the night before Waterloo, "where youth and pleasure met to chase the glowing hours with flying feet," and

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered there
 Her beauty and her chivalry; and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spoke again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell."

But hush! hark! A deep sound strikes like a rising knell, and the stern Governor must go forth, like a fierce eagle, to rend with bloody talon the plain of Alamance, and open the first act of the coming tragedy. Belles and beaux, courtiers, councilors, Governor—all are dust now, but we may be sure

they made a gallant show in New Bern "in the auld time of the King."

We will not pursue the subject further. It is not worth while to invoke the thunderbolts of Heaven to crush a butterfly. Men do not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles, and both blossom and fruit of this Carolina century plant, in every season and sort of trial, have never failed to furnish proof beyond dispute or cavil as to the kind of seed from which it sprung. North Carolina can proudly rest, "*sans peur et sans reproche*," upon the made-up record of what her past has been. Her brave and good men, her fair and noble women of the present are the sure pledges of what her future shall be.

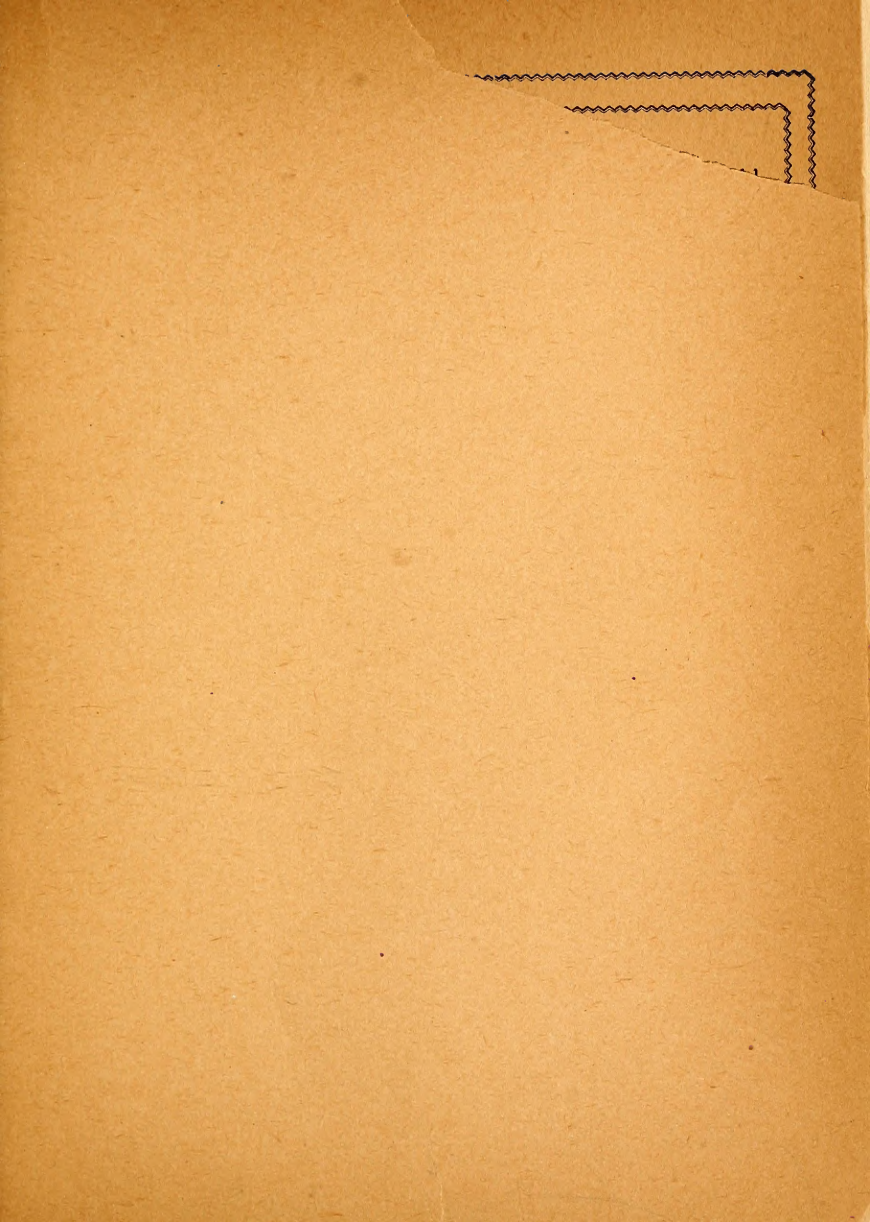
Before we close perhaps we ought to state that the last and longest of our quotations—the one describing certain offensive and barbarous diversions of the natives—is not taken from Colonel Byrd's volume, but is to be found in the journal of the Marquis de Chastellux, a French officer under Rochambeau, and is not written of North Carolina, but narrates a personal experience in 1782 near the Potomac River in Virginia, in one of the most fertile, salubrious, beautiful and wealthy districts of that grand old State, fifty-four years later than Colonel Byrd's flying journey along its southern borders.

The late famous orator, Henry A. Wise, Governor of Virginia, used to say of Williamsburg, the old capital, where was and is a magnificent hospital for the insane, and which was a part of the district he represented in Congress, that it had about one thousand inhabitants, one half lazy and the other

half crazy ; yet we can assure all who may read this tract that if they ever visit that ancient burg they will find there one of the most polished and charming societies on our continent. We will not quote the indictment drawn by the Commissary of London against the inhabitants of Charleston. His epithets art so sweeping and terrible that we might well wonder if he is describing Algiers or Hades, and we ask in amazement if he is speaking of the haughty Charleston we have read of, enthroned by the sea, and, like Tyre or Carthage, receiving tribute from the nations. Nothing that he can say, however, can shake our conviction that from a time "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary" Charleston has been one of the most delightful of American cities. We make no argument out of the "*tu quoque*," for we feel sure these unpleasant pictures are no more accurate than Colonel Byrd's, and we refer to them only in order to show how easy it is to draw caricatures and use hard words. There is no just foundation for quarrel or mutual jealousy in the family group of the South. In essentials the old slave-holding agricultural States of the South were one, as the same colonies were ; in heart they should be indivisible. True comrades have they been in the past, alike in good and evil fortune ; true brethren may they ever be, even to the last hour of recorded time.

We confess to no small admiration for Colonel William Byrd. His public life was distinguished and useful, his private life manly and generous, and he was a fine specimen of the grand *seigneur* of olden time. In the Presence to which

he was summoned a hundred and sixty years ago, rivalries, quarrels, ambitions, jealousies, earthly passions all are stilled. We doubt if he was ever very much in earnest in his satirical extravagancies, and, having entered good-humored protest against some of them, we call a truce to battle and reverently breathe a *requiescat* over his silent dust.



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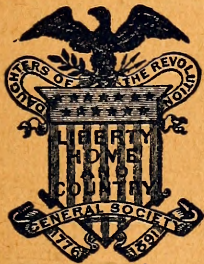
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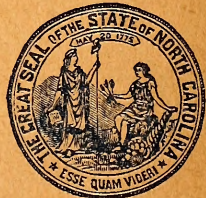


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THE BATTLE OF MOORE'S
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WHILE WE LIVE WE WILL CHERISH, PROTECT AND DEFEND HER."

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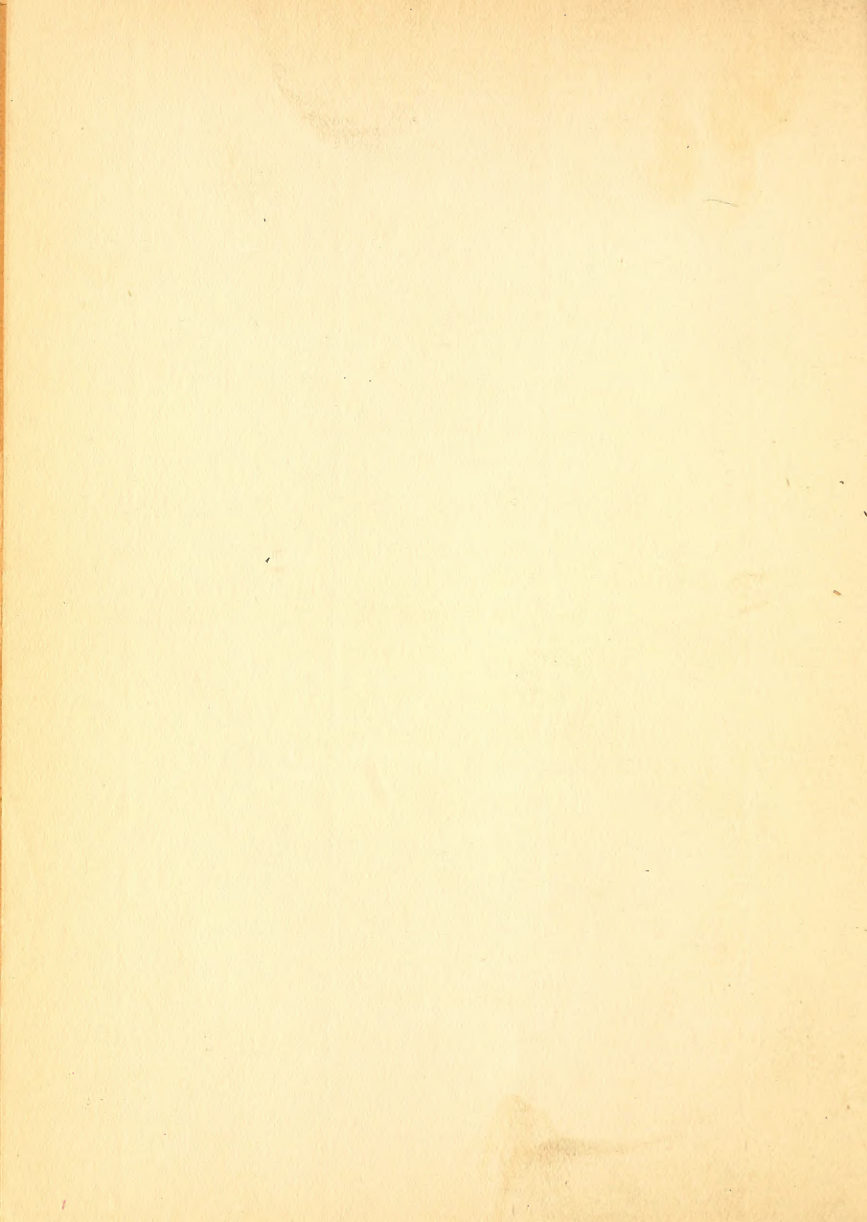
PREFACE.

The object of the NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET is to erect a suitable memorial to the patriotic women who composed the "Edenton Tea Party."

These stout-hearted women are every way worthy of admiration. On October 25, 1774, seven months before the defiant farmers of Mecklenburg had been aroused to the point of signing their Declaration of Independence, nearly twenty months before the declaration made by the gentlemen composing the Vestry of St. Paul's Church, Edenton, nearly two years before Jefferson penned the immortal National Declaration, these daring women solemnly subscribed to a document affirming that they would use no article taxed by England. Their example fostered in the whole State a determination to die, or to be free.

In beginning this new series, the Daughters of the Revolution desire to express their most cordial thanks to the former competent and untiringly faithful Editors, and to ask for the new management the hearty support of all who are interested in the brave deeds, high thought, and lofty lives of the North Carolina of the olden days.

MRS. D. H. HILL.



THE BATTLE OF MOORE'S CREEK BRIDGE,

FEBRUARY 27, 1776.

MOORE'S CREEK BATTLE-GROUND IS HALF A MILE
FROM CURRIE, PENDER COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA.

BY PROFESSOR M. C. S. NOBLE,
(University of North Carolina).

Eighteen miles northwest of Wilmington, North Carolina, on a low, sandy bluff overlooking a deep, wide creek whose sluggish waters flow into the Black River, a tributary of the Cape Fear, there stands to-day a simple brownstone monument with this inscription on its western face:

IN COMMEMORATION
OF THE BATTLE OF
MOORE'S CREEK BRIDGE,
FOUGHT HERE
27TH FEBRUARY, 1776.
THE FIRST VICTORY GAINED
BY THE AMERICAN ARMS
IN THE WAR OF THE
REVOLUTION.

The right to this direct claim to precedence in Revolutionary success and martial glory is one of North Carolina's greatest historic possessions. The events leading up to and

culminating in this battle are full of interest and reflect clearly the patriotic character of North Carolinians.

The Coercive Acts of 1774 were passed in order to punish the people of Massachusetts, and although they dealt only with that colony, it was clear that any other colony might, at any time and without warning, receive similar treatment at the hands of a British Parliament.

The news of the closing of the port of Boston made a profound impression in all of the colonies. North Carolina, in great alarm for the safety of the constitutional rights of the colonies, and in deepest sympathy for the suffering people of Boston, began to act speedily and heartily. Throughout the province there rang the cry "The cause of Boston is the cause of all."

At a meeting of the people of the Wilmington district, in July, 1774, the various counties in the province were urged to send delegates to a Provincial Congress to be held at Johnston Court House the following August for the purpose of appointing delegates to represent North Carolina in a Continental Congress to be held at Philadelphia. Among the resolutions adopted at this meeting was the following:

Resolved, That we consider the cause of the Town of Boston as the common cause of British America and as suffering in defence of the Rights of the Colonies in general; and that therefore we have in proportion to our abilities sent a supply of Provisions * * * as an earnest of our sincere Intentions to contribute by every means in our power to alleviate

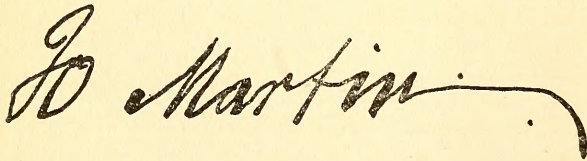
their distress and to induce them to maintain, with Prudence and firmness the glorious cause in which they at present suffer.”

In rapid succession, in fact almost instantaneously, counties in every section of the province chose delegates to the proposed Provincial Congress, adopted resolutions bold, clear-cut and denunciatory of the Coercive Acts, and expressed the greatest sympathy for the people of Boston. From Anson and Rowan in the west to New Hanover and Chowan in the east the men of the province spoke forth to the world through their “Resolutions” the characteristic North Carolina spirit of sympathy for the oppressed, and devotion to justice and liberty. Their sympathy did not stop with mere words. Contributions of money and provisions were made almost immediately—as much as \$10,000 worth being sent from the port of Wilmington alone—and we shall presently see that, in their devotion to right and freedom, ten thousand men sprang to arms when the time for action came, in the early months of 1776. The temper of the people is shown in the following extracts taken from resolutions adopted at a meeting of the citizens of Rowan, August 8, 1774:

“Resolved, That the Cause of the Town of Boston is the common Cause of the American Colonies.

“Resolved, That it is the Duty and Interest of all American Colonies, firmly to unite in an indissoluble Union and Association to oppose by every Just and proper means the Infringement of their common Rights and Privileges.”

Resolutions similar to the above were adopted throughout the province in town and county meetings. The seriousness of those who adopted them could not be doubted. They endeavored to force the mother country to a just consideration of their complaints in a most practical manner. They declared that no friend to the rights and liberties of America ought to purchase commodities imported from Great Britain; that every kind of luxury, dissipation, and extravagance ought to be abolished; that slaves ought not to be imported, and that manufacturing in this country ought to be promoted and encouraged, for "to be cloathed in manufactures fabricated in the Colonies ought to be considered as a Badge and Distinction of Respect and true Patriotism."* From meetings breathing such a resolute spirit of patriotism as this, delegates were sent to the first Provincial Congress held at New Bern instead of at Johnston Court House.


 A large, elegant handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Josiah Martin". The signature is written in dark ink and features a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right, ending in a small dot.

Governor
J o s i a h
M a r t i n
forbade the
assembling

of the Congress. It assembled, however, on the appointed day, August 25, 1774, elected William Hooper, Joseph Hewes, and Richard Caswell as delegates to the Continental Congress, and unanimously adopted resolutions which were as bold, direct and patriotic as any previously adopted in the towns

*Col. Recs., Vol. IX, 1025-1026.

and counties of the province, and from which the following are extracts :

“Resolved, That the inhabitants of the Massachusetts province have distinguished themselves in a manly support of the rights of America in general and that the cause in which they suffer is the Cause of every honest American who deserves the Blessings which the Constitution holds forth. * * *

“Resolved, That we will not directly or indirectly after the first day of January 1775 import from Great Britain any East India Goods, or any merchandize whatever. * * *

“Resolved, That unless American Grievances are redressed before the first day of October, 1775, We will not after that day directly or indirectly export Tobacco, Pitch, Tar, Turpentine, or any other articles whatsoever.” * * * * *

The Congress then adjourned and its members went to their homes determined to faithfully carry out the spirit of their “Resolutions.”

The first Continental Congress met at Philadelphia during the following September and adopted the famous “Association” committing the colonies to the non-importation of British commodities, tea, and slaves. The eighth article of the “Association” read as follows:

“We will in our several stations, encourage frugality, economy, and industry * * * and will discountenance and discourage every species of extravagance and dissipation, especially all horse-racing, all kinds of gaming, cock-fighting,

exhibition of shows, plays, and other expensive diversions and entertainments."

The "Association" was in harmony with the resolutions already adopted in the province and the Committees of Safety enforced it unsparingly. The Wilmington Committee having heard (March 1, 1775) that a "Public Ball" was to be given at the house of a lady in that town, sent her the following note:

"MADAM:

"The committee appointed to see the resolves of the Continental Congress put into execution, in this town, acquaint you, that the Ball intended to be given at your house, this evening, is contrary to the said resolves; we therefore warn you to decline it, and acquaint the parties concerned, that your house cannot be at their service, consistent with the good of your country.

"By order of the Committee,

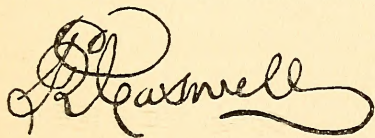
"Signed, THOS. CRAIKE."

The warning was heeded, and yet we are sure that foregoing the pleasure of the dance was no great hardship. The young people of North Carolina have ever been ready and willing to sacrifice on the altar of freedom not only pleasure but property, and even life itself whenever the public good required it.

On April 2, 1775, Governor Martin heard that another Provincial Congress was soon to meet in New Bern and appoint delegates to a second Continental Congress to be held in Philadelphia. With the approval of his Council he issued a proclamation forbidding the assembling of the Congress and

declaring that "the meeting of such Convention and the declared purpose thereof will be highly offensive to the King and dishonourable to the General Assembly of this Province, which is appointed to sit at this time for the dispatch of public business."* But no attention was paid to his proclamation.

On April 3d the Congress met, organized, and adjourned till the next day, when the General Assembly was to meet. The next morning the Congress met, received four new members and adjourned till the following day. A few minutes after this second adjournment of the Provincial Congress the General Assembly met, and of the forty-eight members present, forty-seven were members of the Congress. The Provincial Congress thus continued to meet daily one hour before the General Assembly met. It thanked Hooper, Hewes and Caswell for their services in the First Continental Congress,



adopted resolutions approving the "Association," and then having finished its work, adjourned on April 7th, two

days *after* Martin had issued a proclamation commanding the members "on their allegiance and on pain of incurring His Majesty's highest displeasure to break up the said meeting and to desist from all such illegal, unwarrantable and dangerous proceedings."†

In his address to the General Assembly (April 4th), Governor Martin reviewed the condition of affairs in the

*Col. Recs., Vol. IX, 1177.

†Col. Recs., Vol. IX, 1187.

province and plead with the members to be faithful to the royal cause, saying, among other things:

“Be it to your glory, Gentlemen, to record to latest posterity, that at a time when the monster, sedition, dared to raise his impious head in America, the people of North Carolina, inspired with a just sense of their duty to their King and Country, and animated by the example of its legislature, stood among the foremost of his Majesty’s subjects, to resist his baneful snares, and to repel the fell invader of their happiness.”

But the angry Governor was merely shrieking in the teeth of a rapidly rising gale of revolution, which was soon to gather force and sweep him and every other vestige of royal power from off our shores forever. The North Carolina spirit was thoroughly aroused and his high-sounding appeal met with a defiant answer. In their reply (April 7th) the Assembly boldly asserted their right of petition for a redress of grievances, and in utter disregard of his wishes they said:

“We take this opportunity Sir, the first that has been given us to express the warm attachment we have to our sister Colonies in general, and the heartfelt compassion we entertain for the deplorable state of the Town of Boston in particular, and also to declare the fixed and determined resolution of this Colony to unite with the other Colonies in every effort, to retain those just rights and liberties which as subjects to a

British King we possess and which it is our absolute and indispensable duty to hand down to posterity unimpaired."

These ringing words came from the very men at whom, as members of the Provincial Congress, he had hurled his proclamation in vain two days before, and now as members of the General Assembly, they were still bold, determined, and defiant. No wonder then that the Governor dissolved the Assembly on the following day.

This constantly growing spirit of resistance to the alleged unconstitutional acts of Parliament impressed Martin with the seriousness of the situation and he began to act accordingly.

After the battle of Alamance many of the Regulators had been placed under bond to appear at court from time to time, and they were thus kept under fearful apprehensions of the day of trial. Martin had endeavored to win their good-will by urging the home government to grant them a pardon. Others of the Regulators had taken the oath of allegiance to the British Crown. To the Regulators therefore the Governor might turn with reason for help in time of need, and so he sent his agents among them to secure their faithful service.

In the valley of the Cape Fear there were hundreds of Scotch Highlanders. Many of them had come to North Carolina since the battle of Culloden (1746) where, as defeated followers of the Pretender, scores of their comrades, like the Regulators at Alamance, had felt the keen edge of the British sword. As an act of royal favor, these followers of the Pre-

tender had been permitted to come to America and build new homes in a strange land. They had had enough of war, they had taken the oath of allegiance to the Crown, and, being royalists at heart, they had little sympathy with the political views of the Whigs in Carolina. Many of them had but recently come to North Carolina and their purses were empty. Serving as paid soldiers in a cause they believed in was far better than fighting with strangers against a government whose power they feared and whose rule they had sworn to support. They therefore gladly received the Governor's emissaries when they came among them in behalf of the royal cause.

In the meantime Martin's alarm was increasing daily. In a letter to the Earl of Dartmouth, he wrote (May, 1774): "In this little Town (*i. e.*, New Bern) they are now actually endeavoring to form what they call independant Companies under my nose, & Civil Government becomes more and more prostrate every day."* He had the guns in front of the palace dismounted in order to keep them from falling into the hands of the "Committee of that Town," but when a few days thereafter the angry people led by Abner Nash demanded his reason for such action, he claimed that he had done so because he feared that the rotten gun-carriages were unable to stand the strain of discharge at the approaching celebration of the King's birthday.† This seemed to satisfy the "mob" as he called it, but, fearing further



*Col. Recs., Vol. IX, 1256.

†Col. Recs., Vol. X, 42.

violence, he sent his family to New York and then fled to Fort Johnston at the mouth of the Cape Fear River, arriving there June 2, 1775.

In a few days Martin heard that Robert Howe was then on his way to the Fort at the head of a band of patriots. He immediately dismounted the guns and took refuge on the *Cruizer* sloop of war in the river near by. Soon after arriving on the *Cruizer* he wrote to the Earl of Dartmouth, and, after referring to the King's recent proclamation proscribing John Hancock and Samuel Adams of Massachusetts, said "and seeing clearly that further proscriptions will be necessary before Government can be settled again upon sure Foundations in America, I hold it my indispensable duty to mention to your Lordship, Cornelius Harnett, John Ashe, Robert Howes, and Abner Nash * * * as proper objects for such distinction in this Colony * * * that they stand foremost among the patrons of revolt and anarchy."*

Three days afterwards, five hundred men led by Ashe and

Harnett came to the Fort and burned it.

As Martin stood on the deck of the *Cruizer* that July morning and looked in helpless wrath at

the burning Fort, he must have felt more than ever that Ashe and Harnett were indeed and in truth the "patrons of revolt

*Col. Recs., Vol. X, 98.

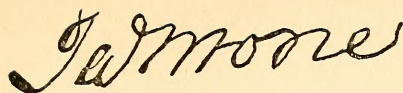
John Ashe and anarchy." But he was neither an idle man nor a coward. He begged permission to be allowed to raise a battalion of Highlanders and asked that the commission of Lieutenant Colonel held by him prior to his coming to North Carolina be restored to him. The government declined to return his commission, but instructed him to organize the Highlanders and informed him that an officer would be sent to take command of them.

His activity in rallying the Highlanders and the belief that he intended to incite the slaves to revolt (which he denied except as a last resort),* led the Wilmington Safety Committee to forbid any one to communicate with him without having first obtained permission from some Safety Committee.

On August 8th, Martin issued his "Fiery" proclamation denouncing Ashe, Howe, Caswell, and others, the actions of the Safety Committees in the province, and the "resolves" of the people of Mecklenburg, and warned His Majesty's subjects not to send delegates to the Provincial Congress soon to meet in Hillsboro. The only notice that the Congress took of his proclamation was to denounce it as "scandalous, scurrilous, and malicious" and to order it to be "burnt by the common hangman."

Among the many acts of this Congress (which now became the legislative body in the province) was one providing for the raising of two regiments to serve in the Continental Army.

*Col. Recs., Vol. X, 138.



James Moore of New Hanover was appointed Colonel of one of them. We shall

soon hear more of him and his Continental regiment.

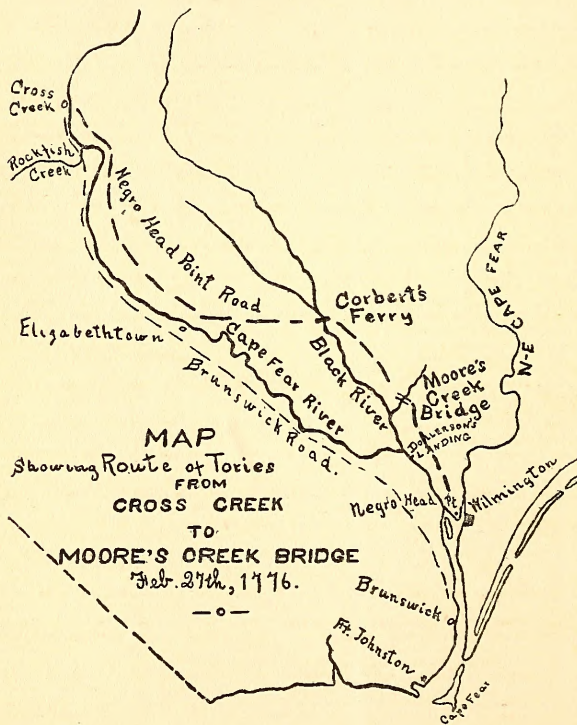
Early in 1776 Martin's heart was gladdened by the receipt of a letter telling him that Lord Cornwallis and seven regiments would soon sail to his relief on a fleet commanded by Sir Peter Parker. Additional aid was also to be brought to him from the north by Major General Clinton. The time for action was at hand. The Highlanders, Regulators, and all other loyalists must be brought down to the coast to join with the coming British soldiers and march through the province to overawe the people. All of his insults and injuries, beginning with the first Provincial Congress and ending with his virtual imprisonment on the *Cruizer*, are to be avenged at last. The rebellion will be crushed and his Majesty's lawful government restored.

He issued a proclamation declaring it to be necessary to raise the royal standard and calling on all of his Majesty's faithful servants to repair to it or be regarded as "Rebels and Traitors." He had long looked for and planned for the coming of this hour.

Donald McDonald, an old hero of Culloden and Bunker Hill, had been in the neighborhood of Cross Creek for months advocating the King's cause. Having been appointed General, he raised the royal standard and called on all to rally to it. In a few days two thousand Tories had assembled at Cross Creek and were ready to be led to Brunswick by

February 15th, according to Martin's instructions. Will the well-laid plans of the Governor succeed? We shall see.

Colonel Moore now marched his Continental regiment to meet the Tories and fortified a position at Rockfish Creek, eight miles from Cross Creek,* on the road running to Brunswick along the south side of the Cape Fear.



*Now Fayetteville.

In the meantime the Committee of Safety at New Bern, hearing of the Tory uprising, had ordered Richard Caswell, Colonel of minute-men in the New Bern military district, to "march immediately with the Minute Men under his Command to join the Forces"* from the other parts of the province for the purpose of suppressing the insurrection. The militia colonels in the several counties in the district who, according to the military act adopted at Hillsboro,† were outranked by the Colonel of minute-men in the district, were ordered to take their men and "join the Minute Men under the Command of Colonel Richard Caswell."‡ While Caswell was hurrying from the east to join Moore at Rockfish, several other colonels from different parts of the province were marching rapidly to the front for the same purpose.

By the middle of February Moore had with him at Rockfish a force consisting of his own Continentals, Alexander

Alex Lillington Lillington, Colonel of minute-men of the Wilmington district, with one hundred and

fifty men, Colonel John Ashe, of New Hanover, with one hundred volunteers, and Colonel James Kenan with the Duplin

James Kenan militia. Colonel Thackston of the Hillsboro district and Colonel Martin of the Salisbury district were in striking distance of Cross Creek. In a

*Col. Recs., Vol. X, 444.

†Col. Recs., Vol. X, 199.

‡Col. Recs., Vol. X, 444.

few days McDonald marched to within four miles of Moore's position and sent him the following letter:

“HEADQUARTERS, February 19, 1776.

“SIR:—I herewith send the bearer Donald Morrison * * * to propose terms to you as friends and countrymen. I must suppose you unacquainted with the Governor's Proclamation, commanding all his majesty's loyal subjects to repair to the King's royal standard, else I should have imagined you would, ere this, have joined the King's army, now engaged in his Majesty's service. I have therefore thought it proper to intimate to you, that, in case you do not, by twelve o'clock tomorrow, join the royal standard, I must consider you as enemies, and take the necessary steps for the support of legal authority. I again beg of you to accept the proffered clemency. * * *

“I have the honor to be, in behalf of the Army, sir,

“Your most humble servant,

“DONALD McDONALD.

“P. S.—His excellency's Proclamation is herewith enclosed.”

Moore had had practically no military training, and yet he was a born strategist, as is shown by his management of the troops under his command in this campaign. To make sure of his game he “plays for time” until Thackston and Martin may be near enough to cut off the enemy's retreat,*

* Moore's Letter to Harnett, Rev. Hist. of N. C., Hawkes, Swain, Graham, 218.

and hence his method of reply in the first of the following letters:

“CAMP AT ROCKFISH, February 19.

“SIR:—Yours of this date I have received; in answer to which I must inform you, that the terms which you are pleased to say * * * are offered to us as friends and countrymen, are such as neither my duty or inclinations will permit me to accept, and which I must presume you too much of an officer to expect of me. You were right when you supposed me unacquainted with the Governor’s Proclamation; but as the terms therein proposed are such as I hold incompatible with the freedom of Americans, it can be no rule of conduct for me. However, should I not hear further from you before twelve o’clock to-morrow, by which time I shall have an opportunity of consulting my officers here, and perhaps Colonel Martin, who is in the neighborhood of Cross-Creek, you may expect a more particular answer; * * *

“I am, sir, your most obedient and humble servant,

“JAMES MOORE.”

“CAMP AT ROCKFISH, February 20, 1776.

“SIR:—Agreeable to my promise of yesterday, I have consulted the officers under my command, respecting your letter, and am happy in finding them unanimous in opinion with me. We consider ourselves engaged in a cause the most glorious and honorable in the world, the defence of the liberties of mankind, in the support of which we are determined to hazard every thing dear and valuable; and in tenderness

to the deluded people under your command, permit me, sir, through you, to inform them, before it is too late, of the dangerous and destructive precipice on which they stand, and to remind them of the ungrateful return they are about to make for their favorable reception in this country. If this is not sufficient to recall them to the duty they owe to themselves and their posterity, inform them that they are engaged in a cause in which they cannot succeed, as not only the whole force of this country, but that of our neighboring Provinces, is exerting and now actually in motion to suppress them, and which must end in their utter destruction. Desirous, however, of avoiding the effusion of human blood, I have thought proper to send you a copy of the Test recommended by the Continental Congress, which, if they will yet subscribe and lay down their arms by twelve o'clock to-morrow, we are willing to receive them as friends and countrymen. Should this offer be rejected, I shall consider them as enemies to the Constitutional liberties of America, and treat them accordingly. I cannot conclude without reminding you, sir, of the oath which you and some of your officers took at New Bern, on your arrival to this country, which I imagine you will find difficult to reconcile to your present conduct. * * * *

“I am, sir, your most obedient and humble servant,

“J. MOORE.”

“HEAD-QUARTERS, February 20, 1776.

“SIR:—I received your favor * * * and observed the declared sentiments of revolt, hostility, and rebellion to

the King, and to what I understand to be the Constitution of this country. If I am mistaken, future consequences must determine; but while I continue in my present sentiments, I shall consider myself embarked in a cause which must * * * extricate this country from anarchy and licentiousness. I cannot conceive that the Scots emigrants, to whom I imagine you allude, can be under greater obligations to this country than to the King under whose gracious and merciful Government they alone could have been enabled to visit this Western region: and I trust, sir, it is in the womb of time to say, that they are not that deluded and ungrateful people which you would represent them to be. As a soldier in his Majesty's service, I must inform you, if you are yet to learn, that it is my duty to conquer, if I cannot reclaim, all those who may be hardy enough to take up arms against the best of masters, as of Kings.

"I have the honor to be, in behalf of the Army under my command, sir, your most obedient servant,

"DONALD McDONALD.

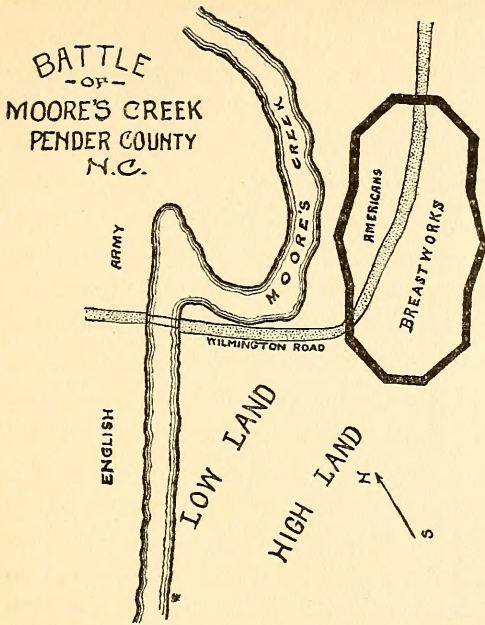
"To JAMES MOORE, Esq."

The next day Moore was informed that the enemy had crossed the Cape Fear the night before near Cross Creek and was then on the way to Wilmington. He knew the country perfectly and formed his plans immediately. Thackston and Martin were ordered to take possession of Cross Creek so as to prevent the enemy's return to that place, a special courier ordered Caswell to take possession of Corbert's Ferry over

Black River, while Lillington and Ashe were sent to re-inforce Caswell, if possible, but if not, to take possession of Moore's Creek Bridge, which, like Corbert's Ferry, was on the road the Tories were traveling to Wilmington. And now with every avenue of escape closely guarded, Moore and his Continentals, accompanied by Kenan and the Duplin militia, rushed down to Elizabethtown, hoping to cross the river there in time to meet McDonald on his way to Corbert's Ferry or to "fall in their rear and surround them there." Every order of Moore, the Commanding Colonel, was obeyed to the letter. Thackston and Martin took possession of Cross Creek, Caswell went to Corbert's Ferry, and Lillington and Ashe took their stand at Moore's Creek Bridge. Soon Caswell informed Moore that the Tories had raised a flat, sunk in the Black River, five miles above him, and by erecting a bridge, had crossed it with their whole army.* Moore immediately hurried on towards Moore's Creek and ordered Caswell to do the same. In faithful obedience to the orders of his superior officer, Caswell, who had been joined by Colonel John Hinton, of Wake county, marched to Moore's Creek Bridge, arriving there at night,† February 26th, where he found Lillington and Ashe in an entrenched position on a sandy elevation, about one hundred yards from the bridge. The flooring of the bridge was taken up, the pine pole girders thoroughly greased

*Moore's Letter to Harnett, Rev. Hist. of N. C., Hawkes, Swain, Graham, 219.

†Caswell's Letter to Harnett, Col. Recs., Vol. X, 482.



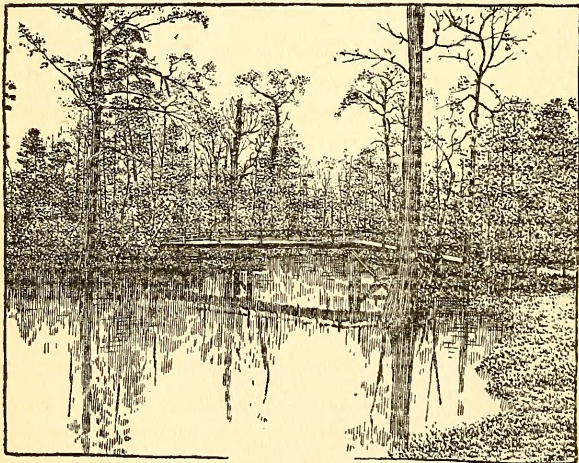
with tallow, over which quantities of soft soap were poured to make crossing the more difficult, and then the patriots resolutely awaited the coming of the Tories.

We are now on the eve of a decisive battle which is to determine North Carolina's stand in the long struggle for American independence. From across the ocean

Cornwallis and his regiments are coming to help establish forever the rule of Great Britain in North Carolina, Clinton and his army are on their way down the coast to join Lord Cornwallis at the mouth of the Cape Fear, and Governor Martin, eager to welcome the coming of the Highlanders and Regulators, has moved up the river near to Wilmington, where, under the pretext of demanding supplies from its citizens, he stands on the deck of the *Cruizer* sloop of war anxiously awaiting to catch sight of the advancing loyal clans and hear the tri-

umphant sound of the Scotchmen's bagpipes. But whether North Carolina is to be saved to the British Crown or not, depends not so much on the coming of Cornwallis and Clinton, as on McDonald's leading his army safely over the bridge and on through the patriots' lines of defence. Far out there in the piney woods of North Carolina, away from British interference, the Tories and the patriots are soon to settle forever, at the point of the sword, the political future of the province.

In the early morning of February 27, 1776, the Highlanders began their march. They moved bravely on, led by their gallant commander, Colonel McLeod, who crossed over on the poles, and seeing an abandoned entrenchment "next



MOORE'S CREEK BRIDGE, 1904.

the bridge," supposed that the patriots had fled. With a glad shout he called to his followers that the day was won, but just then the alarm gun sounded,

volley after volley was poured upon the advancing columns,

the little cannon on the breastworks swept the bridge, McLeod fell riddled with bullets, and the Tories, stunned by the destructive and unexpected resistance, fled in confusion before the now advancing patriots, who quickly replaced the flooring of the bridge and rushed on in pursuit of their enemies. In the meantime a detachment of patriots had crossed the creek above the bridge and added to the defeat of the Highlanders by a flank attack.

Thus in a few minutes sixteen hundred* Tories had been put to flight by one thousand patriots, who had only one killed and one wounded. "The number (of Tories) killed and mortally wounded * * * was about thirty; most of them were shot on passing the bridge. Several had fallen into the water, some of whom, I am pretty certain, had not risen yesterday evening (February 28th) when I left the camp. Such prisoners as we have made, say there were at least fifty of their men missing."†

General McDonald, who had been too unwell to command the Tories during the battle, was captured the next day at a house a few miles from Moore's Creek Bridge. Together with Allan McDonald and many other prisoners he was sent to Halifax for confinement and afterwards to Philadelphia.

A few hours after the engagement Colonel Moore arrived on the ground, and, although he was too late to take active part in the battle, he could but rejoice in the successful

*Caswell's Letter to Harnett, Col. Recs., Vol. X, 482.

† Gen. McDonald's estimate, Col. Recs., Vol. X, 482.

execution of his well-laid plans by his subordinate officers, whose every movement had been in strict accord with his direct orders.

The results of the victory were most important. The patriots roamed over the country in pursuit of the Highlanders and Regulators, disarming them wherever found. Among the trophies were "350 guns and shot-bags; 150 swords and dirks; 1,500 excellent rifles; two medicine chests, fresh from England, one of them valued at 300 pounds sterling; a box containing half Johanesses and Guineas, secreted in a stable at Cross Creek, discovered by a negro, and reported to be worth 15,000 pounds sterling; thirteen wagons, with complete sets of horses, and 850 common soldiers," who were disarmed and then discharged.

This brilliant victory saved North Carolina to the cause of American independence; it showed that North Carolina was able to hold in check the Tories within her borders; it won over to the cause of freedom many who had hitherto held back for fear of England's power, and it so thoroughly broke the spirit of Regulators and Highlanders that they never again rallied to the support of the royal cause,—no, not even when in 1781, Cornwallis marched among them on his way from Guilford Court House to Wilmington. And the fact that ten thousand men, during this month of February, 1776, had taken up arms in defence of liberty, showed that North Carolina's opposition to wrong and oppression had reached

the fighting point of seriousness, thus teaching England what to expect from all of her southern Colonies.

Soon after the battle, Cornwallis and Clinton reached the Cape Fear, learned of the defeat of the Tories and sailed away to South Carolina, taking with them Josiah Martin, the last of North Carolina's royal Governors. Space will not permit our following him further at this time.

Unfortunately there is a dispute as to whether Lillington or Caswell commanded the American forces at the battle of Moore's Creek Bridge.

According to an act of the Provincial Congress, passed at Hillsboro, September 7, 1775, a colonel of minute-men in a military district ranked the militia colonels in that district, but was himself ranked by a colonel in the regular army. In case two colonels of minute-men should hold commissions of the same date, the Provincial Council was to determine the relative rank of each. Lillington and Caswell were made colonels on the same day, and there has not yet been found any record of the Provincial Council determining their relative rank.

The spirit of the military legislation of the times was that a resident colonel or general of one district ranked an officer of the same grade coming from another district.*

The battle was fought in Lillington's district, and according to Caswell's own statement he found upon his arrival at

*Col. Recs., Vol. X, 530.



LILLINGTON'S CRESCENT.† Moore's orders, and had thrown up defences,‡ and taken his position behind them ready to receive the coming foe, would have hardly given up the post of honor to Caswell, who had been ordered to Moore's Creek Bridge by Colonel Moore, simply because the Tories had crossed the river five miles above his (Caswell's) position, and had again begun their march towards Wilmington. No doubt a glad shout greeted "Caswell and the brave officers and soldiers under his command" as they marched over the bridge that February night and took their position in the rear where they might support those already posted on the fighting line. A visit to the locality and a careful study of the battle-field and the old breastworks, yet to be seen, will, I think, convince one that this would be the natural arrangement of troops arriving there at different times. The only man killed was John Grady, of Duplin. We are told that he belonged to the company of Captain Love, who lived in New Hanover, near the Duplin line. If so, he was no doubt either a minute-man in

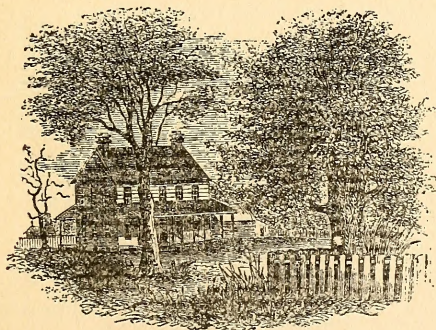
*Col. Recs., Vol. X, 482. †Many of the patriots wore silver crescents on their hats during the battle. Lillington's was sent, with other Revolutionary relics, to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, where the whole collection was lost. ‡Col. Recs., Vol. XV, 785, 788.

Lillington's Battalion, since his county was in the Wilmington district, or belonged to Ashe's New Hanover volunteers, which formed a part of Lillington's command, a fact helping to show that Lillington's men were in the front of the fight. It is said that he did not go to the war until Caswell's command passed his home, when he marched away with it, and thus reached his old company in time to give his young life for his country.

Tradition in the neighborhood of the battle-field gave the praise of leadership to Lillington, "and the matrons and maidens of New Hanover would often beguile the winter nights by a popular song, whose burden was the field—

"'Where Lillington fought for Caswell's glory.'"*

Mr. Joshua G. Wright, in a speech delivered at the dedication of a monument on the battle-field in 1857, said: "Aye,



LILLINGTON HALL.

even from the lips of the late Colonel Samuel Ashe, we have it that Lillington was the Great Leader of the contest." Colonel Ashe was in his fourteenth year at the time of the battle and must have received his in-

*McRee's Iredell, Vol. I, 272.

formation from his uncle, who was there with his volunteers.

Lillington died ten years after the battle and was buried at his home, Lillington Hall, about six miles from Rocky Point. The following inscription on his tombstone is of great interest and help in determining the question of command at Moore's Creek Bridge:

BENEATH THIS STONE
 LIE THE MORTAL REMAINS OF
 GENERAL
 JOHN ALEXANDER LILLINGTON,
 A SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION
 WHO DIED IN 1786.
 HE COMMANDED THE AMERICAN FORCES
 AT THE BATTLE OF MOORE'S CREEK,
 ON THE 27TH FEBRUARY, 1776;
 AND BY HIS MILITARY SKILL
 AND COOL COURAGE IN THE FIELD
 AT THE HEAD OF HIS TROOPS, SECURED A
 COMPLETE AND DECISIVE VICTORY.
 TO INTELLECTUAL POWERS OF A HIGH ORDER
 HE UNITED AN INCORRUPTIBLE INTEGRITY
 AND A DEVOTED AND SELF-SACRIFICING
 PATRIOTISM; A GENUINE LOVER OF LIBERTY,
 HE PERILLED HIS ALL TO SECURE THE
 INDEPENDENCE OF HIS COUNTRY,
 AND DIED IN A GOOD OLD AGE,
 BEQUEATHING TO HIS POSTERITY
 THE REMEMBRANCE OF
 HIS VIRTUES.

The claim that Caswell commanded the American forces at Moore's Creek is based on the following resolution adopted by the Provincial Congress at Halifax six weeks after the battle:

“Resolved, That the thanks of this Congress be given to Col. Richard Caswell, and the brave officers and soldiers under his command, for the very essential service by them rendered this country at the battle of Moore's Creek.”

Now, who were “the brave officers and soldiers under his command,” to whom thanks were given for “the very essential service” rendered at Moore's Creek?

We have already seen that when the New Bern Safety Committee heard that the Tories were about to march to Brunswick, it ordered Colonel Caswell of the minute-men in the district to “march immediately with the Minute Men *under his Command to join* the Forces which may march from different Parts of this Province,” and that it also ordered the militia Colonels of Dobbs, Johnston, Pitt and Craven counties to take their troops and “join the Minute Men under the Command of Colonel Richard Caswell.”*

Having been ordered to “join,” and not having been ordered to take command of, forces coming from other parts of the province, he and “the brave officers and soldiers under his command” acted in accordance with the orders of Colonel James Moore from the time of their arrival in, and up to their

*Col. Recs., Vol. X, 444.

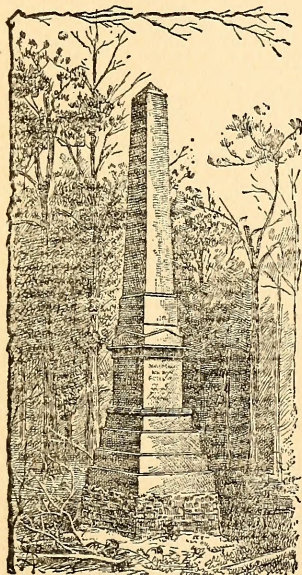
departure from, the Wilmington military district. Two days after the battle, in a letter to Harnett, Caswell wrote: "I, therefore, *with Colonel Moore's consent*, am returning to New Bern with the troops *under my command*,"—that is, with those he had brought with him from his own district and not Lillington's men, for they went down to the defence of Wilmington.*

With the evidence before me I believe that the vote of thanks to Caswell has been misconstrued beyond the intent of the Congress, that Lillington, the resident colonel of minute-men in the district, was technically the ranking officer in the battle; that he bore the brunt of the attack and turned the enemy back; that Caswell joined in the pursuit and helped to make the victory more complete; that each strove for victory, thinking little of rank, and that the Provincial Congress, to which Caswell had already been elected and in which he was soon to take his seat, gladly gave a vote of thanks to him who, twice their representative in the Continental Congress, had now led eight hundred men into a neighboring district and rendered "very essential service" in gaining the first battle fought in the province.

The great and undisputed hero of the campaign, however, was James Moore, of Brunswick, Colonel of the First North Carolina Regiment in the Continental Army. He planned the whole campaign, provided for every contingency, and drove the enemy into the hands of the two brave colonels who had taken their stand at Moore's Creek Bridge in faithful

*Col. Recs., Vol. XV, 785, 788.

obedience to his orders. The success of the American arms is due entirely to his foresight, energy, and skill; and the Provincial Council, the military Board of Control in the Province, most promptly and properly passed the following resolution at a meeting held in New Bern, March 4, 1776:



MONUMENT AT MOORE'S CREEK.

*“Resolved, That the thanks of of this Council be given to Col. James Moore and all the Brave Officers and Soldiers of every denomination for their late very important services rendered their country in effectually suppressing the late daring and dangerous insurrection of the Highlanders and Regulators, and that this Resolve be published in the North Carolina Gazette.”**

In 1857 a monument was erected on the battle-field to commemorate the victory. On one face of the monument is the name of LILLINGTON and on the opposite one is that of CASWELL; on the third face is the inscription already quoted, while on the remaining face is the following:

*Col. Recs., Vol. X, 475.

HERE LIE THE REMAINS OF
PRIVATE JOHN GRADY,
OF DUPLIN COUNTY,
WHO FELL BRAVELY FIGHTING FOR HIS
COUNTRY—THE FIRST MARTYR IN
THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM IN NORTH
CAROLINA, AND THE ONLY WHIG
KILLED IN THE BATTLE.

It would be of great interest, did space permit, to write more fully of these gallant leaders,—Moore and Kenan, Thackston and Martin, Lillington and Caswell, Ashe, Hinton, and others. Their names will ever be gratefully remembered when the story is told of how they fought the fight that saved our State and won “The first victory of the Revolution.” But of equal interest, charm and pride would be the story of the lives of the brave men they led to battle, those sturdy patriots who never laid aside their arms until independence was acknowledged, and who then went back to their homes where, as quiet, private citizens, they helped to build up the “Old North State”—that State which their descendants will ever love, honor and defend.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.,
March 31, 1904.

NOTE.—I thank Dr. C. A. Smith, of the University of North Carolina, for careful reading of the proof, and Mr. A. D. Ward, of New Bern, and Messrs. Junius Davis and J. O. Carr, of Wilmington, for help in collecting *data* used in the preparation of this BOOKLET.

M. C. S. N.



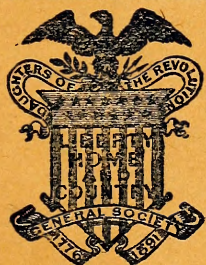


VOL. III

APRIL, 1904

No. 12

THE
NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET



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"CAROLINA! CAROLINA! HEAVEN'S BLESSINGS ATTEND HER!
WHILE WE LIVE WE WILL CHERISH, PROTECT AND DEFEND HER."

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PREFACE.

The object of the NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET is to erect a suitable memorial to the patriotic women who composed the "Edenton Tea Party."

These stout-hearted women are every way worthy of admiration. On October 25, 1774, seven months before the defiant farmers of Mecklenburg had been aroused to the point of signing their Declaration of Independence, nearly twenty months before the declaration made by the gentlemen composing the Vestry of St. Paul's Church, Edenton, nearly two years before Jefferson penned the immortal National Declaration, these daring women solemnly subscribed to a document affirming that they would use no article taxed by England. Their example fostered in the whole State a determination to die, or to be free.

In beginning this new series, the Daughters of the Revolution desire to express their most cordial thanks to the former competent and untiringly faithful Editors, and to ask for the new management the hearty support of all who are interested in the brave deeds, high thought, and lofty lives of the North Carolina of the olden days.

MRS. D. H. HILL.

THE NORTH CAROLINA AND GEORGIA BOUNDARY.*

BY DANIEL R. GOODLOE.

It is not surprising that an important event in the history of North Carolina, which transpired within the present century, has been almost entirely lost sight of in view of the fact that its interesting incidents have not been recorded by any one of our historians. Hawks made thorough work as far as he went, but his valuable history stops short in 1729. His predecessors, Williamson and Martin, only brought down the narrative to the date of the Revolution. Jones wrote only sketches. Colonel Wheeler collected valuable materials for history in compiling the annals of the counties, but he somehow overlooked the most important incident in those of the great county of Buncombe. Mr. Moore refers to it in three lines. I can recall no reference to the affair, even by Governor Swain, whose essays and addresses are not now before me. Yet the materials for a history of this border war and struggle for territory are ample, and are preserved in the most authentic form—that of official documents. I find them in the annals of Congress; and they may be seen in the laws and legislative proceedings of both Georgia and North Carolina.

It appears from the annals of the House of Representatives that a memorial from the Legislature of Georgia was pre-

*Reprinted by permission from the State Normal Magazine. This is a posthumous contribution, Mr. Goodloe having been dead several years.

sented on January 13, 1806, setting forth that great oppression and injury had arisen to sundry citizens of the State in consequence of a claim of the State of North Carolina to certain lands lying within the boundary of Georgia; that the rights of Georgia had been affected and violated thereby, and praying that Congress would interpose and cause the thirty-fifth degree of north latitude to be ascertained, and the line between the two States to be plainly marked.

The memorial was referred to a special committee consisting of Messrs. Spalding of Georgia, George W. Campbell of Tennessee, Moore of South Carolina, Stanford of North Carolina, and Epps of Virginia, with instructions to examine and report their opinion thereupon to the House.

On February 12th Mr. Spalding, of the committee, made a report in which it is stated that between the latitude of 35 degrees north, which is the southern boundary claimed by North Carolina, and the northern boundary of Georgia, as settled by a convention between that State and South Carolina, intervenes a tract of country supposed to be about twelve miles wide, from north to south, and extending in length from the western boundary of Georgia, at Nicajack, on the Tennessee, to her northeastern limits on the Tuzalo. The committee say that this tract was consequently within the limits of South Carolina, and in the year 1787 it was ceded to the United States, who accepted the cession. This territory, the report continues, remained in the possession of the United States until 1802, when it was ceded to the State of Georgia.

The committee, from the best information at hand, estimated the number of settlers upon this territory at 800. It was not known where they came from, and it was denied that they had any title to the land they occupied and on which they had made improvements. No title, indeed, could have been given, the committee say, since the lands remained within the boundary of Cherokee until 1798, when a part of it was purchased by treaty held at Tellico.

At the earnest entreaty of the inhabitants of the territory, we are told, the Legislature of Georgia, in 1803, passed an act to organize the inhabited part of the territory, and to form it into a county, authorizing, at the same time, the Governor to appoint commissioners to meet such commissioners as should be appointed by the Government of North Carolina, to ascertain and plainly mark the line dividing the territory from North Carolina.

After advertng to some circumstances attending the failure of the two States to agree upon terms of settlement, the committee came to the following resolution:

“Resolved, That the President of the United States be authorized to appoint a commissioner to meet such commissioners as may be appointed by the States of North Carolina and Georgia, for the purpose of ascertaining and running the line which divides the territory transferred by the United States to Georgia from North Carolina.

“The report was read and referred to a Committee of the Whole House on Friday next.”

But the Committee of the Whole House failed to take up the report and resolution on the Friday designated; and nothing more was done in the premises. The reader will have noticed that the committee assumed all the facts to be such as they were stated in the memorial. But they failed to impress the majority of Congress as they had done the committee, and the matter was permitted to drop.

It is said, indeed, that the North Carolina delegation gave the assurance that they would represent the matter to the State authorities and endeavor to bring about a settlement without the intervention of Congress.

The county which was organized in the disputed territory by the State of Georgia, and which is referred to in the report of the committee, took the name of a prominent citizen, Judge Walton. It not only bordered on the county of our Buncombe, but it was carved out of it, as the subsequent survey demonstrated. It is a curious fact that that Georgia county within a North Carolina county was, in the settlement of the controversy, erased, expunged, obliterated, and no longer exists, but the State of Georgia—determined to preserve the name—half a dozen years later organized a new county in the interior of the State of the same name! Old Buncombe, on the other hand, though curtailed of her vast proportions, still lives, and on her narrowed territorial limits she contains ten times the population, the wealth and the intelligence which she possessed three quarters of a century ago.

The two States, in 1807, came to an agreement as to the basis of a survey, the result of which, as will be seen, failed

to satisfy the Georgians. They again appealed to Congress, and that circumstance led to the preservation of all the facts in the Annals and in the House Journals. In the latter I find the case presented as follows :

“APRIL 26, 1810.

“Mr. Bibb of Georgia presented a representation of the Legislature of the State of Georgia relative to her claim to a certain tract of country west of the State of South Carolina, ceded to her by the United States in the year one thousand eight hundred and two, which tract of country is claimed by and in the possession of North Carolina, and soliciting the Government of the United States to appoint some person to run the dividing line between the States aforesaid, which was ordered to lie on the table.”

Nothing further was done with the memorial or “representation” at that session. But early in the next, or third, session of the Eleventh Congress, viz., on December 27, 1810, it was, on motion of Mr. Bibb,

“*Ordered*, That the representation of the State of Georgia in relation to their disputed boundary with North Carolina, presented on April 26th last, be referred to a select committee.

“Messrs. Bibb of Georgia, Macon of North Carolina, Calhoun of South Carolina, Stephenson of Virginia, and Ringgold of Maryland, were appointed the said committee.”

I have examined the Journals carefully, as well as the Annals, and find no report from this committee. The appli-

cation appears to have been abandoned by the Georgians as hopeless, as well it might have been, in view of the report made to the Legislature of that State by her commissioners appointed to run the line jointly with those of North Carolina.

The memorial recites that the State of Georgia, by her convention with the United States of April 24, 1802, for the cession of her western territory, having acquired a right to a certain tract of country which was west of South Carolina and separated the States of North Carolina and Georgia; and the commissioners of the United States having held out this territory as a strong and valuable part of the consideration offered, the State of Georgia sent her Surveyor-General to ascertain the extent and quality of the territory she had thus acquired. He ascertained the boundary to be at the points that had long been supposed by South Carolina and by all the precedent claims to this tract of country. Georgia then proceeded to extend her laws and government over the people there resident, and she then, with astonishment, first heard that her claims were to be resisted by North Carolina unless she would agree to sanction grants that had issued from the Government of that State, and which would swallow up the right of soil through the whole extent of country; the sanction of which would have overthrown her benevolent intentions to its resident inhabitants, and confirmed a system of speculation which it had been the effort of Georgia to weed out of the limits of her State.

The memorial states that Georgia, disappointed in her application to North Carolina, then addressed herself to Con-

gress; that her Representatives in Congress refrained from pressing the application, on the assurance given by the North Carolina Representatives that they would bring the matter to the attention of the State authorities. This agreement led to the appointment of commissioners on the part of the two States. The commissioners met and made "some observations" about the latitude of places. But these observations differed so widely from all the preconceived notions of the Georgians that the Legislature of that State refused to abide by the result.

Accordingly, another application was made to the State of North Carolina to appoint commissioners, that the doubts on the subject might be removed, and that if Georgia had no just claim to the territory in dispute, and for which she had given a valuable consideration, she might go to Congress with conclusive evidence of the fact and claim to be remunerated. The memorial proceeds to state that the State of North Carolina had refused to listen to this second proposal for a survey, after Georgia had refused to abide the result of the first.

The application to North Carolina, the memorial states, was reiterated, but was rejected; and hence "The Legislature of Georgia now see but one mode of calming the irritations that have arisen between the two States on this subject; they therefore apply to the Government of the United States to appoint a proper person to run the dividing line between the two States, through the whole extent, either at the expense of the Union, as Georgia believes she has a right to demand, or at the expense of the two States, if Congress should so insist."

A resolution is added, calling on the Senators and Representatives of the State in Congress to press the matter upon the attention of the General Government.

The reader would naturally infer from this statement that the work of the joint commission of the two States was the merest pleasure excursion, and that its results were without moral or legal obligation upon the parties who had agreed to abide by them. But the papers which accompany the memorial, or "representation," as the Legislature chooses to style it, presents the subject in a quite different light.

First, we have correspondence between the two Governors. It begins with a letter from Governor Jared Irwin of Georgia, dated Louisville, Georgia, December 10, 1806. He encloses sundry resolutions adopted by the Legislature of Georgia, and announces that that body had chosen Thomas P. Carnes, Thomas Flournoy and William Barnett as commissioners to ascertain the thirty-fifth degree of north latitude "and plainly to mark the dividing line between the States of North Carolina and Georgia."

Governor Nathaniel Alexander of North Carolina, under date of January 1, 1807, responds cordially to this letter from the Governor of Georgia, encloses him a copy of an act of the Legislature passed at the preceding session, assenting to the proposition of Georgia and appointing the commissioners. In view of the sparse population of the region to be surveyed, Governor Alexander suggests that the commissioners meet at Asheville, in Buncombe county, for the purpose of organizing and agreeing upon the plan of procedure. He announces

that Messrs. John Steele, John Moore, and James Welbourn had been appointed commissioners on the part of North Carolina.

Governor Irwin replies, under date of March 11th, that he had corresponded with the commissioners on the part of Georgia, and that the arrangements proposed by Governor Alexander were quite agreeable to them. The only modification proposed was that the meeting should take place on June 15th instead of April 20th.

In turn, Governor Alexander, on March 25th, acknowledges receipt of Governor Irwin's letter with pleasure, and says June 15th will suit the commissioners from North Carolina.

The gentlemen met at Asheville at the time specified and proceeded to organize for the work before them. The North Carolina commissioners had selected and were accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Caldwell, President of the University and a distinguished mathematician, as their scientific observer. The Georgia commissioners were accompanied by Mr. J. Meigs, also distinguished as a scientist, in the same capacity. They adopted formal articles of agreement as to the mode of procedure.

Article I declares that the territories of Georgia and North Carolina are, and of right ought to be, separated and bounded by the thirty-fifth parallel of north latitude, and for preventing in future all manner of discussions concerning jurisdiction, the underwritten commissioners will proceed forthwith to ascertain the said thirty-fifth degree of north latitude, and to run and mark the line accordingly, which line,

when ascertained and completed with joint concurrence, shall ever after be regarded as the line of separation and boundary between the two States.

Article II simply disclaims on the part of the Georgia commissioners the power to confirm land titles, in the event of the disputed territory falling on the south side of the line. That must be left to future settlement between the two States.

Article III recites that there having been great dissensions between the people resident in the neighboring counties of Buncombe and Walton, and the said dissensions having produced many riots, routs, affrays, assaults, batteries, trespasses, woundings and imprisonments, as well on one side as the other, and it being of primary importance that peace and tranquility should be restored and all animosity and ill-will be forever buried between people who from their local situations will in all probability be constrained to continue in the vicinity of each other, and as the several outrages committed on both sides proceeded more (as the undersigned are impressed) from a mistaken zeal to support the government to which they thought themselves constitutionally bound than from a wish to injure their neighbors or disturb the public peace, the undersigned agree to recommend in the most earnest manner to the Legislatures of their respective States to pass laws of amnesty, forgiveness and oblivion for all such offenses (under the degree of capital) as may have been committed within the said counties of Buncombe and Walton, respectively, subsequent to December 10, 1803, and which

shall have arisen from and had relation to the disputes which existed concerning the jurisdiction of the two States.

These articles are formally signed June 18, 1807, with the mark of the seals (L. S.) by five of the six commissioners and witnessed by James Call, William Robertson, Joseph Caldwell and J. Meigs. The name of Mr. Flournoy of the Georgia commission fails to appear in the proceedings.

The report of the observations, or survey, is given by the Georgia commissioners. Doubtless a similar report was made by the North Carolina commissioners to the Governor or Legislature of that State. But the former is perfectly fair and is all the more satisfactory as coming from the losing side. It is dated July 25, 1807, and signed by Messrs. Carnes and Barnett.

After reciting some of the facts which have been stated above, they say that the proposition of the North Carolina commissioners to make some arrangement for securing the rights of North Carolina patentees of lands that might be found on the south of the dividing line showed that they expected that result, and this accounts for the disclaimer of authority on the part of the Georgia commissioners contained in Article II of the agreement to settle such questions.

The commissioners, all arrangements having been perfected, left Asheville about June 20th for the disputed territory, and made their first observation at the house of Mr. Justice, which they supposed to be upon or near the dividing line of thirty-five degrees. But they say: "Taking the mean difference, it is found that Justice's is on latitude north 35°,

22', 32". In other words, "instead of Justice's being on the line which divides the two States, it was twenty-two miles within old Buncombe." The report continues: "We take leave to state that when the report of this first observation made at Justice's was received our astonishment and disappointment were great in the extreme. We who had been taught to believe from preceding calculations, and those made under the authority of our government, and by a person whose public station obliged us to believe that a scientific fault could not be attributed to him, had the most abundant reason to be astonished and mortified at the result of their first attempt, which made a difference and varied from the preceding observations twenty miles or upwards. The case was the more perplexing and unaccountable when we reflected that all the observations, both by the Surveyor-General of this State and the present artists, were made by the same kind of instruments and such as have become proverbial for their verity and accuracy. We were, however, accompanied by an artist appointed by the Government, whose talents and integrity we had no reason to doubt, and of course were under the necessity of suspending our astonishment and proceeding on the duty assigned us."

On June 22d the commissioners say they proceeded about fifteen miles west, and there, at the mouths of Davidson's and Little rivers, "where Mr. Sturges, the Georgia Surveyor-General, ascertained the thirty-fifth degree of north latitude to be," where another careful observation was made by Messrs.

Meigs and Caldwell. At this place the observation of Mr. Meigs was less favorable to the Georgia claim than that of Mr. Caldwell, although there was substantial agreement between them.

Mr. Caldwell reported $35^{\circ}, 17', 6'', 93'''$.

Mr. Meigs reported $35^{\circ}, 18', 10'', 22'''$.

Upon this the Georgia commissioners remark that "After finding, from the foregoing observation, that we were upwards of seventeen minutes north of the desired point, we agree to proceed to Cæsar's Head, a place on the Blue Ridge about twelve horizontal miles directly south and in the vicinity of Dowthet's Gap." In this vicinity three observations were taken: the first, on June 24th, resulted as follows:

Mr. Meigs' observation showed $35^{\circ}, 11', 1'', 0'''$.

Mr. Caldwell's observation showed $35^{\circ}, 9', 15'', 21'''$.

The second on the 26th:

By Mr. Meigs, $35^{\circ}, 6', 20'', 24'''$.

By Mr. Caldwell, $35^{\circ}, 7', 21'', 11'''$.

And on June 28th, which was the last observation, Georgia makes the latitude $35^{\circ}, 02', 57'', 56'''$.

North Carolina, $35^{\circ}, 04', 54'', 04'''$.

The commissioners say: "This last observation, on the 28th, was made under unfavorable circumstances, as the clouds obscured the sun, about the time he was on the meridian, in such a degree that only one imperfect glimpse could be obtained."

These Georgia commissioners then refer to the supplementary articles signed by them conjointly with those from North Carolina.

Article I of this document is as follows: "The commissioners of Georgia, for and on the part of their State, acknowledge and admit, which acknowledgment and admission are founded on the aforesaid astronomical observations, that the State of Georgia hath no claim to the soil or jurisdiction of any part of the territory northwest of the ridge of mountains which divide the eastern from the western waters, commonly called the Blue Ridge, and east or south of the present temporary boundary line between the white people and the Indians.

"And that they will consequently recommend to the Legislature of the State of Georgia to repeal, at the next ensuing session, the act to establish the county of Walton, and to abrogate and to annul all executive, ministerial or other proceedings for the organization thereof."

Article II of this supplemental agreement gives the pledge of the North Carolina commissioners that they, in turn, will exert their influence to dissuade the authorities of Buncombe from proceeding in the arrest of parties for the breaches of the peace in the disputed territory until the Legislature shall have had time to act in the premises.

This paper is signed by the five commissioners and witnessed by "J. Meigs, Joseph Caldwell, William Robertson and Amos Justice."

Next follow the reports of the astronomical observers, signed jointly by them, from which the Georgia commissioners made up their report to Governor Irwin. They need not be repeated here.

December 28, 1808, Governor Irwin of Georgia writes to Governor Stone of North Carolina, informing him that the Legislature of Georgia urgently requested the appointment, on the part of North Carolina, of a new commission to meet one already appointed by Georgia for the purpose of ascertaining the thirty-fifth parallel of latitude.

Governor Stone replies under date of March 21, 1809, expressing regret that he could not do so at an earlier date. He informs him that his (Governor Irwin's) previous communications on the same subject had been laid before the Legislature, and that that body considered the subject of difference between the two States as solemnly adjusted. "Indeed, it does not readily occur on what basis the adjustment is to rest, if not upon that where it now stands—the plighted faith of two States to abide by the determination of commissioners mutually chosen for the purpose of making the adjustment those commissioners actually made. I cannot, therefore, consistently with my sense of duty, make the appointment urged in your letter of December last."

Before this letter of Governor Stone reached Governor Irwin the latter wrote again, March 16th, urging the matter, to which Governor Stone politely replied, reiterating what he had already said.

The Legislature of North Carolina, December 17, 1807, adopted and ratified by an act of that date the joint report of the commissioners of the two States, and on the following day, December 18th, it passed an act of amnesty for offenders within the disputed territory, as recommended by the commissioners.

And this was the case which the Georgia Legislature sent up by way of appeal to Congress. It is not surprising, after being referred to a committee of which a Georgia member was made chairman, it was never heard of again.

The Legislature of Georgia, on December 5, 1807, put forth an earnest protest against the decision arrived at by their own commissioners. They declare that the very slight discrepancies in the observations of Messrs. Meigs and Caldwell "ought to have raised in their minds rational doubts as to the accuracy of the instruments," etc.

The Legislature further declares, by resolution, some facts which are not sustained by the report of their commissioners, viz., that the commissioners from the State, in their "zealous solicitude," made repeated efforts to induce the North Carolina commissioners to join them in further surveys. On the contrary, the Georgia commissioners, as has been shown above, "sorrowfully" admitted their disappointment in finding that the claims set up by their State were without foundation.

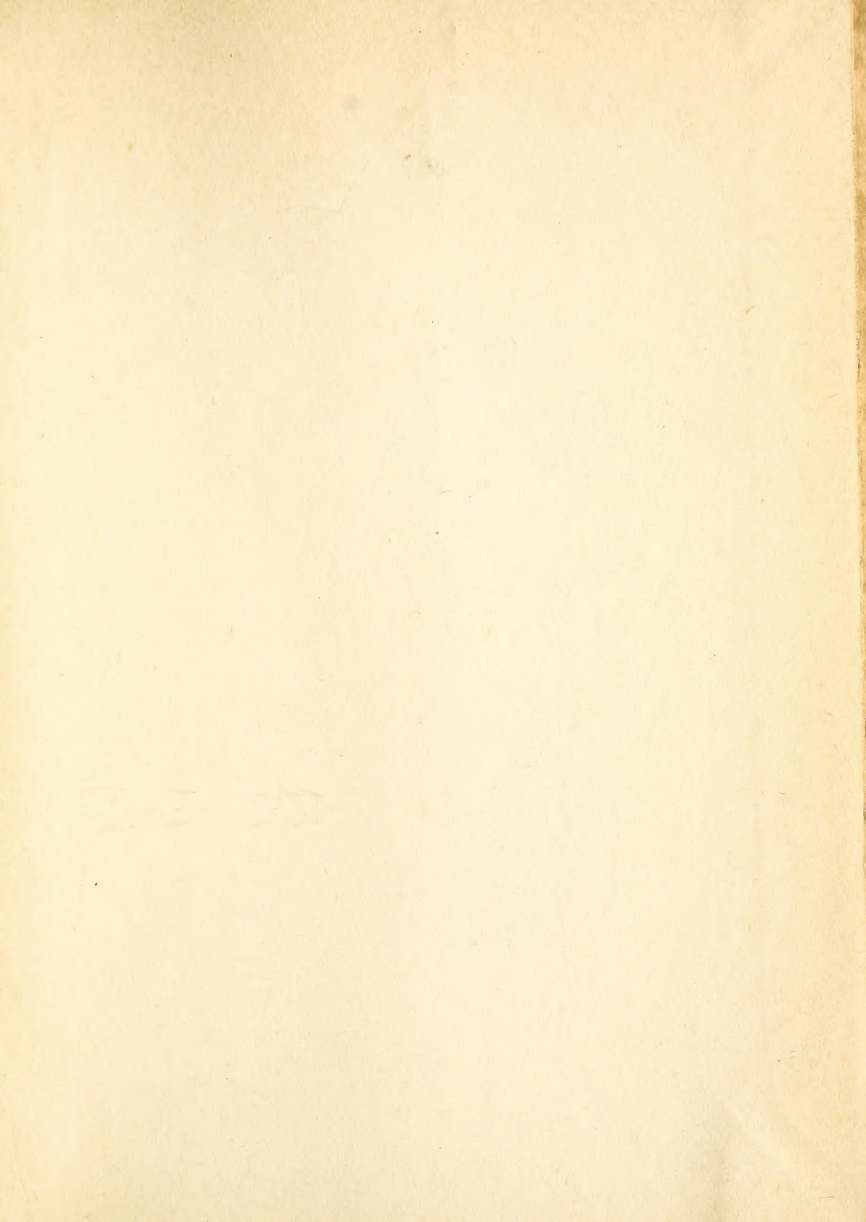
But it is gratifying to know that the Georgians finally acquiesced in the report of the commissioners. Indeed, there is reason to believe that they at length became convinced that their claim of jurisdiction over the disputed territory was

without foundation, for when in the year 1819 some of their citizens who had set up claims to land in the extemporized county of Walton appealed to the Legislature for redress their claims were summarily rejected. The petition was referred to what was called "the Joint Committee on the State of the Republic," which reported "that they have had under their consideration the petition of sundry citizens of what was formerly Walton county, in this State, and the accompanying documents, and are of opinion that it would be unreasonable and improper for the State of Georgia to compensate the said petitioners for their alleged losses of land and other property."

There can be no doubt that the Georgians were fully persuaded of the justice of their claim of jurisdiction over the disputed territory. And when they called in the astronomers to interrogate the heavenly bodies, like Balak, the son of Zippor, king of the Moabites, who sent the messengers, with the rewards of divination, to Balaam, the son of Beor, to curse the Israelites, they confidently anticipated a favorable answer. But as the prophet of Moab, to do him justice, albeit less gifted with spiritual insight than the ass he rode, gave an honest report of what the Lord revealed to him, so did the astronomers truly state what they learned from the sun at noon and from the stars in their courses by night. And as Balak, the son of Zippor, was dissatisfied with the first answer and with the second answer reported by Balaam from the Lord, so were the Georgia commissioners with the answers reported by the astronomers after communing with the heav-

only hosts. Altar after altar was reared upon every hill-top, yet the same answer came.

But here the parallel ceases. The Georgians have been wiser than the people of Moab. Within a generation they have submitted to the inevitable, they bowed to the decrees of fate, and peace reigned.





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Oxford

E.H.H.



