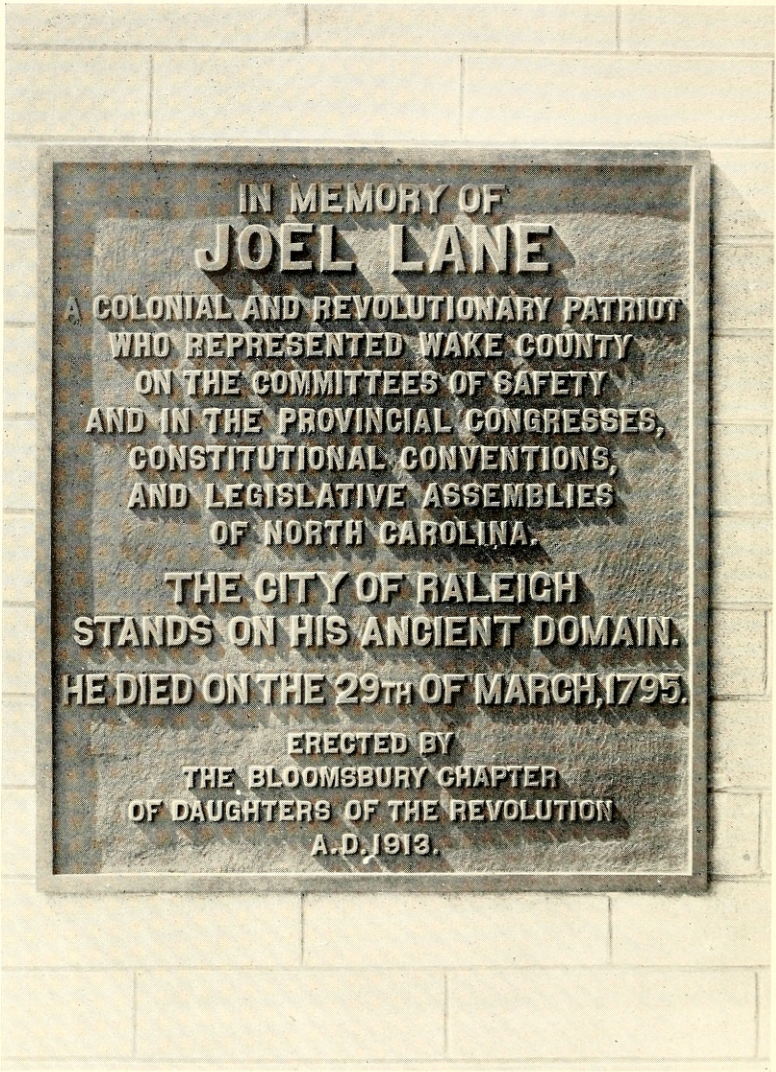
IN MEMORY OF
JOEL LANE
A COLONIAL AND REVOLUTIONARY PATRIOT
WHO REPRESENTED WAKE COUNTY
ON THE COMMITTEES OF SAFETY
AND IN THE PROVINCIAL CONGRESSES,
CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTIONS,
AND LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLIES
OF NORTH CAROLINA.
THE CITY OF RALEIGH
STANDS ON HIS ANCIENT DOMAIN.
HE DIED ON THE 29TH OF MARCH, 1795.
ERECTED BY
THE BLOOMSBURY CHAPTER
OF DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION
A.D. 1913.

Vol. XIII JULY, 1913 No. 1

The North Carolina Booklet

"Carolina! Carolina! Heaven's blessings attend her!
While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her."

Published by
THE NORTH CAROLINA SOCIETY
DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION

The object of THE BOOKLET is to aid in developing and preserving North Carolina History. The proceeds arising from its publication will be devoted to patriotic purposes. EDITOR.

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THE NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET

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CHRISTMAS AT BUCHOI, A NORTH CAROLINA RICE PLANTATION*

BY REBECCA CAMERON.

(Regent General Francis Nash Chapter Daughters of the Revolution.)

My grandfather lived on a rice plantation on the Cape Fear River in the section known as "The Neck," a region noted for open-handed hospitality, wealth, refinement, and culture. He owned a large number of negroes and was an amiable, easy-going master, much more interested in literature than in rice planting, and preserving in his daily life many of the habits of his English ancestors.

The Christmas holidays on his plantation lasted from Christmas Eve—always a half-holiday—until the Yule log burnt in two after New Year's Day. The first work done in the New Year was the selection by the negroes of the Yule log, or, as they called it, the "Christmas back-log," for the next Christmas fire.

The driver† marshaled a gang of the best axe hands, and down they went into the swamp to select the biggest, knottiest, most indestructible cypress tree that could be found, which was felled with great ceremony, while the hands chanted a part of the "Coonah" song:

Christmas comes but once a year,
Ho rang du rango!
Let everybody have a share,
Ho rang du rango!

When the tree was cut down the butt end of the stock was measured the length of the hall fireplace "up to de gret

*Published in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, Christmas, 1891.

†One of the negroes who was selected by the overseer as a superintendent of the working force or "field hands."

house," and cut or sawed off, then hauled down to the canal and anchored, where it would get thoroughly water-logged during the ensuing twelve months.

The object of this was to keep it from being burnt out too soon, for as long as the Yule log burned the whole plantation force had holiday.

A day or two before Christmas the back-log was hauled to the house and given a bed in the sand, so that the surface water could drain off. Christmas morning, the moment the first misguided fowl "crowed for day," the back-log was carried into the great holly-wreathed hall, the massive brass andirons were dragged forward on the wide, ample hearth, a bed of wet ashes was carefully prepared, and the huge log laid on it; and then an artistic fire of fragrant, resinous lightwood and seasoned oak was built up against it, and the revels had begun.

The week before Christmas—ah! what a deliciously busy and expectant season it was.

The fanners* full of eggs that were carried into the storeroom, gave promise of endless puddings, pies, and cakes; while sundry tantalizing whiffs that were borne to us whenever we ranged near the door, and, who could keep away?—made us all long with childish eagerness to shorten the days.

Busy days they were indeed. Holly and mistletoe had to be wreathed for the hall, dining room and ball room. Candle papers were to be cut and dipped in melted spermaceti. Cake papers of most elaborate design, were to be originated by aunt's artistic fingers. All the china, silver and glass had to be washed and polished; all the finest, oldest, oddest things in the house replenishing were brought out to do honor to the great festival.

The linen closets were ransacked and dozens of the finest

*Fanners were large square split baskets, holding about two-and-a-half bushels, and were for carrying rough rice from the fans to the mortars.

damask cloths and napkins sent down to the hall closets. Relays of sheets, pillow-cases, blankets and counterpanes were put into readiness for the impromptu beds that were going to be made up wherever there was room for a man to stretch himself.

Christmas eve came at last and found the house filled with guests. We children were scrubbed within an inch of our lives, so as to be clean for Christmas, mammy well knowing the impossibility of getting one of us to consent to the daily bath next morning. Then there was a great flitting about to hang up the stockings, and mammy must take notice just whose stocking it was that hung at the foot of the bed, and whose hung on either side of the fire-place, and on the bureau knob; while mammy's own stocking, by universal consent, was given the best place in the room, and hung on a chair right before the fire-place. Then we were tucked into bed, quite sure we would lie awake to see Santa Claus, but only rousing when, at 4:00 o'clock, the horn at the quarters blew a long, clear blast, and we felt the door shake as the men staggered through the hall passage with the great back-log.

By the time our stockings were emptied and examined, grandpa, fully dressed, had come out of his room into the hall, where the servants had set out all the materials for making egg-nog on a gigantic scale. A fanner of fresh eggs, great dishes of sugar, and the claret of liquors. When the eggs were beaten to the required degree, viz.: until the yolks were the color of rich cream and the whites adhered steadily to the dish when it was turned upside down, the whole was put together in the gigantic china punch-bowl, relic of ancestral feastings across seas in "ye olde countrie," I would not dare to say how many eggs, or how much brandy and rum went into the concoction of that bowl of egg-nog.

When it was pronounced right a waiter of glasses was

filled and handed 'round to the assembled company, and then "the stand"—a great circular, claw-footed mahogany table—was lifted out on the wide front piazza, the flaming sconces were lighted, and the egg-nog bowl, surrounded by pyramids of tumblers, placed upon it. The driver, lurking somewhere in the shadows, began to beat a furious tatoo on the drum, and, as if by magic, all at once the house was surrounded by a sea of torch-bearing negroes, all the hands from the quarters, who had come over to wish "ole master" a happy Christmas, and to receive from him a glass of egg-nog apiece.

My grandfather knew every one of his negroes, big and little, by name, and his greeting was always personal to each. They came up in couples, according to age and dignity, and the unvarying formula was: "Sarvant Master; merry Christmas to you, an' all de fambly, sir!" "Thank you, Jack; merry Christmas to you and yours!"

The "drinking Christmas" is at last ended; the negroes returned to the quarters, and after breakfast reassembled again to "git Christmas," as they phrased it. All the family gathered on the front piazza, which was strung with hampers filled with all sorts of things for Christmas gifts. Grandpa invariably gave money, fifty cents in silver, to the men, a quarter to the women, and a shilling and sixpence, respectively, to "the chaps" (half-grown boys) and little children, who, in plantation parlance, were called "the trash gang." The ladies distributed the contents of the hampers. Gloves, comforters, Madras handkerchiefs, printed cotton handkerchiefs, balls, tops, knives, pipes, shawls, aprons, cravats, caps, hoods, all sorts of things that experience had taught their owners the negroes most delighted in. Barrels of apples and great waiters piled up high with gingerbread and cakes, were divided out, until the last little bow-legged tot had been made happy.

From the piazza in a straight line to the store-room filed all the negro women who were wives, "to draw Christmas," which meant getting an extra allowance of meat, rice, molasses, coffee, sugar, flour, dried fruit, and anything of the sort they chose to ask for, to make their holiday feasting. The week before there had been a great hog killing, so that fresh pork would be in abundance for every cabin at the quarters. Then everywhere revelry had full swing. The gentlemen, headed by "ole Master," went deer hunting, with a pack of hounds and out-riders, returning to "a great dining dinner," a special phrase that seemed to heighten the magnitude of the feast to the negroes.

The evening closed with a dance in the ball-room. Uncle Robin, dressed in my great-grandfather's regimentals, and looking supremely absurd, was the head fiddler, and a remarkably fine one, too. It was delightful to watch him ascend the musicians' stand, bowing with great ceremoniousness to the friendly greetings of the neighborhood gentry, from whom he was quite sure of a perfect shower of gold and silver pieces in the pauses of the dance. "Big Ben" and "Cousin Hannah's Ben," who played second and third fiddle to the old autocrat, followed with due humility behind him, quite certain of as many reproofs from him as they got quarters from the young gentlemen. The banjo player was a unique—a great, big, heavy, awkward-looking fellow, black until he looked blue—and a typical negro; the very last man on the plantation that you would have suspected of having a note of music in him, but just give him a banjo! Dan tuned languidly, with half-shut eyes, struck a note or two to test the strings, and then—if you had one note of dancing blood in your veins you belonged to him till he chose to stop.

All the negroes came over to the house "to look on," and it would have been hard to tell which half of the company—

those indoors or out—had the merriest time. Somewhere about midnight there was a general distribution of hot apple-toddy and rum-punch, and after that came the Virginia reel, and the ball was ended.

The second day after Christmas the John Coonahs* began to make their appearance. Some time in the course of the morning an ebony herald, breathless with excitement, would project the announcement: "De John Coonahs comin'!" and away flew every pair of feet within nursery precincts.

There they come sure enough! A long, grotesque procession, winding slowly over the hill from the quarters; a dense body of men (the women took no part in it, save as spectators) dressed in the oddest, most fantastic garb, representing birds and beasts and men, ragged and tattered, until "ragged as a Coonah" was a common plantation simile; with stripes and tatters of all sorts of cloth, in which white and red flannel had a conspicuous part, sewed all over their clothes in tufts and fringes. They were, indeed, a marvelous spectacle. Rude imitations of animals' heads, with and without horns, hid some faces; pasteboard masks covered some, while streaks and spots of red, white and yellow paint metamorphosed others, and immense beards of horse hair or Spanish moss, were plentiful.

The leader—for there seemed to be some regular organization among them, though I could never persuade any negro to explain it to me—was the most fantastic figure among them all. A gigantic pair of branching deer horns decorated his head; his arms, bare to the elbows, were hung with bracelets thickly set with jingling bells and metal rings;

*I have been unable to discover the origin of the Coonahs and do not know in how many of the Southern States they were known. My impression is that the custom was introduced into South Carolina by the slaves who accompanied Governor Sir John Yeamans from the Barbadoes, and from there were brought by his descendants into North Carolina, when they resettled his old colony on the Cape Fear River. They were confined altogether to the low country or tide-water region. The Coonahs were an institution principally known on the South Carolina, Georgia and Florida coast, and in New Orleans.

similar bells were fastened to the fringes of rags around his legs.

The banjo, the bones, triangles, castanets, fifes, drums and all manner of plantation musical instruments, accompanied the procession. One of the Coonahs, generally a small and very nimble man, dressed in woman's clothes, and though dancing with frantic zeal, never violated the proprieties supposed to be incumbent upon the wearer of skirts.

Once before the hall-door the leader snapped his whip with a crack like a pistol-shot. Everything stood still for an instant; we dared not draw a breath and could hear the tumultuous beating of our hearts as we pressed close to mammy or grandpa.

The awful stillness is broken by another resonant crack of the whip, and at the instant the whole medley of instruments began to play, and, with their first note, out into the open sprang the dancers. Those weird, grotesque, even hideous creatures embody the very ideal of joyous, harmonious movement. Faster and faster rings out the wild, barbaric melody; faster and faster falls the beat of the flying feet, never missing the time by the space of a midget's breath. One after the other of the dancers fall out of line, until only the woman and the leader are left to exhibit their best steps and movements.

About this time one of the dancers, a hideous travesty of a bear, snatches a hat off the head of the nearest pickaninny, and begins to go around to the "white folks" to gather the harvest of pennies with which every one is provided. All the while the dance was in progress the musical voice of the leader was chanting the Coonah song, the refrain of which was taken up by hundreds of voices.

As the wild chant draws to a close out of the hall door run a bevy of white children with laps and hats full of nuts, raisins, apples, oranges, cakes and candy, and scatter the

whole among the crowd. Such a scramble as follows! The last fragment gathered up, all at once the leader cracks his whip, and whirls around with his face from the house, and the crowd marches to the next plantation.

Some time during the Christmas week the negroes had a grand ball. There was a very large and comfortable servants' hall attached to my grandfather's kitchen, and in it the ball was held. It was made gay with holly and myrtle boughs, myrtle-wax candles in the ball-room sconces lighted the scene, aided by the immense silver branch candle-sticks, the crowning glory of the great drawing-room. Nor seldom the ball was opened by "young master hisself," who danced either with his mammy, the driver's wife, or some newly-wedded bride.

But, meanwhile, the Yule log has been slowly burning out. Uncle Tony, coming to mend the fire, discovers that the log is only two chunks now. When the family go to dinner he will carry one chunk out, extinguish the fire upon it, and lay it in the path between the house and the kitchen. The next morning he will put it away in the corner of the woodhouse to start the next year's Christmas fire. But while it lies in the path it is a sign well understood. Over the plantation has flown the news: "De back-log done burn in two, an' Cousin Tony lay um out!"

The long merry festival has ended. The negroes will dance and frolic all night long, and tomorrow, at daybreak, the overseer's horn will blow; each gang will muster under its head man, and the plantation work begin.

GENERAL WILLIAM LEE DAVIDSON

AN ADDRESS BY MAJOR W. A. GRAHAM,* DELIVERED AT THE UNVEILING OF A MONUMENT TO GENERAL DAVIDSON, VOTED BY CONGRESS, AT THE GUILFORD BATTLEGROUND, JULY 4, 1906.

Mr. President of the Guilford Battle Ground Company, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Fourth of July celebrations are usually expected to be accompanied with flights of eloquence and streams of oratory as the deeds of our ancestors and the blessings they have secured for mankind are brought to memory. Although a century and a fourth have elapsed since he of whom I speak to you gave his life as a part of the price of the independence of America, yet so little history has been written concerning his services that a simple memorial oration would be but little understood or appreciated by my audience. In order to have true history we must first collect the "ana" or account of the individual incidents or deeds of the individual. These the annalist arranges with reference to date of occurrence and then the historian is ready for his work. Comparison of events and individuals with panegyrics, etc., follow. Today I come not with an oration, but with some "ana," some annals, some history concerning my subject, and hope I may furnish a paper that will be useful to the writer and student of North Carolina history. I fear that many of our people do not appreciate the claims of the State to the glories and blessings of the Fourth of July—hail its coming with joyful acclaim and have a just pride in all that concerns it. The men of whom you shall hear today rendered their services and gave their lives to establish the Fourth of July as an important date in the calendars of the nations of the earth.

*A biographical sketch of the writer of this article appeared in Vol. XI, No. 1.

Then while we will never cease to honor the memory of the men who followed Lee and his lieutenants in 1861-'65, let us not forget the services of those who followed Washington and Greene in 1776-'81, and the blessings they purchased for us.

In most of the States there are no localities to recall events of the Revolution. The oldest inhabitant almost recollects the first house or even when the Indians left. The military monuments relate almost wholly to the Civil War. And as the father tells his son of the hero commemorated, embellishing with real or imaginary narration, he arouses and perpetuates sectional feeling and keeps alive in the youth animosity for a portion of his countrymen. With us it is different: this battlefield, Moore' Creek, Charlotte, and the other places of revolutionary engagements, are object lessons in teaching patriotism. From almost every hill-top in my vicinity we see Kings Mountain; it aids in perpetuating the valor of our ancestors and encouraging love for the Union.

During the Civil War, when the body of the heroic grandson was interred by that of the grandfather of Revolutionary fame, pride was felt in his conduct and generations will be taught to remember it—but there was and has been no lessening of the admiration and veneration of the deeds of the grand-sire in making America a Nation.

GEN. WILLIAM LEE DAVIDSON.

Davidson's Creek, having its source a few miles north of Mooresville, in Iredell (formerly Rowan) County, flows in a southeast direction and empties into the Catawba River below Beattie's Ford, in Mecklenburg County.

Among the families that settled upon the lands of the upper portion of the creek prior to the Revolution were those of Davidson, Ramsey, Brevard, Osborne, Winslow, Kerr, Rankin, Templeton, Dickey, Brawley, Moore, and Emerson. They came principally from Pennsylvania and Maryland.

From the Davidsons the creek derived its name. They were generally Scotch-Irish Presbyterians and as was the custom of these people, organized themselves into a "congregation" for the promotion of religion and education.

Among the early settlers was George Davidson and family, from Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in 1750. His youngest son, William Lee Davidson, was born in 1746. He was educated at Charlotte at the Academy, which afterwards became successively Queen's Museum and Liberty Hall, but probably attended the Centre Academy prior to coming to Charlotte. There is some confusion as to his name—whether "Lee" is properly a portion of it. He appears upon the muster rolls under both names. In his will, which is recorded in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court in Salisbury, he says: "I, William Lee Davidson," and signs it "Wm. L. Davidson." This settles the question.

His pension and land grant for services are to William Davidson. He is not mentioned in the records as William Lee until he becomes lieutenant-colonel, October 4, 1777. So in historical matters he is both William and William Lee, and can not be restricted to either name. I think Lee was the maiden name of his mother, or some of her connection. His eldest son was called George Lee. His youngest son, born several months after his death and named for him, was called William Lee.

William Lee Davidson, after reaching his majority, made his home prior to his marriage with his cousin, Major George Davidson. He married Mary, the eldest child of John Brevard, and settled on Davidson's Creek at what is now known as the McPherson place, and owned afterwards by Hon. Rufus Reid. He also owned the land upon which Davidson College is located. It was sold by his son, William Lee, to the trustees of the college in 1835.

DAVIDSON COUNTY.

In 1783 the Legislature organized the county of Davidson and named the county seat Nashville, in honor of Generals Davidson and Nash. When Tennessee was conveyed to the United States this ceased to be a part of North Carolina, as did also Washington, Greene, Hawkins, Sullivan, and Sumner counties. In 1822 the present county of Davidson was formed, as the State desired to honor his name. In 1777 the county of Nash had been organized.

DAVIDSON COLLEGE.

August 26, 1835, the Concord Presbytery resolved "that the manual labor institution which we are about to build be called Davidson College, as a tribute to the memory of that distinguished and excellent man, General William Davidson, who in the ardor of patriotism fearlessly contending for the liberty of his country, fell (universally lamented) in the battle of Cowan's Ford."

THE DAVIDSON MONUMENT.

September 20, 1781, Congress enacted the following resolution:

"That the Governor and Council of the State of North Carolina be directed to erect a monument at the expense of the United States, not exceeding in value five hundred dollars, to the memory of the late Brigadier-General Davidson, who commanded the militia of the district of Salisbury, in the State of North Carolina, and was killed on the first of February last, fighting gallantly for the defense of the liberty and independence of these states."

This matter was revived in Congress at different times, notably by Senator W. A. Graham in 1841 and 1842, and attention was called to it at various times by the Society of the Cincinnati and private individuals, among them Prof. W. A. Withers, of the North Carolina A. and M. College, and later by the Guilford Battle Ground Company, and an

appropriation urged to execute the resolution of 1781, but not until 1902, through the labors of Hon. W. W. Kitchin, the present worthy Representative from this the Fifth North Carolina District, in the House of Representatives of the United States Congress, was an appropriation secured. He was materially aided in its enactment by the labors of Colonel Bennehan Cameron, who represented the Society of the Cincinnati, and Col. Joseph M. Morehead, the efficient president of the Guilford Battle Ground Company, to whose patriotic services much of the work of preserving and adorning this historic field is due. By means of this appropriation of five thousand dollars, this monument has been erected. *General Davidson was a citizen of Rowan (now Iredell) County, and his services are to be credited to that county, and not to Mecklenburg, as is sometimes done.*

In 1848, in his message to the Legislature, Governor Graham recommended an appropriation for monuments to Generals Nash and Davidson, as Congress had neglected to make the necessary provision. In concluding he said:

"It would be a fitting memorial of the patriotic services and sacrifices of the illustrious dead and a perpetual incentive to the living to lead such lives, and if duty demanded it, to devote themselves to such deaths for their country."

SERVICES IN THE REVOLUTION.

The commencement of hostilities in the Revolution was not similar to a riot or outbreak where one day there is order and law, and the next strife and turmoil. The aspirations of the people individually and collectively for liberty and self-government were well fertilized by the oppressive conduct of officers of the Crown and the unfriendly legislation of Parliament. The approach of the storm was visible and preperations were made for its coming. The flouring mills were the points where neighbors met. As he communicated his ideas of liberty to comrades he sowed seed in fertile ground,

or watered that already germinating; the work continued until the harvest was ripe. The first organizations were in captain's "beats," which were the unit of organization until "townships" were introduced in 1868, then by regiment or county, then Superior Court districts or brigade, afterwards State or Province.

COMMITTEES OF SAFETY.

The first governing bodies were Committees of Safety, and were organized in New Hanover, Mecklenburg, Rowan, and perhaps other counties, as early as 1773. The county committees were generally composed of two representatives from each captain's beat. The convention, May 20, 1775, at Charlotte, was probably the Committee of Safety for Mecklenburg County. General Graham, in his address at Charlotte, May 20, 1835, says these committees continued for fifteen years or more.

Subsequent to the Revolution they usually met after the election and framed instructions to Representatives in the Legislature, that he received such instruction in 1789 and 1790 when Senator. That at that time (1835) there were laws in existence that had been suggested by these committees. The journal of the Committee of Safety of Rowan County is preserved as early as August 8, 1774, and shows existence before that date.

William Davidson appears as a member September 23d, and was probably one of the members at the organization. He is appointed a member of a committee of twenty-five to see that the resolves of the Provincial and Continental Congresses are observed. This is the first appearance of his name upon the records. At the same session he is appointed a member of a committee to cite certain persons to appear before the Committee of Safety to answer the charge of advancing the price of powder.

MILITIA SERVICE.

August 1, 1775, formation of companies of "minute men" is authorized, who shall be ready to respond immediately to the call of the committee. At this session he is mentioned as captain of militia and ordered to impress some ammunition in the possession of John Work. During this month the Provincial Congress provided for the organization of the State and he is named on the committee for Rowan County. The State simply extended the captain's beat and county organization, retaining the name of Committee of Safety, except for the State, which was called Provincial Council.

September 20th his militia company is reported as containing one hundred and eighteen men.

October 17, 1775, under the law of the Provincial Congress, he is elected a member of the Committee of Safety for the county of Rowan, the committee being now elected by the freeholders and householders of the county.

November 28th he reported a company of minute men as organized and a committee is appointed to inspect the company and see that it is composed of "able, effective men."

In December, 1775, he served under General Rutherford against the Schovilite tories in South Carolina in the "Snow Campaign," probably with his company of minute men; also in the campaign against the Cherokee Indians in the fall of 1776. (State Records, Vol. XV, p. 113.)

THE NORTH CAROLINA LINE, OR CONTINENTALS.

In August, 1775, North Carolina organized two regiments to serve "during the war." In April, 1776, in compliance with the act of Congress to furnish nine battalions "to serve during the war," four more regiments were organized, which, with the two formed the year before, six in all, constituted the nine battalions.

William Davidson was commissioned Major of the Fourth Regiment April 15, 1776.

These troops were designated the "North Carolina Line or Continentals," as distinguishing them from the militia, which retained its former organization, and was called into service by the State authorities for designated terms of service, generally three months. This distinction of troops was not observed by all the States. Massachusetts and the other New England States succeeded in having Congress to recognize nearly all their troops as Continentals, however short the term of enlistment or call to service, and thus had a large force recorded as Continentals who did not serve nearly as long as many of the North Carolina militia, and the New England States thus secured the appointment of a much larger number of general officers in the Continental force than they were justly entitled to, and obtained for their troops the benefit of the acts of the Continental Congress. The militia was under control of the State, the Continental, of Congress.

The frequent reduction of General Washington's forces to inconveniently small numbers by the return home of many of the troops of the Northern States whose short terms of enlistment would expire, interfered much with its efficiency and prevented action of importance to the American cause.

This New England Continental Army, except the officers, was with difficulty kept embodied after Washington assumed command during the siege of Boston, owing to short enlistments, and soon melted away when the British evacuated the city in March, 1776. Having had a short military service, they returned home to enjoy the comforts of the fireside and the appropriations of the Continental Congress.

In the campaign of 1776 the loss of the State of New York and the retreat through New Jersey of Washington with his depleted army is attributed to this cause.

Early in 1777 Congress, in order to remedy this evil, ordered the North Carolina brigade to march to reënforce the army of the commander-in-chief, and furnish him a force that could be depended upon for permanent and efficient service.

These troops, under Colonel Martin, Generals Howe and Moore, had "seen service" against the Schovilite tories in South Carolina; under Major-General Lee in the repulse of Clinton and Parker at Charleston, S. C., and against the Loyalists of the Cape Fear section. General Moore had died in April, 1777. General Howe was in command of the Department of the South. Colonel Nash was promoted to brigadier general and placed in command. The troops were in Charleston as late as February, but before May had assembled at Halifax and begun the march northward.

In May, 1777, Col. Alex. Martin, of the Second Regiment, writes General Washington that he has reached Alexandria, Va., with the advance of the brigade; that nine battalions, with a total of forty-five hundred men, had left Halifax as reinforcements to his army; that the men who had not had smallpox would go into camp (at Georgetown) for inoculation; that Major Jethro Sumner would proceed immediately with a command of all the immunes. A report of Major Sumner's command, ten days later, shows only one hundred and sixty men. This would indicate that 4,300 men went into camp for inoculation. The number which died can not be accurately stated. Governor Graham, in his address upon the "Life and Character of General Greene," (December, 1860), states that "an extensive burial place is still recognized in that place (Georgetown) as the sepulchre of the North Carolina troops who died there of the malady." This was twenty years before the discovery of vaccination. The disease was communicated by applying the virus from one

afflicted with it to the patient, and he had a genuine case of smallpox. Courage to endure the agonies of this camp was greater than that to face the enemy in battle.

The troops reached Washington's army in June at Middlebrook, New Jersey, and were organized by General Nash.

There is no report of the services of this brigade as a body in the campaigns under General Washington. It is only from references to service or parts of it by other officers that we procure any information. Concerning its action in the battle of Germantown in which the brigade was a part of the division of Major-General Greene, Marshall and other historians only state that General Nash was killed. It is known that Colonel Irwin and Captain Turner were killed, Colonel Buncombe was mortally wounded and taken prisoner, and Colonel Polk wounded.

General Sullivan, of New Hampshire, in his report to the Governor of that State, says a North Carolina regiment, under Colonel Armstrong, in conjunction with his own division, had driven the enemy a mile and a half beyond Chew's house, before the panic occurred. The North Carolina brigade was acting as a unit, and it is possible that this was the work of the entire command with Colonel Armstrong conspicuously in the van. Davidson is promoted this date to Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fifth Regiment. Tradition says for gallantry in the action.

The earliest report of the strength of the brigade on the records of the United States War Department is November 11, 1777, and shows 139 officers and 1,025 men, total 1,156 present for duty.

After the battle of Brandywine, September 11, 1777, the Second and Third regiments were consolidated and were called the Second. After the battle of Germantown the First and Fourth were merged into the First. The Eighth Battal-

ion was disbanded, the men in it being transferred to the Second Regiment. This would indicate severe loss in the North Carolina troops in these actions.

Davidson appears as Lieutenant-Colonel of the First in 1777 and 1780. In May, 1778, Congress ordered the consolidation of the North Carolina troops into full battalions and that the officers not needed to command these battalions should return to North Carolina to command the four additional regiments to be furnished by the State. Moon's Creek, near the Virginia line, in Caswell County, on the old plank road, about midway between Danville, Va., and Yanceyville, N. C., and Halifax were named as points of rendezvous for the troops; and commissioners sent to these points to designate the officers of the respective commands. A church of the Primitive Baptists, called by the name, now marks the locality of Moon's Creek encampment. The whole to assemble at Bladensburg, Maryland.

Lieutenant-Colonel Davidson assumed command of those who met at Charlotte, being joined on the march by volunteers from other points. On reaching Moon's Creek news of the battle of Monmouth was received; that the British had gone to New York and there was no urgent need of reinforcements. Many of the men from western North Carolina took furloughs until again called to service. There was considerable dissatisfaction and some mutinous conduct on the part of some of the officers and men as to payment of bounty and fixing a definite time for service to commence. This was to be after passing the State's border.

July 18th Colonel Thackston writes Colonel Hogan about sending the paymaster at once to Colonel Davidson's relief, concerning which he (Davidson) had written him. Colonel Davidson assumed command of those who continued in service and after these disagreements were settled, moved to

Bladensburg to join the contingent that had assembled at Halifax, and thence to Washington's army. They remained with this army until November, 1779, when the North Carolina Continental Brigade was ordered to reinforce General Lincoln at Charleston.

In May the Legislature had requested the brigade to be sent south. Congress replied that this was impracticable in the summer, but it would be done in the fall. The brigade then numbered seven hundred and thirty-seven efficient men. It arrived at Charleston in March. Colonel Davidson having obtained, en route, a furlough to visit his family, did not report at Charleston before it was encompassed by the enemy and thus escaped capture at the surrender.

The muster rolls of the Continental Line show that the field officers of a regiment each had a company, the captains being omitted in organization of such companies. In Vol. XIV of the State Records, page 294, there is the roll of Lieutenant-Colonel W. L. Davidson's company on April 23, 1779. It contained, after leaving the smallpox camp, sixty-two men; nineteen of these had died, nine were in the hospital, and thirty-two present for duty, a death rate of thirty-one per cent., of dead and disabled and forty-seven per cent. The brigade suffered severely in the service with General Washington.

It served in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York, going as far north as West Point (one of Davidson's men died at West Point); fought in the battle of Monmouth and shared in all the hardships of this memorable epoch of the war in that section.

The State was to supply the clothing, the national government the rations; the officers to purchase both for themselves. Both officers and men suffered severely, the arrearage of pay causing the officers to see even "harder times" than the men,

as is shown by correspondence with the State authorities. A letter from General Lockton McIntosh to Governor Caswell from the camp at Valley Forge, states that no troops suffered more in the intensely cold winter of 1777-'78 than did those of North Carolina in Washington's army.

In this service, although we see but little recorded mention of Colonel Davidson, the esteem in which he was held by his comrades and others familiar with military movements, shows that he was among the most efficient officers of the brigade.

I have never seen a report subsequent to that of Colonel Martin in 1777, that returns more than 2,000 men. Of the 4,500 men who left Halifax in May, 1777, and the reënforcements sent in 1778, only 737 effective men returned to North Carolina in December, 1779. The report for January, 1779, shows present 1,339, of whom 448 are sick. The Third Regiment reports 35 effective out of 464.

SERVICE IN NORTH CAROLINA MILITIA.

When Lord Rawdon, in May, 1780, began his advance toward North Carolina, General Rutherford, who commanded the militia of the Salisbury district, *i. e.*, of Rowan, Mecklenburg, Lincoln, Rutherford, Burke, and the counties in what is now Tennessee, called his forces into service—some for three months, the usual length of a term of service, and some for such time as actually needed.

Colonel Davidson reported to him at Charlotte for duty. General Rutherford formed a battalion of light infantry (as mounted infantry were then designated) of one hundred men, and assigned him to this command. Principally by the aid of General Graham's "Revolutionary Papers" we can connectedly follow his service from this time until death.

COLSON'S MILL.

When Lord Rawdon retired to Camden he went with General Rutherford to Ramsaur's Mill, where they arrived a few hours after the conflict had terminated. From here he marched with General Rutherford to suppress the Tory leader Bryan in the "forks of the Yadkin." The forks of the Yadkin, as mentioned in history of this time, was not the territory between North and South Yadkin rivers, but that between the creeks east of the Yadkin, mostly in what is now Surry County. Bryan, whose force numbered eight hundred, having learned of the battle of Ramsaur's Mill and Rutherford's advance against him, hastily departed to unite with Major McArthur on the Pee Dee. Colonel Davidson, with his command, which, according to Major Blount's letter to Governor Nash, numbered 160 (Vol. XV, page 6, State Records), being mounted, was dispatched down the west side of the Yadkin to overtake him, but the start he had and the celerity with which he moved, enabled Bryan to reach his friends without molestation. Learning that a party of Tories was at Colson's Mill (now probably Lowder's, in Stanly County), near the junction of Rocky and Pee Dee rivers, Colonel Davidson, on July 21st, undertook to surprise and capture them, but his movements being discerned by the enemy, only partially succeeded; he killed three, wounded four, and captured ten. He was severely wounded through the loins, attention being probably called to him by his conspicuous uniform; two of his men were also wounded. He was carried home, where he remained two months.

APPOINTED BRIGADIER GENERAL.

General Rutherford was wounded and captured at the battle of Camden, August 16th. Gen. H. W. Harrington, of the Fayetteville district, was assigned temporarily to the command of the Salisbury district. General Sumner having been

assigned to the command of the militia service other than that of the Salisbury district, had Colonel Davidson appointed to command the "horse" of his command. On August 31st the Legislature appointed Colonel Davidson Brigadier-General of militia for the Salisbury district during General Rutherford's absence, and Major William R. Davie colonel of the cavalry. These appointments met with hearty approval in the Salisbury district, but General Harrington, being offended at the appointment of General Davidson, gave notice of his resignation as brigadier-general of militia so soon as the condition of affairs in his immediate command would admit, and on November 3d tendered it to the Board of War. He complained of being deprived of command of the first brigade in the State, a deserved compliment to the Salisbury district. General Harrington had been an efficient officer and performed valuable services in the Fayetteville district. There was considerable jealousy between the militia and Continental officers when thrown in the same command.

Upon the reception of his commission General Davidson, having recovered from his wound, immediately repaired to Charlotte and entered upon his duties. He still, however, retained his commission as lieutenant-colonel in the Continental line. The militia were assembling to oppose the advance of Cornwallis, the rendezvous was at McCalpin's Creek, seven miles from Charlotte, on the Camden road.

When Ferguson moved into Rutherford and Burke counties General Davidson ordered a force of militia to assemble at Sherrill's Ford to oppose him, the supposition being that Ferguson would cross the Catawba near the mountains and move down the Yadkin in order to aid Cornwallis in crossing that stream. Colonel Francis Locke, of Rowan, one of the most gallant and useful officers of this time, commanded at Sherrill's Ford, and was to be reënforced by Colonel Williams

with the militia of Surry and other counties. Colonel Locke had won the battle at Ramsaur's Mill, three months before, when sent by General Rutherford on similar service.

CORNWALLIS AT CHARLOTTE.

The Yadkin had been designated as the place of battle and when Cornwallis advanced on the 25th of September General Sumner, with his command, immediately moved, not stopping until he had crossed at Trading Ford, near where the Southern Railroad now crosses. General Davidson took position at Mallard Creek, eight miles from Charlotte, and committed to Colonel Davie the opposition of Cornwallis' entrance to Charlotte and Davie in turn committed covering the retreat to Adjutant Graham. There seems to have been no intention to reënforce the parties engaged in the fight, but each command was expected after engaging the enemy, to escape as best he could. An account of the gallant fight at Charlotte and the Cross Roads would too much enlarge my narrative and is well told elsewhere. Cornwallis was awaiting news from Ferguson and did not advance beyond Charlotte. General Sumner did not recross the Yadkin; General Davidson kept his command at Phifer's, and by detachments annoyed the expeditions sent from Charlotte into the adjacent country for provisions and supplies, and kept Cornwallis in ignorance of the movements of his allies. These forays extended entirely around Charlotte and there were engagements almost daily, the most noted being that at McIntyre's farm, October 3d. The reports of Cornwallis and his officers testify to the gallantry of the troops and the patriotism of the Mecklenburg people in these affairs. While the militia that were called into service to oppose Ferguson were assembling at Sherrill's Ford, Colonels Cleveland, McDowell, Sevier, Shelby, Hampton, Winston, of North Carolina, and Campbell, of Virginia,

of their own accord, were assembling for the same object such of their own men as would answer their call.

When they had assembled about 1,500 men near Gilbertstown, Rutherford County, the question as to who was entitled to command could not be satisfactorily adjusted, as they were all colonels. On October 4th they sent Col. Joseph McDowell to General Gates asking for an officer to be sent to command the force. The following are extracts from this communication, viz.:

As we have at this time called out our militia without any orders from the executives of our different States, and with the view of expelling the enemy out of this part of the country, we think such a body of men worthy of your attention and would request you to send a general officer immediately to take the command of such troops as may embody in this quarter. All our troops being militia and but little acquainted with discipline, we could wish him to be a gentleman and be able to keep up a proper discipline without disgusting the soldiery.

It is the wish of such of us as are acquainted with Gen. Davidson and Col. Morgan (if in service), that one of these gentlemen may be appointed to this command.

BENJAMIN CLEVELAND.
ISAAC SHELBY.
ANDREW HAMPTON.
WILLIAM CAMPBELL.
JOSEPH WINSTON.

The North Carolina men belonged to General Davidson's command, and it is highly probable that he would have been sent.

In the meantime Colonel Campbell, having individually the largest number of men, was given command, and on October 7th the enemy was found and the battle of Kings Mountain won before a commander was sent. Soon after this General Smallwood, of Maryland, who had acted so gallantly at Camden and had been appointed Major-General or commander of the North Carolina militia in service, arrived and assumed command. General Sumner was affronted at the appoint-

ment and retired from service for a time, or until the arrival of General Greene. We have at this time quite a chapter of dissatisfaction on account of promotions. Harrington vs. Davidson, Caswell and Sumner vs. Smallwood, and Smallwood vs. Baron Stueben, if he should be placed over him.

The time for which the militia had been called in service expired in November. General Gates had been relieved of the command of the Southern army and his successor, General Greene, had arrived at Charlotte December 3d. Early in December General Davidson ordered into service another detail of militia for three months. It seems to have been General Rutherford's plan to have had his regiments divided into "details" to be called into service in succession, while in some commands when a call to service was issued, first volunteers were called for to fill it, and what was lacking in volunteers was obtained by draft. One detail had been sent to Charleston; another had been called to meet the first advance of Cornwallis; now a third is needed to be in readiness when he again enters the State.

DAVIDSON'S PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

Before the arrival and assumption of command of General Greene, November 27th, General Davidson wrote a private note to Col. Alex. Martin, suggesting a plan of campaign in opposition to Cornwallis:

NOTE TO COLONEL MARTIN.

SIR:—By this time you may be acquainted with the position the army is to take for the present. In the meantime it appears to me that the proper exertion of the militia of my district might greatly injure if not totally ruin the British army. I have been deliberating on this matter some time and submit my plan to your consideration, and hope that you will endeavor to present it or something that will be more eligible. My scheme is to send Gen. Morgan to the westward with his light troops and riflemen; one thousand volunteer militia, which I can raise in twenty days, and the refugees from

South Carolina and Georgia to join, which will make a formidable body of desperadoes, the whole to be under Morgan's direction, and proceed immediately to Ninety-Six and possess ourselves of the western parts of South Carolina, at the same time the main army to move down to the wax haws, which will oblige the enemy to divide (which will put them quite in our power), or vacate the present posts and collect on one point, in which case we can command the country, cut off their supplies and force them to retreat and fight the militia in their own way. The messenger waits. I have neither time nor room to make further observations. I think the scheme practicable and certain of success, unless the enemy be reënforced. Favor me with your opinion on this matter, and believe me, dear sir,

Your very obedient and honorable servant,

WM. DAVIDSON.

N. B.—This comes to you in a private capacity. (State Records, XIV, p. 759.)

As General Davidson's troops were all infantry, about January 1st he proposed to Adjt. Joseph Graham, who had already served one term, or three months, although exempt for three years on account of nine months' service in the Continental line, and who had just recovered from wounds received at Charlotte September 26th, to enlist a body of cavalry, promising him such rank as the number enlisted would entitle him to. In a few weeks he had fifty-five men, only three of whom were married, embodied, and he was commissioned captain.

OPPOSING CORNWALLIS.

General Greene, in opposing Cornwallis' second advance into North Carolina, disposed of his forces as follows: General Huger with the Continentals at Cheraw, S. C., on the east; General Morgan with Howard and Col. William Washington's cavalry and some North Carolina militia under Col. Joseph McDowell, near Broad river, on the west; for a central force, connecting these and prepared to act with either as occasion might require, he relied upon the militia of Rowan and Mecklenburg, under General Davidson. The militia of these counties from the formation of committees of

safety until the close of the war, while answering in full proportion all calls for troops for the line or militia service beyond the State, seem to have regarded themselves as always ready to answer calls to service in their own locality, claiming no exemptions to which any might be entitled on account of any previous service. They only asked that the call should be for fighting and not for ordinary camp duty; as soon as the fight was over they returned home, with or without leave. The history of the Revolution shows no history of greater valor and patriotism.

At the battle of Cowpens, January, 1781, General Morgan defeated Tarleton, and by death, wounds, and capture deprived Cornwallis of the service of one-fifth of the most valuable of his regular troops. Cornwallis, in his forward movement, would have to cross the Catawba; arrangements were made to annoy and injure him while so doing, and this duty was assigned to General Davidson and his North Carolina militia. General Greene seems to have had no intention of a battle with Cornwallis; he ordered General Huger, who commanded the Continentals at Cheraw, to retreat to Guilford Court House, which he himself proceeded to do, and when he joined him there continued his journey across the Dan.

General Davidson made his arrangements at the respective fords on the Catawba River; pickets of cavalry were placed at Tuckaseege, Toole's and Cowan's fords. Col. John Williams, of Surry, with two hundred men at Tuckaseege; Captain Potts, of Mecklenburg, at Toole's, with seventy; Lieutenant Thomas Davidson, of Mecklenburg, at Cowan's, with twenty-five. It was supposed that the crossing would be at Beattie's Ford, the best crossing on the river, and on the main line of travel in passing through this section. Here were assembled the Orange County militia, under Colonel Farmer, and the Mecklenburg under Col. Thomas Polk, and some of the Rowan

men. General Davidson made his headquarters at this point. General Greene having notified him that he desired to see General Morgan and Colonel Washington at Beattie's Ford, dispatched his brother-in-law, Ephraim Davidson, then only a lad, to notify them. On January 31st all parties had arrived at the appointed place within ten minutes. After an interview of half an hour they separated. The enemy appeared on the opposite bank during the conference. In The North Carolina Booklet for April, 1906, is a detailed account of the battle of Cowan's Ford, hence I omit particulars of it. General Davidson, by the aid of Graham's cavalry, who frequently crossed the river, kept well posted as to the position of the enemy. General Greene suggested that the appearance at Beattie's Ford was probably a ruse and that Cornwallis would pass Tarleton over the river during the night at some private ford and attack Davidson in the rear at the point selected for crossing. Patrols were ordered up and down the river between the fords, to be kept moving all night. General Davidson, after Greene's departure, remarked to Captain Graham that "this was General Greene's first view of the Catawba, but he seemed to know as much about it as those who were reared on it."

General Davidson had probably learned through friends that Cowan's had been selected as the point of crossing, and moved Colonel Polk's force and Graham's cavalry to this point, where they arrived after dark and spent the night near by. Information received led them to think that the horse ford would be chosen as the route for the crossing. This information was probably gained from persons who had heard the inquiries of the officers as to the fords. The horse ford was much the best bottom and shallower water, while the wagon ford was not half the length. The horse ford reaches the bank a quarter of a mile below the wagon ford.

GENERAL DAVIDSON KILLED.

General O'Hara, supported by Tarleton, had been chosen as the force to cross at Cowan's. The British entered the water, O'Hara's infantry in front with poles to steady themselves against the swift current, Tarleton's cavalry following. About the time O'Hara moved Webster had his men to go into the river at Beattie's Ford and fire their guns, also opened with his artillery, made a feint as if he were going to cross in order to detract attention from Cowan's. As soon as Lieutenant Davidson's pickets discovered the enemy they opened fire. They were reënforced by Graham's men, dismounted, who joined in the firing. General Davidson, hearing the firing, repaired immediately to Colonel Polk's command and ordered them to move up to the wagon ford. He directed Captain Graham to give place to Polk's men and to mount his men, form on the ridge in the rear and be prepared to meet any attack, as General Greene had suggested. The enemy reached the bank before many of Polk's men got into position, and securing the crossing, immediately loaded and advancing up the bank began firing. General Davidson ordered a retreat for one hundred yards down the river. The firing became so heavy that his command fell back fifty yards farther. He ordered his men to take shelter behind the trees and renew the battle. The enemy were advancing in line, firing slowly, when General Davidson was shot, being instantly killed. The infantry immediately dispersed, going through the bushes to avoid the enemy's cavalry. Captain Graham brought off his command in order.

General Davidson was shot through the left breast by a small rifle ball. As the British carried muskets this is supposed to have been done by a Tory, who acted as pilot to the enemy in crossing the river. The enemy did not discover General Davidson's body. They buried the three other

Americans who were killed at the river, and all of their dead, including Major Hall. He fell down the river from the ford and they moved up the river on leaving. General Davidson's horse, after he fell, went to the house of Maj. John Davidson, where Jos. G. Davidson now lives, near Toole's Ford. Maj. David Wilson, who was with General Davidson when he fell, assisted by his pastor, Rev. Mr. McCaul, and Richard Harry, took the body to the residence of Samuel Wilson, where it was prepared for burial and that night interred at Hopewell church, some three miles away, by torchlight, as the night was very dark. It is stated by some writers that the body, before recovery, had been stripped of its clothing, but this is very improbable. His sword was recovered and is now preserved at Davidson College. If the clothing had been taken, the sword would not have been left. His grave is still known, although unmarked by memorial stone. Mrs. Davidson was informed of the General's death at her home some eight or ten miles away, and her neighbor, George Templeton, whose descendants still live in the community near Mooresville, accompanied her to the burial.

Thus at the age of thirty-four years fell one of the most useful men that North Carolina furnished in the struggle for independence, after more than six years service in various positions, in each of which he met the demands of the occasion.

Light Horse Harry Lee says of him in his "Memoirs":

"The loss of Brigadier Davidson would have been always felt in any stage of the war. It was particularly detrimental in its effects at this period, as he was the chief instrument relied upon by Greene for the assembly of the militia, an event all important at this crisis and anxiously desired by the American general. The ball passed through his breast and he instantly fell dead. This promising soldier was thus lost to his country in the meridian of life and at a moment when his services would have been highly beneficial to her. He was a man of popular manners, pleasing ad-

dress, active and indefatigable; devoted to the profession of arms and to the great cause for which he fought. His future usefulness may be inferred from his former conduct. The Congress of the United States in gratitude for his services and in commemoration of their sense of his worth, passed suitable resolutions."

He made his will December, 1780, appointing his father-in-law, John Brevard, his brother-in-law, Wm. Sharpe, and John Dickey executors. Only Dickey and Sharpe acted, and in 1783 presented a memorial to the Legislature of the State for settlement of amount due for his services. This was ordered paid. The matter is again referred to in the session of 1790, November 29th, and of 1792. H. J. December 5th. When he was appointed brigadier-general of the militia, he still retained his position in the "line" as General Rutherford would when exchanged, assume the command of the militia. In December, 1780, General Sumner was ordered by Congress to report the supernumerary officers of the Continental line who were unnecessary on account of the reduced number of the force, and could be dropped. General Sumner, in making his report, January 27, 1781, to General Greene, regrets that the country is to lose the valuable services of these officers. He includes General Davidson in the list, as he states, at his request. (State Records, Vol. XV, p. 501.)

On December 31, 1780, his connection with the North Carolina Continentals ended, but the dropped officers, or their widows, were to receive half-pay until seven years after the close of the war. (101, Vol. XV.)

DAVIDSON'S BRIGADE AFTER HIS DEATH.

As this paper is intended to be historical, a short notice of General Davidson's Brigade after his death is annexed. A full account of this is given in General Graham's Revolutionary Papers. They did not conclude that as the enemy had left their borders they would return home and leave him to

the attention of those whom he might next visit, but being unable to stop his advance, formed to annoy his rear and serve as best they could wherever needed until their term of service expired. They assembled at Harris' Mill, on Rocky River, the next day and started in pursuit of the enemy. On the 11th of February at Shallow Ford they requested General Andrew Pickens, of South Carolina, to assume command, as there was no general officer of this State present, and Major James Jackson, of Georgia, afterwards Governor of that State, was appointed brigade major, or as we say now, adjutant-general. There were seven hundred of Davidson's men and some thirty or forty refugees from South Carolina and Georgia. General Pickens continued in command until the expiration of the three months' term of his men, early in March, and just before the battle of Guilford Court House.

General Pickens, being from South Carolina, has caused historians to credit these troops to that State. General Pickens was a brave and efficient commander and his association with the North Carolina troops entirely pleasant, but the troops were North Carolinians and their service should be credited to the State. On February 18th preparations for battle were made upon the alarm of "Tarleton is coming." It proved to be Light Horse Harry Lee, with his legion, whose uniform—dark green—was the same as that of Tarleton. This was the first intelligence that General Greene had of the whereabouts of Davidson's command or that Pickens had that Greene had recrossed the Dan. The brigade then served with General Greene until the term of service expired early in March, participating in the engagement at Clapps, Whitsell or Hart's Mills, Pyle's massacre and other points. Some of them remained longer but the last departed for home March 10.

A query, concerning which the students of history can employ themselves is: whether the seven hundred men of Davidson's brigade, nearly all of whom had seen service in two or three campaigns, would not have been more valuable in the battle of Guilford Court House than those of the raw troops of Butler and Eaton; and if it was not a mistake in General Greene to defer battle awaiting the arrival of the latter until Pickens (or Davidson's) men had been disbanded.

PAPERS RELATING TO GENERAL DAVIDSON'S SERVICES.

ROLL OF W. L. DAVIDSON'S COMPANY.

Pension Office. Book entitled "North Carolina Miscellaneous Rolls." Not paged.

Roll of Lieutenant Col. Davidson's Company on the 23d of April, 1779: (Copied from Orderly Book of Sergeant Isaac Rowel.)

First Lieutenant—Edward Yarborough.

Second Lieutenant—Reuben Wilkerson.

Sergeant—Isaac Rowel, John Horton, John Godwin.

Corporal—Jesse Baggett, Dempsy Johnson, James Thorp.

Privates—Adam Brevard, Samuel Boyd, James Boyd, Uriah Bass, Bird, Cornett, Timothy Morgan, Joseph Furtrell, Wm. Grant, Daniel Parker, Council Bass, Fifer, Barney Johnson, Richard Sumner, Sothey Manly, Booth Newton, Pioneer, Wm. Scott, Pioneer, Lemon Land, Waiter, Hardy Short, John Norwood, Joshua Reams, Buckner Floyd, Wm. Hatchcock, Solomon Deberry, Thomas Wiggins, Wm. Wilkinson, John Wilson, David Journekin, Samuel Davis.

Left at Hospital—Barnaby Murrel, Drummer, Wm. Moore, Charles Gibson, James Robards, Sterling Scott, Waiter, Hardy Portiss, Wm. Smith, Isham Jones, Lithro Lane, left at Trenton, Joshua Lewis, Robert Monger, Wm. Gray, Jos. Ward, Isaac Gunns, Chas. Thompson, John Carter, and James Goodson, died at New Windsor Hospital, Maryland; John Feasley, died at West Point; Henry Short and Caleb Woodard, at Robertson's Hospital and Matthew Murrel, Andrew Rowell, Peter Valentine, Josiah Measley, Benj. Brittle, John Clark, John Batliss and John Floyd, at Philadelphia Hospital. (State Rec., XIV, page 294.)

DAVIDSON'S COMMISSION AS BRIGADIER GENERAL.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

In the House of Commons, 31st August, 1780.

MR. SPEAKER AND GENTLEMEN:

Whereas from the late captivation of General Rutherford by the enemy in South Carolina the militia of Salisbury district is in a manner left destitute of a general officer to command them; therefore

Resolved, That William Lee Davidson be appointed Brigadier General of the militia for said district until the return of General Rutherford from captivity.

THOMAS BENBURY,
Speaker Commons.

In the Senate 31st August, 1780, concurred with.

ALEX MARTIN,
Speaker Senate.

COUNCIL OF WAR.

At a Council of War held at the camp at New Providence, in the State of North Carolina, the 25th of November, 1780, consisting of the Commander-in-Chief, Major-General Smallwood, Brigadier-General Huger, Brigadier-General Morgan, Brigadier-General Davidson, Colonel Kosciusko, Chief Engineer, Colonel Buford, Lieutenant-Colonel Howard, Lieutenant-Colonel Washington.

The Council being assembled the Commander-in-Chief acquaints them that: The want of provisions and forage in the camp, the advanced season of the year, the almost total failure of the herbage, the entire want of a magazine of salt meat and the uncertainty of providing it, the increasing sickness and the unwholesome situation of the camp, the want of any proper accommodation of the sick, the want of hospital stores and proper comforts necessary for sick and diseased soldiers, the probability of reinforcement being sent from the enemy at New York, the invasion of Virginia, and the apparent prospect of Sir Henry Clinton's supporting that invasion and commanding a coöperation with Cornwallis, the State and strength of the army compared with that of the enemy, and the expediency of reinforcement coming to our army are the motives which induced him to assemble this Council of War and request their opinion of the movement and the position that the army ought to take in the present circumstances.

The Council having fully deliberated upon the matter before them and the question being put of what position the troops ought to take, whether at or near Charlotte or at the Waxhaws or in the neighborhood, the junior member, Lieutenant Col. Washington, gave it as his opinion that at or near Charlotte should be the present

position of the army to which every other member of the Council consented but Gen. Smallwood, who was for the army's moving to the Waxhaws, taking post there for three weeks, and then returning to Charlotte.

(Signed:) H. Walter Gates.
W. Smallwood.
Isaac Huger.
Daniel Morgan.
Wm. Davidson.
Thad Kosciusko.
("Thadeus of Warsaw.")
N. Buford.
J. E. Howard.
Wm. Washington.

—. —. Clovis, Richmond, Sec'y. to Gen. Gates.

Camp Colo., Phifer's, October 6, 1780.

To Gen. Gates:

The enemy is still confined to Charlotte. The small rifle companies I have kept hanging upon their lines have been of service in checking their foraging parties. They are probably 1,800 strong, including those Loyalists they have received recruited in the Southward. Besides these they have some ununiformed tories who follow the fortunes of the army; rather a dead weight than a benefit.

A Col. Ferguson, in the British service, has by a variety of means been pernicious to our interests in the west of both the Carolinas. There has such a force taken the field against him as will probably rid us of such a troublesome neighbor. As the main strength of the British in the Southern States seems collected in Charlotte I have adopted every measure in my power to annoy them.

Wm. Davidson.

October 8th, 1780.

To Gen. Sumner:

I have the pleasure to enclose you a large packet of dispatches taken yesterday at McCalpin's creek on the way to Camden by a small party of my brigade. A detachment of 120 horses under Rutledge and Dixon almost surrounded Charlotte yesterday, attacked a pickquet at Col. Polk's mill and at a certain Mr. Elliott's brought a sentry of eight Tories who are now on their way to you. A small party of riflemen brought off fifty horses from the Tories at Col. Polk's plantation last night. Dixon lost one man killed.

I have the honor to be, etc., etc., Wm. Davidson.

(Vol. XIV, p. 644.)

CAMP ROCKY RIVER, Oct. 10, 1780.

SIR:—I have two detachments of Cavalry and Infantry, each on the enemy's line. A considerable quantity of powder was secured some time ago within four miles of Charlotte, which I knew nothing of until Sunday evening. 13 cags were brought off that night, and the remainder sixteen have this moment arrived safe, which I will forward immediately. Pray let me know if his Lordship's figures have been deciphered yet. I find he is determined to surprise me and I am as determined to disappoint him. Inclosed you have a draft of the enemy's lines which was sent to me by Col. P——k, whilst a prisoner. I believe it may be depended on. Col. Davie is very poorly. I am etc., etc.,

WM. DAVIDSON.

N. B.—Gen. Graham in an address at Charlotte, May 20, 1835, says this powder had been moved from Camden to Charlotte in the fall of 1779, and was guarded by the students of the Academy; that when there was expectation of the enemy advancing several of the signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration on a day agreed upon came with sacks in which they filled the powder and conveyed it to places of safety, they appeared like boys going to mill. It was concealed in separate places—afterwards afforded a reasonable supply—not much was damaged and the enemy got none. (N. C. BOOKLET, January, 1906.)

Tuesday evening a small party of my infantry fell in with two wagons on their way from Camden within two miles of Charlotte. They killed two men, took and brought off the wagons, horses and portmanteaus with officers' baggage. (Page 786.)

October 11, 1780.

To GEN. SUMNER:

Nothing new from Charlotte. Had we more men we could make their forage cost them dear. The appearance of 50 men yesterday caused 400 to return without a handful. Inform Gov. Nash.

AN OLD GRAVEYARD IN THE HISTORIC TOWN OF HILLSBORO

BY ANNA ALEXANDER CAMERON.

A very old graveyard it is, for here the earliest settlers of this ancient borough found their graves, and here the first church erected in this part of the State was built—an Episcopal church, whose rector was "Parson Micklejohn."

After the Revolutionary War the church fell into disuse, having no minister in charge, and so went to decay, nor was another Episcopal congregation gathered together again under a minister until 18—, when the Rev. William Mercer Green, now the venerable Bishop of Mississippi, was called to the pastorate of St. Matthew's, the present church, which was built on land deeded to the congregation by Chief Justice Thomas Ruffin.

On the site of the old church stands now the one in which the Presbyterian congregation worships. The graveyard having been used for many years as the public burying ground is so thickly peopled with the dead that the town authorities have forbidden further interments except in private squares, a prohibition rendered necessary by the frequent invasion of old graves. And all the terrible secrets that those old graves sometimes revealed. One day, not many years ago, the sunshine fell soft and golden into one of them where rested an old, old coffin, in which face downwards, lay the skeleton of a woman. The poor, pathetic bones were in such a position that no doubt could remain that the unfortunate creature had been buried alive and had struggled wildly to escape the horrible imprisonment, which meant a still more horrible death.

In the northwest corner of the churchyard in a small square overgrown with brambles and creeping vines, is a

gray, weather-stained tombstone on which the inscription is almost effaced, yet enough remains to tell that "Here sleeps William Hooper, signer of the Declaration of Independence," etc. One of that band of resolute patriots who wrote their names none the less firmly and boldly because thereby they were risking all but honor and the liberty they held so dear.

Across the graveyard towards the east, amongst waifs and strays, rests a bit of the world's strange driftwood. A French captain lies here, a gentleman of courage, honor and refinement. He was one of Caroline Murat's body guard, and after the downfall of the Napoleonic dynasty he left Naples and went to Spain. Subsequently, becoming engaged in a revolution on the island of Malta, he was banished and fled to New York. From thence he drifted here as a music teacher in a large female school. After holding this position for a number of years he became private tutor in the family of a wealthy gentleman of the place, and it was while thus employed that he began to lose his sight. Although treated with the most generous kindness and consideration and offered a home and every comfort for his declining years, his pride could not brook the thought of blindness, helplessness and dependence, and so he made choice of what he thought by far the most honorable alternative by ending his life.

Long ago, when the inhabitants were few, there came to the village a peddler, and he put up at a tavern kept by an old man and his wife. Anon the peddler disappeared. "Gone on," mine host said, "to other pastures green." There was just a suggestion of something mysterious about the sudden departure, for no one had seen him go. Still, nobody made it his business to inquire closely, and in time men forgot or ceased to speculate about it.

The old people passed away. The man, in a gloomy and morose old age, hung himself in his barn, and the wife disap-

peared, none knew whither. Years afterwards, in digging a grave in the churchyard, the grave diggers came to something that seemed more like a box than a coffin, and on unearthing it it proved to be a chest, inside of which was the skeleton of a man whose skull had been fractured. Amongst some of the "old people" were those who, on seeing the chest recognized it as a very peculiar one that used to stand in the passage up stairs at the tavern and which could not be found when the fixtures of the tavern had been sold. Here, then, had come to light the unfortunate peddler and the crime committed so long ago.

Within a few feet of the door of the Presbyterian church has lain in his grave for more than half a century one of the most remarkable men that North Carolina has ever produced, Archibald Debow Murphey. At the bar, on the bench, in the Assembly halls, his great intellect, deep culture, expanded views, perfect courtesy and dignity commanded the profound admiration and respect of his compeers. His far-reaching mind and keen foresight grasped and would have developed schemes for the internal improvement of his State, which, with the slow march of other minds of less impulsive genius, were yet fifty years adown the future. Deep was his learning, wide his range of thought, keen and incisive his intellect, and while others gradually developed an idea or plan, Minerva like, it sprang to life, perfect and complete in his superb mind. Far down the coming years swept his impetuous thoughts, out of range of those slower moving ones that could not keep step with the strides of his genius. Today the things he planned and argued as possible and of immense value to the development and internal improvement of the State, are realities. Then they were regarded as the wild dreams of a visionary. Judge Murphey was at least half a century in advance of his generation. At the time of his death he was engaged in preparing a history of North Carolina, and it is a source of deep

regret and irreparable loss to the State that the rich store of material he had collected was entirely lost.

Towering above all else that surrounds it, stately, clear cut, and stainless as the character of the sleeper beneath it, rises the shaft on which is carved the name of William A. Graham, and beneath which sleeps until the resurrection morn all that was mortal of one of North Carolina's noblest, most gifted and distinguished sons. A great statesman, and an able jurist, a Christian gentleman, a man who went up steadily by merit to the highest position in his native State, and to one of the highest in the National Government, and who retired from public life at eventide as he had entered it in the dawn of his brilliant young manhood *"sans peur et sans reproche."*

I see him yet, the tall, stately form erect and elegant, the fine intellectual face so scholarly and refined! A close student, a deep thinker, wise in statecraft, just in his conclusions, fearless in his advocacy of the right and faithful in his discharge of a trust. Fair as a Doric column stands the life, public and private, of this noble son of a grand old commonwealth.

Limited space forbids an extended notice of many other sleepers here worthy of most honorable mention. Frederick Nash, a distinguished Chief Justice of the State of North Carolina, a man whose fine intellect, deep culture and impartial discharge of the high duties of his office added yet further lustre to an honored name; the Rev. John Witherspoon, an able and popular divine, founder and first pastor of the Presbyterian church here; Judge Norwood and his son, the late venerable John W. Norwood, who has within the past few months gone to his rest after a long, honorable and useful life. Dr. James Webb, many years ago well known throughout a large section of the State as a physician of great merit and high character, and who was held in great respect and affec-

tion; Dr. Edmund Strudwick, who succeeded Dr. Webb, and who for eminence as a physician and skill as a surgeon had a very wide reputation, the benediction of whose life still rests upon those who loved him.

Gallant soldiers sleep amongst the dead here. Major Ben Huske, Alvis Norwood, Capt. Ed. Scott, Henry Nash, Roscoe Richards, of whom his colonel said: "I never knew a braver man. Whenever I called for volunteers for desperate work Roscoe Richards was one of the first men to step from the ranks." Frederick Nash, who laid down the burden of life far from friends and home after months of suffering amidst the dreary horrors of prison life at Elmira, N. Y., faithful unto death!

Ah! those days long ago, yet ever near in memory, when there came back to Southern homes only a coffin in place of a gallant son or brother, husband or father, who had gone forth in the strength of manhood and who was to come again, if come he ever did, feet foremost, and sometimes only the poor remnants that shot or shell had left. Vividly do I recall the burial of a brave young soldier who had been brought home from the carnage of the "Chickahominy." As we sat in the church the heavy tread of those who bore him to his rest passed by the door. Alas! they could not bring him into the church; and as we gathered around the grave in the exquisite brightness of a summer evening, while the prayers were being said, a mocking bird in a tree just above the grave sang as though all the world was mad with joy. In and out amidst the solemn words of prayer ran this liquid, rippling strain, note after note, the very sweetest a sweet bird ever sang. And when the grave was filled and we turned away, still the same glad song flowed on and on, and we left the young hero sleeping his last long, dreamless sleep, while the mockingbird sang his requiem as never bird sang before.

Hillsboro, N. C., 1892.

ROANOKE ISLAND

Or the Landing of Captain Ralph Lane, with Sir Walter Raleigh's Colonists, on the Coast of Carolina in 1585

BY MARSHALL DE LANCEY HAYWOOD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PRESENTATION OF JOEL LANE TABLET TO THE CITY OF RALEIGH

On the morning of the twenty-third of April, 1913, the Bloomsbury Chapter, Daughters of the Revolution, realized one of their cherished dreams when the tablet to the memory of Colonel Joel Lane was formally presented to the city of Raleigh.

It is of bronze, and is placed on the left-hand side of the entrance to the city Municipal Building, a most appropriate location, for to Colonel Lane's influence, more than that of any of the other commissioners who were chosen by the Legislature to select a site for the permanent seat of government for North Carolina, Raleigh owes its location.

The State had been much inconvenienced and had doubtless had many vexatious and petty jealousies to adjust, with a migratory capital, first one place wishing the honor and then another. Meeting in various towns, New Bern, Hillsborough, Halifax, Fayetteville, and once at Joel Lane's residence at Bloomsbury in 1781, when Thomas Burke was made Governor of the State.

In consequence of these disadvantages a law was passed by the Legislature requiring an "unalterable" seat of government, geographically situated as near the center of the State as possible. Men of ability and discretion were chosen to act for the State, and many sites were offered. It was a most difficult problem, but Colonel Lane finally persuaded the other commissioners that the tract of land offered by him was the most desirable. It was a part of the tract upon which he resided, adjacent to the little town of Bloomsbury, which was also called Wake Court House, and which in the lapse of time has merged into the larger town of Raleigh, and its name now only remains a memory.

The city was laid off into lots and the streets were named by the commissioners. The squares not required for purposes of the State government were sold to private individuals, some of which are still owned by the descendants of the original purchasers. Today those streets lying within the bounds of the original tract are still owned by the State, though the State does not maintain them, and it still owns several squares which were reserved at that time.

Raleigh is situated midway between the mountains and the ocean, in a beautiful rolling country, where the hills of the mountains just begin to merge into the level country of the coast, and as we view our many advantages we are reminded to express ourselves as one of our historians has done, when he said: "Truly, we live in one of the favored regions of the globe." It was a wise forethought of the commissioners when they had incorporated into the law, and also in the deed executed by Colonel Lane, that Raleigh should be the unalterable seat of government for North Carolina.

It was with a sincere appreciation of these benefits that the Daughters of the Revolution desired to place this tablet to Colonel Lane's memory.

The tablet is inscribed:

JOEL LANE

Colonial and Revolutionary Patriot
Who Represented Wake County on the Committees of Safety,
and in the Provincial Congresses, Constitutional
Conventions and Legislative Assemblies
of North Carolina.

The City of Raleigh
Stands on his Ancient Domain.
He Died on the 29th of March, 1795.

Erected by the Bloomsbury Chapter,
Daughters of the Revolution,
A. D. 1913.

The presentation ceremonies were simple, the program being:

Address of Presentation—Miss Mary Hilliard Hinton, State Regent Daughters of the Revolution.
Unveiling the Tablet—Miss Hinton.
Acceptance of Tablet—Hon. James Iredell Johnson, Mayor of the City.
Address on Life of Joel Lane—Mr. Joseph G. Brown, President Citizens National Bank.
Benediction—Rev. Milton A. Barber, Rector of Christ Church.

There were quite a number of people present, many of them descendants of Colonel Lane, who expressed their appreciation of the beauty of the tablet and the patriotism of the Daughters.

Miss Hinton, who presented the tablet, is a relative of Colonel Lane's, and her address is as follows:

MISS HINTON'S ADDRESS.

This month, two years ago, the Bloomsbury Chapter, Daughters of the Revolution, in celebration of its first anniversary, presented to our beautiful capital city a boulder and tablet, marking the site of the old town of Bloomsbury. Today we assemble to honor the memory of the man who, although he can not be called the founder of Raleigh, it is an historic fact that it was through his influence that the capital was located at this particular point. To Colonel Lane we owe a standing debt of gratitude, for without his skillful management the location might have been six miles farther east, in which case the health of the inhabitants would probably have been affected by the miasmal vapors of the Neuse.

Colonel Joel Lane was one of the most prominent men of the county in his day. This position was won because he was a man of force and he was progressive. Were he living in this age of wonderful endeavor and achievement he would be as thoroughly at home as he was more than a hundred

years ago, and we have reason to believe that he would have been urged to accept the office of Mayor and Commissioner of Finance, and that he would advocate supplying the reservoirs of the city—not one, but several—with water from the Neuse.

As each year passes our people are more keenly alive to the value of our noble history as a guide for present and future living. This is due partly to the galaxy of historians whom we have cause to regard with pride, whose active pens have been educational, and partly to the zeal of our patriotic orders—these are the co-guardians of nation's and State's glorious past and future resplendent with promise.

By mementoes such as these we, the Daughters of the Revolution are striving to honor the memories of the men and women who labored in the long ago to make our lot happier, and to cause the coming generation to pause and seek the unknown truths, to inspire them to employ their talents in a broader sphere of usefulness.

On behalf of the Bloomsbury Chapter, North Carolina Society Daughters of the Revolution, and at the special request of our beloved Chapter Regent, Mrs. Hubert Haywood, it affords me extreme pleasure to present to the city of Raleigh, through her most honorable Mayor, Mr. James Iredell Johnson, this memorial tablet, asking their care of the same henceforth, and trusting that it may serve to arouse greater deeds of patriotism.

Mayor Johnson accepted the tablet in a most graceful manner, saying:

MAYOR JOHNSON'S ACCEPTANCE.

State Regent of the Daughters of the Revolution and Regent of the Bloomsbury Chapter:

It was a gracious thought which prompted the donation of the tablet to this great patriot, and it is fitting that the tablet

should be on the walls of the building which stands on the ground owned by him. The whole site of the city was originally owned by Lane, and in days to come visitors will see the tablet and learn of the man. In the name of the city of Raleigh it gives me great pleasure to accept the tablet, and thank the Daughters of the Revolution very much for the magnificent gift.

Mr. Joseph G. Brown, who is one of Colonel Lane's collateral descendants, then made this interesting and instructive talk:

MR. BROWN'S ADDRESS.

It is a very beautiful custom that has grown up in our Southland, and indeed in all sections, of setting apart one day in the joyous springtime as a Memorial Day to the heroes who gave their lives in their country's cause, a day when with loving hearts and tender hands their friends may gather about their last resting places and cover their graves with flowers while, in loving memory, they recall the deeds that made them noble in life and noble in death.

And so, too, it was a beautiful thought, born in a woman's heart, to establish this memorial—to perpetuate the memory of one who, in the days that tried men's souls, stood ever ready to lay upon his country's altar his best services, and, if need be, his life blood.

I can not withhold an expression of appreciation of the loving tenderness with which the Daughters of the Revolution have ever cherished the names and memory of those whose patriotism and devotion to country give just cause for pride to those of us through whose veins their blood courses.

Worthy indeed is your association and it ought to be strengthened in its sacred work. It should not be content,

however, simply to indulge in a pride of ancestry, or to build up a membership, dependent for their own distinction upon the deeds of their forefathers, but rather, by making known the problems which these men had to face and overcome, to induce our young people to emulate their wisdom and their valor.

We can hope for no greater good than to inspire in them a courage and devotion like that their forefathers displayed.

Standing under the shadow of this splendid edifice, which marks the beginning of a new era in the capital city of North Carolina, it requires no little stretch of the imagination to enter into and even for a brief while, to become a part of the life that pulsated in and around the little village of Bloomsbury about the middle of the eighteenth century.

The Old South at any point will always be a profitable study. It is, indeed, the one unique page in our national history. To us who are gathered here today there is special interest in the story of that period and of him who has transmitted to so many of us the blood of a noble race.

As some one has well said, "It was in the old South that the first word was spoken that stirred the blood and fired the heart and marked the way of freedom from British tyranny. The very declaration of independence itself was written by a Southern hand, and a Southern General led the ragged Continentals to victory and became the father of a free republic, and for many years it was the guiding hand of patriotic Southern men that shaped the destiny of the young republic."

They were found in places of high position in the army, in the navy, in official and commercial life everywhere, and in all the expansion of the country the spirit of the South was dominant. The thrilling story of the republic can never be told without placing new laurels on the brows of Southern men.

For more than a half century, however, it seems that her scepter had departed, but today we see again the commanding spirit of the South in the persons of the chief magistrate of the nation, and of his associates in the cabinet, on the Supreme Court bench, and now in the Court of St. James, and through them and men of like mould from other sections, we may confidently expect the domination of a spirit of broad patriotism that in affairs of government will know no feeling of sectionalism, no North, no South, but one great country, one united people.

We are proud, and rightly so, of the honors our fathers won and of their achievements, whether on the field of battle or in the public forum.

And this spirit should be cultivated. It is a laudable aspiration to link our names with those of the great men of the past, and to proclaim the virtues of our ancestors. If we will but emulate those virtues our lives may be made the purer and better thereby, and our service to our country more devoted.

In such a spirit have we come today to do honor to one whose memory we revere, who was bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, and to whom so many of us are proud to trace our lineage.

We would perpetuate his memory, and by this tablet commend to those who come after us the heroic virtues which ennobled and made useful his life.

It was far back in the sixteenth century when Sir Ralph Lane, an honored Briton, founded the colony of Roanoke, and became the first English Governor in America, and although he returned to the old country and finally died in Ireland, yet it was not long before other members of the same family were on American soil, and laying the foundation for our own beloved State. They located in Halifax County,

and there was born Joel Lane to whom this tablet is erected. He came to Wake (then a part of Johnston) County in 1750.

The good Lord must have pronounced upon him the same blessing that he bestowed upon the old patriarch, Abraham, "And I will make thee exceeding fruitful and I will make a nation of thee and kings shall come out of thee."

God did bless him, and as the years have chased each other into the great abyss of the past we have seen his children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren occupying the goodly lands in every direction, from sea to sea and from the gulf to the great lakes, until their name has become legion—for they are many, and from their ranks have come, time and again, if not kings, at least princely men and queenly women, Governors and judges and distinguished leaders in civil and military life. There is scarcely a State in the Union that has not felt at some point the touch of their helpful hand, whilst in our own county almost every old family has some trace of their blood.

As far back as 1772 the name of Joel Lane appears on the roster as lieutenant-colonel. He was a member of the first Provincial Congress. For fourteen years he was State Senator, and during the troublous days of the Revolution (1781) the General Assembly met in his home.

In 1792 he deeded one thousand acres for the site of the city of Raleigh, and the ground upon which this building stands was a part of his farm. Some of us are old enough to remember the statements of our parents, as I well remember those of my mother, Lydia Lane, about the killing of deer at a stand just inside the southern entrance of Capitol Square, and of many other interesting incidents of those days, but I have not the time, nor is this the occasion to record and relate them.

It was long before Wake County was established that Joel

Lane settled in Bloomsbury. He was one of the commissioners that laid out the county boundaries.

Its first court was held on June 4, 1771, and both Joel Lane and his brother Joseph were among the members of that tribunal, there being eight others besides them. He was for many years a justice of the court, and during the war its presiding justice. He was a trustee of the State University and in 1791 offered to donate to that institution 640 acres of land if it would locate thereon.

Following his ancestors he was an adherent of the Church of England, he kept the fasts religiously, and led his family in daily devotions.

He occupied many positions of trust and in them all served with great fidelity. The commission to locate the capital of the State, which had no permanent abiding place until 1788, met in his home, and although some criticism was made because, while accepting his hospitality, they selected his land as a permanent site, yet he evidently retained the favor and good will of the people, for he continued to serve them in the Senate as late as 1795, in which year he died.

It is a pity that no stone marks his last resting place. His grave on Boylan Avenue is covered by the home of one of our citizens.

I have endeavored to be brief, so that I might not weary you with a repetition of details that are so thoroughly familiar.

Only a few days ago a well-known local writer, Col. Fred Olds, gave an interesting story of an imaginary visit of Joel Lane to his old home. Instead of the scattered village he found a splendid city, her streets and sidewalks well paved, her business houses modern and well equipped, and some of them almost penetrating the clouds, her little inn replaced by splendid hotels, a beautiful capitol building, a splendid post-

office, a spacious auditorium, an attractive Country Club, reached by cars operated by the same mysterious power that converts her nights into day. And many wonderful things he found the people doing, such as talking with each other at long distances over the wires, speeding across the country in lightning motor cars, and flying through the air like birds.

Little wonder he found no familiar face and nothing to remind him of the Bloomsbury of long ago, and that in his utter loneliness he was content to go peacefully back to his quiet resting place.

It is well thus occasionally to spend a brief while recalling the faces and forms and characteristics of those long gone. Their memories are sacred to us yet. We pay obeisance to our honored dead.

> Yet turn we forward to the future's call,
> By beacon lights of progress onward led,
> And dedicate, whatever fate befall,
> Unto our country's needs, our lives,
> Our strength, our all.

These simple services were closed with the benediction by the Rev. Milton A. Barber, Rector of Christ Episcopal Church, of which Colonel Lane was a most devoted member, and one of its most influential pioneer laymen.

With this conclusion, the Daughters, happy with the thought that they had accomplished the object for which they had so pleasantly worked together, and with thanks to the many friends who had given them assistance, bade each other good-bye, with renewed affection and esteem.

Emily Benbury Haywood,
(Mrs. Hubert Haywood)
Regent Bloomsbury Chapter, D. R.

Raleigh, N. C., May 27, 1913.

DEED OF JOEL LANE FOR SITE OF CITY OF RALEIGH

This Identure made the fifth day of April, in the year one thousand seven hundred & ninety two, between Joel Lane, Esquire of Wake County, of one part, and Alexander Martin, Esquire, Governor of the State of North Carolina, of the other part, Witnesseth that the said Joel Lane, for the sum of one thousand three hundred & seventy eight pounds, current money of North Carolina, to him paid by Frederick Hargate, Esquire, Chairman of the Board of Commissioners appointed by Act of Assembly passed in dec^{r} in the year one thousand seven hundred & ninety one, to determine on the place for holding the future meetings of the General Assembly and for the residence of the Chief Officers of the State of North Carolina—the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged—Hath granted, bargained & sold, aliened and enfeoffed, released and confirmed and by these presents Doth grant, bargain, & sell, alien and enfeoff, release and confirm to the said Alexander Martin, Esquire and his Successors in Office for the time being a certain tract or parcel of Land in Wake County to the Eastward of and near to Wake Court-house, containing One thousand acres, more or less and bound as follows: Beginning at four sasafras, two white oaks, two persimmons, and an elm on Rocky Branch, thence north ten degrees East three hundred & thirty four poles to a stake in the Run of a Spring Branch, thence East three hundred and twenty seven poles to a small Hickory & Red Oak, near a craggy Rock—thence north forty poles to a stake near a Red Oak—then East one hundred and fifty eight poles to a Stake in the center of a Red-Oak a Hickory & two post Oaks,—then South two hundred & eighty one poles to a White Oak in Joshua Suggs Line,—then South fifty seven degrees west two hundred &

fifty six poles to a young Hickory,—then North eighty four degrees west one hundred and thirty poles to a Post Oak—then west one hundred and forty eight poles to a White Oak on the Rocky Branch,—then up the Branch, the various courses thereof to the Beginning; and all the Woods, Timber, Trees, Ways, Waters, Springs, Emoluments & advantages to said tract of land belonging:—To have & to hold the said Tract of Land, with all the Appurtenances, to the said Alexander Martin Esquire, and his Successors in Office for the time being for the sole use & benefit of the State of North Carolina forever,—And the said Joel Lane, for himself & his Heirs, doth covenant bargain & agree to & with the said Alexander Martin Esquire & his Successors in Office: that he the said Joel Lane & his Heirs shall & will warrant & defend the premises, with the appurtenances to the said Alexander Martin & his successors in Office for the time being, for the Benefit of the State as aforesaid against himself & his Heirs, and against the lawful claim of all persons forever, —In witness whereof the said Joel Lane hath hereunto put his Hand & Seal the day & year first above mentioned.

JOEL LANE (Seal)

Signed sealed & delivered
in presence of
WM. CHRISTMAS
WILLIE JONES
JOSEPH BROWN
Ackd.
April 5th 1792—

Received of Frederick Harget, Esquire chairman of the Board of Commissioners authorized to purchase Lands for the permanent Seat of Government a warrant on the Treasurer

for the sum of One thousand three hundred & seventy eight pounds currency, in full of the consideration Money above mentioned. JOEL LANE

Ackd.

Witness

THOS. BLOUNT.

Wake County. June Term, 1792.

Then was the above Deed duly acknowledged in Open Court by Joel Lane Esq. and ordered to be registered.

H. LANE C. C.

Enrolled in the Registers Office of Wake County in Book L and page (illegible) this 6th day of June 1792.

JAS. HINTON Register

Examd. by SOL GOODRICH.

Surveyed for the Governor of the State for the time being & his Successors in office for the use of the State by order of the Commissioners appointed by the General Assembly to fix on and purchase a place for the future and unalterable place for the Seat of Government A Tract of Land containing One Thousand Acres, the Courses & Distances as described in the Above Plot. WM. CHRISTMAS, *Surv'r.*

31st. Day March 1792.

ROWAN COUNTY MARRIAGE BONDS

CONTRIBUTED BY MRS. M. G. McCUBBINS.

Josua Cox to Mary Neal. May 17, 1769. Joshua Cox, Adam Mitchell, Thomas Niel, and Richard Cox. Witnesses: John Duncan, William Bostin (?), and Samuel (his X mark) Shaw.

John Conger, jr., to Mary Ross. June 5, 1769. John Conger and Jonathan Conger. (Thomas Frohock.) A note of consent from John Conger, dated June 5.

Anthony Coons (Coors?) to Roxanna Simmons. June 16, 1769. Anthony (his X mark) Coons, Peter Simmons? (in Dutch), and Benj^{n} Milner. (John Frohock.)

John Cook (Coots?) to Mary McCueston. July 18, 1769. John Coots, Hugh Foster, Walter McCueston, and Francis McNary(?). (Thomas Frohock and William Mebane.)

Robert Cherry to Sarah McCuistan. July 31, 1769. Robert Cherry, John McCuistin, and John Anderson. (Charles McAnaley.)

John Cole to Nancy Purlee. August 26, 1769. John Cole, Adam Harmon (Herin?). (Thomas Frohock.)

James Cathey to Isabell Sloan. February 14, 1770. James Cathey, Arch^{d} Sloan, and Robert Gordon. (John Frohock.)

Joseph Cartwright to Eve Miller. March 24, 1770. Joseph Cartwright and Michael Miller. (Thomas Frohock.)

David Collins to Thompson (or Thompsey) Posting. October 1, 1772. David (his X mark) Collins, Henry Zevely, and Alex Brown.

William Craige to Ann McPherson (or McApherson). October 7, 1772. William Craig and William Steel. The bride's brother, Joseph McPherson, gives note of consent,

dated October 2, 1772 (as bride is an orphan) and Susanna Linn is a witness. (Max: Chambers.)

Hugh Campbell to Elizabeth Greer. October 15, 1772. Hugh Campbell, Robert Rogers, and Robert Linn. (Ad: Osborn, C. C.) A note from bride's father, Robert (his X mark) Greer, giving his consent, October 15, 1772. Witnesses: James White and Samuel Jirwin.

William Cathey to Else Hagan. October 24, 1772. Will Cathey and John Hagin.

Thomas Caradine to Elizabeth Bell. January 7, 1773. Thomas Caradene and John Cathey. (Ad: Osborn.) A note of consent from bride's father, Thomas Bell, dated January 6, 1773, and witnessed by David Roan.

QUERY

Simon Murphy and Sarah Duke were married in North Carolina about 1760. He came from Virginia and she, I think, lived in North Carolina. They came to the upper part of South Carolina and settled in Union County soon after marriage. They had two sons in the Revolutionary War. Simon may have fought also. Can any one give me information about the Duke family? Address,

Mrs. L. D. Childs,
2202 Plain Street,
Columbia, S. C.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. SOPHRONIA HORNER WINSTON, BORN SEPT. 24, 1861; DIED FEB. 18, 1913

IN MEMORIAM

WHEREAS, God in His divine love and wisdom has called from the blessings of her earthly home to the brighter life of "the Great Beyond" our beloved member, Mrs. Sophia Horner Winston; therefore be it

Resolved, That the North Carolina Society, Daughters of the Revolution, mourns the inexpressible loss sustained in her death.

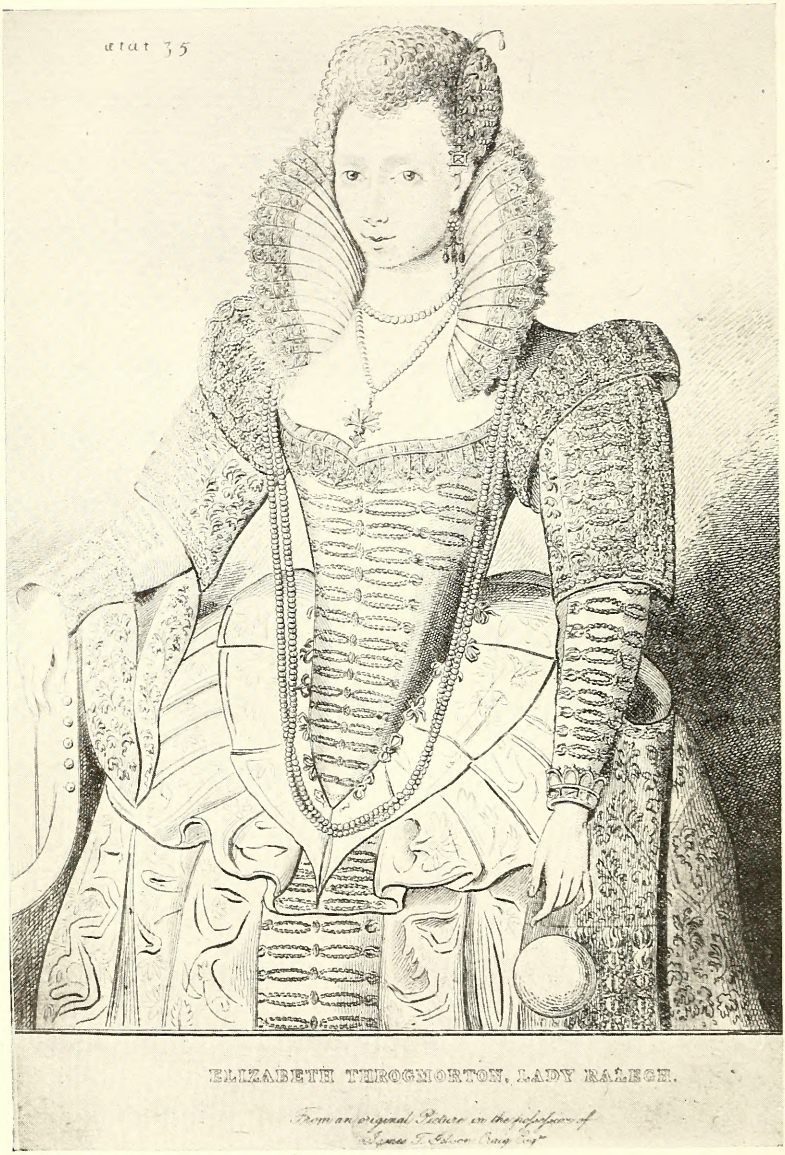
That they are truly thankful for the radiating influence of her beautiful life, whose talents were conscientiously employed for the uplifting of mankind, her State, and her country, and are cognizant of the fact that our Society has lost one of its most brilliant, useful and faithful members, who though associated but a short period with our organization, has left there the impress of her phenomenal gifts.

That they will miss through the coming years her wise counsel and the inspiring enthusiasm and optimism that her presence ever insured, fully realizing that to have known and been associated with her has been a rare privilege.

That we tender to the bereaved family our warmest sympathy in this great sorrow.

That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Society and a copy sent to the family.

MARY HILLIARD HINTON,
MARTHA H. HAYWOOD,
MRS. HUBERT HAYWOOD,
Committee.



ELIZABETH THROCKMORTON, LADY RALEIGH

From an engraving in the collection of A. B. Andrews, Jr.

Vol. XIII OCTOBER, 1913 No. 2

The North Carolina Booklet

"Carolina! Carolina! Heaven's blessings attend her!
While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her."

Published by
THE NORTH CAROLINA SOCIETY
DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION

The object of THE BOOKLET is to aid in developing and preserving North Carolina History. The proceeds arising from its publication will be devoted to patriotic purposes. EDITOR.

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*Died December 12, 1904.
†Died November 25, 1911.

THE NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET

Vol XIII OCTOBER, 1913 No. 2

SIR WALTER RALEIGH*

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT OLD FORT RALEIGH ON ROANOKE ISLAND, NORTH CAROLINA, AT THE CELEBRATION OF VIRGINIA DARE DAY, AUGUST 19, 1913.

BY MARSHALL DELANCEY HAYWOOD,

Member Roanoke Colony Memorial Association, General Historian of the Sons of the Revolution, Historian of the Masonic Grand Lodge of North Carolina, Historiographer of the Diocese of North Carolina, etc.

My Friends and Fellow-Countrymen:

To be invited to appear before this company today, amid such inspiring surroundings, is an honor which might well flatter the pride of any true American, and I value it most highly. For many years I have been a member of the Roanoke Colony Memorial Association, but never until last night was it my privilege to set foot upon Roanoke Island.

The purchase and reclamation of the site on which stand the remains of this old fortress were due to the efforts of the late Professor Edward Graham Daves, a native North Carolinian residing in the city of Baltimore. This scholarly gentleman associated with himself a number of patriotic persons who were interested in historical and antiquarian work, and soon raised funds sufficient for the purchase of Fort Raleigh. During the Christmas holidays of 1893, I first had the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of Professor Daves when he came to my home town and delivered an interesting and instructive lecture on Roanoke Island and the daring Englishmen who first discovered and colonized it. In the

*Owing to the length of this paper, parts were omitted in delivery.

following April I spent several happy days at his hospitable home in Baltimore, and there learned more of the work he had so much at heart, but a few months later I was greatly shocked to hear of his death, which occurred while he was on a visit to Boston. His only son at present surviving is Mr. John Collins Daves, of Baltimore, now vice-president of this Association. From its organization up to the time of his death, Professor Daves was president of the Association, and he was succeeded in office by his no less patriotic brother Major Graham Daves, of New Bern, in this State, who zealously pushed forward the work. After the death of Major Daves, which occurred in 1902, Vice-President William D. Pruden became acting president, and later was succeeded by the present incumbent, the Reverend Robert Brent Drane, D.D. Both Mr. Pruden and Doctor Drane have rendered and are still rendering valuable services to the good cause of keeping alive the glorious memories of this spot.

Nor must I fail to mention those who have filled the office of Secretary-Treasurer of this Association. The first Secretary-Treasurer was Professor John Spencer Bassett, a student and teacher of history, born in our State but now residing in Massachusetts. Upon his resignation, Mr. A. B. Andrews, Jr., of Raleigh, was chosen. Miss Leah D. Jones (now Mrs. Charles L. Stevens), of New Bern, next succeeded; and, in turn, gave place to Mr. William Blount Shepard, of Edenton, who discharged the duties of that office until his much-lamented death last January. Mr. Shepard's successor is the present capable and energetic incumbent, Dr. Richard Dillard, also of Edenton.

In making choice of a subject on which to speak this morning, I have selected Sir Walter Raleigh, one of the greatest men of whom the annals of England can boast, and also one of the most versatile—statesman, colonizer, explorer, fort-builder, ship-builder, historian, courtier, soldier, sailor,

scientist, chemist, poet, and orator. An English writer, Hepworth Dixon, has said: "Raleigh is still a power among us; a power in the Old World and in the New World; hardly less visible in England than in America, where the beautiful capital of a chivalrous nation bears his name." To Raleigh belonged the masterful mind and guiding hand which first sent forth English civilization to this continent and this spot more than three centuries ago.

There are countless variations in the spelling of the surname Raleigh,* but only one pronunciation—with a very broad Devonshire accent on the first syllable, as if it were written Rawley, and that was the way it was written when young Walter was entered as a student at the University of Oxford. He himself wrote it Ralegh, in later life. Historians, as a general rule, use the orthography Raleigh, which is the form I shall adopt—from force of habit, as our State so named its capital city, wherein I have spent my life.

When this land of ours was first discovered the "Virgin Queen" of England called it Virginia in honor of herself, but let me remind you that *North Carolina* is the "Virginia" of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh. The present State of Virginia was not settled until 1607, when Elizabeth had been in her grave four years and when the heroic Raleigh was mewed up in the Tower of London by that great Queen's unworthy successor. The eminent English historian, James Anthony Froude, in his work entitled *English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century,* says: "Of Raleigh there remains nothing in Virginia save the name of the city called after him." Ladies and gentlemen, there *is* a very small village called Raleigh somewhere in West Virginia (which State was a part of Virginia until 1862), but I have personal knowledge of the fact that Doctor Froude was slightly mistaken in his supposition that the "city of Raleigh"—North Carolina's

*Stebbing's Life of Raleigh, pp. 30-31.

beautiful capital—is in Virginia. I was born in the city of Raleigh, my home still stands within its limits; and it grieves me beyond measure to see so great a historian as Froude complacently present my native town to our sister State of Virginia. I refuse to be moved in any such way. And then, too, Virginia has recently drawn so heavily upon North Carolina in the matter of *men* that she should be willing for us to keep both the city of Raleigh and Roanoke Island with this old fortress built by Sir Walter's colonists. There is scarcely an institution of any importance in Virginia today which has not had to come to North Carolina for its president. Among these are the University of Virginia, Washington and Lee University, the Union Theological Seminary, the Randolph-Macon Woman's College, the Virginia Life Insurance Company, and the Virginia Trust Company, while the general manager (though not titular president) of the Old Dominion Trust Company is also a North Carolinian. In view of all this, Ladies and Gentlemen, it does seem to me that Virginia should be duly grateful for what North Carolina has already done for her, and leave us in the quiet and undisturbed possession of Roanoke Island and our capital city of Raleigh.

But I am drifting from my subject. I came here not to discourse upon self-exiled North Carolinians residing in Virginia, but to call your attention to the career of Sir Walter Raleigh, under whose patronage came the English explorers who claimed this land in the name of Queen Elizabeth in the year of our Lord 1584.

It may be well to state, at the outset, a fact already known to most of you, that Raleigh himself never saw the North American continent, though he was twice in South America. Nevertheless his was the world-vision and his was the purse without which the expeditions to this place would not have been undertaken so soon.

Many of my hearers may recall the striking observation of Macaulay concerning the navy of Great Britain in the latter half of the seventeenth century. Said that historian: "There were gentlemen and there were seamen in the navy of Charles II. But the seamen were not gentlemen, and the gentlemen were not seamen." However true this may have been in the days of King Charles, it was widely different in the reign of his great predecessor Queen Elizabeth, many of whose fleets and vessels were commanded by men of high birth as well as approved valor. Sea-fighting was then considered a gentleman's trade, and there was no surer road to the Queen's favor than to join the ranks of those who were her main reliance when struggling with Spain for the freedom of the seas. In all England there was no shire so prolific of these hardy aventurers as Devon, the birthplace of Raleigh. Says the novelist Kingsley: "It was the men of Devon, the Drakes and Hawkinses, Gilberts and Raleighs, Grenvilles and Oxenhams, and a host more of 'forgotten worthies' whom we shall learn one day to honor as they deserve, to whom England owes her commerce, her colonies, her very existence." Sir Walter Raleigh was related by blood to the Gilberts, Grenvilles, and Drakes, as well as other noted Devonshire families, including the Courtneys, Carews, St. Legers, and Russells.

In a recent biography of Sir Walter Raleigh by William Stebbing (who uses the orthography Ralegh) an account of the Raleigh family is given as follows: "The Raleghs were an old Devonshire family, once wealthy and distinguished. At one period five knightly branches of the house flourished simultaneously in the county. In the reign of Henry III a Ralegh had been Justiciary. There were genealogists who, though others doubted, traced the stock to the Plantagenets through an intermarriage with the Clares. The Clare arms have been found quartered with those of Ralegh on a Ralegh

pew in East Budleigh Church. The family had held Smallridge, near Axminster, from before the Conquest. Since the reign of Edward III it had been seated on the edge of Dartmoor, at Fardell. There it built a picturesque mansion and chapel. The Raleghs of Fardell were, writes Polwhele, 'esteemed ancient gentlemen.' But the rapacious lawyers of Henry VII had discovered some occasion against Wimund Ralegh, the head of the family in their day. They thought him worth the levy of a heavy fine for misprision of treason; and he had to sell Smallridge." Wimund Raleigh, whose wife was a Grenville, left a son Walter, born in 1497. This Walter engaged at times in seafaring, and owned three separate estates, viz.: Fardell, Colaton-Raleigh, Wythecombe-Raleigh, and Bollams. His third wife was Mrs. Katherine Gilbert, widow of Otho Gilbert of Compton Castle and Greenway Castle, and a daughter of Sir Philip Champernoun of Modbury. To this marriage were born several children, among whom was Sir Walter Raleigh, of whom I shall speak today.

Walter Raleigh, afterwards known to fame as Sir Walter Raleigh, was born at Hayes, in Budleigh Parish, Devonshire. Some accounts give 1552 as the year of his birth, though the inscriptions on several of his oldest engraved portraits seem to indicate that he was born in 1554. Two pictures, slightly differing, of the house where he was born may be found in the first volume of the *History of North Carolina,* by Francis L. Hawks, and in the fifth volume of *Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography.* Raleigh's father, having determined that his son should have educational advantages becoming his station in life, entered him as a student in Oriel College at the University of Oxford, in 1568. In the following year young Raleigh went abroad and pursued his studies in the University of France, but left that institution to fight as a volunteer under the renowned Huguenot leaders the Prince

de Condé and Admiral Coligny. He was present at the battles of Jarnac and Moncontour; but was absent from Paris, though still in France, at the time of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. In 1576 he was again in London, but a year or two later went to the Netherlands and assisted the Hollanders in their warfare against the Spaniards under the Duke of Alva.

Soon after Raleigh's return to England from the Netherlands his thoughts began to turn to the New World beyond the seas. His eldest half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, had set hope on western discoveries as early as 1566, but at that time Queen Elizabeth was unwilling for him to absent himself from Ireland, where he was president of the English colony recently established in Munster. By 1578, however, Gilbert renewed his efforts, and was engaged in fitting out a fleet of eleven ships at Dartmouth, in Devonshire. This enterprise Raleigh joined, but only seven of the eleven ships could be gotten to sea. Gilbert was Admiral of the fleet, Carew (afterwards Sir Carew) Raleigh, a brother of Walter, was Vice-Admiral, and Walter Raleigh commanded the *Falcon*. Though Gilbert had announced that he was going on a voyage of discovery, the unusually heavy armament carried by his ships led many to believe that the "discovery" of Spaniards was his chief aim. This fleet went to the Azores, and possibly as far as the West Indies, engaged in an undecisive fight with a Spanish sea-force, and lost one ship, which foundered in a gale—the others returning to Dartmouth in 1579.

After his return to England with Gilbert's fleet, Raleigh spent some time in London; and, in June, 1580, was sent to Ireland as captain of a company which was to operate against the insurgent natives and their Spanish allies, the latter of whom had landed in that country to join forces with the enemies of England. These Spaniards, with the assistance of some Italians, had built Fort del Oro at Smerwick in county

Kerry, and had heavily garrisoned that stronghold. The Lord Deputy of Ireland, Baron Grey of Wilton, together with the sea forces of Admiral Sir William Winter, besieged this fort in due time, and it later surrendered unconditionally. By Lord Grey's order, Raleigh and one Macworth (another officer of the besiegers) marched in and put to the sword more than four hundred Spaniards and Italians, also hanging such of the Irish as could be found there. Some of the foreign officers of rank were spared and held for ransom. Though Lord Grey gave the order for this butchery, we are forced to doubt if Raleigh had any scruples in performing his part of the bloody work. Of him his biographer Stebbing says: "Towards American Indians he could be gentle and just. His invariable rule with Irishmen and Anglo-Irishmen was to crush." While Raleigh remained in Ireland he engaged in numerous skirmishes with the insurgents, also serving as a member of the temporary commission for the government of Munster. Returning to England in 1581, he first attracted the personal notice of the Queen by throwing his handsome cloak over a muddy place in her pathway at Greenwich, thereby saving her shoes from being soiled. This incident was first recorded in 1662 (less than fifty years after Raleigh's death) by Fuller in his *Worthies of England.* Sir Walter Scott, as many of my hearers may remember, gives a graphic account of this piece of gallantry in the novel *Kenilworth.*

Whatever may have been the cause of Raleigh's rise in the favor of Queen Elizabeth, he soon became a man of great wealth in consequence of patents and monopolies received through royal grants. In 1583 he was given portions of all revenues from the wine licenses of the kingdom, thereafter aggregating from eight hundred to two thousand pounds sterling per annum. In 1584 he was knighted—an honor always sparingly bestowed by the hand of Elizabeth. In the

year following he was made "Warden of the Stannaries"—which, translated into our American language, means Supervisor of the Tin Mines. He became Lord Lieutenant of Cornwall, and Vice-Admiral of the two counties of Cornwall and Devon in 1585. In 1585 and 1586 he represented the shire of Devon in Parliament; and, in the latter year, obtained a vast land-grant (about forty thousand acres) in the Irish counties of Cork, Waterford, and Tipperary. This grant also included the salmon fisheries of Blackwater. He received, in 1587, grants of English lands in the shires of Lincoln, Derby, and Nottingham, which had been forfeited by Anthony Babington and other conspirators against the life of Elizabeth. He also became Captain of the Queen's Guard, thereby being thrown into personal attendance upon Her Majesty.

I have already spoken of Raleigh's venture with Sir Humphrey Gilbert when the latter's fleet went on a western voyage in 1578. In 1583 Gilbert fitted out another expedition of a similar nature. In his fleet of five vessels the largest was the bark *Raleigh,* furnished by Sir Walter Raleigh, who earnestly desired to command it in person, but the Queen needed his services at home, and forbade his departure from England. After two days sailing, the *Raleigh* left the remainder of Gilbert's fleet and returned to Plymouth, on account of sickness which had broken out among her crew, but the admiral continued on his way with his four remaining ships. He finally reached a place which is now a part of Newfoundland, and formally took possession of that locality in the name of Queen Elizabeth. The expedition to Newfoundland was the last voyage of Sir Humphrey Gilbert. On his return he refused to take refuge in his largest ship, the *Golden Hind,* but cast his fortunes with those who manned the *Squirrel,* a little craft of ten tons, whose decks were already overburdened with heavy ordnance. In the midst of a great storm, south

of the Azores, the heroic Gilbert was last seen, calmly sitting in his little ship with a book in hand, while night was approaching. As he got within hailing distance of his comrades on the other vessels he called out the ever-memorable words "We are as near to heaven by sea as by land," and a little later his anxious friends on the *Golden Hind* saw the lights of the *Squirrel* disappear from the face of the waters.

The tragic ending of this voyage of his beloved brother did not deter Sir Walter Raleigh from further efforts to colonize America. In 1584, the year following, on the 25th of March (which was New Year's Day under the old Julian Calendar, then in use) he secured from Queen Elizabeth a charter or Letters Patent, empowering him or his heirs and assigns to "discover, search, find out, and view such remote heathen and barbarous lands, countries, and territories not actually possessed of any Christian prince, nor inhabited by Christian people." He was also authorized to fortify any new settlements made under his authority and to "encounter and expulse, repel and resist, as well by sea as by land, and by all other ways whatsoever, all and every such person or persons whatsoever, as without the especial liking and license of the said Walter Raleigh, and his heirs and assigns, shall attempt to inhabit within the said countries." It was provided that the laws enacted for the government of the new settlements should be "as conveniently as may be, agreeable to the form of the laws, statutes, government, or policy of England, and also so as they be not against the true Christian faith now professed in the Church of England." This charter contained many other provisions, which it is not my purpose here to quote. Suffice it to say that Raleigh was thereby given what he most desired—an opportunity to extend the sovereignty of England over the lands and waters of the New World.

For the carrying out of his plans, Raleigh secured the

services of Philip Amadas and Arthur Barlowe, two stalwart English sea-captains, and fitted up for their use two barks, "well furnished with men and victuals," in which they sailed out of the Thames on the 27th of April, 1584. Fortunately for history, a record of this voyage has been preserved in the volumes of Hakluyt, it being in the form of a report to Sir Walter Raleigh, written by Captain Barlowe. On June 10th the explorers reached the Canaries, and just a month later wended their way through the West Indies. They found the climate there very unwholesome, and many members of the two crews were taken sick. They tarried twelve days to recuperate and take on fresh supplies, and then struck out for this locality where good climate may always be found in abundance. Delicate odors from our Carolina coast were wafted to them before they sighted land, for Barlowe tells us that on the 2d of July "we smelled so sweet and so strong a smell as if we had been in the midst of some delicate garden abounding with all kinds of odoriferous flowers, by which we were assured that the land could not be far distant; and, keeping good watch and bearing but slack sail, the fourth of the same month we arrived upon the coast, which we supposed to be a continent and firm land, and we sailed along the same a hundred and twenty English miles before we could find any entrance or river issuing into the sea."

Though the above quoted record says that the voyagers first reached our coast on the 4th of July, we must remember that the Independence Day we now celebrate on the Fourth of July does not fall on the same anniversary; for, between the Julian Calendar or "old style" then used and the Gregorian Calendar or "new style" now used, there is a difference of ten days, making July 14th the present anniversary of the coming of Raleigh's first expedition in 1584.*

*In the 18th century (Washington's birthday for example) the difference was eleven days, not ten.

As already stated, Captains Amadas and Barlowe sailed up our coast one hundred and twenty miles before effecting a landing. Finally an inlet was discovered, and the explorers sailed in. Barlowe tells us that "after thanks given to God for our safe arrival thither," two boats were manned and a landing effected. After this, formal proclamation was made, declaring that England's sovereign was "rightful Queen and Princess of the same," and that the newly discovered country should be held for the use of Sir Walter Raleigh by authority of the Letters Patent issued to him by Her Majesty.

Some difference of opinion exists as to which of the numerous North Carolina inlets Amadas and Barlowe first entered. Many believe that the inlet they used has since been closed by storms which have piled up sand-bars where the old channel ran. It is not my purpose to discuss that matter here. It is sufficient for us to know that they were "conducted in safety to the haven where they would be," that they first returned thanks to God for deliverance from the dangers of the deep, and then began viewing the lands adjacent to their anchorage.

The narrative of Captain Barlowe goes quite into detail explaining the habits and traits of the natives, the location of lands and waters, the fauna and flora of the country, and many other interesting conditions there existing, but too long here to be quoted.

The ships were anchored for two days before any natives were seen by the explorers. On the third day they espied a small boat containing three men. Two of these remained in their canoe, and the third walked up the shore near the ships, later being taken on board and presented with some articles of apparel. After viewing the ships with interest, he returned to his own boat, later beginning to fish, and came back with a large supply of fresh fish which he presented to the English. The next day numerous Indians were seen in

small boats, among them being Granganimeo, brother of the savage monarch who held sway in that locality. The king himself, Wingina by name, had recently been wounded and hence was unable to do the honors of the occasion. Granganimeo left his boats and came up the shore, followed by forty of his braves. These spread a mat upon the ground, and the king's brother seated himself thereon, as did four of his principal followers. When the English approached the shore, they were invited to a seat on the mat by the Indians. Then Granganimeo "made all signs of joy and welcome, striking on his head and breast, and afterwards on those of his visitors, to show that all were one, at the same time smiling and making the best show he could of all love and familiarity."

Speaking of the natives Captain Barlowe says: "After they had been divers times aboard the ships, myself, with seven more, went twenty miles into the river that runs towards the city of Skycoak, which river they call Occam; and the evening following we came to an island which they call Roanoak, distant from the harbor, by which we entered, seven leagues." Thus was this island of Roanoke discovered by the English. On it was a small village of nine houses, well fortified after the Indian fashion. Granganimeo being absent from this village, his wife came to the waterside to meet the explorers, and entertained them with much pomp and ceremony, commanding her tribesmen to attend their wants, and feasting them with a profusion of savage hospitality. Of the natives it is recorded: "We found the people most gentle, loving, and faithful, void of all guile and treason, and such as live after the manner of the golden age."

After trading with the Indians for some time, learning as much as they could of the country, and mapping the outlines of the coast for future use, the explorers once more betook themselves to their ships and sailed back to England,

arriving safely about the middle of September. They took with them two natives, Wanchese and Manteo, of whom I shall have more to say later on.

At the end of Captain Barlowe's narrative is a "record of some of the particular gentlemen and men of account" who were witnesses of the events which had transpired. They were: Philip Amadas and Arthur Barlowe, Captains; and William Greenvile, John Wood, James Browewich, Henry Greene, Benjamin Wood, Simon Ferdinando, Nicholas Petman, and John Hewes, members of the ship's company.

One laughable mistake occurred during the stay of the English in the vicinity of Roanoke Island. When they first arrived, they pointed to the mainland and made signs to an Indian that they wished to know the name by which the whole continent was called. The Indian, not understanding, replied: "Win-gan-da-coa." So it was duly reported to Sir Walter Raleigh that the domain which the Queen had granted him was named "Wingandacoa," and it was formally recorded under that name in the contemporaneous descriptions and on the maps of the newly discovered country. When later voyagers learned more of the dialect used by the savages, they ascertained that when the Indian had said "Win-gan-da-coa" his remark (when translated) meant: "You wear gay clothes."

When Amadas and Barlowe returned to England with their tales of strange adventure, and glowing accounts of the discoveries they had made, also showing Wanchese and Manteo in their wild and gorgeous costumes, the effect on the public mind was almost magical. Sturdy adventurers of all ranks and classes eagerly sought an opportunity to gain fortunes in expeditions across the Atlantic. Elizabeth, the "Virgin Queen," was so impressed with the accounts brought back by Amadas and Barlowe that she named the new land "Virginia" in honor of her single condition in life. As for Sir

Walter Raleigh, his fame spread far and wide, and he at once sought opportunities to send forth other fleets. As commander of his next expedition he was fortunate in securing the services of his kinsman, Sir Richard Grenville, member of an ancient Devonshire family whose name has been spelled in almost as many ways as that of Raleigh. Sir Richard himself signed it "Greynvil," the printed accounts of his voyages have it recorded "Greenville" and "Granville," many (if not all) of his descendants write it "Granville," and historians generally use the orthography "Grenville," which last mentioned style I shall adopt. The naval annals of the world can not boast of a more heroic figure than this selfsame Sir Richard Grenville, who was afterwards mortally wounded while fighting one English vessel, the *Revenge,* against a Spanish fleet of fifty-three ships—an exploit immortalized by Tennyson in his poem *The Revenge, a ballad of the fleet,* 1591.

It was on the 9th day of April, 1585, that Sir Richard Grenville sailed out of Plymouth with the second expedition of Sir Walter Raleigh. Grenville's fleet consisted of the following ships: the *Tiger,* the *Roe-Buck,* the *Lion,* the *Elizabeth,* the *Dorothy,* and two small pinnaces. The "principal gentlemen" in this expedition are set down as Master Ralph Lane, Master Thomas Candish [Cavendish], Master John Arundell, Master Raymund, Master Stukeley, Master Bremige, Master Vincent, and Master John Clarke. Some of these, we are told, were captains, and others were needed for their "counsel and good discretion." Among these latter were Thomas Hariot, the historian of events occurring on the voyage, and John White, an artist whose paintings of Indian life are still preserved in the British Museum. We shall learn more of White later on. Ralph Lane, who afterwards won the honor of knighthood, was Grenville's second in command, and was later left at Roanoke Island as Governor of the

Colony. After leaving England on its voyage to America, the fleet touched at the Canaries and Antilles, and then anchored at Cotesa, a small island near the island of St. John. The voyagers rested a day at Cotesa, and then sailed over to Mosquito Bay, on the island of St. John. There Grenville landed with some of his men and erected a fortification, later adding to his fleet by building a new pinnance, which was finished and launched on the 23d of May. The Spaniards on the island sent a flag of truce and protested against the erection of this fortress, but Grenville somewhat cooled their resentment by saying he had only stopped for supplies; that he would depart from their shores in peace if these supplies were furnished, but would use force if they were not. The Spaniards promised compliance, but failed to keep their word, whereupon Grenville set fire to his fortification and sailed away, bent on squaring up matters with the Dons. Within the next two days he captured two Spanish frigates, ransomed the officers and some passengers of rank, and placed Lane in command of one of these vessels. The fleet needing salt, Captain Lane went to the southwest side of the island of St. John, and landed twenty men who threw up an entrenchment, after which they commenced to get salt. We are told that, when the Spaniards beheld Lane, there "came down towards him two or three troops of horsemen and footmen, who gave him the looking and gazing on but durst not come near him to offer any resistance." So Lane sailed off and rejoined the fleet, after which they went to the island of Hispaniola (now called Hayti), which was reached on the 1st of June. Upon news of their arrival at Hispaniola, the Spanish Governor sent them a courteous message, promising to call and pay his respects. He accordingly came on the 5th of June, "accompanied by a lusty friar and twenty other Spaniards, with their servants and negroes." Thereupon Grenville, with his officers and various crews, dressed up in

their gayest attire to receive them. The English, both officers and men, were feasted sumptuously and provided with all manner of costly entertainment during their stay, and left with great good will towards the Spaniards, though the chronicler of those events stated in his narrative that the Englishmen believed that the courtesy of the Spaniards was due to fear of Grenville's formidable armament. If the Spaniards had been stronger, it was added, the English might have received the same treatment which had been accorded their countrymen Sir John Hawkins at San Juan d'Ulloa, Captain John Oxenham near the Straits of Darien, and divers others who had tasted Spanish cruelty.

After leaving Hispaniola, Grenville's fleet touched at numerous small islands on its voyage northward, and finally came to the coast of what is now North Carolina but which these explorers called Florida. On the 23d of June, it was stated that they "were in great danger of a wreck on a breach called the Cape of Fear." On the 26th, Ocracoke Inlet (then called Wococon) was reached, and two days later the *Tiger* was run aground and sunk through the treachery (not then discovered) of Simon Ferdinando, by whom she was piloted. The settlers sent word of their arrival to King Wingina at Roanoke Island on July 3d, and three days later Manteo, who had returned to America with the voyagers, was sent ashore.

Fearing to go further through the inland waters in the large ships, many of the officers and crew set off, on July 11th, in well armed and fully provisioned pinnaces and other small boats to explore the mainland. On the 16th of July occurred the first act of English hostility towards the Indians—the beginning of countless bloody onslaughts and savage reprisals which were to follow throughout the succeeding centuries and extend down to a time within the memory of men still living. An Indian had stolen a silver cup belonging to one of the Englishmen. A party was sent to demand its

return. This demand not being complied with, the village and grain crops of the Indians were burned (the savages themselves having fled), and the attacking party returned to the fleet, on the 18th, at Wococon or Ocracoke Inlet.

At the end of July the English received a call from their old friend Granganimeo, who visited the fleet in company with Manteo. Granganimeo was shown through the ships of the fleet, and kindly entertained during his stay.

On August 5, 1585, Captain John Arundell, having been ordered to return to England, did so. The remainder of the fleet, under Sir Richard Grenville, set sail on August 25th, leaving a garrison or colony of one hundred and seven men on Roanoke Island.* The English Governor or "General" of the colony was Ralph Lane, heretofore mentioned. These colonists under Lane remained on the island nearly a year. Of Lane personally, the historian Hawks observes: "He had the rough courage of a soldier of his day, he endured hardships with his men, he had judgment to see that Roanoke Island was not a proper site for the colony, and to devise a plan by which two parties, one on the land and the other on the water, should attempt to meet and find on the Chesapeake Bay a better locality, of which he had heard from an Indian prince, his prisoner. He had wit and prudence enough to secure the fidelity of that prisoner by keeping his only son as a hostage; he pursued the wise policy of attaching that son to him by great personal kindness. * * * The personal attachment he had created in his young hostage was the means of discovering a widespread plot for the destruction of the colony by the natives." The young hostage, just mentioned, was Skiko, son of Monatonon, King of the Chawanooks or Chowan Indians. When Skiko was first captured, he attempted to escape, and Lane threatened to have his head cut off, thereby frightening him into better discipline. He

*For list of colonists under Lane, see Hakluyt (1810 edition), Vol. III, pp. 310-311.

later treated him with marked kindness, in consequence of which he remained a friend of the English throughout the remainder of their stay.

Lane's only sources of information concerning the interior of the country, except that in his immediate neighborhood, were the statements made to him by the Indians, and hence his accounts are not always accurate. Like the ancient Herodotus (who recorded the wonderful tales told him by all travelers and thereby gained an unenviable reputation for mendacity) Lane was often misled, but narratives of what came under his personal observation are trustworthy. One laughable inaccuracy in the geographical knowledge of the early settlers (probably based on Indian authority) was the belief that a near-by river flowed out of the Gulf of Mexico or some bay in the South Sea or Pacific Ocean! Another account said that this river gushed out of a huge rock at its source, and this rock was so close to a great western sea that in storms "the waves thereof are beaten into the said fresh stream, so that the fresh water, for a certain space, groweth salt and brackish."

During the stay of Lane's colony at Roanoke, Granganimeo died, and thereby the English lost a trusty friend. Upon his death, for some reason not given, his brother, King Wingina, changed his name to Pemisapan. Thereafter he entered into numerous confederacies with other tribes for the destruction of the whites, but these conspiracies were thwarted by the vigilance, courage, and sagacity of Lane, aided by timely warnings from Manteo, young Skiko, and other friendly Indians. Old Ensenore, father of King Wingina *alias* Pemisapan, was also friendly to the colonists, but he died on the 20th of April 1586. Wanchese, who had gone to England in company with the friendly Manteo, became a lifelong enemy of the English, for some cause which does not now appear to be recorded.

Soon after the death of the King's father, the Indians (having no one to restrain their unfriendly designs) entered into a gigantic conspiracy for the purpose of exterminating the whites. The plan was to go secretly by night and set fire to the houses occupied by Lane, Hariot, and other chief men of the colony; and, when they rushed from the flames, undressed and unarmed, to shoot them down, afterwards slaughtering and dispersing their followers. The secret of this conspiracy was communicated to Lane by young Skiko. The evil genius at the head of the proposed uprising was King Pemisapan, formerly known as Wingina, and Lane promptly determined to strike the first blow, and once for all rid his colonists of their inveterate enemy. He sent word to the savage king that he wished to meet him. The chief accordingly came to a place specified, with a large following of armed tribesmen. At a given signal the king was shot down with a pistol, and a general battle ensued. In the course of the melee, which proved a defeat for the savages, their leader (who was supposed to be dead from the pistol wound) suddenly sprang up and took to his heels. As he ran, an Irish boy who held Lane's petronel (a hand-gun or large pistol) wounded him again, but he disappeared into the forest, pursued by an Irishman named Edward Nugent. Lane and some of his men soon followed, and met Nugent coming out of the wilderness with the King's head in his hand. Thus were the settlers freed from their bitterest and most formidable enemy, and for some time thereafter they were little troubled by unfriendly savages.

During their entire stay on the island of Roanoke and in its vicinity, the colonists were industriously engaged. They shot game, caught fish, and planted corn in proper season, all the while keeping armed watch against the approach of unfriendly Indians. Nor were their old enemies the Spaniards

out of mind, as they had no assurance that these would not pay them an unfriendly visit by water.

In the Roanoke company of colonists was a courageous captain, Edward Stafford by name, of whom Lane says: "I must truly report of him, from the first to the last, he was the gentleman that never spared labor or peril, either by land or water, fair weather or foul, to perform any service committed unto him." This officer was sent with a well-manned boat to the vicinity of an inlet, with instructions to be on the watch for any ships which might be sent from England. On June 1, 1586, Stafford sent a messenger to Lane with the information that he had sighted a great fleet of twenty-three sail; but, as he could not make out whether they were friends or foes, all should be on their guard. Great was the joy of the colonists when the commander of this formidable fleet turned out to be the renowned Admiral Sir Francis Drake, circumnavigator of the world, whose daring warfare against the Spaniards had been the wonder of all Europe, and who was to gain a fame still greater two years thereafter by his share in destroying the "Invincible Armada" of King Philip.

Like a true patriot, Drake placed the resources of his well manned and thoroughly equipped fleet at the disposal of the colonists on Roanoke Island. A bark, pinnaces, canoes, munitions of war, food, clothing, and all else needful, were offered them, with a sufficient complement of seamen to man such craft as should be left for their use. In accepting this generous proffer, Lane requested Drake to receive on his fleet and take to England all men whose health had suffered during their stay in America, and to replace them with capable seamen and skilled artisans. The admiral was also requested to leave a ship to convey the colonists back to England two months thereafter, in August, if a promised relief expedition under Grenville's command should not be sent to them by their patron Sir Walter Raleigh. With the advice of his

captains, Drake decided to leave the *Francis,* a brig of seventy tons, and to put provisions on board in sufficient quantities to supply a hundred men for four months. Two pinnaces and four smaller boats were also to be left, with Captains Abraham Kendall and Griffith Herne to direct navigation. While these preparations were in progress a great storm arose and continued for some days. All vessels in the fleet, including the *Francis,* were driven out to sea many miles; but Drake returned with a much larger bark, the *Bonner,* of one hundred and seventy tons, and tendered her to Lane in place of the *Francis,* with like conditions and equipment. Wishing to have the advice of his officers in the determination of a matter so important, Lane called a council and it was the opinion of all that "the very hand of God seemed stretched out to take them from hence," for the relief expedition under Sir Richard Grenville had been promised them before Easter, and that season was long passed. England, it was believed by those at Roanoke, had so much to occupy her armies and fleets against traitors at home and enemies abroad, that the needed help could not be sent across the water, so all the colonists decided to return at once in the English fleet. Drake thereupon sent up pinnaces to bring off their belongings, among which were valuable maps and charts of the country. These latter, unfortunately, were washed overboard and lost while the men were endeavoring to place them aboard ship. The colonists themselves, however, got safely on board, and Drake "in the name of the Almighty, weighed his anchors" on the 19th of June, 1586, arriving in the English harbor of Plymouth on the 27th of July.

Though delayed by many vexatious circumstances beyond his control Sir Walter Raleigh had not been unmindful of the welfare of the colonists left at Roanoke, and sent (but too late) a well-provisioned ship for their relief. This ves-

sel arrived not long after Lane and his men had departed in Drake's fleet. Finding the former settlement abandoned, the relief ship returned to England, but not in time to communicate the discouraging news to another expedition of three ships sailing by Raleigh's orders under the command of Sir Richard Grenville. Finding none of his countrymen at Roanoke, but unwilling to abandon England's claim to the land, Grenville left fifteen of his men to hold possession of the island, and returned to England with his ships.

In the next year, 1587, Raleigh perfected plans for another attempt at colonizing Roanoke, and wisely came to a realization of the fact that no colony could be made permanent without the presence of women. He therefore issued a charter or commission constituting John White as Governor, with twelve councilors, under the corporate name of "The Governor and Assistants of the city of Raleigh in Virginia." Ninety-one men, seventeen women, and nine boys made up the company. Two more, Virginia Dare and another baby named Harvie, were born after the arrival in America, making one hundred and twenty-one white persons in all.* In this expedition was the faithful Manteo, who had again visited England, and now returned to his native wilds with the whites. With him was another friendly Indian, named Towaye.

The three ships bearing the colonists of 1587, sailed out of Portsmouth, England, on the 26th of April, and arrived at Cowes, on the Isle of Wight, the same date, tarrying in the latter place for eight days. Leaving Cowes, they reached Plymouth on the 5th of May; and, on the 8th of the same month, began their westward journey. On the 16th of May, Simon Ferdinando, the pilot, to whose former base conduct I have already alluded, abandoned the fly-boat in the Bay of Portugal, rejoined the fleet, and remained to practice more treachery later on. The captain (Edward Spicer) and the

*For list of colonists under White, see Hakluyt (1810 edition), Vol. III, p. 348.

daring crew of this fly-boat were not so helpless as the pilot supposed they would be. They immediately set sail in their little craft and safely crossed the Atlantic, rejoining their comrades at Roanoke.

Sailing as before stated, the fleet with the colonists under Governor White passed through the West Indies, stopping at various islands there for drinking water, salt, game, and other supplies, and started northward from Hispaniola about the 6th of July, arriving ten days later at Cape Fear, where the traitor Ferdinando came near causing another wreck, his design being thwarted by the vigilance of Captain Edward Stafford, of whose courage and good conduct in the previous expedition under Lane, I have already spoken. On July 22d, Hatorask (Hatteras) Inlet was reached, and there the large ships anchored. Governor White manned a pinnance with forty of his best men and started for Roanoke Island, where he hoped to find the fifteen men left by Grenville in 1586, the preceding year. None of these fifteen could be found, but the bones of one (who had been murdered by the savages) were discovered. It later was learned that all had been treacherously slain, except some who escaped in a small boat and were probably lost.

The day after his arrival at Roanoke, Governor White and a strong body of his men walked to the north end of the island, where the "city of Raleigh" had stood. They found the fort destroyed, but many of the small dwelling houses were in fair condition, and the party immediately set to work repairing these huts. On the 28th of July, George Howe, one of the colonists, was shot and killed by some Indians who were the remnants of Wingina's tribe, with whom was Wanchese. On the 30th of the same month, Captain Stafford took a party, with Manteo as guide and interpreter, and met the Indians on August 1st, offering to make peace with them, forgetting all past differences. The savages promised

that their chiefs would come in for a conference on this subject and give their answer in the course of the next seven days. Nothing being heard in that time, Governor White and Captain Stafford headed a party of colonists which attacked an Indian encampment and wounded one or more before it was discovered that they had fired upon a friendly tribe from Croatan. The account of this transaction says: "Although the mistaking of these savages somewhat grieved Manteo, yet he imputed their harm to their own folly, saying to them that if their weroances [chiefs] had kept their promise in coming to the Governor at the day appointed, they had not known that mischance."

Both in America and England instructions in the principles of the Christian religion had been imparted to Manteo, the never-failing friend of the whites; and, before the colonists left England, Sir Walter Raleigh had expressly commanded that this Indian should be baptized as soon as practicable after arrival in his old home on Roanoke. It was probably decided that this ceremony should take place in America in order that the example might have the effect of causing other Indians to embrace Christianity. Manteo was accordingly baptized on Roanoke Island on the 13th of August, at the same time being (by Raleigh's orders) created Lord of Roanoke and of Dasamonguepeuk, as a reward for his faithful service. This was the first administration of the sacrament of baptism, according to the rites of the Church of England, which ever took place within the limits of the present United States. Five days later, on the 18th, a daughter was born to Ananias and Eleanor Dare, this little girl's mother being a daughter of Governor White. As she was the first child born in the new country, she was called Virginia, by which name she was baptized on the first Sunday after her birth.

During the latter half of August it was determined to send back to England for further supplies, but great difficulty was

experienced in securing the services of any officer to undertake the mission. All the colonists finally united in a request that Governor White himself should go. This request was at first refused, White saying that his return would be looked upon by the public in England as a desertion of those whom he had persuaded to undertake the voyage to America, and would consequently bring great discredit upon his name. He also had misgivings about his personal belongings, which he feared might be lost when the colonists moved further inland, as it was their intention to do later on. The colonists then grew even more importunate, and White finally consented, with much reluctance, after being given a signed certificate wherewith to justify his course in departing from the colony which he had been sent to govern. He accordingly set sail with one ship and a fly-boat on the 27th of August, 1587. At the outset of this return voyage, quite a number of the fly-boat's crew were disabled by the breaking of a capstan. Later the two crafts separated, as the larger one (with the marplot Ferdinando on board) wished to trade at the island of Tercera. White would not delay, but proceeded in the fly-boat. All on board came near perishing for lack of drinking water, and the boat lost its course in consequence of foul weather. Finally those on the boat sighted a port, which turned out to be the Irish town of Smerwick (the scene of Raleigh's bloody work in 1580), and there the crew gained much needed help. From Smerwick the boat proceeded to Dingen, five miles distant. There the boatswain, the boatswain's mate, and the steward died on board, and the master's mate and two other sick sailors were taken ashore. On November 1st, Governor White took shipping for England on another boat, and arrived in due time at a port in Cornwall.

In April, 1588, Governor White made a futile attempt to return with supplies for the relief of Raleigh's colonists

who had been left on Roanoke Island. The failure of this attempt was due to the fact that the English went out of their way in an attempt to secure Spanish prizes, were beaten in a sea-fight which ensued, and finally were forced to return for repairs. A few weeks later the great Spanish Armada came. Then all the ships and seamen in England were needed for purposes of national defense. Two more years elapsed before White had another opportunity to return to America, even then going as a passenger on a ship whose first object was trading with or fighting against Spaniards in the West Indies, after which it was to sail northward and see if any of the colonists could be found on or around Roanoke Island. The narrative of his experiences on shipboard, during this voyage, White communicated to Richard Hakluyt, dating his letter of transmittal at "my house at Newtown in Kilmore, the 4th of February, 1593," which was several years after his return. The small fleet of three ships, in which he took passage, sailed out of Plymouth on the 20th of March, 1590. They cruised in the vicinity of Spain and on the north coast of Africa for a few weeks and then set sail for the West Indies. On May 7th, fresh water was secured on the island of St. John, in the West Indies, and a large Spanish prize was taken on the next day. Then followed numerous sea-fights, and pillaging by land, in the territory of the Spaniards. On July 2d, White's old friend Captain Edward Spicer, joined the fleet at Cape Tyburon, after a long voyage from England. We also find mention of Captain Lane, who was probably Ralph Lane, former Governor of Roanoke. On the 13th of July the coast of Florida came into view, and on August 3d the fleet sighted what is now the coast of North Carolina, but was forced out to sea in a storm, to avoid ship-wreck on the banks. Later the inland waters were entered, and, on the 15th, Roanoke Island was in close view. From this island was seen to arise a column

of smoke, which raised hopes that the colonists were still in the vicinity of the locality where they had been left. A diligent search for them proved fruitless. On the 16th of August, White went ashore, accompanied by Captains Spicer and Cooke, with a sufficient armed escort. Orders were left with the master-gunner on shipboard to have shots fired, at stated intervals, from two minions and a falcon (small pieces of ordnance) to attract the attention of any English who might be in the neighborhood; but reverberating echoes were the only answer. On going ashore in the direction of another column of smoke, the fire was located, but no human being—white man or Indian—was found near it. The party, being much fatigued, camped on the island for the night, but later returned to the ships.

On the 17th of August, the greatest catastrophe of the voyage occurred when a boat containing eleven men capsized in trying to enter an inlet, and seven were drowned. Those lost were the gallant Captain Spicer, to whose daring at sea I have alluded more than once, also Master's-Mate Ralph Skinner, Surgeon Hance, Edward Kelley, Thomas Bevis, Edward Kelborne, and Robert Coleman. The remaining four were saved by the heroic efforts of Captain Cooke and four stout seamen who rowed to their rescue. The sailors were much disheartened by this deplorable accident, but Governor White and Captain Cooke prevailed on them to proceed with an exploration of the vicinity which they wished to make. Before Roanoke Island was again reached, dark had settled, and another great fire was seen in the woods. White's narrative of the voyage says: "When we came right over against it, we let fall our grapnel near the shore and sounded with a trumpet a call, and afterwards many English tunes of songs, and called to them friendly, but we had no answer. We therefore landed at daybreak; and, coming to the fire, we found the grass and sundry rotten trees burning about

the place." White and his companions went through the woods for a considerable distance, and then sailed around the island until they reached the point where the colony had been left in 1587. Upon the departure of White for England in 1587, it had been agreed that if the colonists removed, they should cut on trees and posts the name of the locality to which they had gone, and a cross should be cut over the name if they were distressed. Upon one tree were found the letters C R O, and C R O A T O A N was cut on another, but both were without the sign of distress agreed upon. Of the further investigation White says: "We entered into the palisado, where we found many bars of iron, two pigs of lead, four iron fowlers, iron sacker shot, and such like heavy things, thrown here and there, almost overgrown with grass and weeds. From thence we went along the waterside toward the point of the creek, to see if we could find any of their boats or pinnace, but we could perceive no sign of them, nor any of the falcons or small ordnance which were left with them at my departure from them. At our return from the creek, some of our sailors, meeting us, told us they had found where divers chests had been hidden, and long since digged up again and broken up, and much of the goods in them spoiled and scattered about, but nothing left, of such things as the savages knew any use of, undefaced. Presently Captain Cooke and I went to the place, which was in the end of an old trench, made two [*sic*] years past by Captain Amadas, where we found five chests that had been carefully hidden of the planters, and of the same chests three were my own, and about the place many of my things spoiled and broken, and my books torn from the covers, the frames of some of my pictures and maps rotten and spoiled with rain, and my armor almost eaten through with rust. This could be no other than the deed of the savages, our enemies at Dasamonguepeuk, who had watched the departure of our

men to Croatoan, and, as soon as they were departed, digged up every place where they suspected anything to be buried. But although it much grieved me to see such spoil of my goods, yet on the other side I greatly joyed that I had safely found a certain token of their safe being at Croatoan, which is the place where Manteo was born, and the savages of the island our friends."

Returning from the scene of desolation at the old fort, White, Cooke, and the remainder of their party regained their ships, and then determined to proceed to Croatan. After losing several anchors in a storm and suffering other mishaps, however, it was determined to go to the West Indies for repairs, spend the Winter there, and return in the Spring to the vicinity of Roanoke for a further search. The captain of one vessel, the *Moonlight,* objected to this plan, as his ship was in bad shape generally and needed supplies, so he forthwith sailed for England. The remaining vessels pursued their course to the West Indies, took several Spanish prizes, and later joined a large fleet of warships under the command of Admiral Sir John Hawkins. This admiral was watching for a Spanish fleet which was known to be in the West Indies; but, by the counsel of his officers, he later decided that his ships should "spread themselves on the coast of Spain and Portugal, so far as conveniently they might, for the sure meeting of the Spanish fleet in those parts." In this last mentioned plan the ship on which White sailed did not join, as its captain determined to return to England. Leave was accordingly taken of the redoubtable Hawkins on Sunday, the 13th of September, and White reached Plymouth, in England, on the 24th of October.

The fate of the colonists left on Roanoke Island in 1587 is one of the unsolved mysteries of the ages. Some believe they were massacred. Others contend that, when all hope for help had been abandoned, they became absorbed into the

tribe of Croatan Indians, whose friendship for the whites had been so often manifested. Mr. Hamilton McMillan and Dr. Stephen B. Weeks have written monographs in support of this contention, while Bishop Cheshire and others have vigorously argued the contrary. As a single word, cut on a tree, was the only message found, I shall not endeavor to discuss the conflicting theories. In the words of Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, a Virginia poetess:

"The mystery rests a mystery still,
Unsolved of mortal man;
Sphinx-like, untold, the ages hold
The tale of CRO-A-TAN."

Some writers have ignorantly charged that Raleigh heartlessly abandoned the Lost Colony of 1587, and made no effort to discover and rescue its members. This is far from true. One old nautical historian, Samuel Purchas, while referring to the year 1602, says that Raleigh then sent Captain Samuel Mace, who had been to Virginia twice before, on another voyage to hunt for the Lost Colony "to whose succor he had sent five several times at his own charges." By the time Mace returned from this voyage, Raleigh had been attainted as a traitor, his estates had been confiscated, and he could do no more.

As every one knows, Raleigh's explorers brought back with them an edible tuber, theretofore unknown to Europeans, called the potato. Raleigh experimented with it on his estates in Ireland with so much success that it became the chief foodstuff of that country and is generally called the Irish Potato after the land to which it was transplanted. Thus an importation by Raleigh, who had often wasted Ireland with the fire and sword, has often been the salvation of that country when other food crops have failed. Tobacco, too, was brought from the New World, and Raleigh was joined by his friends in acquiring its use by puffing it from small silver bowls.

We have all heard the story of how Sir Walter's first smoke was interrupted by an alarmed servant who dashed a cup of spiced ale in his face to extinguish the fire.

Art and archæology in our day are also debtors to the Roanoke colonists, for Governor White was a talented artist, who not only made maps of the new land but also water-color drawings of the natives. His paintings of the Indians are still preserved in the British Museum. At the time of the Jamestown Exposition, in 1907, Colonel Bennehan Cameron, of this State, employed a competent artist to make copies of these paintings for the use of the North Carolina Historical Exhibit; and, after the close of the Exposition, he presented them to the North Carolina Hall of History in the city of Raleigh, where they may still be seen.

And now, as Raleigh bade farewell to his cherished hopes of colonization on this spot, we must say farewell to the sad story of its failure. The prosecution of these noble but unsuccessful designs cost an immense sum, and not a few lives. I have already told how seven men were drowned by the capsizing of a pinnace; and others, who are known to have sought safety in small boats amid the horrors of Indian warfare, were doubtless lost at sea. These sad circumstances lend a touch of reality to the beautiful poem *Hatteras,* by the late Joseph W. Holden, of Raleigh, wherein a skull cast up on Cape Hatteras is supposed to voice its tale of the past and warning to the present in these lines:

"When life was young, adventure sweet,
I came with Walter Raleigh's fleet,
But here my scattered bones have lain
And bleached for ages by the main!
Though lonely once, strange folks have come,
Till peopled is my barren home;
Enough are here: oh, heed the cry,
Ye white-winged strangers sailing by!
The bark that lingers on this wave
Will find its smiling but a grave!"

It was in 1588 that all true Englishmen flew to arms at news of the coming of the great fleet which the Spaniards in their pride called the "Invincible Armada." On sea and land every available man was mustered into the service of the realm which was so much imperiled. The lion-hearted Queen herself, though no longer young, laid aside womanly apparel and rode through the great camp at Tilbury in a full suit of armor, encouraging her people in a speech filled with expressions of confidence in their fidelity and valor. In the course of her address she said: "We have been persuaded by some, that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery; but I assure you I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear; I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good will of my subjects, and therefore I am come among you, as you see at this time, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved, in the midst and heat of battle, to live or die amongst you all."

In the defense of England against the Spanish Armada it is needless to say that Raleigh played the part of a loyal subject and true man. When a council of nine was formed to consider the state of national fortifications and defenses, Raleigh sat in that body, being styled "Lieutenant-General of Cornwall." The only member of this council below the rank of knighthood was Ralph Lane, former Governor of Roanoke, and he was later knighted in recognition of his many services to the kingdom at home and abroad. In both England and Ireland, Raleigh was active in disciplining the levies raised to defend the realm against the Armada; and, when it became apparent that no fighting was soon to be done on land, he relinquished his army commands and betook

himself to the channel, there aiding materially, as captain of a ship, in the destruction of the Spanish war vessels.

In March, 1589, after having spent more than forty thousand pounds in his attempt to plant colonies in "Virginia," with no financial returns for the outlay, Raleigh, as Chief Governor, sold his rights to trade (though not his patent) in that locality to a corporation or company composed of Thomas Smith, John White, Richard Hakluyt, and others.

In 1589, as a retaliation for the Armada, the English fitted up a fleet for the purpose of restoring Don Antonio to the throne of Portugal, and thereby weakening Spanish influence in that kingdom. Six warships and one hundred and twenty volunteer vessels, under Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Norris, went on this expedition. With them sailed Raleigh in a ship of his own. The English burned Vigo, destroyed two hundred vessels in the Tagus River (many of them containing stores for a new invasion of England), and attacked Lisbon. Aside from the capture of valuable spoils little else was accomplished.

In 1592, Philip of Spain was believed to be fostering further hostile designs upon England, and Elizabeth decided to divert his attack by sending a fleet against the Spanish possessions in Panama. Raleigh was placed in command of the English fleet. On May 6th, he set sail, but on the next day he was overtaken in a swift-sailing boat by Sir Martin Frobisher, with the Queen's peremptory order to return to England and to leave his fleet under the joint command of Frobisher and Sir John Burgh. Raleigh remained with the fleet long enough to give particular directions to his two successors in command and then sailed back to England, much puzzled to know the reason of his recall. He was not left long in doubt. Court gossip, connecting his name with that of a maid of honor, Elizabeth Throckmorton, had come to the ears of the Queen and she promptly sent the

offending courtier to the Tower of London. A letter written at the time says of Raleigh and Miss Throckmorton: "It is affirmed that they are married, but the Queen is most furiously incensed." The exact date when Raleigh's marriage to Miss Throckmorton took place does not appear, but the Queen later needed his services and ordered his release, though it took him a long time to regain the favor of his royal mistress. As for his wife, she became his heroic and devoted friend and companion throughout the remainder of his life, in adversity and prosperity alike, never ceasing her labors in his behalf until his head rolled from the block in 1618. She was a daughter of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, then deceased, a former councilor at the court of Elizabeth. Lady Raleigh is described as tall, slender, blue-eyed, and golden-haired.

As England was not an absolute monarchy even in the days of Elizabeth, and as Raleigh had been committed to the Tower without due process of law, he might possibly have secured an earlier release through legal means, but chose a more unique method, by writing a letter to Robert Cecil, trusting that it would come to the eye of the Queen. As the Queen was going away from the vicinity of the Tower for a short season, her imprisoned courtier sent forth a lamentation in these words: "My heart was never broken till this day that I hear the Queen goes away so far off—whom I have followed so many years with so great love and desire, in so many journeys, and am now left behind her in a dark prison all alone. While she was yet nigher at hand, that I might hear of her once in two or three days, my sorrows were the less; but even now my heart is cast into the depth of all misery. I that was wont to behold her riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks like a nymph; sometimes sitting in the shade like a Goddess; sometimes

singing like an angel; sometimes playing like Orpheus. Behold the sorrow of this world! Once amiss hath bereaved me of all! Oh Glory, that shineth in misfortune, what is become of thy assurance? * * * She is gone in whom I trusted, and of me hath not one thought of mercy." When we reflect that the Queen, at the time this letter was written, was in her sixtieth year, gray-haired, wrinkled, and ugly as the proverbial home-made sin, we are almost tempted to doubt Sir Walter's sincerity in painting her as a beautiful fairy princess with all the entrancing attributes of heavenly angels, heathen deities, and earthly heroes. Raleigh's imprisonment in the Tower was not rigorous. He was in the custody of his cousin, Sir George Carew, Master of Ordnance in that strong-hold, and the Queen had given orders that his friends should have free access to him, while servants attended his every want. Even his offices were not taken away from him, and he discharged his duties by deputies. On one occasion when it came to his ear that the Queen would soon pass down the Thames in her barge, he asked Carew to let him be disguised as a boatman and go near the barge under guard, that he might feast his eyes on the royal object of his adoration once more. The request was of course refused, whereupon Raleigh became frantic and attacked his keeper in seeming desperation, though no further harm was done than the injury of his Cousin George's new periwig.

There is a homely old saying that "fair words butter no parsnips," and Raleigh soon discovered that they were equally powerless to unlock the gates of the Tower of London. But his release came in September. In that month Frobisher and Burgh returned to Plymouth with the fleet of which he was still the titular "General" or Admiral, and with them brought many valuable spoils taken from the Spaniards, so the services of Raleigh were needed in making partition between the Queen and those who financed the voyage. Among

the latter was Admiral Sir John Hawkins, who had urged that Raleigh should be sent. He accordingly went to Plymouth under guard. Though one of Raleigh's contemporaries had described him as "the best hated man of the world in court, city, and country," his reception at Plymouth did not seem to indicate it. Referring to his arrival there, Robert Cecil wrote: "I assure you, sir, his poor servants, to the number of one hundred and forty goodly men, and all the mariners, came to him with shouts of joy. I never saw a man more troubled to quiet them. But his heart is broken, as he is extremely pensive, unless he is busied, in which he can toil terribly. The meeting between him and Sir John Gilbert was with tears on Sir John's part. But he, finding it known that he has a keeper, whenever he is saluted with congratulations for liberty, doth answer, 'No, I am still the Queen of England's poor captive.' I wished him to conceal it, because here it doth diminish his credit, which I do vow to you before God is greater among the mariners than I thought for." Finally the Queen's anger simmered down, and Raleigh was relieved from his nominal captivity.

In 1594 Raleigh secured a charter from Queen Elizabeth for his first expedition to Guiana, on the northern coast of South America. As a preliminary he sent one of his most experienced officers, Captain Jacob Whiddon to spy out the route and report his findings. Upon Whiddon's return, Raleigh's expedition sailed in 1595. With him were his nephew, John Gilbert, son of Sir Humphrey, and Captain Laurence Keymis. On the voyage to South America the forces of Raleigh captured and burned the town of St. Joseph on the island of Trinidad. On the continent of South America the explorers penetrated far inland, up the Orinoco River, and enjoyed most friendly relations with the natives, who had suffered much from Spanish cruelty and were conse-

quently willing to render all aid and assistance to the English upon learning that they were enemies of Spain. Much time was spent in explorations by Raleigh before he left the continent. It was his hope to sail northward for the purpose of making a personal attempt to find and relieve his settlers here on Roanoke, but he was prevented by storms and other circumstances. While in South America he collected much ore, as samples, though he did not engage in mining on a large scale. On his return voyage the Spanish towns of Cumana, Santa Maria, and Rio de la Hacha refused to furnish his fleet with supplies, and were sacked and burned in consequence. Before Raleigh left England his enemies had prophesied that he would never return, but would enter the service of Spain. This absurd charge was disproved by his return, and then those same enemies sought to discredit his account of discoveries, especially of precious ores. Some modern historians—Hume and others—have branded Raleigh's narrative as a collection of lies, but recent discoveries of rich gold fields in Venezuela (a part of Raleigh's Guiana) have partly or wholly justified his statements. In 1596, in fulfillment of a promise to the Indians to return to Guiana, Raleigh sent Captain Keymis with the ships *Darling* and *Discovery,* laden with presents for the Indians. In the meantime San Thome, in Guiana, had been heavily fortified by the Spaniards, so Keymis avoided that town and went towards the mines by another route. Later he returned to England, bringing with him little more than samples of gold ore. Thus ended Raleigh's earlier expeditions to Guiana—ventures to be resumed near his life's end, as I shall relate hereafter.

When rumors of the coming of the Spanish Armada of 1588 first reached England, Raleigh had boldly volunteered for an expedition to sail into the Spanish harbors and burn the ships of King Philip while they were being fitted up. This advice was rejected as the dream of a desperate vision-

ary. Eight years later, however, in 1596, when news came that the indefatigable Philip was building another fleet (sixty ships) for an invasion of Ireland, where he hoped for many allies, Raleigh again urged Elizabeth to strike the first blow, and this time his advice was followed. The result was a brilliant success. With the English fleet of ninety-six sail, went twenty-four Dutch ships, making one hundred and twenty vessels in all. On these ships were fourteen thousand English and twenty-six hundred Dutch troops. Lord Admiral Howard and the Earl of Essex were in joint command. This fleet divided itself into four squadrons, one of which was commanded by Raleigh, under whom were thirteen hundred and fifty-two sailors and eighteen hundred and seventy-five soldiers. The fleet sailed out of Plymouth on June 1, 1596, and, on the 20th of the same month anchored within half a league of Cadiz. In the attack on that city the following day, Raleigh led the van in a vessel called the *Warspright,* with a crew of two hundred and ninety men. As the *Warspright* advanced, followed by five other English ships, four huge galleons appeared, bearing the usual saintly names of those "children of the Devil," the Spaniards. They were the *St. Philip,* the *St. Matthew,* the *St. Andrew,* and the *St. Thomas*—"those Apostles aforesaid," as Raleigh afterwards called them. All of these galleons moored under the guns of Fort Puntal, with three galleys about each; and then the batteries on sea and land opened a furious cannonading on the invaders. The largest Spanish ships were the *St. Philip* and the *St. Andrew,* which had been with the fleet of fifty-three which sank the ship *Revenge* and killed its commander Sir Richard Grenville, Raleigh's kinsman. Raleigh now vowed that he would be "revenged for the *Revenge* or second her with his own life." This was no idle boast. Though the *Warspright* was nearly sunk, the ships of the other English commanders came rushing to her assistance,

and two got the start of her, but Raleigh was unwilling to relinquish his perilous post of honor, so he again succeeded in running ahead and blocked further advance by laying his ship athwart the channel in order, as he said, that "none other should outstart him that day." He and his crew next grappled the *St. Philip,* and were soon reinforced by the other English vessels, when a wild panic seized the Spaniards, who ran their galleons aground and attempted to burn them, but the English were too quick for this and captured all but the *St. Philip* and the *St. Thomas* which were blown up by their captains. The English spared the lives of their captives, but the Dutch partly paid off their score for Alva's cruelties by mercilessly butchering prisoners until the forces of the Lord Admiral and Raleigh beat them off. These Flemings, Raleigh declared, contributed little or nothing to the winning of the victory. Toward the close of the sea-fight, Raleigh was badly wounded in the leg, but had himself borne ashore on the shoulders of his men when the land forces disembarked. After landing, the troops, under the chief command of Essex, first swept eight hundred Spanish horsemen from their path, and then captured all the fortifications of the city except the castle; and that, too, surrendered on the next day. Spoils of the town and ransoms for wealthy prisoners were the rewards of the victors. Said Raleigh: "We stayed not to pick any lock, but brake open the doors; and, having rifled all, threw the key into the fire." The "key" here alluded to was the city of Cadiz, which had been described as one of the three keys of the kingdom of Spain. Other localities around Cadiz were also sacked and burned, and the victorious expedition finally returned to England, Raleigh arriving there ahead of the rest on August 6th.

Raleigh's splendid services at Cadiz restored him in a large measure to the good graces of Queen Elizabeth, and

he once more became an inmate of her Court, where there was a bitter rivalry between himself and Essex.

So happy were the English over their victories in Spain that, in 1597, they organized a campaign against Spanish possessions in the West Indies. This expedition by sea is known as the "Islands Voyage." Time will not allow me to go into its full details. In the course of the cruise, Raleigh landed without orders and stormed the strongholds of the island of Fayal, thereby kindling anew the jealousy of his chief commander, the Earl of Essex, who arrived too late to share the honors of the day. Numerous rich ships of the Spaniards also fell a prey to the English on this voyage.

I can not here tell in full the story of the feud between Raleigh and Essex, but it was bitter and lasting. Though Raleigh was at his post, as Captain of the Guard, when the fallen Earl was in later years led to the block, he withdrew before the final stroke for fear it should be charged that he gloated over the execution. In later years, when it was charged that he had a hand in the destruction of his former rival, he said: "It is true that I was of an opposite faction, but I take God to witness that I had no hand in his death. * * * My soul hath many times been grieved that I was not nearer to him when he died, as I understood afterwards that he asked for me, desiring to be reconciled."

In 1600, Raleigh was advanced to the important post of Governor of the Isle of Jersey, and greatly improved the conditions of that locality by his administration of its affairs.

The great Queen Elizabeth died in the early Spring of 1603, and gave place to the cowardly descendant of a warlike race of Scottish monarchs, King James the First of England and Sixth of Scotland. Before the arrival of James in London, his mind had been poisoned against Raleigh by the latter's enemies, and he was not long in stripping Elizabeth's former favorite of all the honors held by him. In a short

time Raleigh was deprived of his posts as Captain of the Guard and Governor of Jersey, likewise being shorn of the monopolies and special privileges conferred by the late Queen. He was also ejected from Durham House (an episcopal residence) and Sherborne Castle upon which he held long leases. If he could now conveniently be proved a traitor, the efforts for his destruction would be crowned with complete success. Finally that opportunity presented itself when Lord Cobham became involved in a conspiracy to seat Lady Arabella Stuart on the throne of England. In an effort to save his own life, Cobham had accused Raleigh; later the conscience-stricken nobleman retracted his charge; afterwards renewed it, with more retractions later, and this was the farcical evidence upon which Raleigh was convicted. In much bitterness of spirit he wrote his wife: "All my services, hazards, and expenses for my country—plantings, discoveries, fights, councils, and whatever else—malice hath now covered over. I am now made an enemy and a traitor by the word of an unworthy man."

On September 21, 1603, Raleigh was indicted for having conspired to deprive the King of his Crown, to alter the true religion, and to levy war. The trial was begun in Winchester on November 17th, Lord Chief Justice Popham presiding. The eminent legal dignitary just named had been, by turns, a gambler, a drunkard, and a highwayman, afterwards mending his ways to some extent and reading law. With Popham sat many other men of note, the King being careful to select one or more whom he knew to be bitter enemies of Raleigh. Attorney-General Coke, Serjeant Hele, and Serjeant Phillips were attorneys for the prosecution. In that day the laws of England did not give prisoners the advantage of counsel, and hence Raleigh had to plead his own cause, which he did with ability, dignity, and decorum. I shall not trouble my hearers with an account of this trial. The absurdity of the

accusation is now admitted by all men, while the underhanded displacement of impartial jurymen and the disgraceful conduct of the King's attorneys will ever remain as blots upon the justice of the reign in which they occurred. In speaking of the behavior of Attorney-General Coke during the trial, an eminent Baltimore lawyer, J. Morrison Harris, said in an address on Raleigh before the Maryland Historical Society in 1846: "The conduct of Coke, the King's attorney, was disgraceful to the position he occupied—to the sovereign he represented—to the profession to which he belonged—the age in which he lived—and the manhood he shamed. He was, throughout the trial, ungenerous and unjust; overbearing and cruel; brutal and insolent." Continuing, Mr. Harris says: "Venality soiled the ermine of the judge, and power controlled the decision of the jury. The former pronounced his doom with as much alacrity as he had formerly shewn in taking purses on the highway, or bribes upon the bench; and the latter, in their eagerness to perform their part well, *overdid* it; so that the malignant Coke, when he heard that they had found him guilty of *treason,* exclaimed to the messenger: 'Surely thou art mistaken; *I myself only accused him of misprision of treason!*' " The programme for Raleigh's conviction having been duly carried out by the jury, he was condemned to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. He petitioned for a reprieve, writing to Cecil: "Your Lordship will find that I have been strangely practiced against, and that others have their lives promised to accuse me."

On December 10, 1603, James granted Raleigh a reprieve and the prisoner was carried from the place of trial at Winchester back to London, where he was confined in the Tower to await the King's pleasure.

In his work entitled *Her Majesty's Tower,* Hepworth Dixon says: "The most eminent and interesting prisoner ever lodged in the Tower is Raleigh; eminent by his personal

genius, interesting from his political fortune. Raleigh has, in higher degree than any other captive who fills the Tower with story, the distinction that he was not the prisoner of his country but the prisoner of Spain." And so he was, during the latter part of his captivity. While in the Tower he did not spend his time in useless repining, but well exemplified the truth of the old lines:

"Stone walls do not a prison make
Or iron bars a cage;
A free and quiet mind can take
These for a hermitage."

The story of Raleigh's confinement is a long record of noble literary and scientific achievements, too numerous to relate. The most important of his productions was a *History of the World,* which would have immortalized his name if he had no other title to distinction. Some of his poetical productions are most charming.

Though the statement may be strong, I doubt if there has ever been a man in the history of the world of whom so many biographies have been written as those which treat of Raleigh's career. Numerous publications of his works have also been made, the standard edition being issued in eight volumes by the University of Oxford in 1829, the first volume in this series giving two separate biographies (written many years before), one by William Oldys and the other by Thomas Birch, and the last volume containing a collection of his poems.

At times Raleigh's confinement in the Tower was light, and at times oppressive beyond reason. Within the confines of that gloomy stronghold "Raleigh's Walk" still preserves his name. Once, during his imprisonment, to test the effect which his death would have upon the public mind, the news was spread abroad that he had committed suicide. Later his captors tempted him to take that step by placing weapons

within his reach and turning his mind to the subject by discoursing upon that custom of the old Romans when they wished to end the ills of life. When conversations took this turn, Raleigh "spoke very gravely against self-murder, saying that for himself he would die in the light of day and in the face of his countrymen."

In his confinement Raleigh had many unflinching and influential friends, among the most devoted being Prince Henry, heir apparent to the throne, whose untimely death added to the misfortunes of the captive. Prince Henry constantly labored for Raleigh's release and visited him frequently in the Tower, while the prisoner sought to return the kindness by giving his royal visitor the benefit of his long experience in state-craft and military operations on land and water. One naval treatise he wrote for the especial instruction of Henry. Queen Anne was also Raleigh's friend. Among the countless throngs who sought his society while he was a prisoner was Thomas Hariot, who had been one of the voyagers to Roanoke Island, and to whose pen we of the present day are indebted for much of the early history of English colonization on this spot. Raleigh readily and generously gave of his means to enable Hariot to pursue his studies; and, when powerless to render him further assistance, sought and obtained for him congenial employment in the service of the Earl of Northumberland, a patron of letters and benefactor of scholars.

Raleigh was a sailor at heart and took a keen interest in the welfare of the mariners of his country. While in the Tower he contrived a process, designed for their benefit, whereby salt water could be made fresh and used for drinking purposes. Later he was deprived of his chemical apparatus, and the secret was thereby lost, not being re-discovered until modern times.

At times Raleigh had his heroic and devoted wife as the companion of his confinement, and one of his sons was born

in the Tower. Lady Raleigh exhausted every means in the interest of her husband during life, and called down curses (later fulfilled) upon those who robbed him and his children of Sherborne Castle and other property which his wealth had beautified. The Sherborne estate alone had brought an income of five thousand pounds annually, and yet in later years, by way of restitution, Raleigh was only given eight thousand pounds in satisfaction of the ninety-nine year lease which he had held. In speaking of Raleigh's family it may be here mentioned that he left two sons: Walter (unmarried), to whose death in South America I shall later call attention; and Carew (1605-1666), who was educated at Oxford, was a Cavalier in the Civil War of the next reign, member of Parliament, coöperator with Monk in the Restoration, and Governor of Jersey, the post formerly held by his father. The maiden name of his wife was Philippa Weston, at the time of her marriage widow of Sir Anthony Ashley. By this marriage Carew Raleigh had two sons, Walter (a knight, who died unmarried); and Philip, who married and left four sons and three daughters. Through them Sir Walter Raleigh doubtless has descendants now living.

Though King James could not be moved by mercy to order the release of Sir Walter Raleigh from the Tower, his cupidity was finally responsive to appeals in the prisoner's behalf. Raleigh still had hopes of great wealth to be found in the Spanish possessions in Guiana, in South America, where he had voyaged before, in 1595, and James was not averse to having a chance at such a share as would fall by law into the Royal treasury, though too cowardly to hold himself answerable to Spain for having authorized the sailing of this expedition. Raleigh was accordingly released from the Tower in 1616, and for the last time sailed westward on the 28th of March, 1617. With the eight thousand pounds allowed him for his lease on Sherborne Castle, with some purchase money

which had been paid Lady Raleigh for landed property held in her own right, and the sale of family plate, Raleigh risked his all in this expedition, though history sometimes accuses him of going on this voyage when he knew it would be unsuccessful. While in the Tower he had agreed to either bring back a ton of rich gold ore from Guiana, or return and spend the remainder of his days in prison. Raleigh's flagship, the *Destiny,* was commanded by his son, Captain Walter Raleigh, and with him also sailed a nephew, Captain George Raleigh. Sir Walter Raleigh attempted to keep the destination of his expedition a secret, but his confidence was betrayed by the King himself in an attempt to shift from his own shoulders all blame in the eyes of the Spanish minister in London. Hence before Raleigh had gotten well out to sea, his destination was known in the Court of Madrid. King James had authorized Raleigh to seek gold in territory which he knew was then occupied by Spain. He likewise knew that the supposed feeling of the Devil for holy water was a Damon and Pythias friendship in comparison with the hatred which existed between English and Spanish colonists in the New World, and yet he sought to convince Spain that he had no unfriendly motive in authorizing Raleigh to proceed westward. Raleigh's fleet finally reached the mouth of the Orinoco River, in South America; but there he became ill, and hence was unable to head the expedition which was preparing to march inland. The leadership of these land forces he confided to a veteran sailor who had been with him in Guiana before, Captain Laurence Keymis, with Captain George Raleigh, second in command. Keymis first met a Spanish force, which he routed, and then took possession of the town of San Thome. Further up the road towards the mines of which he was in search, another Spanish detachment was discovered to be in ambush, and so formidable were their numbers that Keymis deemed it prudent to

return to the ships. In the course of the fighting which had occurred Raleigh's son and namesake was killed. This young man had been a wild character in youth, but doubtless had gathered wisdom in his more mature years, as evidenced by so prudent a commander as his father entrusting him with important posts on both land and water during this expedition. His death was of course a deep grief to his father. The failure of the expedition to the mines was a source of much disappointment to Raleigh, and his reproaches to Keymis caused the unfortunate Captain to commit suicide. The chances of success in Guiana now being most unfavorable, Raleigh made a voyage all the way to Newfoundland in order to re-fit and renew his efforts against the Spanish possessions in South Ameria. In Newfoundland a portion of his crew became mutinous, and he deemed it advisable to return to England, which he accordingly did. Prior to his return, Don Diego Sarmientos. de Acuna, Count Gondomar, diplomatic representative of Spain at the English Court had made formal complaint to King James on account of the breach of peace which had been committed by his fleet-commander at a time when no war existed between England and Spain, and had denounced Raleigh as a pirate. King James was then making every effort to effect a match between Prince Charles, his heir, and a Spanish princess, so he basely denied all responsibility for the expedition he had authorized, and issued a proclamation for the arrest of Raleigh, who was accordingly taken into custody and re-committed to the Tower. Says Mr. Harris, in the address already quoted: "A writ of Privy Seal was then despatched to the Judges, commanding them to order its [the former warrant's] execution. They shrank from the flagrant injustice. They declared that neither the writ of Privy Seal, nor even a warrant under the Great Seal, could authorize them, after so long an interval of time, to execute the sentence without first affording the prisoner an

opportunity of pleading in person against it; and they resolved to bring him to the bar by a writ of *habeas corpus,* to answer why execution should not be awarded against him." The King approved this plan, and Raleigh was hurried from a sick bed to the bar at Westminster. It is needless to tell of the outcome of these proceedings, wherein, at the instigation of Spain, an illustrious Englishmen was doomed to die on the false charge that he had—sixteen years before—plotted to dethrone King James in favor of Arabella Stuart, a claimant who then had the warm support of Spain. With all haste, James signed the death warrant, and Raleigh was led to the block in Palace Yard, on October 29th (November 8th new style) 1618. On the day of execution the High Sheriff offered his prisoner a slight delay in order that he might warm himself before he said his prayers, but this offer was declined, Raleigh saying that an ague, to which he was subject, would soon come on again and cause his enemies to say that he quaked from fear. He met his death with courage and Christian fortitude. To a question from Dean Tounson, as to his religious belief, he replied that he died in the faith professed by the Church of England, and hoped to have his sins washed away by the precious blood of our Savior Christ. He carefully felt the edge of the executioner's axe, remarking that it was "a sharp remedy but a cure for all diseases." As he was about to kneel on the block he was told to turn his face toward the east, but answered that it was "no matter how the head should lay if the heart were right." At the request of friends, however, he did face eastward. Then he gave a signal, and the fatal blow was struck.

Soon after Raleigh's death, when King James was still striving to effect a Spanish match for his son, he caused a letter to be written to one of his representatives in Spain, saying that he "had caused Sir Walter Raleigh to be put to death CHIEFLY for the giving them [the Spaniards] satis-

faction." In commenting on this admission, Dr. Hawks truly observes: "No further evidence is necessary. Raleigh was murdered and James was his murderer." And the memory of Raleigh left its mark on the heart of that murderer; for, in later years, when young Carew Raleigh was brought to Court by his kinsman, the Earl of Pembroke, that nobleman soon carried him therefrom because the conscience-stricken King was haunted by the lad's resemblance to his father, declaring that he "looked like Sir Walter Raleigh's ghost."

In personal appearance Raleigh is represented to have been tall and well-proportioned, with thick curly locks, beard, and mustache, full red lips, bluish grey eyes, high forehead, and long bold face. A number of portraits of him were painted, among these being more than one by Federigo Zuccarro, a Florentine artist who lived in England during the reign of Elizabeth. One of the Zuccaro portraits was handsomely copied in oil, several years ago, by order of Mr. Walter F. Burns, who presented the reproduction to Chief Justice Clark, of the Supreme Court of this State. Though highly valuing this beautiful gift from an esteemed friend, the Chief Justice generously decided that a more appropriate place for it to be displayed would be the Mayor's Office in Raleigh, so he presented it to that city. Mr. Burns, at whose order this copy was made, is a grandson of Captain Otway Burns, commander of the privateer *Snapdragon* in the War of 1812-'15, an American successor of the daring sea-rangers of the reign of Elizabeth.

In an address delivered in the city of Raleigh before the State Literary and Historical Association of North Carolina, on November 4, 1909, the Right Honorable James Bryce, Ambassador from Great Britain to the United States, said, referring to those who have both made and written history: "Such an one was the famous man who may be called the first founder of North Carolina and whom you have fitly

commemorated in the name of the chief city of your State—Sir Walter Raleigh. The adventurer is always an attractive type, because spirit, courage, and love of discovery have a perpetual fascination, and when the explorer or conqueror has aims not wholly selfish, we are glad to palliate his faults. Raleigh had his faults, but he was a fine specimen of the bold, versatile, keen-witted, large-visioned man of the Elizabethan age, not very scrupulous, but with gifts which engage our sympathy, and rich in intellectual power. He was both a man of action and a man of letters, and might, had circumstances allowed, have shone as brightly in the latter as he did in the former field. He was a true Elizabethan in his intellectual culture, in his largeness of spirit, in his far-reaching imagination—a worthy contemporary of Shakespeare and Sir Philip Sidney and Edmund Spenser and Francis Bacon."

Though North Carolina's capital city of Raleigh is, in itself, a monument "more lasting than brass," a plan is now on foot to erect in that city a bronze likeness of Sir Walter Raleigh that coming generations may behold the majestic form of this great fore-runner of English civilization in America. A sum something upwards of a thousand dollars (made up of small contributions) has already been placed in the hands of the treasurer of the association which is to erect this monument, Mr. Joseph G. Brown, President of the Citizens National Bank, of Raleigh, and this sum will doubtless be increased to a proportion which will creditably carry out the patriotic plans of the promoters of this worthy enterprise.

In Dixon's work on the Tower of London, already quoted, that author says of the execution of Raleigh: "That day was thought to be a very sad day for Englishmen. The partisans of Spain went mad with joy. Yet the victory was not to Spain. A higher power than man's directs the course of

a nation's life; the death of a hero is not a failure, for the martyr's blood is stronger than a thousand swords. The day of Raleigh's death was the day of a new English birth. Eliot was not the only youth of ardent soul who stood by the scaffold in Palace Yard, to note the matchless spirit in which the martyr met his fate, and to walk away from that solemnity—a new man. Thousands of men in every part of England, who had led a careless life, became, from that hour, the sleepless enemies of Spain. The purposes of Raleigh were accomplished in the very way his genius had contrived. Spain held the dominion of the sea, and England took it from her. Spain excluded England from the New World, and the genius of the New World is English."

In closing these remarks I can not do better than quote the beautiful lines of North Carolina's most gifted poet, Henry Jerome Stockard, when treating of the same heroic character of whom I have spoken today:

"And he still lives, the courteous and the brave,
Whose life went out in seeming dark defeat.
The Tower held not his princely spirit immured,
But in those narrow dungeon walls he trod
Kingdoms unlimited by earthly zones,
And from its dismal gates passed unafraid
To an inheritance beyond decay,
Stored in the love and gratitude of man.
He lives in our fair city, noble State,
Puissant land—in all each hopes to be!
He lives in noble words and splendid dreams,
In strenuous actions and in high careers,
An inspiration unto loftier things."

ABSTRACT OF VOLUME I OF BATTLE'S HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

The Constitution of 1776 instructed the General Assembly to provide one or more universities. The charter of the University of North Carolina was granted in 1789, mainly by the influence of General William Richardson Davie. The Trustees were the prominent men of the State. There was a meeting of these Trustees within a month after the charter was ratified, the Senator from Bertie, Charles Johnson, ancestor of the present Mayor of Raleigh, then President of the Senate, being Chairman. At a meeting soon afterwards, General William Lenoir, President of the Senate, was elected permanent President of the Board. Subscriptions were asked for. General Benjamin Smith, of Brunswick, afterwards Governor, donated 25,000 acres of military land warrants to be located in West Tennessee. In 1835 these were sold for $14,000.

It was voted to locate the University within fifteen miles of Cyprett's Bridge over New Hope Creek in Chatham County, and a committee of the Board selected the site on the eminence in Orange County known as New Hope Chapel Hill. About 1,300 acres of land were donated for the purpose. A village was laid out and lots sold, the words "New Hope" being omitted in the name of the village.

On October 12th, 1793, the corner-stone of the first building, the Old East, was laid with Masonic ritual, General Davie being Grand Master. Reverend Samuel E. McCorckle, D.D., delivered an able and wise address.

It was concluded not to have a President but only a "Presiding Professor." A Presbyterian divine, Reverend David Ker, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, was chosen. The doors were opened for students January 15, 1795, but, owing

to the rainy weather and muddy roads, the first to arrive two weeks afterwards was Hinton James of New Hanover. It was near a month before others came, but by May the numbers increased to 41 in the spring and near 100 in the fall. Charles Wilson Harris, of Cabarrus County, graduate of Princeton with high honors, was chosen Tutor. The next year he was Professor of Mathematics and on the resignation of Dr. Ker, Presiding Professor. Having determined to be a lawyer, Professor Harris induced the Trustees to elect in his place Rev. Joseph Caldwell, likewise a high honor graduate of Princeton, and a Tutor.

Professor Harris induced the students to form a Literary Society. This was in June, 1795. It was called the Debating Society. Three weeks afterwards the Concord Society was formed, and the next year Debating was changed to its Greek equivalent, Dialectic, and the Concord was transformed into the Philanthrophic. James Mebane was first President of the former and James Gillespie (or Gillaspie) of the latter. Dr. Kemp P. Battle is proud of the fact that he, as President in 1848, and the venerable James Mebane, President of 1795, jointly presided over the Dialectic Society on the dedication of a new Hall.

The first scheme of studies was the work of Dr. McCorckle. In the latter part of the same year a "Plan of Education," the work of General Davie, was adopted. He relegated the young and untaught boys to a Grammar School. The more proficient were grouped in the Collegiate Department. It is noticeable that in choice of studies, for example French for German, and with large liberty of election for scientific studies, Davie was twenty-three years ahead of President Jefferson's noted plan of the University of Virginia. But when Dr. Caldwell in 1804 became President, he naturally introduced the classical curriculum of Princeton. This was

continued substantially for many years, in 1858 liberty to elect Civil Engineering and Agricultural Chemistry being allowed.

About this time there were repeated efforts by lotteries and by soliciting private subscriptions to obtain funds for completing the South, then called Main Building. President Caldwell journeyed to many points in the State for the purpose with considerable success. Larger donations had been ceived from General Thomas Person and Major Charles Gerrard, the latter being in Tennessee land warrants not then convertible into money.

In 1812 Dr. Caldwell resigned the Presidency for the Chair of Mathematics. In his place was chosen Rev. Robert Hett Chapman, D.D., of the State of New York. On account of his being a Federalist in the hot blood times of the war with Great Britain, he had a stormy time. In 1810 he resigned his office and was succeeded by Dr. Caldwell.

About this time the University had a few years of prosperity. The Legislature had given to the University a large number of land warrants to be located in Tennessee. These had been granted to North Carolina Continental soldiers, who had died without leaving heirs, or who could not be found. Tennessee after becoming a State in 1796, claimed that she was entitled to the warrants by right of eminent domain. The Trustees appointed Archibald D. Murphey and Joseph H. Bryan of Bertie, a Congressman, to represent their interests before the Legislature of Tennessee. After much difficulty a compromise was granted by that body. One third were allotted to the University and two thirds to colleges in that State. Owing to funds thus obtained the institution was prosperous until the panic of 1825. President Caldwell was allowed to visit Europe for the purchase of books and apparatus. The teaching force was increased. Elisha Mitchell became Professor in 1818, at first of Mathematics, in 1826

changing to Geology and Mineralogy. In the same year, 1826, James Phillips accepted the Chair of Mathematics. These two were strong members of the Faculty for many years; Dr. Mitchell until 1857, when he lost his life on Mount Mitchell, and Dr. Phillips in 1867, when he died suddenly at Prayers in Gerrard Hall.

Owing to the panic of 1825 the sales of the Tennessee lands of the University ceased and the University was much impoverished. In 1835 Dr. Caldwell died after a most painful and long-continued disease.

In order to place the management of the University on a business basis, an Executive Committee of seven Trustees in and near Raleigh was, in 1835, formed with full power. As the land market had improved the Committee empowered Charles Manly and Samuel Dickens of Tennessee to sell all the University lands in that State. This was done and about $170,000 was realized. The late Governor David Lowry Swain was chosen President and the University, having an assured income, entered on a career of prosperity.

The professors who have not been named, worthy of mention, are: James S. Gillespie (or Gillaspie), 1797-'9, who was also Presiding Professor; Archibald D. Murphey, 1800-'01; William Bingham, 1801-'05; Andrew Rhea, 1806'-14; William Hooper, 1817-'37; Ethan A. Andrews, 1822-'28; Denison Olmsted, 1817-'25; Shepard K. Kolloch, 1819-'25; Nicholas M. Hentz, 1826-'31; Walker Anderson, 1833; William Mercer Green, 1838-'49; Manuel Fetter, 1838-'68; John DeBernière Hooper, 1838-'48.

Of these Murphey became an eminent judge, and a distinguished pioneer in the advancement of public schools; Bingham was the founder of the Bingham School; William Hooper, an eminent divine and President of Wake Forest College; Andrews, joint author of a widely known Latin Grammar; Olmsted began the first Geological Survey of the

State, which was continued by Dr. Mitchell, and was author of scientific school books; Walker Anderson became Chief Justice of Florida; Green, Bishop of Mississippi and Chancellor of the University of the South; Hentz, author of a valuable treatise on the Arachnidæ (Spiders); Hooper and Fetter accurate scholars in their departments.

In 1847 the Commencement was honored by a visit from the President of the United States, a graduate of 1818, James K. Polk, with his Attorney-General, John Y. Mason, a graduate of 1816. Twelve years later James Buchanan, with Jacob Thompson, Secretary of the Interior, a graduate of 1831, was present at the exercises.

The University steadily increased in numbers, the maximum in 1857 being 461. Then on account of the threatening war there began to be a diminution, until in 1860'61 there were only 376. Although the numbers of the Faculty and students greatly diminished and the salaries of the Faculty were only partially paid, President Swain pluckily kept the exercises carried on all during the war. Even a truncated Commencement was held in June, 1865.

The University sent to the army 42 per cent of all students from 1830 to 1867, viz., 1,068. Of the younger alumni, 1850 to 1862, 57 per cent, 842 out of 1,478. Dr. S. B. Weeks ascertained these facts and adds that 312 lost their lives. There were 702 officers and 365 privates. Out of 5 Tutors, 4 lost their lives. Out of a Faculty of 14, some old and ministers of the gospel, 6 volunteered for the war. It is stated that out of 84 in the class of 1860 all became soldiers except one, detained by ill health.

In 1858 the new Caldwell monument was erected by the Alumni, of marble in the place of the weather-beaten sandstone shaft near the new West Building. President Polk made the motion and gave the first contribution.

The Trustees in 1859 made an investment, which by the

fortunes of war caused the bankruptcy of the University. They subscribed for $200,000 stock in the Bank of North Carolina. They paid cash for $110,000 but incurred a debt to the bank for $90,000. The bank stock became worthless but the debt remained. The final outcome will be seen in the second volume.

Dr. Battle has a chapter giving the characters, virtues and failings of the Professors, Tutors, officers and servants of the University during the three decades prior to the closing in 1868; President Swain, Mitchell, Phillips, Fetter, Hooper, Green, Deems, Judge Battle, Graves, Sr., Hubbard, Wheat, Shipp, Martin, Hepburn, Hedrick, C. Phillips, Brown, S. Phillips, Smith, Kimberly.

Of the servants he describes Dave Barham and Doctor November. He also faithfully gave the breaches of discipline by the students, the humorous pranks and the punishments. He described the hazing which was stopped for several years by a Freshman barricading himself and firing with pistol on his assailants, drawing blood but not killing. The cessation was voluntary, in consideration of the free pardon of offenders. In the sport of throwing fireballs the old belfry was burned and a bell of uncommon tone destroyed.

Under the old regime all students were required to attend prayers twice a day except on Saturday when the afternoon service was dispensed with. They were also required to attend religious services on Sunday and Bible classes in the afternoon. Professor Green and Dr. Mitchell for years officiated alternately in the Chapel. About 1848, when the Episcopal church edifice was completed, Professor Green started an agitation for allowing students exemption from Chapel services, provided they would attend elsewhere. This was resisted by President Swain, Dr. Mitchell, Dr. Phillips and others of the old school. After a long controversy, which did not cease with the departure of Bishop Green to Missis-

sippi, the question was settled in 1860 by allowing exemptions to communicants, to those whose parents requested such exemption, and to those declaring that their consciences did not allow them to attend Chapel worship. President Swain granted special exemptions with liberality.

In 1854 the curriculum was extended in the direction of scientific studies. Tutor Charles Phillips was elected Professor of Civil Engineering and spent a year at Harvard preparing for its duties. Benjamin S. Hedrick took charge of Agricultural Chemistry. The Trustees did not allow its officers to be active in politics, and as Professor Hedrick published a letter advocating the election of Fremont, in the inflammatory state of the public mind incurring widespread odium, he resigned by request. Mr. John Kimberly took his place.

The University with fluctuating numbers had during the war continuous exercises. The professors were paid in Confederate money, which rapidly depreciated, and were only able to live by strictest economy. The Trustees gave some help by granting leave to cut firewood from their woodlands. One hundred-dollar gold bonds were issued to the professors, one to each, but the distress was severe. At the close of the war there was due them $7,000 for which 8 per cent bonds were given. The University owed $103,000 and the assets were $200,000 of worthless bank stock and other securities of insignificant value. Valuable members of the Faculty, *e. g.,* Professors Hepburn and Martin, were forced to seek other fields of labor.

In 1867, the affairs of the University being desperate, an effort was made towards a reorganization. To effect this the Faculty resigned their offices but were requested to hold their chairs until the Commencement of 1868. When that time came it was evident that the Trustees would lose their places under the Reconstruction Constitution of 1868. They

therefore reëlected the President and all the professors. The new Trustees treated this reëlection as invalid and vacated all the chairs.

In the foregoing condensed narrative it has been found necessary to omit much of the first volume of the history, which contains full accounts of the following subjects among others:

1. Early meetings of Trustees.
2. Journal of the Committee who selected the site.
3. Sale of lots in the new village.
4. Letters of Charles W. Harris and Dr. Caldwell from Chapel Hill.
5. Subsequent careers of Dr. afterwards Judge, Ker and of Professor Harris.
6. Early rules and queries of the two Literary Societies.
7. Letters of John Pettigrew giving social life of the early students.
8. Wild conduct of early students.
9. The first Commencement and graduates.
10. The "great Secession" and its cause.
11. The trials of Dr. Chapman.
12. Letters of Slade and other students.
13. Dr. Caldwell's narrative of his European trip.
14. Judge Murphey's address.
15. Judge Gaston's address.
16. Legislature refuses relief.
17. The Droomgoole myth.
18. The Harbinger journal and contents.
19. Sketches of professors and graduates.
20. History of the Buildings and much other matter.
21. Subsequent careers of Alumni.

KEMP P. BATTLE.

THE NAMING OF WAKE COUNTY

His peers to him attention gave,
With listening air; and aspect grave,
While thus the worthy Baron spoke:
"Our lovely shire a name must take;
And, bring of all this promise fair,
The garden spot, I here declare
That Beauty's self that name should make
And I propose sweet Esther Wake."

With loud acclaim the name they hail.
A name that ne'er in time shall fail,
Wherever heard, whenever spoken,
To be to every heart a token
Of Beauty's power, and soft control
O'er manhood's ardent soul.

1856.

These lines were written by the late Dr. William Cameron, of Hillsboro, North Carolina, and embody the tradition that Wake County was named by Governor Tryon in honor of his sister-in-law, Miss Esther Wake, of Ireland, who was perhaps the only popular member of the royal Governor's family in the Colony; and who is said to have been very beautiful and amiable, and much given to field sports and hard riding.

There is or was a ford on Eno long known as "Miss Esther Wake's Ford." Perhaps some of our old country folk know it still

REBECCA CAMERON.

CAPTAIN JAMES IREDELL WADDELL

BY CAPTAIN S. A. ASHE.

At the end of four long years of terrific struggle, it was Lee himself who said: "God bless North Carolina." With the part our soldiers bore so resolutely, so gloriously, we are all somewhat familiar; but while the great theatre of action was on land, there were perils and high resolves, and crowning glories also on the deep. Beleagured and blockaded as were the Confederate States, the Stars and Bars were borne across the oceans, and were carried in triumph around the world. There were heroes of the seas as well as of the tented field. Such a one was James Iredell Waddell—a descendant of Hugh Waddell, who won great fame in the Colonial wars, and who in Stamp Act times proudly bore the plume of a stalwart patriot. Also, he was a grandson of General Francis Nash—who, under Washington, received his mortal wound on the bloody field of Germantown; while through his arteries coursed the hot blood of many other warriors of the olden time.

He was born in Pittsboro, on July 13, 1824. His father was Francis Nash Waddell, and his mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Davis Moore.

In the ante-bellum days the vocations open to a young gentleman in North Carolina were the law, or medicine; the life of a planter, or a military career. The latter suited the temper of James Iredell Waddell; and in September, 1841, when seventeen years of age, he received the appointment of Midshipman and was ordered on duty at Norfolk. That was before the Naval school was established at Annapolis, and the boys were required to go on cruises, studying while at sea, and afterwards were examined for promo-

tion. Young Waddell had hardly donned his uniform before his fighting blood showed itself.

An older Midshipman, by name of Wearing, was offensive to him, and Waddell promptly called him to the field of honor. In the encounter the high-spirited Carolinian received a wound in the hip that caused him to limp a little all through life.

The record at the department is simply: "On leave to recovered from the effect of a duel." Years afterwards when the naval service was undergoing the transformation incident to the introduction of steam, when science was being added to the necessary attainments of Navy Officers—when the style of men like John Paul Jones, Johnson Blakely and Lawrence and Decatur was becoming obsolete—and steam, and machinery, and turrets and armor plates were about to supplant the gallant sailing frigates, the change was loudly bemoaned; and at that time, among those who were being educated for the service, the pluck of Waddell was an inspiration; and his sense of honor, his fearlessness, his bearing and prompt challenge of an older officer to mortal combat—made him an ideal hero, and invested him with a halo among the young fighters who dreamed of a future career famous for carnage and glory.

The record of his service in his junior years shows that he served on the Pacific; that on the breaking out of the war in Mexico he was ordered to the Gulf—and was on duty in the blockade of Vera Cruz, and was in the battle of Palo Alto, being with the sailors and marines sent by Commodore Conner to the assistance of General Taylor.

In 1848, having passed his examination, he was on duty at the Observatory at Washington. Three years later, he was ordered to the practice ship at Annapolis, and then to the Germantown—a vessel named to commemorate the battle in

which his distinguished grandfather received his mortal wound.

* * * * * * *

In 1848, he had married at Annapolis, Miss Ann Sellmon Iglehart, and had thus become connected with some of the old established families of that region. Their home was at Annapolis where he was again on duty when I first knew him in 1858. He was a splendid specimen of manhood. He was six feet, one inch in height, with a powerful frame, weighing more than two hundred pounds, well proportioned, with a fine person. His features were well cut, betokening resolution and decision. He had a noble bearing, intelligence kindled his eye, and withal gracious and courtly, he was radiant with kindliness. Mrs. Waddell was small in person. She was a lovely and affectionate woman. They had no children, and the life of each seemed centered in the other. Though long married, they still were lovers. It was agreeable to observe them, the strong great man—the lovely, little woman—wandering over the grounds together—happy in themselves, a charming idyl of real life.

His life was as a spotless mirror; bright, effulgent with honor; adorned with virtue and with high attributes—while his person and noble countenance recalled the lines:

> A combination and a form indeed
> Where every god did seem to set his seal
> To give the world assurance of a man!

The following summer he was on the practice ship; and at sea, when he had leisure, he daily occupied himself in studying international law. Without premonition of the future, he then acquired that knowledge of international law which served him so well on the sudden occasion in after years.

As an officer, he was a disciplinarian, without being harsh; exacting, but not tyrannical. He commanded obedience, and

compelled respect; but there was nothing to beget any feeling of repugnance among those subject to his orders.

He returned from his last cruise as an officer in the United States Navy August, 1861, and tendered his resignation, which the Department refused to accept.

On a dark and stormy night early in January, 1862, he, with his brother-in-law, Mr. Iglehart, shipped as oystermen on board an oyster dredging boat and sailed out into the Chesapeake; and after some striking adventures, narrowly escaping capture, made good their way into Dixie.

The Navy Department at Washington struck his name from the navy roll, spitefully entering on the record, "Dismissed."

Lieutenant Waddell who had been the ordnance officer at the Naval station at Drewry's Bluff, was in 1864 sent abroad to carry on the work of distressing the commerce of the enemy. Vessels carrying the United States flag had measurably disappeared from the Atlantic ocean. But in the Pacific a whaling fleet was still to be found, and it was important to destroy it.

The Navy department selected Lieutenant Waddell for that service. His reputation as a seaman was superb, and he enjoyed the entire confidence of the department.

Captain Bulloch, the representative of the Confederate government in Europe, had succeeded in purchasing the Sea King, a vessel built for the East India trade, and on her maiden voyage. She was commodious and well adapted to carrying a large complement of men; sailed well under canvas, and had her screw propeller so adjusted that when not in use it could be raised out of water. In September, 1864, flag-officer Barron at Paris, pursuant to instructions from the department, gave to Lieutenant Waddell his particular directions.

His orders were to the effect that he should proceed to London and sail on the steamer Laurel to the Island of Madeira. The Laurel had already on board a cargo apparently of merchandize—but really of cannon and munitions of war, which had been invoiced as machinery and other innocent goods and chattels.

The difficulties that beset Confederate operations abroad were almost insurmountable; the British authorities being vigilant to give no offense to the United States.

The Sea King, a new screw steamer, however, had been secretly purchased, and she also set sail for Madeira.

On October 19th the two vessels met off Funchal, and, a preconcerted signal being given, recognized each other, and proceeded to an anchorage on the shores of an uninhabited island some miles distant, where the transfer of stores was rapidly made, and Lieutenant Waddell read his commission, and raising the Confederate flag over the Sea King, christened her the Shenandoah. The little nook in which the vessel lay was well protected and the sea was smooth. The day was bright and lovely, and Lieutenant Waddell was inspired by the auspicious circumstances with the confident hope of success. In thirteen hours the consort had discharged every conceivable outfit intended for the Shenandoah, and then remained only to receive such passengers as were to return.

Captain Waddell has left an account of the cruise of the Shenandoah—from which I make some quotations: "I now felt," says Waddell, "that I had a good and fast ship under my feet—but there was a vast deal to be done, and to accomplish all that a crew was necessary."

In picking out the crew of the two vessels in England particular efforts were made to secure adventurous spirits who might be induced to enlist on the Shenandoah. No married

man was shipped, and none were taken except with the hope that when the time came they could take service under the Confederate flag; but out of the 55 men present only 23 were willing to adventure in such an undertaking.

Waddell's force was indeed so weak that they could not weigh anchor—without the assistance of the officers. These were young Confederates who had been sent abroad for such service, the first Lieutenant being William C. Whittle, of Virginia, whose fine capacity rendered him of great assistance to Captain Waddell. The officers threw off their jackets, and amid hearty cheers, soon had the anchor hanging at the bow; and the Shenandoah entered upon her new career, throwing out to the breeze the flag of the South and taking her place as a Confederate cruiser on her ocean home, as a war vessel duly commissioned according to the law of nations. That flag, wrote Waddell, "unfolded itself gracefully to the favoring breeze and declared the majesty of the country it represented, amid the cheers of a handful of brave hearted men—and the Shenandoah dashed upon her native element, as if more than equal to the contest—cheered on by the acclamations of the Laurel, which was steaming away for the land we love—to tell the tale to those who would rejoice that another Confederate cruiser was afloat!"

But work was to be done! The Sea King was to be metamorphosed into a cruiser, and armed with a battery for which she was not constructed. The deck was to be cleared, the stores put away, the guns mounted, gun ports cut in the vessel's sides, and the ship put in readiness to uphold the honor of the Confederate flag. All was to be done in mid-ocean, without an organized force, and with a small crew never before associated together.

While the situation was itself embarrassing, other embarrassments forced themselves on the mind of Captain Wad-

dell. In his memoir of his cruise, he wrote: "The novel character of my political position embarrassed me more than the feeble condition of my command, and that was fraught with painful apprehensions enough. I had the compass to guide me as a sailor, but my instructions made me a magistrate in a new field of duty and where the law was not very clear even to the lawyers. I was on all matters to act promptly and without counsel; but my admirable instructions and the instincts of honor and patriotism that animated every Southern gentleman, who bore arms in the South, bouyed me up with hope and supported me amid the difficulties and responsibilities bearing upon me."

Noble man! chivalrous soul! brave heart; We here, after these many years, behold you raising aloft in those distant waters the sole and solitary Confederate banner that then floated upon the bosom of the ocean. Alone it is borne by the breeze over the great waste of waters—the only emblem of our nation's sovereignty upheld beyond the limit of our beleagured States. We now realize the difficulties that beset you. We know the perils of the deep—the storms and hurricanes that sweep the ocean—the fury of the wild waves moved by mighty winds—but these, these have no place in your thoughts as you unfold the flag of your country then heroically struggling for existence, but your mind is intent only on the honor of your countrymen!

The Shenandoah was a composite vessel—the frame of iron, the hull of teak—six inches thick; she could steam about nine miles an hour—could condense about 500 gallons of water a day; and used about twenty tons of coal a day; was very fast; under favorable circumstances—making 15 miles an hour under sail.

I am much indebted for some account of life on board the Shenandoah to Lieut. W. C. Whittle and also recently have

had the pleasure of talking over the same subject with Lieutenant Grimball, both of whom were schoolmates with me at Annapolis and who were Captain Waddell's main dependence for assistance in his long and adventuous cruise.

Captain Whittle says: "Captain Waddell though brave and courageous was naturally discomfited and appalled at the work to be done.

"The battery consisted of four 8-inch smooth bore cannon, two rifled Whitworth 32-pounders and two 12-pounder signal guns.

"Every man and officer pulled off his jacket and rolled up his sleeves, and with the motto 'Do or die,' went to work at anything and everything. The Captain took the wheel frequently, steering the ship, to give one more pair of hands for the work to be done. We worked systematically and intelligently, doing first those things that were most imperatively necessary. By the 22d of October, after four days of hard work, the decks were cleared, the guns mounted, and the carpenters began to cut portholes in the sides of the ship."

Five days later, the Shenandoah entered upon her first chase, and made a prize. And then other prizes followed. From these prizes they secured twenty enlistments, increasing the crew from nineteen to thirty-nine; so, including the officers, they had all told sixty-two men, besides the prisoners, who were now and then sent away on some bonded vessel.

On December 8th, they made Tristam da Canha, near St. Helena, and passing to the east of Africa, they reached Melbourne, Australia, January 25, 1865. There they landed all their prisoners, and after refitting left on February 18th. After leaving the harbor, a number of men who had secreted themselves on board, came on deck and enlisted, increasing their crew to 144 men.

Sailing northward in May, after many adventures and

capturing many prizes, they reached the shores of Kamskatka.

Captain Whittle says: "We were in the Arctic and contiguous regions during the summer. It was most interesting, as we went north towards the pole, to mark the days grow longer and longer, and to experience the sun's being below the horizon a shorter and shorter time, until finally the sun did not go out of sight at all, but would go down to the lowest point, and without disappearing, would rise again. In short, it was all day.

"We went up as far as Gifinski and Tansk Bays, but could not enter for ice, from fifteen to thirty feet thick. Frequent captures were made, and the smoke of the burning vessels made landmarks against the skies."

It was now in the middle of summer, and on June 23 Waddell captured two whalers, which had left San Francisco in April and had on board papers of April 17th, in which was found the correspondence between General Grant and General Lee, and a statement of the surrender at Appomattox; but the same papers also contained President Davis's proclamation from Danville, declaring Lee's surrender would only cause the prosecution of the war with renewed vigor.

How harrowing must have been this news to these daring Confederates, then amid floes of ice in the Polar Ocean! But they were men of nerve. Whittle says: "We felt that the South had sustained great reverses; but at no time did we feel a more imperative duty to prosecute our work with vigor. Between June 22d and 28th we captured 24 whaling vessels, eleven being taken on the 28th."

Some of the prisoners expressed their opinion that the war was over; but notwithstanding, eight of the prisoners taken that day enlisted on board the Shenandoah.

On June 29th, the Confederate flag was flying in the

Arctic Ocean; but on that day Waddell turned his prow away from the pole and passed southward through Bering Straits.

In July 5th, they passed the Aleutian Islands, one of which was a volcano and was in a state of eruption, smoke and fire issuing from its peak. That was the last land seen by the Shenandoah for many days.

Let us pause for a moment and consider the strange situation of this Confederate cruiser—a war vessel representing the sovereignty of a nation that had expired amid the throes of disaster;—in mid-ocean, separated by thousands of miles from any friendly hand, subject to vicissitudes—uncertain of the present; apprehensive of the future.

Brave hearts, true men, bold seamen! They feared not the fury of the waves, nor the storms of the ocean, but they knew well man's inhumanity to man! They knew that the Navy Department of the United States, freed from the restraints imposed by fear of retaliation, would be vindictive and tyrannical to the last degree.

That department had always proclaimed the Southern people rebels, and their cruisers only pirates. On the land we had forced a recognition of belligerent rights: but at sea we had been powerless to retaliate.

On August 2d, when in north latitude 16 degrees and 122 west longitude, seeing a sailing bark, the Shenandoah made chase under steam and sail, and overhauled her at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. It proved to be the British bark Barraconta, thirteen days out from San Francisco, en route to Liverpool. When the British captain was asked for the news of the war, he inquired in astonishment:

"What war?"

"The war between the United States and the Confederate States."

"Why," said he, "that war has been over ever since April. What ship is that?"

"The Confederate ship, Shenandoah," was the reply.

Then came the information of the surrender of all the Confederate forces, the capture of President Davis, and the entire collapse of the Confederate cause; and the additional information, says Whittle, "that Federal cruisers were searching for us everywhere and would deal summarily with us, if caught. Files of recent papers confirmed it all. The information was appalling. We were bereft of country, bereft of ground of hope or aspiration, bereft of a cause for which to struggle and to suffer!

"That independence for which our brave people had so nobly fought, suffered and died, was under God's ruling, denied to us. Our anguish of disappointed hopes can not be described!

"Naturally our minds and hearts turned to our dear ones at home. What of the fate of each and all who were dear to us? These were the harrowing thoughts that entered into our very souls, the measure and intensity of which can not be portrayed.

"Then of ourselves! We knew the intensity of feeling engendered by the war—and particularly in the breasts of our foes towards us.

"We knew that every effort would be made for our capture, and felt that if we fell into the hands of the enemy, fired as their hearts were, we could not hope for a fair trial and judgment. Even during the war, we had been opprobriously called pirates, and we knew if captured, we would be summarily dealt with as such.

"These were reflections that disquieted us, but they caused no demoralization, or craven fear, but were borne by true men with clear consciences, who had done their duty as they

saw it, with all the powers given them by God. It was a situation desperate to a degree to which history furnishes no parallel. The first duty was to suspend hostilities and to proclaim such suspension.

"The following entry was made in the log book August 2, 1865, the Shenandoah then being off the coast of Mexico: 'Having received by the bark Barraconta the sad intelligence of the overthrow of the Confederate government, all attempts to destroy shipping or property of the United States will cease from this date, in accordance with which First Lieutenant W. C. Whittle received the order from the commander to strike below the battery and disarm the ship and crew.'

"The next step was to seek asylum with some strong nation, strong enough to maintain the ruling of the law of nations and resist any demand for our surrender to our enemies, so that we might have a full and fair trial."

Writing of that critical time, Captain Waddell, wrote: "My own life had been checkered, and I was tutored to disappointments. The intelligence of the issue of the fearful struggle cast a deep stillness over the ship's company, and would have occupied all my reflection, had not a responsibility of the highest order rested upon me—as to the course I should pursue, which involved not only my personal honor, but the honor of that flag intrusted to me, which had thus far been triumphant. I determined to run the ship for a European port—which involved a distance of 17,000 miles—a long gantlet to run, and escape. But why should not I succeed in baffling observation and pursuit? The ship had up to that time traveled 40,000 miles without accident. I considered it due to the honor of all concerned to avoid anything that had a show of dread—under the severe trial imposed upon me: that such was my duty as a man and an

officer in whose hands was placed the honor of my country's flag and the welfare of my command."

And so Waddell determined to sail for England. No longer did he have legitimate authority, for his commission expired with the collapse of the Confederacy; yet so well disciplined had his crew become, that to the very end the conduct of his crew was remarkable.

On the 15th of September, running at the rate of 15 miles an hour, the Shenandoah turned Cape Horn, and took her course northward for Liverpool. "We passed many sails," says Whittle, "but exchanged no signals. We were making no new acquaintances." They crossed the equator for the fourth time on October 11, 1865. On October 25th, in the afternoon, when about 500 miles south of the Azores, they sighted a supposed Federal cruiser. Their courses converged. The stranger was apparently waiting for the approaching vessel.

Quoting now from Captain Waddell: "The situation was one of anxious suspense. Our security, if any remained, depended on a strict adherence to our course. Deviation would be fatal; boldness must accomplish deception. Still we forged towards the sail, and it would be madness to stop. Darkness finally threw her friendly folds around the anxious hearts on the little ship and closed the space between the vessels. What a relief! We could not have been four miles away."

The Shenandoah's head was then turned southward and steam ordered. It was the first time she had been under steam since crossing the equator on the Pacific side; indeed, the fires had not been lighted for a distance of more than 13,000 miles. The Shenandoah ran fifteen miles to the eastward and then steamed north for 100 miles, when a strong southwest wind dashed her to within 700 miles of Liverpool.

A calm then ensued, leaving the Shenandoah in sight of eleven sails during daylight, but the ship was continued under sail until night again took her in its friendly embrace. After furling all sails, the vessel was put under steam and pushed her way towards the desired haven.

The Shenandoah entered St. George's Channel on the morning of November 5th, just 122 days from the Aleutian Islands. "We saw no land," says Captain Waddell, "after leaving the Aleutian Islands until the beacon light in St. George's Channel was seen exactly where it was looked for. We had sailed 23,000 miles without seeing land and still saw the beacon exactly where we expected."

The daily calculation of the ship's position was very accurate, when that fact is considered. It was indeed a most remarkable record in navigation. They received a pilot after night, and when he was informed of the character of the vessel, he said: "I was reading a few days ago of her being in the Arctic Ocean." Asked for American news, he said the war had gone against the South. That was in November. Lee's surrender was in April.

"The quiet satisfaction seen in all countenances," says Captain Waddell, "for our success in reaching a European port was unmistakable."

Indeed, there was cause. The chief danger was now past. On the morning of the 6th of November, 1865, the Shenandoah steamed up the Mersey, bearing aloft the Confederate flag. A few moments after she had anchored, a British naval officer boarded her—to ascertain the name of the steamer—and he gave Captain Waddell official information that the American war had terminated. No longer was there any Confederacy! The Southern States were again a part of the United States.

The Confederate flag, representing neither people nor

country, an emblem of an era that had closed in the history of mankind, was then sorrowfully lowered, this historic act taking place at 10 a. m. on the 6th of November, 1865. The vessel was then given in charge to the British government.

For a day or two some correspondence was in progress between the British and American authorities in regard to the Shenandoah, her officers and crew. But on the 8th of November the crew were suffered to depart, and soon the British government turned the vessel over to the United States authorities, by whom she was sold to the Sultan of Zanzibar, and later she was lost at sea.

She was the only vessel that carried the Confederate flag around the world, and she bore it at her mast head seven months after the surrender of the Southern armies and the obliteration of the Southern Confederacy.

In her cruise of thirteen months, she ran 58,000 miles and met with no accident; and for a period of eight months she did not drop her anchor. She destroyed more vessels than any other ship of war known in history, except alone the Alabama, and inflicted heavy loss on the commerce of the United States.

The feeling of the United States was so intense against Captain Waddell that he lingered some time in Europe before venturing to return to America. Finally he came, and in 1875 the Pacific Mail Company, owned largely by Englishmen, running lines of steamers from San Francisco to Japan and Australia, engaged him as commander of one of its fine steamships. For some years he continued in that service, but on one of his return trips, as he was nearing the coast, his vessel struck a rock or bar not laid down in any chart, some thirteen miles from shore, which had doubtless been thrown up by a recent earthquake. He had 420 passengers on board, many being women and children. He at

once took personal command, and by the perfect discipline he had maintained among the crew, he controlled the excited passengers. Indeed his was a personality that would inspire confidence under all circumstances. Through an opening fifty feet long, water poured into the vessel. He put all men at the pumps, turned toward the shore and got his boats and life rafts ready. He got within three miles of land before he found it necessary to abandon the sinking vessel. Rapidly he had the women and children transferred to the small boats, and then the men, and then the crew—until at length he alone remained the sole human being upon his fated ship. Then hurrying the boats away, he himself stepped upon a life raft, and when not more than fifty yards away, the great vessel plunged into the waves, creating a vortex of waters from which he barely escaped. But no soul was lost. His perfect self-command, his perfect discipline, secured the safety of every passenger. They were landed without trouble on the neighboring shore, and the admirable conduct of Captain Waddell won the highest praise.

But after that he determined to abandon a career upon the sea, and eventually returned to Annapolis.

Later, there being much trouble in controlling the fleet of oyster boats on the Chesapeake that set at defiance the laws of Maryland, the governor of that State invited Captain Waddell to take charge of the State guard boats in the Chesapeake. He soon established order and made the oystermen respect the law.

He continued in this service at Annapolis until his death, March 15, 1886, being then in the 62d year of his age. The Legislature of Maryland was in session at the time and adjourned to do him honor. The old Confederate soldiers formed in line and marched to his residence. General George H. Stuart acted as marshal and the pall-bearers were

Captain Morris, Captain Murray, General Bradley Johnson and other distinguished Confederates, while the escort of honor was commanded by Colonel William Morris. The governor and State officers participated.

Indeed it was a State funeral—the only one, that we remember, ever accorded to a Confederate in a State north of the Potomac.

Thus was laid to rest this brave son of the Cape Fear, who never ceased to love his native soil and his friends and kindred in North Carolina. His life was full vicissitudes, but his guiding star was honor, and he was a shining example of all that is admirable in human character and all that is meritorious in human conduct.

Like many other heroes of the great drama, he has passed away and his grave is adorned with flowers by the loving hands of patriotic women—Confederate women, who suffered for the lost cause and who perpetuate its sacred memories. In the time of sorrow, they and their Confederate sisters throughout the Southland bore themselves with unsurpassed fortitude, and in these later days, they treasure the hallowed past and keep bright the fame of our fathers and brothers and tenderly pay deserved tribute to their honored dead. Duty, Christian duty, is their watchword, and the people of North Carolina and of the South in the ages to come—the descendants of our people here to remote posterity—will bless them for their noble, patriotic and devoted work in preserving the unsullied records of the heroes of the Southern Confederacy.

MARRIAGE BONDS OF ROWAN COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA

CONTRIBUTED BY MRS. M. G. McCUBBINS.

John Cochran to Elizabeth Patten. February 7, 1773. John Cochran, Richard paton and Andrew Cochran. (Ad: Osborn.)

John Chambers to Rebecah Graham. June 13, 177..... John Chambers and Jas. Cathey. (Ad: Osborn.) A note of consent from bride's father, James Graham, dated June 13, 1774, witnessed by George Howard.

Hugh Cathey to Jane Bailey. August 4, 1774. Hu: Cathey and James Brandon. (Ad: Osborn.) A note of consent from bride's father, Charles Bailey, dated August 3, 1774.

Richard Cathey, to Elizabeth Giles, a spinster. September 6, 1774. Richard Cathey and William Giles. (Ad: Osborn.)

Hugh Cunningham to Elizabeth Smith, a spinster. September 15, 1774. Hugh (his X mark) Cunningham and John Johnston. (Ad: Osborn.)

James Cooke to Anne McConnell. August 15, 1774. James Cook and Joseph Dickson. (Ad: Osborn.)

Leonard Crider to Margaret Vervele. February 14, 1775. Leonard Crider (in Dutch?) and George Gonter. (Ad: Osborn.)

John Campbell to Juda Peterson. February 15, 1775. John Campbell, William Brandon and John Lock. (No name.)

Henry Chambers to Agness McHenry. May 11, 1775. Henery Chambers and John McHenry. (David Flowers.)

William Clark to Sarah Jones. August 17, 1775. William Clark and George Gonder. (David Flowers.)

John Calahan to Jane Templeton. August 19, 1775. John Calahan and George Templeton. (David Flowers.)

James Cowen to Easther Lewis. August 22, 1775. James Cowan and Henry Dobbin. (David Flowers.)

John Carson to Sarah Slaven. August 31, 1775. John Carson and Robert Nevins. (David Flowers.)

Joshua Crowdir to Rebecca (Rebena ?) Smith (a spinster) January 19, 1776. Joshua Crowder and Arch^{d} Kerr.

Arthur Chambers to Ruth Woods. May 9, 1776. Arthur Chambers and Samuel Woods. (Ad: Osborn.)

Robert Chambers to Lettice Boyd. May 10, 1776. Robert Chambers and Robert Boyd. (Ad: Osborne.)

Valentine Calahan to Elizabeth McCreedy. May 28, 1776. — Callahan and James Bone (?). (Ad.: Osborn.) A note from Andrew McCreedy.

Samuel McCorkle to Elisabeth Gillespie. June 29, 1776. Samuel McCorkle and Adlai Osborn. (No name.)

David Craige to Mary Foster. July 20, 1776. David Craige and Adlexander Brown. (Ad: Osborn.)

Benjamin Cowen to Anne Henley Jenkins. April 9, 1778. Benjamin Cowan and William Cowan. (Ad: Osborn.)

James Coyle to Jean Harrington. September 12, 1778. James Coile and William (his X mark) Harrington. (Ad: Osborn.)

Joseph Chambers to Mary Campbell. September 14, 1778. Joseph Chambers and George Reed. (Ad: Osborn.)

Daniel Clenard to Mary Hinkle. November 8, 1778 (?). Daniel (his X mark) and Geo. (his X mark) Hoover. (Jno. Macay.)

Eleazer Cummins to Isabell (?) Caswell (?). December 15, 1778. Eliazar Comens and James Fraser. (William R. Davie.)

Jonathan Cox to Mary Konne (?). May (?) 8, 1779. Jonathan Cox and Joseph (his X mark) Cox. (Jo. Brevard.)

N. B.—This is mixed and Joseph may have married instead of Jonathan.

Robert Carlisle to Elizabeth Cash. February 3, 1779. Robert Carlile and John Cochran. (Ad: Osborn.)

Christophel Cupp to Prusilla Landuse. May 17, 1779. Christophel Cupp (?) and Johannes Cochenour ? (these are in Dutch?) (Ad: Osborn.)

John Cochran to Margret Huston. September 9, 1779. Jno. Coghlan and Jno. Bailey. (Ad: Osborn and Jo. Brevard.)

Hugh Cunningham to Mary Kent (?). February 10, 1780. Hugh Cunningham and Jonathan Conger. (B. Booth Boote.)

Isaac Cowin to Mary Pelton. November 8, 1780. Isaac (his X mark) Cowin and Nicholas (his X mark) Aldredge. (H.? Giffard.)

Thomas Cook to Ann Clayton. January 20, 1781. Thomas Cook and Lambert Clayton.

George Clark to Elizabeth Allen. March 14, 1781 (?). George Clark and John Smith. (Ad: Osborn.)

James Cook and Margaret Thompson. June 22, 1782 (?). James Cooke and John Hide (?).

James Chambers to Margret Erwin. October 19, 1782. Abraham (his X mark) Ervin. (Ad: Osborn.)

Lambert Clayton to Serah Davidson. December 14 (11?), 1782. Lambert Clayton and Jas. Ker. (H. C. Caule.)

Joseph Crofts to Sarah Wells. December 16, 1782 (3?). Joseph Crofts and Thos. (his X mark) Willis. (William Crawford.)

John Current to Susanna Remington. December 13 (19?), 1782. John Current and William Clark. (William Crawford.)

Albert Carson to Ellie Patterson. December 20, 1782. Robert Carson and James Patterson. (?) H. C. Caule.

William Craige to Deborah Orman. 1783. William Craig and Joseph Chambers. (Wm. Crawford.)

Samuel Cummins to Elizabeth Nevins. January 28, 1783. Samuel Cummins and John Edgard. (William Crawford.)

Amos Church to Elizabeth Swink. February 25, 1783. Amos (his X mark) Swink and Henry Giles. (A mistake surely. (William Crawford.)

Samuel Cowin to Phebe Lewis. Jun. (?) 14, 1783. Samuel Cowan and Samuel (his X mark) Lewis. (Wm. Crawford.)

Jacob Clever to Christina Billing. August 11, 1783. Jacob Clevey (?) and Leonard (his X mark) Ca.?

James Kilehand to Mary Wason. August 14, 1783. James W. Calahan and John Wason. (Jno. McNairy.)

John Chriwer (?) to Cathrin Kup (?). November 1, 1783. John (his X mark) Chriver and Peter Brown.

Isaac Cowin to Sarah Stewart. December 18, 1783. Isaac (his X mark) Cowin and David (his X mark) Stewart. (Jno. McNairy.)

(To be Continued.)

Biographical Sketches of the contributors to this issue of THE BOOKLET have been published heretofore as follows:

Mr. Marshall DeLancey Haywood.....Vol. VIII, 1
Dr. Kemp P. Battle.....Vol. VII, 2
Captain S. A. Ashe.....Vol. IX, 4

Vol. XIII JANUARY, 1914 No. 3

The North Carolina Booklet

"Carolina! Carolina! Heaven's blessings attend her!
While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her."

Published by
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DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION

The object of THE BOOKLET is to aid in developing and preserving North Carolina History. The proceeds arising from its publication will be devoted to patriotic purposes. EDITOR.

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THE NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET

Vol. XIII JANUARY, 1914 No. 3

NEW YEAR'S SHOOTING, AN ANCIENT GERMAN CUSTOM

By Major Wm. A. Graham.

The Germans who came from the Fatherland direct or via Pennsylvania to the country adjacent to the Catawba River and perhaps to other sections of the State brought with them the custom of "New Year's Shooting," which from the opening words of the sermon seems to have been a custom in the old country in which the tenants on New Year's Eve, going to the mansion of the Baron or Landlord, delivered an address and saluted him by firing their guns.

It was not a carousal of boys on a spree, but one of the steadiest, and generally an elderly man, was the preacher, who promptly left if there was any misbehavior.

The custom has now become almost obsolete, but there are still a few communities who prepare for the visit of the shooters by having a supply of eatables on hand for them.

Assembling about midnight, they went from house to house until sunrise, having designated some place where they would breakfast. Here the preacher left and the others, principally the young people, spent some time in drinking, dancing, prize shooting and other festivities common to the Christmas season in those days.

The desire was to reach the house unobserved by the occupants. Assembling before the house, the preacher called out three times: "Hello, Major (or William) Graham!" At

the third call the landlord answers, "Hello." Then follows the sermon:

Good morning, Landlord and Landlady!
Sons and daughters and all who are within your house.
I wish you all a happy New Year in this year of our Lord 1914.
I wish you all great health, long life, which God will bestow you on,
Keep joy, peace and encouragement and God will bless your whole intent.
On your house and all therein
I wish you all a blessing.
Praise Him in times of all
Who gives you houses, lands and all.
The poor and needy praise the Lord
Who blessings need of every sort.
In every part I wish you ease,
That God may give you luck and peace.
God preserve the house that you are in,
Where you go out, where you come in.
In this world both man and wife
Grow tired of this earthly life
And seek an eternal rest,
Choosing some other subject for the best.
And I wish from my heart
From this world we do depart
We may all sing new hymns
Like David did in former times.
But you are like that frail flower,
Born to flourish but an hour,
That with the sun does uprise,
Unfolds, and with the evening dies.
Such and so withering are our earthly joys
Which time and sickness soon destroys.
A thousand wretched souls have fled
Since the last setting sun;
But the Lord hath lengthened out our thread
And still our moments run.
Great God, let all our hours be thine,
Then shall our sun in smiles decline.
Never build your hopes too high,
But keep God always before your eye,
And that you and I are born to die.
Time by moments steals away,
First the hour and then the day,

Small the daily loss appears,
But soon it doth amount to years.
Sad experience may relate
What a year the last has been;
Crops of sorrow have been great
In this vain world of sin.
That they must lie within the tomb
The sons of Adam know is their certain doom.
As runs the glass, man's life does pass.
Xerxes the Great did surely die;
This must be the case with you and I.
I have this New Year's morn called you by your name,
Disturbed you of your rest, meant no harm by the same;
Here we stand upon your land
With guns and pistols in our hand.
And when we pull trigger and powder burn,
You'll hear the roaring of our guns.
Here we are in your yard,
A little distance all apart.
And, as it may be your desire,
Our guns shall either snap* or fire.
As I hear no objection,
We'll now proceed to your protection.

After the sermon comes the firing. Beginning at the head of the line each one fires until all have shot. A loud report is highly prized and to secure this by overloading sometimes the guns burst or are kicked out of the hands of the person firing. Others fire with the muzzle pointed to the ground to increase the volume of the report. A large attendance at New Year's shooting was considered a good omen for the next wheat crop, caused by the settling of the powder smoke upon the ground. The firing over, the preacher says:

If you are a man of grace,
Come to the door and show your face.

The landlord opens the door, the shooters enter, exchange the compliments of the season, partake of such entertain-

*If on account of sickness or other cause, firing is not desired, the landlord calls out "Snap."

ment as has been prepared and then proceed to the next house, continuing the march until sunrise.

It is a pretty manner of extending New Year's salutation and it is to be regretted that it will soon be obsolete.

The original sermon was in German, and in many places it was preached in that language prior to 1860. There are several versions in English; the one I have given is the one used in the neighborhood of the writer.

Mr. R. M. Beal, of Lincolnton, gives the following version as that used by him and his associates:

THE NEW YEAR'S SHOOTING.

Good morning, Landlord and Landlady,
Sons and daughters and all that are within thy house.
I wish you a happy New Year,
Great health and long life,
Which God bestow upon you in mercy
As long as you are upon the earth.
I hope you lovers of every kind,
Please your heart and please your mind,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean,
Whose tongues still speak the things they mean,
No slander dwells upon your tongue
You hate to do your lovers wrong.
A state of sin I despise
But love the honor in the eyes,
Don't be too proud, don't build your hopes too high,
Keep God always before your eye
And recollect you are born to die
As well as I.
The hoar frost that shrouds the ground,
The hail that sends the dreadful sound,
The icy hand the rivers hold
From the dread arms of winter's cold,
The branches we are ordained to shoot
From David's stock to Jacob's root,
To this New Year's morning 1914
I have called you by your name
And meant no harm by the same.
If these proceedings don't agree,

Make us an answer se-ri-ous-ly,
That we may hold our credit by
And burn our powders in ægy sly—
But since it has been your desire,
Guns and pistols shall snap and fire.

EARLY TIMES ON THE CAPE FEAR

By Captain S. A. Ashe.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE NORTH CAROLINA SOCIETY OF COLONIAL DAMES AT BRUNSWICK, N. C.

As, when some devotee repairs to a sacred shrine and lifts his silent thoughts to the throne in Heaven, his being becomes penetrated with the softening atmosphere of the hallowed sanctuary and his piety is nourished by his emotions; so, on such an occasion as this, when we draw nigh to these venerable ruins, where our forefathers gathered in years long past, and which speak to us of their patriotic deeds in perilous times, our own natures must be uplifted and our patriotism strengthened and made more fervent.

Here we find visible objects connecting us with an interesting past and attesting the verity of legends and memories that we dearly cherish. Here at the gateway of our noble river stands a monument that speaks to us of the very beginning of life upon the Cape Fear, of the first settlement, of its early days, and of its growth, development and expansion. But more particularly it is a mournful memorial of the conflicting interests between the newer city—Newton it was originally called—and the first town laid off as a center for the trade and commerce of the people. The younger sister, with her superior advantages, survived the contest and won the victory; and Wilmington became the great heart of the Cape Fear region, sending warm blood of energy and intelligence through the arteries of the country, and growing in strength and importance in every succeeding generation; while Brunswick faded away with the Colonial days, and her ruins here are only vestiges of the Colonial period. They bid us pause and reflect upon their history.

They recall to our remembrance, the important changes that Time has wrought among us. The services held within these walls were those of the Church of England, the ministers being under the authority of the Bishops of London; and the worshippers with loyal hearts gloried in being subjects of His Sacred Majesty, the King. The fountain of honor, the resplendent source of earthly glory, was the beloved and revered Monarch who sat on his throne in his royal palace across the water. His ministers ordered our affairs, selected our Governors, appointed our counsellors and local officers, and allowed or annulled the enactments of our legislatures. Yes, then our forefathers were British subjects, and earnestly and anxiously sought the smiles of their Sovereign, and had neither hope nor desire for any change.

There is no record of the arrival of the vessel that brought here the pioneer family. She came with bended sail across yonder bar and boldly coursed the broad harbor and drew near to the haven where she would be. There were anxious mothers—the children, the household servants, and all the accompaniments of the family. Oh! noble river: thus was borne upon your bosom the first germs of a people destined in time to occupy a vast country and by their deeds and virtues to become famous on the pages of history. Ah! that bark! freighted with precious lives, animated with high hopes of a happy future here on the virgin banks of this splendid river: maids and matrons; brave, courageous and enterprising men—they come to found a people; to lay the foundations of a settlement amid the solitude of an unbroken wilderness. But soon the axes ring; great trees fall; clearings are made; houses rise, and settlers hasten to make new homes on these broad and placid waters.

With these first enterprising families, nearly every one

of us here present today is, perhaps in some way, connected; and it is from such a standpoint, that we children of the Cape Fear find a particular interest in the incoming of our Fathers, in their first clearings, in the first family prayers that ascended from the hearthstones of old Brunswick, and in the redemption of our loved section from its original condition of primeval wilderness.

Among the immigrants from foreign parts were men of learning, culture, and social position, and they found congenial society. Indeed social conditions on the Cape Fear were exceptionally fine. The native sons, children of South Carolina and of Albemarle, could boast refinement, as well as wealth and strength of character; and preëminent among all were the Moores and their kinspeople, who were called by those who had antagonistic interests, "The Family." "The Family" was not on easy terms with the new Governor, Gabriel Johnston, who with his immediate friends had purchased lands around Newton, and had cast the whole influence of the administration in favor of that town and against Brunswick. And so after a hot and strong fight, by very doubtful tactics, the Governor carried his point and Newton took its place among the few incorporated towns, under the name of Wilmington: and, backed by all the official influences of the administration, and of others interested in its land values, and sustained by a more thriving trade because of its superior location, it soon became the chief emporium of the Cape Fear and the local seat of government.

But still there centered in Brunswick many interests. There an elegant and refined society held sway; and later other Governors resided there, as well as some of the Crown officers.

At length, however, New Bern became the established seat of government and the residence of the Governor; and,

perhaps because of its exposed position during the periods times of the Revolution, Brunswick was entirely deserted, and passed into history, its light going out with the end of the Colonial period.

But to us, as long as this ruin endures, it will be a memorial of exceeding interest. It recalls to us the joyous aspect of the social side of Colonial days. Here was a seat of elegance, refinement and culture, and of a fine hospitality unsurpassed anywhere in the Southland.

Here gathered the Colonial dames who imparted a charm to daily life, and whose gracious presence cast a refining and elevating influence throughout the Cape Fear region. These were indeed the Colonial Dames of the earlier times.

You know, fair ladies, the immutable order of nature—evolution—development. First, the bud; then the flower.

In a spacious garden that adorns the banks of our beloved river, fit for some modern Maecenas and his elegant spouse, where a multitude of roses beautify nature, one can see some lovely buds of the variety known as American Beauty—in time, by natural processes, these become full blown, glorious roses—the admiration of all who love perfection in nature.

The Colonial Dames of Old Brunswick were as the lovely buds: the Dames of today—are the perfect development—the glorious full blown American Beauties: living roses in a veritable garden of Hesperides with heavenly souls and divine forms, and whose charms and graces make them actual goddesses for the souls of men to worship.

Such a picture is only an illustration of what was to be found in all the mansions that adorned the banks of the Cape Fear. Happy indeed was life in these abodes of culture and refinement; there being abundant crops, increasing

wealth and social pleasures that gave a delightful flavor to the placid current of happy existence.

But there were occasions of excitement. The course of public affairs often ran in channels calling for bold and courageous action.

In the system of government, as the Governor represented in Proprietary times the will of the Palatine or of the Lords Proprietors, and, in after years, he received his instructions from the Colonial office, his relations to the people were those of a foreign ruler; while, on the other hand, the Assembly represented the people, and its mouthpiece was the Speaker. The Speaker stood before the people as a champion of their rights and principles; he was the guardian of their liberty. In him was reposed the public trust of maintaining and defending their sacred rights against all encroachments; and his courage, patriotism, and devotion constituted the very ark of their safety. Although his position was not so exalted as that of the representative of His Sacred Majesty, the King, yet the power of the Speaker with the people at his back was greater and more important than that of the Royal Governor.

For fifty years, with some slight intermissions, this high and responsible post was entrusted by the people to a single family. For fifty years Maurice Moore's family connections controlled and directed public affairs in North Carolina, and so wisely, vigorously, and patriotically managed the cause of the people, that in nearly every conflict with the successive Governors they won the victory.

The Parliament of the British Empire in 1765 usurped the authority of taxing the Colonists. To admit it was to court the chains of political slavery. The asserted right was stoutly denied. To assist the King, each Colony had been used by taxing itself to raise a fund and present

it to the King, under the name of "an aid"; but because of the great expense incurred in the war, then ended, Parliament resolved itself to lay a tax on the Colonists as on all other British subjects. A resolution declaring that policy was adopted by Parliament, almost without debate. But when the next year a bill was introduced to carry the resolution into effect, it met with considerable opposition in the House of Commons, for the protests of the Colonists were not unheeded. Still the ministry, under Lord Bute, persisted, and the measure was carried. All America was at once stirred. Bold and courageous action was taken in every Colony, but in none was a more resolute spirit manifested than here upon the Cape Fear. The Governor was Tryon, who had but lately succeeded to that office. He was an officer of the army, a gentleman by birth and education, a man calculated by his accomplishments and social qualities to shine in any community. He sought the Speaker of the House, and asked him what would be the action of the people—"Resistance to the death," was the prompt reply. That was a warning that was full of meaning. It pledged the Speaker to revolution and war in defense of the people's rights.

The Assembly was to meet in May, 1765. But Tryon astutely postponed the meeting until November, and then dissolved it. He did not wish the members to meet, confer, consult, and arrange a plan of opposition. He hoped by dealing with gentlemen, not in an official capacity, to disarm their antagonism and persuade them to a milder course. Vain delusion! The people had been too long trained to rely with confidence on their leaders to abandon them now, even though Parliament demanded their obedience.

The first movement was not long delayed. Within two months after the news had come that the odious act had

been passed, the people of North Carolina discarded from their use all clothes of British manufacture and set up looms for weaving their own clothes. Since Great Britain was to oppress them, they would give the world an assurance of the spirit of independence that would sustain them in the struggle. In October, information was received that Doctor Houston, of Duplin County, had been selected in England as Stamp-Master. At once proceedings were taken to nullify the appointment. At that time Wilmington had less than 500 white inhabitants, but her citizens were very patriotic and very resolute.

Rocky Point, fifteen miles to the northward, had been the residence of Maurice Moore, of Speaker Moseley and Speaker Swann, Alexander Lillington, John Swann, George Moore, John Porter, Col. Jones, Col. Merrick, and other gentlemen of influence. It was the centre from which had radiated the influences that directed popular movements. Nearer to Onslow, Duplin and Bladen, than Wilmington was, and the residence of the Speaker and other active leaders, it was doubtless there that plans were considered, and proceedings agreed upon that involved the united action of all the neighboring counties. At Wilmington and vicinity, were Harnett, DeRossett, Toomer, Walker, Clayton, Gregg, Purviance, Eustace, Maclaine and DuBois; while near by were Col. Waddell, Maurice and James Moore, the Davises, Howe, Smith, Grange, Ancrum, and a score of others of the loftiest patriotism. All were in full accord with the Speaker of the Assembly; all were nerved by the same spirit; all resolved to carry resistance, if need be, to the point of blood and death.

We fortunately have a contemporaneous record of some of their proceedings. "On Saturday, the 19th of last month,"

says the *North Carolina Gazette,* published at Wilmington, in its issue of November 20, 1765:

"About 7 o'clock in the evening, near five hundred people assembled together in this town and exhibited the effigy of a certain honorable gentleman; and after letting it hang by the neck for some time, near the courthouse, they made a large bonfire with a number of tar barrels, etc., and committed it to the flames. The reason assigned for the people's dislike to that gentleman was from being informed of his having several times expressed himself much in favor of the Stamp Duty. After the effigy was consumed, they went to every house in town, and brought all the gentlemen to the bonfire, and insisted on their drinking 'Liberty, Property, and No Stamp Duty,' 'Confusion to Lord Bute and all his adherents'; giving three huzzahs at the conclusion of each toast. They continued together until 12 of the clock, and then dispersed without doing any mischief."

Doubtless it was a very orderly crowd; since the editor says so. A very orderly, harmless, inoffensive gathering; patriotic, and given to hurrahing; but we are assured that they dispersed without doing any mischief.

And continues the same paper:

"On Thursday, the 31st of the same month, in the evening, a great number of people assembled again, and produced an effigy of Liberty, which they put into a coffin and marched in solemn procession with it to the churchyard, a drum in mourning beating before them; and the town bell muffled ringing a doleful knell at the same time; but before they committed the body to the ground, they thought it advisable to feel its pulse, and, finding some remains of life, they returned back to a bonfire ready prepared, placed the effigy before it in a large two-armed chair, and concluded the evening with great rejoicings on finding that Liberty had still an existence in the Colonies.

"Not the least injury was offered to any person."

The editor of that paper, Mr. Stewart, was apparently anxious to let his readers know that the people engaged in these proceedings were the very soul of order, and the essence of moderation. So far they had done no mischief and offered no injury to anyone. But still they had teeth, and

they could show them. Ill fared any man who stood in their way.

The next item reads:

"Saturday, the 16th of this instant, that is November: William Houston, Esq., Distributor of stamps for this Province, came to this town; upon which three or four hundred people immediately gathered together, with drums beating and colors flying, and repaired to to the house the said Stamp master put up at, and insisted upon knowing 'Whether he intended to execute his said office or not.' He told them, 'He should be very sorry to execute any office disagreeable to the people of this Province.' But they, not content with such declaration, carried him into the courthouse, where he signed a resignation satisfactory to the whole. They then placed the stamp master in an arm chair, carried him around the courthouse, giving at every corner three loud huzzahs, and finally set him down at the door of his lodging, formed a circle around him, and gave three cheers. They then escorted him into the house, where were prepared the best liquoirs, and treated him very genteelly. In the evening a large bonfire was made and no person appeared on the streets without having "Liberty" in large capital letters on his hat. They had a table near the bonfire, well furnished with several sorts of liquors, where they drank in great form, all the favorite American Toasts, giving three cheers at the conclusion of each."

"The whole was conducted," says the editor, "with great decorum, and not the least insult offered to any person."

This enforced resignation of the Stamp-Master was done under the direction of Alderman DeRossett, who received from Houston his commission and other papers, and necessarily it was a very orderly performance. The ringing huzzas, the patriotic toasts, the loud acclaim, echoing from the court-house square, reverberating through the streets of the town, but Mr. Stewart is quite sure that no mischief was done, and not the least insult was offered to any person. These and other similar proceedings led the Governor to send out a circular letter to the principal inhabitants of the Cape Fear region, requesting their presence at a dinner at his residence at Brunswick on Tuesday the 19th of November,

three days after Dr. Houston resigned; and after the dinner, he conferred with these gentlemen about the Stamp Act. He found them fully determined to annul the Act, and prevent its going into effect. He sought to persuade them, and begged them to let it be observed at least in part. He plead that if they would let the act go into partial operation in the respects he mentioned, he himself would pay for all the stamps necessary. It seems that he liked the people, and they liked and admired him; and difficult indeed was his position. He was charged with the execution of a law which he knew could not be executed, for there was not enough specie in the Province to buy the necessary stamps, even if the law could be enforced; but, then, the people were resolved against recognizing it in any degree. The authority of the King and of the Parliament was defied, and he, the representative of the British Government, was powerless in the face of this resolute defiance. While still maintaining dignity in his intercourse with the people, the Governor wrote to his superiors at London, strongly urging the repeal of the law. A week later the stamps arrived in the sloop of war, the Diligence. They remained on the sloop and were not landed at that time.

Now there was a lull; but the quietude was not to remain unbroken. In January two merchant vessels arrived in the harbor, the Patience and the Dobbs. Their clearance papers were not stamped as the Act required. The vessels were seized and detained while the lawfulness of their detention was referred to the Attorney-General, Robert Jones, then absent at his home on the Roanoke. But the leaders of the people were determined not to submit to an adverse decision. They held meetings and agreed on a plan of action.

In view of the crisis, on January 20th, the Mayor of the town retired to give place to Moses John DeRossett, who had

been the foremost leader in the action previously taken by the town. One whose spirit never quailed was now to stand forth as the head of the Corporation.

On the 5th day of February, Capt. Lobb, in command of the Viper, had made a requisition for an additional supply of provisions, and Mr. Dry, the Contractor, sent his boat to Wilmington to obtain them. The inhabitants, led by the Mayor, at once seized the boat, threw the crew into the jail, and in a wild tumult of excitement, placed the boat on a wagon and hauled it through the streets with a great demonstration of fervid patriotism. The British forces on the river were to receive no supplies from Wilmington; their provisions were cut off, and they were treated as enemies—not friends, so long as they supported the odious law of Parliament. Ten days later came the opinion of the Attorney-General to the effect that the detained merchantmen were properly seized and were liable to be confiscated under the law. This was the signal for action. The news was spread throughout the counties, and the whole country was astir. Every patriot "was on his legs." There was no halt in carrying into effect the plan agreed upon. Immediately the people began to assemble and detachments, under chosen leaders, took up their march from Onslow, Bladen and Duplin. On the 18th of February, the inhabitants of the Cape Fear counties, being then assembled at Wilmington, entered into an association, which they signed, declaring they preferred death to slavery; and mutually and solemnly they plighted their faith and honor that they would at any risk whatever, and whenever called upon, unite and truly and faithfully assist each other, to the best of their power, in preventing entirely the operation of the Stamp Act.

The crisis had now arrived. The hand of destiny had

struck with a bold stroke the resounding bell. The people, nobly responding, had seized their arms. At all times, when some patriot is to throw himself to the front, and bid defiance to the established authority of Government, there is a Rubicon to be crossed—and he who unsheathes his sword to resist the law must win success or meet a traitor's doom. But the leaders on the Cape Fear did not hesitate at the thought of personal peril. At their call, the people, being armed and being assembled at Wilmington, chose the men who were to guide, govern and direct them. They called to the helm John Ashe, the trusted Speaker of the Assembly, and associated with him Alexander Lillington and Col. Thomas Lloyd, as a Directory, to manage their affairs at this momentous crisis. Their movement was not that of an irresponsible mob. It was an orderly proceeding, pursuant to a determined plan of action, under the direction of the highest officer of the Province, who was charged with maintaining the liberties of the people. In effect, it was the institution and ordaining of a temporary government.

It was resolved to organize an armed force and march to Brunswick; and Col. Hugh Waddell was invested with the command of the miltary. Let us pause a moment and take a view of the situation at that critical juncture. Close to Brunswick in his mansion, was Governor Tryon, the representative of the King; no coward he, but resolute, a military man of experience and courage. In the town itself were the residences and offices of Col. Dry, the Collector of the port, and of other officers of the Crown. Off in the river lay the detained merchant vessels and the two sloops of war, the Viper, commanded by Capt. Lobb, and the Diligence, commanded by Capt. Phipps, whose bristling guns, 26 in number, securely kept them; while Fort Johnston, some miles away, well armed with artillery, was held by a

small garrison. At every point flew the meteor flag of Great Britain. Every point was protected by the ægis of His Sacred Majesty. For a subject to lift his hand in a hostile manner against any of these was treason and rebellion. Yes, treason and rebellion, with the fearful punishment of attainder and death: of being hanged and quartered.

Well might the eloquent Davis exclaim, "Beware, John Ashe! Hugh Waddell, take heed!"

Their lives, their fortunes were at hazard and the dishonored grave was open to receive their dismembered bodies! But patriots as they were, they did take care—not for themselves, but of the liberties of their country. At high noon, on the 19th day of February, the three Directors, the Mayor and Corporation of Wilmington, the embodied soldiery and the prominent citizens moved forward, crossed the river, passed like Cæsar the fateful Rubicon, and courageously marched to the scene of possible conflict. It was not only the Governor with whom they had to deal, but the ships of war with their formidable batteries, that held possession of the detained vessels. It was not merely the penalties of the law that threatened them, but they courted death at the cannon's mouth, in conflict with the heavily armed sloops of war, from whose power they had come to wrest the merchantmen. But there was neither halt nor hesitation.

As they crossed the river, a chasm yawned deep and wide, separating them from their loyal past. Behind them they left their allegiance as loyal British subjects—before them was rebellion—open flagrant war; leading to revolution. Who could tell what the ending might be of the anticipated conflict!

There all the gentlemen of the Cape Fear were gathered, in their cocked hats; their long queues; their knee-breeches

and shining shoe buckles. Mounted on their well-groomed horses, they made a famous cavalcade, as they wound their way through the sombre pine forests that hedged in the highway to old Brunswick. Among them was DeRossett, the Mayor, in the prime of manhood, of French descent, with keen eye, fine culture and high intelligence; who had been a soldier with Innes at the North; bold and resolved was he as he rode, surrounded by Cornelius Harnett, Frederick Gregg, John Sampson and the other Aldermen and officers of the town.

At the head of a thousand armed men, arranged in companies, and marching in order, was the experienced soldier, Hugh Waddell, not yet thirty-three years of age, but already renowned for his capacity and courage. He had won more distinction and honors in the late wars at the North and West than any other Southern soldier, save only George Washington; and now in command of his companies, officered by men who had been trained in discipline in the war, he was confident of the issue. Of Irish descent, and coming of a fighting stock, his blood was up, and his heroic soul was aflame for the fray.

Surrounded by a bevy of his kinsmen, the venerable Sam and John Swann; and his brothers-in-law, James, George and Maurice Moore; by his brother, Sam Ashe, and Alexander Lillington, whose burly forms towered high above the others; by Horne, Davis, Col. Lloyd and other gallant spirits, was the Speaker, John Ashe, now just forty-five years of age—on whom the responsibility of giving direction chiefly lay; of medium stature, well knit, olive complexion, and with a lustrous hazel eye, he was full of nervous energy—an orator of surpassing power, elegant carriage and commanding presence. Of him Mr. Strudwick has said: "That there were not four men in London his intellectual

superior," and, that at a time when Pitt, Fox, Burke, and that splendid galaxy of British orators and statesmen gave lustre to British annals.

How, on this momentous occasion, the spirits of these men and of their kinsmen and friends, who gathered around, must have soared as they pressed on resolved to maintain their rights. Animated by the noble impulses of a lofty patriotism, with their souls elevated by the inspiring emotions of a perilous struggle for their liberties, they moved forward with a resolute purpose to sacrifice their lives rather than tamely submit to the oppressive and odious enactments of the British Parliament.

It was nightfall before they reached the vicinity of Brunswick, and George Moore and Cornelius Harnett, riding in advance, presented to Governor Tryon a letter from the Governing Directory, notifying him of their purpose. In a few minutes the Governor's residence was surrounded, and Capt. Lobb was inquired for—but he was not there. A party was then dispatched towards Fort Johnston, and thereupon Tryon notified the British Naval Commanders and requested them to protect the Fort, repelling force with force. In the meantime a party of gentlemen called on the Collector, Mr. Dry, who had the papers of the ship Patience; and in his presence broke open his desk and took them away. This gave an earnest of the resolute purpose of the people. They purposed to use all violence that was necessary to carry out their designs. Realizing the full import of the situation, the following noon a conference of the King's officers was held on the Viper; and Capt. Lobb, confident of his strength, declared to the Governor that he would hold the ship Patience and insist on the return of her papers. If the people were resolved, so were the officers of government. The sovereignty of Great Britain was to be enforced.

There was to be no temporizing with the rebels. The honor of the Government demanded that the British flag should not droop in the face of this hostile array. But two short hours later, a party of the insurgents came aboard and requested to see Capt. Lobb. They entered the cabin, and there, under the royal flag, surrounded by the King's forces, they demanded that all efforts to enforce the Stamp Act cease. They would allow no opposition. In the presence of Ashe, Waddell, DeRossett, Harnett, Moore, Howe and Lillington, the spirit of Capt. Lobb quailed. The people won. In the evening the British commander, much to the Governor's disgust, reported to that functionary—"That all was settled." Yes. All had been settled. The vessels were released; the grievances were redressed. The restrictions on the commerce of the Cape Fear were removed. The attempt to enforce the Stamp Act had failed before the prompt, vigorous and courageous action of the inhabitants. After that, vessels could come and go as if there had been no act of Parliament. The people had been victorious over the King's ships; with arms in their hands, they had won the victory. But the work was not all finished. There, on the Diligence, were the obnoxious stamps, and by chance some loyal officer of the government might use them. To guard against that, the other officers were to be forced to swear not to obey the act of Parliament, but to observe the will of the people. Mr. Pennington was His Majesty's controller, and understanding that the people sought him, he took refuge in the Governor's Mansion, and was given a bed and made easy; but early the next morning, Col. James Moore called to get him. The Governor interfered, to prevent; and immediately the Mansion was surrounded by the insurgent troops, and the Directory notified the Governor, in writing, that they requested His Excellency to let Mr.

Pennington attend, otherwise it would not be "in the power of the Directors appointed to prevent the ill consequences that would attend a refusal." In plain language, said John Ashe, "Persist in your refusal, and we will come and take him." The Governor declined to comply. In a few moments he observed a body of near five hundred men move towards his house. A detachment of sixty entered his avenue. Cornelius Harnett accompanied them, and sent word that he wished to speak with Mr. Pennington. The Governor replied that Mr. Pennington was protected by his house. Harnett thereupon notified the Governor that the people would come in and take him out of the house, if longer detained. Now the point was reached. The people were ready; the Governor was firm. But Pennington wisely suggested that he would resign, and immediately wrote his resignation and delivered it to the Governor,— and then he went out with Harnett and was brought here to Brunswick, and required to take an oath never to issue any stamped paper in North Carolina: so was Mr. Dry, the Collector: and so all the Clerks of the County Courts, and other public officers. Every officer in all that region, except alone the Governor, was forced to obey the will of the people and swear not to obey the Act of Parliament.

On the third day after the first assemblage at Wilmington on the 18th, the Directors, having completed their work at Brunswick, took up the line of march to return. With what rejoicing they turned their backs on the scene of their bloodless triumph! It had been a time of intense excitement. It had been no easy task to hold more than a thousand hot and zealous patriots well in hand, and to accomplish their purposes without bloodshed. Wisdom and courage by the Directors, and prudence, foresight and sagacity on the part of the military officers were alike essential to the

consummation of their design. They now returned in triumph, their purposes accomplished. The odious law was annulled in North Carolina. After that, merchant vessels passed freely, in and out of port, without interference. The stamps remained boxed on shipboard, and no further effort was made to enforce a law which the people had rejected.

Two months after these events on the Cape Fear, Parliament repealed the law, and the news was hurried across the Atlantic in the fleetest vessels. The victory of the people was complete. They had annulled an act of Parliament, crushed their enemies and preserved their liberties. Thus once more were the courageous leaders on the Cape Fear, in their measures of opposition to encroachments on the rights of the people, sustained by the result. On former occasions they had triumphed over their Governors: now in coöperation with the other provinces, they had triumphed over the British Ministry and the Parliament of Great Britain.

While in every other province, the people resolutely opposed the Stamp Act, nowhere else in America was there a proceeding similar to that which was taken at Wilmington. Nowhere else was the standard of Liberty committed to the care of a Governing Directory, even though its creation was for a temporary purpose; nowhere else was there an army organized, under officers appointed, and led to a field where a battle might have ensued. Had not His Majesty's forces yielded to the will of the insurgents, the American Revolution would have probably begun then—and here—on the soil of Old Brunswick.

The repeal of the Stamp Act was hailed on both sides of the water with every demonstration of joy. The city of London was illuminated with bonfires and every churchbell rang out its joyous peals. With still greater satisfaction,

did the Colonists welcome the news of their triumph and of peace! The furious storm of popular resentment was succeeded by a wave of loyalty and love. In that era of goodwill, Governor Tryon overlooked all differences—except as to three of the chief actors in the affair. He had some caustic words for DeRossett, the courageous Mayor of Wilmington; he suspended from his office as Judge, Maurice Moore; and he nourished enmity with John Ashe; so, when the new Assembly met, the wave of loyalty being at its height, Ashe, perhaps not wishing to be a cause of disturbing it, refrained from seeking reëlection as Speaker, and remained away from the Assembly for three days, until another Speaker, more agreeable to his Excellency and more in accord with the prevailing sentiment, should be chosen. John Harvey, from the Albemarle region, who had not been personally concerned in the Stamp Act trouble, was elected Speaker; and the Assembly, radiant with happiness, and zealous to display their loyalty and affection, hastened to abandon its strenuous opposition concerning the location of a capital for the Province, and begged the King to establish it in New Bern, and also appropriated a large sum for the erection of a residence for the Governor, and entrusted the money to Governor Tryon, to be disbursed at his discretion. And so it came about that a few years later, the Governor removed from Brunswick to New Bern, the people having erected there for him one of the finest buildings in America as an outgrowth of the Stamp Act troubles on the Cape Fear. But while Parliament repealed the Stamp Act, it would not entirely relinquish its claimed right to tax the Colonists. Eight years later it taxed tea imported into America. Boston would not allow a cargo of taxed tea to be landed, but threw it overboard. As a punishment that port was closed. No vessel was allowed to enter or depart from

it. All work there ceased. The people suffered for food. Again the patriots of Wilmington assembled. They declared the cause of Boston to be the cause of all. Men and women, alike—indeed the Colonial Dames taking the lead—subscribed liberally, both money and provisions; and Parker Quince tendered his vessel to carry the cargo, and he sailed with her himself to Salem freighted with the generous offerings of the Cape Fear people.

And not only did Wilmington respond nobly, but she called on others to contribute. On the 24th of July there was a general meeting of all the counties of the Cape Fear, and a committee was appointed to urge the entire province to join in the good work, and contributions were collected from the interior at New Bern and sent forward from there as well as from the Cape Fear.

And that same meeting took a still more important action. The Governor could postpone or dissolve a meeting of the Assembly. It was desirable to have a body representing the people, that he could not dissolve. It was desirable to establish a governing body for the Province, different from the Assembly which was a part of the Colonial Constitution. This meeting at Wilmington appointed a committee to call on the counties to elect a revolutionary body to direct affairs in North Carolina, and the committee sent out handbills urging all the counties to take that revolutionary action. Pursuant to that recommendation, the first Provincial Congress was elected, and met at New Bern on August 24th, and after that the local affairs of the people were generally managed by revolutionary committees. Gradually the connection between the people and the British Government was being severed, and the first great step was the calling of the Provincial Congress by the people of the Cape Fear.

Blind and passionate, Parliament had proceeded to pass measures of fearful import, as if to force the people to desperate resistance. First, they decreed that any one charged with resisting their proceedings should be carried to England and be tried there, instead of in his own country; next, asserting their right to modify and annul the government of any Colony, they passed a bill seriously modifying the government of Massachusetts, in utter disregard of the rights of the people under their charter; and then, as if to show what they deemed a model government for the Amerierm Colonies, and what the people here might expect, they established a government in Canada in which the people had no legislature, but the power of making the laws was vested exclusively in a Council appointed in England. These measures appalled America. There was no other topic of conversation, no other subject of thought, but the imperiled rights and liberties of the people. The dangers foreshadowed by the first Stamp Act had now come in terrible form; no longer were the people to be British subjects, but British slaves. The iron entered into the souls of men, and again our forests and fields resounded with the cry of "Resistance unto death." In the intervening decade Moses John DeRossett, Hugh Waddell, John Harvey and other patriotic spirits had passed away; while Hooper, Iredell and other great souls had reached the stage of action. John Ashe was still in the forefront among the leaders. He had been Colonel of the militia of New Hanover, but declining a reappointment by the Governor, about the first of March, 1775, he organized a regiment of troops, not under the laws of the Province, and was elected by them to be their Colonel. Robert Howe likewise organized troops in Brunswick, and was engaged in drilling them. Events now moved rapidly. On April 19th, occurred the battle of Lexington, the news

by couriers reaching Wilmington on May the 6th, and the excitement became intense. At New Bern feeling ran equally high, and Governor Martin, who had succeeded Tryon, feared to remain in his palace. Sending his wife and children to New York, he fled to the protection of the garrison at Fort Johnston, arriving there on the 2d of June. He had already applied to General Gage for a supply of arms and ammunition to arm his loyal adherents, and now he concerted measures to organize the Highlanders and the loyalists in the interior. In command of the fort, he could readily dispatch emissaries through the country, and his holding it was a menace to the people, for information was received of his purpose to strengthen it and increase the garrison. Indeed he had applied for ten thousand stand of arms, to equip the loyalists of the interior. The patriotic leaders learning his intention, deemed it time to act, and it was resolved that the fort should be dismantled and, if possible, the cannon removed. Gov. Martin, however, on hearing that steps were being taken for this purpose, acted quickly. He fled from Fort Johnston, taking up his quarters on the sloop of war, the Cruiser, and removed all the ammunition on board a transport, and dismounted the cannon, placing them under the guns of the sloop of war. The Patriot forces had been put in motion and Brunswick was the appointed rendezvous. There Howe brought his contingent from Brunswick County; there three hundred were marching from Bladen; and there Ashe, with a part of his New Hanover regiment, arrived on the evening of the 17th of July on a schooner from Wilmington. Learning of the removal of the military stores to the transport, Ashe formed the plan of burning her with fire rafts; but later that design was abandoned, and the next evening five hundred men marched from Brunswick to Fort Johnston; and

Ashe with his own hands applied the torch, and the Fort was burned and demolished. They had driven the Royal Governor from North Carolina soil; and they had destroyed the fort built for the protection of the people, which Martin had resigned to convert into a foothold for his loyal adherents. This was an act of war, and in the then circumstances, was open treason. But bold hearts fear no consequences. The irrevocable step was taken. No apprehensions could deter the Cape Fear people. As for the leaders, the Royal Governor awarded them high distinction. He urged on the King that in all proclamations of amnesty an exception should be made of John Ashe, Robert Howe, Cornelius Harnett and Abner Nash, Nash having been the leader in seizing the cannon at the Governor's mansion at New Bern.

The struggle then begun to assert the immemorial rights of the people as British subjects, soon changed its aspect, and had for its object entire separation from Great Britain and complete independence. At the very outset no other people were bolder than the inhabitants of Wilmington and the people of the Cape Fear, and none were more fixed and more resolute in their purpose, and none made greater sacrifices in the cause of independence. According to their plighted faith, they went forward in the cause, and freely offered their lives and sacrificed their fortunes, and they emerged from the long and doubtful struggle with only their sacred honor preserved, and their liberties secured as the cherished heritage of their posterity. As long as Freedom has her votaries, the daring deeds of our Cape Fear people must ever receive the highest applause, and those who would learn the lessons of patriotism can find in the courageous leaders of those old days, examples of virtue and heroism, which they may emulate, but which they cannot hope to excel.

ABSTRACT OF VOLUME II OF DR. K. P. BATTLE'S HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA, 1868-1912

Under the Constitution of 1868 the Trustees of the University were appointed by the Board of Education, not by the General Assembly. They were new men as a rule, who held this office for the first time. Only five of the old Board were reappointed, and only one of them had been at all active. The Executive Committee was composed of the members of the Board of Education, eight in number, including the Governor, and three Trustees elected by the Board Trustees.

The Board met on the 23d of July, 1868. They declared the offices of President and Secretary-Treasurer, and the chairs of the Professors to be vacant. President Swain contended that under the Constitution he was still President. His contention was not recognized and was cut off by his death.

The Board referred the election of a teaching staff to the Executive Committee. These chose Solomon Pool, late an University Assistant Professor of Mathematics, then holding an appointment in the United States Revenue service, President, and the following Professors: Alexander McIver, a first honor graduate of 1853, late Professor in Davidson College, Professor of Mathematics; Fisk P. Brewer, Professor of Greek; an Honor Graduate of Yale, Brother of Judge Brewer of the United States Supreme Court, son of Rev. Josiah Brewer, Missionary to Turkey; David Settle Patrick, Professor of Latin, Graduate of 1856, Principal of a high school in Texas; James A. Martling, Professor of English, Principal of high school in Missouri, brother-in-law of Superintendent Ashley; George Dixon, Yorkshire,

England, Lecturer on Chemistry, Botany and Theoretical Farming. R. W. Lassiter, of Oxford, was elected Secretary and Treasurer.

The sale of the landscrip by the late Trustees was disapproved and efforts were made to rescind it but without success. As Congress stopped for awhile the location of lands by the late Confederate States, the purchaser delayed payment. There was therefore no income from this source. The General Assembly declined to grant an appropriation for the support of the University, and as tuition was offered free, there was no income. The consequence was that after the experiment of a year, few students appearing, the doors were closed in 1870.

The University being forced into bankruptcy by the failure of the Bank of North Carolina, the Federal Court decided that such of its property as is necessary for its life could not be sold, because it is a part of the State. But property held for investment was subject to sale. The Court then allotted to the University its buildings and contents and nearly six hundred acres of land.

At the instance of Professor McIver, after he became Superintendent of Public Instruction, an effort was made to revive the University. A meeting of the Alumni was called. The Trustees of 1868 were asked to resign in favor of new trustees, to be nominated by the Alumni. It was thought that Governor Caldwell would appoint these nominees. As resignations were not forthcoming the scheme fell through.

The friends of the University then obtained a constitutional amendment, giving the appointment of Trustees to the General Assembly, who in 1874 elected a new Board of Trustees. This was resisted by Governor Caldwell, who claimed that nomination by himself and confirmation by the

Senate were demanded by the Constitution. But the Supreme Court decided that the election was valid.

When the act of Congress prohibiting the location of the landscrip was repealed, $125,000 of this fund went into the hands of the Trustees of 1868. They had invested it in Special Tax Bonds of the State and some not special tax. In accepting the landscrip, the State agreed to make good any loss in the principal of the fund. The new Trustees therefore petitioned the General Assembly to pay the University $7,500 a year, being six per cent interest on $125,000. This was done by a majority of one in the House but a two-thirds majority in the Senate. The Special Tax Bonds were destroyed by the Trustees according to the act.

The buildings being greatly in need of repair a committee, of which K. P. Battle was chairman, was appointed to solicit contributions from Alumni and other friends of education. They secured $20,000 promised, of which over $18,000 was collected. Mr. P. C. Cameron superintended repairs, which cost over $13,000. The rest of the fund was used in paying professors.

The Board met in June 1875, to elect professors.

For the Chair of Mathematics was chosen Rev. Charles Phillips, D.D., of wide reputation in that department, of which he had been the head in the University and at Davidson College.

Rev. Adolphus Williamson Mangum, a high honor graduate of Randolph-Macon College, whose sermons had wide reputation, was Professor of Philosophy.

To the Chair of Natural Sciences was elected Alexander Fletcher Redd, Alumnus of Virginia Military Institute, who had charge of Chemistry and Physics in the Horner School.

Mr. John Kimberly, once Professor of Agricultural Chem-

istry in this University, was chosen to the Chair of Agriculture.

The Professor for the Chair of Engineering and the Mechanic Arts was Ralph Henry Graves. He was a first honor student of this University. He then was distinguished at the University of Virginia, attaining the degree of Bachelor of Science, and Civil and Mechanical Engineering. He was then Professor of Drawing and Technical Mechanics in the Virginia Polytechnic College, after which he was a teacher in the School of Horner and Graves at Hillsboro.

To the Chairs of Greek and French was elected John deBernière Hooper, a first honor graduate of this institution. He was then tutor and professor of Latin and French. Resigning in 1848 he was Principal of schools in Warren, Fayetteville and Wilson.

George Tayloe Winston was made Adjunct Professor of Latin and German, soon to be full professor. A first honor Alumnus of this University, of the United States Naval Academy and graduate and Instructor of Cornell University.

It was determined to have no President. Professor Phillips was elected Chairman of the Faculty. The exercises were ordered to begin on the 1st of September but the formal opening was on the 5th. On this occasion there was much enthusiasm, Governor Brogden making a stirring address.

The Dialectic Society was reopened by Judge W. H. Battle and Mr. T. M. Argo, and the Philanthropic by Colonel W. L. Saunders. There had been no meetings since the suspension of 1868.

The number of students reached 69. The experiment of a Chairman of the University proved unsatisfactory, chiefly owing to the ill health of Dr. Phillips. In 1876 the Board resolved to elect a President. Kemp P. Battle, a first honor graduate of 1849, Tutor of Mathematics 1850-'54, ex-State

Treasurer, a Trustee, member of the Raleigh bar, Secretary and Treasurer of the University, was chosen by over three-fifths majority. He began at once to bring the University to the attention of the people by printed circulars and by educational addresses. On his recommendation the Trustees decreed that the anniversary of the laying the cornerstone of the first dormitory (Old East), October 12, 1793, should be a holiday (University Day).

The next year, 1876-7 there was increase of numbers to 126.

At the commencement of 1877, Governor Vance delivered his admirable address on the Life and Character of David L. Swain.

In the summer of 1877 was held the first Normal School in the United States connected with a university or college. It had signal success. The latest modes of teaching, by experts from North and South were adopted. Lectures were delivered by eminent men of the State. Professor John J. Ladd, of New Hampshire, the Superintendent of Public Schools of Staunton, Virginia, was Superintendent of the school, President Battle being in general charge. Sessions were regularly held until 1884 inclusive and were a potent factor in breaking up the general education lethargy. Women were admitted in 1877 by courtesy, afterwards by law.

The total number in the eight schools were 2,480 some teachers of course attending more than once. According to the testimony of Dr. Barnas Sears, the eminent Manager of the Peabody Fund, of Governor Vance, President A. D. Hepburn, Colonel Bingham, Superintendent Scarborough, President Pritchard and many other eminent educators, the school was one of the greatest movements for education ever had up to that time in the State. It stimulated the growth of Graded Schools, introduced kindergarten instruction, and

kindled desire to work for the uplifting of our youth in the hearts and minds of such men as McIver, Alderman, Joyner, Noble and others, whose names are conspicuous in this beneficent work.

The establishment of the Agricultural Experiment Station, which has been of conspicuous benefit to farmers, was the work of the University, President Battle being the first to advocate it by pen and speaking, and the headquarters were for some years at Chapel Hill.

By 1881 the subscriptions in excess of what was needed for repairs were exhausted. Application was made to the General Assembly for relief. As no appropriation for support had ever been granted to the University much opposition was experienced. An elaborate printed argument was made in answer to the objections. The Alumni Association had a meeting in Raleigh, at which Mr. P. C. Cameron and President Battle made addresses on the history of the institution and at a banquet afterwards many members of the General Assembly made short speeches. Five thousand dollars annually was obtained, Governor Jarvis giving powerful help.

In 1882 the State University Railroad was finished, Miss Julia J. Spencer, daughter of Mrs. Cornelia P. Spencer, now Mrs. Love, driving the last spike. A dinner was given by the ladies of Chapel Hill to the hired convicts. On account of meagreness of funds it was built 10 2-5 miles, to the nearest point on the North Carolina raliroad, now called University Station. It was necessary to use the most rigid economy. President Battle was the President and General R. F. Hoke, Superintendent, both without salary. The Richmond and Danville Railroad Company, the lessee of the North Carolina Railroad Company, bore much the larger part of the cost, taking payment in stock.

The completion of the railroad increased the attendance

at Commencements, so that it became necessary to build Memorial Hall. Tablets commemorative of great men of the University adorn its walls, and in addition the names of the alumni who lost their lives as Confederate soldiers. It accommodates 2,400 persons seated and by using the aisles a much larger number.

In 1885 a successful effort was made to obtain from the General Assembly a grant of $15,000 in addition to the $5,000 voted in 1881, Governor Scales using his powerful influence in behalf of the bill. This with the $7,500 interest of the Land Grant made $27,500. Adding tuition receipts and interest from donations, there was now the largest income in the history of the institution. There was added to the faculty: For the English Language and Literature, Rev. Thomas Hume, D.D., LL.D., of Virginia; for the Science and Art of Teaching, Professor Nelson B. Henry, of Missouri; for Modern Languages, Professor Walter Dallam Toy, of Virginia; for Agricultural Chemistry and Mining, Wm. B. Phillips, Ph.D., of North Carolina; for Assistant Professor of Mathematics, James Lee Love, Ph.B.; for Natural History, Assistant Professor George F. Atkinson, Ph.B.

The University did not long enjoy the whole of this unusual income. The farmers of the State were stirred up to demand a separate institution for Agriculture and Mechanical training. The $7,500 a year Land Grant was taken away, and it became necessary to dispense with two professors and one assistant professor.

In 1889 the centennial of granting the charter was celebrated with great eclat. Numerous alumni and representatives of other institutions were present and the speeches were models of eloquence and appreciation of the institution.

At the Commencement of 1890 the Alumni History Chair

was endowed, Judge James Grant and General Julian S. Carr being the largest contributors. President Battle by request, visited many cities and towns and procured additions to the amount then raised.

In 1891 President Battle, after fifteen years service, resigned his office receiving laudatory resolutions from the Trustees, faculty and students. George T. Winston, LL.D., who had shown eminent abilities dealing with University problems, who had become widely and favorably known as President of the State Teachers' Association, and by able public addresses, was unanimously elected as his successor.

The inauguration of the new President was on October 14, 1891. Addresses were made by ex-President Battle, by President D. C. Gilmer, of Johns Hopkins University, and by Hon. Walter H. Page, now Ambassador to Great Britain. Then President Winston outlined the policy of his administration in his usual clear and strong style.

President Winston began an active canvass of the State for students, and had great success, the numbers increasing by 1895 to 471. The State appropriations were likewise increased. The attacks on the University he met with such ability, ridicule and sarcasm that they finally ceased. His resignation in 1895 was received with much regret. He accepted a call to be President of the University of Texas, subsequently returning to his native State as President of the Agricultural and Mechanical College.

In the same year was held the centennial of the opening of the doors for students on January 15, 1795. The exercises were exceedingly instructive and interesting. Hon. Alfred Moore Waddell spoke on the University up to 1860; Mr. Henry Armand London on 1860 to 1875; Mr. Adolphus H. Eller, 1875 to the date. Dr. Stephen B. Weeks gave an exhaustive study of the University in the Civil War. Mr. James

D. Lynch furnished a beautiful ode, which by his request was read by Dr. Alderman. Mrs. C. P. Spencer contributed a stirring ode.

At the centennial banquet toasts were responded to by Governor Elias Carr, Hon. Robert W. Winston, ex-Governor Thomas M. Holt, Major William A. Guthrie, Mr. Herman H. Horne, Hon. Locke Craig, Dr. Charles D. McIver, Hon. Marion Butler, Professor Alexander W. Graham, Hon. Josephus Daniels, Dr. Paul B. Barringer. About $12,000 was pledged for building a new hall for offices and lecture rooms, to be called Alumni Hall.

After passing resolutions of regret at the departure of President Winston and appreciation of his services, Professor Edwin A. Alderman was elected his successor. Dr. Alderman was a first honor graduate of the University, won the Mangum medal for oratory, was eminently successful as a graded school superintendent, as organizer of Teachers' Institutes, as President of the State Teachers' Associations and Professor of Teaching and History in Summer Schools, in the Normal and Industrial College, and the University. Besides being an inspiring teacher, he has a wonderful gift of oratory, not excelled as a speaker on educational topics.

The formal inauguration of President Alderman was on the 27th of January, 1897. The occasion was brilliant. The General Assembly took a recess in its honor and a large number of representatives of State Universities and Colleges attended. Mr. Robert H. Wright spoke in behalf of the students, Dr. K. P. Battle in behalf of the faculty, then Governor Russell delivered into Dr. Alderman's hands the charter and seal of the University with appropriate and eloquent words. Dr. Alderman replied accepting the office as a clear duty.

The next speaker was the very able Professor N. M. But-

ler, now President of Columbia University, New York. He proved that this is a century of education. Then came Dr. Alderman's masterly address, outlining the functions of a true university.

On 21st February, 1897, the Trustees passed an ordinance admitting women to the post-graduate course. Applicants have been few in number; but among them have been brilliant students. Women attended the Summer Normal School but never heretofore the University curriculum.

In the same year the Department of Pharmacy was added to the curriculum and Dr. E. V. Howell was elected Professor. The Summer School of 1897 was under the management of Professor Clinton W. Toms. He was soon afterwards elected Professor of Pedagogy but declined the post and went into lucrative business.

The successive Summer Schools are described, the last, that of 1912, under the management of Profesosr N. W. Walker, having an increased attendance, 471. The close was signalized by the acting of an interesting play founded on North Carolina History, called Esther Wake. It was composed by Professor A. Vermont, one of the teachers, Superintendent of the Graded Schools of Smithfield.

In this year the cornerstone of the Alumni Building was laid. General J. S. Carr made the presentation to the Trustees and Hon. F. D. Winston delivered the address of acceptance. Both speeches were in handsome style.

For the first time in our history Judge Thomas C. Fuller delivered an address on the practice of the law, of great value not only to law students but to the public at large also.

In 1899 the University lost one of her most learned and widely known professors, Dr. John Manning, Dean of the Department of Law. At a meeting held in his honor addresses on his life, character and services were delivered by

Dr. Kemp P. Battle, Dr. Eben Alexander, Dr. J. Crawford Biggs, Mr. M. A. Newell of the Law School and President Alderman.

Hon. James Cameron MacRae, late a Justice of the Supreme Court, was deemed by the Trustees eminently worthy to take his place.

In the same year Mr. George M. McKie was made Instructor in the Art of Expression. Professor Cobb dropped Mineralogy from his title and was Professor of Geology. Professor Harrington resigned the Chair of Latin and Greek and was succeeded by Dr. Henry M. Linscott and ex-Judge Biggs yielded his professorship of Law to Dr. Thomas Ruffin, and resumed active practice.

In 1900 Dr. Alderman resigned the Presidency and accepted that of Tulane University. His parting address was full of feeling and wise counsels to his Alma Mater.

The Commencement of this year was devoted mainly to the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the reopening, or re-birth of the University. Elaborate historical addresses were delivered by ex-President Battle, his subject being "The Struggle and Story of the Re-birth of the University"; by ex-President George T. Winston, on "The First Faculty, Its Work and Opportunity"; by Mr. Wm. J. Peele, on "The Students of 1875." Lastly was a masterly address by President Alderman on "The University; Its Work and its Needs." Nearly the whole of President Winston's most able address and much of those of Peele and Alderman are given in the text of this history.

At this time were begun by the munificence of Mr. James Sprunt, of Wilmington, annual historical monographs on subjects of North Carolina history. The first was Biographical sketches of the Delegates and Officers of the Convention of 1861, by James G. McCormick, to which was added the

"Legislation Enacted by the Convention, and Legislation proposed but rejected," by Dr. K. P. Battle.

The second was "The Congressional Career of Nathaniel Macon," by Edwin M. Wilson and Macon's Letters, annotated by Dr. Battle.

These give an idea of the character and scope of the Sprunt publications, which are annually issued, since 1907, under the supervision of Drs. Hamilton and Wagstaff.

The presentation of the Carr Dormitory was made by Colonel W. H. S. Burgwin, and the acceptance was by Hon. R. H. Battle. Both speeches were pronounced to be in excellent taste.

Dr. Francis Preston Venable in 1900 was chosen unanimously as President in the place of Dr. Alderman. On October 12th he gave a rapid review of the history of the University. His first report shows a faculty of 35 with 527 students. He showed that the University has furnished 25 Governors, 105 Judges, 17 United States Senators, 66 Federal Representatives, 600 members of the State Legislatures and leaders of every community. The majority of the superintendents and principals of graded schools were traced to Chapel Hill.

In 1900 were completed the Mary Ann Smith Dormitory and the Alumni Building, also new heating plant, water and sewerage.

In 1907 Dr. K. P. Battle and Rev. Dr. Thomas Hume resigned their professorships and accepted Carnegie pensions.

The cornerstone of the library, the building of which was donated by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, was laid with Masonic honors. Hon. Francis D. Winston was the orator and his address was interesting and eloquent. In 1908 there were Memorial services in honor of Professor Gore and Mrs. C. P. Spencer. Reunion exercises were held of certain war classes,

namely, of 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861. These were very interesting, Mr. James P. Coffin, of Arkansas, being the chief speaker. Resolutions commendatory of the work of Dr. K. P. Battle were read from the rostrum by Colonel Paul B. Means by order of the Board of Trustees. Colonel Means accompanied them with a full history of Dr. Battle's labors for the University.

On University Day Dr. Venable reported the faculty 94 in number; students 790. The address of the occasion was by Hon. Elmer E. Brown, United States Commissioner of Education. The new Biological Laboratory was named after General Wm. R. Davie.

Public exercises in 1909 were held in honor of the one hundredth birthday of General R. E. Lee, the orator being Dr. Woodrow Wilson, now our President. He made a masterly analysis of the great Southerner.

In 1910 began an experiment in student government, it being committed to the presidents of the various classes, an undergraduate in law, medicine, and pharmacy, and a member of the Senior class elected by the Council. They are acting wisely and effectively. Appeal from their decision can be taken to the faculty.

At the Commencement of 1910 the chief interest was in the reunion of the classes of 1860 and 1870. Of the former 83 out of 84 entered the Confederate Army. The chief speaker was Major W. A. Graham. The class of 1870 was composed of those who would have graduated in that year, if the University had not been closed. Ex-President George T. Winston and Dr. Richard H. Lewis, of Raleigh, were the very effective speakers. Mr. Alexander J. Feild eloquently detailed the history of the class of 1855.

The Raleigh Department of the University Medical School, Dr. Hubert A. Royster, Dean, was discontinued. Al-

though it had done excellent work it was impossible to place it on a proper basis without a great increase of funds, which could not be procured.

The annual meeting of the Association of School Superintendents was held in Chapel Hill. State Superintendent J. Y. Joyner presided, and many educational topics were discussed.

The excellent Dean of the Law School, ex-Judge James C. MacRae, died amid the general grief. He was succeeded by Prof. L. P. McGhee.

University Day was peculiarly honored. The speakers were President Daniel H. Hill, of the Agricultural and Mechanical College, Professor W. C. Smith of the State Normal and Industrial College, President R. H. Wright of the Eastern Training School, President Howard E. Rondthaler of Salem Female College, Pres. W. R. Thompson of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, and Mr. C. L. Williams, a Senior, in behalf of the University. Meetings, banquets and speeches among the Alumni were held in many distant localities.

In 1911 there were interesting meetings of the war classes of 1861, 1862, 1863, 1864, 1865, 1866, 1867, 1868. Of the class of 1861, called by name the "Great War Class," came first Captain Thomas B. Haughton, Captain J. M. B. Hunt and Lieutenant-Colonel E. E. Edmondson in attendance. Each of the other classes was represented by veterans, some of whom made short speeches.

At this time Dr. Albert R. Ledoux, of New York, donated $5,000 to establish a fellowship in Chemistry. He was the first Director of the Agricultural Experiment Station, then located at Chapel Hill. The General Assembly appropriated $300,000 for sundry buildings and the Trustees of the Peabody Fund $40,000 for an Education Building.

In 1911, University Day address was by Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, of the University of Virginia.

In 1912 the Medical Building was dedicated, the speakers being Dr. R. H. Lewis, President Venable, Dr. Isaac Manning, Dr. A. A. Kent, President of the State Medical Society, Dr. Richard H. Whitehead, of the University of Virginia, and Dr. Edgar F. Smith, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania. Its name commemorates President Caldwell.

On May 12, 1912, died Mr. Richard H. Battle, a first honor graduate of 1854, long Trustee and Secretary-Treasurer of the University. He was a leader of the Raleigh bar and had held high office in the State. He donated shortly before his death a valuable law library to the University.

At Commencement Dr. H. H. Horne was the Alumni orator. The Commencement orator was Dr. Edwin Anderson Alderman, President of the University of Virginia.

On July 15th died Rev. Thomas Hume, D.D., a most accomplished scholar, eminent divine and inspiring teacher.

Three handsome dormitories were erected, named respectively Kemp Plummer Battle, Zebulon Baird Vance and James Johnston Pettigrew.

In addition to the free tuition granted by the General Assembly to those of bodily infirmity, to ministers and sons of ministers, and to those preparing to teach, there are attached to the institution eight fellowships, 86 scholarships, and the Deems and Martin Funds for loans to indigent students. There are also 13 prizes offered for excellence in scholarship.

A list of scientific and historical publications is given showing active work by members of the faculty. This is only a small part of their labors.

The annual lectures by eminent men, delivered under the John Calvin McNair will, on Harmony of Religion and

Science, were given by Dr. Frank H. Smith, Dr. Francis L. Patton, President David Starr Jordan, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, President A. T. Hadley.

The debates with other universities, North and South, show that this University won in 25 competitions and lost in only 10.

A full description by Dr. Joel Whitaker, an Alumnus prominent in athletics, showing the part taken by the University in football and baseball, is given. In both, especially in baseball games the University gained the majority. To these are added the tennis matches and the athletic meets, in which the University holds fine record. The mass meetings are chronicled and also a specimen of student cheers and yells.

Dr. Battle describes minutely the walks around Chapel Hill to romantic spots, such as Piney Prospect, Meeting of the Waters, Judge's Spring, Otey's Retreat, Laurel Hill, Fern-banks, etc. To which should be added the beautiful Arboretum created in the east of the Campus by the labor and taste of Dr. W. C. Coker.

Then follows a poem on the "Roaring Fountain," by Mrs. Spencer, and one on Chapel Hill (Zion Parnassus), by Rev. Mark John Levy, now of Chicago.

Additional information in regard to President Swain, Dr. James Phillips, and others is given, and in order to show that the pranks of our students detailed in Volume I were not unprecedented. Similar, or worse, frolics of students of Columbia University prior to 1800 are given.

In the appendix is valuable information.

1. List of Trustees under the Constitution of 1868.
2. List since the reopening 1875-1912.
3. Senators and Representatives who voted for the revival of the University.

4. Lists of those who voted for the appropriation to the University in 1881 and 1885.

5. List of subscribers to the revival of the University, about $20,000 in 1875.

6. Stockholders in the Gymnasium Association.

7. Donations to the Library and Chair of History.

8. Description of the General University and Society Catalogues.

9. Description of the Faculty of 1912.

10. Degrees in course 1877 to 1912.

11. Portraits in the University Library and the two Society Halls.

12. Specimens of the Dramatic and Musical efforts of the students.

13. Names of the Alumni in high offices not mentioned in Vol. I., compiled by Hon. Walter Murphy.

Lastly is a full index of the book prepared by Mr. Putnam.

We are unable for lack of space to give the names of all the eminent men who preached Baccalaureate and Y. M. C. A. sermons, and delivered the Alumni, Commencement, University Day, and other addresses. The list shows that the students were privileged to listen to the great men of the country, divines, statesmen, scientists, educators, journalists and others, including the President and Secretary of State and of the Navy of the United States together with Governors and Judges galore.

The total number of students in 1912-'13 was 837.

Teachers at Summer School, 463.

Professors 46, Instructors 13, Fellows and Assistants 24. Total engaged in teaching 83.

Of the number of students 610 were undergraduates, 23 were graduate students, 131 in the Law School, 54 were in the Medical School, 32 were in Pharmacy.

MARRIAGE BONDS OF ROWAN COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA

CONTRIBUTED BY MRS. M. G. McCUBBINS.

John Don (spelt Dunn on outside of bond) to Sarah Cross. May 26 (or 29), 1758. John (his X mark) Doun, Andrew Cathey and James (his X mark) Douthey. (The above men are planters of "Roan County.")

Morgan Davis to (no name given). January 19, 1763. Morgan Davies, Benjamin Evans and Madad (his X mark) Reed. (John Frohock.)

John Douthit, Jr., to Elinor Davis. March 9, 1764. John Douthit, Jr., Phillip Howard, Jr., and James Davies. (Thomas Frohock.) (A note from the bride's father, James Davies, Sr., giving his consent. It is addressed to John Frohock and dated March 8, 1765.)

Marshall (his X mark) Duncan, Jr. to (no name given). April 2, 1765. Marshall (his X mark) Duncan, Jr., Marshall (his X mark) Duncan, Sr., Thomas (his T mark) Denston Rogers. John Duncan, John (his X mark) Callahan, Darby (his D mark) Callahan are witnesses.) (A complete marriage bond was enclosed in the above giving the bride's name—Bety Densten Rogers "Daughter of the widow Catharine Densten Rogers"). (John Frohock).

William Dobbins to Eliz: Erwyn. September 8, 1768. William Dobbins, Alexander Erwyn and Joseph Luckie. (Thos. Frohock.)

William Doornall to Margaret King. February 14, 1769. William (his W mark) Doornall, William Alexander and William Milliken. (Tho. Frohock.) A note of consent from Thomas King dated February 13, 1769, in which the groom's name is spelt "Doornell."

James Dobbins to Margaret McNight. January 24, 1770. James Dobbins, James McKnight and James McKoun. (Thomas Frohock.)

William Douthit to Sarah Job. January 31, 1772. William Douthit, George (his X mark) McNight and John Douthit, Jr. (Thomas Frohock.) A note from bride's father, Thos. Job, dated January 28, 1772. He and the clerk spell the groom's name "Douther."

John Dunn to Frances Petty. March 23, 1775. John Dunn and Waightstill Avery. (Ad: Osborn.)

Benjamin Davis to Isbell Holland. February 6, 1776. Benjamin Davis and John Conger. (Ad: Osborn.)

James Daniel to Rebecca Atherton (a widow). April 5, 1779. James Daniel and David Woodson. (Ad: Osborn.)

Jacob Debalt to Elizabeth Goodman. June 5, 1779. Jacob Debalt (in German ?) and John Misenheimer. (Jo. Brevard.) (It is possible that Elizabeth Goodman may have become the bride of John Misenheimer as his name is placed with the groom's.)

Thomas Degle to Rebecca Nealy. July 24, 1779. Thomas (his X mark) Degle, and Thomas Renshaw. (Jo. Brevard.) (Thomas Renshaw's name also appears in the groom's space as above.)

Conrad Dooty to Lovis Hoover. August 27, 1779. Conrad (his X mark) Dooly and Conrad (his X mark) Shaver. (Ad: Osborn.)

Joseph Davis to Susanna McCrary. December 28, 1779. Joseph Davis and William Silvers (?). (B. Booth Boote.) (Messrs. Davis and Silvers (?) are planters.)

John Davidson to Nancey Brevard (spinster). November 27, 1779. John Davidson and Joseph Byars. (B.

Booth Boote.) (Messrs. Davidson and Brevard are planters.)

Andrew Donnell to Agnes Braiy. September 29, 1779. Andrew Donnell and John Braly (Braty ?). (Jo: Brevard.)

William Duffy to Prudence Carson (spinster). August 1, 1780. William Duffy and John Carson. (H. (?) Giffard.)

David Duncan to Cathrenah McCulloh. Ad (?) Brandon. January 6, 1766. David Duncan and James Carson. (Thomas Frohock.)

Thomas Donnohoi to Ann Lyhins (?) (Syhins). July 9, 1767. Thomas (his X mark) Donnahoe and Hugh Montgomery. (John Frohock.)

Valentine Day to Eve Reigher. August 4, 1767. Valentine Day and Christopher Sprayher (in German ?). (Thomas Frohock.)

William Davidson to Mary Brown. December 10, 1767. William Davidson, Hugh Brevard and James Holmes. (No name.)

Clevears (?) Duke to Lucy Smith. June 13, 1768. Clevears Duke, John Wyld and George Magonne. (John Frohock.) A complete bond is enclosed in which Duke signs his name "Clevers Duke" and Thomas Frohock adds his signature. (John Frohock is Clerk of the Superior Court.)

John Dunn to Sarah Grier. March 8, 1782. John Dunn and John Johnson (?). (T. H. McCaule.)

John Darcey, (or Dancey) to Abigail Davis. August 27, 1783. John Dancey and Myock (?) Davis. (No name.)

Mark Dedman to Hanna Baily. November 7, 1785. Mark dedmon and William (his X mark) Baily. (Max: Chambers.)

Peter (?) Dowell to Elizabeth Collier. September (?) 7, 1785. Richard Dowell (no witnesses unless the bond is not signed by the groom who may be Peter Dowell. (No name.)

Joseph Dial to Margaret Hinkle. March 13, 1786. Joseph Dial and Jesse Hinkle. (W (?) Cupples.)

James Dauson to Jane Citchen. August 16, 1786. James (his X mark) Dauson and Hugh Gray.

(To be Continued.)

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The North Carolina Booklet

"Carolina! Carolina! Heaven's blessings attend her!
While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her."

Published by
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MEMORIES OF 1865-1871

By Prof. J. T. Alderman.*

"Lest we forget."

Virgil in the Aeneid gives a graphic description of the long siege and final destruction of Troy the native city of the Trojan hero Aeneas. Long years of wandering and suffering had passed, but the memory of Aeneas was active and in recounting those direful afflictions he exclaims with touching pathos:

"Quaeque ipsi miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui."

A half century has passed since the banner under which the southern soldiers fought was furled and laid to rest. The men in gray encompassed by overwhelming numbers finally laid down their arms and turned their war-stained faces toward the ruined homes of their beloved Southland.

No treaty of peace had been arranged and signed at a friendly court; no specific indemnity had been claimed and adjudicated which could be met and satisfied; no terms were arranged by which the dignity and honor of a liberty loving people could be sustained in their hour of disappointment and defeat. Only a complete subjugation more galling and humiliating than had ever been known in the annals of warfare awaited them. These men who had taken up arms in a cause which they felt was just returned to their desolated homes conscious of an integrity untarnished by the results of the war. It must now be their chief concern to re-

*See Biographical Sketch, Vol. VI, pp. 209, 210, 211, January Booklet, 1907.

establish their homes and restore the forlorn spirits of those most dear to them and again set up the domestic penates which, perchance, had escaped the ravages of fire and sword.

The people of the South from the establishment of the Federal Union had been loyal to the government and had furnished a large proportion of the men who gave it stability and character among the family of nations. They held to the doctrine of "States' Rights" as guaranteed to them by the Constitution. They delegated to the general government those powers named in the compact and stood firmly by the compromises made by the men who arranged the government. They were proud of the "Stars and Stripes," and were jealous for the good name of the Republic. They felt secure in the great Union and prospered in their private and state affairs. Culture and refinement were the boast of southern life. Hospitality was open and unbounded by state lines and social conditions. The broad plantations were aglow with prosperity and master and servant felt the stimulating influence of thrift and industry. All worked together in harmony to make a people happy. Truely it was the "Sunny South."

The people of other sections, jealous of our standing and influence in the shaping of national affairs, had in the early years of the nineteenth century determined to crush the South by any means that could be devised. The most plausible pretext that could be presented to strike a popular sentiment was the abolition of slavery in the South. They had found that the slave could not be made profitable in New England and the North, so the slave dealers carried him to the farmers of the South and sold him for full value. With the money they returned to their homes in the North and immediately were seized with an unbounded sense of philanthropy and love for the down-trodden negro, whom their ship masters had stolen from the jungles of Africa. The

southern people were not seafaring people and owned no sea-going vessels.

Songs and stories were written to inflame the minds of the people ready to be aroused to a most frenzied agitation. As a result the war came on and the nation was torn asunder in deadly conflict.

Deliberately the North planned to humiliate the South in every particular. Regiments of liberated slaves were organized to fight their former masters. Confederate prisoners were placed under negro guards whose language and actions toward them were brutal in the extreme. The helpless men were tortured by the cruel soldiers in black, and if a high-strung prisoner dared resent their insolence by word or look, he was put to tortures unbearable. Handling guns carelessly, they were frequently discharged among the prisoners, then, reports were made that it was done to quell insurrection. The North refused to exchange prisoners. They freely admitted that it was bad policy to let the men get away from them, as each man they let go was equal to four of their own. With every facility for taking care of the Confederate prisoners they were ill treated and poorly fed, while the South was exhausted in her resources and had but little to maintain the soldiers and the Federals held in southern prisons. When Gen. Lee was asked to order that the scant rations be given to the soldiers and let the prisoners go without, he rose to the greatness of a true man and said, "While we have a crust we will divide with our prisoners."

The historic "Sherman's march to the sea" has never had its equal among civilized nations. Indeed Hell did break loose in Georgia and continued to engulf in its sulphurous smoke and ashes all the region it touched through the Carolinas. Sherman himself declared that "A buzzard could not follow in his wake without taking his rations with him." Old men, women and children were treated in the most horrible

manner and no effort was made by the officers to restrain the brutal men. It was an invasion for plunder. In my father's home no article of value that could be moved was left. Clocks, pianos, furniture of every kind was hewn to pieces, beds were ripped open and the feathers were carried away by the winds. Choice pieces of bed-covering of beautiful and rare designs made by my mother in her girlhood days were roughly folded and put upon the sore-backed mules for saddle blankets. The counterpanes upon which she had spent so much care and labor making them rare and dainty were torn from the beds and used for every rough and foul purpose. Precious heirlooms which were so highly prized for the association of loved ones in the long ago were torn into shreds or carried away. Dresses and all wearing apparel fared no better fate. The soldier seemed to take delight in abusing and demolishing before her eyes those things upon which she had bestowed especial care in trying to make home comfortable and attractive. Not a piece of bedding was left except the heavy mattresses and one quilt which in the rummaging had fallen behind an old chest. Every piece of table ware of any value was gone. The soldiers set fire to the house and would have succeeded in burning it had not my mother followed them and put out the flames.

My father was a minister and had not been called into the army. His library was pillaged and depleted. The soldiers took his hat from his head, his watch from his vest pocket, his purse of Confederate money; they carried away all of his clothes except those he had on. These desperadoes were not camp followers, they were the regular soldiers in blue uniforms, and were marched up in line with flag and music, the officers were with them. My father tried to get some protection, but they swore at him and told him to send for Wheeler's cavalry if he wanted protection. They compelled him at the point of a bayonet to shoulder a heavy

wagon wheel and carry it about two hundred yards and put it on a wagon which was broken down so they could load it with corn to carry to the camp. Previous to this they had hung him to a tree to make him tell where the horses were concealed; as they had found them in the meantime they let him down.

My father and Mr. Gray Culbreth had hidden their horses in a dense marsh or swamp with briars and matted underbrush. The mud and water was a foot or more deep and almost impassable on account of its roughness. It was a dark densely tangled place nearly a mile through. The Yankees came to Mr. Culbreth's home first. They demanded the horses but no one would tell where they were. After a number of threats the officers said, "We will make you tell"; they then placed a rope around his daughter, a beautiful girl of seventeen, and mounting their horses and with a stroke of a keen whip drove her through the mud and briars to the hiding place of the horses. It was months before she recovered from the harsh treatment and exposure.

The cattle were ruthlessly shot down in the lots and left otherwise untouched. Not a living thing of value was left on the place, except one hen which had made her escape under an old barn. When the army came to the place on the 15th of March, 1865, we had plenty of provisions such as were found on a well-provided farm to last the family for two years. They left the granaries and barns empty; no scattered corn was left that might serve to feed the children.

I was a boy and proud of a beautiful little horse that my father had given me. A Yankee made me hold my horse for him to mount and ride away. I never saw my horse again. I had a small beautifully bound Bible which I had as a present from my father; a soldier put it into his pocket and carried it away.

My mother and sisters were made to hear the vilest oaths

and the most insulting language that foul-mouthed men could utter. The wearing apparel of the young ladies was taken out and after rude jests were thrown into the mud for the horses to trample. It had been very difficult to secure silks and other fancy goods for the ladies to wear, but the girls had saved some from the old dresses of their mothers with jealous care for special occasions, even these did not escape the savage hands but were either carried away or were torn to shreds. The children's toys and keepsakes and playthings fared no better.

One of Sherman's staff officers, Major George Wade Nichols, who was an eye witness to such scenes, playfuly describes their habitual acts of plunder and rapine. He describes the soldiers searching for hidden treasures, poking every foot of soft ground to find the hidden plate, jewelry, and other rich goods. He says that watching these proceedings was one of the pleasurable excitements of the long march. He gives a full page picture of one such scene; the men have found the hidden box of jewelry, a lone woman is standing on a porch begging for the watch that had been her mother's while the cruel jests are playing upon the faces and lips of her tormentors. These acts of plunder took place in full view of the commissioned officers and no restraints were offered.

In one place a gentleman found a marauding Federal soldier trying to outrage his daughter. For the protection of his daughter he killed the soldier with blue coat and brass buttons on. The father was soon apprehended and hanged.

The system of tortures practiced was not for obtaining provisions and sustenance for the invading army, but mainly for the purpose of securing the valuables of the people along the way. Dr. Bachman presents the following picture:

"When Sherman's army came sweeping through Carolina, leaving a broad track of desolation for hundreds of miles, whose steps were

accompanied with fire and sword and blood, reminding us of the tender mercies of the Duke of Alva, I was near the home of a Mrs. Ellerbe, a lady seventy years old. I witnessed the barbarities inflicted on the aged as well as the young and delicate females. Officers high in command were engaged in tearing from the ladies their watches, their wedding rings and other mementoes of those they loved and cherished. A lady of declicacy and refinement was compelled to strip before them that they might find watches and other valuables concealed under her dress."

Species of torture known only to the Spanish Inquisition were brought into play to force the poor negroes to tell what they knew concerning the valuables of their white people. Coolly and deliberately those hardened men proceeded on their way as if they had perpetrated no crime, for they were sustained by the officers with Federal commissions in their pockets.

It is not pleasant to rehearse the scenes of actual occurrence of those unhappy days, but they made history and led to serious conditions which followed in their effort to restore our homes in peace. These things are facts, and why should not our children know the facts? Of course there are those who would like to have the veil drawn across this period. They may well blush to have their deeds brought to light. The facts ought to be known. What have we to be ashamed of? Those who committed the crimes are hailed as heroes, while those who suffered they would call traitors.

Attila, the Scourge of God, led the savage Huns from the north of Europe and devastated the sunny plains of Italy. Cortez and Pizarro dealt out cruelty and treachery upon the unlettered and barbarous inhabitants of Mexico and Peru. The frenzied leaders of the French Revolution were men of low origin and were determined to destroy the better classes. But here in a civilized land we see a great army, commanded by officers commissioned by the United States government, with the Stars and Stripes in one hand and fire and sword in

the other, devastating the homes of a defenseless people, pouring out bitter denunciations and wreaking their vengeance upon helpless women and children.

Sunday morning, March 19, 1865, was the dreariest day I ever saw. The sky was hazy with smoke and the sun appeared to come through the red-tinged atmosphere with difficulty. All nature seemed charged with the bodings of evil. We were cold and hungry. The little children were crying for food. It was a Sabbath morning, but there was no peaceful rest in our home. All was distress, for there was nothing from which our mother could prepare the morning meal. The Yankee cavalry came again early. They were looking to see if anything had been left that could be of use in preserving life. This was the fourth day of their pillage and every thing was gone.

Suddenly they stopped their plundering, for the drum sounded. We heard the roaring of cannon in the distance. I heard an officer say "There is trouble ahead." We afterward learned that it was the battle of Bentonsville, twenty miles distant. The men wheeled into line and dashed away. The incessant roar of cannonading produced a feeling of awe in our young minds, that the succeeding years have not effaced.

During the years prior to the Civil War and up to its close there had been a kindly feeling of friendship between the negro slaves and the white people. They had been faithful and true to the white people in all those trying times. Hundreds of young men in the Southern army had their faithful servants who stood by them and protected them, often at the expenses of their own lives. The negroes on the plantations managed the farms well and furnished supplies for the southern army. They talked fondly and eagerly about our soldiers in the camps and at the front.

If they had been let alone there would have been no hostility between the races to this day. It was only when instigated by designing men who were really enemies to both white and black that antagonism began to disturb the friendliness that was almost universal between the races in the South. There were exceptions it is true, but the masses of the negroes even when they knew that they were freed from bondage felt kindly toward their former masters.

But even this condition was too good to be allowed to exist in the South. The North had determined to humiliate the people and make the yoke galling and bitter. The negroes were taught that the white people of the South were their enemies and must be hated as such. They were encouraged to become insolent and assert their equality and demand immediate social recognition. They were made to believe that if their demands were not welcomed and acceded to that it was their duty to burn or otherwise destroy the property of their former masters. Emissaries by the thousands came among them to inflame their minds and passions and to work upon their superstitious natures and lead them to acts of violence. Before the war they had as a rule been faithful to every trust and outrages such as have so often happened since were unknown. The white people felt kindly toward them. There was no antipathy toward them because they had been freed, it was not of their doing and no one blamed them. The men of the South would have sympathized with them and they would have lived side by side in peace. But this could not be, for it was decreed at Washington that the South should drink to the bitter dregs and no device or plan that could humiliate must be left unenforced.

Seeing the dark shadows that overhung the South, hundreds of the best men sought security and opportunity in the far distant West. Those who remained felt the pall darker days to come.

Even under these adverse conditions we managed to get along with a semblance of peace until white men of the baser sort, men who had been deserters or "bushwhackers" during the war, combined with the negroes and organized what was known as the "Union" or "Loyal League." Just what was carried on in their meetings we could only judge by results. The negroes became insolent and unbearable, but the white men who were with them were ten times worse. The negroes were encouraged to acts of violence, to theft, to become loud in their demands, to acts of outrage upon helpless women—a thing never before known among them. We feared the negroes where they were in large numbers but much more the men who led them on. We never knew when it might be our turn to see the midnight sky lighted up by the blazing barn, the mills burned to the water line, or even the dwellings burned to ashes—frequently done by spiteful men and charged to an innocent negro.

The presence of the Federal soldiers in every community encouraged the negroes, who had now become insolent, to acts of violence and outrage, and if the sufferers complained were answered with a sneer or an oath and dared to touch the negro or interfere with his liberties. There was no appeal. The courts were powerless, the administration of affairs was a farce because the officers were themselves of the baser sort or dared not antagonize the Yankee soldier who was ready at all times to interfere against the better citizens. The military is usually a protection to the proper welfare of a community, but here was a spectacle of the military being deliberately used to suppress the good and protect the vile. Property, life or honor was not secure at any time.

Those were times that tried men's souls. How well do I remember the intense anxiety of my parents if the girls were out of their sight without protection.

The brave men of the South had laid down their arms at

Appomattox, they had been paroled and made to swear not to take up arms again. In fact they were almost without arms or any means of defense. But the vilest reptile will strike when he is imposed upon. Could the men in whose veins flowed the blood renowned at Alamance, and Mecklenburg, and Manassas, and the Wilderness, lie still like belabored hounds while every species of insult was heaped upon them? Must they let every spark of manhood vanish and see their homes ruined! The conditions must be met and their families and property saved. But how! The Yankee soldiers were quartered in every community and what could our people do? Open resistance would be useless as they would be immediately apprehended as rebels and instigators of treason as was often done.

Every white man who had taken any part in the Civil War was disfranchised and not allowed to participate in the administration of civil affairs. Only the class known as deserters and desperadoes were left to coöperate with the negroes in running the local, county, and state affairs. Orders were issued from Washington to the soldiers quartered in each locality to "forbid and prohibit the assembling of bodies of citizens under any pretense." Military governors were set up over the States as foreign satraps had been placed over conquered nations in the heathen days of old. Irresponsible men came from the North as adventurers to take advantage of our misfortune and usurp authority and fill the time honored stations of trust and honor and despoil the remaining resources of revenue.

Then came the period of Reconstruction so called. Volumes have been written about the horrors of this period. It was not my purpose to add to the volume of literature on the subject, but to give the experience of one who passed through the times as a boy.

Here was an example of the people who had been instru-

mental perhaps more than any other section of the Union in making a great Republic, who had furnished its share of the strongest statesmen of all time, who had furnished the finest examples of statecraft and legal ability, where civilization and culture had reached their highest perfection,—a people foremost in sending the light of the Gospel to the hungering souls of the earth, a people whose ancestry was of the purest stock, whose hospitality had been open to all good men everywhere—a people from sheer hatred and malice to be blotted politically from the face of the earth, and to be reconstructed by such a mongrel set as was collected in Washington and those sent to the South to perform the great transformation. The annals of history have never presented a greater farce.

The sanctity of the church service was invaded. During the existence of the Confederate Government the Episcopal Church inserted in its Book of Common Prayers a prayer for the President of the Confederacy. After the war closed the prayer for the President was left out altogether, whereupon Major-General Wood issued an order by which all the Clergy of that Church "were suspended from their functions and forbidden to preach or perform divine service," unless they should pray publicly for the President of the United States. This took place in Alabama.

On a cold November day in 1871 I witnessed an occurrence in Mayesville, S. C., which caused my blood to boil in my veins. I recite this because it was an example of what was going on all through the Southland.

Old Colonel Mayes was one of the most cultured and polished gentlemen whom I ever knew. He was an old-time planter with broad plantations around him. His sons were successful men, he had given them beautiful homes around his plantation. Before the war he had been a member of the United States Congress. He was a public spirited man

and had been honored by his State. He was quiet, reserved, and dignified—an old-time gentleman. He had furnished succor and help during the war. A large number of the negroes were freed on his plantations; among them was one who had given a great deal of trouble as the worst among the lot. On the November day above referred to an election was being held on the platform of the railroad station. This special negro who had given Colonel Mayes so much trouble was conducting the election. The general amnesty bill had just been passed by Congress and this was the first effort the old man had made after the close of the war to cast a ballot. The negro ordered him to take off his hat and hold up his right hand. There was the picture. The old gentleman, tall and straight, full of honors and the weight of years, the cold November winds driving the long locks of his white hair, his hand raised repeating the oath after the negro.

One day I was busy in the store when a negro came in and read to me a summons to go with him as a witness in a petty trial. I went and found a little renegade Yankee holding a magistrate's court. I and the magistrate were the only white men present.

The negroes were urged to make advances and demand social equality. With a few exceptions, however, they displayed better judgment than their advisers; and refrained from what would have brought on a war between the races. The counsel of the well trained and better class of negroes prevailed to a great extent among them.

These are a few of the scenes and memories that still linger with me. Michael Angelo decorated the walls of St. Peter's with his immortal picture of "Crownless Desolation," in which he portrays the purgatorial griefs of those subjugated by the ruthless cruelty of war. Could the artist have visited our Southland after the smoke of battle had cleared away a new impetus might have touched his brush. Cities de-

stroyed; towns and villages laid waste; churches, schools, and other public buildings rotting; every industry destroyed; landscape horrors and flame-scarred wastes; all of these were the evidences of a once prosperous and happy people.

Fostered by the dominant powers at the North, the Union League had gathered into its ranks all of the lower class of the people as well as the newly liberated negroes who were thus encouraged to take part in public affairs and lord it over their former masters. Conditions were beyond description and were growing more tense every day. There was no help to be expected from the magistrates or the courts, for all were of the same character.

But the spirit of the men of the South again asserted itself and those who had surrendered at Appomattox and the younger men saw that something must be done to protect the honor of the home. We knew not whence it came but the order known as the Ku Klux Klan came to our relief. Others have discussed the origin and merits of the great movement. Memory takes us back to the time when there seemed to be a lifting of the dark clouds along the horizon and hope again beckoned our loved ones to take courage and calm their fears.

In the first volume of THE BOOKLET, Mrs. T. J. Jarvis presented two most excellent papers on the Ku Klux Klan. William Garrott Brown in the May number of the *Atlantic Monthly* for 1901, gives a most delightful article on the subject. In 1877 James Melville Beard wrote a very readable book entitled "The Ku Klux Klan." His book came out so soon after the Congressional investigation of affairs in the South that he wrote very cautiously, but it is easy to read between the lines.

The Congressional reports of the Commission sent to the States where the order existed are very full of interesting matter but nearly all filled with venom toward those implicated. Prof. Hamilton, of the State University, has written

a book on the Reconstruction period which promises to be a valuable addition to our literature on the subject.

Tom Dixon's books, while fanciful and dramatic, revealed conditions as they existed in many sections. Many other publications have been presented through papers and magaiznes, but none have given the history in full of the great movement. Many valuable articles have been printed in our state papers, but there should be a specific treatise put up in a more permanent form. The experiences of Judge Kerr, Joe Turner, and Randolph Shotwell, and perhaps a hundred more should not be forgotten.

ANSON COUNTY

By Mrs. J. G. Boylin.

On account of the distance from the Bladen Court House, where the settlers, all of the Pee Dee section who numbered between two or three hundred tithables, had to go to return their taxes, the distance being a hundred miles or so, the following act was passed in 1749 for the establishing of a county, and St. George Parish, and appointing a place for court house, and prisons, and stocks.

This act was passed by the council, and General Assembly, numbering fifty-four members, held at New Bern courthouse. The ast was read as follows:

"We pray that it may be enacted by his excellency, Gabriel Johnston, and the General Assembly of this Province, and by the authority of the same, That Bladen county be divided by a line, beginning at the place where the South line of this Province crosseth the Westernmost branch of Little Pee Dee river, then by a straight line to a place where the commissioners, for the running of the Southern boundary of this line crossed that Branch of Little Pee Dee called Drowning Creek, then up the branch to the head, then by a line to run as near as may be equidistant from Saxapaw river, now near Chatham, and Great Pee Dee river and that the upper part of the said county, and Parish, so laid off and divided be erected into a county, and parish by the name of Anson County, and St. George Parish and that all the inhabitants to the Westward, shall belong, and appertain to Anson County, and that said Anson County shall enjoy all and every privilege, which any other county, or parish in this province holds or enjoys."

This new County was named for Lord George Anson, a famous English Navigator, who was born in April, 1697, and died in June, 1762. Between the years 1724 and 1735 he was engaged in active service along the coast of the Carolinas. To commemorate his daring deeds and protective service to the colonists, this county of Anson, and a town, Ansonborough, in South Carolina preserve his name. His long

service on the coast of the Carolinas, however useful, was in no way brilliant, but he was popular with the colonists.

At this time Anson County included all of Western North Carolina from New Hanover and Bladen, on the East, to the state line on the West.

Anson county is one of the oldest counties of the state. On a map dated 1783 it shows this county to have been the fifteenth county that was founded. Little Pee Dee river extended to Bladen and the Saxapaw formed a part of the boundary of what is now Chatham County.

From Anson County were formed the following counties, and for the same reason that Anson was taken from Bladen. The settlers were becoming more numerous, and too, they were now being called to attend the courts, either to attend to their own business, and sometimes as jurors and witnesses. An act was passed to establish Rowan County in 1753. At this time Rowan extended to Virginia. Mecklenburg was taken from Anson in 1762. Montgomery County in 1778 and on account of the high waters of the Pee Dee Richmond was taken in 1779.

In the year 1754 at a general assembly held at Wilmington an act was passed for laying out a town on John Jenkins's place on the south side of the Pee Dee river to be known as Gloucester. Charles Robinson, Caleb Howell, Thomas Tomkins, William Forbes and Edmond Cartlege were appointed commissioners with full power and authority to lay off the fifty acres of land. It was to be divided into lots of one half acre each, with convenient streets, and squares, a lot for a court house, jail, church, churchyard and market to be reserved. Any person had a right to take up one of these lots, upon the payment of forty shillings proclamation money, to be paid to the treasurer if he intended to become an inhabitant. Thomas Tomkins was appointed treasurer. Each owner was required to build a good frame store or brick

house no less than twenty-four feet in length, and sixteen feet in width.

This town was situated where the road leading from Cheraw crosses the road leading from Maskes Ferry to Camden in Anson County. This land was bought from William Best by Captain Patrick Boggan. In the year 1786, some of the commissioners having died, James Marshall, Stephen Pace, Jonathan Jackson, Frederick Wilobey were appointed commissioners who were to build the public buildings.

In 1787 the name of the new town was changed to Wadesboro, taking this name from Col. Wade of Revolutionary fame.

An academy was founded in 1800 for the town of Sneedsboro, with William Pegues, Thomas Godfrey, Allen Chapman, William Pierce, Isaac Jackson, Laurence Moore and John Battle as trustees.

In 1802 an act was passed to establish an academy in Wadesboro. The trustees were as follows: James Marshall, Robert Troy, James Goodrich, Joseph Ingram, Sr., Tody Robinson, Pleasant May, John Jennings, Esq., the Rev. William Taylor, Rev. John Culpepper, and Rev. Daniel Gould, Joseph While, William Threadgill, Jesse Beverly, James Coleman, James Hough and Augustus Shepherd.

In 1781, August 4th, Col. Wade called out half of his regiment, and was joined by parties from Richmond, and Montgomery, and proceeded against the Tories, numbering between four and five hundred on Drowning Creek, who were engaged in disarming the settlers within twenty miles of the Pee Dee and carrying off men, who were fit for service across Downing Creek, into what they called the protected land. After a sharp engagement at Beatler's Bridge on Drowning Creek, lasting until twelve o'clock at night the Tories drew off. A dozen Tories having been killed, while Wade only lost four.

On Fanning's return from Wilmington he heard that Wade was going to attack McNeill, who held the protected ground. There was a narrow causeway, through which Wade would have to cross. At Wade's first attack eighteen of Fanning's horses were slain, but the Tories at once dismounted and made a deadly assault, firing as they advanced. In this encounter Wade lost nineteen men, with fifty-four prisoners taken, and two hundred and fifty horses, while Fanning only lost one man, with a few wounded.

Another interesting event was the massacre at Piney Bottom and the revenge taken by the Whigs.

When Gates was defeated at Camden, the British overran South Carolina, and many of the Whigs fled from the Pee Dee section into North Carolina. Among them was Col. Wade. He with Col. Culp decided to return home, and having loaded their wagons with salt and such other articles as were needed in the Pee Dee section. Having crossed the Cape Fear, at McNeil's Ferry, night approaching they took up Camp. That night John McNeil having learned where this company of Whigs were camping sent runners out to collect the Tories, many of whom were lying out in the swamps and other places, with directions to meet at Long Street to pursue Wade the next night.

Just a little before day they came upon Wade and his party encamped on Piney Bottom, a branch of Rockfish, all being apparently asleep. The Tories fell upon the Whigs, killing five or six of them. The rest escaped leaving everything behind.

A motherless boy who had been taken by Col. Wade, being aroused by the firing of the guns, not being fully awake cried "Parole me, Parole me." Duncan Furgeson, a renegade deserter, told him to come he would parole him. He dropped on his knees begging for his life, but seeing this man approaching him he jumped up to run. Furgeson overtook him

and split his head open with a broad sword, so that one half fell on one shoulder and one on the other. The wagons were plundered, the officers taking the money, the men whatever they could carry away. The Tories burned the wagons, and pretended to bury the dead, but the bodies were afterwards found scratched up by the wolves, but were buried by Whig scouts. As soon as Culp and Wade reached home they collected about a hundred men, all swearing that they would never return until they avenged the death of the motherless boy. On Thursday they camped on the land of Daniel Patterson, the piper, on Drowning Creek. They caught him and whipped him until he gave the names of all those who were at Piney Bottom. They then entered into Moore County and captured and murdered all who had been connected with the massacre. Gen. Wade had John McNeil tried for his life on account of the robbery and murder committed at Piney Bottom. He was acquitted on account of not having witnesses.

1765—1768.

Gov. Tryon says that the first trouble that grew into the war of the Regulation began in Anson and spread to Orange. At this time Samuel Spencer was Deputy Clerk of the pleas for Anson. In the year 1768 a mob tried to take possession of the court house (at this time the court house of Anson was old Mt. Pleasant, now called the Hooker Place, owned by the heirs of the late T. J. Ingram). Col. Spencer went to the door and demanded what they would have. They answered that they had some matters to settle and wanted the use of the court house. Col. Spencer read them a clause in the act of Parliament of George the First against riot and unlawful assemblies, at which the mob became very much enraged and threw up their clubs and threatened to tear down the court house and jail. They then proposed for a few of their company to represent them and set forth their griev-

ances. Col. Spencer retired to his desk for transaction of his business, whereupon the whole mob entered, demanding the reason for their being taxed.

Col. Spencer explained to them the necessity of reasonableness of taxation. In this time one of them took Mr. Needlock, a magistrate, aside and another took the other justices off the bench and entirely obstructed the proceedings of the court. They held consultations among themselves and decided to let the court house stand, and passed resolutions to resist the sheriff in collecting taxes. Before they dispersed they elected Mr. Charles Robinson as representative to the General Assembly in place of Mr. John Crawford, without giving the Governor the trouble of issuing a new writ of election on that vacancy.

Each member of the mob took oath that in case any officer made distress on any goods or the estate that he with other assistance would go and take it from the officer, and restore it to the party from whom taken, and in case any one who joined this company of regulars for the nonpayment of taxes should be in prison or under arrest or otherwise confined that he would immediately raise as many of said subscribers as necessary to set said person and his estate at liberty.

All these troubles were represented to Gov. Tryon in a letter written by Col. Spencer. In reply Gov. Tryon gave Col. Spencer authority to raise the Anson regiment of militia to enable him to secure and bring to trial the ringleaders and suppress any future trouble. On the 17th of May, 1768, Gov. Tryon issued a proclamation to the county of Anson commanding and requiring all persons interested in any way or connected with this insurrection to disperse and retire to their respective homes. In case they refused he commanded all officers, both civil and military, to use all lawful means of suppressing the same.

This outbreak on the part of Anson County seems to have been the first open resistance, to the oppression of the officers of the crown. Even as early as this date the great principle was laid down "that taxation and representation" should always be associated, that neither Parliament, nor the Governor, nor any other power had the right to tax the people without their consent freely given through their representatives in the General Assembly.

On March 19, 1771, Governor Tryon called for fifty volunteers from Anson to march against the insurgents. There were 2,550 volunteers called from the Province.

The delegates from Anson to the first Provincial Congress held at New Bern were Samuel Spencer and William Thomas. Delegates to the third Congress, which met at Hillsboro, 1775, were Thomas Wade, Samuel Spencer, William Thomas, David Love and William Pickett. The field officers were appointed at this Congress. The regimental muster was held at the home of Griffith Lacy. Samuel Spencer was Colonel; James Auld was Major.

Samuel Spencer, one of the State's most prominent men of Revolutionary times, is buried on the land of his relative, Mr. S. P. Spencer, on Smith Creek about a mile from the Pee Dee River, with no slab to mark his grave.

This is what the *Fayetteville Gazette* of 1794 says of his death:

"At his seat in Anson County on the 20th circuit the Hon. Samuel Spencer, LL.D., one of the Judges of the Superior Court of this State. His Honor's health having been declining about two years, but he has performed the last circuit three months since, and we understand he intended to leave home in a few days for this town where Superior Court is now sitting had it not been for the following incident.

"He was sitting on his piazza with a red cap on his head, when it attracted the attention of a large turkey gobbler.

The Judge being sleepy began to nod. The turkey mistaking the nodding and the red cap for a challenge to battle made so violent and unexpected attack on his Honor that he was thrown from his chair on the floor and was so beat and bruised that he died in a few days."

Samuel Spencer is the progenitor of some of the most prominent people in the State, namely Londons and Jacksons.

A Philadelphia paper at the time of this occurence makes this (Zhi deppre) criticism:

"In this degenerate age,
What host of knaves engage,
And do all they can to fetter braver men.
Dreading that they should be free.
Leagued with scoundrels pack,
Even turkey cocks attack
The red cap of liberty."

I am greatly indebted to Col. F. J. Coxe for a great part of this interesting data, which he collected while a student at the University of North Carolina, which I have used in this paper. I have consulted Wheeler's and Ashe's histories, also Colonial Records.

THE PFLEGERIN

By Adelaide L. Fries.

It was a mere matter of business that set me delving among the memoirs in the Salem Archives. From the beginning—, that is to say, from 1753,—it has been the custom in Wachovia at the funeral of a member, to read an account of the life of the deceased, and many of these memoirs, autobiographies in their major part, were deposited on the Archive shelves, where they have rested until this present, as forgotten as the men and women of whom they spoke. When some impulse of patriotism, love of order,—what you will,—led me to undertake the making of an Index, it was with the expectation that the work would be monotonous in the extreme. Except to fill a gap in a genealogical table, who cares where Johann Schmidt was born and when he died, or, indeed, whether he died or was born? And yet now and again there came a surprise, and some time-yellowed page would outline a life so typical of the period, so full of human interest, that all the old longing for the story-writer's gift welled up afresh, and its absence seemed almost a tragedy—the threatened reburial of men and women who lived again after a lapse of more than a century.

When I was a child I read a story of which only the mysterious title remains in memory, "The Story That Wouldn't Be Told." Why it did not wish to be told, or how it avoided the telling, is long since forgotten, but in contradistinction to that shy tale the memoirs have haunted me and insisted upon relation, and reluctant obedience is at last given. No attempt is made to weave a modern-style romance,—that is left for some more gifted pen,—but the simple life of a real woman

*See Biographical Sketch, Vol. IX, p. 236, April Booklet, 1910.

is presented, as she moved through the scenes of a country village a century and more ago.

It was a perfect day in late October, 1766, but the slight, fair-haired girl, seated on the trunk of a fallen tree, gazed with unseeing eyes upon the masses of gold and crimson leaves that hid all but a hundred or two feet of the road over which she had but lately come. So far as foliage was concerned it had been a royal progress, that journey southward from Pennsylvania, for day after day the slowly-moving heavily-laden wagons seemed just in the wake of the first sharp frost of the season, and the forests all along the way had flung out their red and yellow banners as though to give the travellers glad greeting.

The little company, however, was royal only in the faith which was leading them to a new home in a distant colony. In outward seeming they were simple enough,—the sturdy drivers of the stout horses, a minister of the Gospel and his wife, three women and a dozen young girls, several of whom were now busily putting away the remains of the midday meal, preparatory to the start on their further journey.

To them Johanna gave as little heed as to the beauties of the autumnal landscape, for the weeks of travel had developed an almost military precision of life, and each served in turn with the deftness born of experience. To-day she was free, and something in the surroundings of the noon rest had taken her back to the hills of New Jersey, where her eyes had first consciously seen the autumn glory; the removal thither from Connecticut having taken place when she was little more than an infant.

How well she remembered that day in 1756 when the rumors of months crystallized into definite news of Indian war, and preparations were made for hasty flight; and a Moravian, coming to her father's mill for meal, cheerfully

returned without his intended freight in order to convey the Colvers and their effects to Nazareth and to safety. Her parents, who had long awaited an opportunity to join the Moravians, gladly accepted a position in a neighboring village, an older sister was sent to Bethlehem, and Johanna and a younger sister were placed in a little school just being started in Nazareth to care for children who like herself had been driven in by the war from unprotected districts.

The lessons taught in the school were of the simplest. She learned to speak German, to read and write in German and English, to cipher, to knit, to sew, and to share in the varied activities of the household. Religious instruction was also carefully given, and not until she was older would she see the real pathos of her inner life during that time. Of imaginative mind and emotional temperament, the tenderly told stories of the Saviour's love and care had at first the strange effect of driving her almost frantic with terror, for her father, unwilling to have his child baptized by other than a Moravian pastor, and unable to secure the services of one in his far-off Connecticut home, had neglected the rite altogether, and being unbaptized she became obsessed with the idea that she was wholly in the power of the Evil One, and beyond the reach of the love which her soul craved. Too shy to hint her trouble the poor little thing struggled on, and at last light began to break in on the eager mind, and she found courage to pray, to hope, and finally to speak to the kindly woman in charge of the children, who dispelled her fear, comforted the tender little heart, and promised that when she was older she should receive adult baptism, and assured her that meanwhile she was perfectly safe in the Saviour's keeping.

A year in the Bethlehem school gave opportunity for more study, and of this she gladly availed herself; then her long cherished wish was granted, and she was baptised, admitted to the Choir of Older Girls and placed with other young

girls of the congregation in the Sisters' House, there to learn the serious business of self-support. An interruption came in the form of a severe illness, through which she went to the very gates of death, but they did not open, health and strength returned, and now she was one of those selected to go to the new little Moravian settlement in North Carolina, there to begin a Choir of Older Girls, as the older women of the company were to form the nucleus of the Choir of Single Sisters. Would she like the new home? Would the work be harder or easier than in Bethlehem? Would she, perchance, be asked in marriage? There were many more brethren than sisters in Wachovia so far, and all the young women who had come with earlier parties had been quickly wedded. And if an offer came would she wish to accept it, or would she rather be Vorsteherin of the Single Sisters like Sister Krause, and manage the money, or better yet, be Pflegerin, like Sister Schmidt in Bethlehem, and have all the Sisters look up to her, and listen to what she said, and have even the minister consult her? On the whole that sounded attractive, and— But Sister Krause's voice was calling her to take her place in the wagon, and air-castles vanished in the wearily impatient wish that the journey was over and she could rest.

Very cheerful the little village looked next day as they drove into it, and were warmly welcomed, bountifully fed, and conducted to the house which had been set apart for their use. And how interesting it was in the morning to go here and there, seeing the places already familiar through letters, and hearing retold the stories of early experiences in the wilderness. Here was the cabin to which the first settlers came on that chill November day in 1753, and in which they held their first lovefeast while the wolves howled in the forest near by. Well might they howl, for their day was done! Some were to fall before the hunter's gun, and the rest would

vanish before the onmarching civilization of which that carefully selected group of colonists was the sign. Here was the church, center of the village and of the village life, with its bell, whose daybreak peal had more than once startled lurking Indians into believing themselves discovered, and had so averted the attack. The substantial walls and loopholed attic made the church almost a fort, and beside it was the stockade, whose protection had been shared by many a frightened farmer, coming to the village for shelter during the troubled years of Indian warfare. High on the hill lay the little graveyard, and at its foot the garden of medicinal herbs, eloquent reminder of the good Dr. Kalberlahn, whose fame had spread far and wide, but who, alas! had been one of the first victims of the epidemic of 1759. Then there were the shops for the tailor and the shoemaker, the homes of married people, the newly-opened Sisters' House, and the Brothers' House occupied by the unmarried men. There was also the village kitchen, a source of surprise to the casual visitor, but the quite-to-be expected thing in the eyes of the new arrivals for the pioneer Moravian settlers had been quick to realize the value of practical coöperation, and it was their system of community organization, "the labor of all for the good of all," which made possible the almost phenomenal industrial success of the earlier years in their first villages. Then there was the mill a mile or two away, the farm and the dairy,—plenty of work for willing hands; and when the fatigue of their trip was over the Sisters and Older Girls were assigned to tasks suited to their strength and ability. In that little village, if nowhere else in the world, all work was honorable, the cow-herd and the cook were as carefully selected as the merchant or the minister, and all met together in the conference which made the plans and gave to each his share of labor.

It seemed to Johanna that everybody was happy except

herself, and that she was not made her the more unhappy. The fact is that the sensitive nature, which would later make her so dearly beloved for her quick sympathy and ready aid of all who came to her for advice or help, was now finding temporary expression in a morbid craving for approval, and a tendency to droop—and, it must be confessed, to pout,—under real or fancied reproof, to her own sorrow and to the annoyance of all about her. She did not understand herself, and no one fully understood her, but they were patient with her; and by and by she learned the hard lesson of self-control, and was admitted to the Holy Communion. In those days privilege of the Sacrament was highly prized and carefully guarded, and each Communion-day was preceded by heart-searchings, deep though tender; and it happened not infrequently that quite an interval elapsed between the taking of vows in baptism or confirmation and admission to the Lord's Table. To Johanna the granting of this privilege was the sign and seal that her strivings after a higher life had found favor with God and man, and from that hour she "thanked God and took courage."

But she never learned to really like Bethabara, and her thoughts turned with ever increasing longing to the new town being built six miles to the south. Salem—"Peace"—the very name seemed to her a prophecy! When she came to Wachovia the work was just begun; since then she had listened eagerly to every word concerning it, as the young men who had gone thither from Bethabara and the hired laborers built first a Brothers' House, then homes for married people, and, ultimately, a Congregation House, with the meeting-hall in its second story. There was something fascinating about a town all prepared as to houses before the people came. How happy the Brethern must be when their own particular house was finished, and the company of builders could welcome into it the young men and boys who had remained in

Bethabara. Perhaps even happier were the four who having toiled earnestly at town-building, were now to be wedded, three to move into three of those empty waiting houses, while the fourth went to the farm near by. Who before had ever attended a quadruple wedding? All Bethabara was interested, but Johanna, who knew all the brides, and was warmly attached to two of them, was in a tingle of excitement from the day when her friends told her of their acceptance of the proposals to the hour of the solemn bethrothal service, and the still more solemn exchange of marriage vows in the presence of the entire population of the village.

Later there followed the consecration of the meeting-hall in Salem, organization of the new congregation, and installation of the pastor and other officers, and at last, at last, word was received that the rooms for the Single Sisters were ready. The breath of Spring was in the air and in Johanna's soul that April day, and when their few possessions were arranged in the new rooms, and they knelt for their first evening prayer in Salem, her throbbing heart chanted joyfully: "Home—peace, home—peace!"

And peace remained with her through all the following years, despite difficulties and hardships not a few. At first it was a struggle to provide the bare necessaries of life, for remunerative work was scarce; but the Sisters tilled their garden, sewed, and washed, and knit, and spun, and helped in the homes of married people, and by their united effort the hardest years were safely passed. Then came the Revolution, with its manifold anxieties, which in their turn passed away. And Johanna was like a plant, rooted in the shadow and coming rapidly into blossoming when brought to the light. Appointed assistant to Sister Pflegerin Quest, she was so helpful, and showed so much tact in her relation to the other Sisters and Older Girls, that she was soon made "house dienerin," and charged with the supervision of all household af-

fairs. This position also made her a member of the Congregation Council, composed of the leading men and women of the congregation, for in those days the women were accorded a much more active voice in matters of the town and Church than they were permitted to have in later times.

Johanna threw her whole heart into her work, dedicating her life to the service of her Church among the Sisters, and in 1780 she was received as an Akoluthe. She now began actively to plan for the erection of a separate house for the Single Sisters, as their rooms in the Congregation House were becoming overcrowded, in spite of the fact that each year some Sisters married and moved into other homes. It had, indeed, always been the intention that there should be a Sisters' House, but while their Choir was small and poor it seemed wiser to wait. Money was still very scarce, but a few hundred dollars were held in reserve for that purpose, and Johanna began to collect small offerings from the Sisters and little girls, and cherished them in faith that a way would open. Then permission was given to ask aid from congregations elsewhere, as well as of friends in the village; and in 1783 preparations were begun for building.

But her faith was not so soon to be rewarded. On a cold winter night in January there rang through the sleeping town the weird, piercing cry of "F-i-r-e! F-i-r-e!" Hastily dressing, men and women seized their buckets and hurried to the scene, there to form in two long lines, the men passing full buckets of water, and the women returning them empty to be refilled. But it was in vain, and when morning came the tavern was a smoking ruin, and Jacob Meyer and his family were without a roof over their heads. Every house in the village was already full, but place was cheerfully made for the accommodation of the Meyers, and quite as promptly it was decided that the tavern must be at once rebuilt, the ma-

terial already gathered for the Sisters' House being used as far as it would go.

For another year, therefore, Johanna and her associates waited, with what patience they could command, and at last the tavern was completed, work on the Sisters' House was recommenced, the cornerstone was laid with appropriate ceremonies, the walls were raised, and the day of dedication approached.

It so happened that just at this juncture Bishop Watteville visited Salem, as the representative of the Unity's Elders' Conference. The Revolution had left many problems for which his wise counsel was much needed, but details of the congregational life were just as carefully considered. One point discussed was that Sister Pflegerin Quest and Sister Vorsteherin Krause were growing old and scarcely able to conduct the affairs of the growing Choir. Sister Quest was asked whether she would relinquish her position and go to Bethabara, there to teach the school for little girls as long as her health permitted, to which she cheerfully agreed. Sister Krause was retired, with the understanding that she would help as much as she could, and the mantles of both fell on Johanna Colver, the timid child, the moody girl, now the ablest and best beloved Sister. Humbly but trustfully she accepted the call, and was installed by Bishop Watteville a few days before the Choir House was finished.

The 5th of April, 1786, was probably the happiest day of Johanna's life. At the head of her Choir, surrounded by sympathizing friends, she moved from the Congregation House to the new Sisters' House, which was opened with impressive and appropriate ceremonies. There, a few days later, Bishop Watteville solemnly consecrated her a Deaconess of the Moravian Church, and she entered upon eleven years of earnest and successful service.

The duties and responsibilities of her position were mani-

fold. According to the Principles laid down, the Single Sisters' Choir was to be "a garden of the Holy Ghost," wherein girls and women were to be trained "for all kinds of service; it might be for marriage, or for work in the Choir, among children, or in families, or as Choir Sisters passing their days in quiet and union of heart with the friends of their souls, thinking with deep interest on the things of the Lord, and praying for them." As Pflegerin Johanna was charged with "the care of the inner or soul life of her Choir Sisters," not only those of adult years, but even wee maidens just growing out of babyhood. Dearly she loved these little folk, and sought to win their confidence, so that even in tender years she might draw them into communion with her Saviour. In modern times there is no one person in the community who quite takes the place that Johanna Colver filled. Many of the mother's duties, of the Sunday School teacher's opportunities, of the pastor's responsibilities, were hers, and, as the girls grew older, she helped them to find means of self-support, and was their trusted confidante in all the perplexing problems of young womanhood, while to the older Sisters she gave her affectionate interest, and to the aged her tender care.

As Vorsteherin she was the treasurer, the business manager of the Choir,—a position bringing many difficulties and anxieties, for to complete their House the Sisters had been obliged to borrow a considerable sum from the Salem Congregation, from potter Gottfried Aust and tanner Johanna Herbst, and to keep up the interest and pay off the principal was no small task, even with the help of all the Sisters, and the unfailing support of tanner Herbst, who would never accept any interest on his loan, and finally gave them the principal as well.

Not to every one is it given to see the end as well as the beginning of an undertaking, but one year before Johanna died she had the joy of knowing that the debt was fully paid, and

that her cherished House would pass unencumbered into other hands,—for that she would soon leave it she knew full well. One of the marvels of Johanna's life was that she accomplished so much despite her bodily weakness. In the very month in which she became Pflegerin the first attack of lung trouble manifested itself, though for some years an occasional hemmorhage seemed to have little effect upon her strength. A vacation in Pennsylvania refreshed her after the strain incident to an epidemic from which many of the Sisters suffered in 1792, but in 1795 the disease took firm hold on her, and her strength gradually but steadily failed. Toward the end she suffered much, and oh, how she longed for rest! "Dear Saviour, pity me, and bring these painful hours to a close. I am ready to go, and there is naught to keep me here," so she prayed in an hour of utter weariness, though as a rule she waited with utmost patience for the final summons. Asking a friend to read her the Daily Texts for some days ahead, that for March 5th was reached, "The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory," Isa. 60:19. "Oh, that I might go home on that day," she exclaimed; "think of the joy and wonder, to go out into the sunshine, into the day that shall have no end." And even so it was. On the 5th of March, 1797, she peacefully fell asleep, while her weeping Sisters, gathered in an adjoining room, sang hymns wherewith to comfort their aching hearts. Soon the trombonists gathered in front of the House, and throughout the village people paused to listen to the message floating out on the evening air:

A pilgrim, us preceding,
  Departs unto her home,
The final summons heeding,
  Which soon to all must come,
O joy! the chains to sever
  Which burden pilgrims here,
To dwell with Christ forever
  Who to our souls is dear.

The second stanza, though used at the departure of any unmarried Sister, might have been Johanna's own statement of her life's ideal, and many an eye grew moist as the tune was recognized:

My happy lot is here
The Lamb to follow;
Be this my only care
Each step to hallow,
And thus await the time
When Christ, my Saviour,
Will call me hence, with Him
To live forever.

Once more the sweetly solemn strains stole over the village, this time breathing a prayer that each who listened might in turn find ready entrance into that heavenly mansion; and as the last note sank into the evening silence quivering lips whispered with sorrow and yet in perfect trust: "Sister Pflegerin Colver has indeed gone home."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MRS. SPIER WHITAKER nee HOOPER

By Mrs. E. E. Moffitt.

Mrs. Spier Whitaker was born in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, and lived there during a large part of her girlhood. Prior to her marriage she was Miss Fanny DeBerniere Hooper, the second daughter of Professor John Deberniere Hooper of the University, who was the son of Archibald Maclaine Hooper, the well-known editor and writer of Wilmington, North Carolina—a contributor on historical subjects to various journals—who married Miss Charlotte DeBerniere. Fanny DeBerniere Hooper's mother was before her marriage Miss Mary Elizabeth Hooper, daughter of William Hooper, D.D., LL.D., scholar and litterateur, a Professor in the University of North Carolina, later President of Wake Forest College, and the author of *Fifty Years Since, Force of Habit, Sacredness of Human Life, Imperfections of Primary Schools,* and many other sketches. He married Frances Pollock Jones, daughter of Colonel Edward Jones, Solicitor-General of North Carolina, who was born in Ireland, and Mary Mallett Jones who was the daughter of Peter Mallett, member of one of the Committees of Safety in the Revolution and Commissary of the fifth and sixth regiments of the Continental Line. Mary Elizabeth Hooper was the great granddaugher of the William Hooper who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, son of Reverend William Hooper, second rector (1747-1767) of Trinity Church, Boston. She (Mary Elizabeth Hooper) was the granddaughter of William Hooper, son of the "Signer," who married Helen Hogg, daughter of James Hogg of Hillsborough, North Carolina, a native of Scotland who came to America in 1774, was influential in the Revolutionary period, and married Miss

FANNY DeBERNIERE HOOPER WHITAKER

This picture is a copy of a daguerreotype taken about the time of her marriage. There is no good recent picture.

Alves. J. DeBerniere Hooper was the grandson of the "Signer's" brother George—who married Katharine Maclaine, daughter of Archibald Maclaine of Wilmington, prominent among Revolutionary patriots. The one son of this marriage, Archibald Maclaine Hooper—father of Professor J. DeBerniere Hooper, before mentioned as the father of Fannie DeB. Whitaker—married, as has been said, Charlotte DeBerniere who was the daughter of Colonel John DeBerniere of the British army who had married near Belfast, Ireland, Miss Anna Jones, daughter of Conway Jones of Rostrevor, and whose grandfather, Jean Antoine DeBerniere, a Huguenot of noble birth, had fled from French persecution and settled first in Ireland.[1]

It will be seen from the foregoing that Mrs. Whitaker was descended from those who bore a considerable part in the period of the American Revolution—William Hooper, Archibald Maclaine, Peter Mallett. Names might be cited to show that patriotic interests and military records are to be found also in collateral branches and that force of talent has been evident in these lines. Among these names there is that of an ancestral uncle, Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General Thomas Clark of the Revolutionary army. A brother of J. DeBerniere Hooper was Johnson J. Hooper, lawyer, Secretary of the Congress of the Confederate States of America, a conspicuous and influential editor, one of the most successful humorous writers of the day—author of "Simon Suggs," "Widow Rugby's Husband" and "Other Tales of Alabama," etc.

The late Mrs. C. P. Spencer, in a memorial of J. DeB. Hooper in 1886, says:

"The Hooper family is one long and well known in North Carolina and other Southern states. Wherever known they are strongly marked by certain family traits; a high-toned, passionate sense of

[1] The genealogical data for this sketch was furnished by Miss Bessie Lewis Whitaker.

honor, a quick and generous sensibility, a love of letters, combined with intellect of a fine and flexible quality. In many of them these mental gifts are accompanied by a rare strain of subtle humor, imparting to their conversation and writings the real Attic flavor and salt."

Miss Fanny Hooper imbibed much of great educational value from the atmosphere of her home. Her father, revered by all who knew him, was "justly dear to learning, to social life, to the cause of education, and the Church of God,"[1] her mother a "sweet, high-minded, 'other-worldly' woman."[2] She has said that her parents instilled into their children[3] a love of learning and, at a time when such matters were comparatively ignored, imbued them with a knowledge of and admiration of a worthy ancestry. She was formally educated at the Chowan Female Institute, Murfreesboro, North Carolina—a school well known at this period for thorough scholarship and high standards—where she graduated at the head of her class and was the valedictorian. Her essay, a humorous production entitled "Lucifer Matches" was written in verse and is preserved today as a happy effort of the girl whose mind showed at this early age the vivacity and brilliant tendencies retained and developed through life.

She married July 31, 1866, Mr. Spier Whitaker, son of Colonel Spier Whitaker, of eastern North Carolina—a lawyer learned and widely successful, essentially a "gentlemen of the old school," Attorney-General of North Carolina for four years, later a resident of Davenport, Iowa. Spier Whitaker, the son, was, at the time of his marriage to Miss Hooper, an alumnus of the University of North Carolina, one of the fifty-seven of the members of the historic class of 1861 who

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[1] William Mercer Green, Bishop of Mississippi.

[2] Dr. E. A. Alderman in an address on William Hooper.

[3] The children of J. DeBerniere Hooper and Mary E. Hooper:
Helen DeBerniere Hooper (deceased), who married James Wills.
Fanny DeBerniere Hooper (deceased), who married Spier Whitaker.
Henry DeBerniere Hooper (deceased), who married Jessie Wright.
Julia Charlotte Hooper, who married Ralph Graves.

left the University for the battlefield a few weeks before the end of the course that was crowned nevertheless, through the University diplomas, by an alma mater ready to yield approval and award degrees to honorable sons[1] He was First Lieutenant and Adjutant of the Thirty-third North Carolina Regiment, Lane's Brigade, Hill's Division, Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. As a Confederate soldier, he served with distinguished gallantry during the four years of the war—literally from Bethel to Appomattox. He was captured at New Bern by Burnside and was a prisoner of war for about four months at Governor's Island, the "Rip Raps," and Fort Delaware. He was at Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Gettysburg—in fact in every battle of his regiment except one. His services were conspicuous many times during the war and the commendation accorded him after Gravelly Hill has been often quoted. He afterwards became one of North Carolina's ablest lawyers, "his reputation extending far beyond State bounds."[2] He rendered able and important service to the State as Chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee in 1888 when he conducted a campaign "with a skill and success that were phenomenal."[3] As a Judge of the Superior Courts of the State he has left an enviable record—a record bearing close investigation and study. "He brought to the Bench a mind well stored with legal learning and his decisions showed him equipped for determining knotty points of the law continually arising.[4] During the time he served as Judge he concentrated the great force of his will and effort upon the ameliora-

[1] "Commencement day was on the first Thursday in June, 1861. Only thirty out of the eighty-seven graduates were present. The diplomas of the absent were forwarded to them. Very likely some of them reached their owners on the battle-field, but I never heard of it-"—*Dr. Kemp P. Battle.* (See Battle's History of the University, Vol. I). The foregoing note may account for the statement, sometimes heard, that the diplomas of the class of 186I were delivered on the battle-field.

[2] Daily Call, Raleigh, 1889.

[3] Daily Call, Raleigh, 1889.

[4] News-Observer Chronicle, 1894.

tion of conditions in the jails and county homes of the State. He was appointed Major of the Sixth Regiment United States Volunteers in the war with Spain, 1898-99, which regiment though on active duty in this country and Porto Rico, was never engaged in battle.

An esteemed friend and college-mate and Confederate army comrade of Judge Whitaker's thus referred to him after his death: "He possessed an excellent mind which was of a philosophic turn and cultivated in many fields of literature. He was an able lawyer and was distinguished as a logician. He was a man of a high sense of honor and to his intimates was a most delightful companion, whose quaint humor added piquancy to their enjoyment of his company.[1] In reference to his wife, the subject of the present sketch, another valued friend of the early days of strong associations, recently said: "She was indeed an unusual woman—and as a young maiden, so lovely in person, so bright and fascinating. She developed into a woman of rare intellectual gifts and doubtless her intelligent husband by his association with her stimulated her mental powers and gave them play so that they were not repressed, notwithstanding her household cares."[2] The homage he accorded her, the stimulus he gave through his own need of intellectual sympathy in life's mental interests, and his influence that caused her yielding to the solicitations of friends—these did contribute much towards her being known beyond her home. For finely equipped as she was, she shrank from all initiative and from being to the slightest extent before the public.

After her marriage, she lived in Raleigh, North Carolina, for some months, but as her husband soon became engaged in much practice in eastern North Carolina, they, within a year, began residence in Enfield, Halifax County, North

[1] Major E. J. Hale in Fayetteville Observer 1901.
[2] Captain S. A. Ashe of Raleigh, N. C.

Carolina, which place was their home until the year 1882 when they came with their five children[1] to Raleigh. Here she lived until the death of her husband in July, 1901. After some intervening years spent partly with her sisters in Chapel Hill and partly in Raleigh, she and her daughter in 1907 followed her two youngest sons to Birmingham, Alabama, where she resided until her death on November 28, 1911. This brief statement, covering the period of her married life and another decade of thought and love and service can only suggest the real biography. Her intense delicate, sensitive nature knew no compromise in life's duties. There is not much more to say than that, as was said by one who loved her, "her large heart and large mind were given in large, unstinted service," this service given first in accordance with the heart's first dictates but shutting out none of the wide and universal sympathies. Mental and spiritual activity was necessary for her—that activity that tends to development and benefit if not to absolute rest of mind and the happiness of the unquestioning.

Literary, historical, patriotic interests played a part in her life. The North Carolina Society of the Daughters of the Revolution, founded by her and made up even now of her personal friends, desires to pay a tribute to her and to trace at the same time the history of the society by showing something of her work in connection with it during her long residence in Raleigh and by pointing out her contributions to the history of the State and her efficient patriotic interests.

In 1894—September 10th—she was asked by the National

[1]The children of Fanny DeBerniere (Hooper) Whitaker and Spier Whitaker are:
DeBerniere Whitaker, University of North Carolina, Engineer. Vice-President and General Manager Juragua Iron Company, Santiago de Cuba.
Bessie Lewis Whitaker, A.M., University of North Carolina: Teacher. Present address, Bertram Hall, Cambridge, Mass.
Percy duPonceau Whitaker, B.S., University of North Carolina. Advertising Counsel, Denver, Colorado.
David Spier Whitaker, University of North Carolina. Merchandise Broker, Denver, Colorado.
Vernon Edelen Whitaker, University of North Carolina. General Agent A. B. & A. R. R., Atlanta, Georgia.

Society of the Daughters of the Revolution, through the Secretary of the North Carolina Society of the Sons of the Revolution, to consider the position of regent for the Society in the State of North Carolina, the reason for the request being based, said the Secretary,[1] on her "interest in such matters as well as ancestral and other qualifications." She became a member of the National Society of the Daughters of the Revolution December 18, 1894. She was appointed State Regent for North Carolina for a term extending from January 7, 1895, to January 1, 1899. She was retained as Regent by the North Carolina Society until her resignation, formally tendered July 6, 1902.

Her work in creating conditions for the establishment of a State Society began immediately after her appointment. Gradually, constantly, and persistently she interested her friends in the work and the objects and, on October 19, 1896, the anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis, she organized the North Carolina Society. Her work in effecting the organization was accomplished under difficulties; for, even so recently, women were not as easily aroused as now to a sense of the importance of an opportunity for preserving family records and contributing to the cause of historical research and the inculcating of historical interests. Before beginning this work, she had made a careful study of the history and standards of the National patriotic societies and it was the strict and unvarying requirement of membership through lineal descent that determined her allegiance to this particular society. In January, 1897, the North Carolina Society of the Daughters of the Revolution adopted a provisional State Constitution and By-Laws, the objects as stated in this constitution being to "perpetuate the patriotic spirit of the men and women who achieved American independence; to commemorate Revolutionary events—especially those con-

[1] Mr. Marshall DeLancey Haywood, Raleigh, N. C.

nected with North Carolina; to collect, publish and preserve the rolls, records and historic documents relating to that period; to encourage the study of the country's history; and to promote sentiments of friendship and common interests among the members of the Society." It was through the zeal and ability of Mrs. Whitaker as regent and the able coöperation of other women that the growth of the Society became assured and that its influence steadily widened.

In the *North Carolina Historical and Genealogical Register,* October, 1900, Vol. 1, there is an outline by Mrs. Whitaker of the activities of the society, in which she shows that it had labored steadily to promote the objects for which it was established as set forth in its constitution, in line with which, among other activities, a hall had been rented for business meetings where historical and other papers were read and these and other matters germane to the Society were discussed and where were kept its nucleus of a library and a collection of relics; a genealogical department established as an adjunct to the Society; a gold medal offered to a pupil of the Raleigh Graded Schools for an essay on an assigned historical subject; steps taken towards marking hitherto neglected graves of soldiers of the Revolution in Wake County; resolutions sent (in 1898) to United States Senators and Representatives from North Carolina (at request of the Ticonderoga Historical Society, Ticonderoga, New York), advocating the passage of a bill for the Government ownership and preservation of old Fort Ticonderoga; an appeal made through a circular letter (May, 1898) to the House of Representatives in Washington for the appropriation of ten thousand dollars to carry into effect two resolutions of the Continental Congress in 1778 and 1781 for the erection of monuments to Brigadier-General Francis Nash and William Lee Davidson of North Carolina; a movement inaugurated May 4, 1898, when troops were being organized for the Span-

ish War for the formation of a Soldiers' Aid Society, etc. The movement that has proved perhaps of most lasting benefit to the State is referred to as the "publication of THE NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET, containing articles of great historic value, for the most part contributions from distinguished writers of the State." "This," she continues, "formerly under the able management of its first editors, Miss Martha Helen Haywood and Mrs. Hubert Haywood, with the former of whom the idea of its publication originated—*palmam qui meruit ferat*—is now in the hands of Miss Mary Hilliard Hinton and Mrs. E. E. Moffitt." As late as May 12, 1912, Captain S. A. Ashe wrote of THE BOOKLET thus: "I recall the origin of THE BOOKLET. A noble oak has grown from the acorn. What an advantage it has been to the State! How many subjects have been explored—how many historical incidents have been rescued from oblivion—what a medium it has been of thought—what a stimulus to writing for the public to read. Our people before THE BOOKLET began were not in the habit of writing for the public. Now many use the pen as if they had been brought up in New England. I rejoice in the good it has brought our people."

Mrs. Whitaker was the very heart of THE BOOKLET enterprise. It was she who gave it living force, she who seemingly not active in its publication was the vital spark that gave it action.

As stated by Mrs. Whitaker in the outline in the *Historical Register,* the direct object of THE BOOKLET was to "begin a fund for the rearing of a monument to the first signers of an American Declaration of Independence—the patriotic ladies of the famous Edenton Tea Party of October 25, 1774, whose declaration antedated by nearly two years that of the vestry of St. Paul's Church in the same town, by seven months that of Mecklenburg, and by a year and eight months the National Declaration at Philadelphia." It was Mrs.

Whitaker who proposed that the Society attempt to create a fund for the "purpose of commemorating the heroism of the women of the Revolution by erecting a memorial to the too-much-ignored ladies of the historic Edenton Tea Party of 1774." Correspondence retained by her attests the interest and response on the part of prominent men who coöperated with her and the Society in the work of securing historic testimony as to the occasion of the Edenton Tea Party. She also appealed directly to persons in England who had access to records there. Evidence of the incident alluded to—casually mentioned by Wheeler in his *History of North Carolina*—was secured in an authoritative record which had been published in the *Morning Chronicle* and *London Advertiser* in England and she also obtained directly from England a list of the fifty-one ladies who signed the Edenton document, endorsing on October 25, 1774, the resolves of the provincial deputies who had held a Congress in New Bern, North Carolina, the preceding August. After some years the object proposed was accomplished by the Society through the publication of The North Carolina Booklet, referred to in the foregoing—the publication devoted to developing and preserving incidents in the history of the State which previously had not received sufficient recognition and notice, the publication that achieved success through the work and skill of members of the Society who volunteered to take charge of it, and through the historical contributions of educators and historians of the State. The first issue appeared in May, 1901. On October 24, 1908, a bronze tablet was erected in the Capitol in Raleigh which bears this inscription: "Erected by the North Carolina Society of the Daughters of the Revolution to the fifty-one ladies of Edenton who by their patriotism, zeal and early protest against British authority assisted our forefathers in the making of this Republic and our Commonwealth." Considerable thought

was given to the form of the memorial. There is this reference to it in a letter from the writer of the present sketch, who is a member of the Society, to Mrs. Whitaker: "Your idea of the memorial that, instead of a shaft or statute or painting, it should have the educational form is an admirable one. You formulate ideas. Would that they could materialize! And I think they will, though a long time after this."

Mrs. Whitaker was one of the charter members of the *State Literary and Historical Association,* organized in Raleigh October 23, 1900. She became a member of the *Colonial Dames of America,* May 27, 1897; in 1900 she was second vice-president of that society in North Carolina.[1] On January 3, 1901, she organized the Raleigh local circle of Colonial Dames. She was a member of the recently organized National Society known as the Descendants of the Signers. She evidently considered membership in the Huguenot Society of America—though we have obtained no record of the membership—as there is correspondence relative to her eligibility through the lines DeBerniere and Crommelin. Although she did not actually and directly engage in work for the Daughters of the Revolution after the death of her husband in 1901, her influence and her name never ceased to be connected with it. Her formal resignation was tendered July 6, 1902. The record of the meeting of that date has the following statement in regard to it: "The resignation was received with profound regret and the Secretary requested to express the sentiments of the Society in the loss they sustain in her withdrawal. She has been Regent from the organization of the Society, and to her untiring zeal and labors the Society owes its existence today."[2] After her removal to Birmingham she was made an honorary

[1] See North Carolina Colonial Dames Directory for 1900.

[1] Raleigh News and Observer, July 6, 1902.

life member of the Society. A clipping from the Raleigh paper, the date of which is missing, states that "Mrs. Spier Whitaker, founder of the Society of the Daughters of the Revolution in North Carolina, was elected Honorary Regent for life by a unanimous standing vote."

Mrs. Whitaker's tenderest allegiance was always with the old Southern Confederacy. Her name was among the first on the roll of the Daughters of the Confederacy in Raleigh, for on April 14, 1896, she became a member of the Johnston Pettigrew Chapter of that Society. Her feeling for the cause may be found in her own expression, in reference to various organizations in which she was interested—"the Daughters of the Confederacy being by far the closest to my heart."

In response to requests of compilers and editors she from time to time showed the facile pen and the work of the student and scholar. Her writing, unfortunately, must be sought where it was placed not on her own account but solely in the interest of some cause or to record some life she knew. Her circular letter written to enlist the first interest in the formation of the North Carolina Society Daughters of the Revolution—prepared first upon the request for a contribution to the Monumental, or Ladies' Edition of the *News and Observer* on the occasion of the unveiling of the Confederate monument in Raleigh, May 20, 1895—is still extant and is an appeal replete with fine distinctions, delicate touches, and fervid feeling. The purport may be seen in these words: "In our devotion to these unsuccessful, tear-crowned heroes and that Confederacy, unique and radiant, which is in eccentric orbit through stormy skies descending, blazed for a brief space among the constellations of the nations and went out in darkness, let us not forget those who participated in the triumphant struggle of the Revolution, from whom our Southern Chivalry derived and *inherited* that splendid courage and

heroism which have forever glorified both themselves and the cause for which they fought." Traces of her pen may be found among various papers and circular letters issued by the Society from time to time. And we find preserved occasional newspaper and pamphlet articles from her pen, the titles of which being somewhat as follows: "North Carolina Society Daughters of the Revolution," March 25, 1901, in *North Carolina Historical and Genealogical Register.* "Daughters of the Revolution," in *Literary and Historical Activities,* 1900-1905. "Just to the South" (Letter) in the *Democrat,* Clinton, North Carolina, June, 1905. "North Carolina Descendants of Signers of the Declaration of Independence," Raleigh *News and Observer,* July 3, 1907. "William Hooper and His Descendants" (answer to communication), Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot,* July 3, 1907, and *Asheville Gazette,* August 14, 1907. "Colonel (or General) Thomas Clarke"—article not signed, Raleigh *News and Observer,* July 31, 1892.

She was called upon to supply family book-plates for use in publications; apparently the Hooper and Maclaine plates were included in some elaborate book on the public, semi-public, and private libraries of the Thirteen Colonies, compiled by James Terry in 1904. As a close student of family history, she was asked to contribute a number of biographical sketches of historical and genealogical interest, embodying fruits of her research for family data, to the *Cyclopædia of American Biographies* (Lamb's Biographical Dictionary of the United States), edited by John Howard Brown, published by the James H. Lamb Company, Boston, Massachusetts, 1901. These articles include as titles the names Archibald Maclaine Hooper, George DeBerniere Hooper, John DeBerniere Hooper, Johnson J. Hooper, William Hooper, Clergyman; William Hooper, Signer Declaration of Independence; William Hooper, Educator, Edward Jones, Johnston Blake-

ley Jones, Abraham Rencher, Joseph Caldwell. The eleven sketches, not signed, and apparently not credited on any list of contributors, are acknowledged in part through a statement which appears in the published sketch of J. DeB. Hooper, as follows: "The data used in preparing the sketches of the Hooper family which appear in this work were furnished by Mrs. Spier Whitaker, a careful student of the annals of the family." The editor also acknowledges this extensive material relating to the Hooper family in a private letter of January 22, 1900, in which he speaks of her "invaluable assistance" in the matter of preparing the sketches, referring at the same time to the necessity for utmost conciseness and the final making of the sketches as nearly like those she sent as consistent with the scope of the Encyclopædia. Private memoranda establish the fact that there was also personaly acknowledgment of the Jones, Rencher, and Caldwell sketches. For THE NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET of July, 1905, she contributed a valuable account of the life and times of William Hooper, the "Signer," with a genealogical account of the Hooper family. She wrote by request for the *Biographical History of North Carolina* a life of Thomas Clark of the Revolution, which sketch, however, is still held by the editors, awaiting publication in one of the later volumes to be issued within the next few years. In an early volume of the same work, a part of her sketch of her husband, Spier Whitaker, is published. The full sketch and another separate account of the Whitaker family are still unpublished.

Obviously it has been difficult to locate some of her writing. Probably some of her work is not to be found at all. Her object in writing was clearly not for personal recognition; it may be understood from her own remark in correspondence of 1894 with some editor or publisher, when she says "I hope I am not too late, *being exceedingly anxious that*

the facts should be accurately stated." As some one has recently said, "It is characteristic of her that she should have *lost* herself and her name and the credit due her in the work. She was so self-effacing—or rather so unaware—so unconscious of herself and her rarity."

A robust constitution gradually weakened under the strain of disease too insidious to be recognized until its work had become advanced. Death was not expected until a few days before the end. The calamity to her family was felt as a distinct shock by the many friends in her own State of North Carolina, in Alabama, and elsewhere, for she was widely known and loved. The funeral was held from Christ [Episcopal] Church, Raleigh, North Carolina, to which congregation she had belonged. The interment was in Oakwood Cemetery by the side of her husband.

Hers was a rare mind, of many gifts and marked originality. A too highly sensitive nature, and, for many years, a slight lameness due to rheumatism, had made her for some time almost a recluse. But far from being self-centered, she was always appreciative of friends, always thoughtful of others, much occupied with correspondence, full of interest in all that went on about her in home and town, an accurate and comprehensive reader, an indefatigable student, and a close observer of current events. Her remarkable fund of information was evident both in her speech and writings and her quick perception, unusual memory, and originality made her delightful in conversation. Interested to the last days of her life, when she was well-acquainted with pain, in details of home-making, full of broad, genuine sympathy and great charity—with a mind and heart occupied with great subjects and with great depths of affection—she was a womanly woman whose greatest weakness was an underestimation of herself and an unwarranted reserve. Keenly interested in all intellectual movements and problems and

strongly favoring the saner, quieter efforts of women to take part even in legislation and government, she herself, endowed as she was with beauty of person and beauty of mind and heart and soul, wished to live the simplest life of greatest retirement. As said by one who knew her for many years, "She was a noble woman, one of the best God sends to this earth."[1]

The picture of Fanny Hooper as a girl of seventeen, still in possession of her children, is loveliness itself. The glimpses of her girlhood, as pictured in words by those who knew her then are not less beautiful. In this youth she married Spier Whitaker, the young soldier and law-student who proved his worth and nobility as she did hers. Her life was primarily given to the love and sacrifice and the work and the joys of wife and mother. Incidentally she contributed much thought and influence where it was of value in her time. Her friends as well as her five children "rise up and call her blessed" while mourning her loss and grieving that she was not spared longer for love and service and for the blessing of her presence for those who can not understand her going.

[1] Dr. Kemp P. Battle, University of North Carolina.

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