The North Carolina Booklet.

GREAT EVENTS IN . . . . . NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY.

The Ku-Klux Klans.

—BY—
MRS. T. J. JARVIS.

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2.—June—Our Pirates.
Capt. S. A. Ashe.

3.—July—Indian Massacre and Tuscarora War.
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NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET.

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The Ku-Klux Klans.

BY

MRS. T. J. JARVIS.

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

THE KU-KLUX KLANS.

When Gov. Holden was installed as Governor in '68, the State was declared to be a State in the Union, and it ceased to be a satrophy under the orders of the Maj.-General. There was a legislature; but as it was elected by the negroes and their allies, it was not at all responsive to the needs of the State. Its leaders were vultures, who considered the State as their prey. The scallawags, carpet-baggers and negroes who composed the large majority were wholly irresponsible, and launched upon a course of wild extravagance in order to feather their nests at the public expense. The work of this mongrel body could not be checked by the few brave spirits, who fought day and night with desperate persistence, to stem the tide of reckless extravagance and corruption. In utter defiance of public opinion, debts of many millions of dollars were foisted upon the state, offices were created in defiance of law, with exorbitant salaries attached, bar-rooms were openly run in the galleries of the capital itself, until the statue of justice might well have blushed under her bronze bandage, and dropped the scales from her hands. The reign of terror began with renewed horror in city, hamlet and country. The Union League, a secret organization formed at the North during the war, and now embracing carpetbaggers, deserters and negroes in the south, was zealously doing its barbarious work. This secret society whatever may have been the purposes of its creation had now fallen into the hands of bad men who were making it a terrible regime for evil. These

high-handed and lawless bandits, feeling that the State was their own, and that they themselves were the law unto themselves, knew no such word as "enough." The bonds of society were loosened. Law ceased to be enforced. Lawlessness stalked abroad unrestrained. Dwellings of families were burned in the night; and in many instances families already murdered were cremated in them; on the same night in Alamance county, three distinct fires, lurid against the darkened sky, were seen burning at one time, consuming the provisions of an entire year. The incendiary torch was common. The negroes, who at first had been satisfied to till the crops on shares, were now taught to plunder and rob, such were the teachings of the political gatherings. Incendiary appeals were made to the negroes and publications given out by those high in authority from which the inference could be clearly drawn that any owner of lands, failing to employ colored labor, the said colored applicant for work might be justified in forceably taking possession of the means of living; although in many instances the owners of small tracts of land were too poor to employ outside labor and had tilled, planted and stored their own crops with their own hands, or those of their children. But, how shall we speak of the unspeakable crimes before which the holocaust would have been an enviable fate—the shame, the anguish

> ——————"that befell
> The only sister of our race,
> —A thing too horrible to tell."

When families sacrificing their land for a song would steal away to some distant state, to spend the remainder of

their days in obscurity, with the dark story locked in their own breasts?

White women were not safe even in their homes: they could not venture abroad unprotected.

The rumbling of an earthquake was at last heard over the land. Patience had ceased to be a virtue. Longer endured it would have degenerated into pusillanimity and cowardice.

The dry bones in the valley of Gehosephat were at last gathered quickly together, clothed, vitalized and armed, and *The Ku-Klux Klans became a mighty factor in history.*

The young reader, especially at the north, being absolutely innocent of information upon the subject, or else guided by the equally ignorant prejudice of persons who could see only the discolored shadow of facts, will at once conjure up a motley body of rough, unwashed, vicious men; banded together for the sole purpose of maltreating, or, even in time, for the extermination of the colored race, whom they could no longer own at so much marketable value. On the contrary, however, this wide spread movement, yclept the Ku-Klux Klans, embraced in large proportion, the proudest, the most sensitive and cultured portions of the English race. They had been slow to move, but when once they were made to realize the necessity to go forward they moved like an avalanche. Perhaps it may not be amiss to quote from that very luminous writer, William Garrott Brown, the following account of the Origin of the Order, we give it in his own words:

"When the civil war ended, the little town of Pulaski, Tenn., welcomed home a band of young men, who

though they were veterans of hard fought battles, were for the most part no older than the mass of college students. In the general poverty, the exhaustion, the lack of heart, naturally prevalent throughout the beaten south, young men had more leisure than was good for them; a southern country town even in the halcyon days, before the war, was not a particularly lively place, and Pulaski in 1866 was doubtless rather tame to fellows who had seen Pickett charge at Gettysburg, or galloped over the country with Morgan and Wheeler. A group of these men assembled in a law office one evening in May 1866, to discuss ways and means of having a livelier time; some one suggested a club or society. An organization with no very definite aims was effected; and at a second meeting a week later, names were proposed and discussed. Some one pronounced the Greek word "Kuklos" meaning a circle. From "Kuklos" to "Ku-Klux" was an easy transition,—and "Klan" followed "Ku-Klux" as naturally as "dumpty" follows "humpty." That the name meant nothing whatever was a recommendation; and one can fancy what sort of badinage would have greeted a suggestion that, in six years a committee of Congress would devote thirteen volumes to the history of the movement that began in a Pulaski law office, and migrated later, to a deserted and half ruined house on the outskirts of the village. The initial movement of the organization—if such it can be called—partook only of the nature of a college society, or any other congregation of men leagued together by fraternal obligations. There was scarcely more of seriousness than attends the initiation of members into the order of "buffaloes" at

the present day. Its members as Mr. Brown says, "were not 'lewd fellows of the baser sort' but young men of standing in the community, who a few years earlier would have been men of wealth." The only serious clause in the oath of membership was a pledge of profound and absolute secrecy.

Disguises were adopted even at this early day. They consisted of a mask for the face, usually white surmounted by a cardboard hat,—many of them with folds or springs, which could be shot up in an instance from two to four feet in height. A loose robe enveloped the entire person; and when the Klans rode abroad the bodies of their horses were likewise covered, and their feet enveloped in mufflers, to deaden the sound of their coming. The officers were named as follows:

A Grand Cyclops, or President.
A Grand Magi, or Vice-President.
A Grand Turk, or Marshall.
A Grand Exchequer, or Treasurer.
Two Lictors.

At this time only men of culture, *esprit*, and good morals were permitted to join. Their objects were mutual amusement and the mystifying of their neighbors. In this their success was far beyond their most sanguine expectations. The knowledge of the Order spread like wild-fire through country, village and town. The following of the Odd Fellows, some years before, was as nothing compared to this. At this time the horrors of reconstruction were already in full blast in Tennessee; outrages of the most brutal order were of daily occurence, and the perpetrators

went unwhipped of justice; indeed the word *justice* seemed to have been blotted from our vocabulary. A great English writer has said that, war,—and especially an internecine war, retrogades mankind to the border land of paganism. The Union League, now following in the foot steps of "Parson Brownlow," flaunted the flag of the Union in the faces of ex-confederates, and made the national emblem the pretext for as foul and disgraceful crimes as ever blackened the escutcheon of a great state. Southern society had been completely inverted. The "canaille" were on top; and the southern gentlemen down, the former were avenging their long cherished grudge againt the latter, and the freed negroes were often as conscienceless as the most savage Indian tribes. The deeply wronged Anglo-Saxon, groping about for some means of righting himself grasped the Pulaski idea. Says Mr. Brown: "It seems astounding nowadays that the Congressional leaders in reconstruction did not foresee that men of their own stock, so circumstanced, would resist; and would find some means to make their resistance effective. When they did make up their minds to resist,—not collectively or through any representative body, but singly and by neighborhoods,—they found an instrument ready to their hands." To General Nathan Bedford Forest, the "bravest of the brave" is acredited the solving of the knotty problem, He directed the use of the Ku-Klux Klans to frighten the superstitious African into less open defiance of law.

Through what instrumentalities the order came into North Carolina it will not be permitted in the scope of this chronicle to relate. The secret brotherhood, however,

speedily clasped hands from the Tennessee line to the ocean. The outrages in Tennessee were being repeated with emphasis in North Carolina. The Ku-Klux Klans had a righteous work to perform, and when once their minds were made up they were no longer slow to act. The fanciful, mythological or oriental names of the pleasure seeking order were dropped.

The Chiefs of the Klans in North Carolina were simply denominated "commanders," each Klan having its own ruler thus named. Those who were a menace to society whether a carpetbagger or scallawag, were to receive the blunt of their displeasure. The order was not harmful to the inoffensive portion of the colored population. They were by no means to be hung and quartered, they were simply to be frightened into a non-committal of crimes. In many instances the order was enabled to do this. The Klans began by simply parading at night. And the terrified negroes, for a time, hid their diminished heads believing that the ghosts of the Confederate dead, were stalking abroad in the land. Nor did the sight fail to awaken wonder and amazement among the un-initiated whites. No more thorough or perfectly organized body of men had ever worked together, for a common cause. The "White Brotherhood," "The Constitutional Union Guards," "The Knights of the White Camellia," "The Pale Faces" were some of the names of the Invisible Empire, generally denominated Ku-Klux by outsiders. The members of each separate order no longer called themselves Ku-Klux; but were known or rather knew themselves, only, by the name of the special order to which they belonged; and thus a

member of the "Pale Faces" could under oath, testify that he knew nothing of the existence of the "White Brotherhood" except by general hearsay. And indeed this was strictly true. Names were never handed down. No one knew the number of members in his Klan, except, perhaps, the Commander.

Horses were often whitwashed to prevent recognition. Horns as large as those of an ordinary cow, were stuffed and sewed into the brow of the masks, while red probosces or snouts almost as long as those of an Elephant were attached to the chin. The pasteboard caps, running several feet into the air, with the long white robes, caused these men to appear to be of monstrously inhuman proportions. Terrible noises, sometimes resembling thunder, at others unlike any sound that ever fell upon human ears, emanated from these strange figures. Riding thus, a party of negroes were visited at one of their union league gatherings. Many of the latter plunged headlong through the windows. They were ordered to halt and salute. Icy hands, forged from iron, or severed from the elbows of some skeleton, and consequently denuded of all flesh, were extended, in greeting, from beneath these ghostly robes. It is needless to say that another meeting was not immediately held in that place.

We have stated that the various branches of the Ku-Klux, by whatever names they might prefer to be called—were as thoroughly organized a body of men as ever united for any purpose. The brain and energy of the State were in a great measure behind it. If there were men of culture, men of chivalrous honor in North Carolina, much of

the best blood of this class fed the sinew and muscle of the Ku-Klux Klans. The stern necessity for action faced them, and they "rode" prosperously because of oppression." Often a "*noll pros*" was entered in the sham courts, where a member of the Union League had been indicted, alike for the worst of capital offenses, as for petty larceny. Men felt that they must again imperil their lives for a cause more sacred than liberty, viz: to save from starvation and foul dishonor the wives, daughters or sisters of their families.

A gentleman of profound culture, of high social standing, of exalted christian character, conversing some weeks ago with the author of this article, said: "I belonged to the order and have never regreted it. I was so located that they needed my services, though I was only eighteen years of age. I had intimated a desire to join, but I did not know that I had been balloted on, or accepted, when an intimate friend of our family, some ten years older than than myself, called to me from the veranda one afternoon, and asked me if I would take a drive with him. We were speeding down a public highway in light hearted conversation, when suddenly he turned into the woods. He would not explain the cause of this unexpected movement. When far away from the road we were suddenly surrounded by a weird and mysterious sight of ghostly beings. They would run and leap, but there was no sound. Some could extend themselves into wonderful proportions and as suddenly change to insignificant pygmies. I never knew just how it happened, but soon I found myself kneeling by a stump, around me were strangely wrought, but terribly stern faces, masking I knew not what. In uncom-

fortable proximity to my head I discovered a perfect shower of glittering daggers and grinning pistols. At the same time a human skull was held out to me, I was ordered to place my hand upon it, and begin. A strong authoritive voice dictated, and it did not occur to me to hesitate in repeating after him. The fearfully binding obligation burned itself into my young mind, through the lapse of years the words have not faded away; and the impression of every circumstance is still there. I was bound to secrecy. For the sake of myself, as well as for others, I was not to make known to any one the secret plans of the Council; and was to be ready to meet when called for.

"My allegiance was to the Caucasian race, and our mothers and sisters were the patron Saints. Swift punishment was to be inflicted upon those who would seek to destroy the honor of the women dependent upon us for protection. I was to obey the "Chief" and the Council in all their proper and legitimate requirements. At the call of the Chief I was to go to those in distress; or in need of assistance and protection.

"Uncompromising determination that we would not rest from our efforts until we had established good government for the protection of our homes and property was absolutely demanded.

"We were to assist in a kind of secret policing of the entire community, for the general good; and the mutual protection of each other in cases of necessity. We were to assist in providing for those who might suffer in the performance of duty. We were to help provide for the needy. These were some of the stronger impressions which were

made on me, and remain vividly with me. There was a system of grips, signs, and pass words, but most of them are partially forgotten. The meetings were frequent and stated, but never long in the same place. They were held mostly at night, in some deserted spot or room. I was present when several ladies were taken into the order, for the purpose, as then expressed of preparing disguises and assisting in caring for those who might be injured; so as to save any publicity to them, and thus protect them from their enemies. Gross insults to women were of almost daily occurence. Old men were abused. Our sisters were safe nowhere. Harrowing anxiety and sleepless fear hung over our community like a threatening tornado. The unbridled propensities of a newly liberated race, the grudge of people who were the offscourings of civilization, among the whites, made life one unceasing dread of impending misery. Scenes that were of frequent occurence in those days would be discredited by those who are supposed to be skeptical, a third of a century later.

"The execution of the civil authority was the merest sham. Those who held the offices were the creation of the mongrel combination of a political influence, whose life-blood was from the foulest bilge water in the cess pools of the vicious and depraved. Frequent demonstrations and parades of their Leagues were made in the road in front of my father's house. Some white men were mingled among the negroes in these lines, and I well remember what a repulsive sight it was; and the administration of affairs was in their hands.

"Why then appeal to Cæsar when Cæsar was both Caligula and Nero combined. In one instance a negro was caught stealing; he was tried by a magistrate, who was a member of the league, and instantly acquitted. The next night he was visted promptly, but succeeding in shooting one of our neighbors in the knee, before receiving his merited thrashing.

"So far as I know, no act of unmerrited violence was ever committed by the Ku-Klux in the community in which I lived. The Union Leaguers did go, one night, with a crowd of about thirty, to a man named Rayford and beating him nearly to death, set fire to his mill. They told him that they were Ku-Klux, but he knew better. A quarrel in the league soon divulged the whole matter. John Tyndal was in the habit of beating his wife unmercifully, and failed to furnish support for his family. One night a ghostly crowd surrounded his house and informed him that at the end of a certain period they would return for business unless he got to work and treated his family more decently. From that time on there was not a more industrious man in all that region. He was a white man.

"My father was a minister of the Gospel. One day a burly negro came to the front of the house and abused him in language most revolting. Some one passing by heard him. During the next night he concluded it was best for him to leave the country.

"A number of smilar instances could be recited, but these will serve as samples of what took place. The Ku-Klux Klans were the salvation of our country. They awed

the negroes to such an extent that they did not return to the extreme of insolence and daring any more. Some white men who dishonored their race were also helped by its presence. It was only when mean men got into its ranks that the germs of decay began to ripen and caused disaster to the order. It served its purpose well and brought relief to the people. Governor Holden, to a great extent, broke up the organization in the State, but he could not stop its influence for good; our people will never know to what extent they are indebted to these daring men for the relief which came at a most important period."

Another gentleman of prominence, and of unquestioned integrity and veracity, who belonged to the order, furnished us the following:

"In the year 1868 I was just fourteen years of age, an active and inquisitive chap, as most of boys are. One day, as I entered abruptly into my older brother's room, I saw him hurriedly concealing a strange looking "dunce cap" as I called it; and yet a stranger looking robe in a closet, which he carefully locked, while he ordered me from the room, bidding me to have the decency to knock the next time I came in. I had of course heard of the Ku-Klux and felt sure that he belonged to the order; but when questioned by me or my grown sister, he would smile amusedly, make some evasive answer and change the subject.

On a certain afternoon I had gone into one of the great old parlors at home, and thrown myself upon a large old fashioned mohair sofa of huge dimensions; and pulling a buggy robe, which had been left there, over me, had fal-

len asleep. I was suddenly aroused by the voices in the room, and before stiring I heard my brother say:

"I have closed the door, we can talk freely here." They then spoke in terms of horror of an assault and murder, which had been committed the night previous; and discussed the course which the Ku-Klux must pursue.

I lay perfectly still and when they had all left the room I crept out. I did not wish my brother to see me, but I foolishly told my sister of what I had heard. And when John returned in the evening she began to banter him about the Ku-Klux and their plans, and even used some of his own expressions which I had repeated to her. He looked, in angry surprise, first at her and then at me, I suppose I looked guilty. "You have been eavesdropping," he said with a haughty sneer. "Tell me what you have heard?" and to this day I have never forgotten his expression. My father was dead and I stood in much awe of this big brother; but my pride was stung to the quick.

"No!" I cried, and I told him how I had overheard.

"Your offense is still unpardonable" he replied with chilling sternness. "A true sense of honor should have constrained you, at the first word, to announce your pressence and withdraw." I and my sister, especially myself, were solemnly warned, that we would be the means of bringing untold disaster upon his head, if we ever divulged, to human being, a hint of what we had heard. I gave a solemn promise which I am sure I would sacredly have kept; but that was not enough. The next morning my brother had two saddled horses at the gate; and calling to me, said he wished me to ride with him. When fairly in.

to a belt of woods he suddenly turned out to an old church, where services were only held once in every few months. I was asked to go around and see if the door was opened. It was, and as I ascended the steps I glanced back and my brother was no where to be seen. A company of masked figures, already described, drew me in. My hand was placed upon a grinning skull, *and when I emerged I was a member of the order.* That evening some of the party were in our parlors. John went for my sister, at first she demurred, but he soon silenced her objections and led her in. She took the oath. She was to make mufflers for the horses feet, hats and robes for the men; and care for any that might be brought to the house, wounded or in distress. I was too young to be taken on many of the raids, but I often carried robes, horses and letters, written in cypher of which the following is a sample:

ALPHABET, A. B. C. D. E. &c.
K. L. M. N. O. &c.

Signs of meeting

At day: 4/3 4x3—12th at 9 o'clock.
9

3
At night: 4)9 4x3—13th at 9 o'clock.

Through this sign manual the Ku-Klux did all their correspondence, which was readily understood: and such a determined front did they present on incredibly short warning, wherever crime was committed, that the Governor himself, grew alarmed, detailed a special guard for the Executive Mansion; and tried the menacing effect of several proclamations without result. As crime went on, the punishment of crime continued.

The following winter, with the legislature largely under his control, the Governor procured the passage of a law, making it a felony to go masked in a company, and to bear arms. This bill gave him full power to declare the State, or any part of it, in insurrection, to proclaim martial law, and to call for troops to enforce these iniquitious measures. The act was denominated the "Shoffner Bill" an act that is spoken of with abhorrance to this day, an act whose author, Shoffner, was obliged, a little latter, to seek safety outside of the State which he had dishonored; for there was no shadow of insurrection in any portion of it, certainly not more, than, when in his message of Oct. 12th, the Governor had said: "Every good citizen is gratified that North Carolina is at present as peaceable and quiet as any state in the Union." In this message he had declared "the right of the people to have arms in their houses, and to "bear" them under the authority of law is not questioned: "On the contrary it is claimed as a constitutional right, sacred to freemen." This declaration correct as it might be, had permitted the League to fill their houses with arms; and fortunately for the "sacred rights of freedmen" it had been the means of putting the necessary weapons of defense in the homes of her respected citizens. In the meantime the vandals who sold the State, and lent themselves to robbery, arson, murder, and some nameless crimes, were reveling in illgotten gains. The military were called out to help carry the elections. None but the "faithful" were to have office. The negroes were now carefully informed that the Ku-Klux were not "goblins damned," or avenging shades of confederate soldiers,

slain in battle; but the *living* ex-soldier, who was still trying to deprive him of his rights; and they were advised to use their torch, or the shot gun if necessary. A town police of four negroes and one white scallawag were called out to parade and patrol the streets of the old and respectable town of Graham. The next evening a company of seventy-five mounted Ku-Klux rode quietly through the town at midnight, and chased them from their beats. The town preferred no police, to one of that description.

The city of Wilmington had no special Commander for Klans. The Chief of the neighboring county was sent to the city, to ask, if a member should get into trouble, in the protection of his property or his life, or the honor of his family, whether he might find a refuge there, or be sent out of the reach of lawless retaliation. He was assured that Wilmington's good citizens would do all that *just laws should have done.* In twenty-four hours "A" had spoken to "B," and "B" to "C" etc.; each man knowing only his immediate informer, until an invisible chain, so to speak, had encircled the city. Acts of violence or robbery were of frequent occurrence, within her own border: and a touch of sorrow makes the whole world kin. The bleeding city was to be made the altar of her refuge for her sister towns, and adjacent country. Great boxes marked "merchandise" were brought into the city and taken to private store houses. They contained fire arms and rifles. The faces of men were calm, but cold and set: They were a reproduction in base relief of the old time fading from vision "Regulators." And still outrages were committed; and the courts of law were silent. Governor Holden, who

was more sinned against than sinning, in that he was surrounded by a corrupt gang, who were filling his mind with foul slanders upon the people of the State, while they profited by the very conditions they had helped to create, was issuing proclamation after proclamation, maddening to the men who had the good of the State, most at heart. His agents were employing a secret detective force, and using underhand sneaks, to skulk around in suspected localities, and report the acts or language of irresponsible persons, who, in a supposedly friendly conversation, might give utterance to sentiments thoughtlessly expressed or grossly exaggerated—a very "*vox et praeteria nihil*," perhaps forgotten, by the speaker, in the hour of utterance.

General Abbott, a federal general, who had taken up his residence at Wilmington, and had been sent, as a Senator, to represent the State at Washington, in lieu of the illustrious Graham, had been prominent in inflaming the negroes who had attacked a procession of white citizens one afternoon. He was waited on, by a party of gentlemen, who told him that in case of a race conflict, they would seek him first and hang him to a lamp post.

"Do you mean to threaten me," cried Abbott, flushed with anger?

"No" was the deliberate rejoinder, "we don't mean to threaten you at all. We are simply warning you." The next day General Abbott went to Raleigh and held conference with Gov. Holden. The inflammatory speeches were less vigorous after that. Yet, over the State crimes still sat in high places, as well as low; and the Ku-Klux Klans rode by night, with the grim determination of Gra-

heme of Claverhouse: And their swift marches and fantasmic disguises, often struck terror to the guilty.

There was, now, no doubt of their determination to be heard from wherever crime was committed. They had bound themselves by an obligation, so solemn, that men who duly understand the sacredness of an oath, will to this day refuse to give utterance to it; just as an Odd Fellow or a Mason, though no longer an active member, feels in honor bound, not to divulge the nature of their obligation. And hence, it is only through the treachery or cowardice of men, who wished to make capital out of the betrayal of their friends, that the secret workings of the Order have ever been made known. The yankee school master or mistress were not all occupied with the thought of elevating the benighted African whom they delighted to teach. Certainly their methods were often injudicious. In a town, in the central portion of the State, a Northern school mistress, in instructing the colored idea how to shoot, caused it indeed to explode with shot gun force. The pupils of this maiden lady, on their way home from school, one evening, expressed a wish for some flowers in the yard of a stately old southern homestead. This missionary to the "benighted race," at once opened the gate; and ordered her pupils to go in, ond pluck all the flowers they wanted, as their parents had toiled to make the flower beds all that they were. When the lady of the house appeared on the veranda, and commanded them to desist, shells and pebbles were hurled at her, amid hootings of derisive laughter: And when aprons full of flowers had been pulled, the beds of geraniums and other flowers, were danced upon and

trodden under foot. That night a solemn body of men visited the houses of the older pupils of the school, and entering used a horse whip with some emphasis. The next day the teacher was notified that such an act of trespass *must not* be again encouraged.

In another locality, a white girl, coming from school, with her little brother, was set upon by a dozen or more colored children, emerging from their own *alma mater*, beaten umercifully, and disfigured for life, by having an eye thurst out by a fork. The following morning a body of men visited the school, administering a thrashing whereever suspicion rested, and this time the male teacher came in for his share, as it was alleged he had walked quietly by, and had not attempted to stop the fracas. A few nights later, a member of the visiting Committee of the "White Brotherhood" was shot through his widow. Disguises were now found to be an absolute necessity, instead of a simple source of amusement or mystery. And work must be done at night.

It was about this time that the organization, in some localities fell into the hands, and under the control, of men who did not have its high purposes at heart; and who, consequently, did not hesitate to use it, not for the protection for society but, to avenge some personal grievance, or to accomplish some other selfish and dishonest end. In this way many outrages were committed, of the most wanton nature, and for which, there could be no excuse. These were not only charged up to the Ku-Klux; but they were made the pretext for Gov. Holden to declare Alamance and Caswell counties in a state of insurrection; and to call

from Tennessee one Colonel Kirk and his army of cut-throats, to aid in this pernicious warfare. Hundreds of the most prominent men in these counties were arrested and thrown into prison; some into loathsome dungeons with hardened criminals: While others were hung up by the neck to extort confession from them. Many of these were aged men of high repute, against whom no word of reproach had ever been uttered; and who, as a matter of fact, had never been members of the Ku Klux; and who knew nothing of its operations.

When these men appealed to the courts, of their State, for protection, from these marauders, they were informed by the Chief Justice that as Kirk claimed to be acting under the orders of the Governor, and set the judicial power at defiance, that the courts were powerless to interfere. But an upright courageous Judge was found in the person of George W. Brooks, of the Federal Bench, who commanded these imprisoned citizens to be brought before him: and when, after inquiry, he found nothing against them, he ordered their release.

The President was appealed to, by telegram, with the statement that Judge Brooks was usurping powers which did not belong to him. But, be it said to the honor of President Grant, he declined to interfere; and the orders of Judge Brooks were obeyed. Public indignation was at fever heat. A general election was then in progress. The people spoke at the ballot for better government: and in condemnation of the Governor's course. Kirk and his minions fled to Tennessee; and the conditions which had called the Ku-Klux Klans into existence began to pass away.

This action of Judge Brooks, for which his name should ever be honored, alone prevented a bloody conflict between Kirk and his cut-throats, and the men of the State. In the meantime, men were being ordered to Washington city, to testify before an investigating committee of Congress, which likewise demanded confessions regarding the alleged outrages perpetrated by the Ku-Klux Klans. Some of these brave men, from day to day, notwithstanding threats of imprisonment for contempt of congress, shook their heads in silence, and were ordered from the witness stand—to be recalled again on the morrow—until months had passed, and thirteen volumes of evidence had been accumulated. "From these volumes"—in the language of Mr. Brown, from whom we have before quoted. "He who lives long enough to read it all, may learn much that is true, but not particularly important; much that is important, if true; and somewhat that is both true and important."

As the forced outcome of these investigations, prosecutions were instituted against several of the Ku-Klux who had already been testified against—some of them falsely. And who in consequence suffered a cruelly unjust imprisment for a term of years. Yet, to quote again "this spontaneous, popular movement was too all-pervading to be attributed to any one man, or any conspiracy of a few men. It was neither an accident nor a scheme: it was no man's contrivance; but an *historical* development."

On the cessation of these prosecutions, and a partial restoration of good government in the State, the orders known as the Ku-Klux Klans, feeling that their mission

had been accomplished, were disbanded: and later still an unjustly delayed amnesty-act was passed.

The author of this sketch has given this subject a good deal of thought and study, during the past year. We have read books, legal and simple narrative, receiving the latter with such allowance as was necessary, where affidavits had not particularized statements; we have visited in various localities of the State, where the order, or orders referred existed in greatest force. We have talked with ministers of the gospel, and men of high official positions in church and State: and we have, all imperfectly, but conscientiously, given our honest views, as deducted therefrom. And, if the question had to be "studied against its proper background of a disordered society and a bewildered people," we have tried, likewise to do that.

Mr. Brown was writing for a northern magazine. Sir Walter Scott, in his original preface to his life of the First Napoleon, makes this significant statement, "I am writing a history for the English people." And, in it he consequently failed to discover many of the justly distinguishing, and equally justly extenuating, circumstances of Napoleon's wonderful personality. We are glad that we are writing, regardless of the special prejudice of any particular class of readers. Mr. Brown, concludes *his* argument thus, "If one asks of the movement, was it necessary?" this much at least may be answered; that no other plan of resistence would have served so well. If one asks, "was it successful?" the answer is plain. No open revolt ever succeeded more completely. If one asks, "was it justifiable?" the "yes" or "no" is harder to say.

We have to reply, in conclusion, that, if no other plan of resistence would have served so well; when, as we have shown, "resistence was a necessity:" and it succeeded; *then*, without question, it was justifiable, since "the end attained was mainly good."

Many of the actors in this tragedy have passed away. If somewhat that seemed unjustifiable was done; at least, remember this, that—

> "There are deeds, you may not know,
> Lashing the pulses into strife:
> Dark memories of deathless woe,
> Pointing the bayonet and knife."

The invisible chain that linked the great brotherhood of the Ku-Klux Klan together which was first broken by the dismemberment of the order, nearly thirty years ago, has been yet more widely disintergrated by the fell hand of the great destroyer, Death.

If the clasp was indeed of steel: and this modern order of Knighthood wore a breast-plate of brass, and an ungloved, mailed had, when it became imperative that a blow must be struck; then let the reader calmly review the provocations; even as they are so feebly and imperfectly given here; and say, if he can, that he could have imitated the Divine meekness, and turned the other cheek.

"And there were also many other things—the which if they should be written, every one," would fill far more than the thirteen volumes of Congressional investigation, which sought, in vain, to criminate them.

THE END.

See last page of cover on Ku Klux

Great Events in N.C. History

Resistance to The Stamp Act. 1765 — page 6

Brunswick on the Cape Fear River Nov 28th 1765

Resistance to Stamp Act in Virginia Feb 27 1766

from "Meade's Old Churches Vol II - pp - 434 - 436

WHEN THE KU KLUX RODE. BY Eyre Damer. $1 net; by mail, $1.10. Neale Publishing Company, New York.

No political organization of equal magnitude and importance has been so grossly misunderstood as the famous Ku Klux Klan. An organization—one might better say an institution—of the purest patriotic motives, it was variously maligned during its lifetime, and since has been constantly misinterpreted. Today only painstaking students of post-bellum history have an adequate conception of its aims and motives, of the conditions which necessitated it or of the beneficent work it accomplished. To the rest, the Ku Klux Klan is a mystery of vague outline, dramatic, fascinating, of which grotesquely caparisoned horses and black-shrouded figures are the only salient features.

Mr. Damer's new book on the subject is adroit and stimulating. It is a dispassionate history of the conditions that obtained in the Black Belt for a decade subsequent to the war of the States. As conditions in the Black Belt were typical of conditions in all the area covered by the operations of the Klan, the book is, practically, a history of the social and political forces that created the Ku Klux Klan.

Without rancor and without haste, without hesitation or hysterics, giving in every instance place, names and dates, nailing facts steadily, on and on, Mr. Damer follows the growth of the reconstructiton horror from its beginning to the restoration of Anglo-Saxon supremacy in the Black Belt, showing how the Klan was the most powerful single agent in that restoration.

His work is so logical and level-headed, so simple and direct, that the narrative is almost painful in its cumulative effect. Following this heaped-up testimony, one understands with perfect clearness why there was a Ku Klux Klan, just what it had to do, the appalling odds against which it had to work, and how it conquered those odds.

In his preface, Mr. Damer refers to himself as one "who was in the midst of the struggle and a close observer." His description is justified by his book. "When the Ku Klux Rode" is a fine example of historical writing, candid, logical and intelligent

The North Carolina Booklet.

Vol II — 1902

GREAT EVENTS IN.....
NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY.

Our Own Pirates.

June 1902

—BY—
S. A. ASHE.

PRICE 10 CENTS. ☘ ☘ ☘ *$1.00 THE YEAR.*

Entered at the Postoffice at Raleigh, N. C., as second-class matter—June 24, 1902.

The North Carolina Booklet.

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1.—May—Ku-Klux Klans. —This is bound in Vol I
Mrs. T. J. Jarvis.

2.—June—Our Pirates.
Capt. S. A. Ashe.

3.—July—Indian Massacre and Tuscarora War.
Judge Walter Clark.

4.—August—Moravian Settlement in North Carolina.
Rev. Dr. J. E. Clewell

5.—Sept.—Whigs and Tories.
Prof. W. C. Allen.

6.—Oct.—The Revolutionary Congress of North Carolina.
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7.—Nov.—~~The Battle of Guilford Court House.~~ Old Town of Bloomsbury. K.P. Battle
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8.—Dec.—Historic Homes in N. C.,—The Groves, and others.
Col. Burgwyn, Col. Waddell, Mr. Thomas M. Blunt, and others.

9.—Jan.—Old Charleston on the Cape Fear. Feb.
Prof. James S. Bassett.

10.—Feb.—~~Raleigh and the old town of Bloomsbury.~~ Issued for No
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Mrs Clair [illegible] the manager of the N. C. Society "Daughters of the Revolution", joined the National Society Dec 18th 1894. Appointed State Regent of North Carolina Jan 7th 1895 to Jan 1st 1899, and was retained as Regent until her resignation, formally tendered July 6, 1902.

Vol. II. No 1, is bound in Vol 1. April 1902
on page 20 - will be found the Protest
Common Wealth with Earl Granville of N.C.
Bound in Vol 1. May 1901. Booklet No 1

NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET.

VOL. II. JUNE 10, 1902. No. 2.

Deposited by Miss Emily Bessent Hayes
Miss Adelia Harrison

Our Own Pirates,

Black Beard and Bonnett.

BY
S. A. ASHE.

RALEIGH:
CAPITAL PRINTING COMPANY.
1902.

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

OUR OWN PIRATES.

BLACKBEARD AND BONNETT.

S. A. ASHE.

Every age has its peculiarities, which pass away under the influence of advancing civilization. And so we find some very odd things have happened in the world which may have seemed natural enough at the time but appear to us as more than passing strange. History tells us that while first the settlers were seeking homes in the wilds of North Carolina, there existed, a little further South of us, in the West India Islands, a regular government of desperate sea-robbers, embracing thousands of men, who not only swept the seas with fleets of ships, but even captured forts and cities and destroyed European squadrons sent out to disperse them.

The tales of their adventures now seem to be marvelous, but in this case truth is stranger than fiction. When these robbers had taken towns and despoiled them of booty they repaired to other towns where they lived soberly or riotously, according to their individual whims, selling their stuff openly, without regard to the manner of its capture, and enjoying the fruits of their crimes as if they had only made lawful gain in legitimate business. Indeed King Charles II even conferred knighthood on the most successful of these notorious freebooters, Henry Morgan, who was long a chief among the Buccaneers, as they named themselves.

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Although the calling was not altogether respectable, yet this suffices to show that in the good times of the auld lang syne people were more tolerant as to sea-rovers than in the present day.

Eventually the Buccaneers disbanded, but the spirit of making unlawful gain did not entirely die out. The European government two centuries ago did not possess many ships in their regular navies, but when at war, they gave commissions to sea captains to fit out private ships and make roving cruises to prey upon the commerce of their enemies; and since there was nearly always a war on foot, privateersmen were seldom long out of employment.

These private war-vessels would sail from port under bond to engage in no unlawful enterprise, but when in distant seas, where dead men tell no tales, the captains would not be very careful to keep within the letter of the law. Any fish that came to their nets were very good fish—and the gold of a friend was quite as yellow as the gold of a foreign enemy. Many privateers were fitted out in New York and at other towns along the American coast, and these practiced the trade of making captures quite successfully, for being so distant from the navies of Europe they pursued their work with but little fear of interruption. Indeed, some of the governors of New York, of South Carolina, of Massachusetts and of other colonies were said to have been interested in the success of some of these cruisers, and harbored the pirates as if all the prizes taken were according to the rules of international law. Because of these numerous piracies on the high seas, commerce was so greatly impeded along the American coast that it became

necessary to capture the privateers who had thus become pirates.

The king had no ship to send, so it was agreed to fit out a big privateer to catch the little ones. Mr. Livingstone, one of the most influential men in New York, started the plan and subscribed for one-fifth of the stock in the company, and he recommended a man named Kidd to be the captain. The Lord Chancellor of England and many other noblemen also took stock in the enterprise and the king said he would take for his part one-tenth of all the vessels that Kidd might capture. It was a speculation that they hoped would prove a bonanza—an expedition which it was expected would make great gain for those who furnished the money. The vessel was equipped, armed with the best cannon, manned by brave seamen, and Kidd was duly commissioned to sail out as a privateer in pursuit of piratical crafts. But alas for the speculation! Kidd soon fell into evil ways himself and set up for a pirate on his own account.

After a three years' cruise, during which he scourged the coast of Africa and sent many a poor fellow to Davy Jones' locker, he at last turned up in Boston, having burned his ship off New England after burying treasure at different points along the coast. He was speedily arrested, and a list of the places where he had hidden his gold was found among his papers. He was taken to England, tried and executed.

All along the coast tradition points out places where he concealed his plunder, and many are the "Money Islands" named from the supposed fact that he buried treasure there.

For instance, there is a "Money Island" situated between Wrightsville and Masonboro sounds, near Wilmington, which has been dug all over for Kidd's money. Whether any was found there is not known, but forty years ago we heard from the lips of an elderly lady, herself the daughter of a bold but respectable privateersman, many tales about Captain Kidd and his money, and in particular she would point out a gnarled and ancient live-oak tree just on the point at Wrightsville, and tell how, long, long ago, they found a key to Kidd's money-chest suspended from one of the knotty limbs, all rusty with age and stained with blood. They dug just beneath where the key was found for the iron chest, but if it was there those who dug never made much noise in the world about it. Similar tales of buried treasure are told around the inlets all along the coast, but those things are traditions and although curious and interesting are foreign to our purpose, for we are dealing now only with historical facts.

All vessels leaving the Gulf of Mexico turn the Florida peninsula and follow the Gulf Stream northward. And just off the point of Florida lie the Bahama Islands, which were given by King Charles II to some of his courtiers as a part of the princely domain of Carolina. Their number runs up into the hundreds—little islands separated by intricate channels, which none knew but the freebooters who frequented those dangerous seas.

It was there that the pirates chiefly congregated, and from this safe retreat they sallied out to reap a rich harvest of spoil from the merchant ships engaged in lawful commerce.

The inlets and harbors along the Southern coasts also

afforded them convenient refuge, and from these sheltered nooks they would dash out to sea and make prize of passing vessels. At times they would collect in large force and sail gallantly into some undefended port and take possession or make heavy demands upon the people for booty. Thus Charleston, which was then the most important town south of Boston, was made to pay tribute, and the entire Atlantic coast was more or less infested with those rovers of the seas. As they got much plunder—merchandise as well as gold—which they had but little use for, they were liberal and generous in dispensing it, gaining favor by their prodigality, which enriched those who dealt with them; and so, although they were public enemies, the pirates had many private friends among the people of the seaboard.

It was a strange time when a new continent was being settled, when the colonists were brought into deadly contact with the treacherous Indians, and when the bloody Spaniards to the South of us were steeped in crimes committed against humanity and Englishmen, and life was not so highly esteemed as now, and there was a roughness and ruggedness among the people quite in contrast with the humane sentiments that prevail in this more enlightened age. And pirates were not so severely judged as now. Indeed, those sea-robbers were not altogether so ferocious as they have been painted, for although when making a prize or seeking to escape capture they fought desperately, yet after the victory was won they did not make a frolic of butchering their prisoners. They seldom murdered them in cold blood. But the tale ran that they had the habit of rigging out a plank from the side of the vessel and, having blindfolded

tneir victims, they made them walk the plank. The poor fellows would inevitably fall into the sea and be drowned; but then the pirates could hold up their hands and say "There is no blood on our hands"—and dead men told no tales!

Along about 1717 there was a noted pirate named Hornigold, who had his headquarters at New Providence, down in the Bahamas, where Nassau now is, the port that the Confederate blockaders used to slip into during the late war, bringing back loads of Yankee meat for the Confederate army. All old soldiers recollect the Nassau bacon served out in rations in the war times. It came by way of the former haunts of the old-time freebooters.

In one of Hornigold's trips he enlisted with him an English seaman named Edward Thatch, sometimes called Edward Teach, who was born at Bristol in England, and who had followed the sea many years. On a cruise in 1716 they captured another vessel, which, as the sailors say, had clean heels, and Capt. Hornigold gave command of it to Teach, who sailed along with him, and, together, they devastated the American coast.

They took many prizes and obtained much plunder. Among the prisoners who fell into their hands was one Major Steed Bonnett who was a man of good education and great courage. He joined Thatch, and taking charge of a vessel, accompanied him as a consort, for the pirates liked to hunt in couples. While their chief rendezvous was New Providence they frequented the Carolina coast, where they made themselves very familiar. At that time the inhabited parts of North Carolina were confined to the northern sec-

tion. Bath town was a little straggling place; Beaufort had just begun to be settled, and New Bern and Edenton, but by an order of the Lords Proprietors the people were forbidden to settle in the Cape Fear country, and all along that river was an unbroken wilderness. Amid the quiet solitudes of the lower harbor of the Cape Fear the pirates established their quarters, whence they could conveniently sally out and seize their prey and return in safety with the booty. As they kept no record of their performances, the details of their murders and captures were never known. There is a record, however, that they once put some men ashore in Onslow county, but generally they forced their prisoners to join them or made them walk the plank, although, sometimes, when it was convenient for them to do so, they gave them a captured vessel which was not needed and let them go on their way rejoicing.

Thatch or Teach or Thack, for he was known by all these names, was a man who drank hard and led a carousing life. To great physical power, he united a strong will, dominated by ungovernable passions. He habitually wore big bushy black whiskers over his face, whence was derived the sobriquet "Black Beard," the name he is now most generally known by. He was fond of luxuries and aimable to the fair sex, and it is said that so successful was he in his wooings that he had no less than eight wives, and indeed some accounts say twelve; but where he kept them or whether he rid himself of any after the manner of his brother in story, old Blue Beard, is not recorded. Doubtless though he would not have hesitated to put any to death who disobeyed him, for he was passionate and of violent temper and

reckless of life. He used to be a good deal in the quiet waters of Pamlico and Albemarle sounds, and was on terms of easy intercourse with some of the people there. Indeed he was fond of boasting that he could invite himself to dine with any gentleman of the colony and that he would be welcomed. And without doubt there were many in the colony who, notwithstanding they held him in detestation and abhorrence were, nevertheless, deterred from fear of his vengeance from treating him as he deserved. But all were not so. There were some who keenly felt that this man should not be permitted to frequent the waters of Carolina as if he were an honest trader.

These belonged to the old families who had been long settled in the colony. Among them were the connections of the former president of the colony, Major Alexander Lillington, such as Edward Mosely, Maurice Moore, the Swanns, John Porter, Jeremiah Vail, etc., who represented the true sentiment of the old settlers.

An anecdote has come down to the effect that Black Beard, in pursuance of his boast that he could dine with any man in the colony he chose, one day sent word to one of the Swanns that he would take dinner with him and would come at noon. Steps ran down from Col. Swann's landing into the water, and a short way off in the harbor lay the pirate's vessel. At noon Teach manned his boat, and, with a dozen oarsmen, pulled up in fine style towards the landing; but promptly Col. Swann appeared on his steps at the landing place, rifle in hand, and warned the pirate that if the boat came nearer he would send a ball through his heart. With a fallen coutenance, Black Beard beat a

rapid retreat, muttering loud curses over his discomfiture. He did not break bread with Col. Swann. The same spirit pervaded most of the gentlemen who were bound by ties to the colony, who were native and to the manner born, who felt that the good fame of the settlement, was their good fame—the good fame of their native land. But there were a few who were friendly with Thatch, and, strange to say, he found favor in the sight of Tobias Knight, who had, a few years before, come over from England as the Secretary of the colony, and who was a member of the council and a deputy of one of the proprietors, and, indeed, had even served as Chief Justice. But then it must be understood that none of these offices were in the gift of the people, and Knight was only an adventurer from the old country who had the address to win the favor of the governor's council, whose business it was to govern the colony as the agents of the lords proprietors, being most commonly at variance with the people and not popular among them. He was a friend of Teache's and gave him countenance and advice, and, it seems, also proposed to share his booty. But there is no evidence that the people generally sympathized with pirates, or that they would not have sought to capture Black Beard if the authorities had called on them for help. Of themselves they could do nothing; and indeed, without ships and without cannon, against a vessel ready at all points for a desperate encounter, the authorities themselves were powerless.

At length Hornigold and Vane and Teach and Bonnett and the other corsairs who ruled the seas on the American coast so interfered with commerce that some measure had to be adopted to arrest their ravages, and the King was in-

duced to offer pardon to all who, within one year, would surrender themselves and make oath not to engage in unlawful enterprises again. It was in 1717 that the King issued his proclamation to that effect, and some of the freebooters came in and made peace with the government and became planters and traders in various parts of America.

Teach brought his crew to North Carolina, and, having surrendered, the King sent him a pardon, and old Black Beard made a great pretence that he would thereafter lead an honest life. But he soon became dissatisfied with his inactivity. Maybe his numerous wives bothered him; but however that was, constant carousals depleted his store of gold, and when his money was all squandered, the reformed pirate was in desperate straits. His ship still lay in the harbor—and she was a fast sailing craft, easy to fetch, but hard to catch. The temptation to return to his old courses was irresistible, and, gathering a crew about him in November of that year, he sailed from Bath on a piratical cruise and again became the terror of the seas. He returned to his old haunts at Providence, and there re-established the reign of the Buccaneers, of whom he became the acknowledged chieftain. So frequent were his devastations that the trade of Charleston was almost destroyed, and the King, being pressed for aid, despatched a force under Sir Woods Rogers to break up the pirates. Rogers was one of the most famous officers of his day. He had circumnavigated the globe, and it was he who rescued from his desert island in the South Sea poor Alexander Selkirk, whose story the charming pen of Defoe has immortalized under the title of Robinson Crusoe. Rogers, with his wonted vig-

or, made a rapid descent on Providence and captured such of the Buccaneers as happened to be there, except Vane, who, with a crew of ninety men, managed to escape.

Black Beard, with Major Steed Bonnett and some of his vessels were off on a cruise and eluded the vigilance of the British squadron. In June 1717, however, he again appeared off the coast with four vessels flying his black flag. The governor of South Carolina sought to persuade him to accept a new pardon and come in and cease his interference with the commerce of the colonies. But Teach felt too secure in his strength and in the fleetness of his ships to heed such counsel. He had staunch vessels and desperate fighters to command and knew no law but his own rough will. Proudly he sailed along the coast, the sovereign of the seas. Kings had their domain on land but he ruled the waves. Still in so short a time as eight days, misfortune overtook him. His own fine ship was cast away at Topsail inlet, where another one of his sloops was wrecked, and most of his men, disheartened, began to disperse. Some went to Pennsylvania and some to New York to quit their evil ways forever, while others under Steed Bonnett sailed away to the southward.

Teach kept one ship for himself, the "Adventure," and taking a crew of twenty men came into Bath and surrendered, again claiming the benefit of the King's proclamation and declaring his purpose to abandon a pirate's career and lead a new life. And strange to say again did he receive mercy, for the King was pleased to pardon him once more, and the pardon was duly made out and sent to Virginia for him. But it never took effect. Before it reached

America other things had happened, and Black Beard had been called to a bar of justice more to be feared than even the courts of the King of England.

The declaration of his intention to reform was a mere ruse. He had no purpose of reformation. His old passion for piracy, his love of gold, his daring spirit, were too strong for lawful purposes. He kept a crew of rough fellows about him and caused such a serious disturbance at Bath that the Governor had to take measures to quell the trouble. At length after a month's rest, he left the harbor and turned the prow of the "Adventure" once more to the sea. This time he cleared for a voyage to St. Thomas, but on the 22d of August he fell in with two French vessels returning homeward from Martinique loaded with cocoa, sweetmeats, cotton and sugar. One of these vessels he despoiled, transferring the plunder to the other, while he put both crews on the vessel he had robbed and allowed them to depart in peace. The loaded vessel he carried into Ocracoke inlet, arriving there on the 13th of September. That night he rowed in his periauger to the residence of Tobias Knight near Bath, carrying a present of four kegs of sweetmeats and other booty, quitting the house of his friend before daybreak. On the way back he met with a boat in which were William Bell, his son and an Indian, loaded with rum and merchandise, which he attacked, and robbed. He landed his cargo and hid his sugar, cotton, etc., in the barn of Tobias Knight, where they were concealed under fodder—and then burnt the French ship which he had brought into the harbor. The news of his proceedings caused great indignation among the people and alarm among

the merchants trading along the coast, and application was made to Governor Spotswood of Virginia by some of the colony to rid them of the pest.

Gov. Spotswood tells us that he had to act with the greatest secrecy because there were so many persons in Virginia who sympathized with the pirates that he dared not let even the members of his own council know his purpose, for fear his plans would be betrayed. Only the officers who were to command were taken into his confidence Two sloops were privately hired and were manned and equipped from the British frigates Lyme and Pearl then in the Chesapeake, and on the 17th of November, they sailed out under the command of Lieutenant Maynard, a British naval officer from the Lyme, in search of the pirate vessel.

On the evening of the 21st of November these two vessels appeared at Ocracoke inlet, and Black Beard, for the first time, became aware of the effort that was being made to capture him. Recognizing his danger, he would have escaped to sea had it been possible; but he found himself at last at bay, with no channel open to avoid the conflict that seemed inevitable. Hitherto he had warred on those weaker than himself—vessels but poorly equipped and insufficiently armed; now he was in the presence of a foe more than a match for his pirate craft. But the danger only aroused his mettle. He prepared his vessel for action, arranged every detail with care, and having by his own display of courage strengthened the confidence of his desperate crew, he repaired to his cabin to spend the last night of his career of crime and sin. He sat down to his bottle and drank heartily, stimulating his spirits to frenzy, as a lion in the toils

making the last efforts for life. Knowing all the threads of the intricate channel, he complacently regarded the approach of Maynard's vessels as the next morning they carefully sought to enter the inlet. Repeatedly were they grounded on the hidden shoals, and with difficulty did they gain the entrance; but at length they passed the inlets and the conflict began. The pirate now brought to his aid his superior knowledge of the location, and manœuvred his ship handsomely, and in the running fight that ensued secured some advantages. But at length the attacking vessels pressed him so hard that the Adventure herself grounded on a projecting shoal, and an engagement at close quarters became inevitable. Maynard ordered his brave crews to prepare to board, and, with quickened zeal, sought to lay his two vessels alongside the pirate sloop. But the heart of Black Beard did not quail. He reserved the fire of his heavy guns, double-shotted, until his assailants were close at hand, and delivered a destructive broadside upon them. So successful was he in this defence that at this very first broadside twenty-nine of Maynard's force were either killed or wounded, and one of the sloops was seriously disabled. But Maynard was not made of the stuff to be driven off by a first repulse. He had come to destroy the pirate and he determined to fight it out to the bitter end. His decks were cleared of the dead and wounded, and he prepared every detail for a fierce renewal of the encounter. His own sloop alone was fit for action, but the Adventure being fast grounded, manœuvring was impossible, and the struggle resolved itself into a question of mere physical power. Observing that his vessel drew so much water that he could

not readily close in with the Adventure, he threw overboard whatever could be spared to lighten the ship, and then resolutely undertook once more to grapple with the enemy. The better to protect his men he made them remain below, while he himself heroically seized the helm and steered directly for the Adventure.

But if Maynard was resolute, so was Black Beard, who, resolving to sell his life as dearly as possible, had posted one of his bandits at the powder magazine with a lighted match, ready to make a heroic catastrophe-rather than permit his capture.

Maynard skillfully handled his ship and approached so as to prevent a similar broadside to that which had disabled his consort; he alone was on deck as the bow of his ship crashed up against the quarter of the stranded corsair.

Immediately Black Beard and his crew threw hand-grenades of his own manufacture that enveloped their antagonist in a cloud of dense foul smoke, under cover of which they leaped over her bows and hurried to assail the gallant Maynard who alone was visible. But instantaneously the men below rushed on deck and sprang to his relief and a furious hand-to-hand conflict ensued.

The pirates fought with a resolution born of despair. It was an effort to make havoc, without hope of success. Black Beard was cut down but seemed endued with more than human life, so violent was his fury, so terrific his frenzy. His men with equal passion fought in sheer desperation, inflicting great loss before they were subdued. But at length Black Beard, himself wounded unto death, when in the act of cocking his last pistol, fainted from loss of blood,

and falling, expired. Those who remained, overcome by superior numbers, were then subdued; and Maynard had the satisfaction and glory of a victorious issue of his undertaking although dearly bought with heroic lives.

The survivors of the pirate crew were all found to be negroes. They were carried to Virginia, where the judiciary of the royal government had jurisdiction to try crimes of piracy, and were tried the following March. Contemporaneously with the descent on Black Beard, Capt. Brand of the frigate Lyme, had come overland into North Carolina, and accompanied by Edward Mosely and Maurice Moore and Jeremiah Vail, had been seeking information as to those who were in complicity with Black Beard. At first Tobias Knight denied all knowledge of the booty the pirate had brought in, but eventually admitted that it had been stored in his barn, where it was found hid away under some fodder. The claim was then made that Teach had found the French ship deserted at sea and that the goods belonged to him as the finder, but later, after Black Beard had met his death, the pretence was made that the goods had merely been stored in a warehouse to await the demand of the lawful owners. The pretence was too thin, and Capt. Brand had the stuff carried to Virginia where it was sold on account of the French owners and the money accounted for.

This man Knight was Secretary of the colony, and lived near Bath, but the public papers were kept at the house of John Lovick, the deputy Secretary, at Sandy Point, in Chowan, near where Edenton now is, and where Governor Eden himself resided. It was this man Lovick whom, subsequently, Gov. Burrington sarcastically dubbed "Eden's

affidavit man." Apparently to secure evidence that would throw light upon this dark spot in the history of the colony, Edward Mosely, who was the most influential man in the colony, along with Maurice Moore, his brother-in-law, who having come with his brother, Colonel James Moore from South Carolina to fight the Indians five years before when they rescued the colony from the great peril of being entirely cut off by the savages, was also greatly esteemed by the people, forcibly entered the Secretary's office and locking themselves in, remained there twenty-four hours examining the records and public papers. The object of their search was without doubt to obtain record evidence touching the pirates and their accomplices. And they claimed that their action was lawful because when the Lords Proprietors sent over instructions to the Governors, as they did every third year, they had invariably instructed that the records should be open to public inspection. This unusual seaching the records occurred on the 27th of December, and threw the Governor and his friends into great excitement, and thereupon a force was collected to arrest Mosely and Moore for high crimes and misdemeanors.

When the posse came to arrest Mosely, who was the leading lawyer in the colony, and had for many years been the Speaker of the House, he remonstrated with one of the men that it was a frivolous business and that he was astonished at their coming that way to arrest him; that the governor and authorities could easily procure armed men to come and disturb quiet and honest men, but could not, though such a number would have done, raise them to destroy Thack, but instead of that the pirate had been suffered to go on in

his villanies, etc. These scandalous utterances stung the Governor to the quick, and Mosely was arraigned for his crimes and the whole power of the government was brought to bear for his conviction. At November term 1719, he was fined five shillings for detaining the records, and for his scandalous language about the Governor he was fined 100 pounds and declared incapable of practicing law or of holding any office in the colony for a period of three years. But because he was employed in all the important cases pending, on the application of the Chief Justice he was allowed to appear in the cases already brought, and somewhat later he put on record that his language about the Governor had been hasty and passionate. When the three years of his sentence had expired, he was immediately elected to the assembly and chosen speaker of that body, for he was so influential with the people that he was Speaker of the House whenever he was a member. His sentence was not remitted, as some histories erroneously state.

As for Tobias Knight, when the pirates were tried in Virginia in March, the evidence implicated him so positively that a copy of the testimony was sent to the Governor of North Carolina with a request that he be sent to Virginia for trial. But his associates at the council board were not of that mind. They however, called on him to answer before them, and he filed a statement on May 27th, 1719, accompanied by the affidavit of Edmund Chamburlane, a young man who lived with him. The council was complacent enough to resolve that Knight was innocent, but he never again sat at the board, and two months afterwards had the grace to die.

When Black Beard came in to surrender himself, in June, Major Steed Bonnett and his consort under Richard Wormly, repaired to the solitudes of the lower Cape Fear, and from there continued their depredations on the commerce of Charleston, hardly any vessel going out or coming in escaping their plundering crews.

So great was the interruption of its commerce by these pirates that the people of that city determined to help themselves, and in order to destroy these corsairs fitted out two well-equipped vessels, putting them under Major Rhett, a bold, brave and determined man, who was born in London, but who had removed with his family to Charleston twenty years before.

Major Rhett sailed out in search of the pirates and soon discovered Bonnett's ships in waiting for some prey; but when Bonnett saw that instead of the two vessels fleeing from him, they were seeking to overtake him, he quickly made sail for his den in Cape Fear harbor. Thither Rhett pursued with all sail set, and soon brought on a conflict. A desperate engagement followed within the harbor, the pirates fighting like mad-men, but getting the worst of the battle. Their vessel, however, escaped after the fight and, according to tradition, made its way to the mouth of Black river. There the pirates stood at bay. The men, fully aware that the halter awaited them, purposed to die rather than suffer capture. In the frenzy of despair they laid a plan to allow Rhett's force to board their vessel and then blow her up, all perishing in one fearful moment of destruction. Major Bonnett, however, was a man of education, and had seen much of the world, and he treasured

hopes of some day abandoning his nefarious life and returning to an honest calling, as others had done in South Carolina. He did not approve of this desperate heroism, and discouraging the men from it, at length persuaded them to abandon their project and surrender to Major Rhett, trusting that thereby he might secure some favor for himself. Thus the following day Major Rhett obtained possession of the pirate vessel without further bloodshed. Amid great rejoicing he carried Major Bonnett and the survivors of his crew, forty in all, to Charleston. After refitting his ship, Rhett sailed out again in search of Wormley, and having come up with him, the pirates fought so desperately that the whole crew was killed but two, and these were so severely wounded that when they reached Charleston they were immediately tried and executed to prevent their dying from their wounds.

Bonnett and his forty men were tried also, and were all hanged and buried in Charleston harbor below high water mark. On his trial it was pressed so hard that he was a "gentleman," and the people were so favorable to him, that the judge, Trott, in his charge to the jury, had to comment on the fact that being a gentleman was only an aggravation of the crime, to secure a conviction. After sentence, Bonnett, by means of friendly aid, escaped from prison in women's clothes, and on being retaken, he addressed a long and touching letter to Colonel Rhett, praying his intercession for a reprieve until the King could have an opportunity to pardon him, in which he expressed himself as follows:

"I entreat your charitable opinion of my great contri-

tion and godly sorrow for the errors of my past life, and if I had the happiness of a longer life granted me in this world, I shall always retain in mind and endeavor to follow those excellent precepts of our holy Saviour—to love my neighbor as myself; and do unto all men as I would they should do unto me, living in perfect holy friendship and charity with all mankind. This I do assure you, sir, is the sincerity of my heart upon the word of a penitent Christian and my only desire of my enjoying such a transient being, is that it may be for the future consecrated to the service of my Maker, and by a long and unfeigned repentance, I may beseech Almighty God, of His infinite mercy, to pardon and remit all my sins, and enable me to live a wholly religious life, and make satisfaction to all persons whom I have any ways injured."

But this did not save him. He shared the common fate of his miscreant band, and thus the last of the famous pirates who had infested the coast of Carolina, suffered the merited penalty of his villainous crimes.

THE END.

Battles of Revolution Fought in North Carolina.

Moores Creek Bridge,	Feb'y 27th, 1776
Ramsour's Mill,	June 20th, 1780
Pacolet River,	July 14th, 1780
Earles Ford,	July 18th, 1780
Cane Creek,	Sept. 12th, 1780
Wahab's Plantation,	Sept. 21st, 1780
Charlotte,	Sept. 26th, 1780
Wilmington,	Feb'y. 1st, 1781
Cowans Ford,	Feb'y. 1st, 1781
Torrence Tavern,	Feb'y. 1st, 1781
Shallow Ford,	Feb'y. 6th, 1781
Bruce's Cross Roads,	Feb'y. 12th, 1781
Haw River,	Feb'y. 25th, 1781
Clapp's Mill,	March 2nd, 1781
Whitsell's Mill,	March 6th, 1781
Guilford Court House,	March 15th, 1781
Hillsboro,	April 25th, 1781
Hillsboro,	Sept. 13th, 1781
Sudleys Mill, (Cane Creek,)	Sept. 13th, 1781

The North Carolina Booklet.

Vol II July 1902 No 3

GREAT EVENTS IN.....
NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY.

Indian Massacre and Tuscarora War 1711-'13.

July 1902

—BY—
WALTER CLARK.

PRICE 10 CENTS. $1.00 THE YEAR.

Entered at the Postoffice at Raleigh, N. C., as second-class matter—June 24, 1901.

The North Carolina Booklet.

The Editors of the N. C. Booklet announce that should a sufficient number of subscriptions be received to warrant the publication of the N. C. Booklet, it will be issued monthly, as heretofore, for another year, beginning May 10th, 1902. The following being the proposed list of subjects:

1.—May—Ku-Klux Klans.
Mrs. T. J. Jarvis.

2.—June—Our Pirates.
Capt. S. A. Ashe.

3.—July—Indian Massacre and Tuscarora War.
Judge Walter Clark.

4.—August—Moravian Settlement in North Carolina.
Rev. Dr. J. E. Clewell

5.—Sept.—Whigs and Tories.
Prof. W. C. Allen.

6.—Oct.—The Revolutionary Congress of North Carolina.
Mr. T. M. Pittman.

7.—Nov.—The Battle of Guilford Court House.
Prof. D. H. Hill.

8.—Dec.—Historic Homes in N. C.,—The Groves, and others.
Col. Burgwyn, Col. Waddell, Mr. Thomas M. Blunt, and others.

9.—Jan.—Old Charleston on the Cape Fear.
Prof. James S. Bassett.

10.—Feb.—Raleigh and the old town of Bloomsbury.
Dr. K. P. Battle, Sr.

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Dr. Chas. E. Taylor. Conditional.

12.—April—The Story of the Albemarle.
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Indian Massacre and Tuscarora War 1711-'13.

BY

WALTER CLARK.

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1902.

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

INDIAN MASSACRE AND TUSCARORA WAR 1711-'13.

WALTER CLARK.

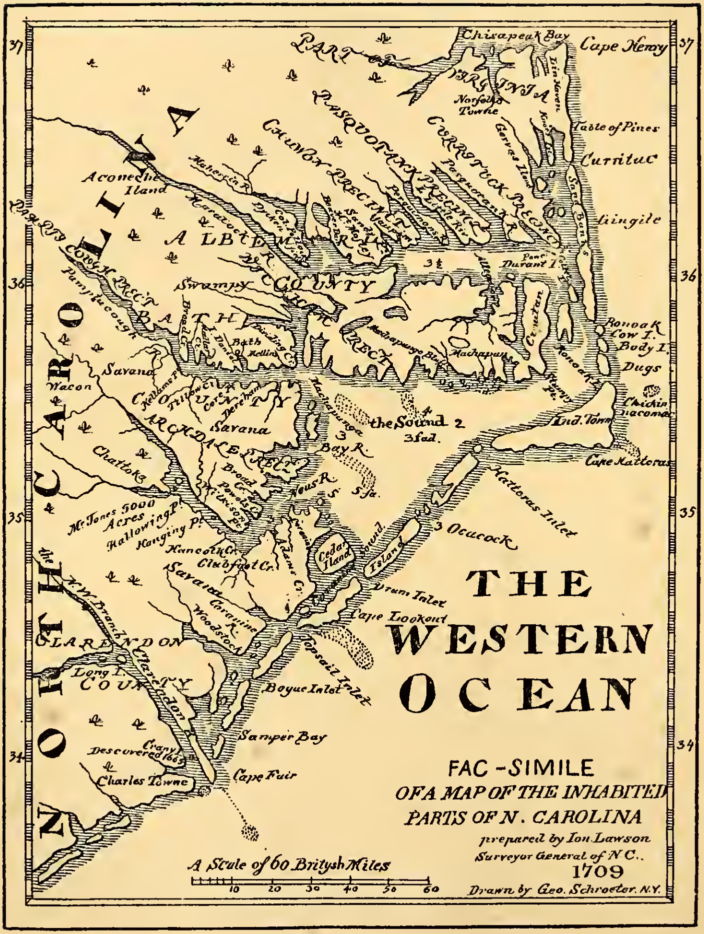
The fate of the "Lost Colony of Roanoke" is one of the enigmas of history. Whether worn out with three years of weary waiting for sails which came not to whiten the sea, or forced by starvation, the colony removed to a more eligible site and gradually amalgamated with the natives, as is claimed, or whether weakened by disease or taken by surprise it was massacred by the savages no man knoweth to this day. The curtain of history has fallen and the breezes that breathe softly over the scene of the settlement and the trials of the colony tell no story to the ears of the anxious enquirer.

But, unless the colony of 1587, under John White, was taken off by massacre, the boast 124 years later of our first historian, John Lawson in 1711, that North Carolina was the only instance of a nation planted in peace and located without blood-shed was well founded. Yet even while he wrote the tomahawks were being sharpened and the Indian warriors plumed and painted were already stealthily gliding along narrow trails, gathering for the harvest of death and torture.

Till that date, friendly relations between the natives and whites had been unbroken. There may have been occasionally variances or feuds between individuals, but these had always been settled by the law, and the races remained at peace. The Indians were employed by the whites, in many instances, as domestics, and all were admitted, without suspicion, and at all times, into the white settlements.

Many reasons have been assigned for the bloody and remarkable outbreak of 1711. By some it has been attributed to the steady encroachments of the whites upon the hunting grounds and fishing of the Indians, threatening their livelihood and thus forcing them to remove far from the burying grounds where reposed the bones of their ancestors. Others thought that the spectacle of the whites engaged in conflicts with one another, divided and weakened, encouraged the Indians to avail themselves of the opportunity to remove the intruders. There is not lacking co-temporary assertion that Carey, who had just been defeated in his rebellion, or at least Roach, his subordinate, instigated and procured the savages to make the assault. Feeling ran high against the defeated and discredited faction and this last motive should be accredited with hesitation, though it has received the support of Dr. Hawks. Certainly the first two causes were sufficient to have moved a suspicious and treacherous race, as the Indians by nature were.

At that time, the force of fighting men among the Indians in this colony contiguous to the white settlement were as follows, as appears from the estimates of that date. The Tuscaroras who lived in Bertie and in the country south of the Roanoke and on the waters of Tar and Pamlic could muster about twelve hundred men. North and Northwest of Albemarle Sound were the Meherrins, Nottoways, Chowanokes, Pasquotanks, Poteskeets (or Currituckes,) Connamox and Yeopims. These had been much reduced in number by contact with civilization and use of the white man's fire-water, but they could still furnish one


THE WESTERN OCEAN
FAC-SIMILE
OF A MAP OF THE INHABITED
PARTS OF N. CAROLINA
prepared by Jon. Lawson
Surveyor General of N.C.
1709
Drawn by Geo. Schroeter. N.Y.
A Scale of 60 Britysh Miles
10 20 30 40 50 60
NORTH CAROLINA
PART of VIRGINIA
Chisapeak Bay
Cape Henry
Norfolk Towne
Table of Pines
Curritux
CURRITUCK PRECINCT
PASQUOTANK PRECINCT
CHUWON PRECINCT
ALBEMARLE COUNTY
BATH COUNTY
ARCHDALE PRECT
CLARENDON COUNTY
Acone the Iland
Pamptecough
Swampy
Savana
Bath
Ronoak
Cow I.
Body I.
Dugs
Ind. Town
the Sound
Bay R.
Cape Hatteras
Hatteras Inlet
Ocacock
Cedar Iland
Drum Inlet
Cape Lookout
Topsail Inlet
Boyue Inlet
Samper Bay
Cape Fair
Charles Towne
Long I.
Mr. Jones 5000 Acres
Hallowing Pt.
Hanging Pt.
Hancock Cr.
Clubfoot Cr.
Chattoka
Wacon
Durant I.
37
36
35
34

hundred and sixty warriors. Southwest of Albemarle, besides the Tuscaroras were the Pamlicos, Cotechneys and Neusiocs, and between them and the ocean were remnants of the Maramuskeets, Matchapungos, Hatteras, Cores (or Coranines), Woccons, Croatan and Bear River Indians. Though also reduced in numbers they yet numbered altogether two hundred and fifty fighting men. Farther south were the Saponas of some strength and a feeble tribe, the Sippahaws. Altogether the tribes immediately contiguous to the whites were able to put near eighteen hundred men into the field.

The province at that time, as appears from Lawson's map,* made in 1709, consisted of two counties, *Albemarle*—which was divided into Currituck, Pasquotank, Chuwon and Wickham, (later Tyrrell) precincts. *Bath* county, which embraced Pampticough precinct (now Beaufort and Pitt) and Archdale precinct, (now Pamlico and Craven). The original division had been into Albemarle and Clarendon on the Cape Fear, but as population passed South from Albemarle, the county of Bath had been established, and in 1690 Clarendon county had ceased to exist. In December 1710 the Germans and Swiss landing at the confluence of the Neuse and Trent had founded the town of New Bern, though there was no incorporated town in the colony until later. The Germans were from Heidelberg and vicinity in the Palatinate and hence were called Palatines. The Swiss were from the canton of Bern and the combined Swiss and German settlers under DeGraffenreid and Louis Michel numbered six hundred and fifty. There were two

* A fac simile of this map is prefixed hereto.

other streams of white population, to-wit: the English on the north side of the Albemarle, who had gradually extended west of the Chowan, and comprised the bulk of the population. About half of these were Quakers and not available in war. Some of the Albemarle people had pushed south and were settled on the Roanoke and Tar and about the town of Bath. The third element was the French Huguenots who had come from Virginia in two distinct migrations in 1690 and 1707, the former settled on Pamlico and the latter on Neuse and Trent rivers, whence a few had wandered into what are now Carteret and Onslow counties. There was probably about seven thousand whites all told in the province in 1711. Excluding the Quakers there, was about 1,000 men able to bear arms. Such was the status and strength of the respective races. The rich country of the Pamlico had enticed settlers from north of the Albemarle, especially to the town of Bath which had been established by the French Huguenots from Virginia, in their first migration of 1690 in expectation of making it the commercial metropolis of the province by reason of the access to the ocean through Ocracoke inlet. At Bath, Gale, the Chief Justice of the province, and Knight, the Secretary, resided, and Governor Hyde spent much of his time there.

The Tuscaroras were the leaders in the movement for the slaughter of the whites, and their plans were prepared with skill and secrecy. They assumed the work of destruction of the settlers on the Roanoke, Tar and Pamlico rivers. The tribe of the latter name were to slaughter those on the lower Pamlico above Bath, while the Mara-

muskeets (or Matamuskeets) and Matchapungoes were to complete the work at Bath, and upon the settlers in that section. The Cotechneys, who lived in what is now Greene county, were to join the Cores, and together they were to effect the destruction of the settlers at New Bern and upon the Neuse and Trent rivers. The Tuscaroras calling to their aid the Meherrins and other small tribes above named north of Albemarle, were to harry the whites in that section.

A day was set for simultaneous action, to wit; on the day before the new moon in September 1711, which would occur on 23 September. The work of universal murder was therefore to begin on 22 September, a day which was long thereafter observed by the colony as a day of fasting, prayer and mourning, under an act of the General Assembly. The secret was kept profound as the grave, and the whites suspecting nothing slept in fatal security.

A few days before the appointed time an incident occurred, which, if known to the colonists at New Bern might have aroused them to take measures for their safety. Baron deGraffenreid, and Lawson, the Surveyor General, left New Bern in the former's boat to go up Neuse river to ascertain how far it was navigable and to inspect the lands on either side. About nightfall they landed at an Indian village called *Corutra*, intending to spend the night. Being soon surrounded by a large number of armed Indians, they attempted to return to their boat, but were taken captive and marched all night by their captors to another village some distance from the river and were delivered to its chief. The next day they were tried by a coun-

cil and interrogated as to their purposes. The Indians complained of Lawson as the man who had surveyed and sold their lands. After some vacillation, the negro servant and Lawson were put to death. The body of the latter was stuck full of lightwood splinters and he was burnt alive, the splinters being set on fire. DeGraffenreid was kept a close prisoner and no suspicion was aroused at New Bern by an absence which was expected to continue for an uncertain period.

On 21 September twelve hundred Tuscaroras and their six hundred allies divided into numerous detachments, began their march at all points. Scouts were sent forward among the whites to reconnoitre. About nightfall larger numbers appeared near the white settlements, but as they merely asked for food no alarm was excited. At dawn on the 22nd the war whoop was heard throughout the colony. The domesticated Indians in the homes of the whites answered the signal of those lurking in the woods and the massacre began. No age or sex was spared. The slaughter was indiscriminate and the wonder is any escaped. The torch was then applied and those who had hidden themselves were forced out and killed. As a sample, Chief Justice Gale, soon after the massacre tells this of the fate of one family: "The family of Neville was treated after this manner. The old man was found, after being shot dead, laid out on the floor, with a clean pillow under his head, his stockings turned over his shoes and his body covered with fine linen. His wife, after being murdered, was set upon her knees in the chimney corner and her hands raised up on a chair, as if at prayer. A son was laid out in the

yard, with a pillow under his head and a bunch of rosemary laid to his nose. At the next house the owner was shot and laid on his wife's grave." (Then follows accounts of unspeakable atrocities). * * * * * *

"In short their manner of butchery has been so various and unaccountable, that it would be beyond credit to relate them. This blow was so hotly followed by the hellish crew that we could not bury our dead; so that they were left for prey to the dogs and wolves, and vultures, whilst our care was to strengthen our garrisons to secure the living." One hundred and thirty were killed on the Roanoke alone, and sixty of the palatines on the outskirts of New Bern. The total loss of life was appalling throughout the province. The savages infuriated by the liquor they found, commenced a systematic man hunt, and for three days the carnival of blood continued. The smaller settlements and the isolated farms were all destroyed. North of the Albemarle the loss of life was small as the whites outnumbered their assailants in most places.

Governor Hyde saw at once the impossibility of raising near half as many men as there were Indian warriors, for besides the large number of whites slain there were the disaffected who had sided with Carey and Roach who were suspected to have instigated the massacre, and there were also the Quakers who composed so large a part of the population, and who were non-combatants. At the first onset Governor Hyde was not able to embody more than one hundred and sixty men. Many doubtless had gone to Virginia to carry the women and children to safety and many of Carey's faction had recently gone thither for their

own security. There was also no public funds to pay the troops that were raised. The confederacy of the Indians was so wide-spread and comprehensive that the Governor could get no allies from that source by appeals to tribal jealousies. He called upon the adjoining provinces for aid. Governor Spottswood, of Virginia, marched sixteen hundred militia to Nottoway town which prevented Indian attacks extending to that province, and probably to some extent overawed the Indians in North Carolina near the line as Gov. Spottswood's request for the liberation of Baron de-Graffenried was granted, after he had been kept a prisoner for five weeks, but owing to internal feuds the appropriation requested to support troops to be sent to the aid of North Carolina was not voted, and hence no assistance was received from Virginia.

DeGraffenreid's enlargement was based upon his treaty with the Indians that his Germans and Swiss at New-Bern should remain neutral in the war between the English and the Indians, and this probably saved that settlement from destruction. DeGraffenreid soon sold out to Col. Thos. Pollock his holdings for eight hundred pounds and put the Atlantic between himself and his late captors.

The legislature of South Carolina to whom Chief Justice Gale was sent to implore aid, promptly sent six hundred militia and three hundred and sixty Indians, mostly Yemassees, under Col. Barnwell, who with great expedition, traversed the wilderness then separating the settlements on the Neuse from the settled parts of South Carolina. The surviving population on the frontier lines were collected into temporary forts on the Chowan, Neuse and Pamlico,

and guarded by the militia. Food was brought from north of the Albemarle, as elsewhere nearly all the crops and provisions had been destroyed.

As soon as the South Carolina forces arrived they were joined by all the North Carolina militia not required to guard the forts. They advanced upon the Indians, who also collected into one body, fell back to a strong wooden breastwork, or palisade fort which they had erected on Neuse river about twenty miles above New Bern. Here Barnwell, with his combined forces made an attack upon them 28 Jan. 1712. The Indians having been reinforced, marched boldly out to give battle, but they were defeated with a loss of three hundred killed and one hundred taken prisoners, the number of wounded unknown. Those left upon the battle field were doubtless included among the slain. The survivors retreated into the fort and were at once surrounded. By pushing his parallels, Col. Louis Michel succeeded in placing a battery of two guns within eleven yards of the palisade, whereupon the Indians beat a parley and were allowed to surrender. Some three months after, the Council of State put on record their condemnation of Barnwell's conduct. The complaint seems to have been that he accepted the surrender of the Indians at a moment when he had them in his power and might have exterminated them, and further, that after the treaty he had allowed his men to fall upon some of their towns, in violation of the treaty, and carry off many as slaves to South Carolina. Barnwell himself was wounded and returned to Charleston together with his disabled men by water. His Indian allies, according to savage custom, left him in large

numbers immediately after the battle to mourn their fallen braves and sell their slaves and the diminution of his forces from this and other causes may have required him to refrain from exacting an unconditional surrender of the fort. The spot is known as Fort Barnwell to this day.

On 12 March 1712 the General Assembly met and voted 4,000 pounds to carry on the war. They engaged the Sapona Indians as allies and erected Fort Hyde on Core Sound to overawe the Core Indians, and garrisoned it with thirty men. They also erected Fort Reading on Tar river with a garrison of ten men. Application as before was made again for aid to the adjoining provinces, and as before the aid came from the South alone. There was great alarm over a rumor that the Five Nations of New York were to come down to join their Tuscarora brethren for the destruction of this province. A powerful epidemic of yellow fever also broke out and sadly diminished the number surviving from the massacre. Governor Hyde died of the yellow fever 8 Sept. 1712, and on 12 September the Council elected Col. Thomas Pollock President of the colony and Commander-in-Chief.

He took the government at a gloomy time. The colony was bankrupt and Carey's rebellion, the Indian massacre, the succeeding war and the yellow fever had so reduced the population that the whole available force under arms was 140 men. The whole province had to look to the country north of Albemarle Sound for food. Pollock acted with admirable skill. By Indian messengers and negotiations he kept the Five Nations quiet. He obtained an interview with Tom Blunt, chief among the Tuscaroras

and secured a treaty of neutrality with his part of that tribe and ultimately an agreement that he should capture and bring in Hancock, the most hostile of the chiefs. Governor Pollock also pacified the Quakers and secured their aid in provisioning the forces. He also obtained from South Carolina the dispatch of a force of one thousand Indians and fifty white men under Colonel James Moore. Virginia voted 3,500 pounds to aid North Carolina in carrying on the war, and 600 pounds to be used in the purchase of blankets and clothing for our troops. When Virginia asked however for a mortgage on the lands on the Roanoke as security for re-imbursement Pollock resolutely declined to give it on the ground that he was without authority to do so.

On 25 November 1712 President Pollock made a treaty with Blunt and five subordinate chiefs by which they were not only detached from the Confederacy, but they agreed to make war on the Cotechneys, Cores, Neuse, Bear river, Pamlico and Matchapungo Indians, and to slay all above fourteen years of age, and further, to return all property stolen from the English, and to relinquish all claims to lands south of Neuse river or below Cotechney and Bear Creeks on the north side of Pamlico river, with other stipulations and giving hostages.

Soon after the conclusion of this treaty, which the approach of Colonel Moore and his troops doubtless hastened those auxiliaries arrived. The other portions of the province being bare of food, Gov. Pollock requested Colonel Moore to march his troops into the territory north of the Albemarle. It took much address to prevent collision be-

tween the Indian allies under Moore and the whites of that section and to the great relief of the latter Moore marched his troops about the middle of January 1713 to Fort Reading, south of the Pamlico river. There they were detained by a fall of snow till 4 February.

The Indians had built a fort near where Snow Hill, the county seat of Greene, now stands, which they called *Nahucke*. Into this they retired under command of Hancock on Moore's approach. He laid seige to it 20 March. By a strange oversight no wells were provided in the fort, and on learning this Moore cut them off from the streams from which they were supplied. After having thus greatly distressed them, he took the fort by storm. A large number of Indians were slain and eight hundred were taken. Moore lost fifty-eight men, of whom thirty-six were Indians and eighty wounded, of whom only twenty-four were whites. The Indian allies, as in the previous expedition under Barnwell, having secured all the prisoners they could for slaves left for home save 180 only, who remained with him. The defeated Indians had another fort *Cahunke*, about 40 miles to the southwest, to which those who escaped fled, but taught by the loss of two forts, they did not trust to their palisades again and abandoned this fort before Col. Moore reached it. The greater part under Hancock, crossed the Roanoke higher up and joined their kindred in New York, whose designation was henceforward the Six Nations. Those Tuscaroras who did not choose to go North submitted and accepted whatever terms the whites laid upon them.

Tom Blunt, for his fidelity to the English, was made

king of all the Indians south of the Pamlico river, and thenceforward was known as *King Blunt*. The war was now about over. In April 1713 the Matchapungos made an inroad on Alligator river and killed some twenty whites. Col. Moore sent some of his Indians thither and no trouble has occurred from Indians in that quarter since that day. The only remaining tribe, the Cores, soon after sued for peace. The victory at Nahucke came just in time, as it was afterwards learned that the Five Nations were on the point of coming to the aid of the Tuscaroras in this province.

The war left the province depleted in population and bankrupt. To cure the lack of money, the Legislature issued bills for eight thousand pounds, which was the first paper money it had emitted. There was also the peculiarity that these bills were not promises to pay gold and silver, but were to pass as money *per se*.

The war having closed, Colonel Moore, who had only about one hundred of his one thousand Indians remaining with him returned by water to Charleston.

Not long after, in 1715 an Indian war burst out in South Carolina, an Indian Confederacy of all the tribes from the Cape Fear to Florida having been formed for the extermination of the whites in that province, doubtless by instigation of the Spanish. In this war, our former allies, the Yemassees were the most conspicuous tribe. Gov. Eden, who had then arrived, promptly called out our militia and sent both horse and foot under the command of Colonel Maurice Moore, to the aid of South Carolina, where they rendered efficient service.

The Matchapungoes and Cores in Hyde, hearing of the

South Carolina troubles and the march of our troops again broke out and murdered several whites at the more distant and unprotected settlements but they were promptly punished and suppressed. King Blunt and his faithful Indians were removed and settled on a beautiful reservation in Bertie county, known to this day as the *Indian Woods.* Later these Indians also joined their brethren of the Six Nations in New York, though the Indian title was not extinguished till a centnry later. A descendant of King Blunt having married into the royal Hawaian family the last sovereigns of Hawaii were lineal descendants of our North Carolina Indian chief.

Col. Louis Michel was the ancestor of the well known New Bern family which now spells its name Mitchell. Chief Justice Gale numbers among his descendants the Little family of Raleigh. Gov. Pollock's descendants are, many of them, buried in the cemetery at Raleigh, and among his living representatives is the Devereux family of this city

Space has not been given to the horrifying details of brutality perpetrated in the great Indian massacre. They can be gathered from the details given of savage outrages in other wars. The massacre of 22 Sept. 1711 was well planned, and embraced all the inhabited parts of the province except the more thickly settled portions north of the Albemarle. Had the Five Nations joined their Tuscarora brethren, as was twice imminent, the total destruction of the colony was within the bounds of probability. From this we were saved first by the efforts of Gov. Pollock and later by the victory at *Nahucke*·

THE END.

Battles of Revolution Fought in North Carolina.

Moores Creek Bridge,	Feb'y 27th, 1776
Ramsour's Mill,	June 20th, 1780
Pacolet River,	July 14th, 1780
Earles Ford,	July 18th, 1780
Cane Creek,	Sept. 12th, 1780
Wahab's Plantation	Sept. 21st, 1780
Charlotte	Sept. 26th, 1780
Wilmington,	Feb'y 1st, 1781
Cowans Ford,	Feb'y 1st, 1781
Torrence Tavern,	Feb'y 1st, 1781
Shallow Ford	Feb'y 6th, 1781
Bruce's Cross Roads,	Feb'y 12th, 1781
Haw River,	Feb'y 25th, 1781
Clapp's Mill	March 2nd, 1781
Whitsell's Mill,	March 6th, 1781
Guilford Court House,	March 15th, 1781
Hillsboro,	April 25th, 1781
Hillsboro,	Sept. 13th, 1781
Sudleys Mill, (Cane Creek,)	Sept. 13th, 1781

August 1902

The North Carolina Booklet.

Vol II No 4

GREAT EVENTS IN.....
NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY.

Moravian Settlement in North Carolina.

—BY—
Rev. J. H. CLEWELL.

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Moravian Settlement in North Carolina.

BY

J. H. CLEWELL.

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CAPITAL PRINTING COMPANY.
1902.

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

INTRODUCTION.

The literature concerning the Moravian Church in general is so extensive that it forms a library in itself. The information concerning the Moravian Church in North Carolina is contained in thousands of pages of valuable manuscripts preserved in two rooms of the Historical Building in Salem, N. C. These manuscripts, covering one hundred and fifty years, are of the utmost importance to the historian of North Carolina. Our story embraces the memorable visits of Governor Tryon to Wachovia in 1767 and 1771. Every story must have an introduction and a conclusion. We preface the narrative by a few items in regard to the Moravian Church in general, and we will conclude our monograph with a rapid glance at a few of the events in the subsequent development of this important colony in Western Carolina. For general and detailed information see "History of the Moravian Church," Hamilton, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. For a full account of one hundred and fifty years in our own State see "History of Wachovia in North Carolina," Clewell, Winston-Salem, North Carolina, 365 pp., 32 maps and illustrations.

THE MORAVIAN CHURCH.

The Moravian Church is well known, and little known. Both statements are true. On the one hand to the student of church history the work of four and a half centuries, with the bright lights of noble work, and the dark shadows of persecutions, forms a grand picture. On the other hand there are many who scarcely know the name of the church. In what we say we will assume that to the general reader the facts of the Moravian Church history are not well known.

In the year 1415 the great reformer, John Huss, was burned at the stake. From the ranks of his followers came the little band which, in 1457 organized the "Unitas Fratrum, or "Unity of Brethren." The Moravian Church is thus the oldest Protestant denomination. The purity of their doctrine, the godliness of their lives, and the energy of their work caused the denomination to spread rapidly, in Bohemia and Moravia. From the latter country has come the name "Moravian Church," though the official name of the denomination is "Unitas Fratrum." Hundreds of churches were established, thousands of members were received from the high and the low of the land, and with the membership made up of learned professors in the Universities, the nobility and the wealthy, as well as those from the more humble walks of life, the Unitas Fratrum caused beautiful Moravia and Bohemia to flourish as it has never

done since the destruction of the church organization by persecution.

Then came the thirty years' war. General history relates how the cruel and bigoted Ferdinand crushed out the Protestant church of the Unitas Fratrum with fire and sword, with torture and persecution, by banishment and by death; the Bohemian-Moravian branch of the Unitas Fratrum suffered, till in 1627 its church of one hundred and fifty thousand souls ceased to exist as an organization. No more thrilling and terrible page of history exists than that which covers these years of sorrow and suffering.

We will not follow the weary years of the church in exile. The sorrowful life of the great Moravian Bishop, John Amos Comenius, will serve as a type of the church in these years. Bishop Comenius prophesied that the Moravian Church would not only be re-organized, but that it would be restored to its home land; the former prophecy was realized in 1727; the latter is being realized in a remarkable manner in our own day. The bishops carefully preserved and perpetuated the Episcopal succession, which through the Waldenses comes to the present day in unbroken succession from the apostles. In 1727 the church was renewed on the estates of the good Count Zinzendorf, in Saxony and the prophecy of many aged fathers of the denomination was fulfilled.

The membership of the renewed Moravian Church realized that the wonderful preservation carried with it the obligation to do some special work, and following the leading of Providence they entered upon the two great spheres of missionary effort and of education. In these the church

is best known in our day and time. So widespread around the world are its mission fields that it can be said of them, as it is said of the British flag, the sun never sets upon them. Its schools too are found in many parts of the world, and they always enjoy the confidence of the sections in which they are located.

THE MORAVIANS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

In the year 1752 a large tract of land was purchased in what is now Forsyth county. This tract was about fifteen miles long, and ten miles wide. It contained nearly one hundred thousand acres. The object of the purchase was to provide a home free from the persecutions which they experienced in some of the European lands. In addition to this they wished to establish a strong and prosperous colony from which enlarged missionary efforts could be made.

Full and complete records of the events that followed were made, and this history is preserved in the Archive House in Salem. Each event in itself furnishes material sufficient for the pen of the historian or novelist. The good Spangenberg and his surveying party nearly lost their lives in the mountain wilds north of the present towns of Morganton and Hickory; the first company of a dozen or more settlers journeyed laboriously through the forests of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, to their new North Carolina home. The first year was one of labor and toil with exposure, hardships and dangers. There were able men in the party, men who became known to the scattered settlers all about them as persons skilled in medicine, able in fi-

nancial matters, thrifty in the trades, and true and honest in their dealings. The best leaders in the Moravian Church at large were interested, and came to visit them, and advise with the little colony. Spangenberg, the wise theological writer, Boehler, (the spiritual friend of Wesley) Zeisberger, known as the apostle to the Indians, and many others.

The colony grew and prospered. Bethabara, established in 1753, was the first village, and is six miles north of the present Winston-Salem. A few years later (1759) Bethania was begun three miles northwest of the first settlement. Both of these were intended to be only villages. In 1766 the central town, Salem, was laid out, and more pretentious buildings erected. The administration officers were taken thither. The trades were varied and flourished. Within a few years a dozen or more enterprises were established which could not be called "factories" in the modern sense of the term, yet the amount of manufactured goods turned out by these "trades" brought customers from a distance of a hundred miles and more in every direction, and had wagon trains traveling to Charleston, S. C., and other towns.

The most trying event of the early years was the French and Indian war. A fort was erected at Bethabara, and many refugees from near and far fled to this fort after their homes had been destroyed, and many who were endangered came thither for protection. The yellow, musty manuscripts in the Archive House in Salem contain hundreds of pages describing the years 1753 to 1763, and if a future writer of "Indian Stories" arises within the Old North State and desires to use home material, he will find all that

can be desired in these same manuscripts. There are stories of sufferings and tortures; of terrors and horrors; of hair breadth escapes and merciless massacres; of men attending divine service with a trusty rifle upon the knee, ready for instant defence; of women and children wandering by night hither and thither through the forests, alarmed by the cry of the panther, but dreading the wild beast less than the merciless red man.

The days of the Indian war came to an end. The farming operations were enlarged, the old industries were strengthened and new trades started. The wagons of the Moravian colony went back and forth between Charleston, Cross Creek, Newbern and Hillsboro. It is not possible to give the number of inhabitants residing within the tract of Wachovia at the close of the Indian war, but it was doubtless five hundred or more.

TRYON'S FIRST VISIT, 1767.

Governor Tryon is a unique character in North Carolina history. His predecessor, Governor Dobbs, died in 1765. Tryon had been acting as Lieutenant-Governor before the death of Governor Dobbs. He was really a "royal Governor," for he established a miniature court where the elegance of the English court was imitated, and many of the evils. The ladies of the Governor's household were cultured, refined and popular, and they fascinated the lawgivers and legislators by the very atmosphere of the place, and this, more than anything else caused the wishes of the Governor to be carried out, often not wisely. To build his "man-

sion " and carry out his " court " plans, heavy taxes were imposed, and what was worse, every petty official copied the abuses of his royal master. A protest arose throughout the land, and gradually assumed the shape of the rebellion of the Regulators.

On the other hand Tryon was possessed of many qualities which endeared him to his people, and called forth their admiration. He was a brave man and a true soldier. He was genial and refined, though we know he could be cruel and relentless. Altogether he was possessed of such contradictory characteristics that the pleasant picture which appeared on the occasion of his visits to Wachovia was a natural result of one side of his nature, and the cruelty of the Hillsboro executions brought out the other side.

Naturally Governor Tryon desired to see this well-known and prosperous colony in Wachovia, and in 1767 news was received in Bethabara, (then the largest village) that he would visit them Friday, September 18. The roads over which he would pass had been repaired, and a carefully arranged plan was devised, with a view to make his stay as pleasant as possible. The Governor had with him Mrs. Tryon, the Counsellor, McKellock, three colonels, Fanning, Frohok and Banton, the Episcopal minister Micklejohn, from Hillsboro, and others. As the party drove into town they were greeted with music, for the village already boasted of its carefully drilled band.

The diary gives a detailed account of the manner in which the four days were spent, and the elaborate plan of entertainment challenges our admiration. A town or village of the present day would with difficulty surpass the

Moravians of ante-revolution days in according honors to the Chief Executive of the State.

A dinner was served in the public hall, after which the Governor in company with a number of gentlemen of the place, took a walk through the village, inspecting the various industries. He also examined the Constitution which governed the colony, and expressed himself as greatly pleased.

On the succeeding day Governor Tryon went to Bethania, three miles distant, and to Salem, six miles from Bethabara. He visited the large mill which was so important during the revolution; he rode across the great meadow and inspected the fields and orchards; finally he expressed his satisfaction by saying to the people that the colony had assumed such a degree of prosperity and importance that he recommended that they send a representative to the legislature to guard their interests in that body.

A number of books bearing upon the history of the church in various parts of the world were presented to the Governor and his good wife. Among them was a copy of the act of Parliament of England which acknowledged the Unitas Fratrum as an ancient Episcopal Church.

In order that the reader may have a glimpse of the delightful cordiality which existed between the visitors and the people of Wachovia, we give the following brief extract from the diary. This will show how carefully the entertainment was provided, and how cordially the visitors responded. We quote from "history of Wachovia in North Carolina" pp. 100, 101, which is an extract from the original diary:—

"Sunday, Sept. 20, 1767.—The Episcopal minister from Hillsboro preached from Hag. 2:6. The sermon of the Moravian minister was based on Gal. 5. The Episcopal minister then baptized the children of a number of members of his church who lived in the neighborhood of Wachovia. We had arranged for a quiet afternoon for our visitors, but Mrs. Tryon expressed a desire to play upon the organ, and as she played a uumber of the girls sang. This pleased her. She made the reqùest of Graff to perform on the organ, and he did so. By this time the Governor became interested in the music, and came to the meeting hall from his room. An hour was pleasantly passed in this way. From the meeting hall Mrs. Tryon visited the room which specially belongs to the older girls, and she requested them to sing for her as they had done during the afternoon. While thus engaged, supper was announced, and the visitors seemed loath to have the little gathering broken up. Supper being over, a visit was paid to the home of the single men, (one of the largest and most important buildings in the village.) At the usual hour the Sabbath evening service was held, a portion of the exercises consisting of responsive singing. Governor and Mrs. Tryon were present, and manifested a devout interest, being specially pleased with the antiphonal singing. After the service Mrs. Tryon was presented with a copy of the 'Berlin Sermons,' preached by Count Zinzendorf. When the friends had gone to their rooms for the night, a number of the musicians gathered in front of the house and discoursed music as a pleasant way to express our 'good night.'"

As a result of this visit a large lot of goods were sent

from the shops and stores of Wachovia, to Brunswick on the Cape Fear. These goods had been ordered by the Governor. When the wagons arrived at their destination below Wilmington, the Governor was absent. His representatives were evidently neither fair nor liberal in their dealings with the men from the western part of the State. As a result, the effort to establish a trade with Brunswick and the lower Cape Fear section was not a success, and the trade of Wachovia was diverted to Charleston, S. C., and to Cross Creek, and other North Carolina towns.

We pass over the history of the intervening years between 1767 and 1771. The opposition of Tryon's minions galled the people beyond endurance. The discontent began to crystallize. Enemies came together and formed groups. These groups came together and finally assumed the shadow of general organization. The object was the regulation of affairs so as to restore justice and to destroy oppression. Hence the members received the well known name of "Regulators." Little is known of these organized companies. It is probable that the first step was the gathering together into bands of those who were under the ban of the law. To these were added later those who suffered unjustly from oppressions, and still later many men from the masses joined the Regulators.

The difficulty was the absence of wise organization, and the presence of vicious influences. The culminating act of folly was the selection of a miserable leader, one Herman Husbands by name. When he became the head of the organization it was at once lowered to the standard of mob rule, and the logical result of all their efforts was naked

anarchy. Had the Regulators been successful in defying Governor Tryon, the state of the country under Regulator rule would have been worse than under the oppression of Tryon. It is not our object to discuss the Regulators, but to understand the position taken by the Moravians the above statement is necessary. Some have described the Regulators as American patriots. This is an error. Many good men were in their ranks; they were opposing injustice and oppression; but they were using means which were worse than the evils they sought to cure. The patriots of the eastern part of the State repudiated them, many in the western part were opposed to them, and as their errors became more and more apparent, the Moravians of Wachovia firmly refused to espouse their cause. They were always treated kindly by the people of Wachovia, but they could not unite with them.

Passing over the intervening developments we find the forces of Governor Tryon in battle array over against the forces of the Regulators, at Alamance, some distance from the present site of Greensboro, and perhaps fifty miles from Wachovia. The story of this battle is to say the least "hazy." Tryon's official reports were garbled to gain certain ends, and to try to justify certain unjustifiable deeds. The traditions which have been preserved are, like all traditions, unreliable.

The straightforward record of this event, contained in the Moravian archives is of the highest value, since the writer made his record on the very days that the events took place; he was free from bias, was the enemy of neither the Regulators nor of Governor Tryon, and yet received

full accounts from the participants on both sides. Hence the account alluded to should play an important part in deciding the disputed points connected with the battle of Alamance, and the events which followed.

While the stories told by the refugees are most interesting and thrilling, we must pass them by with a brief mention, in order that we may come to the visit of Tryon. The battle was fought. Governor Tryon had troops well armed, well drilled, and he was an able leader. The band of Regulators over against him were unorganized, many were without arms, and though some fought bravely, many of them seemed to consider the entire situation as an interesting scene to study, rather than the eve of a battle. Thus they confronted each other at Alamance. At the sound of the artillery many fled or were shot down. Of course they could not successfully resist Tryon and his well drilled army. The latter drove them into the woods, then set fire to the leaves and undergrowth, and cruelly burned to death the poor wounded men. Some of the captives were executed at once, others were put in irons and carried with the Governor to Wachovia, whither he marched to hold a form of "court," and to receive the defeated Regulators. As he journeyed towards Salem he wreaked his vengeance by utterly destroying the houses and farms of the deluded Regulators.

In the meantime strange scenes were transpiring in Wachovia. Herman Husbands, the leader of the Regulators, deserted his people early in the battle. In person he went to Wachovia, and begged Dr. Bonn to go to the place where some of the wounded had been taken, in order to minister

to their needs. This of course could not be done. They did not know their visitor. Still the report was later circulated that he had been assisted in Wachovia, and it was proposed to send a division of cavalry from the camp of the Governor and utterly destroy the colony. Fortunately Tryon's visit in 1767 had made him acquainted with the people, and he advised against the hasty destruction of Wachovia. The Governor later expressed his great gratification at having suppressed the hot headed plan of destruction.

It is a thrilling account of fleeing men, terrorized by the dangers which surrounded them, and again the modern writer can find new and fresh material of unquestioned veracity, but which has been buried, lo, these many years. We pass these by, and find Governor Tryon again in Wachovia.

TRYON'S SECOND VISIT TO WACHOVIA, JUNE 4-9, 1771.

The second visit was different from the first. On the latter occasion he was surrounded by one hundred officers and officials, the leading men of the State. He had with him three thousand soldiers, who encamped near Bethabara, and satisfied their hunger with the ample provisions to be found in Wachovia. He also had a company of miserable prisoners chained together, two and two, who were confined in the large Bethabara barn, temporarily used as a prison.

Here the Governor set up his court. The proclamation granting conditional pardon to the defeated Regulators, is

still to be seen in the Salem Historical rooms. It has attached to it a great seal, as large as a small saucer. The Regulators came and took the oath. Some the Governor refused to pardon till they had been subjected to the later court martial. Three or four days were occupied in this way. The Wachovia records show that the period between the battle of Alamance and the executions at Hillsboro centered in Wachovia. The general history of the State has entirely lost sight of this important time and place, when the large body of Regulators met the Governor, took the oath and were pardoned. This again is an important link in history, which the old archives offer to the North Carolina historian.

Aside from the troubled nature of the visit, Tryon was happy to renew his friendship with the Moravians. He recognized their clear cut principle of obeying the existing powers, and by virtue of this friendship the Moravians were able to secure the release of some of the prisoners who would otherwise have been taken to Hillsboro in chains.

Again we will quote from the original diary to bring as vividly as possible before the reader one of the characteristics of the visit. "History of Wachovia in North Carolina," pp. 114–117.

"June 6, 1771.—We had a conference early this morning in order to discuss the question of sending a formal address to the Governor, to express our submission to the existing government, and we felt that the occasion of the King's birthday would be a fitting time. The Governor had not required us to take the oath of allegiance. Having decided to send the address, we consulted the Secreta-

ry, Mr. Edwards, and he referred the matter to the Governor. The latter was much pleased with the idea, and appointed as the time the close of the review of the troops.

"The celebration of the King's birthday was after the following manner :—

"At ten o'clock in the morning all the troops came out of their camp by companies. Our musicians furnished the music for the review. The soldiers marched to the field beyond the barn. The army was drilled for several hours, and the manoeuvres of the battle of Alamance were repeated. Volley after volley was fired, both from the musketry and the artillery until the houses in the village trembled and shook. This display of an army of 3,000 men, under the command of selected officers, was a grand and imposing sight. At two o'clock the manoeuvres were finished and the army marched back to its quarters.

"Meanwhile the Governor's tent had been erected in the public square. After returning from the drill ground he entered his tent with a number of his more distinguished officers. Then Marshall, Graff, Utley, and Bagge were received in the tent by the Governor and his staff, and Marshall read the formal address. At the mention of 'His Majesty, or 'His Excellency' they made a low obeisance.

"*To His Excellency, William Tryon, Esq., Captain General and Governor-in-Chief in and over the Province of North Carolina.*

"May it please your Excellency.

"Upon this most solemn occasion the celebration of the birthday of our most gracious King, the United Brethren in Wachovia inviolably attached to his Majesty's Govern-

ment, esteem themselves particularly favored by the presence of this representative of the Province in the person of your Excellency. With hearts full of the warmest sentiments of allegiance give us, leave, Sir, to lay before your Excellency our most fervent wishes to the Lord, by whom Princes rule, to pour down His choicest blessings upon the sacred person of our Sovereign, King George III and all his Royal Family, and to establish his kingdom to the latest posterity over the British Empire.

" 'May the troubles which have of late unhappily torn this Province, be the last that shall ever give uneasiness to the paternal breast of the best of Princes, and may this very day be the blessed period from which this Province shall date her future happiness through the good success of your Excellency's measures, as well as in the reward of the dangers your precious life was eminently exposed to in his Majesty's service. The kind protection this settlement has enjoyed during your Excellency's administration will ever leave the deepest impression of gratitude in the minds of the thankful people and combine their prayers with all well wishers of this Province for your Excellency's prosperity in your future government.'

" After this address had been communicated the Governor graciously read his answer, and then handed it to Marshall.

" '*To the Ministers and Congregations of the United Brethren:*

" 'GENTLEMEN:—I return thanks for your loyal and dutiful address. I have already had the pleasure to acquaint his Majesty of the zeal and attachment which his subjects

of Wachovia have on all occasions shown to his government and the laws of this Province.

"'I am obliged to you for your congratulations on the success with which it has pleased Almighty God to bless the army under my command, and cordially wish with you that it may lay the foundation of peace and stability of this country.

"'Your affectionate regard for my particular welfare I gratefully receive.

WM. TRYON.

Moravian Campe,
Bethabara, June 6, 1771.'

During the reading of these papers it was noticed that there was special attention and a sympathetic feeling displayed by the Governor. This was spoken of by officers later. The four who presented the address to the Governor were invited to dine with him, and all accepted the invitation except Utley, who was unable to remain. There were several toasts during the dinner, and to each of the toasts the response was a loud :—

"'Hurrah! Hurrah!'

Our musicians furnished music while the dinner was in progress. The last toast was

"'For the prosperity of the United Brethren in Wachovia!'

"The Governor was specially gracious to Marshall and placed him at his right hand during the meal. Next to Marshall sat Graff.

"The remainder of the day was spent in a happy and cheerful manner. As soon as it was dark there was a dis-

play of fireworks in front of the Governor's tent by order of his Excellency, and the homes around the square were brilliantly illuminated."

The Governor seemed loath to leave these friends, his servant declaring that it was as if the Governor were leaving home. But he did leave, with his army, and with his poor prisoners, and at Hillsboro his severity was such that the executions brought upon him the hatred and condemnation of the people of the State. Still we must admit that aside from the crimes and wrongs described, he was an able soldier and leader, and a polished gentleman with magnetic powers.

The history of Wachovia continued to develop in interest. There was not a movement of importance in the Southern campaign of the war of the American revolution but that Wachovia was directly or indirectly associated with it. The diaries are again filled with matters of thrilling interest. It is probable that a thousand or more people lived in Wachovia at that time.

Then came the close of the century, with unusual zeal and energy abroad. A notable event was the founding of

SALEM ACADEMY AND COLLEGE,

the famous school for girls and young women, known all over the United States, and which has educated ten thousand and more pupils.

Missionary work engaged the attention of the people, and trades and industries increased.

In the dark days of the civil war the Moravians sent

many soldiers to the front, and they were among the bravest of the brave North Carolina men.

Then came the advent of the new era. Winston, the twin sister of old Salem was founded, grew and flourished. The two towns, divided only by a street, have joined hands, and have formed the Twin City, with its 15,000 to 20,000 inhabitants. The county of Forsyth, somewhat larger than the original Wachovia, and embracing it, now has taxable property listed at $10,000 000.

The growth of the religious work in Wachovia has been such that the congregations now number between five and six thousand members, and the Sunday-schools have a list of more than four thousand children. The Moravian church is only one of the many churches on the original sight of Wachovia, but in many respects it stands in a unique position. While its past history is great and beautiful, its present work is just as interesting, and we close this sketch with the closing words of "History of Wachovia."

" The past is sometimes emphasized at the expense of the present. This is an error. The true student will find that the day of enlarged work for the Master is now dawning for the Moravian Church of Wachovia. Its pure doctrine, its beautiful customs, its inspiring history, its successes in the past and in the present, its consecrated ministry, its devoted membership; all these things point forward to a bright and successful future which will not only bring bright jewels of success to the church here on earth, but will gain for it the smile of approval of the King of Kings and the Lord of Lords."

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Mrs E E Moffett

The North Carolina Booklet.

Vol II Sept 1902 No 5

GREAT EVENTS IN.....
NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY.

WHIGS AND TORIES.

Sept 1902

—BY—
PROF. W. C. ALLEN.

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WHIGS AND TORIES.

BY

PROF. W. C. ALLEN.

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1902.

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

These names were first used in England as terms of reproach. *Whig*, a good Scotch word, means a sour drink prepared from milk. In 1648 it was applied to the Covenanters of the south-west of Scotland on account of their sourness of features and demeanor. Afterwards the name was given to all who opposed the policy of the reigning house of Stuart. In 1680, it became the name of a great political party that endeavored to defeat the succession of a Roman Catholic prince to the English throne. Later, it became the party of the people in their struggle against the "Divine right" of kings.

Tory, on the other hand, is Irish origin. It is derived from the Celtic term *tora* or *toree*, which means "stand and deliver." It was applied first to those bands of outlaws that infested Ireland for some years after the rebellion in that country; was stamped out by Cromwell in 1650. Later, the name was given to the Roman Catholics in both England and Ireland, who supported the claims of James, Duke of York, to the throne of England. After a time it came to be the name of a powerful political organization which sustained the king in that irrepressible conflict in which the revolution of 1688 was one battle and that of 1775 another.

By a slight process of imagination one can readily discern the significance of those historical names. The Whigs, kept away from the counter of royal patronage,

had, in the opinion of their opponents, become soured; while the Tories, the tax assessors and collectors, could force the people to "stand and deliver" their goods at will. It is perfectly legitimate to conclude that these counter opinions formed the basis of that great struggle which began in England, and, after raging there for a hundred years, leaped the ocean and reached a conclusion on the shores of the New World.

In America this strife raged with all the bitterness of partisan rancor; and nowhere, perhaps, was it more intense than in North Carolina. Here, party spirit ran high, bringing about personal conflicts between neighbors, in which, later in the struggle, no quarter was asked or given.

The beginning of this strife in North Carolina may be placed at the time when the British ministry began to tax the colonies. Opposition to the Stamp Act in 1765 grew into the rising of the Regulators in 1771, reached high-water mark in the resolves of 1774, and became a revolution in 1775. This last fact was peculiar only to North Carolina, for in all other States the opposition to England was in the nature of a rebellion until the 4th of July, 1776. Until that time all of them claimed to be loyal subjects of the king, fighting for their rights as Englishmen under the English constitution.

North Carolina, however, boldly proclaimed, in 1775, that the American States had out-grown their English clothes, and that American liberty demanded an American government. With that understanding North Carolina sent her soldiers to the field, and maintained them until

victory and independence were achieved. That was not a rebellion. It was a revolution.

As to the number of Tories in North Carolina during the time of the revolution, there can, of course, be no accurate estimate given. It can be stated with accuracy that a large majority of the people of the State in 1776 were revolutionists. There were, however, a large minority that favored the rule of the king. These did all they could to uphold the waning power of royalty, but did not have the grace to yield when they saw the majority was against them. Hence the hated name of Tory. They were active in most parts of the State, and in some places out numbered the Whigs. "There were," however, "no Tories in Bute." Nor in Rocky River settlement in Cabarrus, and very few in Mecklenburg, Halifax and the Chowan country. No Tories were allowed to live in the Watauga settlement in what is now East Tennessee. They flourished in Cumberland, Bladen, Chatham, Orange, and the counties at the foot of the Blue Ridge. The number that were in arms against their country at different times may be roughly given at twelve thousand. North Carolina sent to the patriot army twenty-two thousand men.

In this estimate, North Carolina does not make a worse showing than other States. New York and New England were cursed by Tory influence; Georgia and South Carolina were throttled by their power; Virginia and Maryland struggled with them as with a night-mare; and Washington's army around Philadelphia in 1777–'78 came near starving because the Tory farmers of Pennsylvania refused to sell them supplies. It is, therefore, seen that the struggle

was a gigantic one, two-thirds of America being pitted against the other third with the whole power of the British government to strengthen and encourage the one and to weaken and destroy the other. No wonder the Whigs believed that Providence was on their side. Certainly this time he was not on the side of the heaviest battalions.

CAMPAIGN OF 1775-'76.

Three desperate attempts were made by the British to conquor North Carolina, each one resulting in failure. The first one was in accordance with a deep laid scheme concocted by John Stuart, the British agent among the Cherokees of Western North Carolina, and approved by Lord George Germaine, British Secretary of War for the colonies. It was a far-reaching scheme worthy of greater genius than Stuart afterwords displayed. The failure was no fault of the schemer.

Briefly stated the plan was this: Sir Henry Clinton with a British fleet and army was to appear, about the first of March, 1776, at the mouth of the Cape Fear river. The Tories of the State were to embody and march to the Cape Fear to join him. The Cherokees and Chickamaugas were to take the war-path, destroy the western settlements, and pour over the mountains to meet the British and Tories in their grand march of triumph from the seaboard. Thus the Whigs would be crushed in the mighty coils of the anaconda which John Stuart had made.

It was a magnificent scheme, and its execution was attempted with enterprise. Clinton cast anchor in the Cape

Fear about the last of February. He issued a proclamation of pardon to all North Carolinians, except Cornelius Harnett and Robert Howe, if they would take the oath of allegiance to king George. Howe and Harnett had sinned too grievously to secure pardon from this haughty Briton. The Tories assembled and began their "march to the sea" about the same time. West of the Blue Ridge the Indians fell upon the white settlements and spread terror before them.

At each point, however, the Whigs were completely victorious, and the stratagems of the schemer came to naught. The activity of the patriots during this trying time served them in good stead.

About the first of February, 1776, Donald McDonald, of Cumberland county, who had been commissioned by the British government to mobolize the Tories, erected the royal standard at Cross Creek, and invited all loyal subjects of the king to join him. McDonald was a Scotch Highlander, who had supported the claims of the young Pretender to the throne of England, and had afterwards sworn allegiance to king George. Some years before this time, he had come with a large Scotch colony to North Carolina and settled along the banks of the Cape Fear. He, with all his clansmen, were Tories, and a very respectable body of them they made. Because of their character for honesty and thrift they were afterwords treated with a great deal of consideration by the victorious Whigs.

The Highlanders obeyed the call of their leader and flocked to his standard. Tories from Orange, Chatham, Guilford, and Wilkes, also came in large numbers. By the

middle of February about two thousand had assembled with their broad swords. Amid pibroches and shouts of "long live king George," they began their march to the seaboard.

In the meantime the Whigs were not idle. Colonel James Moore, with a regiment of North Carolina continental troops and the Cumberland county militia, was watching the movements of the Tories. He had posted himself on Rocky River, where he supposed the Tories would pass, and fortified his position. Colonels Caswell and Lillington had assembled the militia of Craven and New Hanover counties and taken position at Moore's Creek. They were determined to prevent the junction of the British and Tories.

McDonald sent Moore a summons to surrender, which was politely declined. Instead of marching against Moore, however, the Tories left him on their right and hurried on toward Wilmington. They were surprised, on reaching the bridge at Moore's Creek, to find it torn up and the Whigs in considerable number posted on the other side. But this was the way to Wilmington and they must cross.

"Lay down your arms and ask pardon of king George," was the haughty summons of the Tory leader to Colonel Caswell; but that patriot refused and declared that he would dispute every inch of the ground. McDonald was wroth and prepared to attack the Whigs next day.

Early on the morning of February 27, the Tories advanced to the creek and began to cross. In tearing up the bridge the Whigs had removed the planks and left the girders which stretched from bank to bank. Upon these

the Tories began to make their way over. Caswell and the Whigs opened upon the first comers a destructive fire. McLeod and Campbell, who were leading the attack, were shot down before gaining the level land of the other side. The men who followed them were either shot down or taken prisoners. No one could stand the murderous fire of the Whigs.

Seeing the disaster of their comrades the Tories on the other side began to hesitate. Caswell saw this, and ordered the Whigs to make a counter charge across the creek. This was done with bravery and dispatch. The Tories were seized with panic and began to flee. In their flight they threw away their arms in a vain attempt to get out of the presence of the Whigs. The patriots pursued and killed hundreds of them in the woods and swamps. Eight hundred prisoners were taken, among them Donald McDonald, Allan McDonald, husband of the celebrated Flora McDonald, and others of note. Fifteen hundred stands of arms fell into the hands of the conquerors. The Whigs lost but one man.

This was a great and glorious victory. The Tories that escaped fled to their homes and remained inactive for some years. Clinton was effectually baffled; and, after remaining in the Cape Fear until the last of May, during which time he ingloriously burned Gen. Robert Howe's home in Brumswick county, he weighed anchor and sailed to Charleston S. C., where he was again baffled.

Thus was North Carolina saved from British invasion that year.

Across the mountains, the Indians were endeavoring to

carry out their part of the programme. Oconostata, the famous chief of the Cherokees and Dragging Canoe, the cruel Sachem of the Chickamaugas, marshalled their braves and fell upon the settlements of Watauga with all the horrors of Indian cruelty. The back-woods men, however, gathered themselves together, and, under the leadership of Sevier, Shelby, and Robertson met the Indians in a desperate encounter and routed them with tremendous loss. About the same time General Rutherford was sent over the mountains with eight hundred men to the assistance of the Watauga patriots. He descended upon the hunting grounds of the red men, laid waste their country with fire and sword, and chased the worriors to the mountain fastnesses. In his humiliation and distress Oconostata asked for peace and a generous foe granted it.

Thus was the great anaconda scotched, but not killed. By the enterprise and bravery of the Whigs the plan was every where frustrated, and John Stuart was put to his wits to formulate another.

During this time numerous collisions took place between the patriots and the Tories in different parts of the State, in consequence of the latter's attempt to embody and join the British. In Rowan the Whigs organized early in 1775, and appointed committees to watch suspected Tories and report any doubtful maneuvers of theirs to the Committee of Safety. All persons suspected of friendly feelings toward the king were arrested, brought before the Committee, and made to swear allegiance to the State of North Carolina and to the congress of the colonies.

In the forks of the Yadkin, then a part of Rowan, the

Whigs and Tories were very nearly evenly matched. A military company had been in existence there for some years with Samuel Bryan as Captain and Richmond Pearson as lieutenant. Bryan was a Tory and Pearson a Whig. After the beginning of the war there was friction in this company. The Whigs wanted the company to volunteer for the service of their country. The Tory members opposed the proposition. A difficulty arose between Bryan and Pearson which threatened to come to blows. Bryan ordered Pearson under arrest, but this was resisted by the Whigs. It looked for a time as if the guns of the company would be turned upon one another. Finally it was agreed that Pearson and Bryan, on a day fixed, should settle the matter by a fair fist fight, and who ever was victorious to him the company should yield obedience. The parties met at the time and place appointed, and the lieutenant was the victor. Thus the company was saved to the side of the Whigs, while Bryan went farther up the river and raised another company of Tories. This incident shows what trivial circumstances sometimes influenced sentiment in in those days.

In the North-western counties of the State, Stokes, Surry, Wilkes, and Watauga, a most cruel partisan warfare was raging. The Tories seemed determined to force those counties to remain faithful to the king, while the Whigs, led by Colonels Benj. Cleveland, Joseph Winston, William Lenoir, James and John Martin, and Joseph Williams, were equally bold in their determination to put down the Tory influence. The conflict was a long and bloody one, and finally resulted in the expulsion of the greater part of the

Tories, who fled to the Indians of East Tennessee or to the British in South Carolina.

The real hero of all the North-western counties was Col. Benj. Cleveland, who lived in Wilkes county. He hated the very name of Tory and couldn't bear the sight of one. He met them in many conflicts, and would rarely ever allow his men to take any prisoners. Whenever a prisoner was brought before him he would order him hanged, for he looked upon the Tories as murderers and incendiaries.

On one occasion Colonel Cleveland went alone to New River on a matter of personal business, and was there taken prisoner by a band of Tories. They took him to the woods and ordered him to write passes through his lines for them. Cleveland was an indifferent pensman, but he pretended to be complying with the order. He felt sure that they were going to hang him, but he meant to delay that as long as possible. So he fumbled with his pen for a good while anxiously hoping that some of his men would come upon the scene. Sure enough Capt. Robert Cleveland, his brother, with a body of Whigs, came dashing upon them. Colonel Cleveland slid down behind the log he was using as a writing desk to escape the bullets that began to fly, and the Tories fled. Some weeks after that, in a skirmish, Cleveland captured the same band that had captured him. Forthwith he had their leaders hanged. This occurred near Wilkesboro.

On another occasion a notorious Tory assassin was captured and brought before Cleveland. The criminal was promptly sentenced to death. There being some delay in leading the culprit to execution, Cleveland impatiently

said: "Waste no time, swing him off quick." Whereupon the Tory turned coolly upon him and said: "You needn't be in such a d——d hurry about it, Colonel."

That retort arrested the attention of Cleveland, and he ordered the man released. Then the Tory with much feeling said: "Well old fellow, you have conquered me. Forever after this I'll fight on your side." He kept his word and was afterword one of the heroes of King's Mountains.

So it turned out that the scheme for the conquest of North Carolina, in 1776, failed at every point. The Tories were held in check and the Whigs were triumphant.

CAMPAIGN OF 1779-1780.

For about three years North Carolina virtually had peace within her borders. The war was being fought out in the North. But when Burgoyne was captured at Saratoga, and Clinton beaten at Mammouth, the tide of war began again to roll southward.

Another tremendous scheme for the conquest of North Carolina and the South was formulated. This was more far-reaching than the other, because it contemplated not only North Carolina, but South Carolina and Georgia as well. This time the British were to make a landing in Georgia, capture Savannah, disperse the Whig forces, turn the State government over into the hands of the Tories, march into South Carolina, do the same thing in that State, and then advance into North Carolina. This was to be the first act in the great drama. Meanwhile the Tories were to rise everywhere, and the Indians of the frontier were to begin their work of death and destruction.

The first part of the programme was carried out to the letter. Georgia and South Carolina were quickly overrun by the British and Tories, the patriot forces dispersed, and the King's government re-established. Flushed with victory the British army, about the first of June 1780, advanced toward the North Carolina line. They expected to meet with no resistence, for about fifteen hundred of the North Carolina troops had been captured and held as prisoners at Charleston, and Colonel Buford's command, the last organized Whig force in the South, had been cut to pieces by Tarleton a few days before at Waxhaw. Expecting therefore, an easy victory Tarleton and his dragoons marched toward Charlotte.

At the same time the Tories began to rise. The successes of the British had made them bold. From the counties of the centre and the west they began to march toward the south to meet the oncoming Briton. Camps of rendezvous were stationed at Calson's Mill, Ramseur's Mill, and the forks of the Yadkin, where the loyalists were to assemble. Thousands gathered at those points ready to join the British and bring war and desolation upon their country.

But North Carolina was not crouching at the feet of the conqueror. She had lost, it is true, all of her regular troops at Charleston in May, but the militia was still active and vigilant. General Caswell was in command of the eastern division and General Rutherford of the western. These two officers were efficient in maintaining and recruiting their forces. Besides, there were two officers of the regular army who had escaped the disaster at Charleston.

These were Colonels William R. Davie and William L. Davidson. Davie had been desperately wounded at the battle of Stono and was home on a furlough. Davidson's command was hurrying to the relief of Charleston and failed to reach there in time. These two men thus Providentially saved to the State were towers of strength at this time.

Rutherford, about the first of June, issued a call for all patriots to assemble at Charlotte for the protection of the State. Nine hundred brave men obeyed the call and assembled there on the third of June. Tarleton heard of this and turned back toward Charleston. Rutherford organized the militia into companies of minute men and dismissed them with orders to re-assemble at a minutes notice.

In a few days it was learned that Lord Rawdon, with a large British force, was advancing toward Charlotte, and that the Tories were assembling in large numbers at Ramseur's Mill, Calson's Mill, and the forks of the Yadkin. It was a time of great fear and excitement in the State. To meet this great danger General Rutherford called for the minute men to assemble at McRee's plantation on the 12th of June. Nearly one thousand responded to the call, and these were divided into three corps. Colonel Davie was given the command of the cavalry. The light infantry consisting of three hundred picked men was assigned to Colonel Davidson. General Rutherford assumed immediate command of the remainder. The three commands moved in concert to meet Rawdon. That officer, however, did not accept the challenge, but retreated to Camden to await the coming of Cornwallis.

Rutherford then resolved to attack and disperse the Tories. Accordingly he dispatched Colonel Francis Locke and Major David Wilson with a small force, with instructions to increase it by new levies, to watch the movements of the Tories at Ramseur's, and, if possible, disperse them. These were joined on the way by Colonels Joseph McDowell and Hugh Brevard with small forces. Other recruits were added until the little army amounted to four hundred men.

Colonel John Moore and Major Nicholas Welch, two notorious Tories, had assembled thirteen hundred men at Ramseurs. They were ready to march to the aid of the British whenever they should cross the border.

Locke moved with his force against them, and arrived in sixteen miles of the Tory Camp on the 19th of June. In a council of war held that night it was decided that the Whigs should march during the night and fall upon the Tories at sunrise. This was a bold decision, for it was well known that the Tories outnumbered the patriots three to one. Nothing daunted, however, the brave little band made the attack, and, after a stubborn conflict, routed the Tory regiment and scattered them to the four winds. Colonel Moore with about sixty-five of them found his way to the British camp, but the others were killed, captured, or dispersed beyond the chance of re-assembling. It was a brilliant victory and checked the Tories in that part of the State.

Rutherford, Davie, and Davidson with their commands arrived upon the field about two hours after the battle had ended. They assisted in burying the dead, administering

to the wounded, and securing the prisoners. Then these patriots turned their attention to the other Tory bands that were embodying. Rutherford marched to the Yadkin for the purpose of striking the Tories a blow in that quarter. Colonel Samuel Bryan, however, who was commander of the Tories in that locality, did not wait for Rutherford's approach, but broke up his regiment into small divisions, and in that way escaped to South Carolina.

Davidson marched against the Loyalists at Calson's Mill. He attacked them with enthusiasm and drove them from their position, but received a dangerous wound himself from which he was two months in recovering.

Davie was dispatched to the Waxhaw settlement to intercept Bryan, if possible, and bring him to action. There he learned that about eight hundred North Carolina Tories had joined the British at Hanging Rock, S. C. He joined General Sumter and the two planned for a concerted attack upon that place, which was done with spirit and success. It so happened that, in the battle, Davie's command was pitted against Bryan's, North Carolinians against North Carolinians. Davie charged upon the Tory lines with all the enthusiasm of certain victory. The Loyalists were routed, and driven from the field with tremendous loss. The British regulars, however, stood their ground, and Sumter withdrew his force. Davie then returned to the State with his command flushed with victory.

It had been a short but glorious campaign. The Tories had beed beaten everywhere, and North Carolina seemed safe from British invasion. But an evil day came. General Gates was sent to North Carolina to take charge of the

Southern army. He assumed command about the first of August, and without waiting to discipline the troops or to gain recruits he marched into South Carolina to give battle to Cornwallis. That officer was anxious for a trial of skill with the hero of Saratoga. The two armies met near Camden and a bloody battle was fought, in which Gates was ignominiously defeated and his entire army routed and dispersed. Thus it was that North Carolina a second time lost the flower of her soldiery. Rutherford was captured with a large part of his command, and hundreds of his best men lay dead upon the field; and so the State was again opened to the invasion of the enemy.

Cornwallis remained at Camden until the first of September. He then began to march upon Charlotte. There was no force to oppose him except Colonel Davie's dragoons, who had not been in the battle of Camden. These annoyed the British advance in every possible way. Whenever a British foraging party left the main army, Davie and his dragoons would fall upon them like a thunderbolt and either destroy them or put them to flight. At Charlotte, Davie held the whole British army at bay, and repulsed three attacks. He was however, obliged finally to retreat.

Cornwallis established his headquarters at Charlotte on the 26th of September, and waited to hear the result of the Tory uprising in the western part of the State. Colonel Ferguson with a small force of British regulars had been sent to the foot of the mountains to arouse the Tories and enlist them in the service of England. He advanced to Gilbert Town in Rutherford county and issued a proclamation calling upon the citizens to take the oath of alleg-

iance to England, and to take up arms against their countrymen. About twelve hundred joined him.

Meanwhile the Whigs were not idle. McDowell, Shelby, Sevier, Cleveland, and Campbell gathered their forces together in a great meeting at Sycamore Shoals, and marched through the defiles of the mountains in search of Ferguson. That officer heard of the gathering storm and fled before it. He retreated to Kings Mountain and there fortified himself. The over mountain men followed and attacked him in his stronghold. It was a hotly contested battle, but resulted in the complete success of the Whigs and the utter defeat and destruction of the Tories. Ferguson was killed and his command broken up, all of them being either killed or captured. This was a crushing blow to the Tories, from which they did not recover. They made no further risings in the western counties.

Cornwallis heard of the battle with astonishment. He broke up his camp at Charlotte, and hastily retreated to Winnsboro, S. C. And so North Carolina was again rescued from the clutches of the enemy, and this campaign was at an end.

CAMPAIGN OF 1781.

The last and greatest attempt to conquer the State was made in 1781. In this year two simultaneous invasions were made from different directions, one from South Carolina by the way of Lincoln county under Lord Cornwallis, and the other by the way of the sea under Major Craig. It was about the last of January that Cornwallis came into the State in hot pursuit of General Morgan, who had just won

a glorious victory over Tarleton at the Cowpens. At the same time Major Craig landed a force on the Cape Fear and captured Wilmington. His object was to hold that city as a base of operations whence he would arm the Tories and turn loose the dogs of war upon the fairest portion of the State.

Greene's retreat before Cornwallis from the Catawba to the Dan, while it was a masterly stroke of war, was construed by the Tory sympathizers as being an indication of the waning power of the patriots. The Loyalists, therefore, began to rise in all parts of the State where British influence was felt. When Cornwallis unfurled the standard of the king at Hillsboro in February, hundreds of Tories joined him; and hundreds more collected themselves into companies and regiments ready to join whenever they should be needed. The country between the Yadkin and the Neuse rivers was filled with them.

About four hundred of them assembled in Alamance county under Colonel John Pyle. Cornwallis sent Tarleton into that county with a small force to enroll them and lead them to Hillsboro. Green had sent "Light-Horse Harry Lee" and General Andrew Pickens to the same locality to hold the Tories in subjection. As good luck would have it Lee and Pickens came up with Pyle before Tarleton did. Pyle, not dreaming that any patriots were near, allowed Lee to bring his force up within ten paces of him. Thinking that Lee was Tarleton, the Tory leader was about to make over his command to him, when Lee ordered him to surrender. Instantly Pyle saw his mistake and sounded a retreat, but he was too late. He with ninety of

his men were shot down in less than five minutes, and the rest scattered in every direction. That was the breaking up of Pyle's command, and Tarleton, when he heard of it, hastened back to Hillsboro without his game. Soon after that the battle of Guilford Court House was fought, and Cornwallis was forced to retire to Wilmington, which was in the hands of Craig; and later on to Yorktown.

Major Craig was an energetic but cruel officer. Soon after he reached Wilmington in February, 1781, he invited all Tories to repair to the standard of the king. He threw into prison two distinguished patriots of Wilmington, Cornelius Harnett and General John Ashe, who after lingering for a while died just as the dawn of American independence began to break.

In response to the invitation of Craig, David Fanning, a notorious bandit of Chatham county, went to Wilmington and enlisted in the British service. He was at once appointed Colonel of the loyal militia, given a British uniform, and sent back to the middle section of the State to embody the Tories and terrorize the Whig inhabitants. Just before that time the Whig forces under Colonel Thomas Wade, of Anson, had been defeated by the Scotch Highlanders at Piney Bottom, near Cross Creek. As a consequence the Whigs were drawn out of that part of the State and took refuge in Duplin and Wayne counties.

Fanning became a terror to the Whigs of Chatham and Orange counties. On the 16th of July he rode into Chatham Court House and captured a Court Martial that was in session and hurried them off to Wilmington. His next exploit was an attack upon the house of Colonel Philip

Alston, one of the patriots who had beaten him in some of his expeditions. He succeeded in capturing the house and all the inmates. Later, he totally defeated Colonel Wade and six hundred Whigs at McFall's Mill. In September six hundred Tories under Fanning and McNeil captured Hillsboro, and carried off Governor Burke as a prisoner.

On the next day after the capture of Hillsboro, as the Tories with their booty were making their way to Wilmington, they found a force of three hundred Whigs in their way at Cane Creek. With his usual dash and enterprise Fanning led the attack and soon broke the line of the Whigs. Some of them, however, under Major Robert Mebane stood their ground and beat back every attack of the enemy. Finally, after a hotly contested battle, the Whigs were compelled to retreat and yield the field to the Tories, who continued toward Wilmington.

So far the Tories under Fanning had been entirely successful. The Whigs had been beaten in every conflict. They had been driven from their homes, and many of them were in exile in Sampson, Duplin, and Wayne counties, having gone there from Bladen and Chatham.

About the middle of September, sixty of these exiles in Duplin organized themselves into a company and resolved to return to their homes in Bladen. Colonel Thomas Brown was chosen leader. They marched to the Cape Fear, opposite Elizabethtown, crossed in the darkness of the night, and made a determined attack upon the Tories under Slingsby stationed at that place. Brown's plan of attack was masterly, succeeding in so deceiving the enemy that they thought themselves attacked by a very large force.

As a consequence they fled with precipitation, leaving the sixty Whigs as masters of the field. This easy victory broke the power of the Tories in that county, and turned the tide of success against them in the State.

General Rutherford, who had been taken prisoner at Camden in August 1780, after a year's confinement, was exchanged, and returned to North Carolina in September 1781. He at once raised a command of fourteen hundred men for the purpose of driving Craig and his bandits from the State. Early in October this gallant command set out from Mecklenburg for the Cape Fear country intending to assault and capture Wilmington. On the 15th of October they came up with a Tory force at Rockfish Creek, and routed them with loss. In a few days they again encountered the Loyalists at Raft Swamp, where the Tories were again defeated and retreated to Wilmington.

Rutherford then marched toward that city, and began to prepare for an assault. Before he got in position to make an attack, he received intelligence that Cornwallis had surrendered at Yorktown a few days before. The next day he led out his force for the attack, but there was no need of it, for Craig had abandoned the town, and was at that time sailing down the river with all his forces. Rutherford's army marched into the town in triumph. The last vestage of British power had vanished from the State.

READJUSTMENTS.

After the surrender of Cornwallis many of the Tories left the State. Fanning and his minions fled to Canada. Bryan returned to his home in the forks of the Yadkin, and was

arrested on the charge of treason. Colonel Davie, who had often crossed swords with Bryan on the battlefield defended him and secured his release. The Highlanders of the Cape Fear sections accepted the result of the struggle in good faith, and laid down the sword for the pursuits of peace. The murderers and incendiaries among the Tories were not allowed to remain, but were driven out to make place for better citizens. Now, the descendants of both sides can say, "God bless North Carolina.

Battles of Revolution Fought in North Carolina.

Moores Creek Bridge,	Feb'y 27th, 1776
Ramsour's Mill,	June 20th, 1780
Pacolet River,	July 14th, 1780
Earles Ford,	July 18th, 1780
Cane Creek,	Sept. 12th, 1780
Wahab's Plantation or The Waxhaws.	Sept. 21st, 1780
Charlotte	Sept. 26th, 1780
Wilmington,	Feb'y 1st, 1781
Cowans Ford,	Feb'y 1st, 1781
Torrence Tavern,	Feb'y 1st, 1781
Shallow Ford	Feb'y 6th, 1781
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Clapp's Mill	March 2nd, 1781
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Guilford Court House,	March 15th, 1781
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Hillsboro,	Sept. 13th, 1781
Sudleys Mill, (Cane Creek.)	Sept. 13th, 1781

Compiled by Mrs E. E. Moffitt
1902

The North Carolina Booklet.

Vol II Oct 1902 No 6

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NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY.

THE REVOLUTIONARY CONGRESSES OF NORTH CAROLINA.

—BY—
THOMAS M. PITTMAN.

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7–November—The Battle of Guilford Court House.
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EDITORS:

MISS MARTHA HELEN HAYWOOD, MRS. HUBERT HAYWOOD.

NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET.

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The Revolutionary Congresses of North Carolina.

BY

THOMAS M. PITTMAN.

RALEIGH:
CAPITAL PRINTING COMPANY.
1902.

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

THE REVOLUTIONARY CONGRESSES OF NORTH CAROLINA.

The seeds of the Revolution in North Carolina were planted in the very beginning of the Colony. The princely gratitude of Charles II towards the Duke of Albemarle and other favorites was expressed in the Carolina Charter. He granted them a rich and extensive territory, and a larger measure of popular rights than was common to Englishmen at home. England had just emerged from the great Civil War, and men of the Commonwealth were in constant dread of the King's displeasure. The Lord's Proprietors, fully alive to this situation, offered inducements of large civil and religious liberty to such as should settle in Carolina, with the result that Albemarle was quickly occupied and a government set up.

The men who fought under Cromwell and made the Commonwealth were not weaklings. It may be that these settlers were not actual followers of Cromwell in war, but they were of the same class and spirit. Tradition asserts that under the name of Crowell members of Cromwell's own family settled in North Carolina and that their descendents were represented in the revolutionary movements in this State.

From the beginning the settlers asserted their rights under the charter, contending that they were as fixed and inviolable as land titles acquired by like authority. When the Lords Proprietors yielded up the colony to the crown they still insisted that their rights were not affected; they

had acquired them lawfully by a grant which was sacred under the British Constitution. The denial of their claim furnished the third and final revolutionary element. Given the Carolina Charter, the Carolina settlers and the claim of royal prerogative adverse to the charter and we have a conjunction of all the elements of a revolution, only waiting the fulness of time when a spark shall set all aflame.

Local disturbances marked the virile spirit of the colonists. Obnoxious Governors were deposed, practical nullification of distasteful laws ante-dated by many decades South Carolina's famous effort, and actual outbreaks of violence were not unknown. The war of the Regulation was among the most notable of the latter, and so shortly preceded the Revolution as to constitute a most significant introduction to that great movement. During Governor Tryon's administration the Regulators were organized in North Carolina pretty much as they already existed in South Carolina and elsewhere. Their efforts to correct certain official irregularities by rather irregular methods led to the Battle of Alamance and the correction of their own irregularities, while those of the officials were left untouched. That event has been variously estimated according to the point of view of different writers. At any rate it was significant of the temper existing in a large portion of the Province. Only six years earlier, during the same administration, the Proud Spirits of the Cape Fear had brought humiliation to the Governor's soul by forcibly preventing the operation of the Stamp Act in North Carolina. These were but local manifestations, but they were repeated in different forms throughout the Colony. Events

as if endowed with life and prescience now pressed on in quick succession, gave to the people a sense of their unity and strength and hastened the inevitable conflict.

The grievances were not always the same in different localities, and this gave rise to misunderstandings, which in one case at least, proved a costly blunder to the Americans. The more opulent and thickly settled communities near the coast did not experience the annoyances that called the Regulators into being, and failed to recognize the Spirit of Independence in the alleged turbulence of their conduct. The coast men gave assistance to the Governor in suppressing their demonstrations and forcing them into submission, and into an oath of allegiance to the British Crown which they held to be binding upon their consciences. When the Revolution broke out these people remained loyal, and their communities were Tory strongholds where civil war raged with all the bitterness of internecine strife.

Governor Martin found his Carolinians even less tractable than had his predecessors. The Assembly repeatedly passed a court and attachment law to which he refused assent, with the result that the Colony was for years without a Superior Court. It also asserted that the taxes levied to redeem the paper currency of the Colony had been sufficient for that purpose, and the council refusing to join in the repeal of the law authorizing such taxes, the Assembly directed the collectors to desist from their further collection and undertook to indemnify them against harm for so doing. For this, Governor Martin indignantly dissolved the Assembly on March 30, 1774.

It is at this point we have the suggestion of a Provincial

Congress. A letter from Samuel Johnston to William Hooper, dated April 5, 1774, is in part as follows: "Colonel Harvey and myself lodged last night with Colonel Buncombe. Colonel Harvey said during the night that Mr. Biggleston told him that the Governor did not intend to convene another Assembly until he saw some chance of a better one than the last; and that he told the Secretary that then the people would convene one themselves. He was in a violent mood, and declared he was for assembling a convention independent of the Governor and urged us to cooperate with him. . . . . He says he will lead the way and will issue hand-bills under his own name. . . . . I do not know what better can be done. . . . . Colonel Harvey said he had mentioned the matter to Willie Jones the day before, and that he thought well of it, and promised to exert himself in its favor. I beg your friendly counsel and advice on the subject, and hope you will speak of it to Mr. Harnett and Colonel Ashe or any other such men." A little later, the 26th of the same month, Hooper wrote James Iredell, brother-in law of Johnston: "With you I anticipate the important share which the Colonies must soon have in regulating the political balance. They are striding fast to independence, and ere long will build an empire upon the ruins of Great Britain." On July 14th, the spark had kindled and James Reed, the missionary, wrote home to the Secretary: "All America is in a most violent flame."

That violent flame was not confined to North Carolina, but raged in all the Colonies, kindled largely by four acts of Parliament relating to Massachusetts: (1) Closing

the Port of Boston until compensation should be made to the India Company for their tea; (2) Vacating the Charter of Massachusetts Bay; (3) Authorizing the Governor in case of indictment preferred against any officer of the crown, to suspend the proceedings against him in America and send him home for trial; (4) Quartering soldiers in the Colony. If the principle held good no Colony was safe. Iredell wrote: "The arrival of all these thundering regulations (which very quickly succeeded one another) caused the greatest alarm in America. Here was a full avowal of tyrany in its most frightful form. We did not view the storm merely at a distance; it was almost at our very door. These measures, affecting one Colony only, made no difference in the general indignation they caused. They were all interested in the principle. Their rights were nearly the same; an invasion of one was equivalent to a declaration of war against the rest. Heaven had placed them in the neighborhood of each other, as it were, for their mutual defence; such an union was absolutely necessary for their safety; singly they might be easily crushed; united—."

William Hooper was a native of Boston and a graduate of Harvard. He had studied in the office of James Otis, imbibing at once law and patriotism from the same master. He had been ten years in North Carolina, and had become one of the inner circle of the splendid body of Cape Fear men. The enactments against Massachusetts were assaults upon his home and kindred. On July 21, 1774, he presided over a meeting at Wilmington, which appointed a Committee of Correspondence and called a Provincial Congress to meet at Johnston Court House, August 20th, "to debate

upon the present alarming state of British America, and in concert with other Colonies to adopt and prosecute such measures as will most effectually avert the miseries which threaten us." It also proposed a Continental Congress to be held in Philadelphia on September 20th, "that such regulations may then be made as will tend most effectually to produce an alteration in the British policy and to bring about a change honorable and beneficial to all America."

The call met with a hearty response. The freeholders of Johnston, Pitt, Anson, Craven and other counties, and of New Bern, Halifax and other towns met and adopted resolutions warmly endorsing the movements and expressing their views of the situation. Those of Rowan give a fair exhibit of the prevailing spirit. First declaring loyalty to the British Crown, they proceed in part as follows:

"That the right to impose Taxes or Duties to be paid by the inhabitants within this Province for any purpose whatsoever is peculiar and essential to the General Assembly in whom the legislative authority of the Colony is invested.

"That any attempt to impose such Taxes or Duties by any other is an Arbitrary Exertion of Power, and an infringement of the Constitutional Rights and Liberties of the Colonies.

"That the late cruel and Sanguinary Acts of Parlaiment to be executed by military force and ships of war upon our Sister Colony of the Massachusetts Bay and town of Boston, is a strong evidence of the corrupt Enfluence obtained by the British ministry in Parliament and a convincing Proof of their fixed Intention to deprive the Colonies of their Constitutional Rights and Liberties.

"That it is the Duty and Interest of all the American Colonies firmly to unite in an indissoluble union and association to oppose by every just and proper means the infringement of their common Rights and Privileges."

Of the Granville resolutions we note two:

"That by the civil compact subsisting between our King and his People, Allegiance is the right of the first Magistrate and protection the right of the People, that a violation of this Compact would rescind the civil Institution binding both King and People together.

"That the King at the head of his American Assemblies, constitutes a supreme Legislature in the respective Colonies, and that as free men we can be bound by no law, but such as we assent to, either by ourselves or our representatives. That we derive a right from our Charters to enact laws for the regulation of our Internal Policy of Government, which reason and justice confirm to us, as we most know what civil Institutions are best suited to our state and circumstances."

One extract from the Chowan meeting:

"That the act for the better regulating the government of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, in North America, is an attempt to dissolve a contract most solemnly entered into by the present ancestors of the Massachusetts Bay with their sovereign; a contract which ought to be held inviolable, without the mutual consent of King and People; That if the King and Parliament continue to exercise this power, none of the Colonies may expect to enjoy their rights and Privileges longer than they approve themselves obsequious to the dependents on administration. That the

act for the impartial administration of justice in the case of persons questioned for any acts done by them in their execution of the Laws, or for the suppression of Riots and Tumults in the Province of Massachusetts Bay, in New England, puts it in the power of a cruel and despotic Governor, wantonly to sport with the lives of His Majesty's subjects in that Province with impunity."

Among the remedies which found favor was a cessation of commercial intercourse with the mother country. The Halifax resolution on this subject is of interest—

"That we continue our exports to Great Britain until the debts due from America are fully discharged, and hereby recommend it most heartily to the several counties in the Province, as the most elligible plan to secure to us the affections of our Mother Country, in as much as by that we shall convince her of the uprightness and honesty of our intentions, most warmly recommend ourselves to those who have trusted us on the common faith and Credit of the Country, and will magnify our firmness, patriotic virtue and Public Spirit."

We note three things of these meetings: (1) They were composed entirely of the responsible class of citizens, freeholders; (2) All declared themselves loyal to the British Crown, and that they were but asserting their rights as English subjects; (3) While a common spirit characterized all the resolutions, they are distinctly unlike in form and expression, and present a series of clear and able statements of the political relations subsisting between Great Britain and her American Colonies comparable to the papers of any publicist who has written since that time, and furnish

striking proof of the ability of the men who laid the foundations of our independence.

Governor Martin was deeply offended. He laid the matter before the council and upon its advice issued his proclamation "to discourage as much as possible proceedings so illegal and unwarrantable in their nature, and in their effect so obviously injurious to the welfare of this country." He required the people on their allegiance "to forbear to attend at any such illegal meetings and that they do discourage and prevent the same by all and every means in their power, and more particularly that they do forbear to attend, and prevent as far as in them lies the meeting of certain deputies, said to be appointed to be held at New Bern on the 26th, instant, and do more especially charge, command and require all and every His Majesty's Justices of the Peace, Sheriffs and other officers, to be aiding and assisting herein to the utmost of their power." This power was very limited for the Governor himself when he announced to the council that the deputies were gathering, was advised "that no other steps could be properly taken at this juncture."

The success of the movement warranted a change of plan, and instead of meeting at Johnston Court House as at first proposed, the Congress or Convention met at New Bern, the seat of government, on August 25th. Thirty counties and six towns were represented by seventy-one delegates. Five counties—Edgecombe, Guilford, Hertford, Surry and Wake, and three towns, Brunswick, Campbellton (Fayetteville) and Hillsboro—were not represented. Col. John Harvey was Moderator. It was a body of singularly able men,

brave, patriotic, earnest and clear-headed. The meeting had no spectacular features. It was in session three days and its whole work is embraced in a series of resolutions —some twenty-five in number—said to have been written by Hooper. Of the debates and deliberations of the Congress we are left in ignorance. One letter conveys an intimation of some trouble over the appointment of delegates to the Continental Congress, and capital was afterwards attempted to be made of the fact that no western man was appointed. In substance, these resolutions declared allegiance to the King; asserted the exclusive right in the Provincial Assemblies to impose taxes in America, the King by his Governors constituting a branch of such assemblies; denounced as oppressive, cruel and illegal the acts of Parliament directed against Massachusetts; endorsed the course of the inhabitants of Massachusetts "for their manly support of the rights of America in general;" provided for non-intercourse with Great Britain and India in commercial matters; approved the proposal of a Continental Congress and appointed Wm. Hooper, Joseph Hewes, and Richard Caswell delegates to attend the same, with ample powers of representation; authorized the appointment of a committee of five in every county, by freeholders favorable to the Congress, to carry out the plans of the general Congress, and authorized the Moderator, or in case of his death, Samuel Johnston, to convene the delegates at such time and place as he should deem proper.

The immediate result of this meeting was the establishment of dual governments throughout the Province. The freeholders met in the several counties and elected the com-

mittees recommended by the Congress, in most instances a larger number than the five proposed. There was no interference with the orderly administration of the law by the regular authorities, but these committees, called Committees of Safety, were the real rulers and exercised such despotic powers as would not have been tolerated under other conditions. In one instance a lady at whose house the gentlemen of Wilmington had arranged to give a public ball was notified "to decline it, and acquaint the parties concerned, that your house cannot be at their service, consistent with the good of your country." On another occasion young men who had horses in training for a race were notified to desist. In one case notes of hand had been exchanged between the parties to a proposed race; the notes were required to be surrendered and the race was called off. In fact the seriousness of the Puritan dominance in England was well-nigh repeated in North Carolina. The dignity and solemnity of a great occasion were upon the people. There was government by public sentiment. Every adverse element was quietly but certainly being silenced and subdued by the concentrated force of a powerful public sentiment. Long before armed hostilities began, freedom's battle had been fought and won in the greater part of North Carolina.

It was the good fortune of the people at this time that Governor Martin had no real comprehension of what was going on. When John Harvey, in violent mood, was threatening to call an independent convention, and Johnston, Hooper, Iredell, Willie Jones and others, were planning their measures of relief, he thought the representatives

of the people were growing more complaisant to authority; when the call had gone out for the second Congress and he had discovered that even his council were in sympathy with the people, he thought he saw a re-action in favor of the government.

The second Congress met in New Bern, April 3, 1775, concurrently with the General Assembly called by the Governor. Sixty-one out of sixty-eight members in attendance upon the Assembly were also members of the Congress, and John Harvey was President of both bodies. Governor Martin, as usual, issued his proclamation against the Congress. His address to the Assembly called upon that body to oppose the illegal gathering. The reply of the Assembly was an endorsement and defence of both the Provincial and Continental Congresses and a sharp arraignment of Parliament for its oppressive and unconstitutional proceedings towards the American Colonies. This was unsatisfactory to the Governor and he at once dissolved the Assembly. It was the last to convene under royal authority in North Carolina. The Congress ratified the doings of the Continental Congress, adopted the association entered into by that body, and approved the course of its own delegates, who were reappointed. It asserted the right of the people to petition the Throne for a redress of grievances and declared the Governor's proclamation against them illegal and an infringement of their just rights. Hillsboro was named as the place for the next meeting.

So far there had been little of exciting incident. The organization of the people had been wonderfully wise and prudent. It had been quiet, steady and strong, dominating

the whole life of the Colony, yet carefully avoiding all conflict with the constituted authorities. Soon all was changed. News of the Battle of Lexington was spread by special express throughout the country. The excitement and resentment were intense. At Charlotte, the now famous Mecklenburg Declaration was the immediate result. At New Bern the Governor, in alarm, dismounted the cannon at the palace and concealed his ammunition to prevent their falling into the hands of the Safety Committee. He disingenuously told the committee that the cannon were dismounted because the mountings were rotten. In a little while he became panic stricken and fled, taking refuge on a British war vessel. He never again occupied the palace. From his refuge he issued proclamations, sent out emissaries to arouse the King's party, called for military assistance to suppress the people, and wrote home hysterical letters to show that he had been wise and prudent in his conduct, and recommending a policy for adoption towards the Province when it should be brought into complete subjection.

The government now passed from the Governor's hands to those of the Safety Committees, who took active control of affairs in their respective counties.

About this time the Colony suffered a severe loss in the death of John Harvey, President of the Congress and Speaker of the Assembly. Samuel Johnston succeeded to his authority, and convened the Congress at Hillsboro on August 20th. Every county and burrough town elected delegates and one hundred and eighty-four were in attendance. Johnston was elected President. The plans of the first Congress had been so wise, and were so well executed

that the transition from a royal government to a popular one was effected without friction, and the work of the Congress was little more than a development of the system already in force. A Provincial council of thirteen members and six district Safety Committees were created. The county and town committees were continued as before. These with the Congress constituted the government. A military organization was arranged and officers were appointed from every district and county. Steps were taken to secure arms and ammunition. An emission of not exceeding $125,000 of paper currency was ordered. Inducements were offered for manufactures within the Province. Hooper, Hewes, and John Penn were elected delegates to the Continental Congress and instructed not to agree to any union with the other provinces, further than the association then existing, without first submitting its terms to this Congress. Their assumption of power was explained in the following paragraph of an address to the inhabitants of the British Empire:

"Whenever we have departed from the forms of the Constitution, our own safety and self preservation have dictated the expedient; and if in any Instances we have assumed powers which the laws invest in the Sovereign or his representatives, it has been only in defence of our persons, properties and those rights which God and the Constitution have made unalienably ours. As soon as the cause of our fears and apprehensions are removed, with joy will we return these powers to their regular channels; and such Institutions formed from mere necessity, shall end with that necessity that created them."

The Provincial Council organized at Johnston Court House, October 18, 1775, with Cornelius Harnett as President. The other members were Samuel Johnston, Samuel Ashe, Thomas Jones, Whitmill Hill, Abner Nash, James Coor, Thomas Person, John Kinchen, Willie Jones, Thomas Eaton, Samuel Spencer, and Waightstill Avery. This Council had the administration of the Province. The King's forces were not ready for hostilities, and the Council had until the battle of Moore's Creek in February of the next year for preparation. In this time it proceeded steadily to strengthen its military organization and equipment, and to suppress with a firm hand all dissent from the authority of Congress. The battle of Moore's Creek and the destruction of the force around which General Martin had hoped to gather all the loyal elements in the Province elicited warm praise from the Council, as did also the distinguished services of Colonel Howe in Virginia.

A fourth Congress met at Halifax, April 4, 1776. Samuel Johnston was President. Its notable act was a resolution unanimously adopted, empowering its delegates in the Continental Congress to "concur with the delegates of the other colonies in declaring independence, and forming foreign alliances, reserving to this Colony the sole and exclusive right of forming a Constitution and laws for this Colony." It also authorized a further issue of £500,000 in paper currency, to be redeemed by a poll tax to commence in 1780.

News of the Declaration of Independence reached Halifax, where the Provincial Council was in session, July 22, 1776. It was ordered to be proclaimed in the most public

manner throughout the State. Jones gives this account of the ceremony at Halifax: "At mid-day Cornelius Harnett ascended a rostrum which had been erected in front of the Court House, and even as he opened the scroll, upon which was written the immortal words of the Declaration, the enthusiasm of the immense crowd broke forth in one loud swell of rejoicing and prayer. The reader proceeded to his task, and read the Declaration to the mute and impassioned multitude with the solemnity of an appeal to heaven. When he had finished, all the people shouted with joy, and the cannon, sounding from fort to fort, proclaimed the glorious tidings that all the Thirteen Colonies were now free and independent States. The soldiers seized Mr. Harnett and bore him on their shoulders through the streets of the town, applauding him as their champion, and swearing allegiance to the instrument he had read."

The time had now come for the Congress to return the powers it had assumed to their regular channels. It assembled for its last session, at Halifax, November 12, 1776. On the 13th a committee was appointed to form and report a Bill of Rights and a Constitution. It was adopted on December 18th, in such form as to endure without amendment for nearly sixty years. Richard Caswell was elected Governor. A few ordinances were adopted, making temporary provision for the well ordering of the State until the General Assembly should establish government in accordance with the Constitution, and the Provincial Congress of North Carolina passed into history.

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Guilford Court House,	March 15th, 1781
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Sudleys Mill, (Cane Creek.)	Sept. 13th, 1781

BOOKLET ON "RALEIGH AND THE TOWN OF BLOOMSBURY"

(By Kemp P. Battle, LL. D.)

We extract the following from a private letter from one of the most intelligent men in the State, himself an author of very valuable historical monographs:

"I have just received and read every line of the North Carolina Booklet, entitled "Raleigh and the Old Town of Bloomsbury." It is the most fascinating scrap of history that I have read in a long time, and it is told in such a charming way, that one cannot put it down without finishing the last word. * * * The most interesting and condensed information will doubtless prove of great value to the reading public."

Anything from the pen of Dr. Battle, the able Professor of History at our University, is fascinating as well as instructive. These "Booklets" should be obtained by every lover of the State, as each is devoted to some portion of or incident in the history of this good old State and of the people who have given her character.

The North Carolina Booklet.

Vol II November 1902 No 7

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—BY—
KEMP P. BATTLE, LL. D.

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Col. Burgwyn, Col. Waddell, Mr. Thos. Blount, and others.

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NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET.

VOL. II. NOVEMBER 10, 1902. NO. 7.

Raleigh and the Old Town of Bloomsbury.

BY

KEMP P. BATTLE, LL. D.

RALEIGH:
CAPITAL PRINTING COMPANY.
1902.

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

Raleigh and the Old Town of Bloomsbury.

Three years after the Restoration of Charles II to the throne of England, in the flush of gratitude, to eight of his great lords, he renewed a lapsed grant to a large part of the new Continent, called Carolina, after his fathers's Latin name, Carolus I. Two years afterwards the boundaries were enlarged so that the territory stretched from the Atlantic to the Pacific; from the boundary between North Carolina and Virginia to the parallel which passes through Florida near Cedar Keys. As England did not own the territory west of the Mississippi, the grant was only effective as far as that mighty river. For over three score years these noblemen, their heirs and assigns, through their deputies, directed the government of our people.

In 1729 the representatives of seven of these Lords Proprietors, finding in their possessions no honor, but continued trouble and very little profit, sold all their rights to the crown of England for $12,500 each. It is a wonderful illustration of the rapid growth of our country that about a century and three quarters ago lands through the heart of our continent were sold, ten thousand acres for about one dollar. John, Lord Carteret, afterwards Earl Granville, surrendered the right of government but refused to sell his eighth part of the soil. In 1744 Commissioners, appointed for the purpose, laid off his share between latitude 35° 34' and the Virginia line. The straight line north of the counties of Moore, Montgomery, Stanly, Cabarrus and Mecklenburg, and south of Chatham, Randolph, Davidson, Rowan and Iredell show on the map the southern boundary of his grand property.

In the beginning of this century there occurred in Raleigh a battle of giants. The arena of conflict was the Circuit Court of the United States. The arbiter of the fray was Judge Henry Potter. The champion of the plaintiffs was Wm. Gaston; on the side of the defendant the most eminent was Duncan Cameron. The heirs of Earl Granville were seeking to wrest from free-holders of North Carolina the lands they had won by the sword. When the fight was ended all that remained to the claimants was the honor of having the names of their family and earldom affixed to two of our counties, Carteret and Granville.

Earl Granville took possession of his North Carolina territory in 1744. He sent his agents, Childs and Frohock and others to make his sales. His practice was to reserve quit-rents to be paid yearly. The settlers thus had the double burden of paying these rents to their landlord across the great water and poll taxes to the royal government at Newbern, practically further off than are now Quebec and the city of Mexico. Roads were horrible with jagged rocks, tenacious mud and yielding sand. Few bridges spanned the streams; the meagre crops could not be turned into money; specie was almost unknown and paper money was forbidden. The collecting officers, appointed by the royal Governors or the agents of the Earl had no sympathy with the people and were often brutal and cruel. The money raised by these exactions in large degree stuck to the pockets of the officers, while the rest was spent for distant objects unknown to the settlers or offensive to them. In addition to these evils the officials about the towns extorted illegal fees and were be-

lieved to be growing fat on their robberies. And so rage grew fierce and tempers fiery hot, and old rifles were rubbed up and bullets moulded, and scythe blades were sharpened for swords, and the Civil War of the Regulation began. It ended in a pitiable defeat, for Tryon had been a Lieutenant Colonel in the British army, and the militia of the eastern counties promptly obeyed his order to march, and on the 16th of May, 1771, the undisciplined mob without a military head were scattered over the hills of Alamance.

Tryon and the General Assembly however had made efforts to end the insurrection without resort to the sword. In 1770 it was endeavored to conciliate the insurgents, and at the same to render it more difficult for them to gather together, by creating four new counties in the western section. One cut from Orange and Rowan, was called in honor of the earldom of Guildford, of which Lord North was heir apparent, another Chatham, cut from Orange, after the celebrated William Pitt, the elder, Earl of Chatham; Surry, cut from Rowan, after Lord Surrey, the heir apparent of the Duke of Norfolk, and Wake, cut from Johnston, with slices of Cumberland and Orange, in compliment to his wife, courteously addressed by our ancestors as Lady Tryon, whose maiden name was Margaret Wake. The Governor in choosing the names proved himself to be a true courtier. The eldest son of the Earl of Guildford was Prime Minister and popular with the Tories, Chatham and Surrey was powerful friends of the colonies in their dispute with the mother country, while Lady Tryon, by her gracious manners, was a favorite with all our people.

I know that Jo. Seaweli Jones (of Shocco), in his "Defence of North Carolina," says that Esther Wake, the beautiful sister of Lady Tryon, was the person complimented but it is altogether impossible that the Governor's wife wife should have been passed over, even if such a damsel ever existed. Of this there are grave doubts. No contemporary evidence mentions her as being in Newbern, or New York, where Tryon lived as Governor for several years, after leaving North Carolina. Judge Wm. Gaston stated that he often talked with his mother who was a frequent visitor to Tryon's family and although she spoke freely of the various members she never mentioned Esther. Moreover the present heads of the families of Wake and of Tryon know nothing of her. All this however is only negative evidence, and there remains a problem of North Carolina history, whether Esther Wake is a myth, and, if so, from what source did Shocco Jones get the story.

The General Asssembly appointed seven Commissioners to locate the county seat. They were Joel Lane, Theophilus Hunter, Hardy Sanders, Joseph Lane, John Hinton, Thomas Hines and Thomas Crawford. Of these fathers of our Capital City, Joel Lane was the strongest. His ancestors removed from the Albermarle Country to Halifax County. Thence, he and his brothers, Joseph and Jesse, transferred their residence to the part of Johnston, that is now Wake. Joel became a very large land owner and influential. His residence, still standing, though modest now, was the most imposing in the county and in it he dispensed a liberal hospitality. He was Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment that marched against the Regulators.

He was member of the State Congress of 1775, of that of April 1776, and beginning with 1782, thirteen times State Senator, continuously, except in 1793. During the war he was a member of the County Committee of Safety. He was a Commissioner to locate the boundaries of Wake County. As Justice of the Peace he was a member of the first Court in the county, on the 4th of June, 1771, and was afterwards Chairman. He was one of the Charter Trustees of the University and offered 640 acres at Cary as a site. He was a delegate to the convention of 1788, and to that of 1789, voting against the Federal Constitution in the first and for it in the second.

His brother, Joseph Lane, another of the Commissioners, was of more modest temperament. This appointment-ment however and the fact that he likewise was a member of the first court shows his high standing. The other brother, Jesse, although still more modest, was a grandfather of two very eminent men, David L. Swain, Governor, Judge and President of the University, and Joseph Lane, a General in the Mexican war, Senator from Oregon and candidate for the Vice-Presidency on the Breckenridge ticket.

Of the other Commissioners, Theophilus Hunter was Chairman of the first County Court, a Commissioner to locate the county boundaries and a Lieutenant Colonel of Militia. It is interesting that Tryon on his expedition against the Regulators camped on his plantation, called Hunter's Lodge. His son, of the same name, familiarly called "Orphy" Hunter, was famous for bountiful hospitality at his residence called Spring Hill, a few miles from

his father's home. Another Commissioner, John Hinton, father-in-law of Joel Lane, was Colonel of the County, in the Provincial Congress of August 1775 and April 1776, and a member of the Committee of Safety for Wake. Another, Hardy Sanders, was a Lieutenant Colonel of Militia, a member of the War Legislature and Sheriff. Thomas Hines was a member of the Provincial Congress of August 1775, and Major of Militia and Sheriff. Thomas Crawford was a Justice of the Peace and member of the first court. Descendants of most of these Commissioners still reside in the county, and a portion of Joel Lane are citizens of Raleigh. The Devereux family, the Mordecais, Mackays, Hinsdales Thomases, Browns, Dr. Everett, claim him as an ancestor.

Wake Cross Roads, a notable place near the centre of the county, was naturally chosen for the establishment of the court house, and its inevitable accompaniments, the jail, the whipping post and stocks. It was probably the taste of his lady to affix to it the fancy name of Bloomsbury. At that date John Russell, Duke of Bedford, owned the hamlet of that name, with adjacent fields, north west of the city of London. It is a corruption of Blemundsbury, the name of de Blemontes, Blemunds or Blemmots, in the reign of Henry III and Edward I. The Duke's palace, Bedford House, was on the site of the Manor-house of the Blemunds. He was a man of wealth and strong character and gathered to himself a compact little party, known commonly as "the Bloomsbury Gang." He was in office as President of the Privy Council when Tryon was appointed Lieutenant-Governor under Dobbs,

soon to succeed him, and it is likely that to the noble Duke he owed, in part at least, his appointment and honored his benefactor by the name. The Dictionary of National Biography however says that Tryon's wife was a relative of the Earl of Hillsborough and that she was the cause of her husband's advancement. At any rate the name perpetuates the memory of the Duke of Bedford. The next Duke, Francis, was a great benefactor of his country in the promotion of agriculture. Having little love for city life, he tore down his palatial mansion and laid off the land into building lots, streets and squares. Augustus J. C. Hare in his Walks in London, says: "When the changeable tide of fashion in the last century flowed north from the neighborhood of St. Clement Dane and Whitehall, it settled with a deceptive grasp, which seemed likely to be permanent, on the estate of the Duke of Bedford. Everything here commemorates the glories of that great Ducal family. Bloomsbury Street and Square, Chenies Street, Francis Street, Tavistock Square, Russell Square, Bedford Square, and many other places have their names and titles." Macaulay, writing of the year 1685, says: "A little way from Holborn, and on the verge of pastures and cornfields, rose two celebrated palaces, each with an ample garden. One of them, then called Southampton House, and, subsequently Bedford House, was removed early in the present century, (1800), to make room for a new city, which now covers with its squares, streets and churches, a vast area renowned in the the seventeen century for peaches and snipes." The other was Montague

House, since burned, rebuilt and torn down to give place to the British Museum.

I have seen it stated that the name was given by Colonel Lane to his residence. I cannot think that this is correct as I can conceive of no reason for his introducing it into the middle of North Carolina. Even conceding the truth of the tradition, said to have been in old times in the family, that they were descended from a brother of Sir Ralph Lane, the Governor of the abortive Colony at Roanoke (the Governor was unmarried it is thought), that family lived in Northamptonshire, not Middlesex.

The people of North Carolina refused to accept the aristocratic Bloomsbury, though, while substitutiting Lincoln and Rutherford for the odious name of Tryon County, their chivalrous nature induced them to allow the memory of his charming wife to be perpetuated on our map.

At Wake Court-House the county seat remained for twenty years, distinguished for the princely hospitality of Colonel Lane and his neighbors, for its comfortable inn erected by him, for the grand hunting parties, which assembled at his mansion, or at that of Theophilus Hunter. It occupied a central position between the Capitals of Orange and Johnston, Cumberland and Granville, among the pleasant hills near the dividing line of the eastern plains, where the road from the east and that from the north crossed one another. So convenient was it, and so surrounded by a people devoted to the patriot cause, that the General Assembly in a very dark hour of the Revolution, June 23rd, 1781, met in the commodious house of Colonel Lane. It was here that Governor Thomas Burke

was elected in the place of Abner Nash, soon to be captured by Fanning at Hillsborough, while a prisoner to break his parole and thus ruin his political career.

Let us now trace the steps by which this favored spot became the Seat of Government, the City of Raleigh.

The first Capital of North Carolina was Edenton, the second, practically though not by law, Nerbern. When the central and western parts of the State became populated, there was general agreement that this latter town was too far east, but it was difficult to reconcile competing localities. For some time the executive officers lived at their homes, while the General Assemblies selected their place of meeting. During the Revolution their choice depended on the exigencies of war; at Newbern, Halifax, Smithfield, Hillsborough, Wake Court-House, and a session was appointed at Salem, at which a quorum did not attend. After the war the favored towns were Hillsborough, Newbern, Tarboro, Fayetteville.

This state of things was not only extremely inconvenient but led to the loss of valuable State papers. The evil became insupportable as population and public business increased. It led the General Assembly of 1787, in calling the Constitutional Convention of 1788, to recommend the people to instruct their representative to "fix on the place for unalterable seat of government."

The question of thus locating the seat of Government was accordingly brought up in the Convention, which was held at Hillsborough. The members from the Cape Fear and its tributaries and those west of that territory preferred Fayetteville—then written Fayette-Ville. Those of

the Albermarle region, and the valleys of the Roanoke, the Tar and Neuse advocated a point further east. No agreement seemed possible, but Willie Jones was unexcelled as a manager of men. On his motion the Convention agreed to select by ballot some place and to order the General Assembly to make the location within ten miles thereof.

The following were placed in nomination: Smithfield, Tarborough, Fayetteville, Isaac Hunter's plantation in Wake County, Newbern, Hillsborough, the Fork of Haw and Deep rivers. On the first ballot there was no choice; on the second Isaac Hunter's plantation was chosen. It was a mile from Crabtree on the Louisburg road. A wayside inn was there and liquid refreshments were sold. James Iredell brought in a bill to establish the Seat of Government within this circle of twenty miles diameter, and it passed. Wm. Barry Grove, delegate from Cumberland, drew up a protest, which was signed by one hundred members and entered on the Journal.

The friends of Fayetteville were not disheartened by this action. They took the ground that a legislative ordinance of the Convention, not a part of the Constitution could be repealed by the General Assembly. In November 1788 the motion of Willie Jones to carry the ordinance into effect passed the Senate but was smothered in the House. In 1789 the session was in Fayetteville and the question was not taken up. In the next year in the same town the proposition passed the House by the casting vote of the speaker, Stephen Cabarrus, of Chowan, and failed in the Senate by the casting vote of the President, William

Lenoir. The friends of the measure determined to procure the session of 1791 in an eastern town. The friends of Fayetteville fought this desperately but without success. Newbern was selected and there the pressure of influential men and of social blandishments, for which that town was famous, procured a majority for the measure in both houses; in the Senate 27 to 24 and in the House 58 to 53. Joseph R. Gautier of Bladen drew up a protest which was signed by himself and the Senators from Burke, New Hanover, Orange, Iredell, Sampson, Cumberland, Randolph, Stokes, Chatham, Mecklenburg, Guilford, Lincoln, Anson, Montgomery, Robeson, Moore, Rockingham, Rowan. So strong was the feeling, that Wm. Barry Grove donounced James Terry, Senator of Richmond County, as a "Renegade" for deserting his section of the State on this question.

The Commissioners for locating the Capital, or as it was called, the Seat of Government, were Joseph McDowell, of Quaker Meadows, to distinguish him from his cousin of the same name, called of Pleasant Gardens, both heroes of King's Mountain; James Martin, a Revolutionary Colonel of repute, who had the high honor of being court-martialed and acquitted for strict discipline of his militia; Thomas Person, a Militia General of the Revolution, whose liberality to the University is recognized by a hall named in his honor, and services to the State by the name of a county; Thomas Blount, who fought well at Eutaw as Lieutenant and was afterwards a Representative in Congress; Wm. Johnston Dawson, grandson of Governor Gabriel Johnston and great-grandson of Governor Eden, a

Congressman of uncommon promise, but his career cut short by early death; Frederick Hargett, a militia officer of the Revolution, a most trustworthy Senator from Jones; Henry William Harrington, an active General of Militia in the Revolution; James Bloodworth, a Representative and Senator from New Hanover, son of the old gunmaker and United States Senator, Timothy Bloodworth, and lastly Willie Jones, of Halifax, member of the State and Provincial Congresses and Chairman of the State Committee of Safety, often Senator and Commoner in the State Legislature, aristocratic in associations but a violent, almost radical, Republican in politics.

Of the Commissioners only six acted, Messrs. Hargett, Dawson, McDowell, Martin, Blount and Jones. On 30th of March, 1792, they decided in favor of Wake Court-House, buying of Colonel Lane one thousand acres of land for $2,756. They then laid out a city of four hundred acres into lots, squares and streets, naming some of the streets after themselves, others after the court towns, others after the speakers of the two Houses of the Assembly, Joel Lane and Colonel, afterwards General aud Governor, Wm. Richardson Davie, the father of the University. The boundary streets were called after the points of the compass. The square in which is the State-House bears the name of Union, while the four others dedicated to the public commemorate three war Governors, Caswell, Nash and Burke and the Attorney General, Alfred Moore. Two of the squares have been taken from the city by the General Assembly, Caswell for the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and Burke for the Governor's Mansion, without any resist-

ance, or even protest against such illegal and, I think, harmful action, as time will prove when more parks shall be needed for the health and recreation of the people, especially the children.

In 1587 a charter was granted by Sir Walter Raleigh, who, as Lord Proprietor under the patent of the Queen, had authority so to do, to the Governor and Assistants of the City of Raleigh. The Governor was to be John Whyte, the Assistants were Roger Bayly, Ananias Dare, Christopher Cooper, John Sampson, Thomas Stevens, Roger Pratt, Dyonisius Harvie, George Howe, James Platt Simon Fernando. It was the first charter of an English city in America. But the Assistants were slain or merged among the Indians. The Governor was saved by returning to England for supplies and recruits. The contemplated capital of the transatlantic colony had only a paper foundation.

Two hundred and five years afterwards the name of the great "admiral, philosopher, statesman, historian and poet, all in one," at the suggestion, it is said, of Governor Alexander Martin, a brother of the Commissioner, James Martin, was honored by being conferred on the new capital. None more appropriate can be found. It was by his efforts and sacrifices that the State was first made known to the civilized world, and his exalted place in the world's history entitles him to be the eponymous father of our city. The very name, meaning in Saxon, "Field of the Roes," is appropriate, as numerous wild deer once abounded in the forest where the city stands. There is veracious testimony that forty of them fell before the rifle of one hun-

ter, Edmund Lane, at his favorite stand near the old sassafras tree in Union Square, while the bounding game fled before the dogs between the rich bottoms of Crabtree and the rich bottoms of Walnut Creek.

It is impossible to find a place where the conditions for health are superior. The elevation of the highest point in Union Square is 363 feet above the sea level. The ground slopes gently towards the streams that flow into Neuse six miles off. The latitude of the State-House is 35° 17′ N.; the longitude 78° 41′ West from Greenwich. Its isothermal, or line of equal temperatures, enters Europe a little North of Lisbon; passes through Madrid, near Genoa and Florence; leaves Europe not far from Constantinople; passes near the spot designated by tradition as the Garden of Eden; then through the valley of the Yang-tse-Kiang in China, the Southern islands of Japan and enters the American continent near San Francisco. Its climate is, therefore, the climate of the grape and the fig, of cotton and tobacco, of corn and wheat. Its spring temperature is 58°, its summer 78°, its autumn 60°, its winter 40°. Its rainfall is 48.2 inches. It is nearly in the centre of the next largest county, which is near the centre of the State.

After locating the city on 400 of the 1,000 acres purchased, the Commissioners made sale at public auction of a majority of the lots, which were one acre each. Forty-two lots were left unsold, being mostly those South of Cabarrus street. The late James D. Royster, a most estimable citizen, remembers that his father, in order to give him a moral object lesson, took him to a hanging in the middle of South street in front of the Rex Hospital. The rope was sus-

pended from the limb of an oak tree, one of many then standing. The prices obtained at the sale were considered satisfactory. Of the two acres next the Capitol Square on the South, that on the East of Fayetteville street brought $232, that opposite $222. The four acres on which Dr. Thomas D. Hogg lives brought $254. They were purchased by General Davie. The highest price paid was the lot on which are the Agricultural and Supreme Court Buildings, $263. The buyer was Thomas E. Sumner, son of General Jethro Sumner. Of course the prices away from Union Square were much less. Many lots were bought on speculation and the ventures were said to be unprofitable. For many years there was little increase of population. The inhabitants found remunerative employment to only a small extent. There is only one piece of property in possession of the heirs of the original purchaser, the square comprising numbers, 140, 141, 156 and 157, bid off by Richard Bennehan, and owned by the heirs of the late Paul C. Cameron. Treasurer John Haywood purchased a lot in the Western part of the city and exchanged it for that on Newbern Avenue, which he made his home. The house erected by him, and occupied by the widow of his son, the late Dr. E. Burke Haywood, is the only residence owned and occupied by the same family continuously since 1792.

The Commissioners for building the first State-House, which name as well as that of the United States, was copied from Holland, were prominent business men; Richard Bennehan, of Orange, a wealthy planter; John Macon, often Senator from Warren, brother of Nathaniel Macon; Robert Goodloe, of Franklin, a planter and ex-

perienced house builder; Nathan Bryan, Senator from Jones, afterwards Representative in Congress, and Theophilus Hunter, already described, who was a brother of Isaac Hunter, whose plantation has been mentioned. They were allowed to use the proceeds of sale of the lots. The architect employed by them was familiarly known as "Rhody" Atkins. The bricks were made out of State clay on lots Nos. 138 and 154 reserved for the purpose. They were burnt with fuel cut from the State forest. The barn-like, reddish walls loomed up imposingly among the wide-spreading oaks. In two years, January, 1794, it was ready for occupancy by the General Assembly. The members, as a rule, brought their horses and rode to the daily sessions from their lodgings in the neighboring farm houses. The State officers, Richard Dobbs Spaight, Governor; James Glasgow, Secretary of State; John Haywood, Treasurer; John Craven, Comptroller, were all in attendance with their official papers brought from their distant homes. Another John Haywood, the Attorney General, great in body and great in learning, in the same year transferred to the bench, was ready to give sound opinions on all public questions of a legal nature. The State officers, except the Governor, were required to reside in the new Capital, and in 1798 the same requirement was made of the Governor.

Although the first State-House was plain, it probably served more uses and gave more pleasure than any building ever erected in the State. Its halls above and passages below were open for patriotic festivals, religious congregations, political meetings, theatrical performances and the

like. In the vacations of the Legislature on one day the candidate would proclaim the pure righteousness of his cause and the diabolical mischiefs of the opposing party; on the next men with their stomachs filled with barbecued pig, washed down with corn whiskey or apple-jack brandy, shouted defiance to Great Britain and boastings of the greatness of America. Then the floor would be swept and at night belles and beaux would walk in the stately minuet or caper in the quick-time Virginia reel, while the old negro musician sawed his violin with the enthusiasm created by the triple inspiration of the Goddess of Melody, of expected largesses and of old John Barleycorn. Afterwards came the mountebank, dancing, as stated by a newspaper of that day, a hornpipe with both feet on the crown of his head, or itinerant companies attempting tragedy or comedy with improvised stage and home-made scenery. And when the week was over, the people assembled in the sobered chambers and trembled as the preacher thundered forth the wrath of God, and sulphurous punishment on those whose lives were given up to worldly pleasures.

I have described Wake Cross Roads, Bloomsbury, Wake Court House and traced their change into Raleigh. It would be a labor of love to follow the history of the North Carolina Capital up to its present proud position among the minor cities of this favored country. Situated in the interior, surrounded by lands by no means fertile, without a navigable stream, separated from the great centres of wealth by many miles of unimproved roads, for decades of years it was a mere straggling village. Its only prosperity arose from the residence of the officers of state, the meet-

ings of the legislatures, the lawyers, who attended the courts, with occasional wealthy families from the east, fleeing from malaria. In 1831 the Capital, which had been repaired and improved was burned and Fayetteville made another vain attempt to secure for herself the Seat of Government. It was not until after the great Civil War that the upward march of Raleigh really began. The scores of thousands of strangers, who visited the city during the war and after its capture were captivated by its natural advantages. Capital has flown in, manufactories have sprung up, the rail road system has been enlarged and improved and has supplied the needed facilities for transportation. Growth has been steady and healthy. The government is wisely administered and is free from corruption. The citizens are orderly and conservative. The future evidently offers rich rewards to intelligent enterprise. So mote it be!

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For some items in the preparation of this paper I am indebted to Mr. Marshall DeLancey Haywood, whose forthcoming History of Governor Tryon will be a very valuable contribution to our State history. Also to Mr. M. N. Amis' Historical Raleigh, a very useful work.

I have consulted the Journals, Ordinances of Convention and Acts of Assembly, and my Centennial Addresses of 1876 and 1892; also Hare's Walks in London and the Dictionary of National Biography, (Great Britain).

K. P. B.

Battles of Revolution Fought in North Carolina.

Moores Creek Bridge,	Feb'y 27th, 1776
Ramsour's Mill,	June 20th, 1780
Pacolet River,	July 14th, 1780
Earles Ford,	July 18th, 1780
Cane Creek,	Sept. 12th, 1780
Wahab's Plantation S. C.	Sept. 21st, 1780
Charlotte	Sept. 26th, 1780
Wilmington,	Feb'y 1st, 1781
Cowans Ford,	Feb'y 1st, 1781
Torrence Tavern,	Feb'y 1st, 1781
Shallow Ford	Feb'y 6th, 1781
Bruce's Cross Roads,	Feb'y 12th, 1781
Haw River,	Feb'y 25th, 1781
Clapp's Mill	March 2nd, 1781
Whitsell's Mill,	March 6th, 1781
Guilford Court House,	March 15th, 1781
Hillsboro,	April 25th. 1781
Hillsboro,	Sept. 13th, 1781
Sudleys Mill, (Cane Creek.)	Sept. 13th, 1781

Lindley's

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7–November—The Battle of Guilford Court House.
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EDITORS:

MISS MARTHA HELEN HAYWOOD, MRS. HUBERT HAYWOOD.

NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET.

VOL. II. DECEMBER 10, 1902. No. 8.

Historic Homes in North Carolina.

HISTORIC HOMES AND PEOPLE OF OLD BATH TOWN.
MISS LIDA TUNSTALL RODMAN.

BUNCOMB HALL,
MR. THOMAS BLOUNT.

HAYES AND ITS BUILDER,
RICHARD DILLARD.

RALEIGH:
CAPITAL PRINTING COMPANY.
1903.

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

HISTORIC HOMES AND PEOPLE OF OLD BATH TOWN.

BY LIDA TUNSTALL RODMAN.

In the vicinity of the ancient town of Bath may be found rare old landmarks and traces of early colonial homes bearing testimony indubitable of the generous hospitality and good living of the people of that generation.

Much historical interest is attached to this section, Bath having been for a time the capital of the Province, residence of a Royal Governor, and headquarters of a bold and bloody pirate.

It was incorporated as a town in 1705, being the first in the State, forty-two years having intervened between the earliest settlement and the commencement of the first town. It consisted at the time of about twelve houses and is described as being "not the unpleasantest part of the country,—nay in all probability it will become the centre of trade, as having the advantage of a better inlet for shipping and surrounded with most pleasant savannas very useful for stocks of cattle. In this as in all other parts of the province there is no money, every one buys and pays with their commodities, the difference of their money is as one to three."

The earliest settlers being without roads sought the convenient shores of creek, bay or river for their residences, the waters forming a broad highway upon which transportation was carried on by means of various craft, the pi-

†Pronounced periangur.

rogue† being much in vogue at that time, this also accounts for the small number of houses in the towns, most of the population residing on the large plantations near by.

About two miles north of Bath is the old Ormond estate, the house built in early Colonial days is rapidly going to ruin, yet the hadsome old stairway running down to a small paned window, with doors on either side, still remains as does the picturesque hip roof. The fined tiled mantlepiece, a gem in its day, has been destroyed. Some miles beyond this at Hunter's Bridge was another large plantation owned originally by one of the Ormond brothers, an old bachelor whose wealth excited the cupidity of his slaves, and while their master slept, they threw an immense feather-bed over him, jumping on it to complete the process of smothering and killing. Tradition says the negroes were apprehended and three of them burned at the stake in Bath Town. If this be true it is the only case of its kind on record in the State.

The Ormonds were an English family of wealth and distinction.

In another direction a few miles from Bath are still to be seen the foundations of a large brick house owned by the Rhoulhacs, the size and plan giving token of gay and generous French hospitality, for tradition has kept up the memory in all this country side of "grand balls in which gay ladies in rich brocades trod the stately minuets with their gallant partners."

Perhaps the quaintest house in existence to-day, is the old Marsh home, situated on the principal street of Bath

Town, and in good preservation. It was built in 1744 by Monsieur Cataunch for Mr. and Mrs. Whitemore. The chimney is of immense size, being seventeeen feet broad. and four feet thick, having windows in it which open on closets having stone floors. The bricks and tiles of the chimney are of the same pattern as those used in the construction of St. Thomas Church and were brought from England.

In the rear of the building is a family burying ground where is interred Mrs. Mary Evans, niece of the Whitemores, the grey stone slab at the head of her grave is very quaint, as at the top surrounded by scroll work is carved a medallion of the fair lady herself. She has the figure and face of youth and is arrayed in the long pointed waist and tight sleeves of that era.

The incription is perfectly distinct and reads thus:

"Here lies the Body of Mrs. Mary Evans,
Who departed this life Jan. 31st, 1758, aged 19 years."

Then follows a poem recording her youth and graces.

The beautiful Mary Evans died of a broken heart caused by the loss of her husband in a wreck at sea. The Whitemores being devotedly attached to her were so grieved that they moved away, selling the place to Jonathan Marsh, a large ship owner whose descendants still reside there.

Near the southern extremity of Front St. some remains are still seen of the old Fort, built about the time of the terrible Indian massacre in 171, being the highest point in that locality it commanded the approach by land and sea, and furnished a place of refuge in time of danger when the

people were compelled to flee their homes for safety from the dreaded Indian outbreaks.

Fort Reading on Pamlico river, was also built about this time on the estate of Lionel Reading. Just opposite Bath on the South side of the river, where it attains a width of five miles, is Core Point named for the Coree Indians, and in 1722 an act of Assembly provided for laying out a public road from Core Point to connect the southern part of the Province with the northern. Several miles of this old colonial road remains in good condition.

Lawson, Surveyor General under the Crown, and Carolina's oldest historian, lived in Bath; it is noted as a singular coincidence that in his history he boasts that his colony was the only instance of a colony being planted in peace and without bloodshed of the natives little dreaming that in a few years he would be captured by the Indians while on an exploring expedition, and murdered in a fiendish way having his body stuck full of lightwood splinters and then set on fire.

Christopher Gayle, Chief Justice of the Colony, also a resident of Bath Town, writes to his sister in London, "that he was still living though by as signal a hand of Providence as this age can demonstrate.

About ten days before the fatal day (Sept. 22nd 1711) I was at the Baron's (De Graffenreid's) and had agreed with him and Mr. Lawson on a progress to the Indian towns; but beiore we were prepared to go a message came from home (Bath) to inform me that my wife and brother lay dangerously sick; which I may call a happy sickness to me, for on the news I immediately repaired home and

thereby avoided the fate which I shall hereafter inform you."

Neville's Creek on the outskirts of Bath perpetuates the name and site of the residence of the family of Mr. Neville, who were all murdered and scornfully treated by the savages.

Christopher Gayle in another letter speaks of leaving his "wife and sister in garrison at Bath Town," which was the Fort just mentioned.

An act of Assembly was passed making the 22nd of September a day of fasting in commemoration of the mssacre of whites at Bath by Tuscarora and Core Indians.

Bath Town has the honor of having possessed the first Library in the State, as is seen by an Act of Assembly 1705, providing in the most rigorous manner for the care of the Public Library of St. Thomas Parish, this was the Library sent out by Rev. Thos. Bray founder and secretary of the Society of the Propagation of the Gospel. According to the old record, "He did send to us a library of books for the benefit of this place, given by the Honorable the Corporation for the establishing of the Christian religion." This collection was valued at one hundred pounds and at first lead a wandering life, going from end to end of St. Thomas Parish; it finally settled down in Bath and its subsequent history is enveloped in obscurity.

Certain lands were early set apart as the Glebe of St. Thomas Parish, and a small creek near is called Glebe Creek.

There is a record that in September 1711 the people "having no minister met every Sunday at the house of

Christopher Gayle, a very civil gentleman, where a young gentleman, a lawyer, was appointed to read prayers and a sermon."

The act incorporating the Town, March 8th, 1705, provided that "convenient Places and Proportions of Land be laid out and preserved for a Church, a Town House and a Market place." Upon this land St. Thomas church was built, being completed in 1734 during the reign of George II. The bricks and large square tiles used in its construction were brought from England, and it is said Queen Anne gave to St. Thomas Parish the silver communion cup and the bell; the silver cup has long since disappeared and the bell which was cracked and broken having been recast, there is no record to place the seal of historic truth upon this otherwise pleasing tradition, though many believe it to be well authenticated.

An old resident writes, "the church stands a grim sentinel of the past, gloomy and rusty with age, with no steeple it presents a mediaeval aspect, producing a thrill of reverence and awe when we contemplate the officers of the English crown walking down the aisle to worship at its shrine."

It is indeed a mute witness of the days that are gone, and could it speak how many tales of history, romance and tragedy would fall upon the listening ear, for within its portals came soon or late all the people of the Parish and perhaps of the Province, the prattling babe to receive the sign of holy church, gay cavalier and blushing maid to plight their troth, and there must have been weeping ones who found the sting of death and separation just a bit more

keen, because they had left home and motherland for this new country so full of strange terrors.

A stone tablet on the wall is a pathetic record to the memory of "Mrs. Margaret Palmer, wife of Robert Palmer, Esq'r, one of His Majesty's Council and Surveyor General of the Lands of this Province."

It is claimed that Governor Hyde resided for a short time in Bath Town, and the records show a purchase of two lots by his successor Governor Eden and also a large tract of land on the opposite side of the river known as "Thistleworth," there are in addition, records of two marriage licenses granted by him, both facts furnishing some proof of his residence in Bath. His stay was probably of short duration, and perhaps he was quite glad to leave as it was while there that his political enemies accused him of having given countenance to the notorious Pirate Teach, or Black Beard.

Tobias Knight, Secretary of the Province and Judge of the Admiralty Court, resided in Bath Town and an old inhabitant writes, "near the mouth of the creek on its western bank stood the palace of Governor Eden, and from the creek to the steep bank was cut a subterranean passage through which Edward Teach, or Black Beard, in complicity with Governor Eden and his secretary Tobias Knight, received goods captured by Teach on the high seas and through this passage deposited in the cellar of the palace. What he did with them has never been known. Opposite the palace of the Governor was a rock wharf, the stone foundation still remaining, and buried in the mud just beyond this wharf is one of Teach's old cannons."

Beyond the mere accusation no proof has ever been found to tarnish the good name Governor Eden bears in history, he is described as a polished, genial and popular man, trusted and beloved by the people.

Tobias Knight, owing probably to his high position, was not convicted, but the proof was so conclusive of his guilt that he lost the esteem of his friends and countrymen.

Edward Teach was a giant in wickedness, and for a time the inland waters of North Carolina were the scenes of his infamous piracies.

On the shore of Pamlico river about a quarter of a mile from the mouth of Bath Creek was located his residence, some remnant of the brick foundation yet remaining.

Here he had his carnivals as well as in Bath Town where after one of his lootings on the Caribbean Sea, it is said he "worked the town firing indiscriminately upon all, or any one of its citizens, using such fiery oaths as never man heard before."

The King having promised a pardon to all Pirates who would surrender in twelve months, Teach took advantage of this, surrendering to Governor Eden, and obtaining a certificate, soon after at a court of Admiralty convened in Bath, he obtained the condemnation of a sloop "as a good prize," though he never held a commission. He now pretended to become respectable and settle down marrying his thirteenth wife.

One authority says she could not have been very inquisitive as to how many of her predecessors were still living.

After spending some time rioting on the Pamlico and in Bath Town, the old passion for piracy being so strong he

sailed on a cruise, on which, though the skull and cross bones were veiled, their horrid significance was no less evident to those who chose to read the facts. Returning with a large and valuable French ship loaded with sugar and cocoa, four men swore she had been found at sea without any person on board; on this evidence the court of admiralty adjudged her a lawful prize to the captors. In order to elude an investigation the ship was declared unseaworthy and promptly consumed by fire. Unfriendly people said the Governor and the Judge received each sixty and twenty hogsheads of sugar as a douceur. Be that as it may, Teach remained on Pamlico river becoming bolder and more offensive to the lawabiding people who were more and more terrorized by his depredations. Governor Eden certainly had not the means at his disposal to make any effective resistance if he had wished to do so.

Application was secretly made to the Governor of Virginia to send a force to subdue the pirate, and Lieutenant Maynard of the Royal Navy was ordered to proceed to North Carolina in command of two sloops. A reward of one hundred pounds was offered for the apprehension of Teach and smaller sums for his officers and men. Teach had learned of the expedition in some way and was prepared, the encounter taking place near Ocracoke was very desperate and bloody, the exact spot is pointed out to-day by boatmen as Teach's hole.

Lieutenant Maynard displayed both courage and the skilled diplomacy of battle for finding his men fatally exposed by their position, he ordered them below, but to be ready for close fighting on the first signal. Seeing none

but the dead on deck the black old pirate, who had said there should be no quarter given or taken, with a fearful oath ordered his men to board her, as they did Lieutenant Maynard's crew rushed up in obedience to his signal and the fight was on. Maynard engaged Teach, first firing, and then each using dirks until Teach fell exhausted from many wounds. Lieutenant Maynard caused Teach's head to be severed from his body and hung on the end of his bowsprit, he then sailed up to the town of Bath where he landed his men. What rejoicing in the old Town and in all the country side over the death of this villian whose impudent robberies and murders were at last avenged.

We shall never know until the secrets of the Great Deep are revealed, how many innocent men and women with their little ones were forced to walk the plank while Teach commanded Queen Anne's Revenge or the sloop Adventure, or others of his ill-gotten craft. Small wonder he always kept supplied with good West India rum to drive from memory those white and agonized faces.

One term of the Assembly was held in Bath during Gov. Gabriel Johnston's administration in 1752 at which time an act was passed for facilitating navigation of the Port of Bath, the town was then prosperous carrying on a brisk trade with the West Indies and other ports.

Though so long an incorporated town Bath never possessed a court house, jail or pillory until 1766.

In 1765 George Whitefield, the eloquent English Evangelist, visited Bath, but he was so coldly treated by the people that he is said to have shaken the dust from his

feet invoking the curse of heaven upon the place and its inhabitants.

Whether attributable to this or to the natural shifting of men and events to more central and richer localities, it is certain that prosperity with brilliant wings outspread, flew away and has never returned to this picturesque old haven.

There are other places of interest in and near Bath Town but space forbids further mention.

BUNCOMBE HALL.

BY THOMAS BLOUNT.

Amid the fens and breaks and forests of juniper, covering the crest of the low divide running up from the sea, between Albemarle and Pamlico sounds, Kendrick's creek takes its rise. Slipping thence northwardly, into the open country, it winds between fertile hills dotted over with well tilled farms, and rushing through roaring gates, or whirring wheels, gliding past busy villages and sleepy woodlands, its amber tide pours into Albemarle sound, south of Edenton. Narrow of mouth, and no more than fifteen miles in length, this modest stream does not attract the attention of the passing navigator of the Albemarle, nor does it make any great figure in the topography of the country. Yet every foot of its shore line is pregnant with facts in the primal history of North Carolina.

During the Culpepper rebellion, and the unhappy administration of Seth Sothel, many hardy spirits slipped away from the North Albemarle colony, and settled along the banks of Kendrick's creek, preferring the solitude of the wilderness, and the society of the simple savage, to the doubtful protection of an unstable government administered by avaricious tyrants. In vain the authorities "commanded them back." They blazed a rugged trail from the mouth of the creek along its western shore, and on through the forest, to the banks of the Pamlico where Bath Town was later located, and planted a thin line of humble homes by its side; the seed-bud of that wondrous growth which has

since expanded into a mighty state. Along this rout, flowed for half a century the ceaseless tide of imigration coming up from the Virginia coast, and peopling the wilderness to the south and west. It was a part of the first mail rout in the province, and was the course taken by the impatient Governor Dobbs when hastening from Virginia to Newbern to take the oath of office, after being detained at Edenton "above a whole day by contrary winds so fresh he could not cross the ferry some eight miles." On the south side of this road, about three-quarters of a mile from the Tyrrell court house at Lee's Mills, was the entrance to the Buncombe Hall grounds, over which was suspended the famous distich:

"Welcome all,
To Buncombe Hall."

This was no empty invitation posted to make the vulgar stare. It meant rest and good cheer for any travel-stained pilgrim who would avail himself of it, dispensed with a lavish hand by the princely owner himself, to rich and poor alike. For no matter how humble the traveler, while he was within the gates of Buncombe Hall he was its master's guest, and as such was treated with the most courtly consideration. If a boon companion showed a premature disposition to depart, trusty slaves knew how to remove certain bridges on either side of the estate and the wooing of that guest's fair charmer was deferred to another day.

Near this same road, but a little higher up stream than the Buncombe plantation, Captain Thomas Blount of the first Chowan vestry, erected a mill in 1702. This man was a blacksmith and ship carpenter by trade. He came from

Virginia to Perquimans where he married Mary, the widow of Joseph Scott. During the winter of 1698–'99 he removed with his family to the "east side of the mouth of Kendrick's creek." Later he purchased "Cabin Ridge plantation" where the town of Roper now stands and immediately began the erection of a mill on the creek hard by. This was for a while the "one miil in the whole province" and in time came to be the industrial centre of the "South Shore" settlement. At it, was manufactured the lumber for many of the earlier buildings at Edenton, such as flooring for the first church (never used), material for the first court house, and much more. With a continuous service of two centuries rounded out to its credit, this mill is now the oldest developed water-power in North Carolina.

Captain Blount died in 1706 and Thos. Lee, marrying his widow, subsequently got possession of his mill and most of his other property.

To this circumstance is due the scattering of his immediate descendants to the four-winds and the opportunities of advancement which they thus found. Verily—

> "There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
> Would men observingly distil it out."

With one brief exception the mill remained the property of the Lee family until 1814, hence the place came to be called "Lee's Mills." The assembly which Gov. Gabriel Johnston called to meet him in Edenton in the winter of 1735–'6, was the first to which Tyrrell had sent delegates. Prominent among her representatives that year was Capt. William Downing of Lee's Mills, who was unanimously elected speaker of the house.

This Assembly fixed Tyrrell's court house at Lee's Mills where it remained until the erection of Martin county in 1774, when it was removed to the house of Benjamin Spruill on Scuppernong river.

At the first session of the court held at that place, which was on "third Tuesday in May, 1774," Colonel Edward Buncombe presented his commission from the Honorable Samuel Strudwick, Esq'r, dated December 18, 1773, appointing him Clerk of the court. He immediately qualified, giving bond in the sum of one thousand pounds, with Stevens Lee and Archibald Corrie as sureties. His successor qualified on the tenth day of February, 1777, hence Colonel Buncombe was the last clerk of the county court for Tyrrell under the colonial government. Mr. Corrie often performed the duties of the office as Colonel Buncombe's deputy. They were "Co-partners and merchants" at Lee's Mills.

It is said that Colonel Buncombe's fine Tyrrell estate came to him by the terms of his uncle Joseph's will.

Some years before Colonel Edward Buncombe was born, Joseph Buncombe went from England to St. Kitts hoping to improve his fortune. While there his brother Thomas sent him money with which to buy land. Being a bachelor "heart whole and fancy free" and hearing of the fair women and fertile lands of Albemarle, he sold his holdings in the "tight little island" to his brother, and came to North Carolina. On the 20th of March, 1732, he purchased from Edward Moseley one thousand and twenty-five acres of land in Tyrrell county, "bounded on the east by Kendrick's creek, and on the south by Kendrick's creek

and Beaver Dam branch." About this time he married Ann, the oldest daughter of Geo. Durant who had died in 1730. They made their home on the Tyrrell lands near what is now known as Buncombe Landing. On the 17th day of August 1735, Joseph Buncombe qualified as the guardian of Geo. Durant's children, giving bond in the sum of 2,994 pounds, with Stevens Lee and William Downing as sureties. On the 10th of September following he executed to these bondsmen an indemnifying deed covering all his lands and including several slaves. This deed recorded in the Tyrrell office 16th April, 1736, was the first instrument registered in that county.

Later we find Mr. Buncombe renewing this deed, and adding a sum of money "adjudged to be due him from the public" for slaves executed at Edenton. November 30th, 1739, he assigned negroes to his wife Ann and his daughter Mary. A few years later Thomas Corprew who had married Mr. Buncombe's widow, settled up the Durant guardianship. Mary Buncombe married a Mr. Sutton, and her mother who was born July 14th, 1714, died in 1741, leaving two sons by her Corprew marriage.

Colonel Edward Buncombe who was born in 1742, was probably sent when quite a young man to look after his father's St. Kitts' property. At any rate he married Elizabeth Dawson Taylor there April 10th, 1766. Their first child, Elizabeth Taylor, was born in St. Kitts, March 11th, 1767, and the second, Thomas, was born in North Carolina, February 3d, 1769, while the last child Hester, was born April 25th, 1771.

Colonel Buncombe's first public act in his new home was to sit as a member of an "Inferior court" held at the Tyrrell court house, "On the second Tuesday in May, 1769." His name appears last in the list of justices at this term, but he was one of the three who remained to sign the docket at the end of the session.

From these circumstances it would appear probable that Colonel Buncombe removed with his family to North Carolina as early as the spring of 1768. The story of his coming as popularly related, is as follows:

One Mr. Cox of Edenton learning that Colonel Buncombe had come into possession of the Tyrrell lands, went to St. Kitts and offered to buy the property. But young Mrs. Buncombe advised her husband that if it was worth all that trouble on the part of Mr. Cox, it surely was worth a visit from its owner before confirming a sale of it. Acting upon this suggestion Colonel Buncombe came to North Carolina, and was so much pleased with the place that he at once gave orders to Stevens Lee of Lee's Mills to build a house for him on the farm, while he returned for his family.

Considering the fact that lumber could only be sawed during the winter months, and that bricks were only made in the summer, and taking into account the fact that all processes of building at that time were very slow, it seems probable that this first visit of Colonel Buncombe's was made during the summer of 1766.

It has been said that the bricks used in the building were brought from England. But Governor Tryon wrote

that very year "We do not import lime, lumber or bricks, either from the northern colonies, or from England." There were brick yards at Lee's Mills.

One who had read the "Buncombe Notes"—an elaborate account of Colonel Buncombe's removal to North Carolina, preserved until 1874—says that in these it was related that the vessels in which he came were loaded with great quantities of valuable stores, farming implements, seed, stock, slaves, furniture, and all things necessary for the farm in the new country. These were landed at the place now known asBuncombe landing, at the east end of the beautiful ridge on which Buncombe Hall stood, some three-quarter of a mile to the west. Vessels trading with the West Indies, New York, Boston and other points along the coast came regularly to Kendrick's creek in those days for cargoes of lumber, and farm produce. So profitable was this trade, that Colonel Buncombe built a vessel of his own to engage in it, and on the 20th of September, 1775, the schooner "Buncombe" was registered at Port Roanoke, Edenton, N. C., Jno. McCrohon being her first master.

Just below the landing at Buncombe Hall the dark waters of the stream are unusually deep, so much so that the place was popularly said to have no bottom. This was called the "Guinea Hole" from a very pathetic circumstance said to have occured there.

During the days of Mr. Joseph Buncombe a vessel from the West Indies was unloading at this wharf which had among her crew a young man who had "shipped" one trip in a Guinea slave trader. He recognized among the negroes handling the cargo, some natives of Guinea, whom

Mr. Buncombe had recently purchased from a New England dealer, and getting into conversation with one of the men, our wag managed to make him understand that he was but recently in the man's own country. After answering many eager inquiries as best suited his whim, the sailor was finally urged to point in the direction of Guinea. Either in a spirit of mischief, or intending to indicate that the place was on the other side of the world, he pointed over the stearn of the ship down through the deep hole. The simple child of the Niger understood the gesture to mean that here was a secret passage to Guinea, and hugging his precious secret he took the first opportunity imparting it in all confidence to his fellow countrymen, who like himself were longing for their native jungles. Getting a long pole, they secretly sounded the place, and finding no bottom, they concluded the kindly looking young sailor had told them truly, so selecting a dark night when no one was watching, and loading themselves with weights, that they might sink quickly, plunged beneath the inky waters on their long journey to the other shore. Though their unfortunate lives were lost, may we not hope that they found an eternal abiding place in the presence of Him who said "Come unto me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Be this legend true or false there were among Mr. Buncombes slaves some desperate men, who in their efforts to escape, slew their keepers, and were executed.

"It is along the borders of streams that men usually seat," wrote Thomas Woodward the first Surveyor General of Albermarle. This custom fixed the early roads paralled

with the water courses, and usually next to them. The one leading from "Edenton's sound" to Lee's Mills was no exception to the rule. It zigzagged along the edge of the hills next the stream until it reached the end of the long ridge composing the southern portion of the Buncombe estate, then leaving the creek it turned down the northern side of this, going in a westernly direction. It was on top of this ridge, and about half a mile west of the spot where Joseph Buncombe had lived, that Buncombe Hall was erected. As originally constructed, it was a long two story frame building, containing four large rooms, wide halls, and three cellars. It faced the road on the north and had on that side a rather pretentious double piazza, through which the lower hall was entered by wide double doors. The cooking was done in a great open fireplace in the east cellar, and the dining room was immediately above. The stairs leading to the upper chambers was entered through a door from the piazza. Later, and certainly during Colonel Buncombe's life, a long wing was erected from the south side of the west end of the building, making it L shaped. This new wing contained two large rooms on the first floor, and one above, which was entered by stairs leading up from the room next the main building. There were two cellars under this wing. The basement walls of brick, were about five feet above ground, and had small windows in the top. There were chimneys outside at the end of each wing, and probably one double chimney running up through the middle. The lower rooms had high ceilings, and were carefully finished inside, but the dormered walls of the second story were low, through

which numerous little windows jutted out, like many eyes peeping from under the heavy eaves of the quaint hipped roof above. In front of the building was a plot of ground devoted to the cultivation of flowers, oramental shrubs, and border plants. At the end of a pretty walk on the east side of this, was Colonel Buncombe's office. In the rear of the building broad piazzas extended the entire length of both wings. From this piazza the two rooms in the annex, or south wing, were entered. In the rear of the building, and on the broad hill-side sloping to the south-east, were the orchards of peaches and other fruits. To the west of this, nestling in a grove of virgin oak, and hickory trees, were the ample slave quarters. A few of these venerable oaks are still standing, majestic witnesses of a dead past. The branches of one of them has a spread of more than two-hundred feet, and its gnarled trunk measures eighteen feet in circumference above spurs. Near this stood the "smithy" and "wood shop" of the plantation. In these were manufactured many domestic utensils, the farm implements in use at the time, the carts, wagons great carry-logs, the light chair, or gig in which the master rode forth on journeys, and even the mahogony chariot, or carriage in which the mistress was wont to travel abroad could be repaired there. It is highly probable that in these shops were mended, and "made fit for use" the heterogenous collection of arms with which the fifth battalion was at first equipped. For the day after the election of Colonel Buncombe to the command of this regiment, the Provincial Congress sitting at Halifax appointed Stevens Lee and Hezekiah Spruill, a committee

for Tyrrell, "to receive, procure and purchase firearms for the use of the troops," and to have such as required it repaired with all possible dispatch. If one had stopped to rest under the shade of this old tree in those busy days at Buncombe Hall, he would have heard above the din of the anvil, and the roar of the forge, the quaint songs of many dusky damsels in the cabins hard by, as they busily "seeded" the cotton, carded the wool or sped the soughing spindles of many great wheels, while the clatter of resounding looms would have told him that the "tasks" of yarn from the spinners of yesterday, were supplying those of the weavers of today. These, with the dyers, the shoemakers and the tailors were all busy with the mighty task of equipping a regiment of fighting men. For they were here nearly a year, arming and drilling for the fray, and we are told that Col. Buncombe practically bore the expense himself.

The original deed from Edward Moseley placed the acreage of the Buncombe tract of land at one thousand and twenty-five acres, but when we remember that rent was paid on land in those days at so much per acre, and then taking into account the general callings by which the surveyor had bounded it, we need not be surprised to find two thousand acres in the tract, and to this Colonel Buncombe added until the estate consisted of four square miles of the finest farm, and timber lands in the Albermarle section. The land drained naturally, and was easily brought into cultivation, the removal of the forest growth being the chief difficulty. During the eight or nine years Colonel Buncombe resided on this property he made at least two

thousand acres of it fit for tillage. The Hall was so situated that one could view the entire plantatation from the upper floor of the front piazza, and a magnificent sight it was said to be, those seas of golden wheat ripe for the sickle, surrounded by the gleaming green of great fields of corn just budding into tassel.

Colonel Buncombe was loyal to the crown, and supported the colonial government heartily, as is shown by his unwillingness to aid Governor Tryon in suppressing the insurrection of the Regulators, and the promptness with which he always discharged his duties, either as a militia officer, or member of the county court. But when Colonel Harvey came riding from Halfax, and his conference with Willie Jones on that eventful fourth of April, 1774, and lodging that night with Colonel Buncombe, poured out to him and Samuel Johnston, the story of Governor Martin's tyranny and with fervid eloquence unfolded to them his plans of resistance and defiance, not only was the impetuous young lion of Buncombe Hall won to the cause of popular liberty, but the calm, calculating prudence of the astute Johnston, surrendered to him. It was just two years and ten days later that Colonel Bunombe's adopted country called upon him to prove his faith by his works. On the 15th of April, 1776, the Halifax Assembly, of which Archibald Corrie was the sole representitive from Tyrrell, elected him Colonel of the fifth batallion of North Carolina troops. He had just laid his loved young wife to rest within the sacred precincts of old St. Paul's at Edenton, and his bruised heart had turned for "surcease of sorrow" to the care of the three bright pledges of her love, their

children. But like the patriot soldier that he was, he never hesitated. Proceeding at once to gather about him a band of devoted men, who like himself, preferred the privations, and uncertain fortunes of the tented field, with honor, to inglorious submission to foreign tyrants, he equipped and drilled them with all possible dispatch, largely at his own expense. Then taking such order with his private affairs as the unsettled state of the country would permit, he bade his children adieu, and turning his back forever upon them, and the home which his ardent soul had sought so faithfully to make the aery of loves bright dream, he placed himself at the head of his regiment, and began that career which was to end so disasterously at German Town. Here he was wounded, captured by the enemy, and according to a letter of his sister, Mrs. Cain, dated March 23rd, 1780, died a prisoner of war at Philadelphia, 1779, aged thirty-seven years.

Of Colonel Buncombe's children, Elizabeth Taylor, the oldest, was sent when eleven years old, 1778 for education to Abraham Lot in New Jersey, Thomas and Hester were placed under the care of Mrs. Ann Booth Pollock of North Carolina. For many years after this Buncombe Hall became the prey of the spoiler.

While Colonel Buncombe was organizing his regiment, the Tories about Lee's Mills were very active. At their head was one Daniel Legget, who taking to himself the title of "Senoir Warden," went from farm to farm during the summer of 1776, and with notched sticks, tripple oaths, mysterious grips, and spelled-out pass-words, initiated all who would join him into a society for the pro-

tection of the Protestant religion, the maintainance of King George's authority, the assistance of deserters, and the protection of members from service in the patriot army. They were promised that as soon as Colonel Buncombe should march with his command, that Gen. Howe would certainly come to their assistance, and give over to their tender mercies his estate, and the property of all those who had enlisted with him. Gaining some strength, they began formulating a plan for assassinating all the chief men in the province, when their bloody purpose was disclosed, the ring-leaders apprehended, and loged in jail at Edenton. One of them at least, one Llewellyn, was executed, and this so frightened Leggett that he had a fit of hysteria, and wrote Governor Caswell a most penitent letter, begging that his unprofitable life should be spared, and assuring him that his penitence was so great that he would ever after be incapable of harm. He appears to have escaped with his neck.

Elizabeth Taylor Buncombe, Col. Buncombe's oldest daughter was married, by Bishop Benjamin Moore, to Jno. Goelet of New York, October 23rd, 1784. Eight children were the result of this union, three being born prior to their removal to North Carolina, which was about 1793. About this time Colonel Buncombe's estate was divided among his three children. Mrs. Goelet's part being the south-eastern portion of the Tyrrell plantation, on which Buncobe Hall stood. It was probably during the minority of these heirs, certainly prior to 1811, that the public road was changed, and laid out through the middle of the farm running nearly north and south, leaving the Buncombe Hall

fully three hundred yards to the east, and side to the road. They planted long rows of shade trees, principally sycamores, along the top of the ridge between the house and the road, and on either side of the latter through the entire estate, making the change as attractive as possible, but there was no attempt at altering the house to front the new road. This could easily have been done, as either wing was about equal in length, and contained the same number of rooms. But there was no disposition to make any alteration. In fact the reverential affection of Mrs. Goelet for everything that had been her father's, made her exceedingly averse to any change in Buncombe Hall, the home he had made. And thus it remained until 1876, when the Connecticut carpetbagger began to demolish it. True the piazza on the north side had fallen away, but the building itself was pratically as good at the close of tsi century of service, as when first erected.

After the division of the Buncombe property, the several parts were quickly taken by two or three good families, the Washington county Court House was erected at Lee's Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Goelet's large family of children, began to be "grown up," and altogether Buncombe Hall was again a social centre of first importance, on the "South Shore."' In 1836 they erected a chapel in the centre of the little colony, placing it on the west side of the public road, and only a few hundred yards from the entrance to the Buncombe Hall grounds.

This church, St. Luke's, was the scene of the early priestly ministrations of Bishop A. A. Watson, as it also

was of Rev. Dr. George Patterson, who recently died in Tennessee.

About the centre of this church-yard, marked by a modest marble slab, is the grave of Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor Buncombe Goelet, wife of John Goelet, and oldest daughter of Colonel Edward Buncombe. Mrs. Goelet died in Greenville, N. C., at the home of her son, Dr. Peter Goelet, March 9th, 1840, being within two days of seventy-three years old. She was first interred in the family burying ground on the farm, but was later removed to the churchyard. By her side, and to her left is the unmarked grave of Mr. Jno. Goelet, her husband. Mr. Goelet was born in 1759, on the day of the fall of Quebec, and died at Buncombe Hall, October 6th, 1853, and was buried in St. Luke's churchyard by Rev. Dr. Geo. Patterson, two days later. Mr. Goelet was a man of small stature, and slight figure, but he had the voice of a Boanerges, being able to make himself heard at a great distance. He was remarkable for his activity in his old age, frequently walking to Plymouth and back, a distance of eighteen miles, in half a day, even after he was eighty years old. On the right of Mrs. Goelet is the grave of her seventh child, and third son, Major John Edward Buncombe Goelet, who was born January 4th, 1807, and died November 13th, 1857. This grave is also unmarked. It is highly probable that the plot contains the graves of others of the Goelet children, but the two I have mentioned are the only ones certainly identified.

In 1811 Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Goelet gave their daughter who married a Mr. Haughton, one hundred and seventy

acres of the Buncombe Hall land, as her portion, one of the callings being a sycamore now the north-east corner of St. Lukes churchyard. It was their son who in 1859 purchased the homestead, it having been sold for division. The terms of the purchase not having been complied with, it was again in 1868 sold by decree of court, this time to an adventurer from Connecticut, who obtained very liberal terms from his political friends of the court. He completed the payment of the purchase price, $800.00, in 1874, perfecting his title. Pushing an old office building into the grove, between the house and the public road, he moved into this, not feeling himself equal to the presumption of residing in such a dignified looking building as Buncombe Hall was even in its ruins. To provide himself with spending money, he would sell with equal readiness, to negroes or political associates, a piece of the land, or a part of the house. Thus it came about that in 1878 there was nothing of the old building left save the naked framework of the dining room, and the kitchen walls under it. That nothing of its destruction might be wanting, the Norfolk and Southern railroad, whose track crosses the ridge about in line with the western walls of Buncombe Hall, dug away the earth on which it stood, to a depth of about five feet, leaving nothing to indicate its location save a slight depression at the side of the cut where the kitchen cellar was.

The last time I saw Buncombe Hall was in the spring of 1874, I had been sent to Lee's Mills on some errand by my father, and returning late, passed by the place after dark. The evening moon hung low in the west, its faint

light throwing indistinct shadows across the fenceless, fennel covered grounds, revealing the moss covered, sombre looking old building standing tenantless at the end of the long vista of sycamores. The upper windows, lined with the accumulated dust of years of neglect, threw back the light of the moon so brightly at times, that I nearly fancied these reflections were the spirit lights of ancient heroes holding high carnival in those silent upper chambers. About it, in perfect alignment were rows of great sycamores, their whitened branches pointing heavenward, like the bleached bones of many armed skeletons, hands uplifted. From the thicket jungle north-east of the house, containing the old burying ground, came the disquieting call of a lone whippoorwill, while way down by the Guinea hole on the creek, a horned owl sounded his melancholy note. Such were the last days of Buncombe Hall.

HAYES AND ITS BUILDER.

BY RICHARD DILLARD, A. M., M. D.

"Time has a Doomsday-book upon whose pages he is constantly recording illustrious names. Only a few stand in illumined characters never to be effaced." Each century has left us large legacies of wisdom and experience, but that which was useless has been reduced to dross in the merciless crucible of Time.

History is the essence of biography, and biography is the great open door to universal information. We cannot read too often the record of the truly wise, and virtuous; their deeds are of inestimable value to a Commonwealth. The soul only grows noble by the contemplation of the noble.

Gov. Samuel Johnston, the builder and master of Hayes, was of ancient Scotch lineage, and distinguished personnel. His commanding figure was well fitted to carry the fine head, and Jove-like brow which his portrait denotes. In early life he studied law under the distinguished barrister, Thomas Barker, of Edenton, and was soon appointed Deputy Naval Officer of the Province, an office which he filled with great ability, until removed by the royal governor Martin, for his decided revolutionary sentiments. The literature of an age undoubtedly impresses its stamp upon the characters who figure in it. The writings of Coke and Blackstone unconsciously affected every youth who studied law then. Gov. Johnston's strong forensic mind was evidently moulded, and illumined by them. His preeminent

GOV. SAMUEL JOHNSTON.

FROM A RARE OLD WATER COLOR IN THE HAYES LIBRARY.

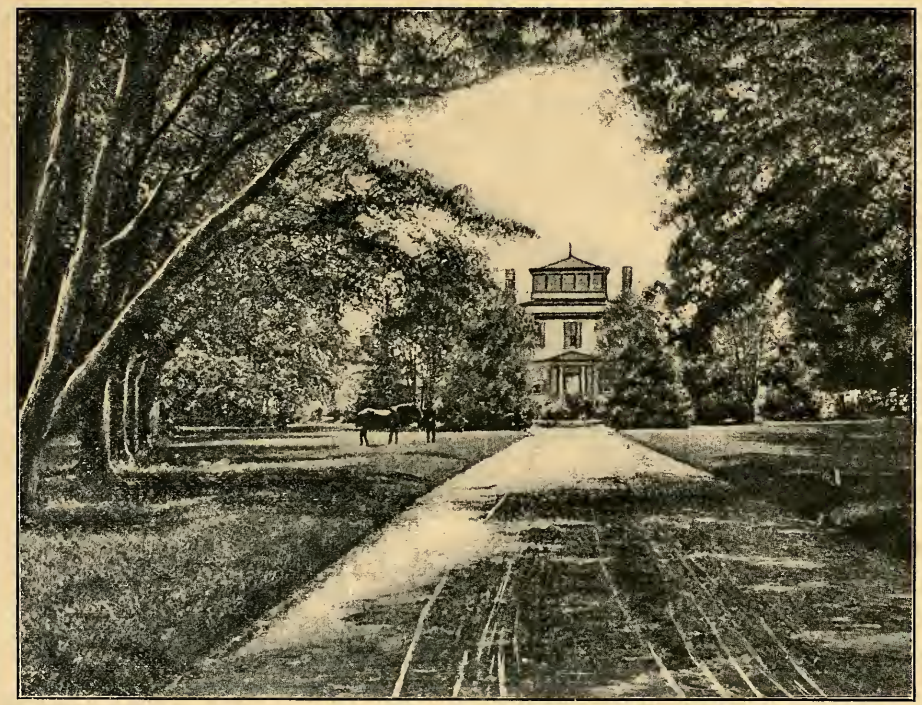
ability and shrewdness became famous throughout the province, and his name is inseparably connected with the early history of law, and equity in North Carolina. His great octopus mind seemed to reach out in every direction; he filled with distinction the offices of Judge and Governor, and was the first United States Senator from North Carolina. He was on a commission created by Congress to settle the boundary line between New York and Massachusetts, with Jno. Jay, Elbridge Jerry, Rufus King, and others. The result was so satisfactory that in the election of 1796 he received two votes from the State of Massachusetts for the Vice-Presidency. He presided over the Hillsborough Provincial Congress, and over the Convention of Fayetteville in 1789, which adoptod the Federal Constitution. His associates were the greatest men of the time, and he was their peer. Governor Johnston was a federalist in politics, and helped to stamp strength upon our own State institutions. The revolutionary correspondence of Gov. Johnston, including letters from the Adames Jefferson, John Sevier, Anthony Wayne, James Madison, Robt. Morris and others, is an inviting and untilled field for the future historian, but it is too voluminous to publish here. I myself shall rest content, while humbly gleaning in this rich harvest of Canaan, to have my sheaves make their proper obesiance into those of my brother reapers.

His marriage to Miss Cathcart brought him additional wealth in the fine Caledonia estate on Roanoke River, and a large number of slaves. Both the Governor and his wife were hospitable hosts, and their elegant home became the resort of the cultured and refined. The distinguished

James Iredell, who wrote so charmingly of those days, was always glad of an opportunity to take tea, or spend the evening there, especially to meet the Governor's sister, Hannah, whom he subsequently married, and Mr. Barker, his old tutor, during his last years made frequent visits to Hayes to discuss the great political changes, which had taken place in the government. The affection between tutor and pupil became stronger and stronger, and when Mr. Barker died Gov. Johnston was his executor, and had him buried, by special request, in his own family graveyard at Hayes. As we view Governor Johnston down the long vista of time, he filled the full measure of Shakespeare's successful man, "Honor, wealth and ease in waning age." He was one of the ablest men the State has produced, and will live forever among the immortals who helped to mould her history.

Hayes, his beautiful seat, was built in 1801, and named for the home of that versatile and kingly knight, Sir Walter Raleigh. A fact in itself, which lends great interest to its history.

The homes of the early settlers indicated their type; here the cavalier prevailed, and he brought over with him his grand ideas of English life. Sir Christopher Wrenn, the famous architect of St. Paul's London, had for a long time set the fashion in architecture: the projecting second story; the gabled roof, and its most necessary embellishment, the lanturne or cupola, which was lighted up on the King's birthdays, and other festive occasions. This aerie in summer became the social heart of the mansion, just as the great fireplaces and inglenooks were the center for win-



HAYES, THE SEAT OF GOV. SAMUEL JOHNSTON.

NOW THE RESIDENCE OF MR. JNO. G. WOOD.

ter evening's amusements. When guests were present, tea would sometimes be served there, and the lord of the manor could spend hours there looking out upon the broad expanse of Albemarle Sound, watching for some overdue vessel, which was to bring him tidings and newspapers from England, or fruit and luxuries from far off Indies. Newspapers were scarce, and personal correspondence took their place. The elegant diction, and beautiful penmanship, are in striking contrast with the curt, typewritten, stenographic modern letter. By way of parenthesis, Col. Edward Buncombe was probably the exponent of the hospitality of Eastern North Carolina in those days. His gates always stood wide open, and above them he had inscribed, with great pride, his royal welcome. Whenever it was the good fortune of the stranger to lodge there, he would invariably find the next morning that the bridge across Kendrick's Creek had been taken up during the night, by the Colonel's orders, and that he was a prisoner in the castle to await the pleasure of his host. In passing it is an interesting study in philology to note that the modern word Buncombe or "bunkum" is indirectly derived from his name. A certain member of the Legislature from Buncombe County named Felix Walker, whenever a question was presented always persisted in making a speech, declaring that his constituents expected it, and that he was obliged to make a speech for Buncombe, hence its general use now meaning a pretended enthusiasm.

After the revolution, when our forefathers had accumulated wealth and slaves, a modification of their architecture became necessary to keep balance with their munifi-

cence, and they built with a spaciousness commensurate with their broad hospitality, and the pattern became classic, and for the most part Corinthian. Perhaps Hayes is one of the purest types of that style. It generally consisted of a large central mansion, with its huge portico, and columns, the wings connected to it by a colonade, or Grecian peristyle; the observatory taking the place of the lanturne. The gardens were for the most part formal, and of the Italian pattern, laid out in hearts, and horse-shoes, and stars, and edged with box. The long avenues were bordered by cedars, or stately elms, and tulip trees. Then there was the summer-house covered with Lady Banksia roses, a suitable tryst for the amours of Florizel and Perdita, and off on the sunny sward stood the ever-warning sundial. The gateway to the carriage drive was wide and inviting, and the posts were usually surmounted by couchant lions, urns, or the American Eagle.

Hayes is seated in the midst of a lovely grove and lawn upon a broad plateau, with its gentle trend toward Edenton Bay, an estuary of Albemarle Sound. The shore line broken here and there by clusters of feathery cypress trees, forms enchanting vistas of ever changing water scenery, and the dignified old mansion nestled among its stately trees lends a picturesque serenity to the landscape. The grounds are laid out with artistic skill and beauty, and pictorial cleverness. The walks lead to surprises of arbors, bowers of roses, and beautiful groupings of shrubbery: And when the summer moon hangs in the sky like a cutting of silver, the waves kiss back at her a thousand broken reflections, and the sheen thrown upon the landscape trans-

forms trees and bowers into fairy islands, dells and grottoes more weird and beautiful than the caves of Ellora. In the spacious dining-room hang the portraits of Clay and Webster, (both by Bogle) Marshall, Peter Brown, Judge Nash, Badger, Governor Morehead, Governor Graham and Gaston, the poet statesman. The portrait of Clay was painted especially for Mr. Jas. C. Johnston, and was the last one of that famous statesman. In a personal letter to Mr. Johnston, Mr. Clay stated that he would not have had his portrait painted at that time of life for any other living man.

The library, which occupies one wing of the mansion, is of unique octagonal design and antique appointment: It contains more than five thousand rare books, manuscrips, etc,, principally collected by Governor Johnston and is still sacredly preserved by its appreciative possessor, Mr. John G. Wood. There are many rare and costly old editions of various authors. Upon its walls hangs the portraits of Thos. Barker, (by Sir Joshua Reynolds,) John Stanley, Judge Iredell, Judge Ruffin the elder, Gavin Hogg, and around the cornice are busts of Washington, Marshall, Hamilton, John Jay, Zachary Taylor, Henry Clay, Dewitte Clinton, Webster, Walter Scott, Chancellor Kent, and James L. Pettigrew of Charleston, the erstwhile law partner of Gen. Pettigrew. The catalogue of books, though done with a quill pen, has the appearance of the most exquisite steel engraving. Mr. Edmund M. Barton of the American Antiquarian Society of Worcester, Mass., says: "The catalogue is a wonderfully quaint thing in itself; the collection of books is very fine; worthy of careful in-

vestigation and preservation, and would make an excellent foundation for the public libraries, which must, and are gradually coming up through the South."

This library is a tempting, and enchanting pasture, where the mind may browse to its content, like herds upon the green Sicilian slopes, or wander like a bee, to gather nectar from the poet's flowers, and where fancy may, with wanton joy, chase the golden butterflies of fiction, or of romance.

Mr. James C. Johnston, a son of the Governor, was the last of the family to occupy Hayes. He was a courtly polished man, and inherited much of the physique, and strength of mind ofhis father. He lived in great exclusiveness and elegance at Hayes, with his retinue of servants. It is said that an early disappointment in love consigned him to celibacy, and changed the whole tenor of his life.

Mr. Johnston was an extensive planter, and engaged also in milling and shipping. At the outbreak of the Crimean war, in 1854, prices of breadstuffs went up in a fabulous way. That year the sales of wheat and corn from his Caledonia farm alone, amounted to over one hundred thousand dollars, nearly all of which was profit. And Mr. Johnston was so gratified at the result, that in addition to the regular salary paid his manager, he presented him with his check for one thousand dollars. This incident alone will give some idea of his munificence. He had the highest appreciation of sterling worth of character, especially applied to those with whom his extensive business operations associated him, and when his trusted Attorney, Malachi Haughton of Edenton died, with characteristic

generosity he erected to him a handsome shaft in St. Paul's Churchyard, and inscribed thereon his estimate of him in these lines:

"A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Mr. Johnston was an extravagrant admirer of Henry Clay, and when the great commoner became embarrassed, voluntarily, and without his knowledge, paid off the entire indebtedness amounting, it is said, to over forty thousand dollars.

During the civil war Mr. Johnston was a Union man, and had but little sympathy with the ultra states right doctrine held by many.

If we are the reproduction of those who have preceded us, we cannot blame him too much for his political opinions. Rigidly reared under his father's influence, he had been taught to believe in a strong centralized government, and he held that there could only be complete strength in complete union of the component parts thereof.

When the war came with its bouleversement, the wrecking of fortunes, and the estrangement of friends, Mr. Johnston felt that he was neglected by his family, and became permanently alienated from them.

He died May 9th 1865, and by his holographic will, bitterly contested in chancery, by the ablest jurists of the day, his vast estate passed from his family forever.

"Here let us rest his case,
He's gone from hence, unto a higher court
To plead his cause."

RICHARD DILLARD.

Edenton, N. C.

Battles of Revolution Fought in North Carolina.

Moores Creek Bridge,	Feb'y 27th, 1776
Ramsour's Mill,	June 20th, 1780
Pacolet River,	July 14th, 1780
Earles Ford,	July 18th, 1780
Cane Creek,	Sept. 12th, 1780
Wahab's Plantation or Waxhaws.	Sept. 21st, 1780
Charlotte	Sept. 26th, 1780
Wilmington,	Feb'y 1st, 1781
Cowans Ford,	Feb'y 1st, 1781
Torrence Tavern,	Feb'y 1st, 1781
Shallow Ford	Feb'y 6th, 1781
Bruce's Cross Roads,	Feb'y 12th, 1781
Haw River,	Feb'y 25th, 1781
Clapp's Mill	March 2nd, 1781
Whitsell's Mill,	March 6th, 1781
Guilford Court House,	March 15th, 1781
Hillsboro,	April 25th. 1781
Hillsboro,	Sept. 13th, 1781
Sudleys Mill, (Cane Creek.)	Sept. 13th, 1781

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Historic Homes in North Carolina.

THE GROVES—THE HOME OF WILLIE JONES,
BY COL. BURGWYN.

HISTORIC HOMES IN THE CAPE FEAR COUNTRY.
BY COL. A. M. WADDELL.

WAKEFIELD,
BY MARTHA HELEN HAYWOOD.

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1903.

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

THE GROVES.

THE GROVES—THE HOME OF WILLIE JONES.

BY COL. BURGWYN.

Situated on the banks of the Roanoke River, but a few miles from the Virginia line, is the little town of Halifax! A name fraught with memories of gallant deeds and the home of more than one hero. If age gives prestage to a place then we may claim an interest along this line for this town. The exact date of its first settlement is not known, but it was, perhaps, in the early part of the 18th century. It is situated in what was then Edgecombe county, but in 1758 the county of Halifax was formed and thus became the centre of judicial administration by being made the shiretown of the new county.

In the intercourse between the settlements in Virginia and those in inland eastern Carolina, this was the best and safest place to cross the Roanoke, rightly named, "river of death," always dangerous from its strong and powerful current, often it became a raging torrent of seething waters and impassible even at this point. The delays from this and other causes no doubt prompted the erection of shelter for the traveler and the beginning of that hospitality for which the town became noted in after years.

We read that "in the early history of the state the town of Halifax bore an important part." That here on the 12th day of April 1776, the first Provincial Congress in America declared for independence. Except the Mecklenburg Declaration there had not been anywhere in America an

instance of a public declaration in favor of a complete separation from Great Britian.

On a slight elevation called Constitution Hill, the house is still standing in which this convention met. Of the personnel of this convention we have much in a general way. Moore in his history says—"During October the elections were held for members of the convention that was soon to meet for the formation of a new government for North Carolina. Two distinct and antagonistic parties were developed, which struggled for ascendency at the polls on the 15th day of that important month, in the state's history.

Samuel Johnson and his friends were anxious for the establishment of a splendid system which should be possessed of great powers of repression and should rest authority largely in the hands of the enlightened few, who had been for two years past so largely "influential in shaping the destinies of the infant commonwealth." The leader of the opposing party was Willie Jones of Halifax who fiercely denounced this scheme. He was the avowed champion of the masses; and though an aristocrat in his habits and associations, was still theoretically the most radical politician then in the state.

Col. Caswell sympathized with such views but was wary and moderate in expression and went not to such lengths as were habitual with Mr. Jones.

Willie Jones was no demagogue, no office seeker; and few men have exerted a more salutary influence in North Carolina than he. Although the son of a provincial officer, Col. Robert Jones, who was appointed Attorney Gen-

eral for the Province of North Carolina by King George II, in 1749, and possessing an education acquired with the nobility of England, he was an ardent patriot and firmly advocated and believed in the rights due the infant colonies.

Moore says of him as he appeared in 1774: "Willie Jones was to North Carolina what Thomas Jefferson was to Virginia. Never conspicuous on the hustings or in the debates of deliberative bodies, but in his powerful and original mind was to be developed the larger portion of the policy of his people during the continuance of his life," and in another place the same historian says of him: "Willie Jones was a chapter of contradictions. He was always a leader of the assembly and yet rarely joined in the debates and then only to utter a few pungent and pointed sentences. Again, no man was so democratic in theory and yet so patrician in tastes. When the house had adjourned after an exciting debate his real strength manifested itself. No man could be so insinuating and convincing at the fireside. Probably Governor Caswell never realized how much his views were colored by the adroit and accomplished member from Halifax."

Mr. Jones was the leader of the majority in the constitutional convention which met in Hillsboro July 21st 1788 for "the purpose of deliberating and determining on the proposed plan of Federal Government." There is a tradition that before the convention met, Mr. Jefferson wrote an autograph letter to Mr. Jones requesting him to use his influence to prevent the ratification of the Federal Constitution by North Carolina. As the story goes Mr.

Jones read that letter privately to every member of the convention known to be a disciple of Jefferson and converted from opposition to ratification others who were in doubt, so that he had counted the masses before the convention was called to order and knew that the Federal Constitution would not be ratified as it stood. Knowing that a large majority was with him, Mr. Jones wished the question immediately put without debate.

He said: "The constitution has so long been the subject of deliberation by every man in this country and the members of this convention have had such ample time to consider it, that I believe every one of them is prepared to give his vote now upon the question." Mr. Iredell spoke at length against voting without debate and Mr. Jones in a very short speech withdrew his motion saying: "If gentlemen differ from me in the propriety of this motion I will submit." As is often the case his apparent submission carried his point for the vote stood 184 to 84 against ratification. Until the Declaration of Rights and certain amendments were made a part of the constitution. Willie Jones won the day, and as long as he lived, was the most popular political leader in the state. In this way his friendship for and with the great Jefferson was strengthened. In after years the families were united by the marriage of Mr. Jones' daughter, Martha, to Judge John W. Eppes, of Buckingham county, Va., whose first wife had been Thomas Jefferson's daughter.

Willie Jones' father, Col. Robert Jones, lived at what was called "Jones' Castle" in Northampton county, just

across the river from Halifax but died while his son was at Eton, England.

After young Willie's return to America in the year 1765, he moved his father's house to Halifax and built in the extreme south of the town what has since been known as the "Grove House."

All the building material of the first house which was erected in 1740 had been brought from England. This when moved to Halifax was added to and improved to suit the taste of the young owner and his prospective bride. The construction of this house which has stood so well the storms of years was elaborate; the workmanship was of the best and it was built according to the demands of the times in regard to hospitable entertainment, situated in an immense park of native white oaks, it still stands a ruin of what was once the castle from which its owner extended such lavish hospitality and around whose hearth-stones he used those graces which won men to his views and brought such lasting results.

Of the majestic oaks which formed this park, or "Groves" which Mr. Jones preferred to call it, and through whose branches the sunlight fell on dead leaves and bronze mosses which formed a carpet of varied colors for the feet, there are five remaining in one group; these five oaks divide honors with two immense sycamores in guarding the approach to the front door of the castle. One of the provisions of Mr. Jones' will was that not an axe should be laid to the body of one of these trees, but alas, how impotent the will of man to control the events of passing years—many of them have been removed. The door-yard

is a wilderness of shrubbery, which has reached an abnormal growth, and the limbs of huge Crepe Myrtles are interlaced with those of the "Rose of Sharon" and Mock Orange which are more trees than shrubs, so long and deep have their roots fastened themselves in the generous soil.

The steps to the front porch were of semi-circular shape and built of red granite, which was brought from Scotland. The entrance hall is large and square, the wainscoting of handsome paneled oak, the moulding around the ceiling of each room is precisely what many are using to-day, with the addition of the dignity given by more than a hundred years, the large open fireplaces in hall, salon, and parlor offer suggestions of the warmth and cheer of which only these shadows remain. In one corner of this hall is a peculiarly arranged window or nook, said to have contained secret chambers which opened with a concealed spring and which is credited with having been the receptacle of state papers of no little importance. Uncanny tales are told of other spirits than those which cheer as visiting this mysterious corner at most unlooked for times, and "hants" are often seen by the credulous passers-by, when overtaken by the darkness in this forsaken spot.

A wide cross hall separates this one from the banquet hall or dining room which deserves more than a passing notice. All the rooms are large, this one unusually so. The wide and deep bow window, the high carved mantel which reached to the ceiling, the heavy frescoe and many other small paned windows give it still an air of more than ordinary interest. The tone and coloring of the

paper on the walls can be seen in places but much of its ornamentation has been taken away by relic seekers.

This large bow window which formed a semi-circle with one wide center window and two smaller windows on either side, was the first one ever built in North Carolina, and Mr. Jones arranged it so that he could have a perfect view of his private race track, and from this room watch the racing of his blooded horses of which he was passionately fond. Of the cost of this window we can form some idea, when we remember that the duty on glass was one of the chief grounds of complaint at the time this house was built.

The historian Moore again says of Mr. Jones, "that he was authority on all matters concerning field sports, and lost a most advantageous alliance in marriage in preference to surrendering his thoroughbred horses.

Mr. Jones was married June 27th 1776, to Mary, second daughter of Col. Joseph Montford, of whom the historian says: He was a grand specimen of the old time Virginia gentleman who had settled in that part of Edgecombe County which afterwards became Halifax. Col. Montford was descended from Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leecester. He was appointed by the Duke of Beaufort to be the first Grand Master of Masons in the Province of North Carolina. His oldest daughter, Mrs. Jones' sister, Betsey, married Gov. John Baptista Ashe Oct. 7th, 1779, and it was in this room at the Grove House in which Col. Tarleton was dining with Lord Conwallis that the conversation occurred in regard to Col. Wm. Washington which has immortalized her name in history. Mrs. Ashe was with

her sister at the Grove House while her husband Col. Ashe was away in command of his regiment of patriot soldiers and Col. Jones was in Virginia in command of another. Lord Cornwallis in his march from Wilmington to Yorktown in April 1781, on reaching Halifax found the waters of the Roanoke so high that he could not cross the ferry so took forced possession of the house and grounds. He soon found that though he could establish a forced occupation of the premises he could not control the sharp speech of the mistress of the mansion and her wily sister.

This house and grounds in after years were occupied by portions of two other armies. First during the civil war Col. Duncan K. McRea with the 5th North Carolina Regiment, with the consent of the owners, spent quite a while in camp there; after the war closed it was occupied and partly destroyed by a portion of the Federal army. Another interesting incident is that owing to a railroad accident just opposite the Grove in which several Confederate soldiers were killed and wounded Gen. Johnston Pettigrew and Col. Harry K. Burgwyn were detained and rested at the Grove House until transportation could be resumed. This was in the early summer of 1863, when Pettigrew's Brigade, of which Col. Burgwyn's Regiment the 26th North Carolina was a part, was ordered to Virginia to unite with Gen. Lee's army in the invasion of Pennsylvania. The dinner taken here was the last meal eaten by either of these gallant young soldiers in their native state—one fell leading his men at Gettysburg,

the other a few days thereafter, defending the retreat of the army across the Potomac.

A narrative of this family and their home would not be complete without the statement that it was here the young Scotchman John Paul found a home in his wanderderings and from grateful recognition of kindness shown him adopted the name he afterwards made so famous.

Winston Churchill in his book Richard Carvel, as others have done, claims that John Paul Jones got his name from a Virginia planter. Mr. Cyrus T. Brady in his biography of his favorite heroes contained in his Great Commander Series says "that he adopted the name in affectionate regard for the Hon. Willie Jones and his beautiful and charming wife who had both been very kind to him in his days of obscurity." He adds "that it was Willie Jones, one of the leading attorneys and politicians in his native state who afterwards secured for Paul a command in the United States navy. He likewise surmises that, as the Jones family were the first people of refinement and education with whom young Paul ever associated, it was to them that were primarily due the polish and cultivation which later admitted the gardener's son to the highest circles in American and French society. The impression made upon young John Paul by the privilege of association with these friends who had raised him from a "tramp" to a welcome guest for an indefinite time, was of the deepest, and he gave to them, especially to Mrs. Jones, a warm hearted affection and devotion amounting to veneration."

Mr. Brady is right in his statements. An autograph

letter from Willie Jones' grand-daughter, Mrs. Wm. W. Alston, who is now living, in Isle of Wight county, Va., in answer to one of enquiry regarding this statement says: "You ask did John Paul Jones change his name in compliment to my grand-father, Willie Jones? I have always heard that he did and there is no reason to doubt the fact. Not only have I always heard it, but it was confirmed by my cousin, Mrs. Hubbard, wife of Col. E. Hubbard from Virginia, while in Washington in 1856, with her husband who was a member of congress. She then met a nephew of John Paul Jones who sought her out on hearing who she was. He told her of hearing his uncle and the family speak of the incident often and his great devotion to the family, so that in my opinion you can state it as a historical fact." This lady is more than 80 years old but her letter is full of love and veneration for the name of her honored grand parents and the associations of her childhood. There are several churches in Halifax—one built on a portion of the Grove estate, the lot was given by Mr. Jones' daughter, Mrs. Eppes for this purpose; but on the farther side of the town just as you descend toward the river still stands one built so long ago that no one can give the date of its erection. Some say it was built for a "free church" and was used by preachers of all creeds, others say that it was the established church in which many of the leaders worshipped before the Revolutionary war. There is a crown over the pulpit and a sounding board. This would seem to prove the correctness of those who claim the latter, and say that the clergyman of the church of England in charge of this parish was

allowed the same salary given to each incumbent, which was $650 per annum by the province and another hundred by the London Society for the propogation of the gospel. Perhaps it was from contempt for some such incumbent, too prevalent at that time, as Miss Johnson gives to the character of "Darden" in her last book on Allen, the tool of Richard Carvel's arch enemy, that caused Mr. Jones to lean too much to the views which were sweeping over France and America at that time.

The intense hostility which he imbibed for church establishment had its origin in religious persecution for non-conforming to the required rites and ceremonies of church, and often carried its adherents too far; but from what we know of the sterling piety of some of his family we would judge that he was in sympathy with a recently published letter of his friend, Mr. Jefferson, in which he says, "I always rejoice in efforts to restore us to primitive Christianity; in all the simplicity in which it came from the lips of Jesus. Had it never been sophisticated by the subtleties of commentators now paraphrased into meaning totally foreign to its character, it would at this day have been the religion of the whole civilized world."

In Mr. Jones' will which is lengthy and bears date Feb. 22, 1798, he states the ages of his children then living, giving as his reason that there is no public record kept of births of these children. Willie Jones, Jr., according to the English law of primogeniture inherited most of his father's estate and lived at the Grove House until he died in 1846. This young man was mentally dwarfed and died without issue leaving his paternal estate

to his three surviving sisters. One of these as we have said had married Judge John W. Eppes, of Buckingham county, Va. Another, Sallie, married Governor Burton, of North Carolina, and after his death was again married to Col. Andrew Joyner, of Halifax county. The third became Mrs. Joseph B. Littlejohn, of Oxford.

This will which is on record at Halifax is peculiar in other ways. There is a singular provision as to Mr. Jones' burial place, directing that if he die while a member of the General Assembly at Raleigh in session there, he shall be buried there; but if he should die in Halifax he should be buried by the side of his little girl who was buried in the orchard; that his family and friends were not to mourn his death even with a black rag, on the contrary "I give to my wife and three daughters each a quaker colored silk to make them habits on the occasion." Another remarkable extract from the will of this remarkable man is: "I appoint my brother Allen Jones and my friend Wm. R. Davie executors of it. My brother is to be acting executor as long as he lives; if he should die Gen. Davie must act; for two acting executors or administrators at the same time are like two Kings of Brentford."

Mr. Jones was buried in Raleigh, as he directed, but the family graveyard in the orchard is still preserved. The tomb of the little girl mentioned in this will is of brick covered by a heavy marble slab which bears the following inscription.

MARY MONTFORT JONES,
THE CHILD OF
WILLIE AND MARY JONES,
SHE WAS BORN AUGUST 21, 1788,
AND DIED JUNE 29, 1791.

"Venus gave all the graces, Pallas formed the mind
With rival art, to make the first of woman kind,
Jove, of the wonderous work too soon enamored grown
Sent the stern tyrant death and claimed her for his own.
The spirit soar'd to Jove the fine, cold, senseless clay
Shin'd in spight of death, as bright as orient day."

This tomb though more than a century old and for many years uncared for, is well preserved and the inscription perfectly legible. How sad that we are behind our mother Virginia again in that we have no society to look after such things; so many of our places of interest are allowed to vanish in ruins for want of such protecting care. The state or county should own this old home and restore it to its former condition.

In the extreme north of the town, repaired and in good condition is the home of Gen. Wm. R. Davie of "Hornets Nest" fame, and in the old church yard above alluded to is the tomb of his wife who was Mr. Jones' niece. This tomb has a slab of marble over it similar to that of the little girl and is inscribed as follows:

To
The Memory of
SARAH DAVIE,
Daughter of
General Allen Jones,
Born the 23rd Day of September, 1762.
She was Married to William R. Davie, Esq.,
On the 11th of April 1782,
And Departed This Life
On the 14th of April, 1802.

Ida T. Wilkins.

HISTORIC HOMES IN THE CAPE FEAR COUNTRY.

BY COL. A. M. WADDELL.

There are very few "historic homes" in North Carolina if, by that phrase, homes of distinguished men remaining in the same families for more than a hundred years be meant. There are a great many sites of the homes of the early settlers, and a few original buildings left, but nearly all of the latter have perished, and even where they have been restored, or where new ones have been substituted for them, the owners are in most cases not of the blood of those who made those homes historic. This is the inevitable result in any country where the law of primogeniture is unknown, where families are large, and where real estate cannot be entailed, or escape liability to creditors. I can scarcely recall an instance of a home which is more than a hundred years old, and which is still kept up by the descendants of the original proprietor in the same, or a better, style than he affected. It was not so prior to 1861, for up to that date there were scores of such homes in the states; but the deluge came, and, with it, wreck and transformation.

Aside from this, the truth is, that our people have never taken especial pride or interest in preserving historic memorials of any kind.

One of the most remarkable and pitiful illustrations of this was what occurred several years ago in regard to

Hilton,* the home of the Revolutionary patriot Cornelius Harnett. The house and grounds, which lie just outside of the city of Wilmington, were bought by a Northern man, as a site for a manufacturing establishment, and, not wishing to tear down the venerable mansion, the proprietor offered (according to a statement in the city papers published at the time) to exchange the house with any one who desired to remove and preserve it, for the same quantity of brick contained in it. It was not a large house, and the cost of removal would have been small, but no one could be found willing to comply with the offer, and it was torn down.

Orton and Kendall, adjoining plantations on the lower Cape Fear, are the only "historic homes" that have been continuously occupied as residences (but not by the descendents of the original proprietors) for a hundred and fifty years or more—the former being the only house that has remained substantially the same, and the latter a comparatively new building. There are in the city of Wilmington two houses opposite each other on Market Street at the corner of Third, still occupied as residences, one of which, the McRary house, was built before the Revolution by John Burgwin, Esq., and occupied by Cornwallis in 1782 as headquarters, and the other the DeRosset house, built in 1798 and occupied by that family ever since until recently, which was occupied during the war of 1861-65, by Gen. Whiting as headquarters.

* This name has long been spelled so, under the popular belief that it was so called after Hilton, one of the original explorers of the country; but Harnett named it Maynard, and after it passed into the possession of Wm Hill, Esq., he gave it the name of Hilton after his own family.

These are the only instances of "historic homes" still standing on the lower Cape Fear, but there are on both branches of the river for many miles up and down, the ruins of residences once occupied by men who were prominent in making our early history. In some cases the foundations of the houses are visible, but in most there is hardly a vestige of them left. Very few modern houses have been built on these plantations, and hardly one of these on the old site, which is generally occupied by undergrowth and weeds, or is a bare, bald spot.

It is, to those who have sensibilities on the subject, a source of profound sadness that these old homes of the men who laid the foundations of our state, and through trials, and suffering, and sacrifices, little dreamed of by the present generation, secured the liberties of the people, have disappeared, and their very sites become unknown to ninety nine of every hundred of the inhabitants of the country. But such has been the fate of the "historic homes" of the South generally.

It is diferent in New England, where, from the Revolution to the present time, no armies have been seen, and the thrift of the people has been supplemented by perpetual bounties from the Federal government—that is to say, from all the other people of the country.

One of the historic homes near Wilmington should be of especial interest to the Masonic fraternity, as it was the summer residence of William Hooper one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and the place of meeting, before and during the Revolution, of the Masons belonging to the first Lodge established in the state, and

the place from which the locality took its name of Masonboro. It is on the Sound about eight miles from Wilmington. The walls of the house, (which was burned a few years ago) bore Masonic emblems which were visible nearly up to the time of its destruction.

On the east side of the N. E. branch of the Cape Fear about 25 miles above Wilmington, and the uppermost of the old places, was Lillington Hall, where lived and was buried Gen. Lillington, one of the heroes of the battle of Moore's Creek Bridge, the first victory of the American Revolution, fought on the 27th February 1776. It was a notable place in its day, and is described in Lossing's "Field Book of the Revolution."

Opposite to Lillington Hall, on the west side, and extending thence to within three miles of Wilmington, there was a succession of estates, the first of which was Stag Park, first located and patented by Gov. Burrington of Colonial, (and unsavory) reputation. Then came "The Neck," the residence of Gov. Samuel Ashe; and next "Green Hill," the residence of Gen. John Ashe of Revolutionary fame.

Then came Moseley Hall, the residence of Col. Sampson Moseley, who was prominent in civil and military life before and during the Revolution; then Clayton Hall, the residence of Francis Clayton, who was frequently in the legislature, and, after him, the residence of Col. Sam. Ashe, where occurred the remarkable and amusing adventures of Tom Martin (too long to be told here). Next came "The Vats," located by Col. Maurice Moore, after a controversy with Gov. Burrington, which came near ending

in blood. The point of rocks at the bend of the river on this place gave the name of Rocky Point, which it still bears, to the neighborhood. Col. Maurice Moore the founder of the town of Brunswick is buried there, and his son Judge Maurice Moore. Then came a succession of nine plantations owned by prominent men, (among them Col. Jno. Pugh Williams of the 9th Regiment of the Continental Line), and then crossing the river again, came another series of places, the most historic of which were Castle Haynes owned by Gen. Hugh Waddell, who is buried there, and the Hermitage owned by Mr. Burgwin, Treasurer of the Province before the Revolution, which was one of the most celebrated homes in the Cape Fear country for a hundred years, but which, like most of the rest of them, finally succumbed to that destroyer of country homes, fire.

The great majority of these residences were wooden structures, some of them being large, with wide halls and piazzas, but without any pretence to architectural beauty, and some being one story buildings, spread out over a considerable space. A few were of brick, but none of stone, as there was no building stone within a hundred miles; but all, whether of brick or wood were comfortable, and the seats of unbounded hospitality.

On the west or main branch of the Cape Fear above Wilmington, there was a similar succession of places once owned by men distinguished in military or civil life, the first of which was Maclaine's Bluff, where the famous lawyer Archibald Maclaine is buried. He was a member of the Committee of Safety for Wilmington in 1776, of

the Provincial Congress at Hillsboro in 1775, and of the Convention of 1778 at the same place, to consider the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and represented the town of Wilmington in the legislature from 1783 to 1786. The Bluff is now occupied by a guano factory, and the acid chamber is over the spot where he was buried. Further up the river in Bladen County is "Owen Hill," the residence of Col Thomas Owen, a brave officer who was at the battle of Camden, and was frequently in the legislature. It was also the home of his son Gov. John Owen, a very prominent man for many years, and until a recent date was the home of the latter's daughter.

In this county there was also the residence of Gen. Thomas Brown, a Colonial and Revolutionary soldier, the hero of the "surprise party" at Elizabethtown in 1781, and a brave and noble patriot. This residence remained in his family until a few years ago. Near Elizabethtown was "Belfont," the residence of Gen. Hugh Waddell, and the place on which Cornwallis's favorite officer, Lt. Col. Webster, who was wounded at the battle of Guilford Court House, is buried. The estate was afterwards bought by James J. McKay, who was a distinguished member of congress for many years. He devised the property to the County of Bladen, which I believe, still owns it.

* "Brompton," the residence of Gilbert Johnson, brother of Gov. Gabriel Johnson, (who was Colonial Governor for 18 years) was also in Bladen, but has long since gone to decay. It is said that at this place Gen. Francis Marion met a number of officers and re-organized his command,

which—it will surprise some people to learn—was largely composed of North Carolinians.

The foregoing list, I think, embraces all or very nearly all of the "historic homes" on the lower Cape Fear, although it is quite possible that some have been omitted.

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* Letter of Gilbert Johnstone, Gentleman, written March 8th, 1790.

My grand father, John Johnstone, Stapleton, Officer in Scotch Regiment and in French service married Elizabeth, her father Gabriel Belchier, French Protestant. Their children, 1 John, he and only son died in North Britain. 2 Gabriel, Governor of North Carolina. 3 Gilbert, my father. 4 Samuel, lived in Onslow, N. C. 5 Elizabeth, married Thomas Kenan, at our home, Armagh. My father married Caroline, her grand father, George Johnstone, Armagh 1724, children, Gilbert, Henry, Caroline, Gabriel, Robert, William, Isabel; John. I married Margaret Warburton, North Carolina 2nd, June 1750. Children, Hugo, Gilbert, Jean, Isabel. Henry died Catawba County, son James, Col. in war. Caroline married William Williams, son William. John lived in Yadkin county now in Bertie, N. C. Gabriel married Janet Macfarland, son Frances killed, Lieut. Mother and Aunt Francis died Brompton. My father to Ireland after 1715. Got my lands through George Gould. Barfield tories burned my home to cellar. Was at Culloden with father, he wounded, came Cape Fear 1746. My father died 1775.

Marion, two Horrigs and Francis Huger met Folsome and Giles my house. All chose Marion, bar Folsome. Hugo took my men with Marion 1780, all horsemen. Francis Huger and James often at my house. John Rutherford a tory.

Writ by my hand for Susanna 8th day March 1790.

(Signed) Gilbert Johnstone, Gentleman.

The following endorsements are on the back of this letter:

"Folded and addressed on back to Susanna Johnstone by Stephen."

"NOTE: "Hugo" was the eldest son of Gilbert Johnstone who wrote the letter and Susanna was Hugo's wife."

"I certify upon honor that this is a true copy of the original letter which is now in my possession at Idylwild, Ga.

August 20, 1900. (Signed) Huger W. Johnstone,"

Idylwild, Ga.

WAKEFIELD.

BY MARTHA HELEN HAYWOOD.

Just without the boundaries of Raleigh, quaint and gray, like a page torn from some dim history of the past, lies "Wakefield." Quiet and vine covered it stands in its simple dignity with a stateliness in its modest architecture which recalls the bygone days of Lady Lyon (nee Miss Wake) from whom it was named; and of Joel Lane pioneer and patriot, who in 1792, "conveyed to the state as a site for a capitol one thousand acres of land contiguous to his residence at Wake Court House.

Although "Wakefield" bore a tory name it was for many years the rallying spot of the most ardent patriots. "Here the General Assembly of the rebellious and traitorous Province of North Carolina (the proudest title she ever won whether in ancient or modern days) met in June 1781 and elected Thomas Burke, the accomplished Irishman, Governor of the State. Here also tradition tells us rested the Great Wolf of Carolina while he rallied his forces to march against the Regulators. In that day the gray old house wore a suit of "tory red" to match the governor's own, and consisting as it did of only two low stories with slanting roof and dormer windows was considered "a rare specimen of architectual elegance," in every way worthy the representative of the King.

Joel Lane was a man of influence and of strong character. On Lyons march against the Regulators he served as Lieutenant Colonel of the Regiment, and during the war

for American Independence he served with faithfulness and bravery occupying many positions of both civil and military trust, all of which he filled with honor to himself and his country.

* "He was a member of the State Congress of 1775, of that of April 1776, and beginning with 1782, thirteen times State Senator, continuously, except 1793. During the war he was a member of the County Committee of Safety. He was a commissioner to locate the boundaries of Wake County. As Justice of the Peace he was a member of the first court in the county. He was one of the charter trustees of the University and offered 640 acres at Cary as a site for it. He was a delegate to the convention of 1788 and to that of 1789 voting against the Federal Constitution in the first and for it in the second."

Joel Lane died in the year 1795 on March 25th and he now lies buried in an open field on the east of Boylan Avenue, "mouldering in the midst of the unrecorded dead," [Letter of Gov. Swain], beneath the shade of an old mulberry tree. He bequeathed his residence at his death to his son Thomas who sold it to Dr. Allen Gilchrist who had married a daughter of Joel Lane.

From Dr. Gilchrist it was bought by an old Scotchman named Peter Brown, who was an able scholar and lawyer, and who built in the grounds, close to the residence a large library for which he accumulated while on his travels in America and Europe a most interesting and extensive collection of the best books of the day.

In an old newspaper we read that in 1818 Peter Brown

* Hon. Kemp Battle in "Raleigh and the old town of Bloomsbury."

sold "Wakefield" to Wm Boylan, "the first editor of the Raleigh Minerva, a gentleman of great positiveness and yet kindliness of character. Accumulating a large estate he spent the last years of his life in the enjoyment of private and domestic life, though when a public emergency called him to the front as in 1850, when the prospect of obtaining the necessary subscription to secure the building of the Central Railroad was imperiled, he was prompt to come forward aggressive, bold, liberal, and public spirited, with one hand on a true North Carolina heart, and one in a patriotic pocket."

Wakefield has remained in the possession of the "Boylan" family ever since it came into the possession of Wm. Boylan in 1818, and to-day it stands under the shadow of its spreading trees (except for an addition of a South wing and the falling away of the old Colonial columns that graced the front portico), exactly as it stood, long before city of Raleigh was planned or even dreamed of. Holding as it ever will something of its old world atmosphere, it seems a thing apart from the stir and bustle of modern life, the rush and clamor of the business world of to day. A region of quiet and repose where the fancy travels far, where dim shapes in lace and powder in buff and blue, seem not the things that dreams are made of, where memories faint and half forgotten, find yet a weal, habitation and a name.

Battles of Revolution Fought in North Carolina.

Moores Creek Bridge,	Feb'y 27th, 1776
Ramsour's Mill,	June 20th, 1780
Pacolet River,	July 14th, 1780
Earles Ford,	July 18th, 1780
Cane Creek,	Sept. 12th, 1780
Wahab's Plantation or Wahaws.	Sept. 21st, 1780
Charlotte	Sept. 26th, 1780
Wilmington,	Feb'y 1st, 1781
Cowans Ford,	Feb'y 1st, 1781
Torrence Tavern,	Feb'y 1st, 1781
Shallow Ford	Feb'y 6th, 1781
Bruce's Cross Roads,	Feb'y 12th, 1781
Haw River,	Feb'y 25th, 1781
Clapp's Mill	March 2nd, 1781
Whitsell's Mill,	March 6th, 1781
Guilford Court House,	March 15th, 1781
Hillsboro,	April 25th, 1781
Hillsboro,	Sept. 13th, 1781
Sudleys Mill, (Cane Creek.)	Sept. 13th, 1781

Feb 1903

The North Carolina Booklet.

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Feb No 10

The County of Clarendon.

Or. Old Charleston on the Cape Fear

—BY—

JAMES S. BARRETT.
BASSETT

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The County of Clarendon.

—BY—

JAMES S. BARRETT.

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1903.

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

THE COUNTY OF CLARENDON.

BY JOHN SPENCER BASSETT, PH. D.

It is to the island of Barbados that we must look for the beginning of Clarendon county on the Cape Fear. To this island came during the parliamentary war in England a number of loyalists who would not submit themselves to Cromwell. They found the place a welcome but a restricted home far south of the Tropic of Cancer. Sugar grew profitably and wealth began to accumulate. But one thing disturbed the thoughts of the settlers. They realized that they were on a small island, where no influential community could be planted, and where their children would find themselves isolated among the people of the earth or forced to seek homes elsewhere. It seemed good to some of them to move at once to a larger and more promising field. Added to this was a political reason for their dissatisfaction in the island. It had long ago been granted to Lord Carlisle who failed to improve it. When the loyalist refugees came to it they found no one to forbid them to settle and no one to sell them land. They took possession and built their homes without land titles. Ere long the original proprietor's claim was brought up and a cloud was thus cast upon their titles. This caused them much concern and concern deepened into dismay when, after some long discussions, it was decided that the settlers should pay to the proprietor's creditors, for he was deeply in debt, four and a half per cent. of their gross yearly produce, and that after

these creditors were satisfied the inhabitants should continue to pay a like sum to the king. It was equivalent, said they in dismay, to a tax of ten per cent. on their net incomes. Their dissatisfaction was little allayed by the fact that the king after the restoration in 1661, as a token of his esteem for the islanders, made baronets of thirteen of them, among whom were John Colleton, one of the future proprietors of Carolina, and in due time, Sir John Yeamans, who took part in planting the Cape Fear colony, as we shall soon see.

In 1663 the king granted Carolina to the eight Lord Proprietors. It was natural for the Barbadians to think of this as a field for their settlement. Promptly, in less than six months after the king signed the grant, two gentlemen of Barbados, Thomas Modyford and Peter Colleton, wrote to the new proprietors in behalf of themselves and two hundred others of the same place proposing that they should make a settlement 'in that goodly land of Florida," (on the Cape Fear river.) They declared that many hundreds of experienced and respectable planters of Barbados would follow them to the proposed colony if they were properly encouraged. They asked to be allowed to name their own rulers, to make their own laws, and to have a tract of land consisting of one thousand square miles subject to fixed rents. They asserted that they were qualified for the task of settling the place "as well for their experienced planters, as for the number of their Negro and other servants fit for such labor as will be there required."

This was not the first information the proprietors had of the design of the Barbadians. Private letters had already

told them the same story, and on August 25th they sent to the island an outline of the terms on which they would grant land in Carolina. They announced that a colony might settle on the south side of Cape Fear river, near the mouth, that 20 000 acres of land must be reserved in such a colony for the proprietors, that the settlers must send them the names of thirteen men, from whom they would appoint a governor and six councillors to rule the colony for three years, that there should be an assembly chosen by the people to make laws, subject to the approval of the proprietors, that all persons should have personal and religious liberty, and that for the first five years each adventurer should have one hundred acres of land for himself, fifty acres for each man-servant and thirty acres for each woman-servant. For this land they reserved as an acknowledgement and to help pay the charges of settlement one-half penny for each acre—presumably as a quit-rent, though the proposals do not explicitly say as much. It was expected that this colony would produce wine, oil, silk, rice, currants, etc., which were not then raised elsewhere in the king's possessions. The Duke of Albemarle, who was the executive head of the eight proprietors, wrote cautiously to the governor of Barbados explaining that it would be an advantage to that island to have the proposed colony planted. It would prevent, said he, an overproduction of sugar, and that would promote the interests of Barbados, by taking off a part of the sugar planters there. He added, and it was much more to the point, that the new colony would produce corn, beef, and pork for the supply of the island.

He might also have mentioned in the same connection staves and lumber.

The proposed Barbadian colony was not the first which went to the Cape Fear. Some time before it was projected some New Englanders had discovered and entered the mouth of the river. They found out how favorable a place it was for a colony and gave report of it at home. The feature which attracted them was the large cane-brakes and open meadow. It seemed to them to offer advantages for cattle-raising.

The New Englanders secured an Indian grant for the region—and prepared to make a settlement. They brought the matter before some London business men, and a company was organized there to co-operate with them in their scheme. To these they declared that they were the first who had ever entered the mouth of the river, which they called the Charles, the first to land and set foot on its banks, and that they possessed good Indian deeds to the land, after the fashion of settlers who came into some new region. They went so far as to apply to the king for a patent, not doubting that it would be granted. But in this they were disappointed. When Carolina was granted to the proprietors, these Londoners sent to the latter a petition in behalf of the New England enterprise. The settlement had already been made, and since the patent for it could not be got from the king it was important that some kind of an arrangement should be made with the proprietors. Speaking for their associates in New England, who were the controlling part of the company, the petitioners asked that the new settlement be

given as liberal a form of government as was enjoyed by New England colonies generally; that is to say, that they might choose their own governors, make and confirm their own laws, and be exempt from any taxes but those they laid themselves. If either of these privileges was not fully granted to them then those who were concerned in the settlement, although some of them had established considerable estates there, would incontinently abandon it. The petitioners added, furthermore, that the progress of the settlement had recently met a short check from some who had gone thither and becoming dissatified had returned to New England with reports in their mouths about the difficulties of the harbor, and the sterility of the soil. They urged that the privileges requested be granted, lest the refusal of them in connection with this evil report should be the end of the colony. What answer they received we do not know. But we know from the proposals the proprietors made for settlers on August 25th, that they were not disposed to introduce New England institutions into Carolina, and we know, also, that the New England colony was withdrawn by its promoters. When they withdrew they set up a post on which they placed a bit of information very uncomplimentary to the place.

The settlement of the Cape Fear was left, therefore, to the Barbadians. They had heard of the bad report of the New Englanders, but they did not believe it, as became good Cavaliers. They had already sent William Hilton to explore the Carolina coast, and his report was good. They were about to send him on another trip for the same purpose. He was dispatched with two others in the fall of 1663

and the explorers were in the river from October 12 till December 4. They explored the main stream as much as fifty leagues and some of its branches nearly as far. They found much poor land and much that was as good as any in the world. Of the latter there was enough to accommodate thousands of Englishmen; to all of which they duly testified in a report to those who sent them out.

"We saw mulberry trees," they said, "multitudes of grape vines, and some grapes, which we eat of. We found a very large and good tract of land on the northwest side of the river, thin of timber except here and there a very great oak, and full of grass, commonly as high as a man's middle, and in many places to his shoulders, where we saw many deer and turkeys; one deer having very large horns and great body, therefore called it Stag-Park." This delightful park, they added, stretched away for several miles. They found other tracts like this. Some of the land was pine-barrens; but most of it was good for pasturage. It was the latter fact which had attracted the New Englanders who hoped to raise cattle there. They heard of the droves of cattle left there by the New England people, but they could not find them.

The report of the commissioners pleased those who employed them. Preparations for sending out a colony were begun at once. The winter was devoted to them and in the spring of 1664 the expedition set sail from Barbados. Who led it, and how many people it contained we do not know. We only know that it arrived in the Cape Fear, or the Charles, on May 24, 1664. On the south side of this river some twenty or thirty miles from the sea they

selected the site of a town which they hoped would become the metropolis of their new nation. In loyalty to the king they called it Charles Town. They did not all settle there, however, but placed themselves along the river as they found good land. At the end of three years the plantations extended up and down the river for sixty miles.

Two prominent men in the colony were Robert Sandford and John Vassall. Peter Colleton in Barbodos and his brother, Sir John, one of the proprietors were interested in it. The displayed hurry in setting out proved to be unwise.

The proprietors, it is true, had promised liberal terms, but no formal charter had been signed. To get such an instrument they authorized Henry Vassall, a cousin of John Vassall, to negotiate in London with the proprietors. He found no difficulty in his task. He prepared the draft of a charter which was submitted to his principals in Barbados. These accepted the same and authorized him to sign it in their behalf. In the meantime, the proprietors recognized the existing state of affairs and gave it a form of legality by appointing two agents of themselves in the colony. They appointed on November 14th and 20th respectively, Robert Sandford and John Vassall to be secretary and surveyor-general of the County of Clarendon. The former was authorized to issue land grants according to the terms offered by the proprietors and the latter was to survey the land actually granted. These men were in the colony and exercised their offices, as it seems, during the years 1665, 1666, and part of 1667. For actual internal government the colony probably organized themselves ac-

cording to the plan first outlined by the Lords, but on this point we have no evidence.

It was at this point that the colony's fate was determined Another group of Barbadians desired to plant in Carolina. They were led by John Yeamans, soon to be a baronet. Yeamans was a selfish man and a skilful manipulator. He organized a company to send out a colony. He expected, as no doubt the others expected, to reap great advantages from the project by getting large tracts of land in the colony and by engaging in the trade thither. He and his associates sent his son, Major William Yeamans, to England. He opened negotiations with the proprietors in the fall of 1664. He offered them more favorable terms than Vassall had agreed to accept, and the result was that their lordships closed with him. Vassall and his associates were set aside and left to accept, if they would, the terms of the grant of Yeamans.

It was on January 7, 1665, that Major Yeamans signed the "concessions" of the proprietors, as the charter was called. This instrument was a general form of government for Carolina. It provided for three counties, each of which was to be an independent government, with governor, council, and assembly.

One county was Albermarle, or the sound of the same name; another was Clarendon, to be established on the Cape Fear river, near its mouth; the other was to be in the later colony of South Carolina. The proposed settlers might go to either of these counties as they saw fit. They decided to go to Clarendon. To all who came hither the proprietors offered to give one hundred acres of land to

each adventurer, and a like amount to his wife if he had one, and fifty acres for each able-bodied man-servant. These several amounts were to be scaled down for those who arrived after the first year. Sir John Yeamans was made governor of Clarendon as well as of all the land lying south of it as far as Florida. He had the entire confidence of the proprietors and they wrote that they had just got him made a baronet. In Barbados active preparations for a settlement were going forward. A company was formed there to promote the enterprise, and each member of it was to have 500 acres of land in the colony for each 1000 pounds of Muscovado sugar he paid into the common fund. In October, 1665, this colony sailed for its destination.

The fleet which carried them to Carolina consisted of three vessels; a "fly boat" of one hundred and fifty tons, a small frigate which was his own property, and a sloop which had been purchased for the use of the colony out of the common funds of those who projected the settlement. What Sir John Yeamans, who was only a peaceable citizen, was doing with a frigate does appear. Possibly he was concerned in the West Indian trade and had a man-of-war to be safe against the pirates in that part of the world. Possibly the frigate was a privateer. In the Caribean Sea many strange things happened in the seventeenth century.

The largest ship was the "fly boat." In it were the governor of the colony and many of his associates, as well as the arms and ammunition sent by the proprietors, and many other supplies. A storm dispearsed the little fleet soon after it set sail, but in the beginning of Novem-

ber all were reunited before the mouth of the Cape Fear river. Here they anchored; but a sudden gale came upon them and blew the "fly Boat" out to sea, she narrowly escaping the dangers of Frying Pan Shoals. "But this," says Sandford in the beginning of the account of his voyage southward, "proved but a short difference in their fate, for returning with a favourable wind to a second viewe of the entrance to Charles River, but destitute of all pilates (save their owne eyes, which the flattering Gale that conducted them did alsoe delude by covering the visage of their objected dangers with a thicke vaile of smoothe waters) they stranded their vessell on the middle ground of the harbours mouth to the Westward of the Channell where the Ebbe presently left her and the wind with its owne multiplyed forces and the auxiliaryes of the tide of flood beate her to peeces." All persons on the luckless ship were saved but most of her precious freight was lost. The two other vessels got safely into the river and landed the settlers.

The necessities of the colony were now dire. Sir John immediately returned to Barbados in his frigate. To relieve the most pressing wants he sent the sloop to Virginia where she secured a load of provisions and sailed promptly for the South. But here again an unlucky fate intervened. A storm seized her, old and rotten as she was, and drove her on the beach at Cape Lookout, whence her men were glad to escape with the loss of only two lives to the settlements on the north of Albemarle Sound. The governor had proposed to send the colony a ship from Barbados under the command of Captain Edward Stanyon. The loss of the

sloop, therefore, left this vessel the only hope of the colony. She was anxiously expected. Late in the spring of 1666 she came into port with a discouraging tale. Her captain had sailed from Barbados without a full crew, and with no first mate; storms had kept him out at sea till his mind had given way under his load of anxiety; and he had jumped overboard in a frenzy of insanity. The effect of all these events on the spirits of the colony was depressing.

When Yeamans left the colony he gave the charge of it to John Vassall, who was probably lieutenant-governor. Robert Sandford, who was in the place, was ordered to take the sloop or Captain Stanyon's ship, whichever should first arrive in the river, and go on an exploring journey along the Carolina coast to the southward. The design was to find a place for another settlement which it was expected to make in this region. Sandford took Stanyon's ship as soon as he could get it and was off on June 14, 1666. He went as far as Port Royal and on July 12 returned to Clarendon with the most favorable report of the country he had seen.

The first Barbadian settlers and the second colony lived together peacefully. In 1666 they numbered eight hundred persons. They all settled around Charles Town, and began to clear fields for themselves. They were already experienced in new world settlements and they probably had brought slaves with them.

They found the climate congenial and healthy. Houses were built, cattle were imported, fields of corn and peas were planted; and it seemed that the dangers of a "starving time," which so many new colonies experienced, would be

avoided. And, speaking literally, such a time was avoided. There was no period, as appears from the scant record which has come down to us, when food failed. The bounty of nature was too great for that.

Nevertheless there was dissatisfaction in the colony. It grew out of the relations between the settlers and the proprietors. Besides the two groups of people who had come from Barbados there were present a number of colonists from New England. These were not of the first New England movement; for when Hilton visited the river in 1663 the place was abandoned and a warning against the place had been left where all new comers might read it. But in the same year, and at the same time, that the proprietors responded to the first overtures from the Barbadians they sent their terms to New England also. It is probable that these terms caused a number of people to go from New England to Clarendon. They seemed to have arrived about the time Vassall's colony reached there. They were, however, not satisfied with conditions in Clarendon. They complained that they were not given as much political liberty as they desired, and they desired as much as was held by the people of Massachusetts. They sent doleful reports of their condition back to Boston, and in 1667, the year in which the settlement was abandoned, a general contribution was by order of the court laid on the Massachusetts colony for their relief. It was out of these discordant purposes and hopes that the enterprise was destined to reap its ruin.

The discontent was not long in coming to a formal protest. The colony of Yeamans arrived with the formal Concessions of January 7, 1665, early in November of the same

year. By this instrument they were instructed to elect an assembly of twelve delegates chosen by the people. Such an assembly was ere long in session. It proceeded straight to the task of framing a remonstrance to the proprietors, the subject of it being land tenures. Since seeing the charter and the concessions of the proprietors, said they, there were three things for which they asked redress;—"1. The halfe penny per acre for all lande, 2. The undecimall way of division of there lande, 3. The Injunction on penaltye of forfiture of keeping one man on every hundred acres." They explained these points more fully as follows:

1. The demand of half a penny quit-rent for all land was a burden because in every track there was much more pine swamp and marsh land than high land, or "oake land," as they described it. Now the former was wholly unprofitable to the owner and on it he should not be required to pay quit-rents. They were willing, however, to pay a higher rent for the oak land, as much as one penny an acre, if they might be allowed to pay quit-rent for the oak land only.

2. As to the undecimal division of the land, it is necessary to explain that in the concessions the proprietors had provided that all the land should be divided into small districts, one eleventh of each of which should be reserved for their own use. In the same spirit they ordered that the settlement should be on only one side of the river. By these two provisions the proprietors were reserving to themselves tracts of land which at some day might be very valuable. This reservation, declared the assembly, would work a great hardship on the people, since most of them had arrived in

Clarendon before the concessions were framed, and had taken up land on which they had made improvements. All this land by the new arrangement was to be divided over again. Many men would, therefore, lose their improvements. Besides, the good land was found so rarely in the large stretches of poor land that the division which was proposed to be made would bring it about that some persons should have very poor land. They added that under the existing system the eight hundred inhabitants were, through their desire to get good land, dispersed over a distance of sixty miles.

3. To the requirement of keeping one man on each hundred acres they replied that under the proposed arrangement many of the divisions of one hundred acres would not support a man.

In this petition not only the delegates joined but the lieutenant-governor and the council also. Furthermore, they were able to state that the matter had been brought before the governor before his return to Barbados and that he had at first approved it; but that when it was written out and presented to him for his signature he had refused on the ground that he did not know the soil of the country well enough to give such a positive account of its worth. After he left the colony it does not appear that he gave himself much concern about it. The lieutenant-governor was John Vassall, as appears from the responsibility he assumed in connection with the removal of the colony.

In truth, the position of the settlers was unfortunate. Most of them were of the original Vassall party. They had, as they said in their petition, come to Clarendon, when, all

the fame of this province was left in that black cloud of Reproaches which a party of new england Adventurers had wraped the whole country in, and noe mans eare or mouth or hand was open to heare or speake or act in her defense. We then for no other incitemt but the glory of that venture which is made for Publick advantage, did by a vollentary and full contrybution dispell those mists of scandall and revive a lustre bright enough to direct and provoke to a seizure by meanes of which expence your Lordshipps have the possession of a parte which may be improved to aseminary for the whole provence if the discoridgement from without the place prove not more fatall than those within it."

They had not only planted this colony but they had paid the expenses of the exploration of the whole Carolina coast to the south of them, which was a most important fact in the settlement of the province. For this expense they had been promised by one whom they regarded as the authorized agent of the proprietors in Barbados five hundred acres of land for each thousand pounds of sugar given to the common undertaking. But the new division of land ignored this promise. They could not but take it to heart, as one may see in their petition, that after all they had done another party of adventurers had "intercepted that treaty which we had commenced with your Lordships."

Those who projected Yeamans's colony had not at first designed to settle in Clarendon, but at Port Royal, to which place Yeamans's second colony was sent out in 1669. It was for a long time a favorite idea of the proprietors to have a colony there on account of the good harbor as well as of

the advantage of having so far southward an outpost against the Spaniards. Diverting the colony of 1665 to Clarendon weakened the enthusiasm of the projectors. Some calamity, the nature of which it is not easy to understand, befel Yeamans at this time, and that discouraged them from giving further assistance. This, in turn, discouraged that party who had joined in the enterprise of Vassall. Unless the proprietors, said the petition which has been mentioned, should interfere and grant the colony the favorable terms which they had one time come so near granting, inevitable ruin awaited it. There is no evidence that the proprietors were moved to any action by this paper.

In the meantime the Clarendon settlement moved on to its fate. All its supplies from abroad were cut off. Even the proprietors lost sight of the settlement. John Vassall, the head of it, declared on October 6, 1667, that he had received no communication from the proprietors since he got his commission as surveyor-general, which was issued three years earlier. The greatest need was clothing. Of corn they had enough on hand to last them two years. But they depended on the outside world for clothes. The company which sent them out thought that they forsaw certain failure and they were not willing to spend more money on the enterprise. They would not even furnish ships to carry the people back to Barbados.

In these circumstances Vassall had much trouble in maintaining his authority. Those who had risked most in the project were loth to leave it. They kept hoping for relief. The Indians cut off their cattle, but they did not dare attack the colonists. If only two hundred pounds worth of

clothing were sent them they might make out for another year. It was expected that Henry Vassall might come with succor; but this hope proved vain. Those who had least property at stake were the first to conclude that the place ought to be abandoned. They were, said John Vassall, "dayly redy to mutany against mee for keeping them there soe long." Finally they formed a project of going northward to Virginia by land. Whereupon Vassall yielded to them. He seized the first ship which came into the river and sent for other shipping in which all sailed away together in August or September, 1667. Vassall left with great reluctance. If only twenty men would stay with him, he said to the others, he would remain till he heard from the proprietors; but not six would join him. Some of the people, presumably the New England element, went to Boston. The others went to Virginia, and some of these seem to have settled finally in Albemarle County, North Carolina.

The failure of the Clarendon settlement was the first result of the insufficient rule of the proprietors. It was due primarily to the conflicting terms granted to the first and second bands of Barbadian settlers. The location itself was an important one. It had the first good harbor south of Virginia. It was on one of the longest navigable rivers in Carolina. Although there was much poor land, there was still enough good land to support the colony amply. There is nothing to indicate that the place was unhealthy. Even after the settlers gave up the colony nothing was said by them, so far as we know, against the healthfulness of the location. The only charges ever made depend on the gen-

eral charge of the unwise and unexpected reversal of the terms of taking up land, and for this reversal the proprietors were responsible.

Had the settlement prospered it would have made a vast difference in our history. The lines of settlement would have gone out from the Cape Fear instead of from the Albemarle sound. On account of the good harbor we should have been brought from an early period in our history directly into touch with Europe, instead of indirectly through other colonies. We should have had the center of colonial life so far away from Virginia that we should not have been, as we so frequently were, merely a weak reflection of Virginia ideas, Virginia business life, and Virginia politics. In fact, had the Clarendon settlement become permanent, it is hardly likely that Cape Romaine would have been the dividing point between the two great divisions of Carolina. It would have been more logical to have made Clarendon the center of a powerful colony—the southern boundary of which would properly have been the Ashley and Cooper rivers. If Clarendon had survived, Charleston probably would not have been settled in 1670, or have become so powerful after it was settled; and the center of the Southern colony might have been at Port Royal or on the Savannah.

Battles of Revolution Fought in North Carolina.

Moores Creek Bridge,	Feb'y 27th, 1776
Ramsour's Mill,	June 20th, 1780
Pacolet River,	July 14th, 1780
Earles Ford,	July 18th, 1780
Cane Creek,	Sept. 12th, 1780
Wahab's Plantation or, Wax haws	Sept. 21st, 1780
Charlotte	Sept. 26th, 1780
Wilmington,	Feb'y 1st, 1781
Cowans Ford,	Feb'y 1st, 1781
Torrence Tavern,	Feb'y 1st, 1781
Shallow Ford	Feb'y 6th, 1781
Bruce's Cross Roads,	Feb'y 12th, 1781
Haw River,	Feb'y 25th, 1781
Clapp's Mill	March 2nd, 1781
Whitsell's Mill,	March 6th, 1781
Guilford Court House,	March 15th, 1781
Hillsboro,	April 25th. 1781
Hillsboro,	Sept. 13th, 1781
Sudleys Mill, (Cane Creek.)	Sept. 13th, 1781

March 1903

The North Carolina Booklet.

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—BY—
DR. CHAS. E. TAYLOR.

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1903.

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

THE SIGNAL AND SECRET SERVICE OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

To present an elaborate and consecutive account of the Secret Service of The Confederacy would transcend the limits of a Booklet and demand a volume. Indeed, two large volumes† have been required to set forth adequately the work of the Service in its foreign relations.

My present task is a very modest one and I shall be satisfied if I can succeed in giving the reader only a very general idea of the working of the Signal and Secret Service of the Confederate States as it was familiar to me nearly forty years ago.

The beautiful Capitol Square in Richmond falls southward in verdant and well shaded slopes to a short thoroughfare known as Bank Street. Here were located several of the Departments of the Government and most of the Bureaus of the War Department. Among these situated about half way between the offices of President Davis and of the Secretary of War, was a suite of rooms which, by a modest sign over the outer door, announced itself as THE SIGNAL BUREAU. These offices consisted of a public reception room and of inner apartments into which none but trusted officers and employees were ever admitted.

The "Bureau" was by day and night a centre of interest to higher officials and to newspaper reporters. The great

† "Secret History of The Confederate States in Europe," by Capt. J. D. Bullock, 2 Vols. Putnams, New York, 1884.

majority of people in Richmond thought that it was only a sort of headquarters for the officers and men of the Signal Corps. A few others knew enough to stimulate the imagination with some sense of mystery. Only a small number, even of the well informed, knew that from those rooms was conducted a correspondence, usually in cipher, with numerous agents beyond the limits of the Confederacy, that in them, with occasional interruptions mail was received from Washington almost as regularly as from Charleston, and that through them cipher dispatches between generals in the field and the Departments were constantly passing.

Among the many patriotic sons of Maryland who pledged their fortunes to Southern Independence was Major William Norris. Early in the war he was released from duty on Gen. Magruder's staff and placed at the head of the Signal and Secret Service. It was largely due to the inventive and executive ability of Major Norris and of Captain (afterward General) E. P. Alexander that this Service became very efficient and useful in several directions.

The Signal Corps was composed of one Major, ten Captains, twenty Lieutenants, twenty Sergeants, and about fifteen hundred men detailed from the ranks of many regiments. These men, though privates, were, for the most part, well educated and of high social standing. And the fact is noteworthy that, while they were often employed in independent service and were trusted with important secrets, no case has ever been reported of a betrayal of trust by any one of them. All were experts in signaling

and in the use of cipher. They were, of course, entrusted with the key-word. "These men," says Mr. H. E. Cummins, † who was an officer in the Corps, "when occasion required, became dauntless messengers and agents, going into the enemy's lines and cities, or to lands beyond the sea; communicating with agents and secret friends of the Confederate Government; ordering supplies and conveying them to their destination; running the blockade by land and sea; making nightly voyages in bays and rivers; threading the enemy's cordon of pickets and gunboats; following blind trails through swamp and forest, and as much experts with oar and sail, on deck and in the saddle, and with rifle and revolver, as with flags, torches and secret cipher."

To every division of infantry and brigade of cavalry was assigned a squad of from three to five men, all mounted. These were commanded by a lieutenant or sergeant. Each of these men was provided with signal flags for sending messages by day, and torches, filled with spirits of turpentine, for use at night. The flags were about four feet by two and a half feet in size and contained in their centres squares of another color than that of the body of the flag. For use against a dark background like a forest or hillside, the white flag was used; against the sky, a dark blue flag; and against a field of snow a scarlet flag. To establish a line of communication for temporary use in the field was short and easy work for those who had experience. Of course this was more difficult in a flat than a hilly country. The stations were not far apart

[† So. Hist. Soc. Papers Vol. 16, p. 98.]

and glasses were not always necessary. Whenever possible, some elevated central point was chosen as a station to and from which, as a medial point, messages could be sent from the field.

In 1864, when Gen. J. E. B. Stuart was falling back, covering the retreat of Gen. Lee after the battle of Bristoe Station, closely followed by Gen. Kilpatrick, he left a brigade hidden in the woods on the flank of the advancing enemy. With this brigade he kept in communication by means of signal stations. In this way he was enabled to attack Kilpatrick's flank and front simultaneously and to achieve a success which was long known in cavalry circles as "The Bucktown Races." Kilpatrick's wagon train supplied the Confederate Cavalry with enough genuine coffee and toothsome sutlers' stores to feast on for several weeks.

The Confederate soldier, in spite of his rags and lack of rations, was always on the qui-vive for fun, and his sense of the humorous was always appealed to when a column marched in sight of the men whom they called "flag floppers." It was hard for them to refrain from such good natured inquiries as "Mister, is the flies a botherin' of you?" "Say, is mosquitoes plentiful around here?"

One of the chief uses of the signal corps was in work over permanent lines extending to the headquarters of the several army corps and divisions which were not reached by telegraph lines. Mount Poney, near Culpepper Court House, Va., was successively used by the Signal Corps of the Confederate and the Federal armies. Early in 1862 Gen. Pope had caused to be constructed a high scaffold, or

pen, of trunks of trees on the summit of this mountain. From this elevation the whole country was visible for many miles around, especially after it had been denuded of its forests. Here, as on all other permanent lines, were used powerful glasses. Some of these were secured from Southern colleges, and, later on, many excellent ones were brought from Europe through the blockade. Mount Poney served admirably as a post of observation as well as a centre for communication. When Gen Lee fell back behind the Rapidan River I was able to watch for six or eight hours the slow and cautious advance of the whole Federal army, extending about eight miles east and west, and on some of the roads massed in great numbers. A more magnificent spectacle I have seldom witnessed.

Later on, Clark's Mountain, near Orange Court House, Va., was used for the same purpose. When Gen. Lee's army was in Orange County in 1863, reports were sent every few hours about the movements in the camp of Gen. Meade, which, for the most part, lay in full view. Some of the glasses of stronger power almost revealed the features of the nearer Federal soldiers.

One morning a party of ladies, escorted by Confederate officers, rode to the top of Clark's Mountain and became deeply interested in the sending and receiving of messages. One young lady, from Charleston, S. C., asked to be allowed to send over the line a greeting to a gallant General, well known as a ladies-man. As the line happened to be idle, the message was cheerfully sent. In a few moments the young signal officer rose from his seat at the glass, saying "I have a reply for you, do you wish me

to deliver it?" "Why, certainly," said Miss B. "Well," said he, "The message is, "Gen. S. sends a kiss to Miss A. B." The young lady turned away in confusion, suffused with blushes. In spite of the rigor of military law, that message was not fully delivered, but I have never heard that the young officer was court-martialed.

It was not generally known during the war and it is not known now that for many months there was a permanent post of observation hidden on a timbered bluff overlooking the Potomac River. By a line of signal stations this post was in communication with the nearest telegraph office on the Fredericksburg railroad. No steamer carrying troops passed up or down that river without Gen. Lee's knowing of it within a short time. Changes of base and movements of troops between Northern and Eastern Virginia were thus observed and reported.

The best regulated lines of communication will play tricks sometimes. Gen. Stuart once received a message from one of his staff officers who was visiting near the lower end of this line inviting him to "come down and eat jumping mules, which are very abundant." Even at its worst, however, the Confederate army did not often have to resort to mules for commissary supplies—especially near the great rivers, which at certain seasons abound in *Jumping Mullets*.

The system of flag communication was very simple, an alphabet being formed by combinations of right and left waves of the flag. A practiced operator could in this way spell out a message almost as rapidly as a telegrapher can do it with his dots and dashes. And the work was

greatly facilitated by the use of many abbreviations which came to be universally known by all skilled operators.

One distinct department of the work of the Signal Corps was on blockade-running steamers. No steamer ventured to come into port, especially in the later days of blockade running, without at least one signal officer on board to communicate with the forts and batteries. Instead of flags or torches, each officer was provided with two large lanterns of different colors with sliding screens in front. Standing between these and using the same alphabet which was used in the army, he sent his message. In this case the two colors were used instead of the right and left waves of the flag.

Stations were located for thirty or forty miles along the coast on both sides of the blockaded port. The blockade-runners came in close to shore after nightfall and from time to time flashed their lights toward the shore. These were soon answered. Information was then given as to the condition of things, the position and movements of the blockading fleet, and the chances of a safe home run. If it was decided to try to bring the steamer in, proper lights were shown for the pilot's guidance and a swift run was made for the port.

An illustration of this special duty of a signal officer is given in *The Narrative of a Blockade-Runner*, by Capt. Wilkinson of the C. S. Navy. "The range lights were showing and we crossed the bar without interference and without a suspicion of anything wrong, as it would occasionally happen that under particularly favorable circumstances we would cross the bar without even seeing

a blockader. We were under the guns of Fort Fisher, in fact, and close to the fleet of United States vessels, which had crossed the bar after the fall of the fort, when I directed my signal officer to communicate with the shore station. His signal was promptly answered, but turning to me, he said: 'No Confederate signal officer there, sir; he cannot reply to me.' The order to wear around was instantly obeyed; not a moment too soon, for the bow of the Chameleon was scarcely pointed for the bar before two of the light cruisers were plainly visible in pursuit, steaming with all speed to intercept us. Nothing saved us from the capture but the twin screws, which enabled our steamer to turn as upon a pivot in the narrow channel between the bar and the ribs. We reached the bar before our pursuers, and were soon lost in the darkness outside."

Positions as signal officers on blockade-running steamers were considered very desirable and were much sought after. Not only had this special service its exciting and romantic features, but it was also profitable, as the officer usually contrived to store away a few bales of cotton on private account on the outward trip and was thus able to bring back from Nassau many articles of necessity and luxury which could not be secured within the limits of the Confederacy. And I have known it to create a small sensation in Richmond when one of these young fellows, just in from a successful run, would unscrew the heels of his boots and take out a handful of English Gold.

From time to time, in order to prevent the enemy from reading our messages, the alphabet was changed throughout the South. Our men were often able to take down

the dispatches of the Federal Signal Corps. One man, sitting at the glass, would call out the right and left waves of the enemy's flag. Another, at his side, would take them down. Then, by noting the relative frequency of similar combinations, as illustrated in Edgar A. Poe's *Gold Bug*, they were able, not infrequently, to decipher the message and secure the alphabet. Whenever this was successfully done, it was at once communicated throughout the Corps.

The Yankees were as shrewd as we were at these tricks. But Gen. Early in his Valley Campaign, finding that Sheridan's Signalmen were reading his messages, cunningly availed himself of the fact to create a diversion. He instructed his men to flag to himself the following message:

Lieut. Gen. Early,
Fisher's Hill, Va.

"Be ready to advance on Sheridan as soon as my forces get up, and we can crush Sheridan before he finds out that I have joined you."

J. Longstreet.

Gen. Longstreet was supposed by Sheridan to be (as he really was) with Lee in front of Petersburg. The bogus message, therefore, greatly mystified not only Gen. Sheridan, but Halleck in Washington and Grant in front of Lee. They never solved the puzzle. When Gen. Early was asked about it after the war, he only smiled and said nothing.

Nowhere was the Signal Corps more effective, both in

communicating with their own stations and in reading the messages of the enemy, than in the operations around Charleston, S. C. At this point seventy-six signal-men were constantly employed, twelve of whom did nothing but read the messages of the enemy. As large a per cent of casualities were reported from this command as from any other stationed around Charleston.

In his report for July 1863, Capt. Markoe, who was in command of these stations, stated that over 500 messages had been sent, at least a third of them under fire. He said "I have read nearly every message the enemy has sent. We were forewarned of their attack on the 18th., and were ready for them, with what success is already a part of history. The services rendered by the Corps in this respect have been of the utmost importance. But I regret to state, that, by the carelessness of staff officers at headquarters, it has leaked out that we have read the enemy's signals. I have ordered all my men to disclaim any knowledge of them whenever questioned. My men have also been actively employed in guiding the fire of our guns, and have thus rendered valuable service."

In his report for August, Capt. Markoe says, "We have continued to read the enemy's signals, and much valuable information has been obtained. I have temporarily changed the signals, as we intercepted a message from the enemy as follows: 'Send me a copy of Rebel Code immediately, if you have one in your possession.' I make the men, moreover, work out of sight as much as possible, and feel sure that they can make nothing out of our signals."

In reporting for September, he said "On the night of

the 5th, the enemy made an attack on Battery Gregg, which failed, and was repulsed by the timely notice from Sullivan's Island Signal Station, which intercepted the following dispatch:

'To Admiral Dahlgren—I shall try Cummins Point to-night and want the sailors again early. Will you please send two or three monitors by dark to open fire on Fort Moultrie as a diversion. The last time they were in, they stopped reinforcements and may do so to-night. Don't want any fire in the rear. (Signed) Gen. Gilmore.'"

The attack on Fort Sumter on the night of the 8th, was foiled by a similar notice of a dispatch from Gen. Gilmore announcing that the attack would be made that night.

After it became evident that the enemy might possibly read our messages through possession of our alphabet, the use of cipher became imperative. Especially during the later years of the war all important communications sent by flag or wire were put into cipher.

The use of cipher or disguised writing was known at least five hundred years before the Christian Era. We know that the Spartans had an ingenious method of communication between their Ephors at home and their generals in the field. The latter, on setting out on an expedition, carried with them round wooden staves (called scytales), leaving an exact duplicate with the Ephors. When a message was to be sent, a strip of parchment was wound spirally around the the scytales and the message written upon it. When this was unrolled, only fragmentary and detached letters could be found upon it. But when this parchment was wound upon the duplicate

staff, the message could easily be read. During the Middle Ages the knowledge and use of cipher was believed to pertain to the black art. In modern times, various systems have been devised, and one or another of these has been almost universally employed to conceal military dispatches and diplomatic correspondence.

The entire control of the cipher used by the State and War Department of the Confederate Government was in the hands of the Signal and Secret Service. The system used was what is known as "Court Cipher" and depends upon the use of a key-word or sentence known both to the sender and the receiver. From time to time a special messenger was sent to the headquarters of the several departments to communicate orally a new key-word. This was never put in writing by anyone. The principle of the Confederate system of cipher is very simple. The whole alphabet was written 26 times upon a page in such a way as to appear alike when read horizontally or perpendicularly. For instance:

a b c d e f g etc
b c d e f g etc
c d e f g etc
d e f g etc
e f g etc
f g etc
g etc
etc.

The first letter of the key-word is found in the first horizontal column and the first letter of the message in the first vertical column. At the point of intersection of the

two columns is found the letter used in the cipher message. The translation of the cipher into the original was, of course, the reverse of this process. The Confederate key-word always consisted of 15 letters, the same number being always retained for convenience in the use of several mechanical contrivances which made translation to and from cipher a very simple and easy matter. I remember that one of the old key-words was "Manchester Bluff." Suppose it were desired to put into cipher the message, "Grant is pontooning James River." The letter M would be found in the horizontal column of the page of alphabets, and the letter G in the first vertical column. At the point of intersection of these two columns would be found the letter S. Anyone having sufficient curiosity to work out this message would find that it revealed itself in cipher as follows-

SRNPA—NK—ISEUZISNZG—VCTIK—KMMFC.—

It hardly needs to be said that the division between the words of the original message as given above, was not retained in the cipher. Either the letters were run together continuously or breaks, as if for words, were made at random.

Until the folly of the method was revealed by experience, only a few special words in a message were put into cipher, while the rest was sent in plain language. This afforded opportunity for adroit and sometimes successful guessing.

A dispatch from President Davis, while the Confederate capital was still in Montgomery, to Gen. E. Kirby Smith, commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department was as

follows:—"By this you may effect O—TPGGEXYK above that part–HJOPGKWMCT–patrolled led by the etc." The author of *The Military Telegraph in the Civil War* says that at first sight the meaning of this captured message occurred to him. He read it correctly "By this you may effect *a crossing* above that part *of the river* patrolled by the etc." He had now only to apply the right words to the cipher in order to get the key-word. This revealed itself as "Complete Victory,"—one of the earliest of all the key-words used by us.

I think it may be said that it was impossible for well prepared cipher to be correctly read by any one who did not know the key-word. Sometimes, in fact, we could not decipher our own messages when they came over telegraph wires. As the operators had no meaning to guide them, letters easily became changed and portions, at least, of messages were rendered unmeaning thereby.

Only a few days before the fall of Richmond a dispatch, mutilated in this way, was received from the Trans-Mississippi department by President Davis. It was in reply to the President's order to Gen. Dick Taylor, that he should bring his army over the Mississippi River and effect a union with the forces of Gen. J. E. Johnston. Naturally, there was great anxiety as to Gen. Taylor's reply. The message was long and letters had been added or dropped or changed in every line. Three experienced operators locked themselves up and worked upon the puzzle through several hours of that April Sabbath day on which it was placed in their hands. At best they were only able to report detached fragments of Gen. Taylor's

reasons why he pronounced the movement impossible. It fell to my lot to carry our fragmentary results to the President. If he felt aught of disappointment, it did not reveal itself in his unperturbed and courteous bearing.

A full and detailed account of the services of the Signal Corps in conducting secret correspondence through and beyond our lines would be a most romantic and interesting history. Part of this can never be written, for most of the actors have passed from the stage, leaving no record. And part, in its details, one would not like to assume the responsibility of writing. Even the children and grandchildren of some of the confidential agents (who were sometimes called by a shorter and less euphemistic name) might fail to appreciate the patriotic daring and shrewdness of their heroic ancestors.

During the earlier months of the war, before the blockade became effective by land and sea, there were many open avenues through which messengers and trading pedlars passed back and forth without much difficulty or danger. When, one after another, these avenues were closed by the tightening coils of the Federal "anaconda," the Confederate Government undertook, through its Signal Corps, to keep open one permanent line of communication with its agents in the North and abroad.

In his *Four Years in Rebel Capitals*, † Mr. T. C. DeLeon says:

"Late in the war, when all ports were closed to its communication with agents abroad, the Richmond Government perfected this spy system in connection with its

† Four Years in Rebel Capitals, p. 286.

signal corps. This service gave scope for tact, fertility of resource and cool courage; it gave many a brave fellow, familiar with both borders, relief from camp monotony in the fresh dangers through which he won a glimpse of home again; and it gave a vast mass of crude information. But its most singular and most romantic aspect was the well-known fact, that many women essayed the breaking of the border blockade. Almost all of them were successful, more than one well nigh invaluable for the information she brought sewed in her riding-habit or coiled in her hair. Nor were these coarse camp-women, or reckless adventurers. Belle Boyd's name became as historic as that of Moll Pitcher; but others are recalled, petted belles in the society of Baltimore and Washington and of Virginia summer resorts of yore,—who rode through night and peril alike, to carry tidings of cheer home and to bring back news that woman may best acquire. New York, Baltimore and Washington to-day boast of three beautiful and gifted women, high in their social rank, who could—if they would—recite tales of lonely race and perilous adventure, to raise the hair of the budding beaux about them."

Mr. DeLeon was mistaken when he wrote that the system was organized "late in the war." As a matter of fact it was in full operation in 1862, the second year of the war. In reply to certain questions asked him after his return to his home in Maryland, after the war, Major Norris wrote as follows:

"Early in the war the necessity of having points on the Potomac river, at which Government agents and army

scouts might promptly and without delay cross to and from the United States, was so seriously appreciated that the Secretary of War suggested the propriety of establishing one or more camps in King George and Westmoreland counties, Va., with an especial eye to such transportation. The idea was immediately acted upon. In a short time the additional duties were assigned to these stations of securing complete files of Northern papers for the Executive Department and upon requisitions from heads of Bureaus, to obtain from the United States small packages, books, etc. Here our duties, strictly speaking, ended. But as we were forced, in order to perform the other duties, to establish a line of agents from the Potomac to Washington, it was determined, as far as possible to institute a regular system of espionage. The Government having failed, however, to place at our disposal the necessary means to carry into execution this design, we were forced to rely almost entirely upon the energy and zeal of a few devoted gentlemen of Maryland for such indications of the enemy's movements as they were able to acquire from mingling in official circles about Washington, Baltimore and New York. Our accredited agents were constantly in these cities. They were gentlemen of high social position who, without compensation, voluntarily devoted their time and energies to this work. There was no expense beyond the mere pay, rations, and clothing of the officers and detailed men. These lines never cost the government one farthing after I assumed command. Some of our agents acquired their information from personal observations, the others from friendly parties within the lines. They were

selected with great care and with an eye to their intelligence and devotion and energy. Actual experience proved their credibility."

Perhaps the most useful of all the men connected with the C. S. Secret Service was Mr. Thomas A. Jones of Maryland. His farm was bounded on the west by the Potomac River and on the north by Pope's Creek. His house was a frame building on a bluff 80 feet high, overlooking the river. He could stand in his back yard and look seven or eight miles up the river. Down the river he could see as far as the eye could reach. The Potomac was comparatively narrow at this place and the creek afforded excellent opportunities for landing and hiding boats. Not only Mr. Jones, but all his neighbors were in hearty sympathy with the South. Hence this became the chief point of junction between the routes of agents in the North and the couriers in the South. Mr. Jones frequently crossed the river, though it was two miles wide, twice in a single night and sometimes oftener. Hundreds of people who were allowed to do so by the Confederate authorities crossed at Jones' Ferry. On the Virginia side of the river was the farm of Mr. Benjamin Grimes in King George county. He heartily co-operated with Mr. Jones and with the agents of the Confederacy.

Of course no little courage and prudence were required to carry on these operations. The Potomac River was guarded with many gunboats and other craft, armed patrols guarded the Maryland shore, and the Federal Government had a spy on nearly every river farm in Southern Maryland. In addition to these a detachment of

troops was stationed at Pope's Creek and another on Maj. Watson's place, not 300 yards from Mr. Jones' house. But none of these precautions availed against the audacity and cunning of the Confederate agents.

On the Virginia side a signal camp was established in a swamp back of Grimes' house. The boats for the mail service, swift and strong, were kept on the Virginia side. A little before sunset, the reflection of the high bluffs near Pope's Creek extended out into the Potomac till it nearly met the shadow cast by the Virginia woods. At that hour of the evening it was very difficult to detect so small an object as a row-boat on the river. The Federal pickets did not go on duty till after sunset. It was, therefore, arranged that the boat from Grimes' should cross just before sunset, deposit the packages from Richmond in the fork of a dead tree on Jones' shore, and take back the packet for Richmond from the North, which would be found in the same place, if, for some special reason, Jones was not on the beach in person when the boat came over from Virginia.

If it was not safe for the boat to cross from Virginia a black dress or shawl was hung as a warning in a certain dormer window of Maj. Watson's house, right over the heads of the troops stationed there. The person who attended to this signal was Miss Mary Watson. Of this lady Mr. Jones once wrote: "Miss Watson was a remarkably pretty young lady, 24 years of age. She would have made almost any sacrifice for the Confederacy, and I know that I owe in great measure the success which attended the management of the Confederate mail to her ceaseless

vigilance and skill. About the close of the war she married Dr. C——, who had been a blockade-runner, and went to California to live."

It was Mr. Jones who helped John Wilkes Booth to cross the Potomac River five days after the assassination of President Lincoln. This fact he was able to keep a secret for nearly twenty years. It was well that he could do so, for in the passion of the hour he would surely have been sacrificed for a crime for which he felt no sympathy. For a number of years after the war he was employed in the Washington Navy Yard and died in 1895.

After conveying Booth to the Virginia side of the river, Jones was offered $100,000 for information which would disclose the hiding place of the assassin. He was a poor man and he knew exactly where Booth was at that time. But he said nothing and thus refused what would have made him a wealthy man. Such was the heroic fibre of some of the men who were in our Secret Service.

Every afternoon a courier would arrive in Richmond by the Fredericksburg Railroad, bringing files of newspapers, letters and reports in cipher from parties in Canada and various portions of the United States. So regular was this service that for one continuous period of six months not a day passed without the authorities in Richmond being put in possession of Washington and Baltimore newspapers of the day before. The New York papers came a day later. The same courier would go out the next morning and connect by relays of other couriers with the hidden camp at Major Grimes' place on the Potomac. Many letters were sent for private individuals

after they had been inspected in the office in Richmond. These were quietly dropped into the post office in Baltimore or Washington. The couriers were not infrequently accompanied by special messengers of the Government. I remember well the arrival at our office one afternoon of a lady, who, before going to her room at the Spottswood Hotel, called for a knife and cut off the large buttons of her cloak. When these had been ripped open, there were disclosed sheets of the finest white silk closely written with cipher dispatches for the Department of State.

One of the habitues of the Richmond office for several months was Dr. P.——, one of the most versatile and gifted men whom I have ever known, he had travelled all over the world and was a thorough Bohemian in his manner of life. He had been connected with some of the best New York newspapers and was himself an author of repute. This gentleman was employed to write letters, purporting to be from Washington, to a number of the most influential and widely circulated newspapers in the North. They were written for the purpose of moulding public opinion adversely to the continuance of the war and for other more specific purposes. Some of these lettters written in Richmond though dated from Washington, were published in the great New York dailies as "From our own correspondent." I remember that at the time when the Confederate Congress was discussing the policy of arming batalions of slaves, letters were written by Dr. P——, urging that the United States Government should make peace before the Confederate army should receive this

new reinforcement. And most adroitly was this literary deception carried out.

In the great conflagration at the time of the evacuation of Richmond the Signal office was destroyed and with it the invaluable copies of dispatches received and sent.

The Signal and Secret Service of the Confederate States and its work are now only memories. But out of the experience gained by the signal men of both armies has arisen a beneficent, peaceful institution. Signal men now receive their dispatches from the winds and the clouds. Their flags are signs to the world of coming meteorological changes. Torches have given place to barometers, and the world wide cipher codes are now in the daily use of commercial interests. Here, also,

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

FINIS.

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Ramsour's Mill,	June 20th, 1780
Pacolet River,	July 14th, 1780
Earles Ford,	July 18th, 1780
Cane Creek,	Sept. 12th, 1780
Wahab's Plantation or Investment,	Sept. 21st, 1780
Charlotte	Sept. 26th, 1780
Wilmington,	Feb'y 1st, 1781
Cowans Ford,	Feb'y 1st, 1781
Torrence Tavern,	Feb'y 1st, 1781
Shallow Ford	Feb'y 6th, 1781
Bruce's Cross Roads,	Feb'y 12th, 1781
Haw River,	Feb'y 25th, 1781
Clapp's Mill	March 2nd, 1781
Whitsell's Mill,	March 6th, 1781
Guilford Court House,	March 15th, 1781
Hillsboro,	April 25th. 1781
Hillsboro,	Sept. 13th, 1781
Sudleys Mill, (Cane Creek.)	Sept. 13th, 1781

April 1903

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The Last Days of the War.

—BY—

HENRY T. BAHNSON.

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1903.

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

THE LAST DAYS OF THE WAR.

AS SEEN BY A CONFEDERATE PRIVATE,
HENRY T. BAHNSON,
Co. B, 1st, N. C. Batt'n. S. S., A. N. V.

Apparently not many privates survived the war. At least very few have spoken or written about it. Perhaps like me they feel they have'nt much to brag of. Then, too, nobody expects much from a private; therefore, he is not obliged, as his superiors are, to explain, and contradict, and generally prevaricate, in an effort to sustain his reputation.

The glowing accounts of battles and campaigns, have nearly always been written by general officers, or by non-participants who style themselves historians. It seems hardly fair that we privates should be entirely ignored; because, without us, there would have been no generals, nor would there have been a war to write about.

In choosing my subject, "The Last Days of the War, as Seen by a Private," I certainly have no desire to parody Gen. Gordon's famous lecture, "The Last Days of the Confederacy." He was my general and I entertain only respect and admiration for the man. I have never heard his lecture and if in any way I differ from his statements, such discrepancy is doubtless due to the fact that we looked at events from different standpoints. The general rode on horseback and I went afoot.

Before daylight on the morning of Sunday, April 2nd, 1865, a couple of us were at the little stream that supplied our camp with water. Our command was temporarily in reserve, on the north bank of the Appomattox river, and the night before we two had received permits to visit our friends on the lines in front of Petersburg. We were industriously scrubbing ourselves for the occasion, and I was about to put on my clean underclothes, having made arrangements to wash the suit I had worn four weeks on the campaign, when our occupation was suddenly arrested.

The steady monotonous firing by the pickets in the rifle pits across the river, which we were accustomed to hear all through the night, ceased for a moment. This ominus silence was broken by an outburst of hoarse huzzas which the still night air bore to our quickened ears with alarming distinctness. The dropping musketry fire, deepening into a sullen roar, and broken only by the quickly recurring, ear-splitting, crack of field artillery and the jar of bursting shells, left no doubt in our minds that our lines had been assaulted and a big battle had begun. Our holiday was spoiled, and in a few minutes we were on the way to the scene. Crossing the river and passing through Petersburg we were halted in a ravine behind the breastworks, where we learned that a part of the advanced lines, occupied by Clingman's and Scales' Brigades, had been captured by the enemy. The firing was still kept up, and shells burst over our heads, or rolled and spun and darted and hissed about our feet in a dreadfully demoralizing way. Then, too, the wounded men, pale-faced and bloody, some borne on litters, others limping and tottering, and passing

us in crowds, had no tendency to enliven our spirits. It was a real relief to be ordered forward. On reaching the reserve line of breast-works, we were ordered to take position in a ditch (called a covered way), which led in a slanting and zigzag direction to the advanced lines captured earlier, and now held by the enemy. The bottom of the ditch was stiff blue clay, through which the water trickled. Our feet stuck fast to the sticky stuff, and more than once I had to stop and dig out my shoe. Every few steps we came upon a dead man, nearly always shot through the head. When we finally halted we were not more than a hundred yards from the enemy, and just in front of us was a battery of five pieces, which had been captured and was now turned against us. The artillerymen were busily throwing up earth to protect themselves. Our brigade was ordered to charge the breast-works, and thirteen of us were detailed to go as close to the battery as possible, and pick off the artillerymen to prevent their firing on our troops in the charge. We crept along the ditch some thirty or more yards, and when the order to charge was given we fired at the artillerymen. Our execution was terrible at such close range, and in a few seconds so many were killed or wounded that the rest ducked down behind their improvised breast-works. They only fired three of the five guns, and these did no execution; but many of our men, including Maj. Wilson and Lieut. Shultz, were wounded or killed by the galling infantry fire, and the charge effected little or nothing. Our firing, however, and our exposed position made us a target for the enemy, and two of our little party were killed. One of them, Abner Crews, from this county, was next to me.

We had made a furrow with our guns in the top of the ditch bank to protect our heads, and through this we fired alternately. I was waiting for him to shoot but he was so slow, that I grew impatient and pushed him to attract his attention. We were squatting on a narrow ledge and my push destroyed his balance. Before I could catch him he toppled over, and as his face turned toward me I saw a bullet hole midway between his eyebrows. Our bodies had been touching from knee to shoulder, but not a quiver did I feel when his life so suddenly went out. The killing and wounding of my comrades thoroughly aroused the brutal part of my nature. The desire for revenge made my aim deliberate, and I felt a fiendish delight, as I saw a man sink down or tumble over after my shot. Of course there were others firing with me, and I cannot say with certainty that I killed anyone. I thank God fervently for this possible doubt. Even now I shudder when I recall the frenzy that possessed me on this occasion, and indeed in every battle when the excitement of conflict had overcome the natural fear and dread which always preceded it. The consciousness of danger was lost, and with wounds and death on all sides, the desire to aid in the carnage became an all-engrossing passion. The foulest blasphemy rolled from the tongue; every instinct of humanity was obliterated; the man was transformed into a raging lion or a ravening wolf. I have seen a prize fight with all its disgusting concomitants, and I am sure every old soldier will agree with me when I declare my deliberate conviction that the prize ring is the quintessence of refinement—an object lesson of forbearence and morality, when compared with the hellish brutality of

a battlefield. Several men were left behind in the charge, and these crawled to us and cleaned and loaded our guns. One of them, a captain, volunteered to go back to the lines and bring us more ammunition, ours was exhausted by as the continuous firing. He had gone but a few steps when a shell tore off his arm at the shoulder. I hastened to his assistance, as fast as the sticky mud would let me, but just as I reached him he fell back in my arms dead. I went for the ammunition, and when I returned our volunteer re-inforcements had left us, and another of our party had been killed; the whole top of his head torn off.

Annoyed by our destructive fire, the enemy had concentrated their attention upon us, and balls and shells literally rained in our direction. Fortunately we were protected by the ditch in the bottom of which we were crouched but the artillery swept away the bank and nearly buried us. I was at the angle of the ditch nearest the enemy, and happening to glance around in their direction, I saw a party of blue coats within a few yards of us. The ditch was so narrow that they could only walk two abreast, and as they saw my head the foremost men fired, but missed me. We held our guns in the ditch and fired down it for a minute or two, then cautiously peeping around the angle we saw the ditch clear, except for six or eight men lying on its bottom.

To stay where we were seemed certain death. About twenty yards to our left was an abandoned breast-work, with embrazures for three guns. To reach it however, we had to pass over the level ground. We chose a moment when there was a dense smoke from the bursting shells.

One of our number was killed in the attempt; completely torn to pieces by a shell. Evidently our movement was unseen, for we had hardly got to our new quarters, when the place we had left was literally torn out of the ground by mortar shells thrown from three batteries on the enemies' lines. I counted thirteen shells in the air at one time, all converging to the same spot. Half stiffled as we were by the sulphurus fumes, and almost buried by flying masses of earth torn up by their explosion, we could not help admiring the beautiful rings of smoke, ascending a hundred or more feet in the air, as the mortars belched them forth on their murderous mission.

In our new position we were exactly between two heavy batteries which kept up an artillery duel. It was some time, however, before we could realize that we actually saw rifled shells flying through the air. A dark speck would appear out of the smoke from a cannon, and in a second it had grow to a mass, apparently as large as a man's head. As it passed over us we felt faint and had to gasp for breath in the rarified air.

It was noon when we shifted our quarters, and we remained, (nine of us) alone throughout the day and far into the night. We had enough to eat if we had been hungry, but such was not the case. Our thirst, though, was insatiable. Again and again one would run or crawl to the ditch and fill several canteens from its foul bottom, full of dead men and spattered with blood and brains, but how refreshing to our parched mouths and throats that water was.

During the day the enemy made repeated charges on our lines. Fort Mahone was only a few hundred yards to our

right, and our firing did considerable damage to the charging columns. Again and again the attack upon it was repulsed, until the ground in front of it was covered with dead and wounded men. Finally when the ammunition of its garrison was exhausted the fort was carried just before night by assault, its brave defenders disputing every inch of the ground with the bayonet; the only time during the war I saw this awkward part of a soldiers' accoutrement put to its legitimate use.

All that long day, God's holy Sabbath, we shot and were shot at. Our shoulders were so sore from the rebound of the guns, that we had to pad them with our blankets. Even after night fell the balls were flying thickly and shells bursting about us. After some hours, however, we noticed that the firing was only from the lines of the enemy.

My comrades had put themselves under my direction and I sent a man back through the ditch to see what was the matter. He did not return and fearing that he had been killed, I went myself, taking another man along, in case of accident, and arranging a signal to call my companions. We made straight for the battery behind us, preferring the chance of being shot, to floundering in the mud and stumbling over the dead men in the ditch. We were too stiff to run, but a few minutes brought us safely to the fort. There was perfect silence inside it. No one responded to our call. We crawled up along side of a gun and to our horror found it spiked. As I dropped to the ground inside, I stepped on a wounded man, and from him—poor fellow, left there all alone to die—we learned that our troops had evacuated the lines two hours before. The six men we had left behind

responded quickly to our signal and together we made our way back to Petersburg. The city was in indescribable confusion. Men and women thronged the streets in every sort of deshabille—some drinking and cursing, others praying and wringing their hands. Many homes were open and deserted, and piles of household goods littered the streets. Great fires were burning in various places. When we reached the Pocohontas bridge, some men were pouring turpentine over the planking. We had hardly crossed when with a hiss and a roar as of a rushing wind, the long structure burst into flames. As we ascended the hill, the light from the burning bridge and the fires in Petersburg, brought out the minutest object in glaring distinctness; and when we got to the top, the glow of burning Richmond, 22 miles away, cast our shadows behind us, while every few minutes the ground trembled and jarred under our feet, as the magazines along the lines were blown up. I fully sympathize with the sentiment expressed somewhat differently by a comrade, that the judgment day had come.

Apparently we had been forgotten up to this time, but here we found a courier awaiting us, with orders to set fire to the stores and ammunition at Dunlap's Station, on the Richmond and Petersburg railroad, and then rejoin the army in retreat on the river road. We found the great sheds and long trains of cars already burning in places, and taking only time to spread the fire where the cars had not ignited, we hurried on, leaving a number of women and children, whom we had plainly warned of their danger, dragging clothing and provisions out from the flames. As we left, the cars of ammunition began to explode, and we

could see women and children blown about in every direction over the ground. The air was filled with burning cartridges, like shooting stars, the balls of which rained down on us. We were all bruised about the head and shoulders, but none of us were seriouly hurt, although many shells, likewise, exploded or fell around us.

As we got back to the road we could hear again the hoarse huzzas which announced that the enemy had discovered our retreat and were taking possession of our lines. Presently we caught up with a train of wagons and scattered out amongst them trying to steal a ride. I found an ambulance, closely buttoned up all around, with the driver asleep. Loosening the back curtain, I peeped in, and in the darkness made out the forms of two men lying in the bed. I could not hear them breathe, and putting my hand on the head of one, I felt it was cold and his hair matted and sticky. Both were dead. Finding an oil-cloth on the bottom of the ambulance, I spread it over them and lay down between them. How long I slept I do not know, but sometime after daylight I was awakened by the driver pulling my hair and cursing me for daring to ride in the general's private ambulance. I don't remember his name, but, poor fellow, dead as he was, he had done me a great service, for my cramped and stiffened limbs would never have carried me the long miles I had slept and jolted away by his side.

On rejoining our command we were immediately ordered on the skirmish lines. Without food or rest we were busily engaged in prizing wagons and horses out of the deep mud,

or repelling attracks of the enemy's cavalry on the long wagon train.

At Amelia Court House we were drawn up in line to await an attack. I was leaning on a rail fence, surrounding a grove of large oaks. A lot of caissons and ammunition wagons were hauled into the grove, and some artillerymen were cutting the wheels and boxes of ammunition to pieces with axes. I was so tired that I hardly noticed what was going on, when suddenly I found myself lying on my back breathless, with rails piled over me, and I could see wheels, pieces of ammunition chests and great branches of trees, sailing in the air away above me, while shells were bursting in every direction. The great pile of ammunition had exploded, whether designedly or not, I do not know. One of our skirmishers had a broken leg, and all of us were stunned and bruised, but much more damage was done in our line of battle, several hundred yards behind us. The enemy did not appear, so we skirmishers were again sent to our tiresome task of protecting wagon trains. Several nights we acted as rear guard, and tried ineffectually to to keep up the stragglers. They lay asleep singly or in squads, in the woods and fields where they had dropped, dispirited and exhausted, and out numbered us a hundred to one. They had thrown away their guns, and only encumbered us, so we left them lying as they were.

In one of our skirmishes with the enemy, the shank of my shoe was cut through by a ball, and the bottom of my feet badly bruised. I was stooping forward, the pain jerked my knee up till it struck my chin, and I bit my tongue most painfully. For a moment I was sure I was wounded

all over. Another time the blanket on my shoulder was cut and torn nearly into by a ball. Later on, however, I got another blanket. Some cavalry that we had driven from the wagon train made a stand at a little house on a hill. As we advanced against them over an open field, one of them shot at me sixteen times with his carbine. I danced about pretty lively, dodging his balls, but managed meanwhile to load my gun, and he turned I sent my bullet through his thigh, and killed his horse. His comrade helped him off, but on his saddle I found a splendid blanket to make good the loss of mine. The cavalry still hung around, and we found that they had forced the lady of the house to cook their breakfast. While some of us fought them off, the rest of us ate their rations; the only meal we had the whole way from Petersburg to Appomattox. The kitchen had a window toward the enemy and doubtless in revenge for the loss of their breakfast, they kept up a constant fire at the window. The balls whizzed through it and struck the other side of the room, but that brave woman never stooped as she passed the window in going from the fireplace to the table.

The bridge across Sailor's creek had broken down and hundreds of our wagons were detained. The enemy were pressing us hotly, and Gen. Gordon rallied three or four hundred of us to protect the wagons. We formed a horseshoe with the curve to the front, and by his orders held our fire until the enemy, charging our whole line were only a few yards from us. Such destruction I never saw. Nearly every man was on the ground, but some were only playing off, because they joined the fresh regiment which came up

in a few minutes to a second charge. We repeated our tactics and again drove them back with terrible loss. In the meantime, however, they had brought up their artillery, and Gen. Gordon, seeing further resistance was hopeless, gave us orders to save ourselves, he showing us the way by galloping his horse down the hill and fording the creek. We followed as fast as we could with shells hurtling and bursting over our heads. That night we were twice sent across the high bridge near Farmville to repel the approaching enemy. The last time as we started back to the Farmville side, a panic ensued, and in an instant the bridge was a mass of wriggling humanity, wedged so tightly that moving and even breathing seemed impossible. Many were trampled under foot, and one man I saw forced up above our shoulders, cling for a moment to the parapet, and with a wild scream disappear over the side. Next morning at Farmville some packages of French soup material, done up in tin foil, were issued, the only rations I received during the seven days of retreat. I got a lump of dried onions about as large as two fingers, and was munching them industriously, when shots were heard just in our front, and the bugle called the skirmishers to advance. The enemy's skirmish line had crept within fifty yards of us, but being unsupported they slowly gave away before us, for a mile or more. At such close range their fire was very effective, and a number of our men, including the officers in command were killed or wounded. Our line became much scattered and in pursuing a man in front, I found myself with only two comrades in sight, on a little eminence overlooking a field in which were two railroad cuts. My man

dropped his gun, and, falling to the ground, rolled over and over down the hill, until he tumbled into the second of the two cuts. Thinking I could capture a prisoner, I called my two comrades to head him off, and ran to the further end of the cut. Just before I reached it, a mounted officer dashed out of the other end. He lay flat on his horse's neck, and as I fired at him I saw the blue fuzz fly from his back, but he rode on apparently uninjured. (I learned afterwards that he was a major-general from Pittsburg, Pa.)

Stepping on the railroad I found the cut full of Blue Coats, every man with hands up, and crying. "Don't shoot Johnnie! We give up Johnnie! For God's sake don't shoot!" To say I was surprised wouldn't begin to express my feelings. If one of them had pointed a gun at me, it would have afforded me infinite pleasure, under the circumstances, to give up myself, but they seemed so anxious to surrender that I leveled my gun at them, and with a variety of emphatic and peremptory expletives, hurried them out before they had a chance to change their minds. As we got out of the cut, my two comrades and eight others who had joined them came up. In the second cut were some more equally willing to give up, and we drove them all out before us. Then one of our prisoners looking around, in surprise, exclaimed: "Why, is this all of you? You yelled so we thought Lee's whole army was after us."

They were enlightened too late. I reckon we ought to have pitied the poor fellows, but we didn't have time, for within three or four hundred yards of us came another line of their skirmishers, at the top of their speed, calling on

their comrades to stop, and cursing and threatening to shoot us. We jeered them and dared them to shoot, knowing they would hit a dozen of their men to one of us. But we didn't feel as funny as we pretended, for in spite of all our urging and threatening and jabbing with guns, our prisoners would stumble and blunder and go slow, and the enemy's line was within 50 yards of us when Gen. Gordon saw our predicament and sent a force to our relief. Once behind our own men we took it leisurely and counted our prisoners. We had 103; 21 commissioned officers, several still carrying their swords, a dozen or more non-commissioned officers and the rest privates, composing the better part of the Veteran Fifty-ninth New York and Seventh Michigan Regiments.

Gen. Gordon complimented us and told us to turn our prisoners over to the provost guard but we didn't try very hard to find them at once. Our prisoners were clever fellows and gladly shared with us the rations they had in their haversacks. Stopping at a little branch to wash our powder-grimed faces, we found to our surprise, and our captives disgust, that only one man of our eleven had a load in his gun.

When we got back to the rear a stout colonel, whose spotless uniform and white complexion had not been acquired in field service, undertook to pull the blanket off the shoulders of one of the prisoners with whom I was chatting. I only said, don't, but I very solemnly aimed my gun at the most prominent part of his well filled uniform—and he didn't.

How the next day or two passed I hardly know. We were constantly fighting on the skirmish line, but so worn out, and hungry and sleepy that my recollection is a maze of physical and mental misery. I can remember our skirmish line lying in front of a battery in action to protect it against a charge of the enemy, when the premature bursting of a shell from one of our guns tore open the head of a comrade and spattered his brains over me. Then, too, I remember coming across Dr. Shaffner one night at a camp-fire, and his kind gift of a piece of cold corn-bread. It was all he had to give, but it was a God-send to me. He also took charge of an officer's belt and pistol I had captured some days before, and brought them home for me.

As we truged wearily along one morning, we were startled by the sounds of a conflict in front of us. All our fighting up to this time had been with the enemy on our flanks and rear. We were hurried forward and just at dawn we reached a little cross road village—Appomattox Court House. We were deployed in skirmish line and within half a mile came upon a strong force of the enemy, drawn up in line of battle and supported by artillery. After feeling their position, we were ordered back to the court house. My old brigade, a few hundred strong, had just come up and were wheeling into line as Gen. Lee rode close by us. He looked care-worn and haggard. The boys broke out into their usual cheer of welcome, but his only response was shading his face with his hat, and, bowing his head almost to the mane of his old familiar gray horse, Traveler, and I saw the tears trickle down his cheeks. It was my last sight of our beloved and revered commander.

The line was ordered forward, and as we were deployed on their left we could see the whole movement. It was my fortune to witness several charges during the war, including the famous third day's attack on the heights of Gettysburg, but I never saw one so magificently executed as this. Our men advanced as regularly as though on parade, and as the shells and grape shot ploughed through the ranks, the files closed up without the slightest faltering. Presently they broke into a double quick, and with the old time yell, and an irresistable rush, they carried the enemy's position, capturing several guns and a number of prisoners. It was North Carolina's last oblation to the fame of the Army of Northern Virginia. In the meantime, we on the skirmish line became engaged with some dismounted cavalry. A man named Alfred Long, from Yadkin county, and myself had gotten to a small house, and were firing from the corner of it. I shot at three men who were crossing a ditch on a rail, less than a hundred yards away. The middle man dropped into the ditch, and I noticed his companions draw him up and lay him on the bank, crossing his hands and covering his face with his hat. Just at this moment several balls whistled over us from our rear, and turning round we saw five of the enemy's cavalry at the yard fence, within fifty feet of us. Our skirmish line was several hundred yards behind them, in full retreat, and could no nothing but surrender. I bent my faithful gun under the house, and narrowly escaped being shot by my captors for the senseless act. After some cursing and parleying, however, they contented themselves with taking my hat, and the good blanket I had captured a few days

before. Their moderation was due to the fact that nothing else I had, seemed to them worth taking. One of them conducted Long and myself to their advancing lines. We passed by the poor fellow I had shot. His coat was torn in the center of his breast and between his folded hands, the frothy blood had welled up. I could not resist the impulse, and gently raising his hat, I gazed on a boyish, beardless face, whose peaceful expression was marred only by the stony stare of his widely open eyes. I have learned by heart all the sophisms that prate of patriotism, fighting for the right, defending homes and fire-sides, etc., etc., but will a just God, who has commanded: "Thou shalt do no murder," be satisfied with such empty platitudes?

On our way out we met Gen. Sheridan, who seemed to me a coarse-featured, short-necked, chunky man, with redundant length of arms, and riding a horse two or three sizes too large for him. Long and myself were so tired and worn out that we had to hang on to the saddle skirts of our guard. Our strange appearance attracted the general's attention and halting us, he asked me how many men Gen. Lee had with him. I told him 70,000 or 80,000, and he invited me to the bad place with a fluency and versatility of expression that indicated a thorough acquaintance with the resources of profanity. Everybody knows Sheridan was a great soldier. I have since been told that he was handsome. He may have been. I was a better judge of cursing in those days than I was of good looks. Just before we met Gen. Sheridan we noticed that firing had ceased on the lines, and we could recognize Gen. Gordon, with another man carrying a white flag, riding toward

the little white house where we had been captured. There Sheridan and Gordon met, and shortly afterward we were informed that Gen. Lee had surrendered our army. Later on I learned the advisibility of being civil to a darkey behind a gun. We met a colored soldier and I foolishly replied to some of his taunts, when without warning he leveled his gun at my head. I remember looking into the gun barrel and closing my eyes in expectation of immediate death. However, my guard spoilt his aim by cutting his head open with his sabre and the charge went harmlessly over my shoulder.

We were kept prisoners for a week, and during that time we had nothing given us to eat. Hampton's cavalry had destroyed Grant's wagon trains, and our captors had not enough for themselves. How we chewed roots, and bark and buds, and sucked the inside of our grimy haversacks, and skewered up our waist-bands, and drank water by the gallon to lesson the aching void of hunger, is painful to remember, and prosy and monotanous to tell about. One day a poor fellow prisoner, who felt himself dying, gave me a couple of spare-ribs in return for some little attention I had shown. I don't know how he had got them or how long he had carried them. They were so soft they didn't need chewing, and the most of the meat had stuck fast to the inside of his dirty haversack; but you may be sure I didn't lose any of it on that account. Many of our friends who had been paroled at Appomattox Court House, passed us with pleasant greetings. One of them on horse-back overtook Gen. Grimes, my division commander, and told him I was a prisoner. Although he was on his way home he

rode three miles back to intercede for my release. It availed nothing, but I shall never forget his kindness. I grieved for a friend, indeed, when long after the war, the ball of an ambushed assassin brought his gallant life to an untimely close.

I will not weary you with an account of our return home. We were paroled at Farmville, and begging food by the way, sometimes welcomed—often repulsed, we walked by slow stages on account of our weakness, to Clover Station on the R. and D. R. R., where we found a train which carried us to Danville. Here we appropriated a construction train, and standing on a flat car, rode to a burned bridge, ten miles from Greensboro. Walking on, I reached home the second morning thereafter. I had been mourned for as dead. Some of my company had taken the description, given by a burying detail, of a young fellow resembling me, and marked his grave with a board on which they carved my name. My welcome home can be imagined.

I had lost 38 pounds in three weeks, and was so emaciated and filthy that my father at first failed to recognize me. As I emerged from the nasty clothing I had worn night and day for seven consecutive weeks, and enjoyed the luxury of a warm bath, and donned clean garments, and again sat in a chair and ate with a fork, and drank water from a glass, and joined in the family prayers, and slept in a bed, the glamour and illusions of the pomp and pride, and circumstances of glorious war, were forever dispelled. I certainly wasn't built for a soldier. I don't want to impugn the veracity nor would I curtail the pleasure of these old soldiers who speak and write so enthusias-

tically of the duty of patriotism, and the glory of war. But must express my selfish regret that they so successfully concealed their real feelings at the time. If any single one among the thousands I saw felt at all happy or contented, he failed utterly to show it. I know if I had been half so badly scared as everybody around me looked, I never would have stayed to go into a single battle.

Speaking for myself, I have few pleasant recollections of the war? To my mind come only sad, and grim, and gloomy memories:—the forms of my comrades and friends hurried to an untimely death by disease and wounds; left a prey to the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field—at best hastily and unceremoniously shoveled into a shallow trench; if haply surviving, maimed and crippled, and marred in health and usefulness; the privations and sufferings from fatigue and hunger, and heat and cold, and filth and nakedness, in comfortless camp, on toilsome march, in ruthless conflict, in loathsome hospital, in pitiless prison; fields deserted, homesteads and towns pillaged and burned, graves violated, sanctuaries defiled; Sabbaths desecrated; the havoc and ruin, the wanton waste and destruction, the merciless carnage; the unutterable agony of heart-rending grief that hung like the smoke of torment over the tens of thousands of bereaved and desolated homes. The abomination of desolation!

May justice and righteousness dwell in this land; may mutual toleration and forbearance take the place of sectional jealousy and bitterness; may the God of love so completely fill the hearts and minds of this people, that the God of battles can nevermore find room in their thoughts; may the reign of the Prince of Peace speedily begin, and and His dominion extend over all God's beautiful earth!

Resignation of first Editors

With this issue of the Booklet its present editors retire. Before doing so, we desire to thank our friends for their many kindnesses, without which we could not have made the Booklet a success. The object with which the work was undertaken, was to raise a sufficient amount of money, that some appropriate memorial might be erected to the memory of the patriotic women of the Edenton Tea Party, held Oct. 25, 1774. As yet, the sum obtained from the Booklets have been so small, and a substantial memorial seems so far in the future, that we beg the Booklet itself, maybe accepted, as a loving tribute, and memorial, until something more enduring can be obtained. With us, the work has been a labor of love. If by chance some of these Booklets have fallen in the hands of any descendants of these patriotic women, and their hearts have been quickened with the glow of pride, in their heroic ancestresses, and they feel that they too would like the privilege of contributing to the memorial, we feel that our labor has not been in vain.

The Booklet will be continued by Miss Mary Hilliard Hinton, and we hope that the many kindnesses shown us, will be extended to her.

Very truly,
MISS MARTHA HELEN HAYWOOD,
MRS. HUBERT HAYWOOD,
Editors N. C. Booklet.

At next meeting
Mrs E E Moffitt elected Co-Editor

Carolina becomes a Royal Province 1729
State divided into North and South Carolina

Regulators resisted unjust taxation June 6. 1765
Granville NC at Nutbush
Battle of Bunker Hill June 17th 1775

First Continental Congress Sept 5. 1774
Regulators in Anson - 1768.

Resistance to the Stamp act, in N.C.
occurred in ~~Wilmington~~ - Brunsmith - 20
miles South of Wilmington N.C. Nov 28th - 1765
see Vol 1 Bordeaux No 3 - also Oct 19th 1765

Battle of Lexington Mass - Apr 19th 1775
" " Concord " " " "

" " Bunker Hill " June 17th 1775

At Halifax C H.
First open & public declaration of Independence by the proper authority of any one of the Colonies on record. } Apr 12th 1776

(From { Jones; Defence of N.C."
Journal of Convention pp - 11, 12)
Wiley Reader pp 202; 203 -.

declaring independence in concurrence with other Colonies
Halifax "Resolutions" Apr 12, 1776 proposed
(Wheeler's History p - 82)
adopted May 22d - 1776

Battle of Lexington April 19th 1775
Battle of Alamance N.C. May 16th 1771
Concord — April 19th 1775
Destruction of Tea Boston Mass — 1773.
"Edenton Tea Party. Oct 25th 1774
"Mecklenburg Declaration. May 20th 1775

Battles of Revolution Fought in North Carolina.

National Declaration of Independence July 4th 1776

Moores Creek Bridge,	Feb'y 27th, 1776
Ramsour's Mill,	June 20th, 1780
Pacolet River,	July 14th, 1780
Earles Ford,	July 18th, 1780
Cane Creek,	Sept. 12th, 1780
Wahab's Plantation or Waxhaws	Sept. 21st, 1780
Charlotte	Sept. 26th, 1780
Wilmington,	Feb'y 1st, 1781
Cowans Ford,	Feb'y 1st, 1781
Torrence Tavern,	Feb'y 1st, 1781
Shallow Ford	Feb'y 6th, 1781
Bruce's Cross Roads,	Feb'y 12th, 1781
Haw River,	Feb'y 25th, 1781
Clapp's Mill	March 2nd, 1781
Whitsell's Mill,	March 6th, 1781
Guilford Court House,	March 15th, 1781
Hillsboro,	April 25th. 1781
Hillsboro,	Sept. 13th, 1781
Sudleys Mill, (Cane Creek.)	Sept. 13th, 1781

Kings Mountain (S C) Oct 7th 1781

Resistance to the Stamp Act November 28th 1765

Battle of Alamance N.C. May 16th 1771

Historic facts

1619. First Colonial Assembly at Jamestown Va

1607. First Settlement Jamestown Va

1620. Slaves first introduced in Virginia by the Dutch.

1620. Landing of the Pilgrims. Mass.

1625. Manhattan Island settled by the Dutch.

1627. Leading Mass; Colonists pay 9000 for their Territory.

1651. North Carolina's first Settlement at the mouth of Cheraw River

1665. Clarendon Colony settled near Wilmington N.C.

1675. Commencement of King Philips war

1719. First Presbyterian Church founded in New York

1729 - Carolina becomes a Royal Province
State divided North and South.
May 29-30 1765 Patrick Henry's speech against the Stamp Act
1773. Destruction of 342 Chests of Tea
in Boston Harbor
Oct 25th 1774 The Edenton Tea Party -
1775. Ships and 10.000 men ordered
to America
1776 St Pauls Edenton Vestry declaration June 19th 1776
1781. Battle of Kings Mountain S. C
1791. Dec 15th Constitution of the US
amended 15 times to Dec 30th 1870
1783.
Jan 29th "The independance of the United
States was formerly acknowledged
by England and George Washington
was chosen President
"Iredell"