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OCT. 1920, JAN.-APRIL. 1921

Vol. XX, Nos. 2, 3, 4

The North Carolina Booklet



GREAT EVENTS IN NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY



PUBLISHED QUARTERLY
BY
THE NORTH CAROLINA SOCIETY
DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION
RALEIGH, N. C.

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The North Carolina Booklet

Great Events in North Carolina History

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MISS MARY HILLIARD HINTON.

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VOLUME XX

- Social Life in the Sixties.
- William Boylan, Editor of *The Minerva*.
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This list of subjects may be changed, as circumstances sometimes prevent the writers from keeping their engagements.

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Many numbers of Volumes I to XX for sale.

For particulars address

MISS MARY HILLIARD HINTON,
Editor North Carolina Booklet,
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The
NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET

*“Carolina! Carolina! Heaven’s blessings attend her!
While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her”*

Published by
THE NORTH CAROLINA SOCIETY
DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION

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

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GEN. WILLIAM RUFFIN COX

Address of Hon. Frank S. Spruill, of Rocky Mount, in presenting to the State the portrait of the distinguished Confederate officer.

I am commissioned by Mrs. William Ruffin Cox to present to the State this portrait of its distinguished son, and to speak briefly of his illustrious career and great achievements.

I approach the performance of this pleasing task with cheerful alacrity, for chronicler has rarely had a richer theme.

The records of history are more and more becoming pictorial. Posterity, reading of the high deeds of some dead and gone soldier or statesman, naturally desires to know what manner of man he was. In the absence of portrait or likeness, imagination often supplies the details, and, if his career has been one of great deeds and knightly prowess, we think of him as one

“— like old Goliath tall,
His spear an hundred weight.”

It is meet that we should hang upon the walls of the State's Hall of History portraits of the men who have made our history glorious. They remind us of the illimitable vastness of opportunity to him who is willing to serve; they preserve in pictorial form the history and traditions of a great though modest commonwealth; they inspire us with a laudable desire to live our lives that posterity may say of us that we also “have done the State some service.”

And so we come today to speak of one who writ his name large in the annals of the State's history; of one who in every walk of life into which he directed his steps, made the observer take note that a *man* had passed.

In our childhood days we used to stand against the wall

to be measured of our stature, and in many an old homestead in the State upon the crumbling walls are marked the records of the children's annual growth. It was before the days of automatic devices that, for a penny in the slot, will weigh and measure you, and prophesy your future fortune.

It is my purpose briefly to stand General William Ruffin Cox against the wall of history, and measure, as best I may, his stature as a soldier, as a statesman, and as a civilian.

It is not necessary or desirable to make this address a mere biographical sketch of our distinguished subject; a skillfuller and abler hand than mine has done this. Captain S. A. Ashe has penned the inspiring story and preserved it in permanent form, in volume one of the "Biographical History of North Carolina."

I have drawn largely upon this incomparable sketch for my facts in the preparation of this paper, and here and now wish to make to him due acknowledgement.

Born of highly honorable parentage, on March 11, 1832, General Cox was a descendant of the Cavalier rather than the Puritan. He was orphaned by his father's death when only four years old, and upon his cultured and gifted mother fell the burden of his early training. There was something in the serene and stately bearing of the man—in his perfect poise—in the careful modulation of his rich masculine voice—and in his grave and dignified courtesy, that, to the end, reflected the early impression of that magical mother love and training.

He came to the bar in Tennessee in 1852, and resided at Nashville until 1857, as the junior partner of John G. Ferguson, a lawyer of distinction and a kinsman of Hon. G. S. Ferguson, some time judge of our Superior Court.

In 1857 he married Miss Penelope B. Battle, sister of the wife of the late Dr. Kemp P. Battle, of Chapel Hill, and came to North Carolina to live.

The mutterings of the coming storm were already audible. The political atmosphere was becoming more and more tense

and surcharged with feeling and, as the crisis approached, the question of State's rights was being discussed, not always calmly, alike by the learned and the unlearned. General Cox, who had, in 1859, removed to Raleigh, was an ardent believer in the doctrine of State's rights as expounded by Mr. Jefferson Davis, and, believing that war was inevitable, in company with several others, he equipped a battery. So began his highly honorable military career.

Almost immediately upon the outbreak of hostilities, he was appointed by Governor Ellis, major of the Second North Carolina troops and entered upon actual service.

Time and space will permit us to do no more than touch upon the "high lights" of one of the most unique military careers in the great War between the States. General Cox and the Second North Carolina Troops were to win imperishable renown before the curtain fell upon the lurid drama. At Mechanicsville, on June 26, 1862, and lasting through seven days of shot and shell, he and his regiment received their first baptism of fire, and helped to hurl back McClellan's incomparable army and "to drive it, defeated, disorganized, and cowering, under the protection of the Federal gunboats at Harrison's Landing." After that he was a veteran, cool and intrepid.

At Malvern Hill, he was severely wounded and could not rejoin his regiment until after the battle of South Mountain. Followed in rapid sequence, Sharpsburg, bloody and desperate; victory at Fredericksburg; and then Chancellorsville, with its unutterable tragedy. Here we pause to quote from Captain Ashe's spirited account:

"At Chancellorsville, on Friday evening, Colonel Cox moved up and drove in Hooker's outposts, the regiment lying that night so near to the enemy that all orders were given in whispers; and the next morning Cox's regiment was one of the sixteen North Carolina regiments that Jackson led in his memorable march across Hooker's front, reaching the

rear of Siegel's troops about sunset. The men were in line, stooping like athletes, when Ramseur, their brigade commander, ordered 'forward at once' and Cox, leading his regiment, drove the enemy from their works; but his troops were subjected to a terrific enfilading artillery fire at only two hundred yards distance, and in fifteen minutes he lost 300 of the 400 men he had carried in with him. The gallant colonel himself received five wounds, but continued on the field until exhausted. Of him the lamented Ramseur said in his report: The manly and chivalrous Cox of the Second North Carolina, the accomplished gentleman, splendid soldier and warm friend, who, though wounded five times, remained with his regiment until exhausted. In common with the entire command, I regret his temporary absence from the field, where he loves to be.' The brigade received, through General Lee, a message of praise from the dying lips of General Jackson."

Spottsylvania, with its record of glorious achievement, followed and the part played by the brigade, of which General Cox's regiment was a part, evoked from General Lee words of personal thanks for their gallant conduct, and brought to General Cox his commission as Brigadier General. "After that time," to quote again from Captain Ashe's inspiring account, "General Cox led the brigade that, under Anderson and Ramseur, had been so distinguished in all the fields of blood and carnage, in which the Army of Northern Virginia had won such glory."

It was to fall to the lot of General Cox's brigade, under his leadership, to further immortalize itself. He led the brigade to Silver Springs within a few miles and in sight of the White House at Washington. This was the nearest point to the seat of the Federal Government which the Confederate troops at any time approached. Thence he was recalled to General Lee's aid at Petersburg to share there-with his brigade all the hardships and cruel privations of

that memorable siege. I quote again from Captain Ashe's vivid account:

"Once more it was General Cox's fortune to draw from General Lee an expression of high commendation. It was during the retreat from Petersburg, at Salior's Creek, just after Lee's retiring army had been overwhelmed, and the utmost confusion prevailed, the soldiers straggling along hopelessly, many leaving deliberately for their homes, and the demoralization increasing every moment, while the enemy, in overwhelming numbers, pressed on so closely that a stand had to be made to save the trains, upon which all depended. Lee sent his staff to rally the stragglers, but they met with indifferent success. All seemed mixed in hopeless, inextricable confusion, and the greatest disorder prevailed, when presently an orderly column approached—a small but entire brigade—its commander at its head, and colors flying, and it filed promptly and with precision into its appointed position. A smile of momentary joy passed over the distressed features of General Lee, as he called out to an aide, "What troops are those?" "Cox's North Carolina Brigade," was the reply. Taking off his hat and bowing his head, with courtesy and kindly feeling, General Lee exclaimed, "God bless gallant old North Carolina!" This occasion has been graphically described in a public address made by Governor Vance after the war.

Stand General Cox, therefore, against the wall of history and measure his stature as a soldier. Assaying him by his accomplishments and what he attained, we know it may be said of him that no more gallant soldier than this distinguished North Carolinian went forth from the State to fight its battles. In his body he bore the marks of eleven wounds received during those four years.

Was his career as a statesman any less distinguished? Let us examine the record in this respect.

With the war ended and the return of the disbanded sol-

diers to civil life after four years of military duty, the demand for high and disinterested service was tragically great. War is the very culmination of lawlessness; it is the resort of men to primitive and lawless methods of arbitrament, and law ends where war begins. The lawlessness, which is the culmination of and is typified in war, affects to the very core, the citizenship that is engaged. In proof of this, you have but to observe the wave of crime and rapine that has swept over this country in the two years and a half since the armistice was signed. We have stood amazed and horrified at the recital of crimes perpetrated even in our very midst, and no hamlet is so quiet or so well ordered that it has not its chapter of bloodshed and outrage. Human life becomes so cheap, and property rights of so small account, when a million men are fighting breast to breast at each other's throats, that the lust to kill cannot be soothed into quiet by the mere signing of an armistice or treaty.

So, when General Cox, who at the time of the surrender had become an unique and dominant figure in the Army of Northern Virginia, surrendered his sword and laid aside the habiliments of war, he came home to take up a task vaster in its significance and ultimate fruitage than were his duties as a soldier. He was to throw his great prestige and strong personality into the labor of rebuilding a chaotic and bankrupt State. He was to co-operate with and aid other leaders in directing the energies and passions, engendered by war, into channels that would not only render them innocuous, but positively helpful. Here was a mighty dynamic force that was full of dangerous menace; but, if it could be controlled and directed, it would become potential for the accomplishment of great good to the State.

Mr. President, as proud as we are and should ever be of the glorious record of the North Carolina Troops in the Confederate service, I declare to you that, in my judgment, the brightest page in our great State's great history is that writ-

ten by leaders and led in those years following hard upon the war. Even with half a century between us and those fateful years when our very civilization was gasping for its life, and our social and political institutions were debauched and chaotic, we are too close to the tragic events to understand their significance, or to rightly appreciate the mighty part played by those great souled men. More years yet are needed to give us the proper perspective of the great and sublime devotion of those men who took upon themselves the high and holy duty of rebuilding the wearied, discouraged and broken State.

Among those men there immediately moved out to the front the martial figure of the man of whom we speak.

Coming back to Raleigh, he began the practise of law. A solicitor of the metropolis district was to be elected, and General Cox had the courage, although the district was overwhelmingly Republican, to announce himself as a candidate for the Democratic nomination. It was the first formal notice given by the returning remnant of Lee's army that it would not suffer things in North Carolina to go by default. It rang out the brave challenge that "The old guard can die, but it cannot surrender." The Republican organization in the district approached him with the proposition that if he would run as an independent, the organization would endorse him. He refused its blandishments and ran on the ticket as a Democrat, and, when the election returns were in, to the joy and surprise of his friends, he was found to have been elected by a narrow margin.

This office, so full of possibilities for good when administered by a high-minded, clean man, and so potent for evil if maladministered, he filled with a high credit to himself and with entire satisfaction to the district, for six years. His capabilities being thus successfully subjected to the acid test, his further promotion came rapidly, but brought with it increased responsibility and gruelling labor; for

“The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.”

He had become Chairman of the State Democratic Executive Committee and, when his term as Solicitor ended, he refused a renomination in order to devote all his powers and energy to overthrowing the Republican machine in the State. In 1874, while he was Chairman, the State was redeemed by a Democratic majority of about 13,000. In 1875, when the popular vote was being had upon the State Constitutional Convention, there went out from his office, as Chairman of the State Executive Committee, that trenchant and historic telegram to the Democratic Headquarters in Robeson: “As you love your State, hold Robeson.” Doubtless as a result of this patriotic appeal, Robeson was held and the State was saved. I count it one of my high privileges to have heard General Cox, who was as modest about his own exploits as a woman, personally relate the stirring narrative.

In 1876, still retaining the chairmanship of the State Executive Committee, he conducted the great Vance-Settle campaign, resulting in the election of Governor Vance, after the most dramatic contest ever waged in the State.

In 1877, he was appointed Judge of the Superior Court for the Sixth District, and discharged most acceptably and ably the duties of this high office until he resigned to seek and to canvass for the nomination for Congress. Having won the nomination, he was triumphantly elected, serving in the United States Congress for six years.

In 1892, General Cox was elected Secretary of the Senate of the United States, a position of great honor and trust. To the discharge of the duties of this office, he brought all his great natural ability and fine culture. After the expiration of his term of office as Secretary of the Senate, he held no other political office.

If the measure of a man's powers be the success he attains in all his undertakings, surely measuring General Cox's civil life upon the wall of history, he was a statesman. In his office as solicitor, he had been clean, strong, capable and absolutely unafraid. He came to the office in troublous times, and he met its duties in the calm, commanding way that banishes difficulties almost without a conflict. His administration of the usually thankless office of chairman of the State Executive Committee was so brilliant and so successful that it has passed into the party's most glorious history. He came to the bench while the code system was yet in its experimental stage in the State and his urbanity, his dignity, his great common sense, his broad reading and his innate courtesy made him an ideal *nisi prius* judge. He went into the Congress of the United States and became the friend and adviser of the President, and trusted councilor of the great party leaders. He passed into the office of the Secretary of the Senate, and was on terms of intimacy with those great souls "who held manhood cheap that was not bottomed fast on rock-ribbed honesty." He left that office, where yet the older generation speak of him as the "Chivalric Cox," and came to his home and farm on Tar River, in Edgecombe County, to live the simple quiet life of the Southern planter.

Great warrior, distinguished and successful statesman, what will he do amid the homely surroundings of the North Carolina cotton plantation with the proverbial "nigger and his mule"?

To the direction of his great farm he brought the order and system of the soldier and the vision and courage of the statesman. He introduced blooded stock and modern machinery. He raised the finest sheep and the best pigs in the county. His yield per acre was a little better than any of his neighbors. If rain or drought, flood or storm came, he was always calm and imperturbable, and no man ever heard

him utter a word of complaint. In his well selected and large library he read not only history and biography, but chemistry and books on food plant and volumes on agricultural science. Your speaker has more than once been down to the country home at Penelo and found the general with his books on the floors and tables all around him, running down the subject of scientific fertilization.

He was a successful farmer. He entered no field of activity in which he did not succeed, and it was difficult at the end of his distinguished life to say in which field were his most successful achievements.

Three years after the death of his first wife, who died in 1880, General Cox married Miss Fannie Augusta Lyman, daughter of the Rt. Rev. Theodore B. Lyman, Bishop of North Carolina. After two years of wedded life she died, leaving her surviving two sons: Col. Albert L. Cox, distinguished soldier, judge and lawyer of this city, and Captain Frances Cox, now a candidate for Holy Orders.

In June, 1905, General Cox was married to the charming and gracious Mrs. Herbert A. Claiborne, daughter of Col. Henry C. Cabell, of Richmond, Va., who graces this occasion with her presence today.

I have tried more than once to summarize, or catalogue, those particular or accentuated virtues or characteristics which marked General Cox as truly great. He was a man of singularly handsome person, tall, erect and soldierly in bearing, with high-bred classical features. His manner was one of utmost composure and quiet certitude. His imperturbability could not be shaken, and he looked the part of a man, to whom, in great crises, other men would naturally turn for leadership. His dominant characteristics I would catalogue as follows:

He was physically and morally as brave a man as I ever knew, and this mental condition was that which made him so singularly effective when emergency arose. His courage was so unconscious and so ingrained that I have frequently

thought it was the cause, at least in larger part, of his serene composure and quiet bearing.

He was inherently a just man. Although by training and habit of mind he was a rigid disciplinarian, yet there was nothing about him of the martinet, and in determining, as he was frequently called upon to do, the small controversies that were inevitable in the conduct of a large farm, whether between landlord and tenant, or cropper and cropper, he was as impersonal as he had been when presiding as a judge.

He was rigidly honest, and by that term I do not mean simply that he discharged his legal obligations; he did more than that—he dared to follow truth to its ultimate end, and the popularity or unpopularity of the conclusions he reached did not in the slightest way affect him.

He was a clean man. He thought and lived cleanly. His mind was occupied with clean thoughts, and he nourished it upon good books and wholesome literature. He never told an anecdote of questionable character, or uttered an obscene or profane word.

He was an intensely patriotic man, and with a devotion as ardent as a lover for his mistress, he loved North Carolina—her heritage and her history—her traditions and her customs—her people and her institutions. In the evening of his long and eventful life, as he sat in the shadow of the majestic oaks that embowered his home, he thought much upon the problems that were arising and presenting themselves for solution, and he believed with all the strength of his soul in the ability of the State to wisely solve them and to attain her future great destiny.

He was one of the most evenly courteous men in his manner and bearing that I ever saw. A patrician by birth and association, he was yet as gravely courteous and as formally polite to the humblest mule driver on his farm as he was to the greatest of the historic figures amid whom he had lived his eventful life. Calm, strong, urbane and dignified, he

went through life, and the world knew him as one born to command.

In a career crowned with high achievements, both in military and civil life, there was nothing adventitious or accidental. There was in him a definite nobility of soul and mind and person which marked him as one of nature's noblemen. His fearlessness and heroic courage; his perfect sense of justice; his unblemished integrity; his intense and flaming patriotism; his fund of practical common sense; his perfect poise and unruffled composure; his manly bearing and unfailing courtesy, added to his singularly handsome face and person and to his splendid physique—combined to make him one of "The Choice and Master Spirits of this Age."

Mr. President, in behalf of his bereaved and gracious widow, I have the honor to formally present to the North Carolina Hall of History this excellent portrait of the man, in honoring whom we honor ourselves. For her I request that it may be hung on the walls of this building, to the end that future generations, looking upon his strong, composed and handsome features, may seek to emulate his high example of service and devotion.

GEN. JAMES JOHNSTON PETTIGREW, C. S. A.

Address by Chief Justice Walter Clark, of North Carolina, at the Unveiling of the Memorial Marble Pillar and Tablet to General Pettigrew near Bunker Hill, W. Va., September 17, 1920.

Near this spot died James Johnston Pettigrew, a native of North Carolina and brigadier general in the armies of the Confederate States, who commanded Heth's Division in the memorable assault on Cemetery Ridge at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863. Wounded fatally on the retreat at Falling Waters, Md., on July 14, 1863, he died here on the morning of July 17. His remains were removed to Raleigh, N. C., where they lay in the rotunda of the capitol, surrounded with due honor, and were interred in the cemetery at the capital of his native State. After the war they were removed to the spot where he first saw the light in eastern Carolina, where the earliest rays of the rising sun gild the summit of the shaft that marks his grave.

One who was more than man said: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." (John xv. 13.)

It is for this reason that men visit with awe and veneration the great fields where men has died for men and with bared heads stand at Bunker Hill, at Saratoga, at Yorktown, and on the great fields of the War between the States.

Dr. Johnson said: "That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon or whose piety would not grow warmer amid the ruins of Iona."

Whether the existence of those who have passed beyond the veil is but a fond dream of hope, as some say, or whether they live again, as we believe, "far advanced in state in the

NOTE.—Chief Justice Clark was attached as Cadet drill-master to the 22d North Carolina regiment when commanded by Pettigrew.

lives of just men made perfect," it is certain that what they have been here, what they have done here, what they have said abides with us and is a living influence moving upon our lives to-day. In a recent speech by D'Annunzio at Rome he moved his audience by asking: "Do you not hear the tramp of the army of the dead on the march? All along their route they find the footprints of the marching legions of Cæsar and hear the distant tread of those who went before."

It is said that in the most desperate hour of Verdun a wounded Frenchman called out madly: "Arise, ye dead." His appeal galvanized into supreme resistance the wounded and shattered columns of France. The message spread throughout the French army, and the German advance was stayed at the very moment when it seemed about to become victorious.

The same thought was with the prophet Ezekiel (xxxvii. 9) when he said: "Come from the four winds, O Breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live, * * * and they lived, and stood upon their feet, an exceeding great army." There was no actual physical resurrection, but the prophet was calling upon the influence of their deeds upon the living.

The example of those who have sacrificed life for their country and liberty is an appeal which never dies and rings down the ages whenever a column has faltered or a loved leader has fallen. The memory of such sacrifices moves the hearts of men.

"Mid Jersey snows, the march it led,
The moor at Marston felt its tread."

No Confederate soldier ever failed to be impressed with the cordial hospitality and loyalty of Virginia. Time has not obliterated this recollection nor dulled these qualities in the people of this great State to this day.

We are here to-day to bear tribute to the memory of a

brave officer, a leader among the gallant men of the South in one of the greatest struggles of all time. It is fit and proper that we should make some brief note upon the career of the gallant, talented, and distinguished young officer to whom we place this tablet in perpetual memorial.

James Johnston Pettigrew was born at Bonarva, on his family estate at Lake Scuppernong, in Tyrrell County, in Eastern North Carolina, on July 4, 1828. His family was of French origin, but in the fifteenth century removed to Scotland, where they held an estate near Glasgow in 1492, the year Columbus discovered America. A branch of the family later removed to North Ireland, whence the great-grandfather of General Pettigrew in 1732, the year of Washington's nativity, came to Pennsylvania and twenty years later to North Carolina. His son, the grandfather of General Pettigrew, was the first bishop elect of the Protestant Episcopal Church in North Carolina. Bishop Pettigrew's son, the General's father, was elected to Congress in 1835, receiving the rare compliment of every vote in his county except three out of seven hundred cast.

General Pettigrew had the misfortune to lose his mother when he was two years of age. Educated at Hillsboro under the well-known instructor, Mr. Bingham, he entered the University of North Carolina in 1843 and graduated at the head of his class in June, 1847, achieving the reputation of being the most talented youth who ever graduated at that historic institution. His class, of which he was easily the leader, was one of the most distinguished that the University has ever graduated, and it was a singular coincidence that side by side at recitation there sat in alphabetical order four men who later attained the highest honors: Brig. Gen. James Johnston Pettigrew; John Pool, who became United States Senator; Matthew W. Ransom, brigadier general in the Confederate army and later for twenty-three years a Senator of the United States; and Alfred M. Scales, also a brigadier

general in the army of the Confederacy, a member of the United States Congress, and for four years Governor of his native State. Of such men the University can say, like the mother of the Gracchi: "These are my jewels."

At the commencement at which he graduated there was in attendance President Polk, who was himself a graduate of that institution; United States Secretary of State John Y. Mason; and Lieut. Matthew Fontaine Maury, of the National Observatory, who, impressed by the homage universally paid to the talents of the young student, offered him a position in the observatory, which he accepted.

Later he obtained license for the practice of law and located in Charleston, S. C. On the advice of friends he soon after proceeded to Berlin and other universities in Germany to perfect himself in the study of the Roman civil law. He remained three years in Europe where he traveled extensively and acquired the faculty of being able to speak at ease German, French, Italian, and Spanish. For a while he then became secretary of legation to Hon. D. M. Barringer, of North Carolina, who was then our Minister to the Spanish Court, and wrote a delightful volume, "Spain and the Spaniards."

Returning to Charleston, his success at the bar was brilliant. He was elected to the legislature in 1855 and achieved distinction.

In 1859 he went to Europe to offer his services to Count Cavour to serve in the Italian army in the war with Austria, but the battle of Solferino put an end to that struggle before his services could be accepted.

Pettigrew was colonel of a South Carolina rifle regiment when Fort Sumter was fired on, April 12, 1861. As such he received the surrender of Castle Pinckney. Failing later to have his regiment promptly sent to the army in Virginia, in his impatience he resigned and enlisted as a private in Hampton's Legion, which he accompanied to Virginia.

Passing through Raleigh, he was recognized by friends, and a few days later was surprised by a telegram announcing his unsolicited election as colonel of the 22d Regiment of North Carolina Troops, which was being organized at Camp Ellis, near Raleigh.

I was at that time attached to the regiment and saw Colonel Pettigrew for the first time on his arrival in Raleigh. Some description of his appearance may not be without interest. He was slender of build, swarthy of complexion, dark hair and mustache, and with dark eyes the most brilliant and piercing. He was quick in his movements and quick in perception and in his decision. For several months, and until I was transferred to another command, I occupied a tent near to his and saw him daily. His habit was to pace restlessly up and down in front of his tent with a cigar in his mouth which was never lighted.

Later I served on the staff of Gen. Matthew W. Ransom, who had been his competitor for honors at the University, and thus had the good fortune of knowing them both.

As gentle and modest as a woman, there was an undoubted capacity to command, which obtained for Pettigrew instant obedience, but a kindness and bearing which won affection, and chivalry and courtesy which marked him as every inch a gentleman.

Ordered to Virginia in July, 1861, our regiment was encamped at Rocketts, just below Richmond, whence in the fall of 1861 the regiment was ordered to Acquia Creek; thence we were sent up to Quantico and stationed near Dumfries in the rear of the batteries at Evansport, which were erected to impede the navigation of the Potomac by the Federals.

In the spring of 1862 he was tendered the appointment of brigadier general in another brigade, but he declined to accept the promotion because it would separate him from his regiment. A little later, being offered the command of brigadier general of the brigade to which his regiment belonged,

he accepted. He was on the Peninsula under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and shared in the retreat to Richmond in May, 1862.

On June 1, 1862, in the battle of Seven Pines, he was severely wounded in a charge which he led with great gallantry, and left for dead upon the field, he fell into the hands of the enemy. It is not generally known that after he was shot down and left unconscious on the field General Pettigrew was bayoneted by the enemy. This must have been one of the very few occasions on which this occurred in our war. Yet it is attested by a letter from General Pettigrew to his adjutant general, Capt. John W. Hinsdale, a gallant Confederate soldier, who had his horse killed under him and who was later colonel of the 72d North Carolina Regiment and is one of the most distinguished lawyers in North Carolina and now living in Raleigh. The following is a verbatim extract from the original, which Colonel Hinsdale has in his possession: "Major Lacy told me you were all disturbed at not bringing me off the field. You could not possibly have changed it. At the time I entered the wood none of the staff were with me, all having been sent off. I did not expect to be in the woods more than ten minutes, but I was unfortunately shot while attempting to ascertain the position of the enemy. The ball entered the lower part of the throat, striking the windpipe, glanced to the right, passed under the collar bone, struck the head of the shoulder, and glanced again upward, tearing the bones. It unfortunately cut an artery, and I would have bled to death had it not been for Colonel Bull. I became entirely unconscious. I subsequently received another shot in the left arm and a bayonet in the right leg, spent the night on the battle field, and a little before day was carried to a Yankee camp. My right leg is still partially paralyzed, but I am recovering the use of it."

On his exchange, his brigade having been placed under the command of the lamented General Pender, he was given the

command of another brigade, with which he repelled the Federal raid into Martin County in the fall of 1862 and participated in the defeat of Foster's expedition in December, 1862, against Goldsboro. In the following spring he was under Gen. D. H. Hill in his attack upon Washington, N. C.

When Stoneman made his raid on Richmond, General Pettigrew was sent with his brigade to the protection of that city and was stationed at Hanover Junction. Later his brigade was assigned to Heth's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, in the Army of Northern Virginia, and was in the advance to Gettysburg. His brigade, one of the largest and best in the army, at that time consisted of the 11th North Carolina commanded by Col. (later Gen.) Collett Leventhorpe; the 26th North Carolina, commanded by Col. H. K. Burgwyn, the gallant young soldier who laid down his life at Gettysburg in a most gallant charge when only twenty-one years of age; the 44th North Carolina, Col. Thomas C. Singletary; the 47th North Carolina, Col. G. H. Faribault; and the 52d North Carolina, Col. J. K. Marshall. This brigade had originally contained the 17th North Carolina, commanded by Col. W. F. Martin; but when, after the battles around Richmond in 1862, Gen. James G. Martin returned to North Carolina, he took with him his brother's regiment, and it was replaced by the transfer to Pettigrew's of the 26th North Carolina, then commanded by Col. (later Gov.) Z. B. Vance, from Ransom's Brigade. This was later commanded, after Vance's election as Governor, by that gallant young soldier, Col. Harry K. Burgwyn.

On the advance into Maryland the 44th Regiment was left to assist in guarding Richmond; but the ranks of the other four regiments were full, and the brigade presented a superb appearance with the distinguished commander at its head. The loss of the brigade in the battle of Gettysburg was the heaviest of any in the army, and one regiment, the 26th, suffered the heaviest loss of any regiment on either side in any one battle during the entire war.

On the third day at Gettysburg, General Heth having been wounded, the division of four brigades was commanded by General Pettigrew, who went forward on horseback, riding close up behind his men. His horse was killed under him, and the General himself was wounded near the stone wall, which was the Ultima Thule of the Confederate advance. This wound in his hand and his death not long after prevented his writing his report of the charge, which would have prevented the subsequent controversy.

The gallantry of Pettigrew's Brigade is most eloquently told by the official returns, which show that on the opening of the battle on July 1 its four regiments reported present for duty three thousand men, of whom on the morning of the 4th only nine hundred and thirty-five were left. General Pettigrew himself was wounded, and all of his field officers were killed or wounded except one, who was captured, and the brigade was commanded by Major Jones, of the 26th, who had been wounded. Two of General Pettigrew's staff were killed. In the battle on July 1 Captain Tuttle's company, of the 26th North Carolina Regiment, of three officers and eighty-four men were all killed and wounded except one. On the same date Company C, of the 11th North Carolina, lost two officers killed and thirty-four out of thirty-eight men killed and wounded. Its captain, Byrd, brought off the regimental flag, the flag bearer being shot.

The official reports of the battle of Gettysburg show that 2,592 Confederates were killed and 12,707 wounded. Of the killed, 700 were from North Carolina, 435 Georgians, 399 Virginians, 258 Mississippians, 217 South Carolinians, and 204 Alabamians. The three brigades that lost the most men were Pettigrew's North Carolina (190 killed), Davis's Mississippi, in which there was one North Carolina regiment, the 55th (180 killed), and Daniel's North Carolina (165 killed). Pickett's Division of three brigades had 214 killed.

The historic charge made on the 3d of July was composed of Pickett's Division on the right, of three brigades, Gar-

nett's and Kemper's, with Armistead's in the second line. On the left of Pickett's was Heth's Division, composed of Archer's, Pettigrew's, Davis's, and Brockenbrough's brigades. This division was led by Pettigrew, General Heth having been wounded. In the rear of this division marched Lane's and Scale's brigades, both from North Carolina.

The stone wall which Pickett and Pettigrew were sent forward to take had a re-entrant angle in front of Pettigrew's part of the line. Owing to this, some of Pickett's men, striking the wall first, passed over it at the angle, and General Armistead was killed forty yards on the other side, but too few got over to hold the ground beyond the wall. The wall in front of Pettigrew being eighty yards farther on, Capt. E. F. Satterfield, of the 55th North Carolina Regiment, was killed, and others were killed or wounded at the wall in their front and thus fell farthest to the front, though on this side of the wall. While General Armistead and others of Pickett's men were killed or wounded on the other side of the wall, they fell not quite so far to the front.

This states fairly the evidence in the generous controversy between the two States as to whose troops went farthest to the front at Gettysburg. There was glory enough for all where all did their duty. General Pettigrew himself had his horse killed under him, but continued to advance on foot and was wounded near the wall in his front.

In this historic charge there were "eighteen regiments and one battalion from Virginia, fifteen regiments from North Carolina, three from Mississippi, three from Tennessee, and one regiment and one battalion from Alabama." (Judge Charles M. Cooke, in "Clark's North Carolina Regimental Histories," Vol. III, page 300.)

On the retreat from Gettysburg, when A. P. Hill's Corps crossed the Potomac at Falling Waters, General Pettigrew was placed in charge of the rear guard. A small squad of the enemy's cavalry made a reckless and unexpected charge.

One of the enemy's troopers fired at the General, who fell mortally wounded. The trooper was killed, but the loss which he had caused to the Confederacy was irreparable. General Pettigrew was conveyed to this spot, where, lingering, he died in the early morning on 17 July, 1863.

When he awakened out of his sleep that morning he said: "It is time to be going." He heard the roll call of the Great Commander and answered, "Adsum."

Such is the brief summary of the career of one of the most talented men, one of the bravest spirits that this country has produced.

On the death of Pettigrew it might well have been said in the language of Milton: "Young Lycidas is dead and hath not left his peer."

On the soil of Virginia, which State bore the severest strain of four years of a great war and which saw the fall of so many who died for their duty and their country, there passed away no braver, purer, or more patriotic spirit.

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
His silent tent is spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

NOTE.—Pettigrew commanded a front of four brigades, with two brigades in the second line. Pickett commanded a front of two brigades, with one in the second line—just half as many. Pickett personally (not as a reflection on him, but as a historical fact) stopped at the Cadore House, six hundred yards from the stone wall, and did not cross the Emmettsburg Pike. Pettigrew went forward in person with his command and was wounded near the stone wall. It was, in fact, "Longstreet's assault," being under his command; and the phrase, "Pickett's charge," is a misnomer, due to the fact that the Richmond papers were boasting Pickett for promotion to lieutenant general.—W. C.

THE SHEPARD-PRUDEN MEMORIAL LIBRARY OF EDENTON

BY MRS. CHARLES P. WALES

On February 2d, 1921, the Shepard-Pruden Memorial Library was thrown open and formally presented to the white people of Edenton and Chowan County. This splendid and fitting memorial is the gift of Mrs. Anne Shepard Graham, daughter of Mr. William Blount Shepard, and the widow and children of Hon. W. D. Pruden, both citizens who held a high place in the affectionate regard of the people, and whose lofty ideals of Christian culture as exemplified in their lives, and now given concrete form and expression in this appropriate tribute to their memory, will not cease to be an inspiration and an influence for good from one generation to another.

Prior to this time a few patriotic citizens of Edenton, realizing that the Cupola House was destined to yield to the commercialism of the times, organized a stock company and purchased the building, and the large banquet hall was assigned to the use of the Shepard-Pruden Memorial Library.

Senator C. S. Vann, on behalf of the donors, fittingly and gracefully presented the library as follows:-

"This library is presented to the white citizens of Edenton and Chowan county by Mrs. Anne Shepard Graham, and widow and children of Mr. W. D. Pruden as a memorial to Mr. William Blount Shepard and Mr. William Dossey Pruden. The sum of ten thousand dollars was given to this memorial. The use of the room is given by the stockholders of the Cupola House. After restoring and furnishing the room, paying one-third of the cost of putting the heating plant in the building, buying the books and supplies for the library, and having the library organized by a trained librarian, \$7,500 is left to be invested as a perpetual endowment to buy new books and for other needs of the library.

"It is proposed to have the library directed by a board of

five trustees, one to be selected from the town council, one by the board of county commissioners, and three by the stockholders of the Cupola House.

“Now what shall we say about this library? Mr. Carnegie gave many libraries to many cities and towns, but these libraries were so cumbered with cares, and circumscribed by conditions and entangling demands that in many cases, especially in the smaller towns to which these libraries were given, they were liabilities rather than assets. These gifts were in answer to Mr. Carnegie’s spirit of philanthropy, and were given without discriminating consideration. Not so with this library, for the distinguished gentlemen who made possible this library grew up with these people, they knew them, knew their tastes and needs, they loved them and this is a gift to the people with whom they moved and whom they loved.

“The gift itself is the best possible that could have been chosen by those who make it. They might have made a gift to the poor and so provided a daily bread line, they might have endowed a hospital where the unfortunate might have had consideration, or they might have given to some other charity, but these are incomparable to the gift of this library. Those would have administered to the needs of a class; this supplies the needs of the whole people; it is free, and those who desire the use of the books of this library can come and get them without money and without price. It is the biggest and best gift that Edenton has yet received. I do not wish to be considered as speaking treason, but it is the truth to say that Edenton has not held its place for culture that our ancestors deeply established and surely maintained. The spirit of commercialism which has played so large a part among the people everywhere of late, has had its effect upon the people of Edenton and so we lost something of our former position as a place of culture. We hope and believe that this gift will have the effect of bringing us back to our former distinction.

“The value of this library upon the tastes and habits of the people cannot be measured if it is received in the spirit in which it is given. We go to the great capital of our great country and stand in the statuary hall and look with admiration upon the figures in stone and bronze of the great men who played their part in our history, but these are but the forms of those who passed away, ‘but storied urn, nor animated bust, cannot call back the fleeting breath.’ and we feel that we are standing among the things that were and are to be no more. We cross over to the Congressional Library and as we enter we feel a different atmosphere. We are with the things that are and shall be forevermore. It is not necessary that we should be told that we are not to speak above a whisper, the very atmosphere forbids it. We feel now that we are among the living. The ideas and ideals of all the great of all times of every nation are with us. All the stops of our better selves are pulled out and the music of our souls flows out in full volume to mingle with that of our silent and invisible companions. Such is the influence of books, the storehouses of the ideas and ideals of the great of all times, leading us to the best thoughts and to the highest ideals. God be thanked that the distinguished gentlemen of blessed memory have made possible this day, and God be praised that their inheritors have made this possibility a reality. And, now, Mr. Mayor, as the accredited representative of the county of Chowan and town of Edenton, in behalf of those who make this gift, I formally turn it over to you.”

For the town and county Mayor E. I. Warren made the speech of acceptance, and said:

“I wish to express my appreciation at being asked to accept such a gracious gift to our town, but I feel lost in finding words to express my real feeling and gratitude for myself and our people. We all feel that this is one of the greatest blessings that will mark the pleasant memories of two of our most distinguished Christian gentlemen. This library will

bring to our minds many pleasant recollections of our beloved and honored friends, whose ideas and opinions are still being cherished by our people.

"I desire to express in behalf of our town and community our sincere and grateful appreciation of this admirable gift; it will be the means of a stepping stone to our people for higher and better things. We feel that we owe the relatives of our deceased friends a debt of gratitude for their liberal and generous thought in furnishing this library in memory of William Dossey Pruden and William Blount Shepard, whose pictures we have before us now and whose throbbing hearts would be in love and sympathy with this gathering. Their ideas were strong and uplifting to man, and will be long remembered by those who knew them.

"This will enable every person in our community to enjoy the privilege of a well selected public library that will strengthen and enlighten us to better citizenship; it will teach us to love home and be in sympathy with one another. This would, within itself, be worth more than our banks filled with gold and our bodies bedecked with jewels. I cannot help but feel that in throwing open the doors of such a building as this, which was constructed by our forefathers with such diligence and care and at such great sacrifice, would of itself interest our good people in rallying to its preservation and upkeep; and that the use of this library and the things which may be connected with it, such as local museum, and ladies' tea room, will be to the credit and interest of our town.

"Again I thank the relatives of our beloved friends for their generous gift, and also their friends in helping to secure the building, and their loyal interest in our behalf; and with the love of God I hope and pray that there will be others inspired to such lofty ideas that will pave the way for our people for higher and better ideals.

THE CUPOLA HOUSE AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS

A large portion of the territory of eastern North Carolina was granted by the Crown to the Earl of Granville. The mildness of the climate and fertility of the soil attracted settlers eager to purchase or rent land. It became necessary for Lord Granville to have agents in North Carolina to collect rents and fees and confirm titles, and Francis Corbin and Thomas Child were dispatched to the colony vested with full rights and commissioned as his attorneys. In a few years Child returned to England and left Corbin in full charge. The temptation for self emolument was so great that Corbin set about to extort and impose in every way upon the people. Excessive fees were charged, and surveys and grants to those who had previously purchased land were declared void in order that more fees might be extorted from them. Indignation was aroused all over this section, the courts were appealed to without avail, and Governor Dobbs was invoked in vain. The citizens became desperate, threatening, even riotous. Corbin had an office in Enfield also, and the people of Halifax and Edgecombe had suffered as well at his hands. They determined to regulate matters by force, and, as the Colonial records recite, the people, "receiving neither redress nor the money unjustly taken from them," early in January, 1759, twenty well armed men set out for Edenton to seek Corbin and compel him to go with them to Enfield. When they reached their destination they obliged Corbin to give security to return at the next term of Court and to return the fees unjustly taken from them. After this the Governor and his Council suspended Corbin and brought the matter to the attention of the Earl of Granville. The action of the Governor was approved and Joshua Bodley was appointed in Corbin's stead. Corbin was dismissed as one of the assistant judges and his commission as colonel of the Chowan regiment was taken from him.

He soon regretted the policy he had pursued and being

a man of great shrewdness and ability he seemed afterwards to have gained the respect and confidence of the people who for several terms elected him as a member of the Assembly. He also took a great interest in St. Paul's Church, then nearing completion, declaring that it should be finished.

The Cupola House was built by him for his betrothed, Jean Innes, the widow of Col. James Innes, of the Cape Fear section, the escheator general of North Carolina, and the initials "F. C." and the date "1758" are still plainly visible upon the gable post of this old house.

The house was then very much as it is to-day, with its great outside chimneys, curious old windows, the projecting second story, the beautiful panelled wainscoting; its spacious hall, its quaint winding stairs leading up to the cupola, which was originally surrounded by a delightful balcony overlooking the town and the beautiful waters of Edenton Bay. These old cupolas, or lanterns, as they were originally called, were designed by Sir Christopher Wren and were always lighted up on the King's birthday and public holidays and other festive occasions.

Corbin occupied this residence with his beautiful bride but a short while. She became ill and died. Broken-hearted and crushed, he survived his lovely wife but a few years, and leaving no children, this house descended to his brother and only heir, Edmund Corbin, who sold it to Dr. Samuel Dickinson in 1777, and his great-great-granddaughter in turn sold it in 1918 to the Cupola House Association.

Any one wishing to read further the story of the Cupola House can find it in Dr. Dillard's article in the News and Observer of May 31, 1908.

OPPOSES PLAN FOR REMOVING DUST OF DAVIS' FIRST WIFE*

MISS NANCY DAVIS SMITH RECALLS STAND OF CONFEDERATE LEADER AGAINST DISINTERMENT AND WRITES LOUISIANA DIVISION COMMANDER, U. C. V., ON VETERANS' PROPOSAL

BY MAY E. ROBINSON (Correspondent)

Shall the handful of dust, which is surely all that remains of the body of Sarah Knox Taylor, first wife of Jefferson Davis, be removed to a new resting place?

The United Confederate Veterans have raised this question, since at the reunion at Houston, Tex., in October, a resolution was passed by that body, and order given to a committee to make this removal from the grave in West Feliciana Parish, La., to one beside her distinguished husband at Richmond, Va.

The proposal is received with mixed feelings by those relatives of the great Confederate leader now resident in West Feliciana Parish and by the people of the parish in general. The proposal, as it reveals a desire to remove from obscurity and to do honor to the dead, is deeply appreciated, but other considerations make it at least debatable. These are best expressed in a letter which Miss Nancy Davis Smith recently wrote to the local paper in West Feliciana, saying:

OPPOSES DISINTERMENT

"I, as Jefferson Davis' oldest surviving relative and closely associated with him during his declining years, submit the following facts for consideration. Proposing to remove the body of Mr. Davis' first wife from its obscure resting place is, as a tribute to both him and her, worthy of the men who wore the gray, but whether advisable or not becomes a debatable question. Would he whose lips are now sealed have approved?"

*From *The Times Picayune*. Published by request.

"I recall an occasion when, discussing disinterments, he added emphatically, "Where the tree falleth, there shall it lie." A wish that was apparently expressed by the tomb marking his wife's grave. Moreover, four sons buried in different states where they died, were not exhumed while their father lived.

"Another reason for leaving his wife's remains undisturbed is that after 85 years there would seem little probability of identifying a handful of dust.

"To our granduncle, Jefferson Davis we, the descendants of his sister, Mrs. Luther L. Smith, are indebted for foresight in reserving God's acre. The portion enclosed and taken charge of by me, I shall guard during my lifetime, but beyond that, there being no guarantee against desecration, the vision of the grave on a lonely plantation presents a forcible argument for removal. Still there is a solitary argument opposed to the objections I have specified."

(Signed) "NANCY DAVIS SMITH."

WRITES GENERAL BROOKS

Miss Smith has written in similar vein to General O. D. Brooks, Commander Louisiana Division, U. C. V., concluding with this strong paragraph:

"Thus the Veterans' proposed tribute to their revered chief and the wife who was laid to rest eighty-five years ago, would, in fact, though worthily planned, be ignoring his convictions, whose memory they desire to honor."

Miss Smith was a favorite niece of Jefferson Davis and served for years as his amanuensis, and therefore had exceptional opportunities for knowing his opinion on this as well as other subjects. The evidence all points to its being his wish that the grave of the bride of his youth shall remain undisturbed.

The grave of the first Mrs. Jefferson Davis is in the private cemetery of the Luther Smith family, Locust Grove

plantation, about six miles from St. Francisville, and is the usual low brick tomb covered with marble slab with an appropriate inscription. This burial plat is reserved for the family and not affected by any subsequent sales.

WAS TAYLOR'S DAUGHTER

Mrs. Davis was the daughter of President, at that time Colonel, Zachary Taylor. She married the gallant young Mississippian, then an officer in the United States army, in opposition to the wishes of her father, as he was averse to his daughter's marrying a soldier and being exposed to the discomforts and changes incident to life in army posts. There seems to have been no other objection, and the young couple were determined.

Shortly after their marriage they came to Locust Grove plantation, West Feliciana, to visit his sister, Mrs. Luther Smith. Both developed malarial fever, and as they were dangerously ill, were cared for in separate rooms.

Jefferson Davis heard his bride singing "Fairy Bells" in her delirium, and struggled to her bedside to find her dying.

She died September 15, 1836, and was buried in the little cemetery at Locust Grove, as young and fair as the flowers that bloomed in profusion there, and for eighty-five years her grave has been lovingly tended by successive generations of the Smith family, and there seems no probability of its being neglected. Mrs. Davis had the distinction of being the daughter of one President and the wife of another, but as she passed away before either father or husband had achieved fame and exalted position, her life-story seems like a separate volume in their respective lives. An exquisite though tragic episode in the life of the great Confederate, closed when the grave opened to receive her eighty-five years ago.

DEAR TO WEST FELICIANA

It might be fairly inferred that there is where Jefferson

Davis himself would prefer that the beloved wife of his youth should rest until the resurrection morn; it is there that the surviving relatives would wish her to remain, if assured that the grave would be sacred from neglect or desecration; and it is certain that West Feliciana, as a whole, is loath to lose a spot distinguished by such romantic and historic associations.

General A. B. Booth, former commander of Louisiana Division, United Confederate Veterans, has made the suggestion to the U. C. V. committee that instead of removing the remains of Mrs. Davis, that the U. C. V. "might consider buying one hundred square feet (ten feet square) at the grave site, cover the plot with granite, with marble slab in center, with appropriate legend on it." "The parish would," General Booth thinks, "gladly receive it."

This plan is entirely feasible and would, no doubt, satisfy everyone concerned, meeting all requirements of sentiment and common sense, without depriving West Feliciana of a cherished shrine.

JOEL LANE*

A PIONEER AND PATRIOT OF WAKE COUNTY,
NORTH CAROLINA.

BY MARSHALL DELANCY HAYWOOD

Though comparatively few of the name now remain in the State, the family of LANE was one of the most numerous, as well as influential, in the province of North Carolina. It is said to be collaterally descended from Sir Ralph Lane, who, with Sir Richard Grenville and other bold adventurers, sailed from Plymouth, England, in 1585, and founded (in what is now North Carolina) the Colony of Roanoke, of which Lane became Governor—the first English Governor in America. This colony, as is well known, had no permanent existence, and Governor Lane returned to Great Britain where he died—in Ireland—in 1604, three years prior to the first permanent American settlement, at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607. The father of this Sir Ralph was Sir Ralph Lane of Orlingbury, whose wife, *née* Parr, was a first cousin of Katherine Parr, the sixth Queen of that exemplary old Mormon, King Henry VIII.

Not many years after Jamestown was founded, several other members of the Lane family came to Virginia, and their descendants aided in the permanent settlement of North Carolina.

This alleged connection between Sir Ralph and the Lanes of Colonial Virginia, from whom spring the Lanes of North Carolina, is vouched for only by tradition, but this tradition exists in many separate and divergent branches of the family. Whether it should be taken *cum grano salis*, let the reader judge.

“I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.”

After removing to North Carolina, the Lanes lived principally in the eastern section of the State. They were useful

*Reprinted from pamphlet published in 1900.

members of society and adherents to the Church of England. In Halifax County quite a number of the family settled, and there was born JOEL LANE, the subject of this sketch. His father, Joseph Lane, of Halifax, married Patience MacKinne, a daughter of Colonel Barnabas MacKinne.

The above mentioned Joseph Lane, of Halifax (who died about 1776), had five sons, all of whom left issue. They were: Joel, of whom this sketch will treat at length; Joseph,* who married Ferebee Hunter, and died in Wake County in 1798; James,† who married Lydia Speight, and died in Wake County on January 6, 1805; Jesse,‡ who married Winifred Aycock, and died in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1804; and Barnabas, who died about 1775. Barnabas had three children: Martin, Barnabas (Jr.) and a daughter, Jean. His son Martin—born 1755, died 1825—served in the Revolutionary War, was one of the earliest land-owners in Raleigh, and died in Giles County, Tennessee, leaving descendants.

General Joseph Lane, the "Marion of the Mexican War," who was Governor of Oregon and United States Senator,

*Joseph left a son and grand son, both named Joseph. They should not be confused with General Joseph Lane, of Oregon, who, as hereinafter mentioned, was a grandson of Jesse Lane.

†There seems to have been a superfluity of James Lanes: (1) James Sr., above mentioned—Col. Joel's brother; (2) James, son of Col. Joel; (3) James, son of another Joel, and grandson of James, Sr. I think there were some Lanes in other parts of the State, who also bore this given name.

‡In the State Records, Vol. XVI., p. 1101, it appears that a Jesse Lane enlisted for a three years term of service on March 1, 1777, in Captain Jacob Turner's Company, Third North Carolina Continentals. Captain Turner was killed at the battle of Germantown in the following October. After Jesse's enlistment had expired, he again entered the service; for by reference to the manuscript books, entitled "Army Accounts," in the rooms of the North Carolina Historical Commission at Raleigh, Vol. 13, Section A. A., p. 50, will be found the entry: "Allowed Jesse Lane for pay to the first of January, 1782, including interest, the first day of August, 1783—175. 11. 6." Governor Swain in the letter presently given, says that Jesse moved to Georgia before this (in 1779). Quere: Were there two Jesses, or did Jesse of Wake send his family to Georgia, and follow them later?

as well as a distinguished soldier, was the son of John Lane and his wife Betsy Street. This John was a son of Jesse and a nephew of Joel.

When General Lane was a candidate for Vice President of the United States in 1860, he visited Raleigh in July of that year and was entertained at the country seat of his kinsman, the late Henry Mordecai, just north of the city. To this entertainment every member of the Lane connection, who could be found, was invited. Mr. Mordecai's residence was originally built by his grandfather, Henry Lane, eldest son of Joel; but afterwards, in 1824, was added to and remodeled under the supervision of William Nichols, who also altered the architecture of the old capitol, which was destroyed by fire on the 21st of June, 1831.

It has sometimes been stated that the late Governor Henry Smith Lane, of Indiana, was descended from the Lanes of Wake County. This, as the writer learns from a member of the family in Indiana, is a mistake; though the Governor was probably of the same stock, for his ancestors were of Virginia origin, as were also the Lanes of North Carolina.

After General Joseph Lane, of Oregon, had won a great reputation in the War with Mexico and was gaining distinction in national politics, a gentleman in Tennessee, desiring to know something of the history of the Lane family, wrote in 1859 to ex-Governor Swain (then President of the University of North Carolina, and a first cousin of the General), for the information desired. Governor Swain's reply was published in the *Memphis Avalanche*, and was afterwards copied in the *North Carolina Semi-Weekly Standard*, a paper published at Raleigh, in its issue of July 21, 1860, when Lane was a candidate for Vice President. Commenting upon it, the editor of the *Standard* observed that in Buncombe County where General Lane was born, there was a "Lane's Pinnacle," a "Lane's Mine Hole Gap," and "Lane's Iron Works," named for his family.

The letter of Governor Swain is so replete with information concerning the whole connection that we give it in full:

CHAPEL HILL, October 23rd, 1859.

Dear Sir:—Your letter of the 14th, owing to my absence in the discharge of official duties, did not reach me until a day or two since, and I avail myself of the earliest practicable opportunity to reply.

There is probably no family whose authentic history can be more clearly traced through every period of the annals of North Carolina than that of General Lane's. In proportion to numbers, comparatively few of its members have aspired to or obtained political distinction, or indeed distinction of any kind. On the other hand there are probably few that have enjoyed greater average respectability.

General Lane's great-grandfather, Joseph (who signed his name Joseph Lane, Jr., in 1727), died at his residence near Halifax, on the Roanoke, in 1776. His three sons—Joel, Joseph, and Jesse—were pioneer settlers in the neighborhood of Raleigh, in 1741. Of these, Colonel Joel was the wealthiest and most conspicuous. He conveyed to the State 640* acres of land; the site of the present City of Raleigh. His dwelling-house, at the period of its erection the best within a hundred miles, is the present residence of William Boylan, Esq. All three were Whigs during the Revolution, and Colonel Joel and Jesse did service in the army, the latter as a private†.

Jesse was the grandfather of General Joseph Lane and of myself. He was born in Halifax, July 4, 1733, and married Winifred Aycock. They had sixteen children—eight sons and eight daughters—all of whom lived to rear families. In 1779 my grandfather emigrated to Wilkes, now Oglethorpe County, Ga., where he resided until 1800; then he removed to St. Louis, where he died in 1804.

General Lane is the son of Joel Lane, the eighth child and fourth son of our grandfather Jesse. At the time of the removal of the family to Georgia (1779), Wilkes was a frontier county, and, during a series of years was subject to frequent incursions from the Creeks and Cherokees. There were no members of the family able to bear arms, whose services were not put into requisition, and no one male, or female who were not familiar with the horror of savage warfare. My mother beguiled many an hour during my infancy, in the recital of hairbreadth escapes, which, delicate woman as she was, rendered her personal history one of remarkable suffering and adventure.

I have no recollection of my grandfather or uncle John. The former visited my father on his way to Missouri, and the latter was an inmate of our family for some time previous to and subsequent to my birth. I heard much about him in my boyhood, and suppose that

*At a later date, 1867, Governor Swain makes a more accurate statement (in his Tucker Hall Address) of the amount of land sold by Lane, to-wit: 1,000 acres, 400 acres of which were laid off into lots and the remainder held, for the time being, by the State.—M. DEL. H.

†See last note on p. 36, ante.—M. DEL. H.

in all respects the son is the counterpart of the father, brave enterprising, and generous. He was a universal favorite in the midst of the men who fought at the Cowpens and King's Mountain, and who considered a foray among the Indians as little less than a pastime.

General Lane's mother was Betsy, daughter of James Street, the first sheriff of my native county (Buncombe). The descendants of the sixteen children of Jesse are dispersed through all of the Western and Southern States.

I enter into these particulars simply to satisfy you that whilst the family of General Lane have no just pretensions to the pride of heraldry, there is no cause, on the other hand, why they should blush for his ancestry or his connections.

I write in unavoidable haste, but will be ready at any time to communicate more special information if it is called for.

Yours very respectfully,

D. L. SWAIN.

Many years before Wake County was formed, Joel Lane had settled at the point which afterwards became its county-seat, and was later the capital of the State. His place of residence was at a cross-roads hamlet called Bloomsbury, and was then within the territory of Johnston County. Land was taken from Orange and Cumberland, as well as Johnston, for the formation of Wake, and Mr. Lane was one of the commissioners who laid out its boundaries. The new county was established by the colonial assembly in December, 1770, with a proviso that the act of creation should not take effect until March 12, 1771. Governor Tryon, for whose wife, *née* Wake—and not "Esther Wake"—it was named, formally signed the charter on May 22, in the latter year.*

The first court was held on the 4th of June, 1771. Theophilus Hunter was chairman, and Joel Lane and his brother Joseph were among the members of this tribunal.† The other justices were: Benjamin Hardy, James Martin, Hardy Sanders, Abraham Hill, Thomas Wootten, James Jones, Tignall Jones and Thomas Crawford.

In the early spring of 1771, when Governor Tryon raised an army to suppress the insurrection of the Regulators, the principal place of rendezvous for his forces was Bloomsbury

*Colonial Records, Vol. VIII., pp. 299, 333, 334. Copy of charter in court-house of Wake County. Chapter 22, Laws of 1770.

†Court Records of Wake County.

or Wake Court House, where Raleigh now stands. Colonel John Hinton, Lane's father-in-law, then commanded the county militia and marched under Tryon to the scene of action, in which he bore a conspicuous part.* Of Colonel Hinton's conduct on this occasion, and afterwards at the battle of Moore's Creek Bridge, during the Revolution, Governor Caswell says: "In both instances I was an eye-witness and can venture to assert he behaved with becoming bravery and resolution."† At Alamance the Regulators were routed in the battle fought on May 16, 1771. While waiting for reinforcements during that campaign, Governor Tryon located his headquarters near the present Fayetteville road at Hunter's Lodge, the residence of Theophilus Hunter. This was some distance southeast of Spring Hill, later the home of Theophilus Hunter, Jr. For three days, from the 5th to the 8th of May, the army remained there. As the old road was too rough to carry artillery over, Tryon had a new one cut in the direction of the Regulators' country. After a town in Kent, England, he called it "Ramsgate Road." That classic locality near Raleigh, now known as *Ramcat*, derives its name from this circumstance. When the army marched back from Alamance, Colonel Hinton's detachment was disbanded at Wake Court-House on the 22nd of June. On the day before this, Governor Tryon bade his army farewell, and left for New York, having been appointed Governor of that Province.‡ He was succeeded, as Governor of North Carolina, by Josiah Martin, who remained in office until driven out during the Revolution. Whether Joel Lane served in the Alamance campaign is not known, but he probably did, for his name appears as Lieutenant-Colonel of Colonel Hinton's Regiment on a roster made out in 1772.||

For many years Colonel Lane was a Justice of the County Court of Wake; and during the war for Independence, he was

*Colonial Records, Vol. VIII., pp. 576, 704.

†State Records, Vol. XII., p. 707.

‡Colonial Records, Vol. VIII., pp. 675, 676.

||Colonial Records, Vol. IX., p. 344.

at one time its Presiding Justice.* Throughout the entire conflict with Great Britian, he served with fidelity in many important civil stations. Together with John Hinton, Michael Rogers, Theophilus Hunter, Tingnall Jones†, John Rand, and Thomas Hines, he represented Wake County in the Provincial Congress at Hillsborough in August, 1775, and that body, on September 9th elected him a member of the Committee of Safety for the Hillsborough District.‡ John Hinton and Michael Rogers were likewise elected members of this committee. On September 9, 1775, the above named Congress also elected militia officers for Wake County as follows: John Hinton, Colonel; Theophilus Hunter, Lieutenant-Colonel; John Hinton, Jr., First Major; and Thomas Hines, Second Major. When the militia was reorganized, on April 22, 1776, these officers were continued in the same rank.||

Michael Rogers succeeded Hunter in 1778; for, by the minute docket of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions in that year, it appears that on the 19th of February, "Michael Rogers, Esq., produced into Court a commission from His Excellency Richard Caswell, Esq., Governor, constituting him Lieutenant Colonel for the County of Wake; came into Court and qualified agreeable to law." Hardy Sanders likewise held that rank at a later period, and James Hinton was either a Colonel or a Lieutenant Colonel.

In the Provincial Congress which assembled at Halifax in April, 1776, Colonel Lane again represented Wake County.§ His colleagues in this body were John Hinton, John Rand, Tingnall Jones, and William Hooper. The last named, though put down as a delegate from Wake, was not a resident of the county, but came from the eastern part of the state. He was one of those who, a few months later,

*Court Records of Wake.

||This gentleman (whose signature I have seen) wrote his first name as here given, but I think his son and namesake signed himself as Tignall or Tignal.

†Colonial Records, Vol. X., pp. 166, 215.

‡Colonial Records, Vol. X., pp. 207, 532.

§Colonial Records, Vol. X., p. 501.

made their names immortal by signing the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia. While a member of this Provincial Congress, Mr. Hooper was also a member of the Continental Congress.

Colonel Lane did not serve in the Provincial Congress which met at Halifax in November, 1776. The delegates from Wake County were Tingnall Jones, Michael Rogers, James Jones, Britain Fuller, and John Rice.*

From February, 1778, to September, 1778, Joel Lane was Entry Taker†, and frequently represented Wake County in the State Senate. At that time the Legislature met annually, and sometimes oftener. During the Revolution, James Jones was the first to hold the office of Senator, in 1777. At the second session of 1777, in 1778, and in 1781 Michael Rogers was Senator. John Rand was Senator in 1779, and John Hinton in 1780. During and after the war, Colonel Lane was eleven times Senator—in 1782, 1783, two sessions in 1784, 1787, 1788, 1789, 1790, 1791, 1792, and 1794.

Those who represented Wake County in the House of Commons during the Revolution were: John Rand, Tingnall Jones, Lodowick Alford, John Rice, Thomas Wootten, Thomas Hines, John Hinton, Jr., Nathaniel Jones,‡ (of White Plains), John Humphries, Burwell Pope, James Hinton, Theophilus Hunter, and Hardy Sanders.

On June 23, 1781, while the war was raging with its greatest fury, the Legislature met at Wake Court House.¶ For want of more commodious edifice, Colonel Lane's residence was used as the place for assembling. At this session, Thomas Burke was elected to succeed Abner Nash as Governor.

*Colonial Records, Vol. X., p. 915.

†Court Records of Wake.

‡There were three gentlemen in Wake County bearing the name of Nathaniel Jones: (1) Nathaniel Jones of Crabtree; (2) his father, Nathaniel Jones, Sr., mentioned above; (3) Nathaniel Jones of White Plains. The last named was not connected with the Jones family of Crabtree except by marriage. In old county records they were usually distinguished by placing the letters C. T. for Crabtree, and W. P. for White Plains, after their names.

¶State Records, Vol. XVII., pp. 794, 877.

A ludicrous reminder of the depreciation in paper currency caused by the gloomy prospects for the success of the American cause, is the official record* that when Colonel Lane was paid for the house-rent, pasturage for horses, etc., used by the above Legislature during this session of less than one month's duration, the amount voted him was *fifteen thousand pounds!* or about thirty thousand dollars (a pound was then only two dollars). This was many times as great as the sum paid by the State for the Lane plantation (where Raleigh is built) after the war, when money was worth more than the paper it was printed on.

During the Revolution those who occupied the office of High Sheriff of Wake (then a station of great importance) were: Thomas Hines, from June, 1775, till June, 1777; Thomas Wootten, from June, 1777, till September, 1780; Hardy Sanders, from September, 1780, till September, 1782; Britain Sanders, from September, 1782, until after peace was declared.†

After the end of hostilities, Colonel Lane exerted every effort to allay the bitterness which had arisen while the war was in progress, and befriended many Loyalists who were objects of hatred to a less generous element of the Whigs than that to which he belonged. Among other Tories, who had reason to be thankful for his good offices, was Colonel John Hamilton, whom he probably knew before the war, as both were from Halifax County. Hamilton was one of the bravest and most active officers siding with the King, and a man of character who had treated American prisoners with more than ordinary kindness, though even this did not save his estates from confiscation. For some years after the Revolution, he was British consul at Norfolk, Virginia, and finally went to England, where he died. Serving on Hamilton's staff was a young ensign, Dugald McKethen, who became a useful and respected citizen of Raleigh after the re-

*State Records, Vol. XVII., pp. 876, 977

†Court Records of Wake.

turn of peace, and married one of Colonel Lane's daughters.

In the time treated by this sketch, Wake County abounded in large game, and hunting was a favorite pastime. Just inside, and westward of the southern entrance, of Capitol Square in Raleigh, there is still living a large sassafras tree, which was a famous deer-stand. The writer learned this from his father, the late Dr. Richard B. Haywood, who personally remembered one of Colonel Lane's relatives, Edmund Lane, who himself claimed to have killed nearly forty deer there.

Before the Revolutionary War, and during that struggle, the capital of North Carolina was somewhat migratory. It was, as a rule, located where the Governor happened to reside, for that functionary usually summoned the Legislature to meet at the place which best suited his convenience. So, after independence had been achieved, the State Convention, which met in Fayetteville in 1788, gave the General Assembly instructions to fix permanently the capital, provided it should be within ten miles of Isaac Hunter's plantation in Wake County, which radius was chosen on account of its central location. Nine commissioners were appointed to purchase a site, but only six attended a meeting held for that purpose. Those present were: Frederick Hargett, Chairman, William Johnston Dawson, Joseph McDowell, James Martin, Thomas Blount, and Willie Jones. The members of this board were from different parts of the State. They had to choose from seventeen tracts which were offered. In reference to their decision, the Honorable Kemp P. Battle, in his 1892 Centennial Address on Raleigh, says that the Hinton tract on Neuse river received, on the first ballot, three of the six votes cast; the tract offered by Joel Lane received two; and the other vote was cast for land owned by Nathaniel Jones, of White Plains, near the present village of Cary. As a majority was not received by either tract on this ballot, the board adjourned until next day. Continuing his address Dr. Battle says:

“Willie Jones was a master of the art of persuasion and was an intimate friend of Joel Lane. Lane himself was a man of influence, who had served the State in the Colonial Congress and as Senator for ten years in succession. Very probably he offered new inducements as to price. At any rate, on Friday, the 30th of March, a second ballot was taken, with the result that Wake Court House received five votes, and the Hinton land received only one vote. Possibly Lane was adversely criticised for his tactics in winning the contest. There was abundant room for unpleasant talk on account of his entertaining the Commissioners at his house. They were acting as judges, and were certainly, notwithstanding their high character, liable to the criticism that they ate the bread of one of the litigants. I cannot find their accounts of expenses, but it is altogether probable that they paid for their entertainment. I notice that Lane was Senator from 1782 to 1792, both inclusive, but that in the next year James Hinton had his place. This is some evidence that the Hinton family resented his success in the negotiation and that the people took their side. If so, the displeasure was evanescent, for he was Senator again in 1794 and 1795.”

James Iredell (afterwards a Judge of the United States Supreme Court) introduced the Convention ordinance requiring the capital to be located in Wake County, and the name “Raleigh” is said to have been first suggested for the new city by Governor Alexander Martin.

As Colonel Lane's residence was the most important house at Bloomsbury, or Wake Cross Roads, before Raleigh was laid out, he was often inconvenienced by the number of travellers who claimed his hospitality. To get rid of those who were not his personal friends, he caused to be erected a small ordinary—or *or'nary* as it was called by the natives. This old inn was afterwards turned into a school-house, and later used as an out-building to a residence on the north side of Hillsborough street, between McDowell and Dawson. It was about three-quarters of a mile in an east-

erly direction from the old Lane homestead, and somewhat resembled the architecture of that building. It was finally torn down.

Two blocks north of Capitol Square, in Raleigh, one of the city's thoroughfares, running east and west, is called Lane street in honor of the former owner of the soil.

Colonel Lane was one of the first trustees of the University of North Carolina, and (on November 5, 1792) offered that institution a gift of six hundred and forty acres of land, near the plantation of Nathaniel Jones, of White Plains, on condition that it should be located there, but the offer was declined.

Hinton James, the first graduate of the University, was a nephew of Mrs. Lane, whose father, Colonel John Hinton, had two daughters who married members of the James family. Hinton James was the son of Captain John James, of the Revolution, and his wife, Alice Hinton. Alice's sister, Elizabeth, married Thomas James.

Colonel Lane was twice married. Both of his wives were daughters of the well known Revolutionary soldier and statesman, Colonel John Hinton, of Wake County, and his wife, Grizelle Kimbrough.

To his first wife, MARTHA HINTON, Colonel Lane was married on the 9th of December, 1762. She died on September 9, 1771, leaving three sons. They were:

I. Henry Lane, born March 6, 1764, who married his first cousin, Mary Hinton (daughter of Major John Hinton, Jr., of Wake County), and left descendants. He died in Wake County in 1797.

II. James Lane, who was born October 7, 1766.*

III. William Lane, who was born October 15, 1768.*

MARY HINTON, the second wife of Joel Lane, to whom

*Where the marriages of Colonel Lane's children are not given, it is because I have been unable to ascertain whom they married. Some of his children may have died young. James and William were living in 1794 when their father made his will. As to other James Lanes, see second note, page 36, ante.

he was married in 1772, bore him nine children as follows:

I. Nancy Lane, born July 22, 1773.

II. John Lane, born March 6, 1775, who married Sarah Elizabeth Jones, daughter of Nathaniel Jones, of White Plains, Wake County, and left descendants. He removed to Marshall County, Tennessee, and died there in 1864.

III. Martha Lane, born February 19, 1778, who was twice married: (first), to Dugald McKethen, heretofore mentioned; (second), to Jonathan Brickell. She was Mr. Brickell's second wife. Her death occurred in Raleigh, May 20, 1852. She had children, but no descendants are now living.

IV. Elizabeth Lane, born August 6, 1780, who was the first wife of Stephen Haywood, of Raleigh, where she died March 7, 1805. She has descendants, but none are now living who bear the name of Haywood.

V. Mary Lane, born January 1, 1783.

VI. Thomas Lane, born September 12, 1785, who married Nancy Lane, daughter of his cousin and guardian, Martin Lane, heretofore mentioned. Thomas removed to Giles County, Tennessee, and died there March 29, 1832, leaving issue.

VII. Dorothy Lane, born December 13, 1787, who was the second wife of Dr. Allen W. Gilchrist, and left descendants. Her marriage took place on May 29, 1806. Dr. Gilchrist was from Halifax County, North Carolina, but afterwards removed from the State.

VIII. Joel Hinton Lane, born October 11, 1790, who married Mary Freeman, and died without issue, in Giles County, Tennessee, June 22, 1832. He was a volunteer from Wake County, North Carolina, in the War of 1812.

IX. Grizelle Lane, born June 13, 1793, who married George Lillington Ryan, and died without issue, in Raleigh, March 4, 1868.

Joel Lane's second wife Mary survived him less than a week, and died on the 3d of April, 1795.

In things spiritual, Colonel Lane was most exemplary, and

enforced strict religious observance upon all within his household. It has been noted that his ancestors were adherents of the Church of England; so, when this sturdy pioneer came to the wilds of Wake County, the Book of Common Prayer came also. Under the English Church Establishment at that time, the territory embraced in Wake was known as the "Parish of St. Margaret." Though the adjacent country was too thinly settled for the Church to thrive, the Lane residence always remained the home of religion as well as of hospitality. Not only was the family called daily to prayer, but Colonel Lane himself observed each fast and other devotional exercise prescribed by the Church, in which he remained a communicant up to the time of his death. At intervals, some regularly ordained clergyman would pass through; and on these occasions, younger members of the family were baptized. Among other clerical visitors, was Parson Meikeljohn, of Hillsborough, whom "Shocco" Jones describes as "a high Church-man in religion and a high Tory in politics." When, some years after the Revolution, Bishop Ravenscroft came to Wake County to revive, under its new name, the Church of England, the Lanes could boast that in one quarter, at least, it had never been dormant.

The death of Joel Lane occurred on the 29th day of March, 1795. In an address delivered in Raleigh, on August 24, 1867, Ex-Governor Swain (Colonel Lane's great-nephew) refers to the last resting place of the old patriot, saying that his remains "moulder in the midst of other unrecorded dead beneath the shade of a mulberry on his ancient domain." There, indeed, is his grave, of which no vestige now appears. The spot has a cottage built over it, and lies a few feet east of Boylan Avenue, about thirty-five yards south of Morgan street.

After the death of Joel Lane, his son Thomas, to whom he bequeathed his residence, sold it on December 31, 1808, to Dr. Allen W. Gilchrist who married Colonel Lane's daughter. It was afterwards bought by Peter Browne, a native of Scot-

land, who was an able lawyer, but withal a miser and utilitarian, respecting nothing above its value in dollars and cents. Finding that the burying ground (where, also, many other early citizens, besides the Lanes, were interred) was an unprofitable piece of property, he had it plowed up and planted in cabbages! If one leaves this spot, and walks about a mile and a half eastward along Morgan Street to what Raleigh people now call the Old Graveyard, there he will find the slab which marks the grave of Browne himself. It states that he died October 26, 1833, "aged 6711 years." Verily, one may think, Methuselah would turn green with envy, and feel youthful, could he read this. What means it, may be asked by another, less credulous. The solution is this: Originally the inscription read, "67" years; and some vandal, with a good knowledge of stone-cutting, did the rest by adding the two other figures. Thus the grave of this desecrator has not itself escaped desecration.

Before concluding our sketch, further mention should be made of the house in which Colonel Lane lived, and which was built by him. It still stands, and is the oldest house in Raleigh—much older than the city itself. William Boylan, editor of the *Minerva*, bought it from the aforementioned Peter Browne, in 1818, and it has been in possession of the Boylans ever since. It faced east on the avenue named for that family, but was later moved westward a few hundred yards and is now on Hargett Street, facing south. To one of the present generation, it is an unimposing structure; but when built, was considered quite palatial. Two stories, low in pitch, with a steep double-slanting roof, is the house as it stands. But it seldom fails to attract attention. Its quaintness of architecture speaks of a generation now passed into history—of Tryon, marching with his army against the Regulators; of Burke, Spaight, Lenoir, and their compat-

riots in the Revolutionary assembly which met beneath its roof; of the Hintons, Hunters, and Jones's, of early Wake.

“A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,
Now somewhat fallen to decay,
With weather-stains upon the wall,
And stairways worn and crazy doors,
And creaking and uneven floors,
And chimneys huge, and tiled and tall—
A region of repose it seems,
A place of slumber and of dreams!”

THE SPIRIT OF THE REVOLUTION

BY MARY HILLIARD HINTON

The American Revolution may easily be classed as one of the most remarkable events of modern history, the fruits of which have so affected the world.

As late as 1774 America found the melting pot had performed its task well. The conglomeration of nationalities had become consolidated as one, the Anglo-Saxon predominating.

To the wealthy American families of English descent the ties with the mother-country were as close as geographical conditions could permit. The life they led in the Colonies was influenced by the English mode of living. Their children, trained in the schools and colleges of Britain, returned to the New World to cherish the same manners and customs. This made severance of the bonds that bound them to home all the more difficult.

The masses, struggling for existence, were less controlled by such influences, and furnished more fertile soil for the germination of democracy. Strange to say, the masses of the Revolutionary period were better informed than are the masses of the Union to-day with all its boasted progress and culture. With no magazines, traveling or public libraries, no public schools, passable roads, or railroads, no telegraph or telephone, no movies, no innumerable daily papers, with weekly mail in summer and fortnightly in winter, all of which bring the world to our very doors, it is astounding that the people of that day were so conversant with current events and knew the needs of the hour. They did their own thinking—a habit that is in danger of becoming obsolete.

With the classes the Anglo-Saxon thirst for justice, the inherent demand for freedom and the call of liberty, which have ever characterized the race, were just as pronounced then as at Runnymede.

The most vital issue that can touch the human side of man is taxation, and when representation is denied, another almost equally vital question is involved. Taxation and the electorate are the strongest of the three pillars of democracy. Hence, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney's declaration "Millions for defence, but not one cent tribute," was an echo of the feelings of the Colonists.

These sentiments they were fully prepared to support with arms. Men who owned their own land, raised all supplies, all material for the clothing, which was made in the homes, feared neither government nor ruler. They were not concerned with high nor low tariff, and could subsist were all ports closed. They were absolutely independent and paid court to no one, but were governed by the lofty motive of principle only, instead of such a fleeting fancy as "political expediency." The fight was against an imbecile German king and not against the English people.

Scattered along a distance of 1,500 miles, 3,000,000 souls, with a small minority of Tories in their midst, murmured against the injustice of the wrongs imposed by the Crown, and asserted their rights.

The selection of Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the Army was the highest tribute, for even at that time there was a feeling existing between the North and the South. It was a proof that he was worthy of the trust and showed the keen insight of those leaders by whom he was chosen. Time has revealed the truth that he was born for the service of his country. The wealthiest man of America of his day, he risked all and obeyed solely the voice of duty, actuated by principle, even though before him loomed up the sad fate of that other rebel, the unfortunate Nathaniel Bacon who, striking too soon, failed. Thru victory and defeat Washington was ever the calm leader with the resolve to fight to a brilliant triumph, or a glorious death. His words, "I have put my hand to the plow and cannot turn

back," were characteristic of the man who, although he regarded the result as uncertain, would be faithful to the end. Charles Carroll on entering the strife realized ultimate failure possible and signed his full name, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, to the Declaration of Independence in order that another Charles Carroll might not be accorded a rebel's fate.

Although the infidel principles of France permeated that period, a deep religious faith pervaded the Revolution. In Virginia the patriots severed connection with the mother-country with the most solemn forms of religion. When the Assembly met at Williamsburg May 24, 1774, the members "resolved to set apart a day for fasting, humiliation and prayer."

The letter of George Mason of "Gunston Hall," the friend of Washington, who was present at that Assembly but not a delegate, in which he alludes to that resolution, shows the deep religious sentiment of the patriot. Col. Mason wrote:

"Enclosed you have the Boston Trade Act and a resolve of our House of Burgesses. You will observe that it is confined to the members of their own House; but they would wish to see the example followed through the country; for which purpose the members, at their own private expense, are sending expresses with the resolve to their respective counties. Mr. Massie (the minister of Fairfax) will receive a copy of the resolve from Colonel Washington; and should a day of prayer and fasting be appointed in our county, please to tell my dear little family that I charge them to pay a strict attention to it, and that I desire my three eldest sons and my two oldest daughters may attend church in mourning, if they have it, as I believe they have."

Several years later in 1778, the American Congress went further than appointing a day of fasting and prayer and passed the following resolution regulating morals:

"Whereas, true religion and good morals are the only solid foundation of public liberty and happiness: Resolved,

that it be, hereby, earnestly recommended to the several States, to take the most effectual measures for the encouragement thereof, and for the suppressing of theatrical entertainments, horse-racing, and gaming, and such other diversions as are productive of idleness, dissipation, and a general depravity of manners."

In Pennsylvania Washington's faith in and dependence on prayer is emphasized. During the darkest hour of that trying winter at Valley Forge he was seen kneeling alone in prayer in a secluded wood. From that day the fortunes of the Patriot Army grew brighter. The beautiful Memorial Chapel erected on the spot where our Chieftain knelt has been remembered by our leading patriotic organizations with handsome gifts.

A notable example of piety was Mrs. Van Cortlandt, of Van Cortlandt Manor on the Hudson, who knelt in prayer by a bed in her room the entire day the Battle of White Plains was fought, from the first booming of the cannon at sunrise, till the sun sank below the horizon, praying for the victory of the American arms and the safety of her sons engaged in the battle.

The record of the Red Cross, thoroughly organized during the World War, has been a marvel and leaves nothing to be desired. What did our foremothers accomplish in this line during the Revolution? In Townsend, Massachusetts, a mother and her daughters during a day and a night sheared a black and a white sheep, carded from the fleece a gray wool, which they spun, wove, and cut and made into a suit of clothes for a boy to wear off to fight for liberty. In the summer of 1775 when the preparations for the war were in a most unsettled and depressing condition, particularly the supplies for the Continental Army, the Provincial Congress called upon the people to supply thirteen thousand warm coats by cold weather. No contractors existed then to meet this demand, but by hundreds and hundreds of firesides

throughout the country wool-wheels and hand-loom were set to work and the patriotic women of America gave their handiwork eagerly. To-day the record books of some New England towns preserve the names of these coat-makers. To each soldier volunteering for eight months service one of these home-spun, home-made, all-wool coats was presented "as a bounty," which was highly prized; so much so that the heirs of the heroes who fell at Bunker Hill before receiving their coats were paid a sum of money instead. A list of the names of the soldiers who were given a bounty was known as the "Coat Roll." By the English Washington's troops were sneeringly nicknamed "Homes spuns."

The patriots of '76 took no account of consequences but risked all, and in some instances contributed so freely as to leave their families impoverished. Such was the case of General Thomas Nelson, who gave his entire fortune—hundreds of thousands—for the Patriot cause, leaving his widow and children almost destitute. As I stood by his grave in the churchyard at Yorktown, which had remained unmarked for more than a century, naturally thoughts dwelt upon the ingratitude of the country for patriotic sacrifice. He procured on his own credit for the use of his State when Virginia could procure none on her own. He entered the conflict very rich, but at his death, "save the old home in deserted York and some poor, broom-straw fields in Hanover," his property was sold at public sale to pay debts assumed for his country. Even the old family Bible with the records of the Nelsons, with the little table that held it, was sold at that time.

Governor John Page furnished another example of unselfish devotion when he stripped the heavy lead covering from the shingled roof of his home, "Rosewell," considered the stateliest mansion in Virginia, "when Colonial Virginia was baronial Virginia," to be moulded into bullets for the Army. Robert Morris of Pennsylvania was the acknowl-

edged financier of the Revolution. The gift of Elizabeth Maxwell Steele of Salisbury to General Greene, the gold saved from years of toil, affords another illustration of patriotic sacrifice.

Lastly our patriots of '76 possessed vision, safeguarded by wisdom and judgment. That period produced a very rare type—constitution builders, statesmen—who have handed down to us the most priceless heritage, a document of such worth that it has been most conscientiously protected against the 2,203 propositions for amendment introduced in Congress, nineteen winning, and then only during times of great public disaster.

A devoted son of Britain once remarked that he was thankful the ties were severed so early, for then the loss was less. By adhering strictly to the dictates of principles the offspring has later saved the mother country, as well as the world.

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. ELLEN TYSON LEE

Again the summons to lay aside the duties earth and ascend to the glory of a higher sphere has come to one of our faithful officers, leaving a shadow that cannot be lifted, for in this loss we have sustained a very heavy blow. In all the varied services Ellen Tyson Lee rendered the Daughters of the Revolution, there was displayed a marked degree of efficiency that performed each task with entire satisfaction, a high sense of loyalty and patriotism that could not be surpassed, and poise that bespoke the inherited Spartan spirit of Revolutionary ancestors. The worthy sister of a distinguished general, the mother of a soldier, she was a true patriot indeed. Of her it can be said she was absolutely dependable, praise that can be accorded few. To the Regent she was ever a staunch supporter, a tower of strength, who never failed to respond to every call. Words cannot convey the extent of our loss, which will extend through coming years. May others emulate her noble example. Faithful to every trust, duty was her watchword.

To the bereaved family we extend our warmest sympathy.

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

MARY HILLIARD HINTON,
MRS. GEORGE RAMSEY,
GRACE HARDING BATES,
Committee.

**RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT TO THE MEMORY OF
MRS. ELLEN TYSON LEE, WHO DIED
NOVEMBER, 1920**

WHEREAS, God in his tender, divine love and wisdom has seen it was well to call from our midst to the Spirit World our beloved Chapter Regent, Mrs. Ellen Tyson Lee, therefore, be it

Resolved, that the Bloomsbury Chapter, Daughters of the Revolution, deploras this inexpressible loss.

That her zeal, generosity, never-tiring energy for our interests, even when fettered by physical disability, trustworthiness, reserve—never seeking but always sought—and keen appreciation of the fundamental principles that made our country great, made serving with and under her leadership a joyous privilege.

That we shall miss her inspirational influence, but bow in humble submission to the decree of a Higher Power.

To her loved ones we tender our sincere sympathy.

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

MRS. L. E. COVINGTON
MRS. E. C. HILLYER
MRS. CHAS. LEE SMITH
Committee.

REVIEW OF THE CONQUEST OF THE OLD SOUTHWEST

BY NINA HOLLAND COVINGTON
(Mrs. Laurence Covington)

The history of North Carolina, tinged throughout with the glamour of romance, has no more thrilling chapter than the story of the adventures of the daring and dauntless pioneers who left the State to establish settlements beyond the mountains in Kentucky and Tennessee. This story is most graphically told in "The Conquest of the Old Southwest," by Dr. Archibald Henderson, of the University of North Carolina. Dr. Henderson is well known as an accurate, clear-visioned historian; moreover, being a member of the family who sent out these early settlers under Daniel Boone, he had the added advantage of unlimited access to family documents and records which throw light upon this important period of American history.

"It is," one critic says, "a notable, authoritative contribution to the history of the Old Southwest, written in a lively, vivid style, with a wealth of romantic incidents, absolutely authentic and based upon documentary evidence, and replete with extracts from original letters, journals, and diaries hitherto unpublished or inaccessible."

The choice of title of the book indicates the exact section of the country with which it deals. "By West nowadays we mean the regions on the western side of the Mississippi, but at this early date when most of settled America was along the fringe of the Atlantic, the Carolinas, Kentucky and Tennessee, were called the Southwest. The fearless, resourceful, devoted men and women who first went West not only led the way for those who later crossed the Mississippi, but they struck the keynote of that pioneer civilization which has so profoundly influenced the character of the American people by shaping our Democracy, the democracy which produced an Andrew Jackson and an Abraham Lincoln."

By means of the story of the settlers of this old Southwest, with all the attendant hardships and dangers, the historian develops and describes the great and powerful idea of Westward Expansion, the idea which drove men from their peaceful homes in the thickly settled portion of the country to dare unknown dangers, to withstand savage enemies and finally to make settlements in a strange and rough and rugged country.

"Some to endure and many to fail,
Some to conquer and many to quail,
Toiling over the Wilderness Trail."

With painstaking, yet interesting detail, Dr. Henderson tells the story of the German settlements in Pennsylvania, of the early trading paths established by these settlers with their Southern neighbors, with, finally, the migration of many of these to Virginia and Carolina; of the early history of the Boone family and other early settlers.

Governors who helped in pioneer settlement, governors how retarded westward expansion, treaties of peace with Indian nations, the romantic hunting stories of the hunters in the Cumberland and elsewhere, all is told with skill and accuracy. Especially well does he tell of these early hunters, who, though not as serious-minded as the home-makers, nevertheless, opened the way, explored the forest and made the men who followed them feel that what other men had dared they, too, could and would dare. Thus, the wedge of pioneer settlement pushed on and on into the obscurity of the dense forests. In the midst of struggles with the Indians (fighting as they were against the encroachment of the white man), in the midst of revolts against tyrannical oppression of governors and kings, the ax of the early settler cut down the trees of the dense forest, until immense tracts of land were opened up, settlements became permanent, men of broad vision established companies for systematic settlement. Finally, the "Old Southwest" became an important section of the young American nation.

Such is the main theme of the book by Dr. Henderson. It is perhaps one of the most important contributions to American history of the last decade. It is a matter of great pride to North Carolinians that the book has been enthusiastically praised by some of the greatest historians and critics of the country. It is a matter of distinct congratulation that Dr. Henderson's loyalty to his state makes him satisfied to remain in his "ain countree" in spite of flattering inducements offered elsewhere, and above all, we are intensely indebted to him that he has so often directed his genius upon subjects relating to his own State. Thus North Carolina history is most wonderfully enriched and our State has gained added attention and prestige in the eyes of the world.

(The Conquest of the Old Southwest, by Dr. Archibald Henderson, of the University of North Carolina. The Century Co.)

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THE NORTH CAROLINA Historical Commission

DEPARTMENT OF WORLD WAR RECORDS, ESTABLISHED BY CHAPTER 144, PUBLIC LAWS OF 1919

PURPOSES

(1) To collect as fully as possible data bearing upon the activities of North Carolina and her people in the Great World War.

(2) To publish a complete history of North Carolina in the World War.

WANTED

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