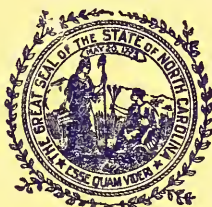


Vol. XII

APRIL, 1913

No. 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

Volume XIII of THE BOOKLET will be issued quarterly by the North Carolina Society, Daughters of the Revolution, beginning July, 1913. THE BOOKLET will be published in July, October, January, and April. Price \$1.00 per year, 35 cents for single copy.

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VOLUME XIII.

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Christmas at Buchoi, a North Carolina Rice Plantation,
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Nathaniel Macon.

Old letters, heretofore unpublished, bearing on the Social Life of the different periods of North Carolina's History, will appear hereafter in THE BOOKLET.

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THE BOOKLET will print abstracts of wills prior to 1800, as sources of biography, history, and genealogy. Mrs. M. G. McCubbins will contribute abstracts of wills and marriage bonds in Rowan County to the coming volume. Similar data from other counties will be furnished.

Mrs. E. E. Moffitt has consented to edit the Biographical Sketches hereafter.

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Many numbers of Volumes I to XII for sale.

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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.

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WILLIAM GASTON'S OFFICE
Where He Wrote "Carolina," and Where He Died.
(From a pen drawing by Jaques Busbee.)

THE NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET

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MY GREAT AUNT AND "CAROLINA"

BY JACQUES BUSBEE.

She is very old now, my great aunt, Louisa Nora Taylor; and she sits with folded hands and faded vision in the room which she has been unable to leave for thirty-seven years. Aunt Lou has always been upstairs as far back as I can recollect. Only on very warm afternoons she pushes her little chair (with great difficulty) out on the balcony; for she is very lame.

We always said "The Balcony" as though it was a veritable Babylonian Hanging Garden. When the flowers from the greenhouse were carried upstairs by Aunt Lou's faithful old servant, Sally Williams, it was an event. Aunt Lou sat in her room and called out directions: "Sally, put the red hibiscus in the centre of the front railing, and put the two pots of calla lilies on either side. What is it you have brought up now? Well, put the red geraniums next the calla lilies, and bring up the tenellas next."

It was most exciting. I ran up and down stairs with small pots of apple geraniums and Chinese primrose, pale and spindly from their winter quarters; and Aunt Lou would call out as I passed her door, "Jacques, don't strain yourself."

How she loved flowers! For thirty-seven years her room has never been without them. She loved even vegetable blooms. Sometimes I'd bring her a squash bloom and ask her to guess what it was, and she would say, "Oh, isn't it beautiful? I have not seen one in years—not since I was lame." Sometimes it would be an okra flower. But Aunt Lou could always guess; you couldn't fool her.

How could we have lived without Aunt Lou! After breakfast when Sally Williams had cleaned up her room (just so many beats for the mattress and so many shakes for the feather bed, so many wipes for the mirror and so many cans of water for the flower pots on the balcony) we went up to Aunt Lou for our lessons: "Reading without Tears" and ciphering, and for the girls who came along later the rudiments of plain sewing.

In the evening, that dreary interim between the time it is too late to play out of doors and too early for supper (a joyous and welcomed time for us) Aunt Lou would read aloud to us, in her wonderfully sympathetic and dramatic voice. Sometimes it would be extracts from the "Arabian Nights" or Hans Christian Anderson's fairy tales. Sometimes we wept over the stories from Mary de Morgan's "On a Pincushion."

It never occurred to us to feel sorry for Aunt Lou when we were playing out of doors and she was singing all alone up in her room. She knew so many songs. She could sing anything. She often sang the "Old North State."

"I sang it when I was a girl, but people don't sing it quite right now," she would say. "You mustn't rise on the last notes. I know, for I was the first person who ever sang it."

But I liked some other songs she sang much better—"Of Late, So Sweetly Blowing, Lovely Rose," "Yes, it Comes at Last," "Lily Dale," and best of all

"She sat by the door one cold afternoon
To hear the wind blow and to look at the moon,
So pensive was Kathleen."

All this, however, is not the point at which Aunt Lou touches peripheries with State history. Ever so long ago she was a little girl, to whom for her body God made the amende honorable, and gave a voice—a clear, wonderful voice which she used with an unconscious birdlike sponta-

neity. Now and again some older man says to me, "You should have heard Miss Lou Taylor raise the tune in the Presbyterian church and lead the choir, in the days when church organs were unknown in Raleigh."

Of course I knew that Aunt Lou had been the first to sing the "Old North State" and that William Gaston had written it, but I had not listened with sufficient attention to remember the details; and so I went to her to hear again the origin of the song.

As I entered Aunt Lou's room, the Preacher was just leaving and she was telling him with circumstantial detail about her recent illness; of how I had nursed her and had sent in all haste for the doctor whom she declared she would not see.

"Of course I sent for a doctor," I put in. "When a woman who is eighty-nine years old takes her bed for the first time in thirty years, even though it be but a bad cold, it is high time to have a doctor."

"You did perfectly right," the Preacher made answer, and then said good morning.

As he closed the door—"Don't you volunteer to tell my age, sir," said my great-aunt. "It's none of your business. Keep your mouth shut unless you are asked point blank and then of course you could not tell a lie."

And just here I came near losing the story I started out to tell.

"But Aunt Lou, what about the way in which the 'Old North State' came to be written?" said I, ignoring her feminine rebuke.

"Oh, there is nothing to tell. Don't you remember? I was thirteen years old. We all went to the Town Hall to hear some Tyrolean singers. You know the State House was burned in June, '31, and the new building was not finished. Concerts and the like used to be held in Com-

mons Hall, but this was in some hall on Fayetteville street about where the present market stands. Uncle Gaston took mother, brother James and me, and I think Fanny Birdsall went too.

“Jaques, you are so stupid! Fanny Birdsall was Mr. Birdsall’s daughter. He played beautifully on the flute and was clerk in the State Treasurer’s office. He got us the music, before they left town, from the four brothers who sang the air—but that was afterwards.

“How do I know? It was all sung in German or some foreign tongue. At any rate I remembered one tune I thought very pretty, and next day was singing it and picking out an accompaniment on the piano when Uncle Gaston came into the parlor.

“Yes, the very same piano that was in the parlor before I was lame.

“Uncle Gaston said, ‘Lou, that’s a very pretty piece of music you’re singing. What is it? You heard it last night at the concert? ’Twould make a nice national anthem or State Hymn.’ And mother said, ‘Uncle, couldn’t you write some verses to fit that tune?’

“Yes, Jaques, I’d give them to you if I could find them, but they have been lost for a long time. I must have sent them to Isabel. Isabel Donaldson? Why she is Uncle Gaston’s own granddaughter. Have you taken good care of those other verses I gave you that Uncle Gaston wrote for mother’s scholars to sing on Mayday?

“Years later, Mary Devereux, you know I mean Mary Bayard Clarke, borrowed them to publish in a book she got up called ‘Wood Notes.’ But let me tell you about the song.

“Uncle came in from his office in the yard twice during the morning to see if he had the metre all right. When he came to dinner he had a paper in his hand. ‘Lou,’ he said, ‘sing this over to see if the words fit the tune.’ So Anne

(your dear grandmother) played an accompaniment on the piano and I sang it over and Uncle Gaston made two or three corrections.

“That’s first rate,” said Uncle Gaston. ‘Eliza,’ he said to mother, ‘you must teach your scholars to sing it.’

“When Fanny Birdsall came around with her guitar we sang it over together. Fanny sang a beautiful alto. She also played exquisitely on the guitar. Afterwards, when Mr. Birdsall got the notes from the Tyroleans, we found that I had remembered the tune almost exactly.

“Mrs. Lucas, who boarded with Mrs. Stephen Haywood, taught her singing class in mother’s school the new State Hymn; and Uncle Gaston seemed very much pleased.

“Mrs. Lucas? Jaques, you are so stupid! Mrs. Mary J. Lucas was Miss Susan Stuart’s aunt. Yes, of course, that makes her Peter Casso’s daughter. Oh, that was before my day. Peter Casso kept the tavern in front of the State House. Yes, it was on the corner of Fayetteville and Morgan streets on the east side of the street. He died when mother was a girl.

“Don’t interrupt me. Next we sang Uncle Gaston’s song at a church sociable. I sang the air, Fanny Birdsall sang the alto, and Mrs. Lucas’ singing class sang the chorus. Afterwards, so many people wanted the notes that Mrs. Lucas, who gave music lessons and could write music, set it down and sent it to the North to have it published.

“After that, everybody sang it. Nowadays they won’t sing it right. When they come to ‘forever’ they go up two notes and that is wrong. They should hold the same note and go up just one note at the end. But everybody seems to do as they please nowadays. They care nothing for old ways.”

Raleigh, N. C., March 17, 1913.

NORTH CAROLINA AFTER THE REVOLUTION

BY MRS. GEORGIA WORTH MARTIN.

The time that North Carolina was out of the Union, the most critical period of her existence.—*Jones*.

GOVERNORS.

1782	Alexander Martin	Guilford
1784	Richard Caswell	Lenoir
1787	Samuel Johnston	Chowan
1789	Alexander Martin (again).....	Guilford
1792	Richard Dobbs Spaight.....	Craven

Cornwallis has surrendered. The English troops have been withdrawn from the country. Valley Forge, with its terrible suffering; Guilford Court House with its streams of blood; and the mad rush to victory at Crown Point, where two companies of North Carolinians formed the forlorn hope,¹ are left behind us. They are part of the price our fathers paid for the liberty which seems as natural to us as the air we breathe.

But it was left us as a birthright, to be watched carefully, and guarded jealously—for it was bought with blood.

From the day that the Barons forced King John to sign the Magna Charta, to the day when the men of Mecklenburg declared themselves independent of the British Crown, our race has rebelled against tyranny.

And now after centuries of struggle and bloodshed, the last bond that held us to an ancient monarchy is broken, and we have cast aside the iron hand that would reach across the sea and strangle Liberty. For the first time the Anglo-Saxon stands absolutely free to govern himself; and the whole world looks on to see how he will work out his destiny.

It is the year 1782. Alexander Martin sits in the Gov-

¹Moore's School Hist., p. 122.

ernor's seat. The Treaty of Paris has been signed, and the soldiers have returned to ravaged fields, and a land that has been for years the scene of a fierce and cruel civil strife,¹ between the Whigs and Tories. But, great in peace as in war, they begin at once the work of building up their shattered fortunes, and bringing order out of this confusion.

Civil law resumes its sway, and might is no longer right. Equity jurisdiction is established by act of the Legislature, and Morganton is made a judicial district.²

North Carolina, restless and turbulent under foreign rule, becomes peaceful and law-abiding under the rule of her own people.³ And now arises the question of pay for the soldiers. There is very little money, even for the current expenses of the government; so the lands of refugee Tories are ordered to be sold, the proceeds to be used for paying the troops; and commissioners are appointed to sell them. The State lands lying west of the Alleghany Mountains are also largely devoted to this purpose.⁴

The people now devote themselves to cultivating their fields, and in developing the system of self-rule embodied in the Halifax Constitution of 1776.

So passes the year 1783.

1784 comes, and with it a new Governor, Richard Caswell, who is, according to Nathaniel Macon, one of the most powerful men that ever lived in this or any other country.⁵

This year also brings a call upon the generosity of the people. The General Government, sorely embarrassed by the war debt, proposes that those States owning vacant lands shall throw them into a common stock to be used in paying the common debt.⁶

¹ Caruthers, Vols. 1 and 2. Wheeler, p. 104.

² Wheeler, p. 104. ³ Bancroft, 2-158. ⁴ Moore's School Hist., p. 148. ⁵ Cotton, Life of Macon, p. 178. ⁶ Wheeler, Series I, p. 92.

North Carolina, considering herself bound in honor to assume part of this debt, responds at once, and the General Assembly at Hillsboro cedes to the Federal Government all the land lying west of the Alleghany Mountains not already granted to the soldiers and the actual settlers.¹

The Government, however, does not accept this magnificent gift, and the act authorizing it is repealed October, 1784.

But the offer to part with the land seriously endangers the peace of the young State.

The sturdy pioneers of the western territory, having with many hardships reclaimed the land from the savage Indian, view with much suspicion the act of 1784.² They send a messenger to the General Government asking that North Carolina's gift be accepted, and when the Government fails to take advantage of the offer, and the cession act is repealed, they determine to throw off the rule of North Carolina, and form a State of their own.

Therefore, in December of this year (1784) a Convention meets at Jonesboro, and forms a Constitution for the State of Frankland.³ This Constitution is ratified by a later Convention.

The year 1785 opens, and John Sevier, formerly a brave soldier of the Revolution, is chosen first Governor of Frankland. Other officers, both civil and military, are appointed.

Now the General Assembly of Frankland informs the Governor of North Carolina that the people of the counties of Washington, Sullivan and Greene (East Tennessee) have declared themselves independent of North Carolina.

Governor Caswell at once issues a proclamation denouncing the whole movement as unlawful, and warns the people of Frankland that North Carolina will put down this revolt, even at the expense of blood.

¹ Moore, p. 191. ² Wheeler, Series I, p. 92. ³ Wheeler, Series I, p. 93.

But the State of Frankland does not heed this warning, and proceeds to erect new counties, levy taxes, and exercise all the powers of a sovereign State.

Money is scarce in the new State,¹ so that the taxes are paid in "good flax linen; good, clean beaver skins; raccoon and fox skins; bacon, tallow, and good whiskey."

This gives rise to some humor at the expense of Frankland, it being said that the Governor and judges were paid with fox skins, and the sheriff and constables with mink skins.

Yet even this primitive currency is extensively counterfeited by sewing raccoon tails to opossum skins, opossum skins being worthless and abundant, and raccoon skins having a price fixed by law.

Meantime the General Assembly of North Carolina meets at New Bern and passes an act to bury in oblivion the conduct of the Franklanders, provided they return to their allegiance. They next direct that elections shall be held for members to the Assembly of North Carolina, and appoint civil and military officers for the revolting territory.

1786 presents a strange state of affairs. Two states are extending authority at the same time over the same territory and the same people. Courts are held by both governments, and military officers are appointed by both to exercise the same powers. As a necessary consequence public opinion is divided. While many favor the new government there are others who are still loyal to the old. These last are led by Colonel Tipton.

Violence is practiced by one party, and replied to with greater violence by the other. A hand to hand fight between the leaders of the factions, Colonel Tipton and Colonel Sevier is an example readily followed by the adherents of each, and brawls between the members of the opposing parties are of common occurrence.

¹ Wheeler, p. 94.

Taxes are imposed by both Governments, and the people, pretending that they do not know to whom to pay them, do not pay them at all.

Affairs have reached a crisis in Frankland for want of money, and in 1787 the Legislature meets for the last time and authorizes the election of two representatives to attend the Legislature of North Carolina. The people also send members to the General Assembly, thus acknowledging the authority of North Carolina.

The property of Governor Sevier is levied on, he is arrested for resisting the law, and is carried to Morganton; but is allowed to escape on account of his services during the Revolution.¹

The Assembly of 1788 at Fayetteville passes an act of general oblivion and pardon to all concerned in the revolt, except John Sevier, who is debarred from all offices of trust, honor, or profit. So great a favorite is Sevier with the people, however, that in 1789 he is elected to represent Greene County in the Assembly. Such is the sense of his worth that the Legislature repeals the act disqualifying him from office, and on his taking the oath of allegiance he is allowed his seat.²

On the 25th of February, 1790, a deed for the western territory is executed to the United States in the words of the cession act, and in April, of the same year, Congress accepts the deed, and Tennessee is born.

In September Governor Martin announces by proclamation that he has received from the Secretary of State for the United States a copy of the act of Congress accepting the cession, and the inhabitants of the district in question "would take due notice thereof, and govern themselves accordingly."

In the meanwhile (1787), Samuel Johnston, of Chowan

¹ Moore's Hist., p. 153. ² Wheeler, p. 97.

is elected Governor. It is to his unwearied perseverance and zeal that we owe the adoption of the Federal Constitution.¹

Now the question of the future government of the States occupies the minds of all. Many favor a powerful central government, while others fear to part with too much of the liberty so dearly won.

A Convention of all the States is called to meet in Philadelphia. To this Convention North Carolina sends as delegates, Colonel Davis, ex-Governor Martin, Richard Dobbs Spaight, and William Blount.²

At Hillsboro, July 1788,³ a Convention meets to consider the Constitution proposed by the Philadelphia Convention.

Many leading men urge its immediate ratification while others oppose it on the ground that the powers reserved to the States are not sufficiently guarded. Debates⁴ run high concerning it and the populace of the country are divided in their opinions. It is said by some that if Sylla and Caesar, each in his turn, found ways and means * * * to hew his way to an imperial throne, how much easier may it be for a president of the United States to establish himself on a throne here * * * provided with sovereign power for the term of four years at once, and eligible to the same again at the expiration of that time; invested with sole command of the army * * * the way is in a manner open and plain before him * * * should he aim at sovereign power.

The convention,⁵ by a great majority adopts the view that the rights of the States are not sufficiently guarded, and refuses to ratify the Constitution, except on condition of certain amendments.

The spring of 1789 sees the government of the United

¹ Jones' Defense, p. 288. ²Wheeler, p. ... ³Moore, p. 155. ⁴Old letter, 1787. ⁵Moore, pp. 155, 156.

States going into operation, George Washington being the first President of the Republic.

Alexander Martin is elected Governor of North Carolina for the second time, and in November a new Convention meets at Fayetteville and ratifies the Federal Constitution; the first ten amendments having been proposals to the Legislatures of the different States for ratification; thus removing the obstacle that had prevented its adoption at Hillsboro the year before.

The capital of the State¹ had been migrating from one town to another almost the whole of North Carolina's existence, and the Governor and his assistants lived where best suited them. The public records, also, had been moved many times.

But now the seat of Government is limited to some point in Wake County, and during Governor Martin's second term (1792) a large tract of land is bought and the city of Raleigh laid off.

Schools are being founded in different parts of the State, though in some the studies are limited to Latin and English grammar, and the Latin and Greek languages.²

The Halifax Constitution declared that "all useful learning shall be duly encouraged and promoted in one or more universities." Accordingly, in 1789, the University of North Carolina is established by incorporating Samuel Johnston and others Trustees; and in 1792 the Trustees locate the Institution at Chapel Hill, in Orange County. Eleven hundred acres of land are conveyed to the Trustees by the citizens of the neighborhood.³

The first native North Carolinian to hold the office of Governor is Richard Dobbs Spaight, who is elected in 1792.⁴

The close of the year 1792 finds our State growing in wealth and prosperity. Schools are springing up; the differ-

¹ Moore, p. 159. ² Old letter. ³ Wheeler, p. 117. ⁴ Moore, p. 160.

ent churches are extending their bounds. The country is becoming more thickly settled and thirteen¹ new counties have been formed. Self-rule is no longer an experiment, and North Carolina stands among her sister states with a history unstained by cruelty and oppression, and a record that demands a prominent place in the history of our country; for it was within her borders that the first American manifesto was made against the encroachments of power;² and it was her free people who first declared themselves independent of foreign rule.

Noblesse oblige!

“Heaven’s blessings defend her!”

¹Wheeler, p. 6. ²Williamson, Vol. 1, p. 263.

ENFIELD FARM WHERE THE CULPEPPER REBELLION BEGAN

BY CATHERINE ALBERTSON.

Some two or three miles south of Elizabeth city on the banks of the Pasquotank river, just where that lovely stream suddenly broadens out into a wide and beautiful expanse, lies the old plantation known in our county from earliest days as Enfield Farm, sometimes Winfield.

It is hard to trace the original owners of the plantation, but the farm is probably part of the original patent granted in 1663 by Sir William Berkeley, one of the Lords Proprietors, to Mr. Thomas Relfe, "on account of his bringing into the colony fifteen persons and paying on St. Michael's day, the 29th of September, one shilling for every acre of land."

On this plantation close to the river shore, was erected about 1670, according to our local tradition, the home of the planter, two rooms of which are still standing and in good preservation. Possibly "Thomas Relfe, Gentleman," as he is styled in the colonial records, was the builder of this relic of bygone days, whose massive brick walls and stout timbers have for so long defied the onslaughts of time.

Many are the stories, legendary and historical, that have gathered around this ancient building. Among the most interesting of the latter is that connected with the Culpepper rebellion, an event as important in North Carolina history as Bacon's rebellion is in the history of Virginia.

The cause of Culpepper's rebellion dates back to the passing of the navigation act by Cromwell's Parliament, when that vigorous ruler held sway in England and over the American colonies. This act, later broadened and amended, finally prohibited the colonists not only from importing goods from Europe unless they were shipped from England, but

forbade the use of any but English vessels in the carrying trade; and finally declared that inter-colonial trade should cease, and that England alone should be the market for the buying and selling of goods on the part of the Americans. Naturally the colonies objected to such selfish restriction of their trade, and naturally there was much smuggling carried on wherever and whenever this avoidance of the navigation acts could be made in safety.

To none of the thirteen colonies were these laws more injurious than to the infant settlement on the northern shore of Albemarle Sound in Carolina. The sand bars along the coast prevented the establishment of a seaport from whence trade could be carried on with the mother country. The large, English built vessels could not pass through the shallow inlets that connect the Atlantic with the Carolina inland waterways. To have strictly obeyed the laws passed by the British Parliament would have been the death blow to the commerce and to the prosperity of the Albemarle settlement. So, for about fifteen years after George Durant bought his tract of land on Durant's Neck from Kilcokanen, the great chief of the Yeopims, the planters in Albemarle had paid but little attention to the trade laws. The Proprietors appointed no customs collectors in the little colony, and had not considered it worth their while to interfere with the trade which the shrewd New Englanders had built up in Carolina.

Enterprising Yankee ship-builders, realizing their opportunity, constructed staunch little vessels which could weather the seas, sail over to Europe, load up with goods necessary to the planter, return and glide down the coast till they found an opening between the dreaded bars, then, slipping from sound to sound, carry to the planters in the Albemarle region the cargoes for which they were waiting.

Another law requiring payment of an export tax on tobacco, then the principal crop of the Albemarle section, as it was of Virginia, was evaded for many years by the settlers in this region. Governors Drummond and Stevens, and John Jenkins, president of the council, must have known of this disregard of the laws, both on the part of the Yankee skippers and the Albemarle planters. But realizing that too strict an adherence to England's trade laws would mean ruin to the colonists, these officers were conveniently blind to the illegal proceeding of their people.

But after the organization of the board of trade in London, of which four of the Proprietors were members, the rulers of Carolina determined to enforce the laws more strictly among their subjects in far-away Carolina. Sir Timothy Biggs, of the Little River settlement, was appointed surveyor of customs and Valentine Byrd, of Pasquotank, collector of customs, with orders to enforce the navigation acts and other trade laws, so long disregarded.

There was violent opposition to this decision of the Lords, as was to have been expected, but finally the settlers were persuaded to allow the officers to perform their duty. Valentine Byrd, himself one of the wealthiest and most influential men in Albemarle, was by no means rigid or exacting in collecting the tobacco tax, and for several years longer, though the laws were ostensibly observed, numerous ways were found to evade them. The colonists, however, were by no means satisfied, for though they were successful in avoiding a strict adherence to the laws, and in continuing their trade with New England, still the fact that the hated acts were in force at all was to them a thorn in the flesh.

Matters soon reached a crisis, and the smouldering feeling of resentment against the Proprietors broke out in an open rebellion. In 1676 the Lords appointed Thomas Eastchurch governor of Albemarle and Thomas Miller collector of cus-

toms for that settlement. Both of these men, who were then in London, had previously lived in Albemarle and incurred the enmity of some of the leading men in the settlement, Eastchurch especially being in bad repute among the planters.

In 1777, Eastchurch and Miller departed from London to take up their duties in Carolina. Stopping at the Island of Nevis on their way over, Eastchurch became enamored of the charms (and the fortune) of a fair creole who there abode, and dallied on the island until he succeeded in winning the lady's hand. And Miller, whom Eastchurch appointed as his deputy in Carolina, continued on his way alone. When he reached Albemarle the people received him kindly and allowed him to fill Eastchurch's place. But no sooner had he assumed the reins of government than he began a rigid enforcement of the trade and navigation laws. Of course, the planters resented his activity in this direction and most bitterly did they resent his compelling a strict payment of the tobacco tax. Possibly, however, no open rebellion would have occurred had not Miller proceeded to high-handed and arbitrary deeds, making himself so obnoxious to the people that finally they were wrought up to such an inflammable state of mind that only a spark was needed to light the flames of revolution.

And that spark was kindled in December, 1677, when Captain Zachary Gilliam, a shrewd New England ship-master, came into the colony in his little vessel "The Carolina," bringing with him besides the supplies needed by the planters for the winter days at hand ammunition and firearms which a threatened Indian uprising made necessary for the safety of the settlers' homes.

On board the "Carolina" was George Durant, the first settler in the colony, and the acknowledged leader in public affairs in Albemarle. He had been over to England to con-

sult the Lords Proprietors concerning matters relating to the colony, and was returning to his home on Durant's Neck.

Through the inlet at Ocracoake the "Carolina" slipped, over the broad waters of Pamlico Sound, past Roanoke Island, home of Virginia Dare, and into Albemarle Sound. Then up the blue waters of the Pasquotank she sailed with "Jack ancient flag and pennant flying," as Miller indignantly relates until she came to anchor, at Captain Crawford's landing, just off the shore from Enfield Farm.

Gladly did the bluff captain and the jovial planter row ashore from their sea-tossed berths. Many were the friendly greetings extended them, both prime favorites among the settlers, who came hurrying down to Enfield when the news of the "Carolina's" arrival spread through the community. Eager questions assailed them on every side concerning news of loved ones in the mother country; and a busy day did Captain Gilliam put in, chaffering and bargaining with the planters who anxiously surrounded him in quest of long needed supplies.

Durant, though doubtless impatient to proceed as quickly as possible to his home and family in Perquimans, nevertheless spent the day pleasantly enough talking to his brother planters, Valentine Bryd, Samuel Pricklove, and others, and all was going merrily on as a marriage bell when suddenly Deputy Governor Miller appeared on the scene, accused Gilliam of having contraband goods on board and of having evaded the export tax on tobacco when he sailed out of port with his cargo a year before. A violent altercation arose, in which the planters, with few exceptions, sided with Gilliam, who indignantly (if not quite truthfully) denied the charges brought against him.

Miller at last withdrew, muttering imprecations and threats against Gilliam, but about ten o'clock that night he returned with several government officials, boarded the "Carolina"

and attempted to arrest both Gilliam and Durant. The planters, among whom were Valentine Byrd, Captain Crawford, Captain Jenkins and John Culpepper, hearing of the disturbance, anxious for the safety of their friends, and fearing lest Gilliam should sail away before they had concluded their purchases, came hurrying in hot haste to the rescue. Rowing swiftly out to the little vessel they quickly turned the tables on the governor and his officials; and to their indignant surprise, Miller and his men found themselves prisoners in the hands of the rebels. Then the insurgents, with John Culpepper, now the acknowledged leader of the revolt, at their head, rowed ashore to the landing with their captives; and in the old house at Enfield, on a bluff near the bank of the river—so goes our local tradition—the angry and astonished governor was imprisoned.

Then the revolutionists proceeded to "Little River Poynte," probably the settlement which afterwards grew into the town of Nixonton, and seized Timothy Biggs, the surveyor and deputy collector of customs, who had been wringing the tobacco tax from the farmers. Then breaking open the chests and the locks, they found and took possession of Miller's commission as collector of customs and returned to Enfield, where they locked Biggs up with Miller in Captain Crawford's house.

For two weeks the deputy governor and the deputy collector were kept close prisoners at Enfield. The revolutionists in the meanwhile drew up a document known as "The Remonstrance of the Inhabitants of Pasquotank," in which they stated the grievances that had led them to take this high handed manner of circumventing Miller and Biggs in their tyrannical proceedings. This "remonstrance" was sent to the precincts of Currituck, Perquimans and Chowan, and the planters, following the example of their neighbors in Pasquotank rose in insurrection against the other collectors of

the hated customs and export tax, and arrested and deposed the collectors.

At the end of a fortnight the insurgents decided to take Miller and Biggs to George Durant's home in Durant's Neck. So the prisoners were taken on board one of the planters' vessels; and down the Pasquotank, into the sound, and a short distance up Little River, the rebels sailed, accompanied by several vessels filled with armed men. As they passed the "Carolina," that saucy little ship which, as Miller afterwards indignantly reported to the Lords Proprietors, "Had in all these confusions rid with Jack, Ensign, Flag and pennon flying," just off the shore from Enfield saluted Culpepper, Durant and their companions by firing three of her guns.

Arrived at Durant's home, where some seventy prominent men of the colony had assembled, the revolutionists proceeded to establish a government of their own. John Culpepper was appointed Governor, an assembly of eighteen men was elected, a court convened before which Miller and Biggs were brought for trial on a charge of treason. But before the trial was ended Governor Eastchurch, who had arrived in Virginia while these affairs were taking place, sent a proclamation to the insurgents commanding them to disperse and return to their homes. This the bold planters refused to do, and in further defiance of Eastchurch the new officials sent an armed force to prevent his coming into the colony.

Eastchurch appealed to Virginia to help him establish his authority in Carolina; but while he was collecting forces for this purpose he fell ill and died. Durant, Culpepper, Byrd and their comrades were now masters in Albemarle.

The interrupted trials were never completed. Biggs managed to escape and made his way to England. Miller was kept a prisoner for two years in a little log cabin built for the purpose at the upper end of Pasquotank, near where

the old brick house now stands. In two years' time Miller also contrived to escape, and found his way back to the mother country.

For ten years the Albemarle colony prospered under the wise and prudent management of the officers whom the people had put in charge of affairs without leave or license from lord or king. But finally Culpepper and Durant decided of their own accord to give up their authority and restore the management of affairs to the Proprietors. An amicable settlement was arranged with these owners of Albemarle, who realizing the wrongs the settlers had suffered at the hands of Miller and his associates, made no attempt to punish the leaders of the rebellion. John Harvey was quietly installed as temporary governor until Seth Sothel, one of the Proprietors could come to take up the reins of government himself.

So at Enfield Farm, now the property of one of Pasquotank's most successful farmers and business men, Mr. Jephtha Winslow, began a disturbance which culminated a hundred years later in the revolutionary war; and here, in embryo form, in 1677, was the beginning of our republic—"a government of the people, for the people, by the people."

BIOGRAPHICAL AND GENEOLOGICAL MEMORANDA

COMPILED AND EDITED BY MRS. E. E. MOFFITT.

MRS. GEORGIA BRYAN MARTIN,
(Nèe Miss Georgia Bryan Worth.)

The article entitled "North Carolina, 1782-1793," was written by Miss Georgia Bryan Worth, of the Fayetteville Seminary, and it is reproduced in this issue of THE BOOKLET for its accuracy of historical data.

Mrs. Martin was the daughter of Mr. John M. Worth (now dead) and his wife Mrs. Josephine Bryan Worth, the daughter of Josiah E. and Sarah Hodges Bryan, of Pender County, N. C. She was granddaughter of Mr. Joseph Addison Worth and Mrs. Fatima (Walker) Worth, long residents of Fayetteville, N. C. She was born and reared in Fayetteville and educated in the Fayetteville Seminary where the facilities for education were unusually good. She was devoted to the study of history, especially that relating to her own State. She was a musician of ability, and was the organist of St. John's Church for four years. She was married to William Mortimer Martin in June, 1902. She died in August, 1905, leaving two children.

Mrs. Martin's antecedents were of pioneer stock on her maternal side. She was descended from John Evans who emigrated to America with William Penn and was Governor of the Colony when Penn returned to England in 1682 and he was Proprietary Governor of Pennsylvania in 1704. She was also a descendant of Caleb Pusey, one of the founders of Pennsylvania. She is a direct descendant of Col. Needham Bryant, the Revolutionary Patriot of North Carolina, who served at the Battle of Alamance in 1771, and afterwards was a member of the Provincial Congress, New Bern, Au-

gust 25, 1774. On her paternal side she is descended from three signers of the Mayflower Compact of 1620—Carver, Howland and Tilly.

This Compact was an agreement or covenant or coöperative act, from which was to spring not only a stable government for the little Colony, but a great series of Consitutions for free States.