

Vol. XIII

APRIL, 1914

No. 4

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.

ADVISORY BOARD OF THE NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET

MRS. HUBERT HAYWOOD.

MRS. E. E. MOFFITT.

MR. R. D. W. CONNOR.

DR. D. H. HILL.

DR. E. W. SIKES.

MR. W. J. PEELE.

MISS ADELAIDE L. FRIES.

MISS MARTHA HELEN HAYWOOD.

DR. RICHARD DILLARD.

DR. KEMP P. BATTLE.

MR. JAMES SPRUNT.

MR. MARSHALL DELANCEY HAYWOOD.

CHIEF JUSTICE WALTER CLARK.

MAJOR W. A. GRAHAM.

DR. CHARLES LEE SMITH.

EDITOR:

MISS MARY HILLIARD HINTON.

OFFICERS OF THE NORTH CAROLINA SOCIETY DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION 1912-1914

REGENT:

MISS MARY HILLIARD HINTON.

VICE-REGENT:

MRS. CHARLES P. WALES.

HONORARY REGENT:

MRS. E. E. MOFFITT.

RECORDING SECRETARY:

MRS. CLARENCE JOHNSON.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY:

MRS. PAUL H. LEE.

TREASURER:

MRS. FRANK SHERWOOD.

REGISTRAR:

MISS SARAH W. ASHE.

CUSTODIAN OF RELICS:

MRS. JOHN E. RAY.

CHAPTER REGENTS

Bloomsbury Chapter.....MRS. HUBERT HAYWOOD, Regent.

Penelope Barker Chapter.....MRS. PATRICK MATTHEW, Regent.

Sir Walter Raleigh Chapter,

MISS CATHERINE F. SEYTON ALBERTSON, Regent.

General Francis Nash Chapter....MISS REBECCA CAMERON, Regent

Roanoke Chapter.....MRS. CHARLES J. SAWYER, Regent.

FOUNDER OF THE NORTH CAROLINA SOCIETY AND REGENT 1896-1902:

MRS. SPIER WHITAKER.

REGENT 1902:

MRS. D. H. HILL, Sr.†

REGENT 1902-1906:

MRS. THOMAS K. BRUNER.

REGENT 1906-1910:

MRS. E. E. MOFFITT.

*Died December 12, 1904.

†Died November 25, 1911.

THE NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET

Vol. XIII

APRIL, 1914

No. 4

MEMORIES OF 1865-1871

BY PROF. J. T. ALDERMAN.*

"Lest we forget."

Virgil in the Aeneid gives a graphic description of the long siege and final destruction of Troy the native city of the Trojan hero Aeneas. Long years of wandering and suffering had passed, but the memory of Aeneas was active and in recounting those direful afflictions he exclaims with touching pathos:

*"Quaeque ipsi miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui."*

A half century has passed since the banner under which the southern soldiers fought was furled and laid to rest. The men in gray encompassed by overwhelming numbers finally laid down their arms and turned their war-stained faces toward the ruined homes of their beloved Southland.

No treaty of peace had been arranged and signed at a friendly court; no specific indemnity had been claimed and adjudicated which could be met and satisfied; no terms were arranged by which the dignity and honor of a liberty loving people could be sustained in their hour of disappointment and defeat. Only a complete subjugation more galling and humiliating than had ever been known in the annals of warfare awaited them. These men who had taken up arms in a cause which they felt was just returned to their desolated homes conscious of an integrity untarnished by the results of the war. It must now be their chief concern to re-

*See Biographical Sketch, Vol. VI, pp. 209, 210, 211, January BOOKLET, 1907.

establish their homes and restore the forlorn spirits of those most dear to them and again set up the domestic penates which, perchance, had escaped the ravages of fire and sword.

The people of the South from the establishment of the Federal Union had been loyal to the government and had furnished a large proportion of the men who gave it stability and character among the family of nations. They held to the doctrine of "States' Rights" as guaranteed to them by the Constitution. They delegated to the general government those powers named in the compact and stood firmly by the compromises made by the men who arranged the government. They were proud of the "Stars and Stripes," and were jealous for the good name of the Republic. They felt secure in the great Union and prospered in their private and state affairs. Culture and refinement were the boast of southern life. Hospitality was open and unbounded by state lines and social conditions. The broad plantations were aglow with prosperity and master and servant felt the stimulating influence of thrift and industry. All worked together in harmony to make a people happy. Truly it was the "Sunny South."

The people of other sections, jealous of our standing and influence in the shaping of national affairs, had in the early years of the nineteenth century determined to crush the South by any means that could be devised. The most plausible pretext that could be presented to strike a popular sentiment was the abolition of slavery in the South. They had found that the slave could not be made profitable in New England and the North, so the slave dealers carried him to the farmers of the South and sold him for full value. With the money they returned to their homes in the North and immediately were seized with an unbounded sense of philanthropy and love for the down-trodden negro, whom their ship masters had stolen from the jungles of Africa. The

southern people were not seafaring people and owned no sea-going vessels.

Songs and stories were written to inflame the minds of the people ready to be aroused to a most frenzied agitation. As a result the war came on and the nation was torn asunder in deadly conflict.

Deliberately the North planned to humiliate the South in every particular. Regiments of liberated slaves were organized to fight their former masters. Confederate prisoners were placed under negro guards whose language and actions toward them were brutal in the extreme. The helpless men were tortured by the cruel soldiers in black, and if a high-strung prisoner dared resent their insolence by word or look, he was put to tortures unbearable. Handling guns carelessly, they were frequently discharged among the prisoners, then, reports were made that it was done to quell insurrection. The North refused to exchange prisoners. They freely admitted that it was bad policy to let the men get away from them, as each man they let go was equal to four of their own. With every facility for taking care of the Confederate prisoners they were ill treated and poorly fed, while the South was exhausted in her resources and had but little to maintain the soldiers and the Federals held in southern prisons. When Gen. Lee was asked to order that the scant rations be given to the soldiers and let the prisoners go without, he rose to the greatness of a true man and said, "While we have a crust we will divide with our prisoners."

The historic "Sherman's march to the sea" has never had its equal among civilized nations. Indeed Hell did break loose in Georgia and continued to engulf in its sulphurous smoke and ashes all the region it touched through the Carolinas. Sherman himself declared that "A buzzard could not follow in his wake without taking his rations with him." Old men, women and children were treated in the most horrible

manner and no effort was made by the officers to restrain the brutal men. It was an invasion for plunder. In my father's home no article of value that could be moved was left. Clocks, pianos, furniture of every kind was hewn to pieces, beds were ripped open and the feathers were carried away by the winds. Choice pieces of bed-covering of beautiful and rare designs made by my mother in her girlhood days were roughly folded and put upon the sore-backed mules for saddle blankets. The counterpanes upon which she had spent so much care and labor making them rare and dainty were torn from the beds and used for every rough and foul purpose. Precious heirlooms which were so highly prized for the association of loved ones in the long ago were torn into shreds or carried away. Dresses and all wearing apparel fared no better fate. The soldier seemed to take delight in abusing and demolishing before her eyes those things upon which she had bestowed especial care in trying to make home comfortable and attractive. Not a piece of bedding was left except the heavy mattresses and one quilt which in the rummaging had fallen behind an old chest. Every piece of table ware of any value was gone. The soldiers set fire to the house and would have succeeded in burning it had not my mother followed them and put out the flames.

My father was a minister and had not been called into the army. His library was pillaged and depleted. The soldiers took his hat from his head, his watch from his vest pocket, his purse of Confederate money; they carried away all of his clothes except those he had on. These desperadoes were not camp followers, they were the regular soldiers in blue uniforms, and were marched up in line with flag and music, the officers were with them. My father tried to get some protection, but they swore at him and told him to send for Wheeler's cavalry if he wanted protection. They compelled him at the point of a bayonet to shoulder a heavy

wagon wheel and carry it about two hundred yards and put it on a wagon which was broken down so they could load it with corn to carry to the camp. Previous to this they had hung him to a tree to make him tell where the horses were concealed; as they had found them in the meantime they let him down.

My father and Mr. Gray Culbreth had hidden their horses in a dense marsh or swamp with briars and matted underbrush. The mud and water was a foot or more deep and almost impassable on account of its roughness. It was a dark densely tangled place nearly a mile through. The Yankees came to Mr. Culbreth's home first. They demanded the horses but no one would tell where they were. After a number of threats the officers said, "We will make you tell"; they then placed a rope around his daughter, a beautiful girl of seventeen, and mounting their horses and with a stroke of a keen whip drove her through the mud and briars to the hiding place of the horses. It was months before she recovered from the harsh treatment and exposure.

The cattle were ruthlessly shot down in the lots and left otherwise untouched. Not a living thing of value was left on the place, except one hen which had made her escape under an old barn. When the army came to the place on the 15th of March, 1865, we had plenty of provisions such as were found on a well-provided farm to last the family for two years. They left the granaries and barns empty; no scattered corn was left that might serve to feed the children.

I was a boy and proud of a beautiful little horse that my father had given me. A Yankee made me hold my horse for him to mount and ride away. I never saw my horse again. I had a small beautifully bound Bible which I had as a present from my father; a soldier put it into his pocket and carried it away.

My mother and sisters were made to hear the vilest oaths

and the most insulting language that foul-mouthed men could utter. The wearing apparel of the young ladies was taken out and after rude jests were thrown into the mud for the horses to trample. It had been very difficult to secure silks and other fancy goods for the ladies to wear, but the girls had saved some from the old dresses of their mothers with jealous care for special occasions, even these did not escape the savage hands but were either carried away or were torn to shreds. The children's toys and keepsakes and playthings fared no better.

One of Sherman's staff officers, Major George Wade Nichols, who was an eye witness to such scenes, playfully describes their habitual acts of plunder and rapine. He describes the soldiers searching for hidden treasures, poking every foot of soft ground to find the hidden plate, jewelry, and other rich goods. He says that watching these proceedings was one of the pleasurable excitements of the long march. He gives a full page picture of one such scene; the men have found the hidden box of jewelry, a lone woman is standing on a porch begging for the watch that had been her mother's while the cruel jests are playing upon the faces and lips of her tormentors. These acts of plunder took place in full view of the commissioned officers and no restraints were offered.

In one place a gentleman found a marauding Federal soldier trying to outrage his daughter. For the protection of his daughter he killed the soldier with blue coat and brass buttons on. The father was soon apprehended and hanged.

The system of tortures practiced was not for obtaining provisions and sustenance for the invading army, but mainly for the purpose of securing the valuables of the people along the way. Dr. Bachman presents the following picture:

"When Sherman's army came sweeping through Carolina, leaving a broad track of desolation for hundreds of miles, whose steps were

accompanied with fire and sword and blood, reminding us of the tender mercies of the Duke of Alva, I was near the home of a Mrs. Ellerbe, a lady seventy years old. I witnessed the barbarities inflicted on the aged as well as the young and delicate females. Officers high in command were engaged in tearing from the ladies their watches, their wedding rings and other mementoes of those they loved and cherished. A lady of delicacy and refinement was compelled to strip before them that they might find watches and other valuables concealed under her dress."

Species of torture known only to the Spanish Inquisition were brought into play to force the poor negroes to tell what they knew concerning the valuables of their white people. Coolly and deliberately those hardened men proceeded on their way as if they had perpetrated no crime, for they were sustained by the officers with Federal commissions in their pockets.

It is not pleasant to rehearse the scenes of actual occurrence of those unhappy days, but they made history and led to serious conditions which followed in their effort to restore our homes in peace. These things are facts, and why should not our children know the facts? Of course there are those who would like to have the veil drawn across this period. They may well blush to have their deeds brought to light. The facts ought to be known. What have we to be ashamed of? Those who committed the crimes are hailed as heroes, while those who suffered they would call traitors.

Attila, the Scourge of God, led the savage Huns from the north of Europe and devastated the sunny plains of Italy. Cortez and Pizarro dealt out cruelty and treachery upon the unlettered and barbarous inhabitants of Mexico and Peru. The frenzied leaders of the French Revolution were men of low origin and were determined to destroy the better classes. But here in a civilized land we see a great army, commanded by officers commissioned by the United States government, with the Stars and Stripes in one hand and fire and sword in

the other, devastating the homes of a defenseless people, pouring out bitter denunciations and wreaking their vengeance upon helpless women and children.

Sunday morning, March 19, 1865, was the dreariest day I ever saw. The sky was hazy with smoke and the sun appeared to come through the red-tinged atmosphere with difficulty. All nature seemed charged with the bodings of evil. We were cold and hungry. The little children were crying for food. It was a Sabbath morning, but there was no peaceful rest in our home. All was distress, for there was nothing from which our mother could prepare the morning meal. The Yankee cavalry came again early. They were looking to see if anything had been left that could be of use in preserving life. This was the fourth day of their pillage and every thing was gone.

Suddenly they stopped their plundering, for the drum sounded. We heard the roaring of cannon in the distance. I heard an officer say "There is trouble ahead." We afterward learned that it was the battle of Bentonville, twenty miles distant. The men wheeled into line and dashed away. The incessant roar of cannonading produced a feeling of awe in our young minds, that the succeeding years have not effaced.

During the years prior to the Civil War and up to its close there had been a kindly feeling of friendship between the negro slaves and the white people. They had been faithful and true to the white people in all those trying times. Hundreds of young men in the Southern army had their faithful servants who stood by them and protected them, often at the expenses of their own lives. The negroes on the plantations managed the farms well and furnished supplies for the southern army. They talked fondly and eagerly about our soldiers in the camps and at the front.

If they had been let alone there would have been no hostility between the races to this day. It was only when instigated by designing men who were really enemies to both white and black that antagonism began to disturb the friendliness that was almost universal between the races in the South. There were exceptions it is true, but the masses of the negroes even when they knew that they were freed from bondage felt kindly toward their former masters.

But even this condition was too good to be allowed to exist in the South. The North had determined to humiliate the people and make the yoke galling and bitter. The negroes were taught that the white people of the South were their enemies and must be hated as such. They were encouraged to become insolent and assert their equality and demand immediate social recognition. They were made to believe that if their demands were not welcomed and acceded to that it was their duty to burn or otherwise destroy the property of their former masters. Emissaries by the thousands came among them to inflame their minds and passions and to work upon their superstitious natures and lead them to acts of violence. Before the war they had as a rule been faithful to every trust and outrages such as have so often happened since were unknown. The white people felt kindly toward them. There was no antipathy toward them because they had been freed, it was not of their doing and no one blamed them. The men of the South would have sympathized with them and they would have lived side by side in peace. But this could not be, for it was decreed at Washington that the South should drink to the bitter dregs and no device or plan that could humiliate must be left unenforced.

Seeing the dark shadows that overhung the South, hundreds of the best men sought security and opportunity in the far distant West. Those who remained felt the pall darker days to come.

Even under these adverse conditions we managed to get along with a semblance of peace until white men of the baser sort, men who had been deserters or "bushwhackers" during the war, combined with the negroes and organized what was known as the "Union" or "Loyal League." Just what was carried on in their meetings we could only judge by results. The negroes became insolent and unbearable, but the white men who were with them were ten times worse. The negroes were encouraged to acts of violence, to theft, to become loud in their demands, to acts of outrage upon helpless women—a thing never before known among them. We feared the negroes where they were in large numbers but much more the men who led them on. We never knew when it might be our turn to see the midnight sky lighted up by the blazing barn, the mills burned to the water line, or even the dwellings burned to ashes—frequently done by spiteful men and charged to an innocent negro.

The presence of the Federal soldiers in every community encouraged the negroes, who had now become insolent, to acts of violence and outrage, and if the sufferers complained were answered with a sneer or an oath and dared to touch the negro or interfere with his liberties. There was no appeal. The courts were powerless, the administration of affairs was a farce, because the officers were themselves of the baser sort or dared not antagonize the Yankee soldier who was ready at all times to interfere against the better citizens. The military is usually a protection to the proper welfare of a community, but here was a spectacle of the military being deliberately used to suppress the good and protect the vile. Property, life or honor was not secure at any time.

Those were times that tried men's souls. How well do I remember the intense anxiety of my parents if the girls were out of their sight without protection.

The brave men of the South had laid down their arms at

Appomattox, they had been paroled and made to swear not to take up arms again. In fact they were almost without arms or any means of defense. But the vilest reptile will strike when he is imposed upon. Could the men in whose veins flowed the blood renowned at Alamance, and Mecklenburg, and Manassas, and the Wilderness, lie still like belabored hounds while every species of insult was heaped upon them? Must they let every spark of manhood vanish and see their homes ruined! The conditions must be met and their families and property saved. But how! The Yankee soldiers were quartered in every community and what could our people do? Open resistance would be useless as they would be immediately apprehended as rebels and instigators of treason as was often done.

Every white man who had taken any part in the Civil War was disfranchised and not allowed to participate in the administration of civil affairs. Only the class known as deserters and desperadoes were left to coöperate with the negroes in running the local, county, and state affairs. Orders were issued from Washington to the soldiers quartered in each locality to "forbid and prohibit the assembling of bodies of citizens under any pretense." Military governors were set up over the States as foreign satraps had been placed over conquered nations in the heathen days of old. Irresponsible men came from the North as adventurers to take advantage of our misfortune and usurp authority and fill the time honored stations of trust and honor and despoil the remaining resources of revenue.

Then came the period of Reconstruction so called. Volumes have been written about the horrors of this period. It was not my purpose to add to the volume of literature on the subject, but to give the experience of one who passed through the times as a boy.

Here was an example of the people who had been instru-

mental perhaps more than any other section of the Union in making a great Republic, who had furnished its share of the strongest statesmen of all time, who had furnished the finest examples of statecraft and legal ability, where civilization and culture had reached their highest perfection,—a people foremost in sending the light of the Gospel to the hungry souls of the earth, a people whose ancestry was of the purest stock, whose hospitality had been open to all good men everywhere—a people from sheer hatred and malice to be blotted politically from the face of the earth, and to be reconstructed by such a mongrel set as was collected in Washington and those sent to the South to perform the great transformation. The annals of history have never presented a greater farce.

The sanctity of the church service was invaded. During the existence of the Confederate Government the Episcopal Church inserted in its Book of Common Prayers a prayer for the President of the Confederacy. After the war closed the prayer for the President was left out altogether, whereupon Major-General Wood issued an order by which all the Clergy of that Church “were suspended from their functions and forbidden to preach or perform divine service,” unless they should pray publicly for the President of the United States. This took place in Alabama.

On a cold November day in 1871 I witnessed an occurrence in Mayesville, S. C., which caused my blood to boil in my veins. I recite this because it was an example of what was going on all through the Southland.

Old Colonel Mayes was one of the most cultured and polished gentlemen whom I ever knew. He was an old-time planter with broad plantations around him. His sons were successful men, he had given them beautiful homes around his plantation. Before the war he had been a member of the United States Congress. He was a public spirited man

and had been honored by his State. He was quiet, reserved, and dignified—an old-time gentleman. He had furnished succor and help during the war. A large number of the negroes were freed on his plantations; among them was one who had given a great deal of trouble as the worst among the lot. On the November day above referred to an election was being held on the platform of the railroad station. This special negro who had given Colonel Mayes so much trouble was conducting the election. The general amnesty bill had just been passed by Congress and this was the first effort the old man had made after the close of the war to cast a ballot. The negro ordered him to take off his hat and hold up his right hand. There was the picture. The old gentleman, tall and straight, full of honors and the weight of years, the cold November winds driving the long locks of his white hair, his hand raised repeating the oath after the negro.

One day I was busy in the store when a negro came in and read to me a summons to go with him as a witness in a petty trial. I went and found a little renegade Yankee holding a magistrate's court. I and the magistrate were the only white men present.

The negroes were urged to make advances and demand social equality. With a few exceptions, however, they displayed better judgment than their advisers; and refrained from what would have brought on a war between the races. The counsel of the well trained and better class of negroes prevailed to a great extent among them.

These are a few of the scenes and memories that still linger with me. Michael Angelo decorated the walls of St. Peter's with his immortal picture of "Crownless Desolation," in which he portrays the purgatorial griefs of those subjugated by the ruthless cruelty of war. Could the artist have visited our Southland after the smoke of battle had cleared away a new impetus might have touched his brush. Cities de-

stroyed; towns and villages laid waste; churches, schools, and other public buildings rotting; every industry destroyed; landscape horrors and flame-scarred wastes; all of these were the evidences of a once prosperous and happy people.

Fostered by the dominant powers at the North, the Union League had gathered into its ranks all of the lower class of the people as well as the newly liberated negroes who were thus encouraged to take part in public affairs and lord it over their former masters. Conditions were beyond description and were growing more tense every day. There was no help to be expected from the magistrates or the courts, for all were of the same character.

But the spirit of the men of the South again asserted itself and those who had surrendered at Appomattox and the younger men saw that something must be done to protect the honor of the home. We knew not whence it came but the order known as the Ku Klux Klan came to our relief. Others have discussed the origin and merits of the great movement. Memory takes us back to the time when there seemed to be a lifting of the dark clouds along the horizon and hope again beckoned our loved ones to take courage and calm their fears.

In the first volume of *THE BOOKLET*, Mrs. T. J. Jarvis presented two most excellent papers on the Ku Klux Klan. William Garrott Brown in the May number of the *Atlantic Monthly* for 1901, gives a most delightful article on the subject. In 1877 James Melville Beard wrote a very readable book entitled "The Ku Klux Klan." His book came out so soon after the Congressional investigation of affairs in the South that he wrote very cautiously, but it is easy to read between the lines.

The Congressional reports of the Commission sent to the States where the order existed are very full of interesting matter but nearly all filled with venom toward those implicated. Prof. Hamilton, of the State University, has written

a book on the Reconstruction period which promises to be a valuable addition to our literature on the subject.

Tom Dixon's books, while fanciful and dramatic, revealed conditions as they existed in many sections. Many other publications have been presented through papers and magazines, but none have given the history in full of the great movement. Many valuable articles have been printed in our state papers, but there should be a specific treatise put up in a more permanent form. The experiences of Judge Kerr, Joe Turner, and Randolph Shotwell, and perhaps a hundred more should not be forgotten.

ANSON COUNTY

BY MRS. J. G. BOYLIN.

On account of the distance from the Bladen Court House, where the settlers, all of the Pee Dee section who numbered between two or three hundred tithables, had to go to return their taxes, the distance being a hundred miles or so, the following act was passed in 1749 for the establishing of a county, and St. George Parish, and appointing a place for court house, and prisons, and stocks.

This act was passed by the council, and General Assembly, numbering fifty-four members, held at New Bern courthouse. The act was read as follows:

"We pray that it may be enacted by his excellency, Gabriel Johnston, and the General Assembly of this Province, and by the authority of the same, That Bladen county be divided by a line, beginning at the place where the South line of this Province crosseth the Westernmost branch of Little Pee Dee river, then by a straight line to a place where the commissioners, for the running of the Southern boundary of this line crossed that Branch of Little Pee Dee called Drowning Creek, then up the branch to the head, then by a line to run as near as may be equidistant from Saxapaw river, now near Chatham, and Great Pee Dee river and that the upper part of the said county, and Parish, so laid off and divided be erected into a county, and parish by the name of Anson County, and St. George Parish and that all the inhabitants to the Westward, shall belong, and appertain to Anson County, and that said Anson County shall enjoy all and every privilege, which any other county, or parish in this province holds or enjoys."

This new County was named for Lord George Anson, a famous English Navigator, who was born in April, 1697, and died in June, 1762. Between the years 1724 and 1735 he was engaged in active service along the coast of the Carolinas. To commemorate his daring deeds and protective service to the colonists, this county of Anson, and a town, Ansonborough, in South Carolina preserve his name. His long

service on the coast of the Carolinas, however useful, was in no way brilliant, but he was popular with the colonists.

At this time Anson County included all of Western North Carolina from New Hanover and Bladen, on the East, to the state line on the West.

Anson county is one of the oldest counties of the state. On a map dated 1783 it shows this county to have been the fifteenth county that was founded. Little Pee Dee river extended to Bladen and the Saxapaw formed a part of the boundary of what is now Chatham County.

From Anson County were formed the following counties, and for the same reason that Anson was taken from Bladen. The settlers were becoming more numerous, and too, they were now being called to attend the courts, either to attend to their own business, and sometimes as jurors and witnesses. An act was passed to establish Rowan County in 1753. At this time Rowan extended to Virginia. Mecklenburg was taken from Anson in 1762. Montgomery County in 1778 and on account of the high waters of the Pee Dee Richmond was taken in 1779.

In the year 1754 at a general assembly held at Wilmington an act was passed for laying out a town on John Jenkins's place on the south side of the Pee Dee river to be known as Gloucester. Charles Robinson, Caleb Howell, Thomas Tomkins, William Forbes and Edmond Cartlege were appointed commissioners with full power and authority to lay off the fifty acres of land. It was to be divided into lots of one half acre each, with convenient streets, and squares, a lot for a court house, jail, church, churchyard and market to be reserved. Any person had a right to take up one of these lots, upon the payment of forty shillings proclamation money, to be paid to the treasurer if he intended to become an inhabitant. Thomas Tomkins was appointed treasurer. Each owner was required to build a good frame store or brick

house no less than twenty-four feet in length, and sixteen feet in width.

This town was situated where the road leading from Cheraw crosses the road leading from Maskes Ferry to Camden in Anson County. This land was bought from William Best by Captain Patrick Boggan. In the year 1786, some of the commissioners having died, James Marshall, Stephen Pace, Jonathan Jackson, Frederick Wilobey were appointed commissioners who were to build the public buildings.

In 1787 the name of the new town was changed to Wadesboro, taking this name from Col. Wade of Revolutionary fame.

An academy was founded in 1800 for the town of Sneedsboro, with William Pegues, Thomas Godfrey, Allen Chapman, William Pierce, Isaac Jackson, Laurence Moore and John Battle as trustees.

In 1802 an act was passed to establish an academy in Wadesboro. The trustees were as follows: James Marshall, Robert Troy, James Goodrich, Joseph Ingram, Sr., Tody Robinson, Pleasant May, John Jennings, Esq., the Rev. William Taylor, Rev. John Culpepper, and Rev. Daniel Gould, Joseph While, William Threadgill, Jesse Beverly, James Coleman, James Hough and Augustus Shepherd.

In 1781, August 4th, Col. Wade called out half of his regiment, and was joined by parties from Richmond, and Montgomery, and proceeded against the Tories, numbering between four and five hundred on Drowning Creek, who were engaged in disarming the settlers within twenty miles of the Pee Dee and carrying off men, who were fit for service across Downing Creek, into what they called the protected land. After a sharp engagement at Beatler's Bridge on Drowning Creek, lasting until twelve o'clock at night the Tories drew off. A dozen Tories having been killed, while Wade only lost four.

On Fanning's return from Wilmington he heard that Wade was going to attack McNeill, who held the protected ground. There was a narrow causeway, through which Wade would have to cross. At Wade's first attack eighteen of Fanning's horses were slain, but the Tories at once dismounted and made a deadly assault, firing as they advanced. In this encounter Wade lost nineteen men, with fifty-four prisoners taken, and two hundred and fifty horses, while Fanning only lost one man, with a few wounded.

Another interesting event was the massacre at Piney Bottom and the revenge taken by the Whigs.

When Gates was defeated at Camden, the British overran South Carolina, and many of the Whigs fled from the Pee Dee section into North Carolina. Among them was Col. Wade. He with Col. Culp decided to return home, and having loaded their wagons with salt and such other articles as were needed in the Pee Dee section. Having crossed the Cape Fear, at McNeil's Ferry, night approaching they took up Camp. That night John McNeil having learned where this company of Whigs were camping sent runners out to collect the Tories, many of whom were lying out in the swamps and other places, with directions to meet at Long Street to pursue Wade the next night.

Just a little before day they came upon Wade and his party encamped on Piney Bottom, a branch of Rockfish, all being apparently asleep. The Tories fell upon the Whigs, killing five or six of them. The rest escaped leaving everything behind.

A motherless boy who had been taken by Col. Wade, being aroused by the firing of the guns, not being fully awake cried "Parole me, Parole me." Duncan Furgeson, a renegade deserter, told him to come he would parole him. He dropped on his knees begging for his life, but seeing this man approaching him he jumped up to run. Furgeson overtook him

and split his head open with a broad sword, so that one half fell on one shoulder and one on the other. The wagons were plundered, the officers taking the money, the men whatever they could carry away. The Tories burned the wagons, and pretended to bury the dead, but the bodies were afterwards found scratched up by the wolves, but were buried by Whig scouts. As soon as Culp and Wade reached home they collected about a hundred men, all swearing that they would never return until they avenged the death of the motherless boy. On Thursday they camped on the land of Daniel Patterson, the piper, on Drowning Creek. They caught him and whipped him until he gave the names of all those who were at Piney Bottom. They then entered into Moore County and captured and murdered all who had been connected with the massacre. Gen. Wade had John McNeil tried for his life on account of the robbery and murder committed at Piney Bottom. He was acquitted on account of not having witnesses.

1765—1768.

Gov. Tryon says that the first trouble that grew into the war of the Regulation began in Anson and spread to Orange. At this time Samuel Spencer was Deputy Clerk of the pleas for Anson. In the year 1768 a mob tried to take possession of the court house (at this time the court house of Anson was old Mt. Pleasant, now called the Hooker Place, owned by the heirs of the late T. J. Ingram). Col. Spencer went to the door and demanded what they would have. They answered that they had some matters to settle and wanted the use of the court house. Col. Spencer read them a clause in the act of Parliament of George the First against riot and unlawful assemblies, at which the mob became very much enraged and threw up their clubs and threatened to tear down the court house and jail. They then proposed for a few of their company to represent them and set forth their griev-

ances. Col. Spencer retired to his desk for transaction of his business, whereupon the whole mob entered, demanding the reason for their being taxed.

Col. Spencer explained to them the necessity of reasonableness of taxation. In this time one of them took Mr. Needlock, a magistrate, aside and another took the other justices off the bench and entirely obstructed the proceedings of the court. They held consultations among themselves and decided to let the court house stand, and passed resolutions to resist the sheriff in collecting taxes. Before they dispersed they elected Mr. Charles Robinson as representative to the General Assembly in place of Mr. John Crawford, without giving the Governor the trouble of issuing a new writ of election on that vacancy.

Each member of the mob took oath that in case any officer made distress on any goods or the estate that he with other assistance would go and take it from the officer, and restore it to the party from whom taken, and in case any one who joined this company of regulars for the nonpayment of taxes should be in prison or under arrest or otherwise confined that he would immediately raise as many of said subscribers as necessary to set said person and his estate at liberty.

All these troubles were represented to Gov. Tryon in a letter written by Col. Spencer. In reply Gov. Tryon gave Col. Spencer authority to raise the Anson regiment of militia to enable him to secure and bring to trial the ringleaders and suppress any future trouble. On the 17th of May, 1768, Gov. Tryon issued a proclamation to the county of Anson commanding and requiring all persons interested in any way or connected with this insurrection to disperse and retire to their respective homes. In case they refused he commanded all officers, both civil and military, to use all lawful means of suppressing the same.

This outbreak on the part of Anson County seems to have been the first open resistance, to the oppression of the officers of the crown. Even as early as this date the great principle was laid down "that taxation and representation" should always be associated, that neither Parliament, nor the Governor, nor any other power had the right to tax the people without their consent freely given through their representatives in the General Assembly.

On March 19, 1771, Governor Tryon called for fifty volunteers from Anson to march against the insurgents. There were 2,550 volunteers called from the Province.

The delegates from Anson to the first Provincial Congress held at New Bern were Samuel Spencer and William Thomas. Delegates to the third Congress, which met at Hillsboro, 1775, were Thomas Wade, Samuel Spencer, William Thomas, David Love and William Pickett. The field officers were appointed at this Congress. The regimental muster was held at the home of Griffith Lacy. Samuel Spencer was Colonel; James Auld was Major.

Samuel Spencer, one of the State's most prominent men of Revolutionary times, is buried on the land of his relative, Mr. S. P. Spencer, on Smith Creek about a mile from the Pee Dee River, with no slab to mark his grave.

This is what the *Fayetteville Gazette* of 1794 says of his death:

"At his seat in Anson County on the 20th circuit the Hon. Samuel Spencer, LL.D., one of the Judges of the Superior Court of this State. His Honor's health having been declining about two years, but he has performed the last circuit three months since, and we understand he intended to leave home in a few days for this town where Superior Court is now sitting had it not been for the following incident.

"He was sitting on his piazza with a red cap on his head, when it attracted the attention of a large turkey gobbler.

The Judge being sleepy began to nod. The turkey mistaking the nodding and the red cap for a challenge to battle made so violent and unexpected attack on his Honor that he was thrown from his chair on the floor and was so beat and bruised that he died in a few days."

Samuel Spencer is the progenitor of some of the most prominent people in the State, namely Londons and Jacksons.

A Philadelphia paper at the time of this occurrence makes this (Zhi deppre) criticism:

"In this degenerate age,
What host of knaves engage,
And do all they can to fetter braver men.
Dreading that they should be free.
Leagued with scoundrels pack,
Even turkey cocks attack
The red cap of liberty."

I am greatly indebted to Col. F. J. Coxe for a great part of this interesting data, which he collected while a student at the University of North Carolina, which I have used in this paper. I have consulted Wheeler's and Ashe's histories, also Colonial Records.

THE PFLEGERIN

BY ADELAIDE L. FRIES.

It was a mere matter of business that set me delving among the memoirs in the Salem Archives. From the beginning—, that is to say, from 1753,—it has been the custom in Wachovia at the funeral of a member, to read an account of the life of the deceased, and many of these memoirs, autobiographies in their major part, were deposited on the Archive shelves, where they have rested until this present, as forgotten as the men and women of whom they spoke. When some impulse of patriotism, love of order,—what you will,—led me to undertake the making of an Index, it was with the expectation that the work would be monotonous in the extreme. Except to fill a gap in a genealogical table, who cares where Johann Schmidt was born and when he died, or, indeed, whether he died or was born? And yet now and again there came a surprise, and some time-yellowed page would outline a life so typical of the period, so full of human interest, that all the old longing for the story-writer's gift welled up afresh, and its absence seemed almost a tragedy—the threatened reburial of men and women who lived again after a lapse of more than a century.

When I was a child I read a story of which only the mysterious title remains in memory, "The Story That Wouldn't Be Told." Why it did not wish to be told, or how it avoided the telling, is long since forgotten, but in contradistinction to that shy tale the memoirs have haunted me and insisted upon relation, and reluctant obedience is at last given. No attempt is made to weave a modern-style romance,—that is left for some more gifted pen,—but the simple life of a real woman

*See Biographical Sketch, Vol. IX, p. 236, April BOOKLET, 1910.

is presented, as she moved through the scenes of a country village a century and more ago.

It was a perfect day in late October, 1766, but the slight, fair-haired girl, seated on the trunk of a fallen tree, gazed with unseeing eyes upon the masses of gold and crimson leaves that hid all but a hundred or two feet of the road over which she had but lately come. So far as foliage was concerned it had been a royal progress, that journey southward from Pennsylvania, for day after day the slowly-moving heavily-laden wagons seemed just in the wake of the first sharp frost of the season, and the forests all along the way had flung out their red and yellow banners as though to give the travellers glad greeting.

The little company, however, was royal only in the faith which was leading them to a new home in a distant colony. In outward seeming they were simple enough,—the sturdy drivers of the stout horses, a minister of the Gospel and his wife, three women and a dozen young girls, several of whom were now busily putting away the remains of the midday meal, preparatory to the start on their further journey.

To them Johanna gave as little heed as to the beauties of the autumnal landscape, for the weeks of travel had developed an almost military precision of life, and each served in turn with the deftness born of experience. To-day she was free, and something in the surroundings of the noon rest had taken her back to the hills of New Jersey, where her eyes had first consciously seen the autumn glory; the removal thither from Connecticut having taken place when she was little more than an infant.

How well she remembered that day in 1756 when the rumors of months crystallized into definite news of Indian war, and preparations were made for hasty flight; and a Moravian, coming to her father's mill for meal, cheerfully

returned without his intended freight in order to convey the Colvers and their effects to Nazareth and to safety. Her parents, who had long awaited an opportunity to join the Moravians, gladly accepted a position in a neighboring village, an older sister was sent to Bethlehem, and Johanna and a younger sister were placed in a little school just being started in Nazareth to care for children who like herself had been driven in by the war from unprotected districts.

The lessons taught in the school were of the simplest. She learned to speak German, to read and write in German and English, to cipher, to knit, to sew, and to share in the varied activities of the household. Religious instruction was also carefully given, and not until she was older would she see the real pathos of her inner life during that time. Of imaginative mind and emotional temperament, the tenderly told stories of the Saviour's love and care had at first the strange effect of driving her almost frantic with terror, for her father, unwilling to have his child baptized by other than a Moravian pastor, and unable to secure the services of one in his far-off Connecticut home, had neglected the rite altogether, and being unbaptized she became obsessed with the idea that she was wholly in the power of the Evil One, and beyond the reach of the love which her soul craved. Too shy to hint her trouble the poor little thing struggled on, and at last light began to break in on the eager mind, and she found courage to pray, to hope, and finally to speak to the kindly woman in charge of the children, who dispelled her fear, comforted the tender little heart, and promised that when she was older she should receive adult baptism, and assured her that meanwhile she was perfectly safe in the Saviour's keeping.

A year in the Bethlehem school gave opportunity for more study, and of this she gladly availed herself; then her long cherished wish was granted, and she was baptised, admitted to the Choir of Older Girls and placed with other young

girls of the congregation in the Sisters' House, there to learn the serious business of self-support. An interruption came in the form of a severe illness, through which she went to the very gates of death, but they did not open, health and strength returned, and now she was one of those selected to go to the new little Moravian settlement in North Carolina, there to begin a Choir of Older Girls, as the older women of the company were to form the nucleus of the Choir of Single Sisters. Would she like the new home? Would the work be harder or easier than in Bethlehem? Would she, perchance, be asked in marriage? There were many more brethren than sisters in Wachovia so far, and all the young women who had come with earlier parties had been quickly wedded. And if an offer came would she wish to accept it, or would she rather be Vorsteherin of the Single Sisters like Sister Krause, and manage the money, or better yet, be Pflegerin, like Sister Schmidt in Bethlehem, and have all the Sisters look up to her, and listen to what she said, and have even the minister consult her? On the whole that sounded attractive, and— But Sister Krause's voice was calling her to take her place in the wagon, and air-castles vanished in the wearily impatient wish that the journey was over and she could rest.

Very cheerful the little village looked next day as they drove into it, and were warmly welcomed, bountifully fed, and conducted to the house which had been set apart for their use. And how interesting it was in the morning to go here and there, seeing the places already familiar through letters, and hearing retold the stories of early experiences in the wilderness. Here was the cabin to which the first settlers came on that chill November day in 1753, and in which they held their first lovefeast while the wolves howled in the forest near by. Well might they howl, for their day was done! Some were to fall before the hunter's gun, and the rest would

vanish before the onmarching civilization of which that carefully selected group of colonists was the sign. Here was the church, center of the village and of the village life, with its bell, whose daybreak peal had more than once startled lurking Indians into believing themselves discovered, and had so averted the attack. The substantial walls and loopholed attic made the church almost a fort, and beside it was the stockade, whose protection had been shared by many a frightened farmer, coming to the village for shelter during the troubled years of Indian warfare. High on the hill lay the little graveyard, and at its foot the garden of medicinal herbs, eloquent reminder of the good Dr. Kalberlahn, whose fame had spread far and wide, but who, alas! had been one of the first victims of the epidemic of 1759. Then there were the shops for the tailor and the shoemaker, the homes of married people, the newly-opened Sisters' House, and the Brothers' House occupied by the unmarried men. There was also the village kitchen, a source of surprise to the casual visitor, but the quite-to-be expected thing in the eyes of the new arrivals for the pioneer Moravian settlers had been quick to realize the value of practical coöperation, and it was their system of community organization, "the labor of all for the good of all," which made possible the almost phenomenal industrial success of the earlier years in their first villages. Then there was the mill a mile or two away, the farm and the dairy,—plenty of work for willing hands; and when the fatigue of their trip was over the Sisters and Older Girls were assigned to tasks suited to their strength and ability. In that little village, if nowhere else in the world, all work was honorable, the cow-herd and the cook were as carefully selected as the merchant or the minister, and all met together in the conference which made the plans and gave to each his share of labor.

It seemed to Johanna that everybody was happy except

herself, and that she was not made her the more unhappy. The fact is that the sensitive nature, which would later make her so dearly beloved for her quick sympathy and ready aid of all who came to her for advice or help, was now finding temporary expression in a morbid craving for approval, and a tendency to droop—and, it must be confessed, to pout,—under real or fancied reproof, to her own sorrow and to the annoyance of all about her. She did not understand herself, and no one fully understood her, but they were patient with her; and by and by she learned the hard lesson of self-control, and was admitted to the Holy Communion. In those days privilege of the Sacrament was highly prized and carefully guarded, and each Communion-day was preceded by heart-searchings, deep though tender; and it happened not infrequently that quite an interval elapsed between the taking of vows in baptism or confirmation and admission to the Lord's Table. To Johanna the granting of this privilege was the sign and seal that her strivings after a higher life had found favor with God and man, and from that hour she "thanked God and took courage."

But she never learned to really like Bethabara, and her thoughts turned with ever increasing longing to the new town being built six miles to the south. Salem—"Peace"—the very name seemed to her a prophecy! When she came to Wachovia the work was just begun; since then she had listened eagerly to every word concerning it, as the young men who had gone thither from Bethabara and the hired laborers built first a Brothers' House, then homes for married people, and, ultimately, a Congregation House, with the meeting-hall in its second story. There was something fascinating about a town all prepared as to houses before the people came. How happy the Brethern must be when their own particular house was finished, and the company of builders could welcome into it the young men and boys who had remained in

Bethabara. Perhaps even happier were the four who having toiled earnestly at town-building, were now to be wedded, three to move into three of those empty waiting houses, while the fourth went to the farm near by. Who before had ever attended a quadruple wedding? 'All Bethabara was interested, but Johanna, who knew all the brides, and was warmly attached to two of them, was in a tingle of excitement from the day when her friends told her of their acceptance of the proposals to the hour of the solemn bethrothal service, and the still more solemn exchange of marriage vows in the presence of the entire population of the village.

Later there followed the consecration of the meeting-hall in Salem, organization of the new congregation, and installation of the pastor and other officers, and at last, at last, word was received that the rooms for the Single Sisters were ready. The breath of Spring was in the air and in Johanna's soul that April day, and when their few possessions were arranged in the new rooms, and they knelt for their first evening prayer in Salem, her throbbing heart chanted joyfully: "Home—peace, home—peace!"

And peace remained with her through all the following years, despite difficulties and hardships not a few. At first it was a struggle to provide the bare necessities of life, for remunerative work was scarce; but the Sisters tilled their garden, sewed, and washed, and knit, and spun, and helped in the homes of married people, and by their united effort the hardest years were safely passed. Then came the Revolution, with its manifold anxieties, which in their turn passed away. And Johanna was like a plant, rooted in the shadow and coming rapidly into blossoming when brought to the light. Appointed assistant to Sister Pfliegerin Quest, she was so helpful, and showed so much tact in her relation to the other Sisters and Older Girls, that she was soon made "house dienerin," and charged with the supervision of all household af-

fairs. This position also made her a member of the Congregation Council, composed of the leading men and women of the congregation, for in those days the women were accorded a much more active voice in matters of the town and Church than they were permitted to have in later times.

Johanna threw her whole heart into her work, dedicating her life to the service of her Church among the Sisters, and in 1780 she was received as an Akoluthé. She now began actively to plan for the erection of a separate house for the Single Sisters, as their rooms in the Congregation House were becoming overcrowded, in spite of the fact that each year some Sisters married and moved into other homes. It had, indeed, always been the intention that there should be a Sisters' House, but while their Choir was small and poor it seemed wiser to wait. Money was still very scarce, but a few hundred dollars were held in reserve for that purpose, and Johanna began to collect small offerings from the Sisters and little girls, and cherished them in faith that a way would open. Then permission was given to ask aid from congregations elsewhere, as well as of friends in the village; and in 1783 preparations were begun for building.

But her faith was not so soon to be rewarded. On a cold winter night in January there rang through the sleeping town the weird, piercing cry of "F-i-r-e! F-i-r-e!" Hastily dressing, men and women seized their buckets and hurried to the scene, there to form in two long lines, the men passing full buckets of water, and the women returning them empty to be refilled. But it was in vain, and when morning came the tavern was a smoking ruin, and Jacob Meyer and his family were without a roof over their heads. Every house in the village was already full, but place was cheerfully made for the accommodation of the Meyers, and quite as promptly it was decided that the tavern must be at once rebuilt, the ma-

terial already gathered for the Sisters' House being used as far as it would go.

For another year, therefore, Johanna and her associates waited, with what patience they could command, and at last the tavern was completed, work on the Sisters' House was recommenced, the cornerstone was laid with appropriate ceremonies, the walls were raised, and the day of dedication approached.

It so happened that just at this juncture Bishop Watteville visited Salem, as the representative of the Unity's Elders' Conference. The Revolution had left many problems for which his wise counsel was much needed, but details of the congregational life were just as carefully considered. One point discussed was that Sister Pfliegerin Quest and Sister Vorsteherin Krause were growing old and scarcely able to conduct the affairs of the growing Choir. Sister Quest was asked whether she would relinquish her position and go to Bethabara, there to teach the school for little girls as long as her health permitted, to which she cheerfully agreed. Sister Krause was retired, with the understanding that she would help as much as she could, and the mantles of both fell on Johanna Colver, the timid child, the moody girl, now the ablest and best beloved Sister. Humbly but trustfully she accepted the call, and was installed by Bishop Watteville a few days before the Choir House was finished.

The 5th of April, 1786, was probably the happiest day of Johanna's life. At the head of her Choir, surrounded by sympathizing friends, she moved from the Congregation House to the new Sisters' House, which was opened with impressive and appropriate ceremonies. There, a few days later, Bishop Watteville solemnly consecrated her a Deaconess of the Moravian Church, and she entered upon eleven years of earnest and successful service.

The duties and responsibilities of her position were mani-

fold. According to the Principles laid down, the Single Sisters' Choir was to be "a garden of the Holy Ghost," wherein girls and women were to be trained "for all kinds of service; it might be for marriage, or for work in the Choir, among children, or in families, or as Choir Sisters passing their days in quiet and union of heart with the friends of their souls, thinking with deep interest on the things of the Lord, and praying for them." As Pflegerin Johanna was charged with "the care of the inner or soul life of her Choir Sisters," not only those of adult years, but even wee maidens just growing out of babyhood. Dearly she loved these little folk, and sought to win their confidence, so that even in tender years she might draw them into communion with her Saviour. In modern times there is no one person in the community who quite takes the place that Johanna Colver filled. Many of the mother's duties, of the Sunday School teacher's opportunities, of the pastor's responsibilities, were hers, and, as the girls grew older, she helped them to find means of self-support, and was their trusted confidante in all the perplexing problems of young womanhood, while to the older Sisters she gave her affectionate interest, and to the aged her tender care.

As Vorsteherin she was the treasurer, the business manager of the Choir,—a position bringing many difficulties and anxieties, for to complete their House the Sisters had been obliged to borrow a considerable sum from the Salem Congregation, from potter Gottfried Aust and tanner Johanna Herbst, and to keep up the interest and pay off the principal was no small task, even with the help of all the Sisters, and the unfailing support of tanner Herbst, who would never accept any interest on his loan, and finally gave them the principal as well.

Not to every one is it given to see the end as well as the beginning of an undertaking, but one year before Johanna died she had the joy of knowing that the debt was fully paid, and

that her cherished House would pass unencumbered into other hands,—for that she would soon leave it she knew full well. One of the marvels of Johanna's life was that she accomplished so much despite her bodily weakness. In the very month in which she became Pflegerin the first attack of lung trouble manifested itself, though for some years an occasional hemorrhage seemed to have little effect upon her strength. A vacation in Pennsylvania refreshed her after the strain incident to an epidemic from which many of the Sisters suffered in 1792, but in 1795 the disease took firm hold on her, and her strength gradually but steadily failed. Toward the end she suffered much, and oh, how she longed for rest! "Dear Saviour, pity me, and bring these painful hours to a close. I am ready to go, and there is naught to keep me here," so she prayed in an hour of utter weariness, though as a rule she waited with utmost patience for the final summons. Asking a friend to read her the Daily Texts for some days ahead, that for March 5th was reached, "The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory," Isa. 60:19. "Oh, that I might go home on that day," she exclaimed; "think of the joy and wonder, to go out into the sunshine, into the day that shall have no end." And even so it was. On the 5th of March, 1797, she peacefully fell asleep, while her weeping Sisters, gathered in an adjoining room, sang hymns wherewith to comfort their aching hearts. Soon the trombonists gathered in front of the House, and throughout the village people paused to listen to the message floating out on the evening air:

A pilgrim, us preceding,
Departs unto her home,
The final summons heeding,
Which soon to all must come,
O joy! the chains to sever
Which burden pilgrims here,
To dwell with Christ forever
Who to our souls is dear.

The second stanza, though used at the departure of any unmarried Sister, might have been Johanna's own statement of her life's ideal, and many an eye grew moist as the tune was recognized:

My happy lot is here
The Lamb to follow;
Be this my only care
Each step to hallow,
And thus await the time
When Christ, my Saviour,
Will call me hence, with Him
To live forever.

Once more the sweetly solemn strains stole over the village, this time breathing a prayer that each who listened might in turn find ready entrance into that heavenly mansion; and as the last note sank into the evening silence quivering lips whispered with sorrow and yet in perfect trust: "Sister Pflegerin Colver has indeed gone home."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MRS. SPIER WHITAKER nee HOOPER

BY MRS. E. E. MOFFITT.

Mrs. Spier Whitaker was born in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, and lived there during a large part of her girlhood. Prior to her marriage she was Miss Fanny DeBerniere Hooper, the second daughter of Professor John DeBerniere Hooper of the University, who was the son of Archibald MacLaine Hooper, the well-known editor and writer of Wilmington, North Carolina—a contributor on historical subjects to various journals—who married Miss Charlotte DeBerniere. Fanny DeBerniere Hooper's mother was before her marriage Miss Mary Elizabeth Hooper, daughter of William Hooper, D.D., LL.D., scholar and litterateur, a Professor in the University of North Carolina, later President of Wake Forest College, and the author of *Fifty Years Since*, *Force of Habit*, *Sacredness of Human Life*, *Imperfections of Primary Schools*, and many other sketches. He married Frances Pollock Jones, daughter of Colonel Edward Jones, Solicitor-General of North Carolina, who was born in Ireland, and Mary Mallett Jones who was the daughter of Peter Mallett, member of one of the Committees of Safety in the Revolution and Commissary of the fifth and sixth regiments of the Continental Line. Mary Elizabeth Hooper was the great granddaughter of the William Hooper who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, son of Reverend William Hooper, second rector (1747-1767) of Trinity Church, Boston. She (Mary Elizabeth Hooper) was the granddaughter of William Hooper, son of the "Signer," who married Helen Hogg, daughter of James Hogg of Hillsborough, North Carolina, a native of Scotland who came to America in 1774, was influential in the Revolutionary period, and married Miss



FANNY DEBERNIERE HOOPER WHITAKER

This picture is a copy of a daguerreotype taken about the time of her marriage. There is no good recent picture.

Alves. J. DeBerniere Hooper was the grandson of the "Signer's" brother George—who married Katharine Maclaine, daughter of Archibald Maclaine of Wilmington, prominent among Revolutionary patriots. The one son of this marriage, Archibald Maclaine Hooper—father of Professor J. DeBerniere Hooper, before mentioned as the father of Fannie DeB. Whitaker—married, as has been said, Charlotte DeBerniere who was the daughter of Colonel John DeBerniere of the British army who had married near Belfast, Ireland, Miss Anna Jones, daughter of Conway Jones of Rostrevor, and whose grandfather, Jean Antoine DeBerniere, a Huguenot of noble birth, had fled from French persecution and settled first in Ireland.¹

It will be seen from the foregoing that Mrs. Whitaker was descended from those who bore a considerable part in the period of the American Revolution—William Hooper, Archibald Maclaine, Peter Mallett. Names might be cited to show that patriotic interests and military records are to be found also in collateral branches and that force of talent has been evident in these lines. Among these names there is that of an ancestral uncle, Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General Thomas Clark of the Revolutionary army. A brother of J. DeBerniere Hooper was Johnson J. Hooper, lawyer, Secretary of the Congress of the Confederate States of America, a conspicuous and influential editor, one of the most successful humorous writers of the day—author of "Simon Suggs," "Widow Rugby's Husband" and "Other Tales of Alabama," etc.

The late Mrs. C. P. Spencer, in a memorial of J. DeB. Hooper in 1886, says:

"The Hooper family is one long and well known in North Carolina and other Southern states. Wherever known they are strongly marked by certain family traits; a high-toned, passionate sense of

¹ The genealogical data for this sketch was furnished by Miss Bessie Lewis Whitaker.

honor, a quick and generous sensibility, a love of letters, combined with intellect of a fine and flexible quality. In many of them these mental gifts are accompanied by a rare strain of subtle humor, imparting to their conversation and writings the real Attic flavor and salt."

Miss Fanny Hooper imbibed much of great educational value from the atmosphere of her home. Her father, revered by all who knew him, was "justly dear to learning, to social life, to the cause of education, and the Church of God,"¹ her mother a "sweet, high-minded, 'other-worldly' woman."² She has said that her parents instilled into their children³ a love of learning and, at a time when such matters were comparatively ignored, imbued them with a knowledge of and admiration of a worthy ancestry. She was formally educated at the Chowan Female Institute, Murfreesboro, North Carolina—a school well known at this period for thorough scholarship and high standards—where she graduated at the head of her class and was the valedictorian. Her essay, a humorous production entitled "Lucifer Matches" was written in verse and is preserved today as a happy effort of the girl whose mind showed at this early age the vivacity and brilliant tendencies retained and developed through life.

She married July 31, 1866, Mr. Spier Whitaker, son of Colonel Spier Whitaker, of eastern North Carolina—a lawyer learned and widely successful, essentially a "gentlemen of the old school," Attorney-General of North Carolina for four years, later a resident of Davenport, Iowa. Spier Whitaker, the son, was, at the time of his marriage to Miss Hooper, an alumnus of the University of North Carolina, one of the fifty-seven of the members of the historic class of 1861 who

¹ William Mercer Green, Bishop of Mississippi.

² Dr. E. A. Alderman in an address on William Hooper.

³ The children of J. DeBerniere Hooper and Mary E. Hooper:
Helen DeBerniere Hooper (deceased), who married James Wills.
Fanny DeBerniere Hooper (deceased), who married Spier Whitaker.
Henry DeBerniere Hooper (deceased), who married Jessie Wright.
Julia Charlotte Hooper, who married Ralph Graves.

left the University for the battlefield a few weeks before the end of the course that was crowned nevertheless, through the University diplomas, by an alma mater ready to yield approval and award degrees to honorable sons¹ He was First Lieutenant and Adjutant of the Thirty-third North Carolina Regiment, Lane's Brigade, Hill's Division, Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. As a Confederate soldier, he served with distinguished gallantry during the four years of the war—literally from Bethel to Appomattox. He was captured at New Bern by Burnside and was a prisoner of war for about four months at Governor's Island, the "Rip Raps," and Fort Delaware. He was at Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Gettysburg—in fact in every battle of his regiment except one. His services were conspicuous many times during the war and the commendation accorded him after Gravelly Hill has been often quoted. He afterwards became one of North Carolina's ablest lawyers, "his reputation extending far beyond State bounds."² He rendered able and important service to the State as Chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee in 1888 when he conducted a campaign "with a skill and success that were phenomenal."³ As a Judge of the Superior Courts of the State he has left an enviable record—a record bearing close investigation and study. "He brought to the Bench a mind well stored with legal learning and his decisions showed him equipped for determining knotty points of the law continually arising."⁴ During the time he served as Judge he concentrated the great force of his will and effort upon the ameliora-

¹ "Commencement day was on the first Thursday in June, 1861. Only thirty out of the eighty-seven graduates were present. The diplomas of the absent were forwarded to them. Very likely some of them reached their owners on the battle-field, but I never heard of it."—*Dr. Kemp P. Battle*. (See *Battle's History of the University*, Vol. I). The foregoing note may account for the statement, sometimes heard, that the diplomas of the class of 1861 were delivered on the battle-field.

² *Daily Call*, Raleigh, 1889.

³ *Daily Call*, Raleigh, 1889.

⁴ *News-Observer Chronicle*, 1894.

tion of conditions in the jails and county homes of the State. He was appointed Major of the Sixth Regiment United States Volunteers in the war with Spain, 1898-99, which regiment though on active duty in this country and Porto Rico, was never engaged in battle.

An esteemed friend and college-mate and Confederate army comrade of Judge Whitaker's thus referred to him after his death: "He possessed an excellent mind which was of a philosophic turn and cultivated in many fields of literature. He was an able lawyer and was distinguished as a logician. He was a man of a high sense of honor and to his intimates was a most delightful companion, whose quaint humor added piquancy to their enjoyment of his company.¹ In reference to his wife, the subject of the present sketch, another valued friend of the early days of strong associations, recently said: "She was indeed an unusual woman—and as a young maiden, so lovely in person, so bright and fascinating. She developed into a woman of rare intellectual gifts and doubtless her intelligent husband by his association with her stimulated her mental powers and gave them play so that they were not repressed, notwithstanding her household cares."² The homage he accorded her, the stimulus he gave through his own need of intellectual sympathy in life's mental interests, and his influence that caused her yielding to the solicitations of friends—these did contribute much towards her being known beyond her home. For finely equipped as she was, she shrank from all initiative and from being to the slightest extent before the public.

After her marriage, she lived in Raleigh, North Carolina, for some months, but as her husband soon became engaged in much practice in eastern North Carolina, they, within a year, began residence in Enfield, Halifax County, North

¹ Major E. J. Hale in Fayetteville Observer 1901.

² Captain S. A. Ashe of Raleigh, N. C.

Carolina, which place was their home until the year 1882 when they came with their five children¹ to Raleigh. Here she lived until the death of her husband in July, 1901. After some intervening years spent partly with her sisters in Chapel Hill and partly in Raleigh, she and her daughter in 1907 followed her two youngest sons to Birmingham, Alabama, where she resided until her death on November 28, 1911. This brief statement, covering the period of her married life and another decade of thought and love and service can only suggest the real biography. Her intense delicate, sensitive nature knew no compromise in life's duties. There is not much more to say than that, as was said by one who loved her, "her large heart and large mind were given in large, unstinted service," this service given first in accordance with the heart's first dictates but shutting out none of the wide and universal sympathies. Mental and spiritual activity was necessary for her—that activity that tends to development and benefit if not to absolute rest of mind and the happiness of the unquestioning.

Literary, historical, patriotic interests played a part in her life. The North Carolina Society of the Daughters of the Revolution, founded by her and made up even now of her personal friends, desires to pay a tribute to her and to trace at the same time the history of the society by showing something of her work in connection with it during her long residence in Raleigh and by pointing out her contributions to the history of the State and her efficient patriotic interests.

In 1894—September 10th—she was asked by the National

¹The children of Fanny DeBerniere (Hooper) Whitaker and Spier Whitaker are:
DeBerniere Whitaker, University of North Carolina, Engineer. Vice-President
and General Manager Juragua Iron Company, Santiago de Cuba.
Bessie Lewis Whitaker, A.M., University of North Carolina: Teacher. Present
address, Bertram Hall, Cambridge, Mass.
Percy duPonceau Whitaker, B.S., University of North Carolina. Advertising
Counsel, Denver, Colorado.
David Spier Whitaker, University of North Carolina. Merchandise Broker,
Denver, Colorado.
Vernon Edelen Whitaker, University of North Carolina. General Agent A. B. &
A. R. R., Atlanta, Georgia.

Society of the Daughters of the Revolution, through the Secretary of the North Carolina Society of the Sons of the Revolution, to consider the position of regent for the Society in the State of North Carolina, the reason for the request being based, said the Secretary,¹ on her "interest in such matters as well as ancestral and other qualifications." She became a member of the National Society of the Daughters of the Revolution December 18, 1894. She was appointed State Regent for North Carolina for a term extending from January 7, 1895, to January 1, 1899. She was retained as Regent by the North Carolina Society until her resignation, formally tendered July 6, 1902.

Her work in creating conditions for the establishment of a State Society began immediately after her appointment. Gradually, constantly, and persistently she interested her friends in the work and the objects and, on October 19, 1896, the anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis, she organized the North Carolina Society. Her work in effecting the organization was accomplished under difficulties; for, even so recently, women were not as easily aroused as now to a sense of the importance of an opportunity for preserving family records and contributing to the cause of historical research and the inculcating of historical interests. Before beginning this work, she had made a careful study of the history and standards of the National patriotic societies and it was the strict and unvarying requirement of membership through lineal descent that determined her allegiance to this particular society. In January, 1897, the North Carolina Society of the Daughters of the Revolution adopted a provisional State Constitution and By-Laws, the objects as stated in this constitution being to "perpetuate the patriotic spirit of the men and women who achieved American independence; to commemorate Revolutionary events—especially those con-

¹Mr. Marshall DeLancey Haywood, Raleigh, N. C.

nected with North Carolina; to collect, publish and preserve the rolls, records and historic documents relating to that period; to encourage the study of the country's history; and to promote sentiments of friendship and common interests among the members of the Society." It was through the zeal and ability of Mrs. Whitaker as regent and the able coöperation of other women that the growth of the Society became assured and that its influence steadily widened.

In the *North Carolina Historical and Genealogical Register*, October, 1900, Vol. 1, there is an outline by Mrs. Whitaker of the activities of the society, in which she shows that it had labored steadily to promote the objects for which it was established as set forth in its constitution, in line with which, among other activities, a hall had been rented for business meetings where historical and other papers were read and these and other matters germane to the Society were discussed and where were kept its nucleus of a library and a collection of relics; a genealogical department established as an adjunct to the Society; a gold medal offered to a pupil of the Raleigh Graded Schools for an essay on an assigned historical subject; steps taken towards marking hitherto neglected graves of soldiers of the Revolution in Wake County; resolutions sent (in 1898) to United States Senators and Representatives from North Carolina (at request of the Ticonderoga Historical Society, Ticonderoga, New York), advocating the passage of a bill for the Government ownership and preservation of old Fort Ticonderoga; an appeal made through a circular letter (May, 1898) to the House of Representatives in Washington for the appropriation of ten thousand dollars to carry into effect two resolutions of the Continental Congress in 1778 and 1781 for the erection of monuments to Brigadier-General Francis Nash and William Lee Davidson of North Carolina; a movement inaugurated May 4, 1898, when troops were being organized for the Span-

ish War for the formation of a Soldiers' Aid Society, etc. The movement that has proved perhaps of most lasting benefit to the State is referred to as the "publication of THE NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET, containing articles of great historic value, for the most part contributions from distinguished writers of the State." "This," she continues, "formerly under the able management of its first editors, Miss Martha Helen Haywood and Mrs. Hubert Haywood, with the former of whom the idea of its publication originated—*palmam qui meruit ferat*—is now in the hands of Miss Mary Hilliard Hinton and Mrs. E. E. Moffitt." As late as May 12, 1912, Captain S. A. Ashe wrote of THE BOOKLET thus: "I recall the origin of THE BOOKLET. A noble oak has grown from the acorn. What an advantage it has been to the State! How many subjects have been explored—how many historical incidents have been rescued from oblivion—what a medium it has been of thought—what a stimulus to writing for the public to read. Our people before THE BOOKLET began were not in the habit of writing for the public. Now many use the pen as if they had been brought up in New England. I rejoice in the good it has brought our people."

Mrs. Whitaker was the very heart of THE BOOKLET enterprise. It was she who gave it living force, she who seemingly not active in its publication was the vital spark that gave it action.

As stated by Mrs. Whitaker in the outline in the *Historical Register*, the direct object of THE BOOKLET was to "begin a fund for the rearing of a monument to the first signers of an American Declaration of Independence—the patriotic ladies of the famous Edenton Tea Party of October 25, 1774, whose declaration antedated by nearly two years that of the vestry of St. Paul's Church in the same town, by seven months that of Mecklenburg, and by a year and eight months the National Declaration at Philadelphia." It was Mrs.

Whitaker who proposed that the Society attempt to create a fund for the "purpose of commemorating the heroism of the women of the Revolution by erecting a memorial to the too-much-ignored ladies of the historic Edenton Tea Party of 1774." Correspondence retained by her attests the interest and response on the part of prominent men who coöperated with her and the Society in the work of securing historic testimony as to the occasion of the Edenton Tea Party. She also appealed directly to persons in England who had access to records there. Evidence of the incident alluded to—casually mentioned by Wheeler in his *History of North Carolina*—was secured in an authoritative record which had been published in the *Morning Chronicle* and *London Advertiser* in England and she also obtained directly from England a list of the fifty-one ladies who signed the Edenton document, endorsing on October 25, 1774, the resolves of the provincial deputies who had held a Congress in New Bern, North Carolina, the preceding August. After some years the object proposed was accomplished by the Society through the publication of THE NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET, referred to in the foregoing—the publication devoted to developing and preserving incidents in the history of the State which previously had not received sufficient recognition and notice, the publication that achieved success through the work and skill of members of the Society who volunteered to take charge of it, and through the historical contributions of educators and historians of the State. The first issue appeared in May, 1901. On October 24, 1908, a bronze tablet was erected in the Capitol in Raleigh which bears this inscription: "Erected by the North Carolina Society of the Daughters of the Revolution to the fifty-one ladies of Edenton who by their patriotism, zeal and early protest against British authority assisted our forefathers in the making of this Republic and our Commonwealth." Considerable thought

was given to the form of the memorial. There is this reference to it in a letter from the writer of the present sketch, who is a member of the Society, to Mrs. Whitaker: "Your idea of the memorial that, instead of a shaft or statute or painting, it should have the educational form is an admirable one. You formulate ideas. Would that they could materialize! And I think they will, though a long time after this."

Mrs. Whitaker was one of the charter members of the *State Literary and Historical Association*, organized in Raleigh October 23, 1900. She became a member of the *Colonial Dames of America*, May 27, 1897; in 1900 she was second vice-president of that society in North Carolina.¹ On January 3, 1901, she organized the Raleigh local circle of Colonial Dames. She was a member of the recently organized National Society known as the Descendants of the Signers. She evidently considered membership in the Huguenot Society of America—though we have obtained no record of the membership—as there is correspondence relative to her eligibility through the lines DeBerniere and Crommelin. Although she did not actually and directly engage in work for the Daughters of the Revolution after the death of her husband in 1901, her influence and her name never ceased to be connected with it. Her formal resignation was tendered July 6, 1902. The record of the meeting of that date has the following statement in regard to it: "The resignation was received with profound regret and the Secretary requested to express the sentiments of the Society in the loss they sustain in her withdrawal. She has been Regent from the organization of the Society, and to her untiring zeal and labors the Society owes its existence today."² After her removal to Birmingham she was made an honorary

¹See North Carolina Colonial Dames Directory for 1900.

²Raleigh News and Observer, July 6, 1902.

life member of the Society. A clipping from the Raleigh paper, the date of which is missing, states that "Mrs. Spier Whitaker, founder of the Society of the Daughters of the Revolution in North Carolina, was elected Honorary Regent for life by a unanimous standing vote."

Mrs. Whitaker's tenderest allegiance was always with the old Southern Confederacy. Her name was among the first on the roll of the Daughters of the Confederacy in Raleigh, for on April 14, 1896, she became a member of the Johnston Pettigrew Chapter of that Society. Her feeling for the cause may be found in her own expression, in reference to various organizations in which she was interested—"the Daughters of the Confederacy being by far the closest to my heart."

In response to requests of compilers and editors she from time to time showed the facile pen and the work of the student and scholar. Her writing, unfortunately, must be sought where it was placed not on her own account but solely in the interest of some cause or to record some life she knew. Her circular letter written to enlist the first interest in the formation of the North Carolina Society Daughters of the Revolution—prepared first upon the request for a contribution to the Monumental, or Ladies' Edition of the *News and Observer* on the occasion of the unveiling of the Confederate monument in Raleigh, May 20, 1895—is still extant and is an appeal replete with fine distinctions, delicate touches, and fervid feeling. The purport may be seen in these words: "In our devotion to these unsuccessful, tear-crowned heroes and that Confederacy, unique and radiant, which is in eccentric orbit through stormy skies descending, blazed for a brief space among the constellations of the nations and went out in darkness, let us not forget those who participated in the triumphant struggle of the Revolution, from whom our Southern Chivalry derived and *inherited* that splendid courage and

heroism which have forever glorified both themselves and the cause for which they fought." Traces of her pen may be found among various papers and circular letters issued by the Society from time to time. And we find preserved occasional newspaper and pamphlet articles from her pen, the titles of which being somewhat as follows: "North Carolina Society Daughters of the Revolution," March 25, 1901, in *North Carolina Historical and Genealogical Register*. "Daughters of the Revolution," in *Literary and Historical Activities*, 1900-1905. "Just to the South" (Letter) in the *Democrat*, Clinton, North Carolina, June, 1905. "North Carolina Descendants of Signers of the Declaration of Independence," *Raleigh News and Observer*, July 3, 1907. "William Hooper and His Descendants" (answer to communication), *Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*, July 3, 1907, and *Asheville Gazette*, August 14, 1907. "Colonel (or General) Thomas Clarke"—article not signed, *Raleigh News and Observer*, July 31, 1892.

She was called upon to supply family book-plates for use in publications; apparently the Hooper and MacLaine plates were included in some elaborate book on the public, semi-public, and private libraries of the Thirteen Colonies, compiled by James Terry in 1904. As a close student of family history, she was asked to contribute a number of biographical sketches of historical and genealogical interest, embodying fruits of her research for family data, to the *Cyclopædia of American Biographies* (Lamb's Biographical Dictionary of the United States), edited by John Howard Brown, published by the James H. Lamb Company, Boston, Massachusetts, 1901. These articles include as titles the names Archibald MacLaine Hooper, George DeBerniere Hooper, John DeBerniere Hooper, Johnson J. Hooper, William Hooper, Clergyman; William Hooper, Signer Declaration of Independence; William Hooper, Educator, Edward Jones, Johnston Blake-

ley Jones, Abraham Rencher, Joseph Caldwell. The eleven sketches, not signed, and apparently not credited on any list of contributors, are acknowledged in part through a statement which appears in the published sketch of J. DeB. Hooper, as follows: "The data used in preparing the sketches of the Hooper family which appear in this work were furnished by Mrs. Spier Whitaker, a careful student of the annals of the family." The editor also acknowledges this extensive material relating to the Hooper family in a private letter of January 22, 1900, in which he speaks of her "invaluable assistance" in the matter of preparing the sketches, referring at the same time to the necessity for utmost conciseness and the final making of the sketches as nearly like those she sent as consistent with the scope of the Encyclopædia. Private memoranda establish the fact that there was also personal acknowledgment of the Jones, Rencher, and Caldwell sketches. For THE NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET of July, 1905, she contributed a valuable account of the life and times of William Hooper, the "Signer," with a genealogical account of the Hooper family. She wrote by request for the *Biographical History of North Carolina* a life of Thomas Clark of the Revolution, which sketch, however, is still held by the editors, awaiting publication in one of the later volumes to be issued within the next few years. In an early volume of the same work, a part of her sketch of her husband, Spier Whitaker, is published. The full sketch and another separate account of the Whitaker family are still unpublished.

Obviously it has been difficult to locate some of her writing. Probably some of her work is not to be found at all. Her object in writing was clearly not for personal recognition; it may be understood from her own remark in correspondence of 1894 with some editor or publisher, when she says "I hope I am not too late, *being exceedingly anxious that*

the facts should be accurately stated." As some one has recently said, "It is characteristic of her that she should have lost herself and her name and the credit due her in the work. She was so self-effacing—or rather so unaware—so unconscious of herself and her rarity."

A robust constitution gradually weakened under the strain of disease too insidious to be recognized until its work had become advanced. Death was not expected until a few days before the end. The calamity to her family was felt as a distinct shock by the many friends in her own State of North Carolina, in Alabama, and elsewhere, for she was widely known and loved. The funeral was held from Christ [Episcopal] Church, Raleigh, North Carolina, to which congregation she had belonged. The interment was in Oakwood Cemetery by the side of her husband.

Hers was a rare mind, of many gifts and marked originality. A too highly sensitive nature, and, for many years, a slight lameness due to rheumatism, had made her for some time almost a recluse. But far from being self-centered, she was always appreciative of friends, always thoughtful of others, much occupied with correspondence, full of interest in all that went on about her in home and town, an accurate and comprehensive reader, an indefatigable student, and a close observer of current events. Her remarkable fund of information was evident both in her speech and writings and her quick perception, unusual memory, and originality made her delightful in conversation. Interested to the last days of her life, when she was well-acquainted with pain, in details of home-making, full of broad, genuine sympathy and great charity—with a mind and heart occupied with great subjects and with great depths of affection—she was a womanly woman whose greatest weakness was an under-estimation of herself and an unwarranted reserve. Keenly interested in all intellectual movements and problems and

strongly favoring the saner, quieter efforts of women to take part even in legislation and government, she herself, endowed as she was with beauty of person and beauty of mind and heart and soul, wished to live the simplest life of greatest retirement. As said by one who knew her for many years, "She was a noble woman, one of the best God sends to this earth."¹

The picture of Fanny Hooper as a girl of seventeen, still in possession of her children, is loveliness itself. The glimpses of her girlhood, as pictured in words by those who knew her then are not less beautiful. In this youth she married Spier Whitaker, the young soldier and law-student who proved his worth and nobility as she did hers. Her life was primarily given to the love and sacrifice and the work and the joys of wife and mother. Incidentally she contributed much thought and influence where it was of value in her time. Her friends as well as her five children "rise up and call her blessed" while mourning her loss and grieving that she was not spared longer for love and service and for the blessing of her presence for those who can not understand her going.

¹Dr. Kemp P. Battle, University of North Carolina.