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THE NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET.

GREAT EVENTS IN NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY

THE HIGHLAND-SCOTCH SETTLEMENT IN NORTH CAROLINA.

BY

JUDGE JAMES C. MacRAE.

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VOL. IV.

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THE HIGHLAND-SCOTCH SETTLEMENT IN NORTH CAROLINA.

BY JUDGE JAMES C. MACRAE, OF CUMBERLAND.

The Scotch Highlanders were the people who occupied that portion of Scotland which lies north of the Tay on the one side and the Clyde on the other, and all the islands fringing the coasts of the great promontory from the Mull of Kintyre to the Orkneys and the Hebrides, and down the North Sea to the Firths of Tay and of Forth.

It is said, however, in official reports of the condition of these sections, made soon after the Battle of Culloden in 1746, that "the inhabitants of the lands adjoining to the mountains to the northward of those rivers, on the shores of Perth, Forfar, Kincardine, Aberdeen, Banff and Murray, where some sort of industry has prevailed and where the soil is tolerable, have for many years left off the Highland dress, and lost the Irish language, and have discontinued the use of weapons; the consequence whereof is that they can not be considered as dangerous to the public peace, and that the laws have their course amongst them." The foregoing is a memorandum of Lord President Forbes, written perhaps in 1746. The writer proceeds to give a sorry account of the inhabitants of the northern hills and islands, which we may not take without prejudice.*

* Scottish History from Contemporary Writers No. 111, "The Last Jacobite Uprising," by Sanford Terry, U. A., University Lecturer on History in the University oi Aberdeen.

These Highlands are on three sides washed by the cold waters of the Northern Oceans, which beat upon the islands and pierce the mainlands, where for all time beautiful hills covered with heather and gorse afforded shelter in their fastnesses, and valleys embellished with exquisite lakes, gave pasture and drink to the flocks and herds of the pristine inhabitants. Language, in poetry and prose, has been exhausted in the description of the sublime scenery of this historic section.

The story of the first settlements of this land is lost in myth; but there are, here and there, to be found vestiges of an intelligent and, for its time, a cultured race, who lived and flourished here so long ago as in the prehistoric Age of Stone; and along the successive ages of man the Archaeologist traces the steps of these interesting people.

Though these western isles are mentioned by Greek writers long before the Christian Era, in connection with the commerce of Phoenicia and Carthage, we know nothing practical of them until from the time of Julius Cæsar's unsuccessful attempt to subdue the Island of Britain. *There* begins to loom up the history, or tradition, of the first known inhabitants, the Picts, and later the Scots, who brought their name from Ireland, which was the original Scotia. Their history is that of a perpetual struggle, and for ages a successful one, for freedom.

Cæsar never reached the confines of their dominions, and near a century later, the Roman armies were stopped, and Agricola failed to make a lodgment. According to Tacitus, the Caledonians, as they were then called, thirty thousand strong, under Galgacus, Scotland's first historic hero, were defeated by the Romans at Mons Granpius in A. D. 86. But

it was a barren victory, for, half a century later, Hadrian and Antoninus built walls to keep them out of the imperial provinces of Rome. The all-prevailing Anglo-Saxon spent centuries of endeavor, and his conquest at last was only perfected by their acceptance of the King of Scotland, James the Sixth, to be the first James of England.

Long years afterwards, when the Stuart Dynasty had had its day, a considerable portion of these Highlanders remained faithful to this House, and their lands afforded harbor and succor to the efforts of the Chevaliers and Pretenders to the throne of England, and there were many risings and abortive attempts to disturb the settled constitution of England and bring back to the throne the ancient Scottish Royal Family, until, at Culloden, in 1746, it was finally defeated, and the Highlands were harried and their people put to death, or scattered and banished to distant lands, and, with those who were permitted to remain, the traditional clans were destroyed, and their very language itself was almost obliterated.

These were the Highlanders, principally, from which the American Colonies were peopled; but we must not forget that they were greatly divided among themselves, even in the hills, and that Scotland itself was divided into the Highlands and the Lowlands, inhabited by distinctly different races, and bearing to each other marked antipathy.

The race of which we write lived the old patriarchial life inherited from the Aryan tribes on the high Steppes of Asia. The head of the family was the leader; the family by growth became the Sept; the Sept grew into the Clan, the chief of which was the lord, whose retainers were his kinsmen and were ready to follow him in the foray over the border, in the long crusade to the Holy Land, in the wars upon the Con-

tinent or in the fierce conflict with the growing power of England.

The Highlanders were a strong and exhuberant race. Their habitations were hives from which, at intervals, went out swarms to people the earth. The heads of the Clans were often educated in foreign lands and in the Universities in the Lowlands; while imbued with the fierce spirit of their race, they were endowed with the graces of birth and culture, and it was from their children that the Middle Class came to be formed in the course of time; the body of the people were bold, faithful and devoted. Among them there was less of religious division than in other sections.

The Christian religion had come to them in its earliest simplicity. Ninian preached to them about the year of our Lord four hundred, and about five hundred and sixty-five, Columba established the celebrated Seat of Religion on the Island of Iona, which developed into a great monastery, from which every part of the Highlands was reached by its missionaries. The records of these earlier days have all been lost, or destroyed of purpose, but there seems to have been not so much of the bitterness of strife among the Christians of the Highlands, nor the fearful religious persecutions there as among their southern neighbors.

After every rising in the North, notably in 1690, 1715 and 1746, a stream of emigration passed out into foreign lands, much of it compulsory.

Of the disturbed conditions of the Highlands for centuries, we have not the space to make more than mention. One of the most noted and fateful of the emigrations from Scotland, and this was not only from the Highlands but from the Lowlands also, was that which was called the Darien Scheme in

1695, which, like many another adventure over the unknown ocean, led only to disaster.

In 1733 a colony of these people came to Georgia under the auspices of Governor Oglethorpe, and fought the Spaniards; and years afterwards, at the outbreak of the Revolution, had become so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of liberty that they were generally the first to espouse the Cause of the Colonies against Great Britain, and many of their descendants are now prominent citizens of Georgia. About the same time a colony came to New York under the leadership of Lauchlan Campbell, who fought the Indians, and espoused the Royal Cause in the Revolution.

In 1773 a colony of four hundred Highlanders was settled on the Mohawk, led by three gentlemen named McDonnell, under the auspices of Mr. William Johnson.

There was an earlier settlement in Nova Scotia, which was the nucleus of streams of their countrymen, whose descendants at this day take large part in the Dominion of Canada.

But we have to do with those who came to the Cape Fear and up the river to what is known as the Highland settlements of North Carolina.

It was a beautiful country to which they began to come so early and continued to come until after the war of the Revolution had actually begun, and long after it was at an end.

It must have been a grateful change to these troubled people, who sought for peace if not for rest on the far away shores of the new world. There was comparatively little undergrowth; the tall pines, with their perennial green, upon the uplands, sang to them a peaceful welcome; the surface of the earth was covered with a luxuriant growth of wild pea vines, and the bottoms with rich cane brakes, affording

abundant preserve for innumerable small game, especially deer and turkeys; sand-hill streams were, and are to this day, an unfailing supply of drink, even in the dryest seasons; the climate was mild and favorable, all combined to offer an ideal land for the shepherd with his flocks and herds. The Indian had already sought other hunting grounds in and beyond the mountain range some hundred miles toward the setting sun.

Spreading out beyond the Cape Fear, as high up as the confluence of the Deep and Haw, and to the Pedee where the Yadkin and Uwharie come together, they planted their homes in what is now Cumberland, Harnett, Moore, Montgomery, Anson, Richmond and upper Robeson, and in the adjoining districts of South Carolina.

Here they seemed to have reached "the haven where they would be."

A religious people, simple, virtuous, honorable and full of courage, they lived for years in quiet and content. The settler here was like Norval's father on the Grampian Hills, "A frugal swain whose constant care was to increase his store, and keep his 'SONS' at home."

The large village of Cross Creek, moved up a mile from the town of Campbellton on the banks of the river, with its merchant mill and trading store, was the seat of their most important town, at the head of navigation. A large and flourishing mill still occupies its site, in the center of the city of Fayetteville, owned and operated by an enterprising citizen who bears the name though not the lineage of some of the most distinguished of the pioneer leaders of that day.

The street in Fayetteville still called "Maiden Lane," and for a long time known as "Scotch Town," was the principal residence part of the town, although the place where the cele-

brated Flora McDonald lived is pointed out on the banks of the creek near where it is crossed by Green street. Many traditions have been handed down of the time when the old Scotch ladies sat before their doors in the gloaming and told the tales of the grandfathers, about the "Old Country" to listening youth and maiden gathered round.

In Foote's Sketches of North Carolina, it is said:

"The name of the village took its origin from the curious fact that the two small streams, Cross Creek and Blunts Creek, the one coming from the south and the other from the west, met and apparently separated, and, forming an island of some size, again united and flowed on to the river. It was said that the streams, when swelled by rains, would actually cross each other in their rapid course to form a junction. This belief arose from the circumstance that float-wood coming down the stream would sometimes shoot across the commingling waters in the direction of its previous course, and, floating round the island, would fall into the united current. The action of a mill dam prevents the recurrence."

This was written in 1846. Old citizens of Fayetteville will point out the place now to the curious inquirer.

The town is described in a book once loaned the writer by the late General Rufus Barringer, of Charlotte, which was published by a traveler who was studying the fauna and the flora of this section, a long time before the Revolution, as a flourishing town of fifteen hundred houses.

The writer of this sketch is greatly indebted to his old friend, Hamilton McMillan, Esq., for much valuable information and suggestion. He says that there is not the shadow of a doubt that the first Highland immigrants reached this region at an earlier date than 1729; and he further says:

"There is a tradition preserved in the McFarland family that members of that clan reached North Carolina as early as 1690. When the Quhele clan located in Cumberland it is now impossible to tell; but they probably came over about the time that the McFarlands settled in what is now Scotland County. It is a tradition that many Scotchmen located on the Cape Fear, after the disastrous rising in 1715."

We know, from contemporary history, that a great number of Highlanders were banished to the plantations in 1716.*

Professor J. P. McLean, of Cleveland, Ohio, in his very interesting "Historical Account of the Settlements of Scotch Highlanders in America," in which he has displayed much research, says that while the time when they first began to occupy this section is not definitely known; some were located there in 1729, at the time of the separation of the Province into North and South Carolina, and this information he gets from Foote and Caruthers.

In Colonel Saunders' Prefaratory Remarks to the fourth volume of the Colonial Records, it is said: "In September, 1739, Dugald McNeal, Colonel McAlister and several other Scotch gentlemen, arrived with three hundred and fifty Scotch people, doubtless in the Cape Fear Country. And in 1740, in the Upper House of the Legislature, resolutions were passed appropriating £1,000, to be paid out of the public money by His Excellency's Warrant, to be lodged with Duncan Campbell, Dugald McNeal and Daniel McNeal, Esqrs., to be by them distributed among the several families in said petition mentioned.

It was further resolved, that, as an encouragement for pro-

* Mitchell's History of the Highlands, page 578.

testants to remove from Europe into this province, provided they exceed forty persons in one body or company, they shall be exempted from payment of any public or county tax for the space of ten years next ensuing their arrival, and an address was sent to the Governor asking him to use his interest in the giving of encouragement to this immigration.

Governor Gabriel Johnson was himself a Scotchman, though a Lowlander, and was so warm in his encouragement of these measures that it was complained against him that he showed special favor to the Scotch rebels. In 1740 appear the first names of the Highlanders in the Commission of the Peace. On the 29th of February, 1740, "further consideration was shown to the new comers by the appointment by the Governor and Council of Duncan Campbell, Dugald McNeil, Col. McAlister and Neil McNeil, as Magistrates for the County of Bladen. According to Dr. Caruthers, the party which came over in 1739 found Hector McNeal with his colony already settled near "the Bluff" on the north side of the Cape Fear, about twelve miles above Fayetteville.

The late Rev. Dr. McNeill McKay, a distinguished Presbyterian divine, prepared and delivered a most interesting history of the Bluff Church, which, to the writer's surprise, is not to be found in the University Library, and which he has made an ineffectual effort to obtain for use in the preparation of this sketch. He has found there a late publication concerning the family of Colonel Alexander McAllister, himself a descendant of Fergas Mor, the Lord of the Isles. In this goodly company appear the names of almost every prominent citizen of Harnett and upper Cumberland.

Mr. McMillan continues his interesting letter:

"The greatest immigration followed the rising of 1745.

Neill McNeill, of Jura, was in America inspecting the lands in Pennsylvania and in North Carolina, while the troubles on account of Charles Edward, the Pretender, were occurring in 1745-46. Soon after Culloden and, if I am not mistaken, in 1747, McNeill led a large colony to the Cape Fear. Many, principally Lowlanders, settled near Governor Johnson's place in Bladen, while the greater number located in Cumberland and Harnett.

"Governor Johnson had built a great palace on the river, four miles above the present town of Elizabeth Town, and there he concealed for a number of years his brother, who had escaped British vengeance after Culloden. The Court House then stood a short distance south of the palace, and near the residence of the late Hon. T. D. McDowell. This building was destroyed by fire in 1765, and a new one built in after years, about four miles below. This building, so destroyed, was temporarily replaced by another on the old site; for in a diary kept by Governor Johnson's brother during these eventful times (and recently discovered by a great grandson in Georgia, among a mass of old papers) it is related that Francis Marion organized his famous band in the Court House in Bladen, and that said band was composed largely of Cape Fear Patriots.

"There are other accounts in South Carolina histories of the organization of Marion's men, but it is doubtless true that some portions of his famous band were here recruited and organized."

And the Highlanders *were* represented in Marion's band of patriots, for Sergeant McDonald, said to be near kin to the McDonalds who headed the loyalists rising, was one of the most celebrated soldiers of Marion's men.

"The early settlers in the Upper Cape Fear region tried to establish a town in what is now Harnett County, but this effort was a failure, and 'Chaffeningham' became a 'deserted village.'

"The settlement at Campbelton became permanent and gradually extended westward. John Elwell, a Revolutionary Patriot, told my father, the late William McMillan, that when he was a small boy there was one dwelling on Cross Creek, west of Campbelton. This, according to tradition, was the Branson dwelling, and, when demolished a few years ago, had the date of 1714 marked on the wall.

"The McLaurins came to America, and reached Campbelton in 1730. They had been under the protection of the McGregors up to that year, who kept them from being exterminated by hostile clans. They left Scotland, according to Sir Walter Scott, in August, 1730, and it is quite probable that they arrived at Campbelton in the fall of that year.

"There were occasional bands of immigrants who arrived in the years preceding the Revolution, but larger numbers arrived in the years 1804 and 1805.

"The destruction of the Court House in Bladen in 1765, together with its records, renders it difficult to find any written evidence corroborating existing traditions."

We may add that there seems to be nothing on record in the State Department at Raleigh, or in the Colonial Records, which shows earlier grants to the Scotch than 1729.

A fund of information concerning these people may be found in the life of Dr. Caldwell and the Revolutionary Incidents by Dr. Caruthers, and the Sketches of North Carolina by the Rev. William Henry Foote, which is a most interesting history of the Presbyterian Church in North Carolina. Dr.

Caruthers pays high tribute to them as a whole, and attempts to account for so large a portion of them having taken sides with the King.

"The Scotch settlements extended from the Ocean up to the Cape Fear and Deep Rivers, and from these rivers to the Pedee. This space includes eight or ten of our present counties, and was settled almost exclusively by the Highlanders. In addition to their sacred regard for the obligation of an oath, they had been for many generations accustomed to a kingly government, and they seemed to think that no other was admissible. They seem to have always had the elements of republicanism, especially in matters of religion; for at all times, and under all circumstances, they held the right of worshipping God according to their own understanding of His Word, as one of vital importance. In all periods of their authentic history it seems they must have a king; but, as they believed that a royal government was the only one sanctioned in the Bible, he must be a man after their own hearts, and he must be bound by oath and covenant, like the Jewish kings of old, to serve the God of the Bible, while he maintained the true religion and ruled in moderation he was their rightful sovereign, and there never was or could be a more loyal and devoted people. He was the Lord's Anointed, and to rebel against him was the same thing as to rebel against the Lord Himself."

These were also a clannish people, and paid the utmost deference to their lairds or petty chieftains, whether in a civil, social or religious capacity; and such continued to be the fact, to a great extent, long after they came to America. But there was another and a large class of population in and around Campbelton, especially on the east side of the Cape Fear

River, who were infused with the spirit of resistance to tyrants by the patriots of the Lower Cape Fear, and who early declared for independence, although still hoping for reconciliation between Great Britain and America.*

Colonel Alexander McAllister was the colonel of the Cumberland Militia. He, with Farquhard Campbell and Alexander McKay, Thomas Rutherford and David Smith, was a delegate to the General Assembly of Deputies at New Bern in 1774.

The conclusion reached by Caruthers and Foote, while they dealt with those who remained loyal with the most abundant charity, was that those who had come to this region in the earlier immigrations were in sympathy with the patriots and many joined their ranks. But the body of those who came later, and some arrived almost in the beginning of the Revolution, in 1775, were, to a great extent, poor and unlettered, speaking only the Gaelic language, and entirely unacquainted with the matters in dispute and under the influence of their leaders who brought them here; and were led by them to follow the royal standard when it was raised by General McDonald, their natural leader; and it was principally those, who with the Regulators, met with defeat at Moore's Creek, as has been so graphically and intelligently detailed in the Booklet recently prepared by Professor Noble. The truth is that these people had come here for peace. They were not much concerned in the troubles in Boston, so far to the north of them. The better educated and the wealthier of those who had been here for some time gave countenance and sympathy to and

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* See the Resolves of the Association at Liberty Point, June 20th, 1775. Wheeler, page 125.

joined the patriots. Many of them were with Marion's men. In the later troubles, after the British had transferred their operations to North and South Carolina, for they seemed to have been fated to be in the center of disturbance, all that territory between the Cape Fear and the Pedee was overswept by marauding bands, and to those who desired to be neutral the danger was greater than it was to those who were bold enough to take sides. There were small battles, as to numbers engaged, but fearful as to cruelty and bloodshed, the worst character of civil war. The Highlanders who remained on the side of the King were a small part of the tories under Fanning, who came down from the higher country and ravaged and destroyed, and who, of course, were met in the same spirit by the wilder sort of those who were in sympathy with the whigs.

For a long time before hostilities broke out in North Carolina, there were great efforts made by both sides to secure the sympathy of the Highlanders who were everywhere acknowledged to be a people of conscientious convictions and high character.

Colonel McIntosh came among them from the Scotch who lived near Society Hill in South Carolina, himself an ardent Whig, and, no doubt influenced many to take the patriots' side.

When Fanning captured Governor Burke at Hillsboro and carried him to Wilmington the Tories stopped with him one night on Deep River at the house of the father of Colin MacRae, who was the progenitor of that branch of the MacRaes who afterwards lived, and now live in Wilmington, the wife of Mr. MacRae, who was herself a kinswoman of Governor Burke, made an ineffectual effort to help him to escape.

Captain McCranie commanded a company of Whigs in Cumberland and many of the Highlanders who had been in this country some time before the Revolution, joined the Whigs. Cornwallis was disappointed at the failure of the Highlanders to come to him as he passed Cross Creek on his way to Wilmington.

Mr. McMillan further writes:

"Among some old books I have read, I find it stated that one McAlister, who carried on a mercantile business in Campbelton, was a great friend of Benjamin Franklin. Boxes of goods from Philadelphia contained reading matter calculated to influence the people trading in Campbelton in favor of independence, and these books and pamphlets were distributed among the people in all the back country by Herman Husbands, a cousin of Franklin, who was sent to North Carolina to prepare the people for resistance to British tyranny."

It is a remarkable thing that by some means the first spark of freedom was quenched at Alamance by those who afterwards became the leaders of the patriots, and that those who first fought against oppression were turned by these untoward events to be the Tories in the war which soon ensued. It is no more singular, however, than was the fate of those gallant young Frenchmen with LaFayette at Yorktown, who got back to France in time to be guillotined as Aristocrats. Hon. W. H. Bailey, of Mecklenburg, now living in Texas, once told the writer that he had heard from some one that a letter was sent by a special messenger from some of these Highlanders to Dr. Witherspoon, the president of the College of New Jersey, to ask his advice as to which side they should take, and of course he wrote by the messenger strongly urging them to declare for independence; but the messenger was captured by

the Tories on his return journey, and a different letter substituted, advising them to stand for the King.

This, however, is too much like Peregrine Pickle's letter to his sweetheart, which was worn out in the messenger's shoe and another one substituted in its place.

But the work was done with these Highlanders, and especially with those who came just before the Revolution, by the dominant influence of the McDonalds and McLeods and McLeans, who came with them from Scotland, or later came from the British army at Boston, in which they were commissioned officers, and stirred the blood of their kinsmen to take up arms for the King.

In Foote's Sketches, on page 148, chapter XII., is the story of Flora McDonald, the aristocratic young Highland maiden who so romantically saved the life of Charles Edward, the Pretender, in the face of a reward of £30,000 for his head, although she had not been in sympathy with the rebellion in his favor; her arrest and imprisonment in the Tower of London; her finding favor with Prince Frederick, the heir apparent; her interview with King George the Second, and how, in reply to his inquiry, "How could you dare to succor the enemies of my crown and kingdom?" she said, with great simplicity, "It was no more than I would have done to your majesty, had you been in like situation"; her free release, and ride back to Scotland, accompanied by Malcom McLeod, who used afterwards to boast that he went to London to be hanged, but rode back in a chaise and four with Flora McDonald. The beautiful young girl had married Allan McDonald, of Kingsburgh, and by him had several sons, who in time became officers in the British army. She and her husband came with the Highlanders to Cumberland in 1775.

They were visited by the young officers, the McDonalds and McLeods, from Boston, who came to influence the immigrants to be true to the King. The influence of these high-born Scotch upon the more lowly ones, who had been accustomed to follow them all their lives; their utter ignorance of the matter in controversy; the extraordinary efforts of Governor Martin to confirm their faith in the King, and the fact that, at the beginning of the controversy, there was little or no bitterness between the Whigs and Royalists in that section goes far to account for their adherence to the crown.

Caruthers says:

"Even in November and December, 1775, the two parties in Cross Creek, now Fayetteville, mustered on opposite sides of the village, then returned to town and lived in great harmony. But this state of things could not continue."

As the strife came nearer home, the lines were more closely drawn, and, at last, when the royal standard was raised at Cross Creek by General McDonald, formerly an officer in the British army, and now commissioned with higher rank, when Governor Martin had sent commissions to the young and aspiring men among them, and every blandishment was used upon them, there was a blare of enthusiasm. The pibroch's strains were heard through the sand hills, and there was in this far-away land the last gathering of the clans, with the result of which we are so familiar. Most of the Highlanders in arms being captured at Moore's Creek, their officers carried away prisoners, and themselves paroled; this was the end of organized oposition on their part. How gladly they returned to their homes, and would have remained there until the strife was over if it were possible in a time like that to be neutral.

Many tried to stay at home and some met with cruel death, and all with the devastation and horrors of civil war.

But at last it all passed away; the victory was won, and, strange to say, it was these same Highlanders, or what was left of them, who became the leading citizens of their section.

In the list of the members of the General Assembly from Cumberland, beginning with Alexander McAlister and coming down and up the century to the present time, a large majority of the members were these Highlanders and their descendants. And, even at this writing, the Senator from Cumberland comes of a great clan, whose abode was in the most northern part of the mainland in Scotland; and one of the present members of the House from Cumberland is a native Highland Scotchman. For many years the Judges of the Superior Court of the present Seventh Judicial District have been Highland Scotchmen by descent, and so is the president of the Corporation Commission.

Among these people for half a century and much longer after the Revolution, for it is in the memory of the writer, the Gaelic tongue was as commonly spoken on the streets of Fayetteville and in the sand hills of Cumberland, and in parts of Richmond and Robeson, as the English. The older ones spoke little else; the younger understood and could speak it, and did speak it to their fathers and mothers. Even the negro slaves, who were treated with the greatest kindness, some of them spoke the Gaelic. We well remember when, at Galatia Church especially, the first sermon in the morning was preached in Gaelic by that Old Man of God, Rev. Colin McIver; and after his death, by the Rev. Mr. Sinclair, who was sent for to succeed him because he could speak the language most familiar to the congregation.

It would require a large book, rather than a booklet, to gather up the traditions of these people.

The writer, when a little boy, was accustomed to spend the summers at the farm of old Mr. and Mrs. Archie McGregor in the sand hills of Cumberland, now Harnett, and not very far from Cameron Hill, where Flora McDonald for a time resided. It was near Cypress Church where Rev. Evander McNair, of blessed memory, preached, and he preached sometimes in Gaelic, we think; we know that he could speak it, and not far away from Barbecue where the McDonalds once worshipped.

It was late in the gloaming of one summer evening when the night began to fall and some dark clouds in the west threatened a storm, and the family had all gathered in, when, far away in the distance, floating on the evening breeze, was heard the faint notes of the bagpipe sounding an old Highland tune. We wish you could imagine the electrical effect of those far off sounds upon that family; the anxiety on every face, the haste with which the old claybank horse, "General," was hitched up to the cart (it was before the days of buggies), and the young men started in quest of the old lost piper. He was a wanderer among the Scotch families in all that section; he was a welcome guest at every fireside so long as he chose to abide with them. He was very old; his breath was too thin to fill the bag for his pipe, and his step tottered as he walked, and he was almost blind. When he wandered off and got lost in the woods his custom was to sit down on a fallen tree and play the pipes as best he could. And of one thing he might be sure, that if there were any of his countrymen or women within the sound of his pipe he would soon find succor and a hospitable welcome. So, in an hour they found

him, sitting on a log in the "lochy place" and brought him in to a good supper and a comfortable bed. The old man was the last of his race in the sand hills of Cumberland. His name was Urquhart. He remained with the McGregors for several days, maybe weeks, and used to pipe as well as he could for them the old Scotch airs, to which they listened with a kind of awe. He spoke what little he did speak in Gaelic, and they talked to him in the same language, all of which has left us but the little Bible, and that is now in an unknown tongue. After a while the restless fit came upon him and he wandered away, followed by the kind words of all the McGregors. The writer never saw him again in the flesh, but he can see the little old man now, as he went down the road with his bagpipes under his arm. We know not whether he had any home or family of his own in the sand hills of Cumberland, but it could not have been long before he heard sweeter music than the notes of his own beloved pipes, for he must soon have found a hospitable resting place for his weary old soul in "the far away land of the blest."

The great characteristic of those people was their love of education. The good schools they had in the counties where they lived up to the last generation, before the war is the period by which we all measure everything, and I doubt not there are many of them yet, those schools, especially one we knew on Long Street in Cumberland, of which Archie Ray was the principal, were the best schools of their time, and there are no better in the new light of this day. They have sent many a man to take the honors of the University and of Davidson College, and some to Princeton; and they have prepared many another for the battle of life, and sent him out in the world.

The men of this section have gone by way of the universities and colleges, and some times by way direct from the country high schools, all over the South and West, to take honored places among the people; and the rolls of our higher institutions to-day of either sex will bear many a name which was a familiar one in old Cross Creek, and from the Cape Fear to the Pedee in earlier days.

However divided or however wrong they may have gone when they came across the waters to find peace, and found a sword, of one thing there is no question—that in later times of strife they all followed the light which was set before them, as they saw the light, and they all saw it alike this time.

This same Scotch settlement was a sadly broken one in 1865, when so many of the young men never returned, and when war, just as its leader called it, swept with Sherman's thousands through these quiet settlements.

Experience has amply taught that there is no place in all the world where the seeker after peace may be sure he has found it.

We have stood in the door of one of these desolated places, not far from Long street and Galatia, and counted over the names of a score of young men who lived in sight of where we stood, who were buried in Pennsylvania or Maryland or Virginia.

But, resurgam! These settlements are all flourishing now. New enterprises have taken the places of the old. New roads are crossing each other. New school houses are open, and new church spires point the old way in all that region. And men and women of this day, in whose veins course the same red blood which drove back the Roman legions from the hills of Scotland are still ready to say, as their general said, ac-

cording to Tacitus near two thousand years ago, "As therefore you advance to battle look back upon your ancestors; look forward to your posterity."

Let us hope that this race has at last found the desired peace, and that all their strivings may hereafter be for the betterment of themselves, and of all the people.

Note.—In the preparation of this sketch the writer has been greatly aided by his friends, ex-Senator Hamilton McMillan and Captain E. R. McKethan, ex-member of the North Carolina Legislature. He has had access to Mitchell's History of the Highlands; McLean's Highlanders in America; Caruther's Life of Dr. Caldwell and Revolutionary Incidents; Foote's Sketches of North Carolina, and, of course, to the Colonial Records.

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