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The North Carolina Booklet

GREAT EVENTS IN NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY

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DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION
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CONTENTS

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The North Carolina Booklet

Great Events in North Carolina History

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

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THE NORTH CAROLINA SOCIETY
DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION

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

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The Continental Line of North Carolina

By Frank Nash.

To pause, even for a moment, in the midst of the turmoil of a world, to consider the part that the Continental Line of North Carolina took in the Revolutionary War, seems, at first blush, puerile. When the philosophical historian, however, comes later to trace through the distant past the causes of the Great War, he will find that the "embattled farmers" of 1776 were inspired by the same idealism that the Allies are now; that the Revolutionary War had the same spiritual import as has the Great War. He will find that the material outcome of that war is small, very small, when compared with its moral effect upon the world at large; that a victorious peace was, in itself, insignificant, as compared with the spiritual conquest of our ally, France, and of our foe, Britain. Had it not been for this conquest the present war would have been a mere sordid struggle for more territory and more power, with America on one side, an interested observer, but not an active participant. As it is she is standing hand in hand and soul to soul with these great democracies, feeling in the depths of her heart that the struggle of 1776 has been renewed, only its theater is the world, and not a small section of a continent.

If the Revolutionary War was waged in defense of the liberties of Americans, much more is this; if it was a protest against autocracy, much more is this; if it was a defense of

democracy, much more is this. The Great War is indeed a life and death struggle between the two antagonistic world political principles, autocracy and democracy, and if the former conquers, then all the blood that our ancestors shed, all the treasure they expended, was shed in vain, were expended in vain.

It is fortunate that we have as president at this time of stress a great historian, as well as a great statesman. He knows, none better, how terribly destructive to life and property has been the lack of organization in all our wars, from the Revolution to that with Spain. So he put in action a thousand wonderful agencies which are welding the 110,000,000 people of this country into an army inspired by one spirit and moving to one end. He knew how much the great souled Washington was harrassed by the folly and dilatoriness of the Continental Congress in raising an army for the defense of their liberties; he knew the disgraceful inefficiency of the militia in the War of 1812, and the equally disgraceful insubordination of the volunteers in the War with Mexico; he knew the unpreparedness of both sides in the War Between the States, as marked also in the Spanish-American War; so he gave us the draft, the wisest, fairest, and most equal way of raising an army for the defense of democracy.

There is little exaggeration in Senator Chamberlain's declaration: "I have sometimes wondered how that distinguished commander of the American forces (Washington), with his splendid aide, Alexander Hamilton, ever had time to organize an army, because they devoted so much of their time to appeals to the Continental Congress and to the States to assist them in organizing an army that might be successful in the accomplishment of victory."

Out of those appeals, however, came the Continental Line. Congress at first refused to make the enlistment longer than for one year. "It is not easy," said Judge Marshall, in his *Life of Washington,* "to account for this fatal error. Some jealousy of a permanent army was, probably, intermingled

with the hope that the war would not be of long duration, and with the fear that much difficulty would be experienced in prevailing on men to enter into engagements of unlimited extent." It took the Long Island disaster, August 27, 1776, as well as much pleading from Washington, to arouse Congress to action. He thus writes to them after that disaster:

"Our situation is truly distressing. The check our detachment sustained on the 27th ultimo has dispirited too great a proportion of our troops, and filled their minds with apprehension and despair. The militia, instead of calling forth their utmost efforts to a brave and manly opposition, in order to repair our losses, are dismayed, intractable and impatient to return. Great numbers of them have gone off, in some instances almost by whole regiments, in many by half ones and by companies at a time. This circumstance of itself, independent of others, when fronted by a well appointed enemy, superior in number to our whole collected force, would be sufficiently disagreeable; but when it is added that their example has infected another part of the army; that their want of discipline and refusal of almost every kind of restraint and government, have rendered a like conduct but too common in the whole, and have produced an entire disregard of that order and subordination necessary for the well doing of an army, our condition is still more alarming, and with the deepest concern I am obliged to confess my want of confidence in the generality of the troops. All these circumstances fully confirm the opinion I ever entertained, and which I, more than once in my letters, took the liberty of mentioning to Congress: that no dependence could be put in a militia, or other troops than those enlisted and embodied for a longer period than our regulations have heretofore prescribed. I am persuaded, and am as fully convinced as of any one fact that has happened, that our liberties must, of necessity, be greatly hazarded, if not entirely lost, if their defense be left to any but a permanent army."

Immediately after the receipt of this letter, September, 1776, Congress proposed to the various States a permanent army to be enlisted for the war, and to be composed of eighty-eight battalions. These were to be raised by the various States in proportion to their ability. The share of North Carolina was nine battalions. A bounty of twenty dollars was allowed to each recruit, and portions of vacant lands were allotted to each soldier, from 500 acres to a colonel down to 100 acres for each noncommissioned officer and private.

The Hillsboro Congress of August-September, 1775, acting under the one-year plan of the Continental Congress, had already provided for two regiments of five hundred men each, and had elected the officers as follows:

FIRST REGIMENT.

Colonel—James Moore.
Lieutenant Colonel—Francis Nash.
Major—Thomas Clark.
Adjutant—Wm. Williams.
Captains—Wm. Davis, Thos. Allon, Alfred Moore, Caleb Grainger, Wm. Pickett, Robert Rowan, John Walker, Henry Dickson, George Davidson, William Green.
Lieutenants—John Lillington, Joshua Bowman, Lawrence Thompson, Thomas Hogg, William Berryhill, Hector McNeill, Absolum Tatum, Hezekiah Rice, William Brandon, William Hill.
Ensigns—Neill McAlister, Maurice Moore, Jr., John Taylor, Howell Tatum, James Childs, Henry Neill, Berryman Turner, George Graham, Robert Rolston, Henry Pope.
Surgeon—Dr. Isaac Guion.

SECOND REGIMENT.

Colonel—Robert Howe.
Lieutenant Colonel—Alexander Martin.
Major—John Patten.
Adjutant and First Captain—John White.
Captains—James Blount, Michael Payne, Simon Bright, Jno. Armstrong, H. I. Toole, Hardy Murfree, Chas. Crawford, Nathaniel Keais, John Walker.
Lieutenants—John Grainger, Clement Hall, William Fenner, Benjamin Williams, Robert Smith, Edward Vail, Jr., John Williams, John Heritage, Joseph Tate, James Gee.
Ensigns—Henry Vipon, Whitmell Pugh, John Oliver, Philip Low, James Cook, John Woodhouse, William Gardner, William Caswell, Benjamin Cleveland, Joseph Clinch.
Surgeon—Dr. William Pasteur.

The captains were to be commissioned as soon as their various companies were filled up by recruits, thus making rank a reward to the diligent. The Halifax Congress, in April, 1776, added four additional regiments to the Continental Line, and that of November, 1776, three, thus making the quota of nine battalions asked of the State. These battal-

ions were to consist of eight companies, and each company of 76, rank and file. The Continental Congress later refused to receive any battalion containing less than 300 file into the service. A tenth battalion, commanded by Col. Abraham Shepperd, was added to the Continental Line in 1777. It did not join Washington until the Spring of 1778.

Speaking generally, the Continental troops of North Carolina never took part in a battle in which they did not fight well and bravely, but none of the battalions were full when they were engaged in active service. The difficulty of enlisting men for a long term, when they could satisfy their conscience by a three months' service with the militia, particularly when the enlistment for a long term would be followed by marches, perhaps to a distant State, the smallness of the bounty provided by the State of North Carolina for such enlistments, as compared with those of neighboring States, and the remissness of both the Confederacy and the State to provide them with adequate equipment and an adequate commissary, all tended to retard enlistments in the first instance, while numerous desertions among the men depleted the ranks after enlistments had been made. There were four regiments in Charleston in 1776, and it is probable that there were not more than 600 effective soldiers. Not more than 800 marched north with General Nash in 1777, to Brandywine and Germantown. We know that on November 10, 1777, the brigade contained only 520 effectives, 868 in all. (11 S. R., page 676.) And this notwithstanding the fact that Col. John Williams had joined with the 7th, 8th, and 9th battalions. These latter battalions, however, had only fragments of their quotas. Indeed the most striking, and at the same time depressing, fact in the history of the regular troops of North Carolina in the Revolution is the difficulty those in authority had in enlisting a proper number of men and in keeping them in the ranks after they were enlisted. It is true 5,454 names appear upon the roster (16 S. R., pages 1002 *et seq.*), but this number includes all who had died, been captured, dis-

charged, omitted, or deserted; and of the latter there was considerably over ten per cent of the whole number.

The first actual service of these troops was at Charleston, South Carolina. An account of this I take from Ashe's *History of North Carolina,* pages 536-9:

"On the departure of the fleet (British) from the Cape Fear, Lee hastened to Charleston, accompanied by Howe, where he arrived early in June (1776). Moore remained at Wilmington, but two Continental regiments under Nash and Martin reached Charleston on June 11th, followed later by the Virginia Regiment and the Third and Fourth Continentals, not then needed at Cape Fear. A rifle regiment raised in the west likewise repaired to Charleston. Felix Wagner, afterwards long a member of congress from the Buncombe district, says in his Autobiography: 'I was appointed lieutenant in Captain Richardson's company in the rifle regiment. I returned to Watauga and recruited my full proportion of men and marched them to Charleston in May, 1776, joined the regiment and was stationed on James Island.'

"When the fleet dropped anchor off the bar the Charlestonians barricaded their streets and prepared to defend the wharves of their city, and soon troops were stationed on the outlying islands inclosing the harbor. Colonel Moultrie began working night and day constructing a fort on the end of Sullivan's Island by bolting palmetto logs together for walls, with sixteen feet of sand between them. Week after week passed and no attack was made, so that toward the end of June the front of his fort was well finished and thirty odd guns were mounted in it. But powder was scarce, and there were hardly twenty-five rounds of ammunition for the guns. On the northeast of that island lay Long Island, a naked sand bank, and there Clinton landed more than three thousand troops, intending to cross the narrow intervening waters and thus gain possession of Sullivan's Island. To resist his advance Colonel Thompson of South Carolina was stationed at that end of Sullivan's Island with three hundred of his own riflemen, two hundred of Clark's North Carolina regiment, two hundred more South Carolinians under Horry, and with some light pieces on his flank; while Nash, for whom Lee had conceived a high opinion, was placed to defend the rear of the fort, which was unfinished and a post of great consequence.

"After much fortunate delay, in the early morning of June 28th the fleet approached the fort and the battle began. The British brought into action ten times the number of guns that Moultrie could use, but made no impression on the palmetto fort. A flag of blue with a white crescent emblazoned with the word 'Liberty' proudly floated over the rampart. In the torrent of balls the staff that bore it was severed, but as it fell Sergeant Jasper heroically seized the standard and raised it again on the bastion next to the enemy. The attempt

to pass from Long Island was no more successful than the attack on the water. The brave Americans drove the infantry back on two occasions, and the assault both on land and sea was a signal failure. The slow and skillful fire of Moultrie drove off the fleet and destroyed several frigates, the *Bristol* losing 40 men killed and 71 wounded, and the *Experiment*, 23 killed and 56 wounded; while the American loss, after ten hours of incessant conflict, was but 11 killed and 26 wounded. Repulsed, defeated, the army reëmbarked on the vessels and the contest was over."

A fleet under Sir Peter Parker had recently come out of England with fresh troops, commanded by the Earl of Cornwallis. It was joined by transports and men of war, bearing a force under Sir Henry Clinton, and a combined attack was made, by sea and land, upon the fort on Sullivan's Island, but the attack was a complete failure, the fort sinking two of the enemy's vessels, one, Sir Peter's own flag ship. General Charles Lee was in command of the patriot army. In his official report he said: "I know not which corps I have the greatest reason to be pleased with; Muhlenberg's Virginians or the North Carolina troops; they were both equally alert, zealous, and spirited. . . . Upon the whole the South and North Carolina troops and the Virginia rifle battalion we have here are admirable soldiers." This was a very handsome compliment to raw troops from one who was himself a trained and experienced soldier.

The Third Regiment and some companies of the First and Second remained in South Carolina, under the command of General Robert Howe, for the remainder of the year 1776, while the other regiments were with General James Moore in North Carolina. They were distributed at different points in the eastern part of the State, while a small detachment of the Third was at Salisbury with Colonel Alexander Martin. In March, 1776, Colonel James Moore of the First Regiment was promoted to be Brigadier, and on April 10, 1776, Francis Nash was made Colonel of that regiment, and still later, February 5, 1777, he, also, was made a brigadier-general, and was ordered to the western part of the State to expedite the recruiting service. In March, however, he was ordered to join

General Moore, and with him to proceed north with all the Continental troops that could be collected. General Moore died about the middle of April. In a sketch of his life in the *Biog. His. of N. C.*, vol. 2, page 301, it is said: "General Moore was a man of delicate organization and frail constitution, in striking contrast with his heroic soul and fine intellectual capacity. The exposure to which he was subjected that summer and fall (1776) on the malarious coast of South Carolina proved fatal to him. His health gave way, and in January, 1777, he returned to the Cape Fear, and died on the 15th of that month, lamented by all the patriots of North Carolina. It is related that he and his brother, Judge Maurice Moore, expired in the same house on the same day and were buried together. Of General Moore it has been said that he was the most masterful military man furnished by North Carolina in the War of Independence, and probably he had no superior in military genius on the continent."

It is well to notice that in several places in this volume of the *Biographical History* it is stated that General Moore died on January 15th. This, of course, is wrong. He died, as stated above, about the middle of April, 1777. (See 11 S. R., pages 411, 454, and 456.)

On the 20th of April General Nash set out from New Bern to take command of the brigade. From various causes the march of the troops north was delayed, and being further delayed by inoculation for smallpox at their camp at Georgetown, they did not reach Philadelphia until the 1st of July. Hugh McDonald, in his journal (11 S. R., pages 828 *et seq.*) gives such an interesting account of the peregrinations of the brigade and of his own adventures as a private in the Sixth Regiment of the Continental Line that I transcribe a large part of it. He was himself a Scotch Highlander and had fought at Moore's Creek.

"Notwithstanding this scouring (at Moore's Creek) and the just contempt of our fellow citizens, we remained in heart as much Tories as ever. This expedition took place in the month of February, 1776, from which we returned and began to prepare our fences for

a crop the ensuing summer. About the first of June a report was circulated that a company of light horse were coming into the settlement; and as a guilty conscience needs no accuser, every one thought they were after him. The report was that Colonel Alston had sent out four or five men to cite us all to muster at Henry Eagle's on Bear Creek; upon which our poor deluded people took refuge in the swamps. On a certain day, when we were plowing in the field, news came to my father that the light horse were in the settlement and a request that he would conceal himself. He went to the house of his brother-in-law to give him notice, and ordered me to take the horse out of the plow, turn him loose and follow him as fast as I could. I went to the horse, but never having ploughed any in my life, I was trying how I could plow, when five men on horseback appeared at the fence, one of whom, Daniel Buie, knew me and asked me what I was doing here. I answered that my father lived here; and he said he was not aware of that. 'Come,' he says, 'you must go with us to pilot us through the settlement; for we have a boy here with us who has come far enough. He is six miles from home and is tired enough.' His name was Thomas Graham, and he lived near the head of McLennon's Creek. I told Mr. Buie that I dare not go, for, if I did, my father would kill me. He then alighted from his horse and walked into the field, ungeared the horse and took him outside the fence. He then put up the fence again; and, leading me by the hand, put me on behind one of the company, whose name was Gaster, and discharged the other boy. We then went to Daniel Shaw's, thence to John Morrison's (shoemaker), thence to Alexander McLeod's, father of merchant John McLeod, who died in Fayetteville, thence to Alexander Shaw's (blacksmith), thence to old Hugh McSwan's, who gave a half crown for a small gourd when we landed in America. Here I was ordered to go home, but I refused and went with them to the muster at Eagle's. Next day Colonel Philip Alston appeared at the muster, when these men told him that they had taken a boy to pilot them a little way through the settlement and that they could not get clear of him. The Colonel personally insisted on my going back to my father, but I told them I would not, for I had told them the consequence of my going with them before they took me. Seeing he could not prevail with me, he got a man by the name of Daniel McQueen, a noted bard, to take me home to my father, but I told him that I was determined to hang to them. Colonel Alston then took me with him and treated me kindly. Mrs. Alston desired me to go to school with her children until she could send my father word to come after me, and she would make peace between us; but her friendly offers were also rejected.

"On the following Tuesday I went with the same company of horsemen to Fayetteville (Cross Creek), where I met a gentleman by the name of Daniel Porterfield, a lieutenant in Captain Arthur

Council's company, who asked me if I did not wish to enlist. I told him, not with him; but I wanted to see a Mr. Hilton who, I understood, was in the army, and wherever he was, I wished to be. He told me that he and Hilton were of one company, and if Hilton did not tell me so, he would take back the money and let me go with Hilton. I then took the money and was received into the service of the United States June 10, 1776, and in the fourteenth year of my age.

"After my enlistment we continued in Cross Creek until the middle of July, when we went on board of Mrs. Blanctret's boat and floated down to Wilmington, where the brigade was made up, which was commanded by General Frank Nash, and consisted of six regiments. Of the first regiment, Thomas Clarke was Colonel and John Mebane, Lieutenant Colonel; of the second, Alexander Martin, from Hillsboro, was Colonel and John Patton, Lieutenant Colonel; of the third, Jethro Sumner was Colonel and William Davidson, Lieutenant Colonel; of the fourth, Thomas Polk was Colonel and J. Paxton, Lieutenant Colonel; of the fifth, _____ Buncombe was Colonel and _____ Eden, Lieutenant Colonel; of the 6th, Lillington had the command, but being unable from old age to go on parade, when the regiment was made up at Wilmington, he was forced to resign, and Lieutenant Colonel Lamb of Edenton took command of the regiment. Our major died at Wilmington, and Captain Arch'd Lyttle, from Hillsboro, who had been educated for a preacher of the gospel, was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. Captain Griffin (sic) McRee, of Elizabeth Town, was appointed Major, and of this regiment (6th) I was a private soldier.

"Not more than three weeks after the brigade was embodied, my Captain, Arthur Councill, a young man who had been raised near Cross Creek, and whose father's house is yet known by the name of Councill Hall, died. This young gentleman was distinguished in the regiment for modesty, gentility and morality. Shortly after the death of Councill, his first lieutenant, who was known by the name of Philadelphia Thomas White, became our captain, and he was as immoral as Councill was moral. As sickness was prevailing in the regiment, we moved out of town about eight miles to a place called Jumping Gully, where we encamped until about the middle of October and were drilled twice a day. In this camp I was taken sick, and continued ignorant of everything that passed for five weeks. One evening, the brigade being on parade, I felt a great desire for home, and thought I saw everything at my father's house before my eyes. I got out of my tent and went away some distance to a running branch. The water, from falling over a large poplar root, had made a deep hole below, and, getting into the hole, I laid my head on the root, which I believe was the sweetest bed I ever lay in. The water was so cool to my parched body that I lay there until ten o'clock the next day before they found me, George Dudley, Sergeant of my company, having crossed within two feet of my head without

seeing me. William Carrol, who was in company with Dudley, discovered me and exclaimed, 'By ------, here he is, turned to be an otter. He is under the water.' Dudley, having passed me, turned back, took me out of the water and carried me to camp. When the doctor came to see me, he said that the water had cooled my fever and that I would recover, though he had given me out before. I did recover and recruited very fast every day after my immersion. . . .

"I shall now give my readers some account of the Captains of my regiment, which was the 6th; but I shall omit the subaltern officers' list; in attempting to recall so many names and characters, I should make a mistake, which I do not wish to do. When the brigade was made up each regiment consisted of eight captains, and of the 6th regiment Arch'd Lyttle was first captain, and Griffin McRee, second, who had very undeservedly enlisted most of his men for six months and returned them for three years, or during the war. This deception on the part of Captain McRee, occasioned many desertions in his company, when six months, the term of their enlistment, had expired. Captain Lyttle was from Orange, Captain McRee, from Bladen. The 3d Captain was George Doherty, who lived on the Northeast River, in Hanover County, and about 25 miles above Wilmington. He was a full-blooded Irishman, about seventy-five years of age, much of a gentleman and a brave soldier. The fourth captain was Philip Taylor, from Orange, a raw Buckskin, destitute of grace, mercy or knowledge as to that which is spiritual, and filled with pride and arrogance. The fifth was Tilman Dickson, from Edgecombe, a dirty Buckskin, who would rather sit on his hams all day and play cards with his meanest private soldier, in his homespun dress, than wash and uniform himself and keep company with his fellow officers as a captain ought to do. The sixth captain was Jemimah Pigue (?) from Onslow, who was a smart officer, a middle-aged man, and a guardian of his soldiers. The seventh captain was Daniel Williams from Duplin, a Buckskin, a gentleman and the friend and protector of his soldiers. The eighth was Benjamin Sharp, who was from Halifax county, and was a very smart officer.

"When the brigade embodied at Wilmington, it consisted of nine thousand and four hundred, rank and file (?, probably 940); twelve colonels, including lieutenant colonels, six majors, forty-eight captains, ninety-six lieutenants, forty-eight ensigns; two drummers and two fifers to every captain's company; one hundred and eighty-two sergeants; eight quartermaster sergeants and sergeants major to each regiment; one drum major, who was an old gentleman from Elizabeth, named Alexander Harvey; one fife major, an Englishman, by the name of Robert Williams, a master of all kinds of music and genteelly bred, who had been transported from England before the war for cursing the royal family; eight doctors, eight adjutants and one Brigade Major, a hatter from Hillsboro, besides sutlers and paymasters.

"On the 1st day of November (1776) we received orders to march to the North and join the grand camp, commanded by Washington. About the 15th of November we marched from Wilmington, under the command of General Frank Nash, and proceeded to the Roanoke River and encamped about a mile and a half from the town of Halifax, in Col. Long's old fields, who was Commissary General of the North Carolina troops. There we remained about three weeks, when we received orders to turn back and go meet the British at Augustine and prevent them from getting into the state of Georgia, and proceeded by way of Wilmington. On our march we lay on the south side of Contentny Creek, where there were living an old man and woman who had a number of geese about the house; and next morning about twenty of their geese were missing. They came to the encampment inquiring about them; but getting no information among the tents, they went to the General, who said he could do nothing unless they produced the guilty. On his giving them ten dollars, however, they went away satisfied; and I am very sure that I got some of them to eat. . . . The General, after paying them ten dollars, gave the men strict orders to be honest or he would punish the least offense of that kind with severity.

"We proceeded thence to Wilmington where we stayed two days, and thence by Lockwood's Folly to Georgetown. When we got to the Boundary House we encamped for a short time to rest, and Col. Alston, a wealthy gentleman of the neighborhood, came to see General Nash, and told him he could show him a better camping ground, which was an elevated neck of lands covered with hickory and other good fire wood. The trees were covered with long moss from the top to the ground; and of this we made excellent beds. There we stayed about a month waiting for further orders, where we cut and cleared about one hundred acres of land. During our continuance here, those who had been enlisted by our Major McRee and returned during the war, applied to their captain for their discharge; but he was not aware that any in the camp had been enlisted for six months. They then applied to their old captain, who had been promoted to the rank of major, but he told them in reply to their just request, that he would have them put under guard and punished according to martial law. This rebuff they were forced to bear and remain in silence; but concerted a plan for their own relief; for in the morning it was found that nine had deserted, some of whom were never taken, notwithstanding the claims resting upon them. . . .

"From this pleasant place we marched for Charleston, S. C., and crossed the Pee Dee at a place called Winyaw, about half way between Georgetown and the inlet. Thence to Charleston, and there we had orders not to go any further towards Augustine. We then marched back across Cooper River to Hadrell's Point, opposite to Fort Sullivan, where we lay the remaining part of the winter and spring until March, 1777, and we were fed on fresh pork and rice

as our constant diet. About the 15th of March, we received orders to march to North and join Washington's grand army. We marched to Wilmington, N. C., and thence to Halifax, where we crossed the Roanoke River. After leaving the ferry and marching up the river about two miles, we came to a fishery, and the commanding officer having desired leave for his men to draw the seine, which was readily granted, by drawing it once, we drew so many that you would hardly miss from the pile what we took for our breakfast. We marched on and crossed the Meherrin at Hickes' Ford. . . .

"As we passed through the State of Virginia, we could scarcely march two miles at a time without being stopped by gentlemen and ladies who were coming to the road purposely to see us. We stopped two days at Williamsburg and rested. We then marched on and crossed the James River at the town of Richmond, where there were fishers; and having gotten leave there also to draw the seine, every man took as many fish as he wanted. While passing through the town a shoemaker stood in his door and cried, 'Hurrah for King George,' of which no one took any notice; but after halting in a wood, a little distance beyond, where we cooked and ate our fish, the shoemaker came to us and began again to hurrah for King George. When the General and his aids mounted and started, he still followed them, hurrahing for King George. Upon which the General ordered him to be taken back to the river and ducked. We brought a long rope, which we tied around his middle and sesawed him backwards and forwards until we had him nearly drowned, but every time he got his head above water he would cry for King George. The General having then ordered him to be tarred and feathered, a feather bed was taken from his own house, where were his wife and four likely daughters crying and beseeching their father to hold his tongue, but still he would not. We tore the bed open and knocked the top out of a barrel of tar, into which we plunged him headlong. He was then drawn out by the heels and rolled in the feathers until he was a sight, but still he would hurrah for King George. The General now ordered him to be drummed out of the west end of the town, and told him expressly that if he plagued him any more in that way, he would have him shot. So we saw no more of the shoemaker.

"We then marched on until we came to the Potomac River; but early in the morning we were halted and all the doctors called upon to inoculate the men with small pox, which took them until two o'clock. We then crossed the river at Georgetown, about eight miles above Alexandria, near the place where Washington City now stands. There we got houses and stayed until we were well of the small pox. I having had the pox before, attended on the officers of my company until they got well, but what is very strange, in the whole Brigade there was not one man lost by pox, except one by the name of Griffin, who after he had got able to go about, I thought he was well,

imprudently went to swim in the Potomac, and next morning was found dead. About the last of June we left Georgetown for Philadelphia."

I have given this long extract from Hugh McDonald's Journal because it is an interesting account of these events by an intelligent participator in them. It has to some degree the faults of all such narratives, when reduced to writing years after the events have happened: it has a few mistakes of names and of chronology. Yet after all, when compared with the records, it has very few, and the story, with its human interest, brings graphically before us the scenes through which he was passing.

The brigade arrived at Philadelphia on July 1st. They then moved on to Trenton, where they were stopped by Washington until the 26th, when they were ordered back to Philadelphia. Before they reached Philadelphia the order was countermanded. Uncertainty as to the objective of Sir William Howe, who had embarked with his army at New York and, after some maneuvering, had put to sea, was the cause of the brigade's being stopped at Trenton, and also of its return to Philadelphia. On August 22d Washington received information that Howe's fleet had arrived in the Chesapeake, and he ordered General Nash to embark his brigade and Colonel Proctor's corps of artillery, if vessels could be procured for the purpose, and proceed to Chester; or, if vessels could not be procured, to hasten toward that place by land with all the dispatch he could. At Chester General Washington, with the remainder of his army, joined them, and they moved on to Wilmington, Delaware. It is unnecessary to state the further movement of the armies, which led up to the Battle of Brandywine, September 11, 1777. One hundred men of the North Carolina bridage were with General Maxwell, under the command of Colonel Alexander Martin, the rest of the North Carolina troops were with General Greene. I am indebted to Irving's *Life of Washington* for the following account of that battle:

"The Brandywine Creek, as it is called, commences with two branches, called the East and West branches, which unite in one stream, flowing from west to east about twenty-two miles, and emptying itself into the Delaware about 25 miles below Philadelphia. It has several fords; one called Chadd's Ford was at that time the most practicable, and in the direct route from the enemy's camp to Philadelphia. As the principal attack was expected here, Washington made it the center of his position, where he stationed the main body of his army, composed of Wayne's, Weedon's and Muhlenberg's brigades, with the light infantry under Maxwell. An eminence immediately above the ford had been intrenched in the night, and was occupied by Wayne's and Proctor's artillery. Weedon's and Muhlenberg's brigades, which were Virginia troops and formed General Greene's division, were posted in the rear on the heights as a reserve to aid either wing of the army. With these Washington took his stand. Maxwell's light infantry were thrown in the advance, south of the Brandywine, and posted on high ground each side of the road leading to the ford. The right wing of the army commanded by Sullivan, and composed of his division and those of Stephen and Stirling, extended up the Brandywine two miles beyond Washington's position. Its light troops and videttes were distributed quite up to the forks. A few detachments of unorganized and undisciplined cavalry extended across the creek on the extreme right. The left wing, composed of the Pennsylvania militia, under Major-General Armstrong, was stationed about a mile and a half below the main body, to protect the lower fords, where the least danger was apprehended. The Brandywine, which ran in front of the whole line, was now the only obstacle, if such it might be called, between the two armies.

"Early on the morning of the 11th, a great column of troops was descried advancing on the road leading to Chadd's Ford. A skirt of woods concealed its force, but it was supposed to be the main body of the enemy; if so, a general conflict was at hand. The Americans were immediately drawn out in order of battle. Washington rode along the front of the ranks, and was everywhere received with acclamations. A sharp firing of small arms soon told that Maxwell's light infantry were engaged with the vanguard of the enemy. The skirmishing was kept up for some time with spirit, when Maxwell was driven across the Brandywine below the ford. The enemy who had advanced very slowly did not attempt to follow, but halted on commanding ground, and appeared to reconnoiter the American position with a view to attack. A heavy cannonading commenced on both sides about ten o'clock. The enemy made repeated dispositions to force the ford, which brought on as frequent skirmishes on both sides of the river, for detachments of the light troops occasionally crossed over. One of these skirmishes was more than usually severe; the British flank guard was closely pressed, a captain and ten or fifteen men were killed, and the guard was put to flight, but

a large force came to their assistance, and the Americans were again driven across the stream. All this while there was the noise and uproar of a battle; but little of the reality. The enemy made a great thundering of cannon, but no vigorous onset. . . ."

About noon Washington received information that the main body of the British under Howe and Cornwallis were coming along the Lancaster road, undoubtedly with the intention of taking Sullivan by surprise, and thus turning the right flank of the patriot army. If this was true (he sent a squad of cavalry to ascertain if it was true) the enemy was not in force opposite him, and he would cross the Brandywine, and crush the British on its south banks, while Sullivan held the army of Howe. Unfortunately as he was preparing to adopt his plan other information came that no troops had passed along the Lancaster road, and he was not willing to attack the whole British army with the force he had with him. Too late, however, he discovered that the first information was correct. The enemy was two miles in the rear of Sullivan's right and was marching down at a rapid rate, while a cloud of dust showed that there were more troops behind them.

"In fact," says Irving, "the old Long Island stratagem had been played over again. Knyphausen with a small division had engrossed the attention of the Americans by a feigned attack at Chadd's Ford, kept up with great noise and prolonged by skirmishes; while the main body of the army under Cornwallis, led by experienced guides, had made a circuit of seventeen miles, crossed the two forks of the Brandywine, and arrived in the neighborhood of Birmingham meeting house, two miles to the right of Sullivan. . . .

"Finding that thus Cornwallis had gained the rear of the army, Washington sent orders to Sullivan to oppose him with the whole right wing, each brigade attacking as soon as it arrived upon the ground. Wayne, in the meantime was to keep Knyphausen at bay at the ford, and Greene, with the reserve, to hold himself ready to give aid wherever required. . . .

"Sullivan on receiving Washington's orders advanced with his own, Stephen's and Stirling's divisions, and began to form a line in front of an open piece of wood. The time which had been expended in transmitting intelligence, receiving orders and marching, had enabled Cornwallis to choose his ground and prepare for action. Still more time was given him by a delay of the Americans in forming their line, arising from a mere point of etiquette. Lord Stirling's division

had accidentally formed on the right of Sullivan; this was taking rank of him; the position had to be changed, and this change was taking place when Cornwallis advanced rapidly with his troops in the finest order, and opened a brisk fire of musketry and artillery. The Americans made an obstinate resistance, but being taken at a disadvantage, the right and left wings were broken and driven into the woods. The centre stood firm for a while, but being exposed to the whole fire of the enemy, gave way at length also. The British in following up their advantage got entangled in the wood. . . .

"The Americans rallied on a height to the north of Dilworth, and made a still more spirited resistance than at first, but were again dislodged and were obliged to retreat with heavy loss. While this was occurring with the right wing, Knyphausen, as soon as he learnt from the heavy firing, that Cornwallis was engaged, made a push to force his way across Chadd's Ford in earnest. He was vigorously opposed by Wayne, with Proctor's artillery, aided by Maxwell and his infantry. Greene was preparing to second him with his reserve, when he was summoned by Washington to the support of the right wing; which the commander-in-chief (who had himself gone to the right wing) had found in imminent peril. Greene advanced to the relief with such celerity, that it is said on good authority his division accomplished the march, or rather run, of five miles in less than fifty minutes. He arrived too late to save the battle, but in time to protect the broken masses of the left wing, which he met in full flight. Opening his ranks from time to time for the fugitives, and closing them the moment they had passed, he covered their retreat by a sharp and well directed fire from his field pieces. His grand stand was made at a place about a mile beyond Dilworth, which, in reconnoitering the neighborhood, Washington had pointed out to him as well calculated for a second position, should the army be driven out of the first. . . . Weedon's brigade was drawn up in a narrow defile, flanked on both sides by woods, and perfectly commanding the road; while Greene, with Muhlenberg's brigade, passing to the right, took his station on the road. The British came on impetuously, expecting but faint opposition. They met with a desperate resistance and were repeatedly driven back. It was the bloody conflict of the bayonet; deadly on either side, and lasting for a considerable time. Weedon's brigade, on the left, maintained its stand also with great obstinacy, and the check given to the enemy by these two brigades, allowed time for the broken troops to retreat. Weedon's was compelled at length by superior numbers to seek the protection of the other brigade, which he did in good order, and Greene gradually drew off the whole division in the face of the enemy, who checked by this vigorous resistance, and seeing the day far spent, gave up all further pursuit.

"The brave stand made by these brigades had, likewise, been a great protection to Wayne. He had for a long time withstood the

attacks of the enemy at Chadd's Ford, until the approach on the right of some of the enemy's troops who had been entangled in the woods, showed him that the right wing had been routed. He now gave up the defense of his post, and retreated by the Chester road. Knyphausen's troops were too fatigued to pursue him; and the others had been kept back, as we have shown, by Greene's division. So ended the varied conflict of the day."

I have given this long account of the Battle of the Brandywine, because it is the clearest description of that battle that I have found. It does not help in solving the problem of the part that the North Carolina troops took in it, because Irving, with the exception of Weedon and Muhlenberg, describes the troops by divisions. Judge Clark says the North Carolina troops were in the division commanded by Lord Stirling (11 S. R., page 15). Mr. Ashe, *History of North Carolina,* page 581, says that they were in the division commanded by General Sullivan, and participated in the battle; but the management was so wretched that none of the brigades in Sullivan's division won any renown. The writer in a sketch of General Nash, in the *Biographical History of North Carolina,* 3d volume, adopts the view that they were with General Sullivan, but in Lord Stirling's division. It is quite probable that none of these assertions is correct, for Thomas Burke, who was himself on the battlefield, writing to Governor Caswell, September 17th, after stating that General Sullivan commanded the right wing, and the confusing reports in regard to the approach of Cornwallis and the discomfiture of General Sullivan at the ensuing battle, says: "The evil did not end here. Greene's division and Nash's brigade, which formed the chief strength of the centre, were ordered to the right to reinforce the troops of that wing. . . . None of the reinforcements had time to get up so as to engage, except Weedon's brigade, who checked the enemy and very gallantly covered the retreat of the whole army." (11 S. R., 621.) On the same day in a letter signed by himself, Penn and Harnett, it is said, "The North Carolina troops were not engaged in the late action."

Soon after the brigade joined General Washington a hundred light infantry men were chosen from it, and they were placed under the command of Colonel Alexander Martin. It is certain that these were part of General Maxwell's brigade at Chadd's Ford, and that both Captain Jacob Turner and Hal Dixon distinguished themselves there. A month later Turner was killed at the battle of Germantown.

Germantown, October 4, 1777, was the first battle in which the North Carolina Continental troops as a brigade took part.

"Germantown, at that time was little more than one continued street, extending two miles north and south. The houses were mostly of stone, low and substantial, with steep roofs and projecting eaves. They stood apart from each other, with fruit trees in front and small gardens. Beyond the village, and about one hundred yards east of the road, stood a spacious stone edifice, with ornamented grounds, statues, groves and shrubbery, the country seat of Benjamin Chew, Chief Justice of Pennsylvania previous to the Revolution. Four roads approached the village from above; that is, from the north. The Skippack, which was the main road, led over Chestnut Hill and Mount Airy down to and through the village toward Philadelphia, forming the street of which we have spoken. On its right and nearly parallel, was the Monatawney, or Ridge road, passing near the Schuylkill, and entering the main road below the village. On the left of the Skippack, or main road, was the Limekiln road, running nearly parallel to it for a time and then turning towards it, almost at right angles, so as to enter the village at the market place. Still further to the left or east, and outside of all, was the Old York road, falling into the main road some distance below the village.

"The main body of the British forces lay encamped across the lower part of the village, divided into almost equal parts by the main street, or Skippack road. The right wing commanded by General Grant was to the east of the road, the left wing to the west. Each wing was covered by strong detachments, and guarded by cavalry. General Howe had his headquarters at the rear. The advance (guard) of the army, composed of the 2d battalion of British light infantry, with a train of artillery, was more than two miles from the main body, on the west of the road, with an outlying picket stationed with two six pounders at Allen's house on Mount Airy. About three quarters of a mile, in the rear of the light infantry lay encamped in a field opposite Chew's House the 40th regiment of infantry under Colonel Musgrave.

"According to Washington's plan for the attack, Sullivan was to command the right wing, composed of his own division, principally Maryland troops, and the division of General Wayne. He was to be

sustained by a corps de reserve composed of Nash's North Carolina and Maxwell's Virginia* brigades, and to be flanked by the brigade of General Conway. He was to march down the Skippack road and attack the left wing; at the same time General Armstrong, with the Pennsylvania militia, was to pass down the Monatawny, or Ridge Road and get upon the enemy's left and rear. Greene with the left wing composed of his own division and the division of General Stephen, and flanked by McDougall's brigade, was to march down the Limekiln Road, so as to enter the village at the market house. The two divisions were to attack the enemy's right wing in front, McDougall with his brigade to attack it in flank, while Smallwood's division of Maryland militia and Forman's Jersey brigade, making a circuit by the Old York Road, were to attack it in the rear."

This was an excellent plan, and notwithstanding the fog, had all the troops in Washington's army done their duty in that battle as faithfully as did the rank and file of the North Carolina brigade, the result would have been very different. That they fought well is the uncontradicted testimony of all. They had been ordered to the front by Washington himself (under whose eye they fought) to reinforce Sullivan and with him had pushed on a mile beyond the Chew House, driving the enemy before them, when Sullivan's troops, having expended all their ammunition, were alarmed by seeing the enemy gathering on their left and by the cry of a light horseman that they were getting around them, and fell back in a disorder that soon became a panic. In an overwhelming fog friends were mistaken for enemies, and what at first promised to be a complete victory was converted into as complete a defeat. It was after the brigade had passed the Chew House and through the camp of the British infantry that General Nash was wounded. Mr. Custis, who was a namesake and favorite of General Washington, and father of the wife of General R. E. Lee, writes thus of General Nash's death in the *National Intelligencer,* issue of February 22, 1841:

"While gallantly leading the North Carolina Brigade, that formed part of the reserve, into action, General Nash was mortally wounded. A round shot from the British artillery striking a sign post in Germantown, glanced therefrom and, passing through his horse,

*This is error. Maxwell's was a New Jersey brigade.

shattered the General's thigh on the opposite side. The fall of the animal hurled its unfortunate rider with considerable force to the ground. With surpassing courage and presence of mind, General Nash, covering his wound with both of his hands, gaily called to his men, 'Never mind me. I've had a devil of a tumble; rush on, my boys; rush on the enemy. I'll be after you presently.' Human nature could do no more. Faint from loss of blood and the intense agony of his wound, the sufferer was borne to a house hard by and attended by Dr. Craik by special order of the Commander-in-chief. The doctor gave his patient but feeble hopes of recovery, even with the chances of amputation, when Nash observed, 'It may be considered unmanly to complain, but my agony is too great for human nature to bear. I am aware that my days, perhaps hours, are numbered, but I do not repine at my fate. I have fallen on the field of honor while leading my brave Carolinians to the assault of the enemy. I have a last request to make of his Excellency, the Commander-in-Chief, that he will permit you, my dear doctor, to remain with me to protect me while I live, and my remains from insult.' Dr. Craik assured the General that he had nothing to fear from the enemy. It is impossible that they would harm him while living, or offer an insult to his remains; that Lord Cornwallis was by this time in the field, and, that under his auspices a wounded officer would be treated with humanity and respect. The dying patriot and hero then uttered these remarkable words: 'I have no favor to expect from the enemy. I have been consistent in my principles and conduct from the commencement of the troubles. From the very first dawn of the Revolution, I have ever been on the side of liberty and my country.' He lingered in extreme agony between two and three days and died admired by his enemies and admired and lamented by his companions in arms. On Thursday, October 9th, the whole American Army was paraded by order of the Commander in-Chief to perform the funeral obsequies for General Nash, and never did the warrior's last tribute peal the requiem of a braver soldier or nobler patriot than of the illustrious son of North Carolina . . . while the epitaph to be graven on his memorial monument should be the memorable words of the patriot and hero on the field of his fame: 'From the very first dawn of the Revolution, I have ever been on the side of liberty and my country.' "

The advice of Mr. Custis has been taken. Those words of General Nash have been engraven on the monument erected to his memory by the Federal Government, on Guilford Battle Ground.

His military career was too brief for him to have gained the fame that might have been his had his life been spared.

Short as it was, however, he attracted the attention and secured the respect of Washington and his subordinates. In his dispatches Washington speaks of him as a brave and valuable officer. General Sullivan, in writing to the President of New Hampshire, testifies to his worth. Thomas Burke, then a member of Congress, writes of him that he was one of the best, most respected and regretted officers in the army, and Governor Caswell said his equal was not to be found among the officers who survived him. Colonel Edward Buncombe and Captains Henry Irwin and Jacob Turner were either killed or mortally wounded in this battle.

General McIntosh, of Georgia, was placed temporarily in command of the North Carolina brigade, and continued as such until May, 1778, when he was transferred to take command at Pittsburg and of the western frontier.

The brigade spent the winter of 1777-1778 at Valley Forge, about 23 miles west of Philadelphia. It seems to have endured with patience the terrible suffering of that winter, and to have taken its part in outpost duty. On the last day of 1777 there were present of them fit for duty 572 file, 425 sick, and 137 absent on duty (11 S. R., 703). The battalions were reformed by Washington in June, 1778. They took part in the Battle of Monmouth, June 29, 1778, in the division of Lord Stirling, and under the command of Colonel Clark. After a hot and arduous day the enemy retired that night behind a defile, where they had both their flanks secured by thick woods and morasses, while their front could only be approached through a narrow pass. Washington determined, notwithstanding, to attack them, so ordered General Poor, with his own and the Carolina brigade, to move round upon their right, and General Woodford upon their left, with the artillery to gall them in front. The impediments in their way, however, prevented their getting within reach before dark. They remained upon the ground they had been directed to occupy during the night, with intention to begin the attack early the next morning, while the army at large continued

lying upon their arms on the field of battle, to be in readiness to support them. But the enemy about 12 o'clock that night marched away in such silence that, though General Poor lay extremely near them, they effected their retreat without his knowledge. Washington in his report of the battle said, "The behavior of the troops in general . . . was such as could not be surpassed."

In the reformation of the brigade alluded to above the number of battalions in the brigade were reduced from six to three. Colonel Sheppard's Tenth Regiment made the fourth. Colonels Lamb, Polk, Hogun, and numerous subordinate officers being thus displaced to return home to raise the four additional battalions, asked for by the Continental Congress. "Efforts to obtain recruits under the system of volunteering, even with the large bounties offered, proved unavailing, and the Legislature directed that 2,600 men should be detached from the militia to serve in the Continental army for nine months. They were known as the nine months men. A certain quota was apportioned to each county, and this number was again apportioned by the Colonel of the county among the militia companies, so that every militia company in the State had to furnish its proper share of these troops. Volunteers from each company were first to be called for and to these a bounty of $100 was offered; and then, to make up the deficiency in its quota each company, by ballot, selected the other men. Every one so selected became a Continental, and those who faithfully served for nine months were to be exempt from any military service for a period of three years. . . . Boards of Continental officers convened at Halifax and Moore's Creek to arrange officers for the new battalions, and Colonel Hogun was elected to command the first that should be organized. In July, 1778, he marched north with six hundred men." (Ashe, page 589 *et seq.*)

In August he reached Philadelphia and hastened on to Washington's headquarters at White Plains. The North Carolina Brigade had its cantonment for the winter of 1778-9

near Smith's Cove, on the west side of the Hudson, for the security for that pass and as a reinforcement to West Point, in case of necessity. On January 9, 1779, after a long delay (there had been no North Carolina brigadier since the death of Nash), James Hogun and Jethro Sumner were made Brigadier Generals by the Continental Congress.

Perhaps the most dashing exploit of the whole war was the capture of Stony Point, on July 16, 1779. Two hundred volunteers from the North Carolina brigade, under the command of Major Hardy Murfree, took part in the attack. Stony Point is a commanding hill, projecting far into the Hudson, which washes three-fourths of its base. The remaining fourth is, in a great measure, covered by a deep marsh, commencing near the river on the upper side and continuing into it below. But at its junction with the river is a sandy beach passable at low tide, and across the morass, itself, was a narrow causeway and bridge. The promontory was crowned by strong works, furnished with heavy ordinance, commanding the morass and causeway. Lower down were two rows of abatis, and the shore at the foot of the hill could be swept by war vessels anchored in the river. The garrison was about six hundred strong, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson.

When Washington suggested his plan to capture Stony Point to Mad Anthony Wayne, it is reported that he said: "General, I will storm hell, if you will only plan it." General Wayne then readily undertook the venture. Washington's plan involved the placing of large bodies of troops near as support for the volunteers from light infantry who were to make the attack upon the fort. These supporters were the regiments of Febiger and Meigs, a detachment under Major Hull and two hundred volunteers from the North Carolina brigade under Major Murfree. Irving in his *Life of Washington,* tells the remainder of the story:

"On the 15th of July, about midday, Wayne set out with his light infantry from Sandy Beach, fourteen miles distant from Stony Point. The roads were rugged, across mountains, morasses and

narrow defiles, in the skirts of Dunderberg, where frequently it was necessary to proceed in single file. About eight in the evening, they arrived within a mile and a half of the fort, without being discovered. Not a dog barked to give the alarm—all dogs in the neighborhood had been privately destroyed beforehand. Bringing the men to a halt, Wayne and his principal officers went nearer, and carefully reconnoitered the works and their environs, so as to proceed understandingly and without confusion. Having made their observations they returned to the troops. About half past eleven, the whole moved forward, guided by a negro of the neighborhood who had frequently carried in fruit to the garrison, and served the Americans as a spy. He led the way accompanied by two stout men disguised as farmers. The countersign was given to the first sentinel, posted on high ground west of the morass. While the negro talked with him, the men seized and gagged him. The sentinel posted at the head of the causeway was served in the same manner; so that hitherto no alarm was given. The causeway, however, was overflowed, and it was some time after twelve o'clock before the troops could cross; leaving three hundred men under General Muhlenberg (?), on the western side of the morass as a reserve.

"At the foot of the promontory, the troops were divided into two columns, for simultaneous attacks on opposite sides of the works. One hundred and fifty volunteers, led by Lieutenant Colonel Fleury, seconded by Major Posey, formed the vanguard of the right column; one hundred volunteers under Major Stewart, the vanguard of the left. In advance of each was a forlorn hope of twenty men, one led by Lieutenant Gibbon, the other by Lieutenant Knox; it was their desperate duty to remove the abatis. So well had the whole affair been conducted, that the Americans were close upon the outworks before they were discovered. There was then severe skirmishing at the pickets. The Americans used the bayonet; the others discharged their muskets. The reports roused the garrison. Stony Point was instantly in an uproar. The drums beat to arms; every one hurried to his alarm post; the works were hastily manned, and a tremendous fire of grape shot and musketry opened upon the assailants.

"The two columns forced their way with the bayonet at opposite points, surmounting every obstacle. Colonel Fleury was the first to enter the fort and strike the British flag. Major Posey sprang to the ramparts and shouted, 'The fort is ours.' Wayne, who led the right column, received at the inner abatis a contusion on the head from a musket ball, and would have fallen to the ground, but his two aides-de-camp supported him. Thinking it was a death wound, 'Carry me into the fort,' said he, 'and let me die at the head of my column.' He was borne in between his aids, and soon recovered his self possession. The two columns arrived nearly at the same time and met in the center of the works. The garrison surrendered at discretion."

The loss of the Americans was fifteen killed and eighty-three wounded; that of the British, fifty-three killed and five hundred and fifty-three taken prisoners, among whom were a lieutenant colonel, four captains, and twenty-three subalterns.

Henry Cabot Lodge, in his *Story of the Revolution,* tells of the part that Major Murfree and his North Carolinians took in the storming of the fort: "Major Murfree and his North Carolinians in the center were delayed by the tide in crossing the morass, and as they came through they met an outpost. A heavy fire of grapeshot and musketry opened upon them. On they went without a pause as if they were the only troops on the field, and every other column and division did the same." Among other brave and worthy officers, Wayne mentioned the names of Lieutenant-Colonel Sherman and Majors Hull, Murfree, and Posey, "whose good conduct and intrepidity entitled them to that attention." Lieutenant John Daves, one of the North Carolina officers present, was among the severely wounded.

The disastrous defeat of General Robert Howe, in Georgia, in December, 1778, had caused him to be superseded by Major General Lincoln, whom Washington had sent south at the solicitation of the delegates (in the Continental Congress) from Georgia and South Carolina. The remainder of the battalions raised under the nine months plan from the militia of the State were sent to reinforce Lincoln in South Carolina, under the command of General Sumner and were engaged at the battle of Stono, June 20, 1779, and also under the command of Colonel Lamb in the unsuccessful joint attack upon the British defenses at Savannah, Georgia, October 9th. They fought well in both battles. The latter part of the year conditions were so threatening in the State of South Carolina that Washington ordered all the North Carolina Continentals to that State to reinforce Lincoln. General Hogun, in command, they, about seven hundred, reached Charleston and went into camp on March 3, 1780. A short time afterwards General Woodford, who had been detached from the northern

army in December, arrived at Charleston, with about the same number of effectives.

The best short account of the fall of Charleston that I have found is in Ashe, page 608, *et seq.*:

"The British being in possession of Savannah, it was apprehended that Charleston would be their next point of attack, and strenuous efforts were made to put that city in a state of defense. On February 10th, Sir Henry Clinton, having arrived with an additional force from New York, disembarked on John's Island, and at the end of March he passed the Ashley River above Charleston, taking possession of the Neck, across which Lincoln, had as defensive measures, cut a canal, constructed abatis, and built strong redoubts and batteries. It was thought that the British fleet could be successfully opposed; but on April 9th, it passed the bar, ran by Fort Moultrie and took possession of the harbor. To prevent its ascent, the channel of Cooper River was hurriedly obstructed by sinking there the entire American fleet, and so the way was still open for General Lincoln to retire from the city if he had chosen to do so. But the citizens entreated him to hold the city, and in the vain hope of relief he yielded to their earnest appeals. It was expected that the Virginia Continentals (remainder of, under Colonel Buford, General Woodford had already arrived) as well as militia from that state and the two Carolinas, would come to his aid, and that he would be able to raise the siege when these succors came. On April 6th Colonel Harrington, with some of the North Carolina militia, arrived, having entered the city by way of Addison's ferry, and Governor Rutledge was collecting the South Carolina militia on the Pee Dee, and awaiting the arrival of the Virginia troops and Caswell's brigade.

"Day by day the enemy approached nearer and nearer, until at length, on April 24th, Lincoln made a determined sortie to drive off their working parties. The detachment for this assault numbered three hundred men from Hogun's North Carolinians, Woodford's Virginians and the South Carolina Continentals. The interruption to the operations of the enemy was ineffectual; and other than this one effort, Lincoln simply endured the trying ordeal of his unfortunate predicament. The fire of the British along the line was continuous, and daily a few of the brave defenders fell at their posts. In all the American loss was 89 killed and 140 wounded; that of the besieging force being about the same. At length, all hope of relief having faded away and all avenues of escape being closed, and the citizens wearying of the siege, General Lincoln convened a council of his officers, and by their advice agreed to surrender. The capitulation took place on May 12th. His army at that time numbered two thousand Continentals, five hundred of whom were then in the hospitals. In addition there were more than a thousand

militia, nearly all North Carolinians, for there were but few South Carolina militia in the city.

"By the surrender the entire North Carolina line, embracing the new battalions as well as Hogun's brigade, was eliminated from the contest, all that were left being those on sick leave and such officers as were at home unemployed. Included in the surrender were General Hogun, Colonels Clark, Patten, Mebane, fifty-nine other officers and seven hundred and fourteen other soldiers. Under the terms of the capitulation the militia were paroled and allowed to return to their homes, but the Continentals were kept in the harbor. . . . Of the eighteen hundred regulars who went into captivity on May 12, 1780, only seven hundred survived when they were paroled. After an imprisonment of twelve months an exchange of officers was agreed on; those who had not died in captivity were landed on James River, where they were exchanged, and returned to the army."

In a biographical sketch of General Hogun's life in *4 Biog. His. N. C.,* by Judge Clark, it is said, "The regular troops headed by General Hogun, were conveyed to Haddrell's Point in the rear of Sullivan's Island, near Charleston. They there underwent the greatest privations of all kinds. They were nearly starved, but even a petition to fish, in order to add to their supply of food, was refused by the British. These troops were also threatened with deportation to the West Indies. General Hogun was offered leave to return on parole. Tempting as was the offer he felt that his departure would be unjust to his men, whose privations he had promised to share. He also knew that his absence would aid the efforts of the British, who were seeking recruits among these half-starved prisoners." The term "deportation" has attached to it in these latter days a signification so odious that it is well to pause here in the midst of the narration to explain that it was not a forcible deportation. The attempt was to induce the prisoners to enter on board the ships of war, or privateers, or to go as recruits to the regiments in the West Indies, or as volunteers against the Spanish settlements, and a considerable number of them chose to relieve themselves in that way of the severe privations of their imprisonment. But to resume, "He knew also that his absence would aid the efforts of the British, who

were seeking recruits among these half-starved prisoners. He fell a victim to his sense of duty, and died at Haddrell's Point, January 4, 1781, where he fills the unmarked grave of a hero. History affords no more striking incident of devotion to duty, and North Carolina should erect a tablet to his memory and that of those who perished there with him."

Though Major Eaton's battalion, in the early summer of 1781, numbered 400, and General Sumner's brigade in April, 1782, contained 1,000 men, to which, probably, another thousand was added before the year was out, yet the history of the Continental line, strictly speaking, ended at General Lincoln's surrender at Charleston. The surviving officers were found very useful in organizing and leading the militia on several occasions, and General Sumner, with his newly enlisted regulars, 1,000 in number, fought bravely and suffered severely in the battle of Eutaw Springs, September 9, 1781, yet these events are beyond the plan of this article.

I am indebted again to Judge Clark for the following from the biography of James Hogun, sup.:

"The colonels of the ten North Carolina regiments of the Continental Line were:

"First Regiment, James Moore; on his promotion, Francis Nash; after his promotion, Thomas Clark (who, by the way, was the second husband of Nash's widow). Alfred Moore, afterwards judge of the United States Supreme Court, was one of the captains (of this regiment).

"Second Regiment, Robert Howe; after his promotion, Alexander Martin. On his resignation, John Patten. In this regiment Hardy Murfree, from whom Murfreesboro in Tennessee, is named, rose from captain to lieutenant-colonel; and Benjamin Williams, afterwards governor, was one of the captains. David Vance, grandfather of Governor Vance, was a lieutenant.

"Third Regiment, Jethro Sumner. After his promotion, it was consolidated with the First Regiment. In this regiment Hal Dixon was a lieutenant-colonel and Pinketham Eaton was major, both distinguished soldiers; and William Blount, afterwards United States Senator, was paymaster.

"Fourth Regiment, Thomas Polk. General William Lee Davidson, killed at Cowan's Ford, was lieutenant-colonel of this regiment.

"Fifth Regiment, Edward Buncombe, who died of wounds received at Germantown, and for whom Buncombe County is named.

"Sixth Regiment, Alexander Lillington, and afterwards, Gideon Lamb. John Baptista Ashe, of Halifax, who was elected governor in 1802, but died before qualifying, was lieutenant-colonel of this regiment.

"Seventh Regiment, James Hogun. After his promotion, Robert Mebane. In this regiment Nathaniel Macon, afterwards speaker of Congress and United States Senator, and James Turner, afterwards governor, served together as privates in the same company.

"Eighth Regiment, James Armstrong.

"Ninth Regiment, John Pugh Williams. Of this regiment, William Polk was major.

"Tenth Regiment, Abram Sheppard."

The Civilization of the Old South

By Mildred Lewis Rutherford.
(Historian-General the United Daughters of the Confederacy, 1911-1916.)

PART I.

The civilization of the Old South was truly unique—nothing like it before or since, nor will there ever be anything like it again.

Henry R. Jackson said:

"The stern glory of Sparta, the rich beauty of Athens, the splendors of Imperial Rome, the brilliancy of ancient Carthage—all pale before the glories of the Old South, the South as our forefathers lived it, the South as Washington, Jefferson, and Madison lived it, and, last but not least, the South as our Robert E. Lee lived it."

And Henry Grady said:

"In the honor held above estate; in the hospitality that neither condescended nor cringed; in frankness and heartiness and wholesale comradeship; in the reverence paid to womanhood and the inviolable respect in which woman's name was ever held—the civilization of the Old South has never been surpassed, and perhaps will never again be equaled by any people or nation upon this globe."

It is true that it has been compared to the Feudal System of the Middle Ages, when military lords exercised jurisdiction over serfs, allotted them land, collected taxes from them and in return demanded service in time of war—but there was no love lost between lord and serf.

It has been compared to the English tenant system, where the landlord leases the land, and, so long as the rent is paid, all is well, but if the tenant fails to pay his rent, then he is ejected without mercy—very rarely is there any love lost between the landlord and his tenant.

Very different was the relation that existed between the slave-holder and his slaves under the institution of slavery as

it was in the Old South. By the way, the negroes in the South were never called slaves—that term came in with the Abolition crusade. They were our servants, part of our very home, and always alluded to as the servants of a given plantation or town home—as, "the servants of White Marsh," "the servants of Warner Hall," "the servants of Rosewall or Rosewell," or of Halscot "the servants of Cherry Hill," "the servants of Round Hill, of Silver Hall," etc. The servants had no surnames of their own before the war—they had none when they came to us from Africa—but they were known by the names of their owners or owners' estates. Thus it was that Nancy from the Thornton plantation after freedom became Nancy Thornton; and Tom from Warner Hall became Tom Warner.

There was something in the economic system of the Old South that forged bonds of personal interest and affection between the master's family and their servants—a pride that was taken the one in the other. The master would boast, "My servants are the best on all the plantations round, best workers, best mannered, most contented, the healthiest." And the servants in turn would say, "Our white folks are quality folks —they're none of your po' white trash. Aint nobody in the world like our 'Ole Marster' and 'Ole Mis'."

The negroes under the institution of slavery were well-fed, well-clothed, and well-housed. A selfish interest, if no nobler or higher motive, would have necessitated this, for the slave was the master's salable property. He would not willingly have allowed him to be injured physically. How hard it was for us to make the North understand this!

I never heard of a case of consumption, or rather tuberculosis among the negroes before the War between the States, and now negroes are dying by the hundreds yearly. I never heard of but one crazy negro before the war. Now asylums can not be built fast enough to contain those who lose their minds.

Negroes were immune from yellow fever before the war, and now this is no longer true.

I never saw a drunken negro before the war, for they were not allowed to buy, sell, or drink liquor without the master's consent, and crimes now so prevalent, largely on account of drunkenness, were unheard of then.

The negroes were forced to go to church and white pastors employed to preach to them. They were not allowed to work on Sunday. In proportion to population there were more negroes as church members than whites.

Marriage licenses must be obtained and the marriage take place in the presence of "Ole Marster" or the overseer.

Under the institution of slavery, the negro race increased more rapidly than the white. The reverse is the case today.

The servants were very happy in their life upon the old plantations. William Makepeace Thackeray, on a lecture tour in America, visited a Southern plantation. In "Roundabout Papers" he gives this impression of the slaves:

"How they sang! How they danced! How they laughed! How they shouted! How they bowed and scraped and complimented! So free, so happy! I saw them dressed on Sunday in their Sunday best—far better dressed than our English tenants of the working class are in their holiday attire. To me, it is the dearest institution I have ever seen and these slaves seem far better off than any tenants I have seen under any other tenantry system."

When a white child was born a negro of corresponding age was given. This negro owned the white child as much as the white child owned the negro. The negro refused to take an order from any young person save the owner, and the owner refused to have any order given by any one but the owner. Close ties of affection grew between the two. As an illustration of this, in a child's game, "Playing Dead," my sister was allowed to be covered in the leaves as dead, but my Ann Eliza could not play dead.

How restful the old life was! What a picture of contentment, peace, and happiness it presented! It was something like our grandmothers' garden as compared with the gardens of today.

The old-fashioned gardens with box-bordered beds so dig-

nified and orderly and stately, with four o'clocks, holly hocks, larkspurs, touch-me-nots, wall flowers, bachelor buttons, snap dragons, mignonette, sweet alyssum, columbine and sunflower. How beautiful they were! What lovely overdresses the four o'clocks made for our flower dolls! What beautiful wreaths the larkspurs made, purple and white, which we pressed without compunction in the finest books in our father's library, totally unconscious of the ugly stain left behind.

There were long walks bordered with cape jessamine, banana shrubs, Chinese magnolias, crepe myrtle, rose beds filled with moss roses (I never see a pink moss rose now), yellow roses, red and pink single roses, tube roses; fences covered with Cherokee roses; summer houses covered with honeysuckle, yellow jasmine, woodbine, wisteria or white clematis. The odor of sweet grass and mimosa blooms, the rows of flowering pomegranate bushes, with double blossoms and the bearing pomegranate with single blossoms—apple trees in which the mocking birds' nests were found, and no one, white or black, could rob a mocking bird's nest, and, in the spring, doves cooing to their mates—that's like the old-time days never to return again.

The plantation was the center of social life in the old system and the "Big House" was the center of plantation life. It was always full and room for more. When all the beds were filled, pallets were made on the floors all over the house, and this gave trouble to no one—for there were plenty of servants to do the bidding, and mattresses, feather beds, pillows, quilts, blankets, and marvelous counterpanes in profusion, and linen closets always full.

In the "Big House" there lived "Ole Marster" and "Ole Mis." There were "Young Marster" and "Young Mis," and the children. Then there were the uncles and aunts and cousins to remotest kinship, with carriages, wagons, horses and servants. This gave trouble to no one, for there was plenty in the corn crib, plenty in the barn, plenty in the smokehouse, plenty in the pantry, plenty of turkeys, geese, ducks, guineas, chickens and squabs. Plenty of eggs, plenty

of butter, cheese, cream, curds, clabber, sweetmilk and buttermilk—barn full, yard full, dairy full, pantry full. Shelves lined with jellies, jams, apple butter, quince and peach preserves, brandy peaches, marmalade, and large stone jars filled with pickles, sweet and sour.

The table fairly groaned with good things to eat, and there were no cooks like grandmother's old cooks. The kitchen was never in the house, but way out in the yard. This mattered little then, for there were plenty of little negroes to run back and forth with the covered dishes and hot batter cakes, hot waffles, hot rolls, and even hot ginger cakes. You young people will say "But it was not stylish to have so much on the table." No, not stylish, but far better than the little "dabs of nothingness" that you have today.

You may say, "What sinful waste!" Yes, there was a waste, but it was not sinful, for white and black had enough and to spare. The household servants always had what the white people at the Big House had, and the poor whites near by, if any, had more from "Ole Mis's" generous hand.

The stables were full of riding horses, buggy horses, carriage horses and ponies, so riding parties were the amusement for mornings and afternoons. Every girl and boy in the Old South learned to ride and drive at an early age. The little boys helped to take the horses to water, and to break the wildest colts. This made the masters' sons the finest cavalrymen in the Confederate Army.

In the evenings old Uncle Ned, the fiddler, would come into the great wide hall and the Virginia Reel would be danced, "Ole Marster" leading off with the prettiest girl there as his partner. Then the dignified minuet would be called for, and "Ole Marster" would lead out "Ole Mis" with the gallantry of Sir Galahad, and wind up with the cotillion, old Ned calling out the figures, keeping time with his foot and head, as he would sing out, "Salute your pardners," "Swing your pardners," "Sachez to the right," then "Sachez to the left," and finally "Promenade all."

Young people, we could not have danced the "Turkey Trot" nor the "Bunny Hug" had we desired.

Early hours were kept on the old plantation, for every one must be stirring at daybreak. "Ole Mis" would be the first to rise. Hers was a busy life. She started all the household servants to their work—the dry rubbers, and brass polishers. Ah, how those brass fenders, andirons and candlesticks shone! They had few carpets in those days and so the floors had to be polished by being dry rubbed. The garments had to be cut out for the seamstresses, and the looms gotten ready for the weavers, and the spinning wheels had to be started, breakfast had to be given out and the cooks must begin their work.

Early in the morning you could hear the beating of the dough—no biscuit mills then—and if we had beaten biscuits they were made with "elbow grease." You could hear the milkers as they went down to the cow lot, calling the little negroes to keep off the calves. You could hear Aunt Nanny feeding the chickens, with her chick, *chick,* CHICKEE, with a rising intonation of the voice on the last chickee, and then a cackle, and we knew one of the chickens for breakfast was about to meet its fate and have its neck wrung. No refrigerator in those days to keep the chickens on ice over-night.

I can see "Ole Mis" now, with her basket of medicines on her arm, going from cabin to cabin, doctoring the sick babies and the old negroes. Frequently all night long she lingered at the bedside of some dying negro, praying with him and when life had ceased, would close the staring glassy eyes. None in the "Big House" knew of this nightly vigil save "Ole Marster."

I can hear the musical ring of the bunch of keys fastened to her side, or in her key basket, as she walked along, for, while Uncle Eben kept the crib key, and Aunt Lishy the dairy key, and Aunt Nanny the smokehouse key, "Ole Mis" always kept the pantry key. She gave out every meal herself, weighed the flour, sugar, butter, lard, and meal, measured the coffee, and

she always skimmed the cream in the dairy and prepared the milk for the churns, and made the curds.

There was such an unjust article to the South in the *New York Times* last year (1915). Edna Ferber, the authoress, is represented as saying that "The kitchens of the Southern women were left to the device of a company of slaves who ran the house pretty much to suit themselves. The Southern women never knew what provisions there were in the kitchen or cellar or how much food went out each day to furnish feasts in the near-by cabins. They knew nothing of housekeeping."

What absolute ignorance this showed of life in the Old South! Fortunately a Southern girl who had statistics in hand was ready to answer Miss Ferber. She found in a trunk of papers and letters belonging to her great-grandmother, who lived on her plantation in Washington County, Georgia, facts to contradict this in a most certain way. She found the "Plantation Book of 1851," in which the daily routine of work by the mistress of the plantation was given. In this memorandum book was kept not only the household duties, but how many pounds of cotton had been picked by the women and children on the plantation—"Martha 806 lbs., Mary 1,243 lbs., and Eliza 920 lbs." etc., and the prize money allowed them for picking over a certain amount, and then "something to George who couldn't pick, but who helped with the baskets."

Then followed the exact weight of the lard and the meat given to each family—"John and his family 62 lbs. of meat, Lewis, Patty and Martha 30 lbs." Then the amounts given to the decrepit negroes in the cabins. Finally the prescriptions left by the doctor for two of her negro patients. Then the death of a negro baby is recorded. The birth and death of the negroes were always recorded in the Family Bible at the Big House.

Now, when Miss Sarah Prince Thomas (Carol North) sent her answer to the article in the *New York Times,* and asked

that it be printed to contradict Miss Ferber's statements, it was returned, saying that they did not need it. Was this just?

From early childhood we of the South were taught all work was honorable, and every act, even sweeping a room or picking up chips could be made as acceptable in God's sight as any service an archangel could perform.

Each child had some special duty every day. The girl, as soon as she was able to hold a needle or know upon what finger to put the thimble, was made to hem the towels, the table napkins, the tablecloths, the servants' aprons, or to aid in drying the cut glass and silver, for "Ole Mis' always looked after this herself; and the boys were given the care of some one animal to feed and care for, or some gates to lock and unlock, and no one else, not even the negro each child owned, was allowed to do this work for them.

It is true the aristocrat of the Old South did not go into his blacksmith shop to shoe his horse nor his wife into the kitchen to cook, or to the wash tub to wash, but it was not because they were ashamed or scorned to do it, but because there was no need for them to do these things.

History has greatly maligned the old aristocrat of the South. He was not "haughty," he was not "purse proud," and he did not consider himself "of finer clay" than any one else, as history has unjustly represented him.

Aristocracy then was gauged by manners and morals, and not by the size of the bank account, as I fear is too much the case today. Far more time was spent in cultivating the graces and charms of life than in amassing fortunes. They realized that "Manners are of more importance than money and laws"—for manners give form and color to our lives. They felt, as Tennyson said, "Manners are the fruit of lofty natures and noble minds."

It will take us a long time to undo the falsehoods of history about the civilization of the Old South.

Who was the head of the plantation? Why, "Ole Mis";

every one on the plantation must obey "Ole Mis"; and "Ole Marster" said so and he obeyed "Ole Mis" too. Her life was a long life of devotion—devotion to her God, devotion to her church—she was really the pillar of the church—devotion to her husband, to her children, to her kinfolks, to her neighbors and friends and to her servants. She could not be idle for she must ever be busy.

"Ole Marster" could delegate many of his duties to the overseer, while he entertained his guests. He would rise early in the morning, eat his breakfast—and such a breakfast! Broiled chicken, stuffed sausage, spareribs, broiled ham and eggs, egg bread, corn muffins, hot rolls, beaten biscuits, batter cakes or waffles with melted butter, syrup or honey, and the half not told. I can taste those waffles now. My, how delicious they were! Then, after smoking his Havana cigar, he would mount his saddle horse and ride over the plantation to see if the orders given the day before had been fully carried out. Then give the next day's orders, ride to a neighboring plantation and return in time for an early dinner. Dinner was always at midday on the old plantation. If it were summer time, "Ole Marster" would lie down upon the wide veranda or in the spacious hall upon one of those old mahogany sofas, covered with black horse hair, and a little darkey with a turkey tail fan or a peacock feather brush standing at his head to fan him and keep off flies, while he took his noonday nap. If it were winter, he would go into his library, and, before a large, open fireplace with whole logs of wood, he would discourse upon the topics of the day with visitors.

There was no subject with which "Ole Marster" was not at home—whether politics, philosophy, religion, literature, poetry, or art. "Ole Marster's" sons for generations had been well educated and had a perfect familiarity with the classics —they could read Greek and Latin better than some of us can read English today. The best magaines of the day were upon his library table, and the latest books upon his library shelves.

There were no public schools in the South before the Reconstruction period. The teachers on the plantations were tutors and governesses from the best colleges of the North and South, and in the private schools in the towns and cities were men and women whose education was beyond question. It was somewhat different in the Old Field Schools. There the teacher sometimes knew little beyond readin' and 'ritin' and 'rithmetic, and was considered very learned if he carried his scholars beyond "the rule of three."

"Ole Marster" was rarely as religious as "Ole Mis," and, if he wouldn't have family prayers, "Ole Mis" would, but "Ole Marster" always had a reverence for religion and made his negroes attend church regularly and raised his children with a reverence for Sunday and holy things.

"Ole Miss" often put on a grandmother's cap when only thirty-five—what will the young grandmother of today say to that? Girls married at an early age, for a home was ready—"They never came out, for they had never been in."

How handsome "Ole Marster" was in his broadcloth suit and his silk beaver hat, his pump-soled boots, his high stock and collar, and his gold watch and chain with fob. Bill Arp said the aristocrat was known by the way he toyed with the fob upon his chain.

How quaint and beautiful "Ole Mis" was in her lace cap and satin bows! I wish I had a black silk apron with pockets in it like my grandmother used to wear. What long, deep pockets there used to be in the skirts—sometimes pockets on both sides!

The entertainments would last for weeks at neighboring plantations ten or twenty miles apart. The old family carriage would come before the door, and the maids with the bandboxes and the valets with the horse-hair trunks, with brass nail heads, would strap them behind and cover them with a leather curtain; then they would follow the young people in a spring wagon to the place of entertainment. I can see now just such a party—the old family carriage, high up

on elliptical springs, the driver's seat above the top of the carriage, and the steps which unfolded down, and then folded up.

The footman was there to let down the steps, the lovers were there to assist in mounting the steps, and Bill Arp said the true aristocrat was known not only by the size of her foot, but by the graceful way she could manage her crinoline in mounting the steps of the carriage or descending therefrom. The lovers would mount their horses and act as a body-guard to the appointed place.

The girls were dressed in dainty lawns and muslins—for no girl before her marriage, or until she had passed the marriageable age, was allowed to wear velvet, silk, satin, or lace. On their heads were the daintiest straw bonnets, trimmed with pink roses—a bunch over each ear—and bows of pink ribbons to tie beneath the chin, and the dearest black net gloves and the daintiest black slippers, with low heels, or no heels at all. Their lovers would have thrown not only their cloaks, Sir Walter-like, but themselves in the mud rather than those dainty feet should be soiled by the mud. And it was considered *dreadful if more than the tip of that slipper should show.* What would our grandmothers have said to these short dresses of today?

Hunting parties, riding parties, fishing parties, boating parties, tournaments, charades, dances, and all sorts of joys never dreamed of by the young people of today—no sitting out in the moonlight on the lawns, no hiding in dark corners of the verandas, no love-making after the old people had gone to bed, no automobile rides after dark, no dancing until daylight, and consequently runaway marriages were rarely heard of—and divorces were rarer. While the young men were on their fox hunts, the young girls would be employed with their embroidery—exquisite work they did!

But, oh, the preparation for a wedding feast! Weeks beforehand the plans were laid. "Hunter's round" had to be packed in spices, fruit cake to be made, raisins seeded, citron

sliced, almonds blanched, and later the cakes iced, pyramids of cakes graduating in octagon shape from very large at the bottom to small at top and capped with a figure of the bride with her wedding veil and the groom in black broadcloth that had been bought from some confectionery shop. Little fence rails of icing around the different layers of cakes mounted one upon the other; bunches of grapes made of icing and covered with gold or silver leaf; roses made of white tarlatan and rimmed with icing. How we used to stand around—white children and black—and beg for the cones or the bowls that held the icing after the cakes were finished! I can see, now, the little smeared faces—for the owners unhesitatingly licked the bowls. Then the blanc mange shaped in so many wonderful molds of pineapple, muskmelon, rabbits and roses. Then pig's feet jelly, so stiff, and cut into little squares just big enough for a mouthful—how delicious they were!

Then the day of the wedding! There was the making of the chicken salad and the slicing of the beef tongue and ham and the roasting of turkeys and the icing of the little cakes, the making of the wafers that fairly melted in the mouth, and then the sweet wafers rolled over and oh! so crisp and delicious, and beaten biscuit by the bushel, the watermelon rind preserves cut into such equisite shapes, fish and bird and flower, and shaped with an artist's eye—the pride of the housekeeper, brought out to be seen if not to be eaten—the mango pickles, peach pickles, brandy peaches, artichoke pickles, cucumber pickles, and cherry pickles! Then the boiled custard and the syllabub—we had no ice cream in those days, for manufactured ice was unknown. Every member of the family present had to take home some of the wedding cake, every young person must have some of the cake to dream on, and to name the corners of the room. The wedding guests lingered on for days, and even weeks, after the wedding was over, and the feasting continued until the last guest was gone.

Those happy days are no more—gone, never to return, and

the civilization as our granmothers lived it, went with it. Happy are those whose memory holds these days in remembrance! My heartfelt sympathy goes out to those who shall never know of them!

Veterans, didn't we have a good time when hog killing time came! Weren't the pig tails and the crackling bread fine? Don't we feel sorry for these young people who never ate a roasted pig tail, or never spent a Christmas on the old plantation?

Time was measured to Christmas, and three weeks before Christmas Day the wagons would go to the nearest city or town to lay in the Christmas supplies. Every negro man had to have a complete outfit, from hat to shoes; every negro woman had to have the same from head handkerchief to shoes; each negro child every article of clothing needed; and warm shawls, and soft shoes, or some special gifts had to be bought for the old negroes too feeble to work. Then there were the barrels of apples, oranges, cocoanuts, boxes of almonds, Brazil nuts, English walnuts, hazelnuts, raisins, citron and currants; then candies galore, kisses with adorable verses, sugar plums, lemon drops, gum drops, peppermint, cinnamon and lemon candy by the quantity, and last but not least, some mysterious packages that were stowed in mother's large wardrobe, which mammy told us with a grave shake of the head were *"Laroes catch medloes,"* and for fear they might be animals that would bite us, we religiously let them alone, and forgot to ask about them when Christmas was over.

How happy all were, white and black, as the cry of "Christmas Gif' " rang from one end to the other of the plantation, beginning early in the morning at the Big House and reaching every negro cabin—Christmas can never be the same again.

As in a family life when a child is disobedient and must be punished, so in plantation life a disobedient or unruly negro had to be whipped or punished. It was natural that he should prefer to run away to escape a punishment he justly deserved

and knew he would surely receive, especially tempted to run into a free State when incentives were offered to him to come and be transported by some underground way and hidden from the owner. It was perfectly natural also for him to give the most exaggerated reports of his treatment to willing listeners, who really set a premium upon these exaggerations.

"Aunt Cinthy," living in Florida where Northern tourists so often go for the winter, understood this. When reproached for saying what was absolutely false about the condition of the negro under slavery, she said: "Honey, I am jest obleeged to zaggerate a leetle about these things to edify the Northern tourists—they wouldn't give me any money if I didn't."

The unnatural thing to the Southern planter was how educated and intelligent men and women of the North could believe he would willingly injure his salable property by hitching him to a plow, or allowing him to be cruelly beaten. To him there was no difference between hiding his negro worth $1,200, or more, and hiding his pocketbook which contained the same amount of money. This interference with his personal property was stealing, no matter how viewed, and it irritated him beyond measure. He knew perfectly well, should he retaliate by taking the horses of the abolitionists from their stables, or cows from their barns, or cattle from their fields, or furniture from their homes, or bank notes from their pockets, it would quickly have been a question of law and imprisonment. It has been estimated that 75,000 negroes were thus hidden from their owners before 1860.

These fanatics took out "Personal Liberty Bills" contrary to the Constitution, to protect them, on the plea that there was a Higher Power than the Constitution. Indeed, in their fanaticism, they publicly burned the Constitution, and even said if the Bible stood for slavery, better burn the Bible, too.

Now, there is no doubt that this was one of the many interferences with Southern rights which forced Southern men to advocate secession in order to secure the rights guaranteed to them by the Constitution. Many think because this interference with the runaway slaves was one of the *occasions* of

war that the war was fought to hold the slaves. Never was there a greater mistake. Out of the 600,000 men in the Confederate army 400,000 never owned slaves. What were those men fighting for? There were 315,000 slave-holders in the Northern army. Did they wish their slaves freed? General Lee freed his slaves before the war began. General Grant did not free his until the Thirteenth Amendment passed, for Missouri's slaves were not intended to be freed by the Emancipation Proclamation.

Southern men always believed in State Sovereignty, and Southern men always have stood by the Constitution. Fair-minded Northern men saw this and said the South had by the Constitution the right to secede and contended that the Abolition Party was only a minority party in the North. George Lunt, of Boston, said, "The majority of the men in the North felt outraged at the actions of the Republican party at the time in interfering with the rights of the Southern States."

Had the South prevailed, the Union would have been preserved and that too by the Constitution. Our negroes would have long ago been freed by gradual emancipation, as Southern slave-holders had already done, were desirous of doing still, and, had no interference come from the abolitionists, there would be now no race problems to adjust.

Neither would there have been any need to change the Constitution except to legislate more strongly to enforce the laws against the slave trade as it was being still carried on by Northern States contrary to law, and the right to free their own slaves, as was claimed by the slaveholders of the Southern States. State Sovereignty would still remain, while the inexpediency of secession would have been proven by war. We would have, today, not only a grander and more glorious Union with no danger threatening us from a centralized government, but we would have a true democracy with States Rights stressed, as President Wilson advocates, a government formed *of* the people, *by* the people and *for* the people—knowing no North, no South, no East, no West.

PART II.

What Made the Civilization of the Old South?

It was, undoubtedly, the institution of slavery.

Why then did not the institution of slavery as it existed in Egypt, in Greece, in Rome, in Russia, in France, in the British Colonies, in New England, and other Northern States, produce the same civilization? That it did not, history has proven. There must have been another reason, then, than the mere institution itself.

The difference evidently was in the slave-holders of the South—men of that old Cavalier stock having the fear of God which gave them minds tuned to justice, and hearts trained to love, and pocketbooks opened to the needs of humanity, and I think the open pocketbooks had much to do with it. These men of the Old South lived with open-handed hospitality. One rarely heard of slaveholders in the South amassing great wealth like Stephen Girard of Philadelphia, or Peter Faneuil of Boston, Mass. The Southern slaveholders did not drive close bargains, but were generous in all their dealings, believing in the doctrine of "live and let live." Many slaveholders lived far beyond their means, and the surrender found them greatly in debt on account of liberality to their slaves.

From Jamestown and Plymouth Rock flowed two mighty streams of influence—dissimilar and, for more than a hundred years, entirely separate—two types of men with distinct ideals of life. One loved England and the established church, and came simply to investigate the New World and its possibilities, and fully intended to return to England some day, and had no desire to withdraw from the mother church.

The other had no love for England and had a grievance against the established church, deliberately planned to make a new home in this country, and never desired or intended to return to the mother land or mother church.

The backbone of the Virginia stream, or the Jamestown

Colony, was composed of men from leading families in England, gentlemen of the best English society, the landed gentry born to wealth and very loyal to their king. They were of the Cavalier stock. Many had lost their fortunes by high living, no doubt, and desired to come to this new world, expecting to find it a veritable Eldorado. When they decided to remain they patterned their social institutions after England, where they had been accustomed to large landed estates with tenants or servants. Coming with this old patriarchal idea of life, they became an agricultural people, making a diffusive civilization, settling on burgesses or plantations, having their indentured servants and living as in their old home.

Not so with the New England stream or Plymouth Rock Colony. They, too, were Englishmen, but did not come from the landed gentry, but from Puritan stock. They had a grievance with England in regard to an interference with their liberty to worship God as they pleased. They did not love the king or the landed gentry, so they began to lay the foundations of new social institutions and to set up new altars of justice and religion, and thus really became autocrats in the administration of the law.

The Jamestown Colony coming from English blood born to rule, their very instincts of life tended to develop political leaders and statesmen.

Their life on the plantations under the institution of slavery in controlling their slaves, fitted them to control themselves and others, so we find for fifty out of seventy years of the early government of our Republic, Southern men filled the Presidential chair. Every man from the South was reëlected for a second term, and two offered a third term, while not a President from other sections during this period ever held a second term. Thus was the ability of Southern men to control the affairs of State acknowledged by the people of the country.

The Plymouth Rock Colony, settling in towns and cities, made a cohesive civilization and developed traders, manufac-

turers, and men fitted for commercial control of the country. Their nearness to each other in the cities and towns also developed literary instincts, and there the leading men of letters were found during those early days of the Republic. A literary atmosphere was created by close contact and Massachusetts particularly produced many poets and philosophers, and the finest essay writers of that day came from New England.

These people were a methodical, painstaking people, exact in all business calculations, in all State regulations. They instigated research, and undertook historical investigations and so we find not only the statistics regarding their affairs accurately kept, but everything pertaining to their history recorded.

The Jamestown Colony did not write their history or accurately keep their statistics—hence we are suffering for this today, because our statistics have been prepared by those who did not know them as we did not know them ourselves, and we are often forced to go to the British Museum and other archives in England to find some of the history of those early days.

While the men of the South were eminently literary, they could not as in New England create a literary atmosphere, for they lived miles apart and rarely had any opportunity to meet in groups to discuss literary topics. They had the ability to write books, and they wrote much for local papers, but there was no need to print books for the money that would come to them from the printing.

The South produced great orators, and great political statesmen whose writings have come down in the political history of our country, excelled by no other section.

The Jamestown Colony thought little of the value of statistics. They were big-hearted, open-handed, free livers, given to hospitality, and as was said before, often lived far beyond their means. The care of their slaves was always a very heavy expense. The institution of slavery brought on an immunity from drudgery and gave leisure for the cultivation of the mind and manners. It made gentlemen and gentlewomen.

There was little attempt at grandeur or display—a beautiful simplicity was the charm of the life of the Old South. There was no need to study ethics, it was inborn in white and black. While there were different degrees of wealth—one man owning more slaves than another, or men of business affairs in the towns and cities owning few or no slaves, yet there was little difference in social standing—the line being drawn on education, manners and morals more than on the family tree and the pocketbook. Intellectual advantages and manners were to them of paramount importance. Character always counted for more than blood or money. And sneer as one may at the chivalry of the Old South, it was that which sweetened Southern life. Southern men were not only the champions of the women of their households, but the protectors of all women.

Now, while the Plymouth Rock Colony also produced gentlemen and gentlewomen, they were of a different type. While at heart they may have been just as true they lacked the social graces, and charming manners that the civilization of the Old South produced.

This difference came out very strikingly when Thomas Jefferson and John Adams were at the same time representatives from the United States Government in France. They had with them their daughters, Martha Jefferson and Abigail Adams—both well educated young women. Queen Marie Antoinette said that Martha Jefferson had the most exquisitely gracious manners she had ever seen in any young girl, and could be at home in any royal court; while the prim manners of Abigail Adams, the little New England maid, oppressed her.

The Jamestown settlers and their descendants, while not Puritanical in their religion, were religious. While Jonathan Edwards was preaching "Hell Torments" from a New England pulpit, the churchmen in Virginia were preaching "The love of God to sinful, dying men."

Read that tablet on Old Cape Henry Lighthouse commem-

orating the planting of the Cross by THIRTY members of that Jamestown Colony, April 26, 1607.

Read Richard Crashaw's Prayer, that was used in the daily service at Jamestown, in which is found: "Arm us against difficulties, and strengthen us against base thoughts and temptations. Give us faith, wisdom and constancy in thy service."

Read how the Rev. Robert Hunt held daily services under the stretched sails of one of those first three vessels that brought over this first permanent English Colony.

Go to Jamestown Island today and see the remains of that old church built there. Read the history of that church and see in Virginia churches today the remains of the communion service used there.

Read of that *first* Fast Day, and that *first* Thanksgiving Day before even the Pilgrim Fathers had left England.

Read of the missionary work of Alexander Whitaker, the *first* Protestant missionary to American Indians.

Yes, they were religious, but they believed in a religion of joy and happiness and never believed in a religion that carried a long and sanctimonious face.

The Plymouth Rock Colony were Puritans in word and deed. They recognized no church, no creed, no king by divine right. They said they were only responsible to God and to their own consciences. Life with them was simply a preparation for death, but their liberty became intolerance, and having been persecuted they also began to persecute. They allowed no Christmas festivities, no May Day joys, and their children were actually punished for being merry. A man was even forbidden to kiss his wife on Sunday. Nathaniel Hawthorne once said, "Let us thank God for such ancestors, but let us also thank Him that each generation brings us one step farther on in the march of ages."

The Cavaliers and their descendants and the men who settled the Southern colonies, into whose blood came that of the Irish, the Scotch, the Welsh, the French Huguenots,

made up a people who have no superiors in the world—and today, after all these years, the purest Anglo Saxon blood out of rural England is to be found in the Southern States, and Englishmen have testified that the purest English is spoken not in New England, but in the Southern States.

The Puritans and their descendants and the other colonies that settled the North, into whose blood came the Dutch, the Swedes, the Danes, the Quakers, made a sturdy race, whose strength of character and business qualifications have always made them prominent as men of large affairs in the business world, and has given them great prominence in religious activities and ability in financing large undertakings. While it is written that Robert Morris, of Pennsylvania, financed the Revolution, we must not forget that Thomas Nelson, of Virginia, borrowed on his own credit, $2,000,000 for the Continental Congress and this money was never returned to him.

By the way, it was the American Revolution that brought the Cavalier and Puritan with their descendants close together to form one deep, swift current of national life, and the difference in Puritan and Cavalier blood was forgotten in the one mighty united effort to gain American independence. When Massachusetts suffered, every Southern colony suffered with her and quickly came to aid her. George Mason, of Virginia, wrote to his children to go in deep mourning when the services were held to pray for the relief of Massachusetts. When the Boston Port Bill passed, every one of the Southern colonies responded with aid to Massachusetts.

At the time of the Revolution, every colony was a slave holding colony. There really was no question of abolition of slavery and no sectional feeling until the time of the Missouri Compromise in 1820, which drew attention to the political power of the slave holding states.

Who was most responsible for the bringing over of African slaves—the North or the South? How glad I am to right a wrong against Massachusetts! It was a Dutch vessel, in

1619, sailing the English flag, that sold to the Jamestown Colony the first twenty "NEGARS," as John Rolfe called them. This was one year before the Mayflower set sail from England, so Massachusetts can not be blamed for that. That they were sold and not indentured is proven beyond doubt from authorities incontrovertible—such authority as George Bancroft (Vol. 1, p. 125), America's greatest historian; and Lyon Gardiner Tyler, Virginia's authority on Colonial history.

The strongest testimony is a paper in the possession of the descendants of Governor Yeardley, who was one of the Jamestown Colony to buy these Africans. He says they were bought in a spirit of humanity, with no thought of later commercial value. These creatures were suffering horribly on that slave ship and the Jamestown settlers felt they must be relieved, so bought them, and then tried to civilize them by putting them to work.

If African slavery was a sin, the Spaniards and English were the sinners. It is true the slave trade in the United States was begun by Massachusetts, and in the main carried on by her, not as a private enterprise, but by the authority of the Plymouth Rock Colony (Colonial Entry Book, Vol. IV, p. 724).

Slavery was abolished in the Northern Colonies from no conscientious scruples, but simply because the slave labor was unprofitable (Fiske's *Critical Period of American History,* p. 73).

Southern planters never, if it could be avoided, allowed their slaves to be sold at public outcry. It only happened when a man died without a will—then members of the family tried to buy the slaves in by families.

The South has suffered greatly from misrepresentations in regard to the institution of slavery. History has grossly maligned, not only the institution, but the slaveholder. Cruelty as practiced in East Indies, the Barbadoes and elsewhere have been repeated and located in the South. One

traveler declared he saw in his travels a negro in a cage exposed to wild birds and his eyes literally pecked out—and encyclopedias and historians have located it in South Carolina. In the first place there are no wild birds in South Carolina to have done the pecking, and in the second place no Southern slaveholder would have stood for this for a moment.

The slaveholder has been accused of cruelty in separating mother and child on the slave block. The selling of slaves in the South did not separate mother and child as often or with such cruelty as did the slave traffic in Africa—as did the hiding of the fugitive slaves from their owners—as did the "Exodus Order" in Reconstruction days. Southern States had very rigid laws along this line. In Louisiana, if a slaveholder separated mother and child, he must pay $1,000 and give up six of his slaves. Other states also had binding laws. We find, in the Massachusetts *Continental Journal,* March 1, 1778, an advertisement of a slave mother to be sold "with or without her six months' old child."

The Southern planter has been accused of cruelty to his slaves—no cruelty on the part of any overseer can compare to that of the middle passage on the slave ships, where, on that long voyage, they were huddled as standing cattle and suffered from hunger and thirst so that they died by the hundreds. Let it be remembered that no Southern man ever owned a slave ship. No Southern man ever commanded a slave ship. No Southern man ever went to Africa for slaves.

General Lee said, "There was no doubt that the blacks were immeasurably better off here than they were in Africa—morally, physically, and socially." He thought the freeing of them should be left in God's hands and not be settled by tempestuous controversy.

The South has been vilified for not educating the negro in the days of slavery. The South was giving to the negro the best possible education—that education that fitted him for the workshop, the field, the church, the kitchen, the nursery,

the home. This was an education that taught the negro self-control, obedience, and perseverance—yes, taught him to realize his weaknesses and how to grow stronger for the battle of life. The institution of slavery as it was in the South, so far from degrading the negro, was fast elevating him above his nature and his race.

We dared not teach the negroes on the plantation to read lest men of the John Brown type would urge them to rise, burn and kill our men, women and children on the plantation. Nat Turner, a free negro, did learn to read and was responsible for that insurrection in 1836 that resulted in the murder of sixty whites.

No higher compliment was ever paid the institution of slavery than that by the North, which was willing to make the negro its social and political equal after two hundred years of civilization under Southern Christianizing influence. Never has been recorded in history such rapid civilization from savagery to Christian citizenship.

Charles E. Stowe said, "There must have been something in the institution of slavery of value to have produced such a beautiful Christian character as Uncle Tom" in his mother's book.

The black man ought to thank the institution of slavery—the easiest road that any slave people have ever passed from savagery to civilization with the kindest and most humane masters. Hundreds of thousands of the slaves in 1865 were professing Christians and many were partaking of the communion in the church of their masters.

All that the South wishes is justice. This she has never had. In all of her history she has never been an invader but a defender of rights.

The War between the States taught us of the South our unpreparedness. The war in Europe is teaching our whole nation our unpreparedness. Thank God for President Wilson—a man of peace and a man of vision! The Revolutionary War brought Cavalier and Puritan together in a common

love of country, so we, today, North, South, East, and West are being brought more closely together than ever before as true Americans under one flag and loyal to a Democratic Government with State Sovereignty stressed. We must be ready, after this war ends, to lend a helping hand to all nations needing help—for no blessing will come to us if we allow selfishness to engulf us.

Remember that this civilization that has replaced the old civilization rests with you and me whether it shall be a better civilization or not. Upon the individual man and woman in this country rests a fearful responsibility. Shall our influence—unconscious influence—which is the strongest—be for the upbuilding or the pulling down of this great Nation which God has entrusted into our keeping? God grant that we shall one and all stand ever on the side of RIGHT.

Colonel Hardy Murfree, of the North Carolina Continental Line*

By Colonel W. L. Murfree.

Hardy Murfree was born in Hertford County, North Carolina, on the 5th of June, 1752. At the early age of twenty-three he was appointed Captain of the Second Regiment of the Continental line of North Carolina by the Provincial Congress, which met at Halifax, August 21, 1775. The earliest action of this body was to pledge the coöperation of North Carolina with the other colonies in raising a Continental army for the common defense of the country. In fulfillment of this pledge, after directing the formation of a force of "Minute-men," designed for local operations, it proceeded to organize two regiments, which became a portion of the Continental army, and which served throughout the Revolutionary war.

Hardy Murfree's father, William Murfree, was a man of prominence in the community in which he lived, and was a member from Hertford County in the North Carolina Congress, or Convention, as it would be called in the language of the present day, which convened at Halifax, in the following year on the 12th of November, 1776. The duty of this body, as described in the call issued for its formation by the Committee of Safety, was "not only to make laws, but also to form a constitution which was to be the foundation of all law; and as it was well or ill ordered, would tend to the happiness or misery of the State."—(Wheeler's *History of North Carolina,* pp. 84, 85, 86.)

That the constitution framed by this body was "well ordered," is very manifest from the fact that it proved so

*This Biographical Sketch of Colonel Hardy Murfree was delivered before the Tennessee Historical Society, at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, December 8, 1885, when Major D. D. Maney, "on behalf of all the descendants of Hardy Murfree and himself," presented to that historic organization the sword of this distinguished officer of the North Carolina Continental Line, which was accepted by Judge John M. Lea. Colonel W. L. Murfree lived in St. Louis, Missouri.

satisfactory to the people of North Carolina that, without amendment, it continued to be the organic law of the State from 1776 to 1835, a period of 59 years.

The two regiments contributed by North Carolina to the general defense, passed, as soon as they were organized, under the control of the Continental Congress, and acted chiefly in the main body of the army, under the command of Washington.

In the daring assault which resulted in the capture of Stony Point, there was selected from the North Carolina troops a battalion of picked men, and Hardy Murfree, who was then a Major, was placed in command. At the time there had been organized a corps of light infantry, composed of a battalion of picked men taken from each of the following States: North Carolina, Virginia, Delaware, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and Massachusetts; each battalion being under the command of a field officer. As already stated, Hardy Murfree was selected to command the North Carolina battalion. General Anthony Wayne was placed in command of the whole body, and to this corps of choice troops was committed the daring enterprise of storming Stony Point. Major Murfree, with his command, took his position according to his orders in front of the enemy's lines. He opened a rapid and continuous fire, for the purpose of drawing the attention of the garrison to his command, while the storming columns moved steadily and silently on his right and left to the attack on the fort. The result is matter of familiar history.

In the next year it appears that Major Murfree and his command had been transferred to the South. In his note book, which is now in the possession of a member of the family, there is an order by General Jethro Sumner, dated Warren County, June, 1780, addressed to Major Hardy Murfree, and also a copy of a letter from General Sumner, dated Hillsboro, May 18, 1781, addressed to "Col. Lamb or Maj. Murfree," relating to the movement of troops.

It may here be remarked that, in addition to the historical and documentary data, there are many interesting traditions concerning Hardy Murfree and his comrades, during the time of his service in the Continental army. It is said that in the battle of Germantown, October 4, 1777, he assisted in bearing from the field General Francis Nash,* who was mortally wounded. Colonel Murfree's sash was used upon this occasion to support the wounded General, and still bears the stains of his blood.

There are persons now living who were told by those who knew him well, his brother-in-law and son-in-law, that before the war closed Major Murfree was promoted to the rank of Colonel. He has always been accorded that title.

Colonel Murfree was married on the 17th of February, 1780, to Miss Sally Brickell, daughter of Matthias Brickell and his wife, Rachel Noailles Brickell. Mr. Brickell was a member of the Provincial Congress of North Carolina in 1776.

After the close of the war Colonel Murfree devoted himself to his private affairs. Elkanah Watson, in his book of travels in the South, published soon after the war, speaks of him as an "intrepid officer of the Revolution," whom he found busy with his plantation, on the banks of the Meherrin River, near the town of Murfreesboro, North Carolina. The town of Murfreesboro, Tennessee, was named in honor of him.

Colonel Murfree's wife died on the 29th of March, 1802, and five years afterwards he migrated to Tennessee, where he owned large bodies of land. He settled on Murfree's Fork of West Harpeth, in Williamson County, and on the 6th of July, 1809, he died. Although he had so recently identified himself with the people of Tennessee he had made many friends, and his funeral was attended by a large concourse of people. He was interred with Masonic honors, and an oration was delivered upon the occasion by Felix Grundy.

The following account of his funeral is taken from the

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*The Gen. Francis Nash, who fell at the battle of Germantown in 1777, was the man in whose honor Nashville was named.

Democratic Clarion, published by Thomas G. Bradford, in Nashville, Tenn., July 21, 1809. This old newspaper is now in the possession of Mrs. Mary M. Hardeman, a granddaughter of Colonel Murfree:

On Sunday, the 9th instant, agreeable to notice, the Masonic funeral of Col. Hardy Murfree was celebrated. At 9 o'clock the procession formed in Franklin, in the following order:

Masonic Lodges, preceded by Tilers with drawn swords.

Philanthropic Lodge, Col. Edward Hard, Master, followed by the members.

Past Masters.

Franklin Lodge, Col. N. Patterson, Master. Members.

Nashville Corps of Volunteer Cavalry, Capt. Heussar.

On the procession arriving at the gate of the garden the Philanthropic Lodge stopped, and the Franklin Lodge advanced first to the grave. At the conclusion of the Masonic funeral rites the subjoined oration was delivered by Felix Grundy, Esq., after which the military advanced and fired three volleys over the grave.

The surrounding hills were covered with vast numbers of people, and the awful silence which pervaded such an immense crowd evinced the feelings of the spectators for the memory and virtues of the deceased. Col. Murfree was said to be nearly the last survivor who commanded a regiment during the Revolutionary war. The heroes and sages of that day are rapidly passing off the stage of life, but a few years more and nothing will remain but the remembrance of the virtues of the gallant patriots who established the freedom and independence of their country.

The following are extracts from the oration delivered upon the occasion by Judge Felix Grundy:

". . . Masons have lost a brother, soldiers have lost a hero, the world has lost a citizen and a man worthy to be remembered—ye military men, he was also your brother in arms. When the voice of an injured country called him to her relief, he paused not, he left his peaceful habitation, he marched to the tented field—he felt the injustice and indignity that were offered to his country—while timid, irresolute minds were considering whether submission or resistance to the unjust demands of the old government should be preferred, in his mind there was no conflict, he saw there was but one course honorable for his country, that he adopted and pursued it—although the prospect was gloomy and unpromising he did not hesitate—he staked his property and life on the event of the doubtful contest. When in the field he was no idle spectator of the events—the plains of Monmouth bear testimony to his valor and intrepidity. In the attack on Stony Point he held a distinguished and dangerous

command. On both occasions and many others he taught bravery to his soldiers by example; he never shunned danger, his gallant soul was a stranger to fear. You, ye aged men, who also partook in the dangers and difficulties of our country, know that although he was the greatest advocate for discipline, he had the talent of enforcing it rather by persuasion and example than coercion—those under his command considered his displeasure as the greatest punishment that could be inflicted on them—military men, remember his name and imitate his virtues.

"Let all present revere his memory, who, with his compatriots, brought liberty and independence to our country. We are now floating on the surface of a smooth sea, they buffeted the storm; we now enjoy the cool and refreshing breezes of peace; the scorching heat of the summer sun and the battle's danger was theirs. . . .

"Enough of our brother's character has been portrayed in the rough field of peril and danger; let us trace him in the private walks of life, where peaceful virtue, with her associates, delight to dwell. His presence, which was a terror to the enemies of his country, to his family and friends was a refreshing shower. The implements of war being laid aside, he was the affectionate husband and the tender father. He has left no consort behind him to mourn his death—his children are with us. Often will they revisit this spot, they will view it as holy ground, consecrated by the remains of their father.

"Of the benevolence of our deceased friend all who knew him can speak! With a liberal but unostentatious hand, he relieved the wants of the distressed. With those feelings which masonry inspires, he fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and dried up the tear upon the widow's cheek."

Colonel Murfree left two sons and five daughters, all of whom were married. None of them are now living; the second generation has passed away, but the third and fourth are numerous. A large proportion of his descendants are residents of Tennessee, a few of Mississippi, some live in Kentucky, and some in Missouri.

Colonel Murfree's letters and memoranda show that he was a finely educated man, and of great native intelligence. He was of a generous and enthusiastic temperament, and was endowed with many noble traits of character. He was in every respect an honorable and upright man, a gallant officer, greatly beloved in private life, and most exemplary in his domestic relations. His private character is one which adds lustre to his public services.

In Memoriam

Entered into the eternal joy of her Lord on January 10, 1918, Mary Armistead Moore Matthew, the beloved wife of Patrick Matthew, formerly of Scotland, now of Edenton, North Carolina, daughter of the late Mrs. Susan Augustus Moore Righton, and niece of Miss M. E. Moore, of Edenton.

Descended from a long line of brilliant and distinguished ancestors, the noblest qualities of her antecedents culminated and found expression in her rare and charming personality. She used the gifts with which she was so richly endowed for the glory of God and the good of her fellow-man.

Her mind was as keen as a rapier, but possessed a depth a statesman might envy. She was a leader in all the educational, charitable, civic and church activities and an inspiration to the community in which she went about doing good.

She was a faithful, devoted member of St. Paul's Episcopal church, and filled with honor and efficiency the offices of president of the Bell Battery Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and regent of Penelope Barker Chapter, Daughters of the Revolution, and was a member of the North Carolina Society of Colonial Dames.

The historical tablets erected in Edenton are a memorial to her, and mark her interest and love for her native town.

With sincere grief we join the procession of the sorrowing in the loss of one who was dear to us. Her memory will be cherished in the hearts of all that knew her, for her broad sympathy and tender, loving nature responded readily to the joys and sorrows of others, and she made life a sweeter, fairer thing for all with whom she came in contact.

DUNCAN CAMERON WINSTON WALES.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT TO MRS. PATRICK MATTHEW.

Realizing the Society of the Daughters of the Revolution has sustained an irreparable loss in the death of our beloved member, Mrs. Patrick Matthew, for ten years Regent of the

Penelope Barker Chapter, the following resolutions have been adopted:

1. Since it has pleased God in His wisdom to call to higher service our friend and useful member, Mrs. Matthew, with a deep sense of our loss, we wish to express to her husband, Mr. Patrick Matthew, and her aunt, Miss Mary E. Moore, our tender and sincere sympathy.

2. That we mourn the loss of a brilliant and stimulating presence among us. May we press forward with renewed energy in the work she loved so well. The memorials she was instrumental in erecting in and around Edenton, are of great value to the State and to coming generations. Edenton, so rich in historical association and great deeds, was to her a trust, to revive and keep in the hearts of the living, and well did she fill her trust.

3. That she was faithful in all the relations of life, and the State has lost one of the most active and patriotic women.

4. That while her vacant place fills our hearts with sadness, we humbly submit to the will of God.

5. A copy of these resolutions be sent to her family and that they be entered into the minutes of the Society of the Daughters of the Revolution and the Edenton papers please copy.

Respectfully,

Mrs. Marshall Williams,
State Regent.
Miss Georgie Hicks,
Historian.
Miss Winifred Faison,
Corresponding Secretary.
Mrs. Geo. P. Pell,
Recording Secretary.
Mrs. Chas. Lee Smith,
Treasurer.
Mary Hilliard Hinton,
Mrs. Paul Hinton Lee,
Vice Regents.

Biographical Sketch

By Mrs. E. E. Moffitt.

MISS MILDRED LEWIS RUTHERFORD

Miss Rutherford contributes an article on the "Civilization of the Old South" in this issue of The Booklet, and which we hope will be reproduced in widely circulated journals.

Miss Rutherford was born at Athens, Ga., July 16, 1851. She is a daughter of William and Laura Battaille (Cobb) Rutherford, of Athens. North Carolina is one of her ancestral states. Her ancestors, the Lewises and Cobbs, lived in Granville County; she descends from the Lewises of Warner Hall and many of the distinguished families of the Old Dominion. Her great grandfathers, Col. John Rutherford and Major Francis Boykin, were with Gen. Nathaniel Greene in the American Revolution.

Miss Rutherford was educated at the Lucy Cobb Institute of Athens and subsequently its president for seventeen years. Again in 1917 she is president of Lucy Cobb. She is an inveterate reader and is trying hard to right the wrongs of history. Her studies cover every phase of literature and language and from her many activities is known nationally as educator, author, and historian. She is an educator of ability, as attested by her long service as president of that great Georgia institution, The Lucy Cobb. As an author her work includes many books and addresses. One of notable importance, "The Thirteen Periods of United States History," much used in schools and well deserves to become a text-book in all the States of the Union. This compilation is authoritative, reliable, and without sectionalism.

Miss Rutherford is State Historian of the Georgia Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. She was Historian General of the U. D. C., 1911-'12-'13-'14-'15-'16 and resigned from this office on account of the time-limit.

Her life has been, and is, one of great mental activity, be-

sides one of great responsibility, doing all with that energy and faithfulness characteristic of her forefathers.

She is a compiler of Southern history; and of English authors, French authors, American authors, and "The South in History and Literature." In patriotic work she is a potent factor. She is a member of the Society of Daughters of the American Revolution, to which she gives invaluable service in recording events of that period dear to the hearts of patriotic descendants. She is a member of the National Society of Colonial Dames of America in the State of Georgia, an organization that has brought to light facts in history by delving into old letters, court records, family wills and deeds, which by neglect would have been destroyed.

As a Daughter of the Confederacy and a long-time historian of that order, she has been assiduous in her researches, using every endeavor to see history made straight for the Southland. Her limited experience of that unfortunate period of our history, together with a great cloud of witnesses, she has unraveled many a tangled web of misreckoning and has woven the true threads of history into a fabric for the benefit of the future historian—and in which the South will greatly rejoice.

In this short sketch it is impossible to touch but lightly on the benefits bestowed by Miss Rutherford on her country. Her pleasing personality, added to her accomplishments of head and heart, have won for her an enviable place as a chronicler of history and a woman of high endeavor.

An address on "Historical Sins of Omission and Commission," dealing with events from 1754 to the present time, which she made at the General Convention of the U. D. C.'s at San Francisco in 1915, stands out for itself as one of abiding interest and importance. This address covers thirty-six pages and is well worthy of being reproduced on vellum, bound in morocco and placed in every library in this Nation.

With unprejudiced eyes, a sane look at things as they were, readers of the North, South, East, and West will put the stamp of justice on the brow of Miss Rutherford as an unbiased citizen and a champion of rights to all.