

Vol. XIV

JULY, 1915

No. 5

Vol XV,

No. 1

The North Carolina Booklet



GREAT EVENTS IN NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY



PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

BY

THE NORTH CAROLINA SOCIETY

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION

RALEIGH, N. C.

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SINGLE NUMBERS 35 CENTS

\$1.00 THE YEAR

Entered at the Postoffice at Raleigh, N. C., July 15, 1905, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879

The North Carolina Booklet

Great Events in North Carolina History

Volume XV of THE BOOKLET will be issued quarterly by the North Carolina Society, Daughters of the Revolution, beginning July, 1915. THE BOOKLET will be published in July, October, January, and April. Price \$1.00 per year, 35 cents for single copy.

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MISS MARY HILLIARD HINTON.

VOLUME XV.

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Number of North Carolina Troops in the Revolution.

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For particulars address

MISS MARY HILLIARD HINTON,

Editor North Carolina Booklet,

"Midway Plantation," Raleigh, N. C.

The
NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET

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

Published by
THE NORTH CAROLINA SOCIETY
DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION

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

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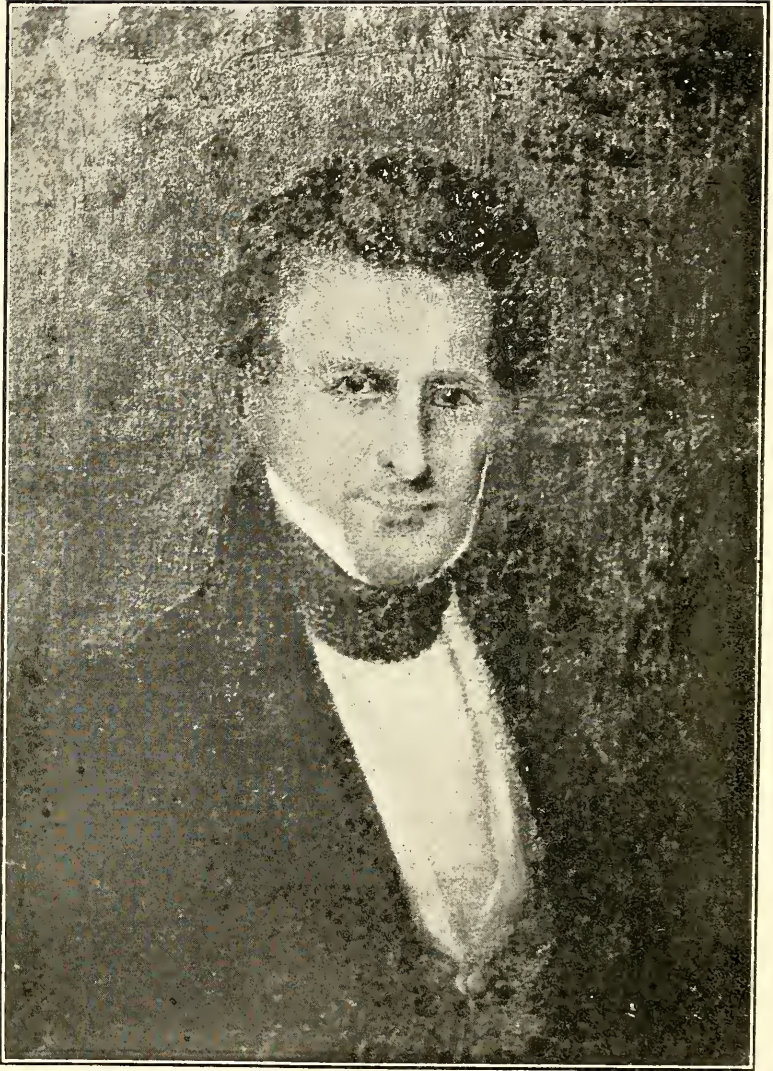
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EDMUND STRUDWICK

The North Carolina Booklet

Vol. XV

JULY, 1915

No. 1

Edmund Strudwick, Surgeon*

*Read before the N. C. Medical Society, June 12, 1907.

BY HUBERT A. ROYSTER, A. B., M. D., F. A. C. S.
RALEIGH, N. C.

The most heroic figure so far recorded in the medical annals of North Carolina is Edmund Strudwick, of the County of Orange. His character, his work, his life and his death were each marked by courage of the supreme type. His was a masterful mind—and with it there was a physical earnestness and a moral heroism scarcely to be surpassed. Edmund Strudwick was born in Orange County, North Carolina, on the 25th day of March, 1802, at Long Meadows, about five miles north of Hillsboro, the county seat. His lineage was ancient and long-established in the community, his father being an important political factor and distinguished for those qualities which afterward graced his son.

Doctor Strudwick received under the famous Bingham, the elder, what would now be called a high school education, though he did not finish the prescribed course of instruction, "so impatient was he to begin the study of the science to which nature seemed especially to have called him, and which he pursued with undiminished ardor, literally, to the last moment of his conscious existence." What was lacking in a classical education he made up by native ability and assiduous reading.

His medical studies began under Doctor James Webb, who stood to him almost as a father and whose place in the hearts of his people Doctor Strudwick subsequently filled. He was graduated as a Doctor of Medicine at the University of Pennsylvania on April 8, 1824. As a classmate of Doctor John

K. Mitchell (the father of S. Weir Mitchell) and with him, an office student of the celebrated Doctor William Gibson, young Strudwick became imbued with the best medical thought of the time. He served for two years as resident physician in the Philadelphia Almshouse and Charity Hospital.

Equipped with clinical experience, fired with enthusiasm and running over with energy, Doctor Strudwick in 1826 returned to his native heath and began the practice of medicine in the town of Hillsboro. From the very beginning he achieved success, soon becoming the commanding officer of the profession in that region of country. Never was success more deservedly gained. Every attribute of his being contributed to the result, for not only was he blessed with a sound body and a warm heart, but he had a superior intellect.

Doctor Strudwick never affiliated with any medical organization except the North Carolina State Medical Society. Of this he was a charter member and the first president. The Society thus honored itself by launching forth under the name of a man who had already risen to an eminence in his profession rarely attained in those days. At its meeting in Raleigh he delivered a striking address in which he urged education of the people to the necessity for autopsies. The following is a strong paragraph from this address: "Neither the apathy of friends, the cold neglect and deep injustice of legislation, nor pampered quackery and empiricism can stay its onward course. True medical science will, like the majestic oak, withstand the shock and storm of every opposition. It has been beautifully compared to a star, whose light, though now and then obscured by a passing cloud, will shine on forever and ever in the firmament of Heaven." He took a lively interest in the work of the Society to his last years, though he practically never contributed to medical literature. The only case he ever wrote up was a death from ether by paralysis of the respiratory centre. This paper was sent to his friend, Doctor I. Minis Hayes, then editor of the *American*

Journal of the Medical Sciences, but was either lost in transit or found its way to the waste basket—at least, it was never accounted for. So that, the first and only case that this busy man ever recorded was one of which he had no special reason to boast—a death from an anesthetic—but reported from a sense of duty and honesty, and that one was never published.

The character of Doctor Strudwick's work was such as came to every country practitioner in his day. He was apothecary, physician, obstetrician, surgeon. And though he performed those duties as other men had performed them before him, there seemed to stand out in him something that was different—above and beyond the country doctor around him. It was the man behind the physician, the strong mental and moral force back of his activity.

Though Doctor Strudwick was a well-rounded medical man, his forte was surgery and, had he lived in this day and generation, his name would be at the top of those who exclusively practice that art. Indeed, it is not saying overmuch to assert that no one man to this time in our State has made so enviable a reputation in surgery. When we consider the conditions under which he lived and labored, his work and its results were little short of miraculous. His reputation was not merely local, but during the '40's and long afterwards, he was doing operations in Raleigh, Wilmington, Charlotte, Greensboro—all the principal cities of the State. Numerous patients were sent to him also, some of them from long distances. There was no general hospital in the State then, but he cared for his cases somehow and always gave them faithful attention. No modern surgeon in North Carolina has ever attained to such individual eminence. Nor were his results less wonderful. He attempted not only the lesser cases but also those of magnitude and this fact gives greater color without losing an eye. Once as he was driving homeward to the results. All kinds of surgery attracted him and he sought for it. Scores of operations for cataract were performed by him, according to the now obsolete needle method,

after a long trip in the country, he saw an old man trudging along being led by a small boy at his side. Doctor Strudwick stopped, ascertained that the man had been blind for 12 years, made him get up into the carriage and took him to his (the doctor's) home. One eye was operated on first and the other the next week, sight being restored to each. This case, as did all other similar ones, appealed to Doctor Strudwick very greatly.

If there was any special operation for which Doctor Strudwick was famous, it was that of lithotomy. Certainly he was the leading lithotomist of his time in North Carolina. There is no record of the exact number he performed, but it was large and his mortality was low. More calculi undoubtedly occurred then, and Doctor Strudwick lived in a section of the State where this affection abounded. His custom was always to do the lateral operation and to introduce no tube or other drainage unless there was hemorrhage. It is said that he did 28 consecutive lithotomies without a death.

The most important operation of Doctor Strudwick's career was one about which, unluckily, the record is meagre. It was, however, probably in 1842, that he successfully removed from a woman a large abdominal tumor weighing 36 pounds. The nature of the growth is not made clear.

Dr. Strudwick was married in 1828, two years after beginning practice, to Ann Nash, whom he survived but two years. Their union was blessed by five children—two girls and three boys. The girls died in infancy. Of the sons, one (Frederick N.) was a well known lawyer, having been solicitor of the Fifth District before his death, and both the other two followed their father's profession. The youngest, Doctor Edmund Strudwick, Jr., became a practitioner of repute in Dayton, Alabama (where his son is now engaged in the drug business), and died at the age of 69 years. The eldest child, Doctor William Strudwick* is now living in Hillsboro, N. C., in the vigor of a ripe manhood and will apparently never

*Died at his home in Hillsboro since this paper was written.

grow old. He is just at the age which his father attained—77 years—and embodies many of the traits which one feels were precious legacies from Edmund the Great. The present Doctor Strudwick is a fluent conversationalist, a most gracious host and withal a rare example of the fast-passing “doctor of the old school.” May his shadow never grow less.

It now remains to say something of the personality of Edmund Strudwick and to call up incidents in his life which show what manner of man he was. That he was a hero—morally, mentally and physically—can be attested by his deeds as they stand. Doctor Strudwick was built in a big mold. His soul could not conceive, his mind could not think, his body could not do a little thing. A study of his career indicates that his ways were not the ways of the ordinary man either in the medical profession or out of it. He was a master of men. And this was not an acquirement of age, but he was all his life a leader. His moral force in the community may be shown by his set determination never to allow doctors to quarrel. He simply would not let them alone until peace was made. A favorite way was to invite the warring ones to his home on a certain time without giving them an opportunity to know in advance that they were to meet. This done, he usually accomplished his purpose. He was determined even to the point of stubbornness. Just after the Civil War, his most influential friends attempted with all their power to persuade him to take advantage of the homestead law, which was designed to permit Southern men to save a little during the reconstruction pillage—but he would not. Instead of this, he sold everything to pay his creditors, and lived in a two-room house without comforts till he died.

In personal appearance Doctor Strudwick was attractive. His height was about 5 feet 9 inches, and he weighed 190 pounds for the greater part of his life. He was exceedingly active and actually up to his final hours his energy was comparable to that of a dynamo. There was about him an intensity that was of itself commanding and overpowering.

Underneath this exterior of rough force was a suppressed tenderness that came from a humane and sympathetic heart and that, let forth, was as gentle as the outward manner was firm. The physician in that time was of necessity also the nurse. Here Doctor Strudwick showed his strength. Whenever he wished, for instance, a foot-bath administered, he did not ask that it be done, but issued the order, "Get things ready," and then, with a detail almost unheard of, he impelled his untrained assistants to do his exact bidding. One of his special feats was what he called "lacing" a bed—making up an old-fashioned feather bed so as to render it a more comfortable resting place for his patient.

It was this sort of care that contributed largely to his successful work. He never neglected a case. No matter how insignificant the case, how poor the patient, how far the ride, he pursued it with the same zest. He never stopped for inclement weather, or swollen streams. He braved the former and swam the latter. Obstacles only seemed to increase his zeal to press onward.

His healthy body was a boon to Doctor Strudwick. Never but once in the working period of his existence was he sick. He had gone with his son to perform an operation. On the way out he complained slightly and, having finished the task, he became quite ill, so that he had to be brought home lying down. He was nauseated, had a high fever ("calor mordax") and was delirious on reaching his room. It proved to be scarlet fever, though there was not a case then known in the county and, while he had been exposed to it many times, had never before contracted the disease. He was then about 50 years of age.

This fine condition of salubrity was aided also by his simple habits. He was not a big eater, and was extremely temperate. He never asked for a second portion of anything, but always took of each article what he thought was the proper amount for him to eat, finished it and would have no more. An oft-repeated saying was, "I have never swallowed anything that

I heard of afterwards." He also had the gift of taking "cat naps" at any time or place—a habit that William Pepper, the younger, did so much to celebrate. Doctor Strudwick frequently slept in his chair. He was an early riser, his life long, the year 'round. And one of his invariable rules—which illustrates the sort of stuff of which he was made—was to smoke six pipefuls of tobacco every morning before breakfast. He was a most insatiate consumer of tobacco, being practically never free from its influence. What liberal contracts nature makes with some mortals!

In politics Doctor Strudwick was an ardent Whig, though he never sought or held public office. His sense of humor was shown when, later in life he remarked to his son, "I don't know what I am coming to. Just to think I am wearing a slouch hat and a turn-down collar, and reading the *New York Herald!*"

In religion he professed the creed of the Presbyterians and was an elder in the church. His interest in life and its affairs was forever keen and live, particularly in any project for the public good. He was everybody's friend and an absolute paragon of cheerfulness. Even during his sudden reverse of fortune, his optimism never left him. But, while he was friendly and gentle, no one ever came down with more thundering tones upon those who were guilty of mean or unworthy acts.

Though his heart was chiefly in his surgery, yet Doctor Strudwick showed great fondness for every branch of the profession. He bought all instruments and books as they came out. All his spare time he spent in reading medical literature. He devoured all knowledge voraciously and thoroughly digested it. His study of a subject was exhaustive. For a goodly part of his time he rode on horseback—and he was a superb horseman to his last day. When he went in a vehicle he used a surry, with a boy in front, so that he could read along the road. Many hours a day did he spend thus, acquiring information which he was ready at a moment's

notice to put to use. In a flap on the dashboard he kept a bag in which were stored a small library and a miniature instrument shop. And often he would return with his carriage full of cohosh, boneset, etc., indicating his familiarity with medical botany. He prepared a good deal of his own medicine in this way. One of his favorites was a preparation of sheep sorrell ("sour grass") for lupus. The herb was inspissated in a pewter spoon by exposure to the air and sun, and the resultant mass applied to the ulcerated part. It is said to have been very efficacious. What reaction was produced and what substance was formed cannot here be said.

The crowning incident in the history of this great man happened when he was near the age of sixty years. Neither in fiction nor in real life has there been an example of firmer devotion to duty or of more daring fortitude. The glorious deeds of Willum MacClure exhibit nothing that can compare to this one achievement of Edmund Strudwick. He was called to a neighboring county to perform an operation. Leaving Hillsboro by rail at 9 o'clock in the evening, he arrived at his station about midnight and was met by the physician who had summoned him. Together they got immediately into a buggy and set out for the patient's house, six miles in the country. The night was dark and cold; the road was rough; the horse became frightened at some object, ran away, upset the buggy and threw the occupants out, stunning the country doctor (who, it was afterwards learned, was addicted to the opium habit), and breaking Doctor Strudwick's leg just above the ankle. As soon as he had sufficiently recovered himself, Doctor Strudwick called aloud, but no one answered, and he then crawled to the side of the road and sat with his back against a tree. In the meantime the other physician, who had somehow managed to get into the buggy again, drove to the patient's home, where for a time he could give no account of himself or his companion; but, coming out of his stupor, he faintly remembered the occurrence and at once dispatched a messenger to the scene of

the accident. Doctor Strudwick was still leaning against the tree, calling now and then in hopes of making some one hear, when the doctor's buggy came up at sunrise. He got in, drove to the house, without allowing his own leg to be dressed, and sitting on the bed, operated upon the patient for strangulated hernia, with a successful result. "Greater love hath no man than this."

What an inspiration is the life of such a man! Viewing it even from afar one cannot help seeing the sublime soul that was back of it all. He would have been no uncommon man in any age, in any place. It is to his surgical skill that extraordinary tribute must be paid. Were he living today, Edmund Strudwick would be the surgical Samson of our State. Indeed, it is doubtful if any of us equal him in the work which he essayed to do. In these times of wide possibilities his fame as a specialist in surgery would rank high. Such estimates are not overdrawn, for Doctor Strudwick's position in his period was such as to admit of them and more.

The going out of this great man's life was as tragic and unusual as his career had been brilliant and useful. In possession of his customary good health, at the age of seventy-seven, he succumbed to a fatal dose of atropine taken by mistake from drinking a glass of water in which the drug had been prepared for hypodermic employment in an emergency. An account says that "he was buried in the cemetery of the Presbyterian church at Hillsboro, the funeral being attended by almost the whole population of the town." But for the accident which terminated his life, Doctor Strudwick would by all reckonings have lived to an advanced age and some of us might have been privileged to know him. Priceless heritage this—to have fellowship with these rare souls that stand apart in passing generations; eternal inspiration ours—to contemplate the life and character of Edmund Strudwick and to hold him forever in our memories as the very finest model of those whose days are spent in—

"Battling with custom, prejudice, disease,
As once the son of Zeus with Death and Hell."

Grace Greenlee, a Revolutionary Heroine

BY WILLIAM CARSON ERVIN.

This is a story of a beautiful woman. That she was brave as well as beautiful was a matter of heredity. That she was beautiful as well as brave is proven both by family tradition and by the canons of descent. Some of the most charming women of the South, bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh, are living witnesses of the truth of that tradition of loveliness which throws a glamour around the name of this gracious feminine figure of the Revolutionary period.

To many of her descendants in North Carolina her musical name is all that is remembered—like a sweet note of some old melody that lingers after the song is forgotten. And yet, she was very real, this lady of long ago—wife of two soldiers and ancestress of brave men and fair women. The blood of the Scotch Covenanter and the English Puritan pulsed in her veins, with a wee bit of an Irish strain to quicken wit and mellow voice and darken the blue of the eyes.

Our American pioneers were living so intensely in the present that they took little thought of the future, leaving very scant records of their lives for the enlightenment of their descendants. Burke County, so rich in historical interest, had the peculiar misfortune of having nearly all of its priceless court records destroyed at the close of the Civil War. One volume of the minutes of the old Court of Pleas and Quarter-Sessions, covering the period from 1790 to 1808, remains. To depend, therefore, upon our records in writing a historical sketch is like the task of the botanist who would attempt to catalogue the flora of our mountains after inspecting a withered bouquet of wild flowers gathered haphazard by a child.

Happily for us, such men as Judge A. C. Avery and Colonel T. Geo. Walton, gathered from the lips of living witnesses

much of the history of this region, and preserved it in their historical articles.

Such books as Foote's "Sketches" of Virginia and North Carolina, Draper's "Kings Mountain," Greene's "Historic Families of Kentucky," the "Historical Papers" of Washington and Lee University, Wheeler's "History of North Carolina," and the "Reminiscences" of the same author, the "Colonial Records," Mrs. Boyd's the "Irvines and Their Kin," and Judge Avery's "History of the Presbyterian Churches at Morganton and Quaker Meadows," serve to throw some light upon the subject of this sketch or upon those parlous times in which she lived.

The ancestry of Grace Greenlee can be traced to one Christopher Irvine, who fell at Flodden Field in 1513. It was Robert Irvine, one of the descendants of Christopher, who married Elizabeth Wylie near Glenoe, in Ireland, and whose daughter, Margaret, became the wife of Ephraim McDowell. This Scotch-Irish soldier, who fought as a youth at Boyne River and in the siege of Londonderry, having buried his devoted wife, Margaret, in the old church yard at Raloo, in Ireland, brought his children, John, James, Margaret and Mary, to America about the year 1729, landing in Philadelphia.

Mary McDowell, one of the daughters of Ephraim, married prior to 1837, James Greenlee, whom Judge Greene styles "a Presbyterian Irishman of English descent." The Greenlees came from Philadelphia with Ephraim McDowell and his son, John McDowell, the latter of whom had married in Pennsylvania, Magdalena Wood, and became the first settlers on Burden's Grant of 500,000 acres in what is now Rockbridge County, Virginia. They reached Virginia in 1837, James McDowell, eldest son of Ephraim, having preceded them to that State. Hon. Hugh Blair Grigsby states that the excessive taxes imposed by Pennsylvania upon immigrants was the cause of the hegira of the Scots from Pennsylvania to Virginia and North Carolina.

Here, in the midst of that great wilderness and hard by the cabins of James and John McDowell, the Greenlees set up their home; and here, in 1738, their first child, John Greenlee, was born. The second son, named James after his father, was born to the Greenlees in 1740, and Grace, the subject of this sketch, the only daughter of whom any record is left, was born at the Greenlee home in Rockbridge County, Virginia, on June 23, 1750.

Of her early life in Virginia we have little knowledge. The Scotch-Irish Presbyterians of Augusta County, in which the Greenlees then lived and which included Rockbridge, had established, as early as 1749, the first school of high grade west of the Blue Ridge under the charge of Robert Alexander, a man of great learning, who had been educated at Edinburgh. He was succeeded as principal of the Augusta Academy in 1753 by Rev. John Brown, a Princeton graduate, who for more than twenty years taught the youth of the settlement. Washington and Lee University was the outgrowth of this great pioneer school. John and James Greenlee, brothers of Grace, were educated at Augusta Academy. Where she herself obtained an education, we do not know; but she was reared in a community where education was highly prized, where there was a considerable number of men who had been educated in the best schools of Scotland or at Princeton, and where, doubtless, she had educational advantages equal to those enjoyed by her brothers. Hon. Hugh Blair Grigsby, in an address delivered at Washington and Lee University in 1870, speaking of Augusta County at the time Grace Greenlee was in her girlhood, said: "It was a time when the proudest building in the vast region sweeping from the Blue Ridge to the Mississippi, was built of logs and rough rocks; when the rich and the poor—if indeed the word rich can be applied to any of the brave and pious settlers of this region—lived in log cabins; when the dwelling house, school house and the church were built of logs." Unbroken forests, in which bears, wolves, and deer abounded, and through which

roamed bands of hostile Indians, stretched for hundreds of miles on every side. Communication between the settlers was carried on by riding horse-back over rough trails, and merchandise was hauled hundreds of miles in rude wagons over almost impassable roads.

Colonel John McDowell, an uncle of Grace Greenlee, had been killed by Indians in the winter of 1743. Mrs. Estil, the sister of Colonel George Moffett (who had married Sarah McDowell, a first cousin of Grace Greenlee) had been captured and carried away by the Indians, and was rescued by her intrepid brother, Colonel Moffett, in charge of a band of frontiersmen, after a long chase through the forests. Some of her relatives had tasted the bitterness of Braddock's defeat, and had shared with her neighbors the victory at Point Pleasant. There was hardly a family in that old Virginia settlement some member of which had not been killed or wounded in the French and Indian wars. Such were the scenes and surroundings in which the early life of this pioneer woman was spent.

About the year 1776 Grace Greenlee married in Virginia, Captain John Bowman, a grandson of Joist Hite, a wealthy German who owned 40,000 acres of land in Frederick County, Virginia. Hite and his son-in-law, George Bowman, father of Captain John Bowman, had come to Virginia in 1732 from Pennsylvania, and had purchased the 40,000-acre tract from John and Isaac Vanmeter.

There is a tradition in the family that the father of Grace had arranged for her to marry a rich land owner of Virginia, well advanced in years; that the wedding trousseau was prepared, the wedding feast in readiness, and that the wedding ceremony had actually progressed to the point where the bride-to-be was asked if she would take the ancient bridegroom for "better or for worse," when she electrified the assembled guests by a most emphatic "No."

At any rate, she chose the young soldier, Captain Bowman, and in company with her husband and her brother James,

set out for North Carolina, where her relatives, the McDowells, and her second cousins, Margaret and Mary Moffett, who had married into the McDowell family, had preceded her. Reaching the Moravian settlements at Salem, the Greenlees and Bowmans were informed that the Cherokee Indians were on the war path in the upper Catawba settlements, and instead of coming directly to Burke, they went first to the home of their relatives, the Mitchells and Neelys, in South Carolina. These Mitchells were children of Margaret McDowell, a daughter of Ephraim and an aunt of Grace Bowman. Margaret McDowell had married James Mitchell in Virginia, and had moved thence to North Carolina and afterwards to South Carolina, where many of her descendants still reside.

It was probably on this trip to South Carolina that James Greenlee wooed and won his cousin, Mary Mitchell, to whom he was married and whom he brought to Burke County. The exact date when the Greenlees and Bowmans finally reached the Catawba Valley cannot be definitely fixed. It was certainly between the time of the battle of Point Pleasant in 1774 and the year 1778; for as early as 1778 both James Greenlee and John Bowman made numerous entries of land in Burke County. The McDowells, of Quaker Meadows and Pleasant Gardens, had made the first entries of their land in the office of the agent of Earl Granville, and afterwards took out new patents from the State of North Carolina; and it is asserted by members of the Greenlee family that both James Greenlee and Captain Bowman also made their original entries of land with the Granville agent, probably on some visit made to North Carolina before they came here to live.

It seems very probable that the time the Greenlees and Bowmans were deterred from coming direct to Burke by the news, which reached them at the Moravian settlements, that the Cherokee Indians were raiding the Catawba Valley, was during the summer of 1776, when the Cherokees crossed the Blue Ridge, murdered and scalped thirty-seven people on the

upper Catawba, and surrounded the McDowells and ten of their men and one hundred and twenty women and children whom they were protecting in a log fort, either in Turkey Cove or at the old Indian fort which stood where the village of Old Fort now stands.

On their arrival in Burke, Greenlee and Bowman were entertained by their relatives, the McDowells, at Quaker Meadows. Learning of their desire to settle in the valley, General Charles McDowell took both of the men to see a fine tract of land embracing the lower valley of Canoe Creek and fronting on the Catawba River at the mouth of that stream. This tract, which adjoined the Quaker Meadows lands, appeared so desirable that both Greenlee and Bowman wanted to acquire it. At the suggestion of Joseph McDowell, Sr., the question was settled by a wrestling match between these stalwart frontiersmen, and James Greenlee won. Captain Bowman then crossed the Catawba River, and on February the 2nd, 1778, entered three adjoining sections of good land on Silver Creek, embracing 1,380 acres. Here at "Hickory Grove," near the present station called Calvin, on the Southern Railway, the Bowmans built their home and prepared their fields for cultivation. The lands on Canoe Creek and Silver Creek, granted to James Greenlee and Captain Bowman in 1778, remained in the possession of their heirs until about ten years ago.

It was at Hickory Grove, on March 22, 1779, that Mary, the only child of John and Grace Bowman, was born. The Revolution in the meantime was in full swing, and Captain Bowman soon had to leave his young wife to join the McDowells in their numerous forays against the Tories in South Carolina. He was killed at the battle of Ramseur's Mill, just outside of the present town of Lincolnton, on June 20, 1780.

His wife, who was at Hickory Grove, heard that her husband had been desperately wounded and was lying at a house

near the battlefield. A superb horsewoman and possessed of dauntless courage, she mounted a fleet horse, and taking her fifteen months old child in her arms, rode like the wind to the bedside of her husband, who expired a short time after her arrival. It was a forty-mile ride through the South Mountains, over dim trails and through a country infested by bands of Tories smarting under their recent defeat, and it proved that the granddaughter of Ephraim McDowell had all of the courage of the old Londonderry soldier. Captain Bowman was buried on the battlefield where he fell, and a tombstone, erected by his widow, marks his last resting place.

Wheeler relates that Mrs. Bowman, on one occasion during the Revolution, pursued some Tories who had plundered her home during the absence of her husband, and compelled the robbers, at the point of a musket, to give up her property. The same author vouches for the statement, confirmed by family tradition, that she aided her husband in making gunpowder for the Whigs. Another story current in the family is that on one occasion some of Tarleton's troopers carried away some of the Bowman horses. This courageous woman rode to the British camp some miles away, and demanded her horses from the officer in charge, and was allowed to bring them back in triumph. It is also related that on another occasion, while riding alone on her favorite thoroughbred horse, she met a band of Tories, who insolently halted her and asked her the news. She told them there was nothing of interest to relate except that the McDowells were out with a large troop hunting for Tories, and were then approaching over the same road she had traveled. The Tories fled precipitately, and left her to return home.

In the fall of 1782, Grace Bowman married General Charles McDowell, and became the mistress of Quaker Meadows and its 2,000 acres of fertile land. With her little daughter Mary (or "Polly," as she was known to the family,) Bowman, she left Hickory Grove and moved across the Catawba to Quaker Meadows, which, even at that early date

had belonged to the McDowells for nearly half a century. Joseph McDowell, Sr., the husband of Margaret O'Neill, and the father of General Charles McDowell, had died there nine years before. It is probable that his good wife, Margaret, whom he had married in Ireland, had also passed away, though she was still living in 1780. Colonel Joseph McDowell, the brother of the General, was then settled on his fine estate at Johns River, with his wife, Margaret Moffett, the daughter of Sarah McDowell and a granddaughter of Ephraim.

Hugh McDowell, ancestor of the Walton family of Burke, another brother of the General's slept beside his father, having died in 1772, when only thirty years of age.

Her neighbors were the Erwins of "Belvidere" and "Bellvue," Waighstill Avery of "Swan Ponds," Captain Henry Highland, Robert Brank, James Greenlee, who resided near the present Walton residence at "Brookwood," John Henry Stevelie, who made his home on what is now known as the Magnolia Farm, and David Vance, ancestor of the distinguished family of that name.

Vance had come from Frederick County, Virginia, some time before the Greenlees and Bowmans reached Burke County. Foote mentions him as having administered the oath of office to eight magistrates in Frederick County in November 14, 1743. James Vance, son-in-law of Samuel Glass, was one of the first settlers on the Hite Grant, in Frederick County, Virginia, where he arrived in 1732, and where he is buried at Opequon church. He was probably the father of Colonel David Vance, though this I have been unable to verify. Colonel Vance, after he came to Burke, married the daughter of Peter Brank, a Whig patriot, whose old dwelling still stands on the Presnall farm overlooking the Catawba river a mile north of Morganton. Robert Brank, the Revolutionary soldier, was a brother of Colonel Vance's wife.

At the time of the marriage of Grace Greenlee Bowman and General McDowell, a little hamlet called "Alder

Springs," had sprung up on the hills south of the Catawba, in full view of the Quaker Meadows home. The lands embraced within the limits of the embryo town had been granted to James Greenlee, John Stringfield, James Jewell, Joseph Morgan and Robert Brank on September 20, 1779. By an act of the General Assembly held in Hillsboro in April, 1784, the town of "Morgansborough" was established, and Waighstill Avery, James Johnson, William Lenoir, Joseph McDowell and John Walker were appointed commissioners and authorized to purchase one hundred acres of land in the County of Burke, "as near the center thereof as may be convenient;" to levy taxes, erect public buildings and lay off streets and lots. The act provided for a tax of one shilling on every hundred pounds valuation of property in Burke and of four pence per hundred pounds in the counties of Lincoln, Rutherford and Wilkes, to be used for erecting a court house and jail in Morgansborough. The site finally selected for the new town was the little hamlet, Alder Springs, on the south side of the Catawba where Morganton now stands. At the session of the General Assembly held at Newbern in October, 1784, the commissioners reported that they had purchased 235 acres for the town site; and a new commission, composed of General Charles McDowell, John Blanton and Alexander Erwin, was appointed to carry on the work of building the new town.

The new county seat of the "State of Burke," then extending from Wilkes to Buncombe and westward to the Tennessee line, was soon provided with a pretentious court house and jail, two or more general stores, an inn kept by David Tate and a number of licensed "ordinaries." The opening of the Superior Court brought judges and lawyers and litigants to "Morgansborough," or "Morgan," as the village was then called, and the hospitality of the McDowell home, a mile away, became proverbial throughout the State. There were routs and balls for the youth of both sexes, horse racing, fox hunting and deer driving for the men, and many a good

“fist and skull fight” for the delectation of the populace. Morganton’s merchants brought their goods from Charleston or Fayetteville in wagons, and silks, broadcloth, “Dutch blankets” and Jamaica rum, loaf sugar and silver shoe buckles were largely dealt in.

Among the many guests who partook of the hospitality of General McDowell and his young wife at Quaker Meadows was that reckless blade, Colonel John Sevier, from the Watauga settlements beyond the Blue Ridge. Sevier was arrested in the fall of 1788 by his enemy, Colonel Tipton, and sent to Morganton in irons to answer to a charge of treason against the State of North Carolina. General Charles McDowell and his brother Joseph became bondsmen for their old comrade in arms, and entertained him royally until his sensational escape from the custody of Sheriff William Morrison, of Burke.

In the social life of that period Grace McDowell was a leading figure. General McDowell was a member of the State Senate at the time of their marriage in 1782, a position which he held until 1788. For many years he was a justice of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions. Besides, he was a commissioner for the new town of Morganton, went with General Griffith Rutherford on his expedition against the Cherokees, was with Robert Henry and David Vance in establishing the line between North Carolina and Tennessee, and was, moreover, one of the largest land owners of the State. His manifold duties, public and private, consequently, kept him away from home much of the time, leaving to his capable wife the charge of his fine Catawba River plantation.

Slave traders were already hawking their “chattels” in the Catawba Valley, and the first United States Census, compiled in 1790, shows that General McDowell had at that time ten negro slaves on his estate. His brother, Major John McDowell, who was settled on Silver Creek, had the same number, and Colonel Waighstill Avery owned twenty-

four slaves, among them an Arab of great intelligence, learned in mathematics and the lore of the Orient.

In addition to her duties as the mistress of a large establishment, Grace McDowell had to care for her six children: Mary Bowman, already mentioned, and Margaret McDowell, born December 31, 1783; Charles McDowell, born December 27, 1785; Sarah McDowell, born December 16, 1787; Ethan Allen McDowell, born October 27, 1790, and James R. McDowell, born September 28, 1792.

That the daughter of James Greenlee and Mary McDowell would espouse the Presbyterian faith and bring up her family in that church, went without saying. About the time of her marriage to General McDowell, the first Presbyterian church in the upper Catawba Valley was built about three miles north of the McDowell home, in the center of the Scotch-Irish settlements on Johns River, Upper Creek and in the Linville Valley. It was styled the Quaker Meadows Church, and Grace McDowell was one of its first members, transferring her membership to Morganton after the establishment of the Presbyterian church in that town some years later. Rev. James Templeton was pastor of the Presbyterian church at Quaker Meadows and Pleasant Gardens in 1784, and Rev. James McKamie Wilson, who married Mary, the daughter of Alexander Erwin, was pastor of the same flocks in 1799. James Greenlee, brother of Grace McDowell, was an elder at Quaker Meadows, and afterwards at Morganton. As these early Presbyterian ministers were often teachers as well as preachers, and as Mr. Wilson a short time later engaged in educational work in Mecklenburg County, it is probable that the education of "Polly Bowman" and the McDowell children was entrusted to these Presbyterian divines.

I have before me, as I write, an old account book, kept at "The Morganton Store," in 1791 and 1792, in which there are numerous charges made of merchandise sold to General McDowell and his neighbors. The entries are in pounds, shillings and pence, and here is one of the bills:

June 12, 1791.
L.—S.—D.

Gen. Charles McDowell, Dr.

1 pen knife.....	4
1 Pr. knee buckles.....	4
1 ink stand	3
3 childrens' knives & Jews Hrp.....	5

16

From which it may be logically deduced that the General's goose-quill pens needed attention, that his pokeberry crop was good, that he was fond of music "that was music," that he was a bit of a dandy, that he was an indulgent father, and that he was a man of letters and could have claimed the "benefit of clergy" if occasion arose. As most of the other bills on the account book mentioned contained entries of "one pint Jamaica rum, 3 shillings," the absence of this item in the above account may be taken to prove either that "The McDowell" believed in encouraging home industries, or that his Presbyterian wife was along when he bought the goods.

Mary Bowman, only daughter of Grace Greenlee and Captain John Bowman, married in 1798 Colonel William Tate, who, in partnership with his brother Robert, during the year 1795, obtained grants from the State of North Carolina for about 300,000 acres of land in the present counties of Burke, McDowell and Yancey, which they afterwards sold to Robert Morris of Philadelphia. Mary Bowman was a large land owner in her own right, possessing not only the Hickory Grove estate of 1,380 acres, but owning a half interest in numerous tracts on Swannanoa and Ivey rivers in Buncombe County, and on the "western waters," which had been entered by her father and her uncle, James Greenlee. The records at Raleigh show that the grants for these lands were issued to James Greenlee and Mary Bowman.

Eight children were born to William and Mary Tate. They were, John D. Tate, born January 15, 1799; Samuel C. Tate, born January 30, 1801; Elizabeth Adeline, born March 25, 1804; Mary Louisa, born April 10, 1810; Margaret Allison, born November 13, 1812, and Robert Mc-

Dowell Tate, born August 17, 1814; and Eliza and William J. Tate, the date of whose birth I have been unable to ascertain. Of these, three Tates, John B., William J., and Eliza G. (who married Stanhope Erwin) died without issue.

Samuel C. Tate, who married Eliza Tate, his cousin, was the father of the late Captain Junius C. Tate of Hickory Grove and of Mrs. Mary Joe Adams, who married Mr. Laurence Adams of Augusta, Ga.

Elizabeth Adeline Tate married William McGimsey. She is buried beside her husband at Quaker Meadows. They left one son, Robert Vance McGimsey, whose children are living in Louisiana.

Mary Louisa Tate married Rev. Thomas Espy and left one daughter, Harriet N. Espy, who was the first wife of the late Senator Z. B. Vance, and the mother of Charles, David N., Zebulon B., Jr., and Thomas Vance.

Margaret Allison Tate married William C. Butler, and left one daughter, Sallie, who married Ephraim Greenlee, and who, at last account, was still living in Tennessee. She paid a visit to Morganton a few years since. The Butlers, husband and wife, are buried at Quaker Meadows.

Robert McDowell Tate married Sarah R. Butler, a daughter of Colonel John E. Butler, and left eight children, of whom Mr. Charles E. Tate of Morganton, is the only survivor.

Of the McDowell children of Grace Greenlee, Margaret, the eldest, married William G. Dickson, who lived in what is now Caldwell County on Mulberry Creek, on June 1, 1801, when in her eighteenth year, and bore him twelve children, Charles McDowell Dickson, Grace Eliza, M. Isabella, Mary M., Joseph H., James F., Sarah E., Ann M., W. Athan, Robert M., Carolina C., and William W. Of these Dickson children, all died without issue except four. Eliza Grace Dickson married Moses T. Abernethy and left five children. Margaret Dickson married Dr. W. L. Glass. To them were born eleven children, three of whom died in infancy. Joseph H. Dickson married a Miss Estes and left three children.

William W. Dickson married a Miss Jones, of Wake County, N. C., and left six children, a number of whom are still living in or near Raleigh.

Charles McDowell, eldest son of Charles McDowell, Sr., and Grace, who represented Burke County in the Legislature from 1809 till 1811, married his cousin, Annie McDowell, a daughter of Colonel Joseph McDowell of Pleasant Gardens, and his wife, Mary Moffett. They had six children: Eliza, Mary, Samuel, Myra, James and Margaret. Of these, Eliza and Myra married the Woodfin brothers of Asheville; Mary married first the distinguished lawyer, John Gray Bynum, Sr., and afterwards Justice Richmond M. Pearson of the North Carolina Supreme Court; James married Julia Manly, daughter of Governor Charles Manly; Margaret married William F. McKesson, and Samuel died without issue.

Ethan Allen McDowell, second son of General Charles and Grace, who served a number of times as sheriff of Burke, and as State Senator from the county in 1815, and fought in the Creek War, married Ann Gordon, a step-daughter of Colonel William Davenport. Of this marriage four children were born: Charles Gordon McDowell, who married Miss Emeline Jones of Henderson County; Louisa C., who married Col. James C. Harper of Caldwell County, and Mary A., and James McDowell, who died in infancy.

Sarah McDowell, second daughter of Charles and Grace McDowell, married Colonel William Paxton, a brother of Judge Paxton, to whom were born four children: John, William, James and Mary. Mary Paxton married Rev. Branch Merrimon, the father of the late Supreme Court Justice and United States Senator, Augustus S. Merrimon, and of Judge James H. Merrimon of Asheville.

James R. McDowell, third son of Charles and Grace, never married. He was a man of brilliant parts; served two terms in the State Senate, and three in the House, and died in 1826 when only 33 years of age, his early death closing what his friends had predicted would be a splendid political career.

I would be glad to trace further the descendants of Grace Greenlee, but the lines are too numerous and divergent to make it possible in this sketch. Senators, judges, soldiers, lawyers, leaders in business and the professions, are her sons. Brilliant and beautiful women are her daughters. I have done what little I could, in the limited time at my disposal and with the many interruptions caused by the pursuit of an exacting profession, to rescue from obscurity some of the incidents of her most interesting career.

A few days ago, I visited her grave where, on one of the noble hills of Burke, overlooking both Quaker Meadows and Hickory Grove and the town of Morganton a mile away, she sleeps beside the soldier consort of her maturer years. Close by her side repose Joseph McDowell, husband of Margaret O'Neill; her brothers, James and John Greenlee; her sister-in-law, Mary Mitchell Greenlee; her daughter, Mary Tate; her sons, Charles, Ethan and James; Hugh McDowell, her brother-in-law, Tates, Butlers, Espys, Bynums, McGimseys, Harbisons, her relatives, neighbors and nearest friends. Broad fields of wheat, ready for the harvest, waved in the fertile Catawba Valley, upon lands which the McDowells have held in freehold for more than one hundred and fifty years. My mission there was to copy from the ancient tombstones, as a fitting conclusion to this paper, the epitaphs below. The poetry, like the carving, is rude; but the story told by the stones is as eloquent as it is enduring:

“Sacred to the memory
of
Gen. Charles McDowell,
a Whig officer in the Revolutionary
War, who died as he had lived—
a Patriot, the 31st of March, 1815,
aged about 70 years.”

“Sacred to the memory of
of
Grace McDowell,
Consort of Gen. Chas. McDowell, who
died May 18, 1823, in the 73rd year of her age.
“Once engaged in scenes of life,
A tender mother and loving wife;
But now she’s gone and left us here,
The lesson bids us all prepare.”

Note.—The facts stated in the above paper were collated from the books and records mentioned and from data furnished by Mrs. Emma Harper Cilley, of Hickory, N. C.; Miss Lizzie D. Glass, of Rufus, Caldwell Co., N. C.; Messrs. Charles Manly McDowell and Charles E. Tate, of Morganton, descendants of Grace Greenlee; from Mr. John A. Dickson and Miss Mary F. Dickson, descendants of James Greenlee; and from Miss Margaret McDowell, of Morganton, N. C., a descendant of Colonel Joseph McDowell, of Pleasant Gardens. To all of them, thanks for the aid so kindly afforded me.

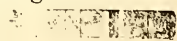
Number of North Carolinians in the Revolutionary War

BY MARSHALL DELANCEY HAYWOOD,

Author of "Governor William Tryon and His Administration in the Province of North Carolina, 1765-1771," "Lives of the Bishops of North Carolina," "Ballads of Courageous Carolinians," etc.

How many troops did North Carolina furnish to the American cause during the War of the Revolution? This is an interesting question, well worthy of consideration and study. The present writer, while recently serving as Historian of the United States War and Navy Departments for collecting North Carolina Revolutionary Records, made a close examination of all the available archives in Raleigh and elsewhere throughout North Carolina, and the result of these researches convinces him that the State has never had credit for anywhere near the number of men she had on her rolls during that war. In taking up this subject we shall begin with the Continental Line, or regulars, and later speak of the Nine Months Drafts, and the Militia—or Minute Men, as the last mentioned class was usually called in New England and other Northern localities.

Most students of North Carolina history are familiar with the printed Roster of the Continental Line (regulars) which is given in the sixteenth volume of the State Records of North Carolina, pages 1002 to 1196. This gives a list of Continentals to the number of about six thousand—or 5,997 in exact figures. Many names, it is true, are given more than once on this Roster—owing to transfers from one regiment to another, as in the cases of promoted officers, etc.,—but the subtraction which we must make for this cause is counterbalanced by additions which might be made of numerous names of North Carolina Continental soldiers which are given on the



United States Pension Rolls, State Land Grant Lists, and other authentic records, but which do not appear on the above-mentioned Continental Roster. So we may safely assert that North Carolina furnished six thousand regulars to the Continental Army. Indeed she must have furnished an even greater number if her Continental regiments—ten in number—were ever recruited to anywhere near the full strength authorized by law and military usage.

We now come to the Militia forces of North Carolina, which were far greater than the Continental troops of the State. In the Spring of 1782 there were no less than 26,822 Militia troops enrolled in North Carolina, as shown by returns from all the counties in the State made at that time. This most valuable document (now in the manuscript archives of the State, deposited in the collection of the North Carolina Historical Commission) we shall reproduce verbatim, including the certificate of Alexander Martin, Governor and Commander-in-Chief. Governor Martin's certificate, it will be observed, expressly states that this list does not include either Continental troops or Nine Months Drafts. The list is as follows:

RETURN OF THE FENCIBLE MILITIA OF THE STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, MAY 6, 1782.

Counties.	Colonels.	Lt.-Colonels.	Majors.	Captains.	Lieutenants.	Ensigns.	Non-commissioned Officers and Privates.	Total.
Franklin	1	1	2	8	8	8	530	557
Warren	1	1	2	9	9	9	590	621
Halifax	1	1	2	12	12	12	650	690
Northampton	1	1	2	11	11	11	550	587
Edgecombe	1	1	2	10	10	10	650	683
Nash	1	1	2	7	7	7	487	512
Martin	1	1	2	6	6	6	330	352
Guilford	1	1	2	17	17	15	800	853
Rowan								1500
Surry		1	2					700
Wilkes	1			12	12	12	544	581
Burke	1	1	2	13	13	13	687	730
Mecklenburg	2	2	4					960
Lincoln	1	1	2	6	6	6	344	366
Rutherford								250
Anson								484
Montgomery								460
Richmond								340
Washington*	1	1	2					1000
Sullivan*	1	1	2	11	11	10	499	568
Carteret	1	1	2	5	5	5	218	237
Craven	1	1	2	10	10	10	622	657
Beaufort	1	1	2	5	5	5	268	288

4002 Halifax District.

Including both battalions.

8792 Salisbury District.

Hyde	1	1	2	5	4	5	217	285
Johnston	1	1	2	8	8	8	452	480
Dobbs†	1	1	2	10	10	10	580	614
Pitt	1	1	2	13	13	12	606	648
Jones	1	1	2	4	4	4	384	400
Wayne	1	1	2	11	11	11	420	424
Bertie	1	1	2	5	5	5	623	659
Chowan	1	1	2	8	8	8	215	234
Gates	1	1	2	5	5	5	371	398
Perquimans	1	1	2	5	5	5	222	240
Camden	1	1	2	8	8	8	388	416
Currituck	1	1	2	7	6	6	236	259
Pasquotank	1	1	2	6	6	6	236	358
Hertford	1	1	2	6	5	7	392	415
Tyrrell	1	1	2	8	8	8	373	401
Onslow	1	1	2	9	9	9	407	438
Brunswick	1	1	1	4	4	4	142	156
Cumberland	1	1	2	5	5	4	110	128
New Hanover	1	1	2	14	13	12	883	927
Duplin	1	1	2	14	13	12	883	927
Bladen	1	1	2	14	13	12	883	927
Orange	1	1	2	5	5	4	110	128
Granville	1	1	2	5	5	4	110	128
Caswell	1	1	2	5	5	4	110	128
Randolph	1	1	2	5	5	4	110	128
Wake	1	1	2	5	5	4	110	128
Chatham	1	1	2	5	5	4	110	128

26,822 total.

ALEX. MARTIN.
ALEX. MARTIN.

The above estimate is exclusive of those persons in the Continental service, the nine months draughts, and others exempted in the State from military [militia] duty.

*Washington and Sullivan counties are in what is now Tennessee. M. DEL. H.

†The territory of the old county of Dobbs now forms Greene and Lenoir counties. M. DEL. H.

3983 New Bern District.

3380 Edenton District.

Officers included.

2815 Wilmington District.

4002 Halifax District.

8792 Salisbury District.

3983 New Bern District.

3380 Edenton District.

2815 Wilmington District.

3850 Hillsboro District.

Having thus shown from authentic documentary evidence that the North Carolina Continentals, or regulars, numbered 6,000 or upwards, and that her Militia forces numbered exactly 26,822, the only remaining class of soldiery to be added (as Governor Martin said it was not included in the Militia returns) is what was known as the Nine Months Draft.

Unfortunately, we have been unable to find any record to show the exact numbers included in the Nine Months Drafts; but, from the frequency with which they were called into service, and the reliance placed upon them, we think that 2,500 is a very conservative estimate of their numbers.

Hence, with 6,000 Continentals, 26,822 Militia, and 2,500 (estimated) Nine Months Drafts, the belief is not unreasonable that North Carolina had at her disposal, during the progress of the Revolution, upwards of 35,000 soldiers. But this is a larger number than the great State of New York furnished, it may be said. In answer we have only to observe that when the first official Census of the United States was taken in 1790 North Carolina's^o population was 53,631 in excess of the population of the State of New York, the former State having 393,751 inhabitants, and the latter only 340,120; and in this Census of 1790 Tennessee was not counted as a part of North Carolina, its mother.

Was Lederer in Bertie County?

BY CAPTAIN S. A. ASHE.

Dr. Hawks, in his valuable History of North Carolina, gives, at page 43, Vol. II, some extracts from the Discoveries of John Lederer, a German, who was living in Virginia in 1669 and 1670, and who made three journeys to the mountains. Dr. Hawks says: "The second of these expeditions was from the Falls of the James River, west and southwest, and brought Lederer into North Carolina." "Certain Englishmen were appointed by Berkeley to accompany him; these, however, forsook him and turned back. Lederer proceeded, notwithstanding, alone; and on his return to Virginia (which, by the way, was never expected), met with insult and reproaches, instead of the cordial welcome to which he was entitled. * * * * Under these circumstances he went to Maryland, and there succeeded finally in obtaining a hearing from the Governor, Sir William Talbot, and in submitting his papers to him. The Governor, though at first much prejudiced against the man by the stories he had heard, yet found him, so he says, "a modest, ingenious person, and a pretty scholar." And the Governor himself took the trouble to translate from the Latin and publish Lederer's account of his journeyings. The pamphlet with map was printed in London in 1672. Dr. Hawks makes extracts from this pamphlet and reproduces two maps on which Lederer's route is indicated and from these it appears that Lederer explored the mountain section, but notwithstanding this, Dr. Hawks locates the explorations in eastern North Carolina—especially in Bertie County.

We quote from the narrative:

"The twentieth of May, 1670, one Major Harris and my-

self, with twenty Christian horse and five Indians, marched from the falls of James River, in Virginia, towards the Monakins. * * * Here inquiring the way to the mountains, an ancient man described with a staff two paths on the ground, one pointing to the Mahocks and the other to the Nahyssans. (Dr. Hawks locates the Mahocks at the junction of the Rockfish with the James River; and the Nahyssans west of them, and between them and the first range of mountains.)

“But my English companions, slighting the Indian’s directions, shaped their course by the compass due west. * * * Thus we, obstinately pursuing a due west course, rode over steep and craggy cliffs. In these mountains we wandered from the 25th of May till the 3rd of June. * * *

“The third of June we came to the south branch of the James River, which Major Harris, observing to run northwardly, vainly imagined to be an arm of the Lake of Canada. * * * Here I moved to cross the river and march on; but the rest of the company were so weary of the enterprise that, crying out, one and all, they would have offered violence to me.

“The lesser hills, or Akonshuck, are here impassible, being both steep and craggy. James River is here as broad as it is about a hundred miles lower at Monakin.

“The fifth of June, my company and I parted, good friends, they back again, and I, with one Susquehanna Indian, named Jackzetason, only, in pursuit of my first enterprise, changing my course from west to southwest and by south to avoid the mountains.

“From the fifth, which was Sunday, until the ninth of June, I traveled through difficult ways, without seeing any town or Indian, and then I arrived at Sapon, a town of the Nahyssans, about a hundred miles distant from Mahock, situate upon a branch of Shawan, alias Rovenock River.

(Dr. Hawks says: “By Shawan, Lederer meant Chowan;” and he thinks Lederer struck the Staunton River.)

“And though I had just cause to fear these Indians, because they had been in continual hostility with the Christians for ten years, yet etc. But I, though with much ado, waived their courtesy and got my passport, having given my word to return to them within six months.

“Sapon is within the limits of the Province of Carolina. * * * Not far distant from hence, as I understood from the Nahyssan Indians, is their king’s residence, called Pintahal, on the same river, which my curiosity would have led me to see, were I not bound both by oath and commission to a direct pursuance of my intended purpose of discovering a passage to the further side of the mountains.

“From hence, by the Indians’ instructions, I directed my course to Akenatzy, an island bearing south and west and about fifty miles distant, upon a branch of the same river, from Sapon. * * * By easy journeys I landed at Akenatzy upon the twelfth of June. The Island, though small, maintains many inhabitants, who are fixed here in great security, being naturally fortified with fastnesses of mountains and water on every side. (Dr. Hawks locates this island in Halifax and Northampton counties in North Carolina.) The fourteenth of June, pursuing a south-southwest course, some times by a beaten path and some times over hills and rocks, I was forced to take up my quarters in the woods; for though the Onock Indians, whom I then sought, were not, in a direct line, above thirty-odd miles distant from Akenatzy, yet the ways were such, and obliged me to go so far about, that I reached not Onock until the sixteenth.

(Dr. Hawks says: “We are not without knowledge of the locality of the Ohanocks. They were in the present County of Bertie. It would, therefore, seem that Lederer traveled down from Northampton, on the eastern side of the Roanoke, into Bertie, towards the Chowan.”)

“Fourteen miles, west southwest of the Onocks dwell the Shackory Indians. * * * I travelled until the nineteenth of June, and then, after a two days troublesome

journey through thickets and marsh grounds, I arrived at Watary, about forty miles distant; and bearing west southwest to Shakor.

“I departed from Watary the one and twentieth of June, and keeping a west course for near thirty miles, I came to Sara. Here I found the ways more level and easy. I did likewise, to my no small admiration, find hard cakes of white salt among them; but whether they were made from seawater, or taken out of salt-pits, I know not, but am apt to believe the latter, because the sea is so remote from them. From Sara I kept a south-southwest course, until the five and twentieth of June, and then I reached Wisacky. * * * This nation is subject to a neighbor king, residing upon the bank of a great lake called Ushery, environed on all sides with mountains and Wisacky marsh.

“The six and twentieth of June, having crossed a fresh river which runs into the lake Ushery, I came to the town, which was more populous than any I had seen before in my march. The water of Ushery Lake seemed to my taste a little brackish. * * * I judged it to be about ten leagues broad, for were not the other shore very high, it could not be discovered from Ushery. How far this lake tends westwardly, or where it ends, I could neither learn nor guess.

“I understood that two days’ journey and a half from thence to the southwest, a powerful nation of bearded men were seated, who I suppose to be the Spaniards.

“Not thinking fit to proceed further, the eighth and twentieth of June, I faced about and looked homewards. To avoid Wisacky marsh, I shaped my course northeast, and after a three days travel over hilly ways, I fell into a barren, sandy desert, where I suffered miserably for want of water. * * * In this distress we traveled till the twelfth of July, and then found the head of a river, which afterwards proved Eruco. We were led by it, upon the fourteenth of July to the town of Katearas, a place of great Indian trade, and chief seat of the haughty emperor of the Tuskaroras.

Leaving Katearas, I traveled through the woods until the sixteenth, upon which I came to Kawitziokan, an Indian town upon a branch of the Rorenoke River, which I have passed over continuing my journey to Mencharink, and on the seventeenth departing from thence, I lay all night in the woods, and the next morning betimes, going by Natoway, I reached that evening Apamatuck in Virginia, where I was not a little overjoyed to see Christian faces again."

Dr. Hawks traces Lederer in his wanderings into the eastern part of North Carolina. That has always seemed to me unreasonable. The several statements of Lederer cannot be reconciled. He starts west to find a way across the mountains. He is accompanied by a force of forty horsemen under Major Harris, to the junction of the north and of the south branches of the James River, across the Blue Ridge, at about the Natural Bridge. There Major Harris and the horsemen leave him. From that point, according to his narrative, Lederer journeys to the southwest down the valley. In four days he reaches the Rorenoke River, now called the Staunton. From there he starts for an island Akenatzy, fifty miles distant, on the Rorenoke, naturally fortified by mountains, which he reaches in three days. After a journey to the southwest of about forty miles he reached Watary. Then he went a west course for thirty miles to Sara. And here he found salt cakes. Apparently two days later he reached the great lake Ushery, environed with mountains; ten leagues broad and extending so far to the west that he could not guess its extent. And there he heard of "bearded men" to the southwest. The salt cakes doubtless came from salt springs in western Virginia. The lake was the product of his imagination. But doubtless the Indians told him of the great lakes, and of the French or Spaniards. Having determined to return, he took a northeast course on the 28th of June; on the 16th of July he crossed the Roanoke River.

On the 17th of July he departed from Mencharink, and the next evening, going by Notoway, reached Appomatox. Prob-

ably he struck the Appomatox near where Petersburg is—or still further to the west; having crossed the head waters of the Notaway. Mencharink seems to have been an Indian town on the upper Meherrin southwest of Petersburg. Lederer seems to have crossed the Roanoke a few miles south of the mouth of the Dan; and indeed he probably would have found some difficulty in crossing it lower down. A southwest line from there would take him south of the Dan, and he probably followed the ridge dividing the waters of the Dan from those of the Cape Fear River.

As the physical conditions prove that a large portion of Lederer's narrative is the product of his imagination, Dr. Hawks discards his statements that he pursued a southwest course from the junction of the two branches of the James, where Major Harris left him, and brings him down into Bertie County.

I surmise that after Major Harris turned back, leaving Lederer to pursue his own course, with no witnesses, Lederer sought and reached an island in the Roanoke River, or Staunton River, just south of Lynchburg; which he called Akenatzy, and which Lawson in his map (1708) indicated as Oconeche—but with a very indefinite location. There is an island in the Roanoke near Weldon; but there is also Long Island much higher up which was probably that visited by Lederer, called by him Akenatzy. If he started from there on a southwest course he probably passed over the head waters of the Dan, and then returned south of the Dan, never crossing the mountains at all. He mentions finding the salt at Sara; a name that may be associated with the Sawra Indians, and Sauratown, in Stokes County.

On the whole, the entire narrative is deprived of historical interest or importance because of its obvious inaccuracies.

On his return the Virginians treated him coldly—and apparently with good reason. Still it seems that Dr. Hawks is far out of the way when he localizes Lederer's wanderings in the eastern part of North Carolina.

Historical Book Reviews

MISS ALBERTSON'S "IN ANCIENT ALBEMARLE." A REVIEW.

BY ARCHIBALD HENDERSON.

In welcoming any new book dealing with phases of local history and tradition in North Carolina, I fear that I am quite incapable of maintaining on this subject a position of "strict neutrality." The fact is that I am a deliberate partisan on this matter, for I am more eager than I can well express to inspire and stimulate the writing of county and sectional history. This is, incomparably, the most important and pressing need which all of us, who are profoundly concerned for the unveiling of the truth about our people, now feel should be met and satisfied.

I cannot omit any occasion which presents itself to press upon our people the need for preserving local history and, before it is forever lost, recovering and embalming in permanent form the accurate and intimate story of our local and sectional life, as distinguished from the story of the State as such and its part in national affairs. The innumerable contributions of North Carolina to the life of the nation have, in a measure at least, been sketched out; the exhaustive and detailed story, in many instances, has yet to be narrated. But this is not the case with our local history. Very few satisfactory county histories have been published in North Carolina—some are exceedingly slim and fragmentary. Yet, I welcome every one of them, as a sign of the growing interest of our people in local affairs, and as an effort, at least, toward a contribution to local history. I deplore the burial—which in some cases amounts to total loss—of countless articles, genealogical, traditional, and historical, in local newspapers in North Carolina. An examination of the files of these local

newspapers would often result in the resurrection of valuable articles the contents of which are found in no book. The articles, once published in the local newspapers, are quickly forgotten and so permanently lost to view.

Three works, recently brought to my attention, have given me great cheer and caused me to rejoice in the development of historical activity in our midst. All three deal with sections of North Carolina, and are, on that score, particularly conspicuous, since there have been virtually no works of just this sort hitherto written and published by North Carolinians. I refer to *The History of Western North Carolina*, by Mr. John P. Arthur; *Chronicles of the Lower Cape Fear*, by Mr. James Sprunt; and *In Ancient Albemarle*, by Miss Catherine Albertson. The works of Mr. Arthur and Mr. Sprunt are quite exhaustive and purport to give a general historical survey, down to the present time, of the sections studied. The treatment is topical and desultory, rather than strictly chronological and successive. Both are very full, in interest, subject matter and content, and very bulky.

On the other hand, Miss Albertson's little book is a collection of historical essays on subjects of particularly local interest clustering around a particular section, "the broad sound whose tawny waters wash the southern shores of this peninsular (between the Perquimans and Little Rivers), as well as that tract of land lying between the Chowan River and the Atlantic Ocean." These essays are quite devoid of pretension in either manner or method; there is no fringe of foot-notes to distract the attention from the real story of human interest. Yet the writer bases her recitals on personal investigation and authentic records; and is always very particular to draw the line between delightful tradition, however romantic, and disillusioning documents, however prosaic. Yet she succeeds in imparting romantic glamour to her story in her descriptions of historic remains, such as that of "The Old Brick House," reputed to have been one of the many widely scattered haunts of Blackbeard, the Pirate, Edward Teach. "A small slab of

granite, circular in shape . . . is sunken in the ground at the foot of the steps and bears the date of 1709, and the initials 'E. T.' The ends of the house are of mingled brick and stone, the main body of wood. The wide entrance hall, paneled to the ceiling, opens into a large room, also paneled, in which is a wide fire-place with a richly carved mantel reaching to the ceiling. On each side of this mantel there is a closet let into the wall, one of which communicates by a secret door with the large basement room below. Tradition says that from this room a secret passage led to the river; that here the pirate confined his captives, and that ineffaceable stains upon the floor in the room above hint of dark deeds, whose secret was known only to the underground tunnel and the unrevealing waters below."

The story of this self-same "Brick House," as unearthed by Mr. Joseph Sitterson (pp. 64-5), is full of strange interest. And much of historic atmosphere still hovers about "Elmwood," the old Swann homestead in Pasquotank County, for this family made almost incomparable contributions to the service of Colony and State. In the slight story of John Koen, we have the following suggestive passage:

"According to Colonel Koen, who was with Washington on that momentous night (of the crossing of the Delaware), no boats were used. The river was frozen over, and the soldiers, in order to keep their footing on the slippery ice, laid their muskets down on the frozen river and walked across on them to the Jersey shore. At times the ice bent so beneath the tread of the men that they momentarily expected to be submerged in the dark waters, but the dangerous crossing was safely made, etc." One of the most interesting and detailed chapters is that one dealing with General Isaac Gregory; and one cannot repress a thrill of pride in reading the following passage from the account by Roger Lamb, a Britisher, of the ill-starred field of Camden: "In justice to North Carolina, it should be remarked that General Gregory's brigade acquitted themselves well. They formed on the left

of the Continentals, and kept the field while they had a cartridge left. Gregory himself was twice wounded by bayonets in bringing off his men, and many in his brigade had only bayonet wounds." A remarkable exhibition of coolness and sheer bravery, accentuated just now when troops on the fields of France and Flanders have broken again and again, unwilling to endure the cold steel of the bayonet. The criminal hoax of Captain Stevens, the British officer, cast an utterly unmerited gloom over General Gregory's later years—cruel "reward" for conspicuous bravery and personal leadership on a stricken field. No wonder that the old General, in his later years lived a secluded life; and it is amusingly related of him that he "knew so little of events beyond his own family circle that he addressed to a lady, the widow of Governor Stone, a letter making a formal proposal of marriage, full six months after her death."

Many and quaint are the stories told by the charming authoress; of the "teacher meeting" conducted by George Fox in October, 1672, in Perquimans; of the thrice-wedded Samuel Ferebee, who, as the family chronicle notes, "was always married on Sunday and on the fourteenth day of the month;" of the dilemma of Duckinfield over the law of 1719 that all baptised slaves should be set free, resolved only by the repeal of the law because all the darkies immediately clamored to receive the rite of holy baptism; of the astute McKnight who neatly jockeyed the Chief of the Yeopims, John Durant, out of four hundred acres of land, by turning the tables of Indian superstition upon him. A charming and delightful book, full of truth and fancy, of tradition and sentiment—stimulative of pride and patriotism. Three slight errors only are patent: mention of a History of North Carolina by Dr. "Hawk;" citation from some writing of a Dr. "Brickwell," and reference to the "Iredell Letters" of "McCree."

Aside from its own merits, this work is important as the first of a series of historical works which will be published by the North Carolina Society of the Daughters of the Rev-

olution. These works will be the production solely of members of the society. Such an undertaking deserves the hearty support of all North Carolinians. The society is to be warmly congratulated upon the patriotic spirit which prompts it to embark upon this worthy undertaking. The present volume is appropriately dedicated to Miss Mary Hilliard Hinton, State Regent. A meritorious feature of the attractively bound and printed volume is that of the illustrations, reproduced from pen and ink drawings by Miss Mabel Pugh.

Genealogical and Biographical Memoranda

BY MRS. E. E. MOFFITT.

WILLIAM CARSON ERVIN

The BOOKLET hails with pride the article on Grace Greenlee, a Revolutionary heroine, one of the many who figured largely in the independence of our country. Mr. Ervin has given this interesting sketch, thus perpetuating the service of a woman thus far too little known in the history of North Carolina.

William Carson Ervin was born December 16, 1859, in the town of Marion, N. C. He is the son of Rev. James S. Ervin, a native of South Carolina, and a minister of the Methodist Church. His mother was Matilda Carson, a daughter of William M. Carson of McDowell County, N. C., and a granddaughter of Colonel John Carson and his wife, Mary Moffett Carson (Mary Moffett Carson was the widow of Colonel Joseph McDowell of Pleasant Gardens, and a daughter of Colonel George Moffett of Virginia).

William Carson Ervin was educated at Finley High School in Lenoir, and at the University of North Carolina. Before taking his University course he read law under Judge Clinton A. Cilley of Lenoir; passed his examination before the Supreme Court of North Carolina in 1880, before attaining his majority, and has been engaged in the practice of his profession since 1881. He was for several years associated with W. W. Scott as editor of the "Lenoir Topic," and was editor of the "Mountaineer" and the "Herald" of Morganton, his editorial work covering a period of fifteen years. Since 1889 he has been a member of the law firm of Avery and Ervin of Morganton; is president of the Realty Loan and Guarantee Co., and the Morganton Building and Loan Association, and is connected with a number of corporations, making a specialty of corporation law. He has a large

practice, but being of a modest and retiring nature he has never contended for honors in the court room. He has never held public office except to serve as Mayor of Lenoir and Morganton and could have held this office continuously if the citizens could have had their way.

Mr. Ervin is a man of splendid physique and commanding appearance, with a countenance alert, indicating an ever present sense of humor. He is a delightful conversationalist and his mind teems with apt jokes, and his speech flavored with the wit that makes friends of all who come in contact with him; largely due to his charitableness, which has no place for irony or sarcasm. In his business dealings he is deliberate; temperate in his mode of life; orderly and rational in his intellectual activities, therefore his advice is sought on all important matters affecting the town, and the community repose the most implicit confidence in his judgment and his integrity.

Mr. Ervin's fondness for literature has made him acquainted with the best prose and verse in the language. He is fond of history, and this has induced him to perpetuate in attractive essays some of the early history of Burke County. He is especially fond of poetry and considers it one of his chief pleasures; he is the author of several beautiful poems, and through many of these the reader is able to see into the heart of nature with something of his own keen insight.

The literary, poetical and historical essays of Mr. Ervin would make a volume of rare merit and one well fit to win the Patterson Cup. With all the good qualities and acquirements of Mr. Ervin he is a devoted church member, not only active and efficient in his own denomination, but liberal towards other denominations.

Mr. Ervin married Miss Kate Sheets, daughter of a pastor of the Morganton Presbyterian Church. His home life is attractive, and he is the ideal husband and devoted father. He has two children, Morton S. Ervin and Miss Julia Ervin, the latter a devoted teacher of the Deaf in Berk-

ley, California. Mr. Ervin is a rounded and complete man, and quoting the words of an admirer: "His character, his mental equipment, his professional training and his loveableness are the basis of the people's esteem and affection for him."

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