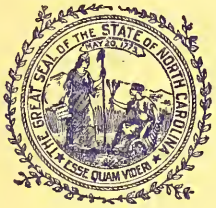
Vol. XII OCTOBER, 1912 No. 2

The North Carolina Booklet



GREAT EVENTS IN NORTH CAROLNA HISTORY

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY
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THE NORTH CAROLINA SOCIETY
DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION
RALEIGH, N. C.

CONTENTS

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The North Carolina Booklet

Great Events in North Carolina History

Volume XII of THE BOOKLET will be issued quarterly by the North Carolina Society, Daughters of the Revolution, beginning July, 1912. THE BOOKLET will be published in July, October, January, and April. Price $1.00 per year, 35 cents for single copy.

EDITOR:
MISS MARY HILLIARD HINTON.

VOLUME XII

History of Union County, Including the Waxhaw Settlement.
Mr. Ney McNeely
The Forest (Poem).....*Mr. R. F. Jarrett*
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Elizabeth Maxwell Steele: the Famous Revolutionary Patriot.
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Reprint of Washington's Diary, written in North Carolina.
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North Carolina's Social Life, Ante-bellum.....*Major E. J. Hale*
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Old letters, heretofore unpublished, bearing on the Social Life of the different periods of North Carolina's History, will appear hereafter in THE BOOKLET.

This list of subjects may be changed, as circumstances sometimes prevent the writers from keeping their engagements.

The histories of the separate counties will in the future be a special feature of THE BOOKLET. When necessary, an entire issue will be devoted to a paper on one county.

THE BOOKLET will print abstracts of wills prior to 1800, as sources of biography, history and genealogy. Mrs. M. G. McCubbins will contribute abstracts of wills and marriage bonds in Rowan County to the coming volume. Hon. F. D. Winston will furnish similar data from Bertie County.

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

Parties who wish to renew their subscriptions to THE BOOKLET for Vol. XII *are requested to give notice at once.*

Many numbers of Volumes I to XI for sale.

Mrs. Steel presenting two bags of specie to General Greene.
(From painting by Alonzo Chappel.)

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The North Carolina Booklet

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

Published by

THE NORTH CAROLINA SOCIETY

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION

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

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THE NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET

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ELIZABETH MAXWELL STEEL: PATRIOT

By ARCHIBALD HENDERSON.

I.

Commanding the approach to the majestic State Capitol building at Columbia, S. C., has but recently been erected a noble specimen of the sculptor's art. In a chair of state, suggestive of Imperial Roman grandeur, is seated a matron as noble in appearance, as stately in bearing, as the most celebrated matron of classic Roman history. Pressing forward to fling their floral offerings at her feet are two lovely cherubs; and Fame, supremely proud in the glad fulfillment of her vocation, is about to crown the matron, all unconscious of the sublime decoration, with a wreath of laurel. In the expression upon the face of the matron, whose striking head in its facial features represents a composite of Southern traits, are mingled pride—for the heroism of the South; contemplation—in recollection of the trials of her people; and ineffable sadness—for the spent lives and frustrated hopes of a gallant army whelmed under the might of numbers. From the pediment of that monument speak out these chiseled words:

When reverses followed victories, when want displaced plenty, when mourning for the flower of Southern manhood darkened countless homes, when government tottered and chaos threatened, the women were steadfast and unafraid. They were unchanged in their devotion, unshaken in their patriotism, unwearied in ministrations, uncomplaining in sacrifices, splendid in fortitude; they strove while they wept.*

*The inscription, a portion of which is quoted here, was written by Wm. E. Gonzales.

The inspiration to celebrate the loyalty, patriotism, and self-sacrifice of the women of the South in the War between the States, has filled today the heart of the New South. Along with this quickened inspiration, which has touched the spirit of the younger generation, goes the impulse to celebrate the patriotic women of an earlier day, the fostering mothers of the infancy of the Republic. The numerous patriotic societies, now devoting their zealous efforts towards memorializing the heroism of Revolutionary and Colonial days, have caught the true spirit of Froude, who said that "history is a voice forever sounding across the centuries the laws of right and wrong." Not all of history is writ in the blood of "war and war's alarms." The courage and endurance of the gentler sex, their unselfish devotion to their country, the uplifting moral force of their fidelity to principle and loyalty to a cause, the high example of their generosity in lavish expenditure of optimism and ready contribution of personal earnings, inspiring the soldiery to renewed efforts of energy and sturdier martial exploits—these were contributions of incalculable moment in firing and keeping alight the flame of Revolutionary patriotism. Such influences—of hope, inspiration, faith, generosity—as well as the victories of shot and shell, of musket and cutlass, now at last are beginning to win the outspoken and tangible gratitude of a loyal people.

II.

It is the comment of the stranger within North Carolina's borders, even of the New Englander, that nowhere is local history so completely bone and sinew of the historical curriculum of the child's education as in North Carolina. Not even in New England, that paradise of the historian, the antiquarian, and of the average citizen informed with minute knowledge of and active pride in his section's past, is the accent in the historical education of the child so thrown upon

the local contribution, as in this State. With good reason may the patriotic societies insist that, hereafter, the local contributions of the patriotic women in the Revolutionary period assume their just value in the perspective of our history.

No American colony, one ventures to say, surpassed North Carolina in the number and variety of instrumentalities by which women aided the American patriots and fostered the spirit of opposition to the unjust legislation of a misguided Parliament and the fatuous blindness of a recalcitrant King. For bravery and endurance, North Carolina can point to Betsy Dowdy and her famous ride; for the display of physical courage in opposing the enemies of her country, to Rachel Caldwell; for unshaken moral courage, and for wit, as exasperating as it was ready, to Mary Slocumb and Mrs. Ashe; for supreme patriotism—the one in offering a husband and seven sons to her country's service, the other in giving "eight sons to the rebel army,"—to Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Brevard; for generosity instinct with self-sacrifice, to Elizabeth Maxwell Steel. This is but a first division in the long roll of honor.

For feminine naïvete and charm, as well as for loyalty of a delightfully unexpected variety, the action of the ladies of Mecklenburg and Rowan is unparalleled—the voluntarily uniting in an association "not to receive the addresses of any young gentlemen—(except the brave volunteers who served in the expedition to South Carolina, and assisted in subduing the Scovilite insurgents), the ladies being of opinion that such persons as stay loitering at home, when the important calls of their country demand their military services abroad, must certainly be destitute of that nobleness of sentiment, that brave, manly spirit, which would qualify them to be the defenders and guardians of the fair sex."* Is it any wonder

*South Carolina and American General Gazette, February 9, 1776.

that the Committee of Safety of Rowan County, in response to the request of the ladies for approbation of their resolutions, forthwith resolved with mingled mirth and pride, "that this committee present their cordial thanks to the said young ladies for so spirited a performance; look upon the resolutions to be sensible and polite; that they merit the honor, and are worthy the imitation of every young lady in America."* Equally inspired by patriotic sentiment, and, furthermore, peculiarly noteworthy for their practical defiance of British injustice, were the resolutions of the famous and internationally historic Edenton Tea Party, inspired by the action of the Provincial deputies of North Carolina, "not to drink any more tea, nor wear any more British cloth, etc." The ladies declare that they can not be indifferent on any occasion that appears nearly to affect the peace and happiness of their country; pronounce their action a "duty which we owe, not only to our near and dear connections, who have concurred in them, but to ourselves, who are essentially interested in their welfare"; and proceed to give to America this "memorable proof of their patriotism."†

III.

On October 11, 1911, was unveiled at Salisbury, N. C., by the Daughters of the American Revolution, a bronze memorial tablet to Elizabeth Maxwell Steel, doubtless the most famous, nationally, of all North Carolina's patriotic women of the Revolution. The tablet, one and one-half by two feet in size, bears the following inscription:

*Records, Salisbury, N. C., May 8, 1776.

†*Morning Chronicle and London Advertiser*, January 16, 1775.

Tablet at Salisbury, N. C., set up on the site of Elizabeth Maxwell Steel's Tavern.

D. A. R.
THIS TABLET
IS ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF
ELIZABETH MAXWELL STEELE
PATRIOT
BY THE
ELIZABETH MAXWELL STEELE CHAPTER
DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
1781-1911

The tablet was erected upon the very spot which witnessed the patriotic action of this fine and generous spirit—being set into the granite column, at the Smith Drug Company's shop, facing on Main Street and situated near the corner of Main and Council streets.* After prayer by the Rev. Byron Clark of the First Presbyterian Church of Salisbury, Mrs. J. P. Moore, Regent of the local chapter, to whose efforts the event was in such large measure due, spoke as follows:

"Friends having placed this tablet to mark an historic spot and to commemorate the deed of the illustrious Revolutionary patriot, Elizabeth Maxwell Steele, we come with reverence to finish that which we have begun. We hope by our example and precept to uplift the youth of our State to perpetuate our history and to promote patriotism. We, therefore, in the name of the Elizabeth Maxwell Steele Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, unveil this marker for the love of the Old North State and our country."

Mrs. William N. Reynolds, of Winston-Salem, State Regent, then spoke the following dedicatory words:

"It is our very great pleasure and privilege to gather together to do honor to one who so nobly served her day and generation that she was an honor to the land she loved so well. In the words of Holy Writ, she 'stretched forth her hands to the poor and needy, and in her tongue was the law of kindness.' And because of that, she, being dead, yet speaketh, and her works do follow her.

"It is with tender pride that the Daughters of the American Revolution come to crown with immortelles that gracious daughter

*The tablet, hid from view by a large United States flag, was unveiled by Misses Mary Henderson and Janet Quinn, of Salisbury, and wreathed by Miss Elizabeth Steele Clary, of Greensboro, and Master Richard Henderson, Jr., of Salisbury. The orator of the occasion, whose address was published in full in the *Salisbury Evening Post*, October 12, 1911, was the Hon. Theo. F. Kluttz, of Salisbury. Benediction was pronounced by Dr. J. F. Mallett, rector of St. Luke's Episcopal Church.

of Rowan, who, in the darkest hour of her country's need, gave of her abundance and sent the soldier hero on his way, cheered and strengthened, to fight his country's battles. Those battles were won, not by might, not by power, but by the blessing of Almighty God; and thirteen weak, struggling colonies became one of the great nations of the earth.

"Great with granaries that feed the world; great with a material prosperity that seemingly has no limit; great with a growth so stupendous that no man may foresee the end. All are hers. And yet, the true, the only real greatness, that of a nation whose God is the Lord, must be made and kept by the womanhood of that nation. It was given us by women like Elizabeth Maxwell Steele. It must be kept a sacred trust by those of us who today hold in our hands that priceless inheritance. It is our great and high mission as Daughters of the American Revolution to pass it on, great and glorious and untainted, to those who shall come after, and we are helping to do this when we honor the memory of one of whom it may be said—as it was of one of England's greatest queens—'Those about her from her shall learn the perfect ways of honor.'"

"We do well to honor her memory," said the orator on that occasion, Hon. Theo. F. Kluttz, "and to keep alive the remembrance of her womanly contribution to the cause of liberty and independence." That she may live in historic memory, and that the details and message of her life may not be lost to posterity, the present writer has undertaken this historical monograph. The recent discovery, in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, of a number of autograph letters of Mrs. Steel, written to her brother in-law, Ephraim Steel, during the Revolutionary period, appreciably adds, to this impression of her life and character, the thrill and vitality of contemporaneous human interest.

IV.

In the second quarter of the eighteenth century, the Maxwell family emigrated to Rowan County, North Carolina, from Pennsylvania. They were borne southward in that migration of the peoples—Pennsylvania Germans, Eng-

lish, Scotch-Irish, and Highland Scotch— from Maryland, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, which carried the Robertsons to Guilford, the Seviers and Shelbys to Watauga, the Hendersons to Granville, the Harts to Orange, the Boones and Bryans to Rowan. When the Maxwell family reached Salisbury they found that the place had already been settled by emigrants who had followed thither the course of the old Trading Path. The family—the parents and two children, a boy and a girl—settled in the western part of Rowan County. Elizabeth was born in 1733, and was, Rumple says, a native of west Rowan. Her brother, James Maxwell, a man of rare culture and refinement, enjoyed the privilege of studying medicine under the greatest Scotch physicians of the day in Edinburgh. In time, he became dissatisfied with the location of the family in Rowan, and returned to Pennsylvania, presumably after the marriage of his sister, Elizabeth, to Mr. Robert Gillespie.

In 1756, or shortly before, Robert Gillespie settled in Salisbury. In partnership with Thomas Bashford he purchased a large number of lots there in 1757.* One of these lots was the one upon which they built and conducted the tavern, inn, or "ordinary," as an inn was often called in those days, which stood near the corner of Main (formerly Corbin) and Council streets. The license to conduct this inn was granted to "Bashford & Gillespie" in 1756.† The "tariff" of liquors sold at these inns in Salisbury, fixed by the County Court, reminds one, because of the number and variety of potable refreshments ever on tap, of those English taverns on which Charles Dickens, in the language of the late lamented "Professor" Thomas Dunston, loved to "dilate, pre-

*In 1757 they purchased lots Nos. 3, 11 and 12 in the great "East Square," from Carter and Foster, Trustees of the Township of Salisbury. These lots contained 144 square poles each, and on one of them they established their inn. Cf. Rumple's *Rowan County*, chapters VI and VII.

†Records of the Inferior Court, Salisbury, dating from 1753.

varicate, and divulge." The tariff for supplies and accommodations at this period (1755) is as follows:

Rum, Whiskey and Spirituous Liquors & so in Proportion p Gal	6— 0
Loaf sugar Punch p Quart with ½ point of Liquor in it	0—10
Brown sugar Ditto p Ditto	0— 8
Wine p Quart	1— 6
Stewed Spirits p Quart & so in proportion	2— 6
Good Home Brewed Ale p Quart	0— 4
English Beer p Quart	1— 0
For dinner of roast or boiled flesh	1 shilling
For supper and breakfast, each	6 pence
For lodging over night, good bed	2 pence
For stablage (24 hours) with good hay or fodder	6 pence
For pasturage, first 24 hours	4 pence
For pasturage, every 24 hours after	2 pence
For Indian corn or other grain, p quart	2 pence

In May, 1756, Mr. Chief Justice Henley held a conference in Salisbury, at the house of Mr. Peter Arrand, with King Hagler of the Catawba Nation, fifteen of his principal warriors and some thirty of his young men, painted and armed after their fashion in time of war. The Indians were entertained at the expense of the colony, provisions being supplied them by the licensed ordinaries of Gillespie & Bashford, John Lewis Beard, Peter Arrand, and by various individuals.* Robert Gillespie was evidently a man of considerable means, for on June 2, 1758, he sold to William Harrison and James Stewart four and one-half lots in the town of Salisbury—"No. one in the West Square, No. two in said Square, and No. two in the South Square, and No. four in the South Square, also one Moiety or half-part of a lot, No. nine, in the East Square"—, together with four other tracts of lands, totalling fourteen hundred and seven acres.†

* In the Reports of the Committee of Public Claims, Edenton, November 27, 1758 appears the following entry: "Robert Gillespie of Rowan County was allowed his claim of Eight pounds eight shillings for provision for the Indians, as by acct rendered. *Col. Rec.*, V, 981.

† Records for the Inferior Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, Salisbury, Rowan County, held for said County on the third Tuesday in April, 1762. The numbered lots within the town limits may be identified by means of the town plat, still preserved.

To Robert Gillespie and his wife, Elizabeth, who ably assisted him in managing the inn, were born two children, a son Robert, who became an officer in the American army, and a daughter, Margaret, who, on July 2, 1776, was united in marriage to a young Presbyterian preacher, Samuel Eusebius McCorkle, afterwards famous as scholar and divine.* The happiness brought by the two children was rudely interrupted in 1760, when, in one of the skirmishes which Col. Hugh Waddell, Commander at Fort Dobbs, had with the Indians in defense of the settlements, Robert Gillespie, Sr., was scalped by the Indians, and died from the effects of his wounds.† Elizabeth Gillespie, for her proven business capacity, was appointed administrator of her husband's estate, as evidenced by the following entry in the Records of the Inferior Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, Salisbury, third Tuesday in October, 1762: "Elizabeth Gillespie, Adm. of Robert Gillespie Came into Open Court and [made] a final Settlement and there App^{d} that there Remains Forty Shillings proc. Mon. in her Hands, which Sum was allowed her for her Trouble and Expences in and about the S^{d} Estate, &c."

Some years after the death of her husband (in 1763, to be precise), Elizabeth Maxwell Gillespie was married a second time—on this occasion to a gentleman of Scotch-Irish strain, an emigrant from Pennsylvania, William Steel.‡ He was one of a family of eight sons and one daughter, whose parents were Samuel and Mary (Stevenson) Steel. Six of the broth-

* In his *Sketches of North Carolina*, p. 354, Foote incorrectly states that the Rev. S. E. McCorkle married Miss *Steele*, instead of Miss Gillespie. For an elaborate sketch of Dr. McCorkle, cf. Foote, ch. XXVI.

† For an account of one of these engagements with the Indians, cf. *Col. Rec.*, VI, 230. Robert Campbell, who was scalped in this skirmish, subsequently recovered from his wounds and was recompensed by the colony in the sum of £20. (*Col. Rec.*, VI, 422.)

‡ The family in this generation spelled the name without the final *e*. Autograph signatures of both William Steel and Elizabeth, his wife, shown in the present monograph, demonstrate this. The family so spelled the name in all probability to distinguish themselves from the other family of Steeles living in Pennsylvania. The next and all succeeding generations of both the North Carolina and Pennsylvania branches of William Steel's family spelled the name Steele.

ers, John, Thomas, William, Joseph, Samuel, and Ephraim, came to America from their home in Ireland; while of the other members of the family remaining in Ireland, Ninian, who was educated at Dublin University, became an eminent preacher, James a prosperous farmer, and "Jinny" married a man named George Hogg, bore him four or five children, and died while yet a young woman.* John, William, Thomas, and Joseph came to America soon after reaching man's estate, and "engaged in the affairs of their adopted land with commendable energy." Joseph, who fixed his residence at Hilton Head, S. C., was a man of means, engaged chiefly in importing merchandise from the West Indies. After the fall of Charleston, in May, 1780, all trace of him was lost by his relations. John settled permanently at Carlisle, Pennsylvania; and William and Joseph, before their settlement in the South, doubtless spent some time in Pennsylvania. Thomas, who was of a roving disposition, enjoyed the wild, free life of the frontier, and as late as 1786 was living near the road to Fort Pitt. He remained unmarried, enlisted in the Continental army, and died about 1790.

The picturesque tavern kept by William and Elizabeth Steel was a microcosm of the life of the period. Here, in miniature, were caught the vivid impressions of the moving events and poignant passions of the hour. Here assembled the Regulators to mature their plans against those vultures of the courts, Frohock and Fanning.† Here dined Waightstill Avery, then novice in the law, the courtly William Hooper, and "other gentlemen of the bar" with the new Justice of the Superior Court, Richard Henderson. Here, too, doubtless, Richard Henderson planned with Daniel Boone, John Findlay, and John Stuart that long and extensive scouting expedition to the wilderness of Kentucky in

* Cf. *The Steele Family* in *Cumberland County, Pennsylvania*: The Genealogical Publishing Co., Chicago. Also *The Steele Family*, by D. S. Durrie: Albany, 1859.

† *N. C. Col. Rec.*, VIII, 521.

search of rich lands, which subsequently led to the famous Colony of Transylvania and the first permanent colonization of the West. Here the gay barristers, Waightstill Avery, John Williams, Alexander Martin, Adlai Osborne, John Dunn, Samuel Spencer, and William Hooper sipped their sugared whiskey and nutmeg sangaree, and occasionally here, no doubt, as at Hillsborough, "narrowly escaped being intoxicated" (Avery's Diary—1769). Still in a perfect state of preservation are account books of the Steel Tavern, covering a considerable number of years.*

On Wednesday, August 7, 1771, pursuant to an act of the Assembly (Newbern, 1770), William Steel took the oath and qualified as Commissioner of the Borough of Salisbury. The other Commissioners were Matthew Troy, Daniel Little, John Lewis Beard, Peter Ribe, William Temple Coles, James Kerr, Maxwell Chambers, Alexander Martin, and John Dunn†.

William Steel died on November 1, 1773, at the age of thirty-nine, leaving only one son, who was born on November 16, 1764.‡ This was John Steele, known in history as General Steele, one of the most eminent men in the history of the

* I have recently examined these old account books, now in the possession of Captain Richard Henderson (U. S. Navy, retired), great-grandson of Elizabeth Maxwell Steel. I append one entry:

April 12th., 1773.

Waightstill Avery----To Sangaree.
2 s.

† Records of the Inferior Court, Rowan County, Salisbury, N. C.

‡ William Steel's will, dated September 9, 1773, probated May 7, 1774, contains one clause willing certain property, contingently, to the four children of his brother, John Steel.

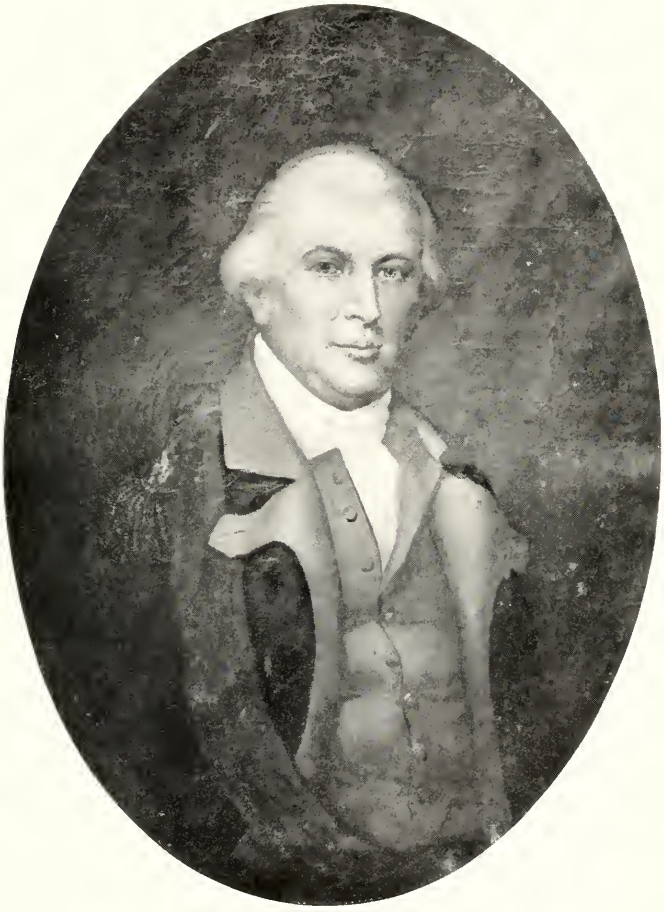
State.* His tombstone, in the old family graveyard at the Steele homestead, now "Steeleworth," just within the limits of the town of Salisbury, at present the home of the family of Capt. Richard Henderson, bears this striking inscription:

CONSECRATED BY CONJUGAL
AND
FILIAL AFFECTION.
AN ENLIGHTENED STATESMAN,
A VIGILANT PATRIOT,
AN ACCOMPLISHED GENTLEMAN.
THE ARCHIVES OF HIS COUNTRY TESTIFY
THE SERVICES OF HIS SHORT BUT USEFUL
LIFE. LONG WILL THAT COUNTRY DEPLORE
HIS LOSS. BUT WHEN WILL THIS SE-
QUESTERED SPOT CEASE TO WITNESS THE
SACRED SORROW OF HIS FAMILY
AND FRIENDS?

V.

On a wild wintry night in the early hours of the first of February, 1781, a lonely horseman sits his weary steed anxiously awaiting news of the day's campaign. The rain is slowly falling upon this solitary figure—a man of fine presence, manly beauty, erect and commanding bearing, vigorous and well proportioned frame. As evening darkens into night and the leaden-footed hours creep by, this soldierly figure continues to maintain his station at the rallying point of the militia, seven miles below Torrence's Tavern, on the road to Salisbury. This young man of only thirty-nine, in such gloomy dejection awaiting news of the day's conflict, whose fair and florid complexion has not entirely

* Of his life there is no occasion to speak here. Ample materials for his biography are now in the possession of the North Carolina Historical Commission, the archives of the University of North Carolina, and the present writer. Suffice it to say that he died at the early age of fifty (August 14, 1815), having served as Member of Congress, Member and Speaker of the House of Commons, Commissioner on the N. C.-S. C. Boundary Line, General of Militia, first Comptroller of the Treasury during the administrations of Washington, who was his intimate friend, and Adams, and invited to serve in the same capacity by Jefferson, his political opposite. For brief accounts of his life, cf. the *Sprunt Historical Monograph, No. 3* (with original letters); Wheeler's *History of North Carolina*, under "*Rowan County*"; and Rumple's *Rowan County*.



A copy of Charles Willson Peale's portrait of General Nathaniel Greene. Owned by his great-granddaughter, Mrs. Wm. Brenton Greene, Jr.

yielded to the exposures of five campaigns, is the most brilliant soldier, leader, and strategist, bar Washington, on the American continent—the "Fabius of America," General Nathaniel Greene.

It is the crucial hour of that remarkable strategic movement, the retreat of the Americans before the hotly pursuing Cornwallis. The very fate of the South, and perhaps of the American colonies, hangs in the balance. Anxiety lies heavy upon Greene, for his resources are at the very lowest ebb. Only by bringing out the militia can he venture to oppose the unresting pursuit of Cornwallis; and for that he needs ready money to distribute among the soldiers, and a fresh store of hope and enthusiasm with which to fire his jaded soldiers to renewed efforts. On the preceding day he has sent Morgan forward post-haste towards the Yadkin, while he remains behind to make one more desperate effort to collect and embody the militia.

Midnight is some time past when the anxious watcher, alert on his lonely vigil, hears the splashing plod of a horse's hoofs upon the sodden road. The jaded messenger, drenched with rain, brings the news that gives despair: "General Davidson is killed, the militia scattered; Cornwallis has effected the passage of the Catawba, and Huger is being hotly pressed by the British." In profound dejection over the depressing news, which seems to shatter his last hope of resisting the advance of Cornwallis and of successfully evading disaster, Greene disconsolately turns his horse's head and begins the long, weary ride to Salisbury. Money for his unpaid troops, inspiration for fresh efforts to enable Huger and Morgan once more to unite forces and present an unbroken front to the enemy—these are sorely needed now. Where are they to come from? This lonely ride, in the blackest hours of this wild night, is symbolic of the lowest ebb in the

fortunes of the campaign in the South. It is the darkest hour just before the dawn.

After Morgan, who is stationed on the east bank of the Catawba, learns of the crossing of Cornwallis, at Cowan's Ford, he begins his retreat on February 1st towards the Yadkin along the Beattie's Ford, or Sherrill's Ford, Road to Salisbury. That afternoon the American troops march hilariously through the town, as they go occasionally punching out a window pane here and there with their bayonets. They encamp about half a mile east of town, on the Yadkin Road, in a beautiful grove with convenient springs and abundance of fuel ready to hand.* The surgeon of Morgan's army, Dr. Joseph Read, with the hospital stores and a number of wounded and disabled British officers who are prisoners, has reached Salisbury some time in advance of the main body of Morgan's command. Dr. Read at once establishes his headquarters at Steel's Tavern, facing on the main street of the town. While busily engaged here in writing paroles for such British officers as are unable from sickness and debility to proceed further, he glances through the window of his apartment overlooking the street and, in the dimness of the early dawn, observes approaching a solitary horseman enveloped in a long military cloak. A closer glance and he recognizes in the man riding up to the door, unaccompanied by his aides or a single individual, the leader of the American forces, General Greene. "It was impossible not to perceive in the deranged state of his dress and the stiffness of his limbs," says Dr. Read himself, "some symptoms of his late rapid movements and exposure to the weather."†

"How do you find yourself, General?" anxiously inquires the doctor.

To this inquiry Greene replies with the utmost dejection:

* In this grove is now located the residence of Hon. John Steele Henderson.

† Johnson's *Life of Greene*, Vol. I, ch. X, p. 417.

"Wretched beyond measure—fatigued, hungry, alone, penniless, and without a friend."

Mrs. Steel, who has come to the door on hearing the sound of voices, now steps forward, benevolence beaming from her countenance, and interjects with alacrity:

"That I deny"—and then, with an access of positiveness in her tone—"that I *most particularly* deny. In me, General, you and the American cause have a devoted friend. And this gentleman will not, I am certain, suffer you to be without a companion, as soon as the humane business about which he is employed, is finished. Only come in and rest and dry yourself, and in a very short time a hot breakfast shall cheer and refresh you."

The General, after his disagreeable ride of more than thirty miles in the rain, darkened by thoughts of the two disastrous skirmishes of the preceding day, at once enters the tavern, and disconsolately throws himself down into the nearest chair.

Mrs. Steel now busies herself in preparing refreshment for the tired traveler. In a short time a bountiful repast is spread before the distinguished guest, while a cheerful fire crackles on the hearth and sheds its genial warmth throughout the room. The hospitable greeting of Mrs. Steel, the comforting influences of the environment and the gratifying repast set before him, go far to restore the spirits of the disheartened general. When General Greene rode up to the door Mrs. Steel's quick ear had caught the general's plaint that he was penniless; and now, as he sits by the table, his head bowed upon his hand, she enters the room, carefully closes the door, and cautiously looks around to make sure they are not observed. Approaching General Greene and reminding him of the despondent words she had heard him utter on his arrival, Mrs. Steel once more assures him of her

sympathy and friendship. Drawing from under her apron two bags of specie, gold and silver coins, the savings of years which she has carefully hoarded in these precarious times, she presents them to him eagerly, with these simple, but memorable words:

"Take them; for you will need them, and I can do without them."

Though history does not record the exact words of the grateful General, his biographer says that *"an acquisition so important even to the public service,* was not to be declined from excess of delicacy." We may well imagine that General Greene expressed his gratitude in some such way as this:

"May Heaven bless you for your kind words and generous act! These two bags of specie now represent the treasure chest of the American army. They will put shoes on barefoot soldiers, feed hungry men, and further the cause of liberty. I accept your generous gift most gratefully in behalf of the public service, since it is given so generously. 'Tis by such patriotic actions as this that revolutions are made."*

Doubtless Mrs. Steel, as Rumple says, could have filled General Greene's pockets with "proclamation money," then worth less than were Confederate notes in the beginning of the year 1865. But silver and gold coins were incredibly scarce in Revolutionary days, and no American officer or gentleman could fail to be sensible of the value of such a gift.†

* For the best accounts of the episode upon which the present recital is based, cf. Johnson's *Life of Greene*, vol. I, ch. X, p. 417; Jethro Rumple's *History of Rowan County*, ch. XVII; Foote's *Sketches of North Carolina*, ch. XXVI, pp. 354-5; Mrs. E. F. Ellet's *Women of the Revolution* (Jacobs, Phila., 1900), vol. I, ch. XXIII; Irving's *Life of Washington*, vol. III, p. 345; Wheeler's *History of North Carolina*, under "*Rowan County.*" The episode has found its way into fiction also, notably in the novel of Cyrus Townsend Brady: *When Blades are Out and Love's Afield* (Lippincott, Phila., 1901).

† The *Cyclopaedia of American Biographies*, vol. IV, p. 4, says: "Elizabeth Maxwell Steele gave all her savings to General Greene on his retreat, thus *enabling him to feed his troops* and cross the Yadkin before its swollen waters impeded the pursuit of Cornwallis." Two circumstances may serve to demonstrate the value which specie possessed in those days, both intrinsically and in the popular mind. It is now universally recognized by historians

In a letter to Washington during this very retreat, Greene writes: "The miserable situation of the troops for want of clothing has rendered the march the most painful imaginable, many hundreds of the soldiers marking the ground with their bloody feet.—*I have not a shilling to obtain intelligence with.*"* It was fortunate for General Greene that he visited Steel's Tavern when he did, *i. e.,* on February 2, before Mrs. Steel had been despoiled of her property by the British. During their stay in Salisbury of two days, immediately following Greene's departure, the British levied upon the inhabitants for whatever they wanted. Says Mrs. Steel: "I was plundered of all my horses, dry cattle, horse forage, liquors and family provisions * * *."

VI.

Just before his departure from Salisbury, General Greene left at Steel's Tavern a memorial of very striking and unique character. While sitting in the dining room Greene's eye caught sight of the portraits of King George III and Queen Charlotte hanging on the wall, bearing record to a time long past when Americans loved the mother country and revered their sovereigns. These beautiful colored engravings had been presented to Mrs. Steel by her brother, James Maxwell, to whom they had been given, when he was a member of an embassy to England, by one of his friends, an official at the Court of St. James. The sight of the picture of George III filled General Greene's mind with mournful reflections over the sufferings which his countrymen were at that moment enduring, fleeing almost naked and with bare, bloody feet before the relentless pursuit of Cornwallis; and of the bloodshed in the struggle to throw off the shackles

that one of the strongly contributory causes of the peasant revolt known as the Regulation was the scarcity of specie. After the Revolution, even, Thomas Person won great reputation as a philanthropist, a building at the University of North Carolina being named in his honor and still bearing his name, because his benefaction, though only $1,050, was paid in "hard money"—shining silver dollars.

*Greene Mss.

of slavery which Parliament and the English king were trying to fasten upon the colonies. With the generous gift of Mrs. Steel lying on the table before him, these sentiments returned to the General, mingled with a feeling of elation and confidence that now, succored in the hour of his need, he could once more fling defiance to British power and give King George full reason to regret his war upon the colonies. Taking a piece of charcoal from the fire-place he walked up to the picture of George III and wrote upon the back of it:

"O GEORGE HIDE THY FACE AND MOURN."

Then, turning the face of the British king to the wall, General Greene bade good-bye to his hospitable and patriotic hostess, and, mounting his horse, hurriedly rode away, with light heart to superintend and direct the retreat of his little army and provide for their transportation across the Yadkin. For as his biographer and descendant says: "Never did relief come at a more propitious moment; nor would it be straining conjecture to suppose that he resumed his journey with his spirits cheered and lightened by this touching proof of woman's devotion to the cause of her country."*

In addition to its intrinsic value, Mrs. Steel's gift encouraged Greene and heartened his jaded soldiery for that last burst of extra energy which seemed almost beyond human power. It gave him the spirit to direct that masterly retreat which, as Botta said, "would have done honor to the most celebrated captains of that, or any former epoch." Overtaking Morgan, Greene crossed the Yadkin with his forces, the militia, newly aroused, harassing the British at every turn—and, rescued as if providentially by the sudden rise of the river, soon effected a junction with Huger on the seventh of February. In the retreat that followed occurred the almost unprecedented spectacle: the Americans

* George Washington Greene's *Life of Greene*, N. Y., 1871.

under Col. Otho Williams covering Greene's rear, the British under the lead of Cornwallis himself, marching for many miles parallel with, and in sight of, each other—without firing a shot. Finally, on February 14, Greene was enabled to cross the Dan—thereby concluding that remarkable retreat of more than two hundred miles of which Washington wrote to Greene: "Your retreat before Cornwallis is highly applauded by all ranks."

One month later, on March 15, at Guilford Court House, Greene forced conclusions with Cornwallis on ground astutely chosen by the former on February 10th preceding, and, after a stubborn struggle, yielded a bloody field and, superficially, a victory to Cornwallis.*

The victory was a barren one for the British arms, and left Cornwallis in a truly desperate plight. "My situation here," writes Cornwallis to Phillips from Wilmington, "is very distressing. Greene took advantage of my being obliged to come to this place, and has marched to South Carolina."

In a letter (Salisbury, April 19, 1781) to her brother-in-law, Ephraim Steel, of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, Mrs. Steel in one illuminating paragraph depicts the advantageous results for the country, wrought by the Battle of Guilford Court House:

"It comforts me to think that the enemy will probably never return. His Lordship soon after the 15th of March moved to Wilmington, and General Greene, by a masterly stroke, has turned rapidly towards Camden, in his rear, which I hope will fall into his hands before Cornwallis can

* As contemporary evidence of the presumption that this battle was regarded by the American military leaders as a virtual victory for Greene, it is pertinent to cite a passage from a letter of Washington to Jefferson ("Headquarters New Windsor, April 18, 1781"), which has only recently been brought to light: "I am glad to learn from the Letter of General Greene, a copy of which Your Excellency did me the honor to enclose on the 28th. Ult. that the Action of the 15th. had been severely felt by the Enemy, that their retreat bore evident marks of distress, and that our Army in good spirits were advancing upon them." The reference, "the Action of the 15th.," is to the Battle of Guilford Court House. In his letter of March 16 to Governor Jefferson, Major Charles Magill writes from "Camp at the Iron Works, Gilford County":—"Never was ground contested for with greater obstinacy, and never were Troops drawn off in better order. Such another dear bot day, must effectually ruin the British army . . . " *Calendar of Virginia State Papers*, Vol. I, p. 574.

reinforce the place. At least it will take the war out of this State. And leave his Lordship not one step further than before Gates' defeat."

Out of the apparent defeat at Guilford Court House, that pivotal battle of the Revolution, was thus wrought the most conclusive victory, foreshadowing and making possible the ultimate triumph of American Independence only seven months later at Yorktown, on October 19, 1781.

Surely it is no exaggeration to assert that, in the darkest hour of Greene's career, when his fortunes were at their lowest ebb and his own dauntless mettle failed him, the gift of Elizabeth Maxwell Steel, loftily patriotic in its sentiment, providential in its timeliness, by its moral and inspiring effect, contributed in some appreciable measure to the ultimate achievement of American Independence.

VII.

The colored lithographs of King George III and Queen Charlotte, which are still carefully preserved, have had such curious and chequered careers that the story of their wanderings amply deserves recording. The following letter, for a copy of which I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. W. J. Andrews, Raleigh, N. C., is self-explanatory. The original is among the Swain Mss., in the archives of the University of North Carolina:

JANUARY 14, 1846.

HON. DAVID L. SWAIN:

I have been thus long delayed in performing the agreeable duty assigned my by your kind letter by a long and painful illness of Mrs. McGinn, which has confined her to her chamber and her bed for several weeks.

At the earliest moment which made the application proper I spoke to her in regard to the subject of your communication. The acknowledgements of the Historical Society I expressed as you requested and solicited the interesting relic which has been so long preserved in her family. It is, I am happy to say, cheerfully given. The Society will not however be indebted for it to Mrs. McGinn. The engraving which, as you will observe, is executed in a superior

style of workmanship was highly prized by Mrs. Steel, the grandmother of Mrs. McGinn, and was cherished during her life with great veneration. At her death it was given to her granddaughter, Elizabeth Steele, a sister of Mrs. McGinn, who was the wife of the Revd. James Bowman of Tennessee. Mrs. Bowman gave the engraving to a daughter of Mrs. McGinn, who bears her own name, a young lady not yet grown—who not only prizes it as a historical relic of interesting general associations but connected with a near and deceased relation. It was yielded therefore only from that sense of duty which the daughter of Dr. McCorkle has endeavored to faithfully impress on her own descendants. As to the autograph it no doubt is that of General Greene. The words express the feelings of the illustrious hero as to the character of George 3d, his conduct towards the colonies, and the effect of the war on the possessions of the British Government. They are greatly injured by time but in a favorable position you may distinguish each word if not each letter. "O George hide thy face and mourn" is the entire passage. The engraving, as I am informed by Mrs. McGinn, was procured while in England by a brother of her grandmother whose name was James Maxwell. He was from Pennsylvania, the residence of the family prior to their migration and settlement in our State. He had been educated in Edinburg where he studied the profession of medicine. He returned to Pennsylvania and afterwards visited England in some public capacity which is not now remembered. While there he obtained the Engraving of George the third—and engravings of other members of the royal family some of which are in a state of excellent preservation and which in style of execution will compare with the best specimens of the art under all the advantages of modern ingenuity. James Maxwell died at an early age, leaving to his sister the pictures to which I have referred and the memory of fine intellectual endowments and an exemplary life. I regret that no opportunity now occurs to transmit the engraving to its destined repository. It is somewhat impaired by time and it will require care to deliver it safely. The inscription by General Greene however which gives to it its value cannot be effaced by any accident likely to occur. I shall see to its preservation until some opportunity offers for its safe transmission to you. * * * I hope that you will be assured that it will afford me great pleasure to aid the Historical Society by any means in my power in collecting materials pertinent to its elevated object among the people of this revolutionary region.

I am, with great respect,

Truly yours,

JAMES W. OSBORNE.

To the

HON. DAVID L. SWAIN,

Chapel Hill, No. Carolina.

The Mrs. McGinn referred to in the above letter was a daughter of the Rev. Samuel Eusebius McCorkle and his wife, Margaret Gillespie, daughter of Robert Gillespie and his wife, Elizabeth Maxwell. I am indebted to Mr. R. D. W. Connor for permission to use the following letter which I recently discovered in the collections of the North Carolina Historical Commission:

PARIS, TENN., Mar. 2, 1859.

HON. DAVID L. SWAIN.

DEAR SIR:—The University of North Carolina was presented some years ago, by my Mother, with a portrait of George III. of England, that had formerly been the property of my great grand Mother, Elizabeth Steel.

As a Revolutionary relic the value of this portrait is enhanced by having on the back of it, in the hand writing of Gen. Green, the following, "King (sic) George, hide thy face and mourn." This portrait and that of Charlotte, his Queen, for many years hung side by side in the house of Mrs. Steel, and afterwards for more than a third of a century at Dr. McCorkle's, and then at my Mother's until they were separated by the king's being sent to Chapel Hill.

The Queen is now in my possession, and the object of this communication is to inform you, that I desire the old couple to be again united, and I therefore offer for your acceptance the portrait of the Queen. And if you can suggest any means by which it can be forwarded to Chapel Hill, I will cheerfully send it. If you will accept the gift, please address me at your earliest convenience, as I expect to change my location in a few months.

Respectfully yours, J. B. McGINN.

P. S. My address is, Rev. J. B. McGinn, Paris, Tenn.

The two pictures eventually reached Governor Swain safely. The picture of George III, doubtless because of its remarkable historic interest, was permitted by Mrs. McGinn to be displayed for a time in the court-house in Charlotte. The mention of this circumstance occurs in Foote's *Sketches of North Carolina* (p. 355), which was published in 1846. After the death of Governor Swain it was discovered that the relics of the North Carolina Historical Society were inextricably mixed with the personal effects of Governor Swain.

When the effects of Governor Swain's widow were sold in Raleigh on July 6, 1883, these pictures were bought by a young schoolboy. The story is so unusual, and the obligation towards him for preserving these pictures is so great that at my request he has given me the true history of his acquisition of the historic pictures.* The historian Wheeler says of the presentation by Mrs. Steel of the two bags of specie to General Greene: "This scene has been made the subject of both painting and sculpture."† The original painting of the scene was made by the artist Alonzo Chappel; and an engraving from the original painting, entitled *"Female Patriotism—Mrs. Steel and General Greene,"* is to be found in J. A. Spencer's *History of the United States,* New York, 1874-1876, vol. 2, facing p. 121. For this information I am indebted to the Director of the Prints Division, Library of Congress. The whereabouts of the original painting I have been unable to discover. For the illustration accompanying this article (frontispiece) I am indebted to descendants of Mrs. Steel, Mrs. Eliza S. Lynch, and Mrs. E. E. McQueen, of Columbia, S. C., and to a descendant of

*"In the year 1882," says Mr. William J. Andrews, of Raleigh, N. C., "I was a pupil at the Lovejoy School House, then called the Raleigh Male Academy, Messrs. Fray and Morson, Principals. The N. C. History class recited in Mr. Morson's room, and the book used was the second edition of Moore's School History. I was not old enough to be in the class; but picking up a copy of the book belonging to one of the boys, which lay on my desk, I found this foot-note on the subject of the picture (I may not quote with perfect accuracy from memory): 'This picture with the writing still visible is in the possession of Governor Swain.' Knowing that Mrs. Swain lived in Raleigh and that my cousin, Miss Sallie Haywood, was a friend of hers, I asked Cousin Sallie to take me to see Mrs. Swain, so I could ask her to show me the picture. Being a small boy, and my request not seeming of much importance, I was put off from time to time until Mrs. Swain's death. The day before the sale, Cousin Sallie took me over the house with 'Old Aunt Thenie,' 72 years old, one of the old colored servants in the White family (Mrs. Swain was a Miss White). I finally found the pictures of George and Charlotte in the attic. Instinctively, I felt that here was the end of my quest, and on turning George around, I found the inscription in chalk as I had been told of it by my great grandmother Harris who had seen the picture when she was a young lady. This I learned at the age of four or five, while on a visit to my grandparents, Col. and Mrs. William Johnston, of Charlotte, N. C.

"Here now was I, a twelve-year old boy, with a chance to become the *owner* of a picture which I had longed merely to see. So I told Aunt Thenie that there were two old pictures in the attic that I wanted to buy next day at the sale. 'All right, honey,' she said, 'I'll take a rag up and wipe them clean and put them in the dining room.' The next day at the sale I waited until the auctioneer cried the pictures; and started them at five cents each. Some one bid ten, and I promptly raised to fifteen. The two pictures, George III and Queen Charlotte, were knocked down to me at thirty cents—every cent I had in my pocket.

"I knew and appreciated the value of my new possesssion. I consider that day spent at the Swain sale one of the red-letter days of my life."

Cf. also *Program of Exercises for N. C. Day,* Friday, Dec. 18, 1908, compiled by Mr. R. D. W. Connor.

† *Reminiscences of North Carolina,* Vol. II, p. 397.

General Greene, Miss Mary Ward Greene, of Newport, R. I. It is, examination has shown, a photographic copy of a wood cut of the original painting by Chappel. The picture possesses one remarkable feature, the head of Mrs. Steel, according to the testimony of Mrs. Lynch, having been copied from a miniature of her, and so represents her accurately as she really was.

No sculpture of the scene has ever come to my notice; nor have the efforts of the authorities in the Library of Congress been able to throw any light on the point. The plaque shown in the illustration accompanying this monograph was among the Swain effects. Through ignorance, and chiefly because it was partially mutilated, the plaque was thrown away as valueless. The aged servant, "Aunt Thenie" rescued it from the trash pile, and after gluing on the broken piece, gave or sold it to the present owner, Miss Sallie Haywood.*

The photograph of General Greene, accompanying the present monograph, was made from the famous portrait by Charles Willson Peale. For this photograph I am indebted to the kindness of the owner of the portrait, Mrs. William Brenton Greene, Jr., of Princeton, N. J. For permission to reproduce the pictures of King George and Queen Charlotte, I am indebted to Mr. W. J. Andrews, who also placed at my disposal the photograph of the plaque here shown.†

*At the top upon the scroll, may be distinguished the words "Gen. Greene" and "Mrs. Steel," above the heads of General Greene and Mrs. Steel, respectively. The artist who designed the plaque clearly copied the painting of Chappel.

† The inscription in Greene's handwriting on the back of King George's picture, now framed behind glass, is still perfectly legible, though now quite faint. A tracing in white paint on the glass cover, immediately above the inscription, makes it stand out, in the bold handwriting of Greene with startling distinctness. It is peculiarly interesting to observe that Greene seems first to have turned the picture upside down and begun to write—but realizing that the inscription would then appear upside down as the picture hung on the wall, with back to the front, he reversed the picture and wrote the inscription right side up. The photograph shows that he had already written "O G—," before he discovered his mistake.

In some quarters it was the habit of patriotic Americans to turn upside down, and leave hanging on the wall in this humiliating posture, pictures of George III. Pertinent to the incident of the present sketch is the following entry in the *Diary of John Adams*, II, 434:

Baltimore, February, 1777.

16. Sunday. Last evening I supped with my friends, Dr. Rush and Mr. Sargeant, at Mrs. Page's, over the bridge. The two Colonel Lees, Dr. Witherspoon, Mr. Adams, Mr. Gerry, Dr. Brownson, made the company. They have a fashion, in this town of reversing the picture of King George III in such families as have it. One of these topsy-turvy kings

VIII.

The episodes with which the present monograph deals have been made the subject of an interesting poem, by Grace Duffie Boylan, which appeared some years ago in the *Chicago Journal*. Mrs. Steel was a very religious and devout woman, properly indicated by the poem; the obituary notice, given later in this monograph, speaks for itself. The detail of her "hard, toil-roughened hand" must be granted to that excuse for inaccuracy euphemistically defined as "poetic license." Mrs. Steel assuredly left the polishing of her pans and the sanding of her floors to her servants. The poem, bearing these manifest inaccuracies, appears below:

THE DAME O' SALISBURY TOWN.

Elizabeth Steele of Salisbury Town
  Polished her pans and sanded her floor,
And sat to read in the sacred book
  Of the times when war shall be no more.

She had heard the boom of British guns
  As mothers hear who have sons to mourn;
Whose e'er the shot, and where'er its home,
  The heart in her kerchiefed breast was torn.

Elizabeth Steele had heard the news
  "King's Mountain's won and the red coats flee!"
But she only asked: "Goodsire, my boys—
  Is't well with them? Do they ride to me?"

But who can stop to count one, count two,
  When lives go out like a candle's flame?
What courier halts on his way to tell
  The price we pay for a battle's game?

---

was hung up in the room where we supped, and under it were written these lines, by Mr. Throop, as we are told:

Behold the man, who had it in his power
To make a kingdom tremble and adore,
Intoxicate with folly. See his head
Placed where the meanest of his subjects tread.
Like Lucifer, the giddy tyrant fell;
He lifts his heel to Heaven, but points his head to Hell.

She had heard how Morgan crossed the flood
  That rose a bar to the English breast.
And she whispered low: "Were any drowned?"
  And dreamed of two on the torrent's crest.

But who can stop for a woman's cry?
  The post must ride, be it woe or weal;
He struck his spurs, and he galloped by—
  And what could a mother do but kneel?

Hers was only to watch and wait,
  And hers was only to weep and pray;
Her part had been but to rear good sons
  And send them out to the guns that day.

She scoured, she sanded, she kept her peace,
  She spun her flax by the open door;
Then sat to read in the holy word
  Of the times when war shall be no more.

Nathaniel Greene, below Cowan's Ford,
  Had fought, had won, and had lost the field,
And his minute men with one accord
  Had vowed it better to run than yield.

Ragged and hungry and weary and cold,
  Penniless, friendless, and sick with defeat,
They came to the edge of Salisb'ry town,
  The bitter way of that great retreat.

Elizabeth saw the famished horde;
  She took them food and she gave them cheer,
She warmed and fed and comforted
  The sons some mothers were holding dear.

She gave her purse to the General's keep;
  "'Tis all I have, but 'tis yours," she said,
And above her hard, toil-roughened hand
  Nathaniel Greene bent reverent head.

He raised his eye and his eagle glance
  Swept to the face of King George the Third,
That hung on the wall. He strode across
  And turned it around, with a trooper's word.

And scribed with a piece of chalk, like this—
'Tis plain to see on the canvas worn,
Bold was his hand with the pen or sword:
"Oh George! Oh King! Hide thy face and mourn."

Elizabeth then their knapsacks filled;
She pressed each hand and she touched each head,
As she would have wished those mothers far
To have blessed her lads—perhaps now dead!

But hark! A shout! A trample! A halt!
One cry—and a pris'ner bound and fast,
Elizabeth laughed in precious chains—
The arms of her own brave boys at last.

This is the tale of Elizabeth Steele,
Who fed Greene's host, and who won renown;
And I sing this song o'er a hundred years,
In praise of the dame o' Salisbury town.*

IX.

William Steel's brother, Ephraim, settled in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, some time shortly prior to 1769; and resided there for about forty-five years. He was a man of means and prominence in his community and his section. He enjoyed an extended political acquaintance, and persons in high authority consulted him on State and National affairs. Through his habit of preserving letters have come down to us today letters of Elizabeth Maxwell Steel, ranging over the period from 1778 to 1786. These letters, copies of which accompany the present monograph, are now in the possession of Misses Margaret A. and Martha J. Steele, of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, granddaughters of Ephraim Steel. For the copies and the photographic facsimile accompanying the present monograph, the writer is indebted to the courtesy of the Misses Steele, to Hon. John Steele Henderson, of Salisbury, N. C., who discovered the existence of the

* For copies of this poem, I am indebted to the kindness of Mrs. B. B. Taylor, of Macon, Ga., and Mrs. Clark Waring, of Columbia, S. C.

letters, and to Mr. J. Zeamer, the antiquarian, who prepared the elaborate sketch of the Steele family, in the volume entitled *Biographical Annals of Cumberland County, Pennsylvania* (Genealogical Publishing Co., Chicago, 1905).

In one of her letters Mrs. Steel says: "You know I am a great politician." Indeed, these letters few in number though they be, contain most pertinent comments on contemporaneous events of vital interest during the most moving period in our Revolutionary history. For the most part, as was to be expected, they deal with family affairs, incidentally clearing up matters in which historians have either blundered or revealed ignorance. They show Mrs. Steel to have been a woman of deep piety, sound intelligence, and good judgment, and withal practical and patriotic. It is the hope of the writer that the Misses Steele will present the original letters of Mrs. Steel to the State of North Carolina.

ELIZABETH STEEL TO EPHRAIM STEEL.

DEAR BROTHER: SALISBURY, 15th May, 1778.

Since your departure I have received two letters from you, of March 22 & April 6th and I thank you for them both. Your own feelings may suggest the pleasure, or an idea of the pleasure I enjoy with them at present, for letters are the meeting and talking of absent friends. It gave me great pleasure to hear of your safe arrival and the welfare of your family, especially *Little Billy* who it seems is likely to outgrow his father—surely he will soon be a little giant. I'm sorry to hear of sister Nancy's illness. I hope her disorder will not hold her long. Your kindness in riding so far to see my son calls for thanks both from him and me. I hope he has not been ungrateful, and I now present you my heartfelt thanks on that account. I should be heartily rejoiced to see him quit the army, and betake himself to some business for life.* I present you my

* It appears that Mrs. Steel's son, John Steele, although only fourteen in 1778, had already joined the Continental army. Clearly Mrs. Steel is not referring here to her other son, Robert Gillespie, for in a letter of October 17, 1778, she informs her brother Ephraim that her son Robert has "gone into the army," whereas in the present letter, written five months earlier, she is expressing the wish that her son (obviously not Robert) would "quit the army." It is not mentioned by any biographer of John Steele, nor was it even known until the discovery of these letters, that he had ever served in the Continental army. Subsequent to this date (1778), John Steele studied under the Rev. James Hall at Clio's Nursery, or "The Academy of the Sciences," on Snow Creek. (*Foote's Sketches of North Carolina*, ch. XXXIV, pp. 330 *et seq.*) The copy of Virgil, with numerous signatures of "John Steele," which he used at this famous school, is still preserved.

thanks for the crisis No. 5, it gave me great pleasure by serving to brace our minds, long relaxed by the inaction of the armies thro the winter season. We hope, however, the spring and summer will produce some important event and pray you to pass no opportunity of giving us the news. My family, through the kindness of Providence, is well. My kindest regards *to sister Nancy* and all friends and be always assured that I am and shall continue

Your loving and affectionate sister,

ELIZ. STEEL.

ELIZABETH STEEL TO "MY SON" (PRESUMABLY JOHN STEELE).

SALISBURY, 7th July, 1778.

MY DEAR SON:

It is now a long time since I have had a letter from you, the cause I know not, but I can assure you that I have wrote two or three times since I received any account from you. Pray write me by the first opportunity.

Since you have chosen that manner of life, it would give me the greatest pleasure to hear of your acquitting yourself with honor and faithfulness to your country and yourself, and to hear of the contrary would give me much uneasiness.

I hope that you will not forget to apply to that power and wisdom which can enable and direct us to discharge the duties of every station. Many are the advices of this kind I have given you. I must take every opportunity to repeat them. Pray let them not be in vain. I should be glad to hear from you. Write me by the first opportunity. Friends here all are well. I am

Your affectionate mother, ELIZ. STEEL.

ELIZABETH STEEL TO EPHRAIM STEEL.

SALISBURY, July 30, 1778.

DEAR BROTHER:

Yours of June 26th I have received not long since. My son is not yet come home, but I have heard that he is on the way, in company with Capt. Cootes, who left him I suppose with you.

Mr. Beard, I believe, returned thro Yorktown and arrived some time ago in company with Mrs. Beard, which has changed her citizenship—Salisbury for Lancaster.* I am very sorry to hear of *brother Thomas' misfortune* and should be glad to be informed about the issue of his affair. I suppose it will reduce him to great difficulty and loss if he be forced to *serve out his enlistment.* However

* The "Mr. Beard" here mentioned is doubtless Valentine Beard, a continental soldier in the Revolution, who fought under Washington, notably at the battles of the Brandywine and Germantown. He married a Miss Margaret Marquedant.

for his sake, if obliged to serve for my own and my country's sake, I hope the war will not long continue. Providence seems to be directing it to a final issue, at least on the continent, tho' perhaps the British government may not acknowledge our Independence till the end of the present war with France, which their political phrenzy may continue for two or three years to come till they be reduced to the last extremity. Please to give us the fate of New York. We hear it is to be attacked by the French fleet and American army, and we should be glad to have a more distinct account of the affair of the 28th. My little family is well. No remarkable alteration lately. I hope soon to sustain the very respectable and important character of GRANDMOTHER.

I am your affectionate
Sister
ELIZ. STEEL.

ELIZABETH STEEL TO EPHRAIM STEEL.*

SALISBURY, 15th Aug., 1778.

DEAR BROTHER:

Inclosed you will find some letters which lately came to hand; I wrote you a few days ago. Nothing more since, only that I have got a little grand-Daughter, this morning about 3 o'clock. Mother and child well for the time. All well.

Your sister,
ELIZ. STEEL.

ELIZABETH STEEL TO EPHRAIM STEEL.

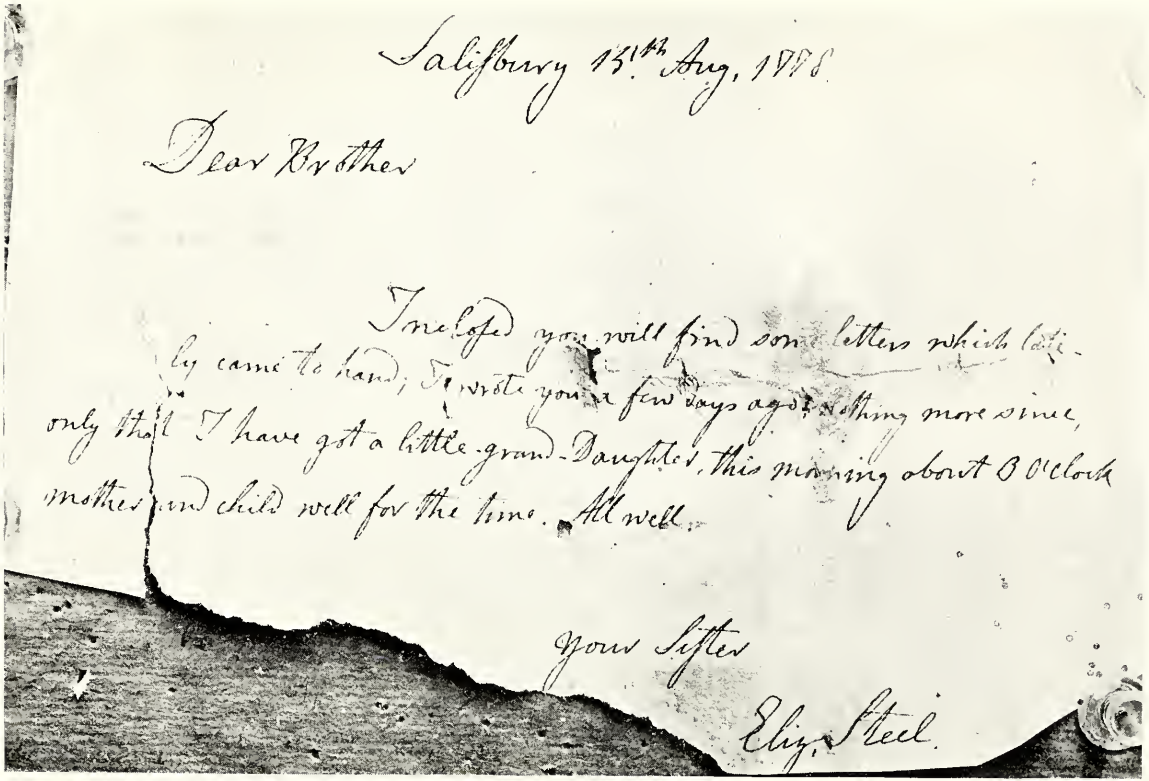
SALISBURY, Oct. 17, 1778.

DEAR BROTHER:

Tho I have wrote since I have received any letters from you, yet I take this opportunity to inform you that I am well with the rest of my little family, without any other alterations in it than those you have heard, unless it be that my son *Robert has gone into the army*,† and I have heard designed to be enrolled with *Major Davi-*

* For its clearness of delineation and its brevity, this letter, in photographic facsimile, is reproduced in the present monograph.

† Robert Gillespie was an efficient and daring soldier. Col. Alexander Martin, writing from Salisbury to Gov. Thomas Burke, August 10, 1781, says: "Inclosed your Excellency hath the Resignation of Captain James Sheppard's Commission in the State Regiment, in favor of Mr. Robert Gillespie of this Place, who was formerly a Continental Lieutenant, and serving with reputation——." (*Col. Rec.* XXII; 555, 558.) Says Rumple, "He was of a peculiarly bold and defiant spirit, and when the British entered Salisbury, he rode in sight of them in a menacing manner. As he had but one companion, 'Blind Daniel,' so called from having lost one eye, a kind of hanger-on in Salisbury, of course he did not remain to carry out his menaces." (*Rowan County.*) He received his commission as Captain of State Militia, and he and his company were subsequently paid £2157-8-8 by the State for their services in defence of their country. (Report of Auditor of Salisbury District, *Col. Rec.*, XXII, 1014.)


Salisbury 15th Aug. 1778

Dear Brother

Inclosed you will find some letters which lately came to hand, I wrote you a few days ago, nothing more since, only that I have got a little grand-Daughter, this morning about 8 O'Clock mother and child well for the time. All well.

Your Sister

Eliz. Steel.

Facsimile of Letter by Elizabeth Steel.

son in Carlisle. If he has been with you I desire you to inform me, as I have not heard from him, since he left Halifax on the borders of Virginia.

His conduct in entering into the service has given me no small uneasiness; not that I disapprove the cause of liberty, but I thought him too young to launch out into the world. But I must resign him up to the conduct of Providence and endeavor myself to be resigned to the matter.

I have lately received a letter from *brother Joseph* which informs me of *his wife's death*, but for your satisfaction I'll send you his letter inclosed, especially as I am at a loss to guess his designs in leaving that state, or the continent, unless he be so unhappy as to disapprove our public measures. Give my compliments to *brother Thomas*, and please to inform me where he resides, that my future letters may find him. If you desire to write to *brother Joseph*, write immediately and I will forward your letter.

I am yours, etc., ELIZ. STEEL.

ELIZABETH STEEL TO EPHRAIM STEEL.

SALISBURY, 19th Oct., 1779.

DEAR BROTHER:

I embrace the present opportunity to make you some return for your favor by the bearer, Mr. May. Your letters arrived before Mr. McCorkle, who was detained longer than his own or our expectation but arrived safe about the middle of September. I was very sorry to hear of the death of your *worthy minister Mr. Steele.** His death is much to be lamented, especially at this time when the number of clergymen is small and smaller still the prospect of others succeeding. You must however attempt, and I pray you may succeed in the obtaining another.

My little family is all with me, and well. Robert returned in the spring from his northern tour. The last accounts from Savannah mention that on the 9th instant a general attack was made on the enemy's lines in which we were repulsed with the loss of 150 killed and wounded. Verbal accounts also mention an express from the Spanish West India fleet, to (?) the French from our coasts to join them. Also the retreat of our army to Lewisburg. My little grand daughter walks and runs and dances and sings and talks—Hebrew for aught I know. Mr. and Mrs. McCorkle's compliments to you and Mr. Heap.

I am your loving and affectionate sister,

ELIZ. STEEL.

* No relative, so far as known, of Ephraim Steel.

P. S. Oct. 25.—We hear that the French fleet are only gone out to (?) with design to take the New York reinforcement, and that their army and ours still invest the British at Savannah.

ELIZABETH STEEL TO EPHRAIM STEEL.

SALISBURY, 29th April, 1780.

DEAR BROTHER:

I desire you to believe that all my letters are the efforts of friendship and affection, for you can't suppose them to be letters of business, as I have no occasion to write on those subjects. The happiness of all my friends is what I most sincerely desire, and therefore wish to hear frequently from you. I am scrry that I can't (knowing you to be a good Whig) make you happy with some good news from Charleston. I can only inform you that there have been several skirmishes before Charleston with various success. That the shipping has passed Fort Moultrie with considerable loss, and that we every day expect to hear of a general storm on, or the continued blockade of Charleston, 6 or 7 thousand we conjecture on each side. Charleston is nearly invested on all sides, and what will be the event time must determine.*

My little family are in their usual health. Little *Nancy M.* grows apace, and begins to chatter. Mr. and Mrs. McCorkle join in sending compliments to yourself and Master Billy and be assured that I am with great respect, Dear Brother,

Yours affectionately,

ELIZ. STEEL.

ELIZABETH STEEL TO EPHRAIM STEEL.

SALISBURY, July 13th, 1780.

DEAR BROTHER:

This will inform you that my little family are well but suffering with others the calamity of the times. You have had your time and now comes ours. We have been surrounded by Tory Insurrections, one party in the Forks of Catawba have been defeated with considerable loss.† Another from the forks of the Yadkin have been pursued but not overtaken. At present the state is uninvaded, but about five hundred are at the Waxaws.‡ The Tories are flocking in. South Carolina and Georgia are in the Enemies' hands. Our

* Charleston capitulated on May 12, 1780.

† Battle of Ramseur's Mill, June 20, 1780.

‡ Following the Battle of Ramseur's Mill, General Rutherford despatched Davie with his cavalry to Waxhaw Creek to watch the British, while he himself set off immediately in pursuit of Col. Bryan, who had succeeded in embodying a considerable force of Tories in the forks of the Yadkin, at the north end of Rowan, near Surry. By rapid marches, Bryan ultimately succeeded in escaping Rutherford, and in effecting a junction with a British force under Major McArthur.

army is advancing near Cheraw and I hope before this year be done the British and Tories will all be cooped up in Charleston. Pray give us the news with a paper or two from the North. My compliments to sister Nancy, Mr. Heap and family and all friends, Mr. Billy by name. I am your affectionate sister,

ELIZ. STEEL.

ELIZABETH STEEL TO EPHRAIM STEEL.

DEAR BROTHER: SALISBURY, Oct. 25, 1780.

With the utmost satisfaction I can acquaint you with the sudden and favorable turn of our public affairs.* A few days ago destruction hung over our heads. Cornwallis with at least 1500 British and Tories waited at Charlotte for the reinforcement of 1000 from Broad River, which reinforcement has been entirely cut off, 130 killed and the remainder captured.

Cornwallis immediately retreated, and is now on his way toward Charleston, with a part of our army in his rear, commanded by General Smalwood. The remainder are expected soon to march from Hillsborough under the command of Gen. Gates.

I should thank you for a line. It is a long time since I received one. Please to give us the northern intelligence. You know I am a great politician. Compliments to *sister Nancy and children*, Mister Heap and family, and Master Billy and be assured that I am with great respect, Dear Brother, Yours,

ELIZ. STEEL.

ELIZABETH STEEL TO EPHRAIM STEEL.

DEAR BROTHER: SALISBURY, 19th April, 1781.

Your obliging letter by Mr. Beard has come to hand. I most sincerely congratulate you on your matrimonial connections. May your lives be long and happy. I beg you to mention me most affectionately to Mrs. Steel, tho' unacquainted with her person or family. Please to mention me also to Master Billy.

In Feb. last the British were so kind as to pay us a visit, at a time when my little family were ill with the small pox, in which my little youngest granddaughter died, the rest have all happily recovered.†

*"The sudden and favorable turn of affairs" was created by the engagement here spoken of, which is none other than the famous Battle of King's Mountain, fought on October 7, 1780. Of Ferguson's force, 300 were killed or wounded; 100 regulars and 700 Loyalists were captured. The loss of the American "mountain men" was slight. The report of the victory was hailed as "great and glorious news." (General Gates to Thomas Jefferson, Gov. of Virginia.)

† For a full account of Cornwallis's stay in Salisbury, lasting from Saturday, February 3d, tothe following Monday night or Tuesday morning, cf. Rumple's *Rowan County*, ch. XVIII.

I was plundered of all my horses, dry cattle, horse forage, liquors and family provisions, and thought I escaped well with my house furniture and milch cattle. Some in this country were stripped of all these things.

It comforts me to think that the enemy will probably never return. His Lordship soon after the 15th of March* moved to Wilmington, and Gen. Greene, by a masterly stroke, has turned rapidly towards Camden in his rear which I hope will fall into his hands before Cornwallis can reinforce the place. At least it will take the war out of this state, and leave his Lordship not one step further than before Gates' defeat.†

Please to remember me in the most affectionate manner to sister Nancy. I have never been able to hear from our brother since the fall of Charleston, nor have I any way of writing to him—. I am with great respect your affectionate sister,

ELIZ. STEEL.

ELIZABETH STEEL TO EPHRAIM STEEL.

SALISBURY, March 17, 1786.

DEAR BROTHER:

I was very happy to receive a long letter from you, and especially as it gave me an account of your own, and the happiness of your little family. If an opportunity had immediately offered I could have wrote you the happiness of mine. About the date of your letter my children were all alive and all married. My son John living with me and practising merchandise. He is still living—has a little daughter Nancy—and is doing well. You have heard I suppose of his marriage, in Cross Creek, to a Miss Dolly Nessfield, daughter-in-law to a Mr. Cochran Merchant there.‡

But Robin, O my poor Robin! He is no more. He was married to a very worthy lady near Georgetown in So. Carolina, in the beginning of July, and died there in the latter end of September. He was taken with a putrid fever and died in a few days illness. You can hardly conceive of my distress. It was aggravated by the expectation of seeing him and his wife at the very time when came the dreadful news of his death. However, it was a little lessening of my grief to hear that he had altered the manner of his life, and had sometime before his death become serious and thoughtful. So that I have the comforting hope of meeting with him where friends shall never part.¶

* The date of the Battle of Guilford Court House.

† Battle of Camden, August 16, 1780.

‡ John Steele was married to Mary Nesfield on February 9, 1783.

¶ Both Wheeler and Rumple fall into the comprehensible error of stating that Robert Gillespie, here affectionately termed "Robin" by his sorrowing mother, died unmarried.

Mr. McCorkle and family are well. They have 3 children living, a son and two daughters, the eldest of which is mostly with me at the English school in town. I have no late accounts from brother Joseph, since the fall of Charleston, and can not tell whether he be living or dead, tho' I have made all the inquiry I could. Remember me most affectionately to your good lady—Master Billy—and Miss Dolly—give her on my account half a dozen kisses, tell all your and my friends that they are dear to me, and be assured that I am with greatest affection Your sister

ELIZ. STEEL.

X.

There can be no more fitting close to a monograph on Elizbeth Maxwell Steel than the obituary notice, inserted at the request of her son-in-law, Dr. Samuel Eusebius McCorkle, in the *North Carolina Chronicle,* or *Fayetteville Gazette,* January 3, 1791.

"Died, on Monday the 22nd of November, in Salisbury, of a lingering and painful illness, Mrs. Elizabeth Steele, relict of Mr. William Steele,—mother of the hon. John Steele, and Margaret MacCorkle, wife of the reverend Samuel MacCorkle.

"Her name and character are well known, but best by her most intimate friends. She was a devout worshipper of God; *she was distinguished during the war as a friend to her country;* twice supported with dignity the character of wife and widow—she was a most tender and affectionate parent, an obliging neighbor, frugal, industrious, and charitable to the poor.

"Her character will be better understood by the following letter, found among her choice papers since her death, than by anything that can be said of her. The letter is believed and appears to be her own diction, and is published exactly as it was found. It may be a useful lesson to all parents, and to all children, as well as her own. It bears the date February 5, 1783, when her other son Robert Gillespie was living and begins thus:

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—

If I die before any of you, I wish that this letter may fall into your hands after I am dead and gone, that you may see how much affection I have for you, and, that what I have often said when alive may be remembered by you when I am in eternity.

If the Almighty would suffer me to return to talk to you,

I think now I would take a pleasure to do it every day; if this can not be allowed me, I think it would be some satisfaction to see you, especially when you are reading this letter which I leave you as a legacy, to see what effect it will have on you, and whether it will make you think of what I have often told you.

I have many a time told you to remember your Maker, and ask him to guide you: it is a good old saying, "they are well guided whom He guides, and He leaves them that don't ask Him, to their own ways." I want you to keep out of bad company—it has ruined many young people. I want you to keep company with sober good people, and to learn their ways,—to keep the sabbath—to be charitable to the poor—to be industrious and frugal—just to all men, and above all to love one another.

Believe me, my children, if anything could disturb me in the grave, it would be to know that you did not live as a brother and sister ought to live: nothing could be worse except that you would not all follow me to heaven. Oh, my dear children, I have had a great deal of trouble and sorrow in raising you! If I should feel after death as I do now, I could never endure to see any of you without an interest in Jesus at the great day, and forced away, never more to meet again. Parting here with your parents you know had almost taken my life, when I had hope to see them again; but I am now sure I could not live to see any of you cursed by your Maker, and driven away to dwell forever with the Devil and his angels.

While I lived, you know that it was my great desire to have you all around me and near me here; but my great desire has been to have you in the world to come. Believe me, nothing could make me so happy as to have my three dear children there;—yes, and your children, and all your connections. I would wish to take you all to heaven. Then, think of the vanity of this world—think of Jesus, the Saviour,—death,—judgment—, and eternity; and don't forget the living and dying desire of your most affectionate mother till death and after death,

ELIZABETH STEEL.

"Folded in the foregoing letter was also found, in her own handwriting, the following prayer, which must please every pious mind:

O Lord, my God, thou great Three-One! I give myself to thee this day, to be thine, to be guided by thee and not by another; and I desire to take God for my God, Jesus Christ to be my Saviour, the Holy Ghost to be my sanctifier and

leader. Lord, thou has promised that all that will come unto thee thou wilt in no wise cast out. All I beg in the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ, my Lord.

To this I set my hand, ELIZABETH STEEL.

"The date of the above was either not affixed or torn away from the paper.

"It can not be disagreeable to the serious mind to add that she was remarkably fond of the following hymn, and left it in her Bible, where it was found since her death, in the handwriting of her granddaughter, who had transcribed it for her:

The hour of my departure's come,
I hear a voice that calls me home;
At last, O Lord, let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.

The race appointed I have run,
The combat o'er, the prize is won,
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.

Not in mine innocence I trust,
I bow before thee in the dust,
And thro' my Saviour's blood alone,
I look for mercy at thy throne.

I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I hold so dear;
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a friend.

I come! I come! at thy command,
I give my spirit to thy hand;
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms
And shield me in the last alarms.

"It would be a severe and ill-natured reflection on the religious taste of the present age to be making apologies for publishing the above memoirs, and therefore no apology is made. It is a debt due to an amiable character, and may not be without its use to the public."

PALMYRA IN THE HAPPY VALLEY

By Mrs. LINDSAY PATTERSON.

"Read the rede of this old roof tree;
Here be trust fast; opinion free;
Knightly right hand; Christian knee;
Truth in all things; wit in some;
Laughter open, slander dumb.

* * * * * *

Read the rede of this old roof tree."

These fragmentary lines are all that can now be recalled of an inscription in the hall of an English manor house belonging (I think) to Lord Lytton. We fortunate ones who knew Palmyra feel that it would have been equally appropriate for the old home with the four front doors that for a century were open to greet generation after generation, not only of kith and kin, but the stranger within the gates, doubly welcome were he penniless and friendless. Through those doors entered the sick to be nursed back to health; the weary and discouraged to be cheered and strengthened; the brides to be welcomed into the family; the babies to be properly admired; the aged to renew their youth; the young to frolic; and when the end came, out of them passed the blessed dead, to be tenderly carried to the little memorial Chapel of Rest at the top of the hill, for their long sleep in that quiet God's acre where the members of the family lie. Such was Palmyra in the Happy Valley, with the Yadkin River flowing through the meadows and the mountains round about her even as the Lord was round about Jerusalem.

* * *

No regular plan seems to have been adhered to in building the house. Dark passages and unexpected stairways led nowhere in particular; there were cubby holes and a secret

Palmyra in the Happy Valley.

closet, not with the traditional family skeleton, but an equally traditional and far more cheerful cask of old peach brandy hidden during war times and never since discovered by any amateur Christopher Columbus, though the search never flagged and the searchers never grew weary.

In the great square parlor were the twin tables with overhanging mirrors; the stiff old family portraits and stiffer old mahogany furniture looking as if all had been in the same place, as they probably had, save for sweeping and dusting, for well nigh a century, for it was one of the unwritten laws of Palmyra that nothing was ever to be changed. In the parlor, too, was the curious built-in bookcase filled with absorbingly interesting old volumes, the most interesting ones, of course, being on the top shelf that just could be reached by placing a footstool on top of a chair and then standing on tiptoe; and the number of times I have risked my valuable neck rummaging through those books, and the number of shirt waists I have ruined, ripping out the arm seams, while stretching for the volumes in the back corner, are both simply past count. But the hours of pure joy that have been mine while reading those books, and the amount of delightful misinformation on every known subject that I've acquired, will cheer me on a weary pilgrimage through this vale of tears. There in an old medical book of 1688 I found the formulas for the "vulnerary potion" with which Rebecca dosed Ivanhoe when he was wounded.

A number are given, but probably the most efficacious was this one: "Compound of the roots of alcohol, dittany, cinqfoil, gentian, orrice, solomon's seal, valerian, the leaves of agrimony, bramble tops, plantain, red cabbage, daisies, golden rod, hart's tongue, herb trinity, sage, saxifrage, tansy, the flowers of clover, jilly flowers, lily, rose. To these add cloves, mace, mummy, cinnamon, lentisk wood, sassafras, river crabs, spermaceti, viper's flesh, prepared steel, vitriol of mars and

crabs eyes levigated. Add red wine, boil, strain, and dulcify with white sugar."

One is now ready to believe any and all the statements of Sir Walter as to the instantaneous and startling effect of this vulnerary potion on the "Disinherited Knight."

There were the precious books of etiquette; sermons printed if not practiced, by Benjamin Franklin; ancient histories and novels and grammars and books of travel. On the second shelf was Jedediah, More's delightful "Geography of the Known World" when the Mississippi River was the boundary between Louisiana, New Spain and California on the West, and the United States on the East; when trappers and hunters, making the perilous trip down the Ohio, left civilization at Fort Pitt, passing no great states to the north of them, not even named lands, but "7 Ranges" "Army Lands" "Donation Grants from Virginia," "Ohio Company," "General Clarke's Grant, 150,000 acres," "Wabash Company," "Army Lands," etc. North Carolina reached from the Atlantic Ocean to the Mississippi with the "country of Frankland" (not "Franklin" as it is called now) in the center. The Blue Ridge was then the great "Laurel Ridge." In North Carolina, Salisbury, the Moravian Settlement, Tarborough, New Bern, Bath, Guilford, Fayetteville, Hillsburg, and Edenton, are the only towns with the exception of Nashville and the "Cumberland Settlement." The news items are intensely interesting. "The River Yadkin where it passes Salisbury is almost 400 yards broad and then narrows to the width of 80 or 100 feet. In this narrow part in the Spring of the year, shad are caught by hoop nets in the eddies as fast as the strongest men are able to throw them out. Perhaps there is not in the United States a more eligible situation for a large manufacturing town. The late war put a stop to the iron works though there is one each in Guilford, Surry, Wilkes—all on the Yadkin—and one in Lincoln." * * *

"The Moravians have several flourishing settlements in this State. These people, by their industry and attention to various manufactories, are very useful to the country around there. The inhabitants of Wilmington, Edenton, New Bern, and Halifax districts once professed themselves of the Episcopal Church, but the Clergy, at the commencement of the late war, having declared themselves in favor of Great Britain, had to emigrate. The inhabitants of the above mentioned districts seem now to be making the experiment whether Christianity can exist in a country where there is no visible church. Temperance and industry are not to be reckoned among the virtues of North Carolinians. The time they waste in drinking and gambling, cock fighting and horse racing, leaves them very little opportunity to improve their plantations or their minds. The general topic of conversation among the men, when cards, the bottle, and occurrences of the day do not intervene, are negroes, the prices of indigo, rice, tobacco, etc. They appear to have little taste for the sciences."

On these shelves, too, were the account books with names of the slaves and the clothes issued to them semi-annually; herb remedies for various diseases of man and beast; especially for wounds of which there seem to be a never-ending variety; there also the files of Blum's Almanac beginning with the very first one; catalogues, beginning with 1830 of the faculty and students of the University and numberless pamphlets containing the addresses to the student body by William Hooper, Walker Anderson, Dr. John Hill, Hugh McQueen, Robert Strange, William Gaston, William Mercer Green, George E. Badger and countless others, ending curiously enough, in 1860 with the baccalaureate sermon in Gerrard Hall by the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes of New York on "The Christian Law of Charity" which, patience

knows, just about that time, was rather celebrated by its breach than its observance.

Of much earlier date if having none of the homely charm of familiarity, were the political pamphlets. "The Political Jesuitism of James Madison, President of the United States, by an observant citizen of the District of Columbia 1812." "Speech of the Hon. John Marshall delivered in the House of Representatives on the Resolutions of the Hon. Edward Livingston, printed at the office of the True American, 1800." "Letters from an Irish Emigrant, 1798," "First Principles of Government, delivered at the Tribune of the French Convention, July 7, 1795" by Thomas Paine, author of the "Rights of Man" "Common Sense" etc., etc., "Causes of the Present War with France, by Hon. Thomas Eshill," "Messages of the Presidents of the United States," "Reports of the American Society for Colonizing the Free People of Color, 1833," yearly reports of National affairs from Senators at Washington, sermons innumerable, files of old newspapers, English Classics of that day, European Magazines, Dublin Review, Histories, sacred and profane. The variety and extent is astonishing when one considers what transportation facilities were during the early years of 1800. Certainly people who read then must have read more and better books than in this good year of grace.

* * *

At the end of the porch, way off from the rest of the house was the blessed "East Room" with its big four-poster bed where Macbeth himself could have slept, and so far forgotten the deep damnation of Duncan's taking off, that by morning he too would have been ready to join in the search for that elusive cask of old peach. Can't you shut your eyes now and see Mary making the fire and hear the flames crackle in the big fireplace, while she told you in that pleasant voice of hers, all the Palmyra news, and you wondered how long it

would be possible to stay cuddled up in the soft featherbed and still not be late for that hickory smoked broiled ham; at least not later than the master of the household who was sure to be late enough to save the face of the most sleepy-headed visitor?

In the dining room with its big mahogany sideboard and side tables, was a young room of a china closet, with demi-johns of homemade apple vinegar, grape wine, blackberry cordial, and cherry bounce, while the top shelf held the quaint silver tea set, the old cut glass goblets and decanters and wine glasses, and the lower shelves, the gold band china set, the remnants of the still older plain white ones and the odds and ends of china and glass that had accumulated during all the years; and just outside the dining room was the closet with jars of brandy peaches and spiced pears and watermelon pickles, and jelly and preserves and canned fruits and vegetables, beyond count. And there was the upstairs back bed room, with another young room of a closet where the quilts and coverlets were kept. Was there ever such an assortment of handmade bed coverings, embroidered and pieced and appliqued and tufted and woven and knitted? Surely the women of Palmyra had for a pattern the wise woman of Proverbs who looked well to the ways of her household and ate not the bread of idleness, who laid her hands to the spindle, and whose hands held the distaff. Certainly they stretched forth their hands to the poor and needy and in their tongues was the law of kindness.

And don't you remember the great circular driveway bordered with blooming things from early spring until frost; and the garden—almost a farm in itself—with five rows of beans and a row of china asters; five rows of peas and a bed of roses, beets and zinnias, tomatoes and marigolds, potatoes and nasturtiums, corn and petunias, balsams and okra, and right by the gate the clump of lemon verbena?

I who spent so many happy days among the flowers can bring in return only this little sprig of rosemary for remembrance.

And there never was such a treasure trove as the attic, the final resting place of everything and anything that outlived its usefulness below stairs. Nothing at Palmyra was destroyed. Broken down mahogany tables and rickety chairs, candle moulds, spinning wheels and cradles were sent to the attic; while chests, hair trunks and barrels were packed with letters, deeds and papers, samplers, bonnets, laces, pincushions, wedding dresses, embroidery, fans, daguerreotypes, slippers, baby clothes, scent bottles, homespuns, quilts, carpet rags, yarns, cottons, the flotsam and jetsam of the long housekeeping years.

* * *

The inevitable changes of death have brought the letters and papers to the attic at Bramlette, where they fill boxes and boxes, so reading them is an interminable job, albeit a most fascinating one, beginning as they do about 1799, and running continuously down to 1908. The family connection was very large, scattered throughout Virginia, the Carolinas, Alabama, and Tennessee, and men, women, and children, and I am almost tempted to add the babe in its mother's arms, were most voluminous correspondents. The men's letters were largely of business matters, politics, crops, with passing mention of wife and babies. The women wrote of everything: the Indians, baby teething, new clothes, their daughters' beaux, neighboring gossip, parties, camp meetings, husbands and children. Yet throughout the century with new generations taking the place of the old, the ruling characteristics remain the same; an intense family affection, clannishness to the remotest kin by blood, an abounding hospitality, cheerful kindliness, and more particularly in the women, a deeply religious strain.

General Edmund Jones, Who Built Palmyra.

The earliest letters are addressed to Colonel Edmund Jones, Fort Defiance, Wilkes County. Later the title rises to the dignity of General and Brigadier General. Fort Defiance, built during the Revolutionary War, was the home of General William Lenoir, and is still owned by his descendants. Roosevelt in "Winning the West" quotes largely from the old hero's account of the battle of King's Mountain, speaking of him as a fine type of French Huguenot. He seems to have been one of the earliest settlers in Happy Valley, and no one knows how much land he "entered" there. Boxes of letters, his sword, wearing apparel and a letter from Washington are still treasured at "The Fort," as it is generally called. His daughter Ann, in 1798, married Edmund Jones, of Orange County, Virginia.

The first mention of Palmyra that I have been able to find is in a letter from Mrs. Israel Pickens (Martha Lenoir) whose husband had moved to Alabama where he became governor. She and Mrs. Edmund Jones were sisters. The letter is from Washington and dated January 10, 1815: "I hope when we return in March to find you comfortably situated in your new home in the midst of your cheerful little family." Letters from various relatives give other details. General Lenoir gave the tract of land on which Palmyra was built to his daughter, Ann, for a wedding gift. The home built by General Jones was a square building of red brick with small porch in front.

I have found but one letter from Mrs. Edmund Jones. It was written to General Jones, and it is easy to read between the lines, that the "heart of her husband safely trusted in her, and her children rose up and called her blessed" as she went about bravely bearing the burdens of that great plantation, his as well as her own, during his many absences in Raleigh as a member of the State Legislature. Then, as a century later, Palmyra was filled with company, evidently

from the way in which they are mentioned, most welcome, but she adds: "The company of my beloved companion would be to me the most agreeable in all this world." All details are given of business matters on the farm—the slaves, the cattle, the crops, the children, the neighborhood, deaths, births, and marriages. Yet all are forgotten while she closes her letter with: "Should I live to see you again, there will be *one glad* person if no more. Most affectionately yours, Ann Jones."

* * *

Boxes of letters to General Jones from all classes and conditions of men from one end of the State to the other, and on all sorts of subjects, tell of his wide activity and patriotic labors for his State during his almost continuous service in the Legislature from 1798 until 1838. He died in 1844, his wife, a few years earlier. These letters give such a clear picture of the man to whom they were written, as well as of the times and of the writers, many of whose descendants read THE BOOKLET, that some are herewith reproduced.

They begin in 1799 with a notice from James W. Henry, of the War Department, that Mr. Larkin Jones, of Wilkes County, is appointed a Second Lieutenant in the Sixth Regiment of Infantry. Larkin was a younger brother of Edmund. On November 29, 1805, "John Haywood offers his respects to Mr. Jones and requests the favor of his company at dinner on Saturday next." The writing is beautiful with flourishes most carefully made.

John Haywood, of Halifax, was a judge of the Superior Court, in 1794, and author of "Manual of the Laws of North Carolina," "Haywood's Justice," and later, after his removal to that State, a "History of Tennessee." Chief Justice Henderson said of him that he "disparaged neither the living nor the dead when he said that an abler man than

John Haywood never appeared at the bar or sat on the bench of North Carolina."

But styles are changing and Governor Hawkins is sending out very impressive printed invitations encircled by a fancy wreath. He "presents his respects to General Edmund Jones and requests he will do him the pleasure to dine with him on Saturday next, at 2 o'clock. Raleigh 10, December, 1812." Oddly enough, the invitations, instead of having the Raleigh address of General Jones (there as a member of the Legislature) are invariably written, "General Edmund Jones of Wilkes." Of another tenor is the next note. "General Smith presents his respects to Colonel Jones with whom he wishes to have an interview as quickly as possible." There is no date. Evidently General Smith was in too big a hurry to bother with dates, but wouldn't you like to know which General Smith, and what the flurry was about? Even the writing after all these years has never quieted down but gives the impression of worry and impatience. Waightstill Avery, whose writing in November, 1805, is none of the best, is one of the strictly few who stick to business and to business only, though he does take time to sign himself "Dear Sir, believe me to be with great respect, your very obedient servant." Robt. W. Williams asks that "that militia bill be called up this morning, December 14, 1805," and writes again on Sept. 1, 1802:

I congratulate you in your election again to become one of the legislators of our State. * * * It has been some time since you thought proper to come into the Legislature. * * * Much alarm has excited the minds of the people relative to the claims and suits brought by Lord Granville to recover all this country. But I take it, Sir, he can never recover. * * *

In case Mr. Blake Baker resigns this office of Attorney General, permit me to inform you, Sir, that I shall be a candidate for that appointment; any assistance which you may think proper to give

me in the business, shall as a favor ever be remembered and gratefully acknowledged by, my dear Sir,

Your friend and well wisher,

ROBT. WILLIAMS.

My respects if you please to Genl. Lenoir.

There were two Robert Williams—both distinguished men—General Robert Williams, of Surry, and Dr. Robert Williams, of Pitt.

The next letter is so beautifully written and with such ornamental flourishes that it deserves to be on parchment. It is dated Surry, 3d November 1807, and is from "Jo. Williams." I fancy it must be Joseph Williams, one of the Surry delegates to the convention at Hillsboro in 1775 and a colonel of the militia during the Revolution.

SIR:—I've observed Mr. Gales has announced the death of Mr. John Hunt, late a clerk to the House of Commons. * * * In Consequence of which my son Williams intends offering his services, and which he would not presume to do had it not been for the death of Mr. Hunt. He is a tolerable good penman and I flatter myself would be adequate to the duties of that appointment. Should you also think so and can find a freedom in giving him your influence, the favor will ever be thankfully acknowledged by him and also by your most obedient JO. WILLIAMS.

Sept. 12, 1806, a note from S. Erwin. "I do hereby signify to you my resignation of the commission of Captain of the Horse for Burke County and request you to accept the same." In 1807 William Norwood, of Hillsborough, after giving all the family news, asks General Jones when he next comes to Raleigh to bring him two bushels of the "new kind of grass called Egyptian oats."

The Hon. Jesse Franklin, of Surry, U. S. Senator from 1807-1813 and governor in 1820, writes under date of 28th December 1812:

I am happy that the Legislature has put off the election for members of the Thirteenth Congress until August next leaving a Democratic House with the Governor. * * * With, respects to my

successor, I hope he will turn out well. He is a man of talents. * * * You have no doubt seen in the Public Prints the disastrous Issue of the several attempts upon Canada. The papers contain all the information in our possession upon the subject. The last affair under General Smythe seems to have let him down in the eyes of his best friends. However when we consider the total want of discipline and the spirit of insubordination that exists among such hosts of the militia suddenly brought together, disaster in the execution of their plans of operation is not be wondered at. Upon the water we have been more successful. Our Navy has, whenever they have come in contact with the British upon anything like equal terms proved victorious. Congress have passed a law for building four shipes of 74 gunes each and six frigates of 44 guns each. * * * You will have seen that the pay of non commissioned officers and privates has been raised by a law of this session; privates to 8 dollars and the other about in the same proportion. * * * I shall be Happy to hear from you at any time, when time and opportunity may serve your convenience.

Your obt. Servant, J. FRANKLIN.

Quite a different point of view is given in the next letter from the seat of war. It is written from

CAMP NEAR BUFFALO, NIAGARA RIVER.
RIGHT WING NORTHERN ARMY,
20th Nov., 1814.

DEAR SIR:

You will excuse my not writing to you, as I had nothing interesting to communicate relative to the division of the army to which I am attached. In August last and some time previous the right wing or first division of the Northern army was stationed at Chazy and Champlain—near the line of Debarcation, and within six miles of the enemies' headquarter—the two armies continued in that situation or position several weeks, without fighting except Piquet fighting and shooting sentinels on post—a barbarous and unjustifiable mode of warfare—but the enemy commenced it (not us). Forsyth's brave rifle corps at length broke up the enemies inhuman traffic. * * *

On the 29th the army took up its line of march from Champlain for Buffalo, (sic) hundred miles to the west—and on the 12th Oct. the army arrived at Black Rock, having marched over mountains, through deserts, and swamps where the D—l himself would do well not to enter. On the 13th the army crossed the Niagara and pitched their tents on his majesty's soil, made immediate prepara-

tions to move down the Niagara meet the enemy and beat him. On the 14th the army was organized in the following order. 1st General Smiths Brigade composed of the 4th, 10th, 12th and seventeenth regiments to move in column of (?) preceded by four piece light artillery, one mortar—2 companies or troops cavalry flanked by six light companies and one rifle battalion, next in order, Genl. Bissel's Brigade advanced in rear in column or regts. flanked by six companies light troops one compr. Cavalry with the heavy artillery and one battalion ———. Genl. Brown's division, the brave heroes of Chippewa Bridgewater and Port Erie advanced one mile in rear, in order of battle, then in order the American army moved down the Niagara to Chippewa plains. On the 14th at 4 o'clock p. m. Smith's Brigade approached the enemy's advanced post, or advanced guard, they gave us a distant fire and retired from their works. On the 15th the army arrived on Chippewa plains, and discovered the enemy formed in order of battle, his left resting on the Niagara, and his right extending across the plains—our columns advanced until they gained an advantageous position, deployed and formed the line with the utmost coolness and anxiety for battle, the right of east brigade resting on the Niagara and the left extending across the plain—the brave Capt. Towson and ———— recd. orders to commence the action by advancing with 4 pieces artillery and one mortar; the enemy opened a fire from his whole line, but a well directed fire from our piece—our left troop and riflemen gaining his right flank and commencing a sharp fire, together with a number of shells bursting about their ears, caused the enemy to retreat to his works across the Chippewa. They fled a second time, the boasted Wellington troops, now commanded by Lieut. Genl. Drummond the Earl of Tweedsdale and Genl. Brigham, said to be six or eight thousand strong exclusive of Boltigeurs and Canadian militia. On the 15th our army advanced within six hundred yards of the enemy's batteries on the Chippewa. The right of each division resting on the Niagara and the left extended up the Chippewa river. The appearance of the American line was grand. An army of ten or twelve thousand well organized troops, arranged in order of battle at 1 o'clock P. M. The whole of our artillery and morters were ordered to advance within three hundred yards of the enemy's batteries on the open plain. The enemy commenced a fire from 5 batteries and immediately after our 18 prs. began to roar which caused a number of his majesty's fugitive banditties to retreat from behind their works but not before several shells bursted among them. At 2 P. M. two of the enemy's batteries were silenced and one piece dismounted. Dr. Sir, Never before did I feel such anxiety for battle—the delightful roar of the American

artillery, the tremendous roar of the Niagara falls in full view, together with viewing the immense and increasing spray ascending from the falls, conspired to enliven the imagination and render the scene sublime. At 3 their batteries were silenced, the roar of our pieces ceased not—at 4 he recommenced a fire from one of his batteries but was soon silenced. We had but four killed and a few wounded, most of his shot passed over us.

Give my best respects to Genl. Wm. Lenoir. I reverence the names of the patriots of 76. I love them wherever they are. Whilste I continue to have an existence the names of those that fought for my freedom and delivered their country from tyranny and oppression shall be dear to me. I subscribe myself yours with the highest consideration of respect and esteem.

A. E. McKinzie,
Lieut. 10th Infty.

The last word is said by Hon. Meshack Franklin, a member of Congress from Surry, 1807-15, who writes from Washington, January 6th, 1814:

This day a message from the President was laid before Congress communicating the dispatch brought by flag of truce from the British government. Its contents are a proposition to open negotiations for a peace, Distinct from the Russian Mediations, to be negotiated at either Gothenburg in Sweden or at London. The proposition has been accepted on the part of this government and Gothenburg will be the place where the agents of the respective governments meet for the transaction of their business. We hope that it may lead to an honorable peace. With what sincerity, this proposition has been made, it is impossible to say, but if peace be the object, there is not doubt of a speedy arrangement of all the points in controversy, but whether it be serious or ———— no reduction ought to be made in the necessary preparations for the prosecution of the war.

Respectfully, your Obt. Servt.,
M. Franklin.

Hon. Lewis Williams, "Father of the House" for many years, gives voluminous details of the year's work in Washington.

In the annual message of the President, we were informed that the balance in the treasury on the 1st of January, 1828, was upwards of five millions of dollars;

The defensive establishments of the country, appear to be on a very respectable footing. The army consists of about six thousand men including officers, non-commissioned officers, musicians and privates. It is said to be organized according to the best plan, and is divided into seven regiments of infantry, and four regiments of artillery, distributed through the country at such points as will be most likely to render them serviceable. The aggregate militia force of the United States, including officers and men, is one million one hundred and sixty-eight thousand four hundred and nineteen.

The navy consists of seven ships of the line carrying seventy-four guns each, seven frigates of the first class, and four of the second class, sixteen sloops of war, and seven schooners. In addition to which, there are now building at different places in the United States, five ships of the line and six frigates. When these shall have been completed, our navy will be quite formidable for all the purposes of defence, that being the only object for which it should be maintained. For no one ever imagined the navy ought to be so large, as to stimulate us to engage in foreign wars, or to commit aggressions upon the rights of others.

In the year of 1792 there were 195 post offices, a revenue of $67,444, and 5,642 miles of post roads. In 1828 the number of post offices was 7,651, the amount of revenue $1,598,134, and 114,536 miles of post roads. It will be perceived that the increase in this establishment has been very great; but I would be willing to see it further extended, 'till every neighborhood, nay almost every citizen should be accommodated with a post office at his door, if he should think proper to have it so.

It has been again proposed to establish a post, and form a settlement at the mouth of Columbia river, on the Pacific Ocean. In my former communications to you, I have frequently had occasion, to notice this measure, and to state my objections to it. It seems to me impolitic to plant a colony at so great a distance from the settlements on the Atlantic and Mississippi. The people who might inhabit that region could never have a community of interest and feeling with us who live on this side of the Rocky Mountains; and the extension of settlements to that quarter would only lead to a dismemberment of the empire, whenever they should be able to protect themselves.

Another territorial government is proposed to be established in the North West, to be called "the government of Huron." The progress made in the creation of states and territories is evidence of the felicitous nature of our political system, and its capacity for extension over a much wider space than is now embraced by it. From thirteen states we have increased to twenty-four, and there

General and Mrs. Samuel Finley Patterson, and Their Son, Rufus Lenoir Patterson.

will be four territories, if the government of Huron should be established. When these are admitted into the union, the number of states will be twenty-eight.

On the 11th of this month the votes for President were counted in presence of both Houses of Congress, and General Andrew Jackson declared to be duly elected President of the United States, for four years from and after the 4th of March next.—Whatever difference of opinion has existed among us in relation to this choice, we all must wish that the administration of General Jackson may be wise and virtuous:—if his measures are good they should be supported, but if bad they ought to be opposed.

As my term of service will expire on the 4th of March, you will be called on at the ensuing election to choose a Representative in the next congress of the United States. Permit me again to offer myself as a candidate for your suffrages, and to say that if elected, I will do the best I can to serve you faithfully and beneficially.

Your friend and fellow citizen,

WASHINGTON, Feb. 18th, 1829. LEWIS WILLIAMS.

* * *

After the death of General and Mrs. Jones, Palmyra was inherited by Edmund, the youngest and only surviving son, who had married his cousin, Sophia Davenport, and built "Clover Hill." General Jones' Daughter, Mrs. Samuel Patterson (Phœbe Caroline) who then was living in Wilkesboro inherited from her father's estate, lands in Mississippi. Brother and sister were devoted to each other, and in order to live near together, Edmund gave his sister Palmyra, taking in exchange the lands in Mississippi. Others say the place was bought outright by General Patterson because his wife wanted her old home. A letter says: "In 1851-52 General and Mrs. Patterson remodeled and enlarged the old home, adding the East and West wing, the dining room with its pantries, and the large room above with its closets. The large staircase was built in the hall between parlor and dining room, and a small staircase run up for private use from the 'dark room' in the center of the house. These improvements were made in contemplation of the marriage of the eldest son, Rufus, to Marie Louise, 4th daughter of Governor and

Mrs. Morehead. The room over the dining room was built especially for the bed room of the bridal couple."

Family tradition tells a pretty story of the landscape gardening, which was planned on moonlight nights while Samuel and Phœbe Caroline wandered through the grounds with their arms around each other, locating drives and walks and gardens. After her death in the middle sixties, family tradition again comes to tell that he died of a broken heart, after she, his best beloved, was taken.

* * *

Of the charm Palmyra exercised upon all who came within its borders the countless letters bear ample testimony. One dealing especially with the old home as it was during the lifetime of General and Mrs. Patterson is such a perfect pen picture that I cannot do better than give it in its entirety. It is written by the only surviving granddaughter, Mrs. Albert Coble, of Statesville.

"Our history (Mama's children) is especially connected with Palmyra from the fact that we not only as children, spent every summer there, but that after our mother's death, Grandma came for us, and took us all home with her, and gave us the most devoted love and care for three years, until we moved back to Salem, and Louie, you know, always made his home there (I think our parents first moved to Salem in 1855).

"In giving the history of Palmyra, it seems to me that the principal thing to do would be to reproduce, if possible, the *atmosphere* of the place,—that feeling of hominess and happiness and good cheer which filled every one who came within its circle. There was Grandpa with his stately, noble bearing, always dignified, yet always affable; Grandma, gracious to strangers, cordial to friends, and affectionate to all the large circle of relatives. They kept open heart and open house where the young people loved to gather for their pleasure, where all summer long the relatives filled the house, and in the evenings the strains of music floated out upon the lawn, and the waltz was danced within the parlor and upon the long veranda, where often the house servants gathered in groups outside to see the fun. This home became especially during the war, the Mecca for the widow and the orphan. Refugees from the more

Southern states came and remained for months. All were made welcome. The home was conducted like the old southern plantation. There were some 60 or 70 slaves. There were the blacksmith and carpenter shop, a shoe shop, a loom room, where those pretty spreads and counterpanes were made; there were spinners, gardeners, dairy maids, house servants, cooks and nurses, besides the coachmen, two hostlers, cow-herds, sheep tenders, the regular field hands, and about 20 little darkies who were called on to rake up leaves, play with the little white children, hold the ponies to feed on the grass, and one or two detailed to wave the peacock fly-brush and keep the flies off the table at meals. Generally, there was one too, to run backwards and forwards to and from the kitchen at breakfast and supper to bring the hot cakes.

"The life of the master and mistress was a very busy one. They rose early to look after the household, the servants, the stock etc. Grandpa made the round of the barns and stables early every morning to set each hand to his task, to see that the stock was well tended etc. There was a large number of horses and 12 cows were always milked. Grandma was up hours before her guests, seeing that the house was put in order, the breakfast properly under way, fresh flowers gathered for the table etc.

"Her lawn, flower-beds and garden took much of her attention. At the time the house was remodeled, the front lawn, circle and drive-way and flower-beds (as we knew them) were made, and almost every known flower and shrub of that day was secured and planted there, from the spruce pine of the mountains to the cypress of the coast, and from the mountain rhododendron to the tender crepe myrtle and yellow jessamine. I heard of Mrs. Folk's saying that Grandma knew more about trees and plants and just where and how to plant them than any one she ever saw. Besides this, Grandma was a beautiful seamstress (doing the most perfect darning I ever saw); She played well on the piano, guitar, and zither; she painted exceedingly well and wrote some beautiful poetry. Grandpa was particularly well informed in many lines; was exceedingly particular in writing and spelling, as well as in grammar and in the use of just the right word for the occasion, and used very fine English, although he went to work at 15 years and never returned to school.

"Of course, my most vivid recollections of Palmyra are of my happy childhood years there, and although a terrible war was raging about us, we were shielded from all harm and suffering. My father, who foresaw a long struggle, laid up many supplies in large quantities, beforehand, so that we never suffered the privations that many did. It always seemed to me that my grandmother's arms were the

refuge from all trouble and sorrow. Cousin Laura Norwood voices the feelings of many when she says: 'When I first remember Palmyra the new house was complete in all its beauty, and to me, was the loveliest place on earth, pervaded by the very spirit of kindness and hospitality.'

"I see I have said nothing of the religious life at Palmyra, which pervaded everything. Grandpa and Grandma were two of the most devout people I have ever known. They carried their religion into their every day life, and its influence was felt by every one, from the most exalted visitor to the home, to the humblest slave. They were daily and loving readers of the Bible; they lived and taught the Golden Rule, and all, without any cant or sanctimoniousness. Grandpa held family prayers every night, and on Sundays, when there were not church services, he assembled the family and guests and read the morning service from the Prayer Book. The house servants also, were often present. All inmates were taught obedience and love to our kind Heavenly Father. Grandpa was brought up a Presbyterian, but not having joined the church before marriage, he went with Grandma and became a devoted Episcopalian."

* * *

The Biographical History of North Carolina says of General Samuel Finley Patterson, that "he was born in Rockbridge County, Virginia, on March 11, 1799 and at the age of fifteen was induced by his uncle, Major John Finley, to remove to Wilkesboro, North Carolina, where he was employed as a clerk in the store of Waugh & Finley until he attained his majority in 1821.

"In 1828 and 1829 he was Junior Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of Masons of the State, and in 1830 and 1831 Deputy Grand Master; in 1833 and 1834 he was Grand Master, and no one in the State was more highly esteemed by his fellow Masons. His career had been one of unvaried success and good fortune. His association with the public men who during the fifteen years of his connection with the Legislature had been members of the General Assembly had won for him their confidence and esteem, and his promptness, fidelity and integrity had made a most favorable impression throughout the State. Having begun business on his own

account upon leaving the employment of his uncle, he had so successfully managed his affairs that he enjoyed the reputation of being an excellent financier and business man. At the General Assembly of 1835, although he was a strong opponent of the policies of General Jackson, and the Legislature was largely composed of the friends of General Jackson, he was elected public treasurer of the State, succeeding William S. Mhoon. He held this position for two years, a part of the same time likewise discharging the duties of president of the Bank of the State, and adding to his reputation as one of the best financiers of North Carolina. But in 1837 he retired from office and returned to his business in Wilkesboro.

"In 1840, three days in June had been devoted to festivities celebrating the completion of the Capitol and of the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad, and in that year Mr. Patterson, who was an early promotor of internal improvements and an able financier, was elected president of that, the first railroad completed in the State, and he moved to Raleigh so as to discharge the duties of that office. In 1845, however, his father-in-law, General Jones, died, and Mr. Patterson resigned his position as president of the Railroad Company and returned to the Yadkin Valley, intending to devote the remainder of his life to his farming interests. Largely through his influence, in 1841, Caldwell County had been erected out of portions of Burke and Wilkes, and Mr. Patterson's home, known as "Palmyra," was in the new county. Immediately on his return to Caldwell County he was elected chairman of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, having the management of all the internal affairs of the county, and he held this office until the old system of county courts was abolished by the constitution of 1868.

"The next year, 1846, he was chosen to represent his county in the Senate, and was again elected in 1848.

"At that time the affairs of the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad had become hopelessly embarrassed. There was not business enough or sufficient earnings to pay the running expenses Governor Graham, Mr. Patterson and the other friends of internal improvements were greatly discouraged, and recognized that some great effort should be made to sustain the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad by constructing an interior line that would serve as a feeder to it and give it a greater volume of business, while at the same time affording needed facilities to other parts of the State. Mr. Patterson, who was among the foremost of those who advocated internal improvements, was Chairman of the Committee on Internal Improvements, and drew a bill proposing to charter a road from Raleigh to Salisbury, and giving some State aid to it. This measure, however, did not receive sufficient favor to secure its passage. The friends of internal improvements, then the most important matter in the public mind, were almost in despair. Mr. William S. Ashe, Senator from New Hanover, and a Democrat who differed with his party friends on this particular subject, was appealed to to prepare another bill. He did so, proposing to incorporate a road from Goldsboro to Charlotte, and appropriating $2,000,000 as State aid. At first the magnitude of this work and the great amount of money appropriated staggered even the most ardent of the advocates of internal improvements; but eventually that bill was substituted for the one proposed by the Committee on Internal Improvements and was passed by the casting vote of the speaker of the Senate. As Mr. Dudley was the leader of internal improvements in the east, so in like manner is the west indebted to Mr. Patterson for his efforts to promote the interests of the western part of the State in that respect.

"In 1854 he again served his people in the Legislature, being a member of the House of Commons, and during the

War, 1864, he was for a third time elected to the Senate. After the restoration of peace, a convention was elected in October, 1865, and in 1866, there being a vacancy in that body from Caldwell County, he was elected a delegate to that convention. In the same year he attended what was known as the Philadelphia Peace Convention as one of the delegates from North Carolina, the object in view being to establish fraternal relations between the sections of the Union and to restore harmony and good will among the people. This convention was presided over by Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, and was largely attended by delegates from the New England States; and while it had some effect in staying the hands of the irreconcilables in Congress for a time, it did not entirely defeat their will and purposes, and the next year the Reconstruction Acts, destroying the State governments at the South and establishing new State governments on the fundamental basis of negro suffrage, were passed.

"In 1868 General Patterson was nominated on the State ticket by the Conservative Party for the office of superintendent of public works, a new position established by the constitution of 1868. But he and his party at that election went down in hopeless defeat, the first, such as it was, that he ever met before the people. Among the less important places that Mr. Patterson held during his long career of public activity was that of clerk of the Superior Court and clerk and master in equity; in 1839 he was Indian commissioner; he was also elected by the Legislature Brigadier-General and afterward Major-General of the State militia, and he thus became entitled to be known as General Patterson.

"For many years he was a Justice of the Peace, and a Trustee of the State University for a third of a century.

"General Patterson was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and for many years was vestryman, warden and lay reader of his parish church; and in 171 he was one of

the lay delegates from the diocesan convention of this State to the general convention held in Baltimore.

"Such is the succinct record of his public life.

"Beginning as a clerk in the Legislature of 1821, there was not a year for a half a century in which he was not honored by the State of his adoption until, after fifty years of continuous service, he fitly closed his career by representing her in the grand council of the church he loved. What man in the State has ever lived a busier, more useful, purer life? Who, having so many and great trusts confided in him, has fulfilled them more worthily? He never sought any civil office which would withdraw him from North Carolina. His history, together with the history of a few of his peers and associates, was for many years the history of the State. Such men, so strong in mind and body, so pure in heart and hand, so steady, so resolute and so wise, during half a century of usefulness, influenced insensibly to themselves thousands whom they met and thousands more who honored them because of their acts. The study of his career and the character of men like him, who controlled the destiny of North Carolina in times past, will show something of the reason why the State has been so little known abroad, so loved and reverenced at home.

"They were like those Romans, spoken of by Sallust, who lived in the nobler days of the Republic, who would rather do great deeds than write about them—a people among whom the wisest were also the busiest citizens, and who, disdaining to cultivate their minds at the expense of their bodies, so used both to accomplish the greatest good to the commonwealth. General Patterson, although he held so many and various offices, and gave so much time and attention to public affairs, was for the last thirty years of his life properly a farmer. By this pursuit he supported himself while he served the people. His farm was a model of neat-

ness and thrift; he was zealous in introducing new seeds, improved implements and better methods of cultivation; he was a constant reader and frequent contributor to the columns of agricultural journals, and was justly regarded as an authority in matters pertaining to husbandry. His domestic life was as even, as useful and as pure as his public life.

"His home was attractive, and in the company of his wife and two sons, Rufus L. Patterson and Samuel L. Patterson, he was entirely happy; but being given to hospitality, he rejoiced at the presence of many guests. No one who was ever a guest at 'Palmyra' can forget the stately figure which welcomed him or bade good-by with such kindly, heartfelt courtesy. Nor was his generosity confined to his own premises; many a poor neighbor, both white and black, lamented the death of the dear friend who never forgot either their necessity or their self-respect, and gave as delicately as wisely.

"He died at his home, January 20, 1874, as peacefully as he had lived."

* * *

Mrs. Samuel Finley Patterson was such a many sided woman that it is difficult to write of her. Judging from the silk gowns, bonnets, laces, embroideries, crepe shawls, fans, high heeled satin slippers, lace handkerchiefs, ribbons, scent bottles, (of which she had a wonderful collection) one would think that personal adornment was her ruling passion. Yet, looking over the great clothes chests and closets filled to overflowing with her handiwork—woven coverlets and blankets, quilts of every description, bureau and table covers, a mass of most intricate embroidery and lace, pincushions and bags, and embroidered collars and underwear, chair seats, and cross stitch pictures, one would come to the conclusion that needle work, and that alone, occupied her entire

time. Then in wandering through the rooms admiring the quaintly beautiful china and cut glass, and silver, the beautiful old mahogany furniture that filled the house from attic to cellar, and reading the letters from guests who crowded the house to overflowing for so many years, one feels that she could have had time and taste for housekeeping and for that only. Her neatly kept account books with names of each slave, number of garments and shoes furnished each one, clothing purchased, contents of smoke houses, orders made for table linen, china and furniture—all show the business woman. She was a skilled musician, and the exquisitely painted landscapes on the wall proclaim her an artist. Her public spirit is shown in the letters and memorandum of her efforts in collecting funds to aid in purchasing Mt. Vernon from the Washington family. The work she did for that must have been very great, as the list is a long one of those who contributed, as well as of the meetings she held and people she visited to rouse interest in saving Washington's home from decay. In utter bewilderment, one turns to her letters as a court of last resort—and there are many of them—to father, brother, sisters, sons, husband, nieces, cousins, every relation is represented, and in each, she is the same; wise in counsel, most tender and loving, strong and capable. Her one thought seems to have been the happiness and well-being of her loved ones, and all her strength of mind and heart and body were given to making Palmyra the home to which their hearts turned. Nor did her interest end with kith and kin; friend and stranger received the same gracious help, if help were needed, the same comfort in sorrow, the still rarer sympathy in joy.

I once asked the late Mrs. Folk to tell me about her, and the reply was: "Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Polk were the greatest women I have ever known, and of the two, Mrs.

Patterson was the greater. It was worth a trip to Palmyra to see her and General Patterson preside over a table full of guests; he so handsome and dignified and kindly; she so gracious and sweet to each one. I never knew a woman who understood so well the artistic arrangement of flowers and shrubs and trees. She was a born landscape gardener."

The orphans and motherless members of the family came to her as a matter of course; so did the sick babies and invalids, to be nursed to health and strength. It was also a matter of course for relatives from far and near to come with their families and servants to spend the summer. To be sure those were the days of trained slaves, and with Harriet, the meat cook, Myra the pastry cook, Cindy and Sarah, both good general cooks, and Ann and Margaret, the young cooks, not to mention trained butler and waitresses and house servants, the burdens of a housekeeper were very different from what they would be now, yet burdens there must have been. Beef and mutton had to be slaughtered and looked after; sixty hogs were killed every autumn for the year's supply, not to mention turkeys, ducks, geese, guineas and chickens innumerable. The slaves must be clothed from the cotton, flax and wool raised on the place, and spun and woven and made into garments. The mistress of Palmyra had no time to eat the bread of idleness even if she had wished. It is little wonder that it was said of her husband "after his wife's death, he never lifted up his head." It was in fulfillment of her wish that her youngest son, Samuel Legerwood Patterson, built the Chapel of Rest near Palmyra, and there she and her beloved lie, sleeping their last sleep in the Happy Valley they so loved, and where their memory lingers, a gracious benediction.

The best picture of General Patterson was given me by "Aunt Till"—one of the few surviving old slaves: "Old

Marse, he were good. I never seed no sech a good man, and he wore Sunday clothes every day. Come some biggoty nigger nusses up from South Carolina one summer, en dey craned dey necks and dey say 'I ain't never seed your old Marse wear no ever-day close yit, ain't he got none?' and I say 'No he ain't—all his close is Sunday close and he don't never war no other kind.' An' ole Marse, he were good. Every Sunday he gathered all the little niggers together and teached us the Bible and the Catechism. I done members it yit."

* * *

General Patterson died January 20, 1874, his beloved wife two years earlier. Of their two sons, one, Rufus Lenoir Patterson, (of whom it was said: "He was a Saul among men, physically as well as mentally") had engaged in business in Salem and made his home there. Palmyra became the home of the younger son, Samuel Legerwood Patterson, who in 1873 had married Mary Senseman, of Salem, a daughter of Rt. Rev. E. T. Senseman, a Moravian minister, of Indiana.

What has been said of General and Mrs. Patterson and their life at Palmyra, could be repeated almost verbatim of their son and his wife. The same nobility of character, the same spotless integrity, patriotism and devotion to duty; the same kindness and open-handed hospitality were their distinguishing characteristics, even though war with its disastrous aftermath, had swept away the greater part of the income from the plantations. The courteous welcome, the loving sympathy, the peace and beauty of the place, still made it one in a thousand. Relatives and friends, old and young, rich and poor, sick and well, thronged to Palmyra, remaining for days, months, or years, as best pleased them. As his forebears had done, Mr. Patterson gave his best wisdom and energy to the upbuilding of the State, becoming

Commissioner of Agriculture and living in Raleigh the last years of his life. Even when smitten with the disease which he knew to be fatal, he worked bravely on until the end came in September 1908. In his will he bequeathed Palmyra to the Episcopal Church to be used as an industrial school for boys. His devoted wife did not long survive him, dying February 23d, 1909 at Bramlette, the home of her nephew in Winston-Salem.

A friend who lived with her for many years, pays this tribute to her memory:

"And what of the mistress of the old home who came as a young bride and ruled it for 35 years? It was not just the life either Mr. or Mrs. Patterson would have chosen; their social instincts would have inclined them to city life, but she loved it with all the warmth of a singularly loving and loyal nature. So great was this latter feeling that she hesitated to make the improvements her judgment suggested. Her only child, dying at the age of six months, left her motherly heart free to welcome all the many boys and girls who today look back with love and gratitude to the many happy days spent at Palmyra. Mrs. Patterson's beautiful nature and deep sympathy with youth, made her delight to have a circle of happy young faces around her ample dining table, and boyish laughter was never too loud for her nerves.

"Perhaps her most excellent feature was the perfection to which she carried her work. 'What her hands found to do, she did with all her might,' and they found very much to do, for her capacity to accomplish was little short of marvelous. In many a family the work of her hands will be cherished as heirlooms.

"Mrs. Patterson's father was a Moravian minister. After her marriage, she became a member of her husband's church, and made the care of the Chapel, the music and the Sunday school her especial care and delight. Christmas was a festival after her own heart. For weeks before, her nimble white fingers fairly flew in forming dainty gifts for relations and friends. The Sunday school tree absorbed her best attention and energy. She dearly loved to gather the mountain children around her and impart to them her music-loving spirit.

"Her success in pantry and garden might have caused envy had her hospitality been less boundless.

"If her life had been differently conditioned, I think her eager energy, her thoroughness and capacity would have made her a

successful business woman. Of a singularly clinging, womanly nature, she seemed unfitted to stand alone, but under stress of duty or sorrow, her calmness and bravery were most admirable."

* * *

As memories come of the sainted dead who in their time made Palmyra what it was for a century of happy years, the words of the Psalmist take on new meaning: "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." Surely His was the guiding hand that built Palmyra in the Happy Valley.

* * *

PALMYRA AND THE UNIVERSITY.

The interest of the family in, and affection for, the State University began with its beginning and has grown with its growth. In Dr. Kemp P. Battle's most interesting history of the University he says: "In December 1789, the charter of the University under the powerful advocacy of Davie, was granted by the General Assembly. The trustees under the charter comprised the great men of the State, the good men of the State, the trusted leaders of the people. The first named and chairman was Samuel Johnston. There were James Iredell, Alfred Moore, Col. John Stokes, Hugh Williams, William Richardson Davie * * * Col. William Lenoir * * * The second meeting of the trustees was in Fayetteville (as well as the first) and was held on Nov. 15th, 1790. Col. William Lenoir, the speaker of the Senate on the nomination of the Speaker of the House, Stephen Cabarrus, was made President of the Board." It is interesting to see how that interest has passed on down from father to son from uncle to nephew, as student first and later as trustee of their beloved Alma Mater.

The list as given by Dr. Battle in his history, is a long one and comprises men in every walk of life.

1790-'92, First President of the Board of Trustees; 1789-

1804, William Lenoir, Trustee; 1835-1868, Samuel Finley Patterson, Trustee; 1858-1868, Rufus Lenoir Patterson, Trustee; 1869-1870, Calvin C. Jones, Trustee; 1875, Rufus L. Patterson, (still in office at death in 1879) Trustee; 1883, Walter W. Lenoir, (died before term expired); 1898-1908, Lindsay Patterson.

STUDENTS.

1. Edmund Walter Jones, Wilkes County, A. B., 1833.

2. John T. Jones, Wilkes County, 1832-36.

3. William Davenport Jones, Caldwell County, 1858-59, Capt. C. S. A.

4. John Thomas Jones, Caldwell County, A. B. 1861, Lt. C. S. A.

5. Edmund Jones, Caldwell, 1865-68, C. S. A., General Assembly.

6. Thomas I. Lenoir, Wilkes County, 1838-39, Capt. C. S. A.

7. Walter Waightstill Lenoir, Wilkes County, A. B. 1843, Capt. C. S. A.

8. Rufus T. Lenoir, Caldwell County 1844-45.

9. Thomas Ballard Lenoir, Caldwell County, 1880-82.

10. Walter James Lenoir, Caldwell County, 1880-82.

11. Rufus Lenoir Patterson, Caldwell County, A. B., 1851, Member Convention 1861 and 1865. Manufacturer, merchant, born 1830, died 1879, in Salem.

12. Samuel Legerwood Patterson, Caldwell County, 1867-68, born 1850, Planter. (Afterwards State Commissioner of Agriculture.)

13. Jesse Lindsay Patterson, Salem, 1878-79, Lawyer.

14. Louis Morehead Patterson, Salem, 1878-81, Teacher. Died 1886.

15. Frank Fries Patterson, Salem, 1882-85. Newspaper man.

16. Andrew Henry Patterson, Salem, 1887-90, Teacher.
17. Rufus Lenoir Patterson, Salem, Manufacturer.
18. John Legerwood Patterson, Salem, Manufacturer.
19. Edmund Vogler Patterson, Salem.

THE FOREST

By R. F. JARRETT.

The last tree has been leveled,
That once stood upon yon hill,
And the stream is almost dried up
That once turned the little mill.

Great forests towering heavenward,
Once covered all its side,
'Till the woodsman came among us,
Cut and carved 'till it died.

Once a brook as clear as crystal
That was our greatest pride,
Swiftly flowed from out the forest
Watering woodland with its tide.

Once I wandered through this woodland,
Waded deep the little brook,
Caught the trout from out its current,
With my rod and line and hook.

Now the trout are gone forever,
And the hill is brown and bare,
Not a bird or squirrel or pheasant,
Can be sighted anywhere.

For the woodsman came among us,
Cut and wasted trees and stream,
That had brought us greatest pleasure,
That had been a happy dream.

Now the woodsman, stream and forest
Are a thing to us unknown,
They have come and gone forever,
Nothing left but the hills of stone.

THE FORESTS OF NORTH CAROLINA

By COLLIER COBB.

That the Daughters of the Revolution, a society founded upon ancestry and interested in historic homes, studying the past that it may understand the present and find guidance for the future, should be interested in forest problems seems eminently fitting; for the history of mankind has been much affected by the forest covering of the earth, and man himself has derived many of his most salient characteristics from a long line of ancestors who had the tree-dwelling habit.

It has already been pointed out that "his slender, agile body, and his delicately constructed, flexible hand owe their essential features to the arboreal habit of his ancestors." That the forest habit has also left its impress on man's mind seems equally certain, if we consider for a moment that the tree-dwelling species of mammals are generally more social and sympathetic, quicker-witted and of superior cunning in comparison with most of those that dwell upon the surface of the land. The tropical woods, where man began his existence, afforded an abundance and variety of food, and the trees furnished a safe and ready shelter from beasts of prey.

The earliest known mammals, little pouched marsupials, closely akin to our 'possums, though but little larger than rats, lived upon the earth at a time when land and sea were possessed by huge reptiles; but our forests were then just beginning to take on their modern aspect, and their branches gave a great vantage ground to little creatures compelled to fly from clumsier enemies and to live by their wits. And the forest afforded these early kindred of ours nuts and fruits and a great variety of insects which resorted there. And these little creatures bore the thread of existence through a

critical period in the ongoing of life, and rendered possible all that is best as exemplified in the higher life of man.

But man himself did not long lodge in tree-tops. His progressive desires soon brought him out of his ancestral woods, and the beginnings of agriculture led him to look upon the forest as an obstinate foe to his advance, a foe that he must rid himself of at any cost. Hence he became a cave-dweller and a hunter, a ground-liver and an agriculturist, and his home to this day is hardly more than a modified cave.

Man's enmity for the forest is only just now, and but slowly, passing away. He is coming to realize that a forest cover is essential to the maintenance of conditions upon which his own welfare depends, conditions of soil and climate and timber supply, influencing the fertility of the land, the distribution of rainfall, and the steady flow of streams—all fundamental factors of any healthy existence today. While man's advance in knowledge and skill may bring him to the use of solar energy to compensate for the loss of fuel when our coal shall have been used up and our forests destroyed, he can never find a substitute for the soil covering of the earth's surface, the least enduring and the least replaceable of any of those features on which the life of the earth depends. "It is the harvest of the past; and once lost, it can not be supplied save by the slow process of the ages."

The solid rocks of the earth's crust rot, through the ages, into various kinds of soil; but a brief examination with a magnifying glass will show that the soil grains are merely stony matter in various stages of decay. In fact, it is often possible to distinguish in this way the component minerals in a bit of soil, and, by this means trace it to its parent rock. But soil is not simply disintegrated rock, or even decayed rock; it is essentially disintegrating and decaying rock, material in which chemical change is continually taking place and in which minute organisms are constantly working.

A common experiment in my laboratory at Chapel Hill is to place in several flower pots crushed granite, the same crushed rock with organic matter added, the same material prepared the previous year and used for growing plants, and a bit of soil derived from the granite through the weathering action of the ages and taken from a field or forest many feet above the parent rock. All of these display marked differences in fertility, even when they show no difference in their chemical and mineralogical characters; and plants thrive only in those mixtures in which chemical reaction is taking place and the rock is rotting through the action of bacteria.

One comes to see, then, that it is only by a combination of moisture, oxygen, carbon-dioxide and other gases with stony matter, and the action of the microscopic bacteria, that a portion of the soil is brought to such a state that its plant foods may pass into solution to feed the roots of the hungry plants.

But this mantle of soil, forming a surface covering to more solid rocks, tends to move from its place of origin slowly but continuously down the slopes of the land towards the sea. If its original bedding place was upon a mountain side, it moves rather quickly towards the streams and leaves its parent rock exposed and bare. If the slope is gentle, the journey downward is slow; and where the land is covered with a thick mat of vegetation, "the soil moves downwards so slowly that before its materials come to the banks of the streams and are washed away as silt to the sea, nearly all the plant food is taken from the waste and fed to vegetation."

The quotations are from Professor Shaler, who used to say that "All soil may be regarded as rock matter on its way to the sea." He was one of our earliest students of soils and of forests, and our first conservationist; and I wish to acknowledge here my indebtedness to him for whatever of good this paper may contain, and this debt was incurred nearly three

decades ago, before forestry had become a fad, and conservation of our natural resources the watchword of constructive statesmanship.

Seventy-six per cent of western North Carolina is still under forest cover, or a little more than three million acres of forest land is found in our sixteen mountain counties. Of the total area of the state something like sixty-eight per cent is still under forest; but this is true by virtue of the heavy forest growth in the swamp lands of the East as well as in the mountain counties of the west, for in middle North Carolina far less than half the land area retains its forests.

Many men now living recall that from thirty to forty years ago Roanoke River was navigable to Weldon, Tar River to Tarboro, the Neuse to old Waynesboro, and the Cape Fear had boats running on a regular schedule to Fayetteville. Now boats rarely reach these points on account of sand bars that are regularly forming in the streams. The water is usually low in these rivers except when they are overflowing their banks at the time of our February and August rains. The level of the groundwater over the whole area has sunk in two score years to such an extent that it lies for the most part below the stream channels, and we are all familiar with the deepening of wells to get an adequate water supply.

In my youth I often crossed Crabtree Creek, near Morrisville, on the road from Chapel Hill to Raleigh. On those journeys I never saw the stream dry, nor did I ever see its waters beyond its banks. In the score of years just past I have frequently observed the channel without flowing water, the stream bed being merely a succession of stagnant polls. And I have sometimes seen it a raging torrent cutting into the land. These changes have all been brought about by the cutting of the forests in the middle portion of the State, and by bad farming on the cleared lands. The "clearing of hilltops, excessive thinning of wooded hillsides, followed by the

burning of litter, underbrush, and young growth, and the compacting of soil by the tramping of animals, induces rapid surface drainage, and this causes erosion, gullying, and washing away of the soil."

"The surface water running unimpeded over bare slopes and compacted soil washes away the soil, cuts gullies in fields on hillsides, and washes down silt, sand, and gravel, and spreads them over fields and meadows; thus the fertile portions of the farm are injured by encroachment from the unfertile" and the streams are filled with sand.

Our Forest Service, then the Division of Forestry of the United States Department of Agriculture, showed at the Atlanta Exposition in 1895 three models designed to bring graphically before the visitor the evil effects of the erosive action of water, the methods by which the farmer may regain his lost ground, and the way the farm should look when forest, pasture and field are properly located and treated. It is from the description accompanying the first of these models that I have made the above quotation.

The second model of the series shows how the farm is regained.

"To prevent erosion, gullying, and washing, keep hilltops and steep hillsides under forest; change surface drainage into underground drainage; check the rush of water by means of brush and stone dams, terracing, contour plowing, and ditching; renew organic matter in the soil by means of green manuring and mulching, and give thorough cultivation.

"The rush of water must be checked by means of dense forest growth on the tops and steepest sides of the hills—places where floods acquire their momentum. At such points gullies should be filled with brush and stone work, runs filled up with brush, and the soil so treated that it will permit the water to pass through it and flow off underground."

The third model illustrates the best method of retaining the farm in proper condition.

"On the ideal farm there is no waste land, every foot of ground being used for the purpose for which it is best adapted. The farm is divided into cultivated fields, pasture, and woodland, a proper proportion of ground being devoted to each; roads are made with a view to convenience and grade, and stock is fenced into the pasture—not out of the fields. Damage caused by water is to be repaired at once.

"Hilltops, steep hillsides, and rocky places are to be kept under forest. A fringe of wood stretches along river banks, and long slopes are broken up with small groves or timber belts. Wood is cut systematically and judiciously, so that it will reproduce. Where natural reproduction fails, replanting is resorted to. The pasture is located on a gentle slope where the soil is too thin for field crops."

The first of these models reminded me in a striking way of the washed fields of middle and western North Carolina—more specifically, of fields around Chapel Hill and of included areas within the great Pisgah Forest, which Mr. George W. Vanderbilt had purchased but three years previously. That forest had formerly belonged to the University of North Carolina. I even strongly suspected that Dr. Chas. W. Dabney, then Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, had directed Professor Fernow's attention to this field. But models two and three seemed to express the forester's hope or ideal, having no chance whatever of realization or accomplishment.

The years that have passed since the purchase of the Biltmore estate have, however, seen all of these things, and more, accomplished. Mr. Gifford Pinchot, fresh from his studies of forestry in Europe, was employed by Mr. Vanderbilt to investigate the possibilities of scientific forestry on the property, and to suggest a system of management. There was no place in this country where a young man could get proper instruction in the management of forests, and Mr. Pinchot had with him at Biltmore as a pupil Mr. Overton W. Price, who was afterwards associated with him in the Forest Service.

After this preliminary work had been done, Dr. Carl Alwyn Schenck, oberförster of the Grand Duchy of Hesse-

Darmstadt and lieutenant of horse artillery in the German Army, was engaged to devote his entire time to the forest problems of the property. Dr. Schenck, who had had considerable experience in Europe, "put into operation with great energy the first scientific and practical private forest management in this country."

The heavily culled lands of this estate have been greatly improved, the cut-over lands have been reforested, the poorer part of the forest lying next to Asheville has furnished firewood for that city. About 2,500 cords a year have been cut from the poor trees, and marketed in Asheville at a good margin of profit, besides improving the stand. This was made possible by the construction of a network of thoroughly good roads over this part of the estate.

The eroded and gullied fields, areas included in the forest but not of the original purchase, have been treated after the manner suggested in the models and planted in trees, until now no bare spot is visible from the heights of Biltmore House, and all the lost land of the area has been regained, and is now retained at a profit. This was accomplished by experimenting with a great variety of trees, until pines proved to be the most satisfactory tree for the purpose.

The greater part of the Biltmore estate, however, is the great Pisgah Forest, lying in the mountains along the western border of Buncombe, Henderson, and Transylvania counties, to the east and south of the Pisgah Range. It comprises more than 80,000 acres of comparatively rough forest land, with elevations varying from 2,600 to 6,000 feet. Here we have a primeval forest of yellow poplar, hickory, maple, linn, chestnut, chestnut oak, white oak, black oak, locust, etc., practically all of the trees common to the central and northern forests of this continent, and in the southeastern corner of the area occur many of the forms characteristic of the southern forests.

"This part of the estate has been managed as a timber forest, the object being to produce saw timber of the greatest value. Looking toward returns from a rise in timber values rather than to increase in growth, practically all sound and thrifty trees over two feet in diameter have been saved. Though little lumbering is being done, improvement cuttings have been going on all the time. By the sale of 1,500 cords tanning extract wood and 1,000 cords of tan bark annually, the removal of much old and decaying chestnut timber and mature and slow growing chestnut oak is accomplished, to make room for the young and thrifty specimens of these, or even more valuable species.

"Roads and trails have been constructed in every direction. A total of 37 miles of main roads, 43 miles of byroads, and 198 miles of trails make this one of the most readily accessible, as it is one of the most beautiful and attractive mountain forest properties in the United States.

"Every effort has been made to protect these forests from fire. Rangers have been employed to patrol the woods winter and summer. Not only this, but every one living on or near the property has been encouraged not only to report but to assist in extinguishing any fires that may occur. Altogether, this estate is one of the best examples of the application of practical forestry to be found in this country."—*J. S. Holmes.*

As I send this to the printer I see in the daily papers that Mr. Vanderbilt has sold to Louis Carr the stumpage of 60,000 acres of this forest, all but about 50,000 acres of the timbered land of the estate. Mr. Carr, who will begin operations at once, has twenty years to remove the timber, and it must be done without injury to the young trees. Thus the forest will be used as heretofore, but not destroyed.

There are other large forests in North Carolina under scientific management, and if all our forest land could be owned in large bodies the problem of forest utilization and forest conservation would be easily solved. But this seems to be impossible under present conditions; and already much of our mountain land is passing under Federal control in accordance with the provisions of the Weeks bill establishing the Appalachian National Forest.

Land suited to agriculture should by no means be kept in

forest, and land that will pay best as pasture should by all means be used as pasture; but both farming and pasturing should be done in such a way as to save the soil, and with proper conservation of the soil stream regulation will take care of itself.

There is no need for keeping in forest any but our absolute forest land, by which term the forester means lands potentially more valuable for forest growth than for anything else. The seventy-six per cent of the area of our sixteen mountain counties now under forest cover is absolute forest land, the whole region being essentially a timber producing region. When the timber is removed, the thin layer of soil on the steep slopes serves the farmer's purposes for very few years, being soon washed away. Let the forest remain and serve for the production of timber, the prevention of erosion, and the regulation of water-supply.

The forests of our high mountains should then be protected for all time, since they are already becoming the chief source of hardwood in this country and furnish the material on which the wood-working interests of our own and neighboring states depend; also regulating the flow of streams, they render a service of inestimable value to the manufacturing interests of a very wide area. The wood for the cars that run on the railway from Naples to Rome came out of the Pisgah Forest, was made ready for the use of the builder in Wilmington, Delaware, and hardly more than put together and finished in Italy. The postal cards we use in this country are made from hemlock that grows in the Forest of Sunburst, this being made into wood pulp at Canton, North Carolina, and manufactured into postal cards for the United States government at Hamilton, Ohio.

Dr. George T. Winston said to me several years ago in Asheville that the material resources of western North Carolina were a blue sky, pure air, and fresh water. These at-

tract to our mountains every year thousands of tourists, who constitute that region's chief source of revenue. Cut down our forests and that will all be quickly changed.

Similarly, in our lowlands of the east, there are large areas that should never be denuded of their forests and drained for agricultural purposes, simply for the reason that their timber-value is potentially greater than their agricultural value. I recall one such area in Hyde County, which, cleared of its forest and drained, showed a heavy peat soil, though not very thick, resting upon pure siliceous sand. The peat never made a satisfactory soil, in a very dry season much of it was burned off, and today the sands are drifting before the ever-changing winds. In many cases the peat is far too thick for anything but forests to grow upon the land and bring continued profit to the owner.

One reason urged for the drainage of swamps is that they are a serious menace to health, so many people regarding them as sources of malaria; and one frequently hears the statement made that swamps are pestilential. All geographers know, however, that in our southern States alluvial lands are as a rule wooded, the Everglades and a few wet prairies near the coast forming an exception to this rule, as pointed out by Dr. Roland M. Harper. The alluvial swamps are common in calcareous regions. In the non-calcareous regions, where the climate is not too hot or too dry, we find the great non-alluvial swamps. These are higher than the surrounding country, are filled with sphagnum moss or its product, peat, and covered with valuable timber-trees. The great Dismal Swamp is an example of this kind.

Now it is well known that lumbermen and shingle splitters working in Dismal Swamp enjoy excellent health, and it is a matter of history that the water of the Dismal Swamp is preferred by sailors going out of Norfolk on long voyages,

because it keeps fresh longer than any other water, owing to the small amount of vegetable acids it holds in solution. No better antiseptic is known than the peat from which it gets its color of scuppernong wine. And many towns near to swamps, formerly full of malaria, are now enjoying health and prosperity because the women's clubs have cleaned them up, removed to a distance tin cans containing water and breeding mosquitoes, and induced the men to bore artesian wells for a pure water supply.

But along with all this comes a statement from Dr. John B. Smith, of New Jersey, one of the foremost mosquito experts of this country, who says that, "Any open swamp area, choked with grasses, so as to form pools to which fish have not free access, will serve to breed both *culex* and *anopheles;* but woodland swamps that are dark, where the water is cold, and where they are choked with bushes, do not develop mosquito larvæ." I have frequently had the same testimony from men engaged in splitting cypress shingles in several of our North Carolina swamps, the men of one lumber camp maintaining that they often suffered from rheumatism as well as malaria when at home outside of the swamp, but always recovered as soon as they returned to their work within the swamp.

Whether or not forests influence the annual amount of precipitation in any region, it is easy to see that they make for an even seasonal distribution. There is a vast difference between the evaporation from field soil and from forest soil, the leaf litter on the ground having a marked influence on this. It has been estimated that the evaporation from forest soil is only sixteen per cent of the evaporation from field soil. On the other hand, the evaporation from the crowns of the trees is enormous, and it has been found in the Russian steppes that the level of groundwater is lower beneath forests than in the open country surrounding them.

Few efforts have been made to study experimentally the influence of forest cover on the flow of springs and the discharge of rivers. The chief difficulty is to obtain two areas presenting essentially the same factors. The drainage basins studied should be situated near together, run upon the same geological formations, receive the same amount of rainfall, and have the same rate of descent. One of the basins should be deforested, and the other should have its forest growth preserved intact.

A near approach to such parallel factors was found by the Biltmore state, on the one hand in the portion of Pisgah forest drained by Davidson's River in Transylvania County, and on the other hand, in the upper drainage basin of Tuckaseegee River, in Jackson County, North Carolina. The two areas drained are geologically of the same age and structure; their headwaters are found within the same range of mountains; the rainfall of the two areas is the same; the steepness of the slope is about the same on the two watersheds.

But a marked difference is found in the treatment to which the two areas have been subjected by man. The headwaters of Davidson's River have had their woods protected from fires, from heavy lumbering, from reckless farming, and from erosion on the hillsides since 1895. The headwaters of the Tuckaseegee, on the other hand, have had their woodlands burnt over, farmed, pastured, and logged; in fact, the area has been so inconsiderately used, that, in many cases, the original litter of the forest floor has been entirely destroyed.

Now the Biltmore estate, with the help of the Hydrographic Branch of the United States Geological Survey, has been carrying on a study of these two areas. The Tuckaseegee, though it is the larger river, shows greater fluctuations in its discharge than does Davidson's River. In other words the discharge of Davidson's River is more uniform and

even than that of the Tuckaseegee. Davidson's is practically free from sediment; Tuckaseegee, at its flood-time, bears an abundance of gravel and sand which it spreads out over fertile farm lands.

The forester most interested in the problem* reports that the following factors tend to influence the rapidity of flow, if not the amount of water running from the forest-clad watershed:

1. The greater porosity of the forest soil increases its permeability; the water precipitated from the clouds sinks into forest soil more easily than into field soil.

2. The litter on the ground in the forest checks the superficial run-off of water.

3. The litter and the *debris* on the ground act as a sponge.

4. The melting of the snow is retarded under a dense forest cover. If the forest soil is frozen before snowfall, and if there has been accumulated in the forest on such frozen soil a large quantity of snow, then, indeed, this retardation of the melting process may become disastrous at a time in spring when the south wind causes the snow to melt rapidly.

5. The evaporation from forest soil in summer is reduced.

You are doubtless by this time asking yourselves, "Why have we such a magnificent body of hardwoods in our mountains? Why do our sandhills and coastal plains produce such fine lumber as we find in 'the pine-barrens'? What is the reason for the cypress, cedar, gum, white oak, and other valuable timber trees in our swamps? What are the principal factors determining forest growth?"

I have frequently asked this last question of lumbermen in different parts of the country. They are apt to answer, "Climate, determining the water supply, and geology, influ-

*Dr. C. A. Schenck.

encing the character of the soil,"—better answers than one gets from the average man of science. The New England botanists are inclined to think altitude the determining factor in forest distribution; those of the great plains are apt to emphasize the water-content of the soil. But plant geographers and geologists who are students of the soil are coming to see that, next to favorable temperature and an abundance of rainfall in the growing season, the physical and chemical nature of the soil and subsoil, along with its mineralogical composition, is the most potent factor in determining the forest growth of any region. In other words they are beginning to recognize that geological history, as it influences the composition of the soil and its relation to air and water, is almost, if not altogether, the most potent factor determining the character of forest growth.

But where diverse and seemingly opposed opinions are held tenaciously by thinking men, it is safe to consider that each and every one of them has a large element of truth; or, in other words, that all are right.

If you will examine a good map of our country showing the distribution of forests, and compare it with a weather bureau map giving the distribution and amount of precipitation, you will be impressed with the fact that the distribution and density of forests accord very closely with the distribution and amount of rainfall. The Pacific Northwest, the Southern Appalachians, a portion of the Gulf coast, and that part of North Carolina which extends out into the Atlantic Ocean for about a hundred miles beyond the normal trend of the coast, are all regions of heavy rainfall and of dense forest growth.

Next, examine a good geological map of North Carolina, and note that the line of demarkation between the coastal plain deposits and the older rocks is the dividing line between two broadly contrasted regions of forest growth which

we have always recognized, the pine-belt and the upland region of oaks—between a region of narrow-leaved evergreen conifers, and a region of broadleaved decidious trees that is, trees that shed their leaves every year. Not all the trees in the pine-belt are coniferous, however, nor are all the trees in the oak-belt deciduous.

Observation from the car window as you travel over the State will show you also that not only are these two great forest types strongly identified with broad geological conditions, but that the distribution of many species within the same class is similarly limited. Even the dip or slope of the bedding planes or other lines of structure in the rocks, as it helps or hinders drainage, may determine the species growing in a given forest.

The Triassic Sandstones, resting in a trough of ancient crystallines, produce almost exclusively a limited variety of lowly pines. The moister soils of this belt produce loblolly pines large enough for saw logs, and medium-sized white and Spanish oaks. On the drier soils are found smaller pine trees of the short-leaved varieties, and post oaks and small-sized white oaks. These forests are what are often called two-storied forest, the upper story here consisting of pines from 50 to 70 feet in height, with a lower story of hardwoods little more than half as high; but even pure stands of pine are of frequent occurrence. The soils of this section are easily eroded, and those that are finer-grained, containing some clay, bake and cake in the dry weather following a rainy season. Consequently these lands need a large measure of protection.

In the peneplain to the westward, which we designate the upland region of oaks, the forest cover varies in density and in species as we pass from formation to formation. The slate-belt, with its sheared volcanic rocks and talcose slates, lacks an adequate supply of proper plant food. These rocks

make a yellow loam, close and stiff and usually lacking depth. They do not support dense forests, but woods of scattering pines and of small deciduous trees, for these soils are poorly drained. Under other conditions the forests frequently resemble the best woods of the Triassic pine belt, with rather larger examples of the hardwood timber trees than are found there.

On this same peneplain the granite and gneiss areas of the northeast, including Franklin, Warren, Vance, and the greater part of Wake, have a gently rolling surface and generally grayish and loose top soils, deep, and often very porous. Their forests are formed of post oak, black oak, white oak, and Spanish oak, with a considerable intermixture of white, small nut, and pignut hickories. There is, of course, a little short-leaf pine throughout the region, and along the watercourses, in the hollows, and on the cooler slopes, are red oak and yellow poplar, red maple and some ash. The larger forest pines, which were never numerous, have been removed for lumber.

To the west of the slate belt we have red clay soils derived from the decay of granites and syenites and some hornblende rocks, arranged more or less in bands alternating with loose gray loams. The forests of the red clay lands are black and white oaks, white and small nut hickories, with post oak on the thinner soil along the crests of the ridges; but low in the valleys and on the steep north slopes are the northern forms common in similar situations on the rest of the oak belt.

Lying to the west of the compact red and gray loams are fine-grained sandy loams, red or reddish in color, and having a thin surface soil. The forests of this division are of pine mixed with hardwood, of which the scarlet oak is most abundant.

Of our mountain forests little more need be said than was

said earlier in my talk about the abundance and variety of species of deciduous trees, except to add that black spruce is the characteristic tree of the mountain heights, where it is generally associated with Carolina balsam, whose lower limit is about three hundred feet above that of the black spruce. These forests of dark evergreens (hemlocks) lie along the summits of our highest mountains, and are seldom found on peaks less than 5,500 feet above sea level.

There is a marked difference to be noted in the character of the forests on the sunny southeast slopes and the cool and damp northeast slopes of our mountain ranges. Along the northern slopes and in the hollows we find hemlock, birch, maple, beech, chestnut, red oak, white oak, great laurel, yellow poplar, white ash, cucumber, and buckeye. On the southern slopes and along the gravelly crests of the hills the growth is less varied, being composed largely of chestnut, white oak, red oak, black oak, and chestnut oak. The forest on the southern slopes is less dense and the trees are smaller.

In the lower mountain districts we have another region of conifers in which Ashe has recognized three distinct divisions: (1) that in which the Table Mountain and pitch pine are the dominant resinous trees; (2) that in which the shortleaf, pitch, and scrub pines are dominant; (3) that in which the white pine is the dominant tree.

The forests of the coastal plain region consist very largely of pines on the uplands, but the maritime forests lying immediately along the coast and extending for a short distance inland, and the narrow strip of transitional forest lying along the western border of the region have characteristics all their own.

The transitional forests along the western border of the coastal plain show a mingling of the coniferous forests of the pine belt with the oaks and hickories of the broad-leaved forest of the oak uplands. The forests of the pine belt con-

sist almost entirely of long-leaf, loblolly, the pond, and in some places the short-leaf pine. This is the region noted a generation ago for its production of naval stores, tar, pitch, and turpentine; and from this district, now known as "the pine barrens," the Carolina pine, yellow pine, hard pine of commerce has been cut for a generation. Though the long-leaf pine is rapidly disappearing from the State, our supply of Carolina pine is by no means exhausted. In some of our eastern counties, fields abandoned during the War Between the States have grown up in loblolly pines that are now ready for the woodsman's axe.

The forests of the lowlands have their oak-flats, in which numerous broad-leaved trees, chiefly oaks, constitute the greater part of the growth, their gum and cypress swamps, their white cedar swamps, and their pond pine pocosins, all of which now furnish to commerce timber valuable in a variety of industries. The magnolias and palmettoes of the sandy swamps of the southeastern part of this region have no value as timber trees.

An adequate treatment of the whole subject of forestry is beyond the range of this paper, and should in any event be left to the professional forester; but I can do you no greater service just now than to refer you to the admirable papers by Gifford Pinchot and W. W. Ashe on the Timber Trees and Forests of North Carolina, published in 1897 as Bulletin No. 6 of the North Carolina Geological Survey. That bulletin has, since its publication, been my constant companion on field trips to different parts of the State, where I have for more than a score of years been noting the close relationship between geology and the plant covering of the earth.

There are several interesting features of geological control that it may be of interest to mention here. One of my clients a number of years ago had a car-load of white oak and hickory rejected by a wagon maker in Louisville be-

cause the wood lacked the strength and elasticity required; but the same white oak proved to be thoroughly satisfactory in the hands of a Cincinnati furniture maker, for it had just the qualities that made it capable of receiving a high polish. It was found that the timber had been cut from the ridges, where the soil was thin; while that which grew in the rich mountain coves or upon bottom lands whose soils were derived from the Brevard schist had just those qualities the wagon maker sought in his wood. Now in the case of conifers these conditions are just reversed, the slow-growing pine having strength and elasticity.

The external appearance of trees is profoundly affected by the conditions of their growth. Cypress, which in the swamp has a spreading top and puts up knees through the water to aid in aerating its roots, has a tall spindle-shaped crown and does not show any knees above the soil if it grows on the sand hill instead of in the swamp.

Hilgard has already pointed out the differences in the form and development of trees on soils derived from different geological formations. On loam uplands, sandy ridges, flatwoods, and black prairie, for example, all near together within the State of Mississippi the post oak presented four very distinct forms, varying from a mere shrub on the sandy ridges to a tree 70 feet in height on the prairie lands. The black-jack oak presented a similar variation, presenting characters which a botanist unfamiliar with local conditions would pronounce specific.

Normally large forest trees found out of their usual habitat present an extraordinary and interesting aspect. The chestnut tree, the persimmon, the sorrel tree, the common sour gum, the chestnut oak, and the holly, all trees forty, fifty, and sixty feet in height, under normal conditions, are found on King's and Crowder's Mountains as dwarf tree-shrubs, ranging in height from three to six feet. Neverthe-

less these trees all produce an abundance of fruit in their unhomelike homes.

Similarly, on our sandy coastal plain, we have turkey oak, black-jack, scrub oak, willow oak, running oak, all growing as mere shrubs and bearing an abundance of acorns, which wild turkeys and razor-backed hogs eat directly from the limbs; and yet we have seen some of these trees growing on the rich clay loams of the up-country or in some of the fertile mountain valleys where they attained a height of more than fifty feet.

On the French Broad River just below Paint Rock is a small area of typical pine barrens. In this and other isolated areas of pine barrens, which cover sandy river bottoms and the sunny lower slopes of our mountains, are found many plants typical of the coastal plain.

The dwarf tree-shrubs are absent from Mount Mitchell and Roan Mountain, but they are found at the top of Grandfather Mountain. A limited space on Grandfather Mountain is bare and presents an alpine aspect, being clothed with lichens and mosses, and many of our high mountains known as "balds" stand above the tree line as mere grassy meadows.

All of our forest trees show different rates of growth under different conditions of soil and climate. The loblolly pine attains a diameter of eight inches in twenty-four years on the poor land of the University forest at Chapel Hill. The same tree on Hatteras Island has a diameter of twenty-two inches after twenty-four years growth. On Hatteras minute fungi attached to its roots are believed to aid in some way the growth of the tree, just as locusts, and some other trees, have the aid of nitrifying bacteria to aid them.

In North Carolina we have all the great forest types known to North America except the Rocky Mountain and the Pacific forests. The mountains of North Carolina are

the oldest forest land on the continent, and botanists and plant geographers are agreed that the deciduous forests of eastern North America have been derived from that forest which reaches its greatest development in the mountainous region of western North Carolina.

While the hardwoods of the northern United States have migrated from the mountains of North Carolina since the last glacial period, it seems equally certain that the coniferous growth on the Balsams and other high mountains were forced south at the time of the greatest extension of the ice sheet, and are able to survive now only in the cooler atmosphere of our high mountains.

Similarly, on the tops of some of the monadnocks, or residual elevations, particularly those rising above the piedmont peneplain, we find assemblages of plants whose next of kin must be sought among fossil forms of the Cretaceous and early Tertiary times. These have evidently remained over in such isolated spots while the country all around them was suffering heavy erosion.

Looking out over the Balsam range of mountains, and noting the maturity of their topography, with its roof-like slopes and clear-cut divides, it is hard to see how just such erosion-forms could result from denudation under forest cover; and I am forced to believe that most of the erosion took place before any vast amount of vegetation had gained a hold upon that land. The topographic forms are exactly similar to those of the deforested areas of the western part of the province of Chi-li, China, now so well known through the work of Willis for the Carnegie Institution.

There is no likelihood that our forests will soon if ever disappear, for man has already learned that their destruction is greatly to his disadvantage, and that even in his own lifetime. Such a campaign of education has been conducted, and his own experiences have been such that it seems hardly

likely that he will now deliberately destroy the forests, even for present profit, whether we have private ownership, State control, or government ownership in National Forests.

University of North Carolina,
Chapel Hill, N. C.

MARRIAGE BONDS OF ROWAN COUNTY, N. C.

By Mrs. M. G. McCUBBINS.

Matthias Barringer to Mary Boger. September 13, 1794. Matthias Barringer and Daniel Boger (in Dutch?).

James Brackin to Sally Jeffreys. September 30, 1794. James Brackinne(?) and Samuel (his X mark) Brackin. (I. Troy, D. C.)

Christian Brown to Barbara Troutman. October 7, 1794. Christian Brown (in Dutch?) and Adam (his X mark) Troutman. (I. Troy, D. C.)

John Bullin to Catharine Shireman. November 25, 1794. John (his X mark) Bullin and Conrad Bullen (in Dutch?).

William Bates to Esther Kern. February 5, 1795. William Bates and Daniel Karn. (I. Troy.)

John Bustle to Mary Bella. August 16, 1795. John Bussell and Daniel Brown. (Cun^{m}. Harris for C. Caldwell, D. C.)

Zachariah Booth to (no name). August 22, 1795. Zachariah Booth and Matt: Troy. (Matt: Troy.)

James Bell to (no name). (No date), 1795. James Bell and Richard Gillespie.

Joseph Baker to Jane McCulloch. January 7, 1796. Joseph Baker and Nath^{l}. Johnston. (I. Troy.)

William Bracket (Brachin on front of bond) to Mary Boo. March 12, 1796. William (his X mark) Brackin and James Brackit (or Brackin?). (I. Troy.)

John Brown and Margaret Josie. April 9, 1796. John Brown and John Josie? (in Dutch?) (Tibby [torn].)

Benjamin Brookshire to Milly Bingham. July 18, 1796. Benjamin (his X mark) Brookshire and Boyd Wilson. (I. Troy.)

Charles Berryer to Elizabeth Hagey. August 5, 1796. Charles Berryer (in Dutch?) and Henry (his X mark) Hagey. (Jno. Rogers.)

Conrad Bullen to Molly Traeksler. September 18(14?), 1796. Conrad Bullen (in Dutch?) and John Weant (or Wuant?). (Jno. Rogers.)

John Buringer to Elizabeth Smith. September 22, 1796. John (his X mark) Buringer and George Barringer. (Jno. Rogers.)

Robert Benston to Lucy Hitchins. September 24, 1796. pabboth(?) Benston and Jonathan Smith.

Lewis Bryan to (no name). December 7, 1796. Lewis Bryan and Henry M^{c}guyre. (Humphrey Marshall.)

Philip Boston to (no name). December 12, 1796. Philip Boston? (in Dutch) and Adam Casper. (Humphrey Marshall.)

Timothy Brown to Polly Beaty. January 11, 1797. Timothy Brown and Henry Pool. (Jn°. Rogers.)

Geo. Brandon to Siddey McGuire. January 24, 1797. Geo. Brandon and George McGuier. (Jn°. Rogers.)

Thomas Bailey to Precilla Andrews. February 13, 1797. Thomas Bayley and James Ellis. (Jn°. Rogers.)

Sam^{l}. Bailey to Sucky (or Tucky?) Chaffin. March 15, 1797. Sam^{l}. (his X mark) Bailey and William Glascock. (Jn°. Rogers.)

Wm. Bird to Jenny Lewis. April 2, 1797. Wm. (his X mark) Bird and Simeon (his X mark) Lewis. (Jn°. Rogers.)

James Bolin to Sarah McKnight. April 24, 1797. James Bolin and Jn° Rogers. (Jn°. Rogers.)

Moses Brown to Cathy Swink. June 10, 1797. Moses Brown and John Hampton. (Jn°. Rogers.)

Parker Baggett to Nancy Doty. June 13, 1797. Parker (his X mark) Baggett and John Doty. (Jn°. Rogers.)

Wm. Beard to Jenny Hunt. Sept. 30, 1797. William Beard and David Hunt. (Jn°. Rogers.)

William Begham to Sarah Braly. Nov. 7, 1797. Wm. Beyham and Hu. Braly. (Ad. Osborn.)

Christopher Bateman to Ann Hunter. Dec. 5, 1797. Christopher (his X mark) Bateman and David Montgomery. (Jn°. Rogers.)

Christian Beaver to Sally Stoel (Shoet?) March 6, 1798. Christian (his X mark) Beaver and Peter (his X mark) Frieze. (Edwin J. Osborn.)

William Beaty to Nancy Hattock. March 20, 1798. William Baty and Wm. (his X mark) Haddock. (Edwin J. Osborn. D. C.)

Devault Beaver to Betsy Beaver. April 24, 1798. Devault Beaver? (in Dutch?) and Peter Beaver ([?] in Dutch). (Ed: J. Osborn, D. C.)

Christopher Baringer to Mackalena Messimer. May 30, 1798. Christopher Barringer and Peter Barringer. (Matt: Troy.)

William Behook to Peggy Smith. June 9, 1798. William (his X mark) Behook and David (his X mark) Cross. (Ma: Troy.)

David Baity to Sarah Hendrix. June 20, 1798. David Baity and William Cranfill. (Ma: Troy.)

Michael Brown to Barbary Mowrey. July 30, 1798. Michael Brown and Frederick Miller. (Edwin J. Osborn.)

Conrod Bost to Maria Anne Fisher. July 31, 1798. Conrod Bost and Henry Sosseman. (Edwin J. Osborn.)

Jacob Bushart to Ann Fullenwider. December 22, 1798. Jacob Boshart and Henry follenwider. (I. Troy.)

Fielding Bevin to Polly Moore. December 24, 1798. Feelding (his X mark) Bevin and William (his W mark) West. (Ma: Troy.)

Henry Beek to Catharine Young. January 12, 1799.

Henry (his X mark) Beek and John (his X mark) Blessing (?). (Edwin J. Osborn, D. C.)

Daniel Bowman to Polly Summons. January 14, 1799. Daniel (his X mark) Bowman and Henry Giles. (Edwin J. Osborn, D. C.)

Robert Bishop to Mary Chadwick. October 29, 1799. Robert Bishop and Wheeler Chadwick. (Wm. Melbon.)

Peter Barringer to Catherine Trexler. December 10, 1799. Peter Berringer and John Trexler. (E. J. Osborn, D. C.)

Jacob Booe to Fanny Glascock. December 28, 1799. Jacob Booe and Philip Baker. (Edwin J. Osborn.)

Phillip Byal to Christean Luknbell. January, 1800. Phillip (his X mark) Byal and John (his X mark) Luckinbell. (Edwin J. Osborn.)

BIOGRAPHICAL, GENEALOGICAL AND HISTORICAL MEMORANDA

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

MRS. LINDSAY PATTERSON
(Lucy Bramlette Patterson)

The article, "Palmyra in the Happy Valley," in this issue of The Booklet from the facile pen of Mrs. Lindsay Patterson will be of much interest to the generality of its readers. "Mrs. Patterson, young in years and younger in spirit, is wide awake to the interests of her adopted state. In the numerous essays that she has written no one can fail to have gathered therefrom much of the writer's personality. In these letters, so gay and so sad, so caustic and so gentle, so witty and so tender, so severe and so kind, one reads a many sided nature; a soul strong to stand for the right and combat the wrong, a charity that believeth all things, a pride of race which is inherent; the deep love of blue skies and little children and singing birds and the tender blooms of life." Endowed with such attributes she well deserves the appellation given her by a correspondent of the *Charlotte Observer as* "Our Lady of Letters," to which may be added "Lady Bountiful."

The Patterson family through whom she descended are Scotch-Irish. Her paternal grandfather, General Robert Patterson, was born in the town of Strabane, County Tyrone, Ireland, in 1782; came to America, 1798, with his father Francis Patterson and wife Ann (Graham) Patterson. The career of General Robert Patterson was one of startling activity and versatility. He filled a distinctive and unique place in Philadelphia. His career as a soldier was no less remarkable than his life as a private citizen. He fought through three wars and was the founder of the famous

Aztec Club. At the age of twenty-five he married Sarah Engle, of Germantown, Pennsylvania, a brilliantly intellectual woman, fit helpmate and companion for her distinguished husband. Their son, Colonel William Houston Patterson, (the father of Mrs. Lindsay Patterson) was born in Philadelphia in 1832. He was a writer, scholar of unusual ability and a devoted patron of letters, inheriting from his distinguished father some of the most marked traits of temper and temperament. He touched life at many points and filled a place of large influence. For many years an invalid, Colonel Patterson retired from active business at an early age and devoted a life of leisure to his family, his friends and his books. His library, one of the celebrated ones of Philadelphia, was composed of books largely illustrated by himself. During the last years of his life he was deeply interested in the study of Southern literature, predicting for it a great awakening, believing that the South, so long sterile after years of once rich fruition, would again blossom and give to the world a literature beautiful and lasting. At the time of his death he was engaged in writing his memoirs which would prove a valuable addition to the historical literature of our country, were it not that these memoirs were incomplete at his death, in 1904. He died at his country residence "Cavana Lee Place," Russellville, East Tennessee, where his family spent a few months every year. "Cavana Lee" was given by Mr. Hugh Graham to his daughter, Mrs. William Houston Patterson. The Graham family record goes back to the Crusaders; were followers of Richard Coeur De Leon. They came to America in 1789.

From the foregoing it will be seen that Mrs. Lindsay Patterson comes of a distinguished ancestry and from them inherits qualities of head and heart which are being reflected in her present career as a loyal daughter of Philadelphia and a devoted Southerner. She is a prominent member of the

Daughters of the American Revolution, was Vice-President General of that organization, an active member of the North Carolina Historical and Literary Society, member of the Wachovia Historical Society, the oldest society of its kind in the State. She was the Chairman of the North Carolina History Exhibit at the Jamestown Exposition, which exhibit was awarded one of the three silver medals for the most meritorious exhibits, and which medal is now owned by the North Carolina Historical Society. Mrs. Patterson was born at "Castle Rock," her mother's Tennessee home, her father at the time being in ill health was ordered South for some months by his physicians. Thus it was that though a Philadelphian, she was born in the South, and so belongs to both sections, being again a Southerner by adoption, having married in 1888 Mr. Lindsay Patterson, a prominent lawyer of Winston-Salem, N. C. She finished her scholastic course at Salem Academy, North Carolina, a school so widely known throughout the South. Mr. and Mrs. Patterson's place "Bramlette," in the thriving city of Winston-Salem, is a most charming home and has ever been a social center from which has radiated a most beneficent influence. Mrs. Patterson, like her cultured father, is gifted with fine literary taste, and she conceived the design of promoting literature in North Carolina by offering some reward for meritorious achievements. Inspired by the deep heart-interest of her father, it has been given to Mrs. Patterson to become the "keeper of the light," and in furtherance of his desires and in the effort to promote their fulfillment, has presented a magnificent gift which will be not only a memorial to her father, but will serve to act as an incentive to the advancement of literature in North Carolina, the State of her adoption, in the future of which her father was especially interested. Certainly no happier idea could have been conceived by a daughter for honoring the memory of a father

and at the same time fostering and stimulating the literary spirit of our people. This prize is a loving cup which was made in the city of Philadelphia, is made of massive gold, being 16 inches high and 7 inches in diameter. The coats of arms of North Carolina, of Pennsylvania and of the Patterson family are borne on the bases of its three handles and it is studded with forty-nine gems selected by Mrs. Patterson from a large number of precious stones found in North Carolina, and bears the inscription: "The William Houston Patterson Cup" and "Cor Cordium" (Heart of Hearts).

The Cup was presented to the State Literary and Historical Association of North Carolina by Mrs. Patterson in 1905 and is to be awarded to that resident of North Carolina who during the preceding twelve months has published the best work, either in prose or verse—history, essay, fiction or poetry; in books, pamphlets or periodicals. At the end of ten years the Cup is to become the permanent possession of the writer winning it the greatest number of times, though if no one person won it three times, or if there be a tie, the time will be extended. No one is to formally enter the contest, and the judges, from their knowledge of our State literature, are simply to decide which North Carolina writer publishes the worthiest work between the annual meetings of the Association. Each winner is to have his or her name engraved on the prize and to retain possession of it for one year. The Board of Award consists of the President of the Literary and Historical Association of North Carolina, Chairman, and the occupants of the chairs of history at the University of North Carolina and Trinity College, and the Chairs of English literature in the University, Davidson and Wake Forest Colleges. The selection of the Awarding Committee was made by Mrs. Patterson. All the plan is regarded by the Committee as thoroughly happy and praiseworthy and practical, and feel that the whole State will

honor Mrs. Patterson for her patriotic action. The Cup has been won seven times:

First annual award, October 1905, was to John Charles McNeill.

Second annual award, October 1906, was to Prof. Edwin Mims.

Third annual award, October 1907, was to Dr. Kemp Plummer Battle.

Fourth annual award, October 1908, was to Hon. Samuel A'Court Ashe.

Fifth annual award, October 1909, was to Mr. Clarence Hamilton Poe.

Sixth annual award, October 1910, was to Robert Diggs Wimberly Connor.

Seventh annual award, October 1911, was to Dr. Archi bald Henderson.

THE BOOKLET has the proud distinction of having heretofore published articles from these talented prize winners, and is to be congratulated that this "Lady of Letters" and the giver of the Patterson Cup has enriched its columns with an article in this issue.*

DR. ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

Dr. Archibald Henderson, whose article on "Elizabeth Maxwell Steel: Patriot," appears in this number of THE BOOKLET, is a son of the Hon. John Steele and Elizabeth Brownrigg (Cain) Henderson. He was born in Salisbury, June 17th, 1877. His preparation for college was received in private and church (Episcopal) schools of Salisbury, and in the autumn of 1894 he entered the Freshman class of the University of North Carolina. He was graduated from the

*Authorities for facts of the above from *Charlotte Observer* and Biographical History of North Carolina.

University at the head of his class, with the degree of A.B. in 1898. He was awarded the Holt Mathematical Medal for the excellence of his work in Mathematics. In 1899 he received his Master's degree, and in 1902 his Ph.D. from the same Institution. From 1899 to 1902 he was Instructor in Mathematics in the University of North Carolina. In 1902, he was made Associate Professor of Mathematics; and in 1902-3 he was a Fellow and Tutor in Mathematics in the University of Chicago. Returning to the University of North Carolina, he served as Associate Professor of Mathematics until 1908, when he was made Professor of Pure Mathematics, which chair he has since held.

His scientific researches have been prosecuted at the University of Berlin, the Sorbonne, Paris, and Cambridge University in England. The latter University recently paid him the exceptional honor of publishing his researches upon "The Twenty-seven Lines upon the Cubic Surface." Dr. Henderson is a member of the North Carolina Academy of Science, the Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society, (of which he was president 1908-9), the Modern Literature Club (of which he was president 1906-7), the Authors' Club, London, and the Phi Beta Kappa Society. He is also a member of the Sigma Nu College Fraternity.

Dr. Henderson is most widely known as a critic of literature. He has made notable contributions not only to scientific journals, but also to the leading literary and critical periodicals in America and Europe, in five languages, notably—the Forum, Arena, Harper's Magazine, North American Review, Atlantic Monthly, La Société Nouvelle, Mercure de France, Deutsche Revue, Illustreret Tidende, Finsk Tidskrift, T. P's Magazine, Dial, Bookman, Theatre. His "Interpreters of Life, and the Modern Spirit," (1911) "Mark Twain," (1911), and "George Bernard Shaw, his Life and Work," (1911), have placed him among the foremost of American critics and have given

him an international reputation. Dr. Henderson's sincere ambition is to serve his native State, and to promote the development of literature among North Carolinians. As some one else has said of him, "His head is bursting with schemes of things that might be done." He is assuredly doing a tremendous deal to stir the imagination and stimulate the inward vision of the people of the State.

The *North American Review* recently contained a sketch of Dr. Henderson in which it said:

"Dr. Henderson has also achieved eminence internationally as a critic of literature. His essays are frequently found in the leading periodicals of Europe, as well as of the United States. His monumental, authoritative biography of George Bernard Shaw has been pronounced, by critics everywhere, to be a great work. He is widely known, both at home and abroad, for his other works, notably his appreciations of Meredith, Ibsen, Wilde, Shaw, and Maeterlinck, collected under the title, 'Interpreters of Life, and the Modern Spirit,' his study of the great humorist, Mark Twain, and his model translation from the French, with his wife, of Emile Boutroux's 'William James.' "

June 23, 1903, Dr. Henderson was married to Miss Minna Curtis Bynum, of Lincolnton, N. C., who as co-laborer with him in his literary work, has at all times, been his most helpful critic. They have two children.

PROFESSOR COLLIER COBB

A biographical sketch of Professor Cobb appeared in the January, 1912, issue. He again gives THE BOOKLET a most interesting and opportune article on "Forestry in North Carolina," a subject that should claim State-wide attention. It is to be hoped that his investigations of present conditions may awaken the people to the importance of conserving our natural resources and lead to stringent legislation on the subject before it is too late.

Professor Cobb continues to fill the Chair of Geology in the University of North Carolina.

His first article contributed to this publication, January 1905, on "Some Changes in the North Carolina Coast since 1585," is of great enlightening value.

His second article, January 1912, on "Governor Benjamin Smith," the Governor of whom Professor Cobb said: "Lived just one hundred years before his time"—for he stood for the best of what has characterized each and every administration from that date, 1810, to the present, 1912.

The editor wishes to add somewhat to the biographical sketch of Professor Cobb which appeared in the January number of THE BOOKLET, as the part of his work which has especially fitted him for the preparation of this address has been done in large part since the data for the preparation of that sketch were gathered. Mr. Cobb has been for many years lecturer on Forest Geology in the Biltmore Forest School, working with the school for one month each summer in different parts of the United States. In January, 1886, he made the first plantation on dunes in this country, at a point not far from Virginia Beach, close to what is now known as The Hollies; and this little forest flourished until it was injured by fire about two years ago.

In 1908 he was with Professor Davis, of Harvard, as a member of an international excursion for geographical study in Europe; there he incidentally looked into the forest planting in Italy, around Grenoble, in France, and around Arcachon, on the Bay of Biscay. His studies of the dune areas of our own coast have been described in part in several papers, the best known of which is "Where the Wind Does the Work," and the work on the Bay of Biscay is seen in "The Landes and Dunes of Gascony." Both papers have been reprinted many times.

Mr. Cobb is now taking part in a transcontinental excur-

sion in this country with Professor Davis and a number of European geographers, most of whom were members of the European party of 1908.

The author of the poem "Swannanoa" is unknown as far as can be ascertained. The erroneous statement in the July BOOKLET was a typographical error. The MS. was correct and read "Swannanoa. From North Carolina Reader, C. H. Wiley—1855."

THE EDITOR.