



THE BOYHOOD OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH
After a painting by Sir John Millais

The
NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET

*“Carolina! Carolina! Heaven’s blessings attend her!
While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her”*

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

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Extracts from Remarks Delivered at Roanoke Island Celebration August, 1914

BY DR. HOWARD E. RONDTHALEE

The interest attaching to this historic spot may be thought to express itself in a three-fold direction: it is an interest in place, an interest in time, and an interest in people.

THE PLACE.

Few spots could be found throughout the length and breadth of our land which would furnish a fairer and more striking setting for the wonderful scene which history has placed upon this fair island. There is here a rare combination of climate, soil, verdure, and expanse of sea which produces upon the visitor a lasting impression. As I looked over the deck of our steamboat last night just after sunset, when the shadows were beginning to gather around the promontory of this island, I rejoiced in the conviction that in all these centuries there could have been practically no change in this landscape, and that what we saw last night was essentially the same sight which greeted the eager eyes of Sir Walter Raleigh's Expedition 330 years ago.

I know of few places of historic interest where the natural features must have changed so little. Strange to say, this is largely true because the record of Roanoke Island and of Fort Raleigh is written in the sand. We have perhaps been taught that the rock with its flinty face is the most imperishable and changeless of monuments, and that the sand is a very synonym for shift and change. I venture to challenge this conception and to prove my claim. May I remind you that those are the most ancient mountains in our land which

have changed the most. Weathered by time and corroded by the passing of the years, the iron face of the rock suffers steady but certain modification, whereas, the sands of this island, showing as they do the actual bastioned outlines of Fort Raleigh, have preserved unchanged a record which, if built in stone, would long ere this have crumbled into ruin. In addition, the comparative isolation of this portion of Roanoke Island, and the density of forest just here, preserves for us intact every landscape detail as it was in the days of the first settlement.

In the introductory remarks and the hearty words of welcome to which we have just listened, you will have noted the genial allusion to the varied products of field, forest, vineyard and sea which have contributed always to making this a favored spot, and a place of comfort and attractiveness. It was, in a sense, on this very account that the early pioneers sought it out, for, if I have read their record correctly, they sailed during the last few days of the voyage guided rather by their nostrils than by their compass. May I recall to you the very words from the diary of Barlowe: "The second of July (1584) we found shoal water, where we smelled so sweet and so strong a smell as if we had been in the midst of some delicate garden abounding with all kinds of odoriferous flowers, by which we were assured that land could not be far distant."

It is probably difficult for us to fully appreciate the historic reach of this remarkable spot. In the span of three centuries it stands the very foundation of our civilization. When the first explorers climbed these sandy slopes, planted the British flag where we shall shortly fly it again, and built this fort upon the very spot where we are now met, the world, as we think of it to-day, was but little known, and beyond the continent of Europe and portions of the East, and certain islands of the sea, all other lands were unmapped, largely unknown, and barely, if at all, visited by even the pioneers of civilization.

It is not without significance that the spot selected for the first Anglo-Saxon settlement should be mid-way between the rigors of the North and the enervating influences of the extreme South. Here where we are gathered there is an extraordinary climatic condition, due to the proximity of the Gulf Stream, which gives this section, and notably this particular island, such a combination of favorable climate that if Sir Walter Raleigh had been furnished with every geographical resource of the present day, with a map complete in all details of the whole of Eastern United States, with a botanical survey of the Eastern States, and with a climatic report from the weather bureau, he could not have discovered anywhere along our coast any other spot whatever where all conditions are so extraordinarily combined in so favorable a degree.

When in years to come the settlement of Roanoke Island is everywhere recognized, as it undoubtedly will be, and this place is honored with those memorials which sooner or later our nation will place here, the visitor will continually rejoice, as do we to-day, in this rare blending of place and historic occasion and in this most favorable setting for the pioneer scene of American history.

THE TIMES.

It is of course difficult in the midst of these genial surroundings, when families have assembled from so many adjoining counties, when there are, I am told, visitors from so many distant points, and when we have already obtained promising glimpses of overlaid picnic baskets—it is, I repeat, difficult to achieve the historic reach of time which belongs to this particular spot. We must drop back, not one nor yet alone two, but even three and one-third centuries. We must think ourselves back into the days when the minds of men were engaged with dreams of heroic adventure, and when particularly the Englishman, inspired by Queen Elizabeth, was seeking to make himself the master of even the most distant lands.

Events happening in times so far remote are likely either to be so far removed from the thought and experience of present days that they cease to be living and real events, or else they are surrounded of necessity with so much historic obscurity that their very dimness of outline tempers the quality of our interest.

It is a matter of profound satisfaction that we are so excellently furnished with accurate data relative to the story of this island and that out of what is, at least for America, a most remote past, every detail is preserved for us with clear and clean-cut accuracy.

Happily the story of the settlement of Roanoke Island carries with it the marks of absolute accuracy, and we need not fear lest some day some more penetrating historian may be able to dismiss it as a myth.

It is absolutely true, therefore, that three and one-third centuries ago these very events which we are celebrating to-day transpired on this very spot, and every aid which will assist us to turn back our thoughts and re-people this island with its first settlers will serve to deepen our delight and interest in this remarkable page of American history.

Not alone the State of North Carolina, but the whole nation, owes a debt to this organization, namely, the Roanoke Island Memorial Association. Yonder memorial stones, appropriately modest and in quiet keeping with these forest surroundings, mark indeed the foundation stone in the story of the history of our nation. To us these days are our ancient history. From them we trace the growing story of our people and to them we must ever return when we seek the cradle of our nation's birth.

As in every movement which lies at the foundation of some enterprise, things, in themselves apparently small, often come to have great and lasting import. I stood the other day on a mountain ridge far to the west of us where a falling rain drop might by the divergence of a fraction of an inch

have its whole future course determined either into the Atlantic to the east or into the Mississippi to the west. So in the first moments of the history of our civilization a slight divergence of circumstance might, and probably would, have caused changes astonishing in their present import. Had not Columbus, over-persuaded by his sailors, and contrary to his own best judgment, swung his tiller through fifteen degrees of the circle, he himself would first have sighted land perhaps at this very spot, certainly not far from here, and the civilization which would have sprung up in the historic heart and gateway of the United States—for I take this spot to be the heart and gateway of our nation—would have been Spanish and not Anglo-Saxon, and the bloody story which characterizes the early history of Central America and Mexico would have been instead the strange story of our own land and country.

So, too, in these first beginnings 330 years ago, events, apparently insignificant, become momentous in their ultimate importance.

It is, I believe, within the bounds of historic fact to state that because of the mere breaking of a cable rope the ultimate story of the Roanoke Island settlement is destined to be forever shrouded in mystery.

I quote from Governor John White's diary of his fifth and last voyage, 1590, when he was returning to the colony he had left on this island:

"We came over against the north side of the island and sounded with a trumpet a call, and afterwards many familiar tunes of songs, and called to them friendly; but we had no answer; we therefore landed at day break, and coming to the fire we found the grass and sundry rotten trees burning about the place. From hence we went through the woods to that part of the island directly over against Dasamonguepeuk, and from thence we returned by the water side round about the north point of the island until we came to the place where I left our colony in the year 1586. In all this way

we saw in the sand the print of the savage's feet of two or three sorts trodden in the night; and, as we entered up the sandy bank, upon a tree, in the very brow thereof were curiously carved these fair Roman letters, C. R. O., which letters presently we knew to signify the place where I should find the planters seated, according to a secret token agreed upon between them and me at my last departure from them; which was, that in any way they should not fail to write or carve on the trees or posts of the doors the name of the place where they should be seated; for at my coming away they were prepared to remove from Roanoke fifty miles into the main. Therefore at my departure from them in Au., 1587, I willed them, that if they should happen to be distressed in any of those places, that then they should carve over the letters or name a cross (†) in this form; but we found no such sign of distress, . . . and one of the chief trees or posts at the right side of the entrance (to the fort) had the bark taken off, and five feet from the ground in fair capital letters was graven C R O A T A N without any cross or sign of distress.

. . . I was greatly joyed that I had safely found a certain token of their safe being at Croatan, which is the place where Manteo was born, and the savages of the island our friends.

* * *

The next morning it was agreed by the captain and myself, with the master and others, to weigh anchor, and go for the place at Croatan where our planters were. . . . So then they brought the cable to the capstan, but when the anchor was almost a port the cable broke, by means whereof we lost another anchor, wherewith we drove so fast into the shore that we were forced to let fall a third anchor, which came so fast home that the ship was almost aground by Kendrick's Mounts; so that we were forced to let slip the cable, end for end. . . . Being thus clear of some dangers, and gotten into deeper waters, but not without some loss; for we had but

one cable and anchor left us of four, and the weather grew to be fouler and fouler; it was therefore determined that we should go to St. John or some other island to the southward for fresh water, and it was further proposed that if we could anyways supply our wants of victuals and other necessaries at Hispanolia, St. John or Trinidad, that then we should continue in the Indies all the winter following, and at our return visit our countrymen at Virginia.”

Had therefore White's ship ridden out the passing storm of that night, he and his men would doubtless have landed shortly upon the mainland, and in a little while would have solved for all time the disappearance of the settlers, and would have written for us in clear characters the whole chapter in this strange and fascinating story.

THE PEOPLE.

These men and these women were English, and this flag which we shall soon hoist is the English flag, flown then as now over many lands and many seas. I have read with amazement the record of the personnel of this party of settlers. There were sailors; there were soldiers of fortune; there were sons of nobility; there were men of culture, students of literature and of the arts and sciences.

This little island was trod by the feet of a notable group of men whose names have left their wide and lasting imprint upon the world's civilization: Cavendish, the bold and distinguished sailor who circumnavigated the globe; Thomas Hariot, highly distinguished as a mathematician and scientist; John White, explorer, artist and scientist, whose maps and drawings still preserved furnish invaluable material for early studies in native American life, and the great Sir Frances Drake, destroyer of the Spanish Armada.

We must think today of the sturdy seamen who, with stirring triumph, first climbed these sand-hills and planted this flag. His successor to-day flies the English flag from the rising to the setting of the sun. I have thought this very week

how proudly would be stirred the heart of old Sir Walter Raleigh could he have read that calmly masterful declaration issued less than forty-eight hours ago when the Lord High Admiral of the English Navy declared to the world that the English flag had cleared the seas lying yonder to the east of us, and that traffic and travel were now safe from the Bermudas to the Arctic because the English Admiralty declared it so. They who first trod these island shores were the ancestors of the sea-loving Englishman of to-day.

When night falls on this quiet island it is perhaps easier to people these forests with the ninety-six men, seventeen women, and nine children of the past. But of all those whose vision hovers about us here, and whose memory we seek to honor on this Anniversary Day, there is one who is peculiarly enshrined in the very inner heart of the story of Roanoke Island.

If we stand in splendid admiration at the courage and high chivalry of those early men of pioneer endeavor, what shall we say when we think of that gentle woman, Eleanor, daughter of Governor White and wife of Ananias Dare?

Into her heart what thoughts of the quiet scenes of old England in the midst of these forest solitudes, what emotions must have strained her eyes when the last ship sailed homeward, and when the last tie had been severed with the old and beloved homeland? This foundation story in the history of our nation is a story of fearless men, of courageous women, and last and most of all it is the story of an infant child. Into the shadows of that night, Tuesday, the 17th day of August, into the stillness of this great and noble forest, into the loneliness of this isolated island there came that plaintive sound of which the poet Tennyson speaks:

"An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

Where in all history of our land, yea and of other lands, is there a story which surpasses this in its appeal of natural

beauty, of heroic chivalry, of motherly courage and of shrouded mystery. The shrine of the new-born American nation, as we view it here, is indeed the shrine of an infant child, and in a sense, as was once the case centuries ago, we and succeeding generations ever stand with reverent awe about the birth-place of a little child, and in this spirit we read with tender interest on yonder simple granite stone these gentle words:

Near this place was born on the 18th of August, 1587,
VIRGINIA DARE,
The first child of English parents born in America—
Daughter of Ananias Dare and Eleanor White, his wife,
members of another band of colonists sent out by Sir
Walter Raleigh in 1587.

General Francis Nash

AN ADDRESS BY HON. A. M. WADDELL

DELIVERED AT THE UNVEILING OF A MONUMENT TO GENERAL NASH,
VOTED BY CONGRESS, AT THE GUILFORD BATTLE GROUND,
JULY 4, 1906

*Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Guilford Battle Ground
Company.*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

An ancient maxim declares that Republics are ungrateful. We are to-day in the presence of a noble and enduring proof of its falsity. A great statesman declared that no monument ought to be erected to a public character until a hundred years after the period of his active services, for there could be no absolute assurance of their permanent value until the lapse of that time.

To this supreme test the public character and services of which I shall speak on this occasion have been subjected, and they have gained additional lustre in the alembic of the years. Those services ended, and he who performed them closed his earthly career more than a century and a quarter ago upon one of the battlefields of the American Revolution, and to-day we are assembled to witness the final execution of his country's long-declared purpose to perpetuate his memory by the erection of this solid and beautiful work of art.

Such a tribute by a great nation to an unselfish patriot, a brave soldier and accomplished gentleman who sacrificed his life for the establishment and maintenance of the liberties of his country, is honorable to it, and, if the dead be conscious of the deeds of the living, must be grateful to his spirit.

Little did he dream when death confronted him on that bloody field in Pennsylvania that, in the far distant future, on the ground where another battle was fought in the same cause, and within fifty miles of his own North Carolina home,

assembled thousands would witness the unveiling of a nation's monument to his memory. His only hope and aspiration, as his letters prove, was that his country would be victorious, and that he would soon return to his loved ones to pass the remainder of his days in the peaceful enjoyment of domestic life. The full realization of this hope was denied him, in common with many another hero and patriot who gave his life to the cause, but the larger hope prevailed, and his country triumphed. Great indeed and far-reaching was that triumph, for it revolutionized human history and established forever—at least among people of Anglo-Saxon origin—the doctrine of government by the people. There have been lapses in the practical enforcement of this doctrine, but it has always persistently asserted itself and will continue to do so to the end of time. It is our inheritance from which we can never be divorced, and for the priceless possession we are indebted to the heroic men who in an apparently hopeless contest of seven years duration finally forced its acceptance at the point of the bayonet and proudly proclaimed it to an astonished world.

The man with the blood of the American Revolution in his veins who can regard with indifference the career of any soldier of that struggle who gave his life for his country is unworthy of the privilege which he enjoys as an American citizen. If whenever that glorious era of the birth of liberty is celebrated, he does not feel a thrill of admiration and reverence for the men who by their valor and patient sacrifices made it immortal, he is a degenerate.

Some years ago an American statesman declared that the government of the American Colonies by George III was the best government then existing on earth, and he was right in his judgment, for there was no government on earth at that time which fully recognized the rights of the people, and the British government came nearer to it than any other. So much more honor to the American subjects of that government for their demand for the fullest rights and privileges of

British subjects, and, when these were denied, to assert the right of resistance to oppression. They began it in North Carolina long before the Revolution, and even after their open resistance to the Stamp Act in 1765 for nearly ten years they declared again and again—George Washington being a leader in such declaration—that they did not desire, or contemplate a separation from the British crown, but when finally driven to the wall they turned and deliberately declared themselves independent. The first Declaration of Independence was made at Charlotte on the 20th May, 1775, and the first instruction to representatives in the Continental Congress to declare for independence was given by the Convention at Halifax on the 12th April, 1776.

How these bold declarations were sustained by North Carolina people when the issue of battle was presented, is a story that ought to be made familiar to every school child in the State. The duty assigned to me today can only embrace a fragment of it, but that fragment covers a career of which every North Carolinian should feel proud.

A few miles below Farmville, in Prince Edward County, Virginia, and in the forks of the Appomattox and Bush rivers, there was in 1732 a large landed estate of more than 5,000 acres, which had been settled by a gentleman from Tenby, Pembrokeshire, South Wales, who from the time of his arrival in Virginia to the day of his death was prominent and active in affairs, both of church and State. The county of Prince Edward was a part of Henrico County prior to 1754, and therefore the earlier record of this gentleman is credited to the latter county.

He was presiding Justice of the county, and is said to have attended the sessions of the court in great state, with a coach and four, being received by the sheriff at the door very ceremoniously. He had been sheriff of Henrico County, and after the formation of Prince Edward County was the first member of the house from that county. He was associated with the leaders of the Colony and helped to build old St. John's Church in Richmond, where Patrick Henry after-

wards delivered his celebrated philippic, and in 1757 was appointed colonel of a regiment that was sent to protect the frontier against the Indians.

This gentleman, John Nash, before coming to America with his brother Thomas, had married Anna Owen, daughter of Sir Hugh Owen of Tenby, and he named his estate in the forks of the Appomattox and Bush rivers, "Templeton Manor," after the town of Templeton, near Tenby. On this estate he lived in the style and with the abounding comforts that characterized the life of a wealthy Virginia planter of that period, and there brought up the four sons, and four daughters who were born to him, all of whom personally, or in their children, reflected honor upon his name and their own. Indeed it may be safely asserted that there are few families in the country that produced, in proportion to their numbers, more distinguished men in civil and military life than his. The oldest of his sons, Col. Thomas Nash, married Mary Reade, and removed first to Lunenburg County and represented that county in the House of Burgesses and thence to Edenton, N. C., where he died in 1769, leaving an only daughter, Anna Owen Nash, who married in 1771 the Rev. John Cameron, of Petersburg, Va. Their children were Judge Duncan Cameron, of Raleigh, Judge John A. Cameron, of the United States District Court of Florida; Dr. Thomas Cameron, of Fayetteville, N. C., and William Cameron, of Ellersly, Orange County.

His second son was Col. John Nash, the second, who was a colonel in the Revolution in 1781, represented Prince Edward County in House of Delegates in 1778, was the founder and a member of the Board of Trustees of Hampden Sidney College, inherited the estate of Templeton by devise from his father, and died in 1803.

The third son of Col. John Nash, was Abner Nash, who, after succeeding his father as representative from Prince Edward, moved to New Bern, N. C., and was a member of the Provincial Congress at Halifax in the years 1774-'5-'6, which body appointed him, among other committees, on one to pre-

pare the constitution of the new State. He was an able lawyer, the first Speaker of the first House of Commons, and the second Governor of the State, 1779-'81, and a member of the Continental Congress, 1782-'86, and died in New York during the session of Congress, December 2, 1786. He was the father of the late Chief Justice Frederick Nash, of our Supreme Court.

And now we come to the fourth and youngest son of Col. John Nash (original owner of Templeton Manor) General Francis Nash, in whose honor this memorial arch has been erected.

Like his brothers Thomas and Abner, he too removed to North Carolina, but selected his residence in a different part of the State—Hillsborough—a town which even then had begun to be historic. He came there a young lawyer seeking his career, and soon made his mark. He had never held any office, but some time after settling there he was appointed Clerk of the Superior Court of Orange County, and also a Captain under the Crown. He commanded his company in the battle of Alamance in 1771, and his steady conduct attracted attention. He was a member of the Provincial Congress that met at Hillsborough in August, 1775, and was elected by that body September 1, 1776, Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Regiment of the Continental Line, of which James Moore was elected Colonel.

That regiment, with the militia under Caswell, Lillington and others, won the first victory of the Revolution at Moore's Creek Bridge, February 27, 1776. Colonel Moore having been appointed brigadier-general immediately after that fight, Nash became colonel, his commission dating from April 10, 1776. On the first of June, Sir Henry Clinton's fleet with Cornwallis's forces, left the mouth of the Cape Fear for Charleston, and immediately the first and second regiments under General Moore started for that place, arriving on the 11th. The British fleet opened fire on Fort Moultrie on the

28th of June, and Cornwallis's troops tried to land, but were beaten off by Colonel Thompson's South Carolina Rangers and a battalion of two hundred picked men from Nash's regiment under Lieutenant-Colonel Clark, and these North Carolina troops received high praise from the commanding general (Charles Lee) for their conduct.

After the defeat of the British the North Carolina regiments were concentrated at Wilmington, where they were rigidly drilled and disciplined until about the middle of November, at which time they were ordered to the North to re-enforce General Washington's army. They marched as far as Halifax on the way, but were kept there for three weeks, and were then counter-marched to the vicinity of Charleston again to meet another threatened attack by the British, who were near St. Augustine, Florida. On the 5th of February, 1777, Colonel Nash was promoted to the rank of brigadier general, and assumed command of the brigade.

The States of Georgia and South Carolina were endangered, and because of the urgent request of those States the North Carolina troops were kept for their defense until March 15, 1777, when they were again ordered to join General Washington, who was retreating through New Jersey with great loss, and in extreme danger. They resumed their former route, passing through Wilmington, Halifax, Richmond, Alexandria and Georgetown to Philadelphia. Their splendid reputation had preceded them, and the result was that their march through Virginia and Maryland was a succession of enthusiastic receptions by the people.

After a few days stop in Philadelphia, some of the regiments arrived at Washington's camp at Middlebrook, New Jersey, about the last of June, 1777. The brigade was held at Trenton for about ten days in July, and from there General Nash wrote one of the two or three letters of his that are still in existence. It was a letter to his wife dated July 25th, and shows that he was thoroughly competent, and understood

the strategy of the commander-in-chief, although they were both at that time uncertain as to the British commander's real point of attack. -"When I left Philadelphia, which was a week or ten days ago," he says, "I expected that we should have proceeded directly to headquarters. However, I received a letter from General Washington directing me to remain at this place until further orders, under a supposition that the late movements of the enemy might probably be only a feint in order to draw our army as far to the north as possible, and then by a forced march endeavor to gain Philadelphia, before the necessary succor could be afforded. In which case, we being directly in their route, should probably have it in our power to retard their progress, until our army could get up with their rear. However, from some accounts received this morning (to-wit, that a considerable part of their fleet had been discovered moving up the North River), I think there cannot remain a doubt that their operations are intended against that quarter. General Washington, in consequence of this intelligence, has moved with his whole army within twenty miles of Fishkilns, about one hundred miles from hence, where he means to remain until the designs of the enemy are reduced to a certainty. I have been re-enforced since I came here by one regiment of Virginians and an artillery corps with six brass field pieces, making the strength of my brigade, in the whole, about 2,000."

* * * * *

"This morning for the first time I have seen a general return of the state of our army, and it is with pleasure I inform you that we have now on the field, of continental troops, effective, upwards of 20,000, exclusive of those in Canada, which I suppose amount to 4,000 or 5,000 more; add to this a most admirable train of artillery, and 700 Light Horse equal at least to those of the enemy in discipline, equipage and everything else, is it possible with such an army and a Washington at their head that Americans can have

anything to fear? No, dear Sally, I now feel the fullest assurance that can be founded in human events, that nothing less than the immediate interposition of Providence (which I will not suppose to be excited in favor of tyranny and oppression) can prevent us from the invaluable blessings of liberty, freedom and independence. With these assurances I rest satisfied, with the blessing of Heaven, of returning to you ere long crowned with victory, to spend in peace and domestic happiness the remainder of a life, which, without you, would not be worth possessing."

This accession of force, so greatly needed and longed for by Washington, not only served to stop his retreat, but stimulated him to assume the aggressive against his opponent, Sir William Howe, who had embarked his forces by water to the head of Elk, in Maryland, with the intention of moving on Philadelphia. Washington and Howe fought at Chadd's Ford on the Brandywine, September 11, 1777, and Howe won the battle and took possession of Philadelphia. The North Carolina troops at Brandywine had to oppose the flanking movements of Lord Cornwallis, and although compelled with the rest of the division to retreat, they did so not only in good order, but with repeated attacks on the enemy, and they aided in bringing off the field the artillery and baggage of the division to which they were attached.

In less than a month after Brandywine, namely, on the 4th of October, 1777, the battle of Germantown was fought, in which Nash led the North Carolina troops. They behaved splendidly and won great praise from Washington. They were in the reserve force under Major-General Stirling, and were thrown into the attack on the right. General Nash was leading them into action down the main street of Germantown, when a round shot shattered his thigh, killing his horse and throwing him heavily to the ground. He tried to conceal the extent of his hurt by covering the terrible wound with his hands, and cheered on his men, saying: "Never mind me. I

had a devil of a tumble; rush on, my boys; rush on the enemy; I'll be after you presently." But he was mortally wounded, and was carried to a private residence, where after lingering in greatest agony for three days, he died on the 7th of October, 1777. His last words were: "From the first dawn of the Revolution I have been ever on the side of liberty and my country." He was buried in the Mennonist graveyard at Kulpville, with military honors, and General Washington issued the following order for the funeral:

"Headquarters, Toamensing, October 9, 1777.

"Brigadier General Nash will be interred at 10 o'clock this forenoon, with military honors, at the place where the road where the troops marched on yesterday comes into the great road. All officers, whose circumstances will admit of it, will attend and pay this respect to a brave man who died in defense of his country.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

The shot that killed him also killed his aide, Major Wither-
spoon, and was a stray one fired by a retreating enemy who had been driven for two hours or more, and were, as they themselves supposed, hopelessly defeated, when an accident saved them, and reversed the situation. There was a heavy fog and no breeze to dispel it or the smoke from the guns which so completely enveloped the field that it was impossible to see more than fifty yards. Two of the American columns mistook each other for the enemy, and each thought the other a re-enforcement with which it was unexpectedly confronted, and so, as Washington expressed it: "In the midst of the most promising appearances, when everything gave the most flattering hopes of victory, the troops began suddenly to retreat, and entirely left the field in spite of every effort that could be made to rally them." In the same letter, however, he says: "In justice to General Sullivan and the whole right wing of the army whose conduct I had opportunity of observing, as

they acted immediately under my eye, I have the pleasure to inform you that both officers and men behaved with a degree of gallantry that did them the highest honor."

More than once he referred to the death of General Nash as a deplorable loss to the army and to the cause for which he fought, and letters from the most distinguished citizens of the State and country, and newspaper articles on the subject justify the belief that General Nash was very highly esteemed as a soldier and gentleman, and that both in his military and civil life he won the affections of his associates by his generous and unaffected conduct. Thos. Burke, then a member of Congress, and afterwards governor of the State, writing to Governor Caswell, says he was "one of the best, the most respected and regretted officers in the Continental Army," and Governor Caswell himself said that he "left no equal among the officers who survived him."

George Washington Parke Curtis, in his "Recollections of Washington," speaking of General Nash's death and burial, uses the following language: "He lingered in extreme torture between two and three days and died, admired by his enemies—admired and lamented by his companions in arms. On Thursday, the 9th of October, the whole American army was paraded by order of the commander-in-chief to perform the funeral obsequies of General Nash, and never did the warrior's last tribute peal the requiem of a braver soldier or nobler patriot than that of the illustrious son of North Carolina."

Many traditions of his physical comeliness, especially when mounted, have been preserved among his descendants, and one in particular I remember as told to me by a venerable man who said that one of General Nash's soldiers told him that the general was the handsomest man on horseback that he ever saw. Colonel Polk, who was one of his officers, was fond of reciting his attractive qualities, and (as another venerable gentleman told me), when describing the wound that crushed

his leg, invariably concluded his eulogium by saying, "and he had the finest leg that was ever hung on a man!" But his physical beauty seems to have been only the complement of his moral and intellectual attributes, for he was one of the most enlightened, liberal, generous, and magnanimous gentlemen that ever sacrificed his life for his country.

And here it may not be inappropriate to record an incident of minor importance, but of some interest in connection with the events occurring on this battlefield of Guilford Courthouse and with which the name of General Nash is associated. The incident is one which rests on a family tradition and is as follows: Judge Maurice Moore, his father-in-law, had imported from England a thoroughbred horse named "Montrose," and a mare called "Highland Mary," and had given to General Nash their colt, a splendid bay named "Roundhead." When General Nash went into the army he left this favorite horse at his residence in Hillsborough, and during his absence David Fanning, the Tory leader, made a raid on Hillsborough and stole the horse. After Nash's death his body servant Harry, who was with him at Germantown, where he was killed, came home, and at the urgent request of General Wm. R. Davie, who had been made commissary general, was turned over to him as his servant. Harry had been distressed at the loss of his master's favorite horse, and at the battle of Guilford Courthouse he had suddenly exclaimed: "Look yonder at that officer riding Roundhead!" The officer was Lord Cornwallis, and very soon after this the horse was killed under him. Cornwallis had two horses killed under him that day, according to all accounts, and some say three. The tradition to which I refer says the servant Harry not only recognized the horse at first, but after he was shot went to him and identified him. The faithful servant saw his master killed four years before in Pennsylvania by the British, and now within fifty miles of his home witnessed the death of his favorite horse on this battle ground by the

Americans, who were shooting at his rider, the commander of the British army.

General Nash married Miss Sally Moore, daughter of Judge Maurice Moore, and sister of Judge Alfred Moore, afterwards of the Supreme Court of the United States, and had only two children. These were girls, the elder of whom, Ann, died at the age of 13, and the younger of whom, Sarah, married Mr. John Waddell, a rice planter on the lower Cape Fear River.

Some time after his death his widow married Gen. Thomas Clark, who had succeeded him as lieutenant-colonel and finally as brigadier-general in the Continental Line, but they left no children.

One month after General Nash's death the Continental Congress, on the 4th of November, 1777, expressed its appreciation of the heroic services he had rendered, and directed that a monument should be erected to his memory. The resolution of Congress was in the following words:

“Resolved, That His Excellency, Governor Caswell, of North Carolina, be requested to erect a monument of the value of \$500 at the expense of the United States in honor of the memory of Brigadier General Francis Nash, who fell in the Battle of Germantown on the 4th day of October, 1777, bravely contending for the independence of his country.”

That resolution remained unexecuted because the State of North Carolina was then, and for some years afterwards, engaged in a life-and-death struggle for self-preservation, and had no time to expend in the erection of monuments to her heroes. No monuments were erected, so far as I know, either by the general government or any State until long after the Revolution was ended, and therefore no blame could be justly attached to our State for not complying with the resolution at that time.

But the patriotic spirit of a stranger to our State and people, John F. Watson, Esq., of Philadelphia, prompted him

seventy years ago to induce the citizens of Germantown and Norristown to erect a monument over the grave of General Nash, which was done, and for this deed his name should be gratefully remembered by every true North Carolinian.

There have been persistent efforts for fifty years to have this resolution of Congress carried into execution by Congress, but from different sources opposition has with equal persistency interposed until these efforts ceased, from sheer desperation, to be made. But the patriotic Society of the Cincinnati, when re-organized in North Carolina, took charge of the matter, and from their meeting in 1896 annually pressed it upon Congress through the senators and representatives from our State until 1903, when the bill was passed making the appropriation asked for. It would be an act of injustice, however, while accrediting the Society of the Cincinnati and the North Carolina senators and representatives fully with their action, not to record the fact that by his unremitting labors and fortunate acquaintance with leading senators and representatives from all parts of the country, the chairman of the committee of the Cincinnati, Col. Bennehan Cameron, is entitled to a larger share of credit for this legislation than any other individual, and it gives me great pleasure to make public acknowledgment of the fact. After a careful examination of the whole history of these efforts and their final success this award of merit to Col. Cameron as the chief instrument in accomplishing the result cannot be justly withheld. And in this connection I wish to say that the design for this noble arch and its construction is attributable to the skill and taste of another North Carolinian, Capt. R. P. Johnston, of the Engineer Corps of the United States Army, who gave much time and care to the work, and has just reason to be proud of its final accomplishment.

Of course it goes without saying that in all these efforts to secure this monument the devoted and patriotic President of the Guilford Battle Ground Company, Major Morehead, has

been an indefatigable and active ally of the Cincinnati* and of the senators and representatives of our State, and that his services in that behalf merit and should receive the fullest recognition. It was only in keeping, however, with his whole record as president of the company to which he has unselfishly devoted so large a part of his time for some years past.

And a nobler work these gentlemen never did, for from his first appointment as lieutenant-colonel to the time of his death, General Nash enjoyed the confidence of all his superior officers and the affection of the soldiers under his command to a remarkable degree. His career was a brief, but brilliant one, and ended on the field of glory, when he was only thirty-five years old. It is unquestionably true, and therefore just, to say that there was no officer of the American Revolution who acquired in the same period a more solid reputation for soldierly qualities, or who died more universally regretted than he, and that therefore his country for which he willingly gave his life has never erected a monument to a Revolutionary hero and patriot that was more richly deserved than this which has been unveiled to-day.

*NOTE.

We concede the right of private opinion, of course, and we appreciate the speaker's very complimentary words gracefully spoken of us. But since after its usual custom these unveiling ceremonies were held upon its grounds by the Guilford Battle Ground Company, and since this pamphlet is edited and published by the company, silence here would be construed into acquiescence in the opinion here expressed, from which the company emphatically dissents. The Continental Congress voted appropriations for monuments to Generals Francis Nash and William Lee Davidson which were never erected. In 1841-'2 the late Governor W. A. Graham, then senator in Congress from North Carolina, and in 1888 Senator Vance, we are told, and in 1896 the North Carolina

Society of the Cincinnati, endeavored to revive these appropriations, but failed in their efforts, and the inference is that a pursuance of the same method and advancement of the same arguments would have continued to fail. But in 1902 the Guilford Battle Ground Company furnished the Hon. W. W. Kitchin arguments and considerations which enabled him—to whom beyond all others merit is due for work done in Washington—to secure the appropriation by a two-thirds majority in the house, where a majority could never be secured, though attempted for sixty years. This was effected, too, over the objection of Speaker Cannon and his active opposition. Mr. Kitchin told the House that the Battle Ground Company (or Association as it ought to be called) of North Carolinians had purchased, redeemed, beautified and adorned the famous Revolutionary Battlefield of Guilford Court House; that in its poverty it was continuing its struggle of fifteen years for its continued adornment, and that Congress should therefore, among other reasons, vote the appropriation and place the monuments at Guilford. Mr. Kitchin was then addressing many members of Congress who knew that thus to aid the Battle Ground Company was not only to honor North Carolina's noble dead, but that it was also to make of this battlefield for all time, a monument to troops for their respective States who fought here under Greene in 1781. This two-thirds majority illustrated the difference in effect upon Congress between the mere introduction of bills and resolutions and the reclamation, after vast toil and expenditure, of this famous battlefield.

The resolution, as adopted, placed the disbursement of the funds, erection of the monuments, etc., in the hands of the Secretary of War, who should, however, act jointly with the Governor of North Carolina "in the selection of a location for the said monuments." The authority was soon placed by the Secretary of War in the hands of Hon. C. B. Aycock, the then governor, exclusively, and very soon a bitter contest arose

before the governor between the Society of the Cincinnati and the Battle Ground Company—the Cincinnati desiring to locate the monument elsewhere than on the Guilford Battle Ground. Full evidence as to who secured the appropriation, and whose wishes were therefore entitled to prevail in their location, was laid before the Governor, the legally constituted and final authority in the matter, and after patient, painful, conscientious consideration, the Governor put them at Guilford, where they now stand.

The supposed influence of Colonel Cameron, Chairman of the Committee of the Cincinnati, is here ascribed to his acquaintanceship with different members of Congress, and in this connection we have heard the name of Senator Wetmore, of Rhode Island, mentioned specifically. We now re-publish and append two letters which show that the company had its representative in Washington; that he labored among influential members, and that his labors were effectual:

UNITED STATES SENATE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 24, 1903.

DEAR SIR:

Since receiving your letter of February 16, I have conferred with Senators Pritchard and Simmons, as well as Mr. W. W. Kitchin, and find that all are in favor of erecting the statues of Generals Nash and Davidson on the Guilford Battle Ground. I have today addressed a letter to the Secretary of War, a copy of which is herewith transmitted, enclosing your letter to me on this subject.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE PEABODY WETMORE.

Colonel Joseph M. Morehead,

Greensboro, N. C.

UNITED STATES SENATE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 24, 1903.

DEAR MR. SECRETARY:

I desire to call your attention to the enclosed letter dated February sixteenth, addressed to me by Colonel Joseph M. Morehead, President of the Guilford Battle Ground Company, who, during the consideration of the bill for the statues of Generals Nash and Davidson, both in the House and Senate, manifested the greatest interest in it. You will notice that he is very much exercised lest another site be chosen than the Guilford Battle Ground. I have conferred with Senators Pritchard and Simmons, of North Carolina, as well as with Mr. W. W. Kitchin, member of the House from that State, who all agree that the statues should be erected on the Guilford Battle Ground. I might also add that the Guilford Battle Ground was the only place mentioned when the bill was under consideration in the House.

Believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

GEORGE PEABODY WETMORE.

Hon. Elihu Root, Secretary of War.

JOSEPH M. MOREHEAD,

President Guilford Battle Ground Company.

Early English Survivals on Hatteras Island

BY COLLIER COBB

Notwithstanding the uniformity of American life, which has impressed the European visitor to this land as our country's most serious drawback, there are still a few secluded spots, isolated land areas around the borders of our continent, whose inhabitants have escaped the blighting influence of predigested breakfast foods, Associated Press dispatches, syndicated stories, trust made school books, and that great destroyer, the schoolmaster.

Physiographic features here present such uniformity over vast areas that the few unique spots of land which might produce inhabitants of varying types are set apart as state or national parks, or forests, to be used as playgrounds for the people. Even the mountain section of North Carolina, which Southerners are fond of calling "The Switzerland of America," probably because it possesses not one feature of Swiss scenery, has become thoroughly modernized and Americanized, and there is not another town of its size in our country so thoroughly cosmopolitan as Asheville, our mountain metropolis, has become during the last two decades. The arts and crafts of the mountains had practically disappeared during that time, and had to be taught anew to the women of the Biltmore estate, whose mothers and grandmothers, less than a score of years ago, were skilled weavers of exquisite tapestries.

In a land where journeys are made from the plains of the interior to Longwood or Atlantic City for a summer's outing, or from Carolina to the geysers of the Yellowstone for a fortnight's holiday, and all this with as much ease and comfort as staying at home, there is little left but the monotony of American life that so deeply impressed Mr. James Bryce when he was writing his "American Commonwealth."

The sand reefs of the North Carolina coast before the advent of motor boats in that region just a decade ago, afforded a large measure of seclusion, and that safety which comes from isolation, safety from the incursions of tourists and pleasure seekers, and from exploitation by magazine writers.

The most interesting of these reefs was then three days' journey from almost any point, but when you had made the journey you had gone back three centuries in time. Though known to every one by name, and dreaded by all seafaring men as the graveyard of American shipping, hardly a score out of our eighty millions of population had ever set foot on this island. Even all the fingers of one hand were not needed to count the dwellers on the mainland who were personally acquainted with this dangerous sand-reef and its mild-mannered people. To most men it is a sort of world's end, as indeed it has been to many a poor mariner; and even to the few who know it best it is a veritable foreign land at home.

Hatteras Island is an elbow-shaped sand-spit, forty miles in length measured around the elbow, and from half a mile to five miles in width. It lies along the very border of the continental shelf, a hundred miles beyond the normal trend of the coast, and almost within the Gulf Stream. It occupies the center of the quadrangle made by the parallels 35 degrees and 36 degrees, north latitude, and the meridians 75 degrees and 76 degrees, west longitude.

The geological history, physiographic features, and climatic conditions of this island have been made a subject of special investigation by the writer for something like a score of years. But since geography is a study of the earth as man's physical environment, and geology a study of the earth as a field for the development of organic life, the geologist must of necessity have an interest in the influence of environment on the human organism. The purpose of this paper is to deal with this human interest in one of its phases, the influence of isolation as it shows itself in the preservation of old English words and

the ancient forms of speech once common to our group. On this island, in spite of Nature's changes, with all her storms and buffetings, we find words in daily use that have never here drifted from their mediæval moorings.

When I reach any point on the island, my friends who have not seen me land invariably ask: "How did you come? Did you come in a boat, or did you travel?" *Travel*, in this case, means to walk. Once I was told that I could reach a certain sand dune by traveling about two acres, across a palmetto swamp, an *acre*, in this case, being a furlong, or eighth of a mile, an old English use of the word.

"How do you go home when you get to the country? Do you go by boat up the river, do you go by train, or do you travel?" I was asked by a man who knew my fondness for walking. "I do not know what I should do if we lived in the country where we could not hunt or fish, for I had rather starve than have my husband dig potatoes," one good woman said to me. By *country* they mean the mainland opposite the island, this woman explaining it to me as, "some such place as North Carolina, or even New York, or Norfolk, or Raleigh, or Chapel Hill; anywhere off The Banks," meaning by *The Banks*, the line of sand reefs along the North Carolina coast, and using the word *country* very much as Britishers would say "the continent." On The Banks, then, a traveling salesman would be a tramp peddler.

Now this use of *travel*, as meaning to walk, to move along on foot, was common in England in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and I have found it used several times in Hakluyt's *Voyages*. It is used with a somewhat different pronunciation, but in exactly the same sense, to-day, in corners of Ireland, of Yorkshire, and of Scotland. I have never met with this use of the word in North America except on Hatteras Island; though among the Sioux Indians of the North and Northwest there is in use a kind of trailer made of two lodge poles attached to a horse, like shafts, having a sack of skins lashed

to the cross-bars behind the horse, and used for carrying goods, or for sick or wounded persons. The Indian name for this vehicle is *travay*, but the word used in this way is more nearly related to working than to walking.

This Hatteras Island use of *country* is the original use of the word, as meaning the "land opposite." It occurs in this sense to-day nowhere else, so far as my observation goes. *Continent* is used for the mainland on some of the islands farther north, as on Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts. The lady who used *country* in this way had been but recently married, and the bridegroom had furnished the trousseau, an ancient custom that prevails to-day nowhere else in North America, and one that is falling into disuse here.

I have always taken a kodak with me when visiting the island, and the chief pleasure derived from its use has been the taking of pictures of my friends there. On one of my early visits to Hatteras a young man asked:

"Won't you make a picture of my *may* and me?"

"I'll be delighted to," I replied; "but what does your lady-love look like?"

"You may not think her pretty, but she's a *couthy* girl, and *canty* too."

Here were words I had never heard before, but I soon came to understand their meaning, after I had met many of the island people who were "couthy women and trusty men." I have often met the word *may* in old English love songs, meaning a maid, a fair woman, a cousin, a sweetheart. It is used most often as meaning maid, of which it is really a contracted form, and dates back to the middle of the fourteenth century or beyond that time.

Couthy, besides meaning tender, sympathetic, motherly, as applied to these good women, or affable, pleasant, agreeable, like a familiar friend, has another meaning, which is well illustrated by the statement, "Will Watkins looked so kind and couthy-like to Lucy Lowe."

Canty means merry, brisk, lively, as in the old couplet,

A cozy house and a canty wife
Keeps aye a body cheerly.

Cant was the first form of this adjective, and *trusty*, of course, means trustworthy. This is a use familiar to us.

I promised to meet the young people at nine o'clock the following morning to make the picture. At nine the young fellow came alone. When I asked why he had not brought the lady, he said: "She scooped me," meaning that she had got the better of him, run away from him, scampered off at the last moment. "And," he added, "she could fleech you, young man." *Fleech* is from the French, *flechir*; it passed into Middle English, as *to bend*, then to *flatter*. Here again were words that I had never heard before; but I found that he meant she could flatter me into loving her, and then run away from me. Nothing so remarkable about that girl after all!

Another time the young man described her to me as *smicker*. I took it to mean that she was neat in her person and elegant in her manners, as he did mean, and rightly; but his friend told me that it really meant that "she was soft on him." What a strange mixture of mediæval English and modern slang! I inadvertently mentioned the young man's name to the lady's mother, who said, "Oh, he scunners me," meaning "He disgusts me," which would seem to be a causative use of what meant "to loathe."

Here a kelpie is a water-sprite, an animal of the sea, a water-dog of some kind. "A kelpie is a sly devil; but you might possibly catch one, for he always roars before a storm at sea." A Hatteras man looking on a seal in a Norfolk park told me he had never seen a kelpie, but he imagined that a seal looked very much like one; and all along this coast kelpie is a common given-name for a dog, especially for a water spaniel. In the Scotch he appears to be more like a horse, and foretells drowning.

All of the words mentioned so far are found in old English or Scottish ballads, and several of them occur in one of the three mermaid songs heard occasionally along The Banks. These songs are now rarely heard except from the older women, and they seem ashamed to be caught singing them. It has been with the greatest difficulty that I have ever persuaded them to repeat the words of an old song for me while I took it down from their dictation.

I have constantly met with other words in the speech of these good people, which I was inclined to regard as careless or slovenly pronunciations, believing that "indolence doth much corrupt our language." In this class I place the pronunciation of words with the omission of certain letters; as, daugher (daughter), waer (water), buer (butter), leer (letter), and a host of others; faute (fault), fause (false), wanut (walnut), plead (pleased); others of unusual pronunciation, as trod (trot), throoked (thronged), leuch (laugh), birk (birch, sixteenth century form), egal (equal, like the French), thoct (thought, Scotch spelling, O. E.), sweet (sweetheart), fant (infant), wonders (wondrous), wharrel (quarrel, in Middle English, but French in origin), know (knoll), fole (fool); and others whose origin is not so evident, as throddy (plump), sleek, in good condition, as applied to a steer or to a mullet; cracker (boaster, cf. Burns and our "cracking jokes"), in which case Mr. Roosevelt's "crackerjack" would not be a "bully chap," but a boasting clown.

There are other words in which there seems to be the insertion of a letter; as bloast or bloust for brag, and still others with which we are familiar, but used here in an unfamiliar sense, as blabber, "a great blabber" meaning simply a great chatterer (goes back to fourteenth century and miracle plays); bloater, a chubby child; cant, gossip; cap, surpass, in "I can cap you at that," or "I can cap your story," like our "cap the climax," or the game of "capping verses"; accord, agree, in "Let's accord before we eat."

Abash means bring discredit on, and was used by a student from the coast in a speech made in a literary society at the University of North Carolina, in the sentence, "Shall we abash our national honor?"

Abrade may mean to sicken or nauseate: as "Cornbread and fish abrade his stomach," said by my hostess when I was really sick from too much tramping over dunes in an August sun.

Many of the words in my list are used with meanings other than those we now associate with them. *Fause* means a tidal creek or a ditch, as well as false. *Wanut*, used in warnit-know and warlock-knot, means a knot in timber or a particular knot in a rope, a very tight knot, and it is also used as a verb meaning to tighten, as the rope in rigging. *Birk* also means a smart young fellow, one who needs the birch, no doubt; and an interdune area, wet and grown up with aspen or cottonwood switches, was described to me as *birky*. *Birkie* in old Scotch has this meaning, and the verb *birk* in Scotland means to answer sharply. In the broadest part of the island near Buxton there are *knows* of sand covered with tall pines.

These words may be mere slovenly pronunciations, but if they are due to mere indolence, it is an indolence that affected our ancestors when they were laying the foundations of the English language, as many of them date back to the age of Chaucer; and they show as diverse origins and as fine a blending of different characters as the Englishman himself. Some of these pronunciations are natural musical variations.

In a Methodist church at Kinnakeet, on Hatteras Island to the north of the Cape, a young mother nursing two children sung to them a mermaid's song,

Follow, follow through the sea,
To the mermaid's melody,
* * *

the tune harmonizing very well with that of the hymn,

Come Thou fount of every blessing,

which the congregation was singing. This was in 1895, and yet the tune was essentially the same as that of Ariel's song in *The Tempest*,

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made—

* * *

sung in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and the music written out in the middle of the seventeenth century by John Banister. I have also heard Rosalind's Madrigal (1590) sung from the rigging of a ship, the sloop *Loreda*,

Love in my bosom like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.

* * *

In the third line the singer said "he tickles me" instead of "he plays with me."

But the question naturally arises: How came this Elizabethan and other English here? In any one of several ways, or in several different ways. There are strong reasons for believing that the lost colony of Roanoke fled to the protection of its friends, the Hatteras Indians. This question was discussed by the writer many years ago. Then there are records of wrecks off Hatteras from 1558, when a ship was cast away near Secotan, manned by white people, and some of its crew preserved by the natives, and 1590, when Captain Spicer, Ralph Skinner, Hance, the surgeon, and others, eleven all told, were washed overboard from the ship of Raleigh's adventurers, to the present time, when many of the inhabitants of the island are there because their forefathers were wrecked there and preferred to remain on the island and make it their home. The language of the island, particularly the older forms of speech found there, is that of the better classes, or at least the middle classes in England in the days of Queen Elizabeth. The Raleigh voyagers having counted among their number gentlemen adventurers from all parts of the kingdom, it is not difficult to imagine that these forms were introduced by them.

The fact is interesting in itself, however we may account for it, and it will soon be a thing of the past, as the traveler and the tourist, the schoolmaster and the trader, are fast making even Hatteras like the rest of the world. The writer's acquaintance with the island began in his early childhood, and he has noted greater changes in the speech of the people since the coming of the daily mail in motor boats, just ten years ago, than he had observed in the preceding thirty years, and the songs of the mothers and the grandmothers are well nigh forgotten by the daughters.

JANUARY, 1910.

The Weather

BY COL. R. B. CREACY.

Of all things terrestrial the weather is the most fickle, variable and uncertain. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and no man knoweth whence it cometh, or whither it goeth, said the inspired writer, and the wind is the most potent factor in the government of the weather. The weather prophet is often an object of derision, and the weather bureau, one of the most expensive pets of the government, as often contradicts as it confirms its predictions.

The seasons come and go, spring follows winter, and summer spring, when one season differs from another—and winter sits smiling in the lap of spring, men put on their overcoats and cry out aghast, “they never saw the like.”

But yet in the ordering of Providence some general laws govern the tides of times. Tradition hands down to us seasons that have been without precedent in the memory of man.

The year 1816 has left a memory still memorable; every month of that famous year had a killing frost, no fruit matured, and the great staple of Indian corn was a withered product, and when gathered readily commanded seven dollars a barrel in the market, and was hardly to be had at that price. The winter was one of unprecedented severity. Albemarle Sound was frozen over, and old Parson Pettigrew crossed the ice from Mackey’s Ferry to Edenton on foot, having a canoe drawn behind him for greater security. There has been but one season since that time when the Albemarle Sound was solidly frozen over. In the early twenties the citizens of Edenton barbecued an ox on the bay, and Dr. James Norcom,* a leader in festive sports, and a prominent citizen, led

*Dr. James Norcom was a skilled surgeon of the War of 1812, recommended by Dr. Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia and appointed by Nathaniel Macon, of North Carolina. A handsome portrait of him by Reynolds, an American artist, is now owned by his descendant, Miss Penelope C. Hoskins Norcom, of Hertford, North Carolina.—THE EDITOR.

the minuet with the belles of Edenton in a dance on the ice around the smeking roast.

But these were exceptional seasons. There are certain laws which generally govern and which all men understand. The north wind has a ball of ice in its breath and the "sweet South" comes to us breathing on a bank of violets, "giving and taking odor." The tides rise and fall, and when they rise wiseacres shake their heads, put on their weather caps and predict rain, and when it falleth dry weather is predicted, but yet often the reverse is true. So let us take comfort and take time and tide and circumstance with a welcome hand and thank God for his omnipotent government.

The Cary Will.

IN THE NAME OF GOD AMEN. I, Mary Cary, of Virginia Surry County do hereby make my last will and testament, that is to say, principally, and first of all I give recommend my soul into the hands of almighty god that gave it, and my body I recommend to the earth to be buried in decent christian burial at the direction of my executor: nothing doubting at a general resurrection I shall receive the same agein by the mighty power of god, and as touching such worldly estate wherewith it has pleased god to bless me in this life, that is to say, I give and bequeath unto my brother Shemuel Kearne my gold studs, a pair of silver mounting spectacles double jointed, and one hundred dollars, also I give and bequeath unto my nephew, Henry Crafford, all my money, that is in the bank of England, the four per cent bank, six silver table spoons, two salt spoons, a case of bottles, one small deal box with papers, and a book or two, one pair of weight and scales, also I give and bequeath unto my neice Crafford my blue satin quilt and ten dollars. Also I give and bequeath unto my neice Leah Hilliard a pair of silver mounting spectacles, single jointed, a set of china and a silver cream pot, one tea tray, one work basket, two napkins and ten dollars. Also I bequeath unto my neice Elizabeth Pettway my watch without the seal, a pair of silver buckles set with stones with some of the stones mist out of them, one floor carpet, one deal chest, a bread basket, two napkins, one shift, a striped lute string coat and habit, a muslin apron and handkerchief, a cap ribons all knotted and edging upon them, one pair of silk stockings, one pair of cotton ditto; one pair of new stays, my large black satin cloak, a pair of gloves, my horse and chair gears, one homespun habit striped with red paint, and fifty dollars, my silver chain and pin-cushion rim and hook, a spice mortar and pestle. Also I

give and bequeath unto me neice Martha Arrington a muslinnet habit and a dimity coat, a muslin apron handkerchief, a linen apron, one trunk that my sister had put her clothes in, one lute string orange colored habit, one home spun habit, a pair of sheats, my yellow grounded habit, cap, a pair of gloves and twenty dollars. Also I give and bequeath unto my nephew Crafford Kearne, twenty dollars, also I give and bequeath unto my two neices Ruth and Drusiller Kearnes two twins, one feather bed, bolster, two pillows, two pillow cases, one pair of brown sheats, one pair of cotton sheats, blue and white counterpain, two blankets, one small cap trunk, two upper coats two under coats, two shifts, two pair of stockings, two muslin aprons, two handkerchiefs, four habits and twenty dollars. Also I give and bequeath unto my neice Barbara Kearne my new feather bed and bolster; two pillows and mattress, four pillow cases one set of bed curtains two window curtains of the same, one base three blankets four sheats, one check counter with red in it, one bed quilt, one bed side carpet, my round top clothes trunk and flat top clothes trunk, my walnut box and all that is in it, after the Legacies is taken out, my looking glass, dressing table, and glass soap box, tea chest and cannisters, six silver tea spoons and silver tea tongs, a mourning ring with William Bennett wrote on it, a blue lute string body of a habit, a striped lute string body of a habit, one muslin apron, two *two* handkerchiefs cap ribins with edging, my short black silk coat, a garnet necklace, one pair of silk stockings, one pair of gloves, one Bible a prayer book with a green cover, a young mans companion, a box iron and heaters, a tea kettle, and a copper kettle, six knives and forks, six napkins, two table clothes marked number one and two, one tin pot with two handles and twenty dollars. Also I give and bequeath unto my nephew Adam Kearne one Dictionary and twenty dollars. Also I give and bequeath unto my neice Leah Kearne twenty dollars. Also I give and bequeath unto my neice Sarah Kearne, twenty dollars. Also I give and bequeath unto my neice Suzanna Mary Kearne,

twenty dollars and a ring with one stone in it. I lend unto my neice Eve Bradley twenty for her own use,—it is my desire that all my land in North Carolina and South Carolina factery and what property soever can be found in South Carolina be sold and equally divided amongst all mentioned in my will, also I do give and bequeath unto my dear nephew Henry Crafford, one hundred dollars and after my funeral charges is paid I leave all the remainder that is not mentioned in my will to be equally divided amongst all named in my will. I do leave my dear nephew Henry Crafford executor to this my last will and testament.—IN WITNESS whereof I set my hand this six day of November 1801 and fixt my seal

MARY CARY (Seal)

Signed, seal'd and delivered in presence of
John Judkins, Mary Pettway
her
Ann X Amy
mark

At a court held for Surry County June the 26th, 1804.

The within written testament and last will of Mary Cary deceased was presented in court by Henry Crafford the executor therein named, and the same being proved by the oaths of John Judkins Gt. Mary Pettway and Ann Amy witnesses thereto was by the court ordered to be recorded. And on the motion of the said executor, who made oath and gave bond with Josiah Wilson Gt. his security in the sum of ten thousand dollars conditioned as the Law directs, certificate is granted him for obtaining a probate thereof in due form.

A copy teste

A. S. Edwards, Clk.

Mary Cary was the widow of James Cary. In May, 1780, he was appointed a major by Lord Cornwallis, and shortly

afterwards by Lord Rawdon he was made Colonel of Militia of the Province of South Carolina, and served under them and General Stewart until the evacuation of South Carolina, December, 1782. He served in the forts of Wateree and Congaree rivers. Being a Tory, of course his American possessions were confiscated. His possessions thus seized consisted of 2262 acres of land, 14 negro slaves, 26 horses, 109 head of black cattle, 35 head of sheep, 363 head of hogs, also tools, plate, furniture, provisions, flax, indigo, madder and cotton; a library valued at £50; the whole valued at £6304-8-0, for which he sought compensation from Parliament. He received a small allowance for the same. His lands were situated in South Carolina, and his residence was there during the Revolutionary War.

Mary Cary was before her marriage Mary Kearne, or Kearney, of Virginia. She married first William Bennett, of Northampton County, North Carolina. She was the sister of Elizabeth Kearney, who married Carter Crawford, or Crafford, of Virginia. The Crawfords come of a distinguished line that has been traced far into the shadowy past and through Sir Ronald Crawford, the grandfather of Sir William Wallace.

The following legatees mentioned in the Cary will, viz., "my neice Leah Hilliard," "my neice Elizabeth Pettway," "my neice Martha Arrington," and "my dear nephew Henry Crafford" were the children of Carter Crawford and Elizabeth Kearney, born August 27, 1745; died October, 1825. The eldest, Leah, married Isaac Hilliard, of Nash County, North Carolina, born July 28, 1738; died June 25, 1790. Their home was "Woodlawn," on Swift Creek, about eleven miles from Rocky Mount. The tract of land consisted of 20,000 acres. Among old letters found in the family there have been found some addressed to "Major Isaac Hilliard." He must have served in the Revolution.

The silver and furniture of Leah Crawford Hilliard can be found now in the possession of her descendants scattered

throughout North Carolina. Her miniature is now owned by a member of the Perry family. Martha Crawford married Joseph Arrington, and has many descendants in this State. Her portrait belongs to Miss Rowe Wiggins, of Wilmington, North Carolina. Captain Henry Crawford (the brother), of Bacon Castle, Surry County, Virginia, never married. He died in 1825, leaving a large estate.

Biographical Sketches of Contributors.

Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, Biographical Editor, has been prevented from preparing a sketch of Dr. Howard Rondthaler for this issue of *THE BOOKLET*.

A sketch of the late Hon. Alfred Moore Waddell, by Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, appeared in *THE BOOKLET* of July, 1907, Vol. VII, No. 1.

Biographical sketches of Prof. Collier Cobb, by Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, appeared in the January, 1912, and the October, 1912, issues of *THE BOOKLET*.

The readers of *THE BOOKLET* will have the pleasure of another article from his gifted pen in this number entitled, "Early English Survivals on Hatteras Island." It has been printed five times, and has had a very flattering reception across the water. There is hardly a European university in which it has not been put to some use.

This paper was a talk delivered for the first time to the English Literature class at Peace Institute, Raleigh, in January, 1910, and published in the *University Magazine* from a report furnished the author by one of the young ladies of the class. Professor Cobb, of course, has made some corrections in the report. The paper appeared in the *North Carolina Review*, February 6, 1910, with the title, "On the Island of Hatteras," given it by Mr. R. D. W. Connor. It was commented on by a number of papers at a distance, and reviewed in *The Geographical Journal* (London: The Royal Geographical Society), September, 1910. Several reprints have been made to meet the European and British demand. Our readers will be pleased to learn that Professor Cobb has on hand material for other studies in anthropogeography, as

French Survivals in the Lowlands of North Carolina, The German Element in Up-country Carolina, Scottish-Highland Survivals in the Carolina Highlands, etc.

Professor Cobb has done excellent work. Few North Carolinians enjoy the international reputation that he has won, and THE BOOKLET is always honored in securing contributions from him.
