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The North Carolina Booklet

GREAT EVENTS IN NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY

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DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION
RALEIGH, N. C.

CONTENTS

PAGE.

Major General Stephen D. Ramseur 69
By Chief Justice Clark.

Historic Homes—"The Fountain" 76
By Captain Edmund Jones.

Martha McFarlane Bell 88
By Mary Hilliard Hinton.

Genealogical Department 97

Biographical Sketches 103

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The North Carolina Booklet

Great Events in North Carolina History

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MISS MARY HILLIARD HINTON,
Editor North Carolina Booklet,
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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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Major General Stephen D. Ramseur.

The North Carolina Booklet

Vol. XVI **OCTOBER, 1916** **No. 2**

Major General Stephen Dodson Ramseur.

An Address delivered at the Presentation of the Portrait of Major General Stephen D. Ramseur, by CHIEF JUSTICE CLARK, 7 June, 1916.

Ladies of the Memorial Association, Comrades of the Confederacy, Ladies and Gentlemen:

On 20 May, 1861, a date chosen because it was the anniversary of our first Declaration of Independence, at Mecklenburg, there assembled in the southern wing of the Capitol a Convention commissioned by the popular will to again declare the sovereignty of the State. In that Assembly were many of the foremost men of the State: Ruffin, Badger, Graham, Bedford Brown, Armfield, Arrington, Ashe, Barnes, Biggs, Burton Craige, R. P. Dick, John A. Gilmer, Bryan Grimes, T. L. Hargrove, W. W. Holden, John Manning, Anderson Mitchell, Judge Osborne, Kenneth Raynor, David S. Reid, A. W. Venable, E. J. Warren, Warren Winslow, N. W. Woodfin, Weldon N. Edwards, and many others. The sole survivor of the 120 men that day assembled on that high errand is the distinguished and venerable ex-President of our State University, Kemp P. Battle.

There was small delay in organizing, for the war was already in motion, and after brief discussion the ordinance was quickly and unanimously passed, which repealed that by which we had entered the Union at Fayetteville in 1789, and North Carolina was again a sovereign and independent nation. Indeed on that day we were under three different governments. Until noon we were a State in the Union of the United States, for a few hours we were a sovereign and independent people, and before night the Convention had passed the ordinance which made North Carolina one of the Confederate States.

As soon as the ordinance was passed Major Graham Daves, the private secretary of Governor Ellis, threw open a window on the west side of the House of Representatives and announced to the young captain of artillery who stood waiting on the lawn below with his battery of six guns and his men at their post, that this State had ceased to be one of the United States. Immediately a salvo of 100 guns announced to the world that North Carolina was a sovereign and independent State.

The young captain of artillery, then not quite 24 years of age, a graduate of West Point in the previous year, who had resigned his commission in the United States Army to offer his sword to the South, was Stephen D. Ramseur, of Lincoln County. Somewhat small in stature, but brave, handsome, quick in his movements, ambitious, and accomplished, he was the beau ideal of a soldier. He was destined in the next three years to rise from Lieutenant to Major General, and to die on the field of battle at the head of his division. The company of artillery which he commanded became a part of the history of the immortal army of Northern Virginia as Manly's Battery. Its officers, Basil Manly, Saunders, Guion, and Bridgers, knowing the need of an army officer to train the battery, asked Governor Ellis for the best soldier to command them. The Governor promptly replied, "I know the man," and designated this young officer, who was then at Montgomery, Ala., where he had gone to tender his services to the President of the Confederacy. Under his instruction the battery soon attained supreme excellence, and held to the end a reputation surpassed by none.

In August Captain Ramseur was ordered with his battery to Smithfield, Virginia, and in the spring of 1862 it passed over to the Peninsula, where McClellan was landing his army, on York River, and this battery opened the battle at Williamsburg. Captain Ramseur on that day was promoted to Major, and placed in command of the artillery of our right wing, Basil C. Manly becoming Captain. Major Ramseur

was soon tendered and declined the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the Third North Carolina Regiment. Soon after he accepted the Colonelcy of the Fifty-Ninth North Carolina Regiment in Ransom's Brigade. In command of that regiment he shared in the seven days fights around Richmond, and was very severely wounded at the unfortunate battle of Malvern Hill on 1 July, 1862.

After the death of the gallant George B. Anderson, who died of wounds received at Sharpsburg, Ramseur, at the age of 25, was placed in command 1 November, 1862, of that historic brigade, which was composed of the 2 N. C., 4 N. C., 14 N. C., and 30 N. C. regiments—a brigade that furnished two Major Generals to the Confederacy, Ramseur and Bryan Grimes, besides Brigadier Generals W. R. Cox, from the 2 N. C. regiment, George B. Anderson and Bryan Grimes from the 4 N. C., and Junius Daniel, from the 14 N. C. Among its many other officers of note was Col. C. C. Tew, of the 2 N. C., who was killed at Sharpsburg, and Lieut-Col. W. P. Bynum, of the same regiment, afterward Justice of the Supreme Court. W. T. Faircloth, later Chief Justice, was Quartermaster in that regiment. In the 14 N. C. regiment Risden Tyler Bennett, of blessed memory, succeeded Junius Daniel as Colonel, and the 30 N. C. was commanded by that brave officer, Frank M. Parker.

To recount the battles in which Ramseur shared would be to relate the history of the Army of Northern Virginia. At Chancellorsville on 3 May, 1863, Ramseur, at the head of his brigade, so greatly distinguished himself that General Lee wrote a letter to Governor Vance, saying: "General Ramseur was among those whose conduct was especially commended to my notice by Lieutenant-General Jackson in the message sent to me after he was wounded," adding, "I consider the brigade and regimental commanders of this brigade as among the best of their respective grades in the army." It was in this battle on 3 May, 1863, that Stonewall Jackson was wounded. He died a week later on 10 May, which day North

Carolina still keeps in remembrance as its memorial day for the Confederacy.

Ramseur's brigade belonged to Rodes' Division, Jackson's Corps in that great battle. It was in the famous Gettysburg campaign, and after the three days fight there, when Brigadier-General Iverson, of Georgia, was removed from the command of his brigade, General Ramseur was given the unusual honor of being placed in command of both brigades. In the fall of that year, after the return from Pennsylvania, while our troops were in winter quarters near Orange Courthouse, he was given a furlough, and was married to Miss Ellen E. Richmond, of Caswell County.

In May, 1864, when Grant, with over 120,000 men crossed the Rapidan, Ramseur and his brigade were in almost daily battle with the enemy down to the James River. On 11 May, at Spottsylvania Courthouse, Ramseur and his men went over our breastworks and drove the enemy from our front in a hand to hand engagement. On the next day the situation of our line at the "Salient" having been made known to the enemy during the night by a deserter, Grant threw an irresistible force in overwhelming numbers on that exposed position, capturing Ed. Johnson's Division. Ramseur, Rodes, and the gallant men of those commands, charged the enemy and drove two successive lines of battle out of their works in a hand to hand encounter. In an address before the Army of Northern Virginia, Colonel Venable, of Lee's staff, says: "The restoration of the battle on the 12th, rendering utterly futile the success thus achieved by Hancock's corps at daybreak, was a wonderful feat of arms, in which all the troops engaged deserve the greatest credit for endurance, constancy, and unflinching courage. But without unjust discrimination we may say that Gordon, Rodes and Ramseur were the heroes of this bloody day. . . . Rodes and Ramseur were destined, alas, in a few short months to lay down their noble lives in the Valley of Virginia. There was no victor's chaplet more highly prized by the Roman soldier

than that woven of the grass of early spring. Then let the earliest flowers of May be always intertwined in the garlands which the pious hands of our fair women shall lay on the tombs of Rodes and Ramseur, and of the gallant dead of the battle of twenty hours at Spottsylvania."

Old soldiers of the army of Northern Virginia will tell you that during the whole war there was no contest bloodier, or in which more gallantry was displayed, than on the 12th of May at Spottsylvania Courthouse. After the war I saw in the porch of the war department at Washington City the trunk of a tree 12 inches in diameter that had been cut entirely through by minie balls from both sides. After the battle General Lee and Lieut.-Gen. Ewell, the corps commander, both thanked Ramseur in person and expressed their high appreciation of the conspicuous services and heroic daring of his brigade. In further recognition, on 27 May, then not quite 27 years of age, he was made a Major General, and assigned to the command of Early's Division. Truly, as Napoleon said of himself, "Men age quickly on the battlefield."

After the battle of Second Cold Harbor on 3 June, so fatal to the Federal Army, Ramseur's division, together with Rodes' and Gordon's, were placed under the command of Early, and sent to the Valley of Virginia. They defeated Hunter's Army, crossed the Potomac, and on 11 July, 1864, were in sight of the Capitol at Washington, which they were preparing to take at daylight next morning, when the 6th and 19th corps of the Federal Army, which had been sent by Grant, arrived just in time to prevent the capture of the city. Sullenly and slowly retiring across the Potomac, our army was forced back up the valley, and at Winchester on 19 September General Rodes, commanding one division, was killed. Just a month later, on 19 October, at Cedar Creek, we achieved a splendid success, the Federal Army had fled in a panic when Sheridan arrived on the field, and with reinforcements restored the battle. General Ramseur, in holding his line, had

two horses killed under him, and was twice wounded, on the latter occasion fatally, and fell into the enemy's hands.

Many of the Federal Generals were his former friends at West Point and in the old army, and the best attention was given him. He was taken to General Sheridan's headquarters where he had the service of both his own and the Federal surgeons, but in vain, and on the next day his bright and gallant spirit passed into the great beyond.

General Sheridan had his body embalmed and sent it under a flag of truce with an escort of honor to our lines, where it was received by Ramseur's boyhood friend from his own county of Lincoln, General Robert F. Hoke.

General Early in his report of the battle says, "General Ramseur met the death of a hero, and with his fall the last hope of saving the day was lost. He was a soldier of whom his State has reason to be proud. He was brave, chivalrous and capable."

The division which he was first assigned to command consisted of Pegram's Virginia brigade (the 13, 31, 49, 52 and 58 Virginia regiments); R. D. Johnston's N. C. brigade consisting of the 5, 12, 20 and 23 N. C. regiments, and Godwin's N. C. brigade (the 6, 21, 54 and 57 N. C. regiments and 1 N. C. battalion). On the death of General Rodes he was transferred and placed in command of that division which consisted of Battle's Alabama brigade, Cook's Georgia brigade, Grimes' N. C. brigade (the 32, 43, 45, and 53 N. C. regiments and 2 N. C. battalion) and Cox's N. C. brigade (Ramseur's old brigade), composed of the 1, 2, 3, 4, 14 and 30 N. C. regiments, the remnants of 1 and 3 N. C. regiments having been added to this brigade after the capture of the bulk of these regiments at the Salient.

Thus three short years sum up the career of this splendid young soldier who in four years from his graduation as a cadet at West Point had become a Major General, whose fame was known to both armies. He fell in battle at the head of his division, and was spared the anguish, the sorrow and humilia-

tion of the failing days of the Confederacy and Reconstruction—fortunate in the hour and manner of his death—as in his life.

General Ramseur was a member of an old and respected family in the county of Lincoln, which, though small in area, has furnished many splendid men to the State in civil life, and among its gallant soldiers there were three Generals: Major General Stephen D. Ramseur, Major General Robert F. Hoke, and Brigadier General Robert D. Johnston. Hoke and Ramseur were about the same age, and Johnston still younger. No county in the State surpassed the record made by its soldiers of every rank from private to General.

Thus briefly has been summed up the story of this gallant young soldier, hardly more than a boy when he died. His fame belongs not alone to North Carolina, but to the whole country.

North Carolina has cause to be proud of the record of her soldiers in that great war. No other State, North or South, furnished as many men in proportion to its population, and certainly none were better or braver soldiers.

The day before he received his fatal wound, General Ramseur received news of the birth of his daughter, his only child, and he went into battle wearing a flower in her honor. Soldiers, comrades, we have the honor to have her with us today—Miss Mary Dodson Ramseur. She is the donor of this portrait of her gallant and distinguished father which, honored by her request, I now present to the State to be hung on these walls in perpetual memorial that the generations to come may remember what manner of man he was who knew how to die for his country and his duty.

As was said of the greatest soldier of the centuries:

> "The lightnings may flash and the loud cannon rattle,
> He heeds not, he hears not, he's free from all pain;
> He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle,
> No sound can awake him to glory again."

Historic Homes, Part VII:

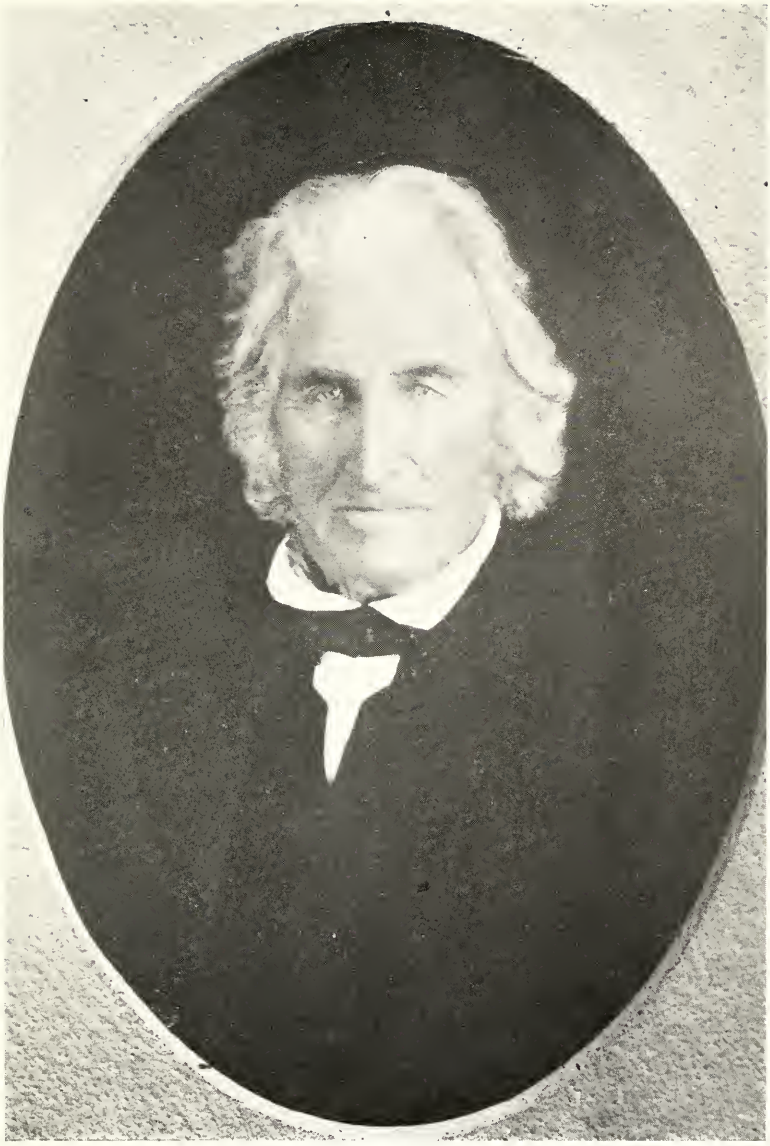
"THE FOUNTAIN" AND ITS BUILDER.

By Captain Edmund Jones.

What manner of men they were, what their conceptions of public and social duty, and what advance, if any, our civilization has made over that represented by them, is, or should be the object of the review of the lives, character and times of the men of the past, prominent as the builders of our State and master workmen upon its foundations. Objects seen through a mist always appear larger than the reality; but the outlines are blurred and indistinct. So viewed through the curtain of intervening years, our ancestors seem, to our partial eyes, to loom up to almost gigantic proportions. Filial respect, inherited veneration, and pride of ancestry, have buried with their bodies every fault and weakness and exaggerated each virtue, until it is difficult to separate the shadow from the substance and arrive at the true dimensions of those long since gone, but whom we think "have deserved well of the Republic."

The North Carolina Booklet, that "Old Mortality" among all the State publications, whose gentle mission it is to keep clear and distinct the names on the moss-covered tombs of those deemed worthy to be remembered by posterity, has from time to time given to the public a series of charming sketches of men, women and places, venerable in our annals, but whose history is all too unknown in this hurry-day age. The editor of the Booklet has deemed the subject of this sketch to be worthy of remembrance, and has asked the writer to prepare a paper on Colonel William Davenport, of "The Fountain," in the "Happy Valley" of the Yadkin.

William Davenport was born in Culpepper County, Virginia, October 12, 1769, and was one of the several children of Martin Davenport and his wife, née Baker. The family came early to America from the South of Wales, probably



Colonel William Davenport.

during the emigration from England of the Royalists after the establishment of the "Commonwealth" under Oliver Cromwell. The family was an old and respected one, but without any claim to noble or even knightly lineage. A few years before the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, Martin Davenport removed from Virginia with his family to Burke County, North Carolina, and made his home on John's River, now in the county of Caldwell. Here in this borderland between civilization on the East and the great mountains full of unfriendly Cherokees on the West, this pioneer family were living in abundance and in such peace as their surroundings permitted, when the news of the battle of Lexington aroused the colonists to a realization of the fact that they were looking into the face of war. He whose trusty rifle had ever protected wife, child, and home from prowling enemy and savage beast, was equally ready to repel alien foe, and among the very first, Martin Davenport aligned himself with the Whigs and became one of the bravest, boldest and most efficient of that wild band that rode with Old Ben Cleveland.

When the boy William became of school-age, the whole continent was in the throes of the Revolution. On this remote frontier there were no school book and no schools. Save what he may have learned from the instruction of a wise and prudent mother, it is to be doubted if he ever had any schooling until after the close of the war; but from what appears subsequently, it is certain that even at that tender age, the intricacies of the rifle and the use of the hunting knife were no mysteries to him. At the age of twelve he killed on Toe River, in what is now Avery County, the last elk ever seen wild in North Carolina. He afterwards gave the splendid horns to General William Lenoir, who donated them to the University of North Carolina, where the writer saw them in the attic of the old South building when he was a student at Chapel Hill immediately after the close of the Civil War.

As proof of the aphorism that "the child is father to the man," the following incident is well vouched for, and I give

it as related in a sketch of Colonel Davenport, written by the late Nelson A. Powell, of Lenoir, N. C.: "When William was about ten years of age, a noted Tory officer named McFall, rode up with a squad to Martin Davenport's home, he being absent on military duty. The officer demanded dinner and ordered William to feed their horses. William answered, 'If you want them fed, do it yourself, for I shan't.' The order was repeated, accompanied by severe threats, but he persistently refused, sensible of the degradation involved in it. Upon his repeated refusal the Tory whipped him cruelly, ordering him to feed the horses. The Tories entered the house to satisfy their own appetites; but William fed no horses; instead thereof, he secured a gun and followed the road they were to take, for some three-fourths of a mile from the residence, concealed himself behind some bushes on a bank overhanging the road, cocked the gun and waited for the officer and squad to approach his ambush, when he intended to shoot him. Providentially for William, and perhaps for the Tory, before the squad approached him, they turned from the main road and took a near cut by a bridle path. The boy waited until the sun began to set before he returned to eat his own dinner, and to see what had become of the unwelcome guests." McFall nevertheless did not escape vengeance, for later he was among those captured at King's Mountain, and was among the thirty-two upon whom the death sentence was imposed, seven of whom only were actually executed. McFall was among those whose sentence was commuted until Colonel Ben Cleveland, who was one of the court-martial, hearing McFall's name called, and remembering the incident above mentioned, spoke out, "That man McFall is not fit to live; he went to the house of one of my best soldiers, Martin Davenport, while he was absent, insulted Mrs. Davenport and whipped his child. Hang him!" The sentence was carried out thereupon and forthwith.

One can hardly realize in our time the obstacles in the way of acquiring even a rudimentary education in a remote section

of the country during the period immediately following the close of the Revolution. But, that Colonel Davenport did acquire a very solid and substantial knowledge of our language, as well as excellent proficiency in mathematics, is evidenced from the fact that he was early recognized as one of the most accurate and reliable surveyors in all western Carolina. It is to be deplored that the identity of his teacher cannot now be established. Whosoever he was, he was an instructor of rare proficiency. School books were scarce and costly. The writer has several of William Davenport's school books. Among them a curious old geography with many quaint maps, and an arithmetic written out in full from cover to cover with pen and ink, with every letter and figure beautifully made, and the different headings flourished out in several colored inks, doubtless the product of the trees, shrubs and berries that were natives of the forests that surrounded his home. On the inside of the card-board cover in Colonel Davenport's handwriting, is the statement that "W. Davenport made this book at school in the year 1787." The book is about the size of a merchant's day-book, and, in common with several others on different subjects, is covered with buckskin from deer, doubtless the victims of his own rifle, and tanned with that beauty of finish and certainty of durability, the method of which was so well known to the Indians and early hunters, but which in our day seems to be among the lost arts.

In the year 1800 Colonel Davenport represented Burke County in the lower House of the General Assembly, and in 1802 was the State Senator from that district. His sterling worth and fine character even at the age of thirty-one had impressed itself upon his fellow citizens. Among the papers of Waightstill Avery, the signer of the Mecklenburg Declaration, was found addressed to the voters, a letter in which "young Billy Davenport" is recommended as a fit and proper person to represent the county in the General Assembly. Then, as now, politics had its rough side, for the Colonel

became involved in a controversy with General Balus Edney. The matter led to a challenge from General Edney to Colonel Davenport. The challenge was accepted, and arrangements made by their seconds to meet at six o'clock the next morning at a designated spot near Morganton and settle the difficulty with rifles. Colonel Davenport was promptly on hand at the time and place with his deadly rifle, but his antagonist never showed up. Information of the meeting had somehow gotten to the officers of the law, and General Edney had been placed under arrest, and the duel prevented.

About this time he married Mary Gordon, widow of Major Charles Gordon, and eldest daughter of General William Lenoir. Major Gordon was one of the distinguished Wilkes County family of that name, and was the uncle of General John B. Gordon, of Georgia, and also General James B. Gordon, commander of the famous North Carolina cavalry brigade of Lee's Army. After his marriage, he moved his residence to the "Happy Valley" in order that his wife might remain near her family and kindred. In 1807 he completed "The Fountain," named from a beautiful spring near by, the fine old home where he spent the remainder of his days, and which is still the seat of a gracious hospitality at the hands of his great grandchildren. The sills of the house are of massive black walnut logs, hewed to a square. The pillars of the portico were of the same precious wood, and were *painted white* to correspond with the rest of the house and as a matter of adornment. Black walnut was of no particular value then, while white paint was considered the limit of taste and elegance. "The Fountain" was henceforth one of those fine old country homes of the "Happy Valley," the occupants of which were all related, and where for a hundred years a gracious hospitality was, and still is, dispensed.

The Fountain, as originally constructed, was along building lines generally in vogue at that day and time for residences on Southern plantations. Two stories in height, with a portico in front the entire length of the house, the corresponding

side in the rear one-story shed rooms built to and constituting a part of the main building. At each end were great, broad, massive chimneys, and on the inside fire-places in each room corresponding in size to the chimneys. There was not a passage in the house; their use and convenience seem not to have been known or were unappreciated. The staircase ran up from the inside of the rooms, all of which, on the same floor, were connected by doors in the partition walls. Immediately under the roof was the great garret; that awful and mysterious region where ghosts walked and where dire and fearful engines of torment were stored for the purpose of administering punishment to delinquent children or those too daring or inquisitive in their investigations. The "big house" occupied one side of a quadrilateral. On another was the dairy, the loom-room and the kitchen; opposite on the other side was the smoke-house, granary and carriage house. On the far side and in the rear across the road were the negro quarters in easy call of the master's voice, the whole constituting the typical planter's seat, as many of the passing generation remember them. The outlook from the front commanded mountain and valley, and took in the entire scope of the broad acres that constituted the plantation. In the interior the inevitable grandfather clock, made in Morganton early in the nineteenth century by one of those wonderfully skillful wandering clockmakers, whose tribe machinery has caused to become extinct, still sits in the place where for so many years it ticked off the days, hours, minutes and seconds.

At the close of the Civil War Captain William Davenport Jones, a grandson, returned from the battlefields and made "The Fountain" his home. Here he lived until his own death four years ago. Here sons and daughters were born unto him; here some have "gone to the bridal, some to the grave"; here some of them still reside, and here is the spot that they all, wherever located, call "home."

About the year 1879, Captain Jones prevailed upon that accomplished Englishman, General Collett Leventhorpe, and

his wife, to come to "The Fountain" and make it his home. He and General Leventhorpe had married sisters, daughters of General Edmund Bryan, of Rutherford. They had served through the war together, and were much attached to each other, brothers in affection as well as brothers-in-law. With him General Leventhrope brought many rare, curious and beautiful works of art; bronzes, vases, etchings and paintings, on canvas, on wood and on metal, collected in all sorts of places and in many climes, representing the Dutch, Flemish and Italian schools. None of them were less than a hundred years old, and many much older. Among them, peerless in its beauty, is a painting of the Madonna and Child that legend ascribes, and many good judges believe, is one of the earlier works of the great Raphael. Be that as it may, it is wonderfully beautiful, and it shows for itself that it is very ancient. There are also in the collection many etchings of Rembrandt, and two paintings of Ostard, an exquisite copy of the Temperantia vase, and what is believed to be a crucifix in solid silver by Benvenuto Cellini. At his death General Leventhorpe left his rare collection to his wife, and when she died, having no children of her own, she divided by will these art treasures among her nephews and nieces, children of Captain Jones. The Raphael (?), together with many of the rarest and most valuable articles, is still to be seen at "The Fountain."

In 1813 Colonel Davenport was sent to represent the county of Wilkes in the General Assembly, but thereafter could not be induced to accept another election. He was, however, for a number of years register of the county, with his accomplished wife as his chief amanuensis. The books of that office made during the period of his incumbency, are well worth examining. The writer has never seen any records that in beauty and excellence were their equal. Whole volumes appear in the copper-plate hand of Mrs. Davenport without a scratch, blot or erasure.

"The Fountain," the Home of Colonel Davenport.

In 1821 he was appointed by the Commissioners on the part of North Carolina, as surveyor for the State, to join with the representatives of the State of Tennessee in surveying out and establishing the dividing line between the two States from the point where another set of Commissioners left off in 1779, to the Georgia line, a stretch of near one hundred and twenty miles. The whole distance was through a wild, rough, densely wooded and almost uninhabited mountain country. This trying and difficult service was performed with the same particularity and fidelity that marked everything that fell in the line of his duty. Accurate reports, field notes and maps were made and deposited in the archives of the State, where, unfortunately they were lost or destroyed in the burning of the old Capitol. Nearly a hundred years afterward a great lawsuit sprung up between the claimants of many thousand acres of very valuable timber lands situated along the line that had been run. The plaintiffs claimed under grants from the State of North Carolina, the defendants by virtue of grants from the State of Tennessee. The Tennessee records were too incomplete to decide the location of the line, while those of North Carolina had been destroyed. The marks made on the trees at the time the survey was made had nearly "grown out," and the living witnesses had all passed away. In this dilemma the writer was applied to, to make a search among Colonel Davenport's old papers, to which he had ready access, and see if anything could be unearthed that might throw light upon the troubled question. A mass of ancient papers was gone through, but without result. At last a great, massive sideboard that had always in Colonel Davenport's day sat against the wall in the parlor, was entered and searched. From its labyrinth of pigeon holes, concealed receptacles and secret drawers was at last abstracted a note book, and upon examination it was found to be the long lost field notes of Colonel Davenport, giving the course and distance of every part of the line. This was at once placed in the hands of Attorney General T. W. Bickett,

and by him laid before the Supreme Court of the United States, where the case was then pending on appeal. These notes decided the controversy, and North Carolina won out, thanks to the forethought and careful business methods of Colonel Davenport.

In personal appearance he was a most striking figure. Five feet and ten inches in height, with broad, massive shoulders and deep chest, he tapered from shoulder to the small foot encased in a number six shoe. The body was surmounted with a noble head covered by a snow-white, leonine mane, which curled down and rested on his shoulders. The face, of which a great Roman nose was the chief feature, was lit up by a pair of clean, clear, straight looking eyes, blue in color and set beneath an overhanging brow; a firm, square jaw and straight, well set lips, the whole constituting a face and figure once seen was not easily forgotten. Great age was never able to bow his figure with the weight of years, and at near ninety he was as straight as a lance. He was remarkably neat in dress, and while his apparel was of good and simple material, it was the product of the best tailors of his day. He sometimes told with great relish an anecdote at his own expense as illustrative of the notable prominence of his chief facial feature. While dining on one occasion at the hospitable residence of Hon. John Hinton, one of his fellow members of the Legislature from Wake County, Mrs. Hinton, impressed and in a manner fascinated by the great eagle-beak, intended to ask him "to make a long arm" and help himself to some dish on the table, but unconsciously speaking what was uppermost in her mind, asked him "to make long nose" and help himself to the salad, to the utter confusion of the gracious lady, and the intense amusement of the company, Colonel Davenport included.

Being of a quick and somewhat irascible temper, he kept a constant guard over it, and regulated his life in society, in business, in methods and in words, by rules of his own making, in the observance of which he was firm and even obsti-

nate. He was the owner of a great and fertile plantation, and "The Fountain" was always the home of abundance. No attention was paid by him to prevailing market prices for products of the farm. Intrinsic value alone was his guide. A bushel of corn was the synonym for fifty cents, and a bushel of wheat for a dollar. If the market price for either was above these figures he still sold for the same; if below, he let it remain in his crib, unless he gave it away. This writer has seen one of his cribs containing a thousand bushels of two year old corn. "Davenport measure" was proverbial in his day, and the meaning is even now well understood by the older men of his community. A half bushel meant a measure upon which the contents must be piled as long as it could be heaped on, the result of which was that it took five pecks to make a Davenport bushel.

As illustrative of the firmness with which he maintained his "rules," I was told more than twenty-five years ago, by one of his neighbors, himself then over ninety years old, the following instance, which I give in his own language: "One year there was almost an entire failure of the wheat crop, and the quality was so poor that I did not think it was worth while to save any of it for seed. Some one told me that Colonel Davenport has raised some good wheat of a new kind. I went down to see him and get eight bushels to sow. When I mentioned my business to him he said, 'Yes, Johnnie, I have some wheat that will do very well for seed.' Upon being asked the price, he replied that he always had one price for grain, 50 cents for corn and a dollar for wheat. I thereupon told him that I would take eight bushels, but that I did not have the money to pay for it right then. To this he replied, 'That's all right,' but if not paid for in cash the price would be a dollar and five cents. I argued the matter with him, but he was firm, saying that was his rule, and he couldn't break his rule for anybody. After a while I got a little piqued, and told him I wouldn't take it. This appeared to disturb him powerful, and he run his hands down in his breeches pockets

and dropped his head and seemed to study a long time. After a while he raised his head and says, 'Johnnie, I'll tell you how we can fix this. I haven't got any rule against lending a friend money, and I'll lend you the money to pay for the wheat, and you can pay it back whenever you get ready.' I told him that if that suited him better it was all right with me. He then ran his hand down into his pocket and pulled out eight dollars and handed them to me, and I handed them back to him and took the wheat."

The writer remembers once being at "The Fountain" when two great, four-horse wagons drove up and wanted 100 bushels of corn. The preceding year, owing to prolonged drought, had cut the crop to a point where, outside of the fertile bottom lands of the Yadkin, there was great scarcity in the surrounding counties, and the price was unusually high. On the occasion mentioned, the following conversation took place: "Good morning! Is this Colonel Davenport?" "Yes." "Colonel, we understand you have some corn to sell?" "Yes, I have some that I could spare." "Well, we want to buy a hundred bushels, and we have the money to pay for it." "Where are you from?" asked the Colonel. They told him from Gaston. "You say you have the money to pay for it?" They told him they had. "Well," said the Colonel, "If you have the money to pay for it you can drive on down the river, where there is plenty of corn for sale. I am going to keep mine, for my poor neighbors that can't pay for it." This ended the negotiation.

Soon after the completion of his residence, he erected in a beautiful grove on his plantation, and in a central and convenient location, a large and roomy church with an annex for negroes, and here during his life, whenever there was service, he and his relatives and neighbors, with their many slaves, might be found assembled for worship. He always retained the title to the property, for he would never permit it to be sectarianized, though he himself was a devoted Methodist. He was one of the foremost subscribers to all the churches

erected in Lenoir during his lifetime, although he lived eight miles away in the country. He was one of the founders and the chief contributor to Davenport Female College, which was named in his honor, and in which he maintained a warm interest as long as he lived. He abhorred thriftlessness and waste, but no worthy poor or unfortunate man ever went away from his presence empty-handed.

For sixty-five years he was a justice of the peace, and settled the controversies and contentions of his neighbors according to that patriarchal code, which, at that time, was the "common law of the land."

He loved the open-air life, and even after he had passed his fourscore years, could be seen every forenoon, when weather permitted, riding horseback over his broad acres, while the summer afternoons were passed on the portico dozing in his arm-chair, occasionally rousing to throw his cane at some impudent crowing rooster that was disturbing his repose.

So peacefully did his life pass away that he refused to take to his bed, and he died with loving eyes fixed upon the mountains that had been to him both companions and shelter through all the long years of his life.

Martha McFarlane Bell.

By Mary Hilliard Hinton.

Some claim that North Carolina has had few women of the heroic type that by their phenomenal gifts have performed deeds that have attracted and held the attention of the world to such an extent as to win permanent places in her archives. This idea prevails through sheer ignorance. No State can show a longer list of Revolutionary heroines and as loyal devotion to the patriot cause as the dames and damsels of the Old North State. Caruthers himself says: "It is believed that there were as many females in the Old North State as in any other, who, for their sacrifices, their sufferings, and their patriotic services, deserve an honorable notice in history as in any one of the 'Old Thirteen.'" Think of a slip of a girl saving the Albemarle section from the invader's pillage! Such was the service rendered her country by Betsy Dowdy when she warned General Skinner of the British plans, thereby making possible the victory of the Battle of Great Bridge. The defiance of the brave women of Edenton, spurred on by Penelope Barker, adds another gem to our rosary of patriotic achievements. To commemorate their heroic patriotism, the Daughters of the Revolution placed in the rotunda of the State Capitol the first memorial that has adorned that building. Doctor Dillard has told of them in the first volume of the Booklet. Little Virginia Dare's story was the first article contributed to our magazine, and that ideal type of the Old Regime, the late Major Graham Daves, was the author. Doctor Henderson has written for us the life of the brave Elizabeth Maxwell Steele; Mr. W. C. Ervin has recounted the deeds of the beautiful Grace Greenlee; the rides of Mary Slocumb and Rebecca Lanier have been described. Other names that deserve homage are forgotten, and facts concerning their chequered lives have not been

collected. It is the object of the Bloomsbury Chapter to gather the names of North Carolina's notable women, to write sketches of their lives and to store them away among the archives of the State Society.

Of the heroines of the Revolution none were braver than Martha McFarlane Bell, whose existence from the day of open hostilities till peace settled down on the ramparts of Yorktown was harassed by constant dangers. Hers was not the pyrotechnic display of a few hours heroism; it covered the expanse of the years that marked the period known as the American Revolution. The Reverend E. W. Caruthers, D.D., published his book, "The Old North State in 1776," in 1856, and as late in the century as that, he states, the knowledge of her life was each year becoming more unreliable, and that his sketch of Mrs. Bell contains the reminiscences of individuals who had the advantage of knowing her personally, and he can vouch for their authenticity.

In historic Orange County Mrs. Bell was born and reared. Her home was situated in the southern part, or that section which later fell within the boundaries of the present county of Alamance. She sprang from Scotch or Scotch-Irish ancestry, as her maiden name McFarlane indicates. She could at no time of life have been called a beauty, but she possessed some fine features, and was considered "a good looking woman." Though by no means masculine, but ever deporting herself with modesty, she was gifted with a strong mind, an ardent temperament and great firmness. She could love devotedly and hate with equal intensity, which made her a valuable friend, but an undesirable enemy. She possessed a high sense of duty, and won and held the respect of the communities in which she lived. She feared her Maker, and nothing on earth.

Some eight or ten years prior to the Revolution Martha McFarlane married a young widower, Colonel John McGee, with two children and an ample fortune. Their home was on Sandy Creek in the northern portion of Randolph County.

Colonel McGee owned a vast landed estate, a mill, a country store, etc., and carried on a larger business than any other man in Randolph. Dying about the beginning of the Revolution, he left his wife with five little children, three boys and two girls, to struggle with the world. One son became a Presbyterian, the other a Methodist, minister—all were in time church members. Being the richest widow in that locality, it is said many sought her hand in marriage, particularly the frisky young widowers and the less matrimonially inclined bachelors of the prime, who evidently because she turned down their attentions considered her "a little haughty." Finally William Bell, a widower, won her affections, and on May 6, 1779, they were united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

From the moment the ties were severed with the Mother Country, Mrs. Bell espoused the patriot cause. Many are the incidents related that tested her remarkable fearlessness and presence of mind. Danger, instead of intimidating her, merely inspired to greater exertion of mind and body. She desired above all things to be useful, and being by nature a nurse, she never let an opportunity pass to serve the sick and needy, going when called to any one, even long distances, by sun as well as moon and starlight. These acts of kindness were gratuitous till the ravages of war depleted her one-time plentiful possessions, then a regular charge was made. To take such journeys this brave woman risked in those troublous times and to escape unharmed seems indeed a marvel. The country was but sparsely settled, the roads at times almost impassable, and cuthroats and desperadoes ubiquitous, yet this woman, mounted on a noble steed and armed with dirk and pistols like the knight of old, sallied forth on deeds of mercy. During the war she sometimes encountered insults and attacks at the hands of ruffians, but her wonderful self-possession always rescued her from harm.

On one occasion, about the close of the Revolution, she was traveling an unfrequented road, obeying an appeal for help,

when she espied ahead a perfect desperado and outlaw by the name of Stephen Lewis, generally called Steve Lewis, a member of Fanning's Corps. When he beheld her approaching he dismounted, hitched his horse, set his gun against a tree and then took his stand in the middle of the road. As she approached he seized her horse by the bridle and ordered her to dismount, at which she drew her pistol and threatened to shoot him on the spot should he move a step. Woman's nature is not to take human life, though had Mrs. Bell fired and killed this notorious Tory, it would have been a Cordet-like act. However, she pursued the milder course and was content with taking him prisoner, driving him home before her at the point of the pistol, ready at any moment to fire. Since there was no man there to keep guard over him, he escaped to meet later by his own brother's hand death in his own house.

After the profitless victory at Guilford Courthouse, Cornwallis' Army on its way to Wilmington encamped for about two days at the Bell plantation. The troops arrived about the middle of the afternoon, the main division stacked arms at John Clarke's, the adjoining plantation. While Cornwallis seized her house as headquarters, he knew the character of the landlady, and treated her with marked respect. Cornwallis enquired the whereabouts of William Bell.

She replied: "In Greene's camp."

"Is he an officer or a soldier in the army?"

"He is not; but thought it better to go to his friends than to stay and fall into the hands of his enemies."

"Madam I must make your house my headquarters, and have the use of your mill for a few days to grind for my army while I remain here."

"Sir, you possess the power, and, of course will do as you please without my consent; but, after using my mill, do you intend to burn it before you leave?"

"Madam, why do you ask that question?"

"Sir, answer my question first, then I will answer yours in a short time."

His lordship then assured her that the mill should not be burnt or injured; but that he must use it to prepare provisions for his army, and further added: That by making her house his headquarters he would be a protection to herself, her house, and everything in or about it; "for," said he, "no soldier of mine dare to plunder or commit depredations near my quarters."

To this she replied: "Now, sir, you have done me a favor by giving me a satisfactory answer to my question, and I will answer yours. Had your lordship said that you intended to burn our mill, I had intended to save you the trouble by burning it myself before you derived much benefit from it; but as you assure me that you will be a protection to me, and to the property about the house, I will make no further objections to your using our mill, and making my house your headquarters while you stay, which I think you said would be only for a few days."

This compact was kept literally by both parties.

When Cornwallis entered the house he announced his annihilation of Greene's Army, and that henceforth they could do no more harm. In a few moments, by the commander's action, it was learned that this was mere bravado. The vernal equinox was approaching, which caused the cold, high wind. On that account the back door, that overlooked the Martinsville-Fayetteville road, was kept shut. Cornwallis opened this and stood a few moments gazing up the road, then again took his seat by the fire. Mrs. Bell immediately shut it. The British peer again opened it, and returned to his chair, showing extreme restlessness, being unable to stay in one position five minutes. When Mrs. Bell closed the door the second time, he insisted that the door be left open. When asked the reason, he said General Greene might be coming down the road.

"Why," said she, "I thought you told me a little while ago that you had annihilated his army, and that he could do you no more harm."

To this he answered: "Well, madam, to tell you the truth, I never saw such fighting since God made me, and another such victory would annihilate me."

Mrs. Bell was much vexed to have her house occupied by imperious, profane men, though the commander's presence protected her to a certain extent and she escaped the insult hurled at Mrs. Caldwell's head seven days before. They seized her grain, cattle, provisions and whatsoever they chose, without compensation. At a distance she could hear the soldiers cursing her as a rebel and uttering maledictions. Through all she bore herself with dignity and without fear. One day a man in passing her door hurled at her some insulting language. She expressed a wish that the horse might throw him and break his neck. In several minutes her wish was granted. Dashing headlong down the steep bank of the river the rider was thrown and his head crushed amid the rocks.

Being warned of the approach of the enemy, she employed every means to hide her coin and bacon. The pork she secreted in rocks across the river, the money—divided chiefly in "guineas and half Jos"—she placed under a huge rock, which formed the bottom step at the entrance. This was a favorite depository for the Whigs' cash, and knowing that, the enemy frequently lifted the steps in search of hidden treasure. Knowing she ran the risk of losing the savings of years, she tried one day by going through the camp to divert the attention of the enemy, after lingering there till all became in some way engaged, then she walked boldly to the step, lifted the rock, took up her coin and went about her own affairs. A man named Stephen Harlin had been employed by the Bells in the capacity of miller for several years. He had the reputation of being a rascal and a Tory, as his conduct proved, letting the British have grain and meal out of the mill and

revealing the hiding place of her bacon, all of which they stole. For this theft she never forgave him, declining henceforth to speak to him. On the arrival of the British he threw his cap in the air, shouting, "Hurra for King George!" Harlin was not dismissed until a miller could be hired that gave public satisfaction.

The evening that Cornwallis' forces retreated, Mrs. Bell visited the camp, ostensibly on some errand, but in truth to ascertain the real condition to report to Colonel Lee and Colonel Washington, who, hanging on the rear of the Redcoats, gave considerable trouble. General Greene must know the force of his enemy, who was heavily encumbered with the wounded, who were dying all along the highway. Donning her husband's uniform and arming herself well, she rode forth into the British camp, then at the Walker plantation on Sandy Creek, on the pretext of a claim for depredations committed that were unknown till the soldiers departed, she was keenly alert, and returned bearing information to the Patriots.

There is another exploit that even surpassed in daring the reconnoissance of the British camp. That was the night she rode the entire night in company with a Whig in order to ascertain the movements of the Tories said to have been forming across the river fourteen miles distant from her house. The perils of such a journey were indeed great. At each house she was the "spokesman." She would enquire the road to a certain point, and on to another, etc. She made such enquiries as, "Were there any Royalists embodied in that direction?" "Where was their place of meeting?" "How far was it?" "What was their number?" "What were they going to do?" "Would they molest her?" In this way she learned satisfactorily of the enemies' movements since the information led to Colonel Lee's successful raid the following night.

Mrs. Bell's staunch patriotism invited attacks from the Tories. In such constant danger did they live, her husband dared not lodge there at night. On one visitation they burned the barn and its contents, wounded one of her sons and threat-

ened to shoot another, because they protested against such depredations. Another night they attempted to murder her aged father then on a visit to his daughter's family. When two desperate characters approached him with drawn swords, seeing she must act quickly, Mrs. Bell seized a broad-axe tightly with both hands, raised it above her head, exclaimed with great sternness, "If one of you touches him I'll split you down with this axe. Touch him if you dare!" Her earnestness and defiant attitude overawed them to such an extent they left the house. In the fall of 1781, after a trip North, Mr. Bell attempted to sleep beneath his own roof. The Tories, learning of his presence, called promptly with intentions of hanging him. Finding the house securely closed, they prepared to apply the torch. When they were passing around the house Mr. Bell thrust his head out of the window to see if they had applied the torch, and in case they did, to fire upon them. A Tory very near to the window inflicted such a wound on his head that he was completely overcome. Mrs. Bell summoned her youthful sons—lads in their teens—from their beds upstairs and ordered them to get the old musket, ready to fire from the upper windows, and going to the windows near the kitchen yelled to their servant Peter, "Run as hard as you can to Jo. Clarke's and tell him and the light horse to come as quickly as possible, for the Tories are here." Mr. Clarke had a troop of mounted men at his command, but of their whereabouts at that moment Mrs. Bell was then ignorant. So, apprehensive of shots from above, and of Jo. Clarke's "light horse," the Tories concluded to retreat was the wiser course.

Of Mrs. Bell's trip to Wilmington in company with Mrs. Dugan to visit the latter's son, Colonel Thomas Dugan, long confined on a prison ship, and condemned to be hung, space forbids more than passing mention. With perilous adventures like these Mrs. Bell's remarkable career was filled. She loved peace, and with sincere rejoicing laid aside the pistol and the dirk, and took up again her domestic duties and mis-

sions of mercy that multiplied as practice enhanced her skill. A peaceful reign contains but few events to record, so it is with individuals, therefore of Mrs. Bell's latter days we can learn but little. Just when Mr. Bell died is not known, but Mrs. Bell was many years a widow. Though constantly performing acts of kindness, and leading a most exemplary life, she did not connect herself with the church until 1800. About the eighty-fifth year of her age, on September 9, 1820, her spirit passed peacefully over the Bar. Hers was an unusual character, endowed with many sterling qualities, that, considering her few advantages, enabled her to act nobly her part in times that tried men's souls.

Genealogical Department.

EDGECOMBE COUNTY RECORDS—ROBBINS.

Compiled by Sybil Hyatt, Kinston, N. C.

Generation I—William Robbins.

Will. April 7, 1779. November Court, 1781. Eldest son: Arthur. Sons: William, Jethro, Thomas, John. Grandson: Jesse Green. Daughters: Luraney Horn (great grandmother of Martha C. Horne, second wife of Jesse Battle Hyatt), Elizabeth, now wife of Thomas Williams; Charity, now wife of David Sears; Milly. Executors: John Williams, John Robbens. Witnesses: Benjamin Weaver, Jacob Robbins, Mary Robbens.

Inventory August 24, 1781: William Robbens, 662 acres, 11 negroes, etc. Executors: John Williams, John Robbens.

William Robbins' wife may have been a Battle. The Hornes were kin to the Battles. The Battles were Baptists.

Generation II—William Robbins.

William Robbins md. 1st Martha (or Patsey) Farmer, daughter of Isaac Farmer, Jr.; md. 2d Phebe. His daughter Mary Robbins, wife of Joab Hyatt, was by his first wife. It is thought Phebe had no children.

Deed, October 16, 1802. Isaac Farmer to daughter Patsey Robbins, one negro girl, Penny. Test: Jesse Farmer, Elizabeth Thomas.

Will. October 2, 1826. Feb. Court, 1831. William Robbins, Senr. Lends to wife Phebe, "plantation I live on"; at her death it is to go to grandsons: Moses Robbins, son of Elijah Robbins, and Wiley Robbins, son of Eli Robbins. Residue divided between 3 sons and one daughter: Stephen, Elijah, Eli and Charity Braswell, wife of Isaac Braswell, Senr. Son: William Robbins. Executor: Son, Stephen Rob-

bins. Test: Britain Williford, Caleb Davis, Mary Ann Jackson.

[This will omits the names of the daughters, Mary Hyatt and Milly Moore. They probably received some property at marriage.]

William Robbins was a Baptist preacher and a soldier of the Revolution. [For services, see Vol. XVII, page 243.]

The line between Edgecombe and Nash counties was changed by legislative enactment in 1872. This put the old William Robbins (d. 1831) homestead in southeast Nash. Of the older Robbins, Jacob lived in Edgecombe, near Joyner's Depot until the formation of Wilson County; Eli lived in Wilson County, near Moore's Church; Arthur lived in Wilson County.

Generation III—Mary Robbins (Hyatt).

Mary Robbins md. 1st Joab Hyatt. b. Nov. 9, 1787, son of Elisha and Elizabeth Hyatt. She md. 2d a Savage, lived at Tarboro, N. C., and died there April 16, 1871. Her three children were Jesse Battle Hyatt, b. July 1, 1820, d. Dec. 9, 1886; Henry Hyatt d. when 14 years old; Elizabeth Hyatt (b. about 1815, d. Oct., 1860); md. Isaac Braswell (b. about 1800, d. May, 1873), son of Isaac Braswell, a soldier of the Revolution. She had 13 children, four of whom are now living.

A Century of Population Growth [1790-1900] gives the information that in 1790 there were in the United States 354 families, numbering 1,690 persons named Robbins, Robbin, Robens, Robin, Robins, Robons, 36 of these families were in N. C. The names of the Heads of Families living in Edgecombe were as follows:

John Robbins: 1 Free white males of 16 yrs. and up, including heads of families, 1 Free white males under 16, 3 Free white females, including heads of families, 15 slaves. Roland Robbins: 1 Free white males of 16 yrs. and up, 5 Free white males under 16, 3 Free white females. Sarah Robbins: 1 Free white males of 16 yrs and up, 4 Free white

females. Wm. Robbins: 2 Free white males of 16 yrs. and up, 4 Free white males under 16, 4 Free white females. Wm. Robbins: 1 Free white males of 16 yrs and up, 3 Free white males under 16, 2 Free white Females.

[The following miscellaneous records include all wills and one record under each name to 1827.]

Will. Thomas Robins. Dec. 4, 1775. Jan. Court, 1776. Wife: not named, "plantation I now live on," and other property during her widowhood, then to son, William. Other sons: Rowland, "land and plantation he lives upon, which I bought of Boyett," and other property; Simon, "plantation bought of Mills Barefield," and other property. Remainder to be divided among "all my daughters." Executors: Son, Rowland Robins, William Blackburn. Witnesses: William Robins, Robert Rogers. Clerk of Court: Edward Hall.

Will. Sarah Robbins. April 29, 1809. August Court, 1809. Son: Roland Robins. Daughters: Ledy Regers, Milly Rogers, Zilley, Elizabeth. Grandson: Simon Parker. Executor: Friend, Joseph Barnes. Witnesses: Thomas Dixon, James Barnes. Clerk of Court: E. Hall.

Will. John Robbins. Feb. 20, 1819. May Court, 1819 Daughters: Elizabeth D. Pender, £25; Nancy Amason, £25; Beedy, "the whole of my land and plantation, with still and blacksmith tools and 8 negroes." Granddaughter: Catherine Williams, 3 negroes and 2 cows and calves. Other legatees: Thomas Amason, 1 negro and note for $350, rest to be sold and division made of lands and rest of negroes "hired until grandchildren are of age." Executors: John Mercer, John Bridgers, Thomas Amason. Witnesses: E. Bullock, Henry Dixon, Bursell Barnes (contested by Thomas Amason and Nancy, his wife, Elizabeth Pender and Catherine Williams, an infant by Egbert H. Williams, her next friend.

Other Wills: Roland Robbins (1832), Jacob Robbins (1841), Isaac Robbins (1847), Simon Robbins (1848).

CONVEYANCES.

Nov. 26, 1761.. Grant. William Robens, next John Williams' corner, 528 acres.

1761. Grant. Roland Robbins.

Feb. 15, 1761. Grant. John Robins.

June 22, 1762. Deed. William Robbins to George Gardner.

Jan. 7, 1763. Deed. John Robins, planter, to Thomas White, south side of Town Creek.

April 12, 1765. John Jones to Jacob Robins.

June 12, 1765. Charles Jones and Patience, his wife to Jacob Robbins.

April 12, 1765. Charles Jones to Jacob Robins.

Jan. 18, 1771. William Boyett to Thomas Robins.

Oct. 21, 1777. William Robbins to Shadrack Proctor, south side of Town Creek, absolute estate of inheritance.

Dec. 24, 1781. Grant. Stephen Robbins.

Oct. 28, 1782. Grant. Roland Robbins.

Dec. 2, 1782. Jacob Robbins to Richard Lee.

May 15, 1782. Simon Robins to Spencer Ball.

April 2, 1786. Thomas Brand to John Robins.

May 11, 1787. Grant. Roland Robens.

Oct. 28, 1782. Grant. Sarah Robins. Fairfield, north side Toisnot Swamp, joins Caleb Williams and Roland Robins.

Oct. 9, 1783. Grant. William Robins.

March 20, 1793. John Robbins to Cullen Andrews.

Dec. 1, 1796. Jordan Williford to Mills Robbins, on Town Creek.

Aug. 21, 1797. Jonathan Gardner to Mills (or Wells) Robbins.

July 24, 1799. Peter Slaughter to Stephen Robbins. On Town Creek. Test: J. Williams and William Robbins, Jr. Grant. William Robbins on Tyancoca Swamp. [On the north side of Coca Swamp, about a thousand feet west of the

A. C. L. Railroad is a spring of water. Near by there was once a very large poplar tree, hollow on the south side, and charred inside, an evidence of its having been used as a camping place. This place is said to have been used as a rendezvous for Tories during the Revolution.]

Feb. 20, 1800. Lancelot Verrett to Roland Robbins, south of Town Creek.

Jan. 16, 1802. Stephen Robbins and his wife Julian to Andrew Battle, adjoining William Robbins, estate of inheritance.

Dec. 13, 1804. Deed of Gift (a negro boy) Jacob Robbins to son Elisha.

July 20, 1804. Roland Robbins to Thomas Robbins.

Nov. 3, 1805. Benjamin Williams to Kinchen Robbins. Test: Stephen Robbins, William Robbins.

Feb. 21, 1806. William Robbins, Senr., to Joseph Lee. Test: Wm. Robbins, Junr., Kynchen Robbins.

Feb. 16, 1808. Sarah Robins to Elizabeth Robins, 92 acres.

Sep. 27, 1808. Jacob Robbins to son Frederick, negro and furniture.

Nov. 29, 1812. Jonathan Gardner to Prudy Robbins, south side Town Creek.

Jan. 29, 1813. Thomas Robbins to David Forchaud, one tract where said Robbins now lives.

Jan. 20, 1812. Division of William Robbins, deceased. No. I, to Thomas Robbins; No. II, to Lemuel Robbins.

Feb. 12, 1812. Lemuel Robbins to Frederick Robbins. North side of Toisnot Swamp. Test: Joseph Barnes, Eatman Flowers.

Jan. 10, 1812. Amos Johnston to Frederick Robbins.

Feb. 8, 1813. William Robbins, of Nash, to Arthur Robbins, of Edgecombe, where he formerly lived.

May 15, 1816. Deed of Gift. Elizabeth Robbins to brother, Roland Robbins.

Jan. 24, 1816. Hardy Flowers to Elisha Robbins, on Town Creek.

Aug. 15, 1816. Eli Robbins and his wife Prudence to Lamon Dunn, south side Town Creek.

March 1, 1819. Stephen Robbins to son, John Robbins.

March 1, 1819. John Robbins, Jr., to William White, east side Gay's Branch.

Aug. 10, 1821. Arthur Robbins to John R. Robbins. Test: F. F. Robbins, Simon Robbins.

Dec. 9, 1823. William Robbins to John Mills.

Sept. 11, 1825. Haymon Mann and wife Temperance, and Jesse Barnes to Arthur and Simon Robbins. Fell to Temperance by her father, William Dew, dec'd. Test: F. F. Robbins, Jas. W. Barnes.

Feb. 1, 1824. William Robbins, Senior, to Piety Robbins, granddaughter. Test: Stephen Robbins, Sr., Stephen Robbins, Jr.

Dec. 19, 1827. Obedience Robbins to John Batts, tract left by father, John Robbins, dec'd.

Feb. 1, 1827. Jonathan Gardner to Eli Robbins.

Jan. 30, 1827. Obedience Robbins to sister, Elizabeth Pender.

July 15, 1829. William Robbins, Jr., to John S. Robbins. Test: Stephen Robbins, Senr., William Robbins, Sr.

Oct. 20, 1830. John S. Robbins to Stephen Robbins, Sr.

Sept. 13, 1833. Tract belonging to heirs of Elisha Robbins, sold and bought by Jacob Robbins.

[Later compilations will cover the names Amason, Barnes, Battle, Davis, Farmer, Howell, Hyatt, Marn, Morris, Southerland, Sugg, Woodard, all of Edgecombe; Nunn, of Lenoir, and Stokes, Herring, of Craven, Duplin and Lenoir.]

Biographical Sketches.

Compiled and Edited by Mrs. E. E. Moffitt.

CAPTAIN EDMUND JONES.

The subject of this sketch, and the author of the article in this number of the Booklet, "The Fountain and Its Builder," comes from a long line of ancestry, residents of Western North Carolina. He was born on April 15, 1848, at the family residence, Clover Hill, in the Happy Valley, Caldwell County. He is the third of the name in direct descent from father to son. He was fourth child of Edmund W. and Sophia C. Jones, née Davenport. He was educated at Bingham School, the Finley High School, and the Universities of North Carolina and Virginia.

In 1864 he left college and enlisted in Lee's Army as a private soldier, notwithstanding the mandate of Mr. Seddon, the Confederate Secretary of War, who had issued an order to the effect that youths under eighteen would be allowed to continue their studies. These orders were issued by command of President Davis, who had declared that he "would not grind up the seed corn." Although two of his brothers had already given their lives to the Confederacy, and another was still in the service, he dropped everything else at his country's cry of distress and went forth. After several months of hard service, never having missed a day from duty, he was surrendered at Appomattox before he was sixteen years old. A few days after the surrender, the soldiers were paroled, and each took up his march homeward, making their way as best they could. Among them was young Edmund Jones, who after many days got back to the Happy Valley, to the great joy of his friends, to whom it had been reported that he had been killed on the retreat from Petersburg.

With unabated loyalty to his Alma Mater, he entered the University to complete his education, and there for three years pursued his studies. He then took a course at the University of Virginia to prepare himself for his chosen profession of the law.

At the early age of twenty-two, in 1870, he was elected a member of the House of the General Assembly. The country was in a deplorable condition, and it was a great compliment and a great trust to impose upon so young a man. He was again elected in 1872. Again in 1879 he returned for no other purpose than to aid his personal and family friend Governor Vance in his race for United States Senator. In 1892, when Populism first made its appearance, he was nominated by acclamation against his protest, and had to make the race in order to make the county safe against the new foe. He was elected by a great majority. At this session of the Assembly he was chosen one of the trustees of the University he loved so well.

In 1898 his sympathies became deeply aroused in behalf of the Cubans struggling for independence, and he raised a company of men which afterwards became Company C of the Second N. C. regiment U. S. V., with Mr. Jones as its Captain. He remained with his company until the close of the war and the muster out of the regiment.

In recent years he has given his whole time to his profession, steadily declining to enter politics, except to advance the fortunes of his party's candidate, until in the present year he became a candidate in the primary, along with three others, for the office of Attorney General, and was defeated by Hon. James S. Manning, running second in the race.

Captain Jones resides in Lenoir, the county seat of Caldwell County, in the northwestern part of the State, named for the revolutionary patriot, General William Lenoir, Captain Jones' great grandfather.

Captain Jones comes of a long line of ancestors who have served their country faithfully. The progenitor of the family

in America was a Welch knight by the name of Sir Charles Jones, who, either because he had made himself obnoxious to the "Round-heads," or because he refused to live as a citizen of the "Commonwealth," left his country and came to America. When Charles the Second ascended the throne, he bestowed upon Sir Charles Jones an estate near Annapolis, Maryland, a part of which, now a suburban pleasure ground, is still known as "Jones' Wood." Later, the family removed to Orange County, Virginia, where there are still many of them resident. At the close of the Revolutionary War, George Jones came to Wilkes County, North Carolina, and settled in the Valley of the Yadkin. His son Edmund was for many years a member of both Senate and House from Wilkes, and his grandson, Edmund W. Jones, was likewise State Senator, and during the trying times of the Civil War was one of the members of the Governor's Council.

None of the name have ever been politicians in the generally accepted meaning of the word. Whatever distinction may have come to them has come through the unsought preferences of their fellow-citizens, and a sense of duty well performed has been their sufficient reward.

Captain Jones' first wife, and mother of his children, was Miss Eugenia Lewis, of Raleigh, N. C., who died in 1897. In 1907 he married Miss M. W. Scott, of Petersburg, Virginia. He is still engaged in the practice of his profession, of which he has always been a zealous disciple.