HISTORY OF WAKE COUNTY

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WAKE COUNTY

NORTH CAROLINA

WITH SKETCHES OF THOSE WHO HAVE
MOST INFLUENCED ITS DEVELOPMENT

BY

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PEN AND INK ILLUSTRATIONS
BY THE AUTHOR

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Mrs. Alexander Boyd Andrews

This Book
IS DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF
OUR LATE BELOVED CHAIRMAN
Mrs. Alexander Boyd Andrews
(Julia Martha Johnston)
BY
The Wake County Committee of the
North Carolina Society of
Colonial Dames of America
UNDER WHOSE AUSPICES
IT IS WRITTEN AND
PRINTED

Author's Dedication

TO her just pride in her own colonial ancestry, Mrs. Alexander Boyd Andrews (Julia Martha Johnston) added a strong interest in the early history of her State. From the tradition of Mecklenburg where she was born, she came to be intensely interested in the annals of Wake, her adoptive County, and in the development of Raleigh, where she lived to be a blessing to all who knew her.

She was a patriot, as well as a Christian wife and mother; she loved the inspiration of old days, as well as the new friends she found everywhere. She was honored by being chosen as Vice-Regent from North Carolina of Mount Vernon Ladies Association. Often during her lifetime she recommended to the writer of this book the writing of a history of Wake County as a worthy work for this Committee of the North Carolina Society of Colonial Dames in America.

Thus this book becomes a memorial to her friendship and to her ideals, a sincere labor

of love undertaken at her often expressed desire. It pictures the community she loved. It embodies the interests of that Committee which came into activity under her leadership. It is the fittest monument to her worth and dignity that we can raise. May she know that we remember and feel that we still love her, and approve of our dedication to her of the book she inspired.

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CHAPTER I

Introductory

IT is difficult to realize beginnings. Let us turn back the stream of time, let us look at our old familiar places in the light of former days. No one has stepped twice in the same river, and its onward flow changes all shores.

Who has not said to himself, as he passed along familiar streets and considered familiar landmarks,—

"I wish I'd seen
The many towns this town has been."

So it is with this country we live in and possess. When we go abroad upon the hilly roads of this pleasant inland County of Wake, when we note the outlines of its ridges against the sky, and see field and forest and farm, and scenes of man's long residence, we often wish to think backward and perceive clearly these old well-known scenes with the eyes of the first European explorers as they threaded

their way through forest glades, peopled at that time only by the red men.

The first historian of North Carolina, the explorer Lawson, although known to have passed through the central part of this State, cannot actually be proved to have trod the soil of Wake County. One authority on our local history thinks that he did, and indeed it seems more than possible.

Lawson made a journey through western and middle Carolina in the year seventeen hundred or thereabout. His course was a long loop coming out of South Carolina and crossing the Catawba and the "Realkin" (or Yadkin) and other streams, continuing in a northeasterly direction and then due east, until he finally reached the settlements of the North Carolina seaboard. His descriptive traveller's journal reads as fresh and as crisply interesting as if penned last year, and we get the impression of a writer alert in every sense and perception. He was a fine optimistic fellow, and though he was hired no doubt to praise the new colony, and so draw in settlers from among the readers of his account, yet no one can close his book without the feeling that he

too, like many another coming to North Carolina to live, soon fell in love with the climate, and delighted to bask under the sunny sky.

Hear his account of leaving "Acconeechy Town" (which must have been near Hillsborough), and marching twenty miles eastward over "stony rough ways" till he reached "a mighty river." "This river is as large as the Realkin, the south bank having tracts of good land, the banks high, and stone quarries. We got then to the north shore, which is poor white sandy soil with scrubby oaks. We went ten miles or so, and sat down at the falls of a large creek where lay mighty rocks, the water making a strange noise as of a great many water wheels at once. This I take to be the falls of News Creek, called by the Indians We-Quo-Whom."

For a first trip through an unknown wilderness, guided only by a compass, this suggests the neighborhood, and describes the granite ridges that traverse Wake County, and produce the Falls of Neuse, where the river flows across one of these barriers.

During the next days' travel he comments on the land "abating of its height" and "mixed

with pines and poor soil." This, too, makes it sound as if he perceived the swift transition which may be seen in the eastern part of Wake County from one zone to the next, from the hard-wood growth to the pine timber, and from a clay to a sandy soil.

Lawson highly praised the midland of North Carolina, between the sandy land and the mountains, and it is pleasant to read his enthusiastic account of this home of ours, and learn the impression it made on a good observer in its pristine state, and before the white man's foot had become familiar with the long trading path, which must have crossed west, near this section, but not certainly in the exact longitude of Wake County.

This trail is known to have passed Hillsborough, and to have crossed Haw River at the Haw Fields. It may well have followed the same course, as later did the Granville Tobacco Path, which certainly traversed Wake County near Raleigh.

Wake County was one of the latest of the pre-Revolutionary counties to be set off from the rest, and its boundaries were not in any sense natural boundaries, dependent upon

natural barriers or the course of streams, but were run and divided for purely political reasons.

The story of the making and naming of Wake County is an interesting one, and properly to tell it requires some general account of the Colony of North Carolina and its beginnings.

The first settlement of the Carolinas was begun under the charter of a company of English noblemen, the Lords Proprietors. If these owners received their quit-rents as specified, they did not take much further interest in their plantations, nor molest the settlers; hence, the northern colony, being so neglected and more isolated, was ever the freest of all the Old Thirteen; one might even say the freest and easiest of them. Having no good harbor, and hidden behind the sand-bars from the storms of Hatteras, it enjoyed its immunity. Not being easily reached from outside, it did as its people chose with governors and edicts, dodged its taxes, harbored fugitives, and governed its own affairs quite comfortably.

The Lords Proprietors employed John Locke, the great English philosopher, to draw up a form of government for their two infant colonies, and when he did so a more unsuitable set of constitutional provisions for a thinly settled state would be hard to find.

This "Fundamental Constitution" was a confused and complicated plan full of strange titles and orders of nobility, with its "Landgraves" and its "Caciques," a plan which it would have been hard enough to follow in a populous society, with no will of its own; and which it was quite impossible to carry out in a sparsely peopled edge of the wilderness where the principal aim in life of the inhabitants was to escape all outside coercion, and to delight in space and liberty.

The confusion brought about by this famous Locke Constitution was also a cause of this glorious opportunity, eagerly grasped by the colonists, to avoid outside interference, as well as dispense with all the inconveniences of home rule and superfluous government.

Still another cause of freedom was the rapid succession of governors sent by the Lords Proprietors, some grossly incompetent, some

most tyrannical, and all objectionable to the temper of the colony even when of average diligence, or because of that diligence.

The later Royal governors were on the whole better men, but the custom had gone on too long for them to subdue those who had defied so long and so successfully any other government save their own.

Again, the liberty of North Carolina was favored simply by the shape of the coast as mentioned above, indented as it is by sounds and wide tide-water rivers, intersected by great swamps, and the whole shut in from the highway of nations by shallows and sand-bars. Even neighborhoods were secluded from each other by sounds and estuaries, while the whole was protected from outside interference. The individual planter scarcely saw a dozen folk outside of his own family in a year.

This freedom of the free in North Carolina was well known, and many came to her borders to enjoy it.

The adventurous, then as now, longed for a wilderness in which to wander; the hunter wanted game, and found abundance there.

Religious sects, persecuted elsewhere, were unmolested in North Carolina; dissenters and Quakers could settle in peace. Indeed the colonists, like Sir John Falstaff, had almost forgotten what "the inside of a church was like." Those also who wanted to rub out their reckoning and begin life over again, could do so unquestioned, and those who simply wanted to make a living, could make it almost too easily for their own welfare, by half cultivating the rich bottom-lands.

At no time were there any more really criminal persons in North Carolina, in proportion to the population than there were in Virginia, although there may well have been more fugitives from the law in the strip of no-man's-land that intervened between North Carolina and Virginia before the dividing line was run and agreed upon.

One may read and smile at the witty libel of Colonel William Byrd of Westover, and note how this colony and its liberty roused the ire of the aristocratic Virginian.

He regards it as a big brother does a very impertinent smaller one who has run away and is making faces from over the fence. His

chuckles are a bit spiteful as he describes the inferiority, compared with Virginia, of the "Rogues Harbor," this "Redemptioners Refuge." He waxes sarcastic over their over-primitive homes, and habits of living, choosing extreme examples; he refers to their lack of piety and churches, adverts to their love of liquor and laziness, their lack of baptism for their children and of the sanction of church ceremony for the union of the parents, and then, having had his merciless fling at them, he unwillingly acknowledges that the dividing line will have to be run fifteen miles or so north of the line that Virginia has always been claiming.

He is also forced to record that all the settlers on this strip of territory were glad to hear that they had been set off into North Carolina forever, but seems also to regret that by this means these undesirables and border ruffians were deprived of chance for future amendment.

Colonel Byrd coveted the pleasure of seeing them put to rights, although the including of them in Virginia would have seemed to spoil the high moral average of that colony according to his telling.

The fundamental nature of our population was sound and wholesome, incentive to crime was lacking; there was plenty of a rude sort, no crowding for any, and the excess of liberty was better endured there than in the west of of the eighteen-fifties, where there was gold, and the lust of it, to excite men's ambition.

Colonists were coming in great numbers by the middle of the eighteenth century. Great Indian wars were fought to a conclusion, and the west was opened up more and more, as people pushed up the great rivers. By 1765, Mecklenburg and Rowan had filled up, faster perhaps than the intervening lands. The soil grew more fertile farther west. Scotch-Irish, Moravian and Pennsylvania "Dutch", second generation pioneers, came down the Piedmont and settled the pleasant valleys.

A few years later, Salisbury and Charlotte were thriving little frontier towns and Hillsborough was almost as large as it is today.

For many years after Col. William Byrd and Edward Mosely had surveyed the dividing line, Wake County was but an undistinguished part of the middle western woods, with here and there a settler; but by 1765 it had become ad-

joining parts of the counties of Johnston and Orange.

It was in this same year that William Tryon came to be the new Royal Governor of North Carolina, and the colony became daily more prosperous, the west having filled up as stated, while the eastern precincts grew rich and became refined in their ideas of comfort and even luxury. Those eastern folk enjoyed agricultural abundance from the fertile soil, they plied a coastwise trade, and owned large ships trading to Bermuda and even to English seaports. Their sons were sent to be educated in England or in the northern colleges, and the leading men showed "a prevalence of excellent education" although there were no colleges and few schools worth the name in all Carolina.

The different levels of rank were as well marked in the east as in Virginia at that time, but in the west, in Carolina, as in western Virginia, the settlers were mostly Presbyterians and other dissenters, were small farmers, and did not own slaves, which were always the rule for working the broad plantations in the tide-water country.

These western folk were often pious, but if by chance some one was careless in religion he was all the more eager for liberty. Pioneers, and the sons of pioneers, some settled and some pressed on, piercing the wooded passes of the mountains and faring over into Kentucky and Tennessee. They were the second generation in the colony, Americans born, who cared nothing for the King and the "Old Home," but rejoiced to find the whole boundless continent before them. Woodsmen and explorers these, like Daniel Boone, who once settled for a little time in western North Carolina, but felt himself crowded when he could see smoke from a neighbor's fire closer than twelve miles of wilderness away.

This was the Old North State when Tryon came from England to his difficult task, that of bending the pride of the east, and subduing the independence of the west, and thus governing the heterogeneous mixture.

Tryon had many good qualifications. It is certain by evidence that he must have been a fine figure of a man; he had been a soldier; his ability was far above average; he was the

possessor of fine tact, reinforced by an iron will, and a determination to govern at all costs. His first problem was the trouble about the stamp tax and he handled the news of its repeal in a masterly manner, gaining from it the full advantage in behalf of the Royal Government. Also he cunningly utilized the joy and good humor over this repeal as an opportunity for asking money to build a governor's mansion in New Berne, then the seat of government.

When we think of the dislike of all America for the word "taxes" at that date, and when we remember how unwilling our fathers then were, and their descendants still are, to spend money for governmental show and glory, Tryon is in this matter shown to be a commanding and astute manager of men. His ascendancy over the lower house of deputies, and his gaining so much of his desires from them seem little short of marvelous.

He received fifteen thousand pounds in all for building his "palace" as it began to be called, and when this was finished it was the finest building of the kind in all America. Tryon reconstructed there, as best he could, the

English ideal of polite society, and held social festivities with all dignity and due decorum; but the accomplishment of his heart's desire brought him a thriving crop of jealous comment from the wealthy planters who did not relish his sitting to receive them in his "elbow chair," nor his haughty airs in his fine house.

As to the western farmers in their log-cabins, although they were a thousand times better off than their brethren of the English countryside, and though they did not call themselves either poor or miserable, they lived hardily and had little respect for luxury, and no patience at all with what seemed to them sinful extravagance. Moreover they had a set of excellent grievances. They justly complained of the large fees for the grants and deeds to their land, extorted by the sheriffs and county clerks. The amounts of these fees are not set down as so enormous, but the King's officers were constantly accused of over-charging, and of charging twice and pocketing the difference. Also these dues must be paid in real money, of which there was very little in circulation in the Colony and which then had a much greater purchasing power than now.

Thus the men of the back country were fermenting with a spirit of obstinate opposition to constituted authority, while taxes were some years in arrears. That there was oppression and abuse seems quite certain, and also that this oppression was caused by the arbitrary and offensive behavior of the men in charge of the tax collecting.

Mingled with the ever-growing dislike of their tyranny was indignation over the expense of building that great fine palace, and added to that, an ill-defined irritation against what we might call pernicious high-brow-ism in some of the more prominent officials, especially Edmund Fanning and John Frohock.

Fanning was called Tryon's son-in-law, but authority for that is wanting. He was a graduate of Harvard College and a man tactless and arrogant, who felt and showed contempt for these frontier folk. The hatred that centered upon him cannot be accounted for in any other way. Not one voice has been raised in vindication of his doings until more than a hundred years had passed since he left North Carolina. The sting of disdain outlasts blows and injuries in the memory, and

Fanning and Frohock were so hated that they became the subjects of the first popular ballads native to North Carolina, mere prose not expressing the strong feelings of the people against them, and an ante-Revolutionary "Hymn of Hate" being necessary.

The Governor went to the western part of the State in 1770 to compose the trouble that was brewing there, which was the beginning of what is called the Regulators War, but he does not seem to have gone to the root of the matter. He simply told the people to be good, and while he had Fanning tried, allowed him to be white-washed and fined only a penny for each of the extortions as proven. Tryon could not read the signs of the times and left discontent behind him.

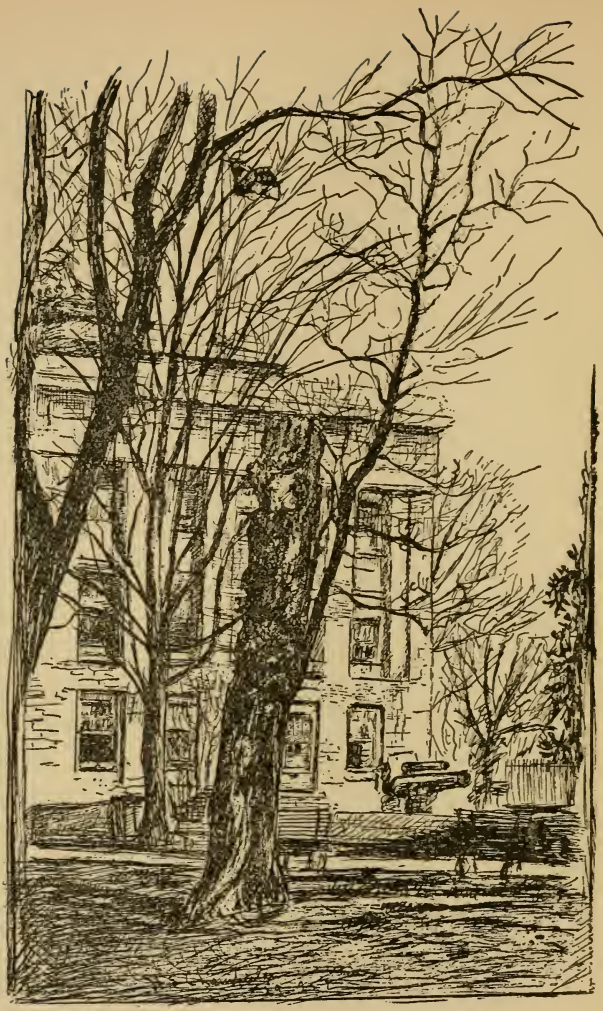
The Regulators were full of bitterness. It was a feeling rather than a reasoned opinion. The War of the Regulation, as it seems to our partial information, was the rising of a ground-swell of Democracy.

It bore some analogy to the spirit of opposition which has sometimes possessed the mountain folk of our own and adjoining states when they thought of revenue collectors and United States revenue officers.

Mr. Frank Nash has called this "political near-sightedness" in one of his historical papers, and that expresses the condition better than any other phrase.

The backwoodsman who had traveled far and subdued a bit of the wilderness for his own, wished to be let alone in possession of what he had so hardly won. He had fought and fended for himself against crude nature and savage foes, had made his clearing and built his cabin with unaided arm. He could scarcely acknowledge the right of any one to dictate to him. Like the Irishman who said he owed nothing to posterity by reason that posterity had never been of any benefit to him, the frontiersman considered talk of this government, and of taxes owing to it, quite impertinent, while the British throne and the king over the water had no sentimental appeal to him.

His case was parallel to that of the mountaineer who finds a far-away government laying hands upon his home-made whiskey. He has made it out of his own corn, which he has often cultivated by hand on a hillside too steep to plough, and he knows that this indul-



The old sassafras tree on the Capitol Square still alive in 1922. From this famous "deer stand" forty head of deer were shot by one hunter, within the memory of those alive in 1800.

gence is denied him by an outside influence and not of his own consent.

No brief is held for the moonshiner, but who can not understand the point of view of the ignorant mountaineer? Our frontiersman reasoned much in the same way, and his fees and taxes seemed enormous to him, and indeed were so, measured by his ability to pay in real money.

It was in 1771 when Tryon returned west with the eastern militia to quell this disturbance in Orange and Rowan, which grew daily more severe, and it was in that very year that Wake County came into existence. The Regulators were most active in Orange and Rowan, and the best opportunity for getting together and talking politics was then even more than it is now, court week, for that was the only time when the whole settlement turned out in a general manner.

Tryon thought it would be a good thing to divide the counties, and, so doing, divide the courts and prevent so general a free discussion. He therefore influenced his council to set off four new counties, Guilford, Chatham, Surry, and Wake, as a measure for dividing

up the Regulators and silencing their general discussions. The reason given in the enactment, however, is one of distance and greater convenience in attending court. This measure was signed by Tryon in the spring of 1771.

In the record of the expedition of that same spring against the Regulators, we find Tryon camped at Hunter's Lodge, the home of Theophilus Hunter in Wake County, and said to have been about four miles from the present southern boundary of the City of Raleigh.

It is also of record that the (Ramsgate) Rhamkatt Road was laid off through the woods towards Hillsborough so as to avoid the rough hills of the Granville Tobacco Path, in hastening Tryon's military wagons.

We also note that the sign and countersign of one of those days of delay in camp at Hunter's Lodge, as they waited for recruits, were the words "Wake" and "Margaret," which suggests strongly the origin of the name of the new county. The maiden name of the Governor's lady was Margaret Wake, and the new county might well have been named for her, especially as the parish was named St. Margaret's, after her baptismal name. Es-

ther Wake, that lovely vision whose tradition is so persistent, cannot be absolutely proved to be more than an imagination of the gallant Shocco Jones. She probably existed, but we cannot be certain of it now, and the name Wake is easily accounted for without her aid. It has very recently been noted that in January, 1771, "the Honorable Miss Wake" gave two pounds sterling for the founding of a minister and teacher for the German settlement. This shows Esther a very kindly, lovely girl.

Wake County was carved out of Orange for the most part, and included also a bit of Johnston and a little of Cumberland. In making of new counties around it later, it lost part of its first extent; but it was then, as now, the midmost county between the low country and the mountains, and is approximately central between the Virginia line and the boundary of South Carolina. It is the level where the long-leaved pines of the lower lands yield to forests of hardwood trees, and the sandy soils pass definitely into red clay. Its wonderful diversity of products is directly referable to this variety of soil, and the two

A perfectly preserved example of the simpler farm-home of the early days of Wake County standing near Apex. This house has a brick built into the upper part of its chimney bearing the date "1775" and its woodwork corresponds with that date

edges of the county, eastern and western, are as distinct as though a hundred miles separated their boundaries.

The first ridges of any regularity of extent which cross the State from north to south, the first ripples of those folds which rise into the great Blue Ridge, cross Wake County. Almost all varieties of soil not strictly alluvial are found in some part or another of Wake, and indeed there is often the greatest difference in the constitution of the soil of different sides of the same field. The climate also is about the medium between the damp of the east and the keen light air of the mountain section. Neuse River and its tributary creeks drain and water it well. Raleigh, the Capital of the State for more than a hundred years, occupies almost a central point in the County, and has been until now the only large town of the County.

CHAPTER II

The First Twenty-five Years

ROM Theophilus Hunter's in Wake County, Tryon marched direct to the Battle of Alamance, where the Regulators were beaten, their army dispersed, and six of their ringleaders quickly hung for treason.

So thorough were his methods that all active hostility was then over. But although their armed resistance was quelled, the "embattled farmers" of North Carolina went to their homes with that bewildered feeling of frustration and utter disaster that left them neither self-confidence for future attempt, nor expectation of any redress for their crying grievances. The public debt which Tryon incurred in this expedition, added to the arrears bequeathed to him by his predecessors, was never paid; nor would it have been easy to collect from a people more and more indignant, more and more weaned from its allegiance to Great Britain.

The New England Colonies treading the self-same path, sent emissaries to North Car-

olina to test the temper of its people, and never did sentiments of liberty meet greater sympathy, or aspirations for independent existence more favor. The people of North Carolina were ripe for revolution. Wrote Thomas Jefferson at this time, "There is no doubtfulness in North Carolina, no state is more fixed or forward."

In this year of transition and bitter brooding was held the first court in the new County of Wake, and we know who located the county seat at Wake Cross Roads, and named it Bloomsbury, which name had never appeared before in this place. This was also done by the Tryons, and the name of Bloomsbury must be referred to them, as being the name of a new suburb of London, just then being "developed" as we say of real estate ventures.

Russell, Earl of Bedford, was building this part of London on a portion of his ancestral acres, and he is said also to have been responsible in some way for Tryon's appointment as Colonial Governor. Russell Square, which is so often mentioned in Thackeray's novel, *Vanity Fair*, as the home of the heroine, was in Bloomsbury, and is the actual name of

a street there. This name must have meant something of home and London to the Tryons, as is shown by their giving it to this corner of the wilderness. Here is a likely connection.

On the contrary, we cannot see any reason why Joel Lane, born on this side of the ocean, and busy, enterprising wild-westerner as one might call him, should fancy and insist upon the name of Bloomsbury more than any other English name. He probably was glad to adopt a name which the Governor suggested for his tavern. This western Bloomsbury was a mere stopping place beside the Hillsborough Road, and the first court was held in the residence or tavern of this Joel Lane, already one of Wake County's most prominent citizens. There was a jail of logs, and our first sheriff was named Michael Rogers. Theophilus Hunter was a justice, and so were Joel Lane and several other of the men whose names occur first on the records. The old court corresponded to the English Quarter Sessions and has been long superseded by the later constitutional arrangements of North Carolina.

There still stands, in the western part of Raleigh, a rather small house with a very

steep gambrel roof, in the style of architecture common at the beginning of the nineteenth century and before, called the Dutch Colonial. This house used to face Boylan Avenue, standing a little back from the street, but was moved a few years ago, and now faces the south side of Hargett Street near the State Prison.

The exact year of its erection is not known, but its architecture is of the same order as that of the house at Yorktown, Virginia, where Cornwallis surrendered to General Washington.

It also resembles in angle of roof the little "Andrew Johnson Birthplace" which stands restored in Pullen Park, and another historic house at Edenton, where was held the Edenton Tea Party. The peculiar, quite steep slant of the roof over the second story has been disused in more modern houses, and serves as a means of dating the erection.

This house on Hargett Street was once known as the "First Capitol," and was built by and belonged to Joel Lane. It may well have been new at the time we are describing It was considered a very fine house in its day, and is called the "best house within a hundred miles."

Probably those same old walls that we all have seen were those that sheltered the first county court, and there Tryon certainly stopped on his return from the military expedition against the Regulators. It could scarcely have been built during the troubled times of the Revolution, and could well have been in existence in the year 1772, as it is of record that it was in 1781.

On the street corner near to its first situation a boulder has been placed, and a bronze tablet let into its side bears the following inscription, placed there by the Daughters of the Revolution, Bloomsbury Chapter, in the year 1911.

ON AND AROUND THIS SPOT STOOD THE OLD TOWN OF BLOOMSBURY OR WAKE COUNTY COURT HOUSE

Which was erected and made the County Seat when Wake County was established in 1771. This place was the rendezvous of a part of Tyron's Army when he marched against the Regulators in 1771

Here met the Revolutionary Assembly in 1781, and to this vicinity was removed the State seat of Government when the Capital City of Raleigh was incorporated in 1782.

Tryon and his lady left North Carolina in 1771 for New York State, he to become Governor there, and North Carolina never saw either of them again. It is said that they were glad to go in spite of having to leave the fine house they had built in New Berne, because the climate had not suited their health nor the spirit of the colony their minds. When the Revolution came on, Tryon County in the west was promptly divided into Lincoln and Rutherford and the Governor's name thus expunged from our County roll; but the name of Wake spoke neither of defeat nor oppression.

Gallant North Carolina would not flout the Governor's lady, and Wake remained the name of a county, and shall ever remain so called, whether named originally for that lovely shadow, Esther Wake, or for her fair sister, Lady Tryon.

The Revolution called on every man to rally to his colors. Tories were plentiful and active in North Carolina. The former Regulators strangely did not come to the help of the Congress very freely, but seem to have been cowed or disgusted with fighting, and stood aloof,

not enlisting on either side. The Wake County militia volunteered, and from the sparse population many men went to war. We will not follow these, but, remaining at home, will mention a few points of distinctly Wake County history.

We have already described Joel Lane's home, called the "First Capitol," and it was there that the General Assembly of North Carolina met in the month of June, 1781. The Capital of the State had been a movable institution for some time previous, being appointed to meet at first one town and then another, according to the necessities of a country at war. Records were thus many a time lost, and it is wonderful that we possess intact as many as we do, considering the difficulty of keeping up with such a shifting capital. As a measure of safety perhaps, Wake County was made the choice of this troubled year, almost the lowest ebb of the American cause. At this meeting Joel Lane was voted the sum of fifteen thousand pounds for the lodging and food of the General Assembly and the pasturage for their horses. His guests must have been as addicted to

fried chicken as the preachers are accused of being, for the next item of allowance is one to Vincent Vass, "for candles and fowls" eighteen hundred pounds.

These are not such great sums as they sound, for the colonial currency of paper money became extremely depreciated as the Revolution went on, just as the Confederate paper money did years afterward in the war between the States; and by this time it was worth no more of its face value than is indicated in the saying, "not worth a Continental."

A good horse would bring twelve hundred pounds in the money of that year, and we may estimate by this that the members of Assembly probably had no more chicken than they needed.

Another event of this Wake County session of the Assembly, much more noteworthy, was the inauguration of a Governor of North Carolina, which was, prophetically, held for the first time in Wake County inside the area of the future capital of the State, while as yet it was not. The war-time Governor was Thomas Burke of Orange County, and the announce-

ment of his election to the Governor's office was formally conveyed to him at the tavern at Wake Court House, at the beginning of this first Assembly there convened.

His speech of acceptance, his inaugural, on that occasion, refers to the difficulty of his task, and especially mentions the activities of the Tories, the condition of the colony almost verging on civil war, and the lack of proper support from the people to the State Government.

Burke was a well educated man, and had assisted in drafting the State Constitution adopted for North Carolina at the time of the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia. He was an Irishman from Galway and a Catholic, but although he lived in a far more intolerant age than ours, the fact of his religious belief was never mentioned against him. According to English law, which was the foundation of the law of the colonies, none but Protestants could hold office, and of Protestants only Church of England men. In the colonies, however, this rule had already been ignored before the Revolution, and dissenters had become governors of North Carolina

under the old government. No one now asked anything of Governor Burke save as to his patriotism.

Burke lived near Hillsborough, and was further distinguished as being the very first of the poets in this State, except only those nameless ballad-makers among the Regulators. His further adventures are of interest.

In September of that same year, 1781, the Tories under David Fanning (a name of bad odor, but no relation that we know to that Edmund first mentioned) came up in force from the southern counties, with the publicly avowed aim of capturing the Governor of North Carolina.

They raided Hillsborough, then called the capital. David Fanning was a native of Wake County, and a Tory bushwhacker; he knew the lay of the land. His band surprised the defenceless village of Hillsborough one night, and while Burke and his friends seem to have been expecting them, and to have resisted with spirit, the Tories were too many for them, and Burke was captured and carried to Wilmington, then in British possession. Thence he was taken to Sullivans, and later to James

Island off the coast of South Carolina. Being held imprisoned by the expanse of ocean about this island, he was set free on parole there. He felt most unsafe, his life being threatened by a lawless band of Tories living on the island, and was forced to hide from place to place.

Being, as he said, in such danger of his life, he broke his parole and escaped, returning to North Carolina. Arrived there he immediately resumed his office as Governor. The leaders of the army and of civil affairs do not seem to have known quite what to do about his actions. A man at liberty on parole, even though supposedly confined by the limits of an island and who had broken that parole to escape, appeared to them not quite an honorable man, much less a hero, and as such, unworthy to hold the office highest in the state. Burke, however, felt himself justified, and showed no scruples on the subject.

On April the twenty-second, 1782, Burke having at last found that the sentiment of the people and the Assembly was against him, asked of his own accord to resign, and the Assembly consented with great alacrity.

The name of Alexander Martin was proposed to supersede Burke, while a vote of thanks and recognition of his service was passed to permit his retiring with full dignity.

Burke died during the next year at Hillsborough, his home. Burke County, North Carolina, was named for him, not for the other greater Irishman, Edmund Burke, who gave expression in England to the creed of American freedom. Burke Square, where our Governor's mansion stands today, was also named for him and no other, and had he not fallen upon such trying times and puzzling circumstances, his name might shine undimmed by even a bit of poor judgment.

It has always appeared to the careless reader of history that the interval between the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown and the association of this state with the rest of the Union was an eneventful and negligible time, because it was not signalized by dramatic events, as was the period of Revolutionary struggle just past.

We are required to count those seven or eight years long years, and to conceive the various perplexities they brought, in order to

see what a risk and what an experiment this government of ours was considered at first, and how many new questions pressed for solution upon the leaders everywhere, especially upon the members of the Constitutional Convention of Philadelphia.

It was clear enough that the Articles of Confederation which had been strong enough to unite the colonies against a common foe during the Revolution, could not sufficiently hold together the differing interests of the different states, during their period of recovery from the damage of the war. It was to meet those new internal dangers that the Constitution of the United States was framed.

Our fathers builded better than they knew. When drawn up, the Constitution was submitted to each of the states for its approval by vote of its representatives. Nine states, by approving the articles, would make the Constitution valid for all. North Carolina summoned her Constitutional Convention to consider the new Constitution and recommend any amendments considered necessary to its adoption by herself.

This was done, and those amendments which were recommended stand mostly em-

bodied in the United States Constitution today, all four being concerned with personal and states rights, which were not considered sufficiently guarded in the first draft, to satisfy our individualistic ideas in old North Carolina.

At the second Constitutional Convention in Fayetteville, amendments had been adopted by the Philadelphia convention, many states had already ratified, and North Carolina was content to fall into the procession. This assembly voted to ratify the Constitution at once, this being in November, 1789, and North Carolina being next to the last state to enter the Union. This is all general history, but what makes it necessary to review it here is the fact that the location of the City of Raleigh, and its choice as our permanent capital, was mixed and sandwiched in with the grave and searching consideration of the Articles of Constitution. This was because the task was set for this first convention, not only of criticising and later ratifying the Constitution of the United States, but also of choosing a proper seat of government or state capital for North Carolina.

"The first Constitutional Convention of North Carolina was held at Hillsborough on

the twenty-fifth of July, in the year of our Lord 1788, in the thirteenth year of the independence of the United Colonies of America, in pursuance of the resolution of the last General Assembly, for the purposes of deliberating and determining on a proper form of Federal Government; and for fixing the unalterable seat of government for this State."

Thus runs the opening phrase of the report of this convention. A full delegation was present, five from each county represented the best minds and most patriotic hearts of the land. The delegation from Wake consisted of Joel Lane, Thomas Hines, Brittain Saunders, James Hinton and Nathaniel Jones. Governor Samuel Johnson presided as Governor of the Colony. The debate of the delegates shows a good deal of opposition to ratification on the part of the extreme Jeffersonians, led by Willie Jones of Halifax. The second part of their task, that of fixing an "unalterable seat of government" was attended with many jealousies and bickerings. This is a matter of tradition as well as of record, and even mixed into the conventional phrases we may today trace bitter rivalry be-

tween the west and the east, between one town and the other. Tradition has it that Willie Jones was a master at log-rolling and took a hand for his friends in this free-for-all contest.

The first motion making this business the order of the day was made by Mr. Rutherford of Rowan, seconded by Mr. Steele, his colleague, also of Rowan. "Resolved, that this Convention tomorrow at four o'clock in the afternoon fix on a proper place for the seat of government."

This resolution was passed but protested against by Mr. Blount of Beaufort County. Next day, accordingly, a committee was selected to choose places for the Convention to vote upon in turn "Exact spot not to be fixed, but that it be left to the discretion of the Assembly to ascertain the exact spot; provided it be within ten miles of the point or place determined by this Convention."

This defined indefiniteness is accounted for by considering that the provision was made in order to prevent the speculation in land that could suddenly be brought to pass if the spot should be more definitely located. Besides, we may consider that conditions as to water

WAKEFIELD, THE RESIDENCE OF JOEL LANE. BUILT BEFORE 1770. REMOVED AFTER 1900 TO ITS PRESENT LOCATION. THIS PICTURE SHOWS IT ON ITS OLD SITE ON BOYLAN AVENUE.

and water courses, and levels and slopes were not entirely known, and room for adjustment would be afforded in a twenty-mile diameter.

The following places were voted on by the Convention. Smithfield, Tarborough, Fayetteville, The Fork of Haw and Deep Rivers, Mr. Isaac Hunter's Plantation in Wake County (placed in nomination by Mr. Iredell of Chowan), New Berne, Hillsborough.

On ballot Mr. Isaac Hunter's plantation in Wake County was fixed on for the future location of the Capital in its immediate neighborhood. This vote was taken on August second, 1788.

Willie Jones of Halifax (being, as a living man an astute politician, and none the less still to be reverenced as one of our constructive statesmen so long after his death), seems to have moved on the stormy waters at this juncture, and to have shaped things to his mind.

Just why he wished to locate the Capital in Wake, and why he moved in such mysterious ways to that end, the terse record does not show; but tradition insists that he did a good deal of the dealing, and as we are too far

down the river of time to review his conclusions, we will just be satisfied with the result, and be glad he made so good a selection, using his so great influence to bring it about. From out the past comes a whisper about the recipe which he used for apple toddy, and about supper at Joel Lane's tavern. Surely they slander the city's founders who repeat this old story! Scarcely was the vote counted when Mr. Barry Grove of Fayetteville entered a protest on the following grounds: "First, because the situation chosen is unconnected with commerce and can never rise above the degree of a village. The same mistake has been made in the selection of Williamsburgh and of Annapolis, and the result is seen there. Secondly, because Fayetteville would have a great effect upon commerce, being a thriving town at the head of navigation."

This protest was signed with one hundred nineteen names, and would indicate that the opposing factions, though strong, did not get together quite early enough to thwart Mr. Jones or accomplish their own wish.

The west wanted Fayetteville or Hillsborough; the eastern section was divided, each

delegate wanting the chief town of most convenient location in his own immediate neighborhood; and rather than vote for a rival town would vote for a western place, by this means restraining the rival from profiting.

Thus the vote being so close and so doubtful, a committee was appointed to report later upon this matter, when the constitutional convention should meet at Fayetteville the next year.

Accordingly, in the autumn of 1789, the Convention ratified the United States Constitution with far less wordy war than they had expended upon the question of a site for the capital the year before. The committee which was to report upon the matter of the seat of government was not ready at that time and made its recommendations two years later, by which time all the tumult and shouting had finally died, and the matter was settled once for all in favor of the Wake County site.

Fayetteville still felt aggrieved and said so, and her indignation was reasonable enough, but such compromises are very often made.

Perhaps we should be justified in raising a statue to the memory of that great Jeffer-

THE OLD STATE HOUSE, DESTROYED BY FIRE IN 1831.
(FROM A PAINTING BY JACOB MARLING, IN THE HALL OF HISTORY.)

sonian, Willie Jones, as the real founder of Raleigh, for to his interest the actual parceling out seems due. Nine commissioners were given the task of laying off ground for the new city, and selecting for that purpose among the various tracts offered.

The names of the commissioners were James Martin, Hargett, Dawson, McDowell, Blount, Harrington, Bloodworth, Person, and Willie Jones, and while all did not actually ride over the various lands, all have their names perpetuated in the names of streets of Raleigh.

Joel Lane's tract was chosen, and a thousand acres of land bought from him. Part of this land was originally Mr. Lane's, but part belonged to Theophilus Hunter of Hunter's Lodge, was sold by him to Mr. Lane a short time before, and was bargained for by the commissioners as part of the Lane tract. The original Lane land ended at Morgan Street and all south of that line was Mr. Hunter's. This purchase is the greater part of the land where the city of Raleigh now stands. At that time it was covered with primeval forest, and some old oaks are still standing which

must have shaded the surveyors who run off the streets and carved our city squares out of the virgin wilderness.

On Friday March thirtieth, 1792, the final decision was made, and boundaries located. The price paid to Lane for the whole tract of land was two thousand seven hundred fifty dollars, which does not sound like a fancy price for a selected square mile of land.

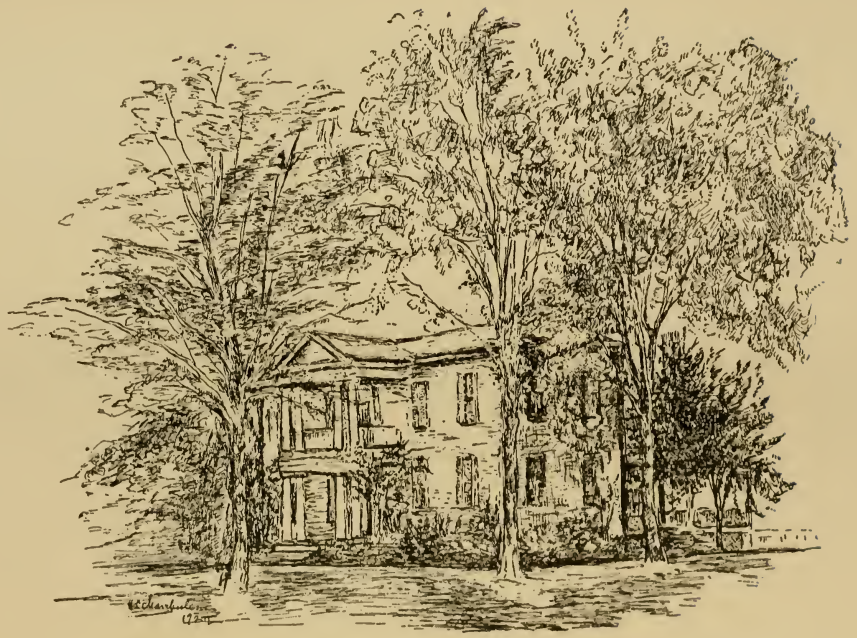
William Christmas was the surveyor, and was paid one hundred ten dollars for his work after he had finished laying out substantially the same streets and squares that we tread in our daily walk at this date.

The Capitol Square is the largest, in the center of the city. Four other squares were left open to form parks, and named Caswell, Nash, Burke, after the three Governors of those names, while the fourth was called Moore, after the first Attorney General, who afterwards became Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court. Streets were named after Stephen Cabarrus, William Lenoir, William R. Davie, and Joel Lane, besides the commissioners as named above. The streets which ended at Capitol Square,

and those bounding it were named after the leading towns of the state at that time—Hillsborough, Fayetteville, Halifax, New Berne, Salisbury, Edenton, Wilmington, except Morgan, which is named for what was then a judicial district.

One wonders why there was not a Charlotte Street, according to the plan. Fayetteville Street was at one time afterwards known as LaFayette Street, but the change has not persisted.

Raleigh was born a city. No wandering pre-historic cows laid out her streets and marked her thoroughfares, as was the case with older settlements. Her name was ready for her two hundred years before, and was bestowed at the suggestion of Governor Alexander Martin, and her charter had been granted in 1587 when Sir Walter Raleigh attempted a permanent settlement on Roanoke Island. This historic name was inevitably hers. It was the only name that could have been given with propriety to a capital of North Carolina. The infant city stood clothed in forest, with streets blazed among the trees. The four avenues which ended at the Capitol Square,



"The Old Mordecai Place" in Raleigh. The back of this house is very ancient. The front elevation is also old, but not earlier than the Joel Lane and Haywood houses.

then named Union Square, were much broader than the rest, and the only criticism we can offer to the worthy committee who laid out our town is that they might have made all the streets as wide, seeing that land was cheap and paving unknown. It is not wonderful that no vision of automobile traffic and street railway system visited their minds, but they did show a great foresight in giving us a park system, foresight which their descendants have done their best to nullify, for in our great economy we have built up two of these four squares which were left open for us and for our children, and we shall always have to keep repenting our short-sightedness.

After the City of Raleigh was thus laid out and named, lots were sold to pay for the building of a State House. The commission who attended to this were R. Bennehan, John Macon (brother of Nathaniel Macon), Robert Goodloe, Nathaniel Bryan, and Theophilus of Hunter's Lodge.

The architect of the first Capitol was Rhody Atkins, whose name was not again mentioned. The floor plan was quite similar in form to the present building, but much smaller, plainer,

and built of rough brick. The brick was burned for the building on lots 138 and 154 of the original survey.

The old Capitol turned its back on Hillsborough street. It faced the east according to the custom of many another public building erected at that epoch. It cost the State of North Carolina twenty thousand dollars when complete, and was enough enclosed in 1794 so that the Legislature met that year for the first time in the "New State House" in the City of Raleigh.

The members of assembly boarded in the neighboring farm houses and at Joel Lane's tavern, and rode in to their work each day on horse-back. Scarcely anyone lived as yet in the limit of the city proper. The State House stood in solitude, surrounded by its mighty oaks for the most part of the first decade. Raleigh was like any other town created by legislative act, crude and struggling at first.

Washington was the same kind of capital on a far larger scale; but both have long outgrown their awkward age.

CHAPTER III

Early Worthies

IFE just after the Revolution was a much simpler manner of existence than it is now, especially as regards worldly possessions. In 1800, there were but ten thousand people in all Wake County, and many of these were negro slaves, although not so many servants were thought necessary in proportion to the white folk as it was customary to hold in the eastern counties where the lowland climate made agricultural labor difficult for Caucasians.

The names of the most prominent citizens of Wake County in the last days of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth were the same surnames which usually occur in the meager records of assemblies and conventions of the early pre-revolutionary time. These fathers as members and as delegates showed much practical sense and wonderful comprehension of public questions; they were also possessors of many a fertile acre of uncleared forest; their spirit was that of the

eager pioneer whose prospects were fair before him, but whose present possessions did not hamper him enough to become a daily care.

The importance of the cotton crop was not yet apparent. Whitney's cotton gin was not yet invented, and the four or five pounds of cotton which one person could laboriously seed in a day, would not afford so much lint as was needed for home consumption. Those were the days of the small cotton patch planted to supply the spinning wheel and loom, and each child and every servant of the home must seed his shoe full of cotton, each winter evening before going to bed, as his regular task.

Tobacco was the crop which brought in money or exchange. It exhausted the new land very quickly, and was hard to transport over the rough roads of the settlements, but it was nevertheless an all-important means of paying for any imported goods, and a regular medium of exchange in North Carolina as formerly also in Virginia. Much of what we read in that time before railroads, about the prime importance of locating the towns upon rivers, was considered true, because it was an easy means of readily transporting tobacco to a good market.

Wheat was raised in sufficiency and corn in great abundance. The response of the virgin soil was wonderful and the climate was as fine then as now. The farmer whose family did not live in plenty was a man who would not take the trouble to raise the food he could easily cultivate. Great herds of pigs roamed the woods and lived on acorns and nuts, half wild, only coming at intervals to be fed a little corn when they heard the shrill halloo of the slave whose duty it was to look after them. Cattle, too, roamed the woods and were only a little more tame, coming up to be milked as they chose.

All the house work halted when the bell-cow's jangling bell was heard in the clearing, and the women quickly went to milk the herd, whatever the hour of day.

Houses were small and simple, log-cabins well or ill-built, single or double, and all chairs and small furnishings were home-made. Only now and then was there some prized chest or high-boy which had been brought from the last station of the pioneer family, or even from old England direct.

Vehicles were confined to wagons and gigs, and a family carriage was as much of a rarity

in the early years of the nineteenth century as an automobile was in the latest ones. Ladies rode pillion, behind their men or their servants, or singly if attended. Everyone expected to ride horseback as well for a long journey as for a short one.

Hunting and fishing were the chief sports, but racing was universal in a country so dependent as this upon good and spirited horses; but there seems to have been no regular race-track in Wake County at this early date. Shooting matches for beef were held and conducted much like the famous match described in "Georgia Scenes." Cock-fighting was a common sport, the taste for which came from England with the Colonists. Wherever a few people could gather from the thinly settled neighborhoods, they enjoyed dancing and fiddling, and such amusements were participated in by young and old alike.

As to the look of the country, we know that the forest and the old field bore such a great proportion to the cultivated cleared land that farms were far apart. Only here and there did a home stand out against a wooded slope, here and there a slim spiral of smoke betray a

human habitation behind the trees, or a cleared field show the work of the settler. Roads wound for miles through unbroken woodland, and the cultivated fields seemed but patches.

This life was not a poor one, although it was extremely simple. It was independent, it was self-respecting. It was full of rude plenty and wholesome work, of hope and expectation. A poor man could make a start and be sure of getting a living while paying for his land. He would raise a little stock and a pair of colts. His log-cabin cost him little beside the time he took to build it, and he need never go without his simple food and clothing and his necessities provided that he was a good shot, and that he and his wife were industrious. Slavery lightened the tasks of those who could get far enough ahead of the world to afford the purchase of a servant or two. With all its faults it was a life which had an upward slope to it, and a hopefulness for the future which kept it stimulating.

There were practically no schools in Wake County for the first years of its existence, and after the Capitol stood lonely on its hill in the midst of the new City of Raleigh. At various

cross-roads were taverns where men met. Court week called them to Raleigh sometimes, and occasionally a preacher passed through and services were held; but the children were mostly left to home instruction and to the educating influence of practical experience and the many absorbing interests of their backwoods homes and their free life in the open.

The leading spirits were not satisfied with this state of things, however. There were a few men of education and refinement in Wake County from the first, and all these were prominent in the State history and politics of their day.

The first name that appears in the Colonial Records showing active service and prominence in the new county of Wake was John Hinton, who lived on Neuse River near Milburnie. He owned enormous tracts of land along the Neuse under grant from Lord Carteret, and when in course of time Wake County was divided from Johnston County, his residence fell within its boundaries. His residence was called Clay-Hill-on-the-Neuse.

He had moved from Chowan (the part now Gates County), about the middle of the eigh-

teenth century, and his father's name before him was John Hinton. He married Grizelle Kimbrough, and had eight or nine children who reached maturity. John Hinton was Major in the provincial troops of Johnston County, and was thus called to aid Governor Tryon in the expedition against the Regulators. He was made Colonel of the Wake County troops in 1771, and was in command of his men at the Battle of Alamance. Governor Caswell mentions that he was an eyewitness of Colonel Hinton's gallant behavior on this occasion.

Colonel Hinton lived near the home where his descendants still live. He was a prominent man in the Revolutionary struggle, offering himself at once to the American cause. He served in the first Provincial Congress at New Berne, was appointed Colonel of North Carolina troops, was present at the Battle of Moore's Creek Bridge, was a member of the Council of Safety for Wake County, and acted always the part of the brave patriotic gentleman he was.

He died in 1784, leaving several minor children, and besides his own personal service

two of his sons were in the Revolutionary Army. John Hinton the third, his eldest, was commissioned as Major, and James Hinton was Colonel of a troop of horse.

James Hinton above, married Delilah Hunter, daughter of Theophilus Hunter of Hunter's Lodge. Two of the daughters of Colonel Hinton successively became wives of Joel Lane, one dying quite young. Thus the Hinton family was connected with those few other families which seem to have shared with them the first possession of the broad acres of pristine Wake County wilderness, and the moulding of the little community by their service and examples.

The descendants of these people are here with us today, and their blood runs in the veins of many who never have traced out their pedigree sufficiently to be proud as they justly may be of their fine old Revolutionary ancestry.

Hinton James, the first student that registered at the newly opened University of North Carolina, and another Hinton who graduated with him in the first class, were both grandsons of Colonel John Hinton of Wake. Judge

Henry Seawell married a daughter of John Hinton, son of Colonel John Hinton, Second, the first of the name to settle in Wake.

Theophilus Hunter of Hunter's Lodge appears first as the host of Governor Tryon, and his plantation was the headquarters of the expedition of 1771 during its halt of several days in Wake County. It was at his plantation that the recruiting was done for Tyron's Army, which is recorded as having been so slow and so unsatisfactory, the smaller farmers holding sympathy with the Regulators.

Theophilus Hunter the elder was the presiding justice of the first county court ever held in Wake County, and when the first court house was moved from Joel Lane's tavern, Wake Cross Roads, or Bloomsbury, by whichever name one chooses to call the place, to its present site on Fayetteville street, Theophilus Hunter and James Bloodworth each conveyed half an acre adjoining to the then justices of Wake County and their successors in office forever, for the nominal sum of five shillings; and upon this piece of ground the new court house was then built, and successive buildings have occupied the same lot.

This property has become so extremely valuable, that some time since there was an idea of its being sold, and some land purchased which might not be quite so valuable, although quite as convenient for the purpose. Upon looking into the old deeds it was found that to use this ground for any other purpose beside the designated one of locating a court house upon it, would forfeit it to the heirs of the givers.

Besides giving a lot for the court house, Theophilus Hunter also gave a lot for a masonic lodge. This lies on Morgan and Dawson streets, Raleigh.

Theophilus Hunter, besides being a justice and a Mason, was a Major in Colonel John Hinton's Wake County Regiment during the Revolution, afterwards Lieutenant Colonel, County Surveyor, and a member of Assembly several times. He left a family of sons and daughters who married into the Hinton and the Lane families and thus drew closer the family kinship and solidarity of the first families of Wake County. He lived at Spring Hill, south-west of where the State Hospital for the insane now is. The old mansion still

remains on the eminence near this old site, rebuilt into part of the State Hospital, the outdoor colonies for epileptics being located near the spot. His son, Theophilus, Jr., inherited Spring Hill and rebuilt it. The landed possessions of these men were extensive, their land reaching almost to Cary in a southwesterly direction. Isaac Hunter, brother of Theophilus, Sr., owned that plantation within ten miles of which Raleigh should be located, and his place was to the north of the city. Descendants of both these men are among our citizens today, notably the brother last mentioned has many although none of his own name, the inheritance of blood having gone through the female lines.

Theophilus Hunter Hill, a poet, and one of our few singers, was a grandson of the Hunters of Spring Hill. At the very beginning of the war of 1861, he published a slender volume of lyrics and sonnets, and after the war another volume.

He had genuine feeling and power of expressing it, and several sonnets of his are exquisite, but for the most part his poetry seems an echo of what had pleased him in his

wide reading of other men's writings. It is not racy of the soil, and his images are academic, but he shows nevertheless a vein of real poetic inspiration which time and the times did not develop in the least, the stress and strain of the war extinguishing poetic fancy, and leisure and stimulation both being lacking to the perfecting of his gift.

Joel Lane with his two brothers, Joseph and Jesse, who were not so well known as himself, also had a great deal to do with the early shaping of Wake County.

O. W. Holmes, in a humorous poem, describing the portrait of his great-grandmother when a young girl, plays with the idea of what might have been the result if that dainty maiden had chosen a different suitor, when she answered 'Yes' to her life-mate, and thus had thrown the stream of inheritance into a different channel. He quaintly asks,

> "*Should I be I, or would it be*
> *One tenth another and nine tenths me?*"

In similar fashion we may well wonder what would have been the differing traits in the likeness of the good people of Wake County if

busy Joel Lane and his brothers had chosen another path through the wilderness, and those dozen others whose blood lives today in many a citizen, "solid and stirring in flesh and bone," had settled beside some other river.

Joel Lane, who helped lay out the boundaries of Wake and the streets of our city, land-owner, mine host of Bloomsbury Tavern, Colonel in his father-in-law's Wake County regiment, purveyor of supplies for the Revolutionary Army, Associate Justice at Wake County Court in 1771 and for many years thereafter, delegate to the Provincial Congress at New Berne, member of the Council of Safety for this district, State Senator for Wake for thirteen sessions of the Assembly, planter, speculator in real estate, did not let all these activities exhaust his abundant energy. It would not take many citizens such as he to make a town progressive and lively even in these strenuous days.

He seems vividly alive to the mind as he is exhumed from old records dusty with the passing of a century. His nature must have been kindly, and his disposition sunny, to

CLAY-HILL-ON-THE-NEUSE, BUILT BY COLONEL JOHN HINTON BEFORE WAKE COUNTY WAS SET OFF, AND THE OLDEST HOUSE LEFT STANDING TODAY IN WAKE COUNTY

have made him so universally liked. His house we have all seen, and it looks small and plain enough to us; but it represented to the people of that time what Governor Swain calls "a rare specimen of architectural elegance." Joel lived in this well-known house of his in the sense of the often quoted words, "by the side of the road, to be a friend to man;" and in turning the pages of the records, those dry bones of history, we may note and admire the human attraction of the way people gravitated to his tavern for their various meetings. It must have been pleasant staying there, which speaks well for the character of mine host, although we must wonder where in the world he took care of so many legislators. Probably, after the good old custom, log-cabin "offices" or bachelor quarters flanked the central dwelling, and in these he put his gentlemen guests. Very few ladies went traveling in those days.

Joel Lane's two wives were both daughters of Colonel John Hinton, who lived near Neuse River, and they brought him a fine colonial family of six sons and six daughters. Joel always adhered to the Church of England.

The Lanes are descended from the Ralph Lane who first came to North Carolina with the unlucky colony in 1585, and then sailed back to England in 1586, being succeeded as Governor by John White who left a handful of lonely white settlers to lose themselves in the western wilds, and become one of the mysteries of fate to this day. The spirit of the old seafaring Lanes still drove him "Westward Ho" and Ralph returned after a time. Joel and his brothers were already the third generation of Lanes born in the American Colonies. Their descendants have half populated Wake County, and have sent good citizens to Alabama, to Tennessee, to Missouri, and to far away Oregon. Among them are numbered governors, judges, a general and a vice-presidential candidate, a cabinet officer, too,—all men in the public eye, while they have also furnished scores more of excellent folk of the race who, while not so conspicuous, have built up their own communities more quietly for generations.

Joel Lane has been criticised because his sale of land for the location of Raleigh seemed a bit of sharp practice at the expense of his

father-in-law, Colonel John Hinton, who also had a square mile of land for sale; it is even hinted that people generally resented this and that it cost him his seat in the Assembly for the next term thereafter. These hundred-year-old rumors are hard to verify. Let us use our imagination in all charity, and think that he knew what a very pleasant home for the State's central government would result from his success.

He offered a square mile of land near Cary as a free gift, should it be decided to place the University of North Carolina there, and one wonders why this offer was not accepted. He was one of the first Board of Trustees of the new institution, and had two grandsons in the first graduating class. His friendliness brought him friends and his friends showed him favor, which was surely his desert. He died in 1795, and his grave was plowed over and obliterated by Mr. Peter Brown, a Scotchman and a lawyer, who acquired his home by purchase, a few years after Joel Lane was dead and gone. Mr Brown in his turn sold the place to the first Mr. William Boylan, early in the last century.

"Spring Hill," later home of Colonel Theophilus Hunter. He built the smaller house in the rear. His son Theophilus added the larger mansion in front.

A tablet to the memory of Joel Lane was recently placed in the Municipal Building of Raleigh by the Daughters of the Revolution. One of Joel Lane's brothers was the progenitor of the Lanes of Alabama and the other was the ancestor of those who sought the far west and became prominent there. Carolina Lane, his sister, was mother of David L. Swain, and lived her whole life in Buncombe County near Asheville.

Another pre-revolutionary family connection was that of the Jones' of Wake County. There seem to have been two distinct families at first, no known kin, and living in different parts of the county, both well known for intelligence and property acquired. Besides this fact, two men, one from each family, bore the unusual name of Nathaniel, and of these, one named his eldest son after himself; hence it requires more than an ordinary genealogist to reconstruct their respective family trees, and this all the more because they complicated and confounded things still worse by intermarrying once or twice a few years later, after the second generation had grown up.

The first Jones to reach Wake County was Francis or Frank Jones, who settled on Crab-

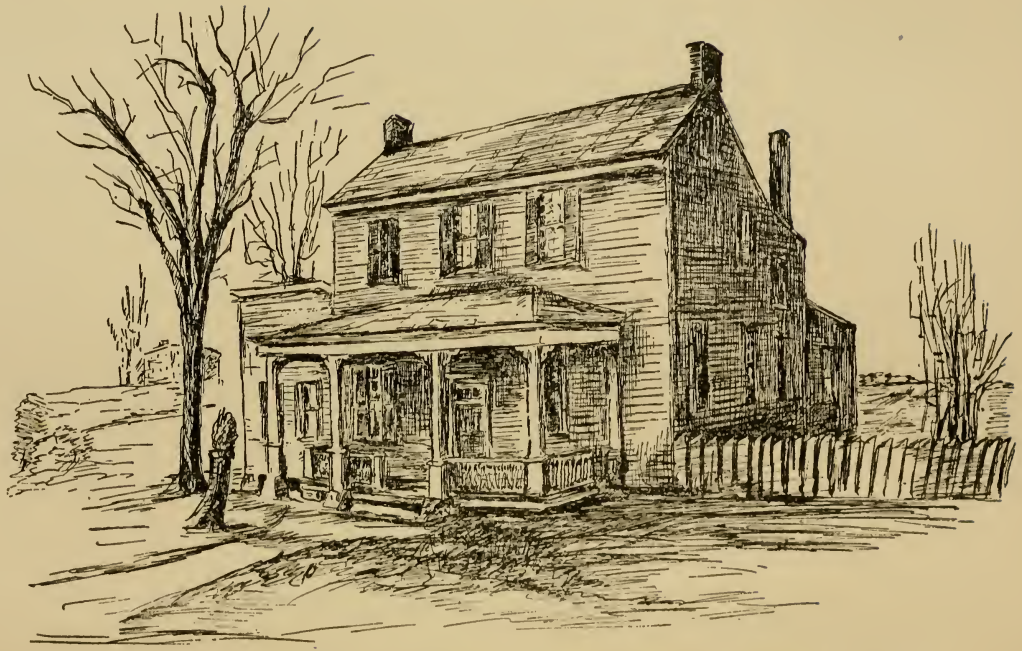
tree Creek near Morrisville. His deed from Lord Carteret bears the date 1749. He bought more land adjoining in 1761. His two sons, Nathaniel First of Crabtree, and Tignall, or Tingall, were often mentioned in County and State records. This Frank is said to have been a brother of the father of Willie Jones and General Allen Jones of Halifax. If this is so then these two distinguished men were own cousins to the Jones family of Crabtree. This was the General Allen Jones who gave his name to a penniless adventurer, John Paul, whom he had befriended, and who asked at parting, if the Jones surname might be added to his own, promising that if permitted so to add it he would also add fame to it some day. This he did most wonderfully, as all those who have thrilled at the story of John Paul Jones and the *Bon Homme Richard* can testify.

Perhaps this cousinship gives one of the reasons for the residence in Raleigh of Willie Jones, during the last years of his life. This great Jeffersonian bought the plantation where Saint Augustine's School for the colored race now stands, and in the spot where the garden

of the school now is, he lies buried in an unmarked grave. Though an agnostic, Willie Jones also gave the land for a Methodist Church, where Edenton Street now stands, according to several authorities. He died about the first of the new century.

To return to the Jones family of Crabtree. Nathaniel the second of Crabtree, married a daughter of John Kimbrough. His name appears as member of Assembly from Wake in both House and Senate before 1801. His son, Kimbrough Jones, was a member of the Constitutional Assembly of 1835, and he has many descendants. John Kimbrough, the father-in-law, does not come so often into the records, being perhaps a man busy with his plantation alone, but he owned more slaves in 1800 than anyone else, except James Hinton and Tignall Jones.

To continue the Wake County Joneses: Nathaniel Jones of White Plains near Cary, came also from Eastern North Carolina. His ancestors are buried in old Bath Church, and he came to what is now Wake County in 1750. Nathaniel of White Plains was, as I have said, supposed to be no known kin to Nathaniel of



THE HOME OF GENERAL CALVIN JONES AT WAKE FOREST. (TAKEN FROM A PRINT)

Crabtree. His father was of Welsh blood, and bore the Welsh-given name of Evan. Nathaniel of White Plains married into the Lane family, and his daughter Sarah married her cousin, John Lane, son of Joel. They went west, and their son, born in Tennessee was named Joel Hinton Lane. Of course there were many others of this family, but I give this instance to show the strong mixture of pioneering blood which must have been the very elixir of life in that "Winning of the West" which became the task of their generation.

Finding the records of all these intermarriages of the Jones families, and adding to them the more recent connections of these with the Cadwallader Joneses of Hillsborough and noting the constant recurrence of familiar Wake County surnames and Welsh patronymics among the lists of children, one realizes how hopeless and how useless it is to try and untangle the skein of these families.

There stands, however, a desolate house with vacant windows and grinning rafters, a high four-square old house, dating from the Revolutionary time, but which has been de-

serted many years. It stands near the town of Cary to the west, and its story was told to me by an old lady who remembers traditions, and who was somewhat kin to the former owner, Fanning Jones, but who was not proud of the relationship.

Whether his name means a relationship of connection with the notorious Tory leader who stole the Governor, or whether it is merely a coincidence, no one can now declare, but he is said for some vague reason to have forfeited the regard of his patriotic relatives, and to have been driven from the neighborhood for that reason. The Old Tory, they called him.

Doctor Calvin Jones on whose plantation Wake Forest College was located was a later comer into the county from the North. He sold his place to the Trustees of the Baptist School for two thousand dollars, which was considered cheap even in those days, for six hundred acres, equipped with buildings. Doctor Jones sold this at sacrifice in order to move to Tennessee, and mentioning him here, too early as to time, but in order to distinguish him, we will add that he was a distinguished physician and that he had a fine war record

for the war of 1812, having raised a Wake County troop of horse for the army.

Besides these people whom I have called out of the past, and not speaking of others perhaps as prominent and as useful, we must recall the forbears of many of our citizens of today, living in simple homes, leaving no record of wealth, save the ownership of the acres which they had won from the wilderness and tilled for themselves with their own hands. A random reading over of the tax payers whose names were enrolled in Wake County in the year 1800, such a list as appears in the State records, yields many of the most respected and honored names of today—many names seen on church rolls, painted on signboards, and on office windows, names which have been marked by flags on Memorial days in the cemetery and which only yesterday have been engrossed and hung in the vestibules of churches, names marked on service flags with blue stars, and some after awhile with golden ones.

The father and son, and the mother and daughter also, these are those who have redeemed the wilderness, peopled the solitude,

fought in Revolutionary ranks in blue and buff, and many years later have worn Confederate grey. They have done the hardest work of the new land, and the harder of the land grown populous, they whose descendants have fought and fallen on the fields of France so lately, these plain people of whom the world is made, and for whom it was made, and who shall carry the work on by their descendants into many a tomorrow.

CHAPTER IV

Raleigh the Capital Village

OLONEL CREECY in his "*Grandfathers Tales*" describes the look of the City of Raleigh in the year 1800 and for some years thereafter. He says, "It was a town of magnificent distances, of unsightly bramble bush, and briers, of hills and morasses, of grand old oaks and few inhabitants, and an *onwelcome* look to newcomers."

At that time the first State House stood solitary on the Capitol Square and near it was the famous sassafras tree, which had long marked a wonderful deer stand whence forty deer had been shot by one hunter's rifle, within the memory of those then alive.

Governor Ashe was the first governor to make Raleigh his permanent residence, and he came to town in 1795, while the other State officers also found it necessary to "go out there in the woods to live, and help with the government." The first Governor's mansion was a plain frame building on Fayetteville Street about where the Raleigh Banking and Trust

Company's building now stands. By 1800 there were two hotels. The first one, Casso's, still stands on the corner of Morgan and Fayetteville Streets opposite the State Library Building, is especially in excellent repair, and were the fire escapes and such modern additions taken away, would remain much as it used to be when the stages rolled to the door. The second was called the Eagle, which was demolished in April 1922, to erect a new State Department Building

One handsome residence had been built in Raleigh which is standing today, and has been kept in repair, remarkable beside for the fact that it is still inhabited by the representatives of the family that built it. There is no other residence so old in town or county today, beside "the old Burke Haywood Mansion" on New Berne Avenue, built in the year 1794, of which we may confidently say, as it is today so it was almost identically, more than a hundred years ago.

There were homes and stores along Fayetteville Street—small frame buildings long since burned or demolished; the Joel Lane house stood near where it now stands, but facing

South Boylan Avenue; the Mordecai place was partly built; the old Andrew Johnson birthplace, judging by the style of architecture was then in existence, but tradition says that it stood near the plot where Tucker's Store was built immediately after the war of '61. From thence it was moved at that time to Cabarrus Street, where it remained until 1900, when the local Committee of the Colonial Dames of America had it taken down board by board, and reconstructed, exactly, in Pullen Park, where it is now preserved as a relic.

There was no church edifice in Raleigh in 1800, although services were frequently held by the several denominations in the State House.

There were no common schools in all North Carolina, and but few pay schools. In the year 1801, Raleigh asks for state aid in establishing an academy, and also petitions for the use of Burke Square (where the Governor's mansion now stands) for its site.

In 1802 the plans for the building were made, fifty feet long and twenty-four feet wide, with fireplaces at each end both above and below stairs. My authority says brick, but

the expression is so vague, perhaps it merely means that the great chimneys were brick, and not the whole building. In 1807 a building for a "Female Department" was added. This was one-story and smaller. The school was supported partly by tuition fees and partly by private subscriptions to bonds or shares. All the State officers' names of that day and those of nearly all the townsfolk besides were to be found on its lists.

In 1813 another building was built, the two larger buildings were insured for two thousand dollars each, while the Female Department carried two hundred and fifty dollars. Tuition was nine dollars a year and the rolls of honor and other school notices published in the newspapers of the time show that many of the pupils were from other places and boarded in town. By the year 1817 one hundred eighty pupils were in attendance. The first teacher engaged was named German Guthrie, the second Maurin Delaigny, a French refugee, a Huguenot minister, who afterwards went to Charleston and became pastor of the old Huguenot Church there.

In 1810 came Doctor William Mc.Pheeters who was principal of the Academy for many

years, and also "Town Pastor," preaching on Sundays in the State House and holding Sunday School there. His salary was eight hundred dollars a year. His school throve, and soon he required assistants in his work. The course included Latin, Greek, Mathematics, English, Geography, and Bible, and his scholars ranged from beginners in reading to those who would go next year to the University. No Latin or Greek was taught to the girls, but a course in "alphabetical samplers" and wool work took the place of the classics for them.

There were other schools in the county, and some were very efficient, especially the one at Wake Forest which afterwards was enlarged into Wake Forest College. Besides this one the schools were more or less intermittent, being private enterprises.

One of the Raleigh schools deserves mention for the oddity of its human interest.

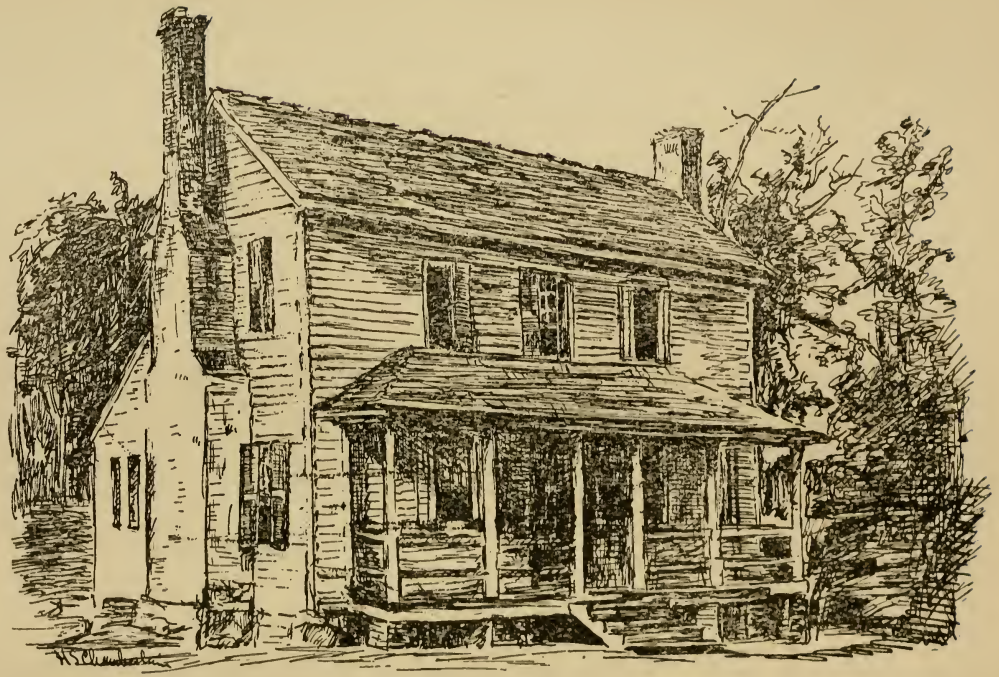
John Chavis was a negro slave, who was sent by his master to Princeton College, and educated as a Presbyterian minister. This was done as an experiment on the part of his owner, to see what could be done with a

negro's mind, as I have been told by the older people. John had a good understanding and a docile disposition. When, after his years of training, he was returned home an educated man of some refinement, it became a problem to know what should be done with him. He was an ordained Presbyterian minister; he could not be sent back to the negro quarters; nor could he be recognized as a social equal. He was set free, and he was permitted to use his learning in instruction of youth. He taught in Raleigh in 1808, instructing poor white children in the day, and colored youth at night. He afterwards kept school in other parts of the State, and prepared many prominent young men for college with great success. I have heard stories told of how on occasion, he might be at some white planter's house at meal time, and how the plantation darkies would come to peer into the windows of the dining room at the Great House, to see "dat nigger John Chavis" sitting over at his side table by himself, but nevertheless, actually eating his dinner in the same room with Old Massa and Old Miss. That was the way the problem was finally

solved as to the exact social position of John Chavis.

Before leaving the subject of educational uplift in Raleigh, let me chronicle the doings of the leading matrons of the town in the year 1802. They then presented a pair of globes to the scientific equipment of the infant University at Chapel Hill. The names of of the donors were as follows: S. W. Potter, Eliza Haywood, Sarah Polk, Anna White, Martha McKethan, Margaret Casso, Eliza Williams, Nancy Bond, Hannah Paddison, Susannah Parish, Ann O'Brien, E. H. P. Smith, Nancy Haywood, Priscilla Shaw, Rebecca Williams, Winifred Mears. This is probably a list of all the ladies who made up Raleigh society at that date, and shows these good women ready and efficient in helping worthy causes as their descendants and successors have ever since striven to do.

A brick mansion was built about 1813, just opposite the foot of Fayetteville Street, and outside the then city limits. It stood where the Centennial School stands now. It was a large simple building, with no architectural pretensions, and was paid for out of the proceeds of lots in the City of Raleigh sold for the



This is part of the Old Raleigh Academy, where Dr. Wm. McPheeters once taught. Latterly called Lovejoy's School. (from a photograph taken just before it was torn down to make way for the governor's mansion)

purpose, being those which remained in the possession of the State up to that time. These lots did not bring as great a sum as was hoped, by reason of the hard times prevailing after the War of 1812. This mansion, always known as the Governor's Palace, is the one occupied by all Governors in succession from 1813 up to the War of '61, and Governor Swain adds in dignified phrase, "The Executive office was then, as now, contiguous to the Palatial Residence."

The little town of those early days was in feeling and deportment always the capital. We read of plays staged, of processions and festivities, of speakings patriotic, and speakings commemorative, and of regular religious services all held in the State House, which was then even more than since, the center, and one might say, almost the circumference as well of all Raleigh's social life.

Banquets in celebration of the national anniversaries, not on a strictly temperance plan, were held at the hotels and occasionally out of doors at the mineral spring near the Palace. These inns were good ones, because of the many gentlemen who had to be entertained

at certain seasons of the year, whose number would have strained the small private accommodations of the place.

On great occasions tables were even set in the rotunda of the State House and toasts were drunk on patriotic excuse to "every State in the Union," and the fact that there were not nearly so many states then as there are now is the reason the devoted banqueters lived through the test.

The census of Raleigh on March 23, 1807, as published in the Raleigh *Minerva*, gives white males 255, white females 178, freedmen 33, slaves 270, total 786, families 85. Governor Swain also gives these figures. The apparent overplus of bachelors in Raleigh at that time is noticeable, there being seventy-five or more unattached men. This must mean that the State officials were written down as residents whether they had brought their families to live in the town or not.

Raleigh had a commission form of government in those early days, similiar to that of the City of Washington now, being governed by the direct authority of the Assembly. It also had a town watch which patroled the un-

lighted streets at night, and kept the slaves from wandering abroad. There were twenty classes who took turns. This same plan was universally followed in the larger towns throughout the South.

The names of the Captains of the Watch for the year 1811 were Henry Potter, Isaac Lane, William Scott, William Boylan, Joseph Gales, Thomas Emond, Southey Bond, John Wyatt, Joseph Peace, Samuel Goodwin, Beverly Daniel, William Peck, Willis Rogers, Sherwood Haywood, William Jones, John Raboteau, James Coman, Benjamin King, Robert Cannon, and Jacob Johnson. This last name was that of the father of the President Andrew Johnson.

We may gather a good many good home-sounding names from this collection, although they made their rounds more than a century ago, and all sleep dreamless sleep tonight while others are watching.

The war of 1812 having been fought to a glorious finish, and the Algerian pirates having been smoked out by Admiral Decatur, the America name became more respected and the flag more distinguished abroad, while

England was no longer a present fear to our nation as it had been since the Revolution. Our nation began to feel its full destiny as favored of heaven. We might say of ourselves in our growing vigor and importance as a nation,

"*No-pent up Utica contracts our powers.*"

This happy time when there was little political or sectional bitterness or other jealousy was called the "era of good feeling." The Revolution was receding into the historic past, and its heroes loomed grander, and less distinct, as their doings passed out of ordinary day-light into the shadowed aisles of history. The great consequences of these deeds were more and more realized, as time unfolded its changes.

There was in this village capital of North Carolina ninety years ago one treasure which we would give a great deal to possess, and to be able to point to, in our Capitol of today. I refer to the famous statue of General George Washington, first President of the United States, which was made by Canova.

In November, 1815, the Assembly of North Carolina passed a bill authorizing the purchase

of a statue of the great and good George Washington, to be placed in the State House, and setting no limit to the cost of such a work of art.

The people of North Carolina had a right to be proud of their appreciative admiration for Washington, and the delight they took to honor his memory honored themselves also.

It was a charming bit of extravagance, and not like the strange freaks of spending that attack stingy folk once in a lifetime, but the result of pure idealism,—the fact of a heroic figure impressing the imagination of a whole people, so that they were intent upon pouring out the precious ointment of their hearts to his memory.

The motion for obtaining this statue was first made in the House by Thomas Spencer of Hyde County. His descendants, if there are any, should be proud of their ancestor for this deed.

Governor Miller, the then executive, consulted Senator Turner and Senator Macon in Washington, and they in turn consulted Thomas Jefferson in his retirement at Monticello. It was decided that only the best was

worthy of the greatest American and of the State of North Carolina, and so the Ambassador to Italy from the Federal Government was commissioned to bespeak a portrait statue of Washington from Canova. Canova was the greatest sculptor then alive, unless Thorvaldsen of Sweden be named as his equal.

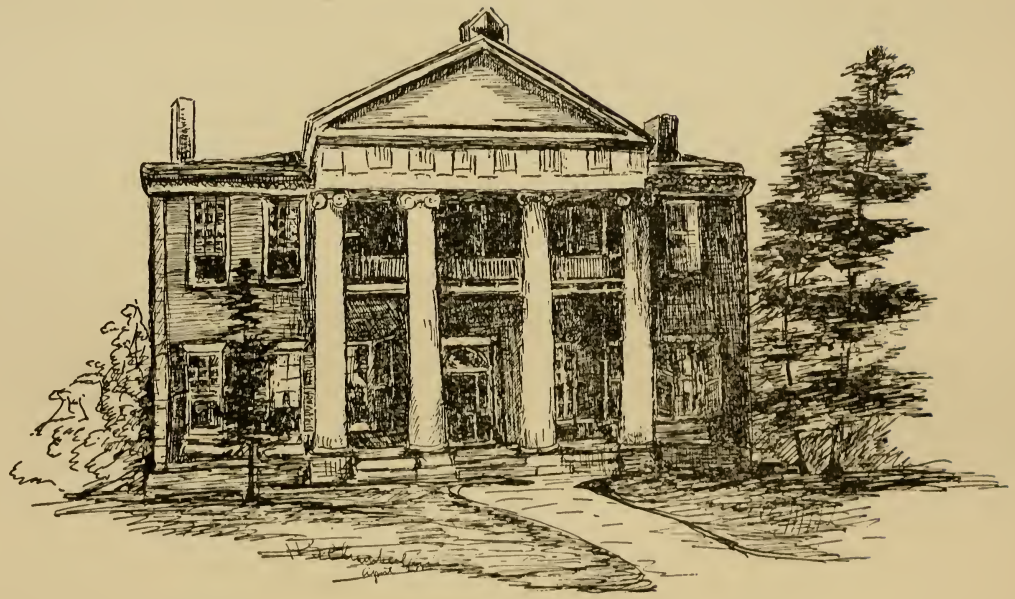
When asked to undertake the commission from the State of North Carolina, he put aside many orders to accept it, on account, he said, of his extreme admiration for the genius of the great Washington, and for his noble deeds. The statue was executed in Carrara marble, white as snow. The figure was larger than life. When finished, it was brought to Boston on a United States war vessel commanded by Captain Bainbridge, a hero of the Pirates' War. From Boston it was transshipped to Wilmington on a coastwise vessel, and it arrived there in 1821. From Wilmington to Fayetteville, it was floated up the Cape Fear River.

William Nichols, father of Captain John Nichols, who lived at that time in Raleigh and was in charge of the improvement of the Capitol and of other building for the State at the

University, was put in charge also of this task. It was for him to contrive means of transporting those heavy marbles over the long rough miles between Fayetteville and Raleigh. That he did so successfully is another tribute to his practical ability. On the ninth of November, 1821, word came that the wagons bearing the precious blocks of marble were near, the entire population of Raleigh, Governor, State officials, and many citizens of other parts of the State as well, went out in procession along the Fayetteville road to meet the train of wagons, and bring them into the city with a band and speeches and rejoicings.

Colonel William Polk pronounced the oration. He was living in Raleigh as president of the First State Bank. He was a Revolutionary veteran, and had been a friend of Washington, and personally associated with Lafayette. He was father of Leonidas K. Polk, afterwards the "fighting bishop," and was cousin to President Polk.

His speech on this occasion was solemn and stately, and he rhetorically declared that it was but meet and fitting that the degenerate



The old Governor's Palace at foot of fayetteville Street. Built about 1813, and last used by Governor Vance. Torn down and replaced by a school building. (from a print)

Italian nation should add the refinement of art to the rough but vigorous patriotism of the American Republic, now far more than Italy the inheritor of the spirit of ancient Rome. This is but the impression of a long past perusal and not a direct quotation.

The statue, when unpacked and set in position in the rotunda of the old State House by Mr. Nichols seemed, to the critical eyes of many who had seen Washington in the flesh, a good likeness as regarded the countenance. Our good people, not aware of artistic license, were, however, quite struck dumb by the fact that the Father of His Country was dressed in a Roman Consul's costume, with toga, bare legs, and sandaled feet. This made them wonder and stare.

Washington was represented seated, with a tablet on one knee, on which he was writing his farewell address with a stylus. The attitude was balanced and graceful, the face calm and grave. The figure sat upon a Roman curule chair, and this rested upon a pedestal, which was sculptured on all four sides with bas-reliefs, showing notable scenes in the public service of Washington.

The sculpture exhibited Canova at his best, in which the stone was made to take a finish that seemed almost as smooth to the touch as it appeared soft to the eye, so perfect was the working, so delicate the surface. The great Lafayette, when he came to Raleigh in 1825, vouched for the correctness of the likeness as he surveyed it. The statue was the pride of the people of North Carolina. Judge Gaston said of them, "Limited in their means, plain in their habits, economical in their expenditures, on this subject they indulged in generous munificence." It was suggested by some practical soul, that a statue so valuable being now placed in a building not fireproof, should be mounted on low wheels to permit of its being moved in case of fire, but this suggestion was laughed to scorn. It is hard to guess now, in this age of wheels, why it was thought to be so undignified, so very funny to mount the statue in this way, for the sake of its safety. Had this been done, we might well possess it today, for it might have been easily saved from destruction.

Only for about ten years did the State own this art treasure, for all of that period easily

the finest example of high art in all America. The mother of the writer saw this statue in in 1830, and though but a child at the time, she ever remembered it with a vivid impression and has described it minutely to her children. Mrs. A. B. Andrews had a most exact picture of it, from an Italian source, entirely authentic. Also there is an engraving with Lafayette and Miss Haywood standing looking at it. In the year 1910 owing to the indefatigable effort of the Hall of History, a cast had been made from the model, and sent as a gift from the King of Italy. The lost treasure in its beauty is a vivid personal regret. The poor mutilated fragments of the trunk and pedestal which occupy one corner of the Hall of History speak eloquently of its fate but tell little of its glory.

Canova the great Italian sculptor, was at the height of his fame and reputation when he made the statue. He was called the true inheritor of the classical tradition. He always used the mannerisms of the antique statues he studied, as well as followed the real beauty of their conception. He is now somewhat superseded in artistic esteem being consid-

ered too artificial, too smooth, although many lovely works of his are still cherished.

The old Raleigh Community revelled in processions as well as banquets. Fourth of July was always a fair chance to enjoy a parade. Hear the account of a celebration of the ever-glorious Fourth which took place in the year 1809. "At twelve o'clock, a procession of citizens and strangers, with Captain Calvin Jones' troop of cavalry, formed at the State House during the ringing of the State House, Court House, and Town bells, and the firing of the cannon. Being seated in the Commons Chamber, an ode in honor of this day, composed for the occasion, was sung by a choir of seventy voices. Reverend Mr. Turner (the principal of the Academy) delivered an oration. At three o'clock the company sat down to an excellent dinner prepared by Mr. Casso (keeper of the Hotel), which was served in the State House. Colonel Polk and Mr. Potter presided and toasts were drunk to the Governor, Mr. Nash, to the Supreme Court of North Carolina, to Literature, Science and Art, to the University of North North Carolina, to the Constitution of North Carolina, and to 'The social circles of life.' "

It was the custom of Doctor William McPheeters a few years later to hold a sunrise service on the Fourth of July, and to preach a patriotic sermon, which was always well attended, and very impressive. Reverend Drury Lacy kept up this custom of the town afterward. Following this came an oration by some good speaker, the reading of the Declaration of Independence, a procession of all the Sunday School children down Fayetteville Street to the "Palatial Residence" and then half way back again to the sound of the bells of the town. Dispersing there, everybody attended a picnic and barbecue in Parrish's Grove, at the corner of Davie and Blount Streets, and opportunity was given for all the courting and matchmaking that the daylight would hold. At nightfall, the streets being unlighted, and the ways long, the population called it a day and went home.

In calling up pictures of the town that then was, I have failed to mention the beginnings of the various religious denominations, although by the time the State House was burned there were three churches in Raleigh. The Presbyterians had a congregation organ-

ized in 1806, but as Dr. McPheeters was the only regular pastor in town for a long time, services were held in the State House, and they did not build until 1817. The early Methodists led the way, and built a little church where Edenton Street Church now stands, and by the next year the Baptists also had a small church building finished.

In 1820 the Episcopal Church was organised, and by 1826 they had begun a church on the present site of Christ Church. Later we find Duncan Cameron chairman of the building committee which made Christ Church of today, one of our really lovely buildings.

There had also been in Raleigh for some time a sort of crazy parson, a Mr. Clendenning, who had a pet heresy and preached it on Sundays. On weekdays he sold goods over his counter, and had plenty of ability and common sense to make money in his mercantile business. He seems to have been a sort of town joke.

Having tried in the foregoing chapters to bring back the idea of the old times as they really were, we must next try to recall some of the great men, and draw their characters, some of those who moved about the streets

of our old capital, and made impression on our institutions. Many were not natives of Raleigh, and yet were nevertheless a part of its life, and a boast, to be pointed out to strangers sojourning in our gates as they moved on our common ways. We must revive the shock of the burning of the State House. We must learn something of the struggle and final successful anchoring of the State capital here in Raleigh, for when the State House was burned, of course the other claimants revived their claims.

Beside this we must bring out those old tales which make former days alive, and restore to us the atmosphere so long dispersed, together with the likeness of those who were a part of the passing panorama.

We must go down the roaring forties, and make ourselves by all means catch the feeling that pervaded the world before the War of '61, and thereby moulded history; not forgetting that very often feeling is far stronger than policy.

The history of a people is the history of the the minds in it, as worked upon by the soul-currents of the age, which pass no one knows how, like the wind that bloweth where it listeth.

CHAPTER V

Early Life and Thought

E must now forget the path we have traveled to our present day conception of things, throw away all those beliefs and ideas which have crystallized in our lifetimes, and think away modern conveniences and conditions and a collection of uncertainties and questions that exist no more. If there is "no new thing under the sun," yet old ideas are seen in very novel combinations as time goes on.

Look at the politics of those elder folk, and by politics I mean the prevailing conceptions of right and expediency in governmental policies, rather than party or partizanship; what real correspondences do they show to the political questions of today?

Look at their economics. With the whole continent beyond him to choose a residence from, what need was there for the old North Carolina farmer to intensify, to economize, or to farm constructively?

He need not suffer in an environment that did not suit him, he could go west, he could take up new land to replace the fields he had cleared and exhausted. Nothing hindered the restlessness of the frontiersman.

Fiscal and money problems were not well understood even in Europe of this time. The question of the best way to guard the money capital needed for all this expansion, had been settled neither in theory nor experience by any financier. While the time of the formation of the constitutions of the United States and of the several States had revealed a farsighted statesmanship which it would he hard to match today, yet all was a great experiment. No one knew how well it was going to work, and only time could reveal its flaws. We disagree honestly today on many matters, but we have settled most of the questions which exercised our grandfathers.

A caustic wit has called Democracy "the rule of the planless man," but it was not plans which were lacking in that seething time when remnants of old English monarchical conservatism and the newest and wildest of French Revolutionary theories were striving to combine into something different from either.

"The broadening of human thought is ever a slow and a complex process." Our old time Federalist did not correspond to any of the political partizanships of today and his party passed away with the echoes of the War of 1812. In his time he represented the conservative element, but no special privilege save that of education, and the able leadership it gave.

The leaders of the Jeffersonian popular party distrusted the educated few, because as they said, they were "too far from the people to understand their ways." The old Federalists had for their successors the Whigs, while the Jeffersonian, afterwards called the Republican, and lastly the Democratic party, represented the ideals of liberty as advocated in the French Revolution.

England of just after the Revolution was a very conservative, hard England, but in America no such degeneration of the democratic gospel took place; the rise of the plain people, the opportunity of the common man to become uncommon, was the opportunity of all in America.

Andrew Jackson, "Old Hickory" as he was called, born in North Carolina, called to office

from Tennessee, well expressed his party as President and as popular hero.

In politics North Carolina was naturally democratic, but the majority of her leading intellects happened to be Whigs, and many of her best prophets were without honor in their own country.

The money organization of the United States was the field of many experiments. Jackson was of the opinion that money matters were best left to each sovereign state, and so he abolished the Bank of the United States, distributing its surplus pro rata among the states. This institution was doubtless a very imperfect one, but had afforded a central stable valuation of credit. Now there were as many values and measures as there were states, all the way from the "wild cat" banks of the west, to the conservative institutions of New England. Following the changeless law of finance, all the better money was hoarded and the worse put in circulation. Each state had a State Bank which bore the same relation to its finances as did the United States bank to the United States funds, and there came to be a strange mixture of money,

with so many banks issuing notes which were more or less good at a shorter or longer distance from the banks of their origin.

The habit of mind about money is a great part of the mental furniture of a man, because it disposes him to honest dealing and honest success, or disposes him to the taking of too heavy risks.

The early years of the nineteenth century were far too much given to the sporting conception of things, and loose ideas about money have given more trouble to our people than has any fallacy which has survived into the present.

When, after the unlucky Democratic administration of Van Buren, the scale tipped toward the Whigs, every one but the inside bosses thought of Henry Clay as the Whig choice for President.

It is not clear just how his nomination was defeated, but defeated it was, and Harrison won it, Tyler, who succeeded him, being Vice-President, after Harrison had only been a few weeks in office, and had died. Tyler proved not to be a Whig at all, but merely an admirer of the man Clay.

So far as we can see, he was nominated Vice-President because of his gift of ready tears over the defeat of his friend. Next term, 1844, Clay lost the election to the Democratic candidate, this time by his "Raleigh Letter." This historic letter was sent to a friend of Clay's in Alabama, and published by him, and tradition says it was penned under a great white oak in what was lately the yard of Colonel A. B. Andrews on Blount Street. In this letter he advocated the admission of Texas to the Union in due time, and thus set all Abolition New England against his candidacy. He opposed admitting it at once, and thus set his Southern friends against him.

Tradition says that he showed this letter to Judge Badger before he sent it, and that Badger said, "That letter will lose you your candidacy," to which he replied in the often quoted words, "I would rather be right than be president."

In ideals Clay was broadly national, and he was noted as a compromiser, and a soother of men's passions. Personally he was the very ideal man in the imagination of the spirited youth of his day, ideal in faults as well as in virtues.

Christ Church Rectory, once the State Bank, whose first president was Colonel W. Polk. It was one of the first three brick buildings in Raleigh

Old men have told me that since the War they had felt homeless as regarded political affiliation, that they were and had always been "Henry Clay Whigs" and nothing else. Of his great body of adherents it might be said, "His name was all the politics they knew."

Education in the South in those days as obtained by the richer classes was thorough, but there were no standardized secondary schools and scarcely any conception of what they might mean.

The average country citizen of those days was likely to hold the view of Huckleberry Finn's father: "Your father and your mother couldn't read nor write, and you think you are better than your father because you can. I'll take it out of you!" Planters might employ governesses and tutors, and send their children to pay schools, but common people living in rural isolation had no advantages at all in schooling.

Bartlett Yancey is authority for the statement that in Caswell County in 1800 one half the adult white population could not read and write, and that this great proportion grew greater rather than less. In Wake County

things must have been better, but how much better we do not know how to discover.

Judge Gaston, in a Fourth of July toast in 1826, speaks of North Carolina as sadly prone in matters educational "to stumble and flounder on at a lazy and lagging pace," and again in 1827, the "Legislature habitually looked with indifference upon education."

A belief among the leaders that this was poor policy was growing each year, and many tentative debates discussing possibilities of establishing common schools were beginning to be held; small appropriations were being laid aside to accumulate looking toward the establishing of an adequate fund for future use; but the fact remained that there was little or no general demand for any sort of free school education up to the year 1840 or '41.

The population of Wake County outside of the city of Raleigh gradually lessened, and became more scattered than formerly through the rural districts. The filling up of the west, which had begun with the century and shortly before, drew thousands of North Carolina people over the turnpikes to Alabama and Tennessee and far away to Missouri and the

"New Purchase" as it was called. At the close of the Revolution the population of North Carolina approximated the same number as did that of New York State, but from the war of 1812 until well into the forties, the population of North Carolina was at a comparative standstill.

This emigration, the following of families after their pathfinders, the talk of the golden west and all that, made a great appeal to the imagination of those who stayed behind.

Another great subject for discussion which grew more and more heated was the question of slavery, and attack and defence of this "Institution" was mooted from one end of the United States to the other.

If the cotton gin had lain in the womb of time for another fifty years, slavery in the South might have well become what the doctors call a self-limiting disease and might have followed the course of gradual extinction it had begun in the northern States.

Because of the obvious path of profit, slavery grew from more to more, especially as the south-west was opened up.

New England, always didactic, began to allude first with too much truth to Southern illiteracy, then as time went on to express her conscientious scruples as to the sufferance of slavery in any part of the Union.

Nothing in the general life and thought of the New England states had impressed the South with admiration, the two conceptions of life being at variance. Nothing made our people imagine that moral excellence was greater there than here, and these reproaches were felt undeserved and fell upon ears irritated with constant clash of warring sentiments and opinions. It was as though the sister who lived at home and needed only walk paved streets, should count for a sin the draggled skirts of her whose way had lain through briars and muddy ways.

That New England was the nearest right if not most righteous, was never acknowledged at the South, and in New England the fact of conditions and not deliberate choice was carefully ignored.

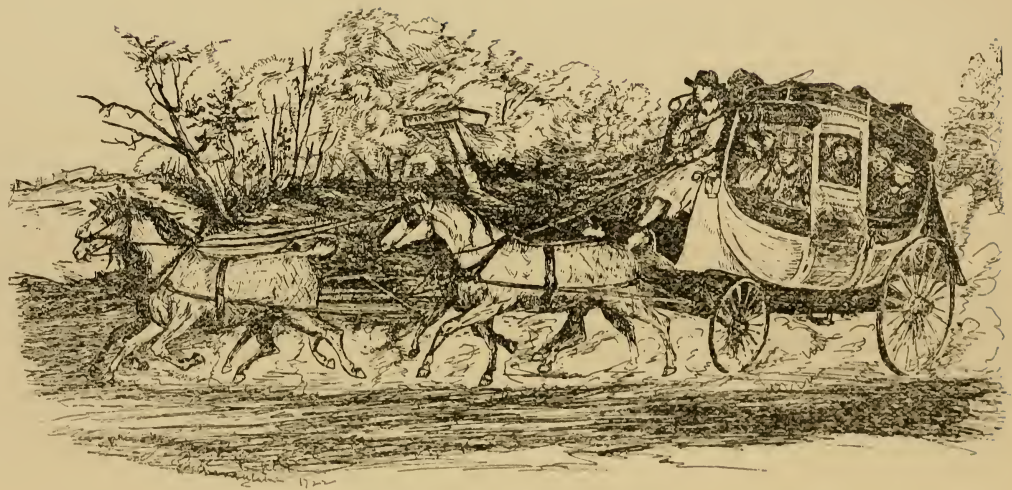
Much ink was spilt, and hard sayings on each side grew harder, and anger bred prejudice, and aspersions against slavery made

New England's educational example odious. Justice in this world can never be perfect, but perfect justice is somehow what every man claims for his own. Raleigh, the center of North Carolina's political life, heard many a speech about this bitter controversy, many an echo of the ever growing dispute.

Another subject of prime interest then, as now, was the building of roads, and added to that the projecting of canals. It scarcely seems possible, but the idea was at one time entertained that the City of Raleigh must be connected with the sea by means of the small creeks that run to Neuse River and a system of canals and locks, in connection with that stream, in order to have a commercial outlet.

The State of New York had recently completed the Erie Canal, and the fashion thus set was admired,—this before the days of railroads.

A Scotch engineer engaged for the State by Mr. Peter Brown made calculations on this sort of a plan, on a salary of several times the pay of the Governor. In the early twenties one trip is said to have been made to New Berne and back, with many difficulties. Boat, a scow; captain, James Murray.



The stage coach that brought mail to Raleigh via Louisburg.
(studied from various old prints and advertisements)

It was calculated that a canal was practical from Hunter's Mill on Walnut Creek, the precise spot of the Waterworks pumping station down to Neuse River, the fall being sufficient, but that a better port would be at the spot near Bloomsbury Park where Lassiter's Mill stands now, and a better canal down Crabtree Creek to the river, though it might have to be longer.

These wild schemes had to be discussed because prices, owing to wagon transportation, were enormous. The salary mark was far, far lower than it is today, and yet calico brought one dollar per yard, broadcloth was worth from seven to ten dollars, and sugar was at the figure of forty-five cents a pound. Nails came by the dozen. Truly it was not the choice of frugality for its elevating charm which influenced our ancestors toward plain living, but necessity, and that of the sternest.

No wonder they listened to fairy tales about easy transportation down Neuse River, where, as today, at some seasons, a terrapin could carry flour on his back all the way from Raleigh to New Berne without wetting his load.

One romantic thing, as we call it now, was part of daily lives then, and we should be glad

to experience the thrill ourselves. The stage from the North came in over the Louisburg Road, and went southward to Fayetteville, stopping at Casso's tavern on Fayetteville Street. Three times a week at first it came, then daily. The sweet, flourishing notes of the coach horns could be heard as the lumbering vehicle came into town, and rolled up near the Capitol. This was the link with the world outside. The mail came in, the northern papers with their European news, slowly brought to them in ships, and already more than a month old; letters at fifty and twenty-five cents apiece, according to distance and weight. Strangers would dismount for a moment to stretch their cramped legs a bit, while the fresh horses were put to; or would dismount and spend the night at the tavern.

It was a day's trip from Warrenton to Raleigh, a days' trip from Fayetteville to Raleigh. The passing of the stages was the event of the day, and reminds us of the account in one of Mark Twain's inimitable books of the passing of the New Orleans packet up the river in his youth. If any one had wished to know the census of the able-bodied popu-

lation of Raleigh, he could doubtless have stepped down from the stage and counted them. Not one would wish to be absent when the stage rolled in.

Of course people read newspapers in those days, and there were good ones, although the sheets were small, and had no sporting page, and no Sunday edition. The editorials were dignified and well written, and compare without disparagement with what we get today, and these weeklies were well read inside and out, as newspapers are not any longer read today, since the armistice.

The Whig paper of the earliest time was called the Raleigh *Minerva*, and was published by William Boylan, the first of the name to come to Raleigh. About six months earlier a paper of rival politics, a Democratic or Jeffersonian organ, was begun by Joseph Gales, an Englishman. He had been driven away from his printing office in Sheffield, England, because of his sympathy with the French Revolution and its very radical developments, such ideas being hateful even to the very mobs, because of the excesses of the Terrorists. He was in some way connected with Doctor

Priestley, who was driven away from Birmingham by mob persecution, a man a hundred years ahead of his time, who also was forced to spend the last of his days in America.

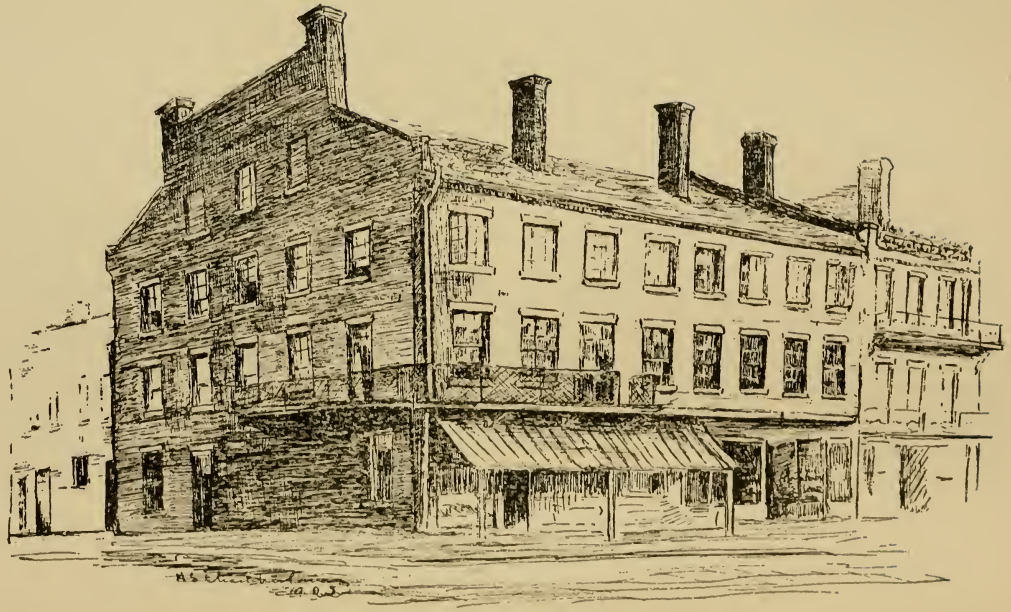
Joseph Gales came to America with Doctor Priestley and was for a time in Philadelphia. Then he came to Raleigh early in the nineteenth century, and the paper he edited here bore the same name as his former journal in Sheffield, "*The Register*." For many years Joseph Gales was state printer. Besides these two, there was a third sheet, *The Star* which often changed hands, although it was published for years.

As to books, the City of Raleigh in early days was poorly off. Of course some owned a few books, which were read and re-read, and learned almost by heart, to good purpose, and letters and papers of the time show that literary style was far from bad. No books were printed in the state until years later, save a few law books. The list given in Doctor Battle's *History of the University of North Carolina*, of the College library of the first of the century past, will give some idea of the scarcity of all that we should call readable.

Most of the works were heavy and solid enough to kill the largest rat when made into a dead-fall and allowed to drop upon him. Doctor Battle states that this was the use made of Saint Augustine's works in folio and other substantial volumes which were borrowed from the University library for this express purpose. However that may be, there was little to read in Raleigh then but law, classics and theology, with a very few novels which were heavy to hold if not to read. I have before me a copy of "*Sir Charles Grandison*," owned in Raleigh in 1813 or '14, which is as large as a family Bible, has two columns of rather small print, and seven hundred pages. This light work was a reprint from the seven volumes originally issued, and is dated 1810, printed in London.

The eating and drinking which built up life from its physical side was much like the food of today, and yet unlike in many ways.

Chicago beef was not to be had, nor was there an abattoir, nor an ice plant. Local supplies were all that obtained, and much more pork and bacon was used by all classes. Vegetables were raised the same as now, but



"Casso's Tavern" as it looked in the olden time. It was the second brick building in Raleigh, corner Fayetteville and Morgan Streets

the cow pea was considered food for beasts alone, and the useful tomato was unknown. Canning was a thing unpracticed, although dried fruit was plentifully used. A little "pound for pound" preserves for state occasions was kept on hand from year to year. Sugar was scarce and molasses of the home-grown sort took the place of it. The imported molasses was most delicious, being far better than it has been since, and was the accepted sweetening for many foods. Hospitality laid stress on one sort of refreshment that is but a sad memory to the thirsty. Imported and domestic wines and liquors were used in great variety, and every gentleman considered it his duty to have such things on hand for the chance guest, however he might prefer to abstain himself. Hence the mahogany cellarets which still grace many old fashioned dining rooms, and the portly glass decanters which are now set back on the china-closet shelves, but used to stand out within reach.

As regards the furniture that we are still carefully collecting, are we not sure that the things then bought and admired are still the most beautiful that are obtainable? Do we

not regard thus all old sofas and desks and secretaires and what not?

Has there ever been more satisfactory silverware than the gracefully shaped spoons and pierced fruit baskets that we treasure with pride and buy now and then for great prices?

Household work was far greater then than it is now, and the notable housewife must be like Solomon's virtuous woman in her ceaseless activities. Providing work and supervision for the many and lazy servants made her rise early and be ceaselessly busy. Even Colonel Byrd, though not enthusiastic about the men, acknowledges that the women of early North Carolina were a thrifty race, and we may be sure that they knew how to sew and knit and dye and weave and embroider and care for meats and supervise all the varied domestic arts.

It is interesting to note that in the twenties and the thirties young folk were considered very mannerless and unmanageable.

The spinning of "street yarn" was much deprecated, the extreme idleness of young men was censured in private letters and in the newspapers, and older folk were caused much

anxiety by the strange tendency of the young girls to dress up and go out gadding when there was work for them to do at home!

All these many things, great and small, go to make up the tenor of the lives of our forerunners. Sometimes the small are more important than the great in filling up the many details which add most to the picture, and it is a picture that I am trying, awkwardly perhaps, but anxiously, to place before your eyes.

CHAPTER VI.

Giants of Those Days

OLONEL WILLIAM POLK, coming from Mecklenburg County to Raleigh very early in its history, was a figure of great prominence here, and would still have been were his adoptive city a far larger place. He came of that well known Polk family which lived in Mecklenburg before the Revolution, and was cousin to President Polk. In his youth he was an eye-witness to the signing of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, and it is so stated in the Life of Leonidas K. Polk. He enlisted in the Continental Army when a mere boy and was in active service all through the Revolutionary War. He was twice wounded, very severely at the battle of Germantown. He suffered that sad winter at Valley Forge with Washington, and he was also present with him at Yorktown.

He was twice married, his first wife dying before he came to Raleigh. His second wife was a Miss Hawkins of Warrenton, in Warren

County. She bore him nine children of whom the second was Leonidas K. Polk.

Colonel Polk came to Raleigh in the year 1799 to become the first president of the State Bank, serving without compensation. His home was a large house which used to close the end of Blount Street just as the Centennial School now closes Fayetteville Street. It was standing ten years ago, and was used for a while after the war for a girls' school.

The old State Bank where Colonel Polk presided is now used for the Rectory of Christ Church and is the third brick building which was erected in Raleigh, the first one being the old State House, the second Casso's Hotel, now used for stores and some of the State offices, at the corner of Morgan and Fayetteville, still sturdy and substantial. The State Bank building was much laughed at, in the early day, because it was considered queer architecture. One can still trace the newer bricks where the old Bank door was built up on the New Berne Avenue side. "Two porches, and a house between, like the ham sandwich."

Colonel Polk of those days was a tall stately imposing figure, of old-fashioned formal manner, and ceremonious dignity, but capable of unbending genially on occasion. He was a citizen for everyone to be proud of, the man whom his neighbors honored and called upon to welcome distinguished guests and be the presiding genius of public meetings and toastmaster at banquets on state occasions. In politics he was an old time Federalist, but in his youth he had a boy friend, a neighbor in Mecklenburg County whose name was Andrew Jackson.

The halo which surrounded this venerable Revolutionary figure grew brighter as time went on and thinned the ranks of his fellow soldiers and the story of their deeds became a sort of legend. At his death he was probably the last survivor of the Revolutionary officers in all North Carolina.

Colonel Polk, like other gentlemen of his time, was a convivial soul, as no one thought harm of being; but he was no vulgar roysterer and he took a firm stand against duelling, then an accepted way of protecting "honor" and settling controversies. On one occasion

he wrote for publication a strong letter condemning the practice, and this had great weight because it was from a man so well known to be of distinguished courage. This declaration was needed, as at least one duel had been fought about that time by a Wake County man.

Alfred Jones of White Plains was a party in a duel about 1820, and was badly wounded. He always declared that though he nearly died of his wound, he considered the mental anguish he suffered for a few seconds while looking down his opponent's murderous pistol-barrel was more grim and unforgetable than the physical pain of the wound. He felt his honor entirely less satisfied.

To return to Colonel Polk. He was one of those who owned great tracts of land in Tennessee, and was once making a trip into that state on business connected with his property, when he saw, leaning over a fence beside his road, a man whom he at once recognized, and whom he knew only too well. It was a Tory, who had formerly lived neighbor to his father in Mecklenburg, and who had taken an opportunity while the men of the family were away

in the army to wreck and plunder his father's plantation. The Colonel, knowing him for this deed and knowing that he had got off scot free, handed his horse's rein to his companion, and without one word, dismounted and fell like an avalanche upon the astonished man, giving him a horsewhipping that was entirely consoling to the giver, as well as fully satisfying to the recipient. State Treasurer Haywood was the authority for this anecdote.

Another story tells of his showing the young folk how to dance a minuet in the stately fashion of the eighteenth century, Miss Betsy Geddy of the statue-saving fame being his *vis-a-vis* and dancing partner.

When his son Leonidas, just graduated from West Point, insisted upon resigning from the army to study for the Episcopal ministry, Colonel Polk could neither understand nor become resigned to it. It is said that he spoke of it for some time with an oath whenever he mentioned it.

Cousin to one President of the United States, friend of another, Colonel Polk was the man who chanced to put a bit of bread into the mouth of a third. Jacob Johnson,

father of Andrew Johnson, Lincoln's successor in the Presidency, was for many years porter and factotum at the State Bank, under Colonel Polk, and afterward.

This man Johnson was absolutely uneducated, but Governor Swain describes his quick heroism in saving Mr. T. Henderson from drowning in Hunter's pond, according to account by William Peace. It was at a picnic, and the canoe overset and Henderson was unable to swim. Johnson lived in a small house near Casso's Hotel. Miss Margaret Casso named the future President Andrew Jackson, although he afterward dropped the middle name. A newspaper advertisement is still in existence offering a reward for the return of this Raleigh boy to his legal guardians, when he ran away from his apprenticeship at about twelve years of age.

Successor to Colonel Polk at the State Bank was William Boylan, the first of the name. He was editor of the Raleigh *Minerva*, sometime state printer, and he was also a rich planter, dying worth a million dollars at the time when millionaires were most unusual and money was far more valuable. Mr Boy-

lan came originally from New Jersey, but had kin in North Carolina. His portrait shows a face of a very different character from the others of that gallery. He looks, among those great lawyers, like a sedate business man and his qualities of mind were the prophecy of coming times. Mr. Boylan was public-spirited and progressive. He first saw the possibilities, and set the example of raising great quantities of cotton on the uplands of Wake. Whitney's cotton gin had made the growing of cotton profitable because the gin could remove the seed from a thousand pounds of cotton in a day, which labor previously had to be done slowly and tediously by hand. Also the invention of the power-driven loom and spinning machinery made more cotton necessary to keep the looms of the world at work, and the development of the necessary inventions had built up a mighty industry. Mr. Boylan planted acres of cotton where square rods had been the custom before. He also became interested in transportation, and a heavy investor in our first railroads. He was at one time president of the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad. Governor Swain says of him that he was dignified and grave, and it

also is sure that he must have been charitable, for he is responsible for the building of the first county poor-house in Wake. Before that the County poor were boarded out with the lowest bidder at county expense; a hard arrangement.

Doctor Kemp Battle, from whose centennial address many details of this old time may be gathered, tells a story of how Mr. Boylan sent loads of wood around to the poor, caught as they were without fuel in the time of the wonderful "big snow of '57." He states that one "son of rest" keeping warm abed that coldest morning, humped up in his mound of bedding to inquire whether Mr. Boylan "had had that wood cut up to fit his fireplace before it was loaded on the wagon?"

Mr. Boylan lived in the Joel Lane house which he had bought from Peter Brown. But one undignified thing is told of him—that is his part in the fight which he and Joseph Gales, rival editors, fought about some political question. In this Mr. Gales was worsted, and brought suit for damages, which were awarded to the sum of two hundred dollars, which amount he donated to the Academy.

"White Plains," the country home of the Jones Family of the southeast side of the county. A remnant of one of the famous oaks, of which there once were four diverging avenues.

The two worthy combatants were afterward reconciled and shook hands in token of amity. Mr. Boylan died in 1859, his life thus spanning the whole time of industrial and material growth before the war.

Peter Brown, Esquire, was a lawyer and a bachelor. He came to Raleigh in the first years of its existence, but in his old age he wished to return to Scotland, or thought he did; so he sold his property, including the historic Joel Lane house as above, and went back across the water. He had contracted the Raleigh habit however, and matter of fact as he appeared, he let sentiment take him back to Scotland, and then bring him back again to North Carolina, where he died after all.

Peter Brown also took a turn at being president of the State Bank. He knew something of the Scotch ideas of banking, said to be the best at that time. He was a lawyer of ability as well as a financier, and was for some time the only practicing attorney in Raleigh. His oddity was great as his ability. Once he found occasion to move his law office, and when ready for business in the new quarters,

he hung out the following notice: "Peter Brown, Attorney at Law, has moved from where he was, to where he now is; where he may henceforth at all times be found." No ambiguity in that!

Judge Seawell, nephew of Nathaniel Macon, was one of the legal lights of the time. He married a daughter of James Hinton, son of Colonel John the first, and his descendants live here still. He was a well-known lawyer and citizen representing this county in the Assembly several terms.

Moses Mordecai, the first of the family of legal and other prominence, came to Raleigh in time to buy a lot at the second city sale. Only recently has the great square, with the old mansion built far back upon it, been finally divided into smaller lots. Mr. Mordecai's first and second wives were sisters, Margaret and Annie Lane, daughters of Joel Lane. Many of their descendants are among us now.

One of the old time merchants was William Peck, who did a banking and mercantile business at the south-east corner of the Capitol facing Wilmington Street. He was a hatter by trade, a safe man and a good citizen. He