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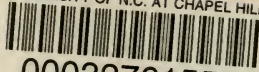
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HISTORY OF WAKE COUNTY



HISTORY  
OF  
WAKE COUNTY  
NORTH CAROLINA

WITH SKETCHES OF THOSE WHO HAVE  
MOST INFLUENCED ITS DEVELOPMENT

BY  
HOPE SUMMERELL CHAMBERLAIN  
PEN AND INK ILLUSTRATIONS  
BY THE AUTHOR



EDWARDS & BROUGHTON PRINTING COMPANY  
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admired the new Capitol as it gradually rose from foundation to dome and watched its progress day by day from his shop door, complaining mightily when the grading up of the square began, and because of the bank of earth in front of him he could no longer see the whole building in its entirety. Like Judge Cloud of State-wide fame, he disliked whistling as a means of self-expression, and of course all the small boys of Raleigh took care to make a long, shrill, ear-piercing effort, just as they rounded his corner on a dead run. A story is told of him, a legend which is a sort of classical myth of the days of private banks of issue, and which is printed in that old book, "*Flush Times in Alabama and Mississippi*," a story which may be true, but is at any rate a good parable, and runs this way:

A Mississippi horse-trader wanted to buy exchange on North Carolina, and bargained for a draft on Mr. Peck's banking institution. His exchange cost him ten dollars a thousand. Then the banker in Mississippi asked if his customer would do him the favor of carrying a small package with him to North Carolina to be delivered to his "old friend, Peck."

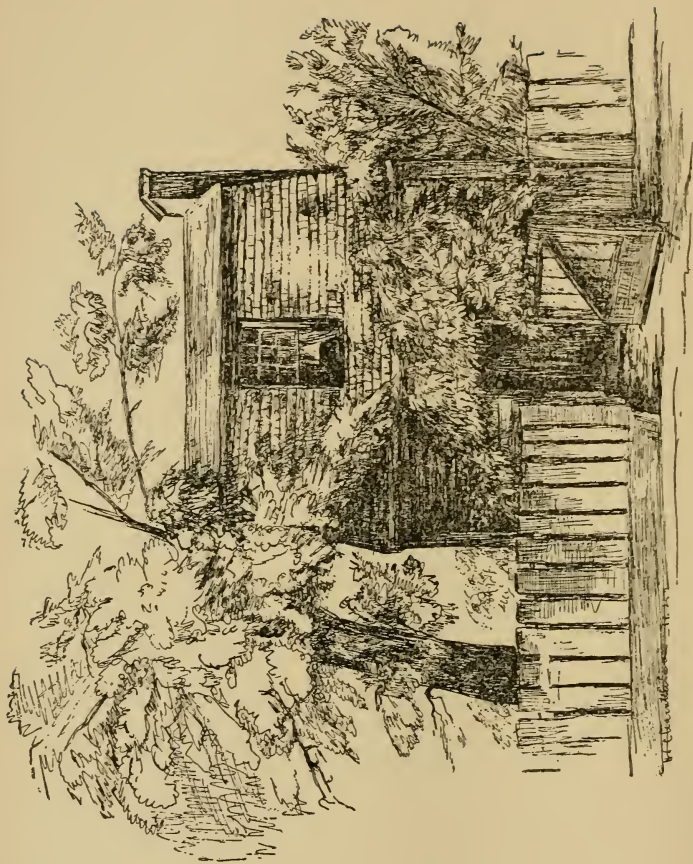
The trader easily consented to do this. On arrival in Raleigh he presented his draft, and Mr. Peck was most positive that he owed the bank in Mississippi nothing, but would like to look over his books and make sure. As he turned to go, the trader handed the package to Mr. Peck, with the message, and when unsealed, it contained the North Carolina bills necessary to offset the draft. The trader had paid ten dollars a thousand for his exchange, and then had taken the risk of bringing his own money that long, dangerous way besides. This is a good story to illustrate the working of the banking methods in vogue before railroads and national banks were in existence.

Jokes are the most difficult things to transplant out of the time that gives them being, but there is an old joke which might be told here, connected with Mr. Peck. It is a true tale, well avouched this time. One night the great beaver, twice natural size, which swung over the door of his shop and was his sign, disappeared unaccountably. Next morning a student at the University appeared in chapel with this hat balanced on his head and further

disguised with huge goggles and a long coat, with a cane in hand. This brought down the house and broke up prayers for that morning, as it might well have done with several hundred young scapegraces fairly pining for an excuse for a demonstration. The naughty boy who stole the hatter's sign was named R. S. Tucker, and, in partnership with his brother, became a considerable merchant himself in after days. The father, Ruffin Tucker, had settled in Raleigh some years before this and was by trade a printer. Descendants of this man are among those successful in business of the city.

Dr. McPheeters, who has already been mentioned as head of the Academy and as "Town Pastor," was a very interesting figure of old Raleigh. He took his calling in dead earnest, and ruled on week days and on Sundays continuously, so that the boy who played hooky and went fishing on Sunday instead of to church and Sunday School, was made to regret his mistake when he reached day-school Monday morning.

Once Dr. McPheeters was about to visit the sins of his youth in this way upon the future Bishop of Louisiana, and Lonnie Polk



THE BIRTHPLACE OF ANDREW JOHNSON, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. THIS SHOWS IT ON ITS SECOND LOCATION. IT IS NOW AT PULLEN PARK.

broke away and ran for it. He was instantly pursued, caught, and birched by the Doctor who on that occasion laid down the law in an axiom which is old but by no means obsolete. "No boy," said Dr. McPheeters, "who is not old enough to behave properly when he knows he has been fairly warned, is too old to be whipped for misbehavior."

The Peace brothers were men of diligence and probity, successful merchants. William left a sum for the building of Peace Institute. They were both bachelors, and their name suited their character. One of the city streets is named after them.

I have mentioned Joseph Gales and his establishing the first newspaper, also his connection by birth and association with the ferment of new thought in the manufacturing districts of middle England. After his printing office was wrecked and he was driven to emigrate, he came from Philadelphia to Raleigh. He was a man of resources, bringing some capital with him, and having the knowledge needful to start a paper mill to supply his press.

His wife, Mrs Winifred Gales, was highly educated and had ability. She wrote the

first novel that was ever written and printed in North Carolina, although not many have been produced since. We have never caught the writer's itch; however, it may some day come to us. She is "the first that ever burst" into the "silent sea" of North Carolina authorship. She died in 1839, her husband two years later. They lie buried in the old City Cemetery. Beside their graves are those of two grown daughters lost a few years earlier, victims to one of those recurring epidemics of malaria that took toll of so many who did not know that mosquitoes and a prevailing southerly wind over Hunter's pond on Walnut Creek were the combined cause of so much chills and fever in the town of Raleigh. The Gales have still descendants living in Raleigh and claiming the city as home.

David L. Swain lies buried in Oakwood Cemetery, and he lived his formative years here, although he was chiefly known by his later work as President of the University of North Carolina. As a young man he came to Raleigh, and studied law with Chief Justice Taylor, who married the only sister of Judge Gaston.

Although born in Buncombe County, and coming to Wake after he was a man grown, Swain was near akin to the Lanes and other families connected with them; his mother being Caroline, sister of Joel Lane, and he being the son by her second husband, named as they say after the first, David Lowrie.

Not many educational advantages came to this lad in the western wilds, and young Swain had scanty schooling, and but four months of university instruction, before he went to Raleigh to study law. Every crumb of learning that came his way he seized and assimilated, and every book which he laid his hands upon he read, especially absorbing all obtainable history. Though his early life was not so sordid and pinched as that of Abraham Lincoln, yet his education and development bear some likeness to that of Lincoln, because he was like him, a rough diamond, and took polish from all the friction of later life; and because his education was in progress all during that later life.

When he had won his law license he returned to Buncombe, and was immediately sent to represent that county in the next Assembly.

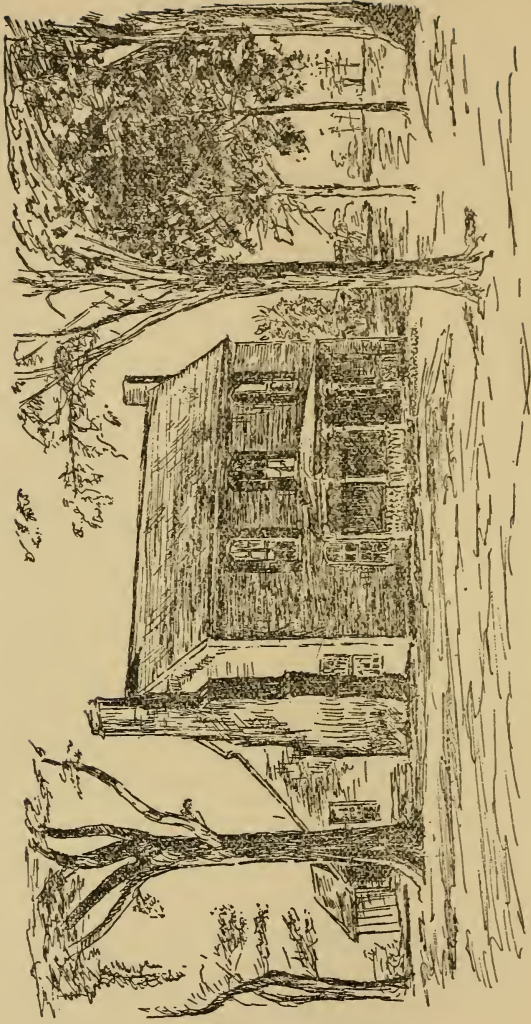
Here he attended to the important bill introduced by him, for building the French Broad Turnpike, leading west into Tennessee. In 1829, he received an odd compliment, being elected Solicitor for the Edenton District because factional fighting had become desperately bitter, and only a man from outside the district could be tolerated. Next he was appointed Judge of the Superior Court, and was chosen over Henry Seawell, of Raleigh, a man of greater known distinction and a most excellent lawyer. His judgeship was but another step upward.

He was elected Governor of North Carolina by the Legislature, as was the constitutional provision at that time, and was re-elected for two succeeding years. During his term as Governor he represented Buncombe County in the Constitutional Convention of 1836. This Convention was to change the Constitution of North Carolina in many details, and among other matters to amend the laws governing the representation of the different sections of the State in the Assembly. Governor Swain was full of detailed information regarding the State's history and statistics, from the earliest Colonial times, and he led the re-

form party which equalized differences between the east and the west—matters which had never been adjusted, and which had stirred up strife between the sections ever since the Revolution.

In this same year, Doctor Joseph Caldwell, President of the University, died, and Governor Swain asked his friend Judge Nash whether he could recommend him for appointment to the vacancy. Judge Nash thought, naturally enough, of formal academic education, and of the lack of such preparation which Governor Swain's exclusively political life must present. All that he would promise was to consult Judge Cameron about the request. The latter held a different opinion. He declared that Governor Swain had all necessary requisites for the position except formal scholarship; that he had always been able to manage men, and should know well how to manage boys, and that his education, while not conventional, was far broader than might be supposed.

At the next meeting of the Board of Trustees Swain was elected President of the University and went to Chapel Hill to take up his



*Wm. S. Chamberlain*

HOME BUILT BY CAPTAIN WIATT, ABOUT 1815, HILLSBOROUGH ROAD, NEAR RALEIGH.  
THIS IS NOW NEAR THE HIGHWAY SHOPS.

real crowning life-work. Hence some humorist has said that the State of North Carolina had given him every office in her power, and had at last sent him to college to get an education. This was an unjust taunt to a man so well self-taught, and whose cultivation was a progressive process lasting all his life. He himself was the Historical Society, and his collections of documents were very complete for that early time. The historian Bancroft used his collections and consulted his knowledge for the chapters in his History of the United States which concern North Carolina. Governor Swain's political strength had been aided greatly by his unerring memory for kinship, names and dates, and this gift also helped him in his knowledge and management of his boys. His legal power was founded on his grasp of detail, and by this also he was fitted to record the history of the State he loved.

Papers in the University Magazine, by his hand, and a few occasional addresses full of dry humor, are all that he left as formal writings of a historical nature, and these are all too few; but they give a presentment of

the life that then was, on the far side of that bloody chasm which was to divide all our history in twain.

Like Judge Gaston, Governor Swain was a Federalist in politics, and became later a Whig. He married Eleanor White of Raleigh, the daughter of William White, Secretary of State, and a grand-daughter of Governor Caswell. He died in 1868, some say of grief over the wreck of his beloved University, accomplished in the disheartening Reconstruction days. In person he was a tall, awkward man, one of those whose appearance lends point to some humorous nick-name. His students called Governor Swain "Old Bunk," referring to his native county.

It is only in Governor Swain's reminiscences of Raleigh that we gather the traits of the lesser folk, lesser only in not being conspicuous as State officials. He mentions and characterizes many, of whom we may mention Mr. Casso, the Italian tavern keeper whose descendants are many, Dugald McKeithan who married a Lane, the cousin of the Governor, John Meares, James McKee, Benjamin King, Captain, afterwards Sheriff Wyatt, the

first member of the Briggs family, the original David Royster, cabinet-maker (this last was in Raleigh by 1801), John Stewart who married Miss Margaret Casso and is the ancestor of the Bingham of Mebane, James Coman, a Frenchman, the Smiths, substantial merchants, whose heir, Miss Mary Smith, afterwards Mrs. Morehead, left her money to the University, Ruffin Tucker who has been mentioned, who worked for twenty-five dollars a *year* and board during his first year in Raleigh.

John Rex, the tanner, will be mentioned more fully later. One John S. Raboteau, a French Huguenot, a saddler by trade, should be named here, for his grand-daughter married A. F. Page, and through her he is ancestor of the great Ambassador to England, and his brothers, builders of North Carolina. Sheriff Page, recently dead, was of kin to these.

Also there was a Captain Wiatt who built the house on Hillsborough road where the Highway Commission's great shops stand today, and who was the Marshall of the Supreme Court for many years. He came from Virginia, was a veteran of 1812, and built a country home almost like the one of about the

same epoch belonging to General Calvin Jones, his comrade in arms. Captain Wiatt had a wayside well which was used by all the passers-by. He was also celebrated for the kindness of his heart and the great freedom of his command of bad language. He was one of those who swore terribly, although this is all that was ever said in his dispraise. His home has been very long a landmark of the county.

## CHAPTER VII

### *More Biographies*



IN a previous chapter we sketched Colonel William Polk, the Revolutionary hero who was so much the leading citizen of Raleigh for so many years, and for the completion of the story of our best example of character transmitted from father to son and built up in the Raleigh of old time, we shall add a life of his son, Leonidas, who became the celebrated Bishop-Brigadier of the Confederate Army.

We are not able to claim possession of that great "Revolutionary Titan," as Governor Swain calls John Marshall, who rode his circuit as United States Justice, and was thus a regular visitor to Raleigh, riding alone from Richmond all those dreary miles in his gig. The trip took him a week. We may retell, however, the stories still remembered of him, of his simplicity, his kindly good nature, of how he loved to pitch horseshoes with the townsfolk, of afternoons when court had ad-

journed; of how once he could get no tailor to make him a pair of new breeches, for love nor money, because he would not ask him to take away the turn already promised to a customer to serve himself. As Justice Marshall would not insist upon any special consideration he had at that time to hold court in ragged breeches, which made no more difference than he thought it did, namely, no difference at all.

Swain says, "I shall never see nor hear his like again," and Judge Badger tells of Marshall's saying in his hearing, "The Constitution of the United States is to be construed not loosely, not strictly, but honestly." Here you see Judge Badger learning those lessons of moderation and of justice which he put to good use for himself in his later life.

State Treasurers are usually retained for many successive years; Secretaries of State for long terms, also being re-elected and passing their lives with us and becoming permanent residents. The Judges of the Supreme Court of North Carolina did not do this so invariably, while Governors, having short terms of office, were more often but transient sojourners. Men

from other states often came to us. The mention of such solid and worthy qualities as those of Duncan Cameron and Kenneth Rayner, might be made as examples of the great gain which often came to this city and state when such men chose to cast in their lot among us.

It is said that you must have been a part of the city of Charleston for three generations before you can claim to belong to the place. Raleigh has been more hospitable from the first, and has added to herself many a good and worthy man by this virtue.

Certainly Judge Gaston should be characterized in any story of Wake County. His memory deserves honor among us for what he was enabled to accomplish for Raleigh as well as for his great service to the State.

He was born in New Berne, and when living in Raleigh inhabited a little office building in the yard of that house which stood, until a few years ago, at the south-west corner of Salisbury and West Hargett Streets. This was originally the home of Chief Justice Taylor, who married Judge Gaston's sister. The little office in question was on the very corner,

and stood in an old fashioned garden, under a huge ginkgo tree, and with vines and flowers about its rear. Business houses have encroached on this old residence, and brick and mortar entirely cover its site today.

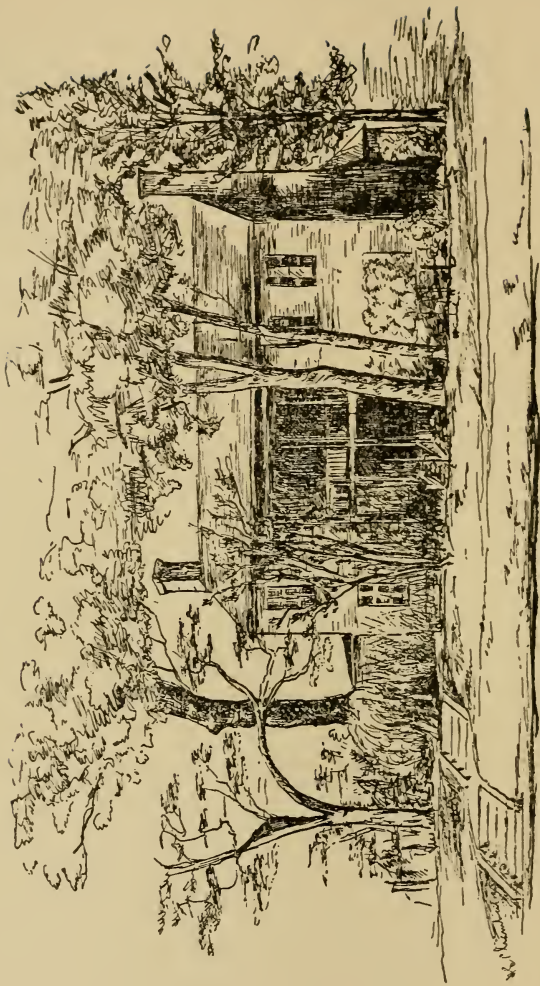
Judge Gaston has no living relatives in the State. His portraits, both painted and chiseled in marble, are to be seen in the State Library building. That he was a very great lawyer those who know affirm enthusiastically; that he was a greater man, a white-souled Galahad of his day, his contemporaries agree in testifying, while his letters bear it out. "His Sanctity" as one reverent admirer calls him. Judge Gaston's pictured face is intellectual, calm, regular in feature, but shows a sad expression of the mouth, a somewhat pathetic air. Gaston is said to have been a bit too fine-grained for the rough game of politics. He could not hate any one with his whole heart for a moment, not even one of another party! His high standards and personal ideals joined with his judicial temperament, made some things unbearable to him which would scarce have provoked a shrug from a less sensitive man. When the Federalist Party went to pieces he felt a little home-

less politically, and registers his disappointment in his advice to Governor Swain never to be persuaded to re-enter public life after he had found useful retirement away from it.

Judge Gaston was first a Congressman, retiring to practice law but going to the State Senate from time to time. In 1833 he was appointed to the Supreme Court after the death of Judge Leonard Henderson.

In religion he was a Catholic, and used his influence in the Constitutional Convention of 1835 to do away with the restraints on religious liberty and amend the Constitution to read "Christian," instead of "Protestant," when enumerating the qualifications for public office. His speeches on that theme are said to have carried his hearers deep into the realm of abstract justice, leaving mere expediency far behind.

In this connection let it be stated that in the Constitutional Convention of 1861 the last religious limitation was removed, when disabilities were removed from the Jews, by ordinance introduced by William Johnston of Mecklenburg, father to Mrs. A. B. Andrews, whose memorial volume this is intended to become.



THE BURKE HAYWOOD MANSION ON NEW BERNE AVENUE BUILT BY TREASURER  
JOHN HAYWOOD BEFORE 1800

Judge Gaston's celebrated eloquence, like that of many another dead orator, is hard to estimate at this time. His speeches are dignified, sensible, patterned with metaphors like the figures on an old-fashioned brocade, and like it a bit stiff. Voice and intonation are gone. Great oratory is a fading flower. Gaston's signal service to us and to Raleigh was his determining influence in persuading the Legislature to retain the Capital of the State on the old site. In doing this he kept our heritage for us which might have been lost but for him. He was the author of the words of our State song, "Carolina, Carolina, Heaven's blessings attend her!" He was also permitted in that heated time to speak many wise words about slavery, to prophesy its downfall, and all this without offense, such was the universal respect for his purity and sincerity. His taking off was very sudden. His last words were a confession of faith in God and Christianity.

We have mentioned the name of John Haywood, State Treasurer for forty years, builder of the venerable mansion which stands unchanged on New Berne Avenue and shelters his descendants. He came to Raleigh in the

year 1787, and about that same time three brothers of his also settled here: Henry, father of Senator William H. Haywood, Sherwood Haywood, and Stephen Haywood. By prominence of position and by services the Treasurer was the best known of the four. His portrait shows a handsome, well marked face with dark eyes and a smiling expression, crowned with a mass of prematurely grey hair. He was an able man, but his greatest talent was the art of doing kind things kindly. He was a veritable genius at friendship.

Besides the duties of his office, he interested himself in the infant University, and he is said to have missed not more than two trustees' meetings in his whole career, a signal devotion when we consider the long muddy miles that had to be wallowed through on horseback for nearly a whole day, both going and coming, to the winter meetings. It is a persistent tradition that he was the designer of the seal and motto of the University. This has not been established, but it is given for its intrinsic likelihood.

He was responsible for calling to Raleigh that good and useful man Dr. William McPheeters who was a native of Virginia, and

who became both schoolmaster and town pastor and was long a kind of Presbyterian Pope of Raleigh.

Each session of the Legislature, Mr. Haywood invited each member to eat at least one meal with him, and he knew more men well and pleasantly than did any other man in the State unless it may have been Governor Swain.

His funeral was a state affair, with full military honors, and though Mr. Haywood was an Episcopalian in denomination, his old friend Dr. McPheeters pronounced the funeral discourse, closing with these words: "Integrity and innocence were his guardian angels, and out of the furnace of suspicion he came unhurt." Haywood County, where Waynesville is situated, was named for our longest incumbent in the Treasurer's office.

Judge Badger was one of the ablest men ever produced in North Carolina. He was born in the eastern part of the State, and was a precocious genius, graduating from Yale University very young. By the time he was thirty years old, he had been a lawyer, a congressman, and a judge, and had left the bench to practice law in Raleigh.

William Peace, the merchant, told of having sold him a suit of black broadcloth on credit, when he was just twenty years old and had, at that early age, obtained his law license. It was against his custom, he said, but he was so taken with the gallant youth, that he risked the money upon him without security, and was entirely justified in doing so.

Judge Badger had still a long and a brilliant career before him after he settled in Raleigh. When the Whig party rose out of the ruins of the Federalist, after the disputes with Jackson, Badger was appointed Secretary of the Navy under Harrison. When Tyler, after succeeding to the presidential chair on Harrison's death, split the party, Badger resigned his portfolio along with the rest of the cabinet. Soon after this he succeeded William H. Haywood as Senator, serving until 1855. Always a man of great brilliancy of mind he took hold of nothing by the rough handle. It was a criticism of him that he was too jocular, that he could make a joke of anything and laugh it out of court. He held well-defined opinions, however, and was a moderate man, a conciliator. In his opinions about slavery he followed the ideas and the hopes of Henry Clay.

In denomination he was Episcopalian, and was an active opponent of Bishop Ives, who was touched with a wave of that same belief which was troubling the Church of England at that time, and which carried Newman over into the Catholic Church. That was also the final development with Bishop Ives, and Badger early recognized whither this Romanizing tendency was drifting, and opposed and exposed the change in the conventions of the Episcopal Church.

A staunch Union man, a moderate and a conservative, Judge Badger was nevertheless forced by the cruel turn of affairs in '61 to move the secession ordinance, as representing Wake County, in May of that year. He died in '66. His second wife was a sister of Leonidas Polk, and his third wife was a Haywood.

Like the Polks and like the Haywoods, the Battles have given good men and faithful ones to Raleigh. Judge Battle, father of Doctor Kemp Battle, so long President of the University and historian of it, father also of our late useful townsman Richard Battle, Esquire, lived for most of his active years in Raleigh. Duncan Cameron moved here in 1829 and was

chairman of the committee which had charge of the building of the second Capitol; he also had charge of the building of Christ Church, thus leaving his mark on Raleigh in these lovely buildings. He was also president of the the State Bank until succeeded later by his son-in-law, George Mordecai.

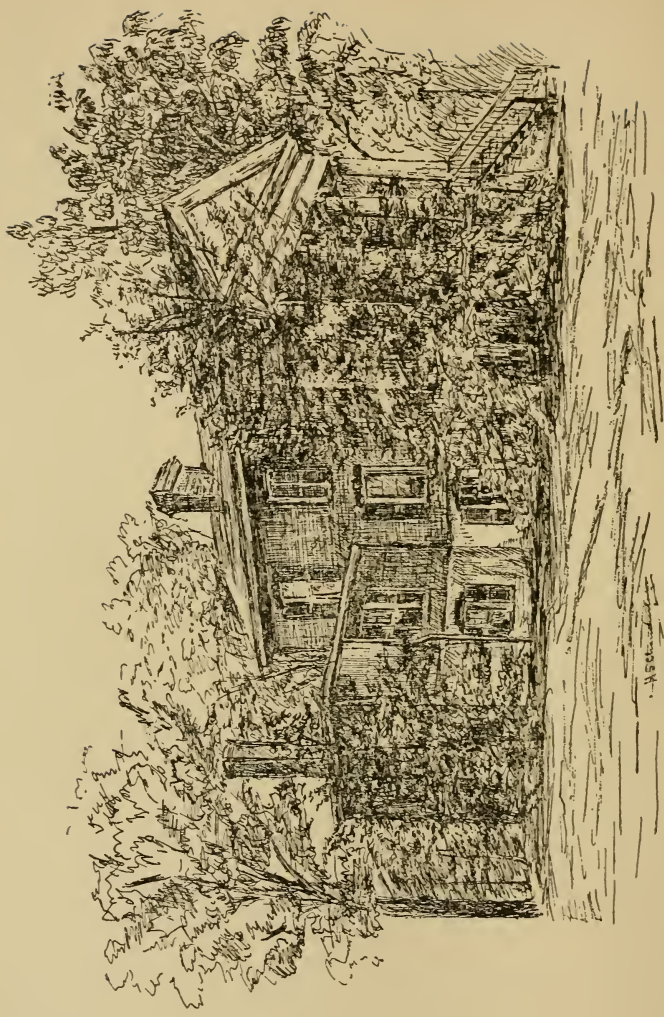
Leonidas Polk, the second son of Colonel William Polk, was born in Raleigh. In a former chapter he has been characterized as a live boy, a student at the old Academy under Dr. McPheeters. His distinctive accomplishment as a youth was his gift of song. He could sing more old songs better than anyone else in town.

When prepared he went early to Chapel Hill, remaining two years. A part of that time Governor Swain was his room-mate. In 1822 he received his appointment to West Point.

Up to this time in his life he was a high-spirited and care-free but ambitious lad, having perhaps a keener pair of eyes in his head than most, and indeed he was scarcely more than twenty when he entered the Military Academy.

There he encountered an atmosphere as devoid of any religious warmth as an institution could manifest without being absolutely atheistic or openly vicious in its influence. It is not known to the average person what a tendency to irreligion was shown in our country during the early part of the last century, before the great revivals began to sweep their converts into the churches, and before a true missionary spirit became active. The older folk of that time were of the generation of the French Revolution, and the most educated minds, like Jefferson's for example, were full of the ideas of Voltaire or of Tom Paine, and were often agnostic in refusing to fix any religious belief.

At West Point at that time it was considered soft and silly to notice the subject of religion in any way. Not a single officer there was a professor of any religious faith at that time, although they had a chaplain for form's sake. About that time a new chaplain was appointed and came to serve them. He records how chilling he found the apathy and the veiled scorn he met, but he was the kind of man whose conviction led him to strive to accomplish something under any conditions. He



“WILLS FOREST,” OLD DEVEREUX PLACE, BUILT IN 1830 AND TORN DOWN  
TO MAKE WAY FOR THE SUBURB OF GLENWOOD

—H. Seton—

was able to influence Leonidas Polk, and made in him his first convert. The young man was deeply and genuinely touched and changed. After graduating at West Point, he told his father of his new outlook and of his recently taken decision to leave the army and study for the Church. While Colonel Polk's plans for his boy were cruelly frustrated, still there was no open breach between them, and the father became more reconciled as time passed. After studying at the seminary in Alexander, Virginia, Leonidas was ordained deacon in 1831.

Before that time he had married Miss Devereux, daughter of John Devereux of Raleigh, and when a few years later he was consecrated Missionary Bishop of the Southwest, he moved to Tennessee to the generous tract his father allotted him of a thousand acres of good blue grass.

The diocese of the new bishop was enormous consisting of Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Indian Territory of Oklahoma, and the great state of Texas. The whole of this wide extent of country was still sparsely settled, and its isolated inhabitants had very little religious instruction and did not wish

for any. In emigrating, they had escaped restraint, and unlike the more northern emigrants they were mostly country people and did not come from communities well organized religiously. Their old homes had often been as isolated to all intents and purposes as the new ones so far on the frontier.

This made the problem of the missionary, and on one of his long journeys a Texan told Bishop Polk that he was wasting his time. "Go home; go home, young man," said this man earnestly, "we are not worth saving!"

An anecdote told of one of these border ruffians of this decade will illustrate the lawless undisciplined spirit of the South-west with which Bishop Polk had to deal in the beginning of his ministry. It was a man who had been jailed for manslaughter and was most indignant, considering it an outrage, and saying, "Now-a-days you can't put an inch or so of knife into a fellow, or lam him over the head with a stick of wood, but every little lackey must poke his nose in, and law, law, law is the word. Then after the witnesses swear to their pack o'lies, and the lawyers get their jaw in, that old cuss that sets up there

high and grinds out the law to 'em, he must have his how-de-do! I tell you I won't stay in no such a country. I mean to go to Texas, where a man can have some peace and not be interfered with in his private concerns!"

This was the spirit that Bishop Polk met over and over again in his long journeys all over this great district. His life was threatened with violence in more than one frontier place, but he was a man who could not be daunted; and beside this he well understood the tempers and manners of his southern fellow-countrymen. He did the work of an evangelist with much success. Later he helped to initiate and organize the University of the South at Sewanee, Tennessee.

The war came on in '61, and Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, being in need of all the trained soldiers possible to lead and train his armies, asked his advisers if they supposed Bishop Polk would allow himself to be appointed Major-General. This appointment was offered to him, without his having any surmise of it beforehand. After some consideration, Bishop Polk accepted the commission, and served his country and chosen cause as Major, afterwards Brigadier-Gen-

eral all through the war. Quite late in the struggle he was killed during the fighting round Atlanta. He was buried in Augusta, Georgia.

His men called him Bishop more often than they called him General, and he was much loved. He kept his sacred calling well to the fore, while doing the difficult duty of a soldier and officer in command.

Such a sincere picturesque figure as he makes is a worthy subject for study and interest. We cannot claim many such distinguished and unusual persons.

Many soldiers went out from Raleigh and of these many distinguished themselves. Their histories are part of that great book of golden deeds which should be read as long as books are made. But it would be too long to try to tell of them all; to tell of those who came home alive to work out a restoration of the piteous destruction of war, and of those who were mercifully spared the further sacrifice except the one of their lives given in a moment of time, rather than spent painfully day by day. These things will be better told by others. There is not room here for that long roll of heroic names.

## CHAPTER VIII

### *Improvements and Progress*



SOMETIMES improvement is definitely started by the stimulation of a great loss. The Raleigh that we know today only began to come into existence after the old town had been destroyed by a series of fires.

Of these the most serious and the most spectacular was the burning of the old State House in 1831. From Governor Swain's account, given as an eye-witness, we can recall the despair and dismay of this loss.

The fire occurred in broad daylight, the middle of a summer day, June 21st, 1831, and caught from a solder pot which a careless workman took into the loft where he was repairing something about the roof, and there left it, while he went to dinner. During his absence the fire caught and spread unnoticed.

Once before, in 1799, there had been an alarm about fire, a warning given by Andrew Jackson, conveyed to his old friend and for-

mer neighbor Colonel Polk, to the effect that it was conspired to destroy the State House in that way. It seems that the Secretary of State, Glasgow, holding his office as a respected leader and a Revolutionary officer of repute, had somehow fallen into bad ways, and was issuing fraudulent land warrants. The deception being found out, he was prosecuted, and to prevent conviction he had designed to burn the State House, and with it all evidences of his crime. This plot Jackson discovered, and the State House and its records were saved, while Glasgow fled from justice.

This time, however, the fire was well under way before anyone knew about it, and when the flames appeared they were at the top of the building, and there was not even a ladder at hand long enough to reach the trouble. And so that bright June day, the State House burned leisurely, the black smoke rolled up into the blue sky while the owls and bats and flying squirrels scurried out of the burning dome in panic, and the terrified people of Raleigh ran helplessly to and fro across the Capitol Square. Mr Hill, Secretary of State, had ample time to save the State papers. A

few that were lost at that time were afterwards restored by bequest of Waightstill Avery, from his private collections.

Miss Betsy Geddy, that spirited and gritty maiden lady, rallied all comers to try and move the Canova statue of Washington from beneath the burning roof. The citizens took hold, under her leadership and encouragement, and tried hard, but the marble was very heavy, and there were not hands enough to lift or to move it. There remained nothing to do but to watch it burn. By and by the fire had surrounded it, and it could be seen heated red-hot, glowing like a figure in a fiery furnace. So it shone for a time with unearthly beauty, and suddenly the roof fell in upon it and it broke and crumbled in utter and final ruin. A silence fell on the watching throng, and some little child's voice was heard speaking the sorrow of all: "Poor State House, poor statue, I'm so sorry!"

After the smoking ruins in the Capitol Square had been quenched in a few summer rains, the question was asked and the discussion began whether the edifice should or should not be rebuilt in the same spot or another Capital city selected.

At the next General Assembly the controversy became hot. Fayetteville, always sore because she had been passed by that first time, when the new Capital was located in a wilderness, came to the front again to put forth an earnest effort to have her way this time. She felt that the breeze that fanned the flame had been blowing good to her door.

A proposed town site of Haywood to be built at the junction of the Cape Fear and the Deep Rivers was spoken of also; and much was said in its favor because the idea was that water was needed for transportation, and such a site would be favorable for a Capital city on that account. This last is a persistent tradition, and not a matter of written record.

Haywood in the House, Judge Henry Seawell in the Senate, made the motion to rebuild the Capitol on the former site in the City of Raleigh, and the great influence and eloquence of Judge Gaston were needed at this momentous session of the Assembly so to sway the wavering minds of the Legislators that they might vote for the retention of the seat of government in Wake County. The bill to rebuild the Capitol at Raleigh and on its old

site was finally passed by a safe majority, and carried the appropriation of fifty thousand dollars. The Representatives, thinking of the twenty thousand which sufficed to build the first State House, considered this a generous allowance. They ordered the new building to be as nearly fire-proof as possible, to be built of granite and to have stone floors as well as walls.

The committee to have charge of the building were William Boylan, Duncan Cameron, William S. M'Hoon (State Treasurer), Henry Seawell, and Romulus M. Saunders. This first committee soon resigned and was succeeded by a second entire body composed of S. F. Patterson, Beverly Daniel, Charles Manly, Alfred Jones of White Plains, and Charles L. Hinton. Mr. Nichols was State architect and had had some experience with the stone which could be quarried here at home. A builder from the North was associated with him for a little time, but was later dismissed.

The committee were men of boldness, for they calmly used the whole of the first appropriation to build the foundation for the new Capitol and then asked for more. Of course



CANOVA'S CONCEPTION OF GEORGE WASHINGTON AS PICTURED  
IN A RARE SKETCH AFTER THE FAMOUS STATUE. (FROM  
MRS. JULIA JOHNSTON ANDREWS' SKETCH)

this was exactly what they should have done, but when we reflect how unpopular this action would appear to the habitual parsimony of that day's public opinion, and how well the Legislature understood that unavoidable taxation was all that would be tolerated, we may understand that in doing this they were tempting criticism and doing it consciously.

On July 4th, 1833, the corner stone of the Capitol was laid with Masonic rites, and an account of the procession and of the articles placed in the corner stone may be read in the papers of that date.

Governor Swain was in office at that time, and on that same day was held in the brick hotel, formerly the State Museum, a meeting of representative citizens of North Carolina to debate on ways and means for building a railroad; or two lines, one east and west and one north and south, connecting with the Portsmouth Railroad, and extending to some convenient point on the South Carolina line. Governor Swain presided over the meeting, the first of its kind ever held in North Carolina, and their decision was to petition the Legislature to assist the enterprise by pledging the faith of the State. A

subsequent, more widely representative convention suggested the proportion of three-fifths subscribed by stockholders, and two-fifths loaned or invested by the State.

To return to the new Capitol, begun as above, in 1833, and built for the sum as calculated after its completion, of \$530,684, requiring seven years to finish. It is, and has been, as fine a building of its kind as is to be found in the United States, and it has been a lovely and satisfying sight to several generations of North Carolina folk. The stone was all taken from that same quarry at the eastern side of town which had been opened for the foundation of the first State House.

It is a granite, rather brittle, and veined with lines of brown which make its coloring warm instead of too grey. It is somewhat translucent, having the quality, more than any other stone in the State, of reflecting a different color under every changing sky which looks down upon it. When snow is on the ground, in the glow of a winter sunset, it has a lovely bluish cast. In spring, when the baby leaves on the trees around it show pale green, it looks pinkish and pale grey, and

ethereal like a fairy palace. This wonderful stone gave trouble to the builders, however, and sometimes cracked unexpectedly. One of the great pillars of the western facade, has a broken corner in its pedestal, where a piece of the slab faulted when the weight grew heavy upon it, and which was never corrected because of the great expense involved of renewing the whole pillar.

Directing the building was William Nichols. The architect, Ithiel Towne of New York City, came to see the foundation laid out and begun. He left as an architect and draughtsman to to represent him, David Paton, a Scotchman, who did not remain long in North Carolina after he had completed his work. During his stay, however, he married a North Carolina lady, and his wife died and left him with one baby girl. This child was returned to the care of her Southern grandmother, and married here. Through her Mr. Paton has descendants in this State.

Thomas Bragg, father of Governor Bragg, was also in charge of part of the work. It was necessary also to import skilled stonecutters from England and Scotland, for there

were none in North Carolina, and accordingly the ancestor of the Stronach family was one of these skilled craftsmen, William Murdoch of Salisbury was another, also a Mr. Puttick, and others who cast in their lot here afterward and became permanent citizens.

On first coming to this climate these foreign folk found the heat and humidity hard to bear and several died of the fevers which were considered quite inevitable in those days. They lie buried in the old City Cemetery. The most of the Scotch masons adapted themselves as that sturdy race does in every part of the world, and worked busily at the rising wall of the Capitol until it stood complete.

There is no use giving dimensions and telling of the source of the architectural details of this building, speculating as to the Greek or Roman temple suggested by this cornice, or the classical building imitated in that facade, for we may see the lovely pile of stone any day, those of us who live in this city and country. It has become for us like the sunshine and the blue sky, too much a part of our daily vision for us to realize the great intrinsic beauty it represents.

It took several sets of commissioners to finally complete the building of the Capitol, and they frequently resigned, and were often replaced during the interval; for it is hinted that the great amount of money which had to be expended more than the first appropriation caused a good deal of criticism. Also not being skilled architects they must stand by what was told them by their contractors; and many difficulties quite unexpected had to be met one by one in the progress of the edifice. Besides this, every one who passed by felt privileged to criticise and spend an opinion, until those in charge could scarcely maintain their calmness. This sort of free advice is one of the rights of a democracy. Kings' houses are not so pitilessly criticised.

The last committee, those who persisted, were but three—William McPheeters, John Beckwith, and Weston Gales, and it is these whose final accounting to the General Assembly is published in the newspapers of the time.

The stone to build the Capitol was hauled to the spot by means of a little street railroad or tramway, called the "Experimental Railroad." This was constructed across from

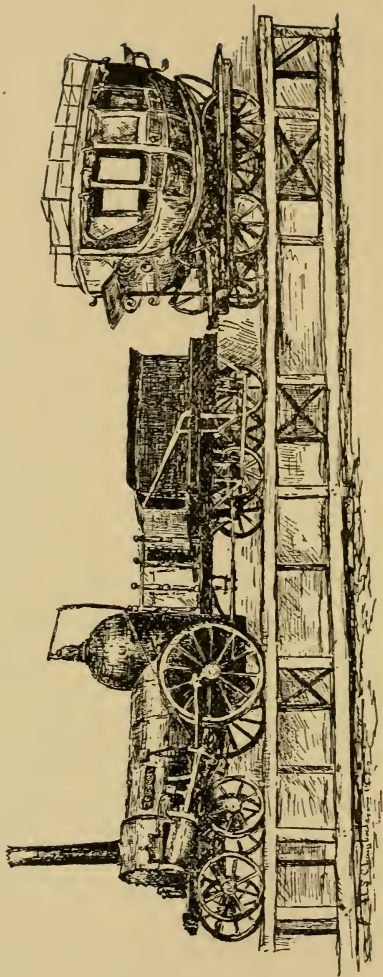
the quarry to the eastern end of New Berne Avenue, and west along that street to the Capitol Square, and the small cars drawn by mules easily handled the blocks of stone. This plan, which seems quite simple and obvious, was considered a wonder and a great innovation at that time. The railroad idea was quite new and as thrilling to the popular imagination as the airplane is now in 1922. The idea of building and operating this little railroad was due to Mrs. Sarah Hawkins Polk, wife of Colonel William Polk, and she put her savings into it, realizing three hundred per cent.

Among the letters of her son, Leonidas, then a cadet at West Point, to his parents, was one which contributed the idea. He went to Boston on a summer leave of absence, and saw there in operation that sort of a tramway bringing in the stone being then used to build Bunker Hill Monument. He took the trouble to write his parents the whole plan in detail, making a careful little sketch to show the proper flange the car wheels should have in order to run safely on the wooden rails. This experimental railroad was such a suc-

cess that a passenger car was put on, drawn by a safe horse, and people came from far and near to enjoy a new sensation, so that at times the hauling of stone was somewhat impeded. Street cars were thus a very early development in Raleigh, due to the seizing of a new idea by a woman.

Indeed, the good ladies of Raleigh seem to have been more "experimental" than their lords on several occasions, although we are often told that women are the conservative sex. We have told of Miss Betsy Geddy's spirited effort to save the finest thing in the State, the Canova statue of George Washington, at the time the old State House burned. This story is like that of the alabaster box of precious ointment, always to be told in her praise. One of the daughters of Mr. Casso, the inn-keeper or hotel man, had married the merchant, John Stewart. She was one of those strong-willed and practical sisters who make the finest ancestors in the world, because they have the common sense and decision to meet a crisis.

She saved her home, although it was given up to be destroyed in the path of that great



FIRST LOCOMOTIVE RUNNING INTO RALEIGH IN 1840. ALSO SKETCH OF PASSENGER CAR  
GENERALLY USED AT THAT TIME. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF MODEL AND ORIGINAL  
NOW IN LOCOMOTIVE MUSEUM AT PERDUE UNIVERSITY. THE LOCOMOTIVE HAD  
A 42-INCH DRIVING WHEEL. THE CAR SEATED TWELVE PERSONS

fire that swept off the whole east side of Fayetteville Street. This happened shortly after the State House was burned and shows how nearly Raleigh was totally annihilated by recurring conflagrations. They brought gunpowder, and told Mrs. Stewart that her house must be blown up to arrest the fire, which was come almost to that place. She mounted her roof and defied them to blow her up with the doomed house, and when she had thus gained her point she proceeded to save her house, and keep a roof over her head, by hard work and wet bed-quilts. Another time she saved somebody's store from being a total loss by quenching the burning roof with twelve barrels of vinegar, after the wells were all drawn dry. At the festival in honor of the coming of the railroad into Raleigh, she served the banquet to seven hundred people who sat down simultaneously.

Good fire protection was scarcely to be expected in Raleigh, and the business block was crowded together more than was prudent when the town was so small. A tiny fire engine was bought as early as 1802, and another in 1810, although they seem not to have done much good.

Also there were at one time primitive water-works, water being pumped up from Walnut Creek to a tank and allowed to run down Fayetteville Street by gravity. The wooden pipes soon filled up with sediment, for the water was unfiltered and full of the red mud which is seldom absent from running streams in this section. Drought then reigned as before, except as slaked by well-water.

Hunter's Pond was the cause of much of the fever and chills that made the city sickly, and only after the fever epidemics of the thirties was this pond bought by the city and drained.

Raleigh by this time was becoming aware of her backwardness. Railroading was the topic and the sensation. Internal improvement was in the air. After so long without taking serious interest in the subject, people had suddenly become impatient of the endless miles which separated them from their next town neighbors. Every newspaper told of the rise of real estate values, the increase in the promptness of the mails, and the other joys of those sections where railroads had already begun to be built and operated. "Let us cease to doubt, to hesitate and slumber, let us tear away the poppy from our brows, let us no

longer be the Rip Van Winkle among commonwealths," thus runs the editorial comment upon the following bit of news item, dated February 5th, 1833, Petersburg, Virginia.

"It is impossible to convey to those who have not witnessed a similar scene, an adequate conception of the pride and pleasure that beamed from every countenance when the *Engine* was first seen descending the plain, wending her way with sylph-like beauty into the bosom of the town, and, like a conqueror of old, bearing upon her bosom the evidence of the victory of art over the obstructions of nature."

Conventions were held, stock books were opened and the successive Legislatures memorialized, while, after a year or two of such excitement many railroads had been laid out on paper and nowhere else, and the newspapers thought things were woefully slow moving. Yet when we think of the novelty of the undertaking, we cannot say that there was much delay.

The beginning of railroad agitation and the laying of the corner stone of the new Capitol were accomplished the same day, and the rail-

road, the Raleigh and Gaston, was near enough to completion to be celebrated at the same time as the finishing of the Capitol building.

The same year 1840, which saw the new Capitol complete from foundation to dome, also saw the first train roll into Raleigh from Gaston, near Weldon, and the feelings so well expressed in Petersburg, of victory over space and time, enlivened the hearts of this city, rejuvenated as it was by these two great tasks accomplished.

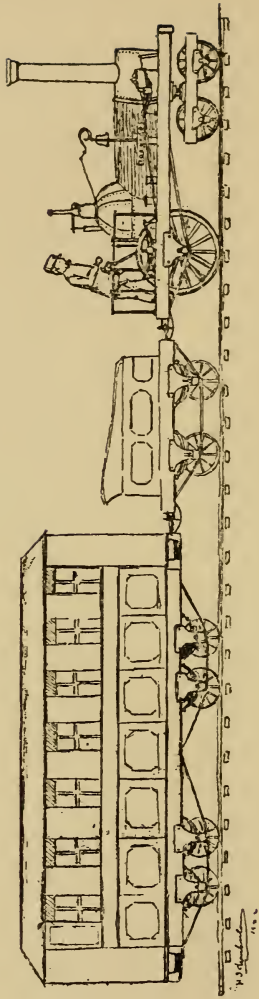
The Three Days of Raleigh were June tenth, eleventh, and twelfth, 1840, and the town gave itself up to jollification, speechification, illumination and barbecue. Guests from Richmond and from Petersburg, from Wilmington and from other North Carolina towns, were present. Wilmington had also seen her first train pull into the station that same spring, but the western towns were still served by stage-coaches.

The banquet was served in the new freight depot, empty and spacious, and capable of holding the seven hundred guests. A first shipment of cotton for export had been brought into it just the April previous.

There were five tables ninety feet long, and the banqueters toasted in real, sure-enough liquor, The Railroad, The Capitol, Judge Gaston, "The Ladies" several times, and Mrs. Sarah Polk especially, and separately, although they called her a "Distinguished Female." To read of the doings, one would fear that the banqueters might need help when time came to go home after all was over.

That night and the following there were strings of colored lanterns from tree to tree in the Capitol Square, and transparencies, one showing the new Capitol, one the new engine, "The Tornado," and the third, a "lovely scene of nature" entitled "Our Country." There were two balls on successive nights in the Senate Chamber, whose great chandelier held a hundred wax candles; and concerts in the Commons Hall for those who did not dance.

During the day there were trips a few miles out on the railroad, and return, although the rails, or iron strips on which the wheels should run were not yet nailed to the wooden stringers. "The Tornado," as the first engine was named, had but a single driving wheel on each



COMPLETE TRAIN OF 1838. DRAWN FROM A SKETCH IN AN ALBUM OF RAILROAD EQUIPMENT.

THE DRIVING WHEEL OF ENGINE IS FORTY-TWO INCHES IN DIAMETER.

side, and no cab. It was made in Richmond and was similar in pattern to a good many engines turned out about that time. The cars on these first roads were like a string of stages at first, but in South Carolina they had evolved a box-like passenger car, like a low-built street car. Hence we suppose the first North Carolina passenger cars might have been similar to those used near Charleston. All engines had proper names for the first twenty-five years of railroad experience. An item in a Raleigh paper about this time tells of a great railroad spectacle in Baltimore, when the engine came in on the Baltimore and Ohio, drawing seven coaches full of people at once, thirty persons to the coach.

The strips of iron which shod the wooden rails would sometimes become loosened, catch against a car wheel, and turn upwards piercing the car, so that by this means the train would be stopped. They were called snake heads. No one is mentioned as having been impaled by this strip of iron, although there must have been danger of this accident.

The fuel burned on our first railroads, and many years thereafter, was wood. The pro-

gress of the trains was uncertain. Sometimes the engine would lurch off the track, and go plowing through the bank a few feet, but it was not a wrecking train and a great derrick that replaced the derailed cars, but simply a couple of dozen men gathered from nearby farms, and a mule or two, for the little engine was not too heavy to be coaxed back upon the track by their combined efforts.

Railroad nomenclature was not settled at this time. They called a collision (and these happened soon) a concussion. A train was called a brigade of cars.

The Raleigh and Gaston was eighty-six miles long, and this distance and return was made in twelve hours, which was considered a giddy pace. The time table given occurs several years later, and says "Leave Raleigh at 7:00 a. m., Reach Weldon at 12 m."

The president of the new road was George W. Mordecai. The State aided in financing the project, although a little reluctantly, and on rather severe terms. We must notice that fares on the different stage lines were reduced immediately, and stages and harness began to be advertised for sale. That the much

needed impulse to prosperity was given, farm property increased in value along the new line, and the North Carolina Railroad was soon built, shows that upon the coming of the much needed improvement trade was steadily progressing. For a long time the population of North Carolina had been almost stationary, and from 1830 to 1840 only fourteen thousand five hundred increase was noted over the whole State. Now the "breath of progress and the breeze of prosperity was to blow away all stagnation and sloth."

## CHAPTER IX

### *The Middle Years*



IN the decades of the forties and the fifties progress and development of Wake County went steadily forward, even as the prosperity of North Carolina increased. The young men of the Commonwealth did not run away in such numbers to Texas and Missouri as they had formerly done to the near South and West.

The City of Raleigh, established beyond all peradventure as Capital of the State for the future, found herself by central position, and by heritage, confirmed in the social leadership of the State. Her individual social atmosphere began to make itself felt. Then, as at present, there existed a certain indifference to money as an asset socially, a desire to value her new-comers for what they could prove themselves to be, provided that first of all they be agreeable people. This is the quality of a society conservative, and yet liberal; reserved, and yet tending to kindness and toleration. Such a flavor of life, fine and subtile, does not

develop save in a time of quiet improvement, and hopefulness.

In the county as a whole, the change to more prosperous times became evident. There was more to employ the young men of a family and to make their stay at home worth while to them.

Probably most of these plantation homes, with their wide double piazzas and clustering groves of trees, these patriarchal mansions, only a few of which survive conflagration and neglect, were built about 1840.

Some were built later, a few much earlier, but none could have been made after the war. The woodwork and the cornices of these houses were often of a high finish, and the joinery surprises those who think that slaves could attain no fine workmanship. Those were the houses of which the old folk would fondly remark, "I tell you that was a fine old house in its day." These homes seem quite simple and plain, but are well remembered for what they represented to the life of those times. They are roomy, they have a look about them of generosity on the part of their builders, of the spirit of free hospitality un-

trammelled by the drudgery which lack of servants must bring. They were largely placed in a country not too thickly settled, and provided with the abundance of food and drink which was unstinted at that era of our history. They gave a cheerful welcome and were abodes of gracious leisure. These recollections combine to fill up the kindly memories of these old houses. Indeed the time from the first of the forties through the fifties must have been a golden age to be alive in, the joyous youth of our country.

Improvements in living conditions came in quick succession, and made existence easier, while anticipation of the next surprise kept attention and imagination at a stretch to behold the next wonder that should happen. The over-mechanical development of things which has made our hurry and complication too great was unguessed at that time, and only the delight of growing ease was perceived.

The conquering of space by the railroad, and of time by the telegraph; the increase in wealth and comfort; in the desire for learning and spread of education; the feeling of enlarged opportunity, as the great United States rounded out to its present boundaries; all these ele-

ments combined to give everyone a forward-looking cheerful expectation.

The Mexican War, resulting as it did in complete victory, gave the self-confidence of success to our soldiers. The pioneer spirit which in America had so long driven its children further west to find the "Something hid behind the ranges" let only the Pacific Ocean arrest its onward career. Gold was discovered in California, and the mad rush to the West went across the plains in '49. How romantic it all was! Life was a joyous adventure to be met with enthusiasm, to be followed with eager delight.

When reading of the political campaign of 1839-40 in which the Whigs elected Harrison President, it seems a performance boyish and boisterous beyond any that has been carried on before or since. The songs, set to familiar tunes; the log-cabins mounted on wheels and drawn about to represent the home of "Old Tippecanoe" as they called General Harrison; the barrels of hard cider kept continually on tap for his supporters, said to be his favorite drink; the ships in honor of Van Buren (no *especial* drink specified); the slang-whanging

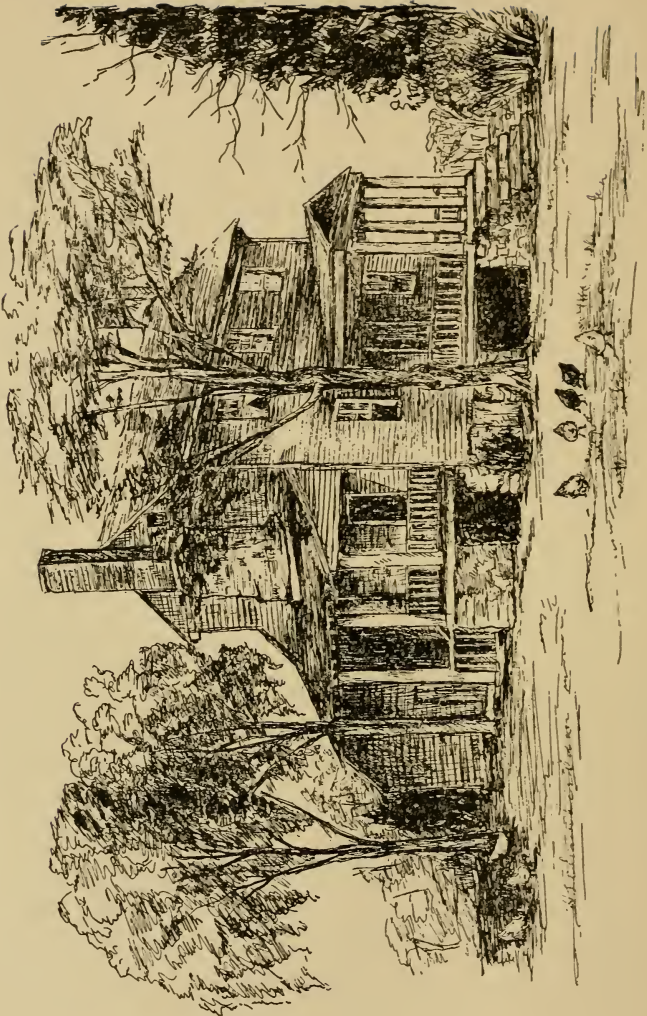
by all newspapers; the processioning and the yelling; it all sounds like a prolonged college celebration. The Raleigh Whigs built a log cabin for campaign headquarters, which was twenty-five by forty feet in dimensions. The young Whigs cut the logs in the woods, hauled them in, and built it in one day. Here was the place for the Whig speakings. The Marks Creek Whigs, and others from that side of the county, came in in procession, bringing barrels of hard cider with them. They joined in a whole day's rally, finished up with a big barbecue. The whole State went wild. A log cabin came rolling through the country all the way from Salisbury to Raleigh, with doings every step of the way. It was a merry time, but although all this boisterous party spirit was afoot, yet there were many other things more permanently worth while to be considered.

An interest in education, as mentioned before, had sprung up with renewed prosperity. Almost at the very beginning the far-sighted fathers had established a State University, but there were as yet no public schools as we now have them. These were days of the Academy and the private school. There were many of these all over the State, both for boys

and girls, and also we had had a good many more or less successful and permanent in Wake County. Saint Mary's school in Raleigh was at first a boys' school. It was opened in 1834 but was soon changed to what it has remained. Pleasant Grove Academy at Wake Forest was another girls' school of this county. Wake Forest College was founded by the Baptist denomination, and located on the plantation of Dr. Calvin Jones in the year 1833. The first president was that consecrated man, Dr. Waitt.

This was the first denominational college in North Carolina, and has been of untold benefit to the whole State. It was founded under the idea that it should be an industrial school, and this idea was also used at the beginning of Davidson College a few years later. Trinity College also was founded in these next few years, but to Wake Forest belongs the honor of being the first in the field. The industrial idea was soon abandoned.

In the year 1840 was enacted the act which made available the scant school funds of the State which had been accumulating for years, and those counties which were willing to sup-



A PLANTATION HOUSE OF THE LARGER TYPE, OF THE FIRST YEARS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. THIS HOUSE IS QUITE SOLID TODAY

plement their quota of State money could establish free schools. Wake was one of these counties, although not many free schools were opened as yet, and those taught only the most elementary branches of reading and writing and a little arithmetic. Nevertheless, every child of Raleigh should be taught why one of our school buildings is called the "Murphy" and one the "Wiley" school.

Other ideas of reform were abroad in Raleigh. There was begun at that time the first temperance society, and though this died out afterwards, the idea lived on to later fruition.

In the year 1841 the population of Wake County was eighteen thousand, and by the year 1860 it had increased to thirty thousand.

After the railroads were completed, Raleigh might seem to settle to quiet growth because the new era had begun in earnest with the coming of the railroad, and all sorts of new comforts and luxuries hitherto uncommon had come in with transportation. To read the grocers' advertisements, comparing them with a few years before, you may notice how they change from a simple list of heavy groceries

and no more, to long columns advertising dainties such as candies, raisins, figs, cordials and syrups, dried fruits, teas and coffees, enough to make the mouth water.

Milliners, too, began to advertise styles straight from Paris, and trimmed bonnets from New York, these last of the coal-scuttle variety, huge and deep, to be worn with dresses which spread and frilled at the bottom like a two-yard-wide morning-glory blossom. The ladies wore tight bodices and large leg-o-mutton sleeves made to stand out by means of cushions at the shoulders.

To match such ladies' dresses, the beaux wore tight blue tailcoats with brass buttons and high velvet collars, nankeen trousers with straps under the foot to hold them down (these were tan colored, lighter than khaki) and high bell-crowned beavers, light colored, and made with wide curly brims. Their cravats were like young tablecloths, winding twice round the neck, holding up the sharp points of their white collars against their ears. Ladies' hoop skirts grew wide or grew narrow according to the fashion, the men's trousers grew more open or narrowed at the foot, year

by year, but all through the period I am describing, clothing was exaggerated and extravagant, and many yards of material went to the making of a single costume.

Soon after the coming of the railroad, we see a soda fountain advertised, and soon again, a circus with a menagerie. More amusements were demanded, more luxuries obtainable.

The telegraph was not a common convenience until about 1855, and was not used to run trains by, at first. You did not know what had become of your family after the train had carried them away until at least a week after when they wrote you their adventures. You simply had to sit patiently and wait for the train you expected to take, until it finally rolled in around the curve, to the station.

But indefinite though the schedules were, goods and people could be moved from place to place as never before. A farmer could dispose of his produce to better advantage, could sell his cotton and tobacco at the seaboard. Agriculture, which had become less efficient rather than more so during the first third of the nineteenth century, picked up in

interest as its rewards became greater. The articles in the papers treated of good methods, and the first agricultural fair was held in Raleigh in 1833. News items about large crop yields were common, and in 1841 the amount of one hundred ninety bushels of corn to the acre is given as the best record of the two Carolinas.

That other kind of cultivation which is spelled Culture with a big C, and which must be neglected for awhile until a new country has time for it, began in this era to be more sought after. Good books are advertised for sale in each issue of the Raleigh papers. A Richmond gentleman, visiting Raleigh for the railroad celebration, describes his morning spent in the North Carolina book store, and tells of the interesting literature he found there. About this time, sandwiched in among law, religion, text books and almanacs, we find advertised, DeTocqueville's *Travels in America*, Scott's Novels, and Jane Austen's "*Emma*", besides much other good literature.

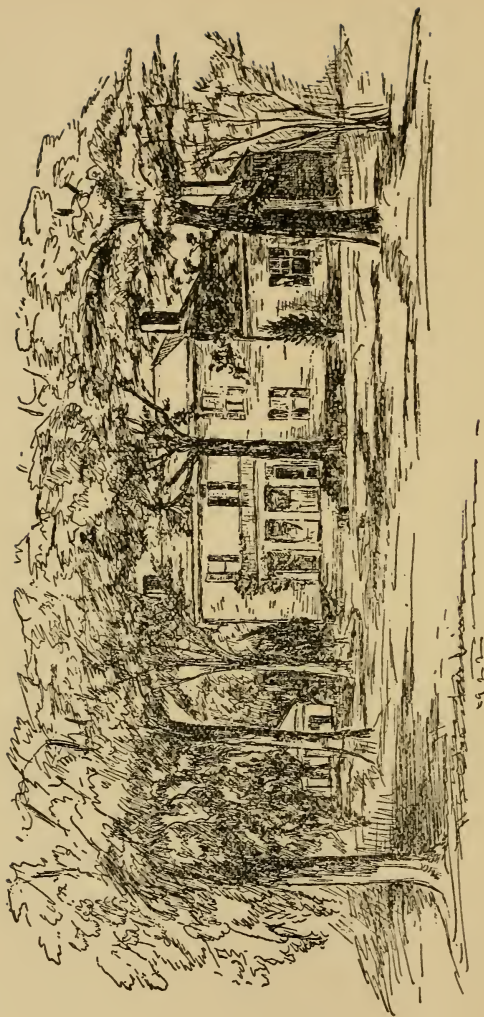
The *Southern Literary Messenger* was started in Richmond as early as 1831, and was one of the very first American periodicals devoted

to pure literature. On the list of original subscribers which made its publication possible occur the names of several Raleigh people.

After 1843, Edgar Allan Poe, according to many good critics our greatest American poet, was the editor of this magazine, and to it he contributed some of his loveliest lyrics. Books and magazines of the best were plentiful as you see in old Raleigh, and all the means of self-culture were available here which were to be found anywhere in the United States.

But all through these times of expanding horizon and days of dawning culture, there was an undercurrent of discord, a voice of coming storm. It could be heard, so to express it, only when silence fell; like the sound of surf, inland on a still night.

The North and South had been for thirty years like members of a family whose individuals have had a terrible disagreement on fundamentals, but which has decided, for reasons of policy and property, to hold together in outward semblance long after all true fellowship and mutual love have departed. The subjects which divided them, slavery and states rights, were past being discussed as a general theme of common interest.



“MIDWAY PLANTATION,” ACROSS NEUSE RIVER, A FINE EXAMPLE OF THE PLANTATION HOME OF THE MIDDLE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Feeling on both sides had run so high in Congress that full statement of opinion either way was difficult to tolerate. Compromise after compromise had been arranged by first one and then the other party, each side had been soothed in turn; but by the latter years of the decades we are describing, further arrangement of differences in this way had become a stench in the nostrils of either side. One thing only had been accomplished by this continual compromising, namely, time had been given so that the nation had learned more about workable self-government.

Now the time of silent ignoring of the topics which everyone was passionately thinking about in their hearts was nearly past. The calling of things peaceful when all inner conviction was a bitter partizanship had to find a definite end.

North Carolina had been a somewhat backward state, she had been subject to certain conditions which had made her so. Her intense independent individualism had made it hard for her to unite her sons in any cause, and the Union had not been so much a matter of course to her as a lesson to be learned, a course to be thoughtfully adopted.

In Raleigh, as the fifties died, thoughtful men sat and watched all their commonwealth building toward a great Union, crumble day by day. While no one would admit that it was in any danger, all were aware of the fact in their secret hearts, and knew that any moment might set the whole country adrift as in the swift water above Niagara, and that the falls were near.

Young heads might wish a change, might wish to cast the die, to pass the Rubicon; they might tell of what they did not wish to be forced to advocate; but although North Carolina had been late in entering the Union, yet she felt bitterly sorry to leave it.

Meanwhile the young men found the cautious counsels of their elders very slow and cool. Their blood was up. They had no experience of war; but neither had they any doubt of their own valor.

Our good Governor Ellis, truly honest, much tried, and earnestly trying to avert trouble, and those wise heads which stood with him, held back against the current with all their influence, but the young men had got the taste of that exultation which coming

storm gives to their leaping pulses. Speech-making might satisfy the elder folk, but they were for launching out. Issues grew ever more tense. Different opinions became always more irreconcilable.

In the spring of 1861, the plot of ground where the Tucker Building now stands on Fayetteville Street was the place where the rival factions rioted. Sumpter had been fired upon, but still there were those who hoped that peace would be restored. Red cockades were mounted by those anxious for secession, and a flag representing that idea was raised, but Union men fired upon it and tore it down. One of the younger Haywoods (Duncan) and Basil Manly, returned the fire of those who would remove it, and as the riot went on Governor Ellis came to quell the excitement. At that very moment, it is said, the telegram was handed him announcing Lincoln's call for troops from North Carolina. Then it was that North Carolina seceded.

Like all calamities, the War of 1861 came suddenly, and was greeted with painful dismay by those who had been fondly hoping against all hope for the preservation of the Union.

Some of the people of this old town were very sorry, some were quite exultant and gay, but all knew where they must stand. The hot secession boys and the men who had hoped and held to the Union all enlisted together; together they drilled and trained, and together they fought, and side by side some of them died, on Tennessee hills, and in Virginia Valleys.

There is nothing that changes the air, that finishes an era, that closes a partition, like a war. Thus ended the times of youthful exuberance, and the tender grace of that vanished day is a fast fading memory to a few old people, survivors of a time which the young must reconstruct to their minds painfully by means of documents and histories.

Many years ago, an old friend of the writer lay dying of a lingering disease. She said to me, then a very young girl, "I shall be glad to go; I have seen so much trouble, I am so tired of life." I wondered at her feeling; I knew her husband, a good man; she had many loving children, and I said so to her. She only looked at me with that pitying expression which the older folk use when some young person philosophizes about the life which is just fairly

beginning for them. "Yes, Honey, all that, but you must remember that I lived through the War, and you young folk have no idea what that means."

Those who know by full experience are now very few. It is now that the histories are being written. Careful minds are at work on many a painstaking, earnest book, by which those who came after may reconstruct the long causes and the swift developments of that time of civil conflict.

From Raleigh there went away, with the Boys in Grey, that old, happy, care-free time, and though many good times have come since, that especial "before the war" breezy atmosphere is past and gone.

Reading the newspapers of the time, one is impressed by the lack of hysteria, the clear acceptance of consequences, after the plunge had taken place. When, after the first enthusiasm was over, the grim realities of war were more and more felt, and strong feeling had to be constantly controlled, it was wonderful how cheerfully, to outward seeming, the people could go about their daily tasks.

Before the war was over, heroic exultation had to give place to something distressfully



COSTUME OF A BEAU AND A BELLE OF 1870-75.

calm and stoic. Bereavement and economic privation were two things bravely endured, but the painful story of them is almost too sad to recall even today.

When we look over the sea, and remember the things which have been endured, and are still to endure so long after the actual fighting has come to an end and the killing has stopped, we may see plainly how many ills are harder to pass through than sudden death.

A little book, written while the pain of those times was fresh, Mrs. Spencer's *Last Ninety Days of the War*, is a most vivid picture of the mind that suffered in those days. It is a narrative, not a special pleading. To read the book at a sitting is to feel the swell and throb of the personal anxiety, pity and sorrow rise and fall, to sense the privation, suspense, heartbreak and disconsolate apathy, which arise out of too much anguish. It hurts a heart which loves the land and the people too much to be easy reading even so long after all is over.

Perhaps this is the reason that it has been complained of the City of Raleigh, that doing as much as she did do for her soldiers in this

last great Armageddon, yet she never could accomplish the feat of cheering her boys as they marched away. We stood stonily and tried to smile, but we never cheered; we knew, for our fathers had told us.

The Capitol has looked on many scenes of joy and grave import. The sky has arched over the tender shadings of its walls for many an April. The young leaves were as fresh and fair in the spring of sixty-five as they were last year. After the last junior recruit had marched away, there came a calm ominous time when the spring sunshine fell on a hushed town. People were uneasy, and stayed at home. Old men and boys were the only ones at home with the women. Streets were deserted, homes neglected, and the stores on Fayetteville Street were closed.

A suspense brooded on the city, for something strange and sinister must be about to happen. Johnston's army had gone west, leaving the city undefended. Over the Fayetteville road they said Sherman was coming. Straining ears of the watching ones listened for the first beat of martial music. Let us quote Governor Swain for the rest:

“It was my lot, on the morning of April 13th, 1865, as a friend and representative of Governor Vance, to find on approaching the south front of the Capitol, the doors and windows closed, and a deeper, more dreadful silence shrouding the city than during the sad catastrophe (the burning of the old State House) to to which I have referred.

“I met at the south front of the Capitol, however, a negro servant who waited on the Executive Department, the only human being who had dared to venture beyond his doors. He delivered me the keys, and assisted me in opening the doors and windows of the Executive Office, and I took my station at the entrance with a safe conduct from General Sherman in my mind, prepared to surrender the Capital at the demand of his approaching forces. At that moment, a band of marauders, stragglers from Wheeler’s retiring cavalry, dismounted at the head of Fayetteville Street, and began to sack the stores directly contiguous to, and south of Dr. Haywood’s residence.

I apprised them immediately that Sherman’s army was just at hand, that any show of resistance might result in the destruction of the

city, and urged them to follow their retreating comrades.

“A citizen, the first I had seen beyond his threshold that morning, came up at the moment and added his remonstrances to mine, but all in vain, until I perceived and announced that the head of Kilpatrick’s column was in sight. In a moment, every member of the band with the exception of their chivalric leader, was in the saddle, and had his horse spurred to the utmost speed. He drew his bridle rein, halted in the center of the street, and discharged his revolver until his stock of ammunition was expended, in the direction, but not within carrying distance of his foe; when he too fled, but attempted to run the gauntlet in vain. His life was forfeited in a very brief interval.

“The remains of this bold man rest in the cemetery, covered with garlands and bewept by beautiful maidens, little aware how nearly the city may have been on the verge of devastation, and how narrowly the fairest of their number may have escaped insult and death from the rash act of lawless warfare. . . . About three o’clock in the afternoon, in company with

Governor Graham, who had risked life and reputation in behalf of this community to an extent of which those who derived the advantage are little aware, I delivered the keys of the State House to General Sherman at the gubernatorial mansion, then his headquarters, and received his assurance that the Capitol and city should be respected and the rights of property duly regarded.”

## CHAPTER X

### *Our Benefactors*



WAKE COUNTY has owned enough righteous men to have saved many a Sodom. Beginning to count those who have lived their lives worthily before all, the list is a very long one. Singling out from their number those whose gifts have been material, as well as examples in the fine art of living well, we find five citizens whose hearts have been very generous to their fellow men. A society which has brought forth so many hearts bent on service is a society which is fulfilling its best objects, a thing of prime value.

In this summary only those whose benefits were first and especially to the people at large are given. Many donations to causes denominational and causes educational have been made by different ones among us, but we must here notice the more general response to the needs of our city.

Besides these men, there is a woman, and she not a native or resident, who must have

her meed of praise for the good work she began here.

John Rex, the tanner, belongs to the very earliest period of Raleigh's existence. He came here from Pennsylvania, about the time of the first sale of lots, a quiet sort of man, simple in his dress and plain in his ways. He is said to have resembled John Quincy Adams remarkably in face. He lived to a good old age here, was never married, and left all his money to found a hospital in the city of Raleigh.

By his will his negroes were freed, and his property allowed to increase until there should be sufficient money to build a hospital large enough for city and county. Besides this he bought a large number of city lots at the second sale in 1814 or '15, which he directed not to be sold until the estate should be settled, and the hospital building provided. He hoped and intended that the value of these would suffice to produce a maintenance fund. The securities which made up the estate proper were much diminished or practically wiped out by the War, and only the lots remained, but Mr. Rex's speculation in these did

not fulfil his desire. The part of the city where the smaller, poorer homes were being built extended that way, and this did not permit of the good prices he hoped to realize. The Rex Hospital, therefore, has not equalled the intention of its founder, in that instead of being a well supported institution from the first, it has been struggling constantly for adequate funds. If intentions, however, count for anything, those which gave us the hospital were as broad and as generous and as full of constructive philanthropy as anything which has been done. We have a hospital, and it bears the name of John Rex. His bequest was the nucleus. In 1840, that wonderful year, the committee to administer the Rex estate was duly named, thus beginning another good work, and Judge Battle appropriately enough was made head of the enterprise which was so aided and fostered by his son, Richard Battle, in its later working out.

William Peace, the merchant, left a large bequest toward the education of women, and Peace Institute today bears the name of its founder.

At the time of the War the building was incomplete, and was used in its unfinished state

for a military hospital. Since the War it has been an excellent school, maintained by the Presbyterians, and many a fine woman has had her educational opportunities there. Not so old as Saint Mary's, it is somewhat a sister institution, a school, not a college. The funds which were to have made it independent were lost in the war-time depreciation of values. As in the case of Rex Hospital, it is the thought that remains.

A woman's name is associated with the State Hospital for the insane. This stands on a hill to the south-west of Raleigh, which is always spoken of as Dix Hill, although I think the name is a popular, and not a formal tribute, to the good woman who procured the building of the asylum.

Dorothea Dix was a Massachusetts woman, one of those maiden ladies who feel the call to mother the world. Her name stands beside and not at all beneath the names of Florence Nightingale, Clara Barton and Elizabeth Fry. She was mistress of a small independent fortune, and had no ties to hold her in one place, so she could follow her desire of a traveling life in the interest of her chosen cause.

She began investigating the condition of the insane in all parts of the United States, later in Canada, and finally all over Europe.

First it was her custom to make a tour of the State she wished to influence, taking voluminous notes of every poorhouse or prison where insane or paupers were kept. This she did quietly and unobtrusively in the guise of a private person. She made her long journeys alone and fearlessly, and records that she never met with any incivility in her whole work. In the year 1847 she traveled all over North Carolina, and the facts she gathered there she wrote into a memorial to the Legislative Assembly of 1848, presenting it in person, making a stay in Raleigh for the purpose. She was told by those to whom she applied that nothing whatever was to be done. It was pleaded that the people would never permit the necessary taxes to be levied. The Democrats, then in power, had been overcome by such a spasm of economy that they even voted to leave unlighted the lamps which hung in the portico of the Capitol while the Legislature was in session.

The leading Whigs, feeling thus relieved of all responsibility, said that they could do no-

thing for a new and expensive scheme like the building of an insane asylum with such penurious opponents in the saddle, and so the matter was at a deadlock.

Dorothea Dix always kept a diary of her efforts, and in it she writes of her campaign in North Carolina. "This morning after breakfast several gentlemen called, all Whigs. They talked of the hospital and said the most discouraging things possible. I sent then for several of the leading Democrats. I brought out my memorial, and said, 'Gentlemen, here is the document I have prepared for your Assembly. I desire you, Sir, to present it' (handing it to a Democrat said to be most popular with his party), and 'you gentlemen,' said I to the whole astonished delegation, 'you, I expect to sustain the motion of this gentleman when he makes one to print the same.'" The legislator who took the memorial from the hands of Miss Dix was Mr. Ellis of Rowan, who afterward became the Governor of North Carolina.

The first result was that the bill establishing an asylum for the insane was not passed; but Miss Dix had led many a forlorn hope, and

she did not know what the word failure meant. Staying at the same hotel with her were Honorable James Dobbin, afterwards Secretary of the Navy, and his wife. Mrs Dobbin was taken very ill, and Miss Dix, having made friends with her earlier, came and nursed her so tenderly in her illness that when she felt death near, from her dying bed she remembered to ask her husband, as her last request, to champion the cause Miss Dix had at heart. This was the only way she could show her gratitude for the devotion Miss Dix had lavished upon her.

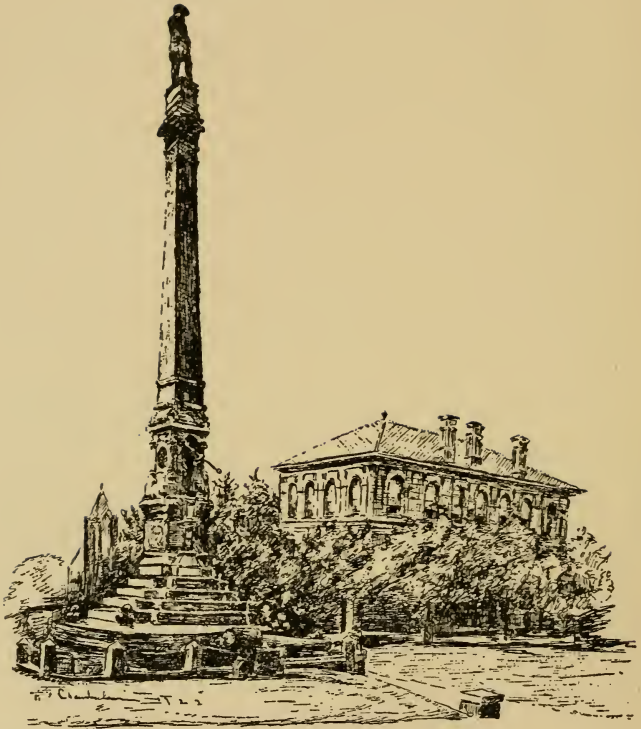
Mr. Dobbin went from his wife's funeral to the Assembly, and plead so eloquently and feelingly, his eyes wet with tears, with such great effect, that the bill passed its final reading with one hundred one "ayes," and only ten "nays." Miss Dix left Raleigh the next December, as she said, "perfectly happy," and the State Hospital for the Insane, which she would not allow to be named for her, is one of twenty established in the United States by her efforts. She was revered as a saint, and loved as a benefactress by the whole country, and especially was this true in the South, as it is said.

Dorothea Dix is the only one of our benefactors who did not spend her days among us, but on a subsequent visit she selected the site for the Hospital. She lived to extreme old age, dying in the year 1880.

Stanhope Pullen has not been so long dead but that many of us have known him well by sight, and have greeted him daily in the street. Except as he expressed his opinion in action, his thought was always a sealed book. An excellent but a taciturn man, as to his own affairs.

He was born on a farm near Neuse Station in Wake County in 1832. His mother was Elizabeth Smith, sister of the two Smith brothers, substantial merchants of Raleigh. When his aunt, Mrs Richard Smith, was left a widow she employed Mr. Pullen to manage her estate, and when she died without children she made him her heir. He also managed the estate of his cousin, Mary Smith Morehead, which was left as a bequest to the University of North Carolina. He was a most able business man and everything which passed through his hands seemed to prosper.

After the war, when everything was utterly depleted, and the start toward prosperity



OUR MONUMENT TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE CONFEDERACY, WITH  
THE OLIVIA RANEY LIBRARY IN THE BACKGROUND

seemed so difficult, Mr. Pullen used his ready cash in purchasing property in Raleigh, and in this way acquired the Rayner, formerly the Polk property, and he extended Blount Street, by moving the old Polk mansion round to face Blount Street instead of closing it.

Thus was opened the best residence section of Raleigh during the eighties. He dealt most liberally with the city, in giving all the streets, grading and graveling them free. Later he opened a large tract to the North of the town at first popularly called "Pullen-town," and sold this off in lots for cheaper homes.

In keeping his own counsel so thoroughly, Mr. Pullen never had it said of him, "Mr. Pullen will do this" or "that." He seldom spoke out his intentions. His mind took knowledge of opportunities, and he made money out of his ventures, but he never gave himself the least uneasiness over the result of his dealings, never bargained or dickered as to the values he set on his property. He offered his land at what he believed to be a fair price, and never apparently cared whether the buyer took the bargain offered or not. That his

prices were fair is shown by the immense amount of property which passed through his hands at one time or another. One year he bought quantities of cotton on speculation, and a friend asked him whether the fluctuations of the market did not cause him uneasiness. He replied that he had never lost an hour's sleep over business in his life. He gave to the city the land that is now Pullen Park, and moreover, laid it out, and planted it with the innumerable trees which are there today, growing while he sleeps.

The land adjoining, occupied by the buildings of the North Carolina State College, is also a gift from Mr. Pullen to the State, and when the first building was completed, and the workmen were clearing away the lime barrels and brick-bats preparatory to the opening of the new college, Mr. Pullen appeared with his negro helper, Washington Ligon, and mule and plow, and laid off the drives and paths about the campus with his own hand, and further superintended the planting of the cedars, the magnolias, and the willow oaks which he loved best, and which loved to grow for him.

He personally looked after the repairs on the many homes he rented and all great or small repairs were done as needed, but he refused to be hounded about improvements. It was no use for a good tenant to take the high tone about repair, for he would be quietly and simply told that he might move out at once if conditions were disagreeable to him.

At the same time Mr. Pullen was well-known as the kindest and most liberal of landlords. In his continual rounds, he came to know certainly who was in want, and who was worthy of help. He disliked to be asked for charity, but the loads of wood, the supplies of groceries that came to many a struggling widow, or poor man with sickness in his family, unsolicited and unacknowledged, are known only to the recording angel. Thanks he never permitted.

When Edenton Street Methodist Church was being built, he came and supervised the construction day by day, and saw all go right, but no one dared to ask, "How much are we to depend on you for, in paying for the new church?" After everybody had given all they could, and then stretched it a little further,

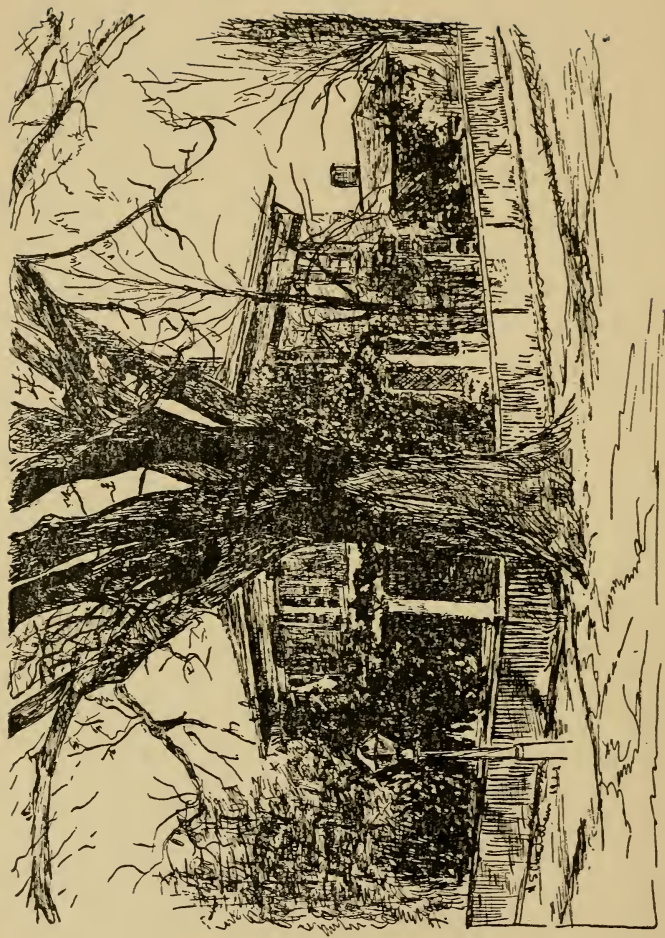
Mr. Pullen placed a check in the collection plate which made him the largest contributor to the building fund.

The State College was so beholden to him for its site, that they once sent an ambassador to him to ask for his portrait for their halls. One of the trustees was commissioned, and made an eloquent plea for this reasonable request. Mr. Pullen listened with his quizzical little glance and a lift of his eyebrow, and after the speech was quite finished, he answered very pleasantly, "Well, they'll *never* get it; Good-morning." Hence there is no portrait of Mr. Pullen extant.

Mr. Pullen never married, and lived during the latter years of his life with his niece, Mrs. Lizzie Pullen Belvin, wife of Charles Belvin. He went and came on the street cars, and was always most pleasant to the neighbors riding down town with him; but the next time they passed him on the street he would forget to answer their greeting. Everyone knowing him would say, "That is only Mr. Pullen's way," and greet him gladly the next time he felt free to notice his friends. These manifest oddities only made him more interesting, while

no one has ever done more for Raleigh, or allowed less credit to be given to him for his generosity. Pullen Park bears his name, one wonders by what oversight of the giver. He was a great believer in technical training and in the higher education for women. He also gave the site of the State College for Women at Greensboro. He died quite old, on June 25th, 1895.

John T. Pullen was the nephew of Stanhope Pullen, and as a young man was often the almoner of his uncle. Both these men were truly charitable, but while Stanhope Pullen was lonely with the reserve of a man who is independent of others, his nephew was the heart friend of everyone who needed a friend. It was said of him that he served God for a living and ran a bank to pay expenses. The Savings Bank that every child in Raleigh called Uncle John Pullen's Bank, was well and conservatively run, but his real business consisted in his charities, in his furnishing forth of a Christian ideal without a flaw, a life that no one could call insincere or cavil at—that no one could ridicule as narrow, or condemn as fanatic.



DR. RICHARD B. HAYWOOD'S HOUSE ON EDENTON STREET, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH  
TAKEN IN THE EIGHTIES, SHOWING FENCE, STREET LAMP, AND

Everybody knew and loved him. Children followed him. Men who were not working much at Christianity might criticise others, but they could not say, and never did say, that John Pullen was not a good man.

The poor were his adorers. He was most at home with them because he could do them the most good. If there was a religious meeting in any church he was there; he built and largely maintained a church of his own, which was really of the Baptist denomination, but which was called John Pullen's church as if it was of some especial faith that carried it further than mere denomination could do.

John Pullen's most precious benefits to the place of his birth were spiritual. He was the standard of goodness for Raleigh. True, he gave largely to charities during his life; he gave always and widely to the poor, generously to his church, in many little ways to children whom he always loved; to a tired old colored woman a coin in passing with the request that she ride home on the street car; to a wild and rowdy drummer an inappropriate Bible, which was accepted shamefacedly, and which brought the young man to his knees

after many days. He gave himself, every day and all the year. As a young man his sanguine and sympathetic temperament, not yet sanctified, brought him into trouble. He was a bit dissipated, but he left all that early behind, except as the memory of it helped him to speak to the wrong-doer understandingly. Mr. Pullen lived his later life with his niece, Mrs. Kate Belvin Harden, wife of John Harden.

When he died in 1913, the city arose as one man to show how much he was beloved. The factories closed, the school children came, the Governor and state officials as well, together with the rich and poor, while all churches united to honor his memory. The city whistles were silenced for the day he lay in state, and several convicts came out unguarded in their stripes from the Penitentiary, sent by their fellows to lay a cross made of prison blooms on his coffin, and returned to prison sobbing for the loss of their friend. His works do follow him.

Of the five men one remains to be mentioned. The other four were all bachelors. The woman, Miss Dix, although not one of our own people,

was assisted in gaining her benevolent desire by a woman friend, so that the State Hospital represents at one and the same time, awakened love for the unfortunate among our people, zeal for humanity in Miss Dix, and the result of a love which blossomed in loss, the fulfilment of the dying request of Mrs. Dobbin to her husband.

Another and the last of our benefactors to this time, was Richard Beverly Raney. He has given the city more wholesome recreation and delight than anyone can know, and doing this has also commemorated an ideal union, a love story more beautiful than fiction. And so the Olivia Raney Library also came out of love and loss.

R. B. Raney was born in Granville County in 1860. He had no chance for a college education, although he was a man who would have profited by one if it had been possible. He had his living to earn. He became clerk at the Yarborough Hotel under Doctor Blacknall's management, being known to the latter as a worthy boy, to whom he gave the position out of friendship.

Mr. Raney made good, was promoted, and finally became owner as well as manager of the

Hotel. He was successful always, and became agent also for the state for one of the best insurance companies.

He married Olivia Cowper, daughter of Pulaski Cowper, and she died after only a year and a half of married life.

Soon after, there was a movement begun to start a city library by general subscription. Mr. Raney heard of it, and modestly claimed the privilege of giving the whole amount and making the gift a memorial to his lost wife. Accordingly the building was placed on one of the very choice sites of Raleigh, facing the Capitol, and was built, equipped, decorated and furnished in every particular by him. After the books, four thousand in number, were catalogued, and everything was in readiness, Mr. Raney had the library incorporated, and conveyed it to a self-perpetuating board of trustees, to be used as a free library for the white people of Raleigh. This gift he made in his prime, and before he became the comparatively wealthy man he was at his death.

During the rest of his years Mr. Raney bought new books constantly for the library, but he refused to dictate, or to take any

managing part in its affairs. He would be only one among a number of its trustees.

He married a second time, and the home he built for his second wife stands on the opposite corner of Salisbury and Hillsboro Streets across from the library building. He died in 1909, after his library had been a joy to the town for nine years.

Mr Raney was always very averse to any commendation, and would turn the subject quickly if anyone alluded in his presence to his generosity. He remains a very great benefactor to the city if reform is, as it is said to be, a matter of substitution. What is the great value of an institution which fills the mind with innocent pleasure and leaves no room for evil thoughts? What is it worth to a young mind to reach out and find food and interest which without the gift of books would be lacking? If books are worth what we know them to be worth, how shall we thank the man who made the best literature free to any person who will take it home and read it?

We are beneficiaries of an institution now so much a part of the scheme of things in Raleigh

that if it were to be closed for a month, or even for a week, the whole population would be up in arms to reclaim the privilege which they had not sufficiently appreciated because it was so absolutely free.

## CHAPTER XI

### *Distinguished Visitors*



ANY people whose names are written large in the books of fame have visited Raleigh in course of its existence. Washington did not come this way in 1791 on his trip through the United States of his day because the city was only as it were, a place on paper. He went to older communities in North Carolina, both in the east and in the west. His itinerary brought him as near as Salem, which was his last stop as he returned into Virginia after his Southern journey.

Lafayette, however, when he returned to America in his old age and went on a tour of the land he had helped to free from oppression, made a memorable visit to Raleigh. He traveled in a carriage with a constantly changing military escort, which accompanied him from one of his stages or stopping places to the next.

He entered Raleigh from Halifax, over the Louisburg road, spent two days, and on the

third left the city for Fayetteville. This was early in March of the year 1825. He brought with him as personal companions his son, George Washington Lafayette, and a secretary.

Previous to his entry into Raleigh he spent the night with Allen Rogers, grandfather of Rowan Rogers, beyond Neuse River, on the old Louisburg road, and was met several miles from town by the Wake County Military Company and by the Mecklenberg County Cavalry, come from Charlotte for the purpose, as well as by a good many citizens on horseback, which made a most imposing cavalcade.

Arriving in Raleigh, he was feasted and praised and speechified over, just as Wake County and Raleigh would delight to do in honoring such a national friend. He was entertained at the old Governor's Mansion at the foot of Fayetteville Street. The first State House was then in existence, and beneath its dome stood the famous marble Statue of Washington, which Lafayette contemplated and praised for its likeness to his beloved Commander of the old days. The engraved picture of him so standing with a lady beside him, said to represent Miss Betsy

John Haywood, daughter of the State Treasurer, was made at the time, and a copy of this is still an interesting relic of the Hall of History. It was made from a painting executed by Jacob Marling, a Raleigh artist, who also painted the old State House.

Lafayette, grown old after his stormy life, was a small, spare, quick-moving man, emotional and impulsive in his ways, while our Revolutionary hero, Colonel Polk, was a giant six feet four inches in his stockings. Of course the welcoming of the distinguished guest was due to the surviving Revolutionary officer, who had been his friend and former comrade in arms, and who was at that time perhaps the most distinguished citizen of Raleigh.

So it was Colonel Polk who, walking beside Lafayette, entered the east portico of the State House with him and, pausing, turned with him, so that the people assembled might see the adopted son of the Father of our Country. Lafayette, whose heart was as warm and whose emotions were as ready as they were when he was a gallant boy, suddenly was overcome with feeling, and turned and threw himself upon the breast of his old friend, kissing him on both cheeks with enthusiasm.

A shout of glee rose from the spectators who had never before chanced to see grown men kiss each other, and Colonel Polk, scarlet and embarrassed, his Scotch-Irish reserve all upset, tried to pat back his emotional friend and pull away from his embrace, while at the same time he was unwilling either to hurt his feelings or to jeopardise his own dignity.

Lafayette had forgotten his English very largely, from disuse, and unfortunately had become somewhat deaf. He had a few phrases which did duty for many occasions. He would say, "This is a great country" and "I remember," without saying just what. He would say to an admiring citizen by way of conversation, "Are you married?" If the answer was in the affirmative he would say, "Happy man," if "No" he would rejoin, "Lucky dog."

Now Colonel Polk informed General Lafayette in his first conversation with him of the death of his first wife, whom Lafayette remembered, the wife whom he lost before he came to Raleigh to live. Lafayette did not quite catch his remarks, and as was customary answered, "Lucky Dog!"

To an American of today or yesterday, Lafayette was the sign and symbol of something very precious, of a national romance of history that stirs us to the marrow then and now. His coming was a great honor; his personality was so kindly and so sincere as to fill the heart with warm regard; and when, in a few years after his memorable visit his death occurred and the slow-moving news came into North Carolina, all the State newspapers were put into mourning for him by broad black lines between their columns, customary at that time as showing respect to some great public man or president at his passing.

Lafayette rode out of Raleigh to Fayetteville, whither he was accompanied by the Mecklenburg Cavalry, and was given an especial festival in the town named for him.

Our next great figure who came to visit us was Henry Clay, the great Conciliator, and it was at the time when he was Whig candidate for President. Notwithstanding this he came, not as a partizan, as he announced, but as the guest of the whole State, and as such he showed forth his charming personality. His visit took place in the summer of 1844,

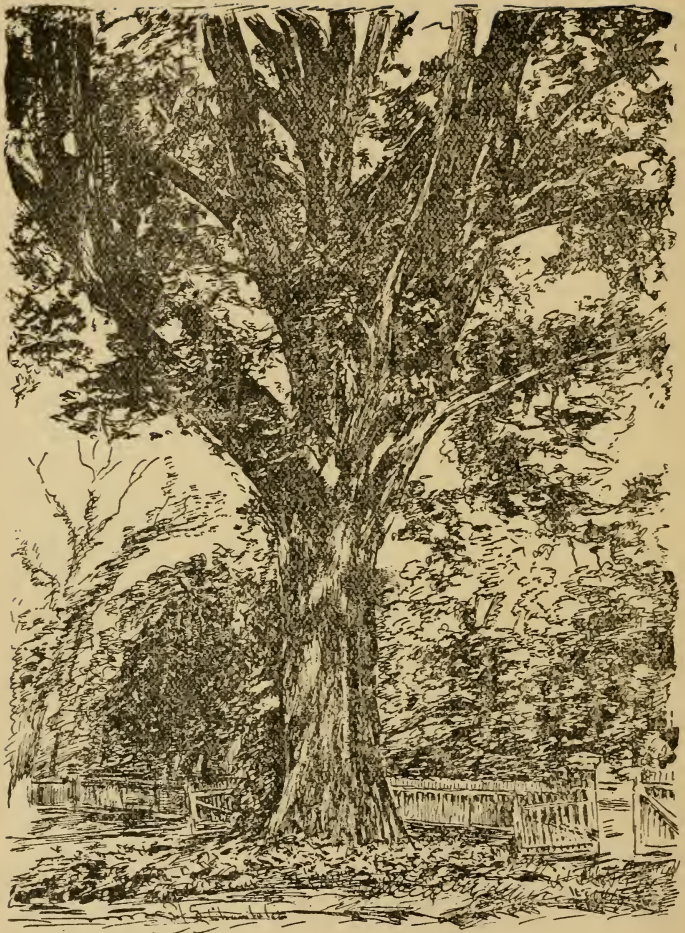
and he stayed a week. He made himself agreeable in his inimitable way, and is said to have attended church on Sunday at Edenton Street M. E. Church with the mother of Judge Badger. The story of his Raleigh letter has been told elsewhere. He was by no means alone in his idea that it was not time to admit Texas into the Union, but the minds of the men of North Carolina, without regard to political affiliation, were set on holding their own as regarded taking their slaves at will to any part of the south-west, and neither Clay nor his friends thought for a moment that he would go unpunished politically for the stand he took.

His visit was a continuous ovation; he stayed at the home of Kenneth Rayner, son-in-law of Colonel Polk, who lived in the old Polk mansion. It was under one of the great trees, said to be the white oak which stands in the side yard of what lately was the home of Colonel A. B. Andrews, that the famous letter was written.

A young lady of Granville County presented him while he was in Raleigh with a vest of silk, spun, dyed and woven by her own hand, and

made up ready to be worn. This she begged him to wear at his inauguration, the next spring; and he graciously promised to do this should he be elected. But Clay was never inaugurated. He never attained the presidency. James K. Polk, a Democrat from Tennessee, but descended from the North Carolina family, and a cousin of Colonel William Polk, was elected, and President Tyler, wishing to influence history before he left the White House, signed the bill admitting Texas to the Union, action which precipitated the war with Mexico immediately.

President Polk went to the University of North Carolina in 1845 to make the Commencement address and passed through Raleigh at that time, making the first of our President-visitors. Being North Carolina born, he was received as a son of the State, and among his party on the day he went to Chapel Hill was Miss Jane Hawkins of Raleigh, besides many gentlemen. President Buchanan, called the "Sage of Kinderhook," gave an address at Chapel Hill Commencement in 1859. He was entertained by General L. O'B. Branch on his return to Raleigh, and visited Nathaniel Macon before leaving the State.



THAT GREAT WHITE OAK, CALLED THE "HENRY CLAY TREE."  
IT IS SAID TO BE THE TALLEST OAK IN RALEIGH, AS WELL AS  
THE MOST HISTORIC. IT STANDS IN THE YARD FORMERLY BE-  
LONGING TO THE LATE COLONEL A. B. ANDREWS

We must now tell of one of the grandsons of the County who returned in 1860. It was Joseph Lane, grandson of Jesse Lane, one of the less conspicuous brothers of Joel. He was candidate for Vice-President with Breckenridge, on the Whig ticket that year, and was defeated. Joseph Lane's father, John Lane, was born in Raleigh, but moved early to western North Carolina, where Joseph was born in 1801. As early as 1804 the whole family had moved to Kentucky. By 1822 we find young Joseph already a member of the Indiana Legislature, barely past his majority, and a farmer and trader, having founded his fortune at a time when most boys are still dependent, and in 1845 when the Mexican War was declared he volunteered as a private. He was almost immediately raised from the ranks and soon became a Colonel, and again a few months after he was commissioned Brigadier-General. He was third in command at Buena Vista, and fought at Vera Cruz against Santa Anna. He was the hero of Cerro Gordo, winning that victory against heavy odds. He left the army with the rank of Major-General.

Upon returning to Indiana after the Mexican War, he was appointed Governor of Oregon

Territory, and showed his bravery as an Indian fighter. Thence he went to Congress and was named candidate with Breckenridge in that four-sided campaign which resulted in the election of Lincoln.

Franklin K. Lane, who was in President Wilson's Cabinet, was born in Prince Edward's Island, and was not apparently of any kinship to this man. This last was here during the Great War and spoke before the State Literature and Historical Association, as so many celebrated men have done.

Speaking of the next celebrity who came to Raleigh, we should mention the "Little Giant," Stephen A. Douglas, who had beaten Lincoln in Illinois when elected Senator over him, but whose candidacy was signalized by the celebrated joint debate whereby Lincoln won the ears of the country. Douglas was a wonderful orator and a most eminent man, and was one of the candidates for the presidency in this troubled transition year. Although a Western man there are descendants of his in this State today.

After the war between the States was over, after the assassination of Lincoln had given Andrew Johnson a seat in the Presidential chair,

this son of Raleigh came back, not to be feasted and toasted, for in those grim depleted days there was not much festivity afoot, but to fulfil the filial duty of seeing a monument erected over his father's grave.

This monument stands today in the Old City Cemetery, and the visit of President Johnson furnished the occasion for the last of those historical addresses which Governor Swain wrote, and which are mines of information about old times. This is the one in which so many of the less conspicuous folk were characterized, as he gave the scanty annals of Jacob Johnson, the hostler at Casso's tavern, and janitor at the State Bank near by.

Mrs. A. B. Andrews has described her visit in company with her father, William Johnston of Charlotte, to the White House during Johnson's term, when her father removed his political disabilities by taking the necessary oath. She described the man and President, medium in height, broad and stocky, with his neat black dress, formal and somewhat stiff in manners as of someone not too sure of himself. He spoke to her of her name having the same pronunciation as his own, but spelled differ-

ently, and asked her from what part of North Carolina she came. When she answered "Charlotte," he said in so many words, "I was born in Raleigh, North Carolina." Johnson's troubles grew more especially out of the kindness he could not but feel for the land of his birth and for his leniency, counted too great, in those bitter times, by his party.

Our next Presidential visitor was Theodore Roosevelt, who came to Raleigh many years later, after Reconstruction, and after many years of wholesome development had gone by and the war of '61 and its troubles had receded into that past time which will heal all things—years after the centennial of the founding of Raleigh had been celebrated, and after the twentieth century was already several years old. He attended the State Fair in 1905, and October 19th of that year found the usual fair-week crowd augmented a good deal by the natural curiosity to see the President, then in his prime, personally and politically, and but just recently elected to the office he held after he had filled out McKinley's unexpired term. He was a man full of virile force, of the true joy of living, and with a hearty word and

flash of his famous teeth in a smile to everyone who came to greet him.

North Carolina had given him no electoral vote, but she loved a strong, manly personality, a real man, and so she extended the warmest welcome she was capable of giving. He came in over the Seaboard, and his train stood the night outside the town, near Millbrook, and pulled into the station next morning.

Roosevelt spent the whole day in the city, riding in the procession to the fair-grounds, making his address there, lunching on the grounds, and then leaving town late that afternoon over the Southern Railway. In reading over the reporters' accounts of the sayings of the President on this occasion we are struck by the genial attitude he showed to life. He noticed the children, the horses, the crowds, the stir and the life of the occasion as though he loved it all, and his favorite comment, "Delighted," won the hearts of those who were admitted to his presence.

The plain clothes men, who had charge of his personal safety, had great difficulty in keeping up with the rapid darting way in which

he turned in every direction where his vivid interest attracted him.

Roosevelt was here again as private citizen to speak on the subject of the Panama Canal some years after, and addressed a record-breaking crowd in the Auditorium.

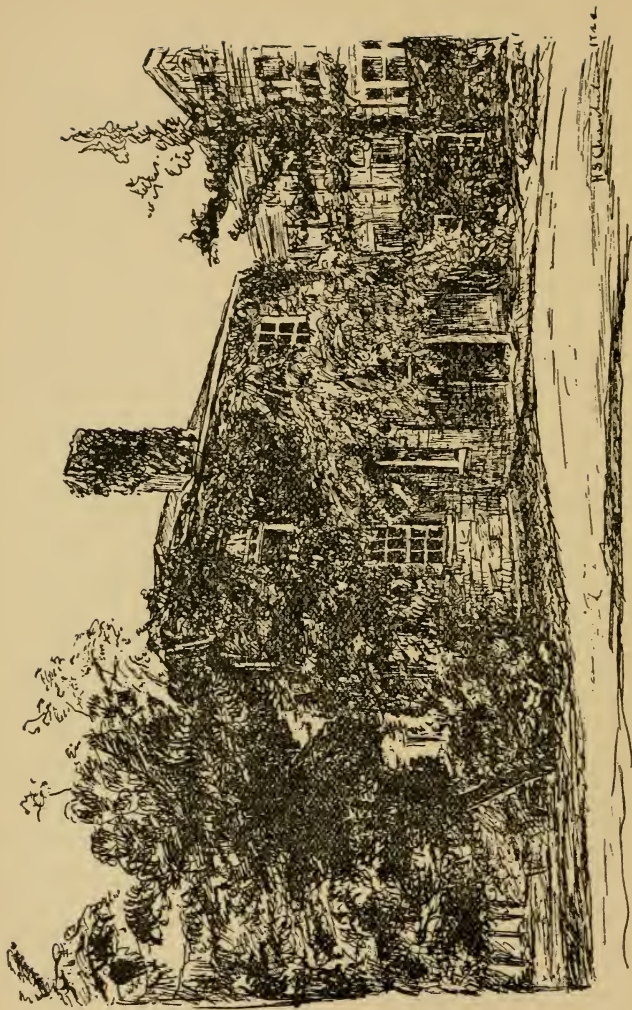
Honorable William Jennings Bryan has been in Raleigh several times, and on at least three occasions was a speaker invited. His oratory was well known to our citizens. Later, one of his daughters made her home here for a time and her noted father was frequently seen on our streets.

In the year 1911, Woodrow Wilson, soon to become Democratic candidate for the Presidency, came to Raleigh after the Commencement at the University where he made a memorable address. He was entertained by the city and given a reception by the Capital Club. He also spoke in Raleigh at that time, and his speech, re-read today, gives a wonderful forecast of his subjects on so many memorable occasions since, recommending so many of the ideas then that he has always advocated since, and advanced as needed reform measures. Its literary form is wonderful. He

mentioned on this first occasion the necessity of young men espousing particular causes and reforms, not as connected with or led by some particular person, but as fundamental principles appealing to the eternal sense of justice and righteousness.

The two Vice-Presidents, Sherman with Taft, and Marshall with Wilson, were also here at different times each during his official term. Mr. Sherman, in a letter of appreciation of a reception given in his honor in Raleigh, wrote, "It was a broadening of my viewpoint of our Southern civilization and a warming of the cockles of my heart towards a people that I had not before so well known." Mr. Marshall made one of the most genial, modest and common-sense addresses imaginable, a speech full of kindly toleration, of ready humor, and treating of the pressing questions of the day in that broad and tolerant spirit in which alone they will find solution.

After mentioning our great political and governmental figures well known to history, we must not omit those guests whose values as they came to us were a little different, men who whatever their especial gift, came to us



THE "WEST ROCK" AT ST. MARY'S, RALEIGH. IN THIS BUILDING MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS AND MISS WINNIE PASSED PART OF THE SUMMER OF '63, AND WERE HERE RESIDING WHILE THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG WAS TAKING PLACE

as literary lights, men who were brought here to speak at the meetings of the State Literary and Historical Association.

Edwin Markham, the poet, was one of the earliest of these. The three most distinguished addresses were delivered in the year 1909 by James Bryce, Ambassador from England, 1911 by Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, and in 1913 by Jules Jusserand, Ambassador from France.

Mr. Bryce is the author of the best book which has ever been written on the workings of the American Constitution. He was one who did everything in his power to cement the friendship of the two great powers of Anglo-Saxon institutions. He was a small, alert man, with dark piercing eyes and a most un-English quickness of movement and apprehension and air of eager interest. His speech was very rapid and perfectly distinct, and was a part of his incisive personality. He was in these days of almost universal clean shaving, quite forested with a bush of white beard, which seemed somehow electric, and to provide him with wireless tentacles connecting with the outer world.

Mr. Bryce has left behind him a charming souvenir of his visit, for at his request, a finely engraved, autographed portrait of King Edward VII of England was presented to the State of North Carolina, and now hangs in the Hall of History. This was an unusual courtesy, for the King seldom gives a portrait of himself, and did so this time in recognition of the antiquity of North Carolina, the oldest of the Thirteen, and thus the first settlement England made in America, her earliest colony.

Henry Cabot Lodge, lost also in a thicket of white beard, but bearing a colder eye, with as intellectual an outlook on the world as Mr. Bryce but with a fine New England conservative attitude toward his subject, gave us a wonderfully written paper on the constitutional development of the United States. This address forms part of a volume which he later printed on kindred subjects.

The French Ambassador, M. Jusserand, also bearded, and with a dark scholarly countenance, a savant as well as a diplomat of a high type, gave from original French sources a delightful account of the friendliness and ideal conduct of the French and American troops

in their association during the Revolution. He quoted Count Rochambeau, and officers with him who were present at Yorktown and during all the the glorious episode of that campaign. M. Jusserand was complete master of English as a written medium, but in his reading of his address many were a little confused by the persistence of his accent. William Howard Taft was also one of these speakers, during his ex-president life. His smile and chuckle were in fine working order.

During the Great War, there came to us many French visitors, some, such as M. Stephen Lausanne, sent by the Alliance Francaise, but one party especially, representing the French High Commission, came on a most interesting errand to the Southern States.

The Marquis de Courtevron and the Marquis de Polignac, with their wives, one of whom was an American lady, were making this tour by reason of a hereditary connection. General, the Prince de Polignac of the C. S. Army, was the father of the Marquis de Courtevron and the uncle of the Marquis de Polignac. The older gentleman having been attached to the Southern Armies during the War of

'61, and having thus made bonds of affection which had not been forgotten, his sons were come to renew the association. These gentlemen and ladies were our most charming and memorable French visitors, and the so admirable spirit of war-time France was well represented by them.

General Tyson of the United States Army spoke at the Literary and Historical Association of 1919, giving a first hand account of the glorious history of the breaking of the Hindenburg Line, accomplished by our Thirtieth Division, first and bravest.

Dorothea Dix was a visitor to us more than once in her beneficent journeys, and one is reminded of her in rounding out the list of our guests and our honored speakers.

We must not omit the mention of another woman of real significance, greater than anyone can now determine. That she was a woman, makes the significance all the greater. Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, the champion of equal suffrage for women, the sane wholesome magnetic woman who carried the banner all down the years to assured if not to actual victory, came here and spoke in the Commons

Hall, before the Legislature. She probably represented, in her pioneer capacity, more influence on the coming development of the world than any man of them all. Her sweet reasonableness, her intellectual power, her gift of real oratory, which made men say of her that of all speakers who ever came to us, she was the greatest, all these things should be recorded of her.

She was elderly, rather stout, with a massive face which lighted up into an indescribable inspired look, and a voice when she spoke which, while utterly womanly, had the searching power that filled a hall, and tones and echoes of sweetness that made the hearing an unique experience. It was as though she played on a wonderful musical instrument with rare skill.

A woman fair-time orator was Miss Jeanette Rankin, Representative from Montana, who spoke here during her term of office. She was a phenomenon, rather than an event, but she should be recorded. She was later killed, politically, by the report that she wept as she voted "no" to the Declaration of War, which was a ruse, rather than a true tale. Miss

Rankin was a tall, self-possessed Western woman who spoke well, to the gaping wonderment of many a farmer who did not hold with these "new fangled women-folks."

Long years after the war was over, and years after his summons to the eternal rest, the ashes of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, were borne in state, from his far Southern interment near Beauvoir, Miss., to a more glorious repose in his former Capital at Richmond, Virginia.

During this solemn progress the remains were halted to lie in state in the different states which had owned his command during that struggle. On 30th May, 1893, the coffin was placed in the Rotunda of our Capitol, there to be visited and venerated by those who loved and remembered him and the cause he represented.

All in this list, and many more, have breathed our air, trod our soil, become part of us for the time they remained with us, and brought to us what they had of value and of information and inspiration to bring.

In other lands, when we are shown a castle or a palace, the distinguished guests, the visit-

ing sovereigns are enumerated, and by having been there they add interest and prestige to the house. So also should it be with a city, and we should count it a glory to have entertained so many visitors who are well known for all sorts of honor and attainment.

## CHAPTER XII

### *These Later Days*



HERE is a development and a life story to a nation as well as to an individual, and as the noisy and spacious times of the fifties could only be likened to a young man's exuberant youth, so after the Civil War and its subsequent problems had sobered our people in the sixties and early seventies, and cramped their attention down to the stern practicalities of life, and as further lapse of time confirmed 'this attitude, we may be said to have thus entered on our maturer manhood, speaking always of a nation as if it were an individual.

Young folk are seldom concerned about what has gone before them. It is not until time has ripened their conceptions that they want to study history, look up genealogy, and reconstruct the lives of their forefathers. The very young seldom occupy themselves with old folk's tales. It is so with individuals; it is true of commonwealths; and it has been

that way generally in North Carolina. It is a rare and an unusual mind in the past which has really wished to grope backward. When William L. Saunders began the research which produced the Colonial Records on that tiny first appropriation of five hundred dollars, he was still well in advance of the sentiment of his age. Only in the last fifty years have we faintly begun to insist upon building up a true picture of the influences which have wrought changes in our economic habits. For about the same period we have begun to predict the development of the future in a serious mood.

Leafing the pages of "before the war" old periodicals one finds notices of many beginnings of manufacturing in North Carolina, beside the home spinning, weaving and dyeing, and the making of the various articles needed in a simple rural society.

Quilts and spreads were an outlet to the artistry and love of color of women at the South, as every where in the United States, in the days when homemade carpets and simple furnishings were the rule. These womanly arts were well exemplified in weaving the coverlids which are made by old patterns brought from overseas,

and handed down from mother to daughter. These were very intricate and beautiful, and the yarn was homespun cotton and wool mixed, and home-dyed as well. Usually the wool used in them was colored and the cotton left uncolored, and many of these are treasured today, among the antiques most prized. Homespun cloth for men's clothing was dyed with vegetable dyes in such a manner that the colors never really faded, but only softened into more subdued tints. A wonderful indigo, a good brown, a yellow and a soft grey were among the best colors, while the bright red and the black were brought in if any was used.

Blacksmithing was rough, but the shoemaking was wonderfully fine. This was taught to slaves, as was also expert carpentry, and other building trades. Some of the wooden mouldings that occur, and some of the plaster modeling which centers and edges the cornice of many old houses which have been carefully used, show the taste of the old folk and capabilities of the negroes as well as do their furniture and silverware.

There were wool hats made at some farms in Wake County, and brought in for sale dur-

ing court week, so that they were called "County Court Hats." This is, of course, a lost art, along with the greater part of the other handicraft and basketry which is revived and treasured nowadays.

Candle moulds and snuffer trays are interesting features of every museum of antiquity, and the sewing, when machines were still unknown, was exquisite.

Cotton was raised in quantity after the invention of the cotton gin, and early the idea suggested itself that it might be manufactured at home without the costly transportation of raw material out, and of manufactured goods back into the States. Many small mills are to be noticed in the forties, and we find stated in journals of the time that there were in North Carolina in that day the quite respectable number of twenty-five cotton factories, employing fifty thousand spindles and consuming fifteen thousand bales of cotton yearly.

None of these factories were in Wake County however. Gins there were, of course, run at first by horse-power, and also the old-fashioned horse-driven cotton presses, which

were often flanked with a heap of cotton seed left to rot unused. Not always so, however, in Wake County.

There was over near Rolesville, on Neuse River, quite early in the nineteenth century, one infant industry which was far ahead of its time. Several citizens of Wake County have recently given accounts of a cotton seed oil mill there which pressed ten gallons of oil in a day, and produced much oil-cake, in great cheese shaped masses, as if taken from something like a cider-press. This oil-cake was was fed to milch cows and considered fine to increase their milk, while the oil is vaguely stated to have been "taken to Raleigh." What use it was put to there they did not know. To dilute linseed oil, probably.

A few pianos were made in Raleigh before the war by a man named Whitaker, and were very good ones too, by the standards of the time.

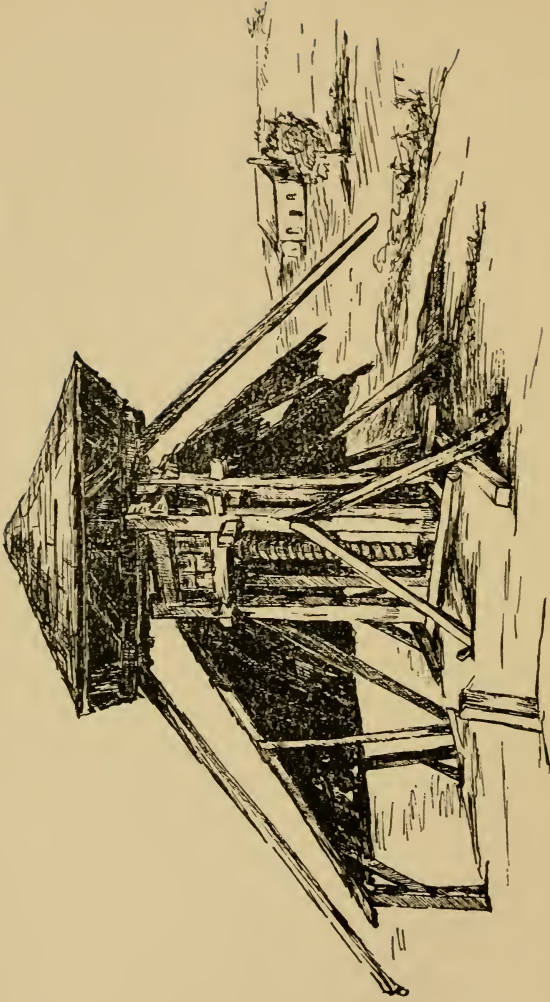
The works were imported, and the cases were made and mechanical parts installed and adjusted here. One or two of these instruments are still in existence to show their excellence.

This is not a matter of great importance in the real progress of the city, but is told simply to show that the tide was turning toward the

making of things before the coming of the war made necessary the manufacturing of articles for subsistence.

There were formerly two successful paper mills in Wake County. The first one was at Milburnie, and was where a small stream came into the main stream of the Neuse, because clear water is necessary for making paper. This first one was started by Joseph Gales, the editor, for supplying his printing paper, and was burned before the middle of the nineteenth century. The other was owned later at Falls of Neuse, by the father of Dr. W. I. Royster and his brothers, and was dismantled when Sherman's army was near, and the machinery was hidden and saved. It is this massive stone building that is today the major part of the Neuse River Cotton Mill.

The inhabitants of Wake County before the war were, nevertheless a most exclusively agricultural society and did not use very advanced methods. They had felt the lure of the West in those days that swept out the younger, more adventurous men, and the remaining ones were not the eager spirits. Good farmers there were, for as someone has said, there was



OLD COTTON PRESS, WITH PART OF THE SHELTER STILL STANDING. THESE WERE  
DRIVEN BY MULE-POWER, AND WERE CONSTRUCTED OF WOOD.

no need for a good farmer to move West. But the pristine fertility of virgin land was used up by the customary methods of exhaustion. The new ground was cropped and turned out as old field, to become a prey to gully-washing rains, or grow up in old field pine if circumstances were fortunate. New fields were constantly cleared, and this was the wasteful method all over the American continent at some stage of its development, before the need of conserving fertility was regarded.

The long-leaved pines of the south-eastern portion of the county were soon stripped by turpentine seekers and lumbermen, while the hogs running out kept the young trees from sprouting up. Fear of deep plowing was held as a steadfast belief by farmers who had brought these ideas with them from the sandy country.

We will have to accord to the women a good part of the sudden awakening to possibilities of manufacture which came later in 1861. During the War, the city and county became a real hive of industry. The socks which were knitted for the army by the good women everywhere were a case in point. Even so late as

the World War, when distributions were made of wool for the Red Cross knitting, there were found, all over the country, old ladies who knew exactly what to do with their knitting needles, who rejoiced that they could help in their old age.

After they were taught the "Kitchener Toe," and had been instructed in size of needles, and number of stitches to cast on, they industriously turned out socks by the dozen pair. These old ladies would reminisce, and tell of the sewing they had done for the soldiers in their youth, when cut-out garments were brought to them from Raleigh. Some had made up the cloth for love, and some had been obliged to ask for a little money. All had had their part in the efficient organization of industry at that time.

Powder was made near Raleigh during the War and guncaps were manufactured by Keuster and Smithurst. Cartridges were filled by the children at the blind institution, by the deaf and dumb, and the blind also, who could thus do their bit. Matches and curry combs, wooden saddle trees, and metal findings such as spurs, belt buckles, and other things which

could be stamped out, employed the hands of women and boys and some spare negroes. "John Brown Pikes," those unique weapons, were made here also.

Wooden shoes which could be worn by the home folk, and thus saved the much needed leather for the use of the army, were also made in Raleigh and are remembered as having been used by some of the wearers of this clumsy footgear.

When the old Devereux house was pulled down some years since to make way for the development of Glenwood, two bolts of cotton cloth were found under the roof, hidden and forgotten. One of these may be seen in the Hall of History, and while not woven in Raleigh, it was made in the State during the War.

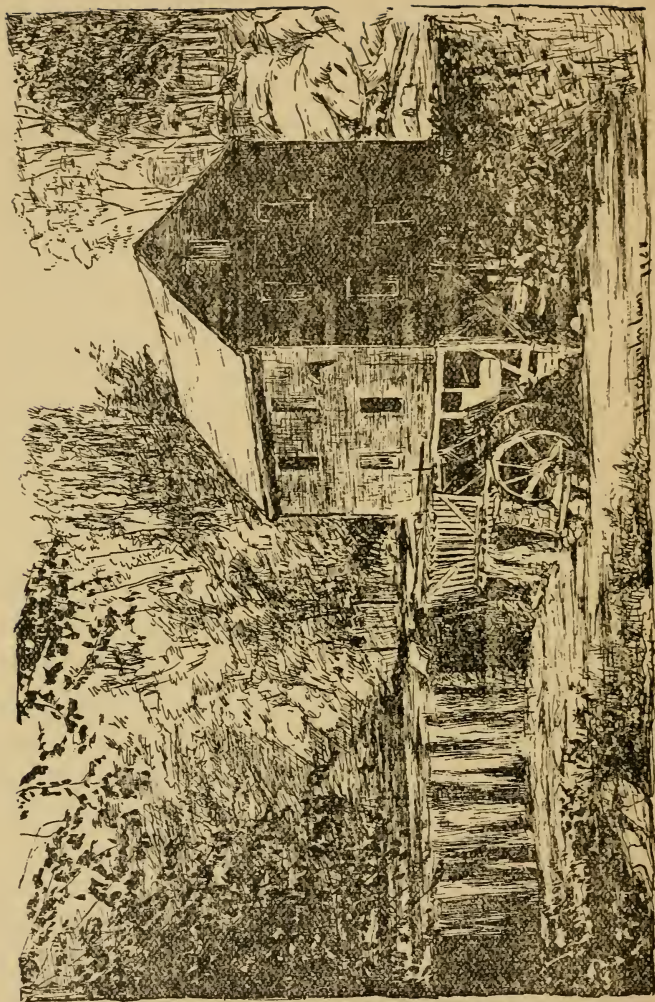
Thus the necessities of the conflict developed the hands and skill of both men and women, and the people who had hitherto subsisted by agriculture alone, found out that if an incentive were given, compelling toward making a start, they were capable of making many needed things, and could become skilled workmen in the doing of it.

The Reconstruction period was a sad and exasperating interlude, and trailed its discouragement across a land where there was not much beauty or thrift remaining visible to the traveler over country roads, deep in mid-summer dust or winter mud; but after the citizens of North Carolina who had the right, resumed the direction of affairs, there was found a good deal to build upon. This was not in material resources, for these were as depleted as it is possible to imagine, but in ideals, and in interest in several things previously carried on with success and efficiency.

The winter of discontent forebodes the promise of spring. Agriculture, as soon as the War was fairly over, made some beginning at improvement, and the high price of cotton induced farmers to raise all they could cultivate. I have been told of a farmer-boy near Raleigh who had by some means raised a fine colt for himself. When Sherman's men appeared they appropriated the animal. As they led it away the boy followed, and duly turned up at headquarters asking payment for his property. He was told that he might have as many of the old broken-down army

mules which he was shown in a vacant lot, as he thought his horse was worth. Seeing here an opportunity, he took away a string of twenty of the least disabled ones, and by means of this foresight had mules to cultivate a large crop of cotton that summer, and selling at the high price of the first year after the War he thus made his start.

Mr. Priestley Mangum, a farmer of Wake County, finding that the washing out of gullies and the channelling out of the fields on his farm made so great a loss of surface soil and fertility as to reduce his yield permanently, attained one of those visions of simple expedients which, although they may seem very plain to "hind-sight," have never been thought out before. He found that by throwing up ridges which followed the contour of the hillside, and at the same time maintained a slight but continuous fall of level, he could thus control the water in its course, allowing it to drain away slowly, and sink into the soil on its way. These ridges, arranged at intervals on his hilly fields, obviated washing, conserved moisture, and did not interfere with customary cultivation.



THE OLD PAGE MILL "DOWN ON CRABTREE," BUILT AND OPERATED BY THE  
GRANDFATHER OF WALTER HINES PAGE

In a hilly country it had long been the custom to run the furrows horizontally around the hill-sides, but a field cultivated after Mr. Mangum's plan had attained the same object more perfectly by its regular terraces made by throwing up a very high ridge beside a deep furrow and then smoothing it into shape with a sort of wooden scraper after the soil was thus heaped up. It was a simple expedient never thought of before.

The first Professor of Agriculture at the "State College," seeing the condition and the necessity, showed how the labor of throwing up these terraces could be lessened by turning several furrows together to form the necessary ridge by means of the plow. So whenever the terraces curl around the hillsides, and the crops grow greener upon the ridges where the soil is stirred deeper and is better drained, we see a real contribution made to economics by a plain man who used his wits to meet his daily problems. This simple plan has been of untold benefit, not only in Wake County where it originated, but also has meant millions to the whole red-clay country of the Piedmont South.

After the first spurt toward improvement, there supervened a long period of depression. Cotton went down in price year by year. The remaining lumber was cut down to the bare soil as never before. Wake County had not made any good beginning at restoration for many years after the War.

In Raleigh there was a certain sum of money which must be regularly spent there because it was the Capital; but as Wake County was neither rich nor level, and as its varieties in soil made it hard to manage, because what succeeded on one farm might not suit on another, a good farmer could just make a living, and a poor one went ever deeper in the mire.

Another time of emigration began, not so much from the elder folk, or from the farms, but from the ranks of bright young men, who could go anywhere where larger rewards were to be found for their labor.

It was during these pinching times that there grew up at Cary, nine miles from Raleigh, one of our most distinguished North Carolinians, one who has not yet fully come into his deserved fame. This was Walter Page, born of a Wake County family, which

had been here since early years, one of a number of brothers, all men more than ordinary in ability, and recognized by them as being the ablest of them all.

They agreed to give him the college education which they did not all feel free to take in this struggling time with fortunes to make.

This Walter Page found his mind busy with the problems of the country he loved, where his fathers had lived for generations.

He wondered why it was that men of good minds and good characters, living under a delightful climate, and with no worse soil than was cultivated to advantage in many other places, could exist with so little of hope and encouragement that life was but a servitude to the average farmer. He could see the great need of some change. His first business venture, in the eighties, was the publication of a weekly newspaper in Raleigh. Although this did not turn out a financial success, yet it sowed much seed which has since come to fruition. A circle of young men in Raleigh, himself among them, talked over at length this feeling of futility, this lack of real progress in Wake County and outside. They found a

lack of specific information as to real conditions and actual needs of the Southern country, an uncertainty as to the economic questions of southern life, to be one of the great defects of the era. The old formulas did not fit the new times. This coterie, this debating society of young men, not only discussed problems, but decided upon the remedy to suggest.

It is declared by those who watched the signs of the times in these early eighties, that never, until the Watauga Club and the *State Chronicle* put it there, was the phrase "industrial education" ever set up in type in North Carolina.

This Watauga Club, of which Walter Page was one of the leading spirits, decided that there should be an industrial school where boys could receive a thorough vocational training, fitting them for the task of subduing material, whether it be wood, or metal or refractory soil, and making it serve man's needs. They talked the matter over thoroughly, and decided to memorialize the Legislature in behalf of such an institution.

The farmers of the State were prompt to recognize that here was an opportunity.

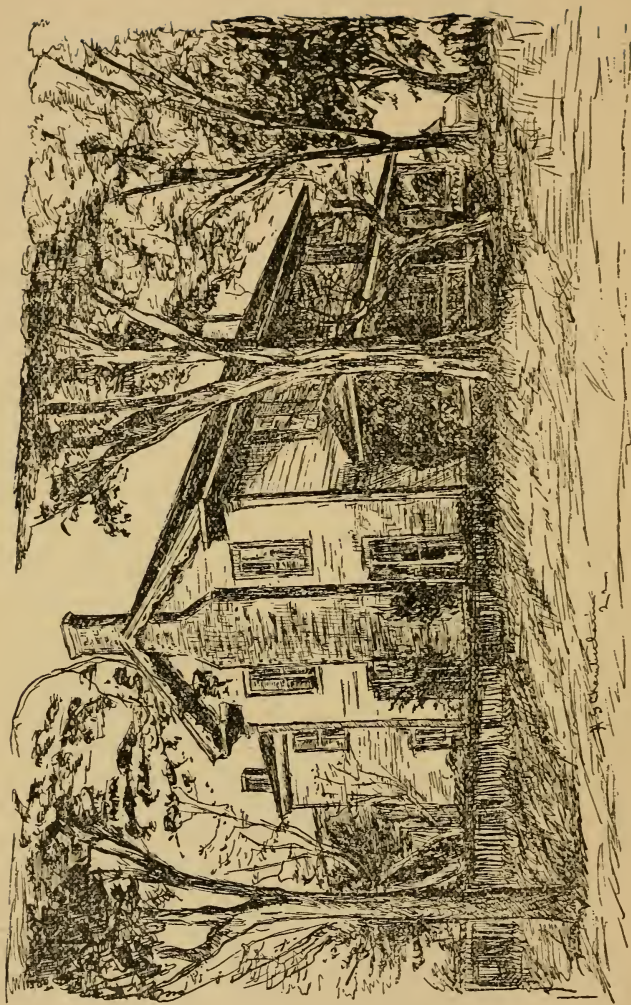
Under the leadership of Elias Carr, of Edgecombe, afterwards Governor, and of L. L. Polk, the editor of the *Progressive Farmer*, they favored the idea but wished to have it carried further.

They wanted the Land Scrip funds, which came from the Federal Government and which were used in an irrelevant manner by the University, to be added to the endowment already provided by the fertilizer tax.

Private subscription, a State contribution of part of the Camp Mangum tract to the west of town, and the generous donation of sixty acres adjoining to Pullen Park, given by Mr. Stanhope Pullen for a site, were assembled as the assets of the new institution, after its incorporation was enacted. To this the Land Scrip was a substantial addition.

It is an interesting item in connection with the expanded idea of the Watauga Club, that both Wake Forest and Davidson Colleges were first started as industrial schools and as soon were augmented into real colleges.

The first building erected at the Agricultural and Mechanical College, as its official title was first bestowed, was finished by Peniten-



THE BIRTHPLACE OF WALTER H. PAGE, AT CARY, WAKE COUNTY, AMBASSADOR AT THE  
COURT OF ST. JAMES UNDER PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON

tiary labor, and the institution was opened in 1890. It was first of all a place where our boys could be taught to win a good livelihood by some creative work.

In the same year was first felt the stirring of the impulse toward a beginning of manufactures, and money was subscribed to build cotton mills, and after that a fertilizer factory. It seems a long time that affairs had been stagnant before the changes began to come, but when once initiated, development has been steady and much has been accomplished. There is as yet no stoppage of this steady development, and it has brought about a wonderful alteration in the look of things. Here and there is a farm run so efficiently as to be really making the best of all conditions, while the whole general practice of farming has improved wonderfully.

The coming of Rural Free Delivery has been a great aid to the farmer who was sufficiently educated to use the help lavished upon him so freely by the Federal and State Departments of Agriculture.

Formerly a farmer had to go to Raleigh once a week, seldom oftener, and would get his

mail. It was the exception if he took a paper. Now and then a letter or a patent medicine circular was about all he ever expected. He might hear the news of the day as he stood about the streets, and might return with a feeling of the existence of a world outside, but his wife and children got none of this. Life was stagnant of interest for them. There was now a wholesome change.

Newspapers and magazines became more plentiful, and farmers could read something that was of special interest to their rural life. Now and then a boy would insist on going to the Agricultural College, and contrary to the predictions of the older folk, book farming was found not so unsuccessful after all.

Factories were built in the good old North Carolina fashion of placing them in country surroundings, with rows of comfortable houses, very much more livable, one would think, than the loneliness of the one-horse farms whence their workers were recruited. These factory suburbs, with pleasant gardens to each little home, are seen on several sides of Raleigh.

The spread of the plant of the State College over the hills to the west goes on; a new build-

ing or so breaks into the skyline every year as the boys keep coming; while the well cultivated acres of the College Farm extend further, and the big cattle barns are almost at Method. Here we see another outpost of Raleigh.

In the town proper, inside the city limits, the two older schools for girls, Saint Mary's and Peace, with the newer Meredith College (Baptist), bigger and more advanced in standard than either, make the school population of Raleigh amount to thousands of young folk each winter.

The State offices are growing greater each year as the social service side of the government reaches out more and more in influence for good each year. We have had the State Hospital for the Insane, and the institutions for the blind, and for the colored deaf, dumb and blind, for many years. There are two colored schools for higher education, supported by Northern capital, and there is at Method a village of negroes and also an industrial school for the colored race, both founded by the generosity of one of their own people, a man of means.

This city of Raleigh while it is not yet an overgrown, swollen metropolis, is as pretty and as pleasant looking, as busy and hopeful a place today as any city of its size in the United States.

Its people are the same that they ever have been. Newcomers are made welcome to follow our own ways. The homogeneity of society in this city makes for the kindest feeling between all classes, and it is a town of homes, of moderate fortunes, and of many children.

As you ride out on any of these thirteen great highways that extend in every direction like the spokes of a wheel, you find yourself in a smiling country. One can ride for hundreds of miles over the good roads of Wake County without repeating a single mile.

Of the smaller towns which girdle the County round, there is Cary, birthplace of the Pages, a small town before the War; Apex seven miles further, which was also a small village until the railroads made it a good sized country town; Garner grown up on the Southern Railroad, as Apex on the Seaboard; Zebulon and Wendell, sister towns with their great rural High School buildings standing

half way between them, and their streets of pleasant homes, none over twenty years old.

Wake Forest has been a town since 1833, when Wake Forest College began its beneficent career, and now it has beside the college, its own cotton factory, in its own country suburb.

Other places have their factories and schools also. Rolesville has not had a railroad to build her up, and while perhaps the oldest community outside Raleigh, has not increased since the War. Fuquay Springs, where mineral water attracted people for health, has become a good tobacco market, and has grown rapidly since the railroad came, while the water remains as good as ever. They, too, have their school building, as has Holly Springs. In Cary the Rural Life High School dominates the town as is fitting in Walter Page's old home.

With churches and schools and farms and factories, and descendants of those good old families who came here to build our first civilization, and with those like-minded who have come in to help them and continue it, this County of Wake is a most pleasant, wholesome place in which to live.

As one young person who was forced to move away from the old town of Raleigh quite unwillingly was heard to say, "Don't you know that the finest people in the whole world live right here in Raleigh?" And this world is made up of folks far more than it is made up of acres, or of climate or of resources or of dollars.

Given the right folks, a place can be as worth-while as one pleases.

*North Carolina Society of the Colonial  
Dames of America*



WAKE COUNTY COMMITTEE



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MRS. SPIER WHITAKER  
MRS. ELVIRA WORTH MOFFITT  
MRS. ALEXANDER BOYD ANDREWS  
MRS. FRANKLIN McNEILL  
MRS. WILLIAM JOHNSTON ANDREWS

*Secretaries*

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MRS. JAMES J. THOMAS  
MRS. JOSEPH REDINGTON CHAMBERLAIN

*Assistant Secretary*

MISS MARTHA HAWKINS BAILEY

*Treasurers*

MRS. HARRY LOEB  
MRS. J. J. THOMAS  
MRS. S. W. BREWER

*Custodian of House in which President  
Andrew Johnson was Born*

MRS. S. W. BREWER

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(Lucy Worth London)
- \*MRS. ALEXANDER BOYD ANDREWS  
(Julia Martha Johnston)
- \*MRS. ALEXANDER BOYD ANDREWS, JR.  
(Helen May Sharples)
- MRS. WILLIAM JOHNSTON ANDREWS  
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- § MRS. WILLIAM H. BAGLEY  
(Adelaide Ann Worth)
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(Susan Washington Graham)
- MRS. W. A. GRAHAM CLARK  
(Pearl Chadwick Heck)
- MRS. COLLIER COBB  
(Mary Knox Gatlin)

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\*Deceased

§ Transferred to other Committees

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(Jane Williams)

MRS. JAMES H. GORDON  
(Betsey Louise London)

MRS. JOSEPHUS DANIELS  
(Addie Worth Bagley)

MISS SALLIE DORTCH

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MISS MARY HILLIARD HINTON

\*MRS. ALEXANDER Q. HOLLADAY  
(Virginia Randolph Bolling)

MRS. ERWIN ALLAN HOLT  
(Mary Warren Davis)

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\*Deceased

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(Nannie Branch)

\*MRS. GARLAND JONES  
(Florence Monterey Hill)

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MRS. BEN W. MOORE  
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\*MRS. WILLIAM ALPHONSO WITHERS  
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MRS. CARL A. WOODRUFF  
(Effie Hicks Haywood)

MRS. EDWIN S. YARBOROUGH  
(Nellie Elliot)

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\*Deceased

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