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OLD BETHESDA
At the Head of Rockfish



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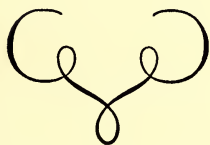
OLD BETHESDA CHURCH. SIDE VIEW SHOWING ENTRANCE TO
SLAVE GALLERY.

OLD BETHESDA

At the Head of Rockfish

By

BION H. BUTLER



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DEDICATION

WHEN Clyde Davis left the Sandhills for New York to join the staff of the *World's Work*, a parting note said he had hoped to live and die in the vicinity of Mount Helicon, where after death he, with James McNeill Johnson and Bion H. Butler, could on moonlight nights foregather on the tops of their tombstones and enjoy each other's society as in life.

Davis went away and died. Johnson lies in Bethesda, and in the expectation that I may some day join him there and that we may thus keep our vigils, I inscribe his name here, where other names are not written because to cover the list I would like to remember would take a page.

Many godly and wholesome friends lie beneath the trees over there, where the journey has ended, examples for those who follow, but I knew my fine old friend Johnson more intimately than I knew most of the rest.

THE AUTHOR.

Ar nathair ata ar neamh, naomhthar hainm;
Tigeadh do rioghachd, deuntar do thoil ar an Hhalamb.

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INTRODUCTION

WHEN I was a boy, my grandmother used to take me sometimes down to Old Bethesda. The church stood, sombre and abandoned, in an oak grove at the foot of a small farmed valley below a looming hill. Only now and then the congregation, who had long before moved into Aberdeen, came back to hold services there. On such a Sunday my grandmother would forsake her own church in Southern Pines and drive down to Bethesda.

The wheels of the station wagon sifted the deep sand. The dogwoods and gum trees along the creek went slowly by. Sitting in my hot woolen Sunday suit, I used to try to see beyond the fat back of Levi, our colored coachman, and the two sorrels, to catch glimpses of cottontails and bobwhites crossing the lonely road.

A ruined fence and a tangle of honeysuckle and wild grape stopped among pines at the edge of a small but solemn grove of oaks. There stood the church, a great square box on sparse rock piers.

It was not much more than the simplest possible way of providing a house of worship for a large number of people. But there is a good deal to be said for the simplest way of doing anything. It still seems to me a sounder building than most of the more elegant churches that now dot our more progressive countryside. I turn from their bilious glass and imitation stone to Bethesda's thin, tall windows and restful sides, silvered with weather and almost forgotten paint. Its large simplicity among the oaks gave it a certain meagre and unassuming dignity.

Across the road, among traditional funereal cedars, Scots' names lay scattered on the overgrown graves. Among the briars and the sprouting pines were crude lumps of ferrous rock and later slabs inscribed in fine thin letters that, like the church, echoed the precise and simple dignity of a certain epoch. There was also a small community of terra cotta headstones of Huguenots, exiles among the exiles of the graveyard. Here and there a later arrival strove to triumph over mortality by dint of heavy lettering and polished granite and by some attempt at neatness about the mound. But for the most part briars and broom grass, pine and sassafras were coming in again. The pioneers were yielding to the outposts of the forest against which they had fought.

The graves are tended now; a state road leads

to the site; a flimsy metal arch spans the highway with its large tin letters. Thus our awakened consciousness of a heritage achieves some slight deferment of oblivion. But in those days I only thought that rabbits were getting thick in that old burying ground and that foxes sometimes came up from the branch to hunt them.

Our wheels rustled through dead leaves and stopped on hard-packed sand before the church door. I struggled with the problem of extracting from the station wagon my grandmother's formidable and magnificently decorated bulk. Levi drove off among the other carriages and buggies. From around the door there were greetings, showing, under the flawlessly courteous but detached good manners of our region, a trace of warmth.

For my grandmother, though a Yankee, was, like themselves, a Presbyterian. And a Presbyterian of no mean potency. Reared by her father, the great divine, on iron kernels of the faith, she was apt, like themselves, at theological dialectics and could even, if necessity arose, confound an adversary with awe inspiring reserves of Greek and Latin. And like themselves, she viewed without emotion, but very clearly, the amiable inconsequentialities of Episcopalian ritual and the unreasoned evangelical excesses of Methodists and Baptists. While as for Romanists,

they occupied a mere but distinctly dreadful limbo of her consciousness. When to this she added the absolute pitch in music and a quick eye for the comic, the congregation of Bethesda could not feel unfriendly toward her.

Inside, the church drew tall solemnity from its plain, age-darkened wood. A simple pulpit reared up in front and, behind, the deep and shadowy slave gallery, long empty, brooded over us. The men sat on the right, the women on the left. There was harsh, true singing in methodical time, with heavy slurred effects by the altos. Our section has always been a great country for altos. I know of no place where an alto is more properly esteemed. In consequence, they are not afraid to bear down strongly and make a hackneyed tune into something better. When a stranger hears the people of our section sing, he feels that they are a little strange and wild, and that the women are strong. He feels the way the English used to feel about the Scots.

After the singing, a point of dogma was expounded with all the restrained passion of a mathematician demonstrating a proposition of Euclid to unbelievers. This was an affair of perhaps an hour—a brief moment, compared with the wheeling æons of the Apocalypse, and brief even to the sinewy souls and bodies of the older members sitting in dark, immobile rows. But al-

ready the new age showed itself in the softness of my fibre. I hung on, not by physical or moral power but by mere unhappy dint of will, while the pine pew gnawed at me like the fox in the Spartan's vitals.

Afterwards, we stood under the trees and the preacher, showing another aspect of godhead, made kind inquiries and passed friendly jokes. Levi's instinct brought the station wagon at the perfect climax of my grandmother's repartee. Then we were on the sandy road again.

Some years later, remembering those days, I read among the records of the church. On the yellow leaves the handwritings of long dead Clerks of the Session changed from time to time, but all were neat and firm and graceful. In the slow chronicle of collections and disbursements, of church elections and delegations to the Presbytery, of members baptised, received, or given the letters which would admit them to other congregations in the West, there stood out now and then a brief account that showed the old church as not only a religious body but a civic world. There were trials before the Session for fighting, profane swearing, drunkenness; women were tried—God save us!—for slander, or as common scolds. And then, like a lightning flash from a calm, slow-moving cloud, a man or a woman would be before the Session on charges that show

that it was not alone in Hawthorne's Salem of the *Scarlet Letter* that passion tried to break the mould of strictly organized society.

And what were the punishments for all these erring ones—the greater or the less? They were suspended from their membership. For their sins they were denied the privilege of listening long hours on the harsh pine boards to an exposition of Predestination and Free Will. At worst, their tokens were taken from them; they were left without a fold, without a shepherd. We can guess what the church meant to those stiff-necked and hardy progenitors when by such means it could control them.

On account of those boyhood Sundays, and many other days, I have often felt that enough has been said about the Southern belles and cavaliers, the quarters and the great house, and that something ought to be said about the men and women who carved out the least romantic but most distinctive and solid of the Southern states, who furnished nearly one quarter of the whole strength of the Confederate Army, and who sent uncounted legions to help win the West.

So both on that account and because I know that the great obstacle confronting the Southern historian is the lack of recorded local history, I was very glad to hear that my neighbor and friend, Bion Butler, was at work on the chronicle

of Old Bethesda. It should earn gratitude from North Carolina Scots and perhaps from Scots everywhere. And it should give Americans in general, too apt perhaps to focus only on notable distinction, a glimpse of one little corner of the spade-work, patient, resourceful, sometimes hopeless, sometimes mistaken, often unconsciously heroic, and, above all, inconceivably vast, that has gone into the making of this continent.

JAMES BOYD.

PROLOGUE

THIS is the narrative of the evolution of a great nation, of a great world development, of civilization, scientific discovery, of an evolution still in progress—a narrative of a long trail from the east to the west, beginning on that day when the whole earth, of one language and of one speech, “As they journeyed from the east, found a plain in the land of Shinar and dwelt there,” until the attempt to create a city with a tower that should reach to Heaven met with such divine disfavor that “the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth.” Then Terah took Abram, his son, and Lot, his son’s son, and Sarai, his son Abram’s wife, and went forth with them from Ur of the Chaldees to go into the land of Canaan; and they came unto Haran and dwelt there.

Thus began the migration which through some thousands of years has continued until it enwraps the globe with striking confirmation of that promise of the Lord to Abram that “in a land that I

will show thee I will make of thee a great nation." So Abram departed as the Lord had spoken unto him, into the land of Canaan, through Sichem unto the plain of Moreh; "and there builded he an altar unto the Lord. And he removed from thence unto a mountain on the east of Bethel, and pitched his tents, and there he builded an altar unto the Lord."

Abram was a nomad, but successful and wealthy, drifting from place to place, down into Egypt, winding up in Mamre, but where he stopped, on plain or mountain, there he set up an altar unto the Lord. Nearly four thousand years that wandering heritage has impelled mankind onward, with always an altar wherever he sojourned, and as his foot has pressed the soil of the wide world, the altars are numerous wherever civilization has emerged from the darkness. When the stars of evening creep over the top of Mount Helicon to light the white walls of Bethesda, they are already eight hours higher in the sky on the mountain east of Bethel, and all along that distance they shine down on altars erected to the Lord by that numerous people which has followed Abraham, as was his name after the covenant, in the ceaseless wandering out of the land of Ur and Haran and Canaan in the founding of a nation of righteousness which has the Kingdom of Heaven for its goal.

Generations move across the stage and Abraham's posterity fall into hard lines. Then comes the son of a Levite, who leads them out of their distress, out of the house of Egyptian bondage, unto a land flowing with milk and honey. Forty years of toil and hardship, but an opportunity that permitted Moses to make the most important discovery within man's knowledge, that this universe is the work of the one great Jehovah; that one God and one only sits in high authority over its destiny. A new day had dawned upon that promised nation to be built on the foundations laid by Abraham when he went forth to find the new country wherein to create it.

The tremendous task of lifting the Jewish people from their barbaric nomadic life to the high plane of wisdom, romance, religion, and progress that characterized the ensuing two thousand years is told in marvelous manner by the writers of the Old Testament, which is unsurpassed in literature. Then from the village of Bethlehem, the birthplace of David, in the hill country of Judea, a brilliant light flashed across the world. A new leader came with a new idea to add to the doctrine of Abraham and Moses, and there, with the Jewish foundation, Christianity took up the work of developing that nation and that civilization which commenced with the migration from Ur and from Haran. But the work broadened

out of Jewish hands after the crucifixion of Jesus, the third influence in its course; for Paul, the converted Jew, carried Christianity to the Gentiles and widened the borders of Abraham's great nation to include all peoples.

Paul pressed the new doctrines out into that country which had been overrun by the terrible Brennus, the Gaul, and secured for it a lodgment in Greece and Rome, the two western centers of advancing civilization and learning. Rome had little prejudice against a new religion, having little religion and few gods of her own to antagonize a new cult. So Rome took up the new and somewhat pleasing ideas of a Kingdom of Heaven, and of humanities and righteousness, and spread the new faith over a world that Rome was subduing. The great Catholic Church arose, carrying throughout Europe and Asia Minor the altar of the Lord, the idea of one God, and the Kingdom of Heaven and the Golden Rule, and the church became an energetic and persistent missionary.

From Jerusalem westward the Gaul had possessed more or less of the country, only to surrender to Rome eventually, and throughout Gaul Rome carried the doctrine and established the religion of Abraham and Moses, on which the broad humanity of Jesus, with the great tactfulness of Paul, had builded a superstructure making the

philosophy complete. Isabella, the sovereign of those Iberian Gauls of Spain, sent it across the sea, and the altars of Abraham, the Deity of Moses, and the sign of the cross were combined this side of the Atlantic, where they have covered everything.

Then Wiclif and John Knox, recognizing the right of individual thought and interpretation of religious principles, won for the common man the privilege of appeal to his own conscience, and the Presbyterian doctrine of freedom made its place in the church. That right came to America with the Puritan and the Presbyterian and the Huguenot, and freedom of religious thought stimulated freedom of thought concerning government. These found lodgment on the Cape Fear as throughout the continent; the Presbyterians builded their altars at the foot of Mount Helicon, and the growth of freedom that followed is a revelation to the world. This is the tale that is told here—the long journey of forty centuries from Shinar to the Head of Rockfish.

Yet the tale of a nation, unparalleled by anything on earth, is a great tragedy. Not Abraham's people effected this wonderful achievement, but rather the sons of Japheth. In the outcome, even the sons of Canaan are more numerous than the sons of Shem. Moses, the successor of Abraham, died in sight of the Promised

Land, powerless to set his foot within its boundaries. Jesus, who climaxed the doctrine of Abraham and Moses with his broadening principles, was denounced and slain by his own people, the Hebrews, and the Gentiles took up the banner and secured the fulfillment of the promise to Abraham, and what a result has followed!

Bethesda, with its five porches, under the oak trees at the foot of Mount Helicon, is immeasurably more than a picturesque survival of the day of the pioneers of the Rockfish Valley. It is a monument to the unfolding of the greatest plans and highest ambitions men have cherished, the building of a great nation, and the carrying out of the compact made by Jehovah with Abraham, the drifting herder from Ur in the Chaldea country in the Euphrates Valley.

This is the story. That it is imperfectly told signifies nothing, because it is not the telling that gives it any value. The story itself is the outstanding epic in the history of the human race, and is attempted by the present writer only because more competent hands have not seen fit to produce it on the basis which it deserves.

BETHESDA

“Now there is at Jerusalem by the sheep market a pool called in the Hebrew tongue, Bethesda, having five porches.

“In these lay a multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the movement of the water.

“For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool and troubled the water; whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in was made whole of whatever disease he had.

“And a certain man was there which had an infirmity thirty and eight years.

“Jesus saith unto him, Wilt thou be made whole?

“The impotent man answered him, Sir, I have no one to put me into the pool, but while I am coming another steppeth down before me.

“Jesus saith unto him, Rise, take up thy bed and walk.

“Immediately the man was made whole, and took up his bed and walked; and on the same day was the Sabbath.”

OLD BETHESDA

THE HEAD OF ROCKFISH

GENESIS—When James Stuart, the Catholic James II of England, was defeated at the famed Battle of the Boyne in Ireland, in July, 1690, by the Protestant William of Orange, and driven from the British throne, then were sown the seeds of Bethesda Church, at the Head of Rockfish Creek, in North Carolina, for his grandson, Charles Edward, Bonnie Prince Charlie of Scottish romance, in 1745, attempted to regain the English crown. At Prestonpans victory encouraged him and he invaded England almost to London. Contrary to his expectation, the English did not rise in support of Charles, whose forces were driven back to the Drummoisie Muir at Culloden and overwhelmed. The Prince became a fugitive, his followers were broken, slain, and banished, and massacre, pillage, and the torch ravaged the clans.

EXODUS—To impress the punishment for insurrection, the British authorities selected from the survivors of Culloden one in each twenty to be executed. The other nineteen were absolved in banishment to the American Colonies, after taking the oath of allegiance to the House of Hanover, then ruling. As the following of Prince Charles had been considerable, the banished Jacobites, with their families, ran up into thousands. Some of the Highlanders had already gone to the Cape Fear country in North Carolina, migration beginning as early as 1729, which influenced the expatriated to follow to that quarter.

This penalty was so severe that many who were not involved were moved by the death or banishment of relatives or friends to go along to the Colonies, leaving Culloden moors to become a sheep walk and a deer forest, which added further economic disturbances to help the exodus. By 1746 on the site of the present city of Fayetteville in North Carolina was a Scotch community. Neill McNeill, who secured a large grant of land in that neighborhood, brought 500 immigrants over with him in 1749, and from Jura a vessel sailed regularly, carrying banished Highlanders and their friends to the Cape Fear for many years. McLean, in his *Highlanders in America*, quotes from the *Scot's Magazine*, the *Courant*, and other

sources, paragraphs to the effect that "54 vessels from the Western Islands and the Highlands sailed for America from April to July in 1770." In 1771, 400 left from Skye, 200 from Sutherlands in 1772, and other departures of from 200 to 840 are numerous from Glasgow, Stornoway, Dunstaffnage Bay, etc. As late as 1775 a colony of 350 arrived at Wilmington to join their kinsmen who had settled up the river. They ceased to come as the American Revolution broke, but with the close of the century a new migration on a smaller scale brought many others.

LEVITICUS—In February, 1546, Martin Luther died. A month later George Wishart, the Scotch reformer, was burned at the stake for heresy. John Knox, his pupil and companion, was condemned to the galleys for his outspoken advocacy of Protestant doctrines. The Reformation had begun. But by 1560 John Knox was back in Scotland and Parliament had established the Reformed Church. Knox was born south of the Firth, near Haddington and Prestonpans, not far from St. Andrews or from the Highlands. The Reformation swept the hill country, and Presbyterianism met the approval of the clans. So when the Highlanders, who had followed Stuart, a scion of Robert Bruce, in the attempt to recover the crown for their own household as against the Hanover lineage, were banished

to the American Colonies, the Presbyterian doctrines were borne along to the New World. There the clergy, those Levites of the later day, attended their flocks. The confession of faith and the King James Bible were established in the pine woods, where the dominie was reverently given a place at the head of whatsoever table he appeared. Presbyterian churches slowly sprung up from the tidewater at Wilmington to the foothills of the Deep River, a hundred and fifty miles to the northwest, wherein services were offered in Gaelic and in English, among the number being the original Bethesda, first located at the foot of Mount Helicon, "The Head of the Rockfish."

DEUTERONOMY—"For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of wheat and barley and fig trees and pomegranates and honey, wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness.

"When thou hast eaten and art full beware that thou forget not the Lord thy God which brought thee forth out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage, through fiery serpents and scorpions and drought, who fed thee in the wilderness with manna, that he might humble thee and prove thee good at thy latter end. Thou shalt remember the Lord thy God."

So came thousands of the Highlanders to the new Canaan. They took up a land eastward from the Peedee River to the South River, from the

Deep River on the north to within a day's journey of the Atlantic on the south, an empire in the salubrious heart of North Carolina. There an alienated people founded the nucleus of a new nation, with family names of those that are still familiar in the Cape Fear country, as is shown by the records of a council meeting at Wilmington as early as 1740, where petitions were received for forty-three grants of land in Bladen County, then including the territory of Cumberland and Moore. Among others asking for lands were McNeills, Campbells, McAllisters, McDougalls, McCraines, Pattersons, McLauchlins, Stewarts, McKays, McGills, the allotments running from 150 to 640 acres. Later other names were added, but these were the foundation of the colony, and they persist conspicuously to this day.

Seventy-five miles from their frontier in the east to the setting sun in the west. Nearly a hundred miles from the northern boundary where there is gold and coal and much treasure, to the flat lands of the southern limit. So the British Crown cast out that great asset of Highland brawn and intellect, and gave without cost to the embryonic nation which this migration was helping to build, a marvelous people which has constituted one of the foremost forces of this American republic. Scotch, German, British, and Irish are the basic elements of the United States.

Of these, the Scotch have contributed not so many as the other countries, but in influence throughout the Republic the Scotch are far beyond their proportionate number of migrants from all of the Old World.

THE HILLS OF JERUSALEM—"Let us go up to Zion unto the Lord our God. Therefore shall they come and sing in the Height of Zion, and shall flow together to the goodness of the Lord, for wheat, and for wine and for oil, and for the young of the flocks and of the herds, and their souls shall be sheltered as a watered garden."

The Highland man is an upstanding fellow, of energy and vigor. He likes the hilltops and the rugged slopes. From the lower Cape Fear he pushed to higher ground. The low country is a flat land, but on the Head of Rockfish, in that part of the Scotch settlement which lies on the edge of Moore County, the waters run in four directions, to the southwest through Aberdeen Creek, to the northeast through McDeeds Creek, east by James Creek, and to the southeast through Rockfish Valley. From Argyll, in the heart of Fort Bragg, for miles to the northwestward in Moore County extends a ridge unbroken by stream, the watershed between the Cape Fear and the Peedee rivers. Crossing this ridge at right angles is another hilltop separating the waters of

the Rockfish and those streams flowing southeastward from those that fall off to the north or the west. The railroad at Southern Pines reaches the highest point on the main Seaboard system from Richmond to Florida. The Weymouth woods, half a mile east of the railroad, top the ridge that, traversing the few miles on the southeast, is the dividing summit between north and south in the Sandhill area of the state.

No wonder old King David exclaimed, "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord or who shall stand in his holy place?" and answered his question with the qualification, "he that hath clean hands and a pure heart."

From the summit above the Head of Rockfish the world is spread out before the gaze of the observer in all directions. Hill and valley, forest, field, and village, the marks of modern progress, the finger prints of Jehovah who laid the foundations, who carved the rocky bluffs, who placed the four streams that go out to water this friendly garden as the four rivers watered the Garden of Eden in the morning of the life of man. And when the people from Inverness and Forfar and Skye and the Grampian Hills looked down over the valleys from the summit of these ridges, they marked out at the foot of one of the mountains the site for a church and a school.

Then Bethesda arose. The faithful dreamed dreams of men made whole, of blessings, and of hope for the present and the future.

MOUNT HELICON—Where the Scotch Presbyterian came, he brought with him a spelling book and a catechism. Also an occasional Latin grammar, and a bit of Homer and Virgil. His Scripture was originally written in Greek. His Rockfish hills were associated with the Grecian romances and the Grecian poets. His mountains became to him Parnassus and the cultural peaks of Mount Helicon. So he picked from the sandy ridges a favored summit at the Head of Rockfish to be his mountain of knowledge. At the foot of the loftiest, which he named Mount Helicon, he established his kirk and his academy. In the wilderness, under the towering pines, he recalled the memories of Hesiod, the Grecian poet, and the ancient philosophies. The association of Bethesda with the romance of Mount Helicon is one of the fascinating ties of Greek history and tradition with the present. Though much of the Greek tale is dimmed with the fog of age, the old stories constitute a basis of all literature, history, and philosophy, and are closely bound all the way with the unfolding of Moore County's development and cannot be overlooked.

Mount Helicon, in ancient Greece, an extension of the prominent range of Parnassus, shared

with the rest of Parnassus the traditional power of conferring unusual brilliancy in all the arts and learned accomplishments. Mount Helicon was the seat of education. The village of Ascra, at its feet, maintained a poetic school that had a reputation reaching to the bounds of civilization, the grove of the Muses, a center of the ancient worship of literature, culture, music, and astronomy, at the foot of the mountain, being one of its outstanding features. Higher up the slope the fountain of Aganippe afforded poetic inspiration, while close by was the celebrated fountain of Hippocrene, produced by a stroke of the foot of Pegasus, the winged horse of mythology, which, after an interesting life, flew to heaven to take a place among the stars, where the constellation of Pegasus is one of the most brilliant of the winter display of the sky. Whether the waters of the springs were as potent as was believed three thousand years ago may be debated, but not the mental vision and breadth of understanding of the philosophers of those days in the neighborhood, for they laid the foundation of much that is still recognized as fundamental and sound, just as the sages of the Helicon Mountain group did at the Head of Rockfish in their time. Hesiod, a native of Ascra, is among the early poets who wrote to improve the mind and educate the people, and whose verses ap-

pealed to home and childhood in a popular manner that had great influence. They still hold a place along with the best literature of the days long before the Christian era. Pindar, the foremost Grecian lyric poet, first among the Greeks to present the doctrine of immortality, and Plutarch, the famed biographer of the historical world, both lived close by Mount Helicon. At Delphi, on the north of the mountain, was the seat of wisdom and of the Oracle, consulted by great men of many nations, who showered wealth and works of art and sculpture on the temples until Delphi is a shining star in learning and civilization. An ancient Christian church was founded at Delphi. Helicon, and Athens, and Corinth, and that Grecian influence on modern civilization will enter this narrative again, for they had a hand in shaping affairs on the Head of Rockfish many centuries after their time, and to this day.

Thus the Highlanders at their Cape Fear Helicon Mountain set up their school. The study of the fine arts of the classic days of ancient Greece was pursued in vigorous fashion at this shrine, now so nearly forgotten and lost that few people of Moore County are aware of the interesting origin of Bethesda, or of the broad design on which it was built. Deep in the heart of the vast pine forests of the Cape Fear, the

mountain range shutting them in on three sides, the magnificent Rockfish Valley opening from them to the southward; ruling themselves in accord with the law of the Scriptures, the British crown, and the welfare of mankind, these courageous and wholesome-minded old pioneers, banished from their Scottish homes, established themselves and joined in laying the foundation for that new world that has become the marvel of civilization. Mount Helicon should be dedicated as an inspiration to human ability and abounding faith in mankind and the God of Moses.

The important part the Cape Fear Scot has played in the development of the American nation is not well known by most people, nor is Scotch migration direct from the Highlands by any means the whole story. The first Scottish movement ultimately to reach North Carolina was not to the Cape Fear, but to the Ulster section of Ireland. The insurrection that began the Scotch migration was not caused by Culloden, but by the restlessness that followed the dissatisfaction of the Presbyterians with their treatment in Scotland as far back as the days of Queen Elizabeth, more than a century before the first influx to the Cape Fear. When James I came to the throne of England, his policy in Ireland was such that the Earls of Tyrconnel and Tyrone engaged in an unsuccessful conspiracy against him, which re-

sulted in the forfeiture to the English Crown of half a million acres of their lands in the province of Ulster. James determined to dispose of his Irish problem by settling on those lands colonists from England and Scotland. Most of the colonists went over from Scotland, and the northern part of Ireland became in due time a Scotch settlement. Few English crossed to Scotland, as they did not like conditions there, but the Scotch found good land, an agreeable climate, and substantial inducements to move. Soon Ulster was peopled by the strangers who brought with them their habits and their religion, that of John Knox, the Presbyterian. A great religious enthusiasm followed the settlement of the Scotch in Ulster, until about 1631 the intolerance of Charles I, who came to the British throne, awakened among them a desire to follow the Puritans to the freedom of the new world west of the Atlantic. A ship was fitted out to sail to the Massachusetts Colony in 1636, but it met with such disasters that it turned back to Ireland. In 1642 a regular presbytery was established in Carrickfergus, in Ireland, and there began an older lead than Culloden in forming the Bethesda Church at the Head of Rockfish in North Carolina, for from that presbytery came the presbyteries of Philadelphia, Virginia, and the Carolinas.

In 1660 in the Irish province of Ulster were,

according to Foote, not less than eighty congregations, with more than a hundred thousand members. The Presbytery of Lagan, of the northern part of County Donegal, licensed and ordained the Rev. Francis Makemie, the first Presbyterian minister who visited America, coming to the Philadelphia Presbytery about 1682.

The Presbytery of Philadelphia was organized in 1706 by Makemie, Samuel Davis, John Hampton, and George McNish, from Ireland; Nathaniel Taylor and John Wilson, from Scotland; and Jedediah Andrews, from New England. This was the first American presbytery, and four of these seven members were Ulster Scotch, two Scotch, and one New Englander, showing the prominence of the Ulster Scotch in opening the New World for the Presbyterian Church. In 1716 the Synod of Philadelphia was formed in Philadelphia, Virginia, and the Carolinas. Orange Presbytery, including the territory of North Carolina, was a creation of the Philadelphia Synod.

It is evident that the arrival of Makemie in Philadelphia indicated Presbyterians in that section at that time. It appears that in the Philadelphia neighborhood the Ulster Scotch made their first settlements of consequence in America. By the time the Philadelphia Presbytery was organized in 1706, Pennsylvania was pretty well

sprinkled with these Scotch migrants as far inward as the Susquehanna, whence a stream poured out through the Cumberland Valley and down into Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia, filling North Carolina in the upper counties and to the westward of the Cape Fear. The wave of Scotch-Irish arrived in North Carolina about the time the Highland Scotch were coming in from Scotland, the Scotch-Irish overrunning the country from the Cape Fear westward and along the Virginia border farther east, while the Highland Scotch came up the Cape Fear.

Meanwhile another group of Scotch-Irish were taking part in the settlement of the Cape Fear section of North Carolina. Ashe notes that in 1732 the new precincts of Onslow and Bladen were formed, although it was said there were not thirty families in either precinct, and protest was raised against the movement, which was charged to the political advantage of Burrington, the governor. The political situation was such that in 1734 Burrington was succeeded by Gabriel Johnson, a Scot, a man of education and standing, and he began a new policy. One of his first moves was to interest Henry McCulloh and others in the development of lands between the Neuse and Cape Fear. McCulloh seems to have been a dependable man. He secured grants of several hundred thousand acres on the Cape Fear, the

Neuse, and the Peedee, and by 1736 McCulloh brought out a colony of Scotch-Irish who settled in that region, from which were later carved Sampson, Duplin, and parts of Harnett and Johnston counties. This is believed to be the real commencement of the Scotch settlement of North Carolina, as well as the introduction of the Presbyterian religion on a definite and permanent footing, for it was to this section that the Presbytery of Philadelphia sent Henry McAden, the first authorized Presbyterian preacher to take up work in this colony in regular form.

About the time McCulloh began the settlement of the Duplin section, Highland Scots were found in the lower Cape Fear Valley. Alexander Clark brought a number of Scotch to the Cape Fear in 1736, where he found Hector McNeill already established at his home on the "Bluff" above the present site of Fayetteville. Definite knowledge is had of the coming of Neill McNeill in 1739 with a considerable number of Scotch people who settled on the Cape Fear. McCulloh's settlement and the increasing wave of Scotch-Irish to the northern and the western counties of the colony gave a large population from Ulster, while the Highland Scotch grew in numbers on Cape Fear, until the Battle of Culloden turned loose a wholesale drive in this direction. North Carolina became a Scotch territory, the

Highland Scotch holding the Cape Fear and the Scotch-Irish possessing a large portion of the rest of the state to the north and west, as well as east of the Cape Fear on the McCulloh grants. While English and Germans came to North Carolina, the Scotch element is a dominant one, that frequent boast that North Carolina is a pure Anglo-Saxon people being chiefly misleading. The migration of the Scotch from Northern Ireland and from Scotland to America was so large that by the outbreak of the American Revolution about a fourth of the whole population of the Colonies was from those two sources, and it was in a great measure due to Scotch ideas of freedom and the Scotch Solemn League and Covenant, which held for the people the right of resistance of the king in religious matters, that this country became a republic and a government by the people.

As the flood of settlers came from Scotland to the Cape Fear area of North Carolina, the increased tide from Ulster through the Philadelphia gateway overflowed the Appalachian piedmont from New Jersey to the Catawba country, deflected by the mountains and the Indians in central Pennsylvania, and through the Virginia valleys until it swelled to such volume that it crossed to the southwestward into western Virginia, the western North Carolina highlands, Tennessee,

and Kentucky. That movement developed the great route of travel out of Philadelphia by Lancaster, York, Hagerstown, Winchester, Roanoke, and on down into the Cape Fear Scotch territory.

Down this road came Presbyterianism to North Carolina, brought by three men from the Presbytery of Philadelphia in Pennsylvania. Foote tells that in 1746 John Dobbin, who had married the widow of David Alexander in Pennsylvania, came down the "Great Wagon Road" to Winchester, where the family stayed a short time, and then with others came on to the Haw River section of North Carolina. Dobbin moved farther south, locating on Barbecue Creek, about fifteen miles east of the site of the original Bethesda Church at the Head of Rockfish. A century later James C. Dobbin represented the Cumberland County district in Congress, and in 1853 he became secretary of the navy.

As early as 1744 supplications from North Carolina began to reach the Presbytery at Philadelphia, asking for missionary preachers to visit the colony. Some temporary help was sent them, but the first appointment of importance was that of the Rev. Hugh McAden in 1755. William Robinson had come down through Virginia and the Carolinas in 1742 and preached a short time among the Scotch-Irish settlers on the McCulloh grants in the Duplin section, the oldest and then

the strongest Presbyterian settlement in the Colonies. Others followed at rare intervals, making brief calls, but religious services depended chiefly on the efforts of teachers or those unordained volunteers who would at times lend a hand. The arrival of McAden was the beginning of a definite and permanent policy in establishing the Presbyterian Church in North Carolina. He was a Pennsylvanian, educated at Princeton, one of the early institutions of the Presbyterian faith, where he graduated in 1753. On June 3, 1755, he set out on his long horseback ride to North Carolina to examine the field to which the presbytery had assigned him.

Out through York he came, out the trail that was developing the "Great Wagon Road" to the southwest, through Winchester, up the Shenandoah Valley, where he heard of the defeat of Braddock at Fort Duquesne and where fear of French and Indian threats on the frontier led him to turn to the east and cross into North Carolina in the vicinity of Hyco Creek in Caswell County. There he began his preliminary work, in the unbroken wilderness, with families here and there in limited numbers and as a rule far apart, and towns and villages unknown. From Hyco Creek he worked his way south to the Eno River, and from there covered the country to the Tar. Turning westward, he followed the trail

that was to become the Appomattox road from Bermuda Hundreds in Virginia southwest to the Catawba and to Augusta, a main route ultimately for Presbyterian advancement from the Cape Fear to the Mississippi and the Gulf. Preaching at every stop where he could gather a congregation, no matter how small or crude or untutored, McAden worked westward out to the Yadkin, to the Catawba, across into South Carolina to the Broad River, where he writes in his notes that the people had never heard a sermon. He proceeded over to the Waxhaw section, then turned north by Coddle Creek and Buffalo up to Second Creek in Rowan County and from there eastward to the Huwarrie, where he fell in with a man going down through the Sandhills "on the Yadkin road," as he mentions it, and they came to Hector McNeill's on the Bluff at the Cape Fear. He preached at McNeill's, at Barbecue and Longstreet, and then moved on to the Bladen Courthouse down the river and through Columbus County to Wilmington, where for a brief period he had a change from the hardships of the pioneer life. His next journey led up through Pender and then across the South River and the Colly swamps, only to recross the swamps into Duplin and up toward the Tar River in Edgecomb County. Then moving northwestward, he came again into the eastern part of Granville and

followed his first route through Orange and Caswell to the Virginia line thence north.

In the latter part of May, 1756, this pioneer missionary arrived at his Pennsylvania home to arrange for his return to North Carolina for a permanent assignment of ten years in the Duplin neighborhood, where the church was strong enough and interested enough to maintain an organization with a permanent service. Pioneering his way on this twelve-month missionary adventure, encountering the primitive conditions faced by the new settlers in many regions visited and served, in places appalled by the lack of religious influences, yet driven by the positive need of help to better what he found, McAden, a modern St. George, single-handed, tackled the dragon, and from the Broad River to the sounds he lighted the fiery cross with a flame that is not only state wide in its reach and has never been dimmed, but has kindled the flame that lights the states throughout the West to the Rio Grande and to the Missouri River. Moore County had no churches when he came. Today Mount Helicon is a monument to his courageous struggles. He may safely be called the father of Presbyterianism south of the Potomac and southwest of the Alleghanies, for he was one of the great evangelists of this continent. He is buried with his family in the old graveyard at Red House in Caswell County

We the undersigned promise to pay the sum annexed to our names to John B. Graham (Treasurer) for building a new Church at Bethesda ~~Church~~ on or before the day the said Church shall be received by the building Committee
 March 2^d 1850

	\$	cts		\$	cts
Malcom M. Blue	50	15	Arch ^d J Graham	15	00
Arch ^d Beecher	25	00	Randall L. McDonald	10	00
Malcom McCall	50	00	Cornelius Priest	2	00
John McLeod	20	00	Archibald Patterson	10	00
Null Graham	25	00	A. A. Campbell	12	50
Duncan R. Shaw	50	00	James L. McPherson	10	00
Thomas B. Shaw	50	00	Daniel McLeod	5	00
John B. Graham	25	00	Murdoch McPherson	5	00
Daniel Ray	15	10	Dugald Graham	5	00
Alex ^r C. Graham	25	00	John W. B. Blue	25	00
Martin A. McMinion	15	00	Duncan M. Blue	25	00
John D. Johnson	75	00	H. J. J. J.	10	00
Arch ^d Ray	50	-	Malcom Blue	20	00
Mrs Christian McDonald	5	00	Arch ^d M. B. Blue	50	00
Lauchlin McMinion	20	00	John Patterson	2	00
Daniel S. Blue	20	00	John Ray	5	00
William P. Smith	10	00	Daniel Martens	15	00
John M. D. Ray	15	00	Mrs Flora M ^c Farland	5	00
Duncan J. Currie	10	00	Sup Dorothy Graham	5	00
Arch B. Monroe	10	00	Patrick S. Monroe	15	00
George W. Graham	15	00	William B. Monroe	6	00

FIRST PAGE OF ORIGINAL SUBSCRIPTION LIST OF MARCH 2, 1850, FOR BUILDING NEW CHURCH AT BETHESDA

with a record on the scroll of American achievement that is impressive.

Mr. McAden's remarkable journey led to the appointment of James Campbell, who came to America in 1730 from Argyll, to the country around the Bluff on the Cape Fear. He had been preaching in Pennsylvania a number of years when Mr. McAden procured his assignment to the Cape Fear. He preached in "Roger's Meeting House," near the homes of Roger and Hector McNeill at the Bluff, at James Dobbin's at Barbecue, and at Alex McKay's at Longstreet. A church was built at the Bluff in 1787; at Barbecue, about 1766, and at Longstreet, about the same time. Mr. Campbell served these churches from 1757 until his death in 1781, and it is quite certain that those who later became the congregation of Bethesda were of his churches prior to the erection of the church at the Head of Rockfish. Mr. Campbell, coming from Scotland originally, knew the Gaelic tongue, and he preached in both languages in his churches. About 1770 the Rev. John McLeod came from Scotland and was made assistant to Mr. Campbell, and this is the only other man in Mr. Campbell's neighborhood or in the adjoining counties at that time who could preach to the Highlanders in their mother speech. McLeod stayed about three years and it is believed he was lost at sea in a return voyage.

SINAI TO JERUSALEM

THE story of Bethesda Church covers the range of history from far beyond the beginning of the Christian era, because it must include a reference to the Presbyterian denomination, which belongs in the story of the Gaelic people, for the Presbyterian Church is of their creation; and because the Gauls have been a factor in the Christian church more than four times as long as the Presbyterian Church has existed, their relationship with that organization brings them out more strikingly. Just one feature of the Christian religion may be as old as the Gaelic family, and that is the great scientific discovery by Moses of one God.

Possibly the Gauls are as old as the days of Moses, or more ancient than Abram at Ur. Students of the past and of the origin of the race have noticed some things which indicate that the ancient Egyptians, the Mayas, the curious old civilization of Central America, and the fathers of the Gaelic people sprung from a common source

at some reasonably remote point. Two or three interesting resemblances are found among these three peoples in three separate sections of the globe. One is the astronomical practice of building large structures that seem to indicate a provision to determine the movement of the heavenly bodies, the length of the year, the succession of seasons, and the calendar. The builders of the great pyramids in Egypt located tremendous masonry in such a way that the walls are exact lines of direction for the position of the sun at the changing periods of the season, also indicating the course of the North Pole, the distance of the sun north and south of the Equator at its extreme, and many other astronomical facts that show a knowledge of the heavens by these people centuries ago and long before the days of Moses in Egypt. The Maya people of Yucatan in Central America, across the ocean from the Egyptians, centuries ago built temples in many respects suggesting the Egyptian pyramids, similar in their application of astronomical directions in the location of their walls, and in other ways recalling the Egyptian creations. L. E. Pender, of Pinehurst, who has been with scientific men in the Maya country, brought back with him many photographs of the old buildings, some of them in fair preservation, and many of them almost complete ruins, which show how much the

Egyptian and Mayan architectures resemble each other.

To make the matter yet more interesting, the Druids, a religious organization that marked the older days of Celtic history, are believed to have been prompted by the same motive in locating their stone monuments, as definite lines indicate positions of the sun at certain seasons, just as with the Egyptian and Maya construction. Moreover, the custom of human sacrifices at the Maya temples and probably similar sacrifices by the Druids give further evidences of similar impulses in their religious cults. Their practices indicate that the Celtic people, called Gaelic in the Scottish tongue, Gallic by the English, Gauls by Cæsar, and various names similarly pronounced by other languages, are a very old type. They are the ancestors of the Cape Fear Scotch and will be referred to again presently.

It has been difficult to determine the origin of humankind, but the evidences seem to indicate that the biblical narrative is pretty accurately grounded in its geographical movement of people. Somewhere in the Mediterranean Valley or farther eastward the signs point to the cradle of the race, as indicated in the Genesis reference to the dispersion of the people after the Flood, when the Jewish branch of Noah's posterity, in journeying from the east, found a plain in the

land of Shinar, and dwelt there. The evidence tells of westward migrations of the Jewish element from Shinar, or Babylon, or Ur, in Chaldea, on the Euphrates. The sons of Japheth are recorded as dividing among the islands of the Gentiles, which appears to point to the country north and westward from the Black Sea. Ethnological and scientific discoveries accord fairly well with this biblical authority, permitting the conclusion that long before Abraham had come up out of Chaldea, four centuries before the day of Moses, a thousand years before David or Solomon, the ancestors of the Gaelic people had proceeded beyond those islands of the Gentiles, and reached and multiplied in the western and central territory of Europe. The Jew and his racial type were left behind in the eastern Mediterranean country, with some movement to the west along the African coast. The African traveled south and east, but the Gentiles, as designated in Scripture, appropriated the country north of the Mediterranean Sea to the Atlantic. From the Gentiles developed a somewhat composite and great people, the Gauls. They possessed the attributes on which to build. Tall, physically powerful, intelligent, brain capacity, of fair disposition as compared with some of the harsher characters of humankind, they made a place that became prominent in the building of nations.

The movement of the posterity of Japheth, as his descendants spread over the isles of the Gentiles, is exceedingly indefinite, but a scriptural map places one group of the Japheth family in the Tarshish country, from which Paul, the Apostle, came. The movement to the westward, assuming that the biblical origin of man in Western Asia is correct, would indicate that the Gallic ancestry went out through Asia Minor to sweep the continent in time. From the Gentile strains the Gauls apparently developed in Central and Western Europe in the days when history is obscure, leaving a fringe on the south along the coast where Greece and Rome arose. They seem to have had a wide territory, extending to the Rhine on the north and east, and to the British Islands. It is a matter of history that the Greeks encountered Gauls on the Western Mediterranean six hundred years or more before Christ, and found them a developed and vigorous people. If reports are to be believed, the Gauls were a definite people as long as four thousand years ago, and until finally conquered by Rome under Cæsar's lead, they undoubtedly dominated much of Europe. They then began a return movement south and east. They reached the climax of their power on the European continent about 400 B.C. They overran Italy, sacked Rome, and settled down and became a part of the population there

four centuries before the Christian era and before Rome had become much of a nation.

The invasion of the Gauls into Greece and Macedonia under the direction of the powerful Brennes brought a large influx of these marauders back to the East. They overran Asia Minor to the Taurus Mountains, close by the vicinity of Tarsus, the home of Paul. St. Jerome says that four hundred years after Paul's day Gallic was still spoken as far east as Galatia, there where Paul began his mission of the spread of the Christian philosophy. It is possible that Paul could speak the Gallic language in his talks to these people, for Paul was a man of broad education.

While the precise story of the origin of the Gallic people is shrouded more or less in mystery and tradition, every schoolboy who undertook a little Latin in his language lessons recalls that all Gaul was divided into three parts in Cæsar's tales of the wartime days of youthful Rome. When Cæsar wrote his history, the Gauls occupied most of Northern Italy, in which they were becoming amalgamated with the Romans of the captured land. But Cæsar turned the tables and in due time conquered all of Gaul to the Rhine and across it into the German country. Rome crowded over into England and up into Scotland, almost to the upper boundaries, but not quite. The Gaelic resistance was too vigorous, and there

today is one of the outposts of Gaelic influence and persistence, unaffected by much of the modern contact, still speaking the Gaelic tongue. With that exception, Cæsar added all of Gaul to the Roman Empire.

Cæsar served eight campaigns in Gaul, stormed more than eight hundred towns, subdued three hundred tribes, fought more than three million men, wiped more than a million human beings from earth, and captured another million persons, to be sold in slavery and ultimately to become part of Rome. The Gauls had swept over all the known country of Europe, and Cæsar took in all Gaul, which he added to Roman domination. After Cæsar's invasion, Gallic France under Roman influence at one time rivalled the civilization of Greece and Rome in their development of education, and industrial and social advances. Their schools and universities and their culture attracted students and men of learning from all the world as then known. Cæsar opened the road through all that vast territory from Rome to Scotland for Christian influence when it should come to Rome with the advent of Paul the Apostle. And it came.

People sometimes argue about the possibility of that great deluge that is said in Genesis to have swallowed all living creatures except those

with Noah and his family. But geological evidence shows that the narrative as presented by the biblical page is mild in comparison with what actually overwhelmed the country in which Noah is presumed to have lived. In years long gone much of the surface now under water, as the Mediterranean Sea, was dry land. Farther north were gigantic glaciers hundreds of miles in length and breadth. When the vast extent of glacial ice that covered to a depth of many thousand feet much of the land of Europe and Asia was melted, the water that flowed into the seas filled the valley of the Mediterranean country and drowned innumerable peoples over a region of thousands of square miles. Some tremendous convulsion at probably an earlier period induced a rupture of the earth that from north of the Dead Sea shifted the surface, one side holding to its level or falling, while the other side rose many hundred feet. From far north of the Dead Sea country to away down in Africa that great split in the earth took place, mountains rising in the air and valleys subsiding, until the Dead Sea is a thousand feet below the level of the ocean. Even the gigantic Caspian Sea, the largest interior body of water on the globe, is nearly a hundred feet lower than the ocean, and should ever an inlet from the Mediterranean be made,

the flood that would flow through would submerge additional thousands of miles of territory now dry.

In that great convulsion of nature that ripped the earth asunder for hundreds of miles, dropping the Dead Sea over a thousand feet below the ocean level and tossing the coasts of Africa up in gigantic heaps far into the south of the continent, in the desert north of the Red Sea arose a towering mountain of broken and naked granite, Mount Sinai. From its highest summit one day came Moses, the Israelite leader, bringing to his people his startling statement that the universe is the creation of one primary agent in whose hands rests undisputed authority—the Great Jehovah. Then and there all the multitudes of other gods of various types were outranked and mankind was started on the road to understanding, with fears and superstitions unhorsed and light ahead.

Up to the time of Moses no man made such positive discovery of an important scientific fact as that which came down from Mount Sinai amid the clouds and disturbances that characterize the story of the delivery of the Ten Commandments. Prior to the isolation of Jehovah, this life had been saturated with gods of all conceptions, gods of everything, gods of every sort, good gods, revengeful gods, gods whose aims were of many purposes, and they required sacrifices and pains

and work to pacify. The life of man with his myriads of gods was a succession of terrors. Then Moses found that here is a universe created and operated by one dominant factor, and nothing has done so much to make life worth living as that realization that the God of Sinai is a God of design and fairness and infinite interest in every created thing. That one step toward light simplified all of existence and radically changed human action. A long struggle followed before men could realize the vastness of the Jehovah that Moses had found there on the mountain tops in his solitary search for the final truth, and wars were fought over the gods that were dethroned and that are yet to be dethroned. But Jehovah, once being recognized, cannot again be misunderstood by men of present day intelligence.

Through the ensuing wilderness of search and struggle, illumined by the visions of the prophets of Israel, the dreams of the Essenes, the philosophies of the Saoshyant, the Babylonians and others, came the next great enlightening knowledge—the Kingdom of Heaven as presented by a youth of Nazareth, who on the cross paid the price of being in advance of his day. The Kingdom of Heaven, the kingdom that is within you, was another fundamental discovery, and on that idea rose the Church which for many centuries has been the aggressive factor for human prog-

ress and welfare. Broadening in spite of the prejudices of the antagonistic field it encountered, the Church stimulated knowledge and fellowship. The Waldenses, the Culdees, the Reformation, Cromwell, Calvin, that curiously tyrannical leader of absolute religious monarchy mixed with presbyterial freedom, kindled another great fire and shed the light of liberty of thought and action. The struggle of truth was so fierce that thousands who listened to no other argument were burned at the stake and torn to pieces on the rack—a form of logic that was not very convincing, and the Presbyterian Church evolved. The Kingdom of God under Calvin in Geneva was terrible and dominating, but it brought another influence into the lives of men—presbyterial authority instead of the rule of prelates or autocrats. The congregation had a voice in the creation and enforcement of the church law and policy, a practice that became infectious and in time leavened the loaf of secular as well as religious government.

Then America was discovered—an undeveloped continent, open to settlement by Puritan, Huguenot, Quaker, Presbyterian, those idealists of freedom of thought and action. The Highland Presbyterians flocked to the Cape Fear country of North Carolina, where they established their shrines and beside them their schools. At the

Head of Rockfish Valley they laid boughs from tree top to tree top, providing a shelter under which they might offer their supplications and their devotions. So Bethesda arose at the foot of the Helicon Mountain, whose fountains recalled the inspired fountains of wisdom of Mount Parnassus.

The great privilege of human freedom, hand in hand with the knowledge of one all-commanding Jehovah, and the basic idea of the Kingdom of Heaven were given free play and encouragement in a land resourceful enough to sustain the population of the globe, and the possibilities of actual Heaven were plainly visible. No man can estimate the significance of this sequence of events from Sinai to the present and reaching far out into the future, which brought to the new American field the tremendous forces exemplified in the migration to this continent of these people who desired freedom of action and the right of expression of the voice of the individual.

One of the greatest instincts of living things is fear. Primitive man was in constant dread of danger, and from such a power as a god he apprehended little but harm in greater or less degree. When Moses had established the one God, his language was not conclusive, for while it forbade recognition of other gods, many assumed that although Jehovah was henceforth to be the

one God of the Israelites, other gods were possible. Those other gods remained in the minds of the Jews to bother them for many centuries, as the lapses from monotheism show. Likewise the gods of other nations were constantly hanging over the heads of the Jews as possible sources of evils of many kinds. The human mind had not advanced to a stage where it could understand fully what Moses had brought to the knowledge of the world. But he had found the one God—Jehovah—the God of humanity, and his marvelous work was done. From Mount Pisgah he looked on the promised land and died. Yet he lives eternally as the world's first great philosopher, for he unearthed the basic secret—the origin of life and of existence.

The Highland men had long ago established the one God in their creed and daily life. The Head of Rockfish saw the God of Moses enshrined on the hilltop of Mount Helicon.

GALILEE TO CALVARY

And seeing the multitude he went up into the mountain.

And he opened his mouth and taught them, saying:

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets.

ALWAYS the mountains! When men rise to their fullest capacities, they seem to search out the stimulus of the mountains. From Sinai to Pisgah's summit, where Moses died, is some 270 miles. From Pisgah to the Mount of Olives is perhaps another thirty. But from where the Angel of the Lord prepared the place and laid Moses in his unknown sepulchre on Mount Nebo, this side of Jordan, to where another angel rolled the stone from the grave on a rocky ridge near a place called Calvary, is 1500 years.

Moses at Sinai discovered the one God that rules the universe. He brought down from the

mountain top the commandments, the last one being next in importance to the first, for it tells all of human relation in four words, "Thou shalt not covet." Four words, seventeen letters. Fifteen hundred years after Moses presented this command, it was amplified into the statement, do to men what ye would that they do to you; or ask from men nothing more than you are willing to concede to them. It became the Golden Rule—the basis of all fair human relations.

Moses, a derelict from the bulrushes of the Nile, lifted Jehovah to an understanding in the minds of men. A child from a Bethlehem manger opened the door of the Kingdom of Heaven by interpreting that command to indicate a square deal among all people.

Jesus was reputed to be the son of Joseph, of the lineage of David. Curiously enough, the lineage as laid down in Matthew differs by several generations from that given in Luke, one reaching to David by one son, Solomon, the other by another son, Nathan. Yet it is commonly affirmed that Joseph was not the father of the lad who repudiated him when at the age of twelve, in going away from the Feast of the Passover at Jerusalem, Mary and Joseph missed Him and went back to find the surprising youth in the temple astonishing the wise men with His knowledge and skill in discussing the profound prob-

lems of life. Sorrowing, they reproached Him for dealing thus with them, to which the son replied that He must be about His father's business. And the Scriptures say, "They understood not the sayings which He spoke to them." So He conveyed the idea that another than Joseph was His father. A later affirmation is, "I and my father are one." He paid little heed to the genealogy of Luke or Matthew, or to the line of David. He gained nothing from the rating of His family tree, for He far eclipsed all the names it contained.

For many years the Jewish leaders had hoped for the coming of a Messiah who should be of David's line. But when Jesus began to preach His strange doctrine of the Kingdom of Heaven, the Jews protested against His vigorous antagonism toward Pharisaic orthodoxy, which to them was shocking blasphemy. Pilate, the Roman governor, with much unwillingness, but in response to public clamor, finally turned Him over to be crucified as a felon who had assumed to be king of the Jews and dangerous, therefore, to the Roman government, Jerusalem and the country roundabout being a part of the Roman Empire, which could not tolerate rival rulers.

But while an individual may be crucified, an idea can not. So the Jehovah of Moses was associated with a paternal regard and interest in

mankind, and a new Heaven and a new earth were declared, in which man should be moved by a feeling for others rather than for himself, a Heaven from which greed should be banished, where kindness and helpfulness and righteousness should prevail, that ideal Kingdom of Heaven of our dreams. Morality and tolerance and kindness and a new spiritual life were impressed on man. A Redeemer had arisen to lead the world from its narrowness and its ancient creed of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, from selfishness to generosity and the Golden Rule. The newcomer was too far ahead of the understanding of his people, and Gethsemane was the natural result for those days.

Then as the matter sifted into the hands of the people, a great light began to shine. When Paul persecuted those who grew indifferent to Jewish practices, as they had perceived somewhat of truth and logic in the new doctrines, his contact with their argument opened his eyes. He joined with the new movement. For several years he wandered over the country from Nazareth to Rome, bringing the doctrine of doing to men whatsoever ye would that men should do to you to that region into which the Gauls from Western Europe had come. The two new agents, the new creed and the new people, were like new wine in new bottles.

Now, it transpired that north of the lands in which the Gauls had settled in Asia Minor was the country of the Armenians, bordering on the south side of the Black Sea. The Genesis statement which says that to the sons of Japheth, the son of Noah, were awarded the isles of the Gentiles in providing lands for their settlements, accords with their story of how those lands came to be the Armenian possessions. The Scriptures go into detail regarding the posterity and division of lands among the children of Ham. Shem was dismissed with one verse which says, "Their dwelling place was from Mesha, as thou goest unto Sephar, a mount of the east," practically the Arabian peninsula. The sons of Japheth drop out with the isles of the Gentiles, but the children of Ham builded Nineveh and Babel and Resen, which was a great city, along with others, and afterward the families of the Canaanites were spread abroad, covering much of Africa. The rest of the biblical narrative is practically a Jewish history. Yet it was Japheth, and not the Jew or the Canaanite sons of Ham, who took up the further development of the Mosaic discovery of Jehovah, coupled it with the Christian doctrine of the Kingdom of Heaven, and gave it to the world.

The Armenian shows how he traces his descent from Haig, grandson of Noah's son Japheth, and

his church history tells how he raised and held aloft the banner of the cross. His religion at the opening of the Christian era was that of the Zoroastrian stock, that Eastern belief, which in Saoshyant had already been cultivating the doctrine of a Son of God who should lead the people to a higher moral and religious plane. So it was not difficult for the new preachments to find lodgment in Armenian Asia Minor, for the soil was ready. Over all of Asia Minor, from Tarsus to the shores of the Isles of Greece and Macedonia, as well as across into Rome, the land of the Gentiles and the land of the pagans, men embraced the hopeful creed. Paul started Christianity into Galatia soon after the crucifixion. Within less than three hundred years it had become so definitely fixed in Armenia that it was proclaimed the national religion of the empire. The Armenian Christian Church, in the hands of those sons of Japheth, in the isles of the Gentiles, was the first to arise on a national basis. To this day the Armenian holds his Church and his religion in spite of the persecutions of almost every other conspicuous religion in existence. The shocking massacres of tens of thousands of Armenian Christians within even the last forty years is one of the dreadful chapters of the history of mankind.

The message of one God, given first from

Mount Sinai to the embryonic Jewish nation, was passed along to the Galatians under Paul's ministration in Galatia, peopled many years earlier by the influx of Gauls returning from farther north and west; and then to the Gauls and others of Greece, Rome, and Spain, and by the Roman conquering influences to all the rest of the known world to the west and north. The Jew guarded the work and wisdom of Moses. The Gaul became the field for the doctrines of the Kingdom of Heaven and the agent by which that doctrine was passed along and established. Thus the story of Bethesda starts away back in the dawn of the history of the race.

In October, 312, Constantine, emperor of Rome, while engaged in a fierce battle, saw in the clouds an apparition of a luminous cross bearing the words "In Hoc Signo Vinces," and he accepted the sign as ominous of his career. He raised the banner of the cross, and Rome became the second nation with Christianity as its religion. Rome, by the day of Constantine, had conquered the world and extended her rule from the Euphrates on the east to the Atlantic Ocean on the west, covering the country from the north of England south through France, Spain, Africa, and practically everything sufficiently civilized to be worth while. The conquering banner of the cross was set up in all quarters. Steadily from

that day to this it has broadened its range, until at the present time Asia is the only part of the globe in which the cross is not dominant, and it has its influences there.

Following back through Roman and French Gaul, the cross came to Ireland and in the early days across to the little island of Iona, where St. Columba set up his big religious establishment that spread over the British Islands. The door through which Christianity reached the Scottish highlands is practically the door through which it came out when the flocks were sailing from Jura, a few miles from Iona, to build new homes and a new nation around Mount Helicon in the Rockfish country of America. Differences of opinions as to doctrines brought about bitter wars. Christians were persecuted in Rome and in Armenia as the church grew. But steadily the Roman Catholic Church builded on foundations that endured, and in due time the Greek Church, holding the eastern part of Europe, overran Russia, and Christianity was the national religion of all Europe, for it had spread from Ireland, Scotland, and French Gaul into Germany.

While it is the general sentiment that the Jews are the chosen people of the Creator, it can be only taken as a fact up to the dawn of the Christian era, for from that day to the present it is rather evident that the Gallic blood has been ag-

gressive. From the Mediterranean to the east, the ancient Jewish civilization has held somewhat in Asia, hesitating about any advancement, while the Mohammedan influences have secured an upper hand in much of the country. But in the west, and in the direction in which civilization has made its chief advances, the land of the Gaul has been the leader. The original Christian Church under the influence of Paul moved westward, following the paths the Gaul had marked out by his invasions of Southern and Southwestern Europe, and back on those lines the cross made its way. Where Rome had moved westward on the Gallic development, the cross followed.

Then came the schisms in the Catholic Church, the desire for representative government in the church clashing with papal doctrine of absolute control. Gradually this became more demanding, until it reached the form of revolution. The Church was persecuted by rulers, and it was a vigorous persecutor itself.

GETHSEMANE TO CULLODEN

WHY the Gallic invaders of the Rockfish country called their mountain top Helicon may be a matter of conjecture, but one thing is evident if history is dependable. When 279 years before the Christian Era the Gauls pushed down into Greece, they negotiated the famous pass at Thermopylæ, as Xerxes did some years before, and possibly raised the Gallic standard on Mount Helicon, for they reached Delphi, the home of the Oracles, in the immediate vicinity. No doubt they established a Gallic blood strain in that section of Greece and farther north before moving on over to Asia, where they left their name and posterity with the province of Galatia, in which Paul, the masterful Apostle to the Gentiles, found place for the establishment of the new religion of Christianity. In his journeys in his missionary work to his churches Paul twice passed in the vicinity of Mount Helicon, once on his way from Berea by Athens to Corinth, and the other time on his trip near the foot of Mount Helicon on the

route between Corinth, Thessaly, and Philippi.

Moses, Jesus, and Paul were a great trinity. Jesus had apprised the people of Palestine of His doctrines, but in an extremely limited field. His range of travel was confined to a few miles between Jerusalem and the northern area of the valley of the Jordan. The Jews were antagonistic to His teachings and His example. They crucified Him, and gave small tolerance to His work after His death. Moses in his task of a lifetime had brought only a comparatively small following to embrace his doctrine of the one God. It remained for Paul, the tentmaker of Tarsus, another Jew, like Moses and Jesus, to place these two ideas before the world. He was wise enough to know that it was not to the Jew, that small group of narrow and positive people, that he must address himself, but to the great world of outsiders, the Gentiles. There Paul found his field. So into the heart of the Gallic Asia and Greece Paul wandered, in the lands the Gauls had saturated with their fresh ideas and aggressive energy. They had no sentiment or prejudices favorable to the old Jewish Pharisaism, nor to the Greek or Roman pagan philosophies. Paul found in the Gaul a fertile soil for his efforts, and when he made his final journey to Rome, which terminated in his death, he had sown the ground and it brought up a surprising yield. From Galilee to

Rome and beyond, in Northern and Western Gaul, churches were arising with the cross as their sign.

Paul was an educated man, who fortunately had close contact with the famous Gamaliel, at whose feet he sat for many years. Gamaliel was the grandson of a remarkable man, Hillel, who is reputed to have been deep in the philosophies that indicated a Messiah and which had years before brought forth the Saoshyant of the Zoroastrians, suggestive of the Messianic theory and ideals, and which taught the humanities and moralities later so ardently advocated by Jesus. For forty years Hillel held the office of Jewish Sanhedrim, where he was esteemed for his gentle, patient, and peace-loving character. To him is attributed the maxim, "What is hateful unto thee do not do unto others," showing that he was a fit forerunner of Jesus. His doctrine has been compared with the teachings of Jesus, and as he was president of the Sanhedrim as late as 10 A.D., it is possible that he lived long enough that the young Jesus may have come under his instructions at times, directly or indirectly.

Paul began his teaching at Damascus, where he was not cordially received. From there he went to Jerusalem, with little more encouragement. The capital of Christianity moved northward to Antioch and Paul went there. Then he

found himself, and this Apostle of the Gentiles went forth to preach to the Gentiles. On that decision the Jews became a minor factor on the Christian horizon. Paul set out into the field of Galatia, into that country to which the over-running Gauls of Western Europe had given their name and their language. He came again to Jerusalem later, to carry on the struggle against the Jewish restrictions that were held over the arising Christian Church, and winning his victory, he set out again into Asia Minor. When he arrived in his travels at the northern limits of Galatia, it is said in Acts that he was forbidden to go farther north and he turned westward, through that old territory of Pergamus in which Brennus and his terrible Gauls had fought some of their fiercest battles in the days of their invasion. From there a vision called him over into Macedonia to help, into that Macedonia which the Gauls had overrun three centuries previously, and in that country Paul established churches at Philippi, and Thessalonica, and from there he went down into Athens and Corinth, into the country the Gauls had invaded three centuries before Christ. After some time in Corinth he returned to Jerusalem, to make another trip through Galatia, Corinth, Thessaly, and the Mount Helicon country, and back to Jerusalem, bringing with him contributions from these countries of the Gauls to help in

the support of the mother church in Jerusalem.

The Jewish antagonism toward Paul at Jerusalem led to an assembly against him by a band of forty Jews who had bound themselves to assassinate him. He was finally brought before the authorities, with the ultimate outcome of an appeal to Cæsar. This culminated in a journey to Rome, to another section that had four centuries previously come under the influence of the invading Gauls. Paul went to Rome as a prisoner on appeal, to stay there several years and finally come away seeing the Christian Church established with a large following. While he went back again to be condemned to death, it was in Rome that the Christian Church finally found its chief footing, and from there it reached out to conquer the world.

A man little considered in the influences that have made Bethesda the significant factor that it is in civilization and the life of men was Augustus Cæsar, ruler of Rome from 27 B.C. to 14 A.D. He gave the citizens of all the provinces of the empire the right of appeal to Cæsar. Thus it came that Paul, when apprehended by the authorities in Jerusalem, by demanding the right to bring his case before Cæsar, was permitted to go to Rome to present his appeal. His case was not taken seriously there, and pending its final hearing he was allowed much liberty. He used

the opportunity to spread his doctrines, with the result that Christianity made rapid headway among the people of Rome, with ultimate acceptance by the Roman Empire when Constantine reached the head of the government. Paul's accusations in Jerusalem proved the underlying cause of the sweep of the cross over the entire Roman jurisdiction. In 64 A.D. Paul was given his freedom. It is said, and also disputed, in spite of the statement in Romans that he meant to go there, that he journeyed to Spain to carry his doctrines to the far western country of the Gauls—Celts they were called there. Then back to Asia Minor he came, and to Jerusalem and later to Ephesus and Corinth. Meeting Peter at Corinth, they both journeyed to Rome, where Paul was sent to prison, to be executed in the year 68. Peter appears to have been crucified about the same time.

Dean Farrar says of Paul that he saved the Gospel from dwindling into a Pharisaic Judaism and established forever its freedom from the yoke of priestly and ceremonial bondage, and that probably no man ever swayed religious opinions and destinies of mankind so powerfully as Paul of Tarsus, the Apostle of the Gentiles.

But Christianity had taken a hold in Rome and it has never from that day lessened its growing influences. Meanwhile Jerusalem was advancing

on another epoch of sorrowing. About two years after the death of Paul and Peter Jerusalem was overthrown by the Roman emperor Titus, and from that day to this the glory of the Jewish city has been but a sorrowful memory in the minds of the Jews. Israel has been scattered over the world without a home or a nation or a cohesion, except as a religion and a people. Within a dozen years after the martyrship of Paul and Peter the Jewish temple at Jerusalem was ruined. A great fire ravaged Rome, destroying the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. Christianity alone seemed to escape. It thrived and grew. At the same time Roman influence was extending into the extreme of the territory that was to become the British Islands and the home of the Presbyterian.

Two and a half centuries before the Emperor Constantine raised his banner of the cross at the head of his legions, Paul had carried the pennant into all the centers Constantine finally came to rule, and through the influence of the campaigns that Cæsar made in farther Gaul, that same banner was borne to the Atlantic Ocean, across the English Channel, into Ireland and Scotland, and to the Highlands of the Celtic Mountains, and the Clan Na Gael raised the banner of the cross as its standard. Not Jerusalem that carried the cross to the mountain tops, but Tarsus, the town across the border from Galatia, whence Paul

came; and not the Jews, but the Gentiles who had kept the west country from joining with the Jews to antagonize the new religious cult. And so the Gaul stood shoulder to shoulder, from the extreme north of Scotland to the extreme east of Asia Minor, and in due season hoisted the flag on Mount Helicon on the Head of Rockfish in North Carolina, where the Gaelic forces had come with their myriads, as they had done in Rome, Greece, and Asia Minor—an overrunning multitude which has left its increase wherever it has set its foot. The Gaelic swarm appropriated a vast section of North Carolina and as it advanced it included the Helicon ridge. From there it has thrown off its brood in the newfound land as the Gaul did in every corner which he has penetrated, giving of his work and intelligence and energy to the creation of better conditions for humankind.

Some of the prophetic utterances of the Bible compel men to stop and think. In Genesis 9:27 is found the statement by Noah in his curse of Canaan: "God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant." The terrible tragedy that Noah's utterance foreshadowed is almost without parallel in the story of mankind. Abraham laid the foundation of a great nation and a developed world. Moses disclosed to men the mystery of

the universe and its authority. Jesus opened the doors of the Kingdom of Heaven. Three outstanding Jews, builders of civilization. Abraham died full of years, "and his sons buried him in the cave of Macpelah," which, as "a stranger and sojourner" among the sons of Heth, he bought as a sepulchre for his wife, "a burying place with you that I may bury my dead out of my sight." Moses was permitted to stand on Mount Pisgah and look across Jordan to the enticements of the promised land as he died. Jesus was crucified by his own Jewish people. Paul, harried by the Jews, was driven to his death in Rome by their persecution. But he had delivered to the sons of Japheth the message he bore, and they carried it around the earth, while the Jews ceased to be actors in the picture.

The law of the Golden Rule swept Europe and considerable of the rest of the known world, but in spite of its remarkable qualities it offered to men, it had an uphill road to travel. Opposition arose from many quarters, and it was impossible that so simple a doctrine could exist for long without being loaded with a great variety of trimmings and impediments. There are those who think that if the Man of Galilee could drop into a Christian community today He would have to be informed as to the meaning of much done and advocated in His name. In the development

of the religion of the Golden Rule absolute authority was placed in the hands of the administration of the church, which assumed dominion over much of detail and interpretation. This in time came to be objectionable to some of the people who thought that more popular authority and less absolute rule by the high officials of the church should be practiced. Here started the movement called the Reformation. Of the features of that movement of interest to the people in the Mount Helicon country in the United States one has to do with Isabella, Queen of Castile, in Spain. She is the mother of America.

When Columbus, in 1492, had tried every other place to secure finances to provide ships to sail on his voyage of discovery in the Western Ocean, Isabella was the final appeal. She supplied the means, and Columbus found a new world. But Isabella had already achieved a place in the history of the Golden Rule, for she redeemed Spain from the Moslems. Christianity had been established in Spain several centuries before her day and had been overthrown by the invasion of the country by the Moors from Eastern Moslem regions. When she came to the throne, Isabella drove them out and raised the cross again over her country, which to this day is a Christian land. Then Isabella financed the voyage that gave Spain the Western Continent and put Spain

in the first place among nations. Spain raised the banner of Constantine over a wider area than any other sovereign, so that today in America it prevails from ocean to ocean, and from Patagonia to Alaska and Canada. Isabella added a new continent to the world, four times as large as all of Europe. From the day Columbus set up his cross on one of the small Bahama Islands, it has stood above this Western Continent, the emblem of 168,000,000 persons who are classed as Christians, as compared with 4,000,000 Jews and no other religious denomination large enough to be considered. Nearly a fourth of the land surface of the earth is included in Christianized America. Incidentally, Europe, the land of the Gauls, has 455,000,000 Christians, 10,000,000 Jews, and 5,000,000 Mohammedans.

Almost as influential, although accidentally, was Isabella's daughter, Catherine. A marriage was arranged for her with Prince Arthur, son of Henry, who became Henry VII of England. Arthur died and Catherine married his brother Henry, who became Henry VIII. For a time things went well, until Henry tired of his wife, which was a habit with him, for he married six times before he was through. He divorced Catherine in spite of the positive protests of Rome. Rome does not favor divorce. Then Rome did some things to Henry, who in turn made Eng-

land an Episcopal nation, free from the Catholic authority, and Protestantism received one of its greatest aids. It was Queen Elizabeth, a daughter of Henry VIII by his second wife, Anne Boleyn, who fitted out Walter Raleigh on his American discoveries which resulted in the first settlements in North Carolina. Summing up, Isabella of Castile drove the Moors from Spain and gave the cross a wide range over a new continent which her money enabled Columbus to discover; her daughter Catherine, through the misfortune of marrying Henry VIII, was instrumental in establishing in England that freedom of religion which the Protestants demanded, and Catherine's stepdaughter made possible the first settlement in North Carolina, the first English settlement on the American coast.

Paul set out to carry to the world of the Gentiles the doctrine of the Kingdom of Heaven and the brotherhood of man, based on the Mosaic conception of the supremacy of the one Jehovah. But Paul's work had not proceeded very far until he encountered that one definite antagonism which has prevailed from the beginning and will probably remain until the end, the persistent battle between individualism and paternalism.

The Church at Rome made faster progress than the Armenian and the other Christian developments. It grew under the policy of a power

attributed to the authority of Peter and his successors, and developed into an organization recognizing a central control to which all must conform. But always among mankind is that desire for freedom from the domination of others, and here and there men claimed the right to interpret the Nazarene doctrine according to their own understanding. Always that individual right of freedom in thought and action has clashed with the mass idea of rule by a head, whether that head be an autocrat, a majority, a king, or whatsoever may claim the privilege. The wars of the world have been fought on this division of right and rule. The Albigensis, the Huguenots, the terrible St. Bartholomew, the Spanish Inquisition, the Lutherans, the Calvinists, the overthrow of the Catholic Church in England by Henry VIII because he wanted a divorce from his wife, and finally John Knox, all led to the climax that established the element of freedom in religion.

It was a long and bloody thousand years, but finally John Knox, the Scot, managed, with all the other influences working in the same line, to put on its feet the Presbyterian Church, which, whittled to its final analysis, means that he gave to people the right of freedom in religious matters as mankind was struggling for freedom in other things. The Presbyterian Church is built on the doctrine of the rule of the individual of the

church instead of the rule of central authorities. It seems a slight difference, but covers the entire relation of man to man along with the principles of freedom as applied to man's relation with the Creator and the Golden Rule, the two principal factors of religious and human action. The Puritan, the Methodist, the Baptist, the Quaker, and the rest came along to share with the Lutheran and the Presbyterian the reform secured, and the United States was built as a nation in which religious freedom was assured to all men. It was the first government in which no king stood between mankind and Galilee and Sinai, in which each individual has the right to appeal to his Creator in his own way according to his own method.

East is east and west is west, but both are the same reversed. The man who starts west comes back from the east, and the man who starts east comes back from the west, for the eternal circle is without end, and life is simply the changing of the minus and plus signs. So when men began to herd together, a chief arose to assume authority over the group. In due season he became a king and a ruler. The Christian Church, not counting the Armenian and Nestorian branches, was established at Rome. As it grew, the power of its leaders strengthened and the pope held his jurisdiction over every new auxil-

iary missionary extension. Then, as in all human affairs, the individual manifestation which is called freedom asserted itself. Small bodies of men attempted to interpret religious doctrine for themselves and to appeal to their Jehovah without the intermediary help of the pope. Fierce were the punishments the Church visited on the heretics. Fire and sword proved cruel and effective until unbelief attained a prominence as a crime that is beyond comprehension in these days when liberty is represented by a goddess. Inquisition, massacre, burning at the stake, physical torture of the most ingenious type, as well as the emphatic promise of immediate excommunication and future damnation, designed to spread the gospel of the gentle Nazarene, the brotherhood of man, and the Kingdom of Heaven, united to make papal rule unpopular in many quarters.

But Calvary had given evidence that sound doctrine does not die with the crucifixion of an individual, nor with torture. Liberty of religious thought persisted and the demand for the right of personal appeal to the Creator gained strength the more it was discussed. The terrors of the Spanish Inquisition, the massacres of the Huguenots, the wars and tortures and inhumanities, seem to the present generations astonishing. But astonishment is hardly justified, for we are but

a few years out of the great war in Europe, which involved the whole world and engaged more men and shed more blood and displayed more ingenuity and skill in killing and mutilating and destroying the work of civilization than was ever before known to the human race. And what for? Difference of opinion. German culture sought to extend its rule from sun to sun, and it was antagonized by a sentiment that professed a desire to make the world free for democracy, free from the domination of a king whose orders control millions of people who have no voice in public affairs.

Henry VIII wanted more liberty in the matter of divorce, and being a king, he was able to overthrow the rule of the pope in England and set up religious authority of which he was the head. Being a king enabled him to strike a most effective blow for liberty. Possibly John Wiclif, who lived a century before Henry, had supplied the monarch with some suggestions about liberty—Wiclif, that British clergyman, whose ideas were so far inclined to freedom of thought that he was the subject of much papal condemnation. The pope sought the death of Wiclif, but the British crown regarded him as a man of value and refused to carry out the sentence of death. Henry VIII established the Episcopal Church in England, the

first real step forward that maintained its position. That encouraged John Huss, who was burned at the stake for his pains, and John Calvin, the French father of Calvinism. Calvin was a native of that section of France from which the Bethune family came across to Scotland with Richard Cœur de Lion and later across to the Head of Rockfish, probably all of them Gauls with possibly a dash of Norman blood, and mighty good stock.

The idea was becoming more prevalent that the Bible should be the sole basis for Christianity, and that the whole people should be permitted to study it and interpret its teachings, rather than be compelled to depend on the views and interpretations of the Catholic Church. Wiclif translated the Bible about 1382 and was promptly burned to death as a heretic for taking such advanced action. Archbishop Cranmer helped in the translation of a later version. He was likewise burned. The printing press, about 1525, began to print the Bible in the German tongue and later in English. Popular thought and the printing press spread the Bible in popular language, and men persisted in reading it for themselves in a tongue they could understand, rather than to depend on priests to read to them in Latin such portions as the priests should select. In 1611 the version now in use was published in

England under the order of King James, and a popular knowledge of the Bible texts began.

Wiclif's work stirred Europe and was followed by the Bohemian wars, continued intermittently all over the continent until Luther, Knox, and the Huguenots finally established the Protestant churches of the various denominations, which gained supremacy over much of the Christian world. The extreme was represented in John Knox, the Scotchman, who is practically the father of the Presbyterian Church, a church that has no pope, no priest, no dominating ruler who dictates to the congregation. The congregation is the exemplar of freedom—of religious liberty, a principle that has had more to do with the creation of American progress and the rights of mankind than the mere application of that doctrine to religion. Largely because of a desire to be where freedom of thought could be maintained the Protestant people of Europe came to America, and probably largely because of that freedom of thought America surprised the world with its astonishing growth and wonderful advancement in all lines of thought, in industry, in commerce, in government, and in everything else. The Spanish flag attempted to develop the New World, but two limitations were in the way. The first, perhaps, was the narrow determination to secure from the new country the vast wealth presumed

to be in the hands of the people, and the other was the restricted latitude allowed popular thought and action.

When the Protestants came to America, they came to stay and to make this their home and nation, and to build to that ideal level that would be desirable in the country which should be their homes. It is true the Puritans had notions of their own about freedom of religious action, and that they had doubts about too much freedom for those who had different opinions, but the refractory members of the Puritan settlements moved away into other regions and set up further freedom for themselves, burning witches and driving out other unbelievers. Yet in a general way freedom of thought broadened. Cape Fear Scotch Presbyterians saw many of their people take up with the doctrines of the Baptists, especially large numbers of those migrating westward accepting the modified creed. To the north of the Deep River the Sandy Creek Baptist Church is one of the oldest in the state. The Methodists found many followers in the new world. The influx of Germans led to a Lutheran synod in North Carolina in 1803. Various off-shooting denominations profited by the Presbyterian gain of freedom of thought, and today far more people follow the newer creeds than stick

to Calvinism, but under all of the expansion is one dominant principle espoused by John Knox, the right of the congregation to think for itself, the fundamental doctrine of Galilee, do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

So runs the current of religious thought and progress, from Sinai to the Babylonian captivity from which the Jews returned to Jerusalem with broadened ideas; to Galilee, with its Golden Rule adding to the fundamental paternalism of Jehovah the brotherhood of mankind. Then in Gentile hands the race reached the higher levels through the Greek and Roman paganisms with their advanced philosophies, which gave of their knowledge as they surrendered their fierce conception of their gods, and through the limitations of the papal doctrines which insisted that the Eternal Father must be approached by men through an intermediary and their contacts governed by a fixed interrelation rather than each sharing in the privilege of free thought and the common right of membership in the Kingdom of Heaven. On through the blood of the Reformation the trail of the Gaul, picked up at the home of Paul in Tarsus, followed to the Scottish highlands, where John Knox had set up the banner of individual responsibility of conscience above the fog of arbitrary domination, all the way the trail following to the

present absolute freedom of thought and action that characterizes the atmosphere of Mount Helicon on the upper reaches of the Cape Fear—all the way and distance that broadening influence has swept.

DEVELOPING THE PROMISE

Now the Lord said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, unto a land that I will show thee, and I will make of thee a great nation.

Then Abram came and dwelt in the plain of Mamre, which is in Hebron, and built there an altar unto the Lord.

ALONG the continuation of Abraham's trail came in after years Moses, Jesus, the Gauls, Paul, the Cæsars, John Knox, and Charles Edward. Prince Charles unwittingly landed his followers on the Cape Fear.

The most ambitious dream of Abraham or of the Highlander when he came to America could not vision the marvelous future of those destined to reap the benefits of that promise to the Chaldean wanderer who built altars unto the Lord. In a climate that contrasted most favorably with the cold of the Scottish mountains, in a land where game abounded, where natural wealth was on every hand for the taking, timber for building,

range for the cattle, fertility for the crops, oceans and streams alive with fish, and land enough that every man might have an empire, the newcomer found his reward.

The pine forests with their magnificent timber afforded employment in supplying ship spars and lumber for export, and the Cape Fear developed into a highway for the discharge of pine products at Wilmington and the mouth of the river in vast quantities. Cumberland became the seat of the foremost turpentine and naval stores production of the globe. A hundred miles up the river, at Cross Creek, Fayetteville grew into a distribution center for merchandise, and the river was an artery of commerce. Roads were built out into the western mountains and to the north. Through Fayetteville flowed the traffic that followed the river to the western Carolinas, north Georgia, Tennessee, the Kentucky country, and the western part of Virginia. Fayetteville was farther inland than others of the water ports of the Atlantic, and the river became a commercial route of great activity.

Up through the Rockfish country came the settlers, and up the ridges on both sides of the valley the roads that pushed to the westward carried the advance hordes of the civilization of the great West and the Mississippi Valley. The Peedee road southwest to Cheraw and the Wax-

haw region, the Morganton and the Yadkin roads to the Jersey settlement at Salisbury and to the Moravians on the Dan River, met at the main Head of Rockfish Valley. There they joined the Lumberton road from the south by the Head of Rockfish toward the Alamance and the Hillsboro territory, and the road from the Neuse down into the heart of South Carolina. These roads grid-ironed the upper Rockfish country, and settlement flowed in their direction. It is an interesting curiosity that four of the main roads of the budding colony skirted Helicon Mountain. The Yadkin road from Fayetteville to the northwest crossed the upper end of Helicon ridge at the gap at Manly. The Morganton road, two miles west, topped the summit at Weymouth Heights. The old folks in building their roads liked to keep on the high ground to avoid swamps and mud. The Yadkin road, on the north side of the ridge north of Rockfish Valley, crossed over to the head of Little River, and the Morganton road, on the south of the ridge, continued to the fords of Drowning Creek, more to the west. Near the Highland Pines Inn, on Shaw's Ridge, now better known as Weymouth Heights in Southern Pines, this road intersected the Lumberton road on its route past the foot of Helicon Mountain, past the first site of the old Solemn Grove Academy and of the original Bethesda at the Head of Rockfish.

A portion of this road is still used by a few residents along its line. It serves as an attractive bridle road for winter visitors, as it leads to the James Boyd property, on which the romance of the old school and kirk persists; through the lands of Malcolm McNeill and his posterity, principals in settling the Rockfish country; down the west side of Rockfish to Montrose, where is yet standing the home of Hon. Lauchlin Bethune, conspicuous among the early inhabitants, and on to the south. The Peedee road, up from Cheraw and Waxhaw, came to the west side of Mount Helicon, east of the present Bethesda Church, crossing the Morganton road at the old C. W. Shaw house in Southern Pines, one branch going to Raleigh, and one by Carthage and Euphronia Church to Hillsboro and the north.

This unusual proximity of Bethesda to the four or five principal roads of North Carolina was accounted for by the geography of the state and the entire Atlantic coast and the Appalachian mountain range. The Rockfish Creek split the country at the Fayetteville head of navigation. The ridges on the two sides of the Rockfish Valley, with the Helicon Mountain range junction creating a valley head, afforded high ground for roads in the four directions, northeast, northwest, southeast, and southwest, with the fewest stream crossings, the best drainage, and the easiest grades. The

Head of Rockfish was the natural gateway provided by creation for a communication between the sea and the mountains and all the great beyond. Small wonder that when the newcomers, obeying the behest to Abraham, reached the Head of Rockfish, they set up a temple, as Samuel of old, between Mizpeh and Shen, had set up a stone and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying the Lord hath helped us. Only in this case the temple was the primitive Bethesda, for a long time called the "Church at the Head of Rockfish."

The roads leading out past the Mount Helicon ridge were of more than ordinary significance in the progress of this country. They brought together the two chief movements of population that influenced the coming of the Scotch, not only to the Cape Fear country, but also to another section of North Carolina. Ultimately this led to the creation of Tennessee from North Carolina territory, and Kentucky, adjacent to Tennessee. Except Vermont, these were the first new states added to the original thirteen. Tennessee was settled by the same Gaelic stock that is prominent on the Cape Fear, and Kentucky has her full share of them.

As the Cape Fear was attracting the attention of the Highlanders, the Ulster Scotch and the Pennsylvania Dutch were coming out of Philadelphia into the magnificent valleys in southern

Pennsylvania, on into the Shenandoah Valley farther down in Virginia, then, as now, "fair as a garden of the Lord," and by the time Culloden had set in motion the great migration to Wilmington, the Ulster Scots and the Germans were making their preliminary settlements on the Yadkin and Catawba rivers in North Carolina. The "Great Wagon Road" from Philadelphia came out by Winchester, Staunton, and Roanoke into North Carolina, much along the line of the railroad now coming through Madison, near Winston-Salem, and past the mouth of Reedy Creek to the vicinity of Salisbury, where the "Jersey Settlement" tells the origin of many of the early settlers. They were from New Jersey, near Philadelphia, largely Scotch Presbyterians.

The Mitchell map of the American Colonies, made in 1755, copies of which are preserved by the government in Washington, shows this road in its entire course from Philadelphia to the mouth of the Cape Fear, and it was the only road in the whole country at that time that was so extended in its length in any direction. The Mitchell map was authority on North American geography in its day, and for many years was accepted by this country and Europe in their treaties and agreements. The road as shown on the map of 1755 is the forerunner of the Yadkin, which McAden in his notes of his missionary journey into North

Carolina in 1755 speaks of on his trip "down the Yadkin road to McKay's," which was the site of Longstreet Church. At that time no other defined road went westward in Pennsylvania or New York, except a trail out across the Susquehanna in the vicinity of the present city of Harrisburg. A short road went out to the west from Winchester, and another was later cut out from Roanoke to go to Tennessee. But the Mitchell road goes on into North Carolina. North of the "Jersey Settlement" the road branched, one fork coming south on the east side of the Huwarrie River and extending on past Mount Helicon, Fayetteville, and Wilmington as the Yadkin road, which it had entered in the upper part of Moore County. Philadelphia was the great gateway for the Scotch-Irish into America, who were coming at one time as many as twelve thousand a year, most of them moving on out the "great Wagon Road" to Virginia and the Southwest. About the time McAden came this way, the flood of travel bringing Presbyterians, Quakers, and Lutherans to the Yadkin and the Deep River and elsewhere was stimulating road building or trail making, as it must be recognized now, and into the road from Philadelphia went the roads that were extending past Mount Helicon to Morganton, to the Yadkin, to Salem, and to the Hillsboro country, and with them the western trails were shaping.

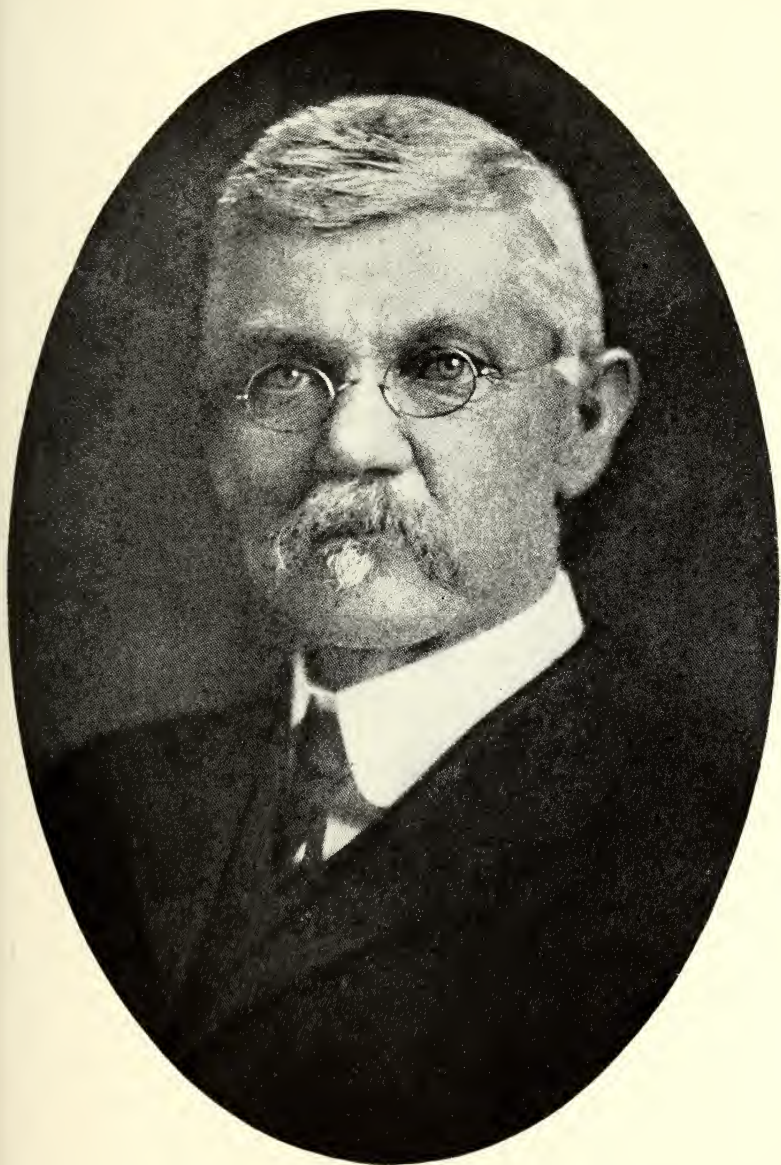
From the mouth of the Cape Fear River to the mouth of the Delaware a narrow strip of coast country, forty to fifty miles in width at the lower end and widening up in Virginia to narrow again in Pennsylvania, was peopled by the English. But these two rivers were the entrance to the interior for the Scotch and Quakers and Germans who passed farther from the coast, around the main English settlements, and penetrated the more remote lands. Thus the Scotch on the Cape Fear are included in a fan-shaped territory flanked on the east by an English population that reaches to the head of the Chesapeake Bay, while Scotch, German, and Quaker are pretty much the contacts on the west side all the way from South Carolina to New York.

As the roads from Fayetteville at the head of navigation on the Cape Fear and the roads from Philadelphia on the Delaware converged in the Yadkin and Dan and New River section in the mountains of the western part of North Carolina, a vast traffic surged over the Appalachians into that quarter of the colony that has now become Tennessee, for the original boundary of North Carolina was the South Sea, as it is given in the charter from the British Crown to the lords proprietors. From latitude 36 degrees, 30 minutes north to below 29 degrees south, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific the charter granted to

Carolina about all that is now the Southern United States. To the colony of Virginia was given all the rest, except the eastern part of Pennsylvania and the New England section. Three parts, like Gaul—North Carolina, Virginia, and the small northeastern section, to constitute the middle and New England states, account for this nation in 1750.

The Morganton road, cut out some distance from Fayetteville about 1750, was in certain ways among the most important travel routes in the Colonies. From Southern Pines to Pinehurst it is prominent yet as a sand-clay road, popular with the horsemen, being easy on the feet of the trotter and the saddle animals. John Warren Watson, the Philadelphia manufacturer, has created on its line a fine artificial lake, which is open to the people. The golf courses flank the road on either side as Pinehurst is approached. Verner Reed's magnificent estate is not far from the road. The eastern end runs out through an original pine forest to Fort Bragg, a wonderfully picturesque and wooded drive. Older settlers can remember the big caravans that came from the mountains past the Helicon summit, crossing the ridge near where the Highland Pines Inn now stands in Southern Pines, on down by the Buchan farm, where Solemn Grove post office was located after Bethesda Church was moved to the present loca-

tion west of the ridge and the academy shifted to a site in the James Creek Valley. At the big spring across the creek from the farmhouse was a camping ground where wagon trains held up for the night, and there crowds of dozens of wagons with their outfits were frequent, for the site was a good one. Post office, blacksmith shop, grist mill, and conveniences were handy. Camping ground was ample, and pine knots made fuel for the night. Provender could be had if desired. Freight for shipment came down from the mountains, some of it from the distant Tennessee country, and freight moved upward from navigation on the Cape Fear for that far-away land, some of it for Kentucky, some for the Southwest, for regions far distant in all directions. Furs, produce, and hill contributions going down met salt, merchandise, and sundry supplies going up, and the road was one of great activity and romantic adventure. A trip from the mountains to Fayetteville was as much of an episode as going to Paris or Hong-kong or the South Pole is today. As far away as Louisville, Kentucky, was nearer to navigation at Fayetteville than to any other port on the Atlantic. The first route from Philadelphia to Louisville and to the interior of Kentucky was by the "Great Wagon Road" by Winchester and the South Virginia gaps through North Carolina and the Cumberland Gap into Kentucky, the distance



J. E. BUCHAN, RULING ELDER OF OLD BETHESDA
FOR MANY YEARS.

to Louisville being 826 miles. From Fayetteville it was much less.

After the "Great Wagon Road" had been opened from Winchester to Roanoke, William Byrd, whose name stands out prominently before all readers of recent and older history, in 1760 cut out a road on the old buffalo trail to that part of western North Carolina, west of the mountains, which is now the neighborhood of Kingsport, Tennessee. From there it continued by Cumberland Gap into the Kentucky country, the road on which Daniel Boone laid his way from his home on the Yadkin, as he was its pioneer. The Yadkin road from Fayetteville to the Dan River connected with the Byrd road at Fort Chiswell, and with the Boone trail through Wilkesboro and down the Watauga to Kingsport and Cumberland Gap. The Morganton road with its connections also led through the mountains and joined the Tennessee and Kentucky trails and the routes which branched down into Georgia and the Mississippi country. On this "Great Wagon Road," with its branches, the large percentage of settlers to western Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee made their way from the north and the east. Later George Rogers Clark used this road as he traveled between Kentucky and Williamsburg, the capital of Virginia, when he had become an officer of the Kentucky territory of Virginia. This Virginian

drove the French from the other side of the Ohio at Vincennes in Indiana and Kaskaskia in Illinois, his troops under Colonel Montgomery going out the same road to the Ohio River at Louisville, where they took boats to Kaskaskia. This saved the Northwest to the British and to the United States. Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin were all settled largely by Southerners, those people who had moved westward on the converging roads that joined on the Yadkin, the Boone trail, and with the "Great Wagon Road" from Pennsylvania. These converging roads from the head of navigation at Fayetteville and from Philadelphia made the United States the great nation that it is. Through the gateway just below the Virginia line swept the migration that claimed and developed the West, the Southwest, and the Northwest, and the Scotch Presbyterian was active in every movement from the beginning.

A glimpse at the map will show the remarkable growth that took place out this western North Carolina way. When the first census of the United States was taken in 1790, Virginia, Pennsylvania, and North Carolina, in the order named, were the three principal states, with a total of more than 40 per cent of the entire population of the United States as then constituted, and no doubt 80 per cent of the land area. The tide of emigration flowed southwest. Everything south

of the Ohio River and west to the Mississippi, including Louisiana, was settled and admitted to the Union by 1819, while north of the Ohio, Indiana and Illinois had come in, both having been started and held in line by Clark, the Virginian, who had gone out the great road to become a citizen of Kentucky and a conqueror of Indiana for the Union. Tennessee, Kentucky, some of Georgia, much of Alabama, and Mississippi were added to the nation by the help of these Carolina Scotch, as well as Louisiana and Texas. The old roads past Mount Helicon were doing their work. The Cape Fear Scotch were in the mix along with the Ulster Scots from the Delaware. Andrew Jackson, James K. Polk, and Andrew Johnson are three North Carolina Scotchmen who migrated to Tennessee, to become governors of that state and presidents of the United States. Sevier, Shelby, Blount, two of the Browns, and a long list of others were among those who went out from North Carolina by these old routes, to become governors and otherwise famous in Tennessee and Kentucky. In 1638 came to Massachusetts an English family of Lincolns. Later they migrated to Pennsylvania and on down the great road into the Shenandoah. Abraham Lincoln's grandfather followed the trek through Carolina, and the great president, a native of Kentucky, was one of the early settlers in Indiana and Illinois.

About the same time that Lincoln was born in Hardin County in Kentucky, another boy, Jefferson Davis, was born of Scotch ancestry in Todd County, a little farther southwest in the same state. The lives of these two men, beginning so closely together, led in singularly parallel lines from their ancestry in the East, through their pioneering experiences in the developing West, to its terribly dramatic climax at the close of the Civil War. Far apart as their paths deviated, they are two of the outstanding figures of American history.

In addition to fitting in with the development of this nation, the Yadkin road is associated with one of the world's big upheavals of international relations.

Col. James Innes, a Scotch soldier, arrived on the Cape Fear when the Highlanders were coming to North Carolina in their earlier migration. Up in the country to which the Yadkin road was opened as a trail among the first routes of travel from the head of navigation at Fayetteville, Christopher Gist had made a home on the Yadkin River, one of the group who had come down through the Shenandoah Valley to settle in the new Carolina development. Gist was a man of character and tact, with pronounced influence among the Indians.

Farther back in history the French had made

settlements at the mouth of the Mississippi River, and also on the St. Lawrence in the north. They claimed that those settlements gave them the right of possession of the vast region from Lake Erie down the tributaries of the Ohio and Mississippi to the Gulf, and they undertook to secure the lands along the Ohio on this claim. But England had granted to Virginia the territory from north of the Potomac northwest to the Pacific, and this cut across the Ohio up in the northwest corner of what is now Pennsylvania, and Virginia was not anxious to see the French take away her belongings. So Dinwiddie, the Scotch governor of Virginia, and the Ohio Company, an association of some Virginia planters and London merchants, which had a grant of five hundred thousand acres of land on the Ohio and Kanawha Rivers, engaged Christopher Gist, the man over on the Yadkin River in North Carolina, to go up among the Indians on the Ohio, study the situation, cultivate the natives, and caution them against the French. Gist was so successful that he made staunch friends of the Indians, and likewise he made a friend of Governor Dinwiddie. On a second trip he interested some settlers to locate in the disputed area. Later came tidings that the French were building a fort on the upper Allegheny, north of where Pittsburgh now stands, and Dinwiddie decided to send to the commander of the fort a letter notify-

ing him that he was encroaching on Virginia soil. For the messenger he selected a young man of twenty-two years, a youthful major in the Colonial Army, George Washington, and gave him Christopher Gist and two interpreters. The result is well known. Washington and Gist made the journey and came back to bear to Governor Dinwiddie the information that the French would hold the Ohio. Presently Washington was sent out with some troops to take possession of the forks of the Ohio, but the expedition was too late. The French were already there, and Washington's little band was overpowered and forced to return home. From what can be gathered, it seems that Washington was offered the command of the troops with which he went out to meet the French on the Ohio, but thinking he was too young and inexperienced at the age of twenty-two to assume the management of a military expedition of that character he declined in favor of an officer of more practical knowledge of campaign work. Governor Dinwiddie, in June, 1754, called on Col. James Innes, of the lower Cape Fear, in North Carolina, active with the Carolina troops, to be commander-in-chief of all the Virginia forces. He was then in North Carolina, getting his regiment in shape to move northward to join in the Ohio campaign, and Col. Joshua Frye was substituted as commander for Washington's little

army. Frye was sick when the troops were ready to move to the west, leaving Washington still in active command. Colonel Innes followed, but did not reach the front. He overtook the returning Virginians at Wills Creek, on the north boundary of Maryland, and remained there in command until October, when he was superseded by the Governor of Maryland. Colonel Innes stayed as campmaster general, completed the construction of the camp, and organized the forces.

The following year Braddock came from England with several British regiments and led his army over the mountains to Fort Duquesne, where he was killed in the disastrous battle with the French. Washington was also at Duquesne, where he was a factor in saving the army. Innes was again left in command at Wills Creek when the British army retreated to Philadelphia. He stayed there on the frontier, his North Carolina troops with him, until late in the season, when he returned home. Possibly some of his army came by the Yadkin road, but available information is lacking.

In 1758 the French were driven from Fort Duquesne, which meant the evacuation of the territory they claimed on the Ohio. When Christopher Gist, from the Yadkin country of North Carolina, set out on his mission to the Ohio for Governor Dinwiddie, he began a work that ended

with the peace of 1763, whereby the British frontier in America had been pushed to the Mississippi River and north into Canada. In addition to the help of Gist and Innes in the campaign against the French at Fort Duquesne, the expedition in 1758 included 1284 of the Scotch Montgomery Highlanders, who drove out the garrison, changed the name of the place to Fort Pitt, and raised the British colors over the deserted ruins. The Highland regiment stayed at Fort Pitt all winter, going from there to Ticonderoga and the north to help finish the war up there. Again, in 1763, the Montgomery Highlanders and the celebrated Black Watch, also Scottish troops, were sent to Fort Pitt to relieve the place from the Indians. When they were through, the job was done. Thus the Scotch bob up everywhere.

The amazing fact about the rescue of the Ohio country in which Christopher Gist and Col. James Innes, the Yadkin settler and the lower Cape Fear officer, were principals, is that what they started never stopped until it had circled the globe. The hostilities commenced there at the forks of the Ohio embittered the French and English to the extent of embroiling them in war in Europe, bringing in most of the other European countries, Egypt, and India, and winding up with France losing to England most of her colonies around the world. In America, France surrendered

Canada, Louisiana, and the Mississippi Valley, leaving Spain and Great Britain the only foreign possessors of territory on this continent, except a bit of Russian holdings in Alaska. Christopher Gist and Colonel Innes began a movement that landed Great Britain in the position of mistress of the universe. Gist from North Carolina, Artemas Ward, and Michael Groghan hewed the timbers for the first house built in the Pittsburgh settlement.

Not long after the British victory Virginia was holding court in Pittsburgh, which a writer says was "inhabited chiefly by Scotch and Irish," and he was not much impressed with the place and did not think it would ever amount to much. He did not know the Scotch and the Scotch-Irish. Again North Carolina had sent out a helping hand from the Cape Fear country and aided in saving the upper Ohio Valley to the coming United States, as help had been given in all the country to the south and west and northwest. Ohio, in 1803, was admitted to the Union as a state, and Indiana and Illinois followed. Up to the time of admitting these latter two states, every new state created to join the original thirteen, with the exception of Vermont, owed more or less of a debt to the Cape Fear region, its people, and the roads that went out past Mount Helicon to the corners of the continent to bind those new lands to the Cape Fear

and the Delaware rivers. It is not too much to say that North Carolina, Pennsylvania, and Virginia were more active in the early development of this nation than any other influence.

As far as can be determined, the road of first importance in the Mount Helicon country must have been the Yadkin, mentioned by Hugh McAden on his first missionary venture to the neighborhood. The road ordered by the Colonial Assembly in 1773 to be built from Campbellton to the Dan was evidently this same Yadkin, for it appears to have been the route of travel from the country beyond the Uharrie, also noted by McAden, to the head of the Cape Fear navigation.

At the early settlement where now is Fayetteville arose a rivalry, Cross Creek and Campbellton being separate centers about a mile apart. In 1773 a road ordered to the Yadkin and ultimately to Morganton was begun. But Captain Collett's map, published in 1770 by order of Parliament, a copy of which is in the State Library at Raleigh, shows coming out from the Cross Creek vicinity a road going west to the Yadkin, evidently on the line of the Morganton road, and another following a similar course to near the Moore County line, and there turning northwest toward Greensboro and Winston-Salem of the present day. Presumably the roads ordered meant the building and

extension of the ruder trails then existing.

R. E. Wicker, the Pinehurst engineer and historian, familiar with Moore County, notes the grants to some of the older inhabitants of the Sandhills of the county as indicating the location of the Yadkin road. In 1789, not long after Moore was formed, Donald McLeod was granted land on the Yadkin somewhere north of the present location of Southern Pines. Hector McNeill, in 1793, secured a grant on the Seals and Yadkin roads, which would put his land in the Midlands Farm area of Pinehurst, identifying the road that far north. William Hilliard's grant in 1794 obtained the McDonald land, now in the eastern edge of Pinehurst. John McArthur, in 1797, on the Yadkin road east of the Boiling Spring, advanced the frontier farther up the line. John Hilliard, in 1802, was given a tract one hundred yards north of the Yadkin road, including the "Indian Springs," which are about four miles north of West End. As early as 1795, David Allison secured a grant on the Yadkin road on the north side of the Wet Creek, above Samarcand, and in the same year another tract was granted to him on the Yadkin near the head of McLendon's Creek, about the neighborhood of Capt. George Maurice's orchards. Allison had half a dozen grants in that quarter, indicating the extension of settlement; one of the grants called for the

“Hughwarry” road, and one of them, on the east side of the Yadkin road and on the north side of the Long branch of Wet Creek, extended southwest about a mile to the “Hughwarry” road. This would indicate that near the Long branch of Wet Creek the Yadkin and the “Hew worry” roads forked, the Yadkin holding to the north, and the other going into the Uharrie River and mountains through Montgomery County, both reaching to the Yadkin into the settlements of the Moravians, the Scotch-Irish, the Germans, and the Quakers, and both of them connecting with that “Great Wagon Road” which reached up the Shenandoah Valley to Pennsylvania and affording what was at that time the longest road on the continent; for when Hugh McAden came down this way and first made mention of the Yadkin road, western Pennsylvania was still far away in the wilderness of Virginia and unexplored, and no roads out that way.

The route to the interior of the continent was that through the Shenandoah Valley into southwest Virginia, North Carolina, and thence by the Boone trail into Tennessee and Kentucky.

The Allison grants referred to were of tremendous extent, including two or three hundred thousand acres in Cumberland, Robeson, and adjoining counties, the Bethune lands and much of Fort Bragg being in the area. Allison died a poor man,

his lands having been sold for taxes and his estate dissipated. Yet a grant even larger was that of the Granville lands, reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Virginia line to a parallel in the northern boundary of Moore County, a grant in area about as big as the present states of New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Kentucky. If Granville had lived and held his land and kept the taxman away, he would have been right well to do by this time.

The roads of the Helicon Mountain country were made by agencies active long before man took a hand. In the early days the Indians inhabited the Atlantic coast country, their permanent homes being along the coast, in the country to the north of the Carolinas, to the westward, and more or less, although not so permanently, in the central Carolina territory. But chiefly the Helicon Mountain section was the home of the buffalo, the deer, and other wild creatures, which the Indians came from all directions to hunt. The Indian population throughout the country was never large. It is doubtful if more than three hundred thousand lived in the entire area east of the Mississippi, or not more than a tenth as many as the population of North Carolina alone at the present time. Therefore, the wild creatures had a paradise, and the Indians had a plentiful supply

of food. The Indians had few or no settlements in this area. The man who is familiar with the habits of the larger wild life of the country knows that the animals followed their well-established trails as they roved from section to section. It was the custom of the buffalo to go back and forth from the high country to the coast, it is said, in search of salt at tide water and of grazing in the higher grounds. In their travel they followed the ridges and their paths were well defined. The Yadkin road was one of the great buffalo trails. Its deviations were marked. But when surveyors laid out the Morganton road, they followed a straight line, going down into the valleys and up the hills, making a contrast in the two roads which is very pronounced. The Indian trails were practically identical with the buffalo trails and clear over the mountains to the westward as well as in the Mount Helicon vicinity.

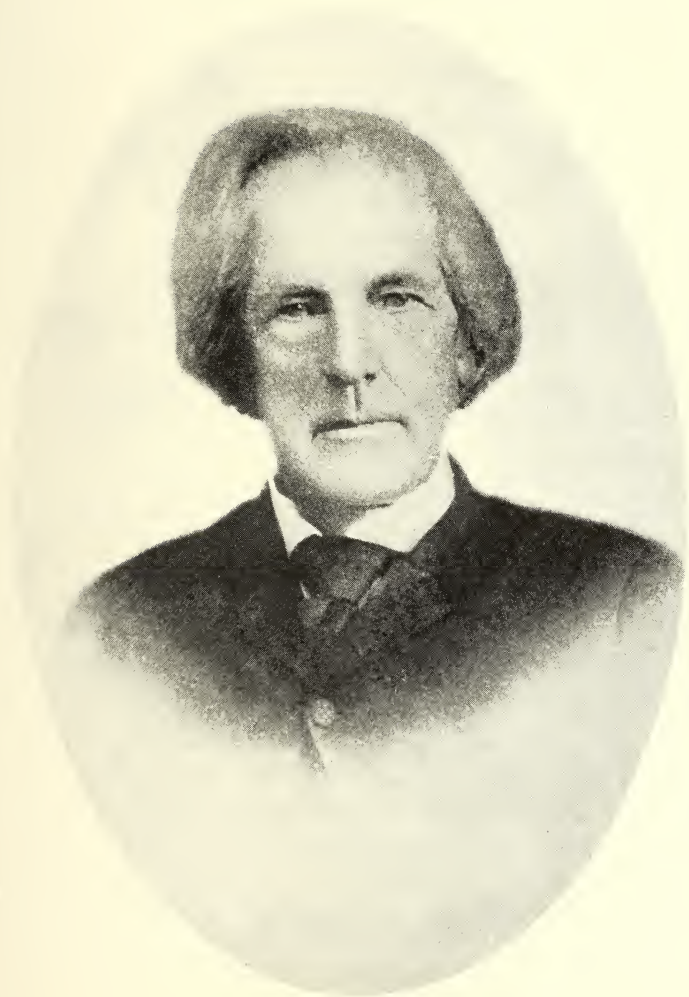
That eccentricity of the buffalo, when it laid out its trail, accounts for the deviation of the Yadkin road from the straight line that the surveyors gave the Morganton road when they came to locate it. The buffalo wanted a good grade and easy stream crossings. So did the settler, and he adopted the Indian trail, which the Indian adopted from the buffalo, and the Yadkin road, being a wisely located road, was accepted as the chief road to the Yadkin country, and from there

Boone accepted the Indian trail on the buffalo path and made it the great road to Tennessee and Kentucky, as the buffalo trail down through the Tennessee River Valley continued to offer the way for the road to the Mississippi and the Southwest. The buffalo was a great engineer. He laid out all the great roads of the mountain country of Eastern North America.

Coming out from the Cross Creek country, now Fayetteville, the Yadkin road passed Alexander McKay's, where Longstreet Church was established and which was named for the road, which was in fact a long street; passed the Monroe farm, which later became the battlefield of the Civil War, and continued around the head of the Piney bottom streams and across Silver Run at one of the most interesting little fords on its route. There the gravel and white sand left no doubt as to the name of the stream, and there in later days a turpentine settlement grew up. On over the James Creek and to Manly, which had a fitful experience, being at one time the foremost shipping point for naval stores in the neighborhood. Then the other towns grew up and Manly was forgotten. And so on the Yadkin road out past Pinehurst led up the ridge toward Salem and the Moravians.

Along this old road today are some of the finest homes of North Carolina. Fort Bragg occupies

all the territory to the Moore County line, about three miles east of Southern Pines, but from there at the James Creek crossing to the upper boundary of Moore County, where the Yadkin passes over into Montgomery County, the road laid out by the buffalo and the Indians is the finest street in central North Carolina. The Halliwell estate, just after the county line into Moore is crossed, is a place that is ideal—hundreds of acres, a castle of a home with its surroundings, and all the modern conveniences. Close by are the estates of Healy, Jenks, Burke, and others, fine large houses, well-kept acres, picturesque locations, and everything attractive. Then comes the large reservation of the Moore County hounds; on a hill at Weymouth, the modern village of Southern Pines, and a little farther north, the Mid-Pines Club with its model golf courses and its elaborate clubhouse. Across the road is the Pine Needles Inn, a new and commodious hotel with golf and other sports. Around the Inn are many attractive homes of the Knollwood village, representing wealth and culture. Close by is the greenhouse where Judge W. A. Way, the Pittsburgh banker and jurist, has the foremost orchid growing establishment of the South. The Yadkin road continues through the Midland Farms area to Pinehurst, passing close by the large estate of James Barber, who was in his day a leading shipowner of the United



PETER CORNELIUS SHAW, RULING ELDER OF OLD BETHESDA FOR MANY YEARS.

States. He had his private golf club on his estate, with many lakes and other developments. Pinehurst and its five golf courses, its big hotels, its polo, archery, tennis, and other attractions are on the line. The archery factory, where shooting equipment is manufactured on a large scale, is a feature of interest, particularly applicable to the road where bows and arrows were for generations the weapons on which the Indians depended for their subsistence.

Near where the Yadkin road leaves Pinehurst village, Eldridge Johnson has a large home, with some thousand acres on a country site over on Drowning Creek. He is in keeping with the enlightenment that the Scotchman brought to the Sandhills with schoolhouses and church, and religious and political freedom, for Mr. Johnson's Victor phonograph probably brought enjoyment to more homes throughout the country than almost any other thing of recent creation. The skirl of the bagpipes, the strathspey, the reel, as played in Dundee or Alberfoil, can be heard through his records in the Mount Helicon homes. Not far from the old road, where it passes through Pinehurst, Alexander Grosset and George T. Dunlap have winter establishments—these two friends who are partners in the big publishing house of Grosset and Dunlap, who have issued more children's books than perhaps any

other concern and millions of reprint books that have brought the highest quality of literature to an innumerable population at the lowest cost.

When the buffalo located the old Indian trail to become the Yadkin road, it had no idea and no concern about the importance of the job it was doing. Far up the trail, now a hardtop road the entire distance from near Southern Pines to Winston-Salem and close to the original location throughout the route, is a continuation of fine homes, thrifty villages, and estates of well-to-do people who appreciate soil, climate, and surroundings of central North Carolina. The Yadkin road is a pleasing development of a hundred miles of buffalo engineering, rarely surpassed in its general plan of highway location.

Farther up the Yadkin road is the village of West End, near which were a few scattered immigrants before the Revolution. One of the settlers was John McDonald, who arrived from Scotland in 1754. He created a farm on a considerable tract of land, of which a portion is yet in the hands of one of his descendants, Moses C. McDonald, a substantial farmer, merchant, manufacturer, and peach grower of his county. John McDonald was killed at the Battle of Moore's Creek Bridge in the beginning of hostilities between the Colonists and the Crown in 1776, a decisive battle of the Revolution, by its results,

which probably saved North Carolina from more serious fighting.

Up on the old road is the estate created by R. W. Pumpelly, who in 1903 was a member of a party from the Smithsonian Institution sent out under his father to explore the trans-Caspian country of Asia. After the work of the party had been finished, the younger Pumpelly made a horse-back journey of several hundred miles farther into the heart of Tibet, into lands of which few others than the natives had any personal knowledge, and he came out with much valuable and original information. The father, Raphael Pumpelly, had in 1861 been engaged as a geologist to explore Japan for the government, and during his stay in the empire was made viceroy, that he might have authority to traverse the country and carry on his investigations. Later he undertook a similar task for the Chinese, and finally crossed through Western Siberia to Europe, the first American or European to undertake such an uncertain journey.

Many peach orchards have been established in the vicinity of the Yadkin road, several thousand cars of fruit going out annually to market from the farms tributary to this ancient highway.

An impressive phase of the story of the Yadkin road is that old actors in settlement and development are pretty well retired. From some distance west of Pinehurst, thirty miles eastward through

the villages of Pinehurst, Knollwood, and Manly, and on down the line through Fort Bragg, it is hard to find a Scotch family in possession. Manly has a proportion of the original stock, but all of the larger holdings of land and prominent places are in the hands of newcomers. The little thirty-two-acre tract near Pinehurst owned by the John Allen McDonald estate is one small oasis in the vast sweep of thirty miles that has not been disposed of to the newcomers. On the Morganton road, in a similar distance, the small McCrimmon place, three miles east of Southern Pines, is in the hands of a family once living farther down in Rockfish basin. On the Lumberton road, at the side of the original church at the Head of Rockfish and the old Solemn Grove Academy, is a younger generation of the McNeills of long ago. McDonalds live at the home of their ancestry, the Rays, on the Peedee road not far from the old church. In the village of Aberdeen the proportion of Scotch names is still fairly large, but in the bigger towns of Southern Pines and Pinehurst the outlanders are in the majority.

The offspring of the earlier crop of Rockfish Scots are gone out into the world to help along with the things that are worth while in all lines and in all quarters of the country. They have left their mark and passed on. The Scotchman is born with a wandering foot, inherited from Ja-

pheth, from the forefathers of the Gauls, that blood that began on the morning of creation to push out into new lands, and to develop and to create and to contribute of its brood to new adventure. The trail he has left in every country and on every shore is sufficient certificate of his character, his usefulness, his rugged as well as his tender attributes. He has been able to achieve under adverse circumstances, to carry his share of the burden of bringing from the crudeness of the primitive periods to the civilization of today. Mount Helicon, at the Head of Rockfish, is no mean testimonial to the fact that the Cape Fear Scot held his banner fairly aloft during his occupations of this section of the country. The Yadkin, in its improved form and with its interesting homes and villages, continues to be one of the leading highways of this part of the United States, one of the historic thoroughfares of the World, of progress, and of civilization.

The development inaugurated by James Tufts at Pinehurst speedily attracted attention all over the country. The character of the soil and climate proved effective in bringing many people to the country round about Mount Helicon. Almost alone in its character, its peculiarities proved interesting. The Sandhills consist of a series of high sandy knobs falling off from the main ridge on which Mount Helicon is the main spur east and

west, while the ridge running north and south extends several miles up the Pinehurst way. The soil is that of an old marine and fresh water beach, with air-drifted sand, covering granite and crystalline rocks a couple of hundred feet below the surface. This gives excellent drainage, excellent water supply of the highest quality, and a dry atmosphere which permits unusual filtration by the sunlight. The whole country is covered by pine and hardwood forests that appeal to folks who come this way for an outing or for a winter in the mild climate in the forest country, and it is a wonderful territory for children, who can play out of doors and in the sand to their soul's delight. Soil and climate made the Pinehurst and Southern Pines area the pick of the golfer's requirements. Play is possible in almost every kind of weather, as the dry sandy surface absorbs moisture as fast as it falls. The player may go out at once after a shower is over, and the courses are in the same perfect condition they always maintain. The grassy cover shows no evidence that rain has ever fallen. The same conditions make the race tracks and bridle paths and polo fields the ideal of the lover of horses. The fame of Pinehurst as a place to winter and work the horses reaches the uttermost corners of the earth.

But these sports and many others, while a factor, are not the chief influence in developing the

villages of the Mount Helicon neighborhood. Pinehurst started out under the project of James Tufts to provide winter accommodations for folks who want quiet simplicity of a pleasant country. His Carolina Hotel was built with every modern consideration, but without some of the features found in too many of the places where a crowd is the chief desire. The Carolina and other hotels grew with the same patronage coming winter after winter, and in due season the winter residents secured sites for houses and established themselves under their own roofs. This has resulted in a winter colony of cordiality and culture, democratic to a high degree, where folks know each other and forget the strain and drive of the work and business cares left behind. One night out from New York by fast train, three or four hours by airplane, and an easy run by automobile make the Sandhills accessible. A popular week-end outing, on the train by night each way, leaving New York after business Saturday and reaching New York in time for business Monday, and Mount Helicon is no farther than any other week-end recreation neighborhood or country home.

Leonard Tufts succeeded his father, James Tufts, in the operation of Pinehurst. The son carried out the father's plans and added ideas of his own. Leonard Tufts was one of the first men

in the South to encourage good roads. A small piece of sand-clay road between Pinehurst and Southern Pines started this type of construction, especially adapted to this area where sand and clay are natural constituents of the soil, and where a minimum of work and cost made a maximum of good roads. Then the hardtop road came with the increased traffic, and Federal Highway No. 1, with a number of others, cut through the Bethesda and Pinehurst section, including the old Yadkin road, that portion of which between Pinehurst and Southern Pines is a double hardtop road, and fully maintains the old reputation of the Yadkin as an attractive artery of traffic.

Pinehurst became famous for its Berkshire hogs and Ayrshire cattle on the large farm which it operates. To encourage the farmers of the community, Mr. Tufts distributed large numbers of young calves and pigs at nominal price among the farm boys. He drove the razorback out of existence. Some years ago Mr. Tufts was made head of the North Carolina Agricultural Fair. To show the decided difference between the fine big Berkshires and the old-time razorback, he undertook to exhibit side by side at the fair at Raleigh one of each. He was surprised to find, when the time came to show the contrasting types, that he had bred the razorback out of the possibility of finding one near enough true to type to

make the display. The desired hog could not be found.

James Tufts had in mind an ideal place for appreciative people of all lines, where life might be happier than amid some surroundings. He engaged Frederick Law Olmstead and Warren S. Manning to plan the landscape work, and carried out their designs with a liberal hand. The fever spread and over all the adjacent territory the idea of a vast park evolved, with pleasing results. Desirable people were attracted. Scholars, men of activity in all callings, men of limited means, men of varied character, men of wealth, men leading in business lines and in the professions, men retired from business, came to the Sandhills. Many young men, especially of the vicinity, found employment, growing up with the concern to occupy profitable and useful places. Pinehurst has never been an incorporated town, but it has all the modern conveniences and of the best type, provided by the Pinehurst organization. While many individuals own their homes, which range from the elaborate and expensive type to the modest establishment of the man of more limited means, the general atmosphere in some respects recalls the Brook Farm community, where a marked democracy and equality was a pronounced factor. Pinehurst folks have made friends with the local people. They drop in at the old Bethesda Church

at times for worship, and they have adopted the Bethesda Cemetery as a final resting place. A broad conception of the God of Moses pervades the atmosphere, with the appreciation of the Golden Rule as emanated from Galilee, fitting in with the basic tones of the Bethesda community. Students, bookish people, diplomats, lovers of athletic games and sports, everybody comes to Pinehurst, and all alike influence the mental, the material, the social atmosphere, the happy development of mankind, with the utilities, the wholesome pleasures and intellectual stimulus.

Southern Pines is a companion of Pinehurst, but it is a community in which the usual political government pertains. A village of three or four thousand people, well-kept, fine homes, similar to those of Pinehurst, fine community methods and plans, rural homes outlying the village, a duplicate of Pinehurst in general appearance, but a self-governing municipal body, assuming the responsibilities of village operation, an excellent member of the Mount Helicon community, each fitting in its peculiar sphere and harmonizing thoroughly with the other.

At Aberdeen, near Bethesda, is another village, a commercial center, more of the older day, peopled more largely by the Scotch descendants, as Pinehurst and Southern Pines are more from the outside world.

TROUBLING THE WATERS

WHEN in October, 1763, the British Parliament proposed a measure to collect taxes from the American Colonies for the uses of the British Crown, a fire was kindled that led twelve years later to the American Revolution. North Carolina at the Assembly in Wilmington in November, 1764, denied the right of the Crown to lay taxes on the colony. The House asserted its exclusive authority to fix taxes and to direct payments from the public fund. Parliament passed the Stamp Act. It was resisted. The "Sons of Liberty," an organization to defy the act, spread over the colony. Open rebellion marked the Cape Fear. At Wilmington taxed tea and taxed paper were driven from the harbor. On the heels of the movement the upper end of the valley along the Deep River border broke out against irregularities in taxes and official fees, which resulted in the organization of the "Regulators." On May 16, 1771, came the Battle of the Alamance, north of the Scotch border and above the Deep River, the

first blood shed in the American Revolution. Governor Tryon called out the militia to suppress the insubordination. Intermittent fighting followed for several days, as the troops pushed westward up the Deep River region toward Salem, the result being the temporary suppression of the outbreak, but only for a brief period and in a slumbering manner. The army ravaged as it went. The expedition cost the public treasury about three hundred thousand dollars, and the British Crown, its colonies, for the fire was never put out. Four years later it broke out again in the lower Scotch region of the Cape Fear, at the Moore's Creek bridge, and when that quarrel ended, Great Britain had lost her American possessions, and a new nation was created, destined to lead the world.

In all of this the unhappy Highlanders were involved. Steadily their numbers had been increasing. In the winter of 1771 a thousand new migrants from Scotland arrived on the Cape Fear. The Fayetteville vicinity, known as Cross Creek and Campbellton, had become a thriving trading center for the Northwest. In 1772 the British King protested that too many of his subjects were moving to America and refused to grant territory for further colonization. But in 1774 three hundred families came from the Highlands to join their friends and relatives, which resulted in the

King closing his land offices and withdrawing his land in that region from public settlement. During the winter following another eight hundred Scotch landed at the port of Wilmington. Later on they continued to come.

Conditions had changed. The Highlander, the son of war and sorrow from the days of the Dalriad Scots over 1400 years ago, had thought that when he took the oath of allegiance to the British Crown and came to America, his troubles were ended. But that oath of allegiance magnified them and added more, for the determination of most of the Colonists to govern themselves made of the Highlander an enemy of the people he came among. He was asked to join in the demands for colonial liberty. The Regulators who had suffered in their uprising on Deep River and on the Alamance had been frightened in their defeat and were outlawed by the Governor, who offered pardon if they would stand by the Crown. Some of them moved away. Some became loyalists. But many undertook to assume a neutrality. Some of the Highlanders also assumed neutrality, that state that invites the antagonism of both enemies. Some Highlanders stood loyally by the Governor, a smaller number by the Colonies. Troops were brought out from England. The Colonists gathered. February 26, 1776, was fought the Battle of Moore's Creek Bridge, in the

Scotch country, with complete disaster to the loyalist troops. Nearly a thousand prisoners were taken by the Colonial forces, with several hundred guns and many swords, dirks, and other implements of war, powder, shot, wagons, horses, and probably sixty thousand dollars in coin. The Highlanders were scattered. But the loyal Highlanders remained true to the Crown. To the end of the war the Cape Fear country was a terrorized region, both contestants making war on large and small scale and with little mercy. The oath of allegiance to the British king was a costly step for the Scotch emigrants who left their homes for America.

Through the entire dreary length of the American Revolution no section was more torn by war than the Cape Fear, for the loyalty of the Highland folks set off this section as a Tory reservation, where raids and reprisal and civil war were a constant factor. Nor did it end with the victory of the Colonial patriots, for the bitterness engendered was too deeply seated to be forgotten quickly.

In Ashe's *History of North Carolina* is an illuminating map of the location of settlements by different nationalities down to 1776. The country, as at present distinctly Scotch, is shown by the same lines as then. Surrounding the Scotch are to be found the English on the south and

east, with a small group of Scotch-Irish and somewhat mixed population including Irish, Welsh, and Swiss east of the South River. Northeast of Moore and Harnett comes a broad sweep of English, reaching to the Atlantic and to the Virginia line on the north and as far west as Orange County. From there westward is the location of the Pennsylvania Dutch, the Quakers, the Scotch-Irish from Pennsylvania, some English, and a few others, this migration largely from Pennsylvania, with a few from Maryland, and chiefly down the Shenandoah Valley. The various groups completely surrounded the Cape Fear Scotch, who kept pretty well within their own boundaries, except as in later years they began their migration westward to Tennessee and the Mississippi Valley.

The Scotch had come to the Cape Fear in two separate impulses. The first settlers arrived about 1730, coming through a desire to improve their opportunity in a new world of resources and attractions. They appear to have been an excellent type of people, of some means, of some education, industrious, and typical of the vigorous and upright immigrant who has done so much to make this a great nation. A few of the Highland Scotch came through Virginia. A sprinkling of other nationalities came to settle on the Scotch borders. An interesting group, though it has re-

mained small in number, near the northern range of the Scotch, is the Von Cannon family. The original Von Cannon was a Hollander, who, as far as can be determined, came out alone, and on his ship found favor with the captain, who persuaded him to join the crew. Three times Von Cannon sailed with the captain back and forth, but finally, on arriving in the Cape Fear on his last voyage, he determined to stay, as had been his original intention. He came up to the Head of Rockfish and on to the Drowning Creek heads. His posterity includes the Von Cannons of Moore County, who have retained the spelling of the name as it came to them from Holland, except that an extra "n" is added, for the older folks were Von Canons, indicating a clerical relation. Some of the offspring of Von Cannon moved farther west and established the great Cannon industrial family in Cabarrus, where textile manufacturing has been developed on a large scale. Another branch went into Guilford, whence came Joseph Cannon, many years later a leader in Congress and in national affairs. From the Quaker stock up that way came Herbert Hoover, ex-president of the United States.

The Cape Fear Scotch were self-contained. They held together, occupying their territory almost wholly, few outsiders being among them. The other sections were more or less mixed. The

Scotch area was quite decisively defined. The Scotch influence persisted, and the Gaelic tongue prevailed for a long time. The peculiar relation of the Scotch to their neighbors, especially following the greater migration after Culloden, was delicate. The English settlers on the borders were to the Scotch the representatives of a conquering nation. That kept the Scotch to themselves. But another influence was greater. The Highlanders had come out to America to locate and make permanent homes and establish themselves where they might grow up as a prosperous people. Their idea was land, cattle, sawmills, turpentine, orchards, and settled industry and progress. They secured their holdings of land, gathering with their neighbors, and were prepared to create the wealth they sought. On the borders, particularly to the northeast, they came in contact with the English, who included a type that was highly distasteful to the Scotch conservatives. These embraced floating elements that came with the English from the Jamestown territory. To the early Jamestown had been sent from England many persons who left their country for their country's good, as Ashe expressed it. A considerable number of convicts had been banished, and many indentured servants were not always of the better stock. Among these were restless feet that tended to drift, and from that

stock came nomadic people who counted on hunting and the accidents of chance for existence. Many of them were runaway servants and criminals. They roamed over the Carolina region, depending for their clothing on furs and deerskins, from which they came to be called "Buckskins," a name that is still heard in the border section. They, like some biblical characters, could not always distinguish between the words *meum* and *tuum*, hence they were as willing to hunt on the lands of the Scotch as on the open lands of the colony. They could not definitely discriminate between deer and cattle or sheep or hogs, or other animals on the range when hunting, and the Scotch homesteaders protested against this disregard of the conventionalities of ownership and appropriation.

It would seem that this element had something to do with the antagonisms that arose between the governors of the province and the people, which came to such a stage that in many cases the people were defiant of law. Governor Burrington, in 1731, before the Cape Fear had become much of a settlement north of Wilmington, writing to the Duke of Newcastle, said, "The inhabitants of North Carolina are not industrious, but subtle and crafty; always behaved insolently to their governors; some they have imprisoned, others they have drove out of the country, and

at other times they set up a governor of their own choice, supported by men under arms." However, Burrington was not rated high as a governor, and a few years later he was murdered. William Byrd, one of the commissioners who ran the dividing line between Virginia and North Carolina, was scarcely more complimentary of the Carolina people, for he said in his narrative about the survey that the folks along the border "much rather belong to Carolina, where they pay no tribute to God or Cæsar." They complained if the survey set them over in Virginia.

When settlements finally began on the Cape Fear, a rivalry arose, and the northeastern counties looked with antagonism on the demand of the new precincts in that section for representation in the Colonial Assembly. The northern counties had been allowed four or five delegates each and the southern counties, two. At a meeting of the Assembly, at a period when many of the northern representatives could not be present, a new apportionment was made and the south was given a larger allotment of members. This led to a quarrel that lasted several years and held up legislative action. In a quarrel the government had been moved from Bath to Newbern, farther south, as the bulk of settlement was moving southward, and the northern folks refused to vote for members for new assemblies, and the

old Assembly held over from session to session for years. The northern folks would not observe the laws made in the session and refused to pay taxes on which they had no voice in the levy, and affairs were unsatisfactory. All this added to the uneasiness indicated by the protests of the Regulators. In the long run relations between people and government became so strained that out of the situation came the movement that finally stirred the colony to revolt.

Meantime the Cape Fear Scotch territory was increasing steadily, the people a solidarity, bound by their oath of fealty at Culloden to stand by the Crown, and loyal in their sentiment, because they desired a stable government. They also detested the predatory habit that many of the "buckskin" nomads followed in their marauding expeditions among the conservative folks on the Cape Fear. Two wholly different habits of thought and life marked the people of Virginia origin and those who came from Scotland, and it was easy for them to clash when they came in contact, the one factor represented by the Scotch loyalists called Tories, and the other by the Colonial patriots, who were called Whigs. With character and habits so dissimilar, it could not be otherwise than that they should develop a bitterness which in due time demanded war to the knife and to the hilt. Yearning for peace and

striving to obey the laws of the Crown, the Scotch were obliged to take sides against the Colonists who demanded a free government. Like Old Dog Tray, they suffered because of the company they kept. The sins of the British Crown were visited on the Scotch, whose desire was to be loyal and not molested, forgetting the scriptural admonition that "he that is not for me is against me."

While Moore's Creek bridge battle was the one big encounter that brought the Scotch into contact with the other Colonists, smaller contests were of importance locally. These, although many and continuous from the start, were brought to a climax that was a minor civil war after the invasion of the state by Cornwallis in 1781. With the termination of the Battle of Guilford Courthouse, Cornwallis retreated southward, coming down the Deep River on the east side and passing Lockville, where he crossed to the south side and headed for Fayetteville. Greene followed to below Lockville, then turned southward through the upper part of Moore and into Rockingham County and west of Wadesboro toward Camden. When Greene came down to succeed Gates after the defeat of the latter at Camden, Greene took his army into short winter quarters at Cheraw, in South Carolina, not far from the country of Mount Helicon. The troops stayed there until

the latter part of January, when Greene sent General Huger with the army toward Salisbury, and from there the Guilford campaign developed.

With the Continental army at Cheraw during the winter, and again crossing Moore County on its way back from Guilford in April, this section was pretty fairly overrun with Continental soldiers and heavily taxed for subsistence, much of which the armies exacted from the neighborhood. All through the territory up the Deep River Valley and even farther north into the Dan country, the needs of the two armies, before and after the Guilford battle, had been exacting supplies; likewise farther south the people were seriously burdened in this direction. The Scotch settlers were wearied with the foraging and cruelties of the Continental troops, and the Continental sympathizers were equally disheartened and cruelly treated by the loyalist soldiery and bushwhackers. To complicate matters, General Lee, who had come with his own cavalry division with Greene from Guilford, continued on the track of Cornwallis from Lockville down into Cumberland County, crossing the county to the southwest from Little River, through the Rockfish region to Drowning Creek and south into the interior of South Carolina, leaving his trail across the Scotch settlements between Mount Helicon and Raeford. The whole region on all sides was trampled to

the ground by marching men and marauders.

During the Cornwallis campaign Major Craig, of the British Army, took possession of the country from Wilmington north between the Cape Fear and the Yadkin, and aroused the Scotch and other Tories up as far as Alamance County, a region of which the Head of Rockfish was the center. Civil war was engendered, with bands of lawless Tories and equally lawless Whigs roaming the country, plundering, murdering, hanging, irresponsible crowds robbing for their own profit and paying no attention to any authority but their own. Hill, in his *History of North Carolina*, notes the massacre of Piney Bottom, a pleasant valley six miles to the east and in sight of the summit of Mount Helicon on a clear day. Colonel Wade, of Anson County, with others had sought safety among friends on the Neuse River. After Cornwallis had been driven back from the Deep River toward Fayetteville, Wade, with a party conveying their wagons back homeward from the Neuse, passed the head of Piney Bottom Creek, where they camped for the night. While they were asleep, a band of Tories who had followed them surprised and killed five or six of their number. Wade, on reaching home, gathered a party of friends, who rode back into the Piney Bottom and killed nearly all the Tories who had taken part in the attack.

This affair was one of a sequence that followed the appearance of David Fanning in the Cape Fear vicinity.

Shortly before Cornwallis invaded the Deep River section around Guilford Courthouse, Fanning had come up from South Carolina as a sort of independent ranger. He gathered a bunch of Tories about him, among them that band Colonel Lee cut to pieces in what is called Pyle's massacre in the Cornwallis campaign. Immediately after their destruction Fanning formed another body and established himself at Coxe's mill, just over the Moore County line in Randolph County on Deep River. He annoyed Greene in the chase of Cornwallis down through that section to Lockville, and later he secured from Craig, the Tory commander at Wilmington, a commission as colonel of a loyal regiment in the Deep River section. Fanning was a resourceful and bold antagonist. One day he appeared at the Whig muster at Pittsboro and captured fifty-three of the Whig militia, including two of their colonels, Philip Alston, who lived at the Horseshoe on Deep River, and Wade, of Anson County. A number of these were taken to Wilmington as hostages. Down at Raft swamp they were threatened with execution, but were finally taken to Wilmington and ultimately paroled. Soon after, Alston returned to his Deep River home at the Horseshoe

in the upper end of Moore County. There he was attacked again by Fanning, when four of his party were killed and all the rest but three were wounded. Alston surrendered. Alston has been made much of a hero by his admirers, but it was war days and the records indicate that his hands were not free from blood stains. Two or three affairs tell of things attributed to him that are not to his credit, and the evidence appears strong enough to give credence to the charges.

The situation grew so intense in the upper Cape Fear Region that an appeal to Governor Burke for help for the Whigs said, "Large bodies of Tories and robbers range the country up to Drowning Creek in a territory a hundred miles in length and fifty miles across, much encumbered with large swamps, and we must have help or fall prey to these villains." Hector McNeill, Duncan Ray, and other Tory commanders were active with four or five hundred men at McFall's mill on Drowning Creek, not far from the present site of Raeford. Colonel Wade, the Continental commander of the Anson troops, called on the Montgomery and Richmond militia for help and went down to Beattie's bridge, and after a small battle drove the Tories away. Later Wade and Fanning had another encounter at McFall's mill on Drowning Creek. Fanning took fifty-four prisoners, killed about twenty-five of the Whigs,

and carried a number of them to Wilmington in captivity, paroling the rest.

Fanning climaxed his terrorism in this section by capturing Governor Burke. From his camp at Coxe's mill on Deep River he raided Hillsboro, where the Governor was making an official visit, and surprised him and sent him a prisoner to Wilmington. Fanning was wounded in the affair and could not go along, but hid in the Deep River forests until able to move. He finally left the country and went to the British provinces in the north, and lived a reputable life.

Whig and Tory leaders have left a name that is colored by their war experiences and which depends on who is telling the story as to the character of the narrative. But it was this condition that affected the country around Mount Helicon, and probably the years toward the end of the Revolution and immediately following were the darkest days of the upper Cape Fear country. While Sherman's invasion was on a much greater scale, it was quickly over and was one-sided, but the Revolutionary disturbance hung on long after peace had been declared officially, for the people who had been arraigned against each other remained as residents, and antagonisms continued.

North of Deep River the Scotch frontier was peopled in the Revolutionary days by the Quakers, Germans, and other immigrants who had come

down the Shenandoah Valley from Pennsylvania, including the Pennsylvania and some Virginia Scotch-Irish. East of these settlers were the Virginia contributions from the coast section of Virginia and North Carolina. It was from the "Buckskins," in the Scotch vernacular, those from farther east in Virginia, and the Pennsylvania migrants to the west of them, that the "Regulators" came who started the agitation over taxation in the Alamance country, and farther west to the Yadkin. These men had been pretty well put down when the Revolution broke out, many of them going to the western counties of North Carolina to help in creating Tennessee. But the whole area above Deep River was torn by the strife of local war, just as in the section farther south and throughout the Scotch region.

It was a common sentiment that moved the Deep River folks and the Scotch-Irish and Germans out through the Salisbury section and on down to Charlotte, that started that whole area in its clamor for representative government and led the Charlotte folks to issue their Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence before the Philadelphia Declaration made the attitude of the Colonies an official utterance of the whole budding nation.

HOISTING THE BANNER

My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distill as the dew, as the small rain on the tender herb and as the showers upon the grass; because I will publish the name of the Lord. He is the Rock. His work is perfect, a God of truth, and without iniquity.

THE Puritan came to Massachusetts prompted by religious motives, fleeing persecution in the Old World. His parson was his definite leader. From what is available about the early migrants from Europe to the Carolina colonies of the United States, the clergyman was not the factor he seems to have been in the Puritan colonies of New England. The Scot came to the Cape Fear through wholly different reasons. The parson had but little place in his disturbed migration and did not come with him. Hence the first of the coming shepherds for the scattered flock on the Cape Fear appears to have been a Presbyterian from the Pennsylvania colony, Rev. Hugh McAden, a missionary who drifted into the Cross

Creek country in January, 1755, and preached at Hector McNeill's house at the Bluff on the Cape Fear, where some years later a church was established. Mr. McAden labored in this vineyard, which to him was evidently an unpromising one, for he criticizes the singing, the understanding of his audience, and their familiarity with drinking and frivolity.

Later a Scotchman, James Campbell, who had migrated to Pennsylvania, was induced to come down and work the field. Campbell served the neighborhood for twelve or thirteen years. By 1770 the Scotch had spread farther up into the Rockfish country, a grant from King George in 1766 to John Patterson of fifty acres of land, now the site of Bethesda Church, indicating that development had commenced in the Helicon Mountain territory. The church at the Head of Rockfish was the fourth to arise from the foundations laid by the two Pennsylvanians, and to the beginning of Presbyterianism in North Carolina here in the Scotch settlement of the Cape Fear, to Longstreet, Barbecue, and Bluff centers was added the new kirk at Mount Helicon, organized under jurisdiction of the Philadelphia Presbytery.

The remarkable expansion of that primitive organization is a feature of the influence and progress the Scotch have made manifest in this new American world. At the Head of Rockfish

was established, in addition to the church, a school, the Solemn Grove Academy. The achievement of that institution, along with the church, spread Presbyterianism and learning over a wide proportion of that new nation about to arise, the United States of America, the church, the school, and the nation being almost the same age. The church at the Head of Rockfish was founded in 1790. It is argued that the academy is a little older, although the date of its beginning is not positively certain. It was officially chartered in 1804 by the state, with Hector McNeill, Duncan Patterson, Neill Smith, Archibald McBride, William Martin, Jacob Gaston, Archibald Graham, Rev. Malcom McNair, and Daniel Brown as trustees. But it is believed the academy existed some years prior to the date of its charter. The First Congress of the United States under the Constitution assembled March 4, 1789, and on April 4 counted the votes that elected George Washington president, whose inauguration took place April 30, when the government of the United States went into operation. Even at that, North Carolina had not yet ratified the Constitution, hence was not of the United States. The August convention in 1788 in North Carolina refused to accept the proposed Constitution until some amendments and a declaration of rights had been included. This was ultimately done and North

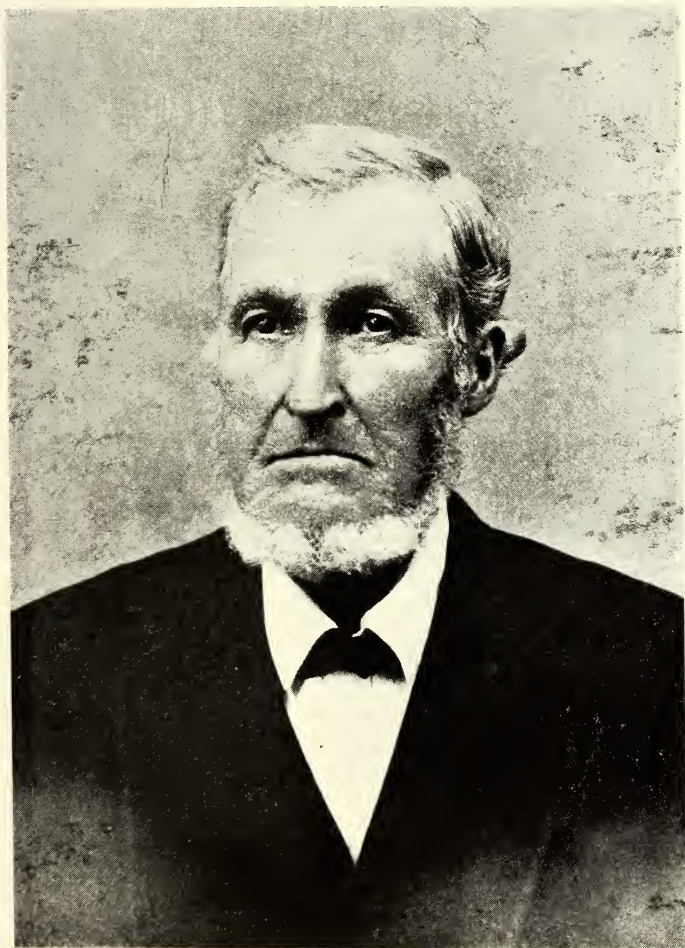
Carolina in November, 1789, adopted the Constitution. Rhode Island joined the Federation in May, 1790. The Head of Rockfish Church is older than the United States.

From information that Dr. A. C. Bethune has sifted out from the traditions of Bethesda it seems that the actual church antedated the year 1790, which some authorities fix as about the time the church was moved from the original site at Solemn Grove Academy to the present site near Aberdeen, on the west side of Mount Helicon in the headwaters of the valley of the Aberdeen Creek. But Edwin McKeithen, a close student of church and local Colonial history, thinks the date of removal was much later than 1790.

Before the removal it is quite evident that services were held for some time at the Head of Rockfish. One of the arguments is the name of the church as held by older members of the past generation, who invariably referred to the "Head of Rockfish" church, and to the collateral testimony that services were held in the old structure on the head of the creek in a building that could hardly be dignified by the name of a church, as it was more of a shelter, probably enclosed on the sides and covered more or less with boughs, the congregation probably sitting in the open air if many were there. Also testimony as to the age of the older church is found in the fact that

the removal to the west side of Mount Helicon was prompted by the clamor of the settlers who had gone farther into the territory up in the Jackson Springs section, and even toward the Deep River and over toward Union Church and to Euphronia near the Horseshoe. These people objected to the climb over Mount Helicon when they came from the upper parts of the county to worship. Their insistence was largely the cause of deserting the older site and the move over the mountain to the west side. Later the influence of the Presbyterians in the northern counties met the northward move of the Scotch from Cape Fear, and other churches were built in northern Moore, Randolph, and Chatham. Yet always Bethesda grew and thrived and continued a mother in Israel to the newer congregations and establishments. The older folks in the Mount Helicon region recall the ruins of the ancient building that was the old schoolhouse, and possibly the church, on the east side of the summit close by the W. A. McNeill house, one of the early houses still standing.

The first building at Bethesda at the west side of the Helicon ridge was a log structure amid the cedar trees that mark the old cemetery where are the graves of the early members. There services were held in the two languages, for a proportion of the Scotch immigrants understood but little



JOHN B. GRAHAM, RULING ELDER OF OLD BETHESDA,
1855 TO 1899.

English. By 1832 more room was required by the growing community and a new church was built farther west by the side of the Peedee road, about where the present church stands. It was taken down just prior to the Civil War to give place to the one that is now the shrine of the Presbyterians of the Sandhills of the upper Cape Fear. The lumber for both of these buildings was sawed from the fine long leaf pine of the neighborhood at Major Ray's sawmill on the creek where the Southern Pines Country Club lake still exists, and near the Ray home that is one of the surviving old buildings of more than a century ago.

It is unfortunate that the history of the church has been interrupted through the loss of some of the records by fire and other agencies, but several influences have conspired to this end. One was the large migration of Cape Fear folks to the westward in the opening of the vast country beyond the mountains and around the Gulf coast to the Mississippi Valley and Texas. With that migration, and the changed character of the population by the abolition of all settlement within the boundary of Fort Bragg, which comes up almost to the foot of Mount Helicon, and with the influx of new settlers drawn to Pinehurst, Southern Pines, to the peach orchards, to the winter resorts, the Scotch comprise a limited proportion of the

inhabitants as compared with the old days. The younger folks have not been as interested in old Scottish history and tradition as might have been had not the new influences come in, so the story has to be told as the facts can be gathered. The Historical Foundation at Montreat, North Carolina, headquarters for information concerning Presbyterian affairs in the state, says of Bethesda:

This church is reported in the Manual of Fayetteville Presbytery, edition of 1901, as organized in 1790 by Orange Presbytery. There were two churches by this name in the Presbytery during those early days, and it is very difficult to distinguish them. The earliest clear reference to the Bethesda of Moore county is in the Minutes of 1804. In 1813 the Presbytery of Orange was divided and Fayetteville Presbytery erected. This same year the Synod of the Carolinas was divided and the Synod of North Carolina erected. Bethesda Church became a charter member of Fayetteville Presbytery in 1813 and has been identified with this same presbytery for 120 years. During the early years it was associated with various groups of churches: Beards, Bethesda, Harmony, Philadelphia, and Bethel, in 1821; Beards, Bethesda, Harmony, and Otterys, in 1825; Barbecue, Bethesda, and Big Swamp, in 1830; Long Street, Galatia, and Bethesda, in 1832; Bethesda, Long Street, and Cypress, in 1834; Bethesda, Bensalem, and Min-

eral Springs, in 1841; Sandy Grove, Long Street, and Bethesda, in 1857. From 1868 Bethesda is entered on the records by itself.

The ministers who have served Bethesda in unbroken sequence since 1825 to the present time are: John McIntyre, 1825; Archibald Buie, 1830; Colin McIver, 1832; Evander McNair, 1834; Archibald Smith, 1837; Samuel Paisley, 1853; James McQueen, 1857; J. H. Colton, 1866; Kenneth McIntyre, 1867; Martin McQueen, 1874; Evander McNair, 1881; J. W. Johnston, 1888; C. H. Dobbs, Jr., 1897; T. F. Haney, 1903; J. D. A. Brown, 1905; T. C. Delaney, 1913; V. R. Gaston, 1916; E. L. Barber, 1930.

In the roll of preachers who have officiated at Bethesda perhaps the most of romance hangs about John McIntyre. He was a Scotchman by birth, son of Daniel and Anne McIntyre, born in 1750 in Appin in Argyllshire, Scotland. His mother, originally a Catholic, ultimately became a Protestant. He came to America in 1791, locating in the upper part of Cumberland, close by the present line of Moore. In 1812 he married for the fourth time, his wife being the widow of Archibald Graham, of the neighborhood. The McIntyres owned and lived on the farm on Drowning Creek better known of late as the Buchan farm, a part of the estate left by J. E.

Buchan, who died a few years ago in Manly, a leader in affairs in his section.

McIntyre was a man naturally given to religious emotions. A big revival stimulated his interest in church affairs and led him, when past fifty years of age, to enter the academy at Solemn Grove, where he studiously pursued his Greek and Latin until he was licensed to preach. It is said by some authorities that he commenced his school work with McMillan at the age of forty-four, which would be about 1794, but McMillan did not seem to have been old enough then to carry on an academy that would teach Latin. McMillan was a student with David Caldwell in the classics and theology, and was licensed to preach in 1801. It is possible that Mr. Smylie, sometimes referred to as McIntyre's instructor, may have preceded McMillan at Solemn Grove, but this is largely conjecture. James Smylie, on the 1813 roll of Bethesda, lived on the old Sandy Graham place. His descendants moved to Alabama. Murdoch McMillan was preaching at the Head of Rockfish in 1804, and McIntyre followed him not long after. Then for a while McIntyre went to Robeson County, coming back to Bethesda sometime after 1820, to remain for several years, and with remarkably good results. Later he went to Georgia, where he gathered a congregation in a new field and held them for two or three years.

He returned to North Carolina, to die in 1852, past 102 years of age.

Of Rev. Archibald Buie, little is known. He preached in Bethesda as early as in 1825, after some years in Georgia. Later he went to South Carolina, retiring from the church at an old age.

Rev. Evander McNair was a man of prominence and ability. Fifty-three years he served the Church in North Carolina, Texas, Alabama, and Arkansas. He was a native of Robeson County, and preached over much of the Cape Fear section. His work in Alabama and Texas was effective in some of the leading congregations of the larger places. He was chaplain in one of the first regiments to go to the front in 1861. Under his administration occurred the famous great revival of 1833 in which hundreds were added to the Church in the upper Cape Fear.

Of Archibald Smith little is known, except that he supplied Bethesda from 1837 to 1851 and that he was a licentiate of the Fayetteville Presbytery in 1833.

Samuel Paisley, a student with Rev. Joseph Caldwell and of John McIntyre, was at Bethesda from 1853 to 1856. Beginning his ministry at Hillsboro, North Carolina, about 1822, he continued in the upper Cape Fear country about forty years, including in his field Buffalo, Union, Euphronia, Bensalem, Bethesda, and others. He died

in 1866. He was the son of W. D. Paisley. Roberts, in his *History of Union Church*, says Presbyterian work was begun at Union when the Rev. W. D. Paisley was sent by Orange Presbytery in 1796 to serve the people in the congregation of Buffalo, Union, and Bethesda. Information at hand does not show how long he included Bethesda.

James McQueen, a graduate of Davidson College, came to Bethesda in 1857. Civil War interrupted affairs in the South, and the records do not show much of the detail of his work.

Kenneth McIntyre was a soldier in the Civil War from 1861 to 1865. He served Bethesda at least a portion of his time as a probationer, later going to Jackson Springs and elsewhere. He died in Troy in 1908.

The story of the Rev. Martin McQueen is broadened in the reference elsewhere to the McQueen family. Martin McQueen was a native of Robeson County, born in 1826, and died in 1888. He graduated from Davidson in 1851 and in his theological studies from Columbia Seminary in South Carolina. From 1874 to 1880 he was pastor at Bethesda. From then he continued at Union until his death in 1888. It is recorded that in the period of his ministry at the various churches he added 1200 persons to the member-

ship. He was a man singularly revered and esteemed.

James William Johnston, who filled the Bethesda pulpit from 1889 to 1896, was a native of Canada. He entered the ministry in 1865, going west on account of his health. He came to Aberdeen, where he died in 1898.

Charles H. Dobbs was a Mississippi man, but began his church work in West Virginia. He served Bethesda from 1897 to 1901. From here he went back to Mississippi and from there to Texas, where he has taken an active place in the Presbyterian organization.

J. D. A. Brown, a native of Robeson County, was the son of a preacher in that section. Much of his ministerial work was in the states farther south. He came to Bethesda in 1905, continuing until 1911. From that on, although advancing in years, he cared for some of the smaller churches of the vicinity. In 1923 he had gone to Montreat for a vacation, but his strength was failing and he returned to Aberdeen, to die within a couple of days after his arrival. He is buried at Bethesda.

Thomas C. Delaney is a Virginia man. Aberdeen in 1913 was one of his first charges. In 1917 he went back to Virginia and from there to Tennessee, Florida, and Alabama.

Virgil R. Gaston, of South Carolina, came to

Bethesda in 1916, from Antioch, and stayed until 1929. Prior to his connection with Antioch and Bethesda he was attached to churches in Virginia and South Carolina. He is buried at Bethesda, the church he fathered thirteen years with the high regard of the people.

Ernest Lowry Barber is the present pastor of Bethesda. He was born at York, South Carolina, in 1892, and graduated from Presbyterian College at Clinton and from the Columbia Theological Seminary. In 1922 Mr. Barber was ordained to the Presbyterian ministry by the Atlanta Presbytery and the same year was installed as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Carrollton, Georgia, where he stayed until January, 1930, when he came to Bethesda. His work has been highly appreciated by his people, for he has the faculty of filling his pulpit and of making friends in and out of the church. He spent one year in the army during the war with Germany, and is now moderator of the Fayetteville Presbytery and chairman of the Committee on Religious Education.

Some conflict of authorities as to dates of events in connection with the original Head of Rockfish Church confuses the history of the church to some extent. But it seems that in 1790 Archibald Patterson and John McMillan were the first elders, and that John Gillespie was the first



Photo by John Hemmer

ERNEST LOWRY BARBER, PRESENT PASTOR OF OLD BETHESDA CHURCH.

continued preacher, with W. D. Paisley in 1796 and Murdoch McMillan in 1801, the next whose connection with the church can with certainty be identified. McMillan's removal later to Union Church left the field open for John McIntyre, who appears to have had charge of the Church on the Head of Rockfish for the first time in 1805, followed some years later by another connection. McMillan was licensed at Barbecue by Orange Presbytery in 1801, which would indicate that he was given Bethesda Church at once with his other charges. This tallies with the statement that McMillan was carrying on his school some years before it was chartered, which is also borne out by the attendance of John McIntyre at McMillan's school, where he was converted in 1802 and from which he later graduated and became a preacher.

With the beginning of Presbyterianism in Cumberland County, Bluff, Barbecue, and Longstreet formed a triangle from which other churches arose. The Church at the Head of Rockfish in 1790 made a fourth member of the advancing army. It is said that Colin Lindsey preached at Bethesda between 1780 and 1790, and Angus McDermiad is thought to have done mission work there. These men were Kirk of Scotland agents, not for some time affiliated with the Philadelphia Presbytery. Union Church up the

Peedee road to the north of Rockfish followed Bethesda in 1796, according to Roberts' *History of Union*, when the new stations of Union and Buffalo were cast with Bethesda to be served by the Rev. W. D. Paisley. In 1804 the Rev. Murdoch McMillan was installed as pastor of Union and Buffalo, along with Bethesda, where he had been conducting his Solemn Grove Academy. On this appointment he removed from Solemn Grove to the bend in the Deep River near Carbonton, where he established another academy, and which ultimately resulted in the creation of Euphronia Church in 1819. The Euphronia neighborhood came to be prominent in the industrial and educational life of the county.

About the same time Bensalem was established northwest of Bethesda, and it continues to this day to be one of the vigorous and progressive churches of Moore County, typically rural, holding its people, a community center for wholesome country life. Bensalem and Euphronia are the outlines of Cape Fear Presbyterianism in this section. North of them the territory has been held right firmly by the Baptists, the Methodists, and the Quakers. There was the line of separation between the Whig and the Tory.

North Carolina under the charters was more or less subject to the domination of the established Church of England. But with the migration to

the colony of many Lutherans, Calvinists, and others, when the time came in 1776 to adopt a constitution for the colony, which was throwing off the British government, religious freedom was made one of the fundamental provisions. John Adams writes of this attitude: "In Virginia and North Carolina they have made an effort for the destruction of bigotry which is very remarkable. They have abolished their establishments of episcopacy so far as to give complete liberty of conscience to dissenters, an acquisition in favor of the rights of mankind which is worth all the blood and treasure which has been or will be spent in this war," referring to the Revolution.

The information from Montreat includes an old letter answering an inquiry from a correspondent on the subject of Bethesda. The letter says:

I herewith enclose you a list of the officers and members of an old Presbyterian church in Moore County, North Carolina. It is not a very old document, compared with many others of the same kind, but if published would doubtless be of interest to many persons, descendants of the persons named therein. I find this list on the first pages of an old blank book which was the property of my grandfather, John P. Graham, who died many years ago. My mother says that he was clerk of the church. There is nothing relating to the church in the book except this list, an exact copy of which I have made.

It is very unusual now to find so many persons of the same name associated in any kind of an organization, and one would suppose that these are a repetition of the same name making the list, but that was not the case. It is another peculiarity of this list that there are so many persons of the same Christian name, and no double or middle names. They were Scotch people, as their names indicate.

Following is a copy of the list of officers and members:

The Session Book of Bethesda, January 20th, 1812.
John McIntyre, Pastor.

Ruling Elders—Alexr Graham, John McLeod, John Black, Daniel Martin, Daniel McNile, Lauchlen Curry, Norman Shaw and John P. Graham.

MEMBERS

Angus Blue	Daniel McNeill
Arch'd Gillis	Duncan Smith
Alexer Graham	Duncan McCallum
Angus Johnsdn	Malcom McCauley
Archd Paterson	Amerial Paterson
Colin Bethune	Ann Graham
Daniel Blue	Gormel McLeod
Daniel Campbell	Jane McIntyre
Duncan McLean	Isabella McGugan
Duncan McGugan	Jennet Smith
Daniel Paterson	Mary Black
Daniel Paterson	Catherine Baker
Daniel Smith	Catherine Clark

Catherine McLean	Christen Smith
Catherine McDonald	Christen McKinnon
Sarah Buchan	Christen McLean
Nancy Black	Effy Black
Catherine Blue	Effy Graham
Catherine McNeill	Effy Black
Duncan Smith	Effy McLean
Ann Smith	Eliza Graham
Ann Smith	Louisa Black
Catherine Buchan	Elizabeth Keaehey
Hugh Black	Elizabeth Shaw
John McIntyre	Flora Blue
John Black	Flora Blue
John McLeod	Flora Graham
John Keaehey	Margaret McNeill
John Blue	Margaret Smith
John P. Graham	Jennet Graham
John McDonald	Nancy Graham
Daniel Martin	Isabella McLean
Luchlen Curry	Mary Clark
Luchlen McKinnon	Mary Graham
Norman Shaw	Mary Graham
Peller Blue	Mary Johnston
Malcolm Clark	Mary Smith
James Smylie	Mary McCallum
Archd Buchan	Mary McKinnon
Ann Campbell	Mary McIntyre
Flora Graham	Mary Smylie
Christen Blue	Margaret Graham
Christen Yeats	Margaret Graham
Christen Gordon	Margaret Graham

Margaret Paterson	Sarah Smith
Margaret Paterson	Sarah McLean
Margaret McLean	Sarah Brone
Isabella Blue	Sarah Campbell
Sarah Curry	Sarah Martin
Sarah Patterson	

These family names run through the roll of the church without much variation up to about 1883. In that time the names of Monroes, McMillans, and McDuffies appear in the 1834 list. McPhersons, Loves, Fergusons, and Cadells are on the list of 1842. McCaskills and Guins are on the roll of 1856, and Keith and Priest appear in 1860. After 1883 the church register reflects the change in population in the Bethesda community. Among the Scotch family names are those of people from all parts of the country, gradually increasing in newcomers, and giving a cosmopolitan feature to the congregation.

In the *Session Book of Bethesda of 1812* the name Blue appears, with Angus, Daniel, John, Peller, Catherine, Christen, Flora, and Isabella. The name of Blue in the Rockfish country was prominent from the beginning. James McNeill Johnson, himself a Bethesda Scot, in a letter to one of the Alabama Blues in answer for information concerning them, wrote the following:

The several Blue families, whose generations I have tried to ferret out, are no less than five in number.

They all came from Argyllshire in Scotland. The first family arrived from North Knapdale about the year 1748 and settled at Longstreet Church in Cumberland County, some twenty miles east from Bethesda. Victor Blue, of the United States Navy, and his brother, Dr. Rupert Blue, surgeon general of the United States Army, are descended from this family, a remarkable pair.

The second family to come over was that of Duncan Blue, about the year 1758, with four sons, Neill, Peter, Malcolm, and Archie. They settled in Moore County at the place called Lakeview. Major John Blue, son of Neil McKay Blue, and W. M. Blue, of Raeford, North Carolina, are representatives of that family.

(Duncan Blue is buried at Lakeview, with several of his family. A grant of land dating back to 1770 is in possession of his Lakeview descendants.)

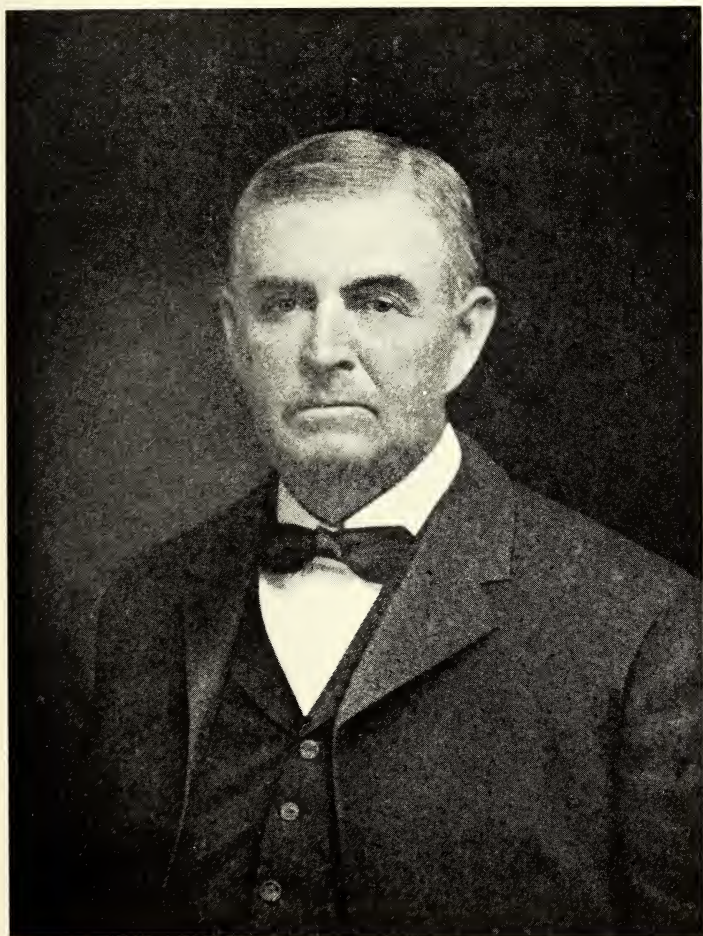
A full generation during and after the Revolutionary War no Scotch settlers came to the Cape Fear section of North Carolina. It was in the year 1800 that the next family of Blues came. This family consisted of five brothers, who were known as the "Guinea" Blues, from the fact that they were small of stature. They came from the Island of Jura and settled at the place known as Pinebluff, North Carolina. These brothers were Archibald, Daniel, John L., Peter, and Dugald. They were thrifty, keen traders, and noted horse racers. I am informed that they did not claim near relationship to the other families of Blues herein noted.

This family all emigrated to Alabama and Mississippi between the years 1820 and 1848, except John L., and my information is that their progeny is scattered over Alabama, Mississippi, and Texas, but are unknown to this writer. John L. Blue settled on Mountain Creek in Hoke County, and his sole descendant is Colin Bethune, of Hoffman, North Carolina.

Three years later, to-wit, in the year 1803, that family of Blues, long known as the Bridge Blues, came from Argyllshire to settle on the old Peedee road about a mile north of Blue's bridge. This family of Blues lived within three miles of your "Guinea" Blues, but without any intimacy between the families that I ever heard of, and it is quite doubtful that they were related.

Again in 1804, Daniel Blue, the forefather of the "River Blues," came from North Knapdale and settled in Moore County, some ten miles from Bethesda. The present Sheriff D. A. Blue is descended from this family of River Blues, and also from Duncan Blue, who came over in 1758, as above stated, that is to say, his grandfather belonged to one of the Blue families, and his grandmother to the other, hence he is Presbyterian true Blue.

Three years ago I was in Scotland and had made an extensive search for Blues in that country. It appears that most of them came to America from Scotland, and the only Blue I found while I was gone was Patrick Blue, a saloon-keeper in the town of Rothsay, and he said he was born in Belfast, Ireland,



JOHN BLUE, RULING ELDER OF BETHESDA CHURCH
FOR 33 YEARS.

though his father went to Ireland from Scotland. However, he was glad to see us (my companion was a Mr. Blue), and he showed us his peculiar art in mixing Scotch drinks.

Archibald Blue owned much of the land on which Weymouth Heights in Southern Pines is built. Daniel Blue owned the site of the Southern Pines Country Club and golf courses. An old stone in Bethesda Churchyard tells that Angus Blue died in 1823, aged 90 years.

Prominent in the Blue family associated with Bethesda was John Blue, of the Lakeview group. After coming home from the army in 1865, he began to interest himself in lumber and turpentine. With his brother, Neill S. Blue, he acquired much timber land. To serve their growing industries, they built a railroad from Aberdeen to Fayetteville and operated over a vast territory along their line. Both left large land holdings when they died. They were two men of good business judgment, employing many people, developing the resources of their community, and progressive in a public way. Rockfish Valley was a field of industry and prosperity while this pair lived. The coming of Fort Bragg took much of the land they operated, which is now in the military reservation. Their railroad is the life of the community between Aberdeen and Fayetteville.

A striking inscription on a marble stone beneath the cedars of the old Bethesda Cemetery informs the reader that Colin Bethune, a native of Scotland by the accident of birth, but a citizen of the United States from choice, in the peace of the long night, his wife beside him, dreams the dreams of eternity. Colin Bethune was one of the early arrivals from the Scottish Highlands, an active hand in advancing the settlement of the newcomers in the work of progress and prosperity. His wife was born in Cumberland County. The name of Bethune was outstanding among the Rockfish settlers. Lauchlin Bethune became one of the foremost landowners of the neighborhood. As he gathered his possessions, his northeast corner was established on Rockfish Creek, half a mile east of the original Solemn Grove Academy. From that corner, still standing, the line extended eight miles southwest to the crossing of Drowning Creek at Blue's bridge. That line is now the line of Moore County and for some distance the line of the Fort Bragg military reservation. Eastward from this line the property occupied the entire territory between Rockfish Creek on the north and Drowning Creek on the south, embracing some 36,000 acres, an empire that made Lauchlin Bethune a man of parts and of prominence in central North Carolina. Several times he was in the Legislature and the Senate. When Henry

Clay, Andrew Jackson, Webster, Hayne, and others of the giants of a century ago were in Congress, Lauchlin Bethune saddled his horse at his home on the Rockfish hills and in a couple of weeks he rode through to Washington, where he, too, was a member of the national assemblage. His namesake, Lauchlin A. Bethune, of Clinton, North Carolina, says he came home from Washington at the end of his congressional career in a carriage, but his equipment proved too heavy and cumbersome for the roads of sandy Rockfish surroundings and was little used.

Lauchlin Bethune's flocks grazed valley and hill. His slaves were so many he did not know all of them. His fields were broad and fertile. The industries required to subsist his household and his establishment gave an active air to the lands about him. The old Bethune home still stands in an orchard on a hilltop near the State Sanatorium, off the highway between Aberdeen and Raeford, now a part of the state institution. It affords a magnificent sight, looking out over the whole world in all directions, contending with Mount Helicon, Pinehurst, and Weymouth Heights at Southern Pines as the loftiest ridge in the central part of North Carolina. From Mount Helicon these other three summits are easily seen.

The Bethunes did not have to come to the Rockfish to make a name. It is of record that before

Columbus discovered America the Beatons, or Bethunes, were holding high rank in the Highlands, as well as in France. In 1522 James Bethune resigned to his nephew the archbishopric of Glasgow, James going as archbishop of St. Andrews. The Beatons had come from Normandy, some authorities say with William the Conqueror, while another interesting statement is that when Richard Cœur de Lion had been released from his imprisonment by the Duke of Austria on his way home from the crusades in Jerusalem, the Bethunes accompanied him to England from Normandy and established themselves in the region of Glasgow and Perth.

James Bethune had his days of sunshine and shadow. Regent of Scotland during the minority of James V, he took the side of the Hamiltons as against Douglas, and the historian says "he had to keep sheep in Balgrumo while the Douglasses plundered his castle." But he soon regained his primacy, and as a zealous opponent of the Reformation, for as an archbishop of the Catholic Church he had a hand in enforcing the penalties against the obnoxious and heretical views of Knox and Wishart and their followers. Four prominent Protestants were burned at the stake during his primacy. The nephew, Archbishop David Bethune, or Beaton, as the name continued, was twice ambassador to France to negotiate the

two marriages of James V, and by Francis I was appointed Bishop of Mireoix in France.

On the death of King James the Archbishop, with three others, was made regent during the minority of the infant Queen Mary. The Scotch nobility rejected the appointment, electing a different regent, who then professed the Reformed faith. Bethune was arrested and imprisoned, but later freed, and persuaded the successful regent, the Earl of Arran, to publicly abjure the Protestant religion; and to make matters impressive, George Wishart, one of the preachers of the new doctrines, was burned at the stake at the Castle of Saint Andrews. Those old fellows had a persuading way about them, and they left no gaps open. The bitter feeling that followed was so great that a conspiracy against Bethune led to his assassination in his own Castle of Saint Andrews in 1546. One of his sons became a Protestant. Possibly that is the solution of the close contact of the American Bethunes with the Presbyterian Church. A second James Bethune, born in 1517, was in 1552 raised to the archbishopric of Glasgow, and the books that tell of him say that on the death of Queen Mary he dwelt in Paris as Scotch ambassador, honored by all men for his blameless life.

A member of the French branch of the family was the famous Maximilien de Bethune, Duke of

Sully, the trusted minister of Henry IV and one of the great administrators of French government. As a Protestant he narrowly escaped the St. Bartholomew massacre. He was a powerful factor in the success of the Reformation in Europe and the preparation of the field that enabled the establishment of the Presbyterian Church on Helicon Mountain.

John Bethune, chaplain in the McDonald regiment that fought the Battle of Moore's Creek Bridge, was captured along with a large proportion of the Scotch troops of the loyalist army. He was sent to Philadelphia as a prisoner. After a period in captivity he was paroled, going to Canada. There he became bishop of Toronto. A brother was also dean of Montreal. The Bethune family made a prominent name for themselves in this country, as well as over Europe, and are identified with history and progress in many fields. In their day they were the actual power that ruled Scotland and France, and they have exerted a broad and wholesome influence in America.

Lauchlin Bethune was a generous contributor to the fortunes of Bethesda, although not as active as some in church affairs. But he was a staunch backer of the institution, at times caring for many of its expenses himself and providing for its preachers.

As this is written come tidings of the death of William J. Bethune, the last of a family of eleven children of Lauchlin Bethune. Of five sons, four were in the Confederate Army. William Bethune lived in a neighboring county, having, like many members of the family, drifted to other parts. The name is still encountered, but the migratory foot has taken the broods of the younger ones elsewhere. North, east, and west the family has distinguished itself and multiplied. In the vicinity of Bethesda the newcomers are overshadowing in a growing proportion the names of the older pioneers. Dr. A. C. Bethune, of Raeford, a skilled physician and a highly educated man, is a prominent representative of the family in the Bethesda area. He was born near the old church. He is an encyclopedia of local history.

The stone that marks Colin Bethune's burial place reads:

Colin Bethune

(An Honest Man)

A native of Scotland by accident, but a citizen of
the United States from choice.

March 20, 1820. Aged 64 years.

His dust must mingle with the ground
Till the last trump's awaking sound.
He will then arise in sweet surprise
To meet the Savior in the skies.

Close by him reposes his wife. Both were born in 1756, but she survived him by a quarter of a century, as the marble at her head informs the reader:

Mary, wife of Colin Bethune.
Died October, 1846, aged 90.
Native of Cumberland County.

Adieu, kind friends, this stone will show
That my remains are placed below.
My stay was long with you below,
But long or short, you all must go;
Therefore, prepare to meet your God
Before you're laid beneath the sod.
There are no acts of pardon found
In the cold grave to which you're bound.

Hon. Lauchlin Bethune is commemorated by the two dates and the lines

April 15—1785
Octo. 10—1874

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much of virtue as could die,
Which, when alive, did vigor give
To as much virtue as could live.

Other inscriptions preserve the names of the early members of Bethesda. John Ray, 1762—1837. Catherine Ray, died in 1856, aged seventy-eight. Daniel Ray, died in 1865, aged eighty-

six. Malcolm McCrummen, born on the Isle of Skye in 1776, died in 1858. Angus Blue, died in 1823, aged ninety years, making the year of his birth 1733. Archibald Buchan, of a leading family, died in 1874, aged eighty-six years.

Daniel Buchan was born in 1819. It is possible these latter two were born in the old house on the Buchan farm on James Creek, pulled down by James and Jackson Boyd, the present owners, a couple of years ago. John Buchan said the house had been built while Washington was president or soon after, but certainly around 140 years ago. An old stone, inscribed "Isbel Buchan 1798," probably indicates her death, making her one of the oldest settlers. Angus Johnson, born 1797, died in 185-. These tell the story of the Scotch pioneer families.

At one edge of the old cemetery is a grave marked "Jerry Ray 1852-1929." For long years Jerry Ray was sexton at Bethesda Cemetery. One by one, year after year, he had seen his white friends and neighbors come within the shadows of the oaks and cedars, and heard the dominie commit "earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes." Then Jerry Ray joined that endless procession, and he still guards the portals of Bethesda—the negro slave.

Near the entrance of Bethesda cemetery a stone bears the name of Johnson. A bowshot up the

avenue another boulder marks the McBrayer burial plot. The two disclose the curious interweaving of the threads of this story after a wide meandering. Here are reunited the converging lines that began in Dumfrieshire, in Scotland, crossed the sea in different courses, reached America at different points far distant from each other, to meet again and for all eternity in the friendly "God's acre" on the western slope of Mount Helicon. Among the Johnsons were preachers there in Dumfrieshire three centuries ago who were offered pulpits if they adopted the Episcopal doctrine, and death if they refused. Some were beheaded, but some in 1666 ran away to Kintyre with their heads on their shoulders, among them the ancestors of Peter Johnson, who in 1760 migrated to America, entering by the Cape Fear.

Scott, in *Old Mortality*, mentions the execution of "auld deaf" John McBriar, and the torture and execution of Ephriam McBriar, who were crusaders in the cause of religious liberty about the same time the Johnsons were slain for the same reason. So William and David McBrayer from Dumfrieshire, Scotland, came to America through Philadelphia, the principal port of entry of the Scotch to this country, and they are on the tax lists of Franklin County, Pennsylvania, in 1751,



Photo by John Hemmer

OLD BETHESDA CHURCH—FRONT VIEW.

nine years before Peter Johnson arrived on Rockfish in North Carolina. Surrounding the McBrayers in Franklin County are found the names of McCords, McConnells, McCombs, McCauleys, Pattersons, McDowells, McCallisters, McAlveys, McKees, and others, telling of the Scotch settlement that had grown up there west of the Susquehanna, where in 1736 a large purchase of lands from the Indians had thrown open for settlement the territory that was made into Franklin, Cumberland, Adams, York and Lancaster counties in Pennsylvania. The country speedily filled up with Scotch-Irish, Scotch, Germans, and some Quakers. There the McBrayers stayed until about 1780, when younger members of the families trekked down the "Great Wagon Road" through Virginia into North Carolina and settled in that region west of Charlotte which was then Tryon County, but now Rutherford and Cleveland. From there subsequent flocks went out into Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Georgia, and elsewhere, but a younger member, Dr. L. B. McBrayer, came eastward and was established on the hilltop at the Sanatorium, half a dozen or more miles from the original Bethesda.

As Rutherford County was without Presbyterians when the McBrayers went there, these Presbyterians took up with the embryonic Bap-

tists, where, as in other places, the Presbyterians have provided the material from which the other sects have grown strong.

Coming from Dumfriesshire by the different routes, the Johnsons and the McBrayers in Bethesda again become neighbors, and along the separate roads they have left ample evidence of their influence in helping to shape this nation. Nathaniel McBrayer went from Franklin County, Pennsylvania, to aid Christopher Gist, the North Carolina pioneer, who in 1750 was called by the Ohio Company of Virginia to explore the headwaters of the Ohio, and who the next year led into southwestern Pennsylvania the first settlers west of the mountains. Gist and the twelve families that went up with him from Carolina and Virginia opened that country for development clear to Lake Erie, and Nathaniel McBrayer, from Franklin County, Pennsylvania, was among the first to join the settlement from the East. His location was in Westmoreland County, near Pittsburgh, now the home of large numbers of descendants of the Ulster Scotch.

Westward across the entrance driveways from the monoliths that mark the Johnson and McBrayer plots in Bethesda Cemetery, on a flat granite slab, is the name of Dr. Edward W. Campbell, of Cleveland, Ohio, born 1856, died 1931. Close by on the bold little hillock lies Walter Page,

while on the other side a picturesque spot is created by an erosion that was long ago the bed of the old Peedee road when it was one of the main routes of travel between North and South. The little valley is preserved in its covelike condition, big trees from Bethesda's earliest days shading the avenue, and under one of them is a granite seat on the edge of the escarpment of the old road. John Campbell, Dr. Edward Campbell's father, was born in Scotland, but at an early age was taken to Germany to live a few years and then to France, where he received his education, his father staying there because of business interests. When John Campbell was about twenty-one years old, the family returned to Scotland, but large interests called him to Bolton, England, where he made the acquaintance of Ellen Halliwell. She was soon to leave for America, where her only brother lived, but before she went, John Campbell agreed with Ellen Halliwell that if she approved of Ohio at the end of a year, he would come over also. So it came that in 1855 John Campbell arrived in Cleveland, took out naturalization papers, and their son was a real American. The boy found the cold winds from Lake Erie unfavorable to his health and he was sent to England for a period of schooling. But he made Cleveland his home until, as years advanced, after a long professional life he came with his wife and daugh-

ter to the milder climate of Southern Pines. The atmosphere of Old Bethesda appealed to Dr. Campbell, and there in the friendly triangle the Campbell, the Johnson, the McBrayer, following widely devious routes from the old-time homes of their Scottish forbears, meet at the shrine where the mother Gaelic tongue was at one time the language of the pulpit.

The name of Campbell brings up Sir Colin of Loch Awe, who 650 years ago founded the line that through the Cailean Mohr in due time included the Duke of Argyll and those famous Campbells who have made English history dominant throughout the world. Close by this interesting group in Bethesda a number of monuments apprise the visitor that other representatives of the Campbells are gathered round about. In 1740 Duncan Campbell, James Campbell, and Arch Campley, who was probably Campbell, had been granted vast tracts of land in Bladen County, which then included all the country up to the Deep River, and thirty years later Farquahar Campbell was a prominent man in Cumberland, and John Campbell and family had been granted land. Many of them came up the Rockfish way, the migration being apparently from the Isle of Isla and from Kintyre, the early home of the Johnsons, and not far from Dumfries, whence the McBrayers turned their steps toward this country,

the representatives of these three old families to dream their final dreams within a hundred yards of each other, each approaching the common abode by a widely separated route. Good authority says the Johnsons and McBrayers were kinsmen by marriage while in Scotland, and the close proximity of the Campbells there in Argyle would make it possible that the three families were related before coming to the American Colonies.

It was probably the peninsula of Kintyre that Anne Adams delighted to recall in her older days when she spoke of looking from her Ireland home across the strait and seeing the white linen on the lines in Scotland. She came on the same ship to America with James Wilson of Scotland a century and a quarter ago. They were the grandparents of Woodrow Wilson, president of the United States, who was born at Staunton, Virginia, close by that old Presbyterian "Great Wagon Road," from Philadelphia to Fayetteville, when Joseph Wilson was a Presbyterian preacher there, and down which road came the Rev. James Campbell from Philadelphia in 1757 at the instance of the Rev. Hugh McAden, to become practically the father of the Presbyterian Church in all that country between the Deep River and Bladen County, as is noted elsewhere in this volume. James Campbell took up the work started at Barbecue, Bluff, and Longstreet, from which

Bethesda developed by the close of his ministry, which ended with his death in 1781. Were it not for the high ridge of Ben-an-Tuirc, which rises on the west side of Campbeltown, somewhat shutting off the view from the Irish coast, Anne Adams might have looked over into the home of James Campbell, there in the Kintyre peninsula, before the two of them left that side of the ocean to come to America, for she could undoubtedly see the hilltops as well as the linen on the line.

A little farther up the hill beyond the Campbell plot the inscription notes a tragedy. "John Vandevort Hurd, 1930," and "Caroline McCord, his wife, 1930." An automobile accident was immediately fatal to both. On a panel of the granite monument above Mrs. Hurd is graven a verse written by her friend, Mrs. Clare B. Metcalf Keating:

Vale!

So deep, so sweet,
Unwounded now she sleeps
Nor wists the facile world
Their kindness more.
Christ bends, in greeting
Love. His gentle smile,
That ne'er had faltered,
Now she sees.
Rest. Agonies now are over.
This is peace.

Caroline McCord indicates in this foregathering of Scots another name from outside the local Highland group. Her father was a clergyman of distinction in Ohio. The name suggests those Ulster Scotch in the westward movement through Cumberland and Franklin Counties in Pennsylvania, in the McBrayer community. Mrs. Hurd was among the Ohio contribution to the Pinehurst colony of Northern folks who have been active in the later advancement of the hill country round about Mount Helicon.

The Rev. Martin McQueen, for years pastor of Bethesda Church, was not only a highly esteemed man, but one of strikingly interesting family. Possibly 125 years ago his father came to Moore County, a young man from Kintyre, in the Scottish coastal country. Donald McQueen appears to have stopped first somewhere up in the Deep River section. He was not pleased with that neighborhood, as the "Buckskin" element in the upper part of the county did not harmonize with his Scottish notions. Tales are told of him in the mustering gatherings above Carthage when tests of skill in rough and tumble games were common among the young chaps who came out for their military training. Donald McQueen was a man of gigantic physical proportions, and in many of the bouts he came off best man as pitted against the upcountry contestants. But it was not to his

liking, and he drifted down into Robeson County, where others of his name, although not of his immediate kin, had settled in previous years. The upshot of the movement southward was that in due season he married Katherine McQueen, daughter of Col. James and Ann Rae McQueen, who lived not far from where Maxton is now, in a conspicuous home they called Queensdale, which sheltered five successive generations of the McQueen family, and contributed excellent citizens to many of the states, including the numerous McQueens of this part of North Carolina. It is said that Col. James McQueen came to this country about 1772 and on the same vessel that brought Colin Bethune, also associated with the story of Bethesda Church. The vessel was chartered by Murdoch McQueen, who brought over to Wilmington a large number of Scotch families, most of them coming up into the Peedee neighborhood. A daughter of James McQueen was the wife of Hon. James C. Dobbin, of Fayetteville, secretary of the navy, scion of John Dobbin, of early Barbecue days, and another daughter was wedded to a lieutenant governor of Florida. In a genealogical table in a book on the McQueens, written by Mrs. Annabella MacElyea, herself a McQueen, it is shown that James McQueen's parents were Archibald and Flora McQueen, née McDonald, a half sister of Flora McDonald, a

heroine of this section as well as of the Culloden days in Scotland.

Gov. Angus W. McLean, a descendant of Col. James McQueen, has searched out the story of the McQueens and of the McDonalds, the McQueens being a part of the prominent Clan McDonald of the Isles. The two groups were intermarried and closely related in this manner. Governor McLean traces the McQueens back to the Hebrides Islands in the fifteenth century. From there they came out to the interior of Scotland, but it appears that Col. James McQueen was born on the Isle of Skye, a descendant of the Lords of the Isles, a family of rulers who dominated the western islands of Scotland, descending from the daughter of King Robert II, grandson of Robert Bruce, and making the McQueens lineal descendants of Robert Bruce and also of Walter Stuart, the first king of the Stuart family, which produced the historic Charles, the Scottish pretender, who brought on the Battle of Culloden and sent much of the Scotch migration to America. Robert Bruce freed Scotland from English rule and became king. In his posterity two sons bearing his name were kings of Scotland, and for 343 years the Stuart line, descended from his daughter, who married Walter Stuart, sat on the thrones of Scotland and England. A brother was king of Ireland. This is the family from which

the McQueens came, through Marjory, daughter of Bruce and wife of Walter Stuart; thus they are the offspring of Robert Bruce, of King Robert, his son, and of Walter Stuart, who married Robert Bruce's daughter, Marjory, and was the ancestor of all the Stuart kings. A grandson of Margaret Stuart in 1734 got the Earldom of Buchan, which brings in another name familiar at the Head of Rockfish. This was the Earl of Buchan, the "Old Wolf of Badenoch." Buchan is a territory in Scotland embracing Aberdeen, which perhaps accounts for the name of the village of Aberdeen, near which Bethesda is situated, for at Aberdeen, soon after they came home from the army, John Buchan, with John Blue, engaged in taking out railroad ties, thus founding two successful lines of business that later on became prominent in the community. Both were large lumbermen before they died.

Donald McQueen and his wife were both of that same type that characterizes their four grandchildren best known in the Bethesda section, cordial, helpful, intelligent, and industrious. They are buried in the Stewartsville Cemetery, not far from Maxton. They reared twelve children to maturity. Offspring includes numerous McQueen families throughout the section and in distant states; collateral lines are the Buies, the Led-betters of Richmond County, McLaurins, Mc-

Callums, Blues, Pates, Morrisons, McIntyres, McInnises, Martins, McLeods, Pitmans, Betheas, Curries, McKinnons, McNairs, Smiths, Calhouns, Bracys, Hastys, Bakers, Moores, McPhauls, and others, a goodly share of the Scotch settlement of the whole country.

One of the sons of Donald McQueen was the Rev. Martin McQueen, pastor at Bethesda, who about 1855 entered the Presbyterian ministry. For a time he served at the Second Church in Wilmington, going from there into the Confederate Army. After the war he came to Moore County, where his career is practically the history of Moore County Presbyterianism. Possibly he is more definitely identified with Union Church near Cameron than any of the others, as he established a home there and reared his family. But his work at Bethesda gives him a prominent place in the tale of Mount Helicon, for he had a great following there. His sons are John McQueen, the Rev. Angus McQueen, for twenty-five years pastor at the Dunn Presbyterian Church, and two daughters, Margaret and Flora McQueen.

SWARMING TIME

WHEN the Highlanders came into the Cape Fear country, they were confronted by one of the most magnificent forests that the world has ever known—the long leaf pine, tall, straight, free from limbs, large in size, a king among the timber trees, one that developed a succession of industries that placed the colony on a basis of its own in an industrial way. For years North Carolina was known to the world by its production of naval stores, turpentine, resin, tar, and charcoal, yields of the pine forests, an abundance that supplied the shipping of the seas and the chemicals for many industries. The newcomers reveled in vast profligacy of lumber, the like of which they had never seen. Pine, oak, juniper, cypress, gum, hickory, cedar; timber for their houses, for barns and sheds, for fuel without the slightest limit as to amount; timber for furniture, for vehicles and farm-use, for water craft; ship timber for the navigators that came to the ports for material to carry away; long, straight timbers for spars and

masts, decking, framing; timber for all sorts of building projects to meet export requirements in any amount. And with all the rest, a big river to float the product down to the ports and to the sea. Primitive sawmills sprung up. Hewn timber became an article of export with sawed lumber. The forests employed many hands. Ashe rates that in 1762 the Cape Fear sent out 30,000,000 feet of lumber annually, 750,000 staves, 72,000,000 bushels of corn and peas, 3,300 barrels of beef and pork, 30,000 pounds of deer skins, 86,000 barrels of naval stores, and that often a dozen or more ships were in the harbor at Wilmington at one time. Prosperity was on all sides. Several thousand slaves had been brought in to help with the work. Rice and indigo and even silk had been found profitable with the other crops. Half a hundred sawmills lined the river from the Rockfish to the sea.

The long leaf pine tree is a marvel. To start with, the trees are worked for several years for their turpentine, and stills were common all over the Cape Fear country. Distillation yielded spirits of turpentine and resin. To Wilmington came the trading vessels after the increasing product. Then when the forests had yielded their turpentine until the supply from the individual trees was too small to continue, the tree was turned over to the lumberman, who cut quantities of unsur-

passed lumber for all imaginable uses at home and abroad. The stumps and limbs and other offal from the mills were further utilized to make pine tar, another common and staple pine product. The residue from the tar kiln was pine charcoal, useful as a fuel, and also for iron working and other branches of industry. The Cape Fear became the headquarters for several of the essential basic materials for much manufacturing. The supply was without limit, except as employees were found to do the work in the woods and at the mills and the stills. From the day of the first arrival of the Scotchman in North Carolina up to the present time, lumbering with all its varied products has been a prominent business, a prominent and continued factor of industry in the whole United States. Lumber, turpentine, tar, and other pine products made this section well to do and permanently self-depending and progressive. The extent of the pine forests was so great that up to the opening of the present century the turpentine stills were in operation on all sides, and tar kilns dotted the hills. Lumber was chiefly the factor that brought the Seaboard Air Line Railroad into this part of the state, and the Atlantic Coast Line was prompted by the same traffic. The minor roads were wholly lumber roads, with the single exception of the first road built, that portion of the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley which was laid

from Fayetteville to the coal mines at Cumnock to get out coal before the Civil War days and to supplement the river traffic on the Cape Fear. When the railroads started to handle traffic, all the wayside stations were active with tar and turpentine products, the yards for that purpose having almost constantly hundreds of barrels waiting shipment and as constantly replacing with a daily income of more barrels the shipments that went out. Vast quantities continued to go down the river, and from all outlying points the wagon roads were full of traffic bringing in the naval stores to shipping stations. When the war with Germany broke out a few years ago, the sites of old stills were energetically sought, for there in the lavish days of the past much resin had been spilled and much thrown aside because of the dirt in it. The old sites were carefully gone over in the recent war days, the recovered product gathered and heated and screened, and an excellent quality thus reclaimed in large quantities. It brought money to the owners of the land on which it was found and a much needed naval store to the navies and industries.

For a century and a half this old Scotch craft of making lumber has been going on, for the pine forests of the Carolinas have been among the leading producers of the globe. In spite of the billions of feet of lumber that have been harvested,

continuing crops are growing. It is quite evident that sawmills will remain in the Cape Fear country indefinitely, for under Helicon Mountain, although in modest production, pine trees grow rapidly and reseed themselves all the time. But while lumber and turpentine were running their course on the Cape Fear, an important influence had been at work. As the pine trees were cut and removed in the Carolinas, the demand for turpentine and lumber steadily grew larger. To meet the call, the Highlander wandered farther south and west around the coast and in the Gulf country. Thereby the Scotchman found himself opening to settlement all that great area from Virginia to central Texas, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana. The new Texas republic came under the touch of the Highland man from the Cape Fear, Mount Helicon having a long list of offspring around the whole coastal plain and well up into the Mississippi Valley.

Rev. William A. McLeod, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Cuero, Texas, himself a descendant of the McLeods of the Cape Fear, in a historical address to his church, notes that in 1834 Belinda McNair, of the Scottish North Carolina colony, married Peter H. Fullinwider, a Scotch preacher who had gone to Mississippi, and went with him to Texas. The Highland man

seems to have a faculty of being around when trouble breaks. Soon after the Fullinwidiers reached Texas came the revolt of the colonists against the Mexican government. Mexico attempted to collect taxes at the Texan ports. True to heredity from their Eastern Colonial ancestry, the Texans declined to pay. In 1835 the Texans won a victory over the Mexicans at Gonzales. On December 11 San Antonio was taken. In March, 1836, came the tragedy of the Alamo, and shortly thereafter, another Scot who went out the Wilderness road to Tennessee and greatness, Sam Houston, was twice chosen president of the Republic of Texas, which he had won from Mexico, and once governor, when Texas became a state. He had been governor of Tennessee, in Congress from that state, and was also later United States senator. Things moved swiftly after the Fullinwidiers reached Texas. Ten years later the young republic became a state of the Federal Union. The Cape Fear Highlanders continued to pour into Texas, and today the sons and daughters of the Church on the Head of Rockfish are represented in Texas by a large progeny.

Dr. A. C. Bethune, who has gathered much information concerning his Scotch forbears, finds that among the arrivals from Scotland in 1772 came John McFarland, of Argyllshire. He advanced up the Cape Fear, crossed Mount Helicon,

and located not far from the new road building from Cross Creek to the Yadkin, the old Morganton road, near its crossing of Drowning Creek, which put his location in the vicinity of Jackson Springs. A son, Dougald, married Effie Cameron. About 1822 an extended exodus of the clans toward the southwest took place. Dougald McFarland's offspring followed the migration. It appears that a large number of the Cape Fear folks who moved out to Mississippi, Texas, Tennessee, and elsewhere, swarmed Presbyterian leaders and preachers wherever they went. Texas and Mississippi churches were saturated with the Cape Fear settlers, who fill the pulpits and the official lists. They are in places of prominence in business and social affairs. The clans that have sent off their swarms include the McDonalds, McQueens, the Camerons, McLeods, McLaurins, Blues, Grahams, and Keaheys, many of them trained in the schools of Peter McIntyre and Thomas Graham, and from the old Solemn Grove Academy. The records of Bethesda show scores of names "dismissed" to churches in Alabama, Mississippi, Texas, and all the way to the Gulf and the Southwest.

On the formation of the Longstreet Church John Patterson and two others were required to make bond for the payment of the minister's salary and for the good behavior of the congre-

gation. Many of the McFarlands were of that congregation. Among them was Duncan McFarland, who lived on the west side of Drowning Creek in Richmond County and was in Congress from the district in 1805. He was probably associated with the Head of Rockfish Church later on, as was also Lauchlin Bethune, another member of Congress from this district. Offshoots of the John Patterson family, the bondsman for the congregation of Longstreet, have promoted a line of Presbyterian churches, says Dr. McLeod, "from their Carolina homeland to Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas."

One of the best illustrations of the swarming of the Scotch from upper Cape Fear is given in the work of the Orange Presbytery at Barbecue, March 27, 1801, when seven young preachers were licensed. Of these, Murdoch McMillan, active in the Bethesda section, went west for a time and preached the first sermon heard in what is now Memphis, Tennessee. Murdoch Murphy, brother of John Murphy, governor of Alabama, became one of the leading preachers in Alabama. Duncan Brown went to Tennessee, where two members of his family became governors of the state. John Matthews and Hugh Shaw became missionaries into the Southwest, covering the country as far as Texas.

Another of the families that went west after

lending a hand in the Mount Helicon country were the Smylies. James Smylie, from Scotland about 1765, and John Graham with his wife, Elizabeth Smylie, settled on Mountain Creek, a few miles south of the original Bethesda. They were gunsmiths and made many guns for the settlers. The old gunsmiths were skilled in metal and wood-working, and made good guns. The Revolution stimulated gunmaking in North Carolina, although many arms were brought down the "Great Wagon Road" from Pennsylvania. The Smylies were identified with the Solemn Grove Academy and with the Head of Rockfish Church. But practically all of them moved westward in the early part of the century.

The population of the Sandhill country of Moore and Cumberland counties was never large. The upper part of Moore was more responsive to the cultivator, hence the farms were closer together. The Deep River settlement was more after the manner of the farm life in the North, with more attention to industries, aside from forest products. Coal and iron came into use up that way. Mineral production, gold mining, cotton milling, and other things helped to advance settlement and development. But in one industry they both achieved a reputation, and that is in making guns.

IN THE WILDERNESS

POSSIBLY of the development of the Cape Fear wilderness a tale as illuminating as can be found at this day is contained in a statement written a short time before his death by James McNeill Johnson, Aberdeen lawyer, student, author, and generally versatile philosopher, as a source of knowledge for his doctor during a case of sickness. The doctor wanted the family history, probably from a medical standpoint. Mr. Johnson gave him that and for good measure threw in a few analyses of the family idiosyncrasies. He prefaced his remarks with the confession that his narrative must be received with some consideration, owing to the complexity of the individual antecedents of the patient, and also not forgetting "the unwillingness of men to tell the whole truth, even when they know it. For instance, a granduncle of mine served a term in the debtor's prison at Lumberton, North Carolina—but who the devil wants to drag that out now?"

Some that Mr. Johnson writes makes amusing

reading, but he says: "I shall depict my forbears as truly as possible, not sparing their foibles. However, the following family history is for the eye of my family doctor and for him alone." So a portion of the story is omitted, although to do justice to Jim and his ancestry, there is mighty little in his tale that needs to be concealed, for his people were men and women of action and prominence, able at times to say a swear word and to do the correct act with a tumbler of hot Scotch. Yet many of them have written their names in conspicuous places. One of them, Andrew Johnson, was president of the United States in its most stormy period. Another was chancellor of South Carolina. A governor of Georgia came from the family group, three Presbyterian preachers in Georgia, Mississippi, and elsewhere, and one who died in Waco, Texas, at the age of over ninety-nine, after full seventy years in the pulpit.

These Johnsons were originally a Lowland Scottish family in Dumfriesshire in Scotland, many Presbyterian preachers among them, "and as stubborn men as were ever made. During the reign of Charles II these stubborn preachers were offered 'livings' if they would adopt the Episcopalian surplice, and death if they stubbornly refused." They refused, and some of them were killed—martyred, they called it—and some took to their heels and ran away. They made their



JAMES McNEILL JOHNSON, FOR MANY YEARS DEACON,
TREASURER AND LATER ELDER OF BETHESDA CHURCH.

way to Kintyre, on the west coast of Scotland, gave up preaching, and took to trades. In 1760 Peter Johnson, with seven growing boys, migrated from Kintyre to North Carolina and settled within five miles of the present town of Raeford on the north side of Rockfish Creek, eight or ten miles perhaps from where Bethesda Church was first established. The name of Mary Johnson is the only one of the family on the early roster of the Rockfish Church, so it is presumed the Johnsons affiliated with Longstreet, which was formed sooner, and a little nearer. James Johnson's grandfather, son of old Peter Johnson, married Sallie McBride, of a family from the Isle of Skye. They came over much later than the Johnsons, "fond of good eating, good drinking, and never a preacher in the family," although Archibald McBride was one of the charter members of the Solemn Grove Academy, and from 1809 to 1813, member of Congress from this district, living in Moore County. Sallie McBride Johnson had one son, James Johnson's father, who married Sarah J. McNeill. They were prosperous farmers, with a family of fifteen children, who were maintained in what in the days before the Civil War was regarded as luxury. But the war wiped them out, Sherman's expedition helping to put on the finishing touch. James McNeill Johnson knew pretty much about the sweetness of adversity that

Shakespeare writes so nicely about. So much for the older Johnsons. The younger ones thrived again and made a place in the Bethesda community. James McNeill Johnson was active in caring for Bethesda Church and for the cemetery where he lies today. The McNeills were equally prominent people in the community.

Four distinct families of McNeills came to the Cape Fear. Mr. Johnson classifies them as being unrelated and distinguished as the McNeill Roy, or Red McNeills; the McNeill Ghar, or Proud McNeills, and he says they were proud even of their poverty; the McNeill Dhu, or Black McNeills; and the McNeill Bahn, or White McNeills. Of the Red McNeills may be cited John Charles McNeill, the poet of Scotland County; Judge Tom McNeill, of Lumberton, and Solicitor Frank McNeill, of Raleigh. The McNeill Ghar have practically disappeared from this section. The Black McNeills are high class people with dark hair and eyes. Tradition says that in the sixth or seventh century a shipload of Moors was wrecked on the west coast of Scotland and intermarried with a number of Scottish families. Of the American stock were Col. Alexander Hamilton McNeill, for thirty-two years clerk of the Superior Court of Moore County. The White McNeills include the family of Mr. Johnson's mother. Their distinguished characteristic is

their light hair and Saxon features. They are from the Isle of Barra. Daniel McNeill came to America from Scotland in 1759, a year before the arrival of the original of the Johnson family. His brother, Neill McNeill, was the factor who induced so many Scotch to come to the Cape Fear. Archibald McNeill, the father of these men, was active in the affair at Culloden, but was not included in the amnesty which permitted many of the followers of Prince Charlie to come to America. Archibald McNeill was executed on Tower Hill. Daniel, his son, came to Cross Creek, moved up Little River, and settled on lands not far below Vass, until recently owned by Edwin McKeithen, scion of the earliest settlers, and Talbot Johnson, a lineal descendant, son of James McNeill Johnson, and a leading lawyer of the Bethesda territory.

Daniel McNeill married Sarah McKay, a daughter of Alexander McKay, of Longstreet. He lived to be about eighty years of age. Their posterity scattered over the South and West, much as that of the Johnson ancestors did, achieving success and distinction. Neill McNeill, a son, married Polly Matthews, a daughter of Col. Thomas Matthews, of Cranes Creek, a Revolutionary officer. The McNeills were all loyalists. The Neill McNeills thrived and had the finest homes in the county. One son became sheriff of

the county, a daughter was the wife of Sheriff Norman McDonald; another, wife of Patrick Monroe, a leading personage; and another, the wife of Maj. Dougald McDougald, a man of prominence and wealth. He had a hundred slaves, but he lost his fortune in building the Plank road which crosses Hoke County a few miles south of Mount Helicon.

Mr. Johnson writes of his grandfather, "Squire Jack McNeill, greatly loved and respected by the whole county." He was a man of character and example. The only lapse of circumspect procedure was "once, when he came home after dark and his wife went out to meet him, I heard him say to her, 'Patsy, I am as tight as a wedge.'"

"Squire Jack" had three sons. Malcolm was killed in the army. Dr. John, educated in Philadelphia in medicine, practiced for a few years, then renounced the profession as a fraud and went back to farming. "He married a daughter of Archibald Blue and reared a large family of five sons and two daughters. One of his sons is a Presbyterian preacher of high standing, living at Cameron, in the county. He is the only one of the McNeill family who ever happened to be a preacher, but he, like Mrs. Len Jucklins, believes the Book from 'kiver to kiver.' So jealous is he to preserve the simplicity of the Gospel that al-

though he is sixty-five years of age, he has never read a novel. He has told me seriously that when he looks back upon the irreligious character of the McNeill family, he often trembles."

The Johnson and McNeill stocks are both of the first arrivals in the Cape Fear country and intermarried with so many of the other families that they are typical of the Scotch population. The Church at the Head of Rockfish was established on the lands of Malcolm McNeill. Archibald McNeill was in Congress from 1809 to 1814 as a member from the Moore County district, living in this county. McNeill Township, lying across the Morganton road from Mount Helicon, is practically what its name implies, a community of many McNeills. Johnson Mountain is one of the high points on the eastern horizon as viewed from Mount Helicon. The Johnson mill, on James Creek at the Yadkin road crossing, was in older days before the war one of the chief industries of the region.

John Buchan, of a family who were with Bethesda from its beginning, was right familiar with the old history of the Rockfish and James Creek valleys. One day, not long before he died, when the Johnson mill was the subject of talk, he called to mind its origin. One of the Johnsons was of a mechanical turn of mind. He had saved up some money, and his neighbors advised him

to go to the slave market at Fayetteville and buy a slave. Mr. Johnson thought the matter over and made a trip out the old Morganton road. In due time he returned and the folks were interested in looking over his new slave. But when he reached Fayetteville, he found there a sawmill outfit that was offered for sale at a price his capital was big enough to buy, and he came home and built a mill in the heart of the pine woods with an ample water power to drive it. The mill supplied much lumber for the older buildings and ground the grain. Some of the old machinery is yet to be seen in the creek, as in time it went to ruin. James McNeill Johnson had an acquaintance with land grants and titles perhaps not exceeded by any man in his legal field. He knew them like a farmer knew his sheep, individually and from whence they descended. Mr. Johnson's story, as he says, was written for the eye of the doctor, hence it is not given in detail, for at times he is as pointed as Burns in his verse of "Death and Dr. Hornbook," where he says:

Even ministers they ha'e been kenned,
In holy rapture,
A rousin' whid at times to vend,
And nail it wi' scripture.

In running over the various sources from which the character of the Cape Fear people must be

gathered, the reader is tempted at times to assume that the older Scot was a somewhat rough diamond. That assumption is grounded on certain facts, as Mr. Johnson asserts, for the history of the Gael has been one of struggle with many obstacles. Scotland was never generously favored by nature. Agriculture was limited in its possibilities. Mineral and timber products were few. The climate was severe. These people came to America to meet primitive conditions, and to compel a livelihood from the crude resources available in a new country. Necessity forced them to depend on themselves. Even their religion was austere and commanding, rather than comforting as it should be.

That the men drank is not a startling disclosure. This is the difference. The Scotch and the Irish were more familiar with whisky than with the mild ale of the Briton, the beer of Germany, or the wine of the French or the Italian, and whisky has more of an immediate kick. Yet current history seems to indicate that in the English settlements of those early days the custom of drinking differed little if any from that among the Scotch, and whether Scotch or English sinned more, is not clear. An occasional preacher goes astray in these modern days of less strenuous life. An occasional child even in modern times may be in doubt as to his father. Maybe the older days

were more lax than the present, but maybe not. One old Scot defends the settlers by saying that they did not lie about their offenses and conceal them as much as modern society does. Another says that it was a matter of pride on the part of some of the illegitimates to boast of a McNeill as a father, indicating good ancestry, even if irregular.

Scotch character was developed in a hard school in a hard day. Massachusetts hanged witches only a few years before the Highlanders came to America. Christian Europe burned heretics until shortly before the Cape Fear was open. Heresy trials in this country are fresh yet in the minds of many now living. Religion was a cold and dreadful presentation in the early years of Cape Fear, and men were the product of a life that was a constant self-defense and alert ruggedness, of which we can in these times have no adequate conception. Even at that it is doubtful if the Cape Fear standard of morals in any appreciable degree was lower than that of the present time. And it is right evident that deep-seated friendliness and consideration for neighbors and strangers in the community were as pronounced as now. Scotch emotion may be more ponderous in its movement than that of other more mercurial peoples, but it is abiding and embracing. The Scotchman has been a good fighter and a good

ally. Harsh as his methods at times have been, and his surroundings, he has established a democracy of religious government, which is perhaps the greatest gift any people has given the world. Lauchlin Bethune in a recent address at a Bethesda home-coming said that the old Scotch settlers had rare occasion to go to courts. They knew how to live amicably and to deal fairly with each other, and to abide by the law of the land and the precepts of their Church.

Montrose, the knob of nearly equal height and some half dozen miles to the southeast of Mount Helicon, tells by its name that the Grahams find favor on Rockfish, for Montrose and Dundee, those two great Grahams of the long ago, have many kinsmen in the Cape Fear country. By the time the Grahams arrived in the Rockfish neighborhood, they had pretty well dropped their antagonisms towards Presbyterianism, for here they have been of the stanch followers of the Kirk of Scotland. Daniel Graham, born in Argyllshire in Scotland in 1740, came across the seas and settled on what is now known as the Buchan farm, a few miles out of Aberdeen on Drowning Creek, the home also of that famed clergyman, John McIntyre. Alexander Graham, son of Daniel, was an early member of Bethesda Church, where his name is found on the roll of 1812. He was an elder later on. The list in

1812 contains the names of thirteen members of the Graham family, indicating its prominence in the early community. A number of the group migrated to Alabama and the Southwest during the days of the movement in that direction, but the Graham family is still a large and important one in the Bethesda region and round about. A younger Daniel Graham went to Tennessee after graduating from the University at Chapel Hill in 1812 and became prominent in the office of the secretary of the treasury under Polk. Alexander Graham married Catherine McFarland, of the family of John McFarland who came to the Jackson Springs section about 1772. George McFarland was killed at the Battle of Antietam in the Civil War; Baxter, desperately wounded at Gaines Mill, recovered and was an adjutant general at the time of Lee's surrender. Neill Graham, Alex C. Graham, and John B. Graham were elders in Bethesda. John married Mary Jane Wooten, of Woodbury, New Jersey. These were the parents of John W. Graham, of Aberdeen, active in Bethesda for many years. Mary Wooten's brother, John E. Wooten, was for several years general manager of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad system and the inventor of the camel-back locomotive with the Wooten fire box, which was a big factor in railroading in eastern Pennsylvania some years ago. Neill Graham

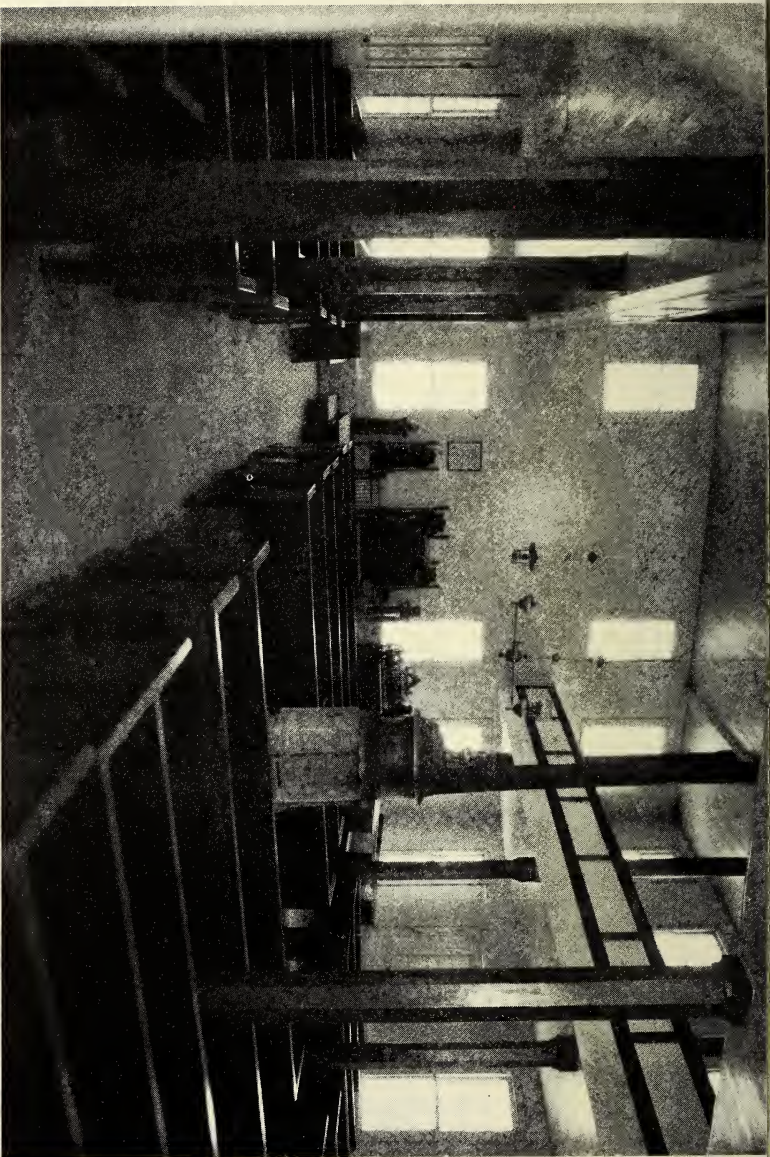
married Eliza Shaw, aunt of Rev. A. R. Shaw, of Charlotte, Judge T. J. Shaw, of Greensboro, and Mrs. R. N. Page, of Aberdeen. The Gramhams are scattered, yet they are still in the leading activities in Bethesda territory.

Just southwest of the crossing of the road leading from Addor to Markham's bridge on Drowning Creek and the road leading from West End to Hoffman is an old cemetery, in which is a stone bearing the name of John M. McLeod. It says he was born in Scotland about 1770 and died March 21, 1863. He was for a long time an officer of Bethesda Church.

After attaining the age of eighty years, John McLeod was married, a second time probably, and from this union was born John A. McLeod, who now, seventy-nine years old, lives near the Eureka school on Little River. This span of more than 162 years is covered by father and son, a time longer than the existence of the American republic. John McLeod, the first, came to America while a small boy and witnessed the stirring times of the Revolution. In his neighborhood Wade stopped on his return from Anson County to avenge the attack on Piney Bottom, and killed several of McLeod's neighbors and friends. It is said that young McLeod, then a boy of eleven years, hid in the chimney and escaped the mistreatment by Wade's men. Another

boy with him was roughly handled. Dr. R. A. McLeod, a descendant and an able educator and college president, is buried in Bethesda Cemetery.

It is said that when Bladen County was formed in 1732, not more than three freeholders lived in the district, and not to exceed thirty families. Yet Bladen covered the whole territory from the Cape Fear west, including what is now Moore. In 1731 John Maulsby took out a grant for a square mile of land in Bladen County at the confluence of the two branches of the Cape Fear. That was pretty close to the present location of Wilmington, and pretty close to the pioneer movement on the Rockfish, for the man who stands on the summit of Mount Helicon and looks across the head of Rockfish to Montrose, the home in the older days of the Bethunes, Grahams, and others still familiar in this section, can locate the hill on which John Maulsby, a younger scion of the old settler of more than two hundred years ago on the lower Cape Fear, located his possessions more recently. John Maulsby was a large landholder at Montrose when Fort Bragg evacuated the territory close to the village line. He had built a fine home on the summit of one of the knobs just out of the village and carried on a large store, orchards, farms, etc. His house occupied one of the highest altitudes within range of Mount Helicon.



INTERIOR VIEW OF OLD BETHESDA CHURCH, IN SPLENDID STATE OF PRESERVATION, AND SHOWING SLAVE GALLERY.

Photo by John Hemmer

The Maultsbys seem to be about the oldest lineage at present identified in the Rockfish settlement, but they were undoubtedly followed closely by the McNeills, and possibly the McNeills were over as early as 1731. The McNeills seem to have been the largest clan to come to the new country, the McDonalds following closely in number. The McDonalds were the leading factors in the Revolutionary activity that climaxed at Moore's bridge, wherein Flora McDonald's folks were so conspicuous, first by their aggressive stand for the Crown, and then by their bad luck. In 1774 Allan McDonald, of Kingsborough, with Flora, his wife, came to this section. The McDonalds were so many in the affair that the clan gave the name of McDonald's insurrection to the mistaken uprising. Allan McDonald was captured at Moore's Creek with a large number of others, sent to Philadelphia to prison, and from there was exchanged and allowed to go to Halifax. Flora McDonald, after a disturbed experience in the colony, went back to Scotland. During her brief residence in the colony she lived for a time at Cameron Hill, one of the first locations of the churches, Barbecue being of the original trio. Later she removed west of Drowning Creek into what was then Anson County, but now Richmond, where two of her children are said to have been buried.

CANAAN

The sons of Noah, Shem, Ham, and Japheth, and Ham is the father of Canaan. And Noah awoke from his wine and knew what his younger son had done, and he said, Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren. God shall enlarge Japheth and Canaan shall be his servant.

In 1641 Puritan Massachusetts gave statutory recognition to slavery, followed a few years later by Connecticut and not until 1661 by Virginia. Negroes landed at Jamestown in 1619 and later were servants, not slaves. British ships supplied the trade, employing in one year 192 ships and bringing to this country 47,000 slaves. Virginia in 1772 protested against the slave trade. Connecticut soon after by statute and Delaware in 1776 attempted to stop the traffic, but Virginia in 1778 was the first of the colonies to put teeth in the protest, and severe penalties were provided for importing slaves. New England had been turning an occasional honest penny in the im-

portation of slaves for the Southern Colonies, and it was not until 1807 that Congress passed an act forbidding the slave trade, for in the struggle for the adoption of the Federal Constitution a compromise that had been reached permitted the slave trade for twenty years, although a tax or duty not exceeding ten dollars was allowed as a salve to the conscience of those who objected to the admission of the "objectionable people." Hence as the fair-haired sons of Japheth and Shem were allowed to sail from the North Atlantic ports of Europe for the New World, the dark-skinned sons of Canaan were stolen and compelled to sail from the South Atlantic ports of Africa for the same land of the free and the home of the brave.

Truth compels the honest historian to confess that while the right of search was a factor in bringing on the War of 1812 between the United States and Great Britain, it was not wholly the right of search for supposed British seamen on American ships, but also the right to search ships to see if they carried slaves for sale to the United States or other countries. England was trying to abolish the slave trade. It was not until during the Civil War in 1862 that Seward, our secretary of state, signed a treaty for its suppression, providing among other things that British ships should have the right of search, conceding the

same right to ships of this country. Even our beloved U. S. A. has been something of a hypocrite at times in its day.

In the census of 1850 the two counties of Moore and Cumberland showed a population consisting of 19,644 whites and 10,208 blacks, the latter stolen from their homes in Africa or descended from those that were stolen, the whites largely those who had been banished from Scotland by the British government or descended from those who had suffered that fate. Of course, a proportion of English and Irish and Germans were in the upper end of Moore and some in other parts of the counties, but it was a curious combination of unwilling settlers putting their hand to the plow to develop this great opportunity that the newcomers had found. More than a third of the people were the cursed of Canaan, and here be it conceded the sons of Ham have done a man's job in the work that was laid out for humankind in redeeming the wilderness of the Cape Fear. Slavery has been discussed sufficiently without going into it any farther. But some phases of migration from the Old World to the New may be considered a brief moment. Few will dispute that the dark skin had a hard fate in its removal to the Land of Promise. Yet few will deny that the advancement of the twelve million negroes of the United States from the

plane of barbarism from which they arose in their transfer from Africa to the Southern United States is one of the marvels of progress of the world's history. Possibly some folks will suggest that the ordeal of coming up from barbarism through slavery was worth to the present generation, and those to follow, all the pangs and terrors it cost their forbears. And there are others who will argue that slavery days in the Cape Fear country were no more intolerable than the home conditions of the African before his involuntary migration to this section, to which the free American white man to this day comes of his own accord to live, and to spend his time and his money, and enjoy life.

Side by side the Highlander sons of Japheth and the African sons of Canaan toiled and hunted the woods, and joyed and sorrowed together, for a great affection arose between them, and while the master provided for the comforts of his slaves, and comforts were not as many for whites or blacks then as at present they are for both, the slave was as loyal to his white folks as any people that ever lived. The Northern white man has never understood the relation between Japheth and Canaan in the slave states of prewar days. The Northern man can see how it is possible to be considerate of his dog or his horse or his cattle, but he has deluded himself with the notion

that the Southern white man was not considerate of his negro, a property value much greater than that of a dog or horse, and a human creature who awakened in his white folks a sincere friendship that the Northern white people have never been able to comprehend. Always in every sphere a line has been drawn between the "big house" and the quarters, in all sections of the globe. But in the South, Bridget in the kitchen was not removed from the responsibility of the mistress when night came and she went home, and the hands in the field were still property when the day's work was done, and had the financial value as well as the day's work value. The master had a perpetual maintenance and care task on his shoulders, which the employer in the North never assumed. Moreover, the employer in the North never enjoyed the complete confidence of his dependents in industrial lines that was shown always by the slaves to the white folks in the slave states. In old Bethesda Church, as in all other churches in the slave belt, the gallery for the negroes was a fixed feature, or in lieu of it, a balcony in the rear of the main auditorium. There, while Japheth sat on the lower floor, Canaan as positively sat in the pews in the gallery, or in his own division, as men and women sat apart in the old churches in the North, and there they appealed to the same Jehovah and as devoutly returned thanks for the

same manifold blessings that the same high authority scattered even over the restricted latitudes of the bondmen. In the sessions report of 1867 it is noted that names of colored members of Bethesda who had moved away were dropped. Also in 1870 a number were dismissed, to establish a colored church to be organized.

One of the grave mistakes the North made in the days of the Civil War was in thinking the negro would not be loyal to his master. When the white men of the South went away to the war and left the women and children with the negroes, the white men knew the folks at home were in good hands, and the old slaves were proud in the knowledge that the masters knew it and had the confidence in Canaan. When Sherman's troops came through the Bethesda country, the colored folks were the most aggressive and ingenious in hiding out from the marauders everything that might be taken and carried away or destroyed. The few old slaves who still live tell of the loyal efforts on the part of the black folks to shield their home white folks, and to this day the sons of Canaan go to the sons of Japheth in this quarter of the footstool in their days of tribulation, for the tie of sympathy and affection continues to bind the races in a common regard for each other. Japheth in the South is honest in enforcing the social line. He requires Canaan

to ride on the Jim Crow car and to attend separate schools. The schoolhouse for negroes in Southern Pines is one of the best school buildings in the state, largely built by negroes, sharing in the same state fund for education. In the North, Ivan Petrovitch or Benito Dimitro does not sit at the table with the Pharisees, any more than in the South. Birds of a feather flock together, largely, as Lord Dundreary says, because they don't want to flock by themselves. If the hawk is having the quail to dinner, the signs are suspicious. Father O'Shaughnessy does not celebrate mass in the synagogue in New York, nor Rabbi Goldberg in the kirk. Onions are onions everywhere, and people know them in no matter what corner of the globe. The colonel's lady is the colonel's lady, and Rosy O'Grady is Rosy O'Grady, in every nation and in every social sphere.

Not far from Bethesda Church lived an old slave with his white people when war was ended and emancipation set him free. He was notified that he could go, that he no longer belonged to the family he had lived with, whose children he had helped to raise, who had helped him to raise his own, whose delights and sorrows, whose cotton fields, whose dogs and whose church were his. But he said, "No. This is my home. I am not going away. I have nothing to do with

freedom." The old man died a few years ago—on the old plantation, but he did not leave his folks, his white folks. His material problems were theirs to worry over. The white children and their children cared for him in his declining years. Bethesda sheltered all alike. Even now at many sessions of court the white man is around to get his nigger out of trouble, and the son of Canaan is always rejoiced to see the son of Japheth arrive at the bar of chancery when the clouds darken.

Forty-five years ago John Murphy was a printer in the *Chronicle* office in Knoxville, Tennessee, where John Alexander, a negro pressman, was employed. A white man who had come that way and found work in the shop objected to the darky and one day told the foreman to fire the negro. John Murphy protested. "Henry," he said to the foreman, "you know you can't discharge old John. We were all boys together, and I've sopped corn bread with him in the same molasses pan at his mother's house at the quarters many a time. If John quits, I quit you, too." Henry looked a minute at John and answered, "If I fire anybody, it will be the white man," which never happened, for he left of his own volition soon after. The other white printers made it uncomfortable for him. They stood by old John, who had been a boy with them.

Winnie Hill, an aged negress, lived on the Head of Rockfish, not far from the first Bethesda Church. When Sherman came through, she was a girl on a big plantation farther down the valley, working in the weave shop. She recalls how everybody hustled to hide everything that might be movable, and the fear and dislike of the invading army, and the joy when the disaster swept by. "Glad to see them?" she exclaimed, when a question was asked as to the welcome the colored folks gave the invaders. "You know we was not glad to see them, or anybody else that acted the way they did, taking all our chickens and mules and our meat, and scaring us all to death. It was our home and our rations and our folks, and our white folks was good to us. Yes, sir, good to us."

A result of African slavery in the United States was to put in close contact with each other two unassimilable groups of the human race. Twelve million negroes are in this country, chiefly in the Southern states. While some exceeding small mixture is taking place between the races, it is still a well-known fact that several generations of mixture have not sufficed to bring the negro to any perceptible degree on the white side of the line, where all other people of this country, except a few thousand Indians, are more or less amalgamated. The immigrant from any other

land, coming here in numbers, is absorbed. Chinese and Japanese are discouraged from entering the United States at all and do not come in numbers. The limited Mongolian population on the Pacific coast is the principal group and not numerous. The negro, however, is a large factor in a dozen of the states. He is multiplying. In one state he outnumbered the whites in population, and did in two states, until the last census. He cannot discard his identity by becoming a part of a large family of the typical race characteristic of his country, for the white man demands that race mixture be held to a positive minimum. So the black man continues to be a son of Canaan, and to sit at the second table after Japheth has feasted. Coming here against his own desire, he is staying because he cannot go away, realizing that what he has is by the sufferance of his white brother. His lot is a peculiar one. He was the subject of the greatest war this continent has ever known, with the result that while he was made free in a personal way, he is still hampered by circumstances and political and racial limits that cannot be broken.

Fortunately the colored people are gifted with a disposition that enables them to find in life very much that is agreeable, and to be satisfied with the conditions they cannot change, and which would probably benefit little if changed. So the

relations between the white man and the black man, where there are enough of both of them to be acquainted with each other, are cordial. The white man may assume many of the black man's burdens, and the black man is willing that he should. But in spite of the friendly attitude that exists, the fact remains that each year the number of negroes increases, and that they continue to be negroes with slight prospect of becoming a factor in the national melting pot or a product of the melt. Also, another fact is that Canaan in this country is far ahead of the home folks he left behind in the African bush. He has all the advantages of modern progress, American advances in civilization, and American comforts. His trouble is that the Ethiopian cannot change his skin. Neither can the white man. From the day of Noah, Canaan has been segregated from Japheth and Shem. Probably the Creator knows why.

No story of Canaan and Japheth is complete without reference to a feature of their relation that has been brought to the surface as an illustration. As this narrative was written, work had to be interrupted while the family went over to the funeral of an old negress who lived on the adjoining plantation for many, many years. A large portion of her life was spent within a few

thousand feet of the line of march of Kilpatrick's division as he came through the Mount Helicon country in Sherman's invasion. A slave in those days, she recalled to her death the experience of the war, and the life of a slave before the war and of the freedom afterward.

And the same day the interruption by the funeral occurred, the day was broken again by a visit to a substantial old neighbor whose life, also extending back before the day of the invasion, has covered the troubled period that began in his early youth, for he is old enough to have voted for Greely in 1872, and to have been pardoned by President Grant when the Reconstruction proceedings accepted North Carolina again as a member of the Union after the Secession, and restored to the people the civil rights that had been restricted during the occupation of the conquered country by the Union Army. This neighbor, S. J. Cameron, told of some of the tales of the Klan.

Incidentally, lest the writer of these lines be charged with prejudice in favor of the Klan and of the peculiar conditions that developed during its reign, it is excusable to say that the writer is a native of western Pennsylvania, born of a sire who enlisted in that famous organization, the Pennsylvania Reserves, within four weeks

after the date of the firing at Fort Sumter. That soldier shared the engagements of his regiment, which was wiped out and captured at Gaines Mills in the Peninsula, and the sequel at Libby and Belle Isle prisons. Later he was in that charge against Lane's North Carolina brigade at Fredericksburg, where the Pennsylvania regiment came out every third man a casualty, one company, E, reporting all casualties but one man; home from Fredericksburg to recover from wounds; later commissioned in another regiment, and finally to die from wounds. The old sword hangs above the mantelpiece at the fireplace near the typewriter which chronicles these words. If ancestry indicates prejudice in favor of Klan, further explanation is unnecessary, although to the statement may be added the still vivid recollections of a boy who remembers the departure of the troops for the front, the bitter campaign in which Lincoln defeated McClellan, the death of Lincoln, the vile treatment of Andrew Johnson, the Reconstruction as seen from the Northern perspective; also a slight personal acquaintance with Andrew Curtin, war governor of Pennsylvania; with Francis Pierpont, war governor of Virginia, who refused to recognize the secession of his state and was sustained by the authority of Federal arms; with John A. Bingham, who conducted the impeachment of Andrew Johnson; and others of

that type, who influenced a young man's views in the North in those days—these furnished the influence.

Judge A. W. Tourgee, who in his remarkable book, *The Fool's Errand*, subscribes himself as one of the fools because he left his home in the North and came to North Carolina to live and become a planter and a judge of the superior court at the time when the Klan rode, gets to the meat of the whole strange contest when he says, "The commonalty of the North, whether of English or Dutch extraction, came from the Old World either to escape oppression or to lift themselves above the stations which they had previously occupied. Many of the laborers of the South came on account of extraneous persuasion or compulsion, some seeking exile rather than starvation, or rather than prison or the gallows for slight offense." In the North, the Judge avers, the people came. In the South a large number of them were brought, and, in case of the slave population, all of them. This necessarily gave rise to different types of government. In the North the township meeting permitted every man a voice. In the South the county was the smallest unit of government. The North was an individualistic ideal. The South was strictly paternal, the planters, who were employers, and for that matter largely the owners, of

the workers, ruling with no voice on the part of the employed. It was impossible that the South should do anything after the Civil War but attempt to retain the authority of the intelligent white man of business ability and experience in government over the intrusion of the submerged minority into political management. The North never took the trouble to understand the situation in the South. The South, conquered, wrecked, with intelligence, wealth, and ability disfranchised and under the rule of military government from the other states, could not understand the mental attitude of the North, and was too painfully affected to try, if such a thing had been possible. Disfranchisement of intelligence and enfranchisement of ignorance have never been a success among any people longer than until intelligence by its superior ability succeeded to the saddle, and never will. The truth of this claim is maintained by the fact that today the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution of the United States, adopted, the one, sixty-four years ago, and the other, sixty-one years ago, are as powerless as King Canute's command to the waves not to roll up on his feet as he sat by the ocean. No way has ever yet been found to compel any large group of intelligent people to submit to the domination of an ignorant rule, except a predominance of arms, and

that is so rare as not to afford much precedent. Thus it was in the Reconstruction days in the conquered South. In the flame of hate that came out of the war, with men like Stevens to fire it, and the military authority of Grant and Congress at white heat politically, the Reconstruction was possible for a time, but impossible for long. The North would not tolerate such a policy for any lengthy period. The South would not submit at all.

So rose the Ku-Klux, and in many sections it was worse than war, for it was a remonstrance of desperation which spread locally over the whole subdued Confederacy, utterly desperate because of the determination of the South to resist and of the North to press its impossible idealisms on a territory of which it knew but little and cared but little, except in its equally desperate effort to overturn established relations between those who had governed and knew how, and those who had not governed and did not know how. The latter in their brief control of government under Federal authority showed conclusively that they would never learn how, and never be acceptable to the bulk of people of the Southern states, or very long to the nation as a whole.

Happily, as Mr. Cameron says, the Ku-Klux was not as violent in the Mount Helicon section as in many places in the South, but the situation

was ruinous while it lasted. "I voted for Greely," said Mr. Cameron. "By my side at the polls, fine citizens, who had been leaders and builders of our community, were denied the right to vote because they had been in the army. I recall at my elbow Lauchlin Bethune, one of the foremost men in our district, former member of Congress. He could not vote. I was too young to be in the army, so I was not disqualified. Grant defeated Greely in the state. I joined the Ku-Klux at Shallow Well. We held our meetings usually in the churches. I am of the opinion that Bethesda Church was used for this purpose. The Masonic lodges were sometimes utilized, where no other convenient place could be found. Possibly the lodge on the hilltop above Bethesda served at times, but I do not positively recall. I was on some of the rides where we undertook to impress the darkies who were becoming dangerous, but in this section actual killing was very rare. The membership was general."

A young man, hearing his talk, remarked, "My father was not of them, I imagine." Mr. Cameron smiled. "We rode together in a raid one night. Some of them say little about their experiences, but I have no hesitation. Grant pardoned me. But I am not incriminating anyone but myself. It was necessary for the protection of our community, and it worked."

Slavery, which was not adapted to New England and the North, was discontinued up there after it had been tried. It was continued longer in the South, with the result that the slave population, procured by the skippers from the North to be sold to the South, multiplied and became a grave problem below the Potomac. Any man may speculate as to what might have been another policy of emancipation than the one that was followed, but the fact that faced the people of this section, as well as all the rest of the slaveholding South, was that here on the hands of the white population was that vast army of helpless negroes, as well as many poor whites, who were incapable of government or of operating the industries and the public affairs, which they could not acquire. The result was the military government's attempt to enforce impossible laws, the Reconstruction, and the Ku-Klux. A return of the leading intelligence of the South to the management of public affairs came when the election of Hayes to the presidency saw withdrawal of the troops. Then arose a friendly attitude between the whites and blacks that the North has never understood and never will, for the different habits of thought in the two sections are the result of generations of experiences wholly unlike.

The thing is over now. Racial relations in this

state and probably all over the South are amicable and wholesome, no doubt more so than in the North. The white folks are gone to Winnie Hill's funeral, the old slave who for more than two generations has been a factor in the community. A better friend the negroes never had than Sam Cameron, and many others of his type, who in their shrouds and disguises years ago rode the nightly raids. Some of the negroes vote in the elections. Some do not. But it is not the statute law that permits them to vote, nor that prevents them. It is the sentiment of the community, and white and black men the world around have learned that it is a wonderful law that can make headway against public sentiment. So many ways are possible in avoiding an unpopular law, while court records show the difficulty in enforcing generally one that is not to the pleasure of the people.

Objectionable laws have been enforced temporarily on large scale. But men call that enforcement war. And even war does not obtain permanent enforcement. Mount Helicon has looked down on many seas of trouble, but that storm of Reconstruction, like the rest, is past. In some ways it was among the worst, for it was a war against a people whose men folks had been pretty well wiped out in the armed contact of the War of Secession.

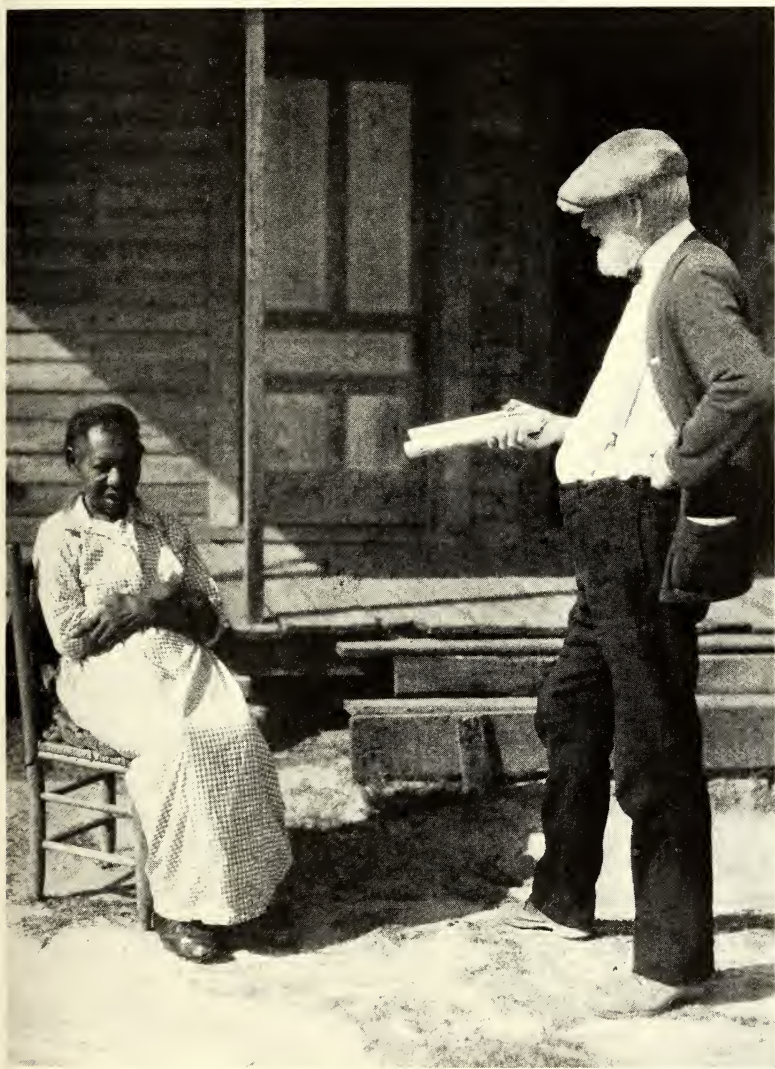


Photo by John Hemmer

BION H. BUTLER, THE AUTHOR, INTERVIEWING "AUNT WINNIE," WHO FORMERLY WORSHIPPED FROM THE SLAVE GALLERY OF OLD BETHESDA CHURCH.

SHERMAN ARRIVES

FROM 1861 to 1865 war raged to the north and west and on the coast of North Carolina, but the Cape Fear region knew little of its actual ravages, except as the men went away to the army, and troops passed through to join their commands, or as exactions were called for to maintain the men at the front, or as the casualty lists included local names. Fort Fisher, below Wilmington, protected the interior. Then one day in early March, in 1865, came the tidings that the dreaded horde of Sherman's army had arrived in South Carolina and was pushing rapidly up toward the Peedee River and God alone could surmise where. The suspense was not for long, for in a few days the advance guards began to arrive, and then the heart of North Carolina met an experience that is unparalleled on this continent.

Sherman, with over sixty-two thousand men, had on November 12, 1864, completed the destruction of all railroad and telegraph connections between Atlanta and the country to the rear of

him, and set out, dependent on resources within the invaded area, to march through the heart of the Confederacy, a distance of eight hundred miles. He arrived in Savannah in time to notify Lincoln of the city as a Christmas present, and then moved on toward Columbia and Charleston.

What he did en route was plenty, and the tidings going ahead of the army awakened no joy on the Cape Fear. Fanned out in four columns covering a front often as much as fifty miles wide, the vast army moved forward, subsisting on the unhappy country and in most systematic manner. Regularly every morning the foraging detachments set out ahead of the army and combed the region on each side of their routes, the whole front divided among different details each day. Going out on foot, the marauders picked up horses, cattle, wagons, anything that could be used to transport supplies, and along with them supplies of every kind that could be found, corn, forage, vegetables, contents of the smokehouse, the storeroom, the poultry yard and the hog lot, everything eatable. Truth compels the statement that much that was of little value to the plunderers, but cherished by the owners, was commandeered without tolerating any argument. The laden caravans assembled the loot at the roadsides along which the wings of the army

were to pass, and they did a perfect job. As long as from St. Louis to New York, and nearly fifty miles wide, the path of desolation and plunder spread over Georgia and the Carolinas.

Sherman's forces crossed into North Carolina from the south on a broad belt reaching from John's Station on the eastern side of the front to a point southwest of Wadesboro, close by the Union County line on the west. It covered most of Hoke County, Scotland, southern Moore, Richmond, and the northwest of Robeson, converging at Fayetteville, to move toward Goldsboro and Raleigh, narrowing again for the surrender at Durham, there to widen out again for Virginia and the North. Not much serious fighting hindered the progress of the army, but the trail was marked by desolation in its rear. No community welcomes sixty thousand men who move in on it to stay for supper, breakfast, and dinner, with all their animals and plunder and with entire disregard for the property rights of the host, breaking down fences and small buildings for fuel to feed the bivouac fires, picking up any little thing that would stick to a light finger, and wantonly ruining many things that gave no excuse for such action. In a body with a front embracing two or three counties in width, these thousands of marauders and enemy moved forward like the plagues of Egypt. While the rules laid down for the

government of the troops were considerate of the noncombatant people among whom the army moved, no rules ever controlled an army in the country of their helpless and vanquished foes, who have always been regarded as legitimate plunder and wreckage. Moreover, one purpose of the expedition was to destroy the source of supply which the Confederacy might still find in the coastal states.

The Cape Fear territory covered by the march is about included in a northern boundary coming up past Rockingham, into Moore County near the neighborhood of the Stewart bridge west of Jackson Springs, via the Morganton road by the vicinity of Pinehurst, thence eastward through Southern Pines to the Neill Blue farm in Hoke County, where a battle occurred.

Then the other army. At half past four o'clock, Friday morning, April 12, 1861, Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard, who three weeks before had resigned his position as superintendent of the United States Military Academy at West Point, obeyed the order of Governor Pickens of South Carolina and instructed the commander of the batteries at Charleston to open fire on Fort Sumter. There began the greatest war this continent has ever known. On April 26, 1865, after four years of campaigning and always in high spots, General Beauregard, with Gen. Joseph E.

Johnston, surrendered at the Bennett house, near Durham, to General Sherman, and the war ended. Mount Helicon, near the center of the small circle that widened to include the whole American nation, was little more than a hundred miles from the beginning, not a hundred miles from the close, and in the heart of the line of march from Charleston to Durham—the start and the finish.

When Sherman left Savannah, Beauregard was in command of all the Confederate forces in the Carolinas, which Gen. Wade Hampton, that rare old cavalry commander, urged him to unite and oppose Sherman. Lt. W. S. Nye, in an article in the *Field Artillery Journal* of February, 1932, says that the scattered forces under Beauregard's orders, including the garrison at Charleston, Hardee's infantry, Wheeler's cavalry, Bragg's force at Wilmington, Butler's division of twelve hundred sabers from the Army of Virginia, and remnants of Hood's army at Augusta, totaled forty thousand men. Hampton advised that by making a stand at some of the river crossings in South Carolina, Beauregard might check Sherman. It is to be remembered that many of these forty thousand were untrained men, a large proportion scarcely more than boys, nearly all of them lacking in efficient experience to face a legion of the veterans of four years of active military life in the Federal Army. To make mat-

ters worse, as Sherman pulled up into South Carolina, Beauregard was sick in Charlotte and unable to go into the field. Charlotte was believed to be Sherman's object. His route had pointed to the west of Charlotte all the way since leaving Savannah. From Columbia it continued that course past Winsboro, toward Chester. Wheeler, with his cavalry, opposed Sherman along the route. Butler came up in time to reach Columbia as the city was burned, while Hardee, commanding the infantry, and on the east of Sherman, was working along toward Charlotte. As Hardee moved northward to Montgomery and Moore counties, Sherman, between Winsboro and Chester, turned abruptly eastward to the Peedee at Cheraw, to find that Hardee had already passed that point. Wheeler's cavalry proceeded north on the west side of the river to the Grassy Island ford. Butler crossed at Cheraw, went up by Rockingham, skirmishing there with Kilpatrick, and joined Wheeler at Troy. Wheeler and Butler advanced eastward to the Yadkin road, through Pinehurst and Manly, then not in existence, toward the battlefield at the Blue farm, ten miles east of Southern Pines.

Hardee marched northward into the heart of Moore County and out the Carthage road toward Fayetteville, and missed the battle, as Sherman's infantry, crossing at Cheraw and proceeding east-

ward through the lower part of Moore, Hoke, and Scotland toward Fayetteville, also missed the encounter. Kilpatrick's Second and Third Cavalry Divisions and his fifteen hundred dismounted troops, coming from Wadesboro, crossed the route of Butler's cavalry at Rockingham, then by Stewart's bridge at Drowning Creek and Jackson Springs advanced by the Morganton road through the present site of Southern Pines to the Blue farm and action. Kilpatrick's First Division passed over Patterson's bridge to go east by Bethesda Church, where they camped over night. They were delayed in crossing the "Devil's Gut," now known by the more polite name of Aberdeen Creek, at the present village of Aberdeen, having to dismount and permit the men to help pull wagons and cannon through the deceptive stream, which was much deeper and more treacherous than its clear water indicated. Rains had flooded the country and roads were bad.

On Thursday morning, March 9, leaving his camp near the crossing of the Morganton road at Deep Creek, Kilpatrick moved toward Solemn Grove, the old Buchan farm, two miles east of Southern Pines, arriving there after noon. There, with the Third Brigade, he waited to permit the other troops to catch up. At Solemn Grove he was informed that Hardee's infantry had passed eastward on a road to the north of

him, and that Hampton's cavalry, including Wheeler's and Butler's commands, was on the Yadkin road, a mile north of the Morganton road, also pushing eastward. Toward evening his Fourth Brigade of dismounted troops arrived, and these Kilpatrick sent with the Third Brigade on toward the Green Springs, as instructed by Sherman. Then, as the Second Brigade approached, Kilpatrick ordered the commander, General Atkinson, to follow, picketing the Morganton road, while the Third and Fourth would take care of the Yadkin road. Green Springs is the site of the Neill S. Blue farm, formerly called the Monroe farm. There the Federal troops expected to spend the night. It appears that while Kilpatrick was aware that Hardee, with his infantry, had passed eastward on a road to the north, he was not clearly apprised of the proximity of Hampton's cavalry on the Yadkin road, and evidently Hampton did not know the location of Kilpatrick's troopers. So they marched in the falling evening on the parallel roads about a mile apart, until out near the Johnson Mountain Butler's advance guard discovered the signs of the movement of a large cavalry body ahead of them. General Butler tells the story of the encounter, which resulted in accosting a party of men who proved to be one of Kilpatrick's regiments, who did not recognize in Butler an enemy,

and they were surprised into surrendering. This included Kilpatrick's personal staff, but the General was fortunate in the darkness to escape into the forest. Other troops of Kilpatrick's command, following down the road, for the two roads converged near Green Springs, noted the presence of a camp of Hampton's soldiers, and counter-marched on a side road to the south and then to Green Springs by a detour.

Kilpatrick's forces reached the allotted point, where the chief took possession of the farmhouse as headquarters. Hampton's troops quartered near by, but Kilpatrick's soldiers were not aware of their dangerous situation—dangerous because Hampton's command knew of the presence of their neighbors and were making every effort to carry out a surprise and capture them. During the rain of the day and night both armies were soaked and disgruntled. In the morning, as day was breaking, Hampton instructed Wheeler to take charge of the unit commanded by Wheeler and Butler, and make a raid on the Federals, which was done in effective manner. But the camp was on the head of Nicholson Creek, surrounded by small streams and swamps, and the assaulters were hopelessly entangled in the marshy thickets and broken forests. Kilpatrick had stepped out of the house in his night apparel at the moment of the charge, and he started to

run in the brush. He was hailed and asked where Kilpatrick was, and pointed to an officer on horseback dashing in the opposite direction. The officer was pursued, and Kilpatrick was permitted to escape into the woods. But shortly the Union troops were organized, and after a nasty battle in the swamp and rain and underbrush the Confederates were driven back and the affair was over. It is thought about four or five thousand men were engaged in the contest, with about a hundred killed on each side, and many more wounded. The affair was fought entirely by the cavalry and dismounted divisions, the infantry of both Hardee and Sherman passing too far from the scene of the struggle to reach the ground and take part. Kilpatrick's Second Brigade, under General Atkinson, was lost in the mire of Piney Bottom and Juniper Creek swamps, and did not arrive until the last shot was fired Friday morning, while Jordan's First Brigade, going by Bethesda Church out the road to Sandy Grove, and turning north at the crossing of Rockfish Creek, not far from the S. J. Cameron farm, reached the field at noon, also too late to figure. Mitchell's brigade from the Federal Fourteenth Infantry Corps, marching eastward on the Plank road, heard the firing and turned north to reach the field about ten o'clock, also too late to take part in the fray.

Another battle of greater magnitude was fought at Averasboro, and another at Bentonville, Johnston opposing Sherman, but the result could not have been different—Confederate defeat. Soon after, the finish came at Durham, and the war was ended.

For a small battle, the prominence of the men engaged was somewhat remarkable. Wheeler, Kilpatrick, and Butler were all born in 1836, and were not twenty-nine years old when they met at the Blue farm encounter. They were generals before they were twenty-seven. Kilpatrick came out of West Point in 1861, and Wheeler, in 1859. Wheeler was in the Union Army until he resigned in 1861 to join the Confederacy. Butler was not a trained soldier, but had become a highly capable officer by his experience. Later he was a well-known member of the Federal Senate from South Carolina. Hampton was a much older man, but distinguished by his military record, likewise by his public service in the country after peace came again, and by his prominence in farming and industry. Wheeler, like Kilpatrick, served the nation again in the army, Wheeler, in the Spanish War, gaining a high command and proving his efficiency. Butler was also a major general in the Spanish War, and both these men were prominent in public life later.

As for Sherman and Hardee, the two com-

manders of the armies who did not take part in the contest, little needs to be said. Sherman lived to remain with the army, while Hardee had made a name before hostilities broke. Practically every officer in either army for the four years of war's duration learned his military lesson from *Hardee's Tactics*, the official textbook in the school of the soldier of both armies. Hardee faced Sherman's army all the way from Chattanooga to Raleigh, but at grave disadvantage in the campaign through the Carolinas, as his force was chiefly local militia, while the enemy was a seasoned army of long and arduous training in the four years with Grant, Sherman, Thomas, and their kind, from Fort Donelson to Vicksburg, Shiloh, Stone River, Lookout Mountain, Chattanooga, and Atlanta.

Just before the arrival of Sherman's army at Cheraw, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston succeeded Beauregard as commander of the Confederate army. Johnston was a great commander. Grant said he had faced nearly all the Confederates of high command before him and that none gave him more anxiety than Johnston. Sherman regarded him as the equal of Lee in ability. But in facing Sherman in North Carolina Johnston had neither the army nor the facilities, and Johnston led a lost hope to the surrender near Durham. Previous to the war, Sherman, Johnston, Hardee, and Beaure-

gard had been companions in arms under one flag. They served with distinction in the Blackhawk, Seminole, and Mexican wars. Some years after the surrender Johnston was a pallbearer at Sherman's funeral, as he was also at Grant's, another distinguished war veteran. War is a funny occupation.

Sherman's army invaded the southern part of Moore County and the counties adjoining, but most folks overlook the fact that Hardee and Hampton, with several thousand troops, swung around the north of the Union army and overran the bulk of the rest of the county. With the two armies, especially with Sherman's, came a vast horde of several thousand camp followers, negroes and others, the followers probably being guilty of most of the depredations that were charged against the armies, and which earned the undesirable name and reputation they have held to this day. S. J. Cameron, who was a young man as the armies moved through the neighborhood, lived on Beaver Creek, on the upper side of Hardee's path. He says not so much damage was done there, as the army was smaller, and more sympathy was shown the inhabitants by the army of their people, which was among friends. Forage and supplies were taken, but the general attitude of the troops was more considerate.

While the main wing of Kilpatrick's division

was moving eastward on the Morganton road past Solemn Grove toward the scene of the fight, Jordan's First Brigade, as stated, proceeded by way of Bethesda and the Moore County road toward Sandy Grove Church, passing two miles or more south of Solemn Grove, and Jordan was unaware of the trouble until after it was over, for he remained during the night at Bethesda Church and was pulling out to the east when the battle was fought. He heard the sound of the encounter as he arrived at the Rockfish crossing and turned north to reach the field after all was ended. But the curious feature of the affair is that in the official records of the Pennsylvania troops, as published in Bate's *History of the Pennsylvania Volunteers*, prepared with the authority of the Pennsylvania Legislature, five members of the Ninth Pennsylvania Cavalry, a constituent of Jordan's brigade, are reported as casualties: Maj. Charles Appel was captured; Capt. W. H. Weiss, of Company B, and John Jones, of Company G, were killed; and Henry Zerphy, of Company G, and John M. Tarbet, of Company L, were wounded, and the records say it was at Solemn Grove, on March 10. John Buchan, who was in the Elmira military prison when Kilpatrick came through Solemn Grove, but who lived in the house which was the post office, and who was back home soon after the troops passed that way, said that

no action took place on the Buchan farm, although at the Shaw house, a short distance up the hill toward the present Southern Pines, bullet holes were reported in the walls, which patient search of the old house some years ago failed to show. The presumption is that the neighborhood was designated as Solemn Grove, and that anything occurring in the vicinity was located as at Solemn Grove, because it was the nearest definite point. Mr. Buchan tells that the family at his home were warned to move out, as firing was likely, as Hardee or Hampton might come that way any minute. But neither of them came. The family stayed in the house, and no harm followed.

Jordan's First Brigade, having trouble at the creek crossing west of Bethesda Church, camped until morning. At the Neill Blue house, now owned by J. Talbot Johnson, near the church, some of the soldiers made their quarters for the night, while others slept under the church, the officers using the building. This brief sojourn brought the troops in close contact with the people of the vicinity. About a mile above the church stood the old Ray home and mill. Major Ray was a man of prominence in his community. He owned a gun he was proud of, and with it he was in the vicinity of the line of march when Jordan's brigade came in to make its camp. He was also proud of a fur coat he had made from otters

trapped in the neighborhood, and he happened to be wearing that. The gun served to place him in jeopardy as carrying arms against the army, and the coat pleased the eye of an officer of the invaders, Captain Harrison. Some years later, after Capt. A. M. Clarke, of the Sixty-seventh Pennsylvania Regiment, had come to the Mount Helicon country, Ray and Clarke became friends. But trouble threatened when Clarke went to Minneapolis to the Republican convention that nominated Gen. Benjamin Harrison for president, for the officer who had taken Ray's fur coat and gun was Captain Harrison, and Ray was told that the Harrison Clarke helped to nominate was the same man. It took a lot of explanation to dispel the clouds after Clarke came home from the convention, but finally danger of rupture was averted, for Clarke was a most likable fellow, sincerely fond of the men who had been on the other side in the great struggle, for while he was a brave and aggressive soldier and officer himself, he was appreciative of the fine manhood of his Confederate antagonists, who proved their courage and devotion, as he often said.

When General Jordan's First Brigade of Kilpatrick's cavalry division of Sherman's army arrived in the neighborhood of Bethesda on that memorable spring day of 1865, a little girl of ten years, now Mrs. Charles E. Pleasants, was at the

home of her father, Malcolm M. Blue, who lived in what was later called the Neill S. Blue house, a few rods up the Southern Pines road from the church. Mrs. Pleasants recalls the arrival of the Federal soldiers, who came straggling in during the day. A number of them were quartered in her father's house. The family was set off in a couple of rooms and advised to stay there. It was a fearsome but fascinating experience for the child, who watched from the windows as much as safety seemed to justify, and she saw with apprehension the havoc the strangers wrought with the cattle, the hogs, the chickens, and everything that could be of use to that overwhelming horde. Breastworks were thrown up on the road above the house as a precaution against a visit from Hampton's cavalry or Hardee's infantry from the northward.

All day and through the night; and then early in the morning the stable call aroused the cavalymen, and after the army breakfasts, with the Blue home supplying, with no voice of its own in the matter, a large number of hogs, and chickens, and sweet potatoes, and other things, the little girl watched while the horses were brought out, the guns hitched up, and amid other experiences equally terrifying and hair-curling to her, the troopers mounted, and the column started out through the old mulberry orchard near the barns

that still stand between the house and the cemetery. Up the road they disappeared, but it was days and days before the impression left on the youthful mind could quiet down. Even yet in the recollections of Mrs. Pleasants those scenes remain, vivid and fiercely interesting, the gross wastefulness, the desecration, the lack of moral or kindly restraint, and the terror of it all—for it was war. She still lives within sight of the old church, as she has lived close to it all her life, and she is one of the few surviving who can recall actual experience and close contact with the invaders.

An interesting phase of this visit of Jordan's brigade to Bethesda is found in a copy of the muster roll of the command, which included the Ninth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and here are some of the names found on the list: McKinney, McClintock, McDonald, McCann, McCoy, McConnagha, Shaw, McKnight, McCurtin, Duncan, McLain, McConley, Walter Scott, Boyds in plenty, Campbell, Moore, McBride, McGuire, McCurdy, McCrey, Ferguson, McGann, Ross, Laird, Maginnis, McQueeny, McDowell, Patterson, McMullin, and so on the list might be continued. When the little girl at the Blue home looked out the window at the strangers, she was at least in familiar surroundings, for among her visitors were her own kind—Scotch, only they had come

through the Philadelphia gateway to North Carolina instead of by Wilmington.

Mighty little transpires in this country or any other that the Scotch do not have a hand in.

As Kilpatrick's troopers were passing through Bethesda neighborhood and past Shaw's and Buchan's on the Morganton road, Wheeler's Confederate cavalry moved on a parallel line eastward along the Yadkin road. Mary Priest, a girl of thirteen years, was at the home of her father, Duncan Priest, on the old Priest farm on James Creek, a couple of miles northeast of the Yadkin road. She lives now with her husband, Hugh David Cameron, in Southern Pines. Mrs. Cameron remembers distinctly when Wheeler's troops rode over her father's plantation. They were much more considerate than the other army, for it was their people they mingled with, and people who were in sympathy with the cause and who regarded the soldiers as defenders instead of vandals. She recalls the efforts of the older folks to provide corn bread and ham, and eatables of any kind that could be supplied, although the range was very limited even with a friendly desire to help.

Mr. Cameron, a little older than his wife, lived at the same time over near Swan Station, and there the neighborhood was traversed by Hardee's infantry. Mr. Cameron was born and

reared within about half a mile of the old Barbecue Church, and was long an attendant there. He was too young to be in the army, which means he was around fourteen or fifteen, for the Confederacy had combed the country for recruits and conscripts, and Mrs. Cameron says it was most pitiful to go to church and note the congregation—women and girls, of all ages, but the men were old men up in the sixties and above, and young boys under sixteen, and many of even that age had gone into the service.

Mrs. Cameron's grandfather was Archibald Buchan, who lived at the Buchan farm on James Creek, where Kilpatrick stopped his brigade to allow the rest of his division to overtake him before moving toward Green Springs, which became the scene of the battle. So thoroughly did Kilpatrick's men scour the Buchan larder that next morning after the soldiers had gone the family went over to the hill across the creek where the camp was made and there gathered up the corn scattered on the ground by the horses. This was washed, ground into meal, and used by the family until they could provide other eatables.

In the morning, as Jordan's brigade marched up the hill above Bethesda, it crossed the top of Mount Helicon, with the valley open far beyond the scene of battle, and headed for the road that

joins the Chicken road west of the S. J. Cameron farm and Blue's Mountain. On the Chicken road it fell in behind Kilpatrick's other brigades. But the noise of battle had subsided, and after burying the dead, the whole division moved out for Fayetteville, camping that night near the Little Rockfish Creek. Jordan's brigade passed just south of the old site of Bethesda and of Solemn Grove Academy, there on the eastern base of Mount Helicon at the Head of Rockfish. Its route of march, as well as the rest of that of Kilpatrick's corps, can be traced from the top of Mount Helicon well over toward the battlefield. Hampton's approach to the field can also be outlined from the summit to this day by one who knows the territory.

The formation of Sherman's infantry, which included the great bulk of his army, was the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps on the right, crossing from Cheraw to Fayetteville south of Raeford. Geary's Twentieth Corps, including many Pennsylvania soldiers, came through Scotland and Hoke. From Blue's bridge through Hoke, on Kilpatrick's right, the Fourteenth Corps followed the Plank road, over the summit near Montrose, with more Pennsylvanians, commanded through the Kentucky and Tennessee campaigns by that member of the famous fighting family, Gen. A. McD. McCook. He did not come up

through Moore County with his corps, as he had been detached at Atlanta to take the government of one of the western military districts. That saved him from overrunning the neighborhood in which Mrs. Jackson Boyd, née Harriet McCook, now lives, on the eastern extension of Mount Helicon. A Scotchman, like Geary, another actor in this play.

Bethesda Church was within the heart of the lines of march through North Carolina, the left wing extending northward some three to six miles, and the south wing covering the country nearly thirty miles down into Robeson County. The high ridges that come up from between the Peedee and the Cape Fear afford from Deep Creek beyond Pinehurst a summit, without a waterway crossing it, almost the whole way to Fayetteville, and that was an ideal route for the mounted troops and their baggage. So Kilpatrick led his cavalry up the roads from Cheraw and Rockingham, and through what are now Aberdeen, Pinehurst, and Southern Pines, past the Buchan farm on James Creek, where Kilpatrick's troops camped and covered the ford in anticipation of a visit from Hardee, who passed on down the Yadkin road farther north, to meet with Hampton, at Blue's farm, in the battle mentioned. The Butler home, Valhalla, is built on the knob where Kilpatrick's men planted their cannon, pointed to guard the

creek crossing, and in later days Northern soldiers visiting at the winter resort at Pinehurst and Southern Pines have found satisfaction in hunting with the children for army relics, like bullets and fragments of camp and army equipment, to be found on the hill. F. B. Eisenberg, who at the Bennett house, near Durham, carried dispatches that led up to the surrender of Johnston to Sherman, made a number of visits to this section to look over the route along which his troops had ridden, and he recalled with much pleasure the creek and hilltop at the Buchan ford.

In a letter following one of his latest visits to the Sandhills Colonel Eisenberg wrote of the changes that had taken place along the route of the march, which he had followed in his automobile from Atlanta to the Bennett house at Durham, where the surrender occurred. Eisenberg was in Kilpatrick's Ninth Pennsylvania Cavalry, which led the march into Raleigh and to the Bennett house. His brigade fired the last shot of Sherman's army. In his letter he tells of going out to the Bennett house with his nephew. As they stood looking over the field while he explained to the young man the story of the climax, four other cars drove up and stopped to listen. Then came two school busses loaded with children and their teachers. When it was understood that Eisenberg had been at the surrender, he was be-

seiged with questions. He says: "The children swarmed around me to see a Yankee soldier and look him over. It caused a strange feeling to overtake me for a minute. I never talked to an audience, especially of that mixed type, in which the conditions were so singularly impressive." At his first visit to the Bennett house Eisenberg had been an inconspicuous actor, and the persons of prominence were General Johnston, General Wade Hampton, General Sherman, and General Logan. At his last visit he was the outstanding character, and gathered about him was an interested audience. No wonder his emotions were awakened.

Erasmus Wilson, a writer of wide acquaintance, who died some years ago in Pittsburgh, wrote frequently to a newspaper associate in the Sandhills concerning the wonderful attraction of these pine forests as he marched with his regiment through the country. The pines were at that time of great density and size. Underneath was the carpet of pine straw. Pine knots gave wealth to the fuel heaps as the men made their camps, and furnished light as a side line with the fuel. The clear sandy streams gave good water to drink. The hills afforded variety in the march. The fame of the mild, bright leaf tobacco was carried north with these men to make North Carolina prosperous. "What a country," said Wilson one day, when talking about the Sandhills

and his memories of his young manhood in the great invasion. "I still want to go back there and travel some of that territory from Cheraw to Fayetteville and get a brief glimpse of the paradise we helped to desecrate." War was terrible for the subjugated people, but after Sherman's army had finished its battles and entered upon the invasion, the whole matter was largely a great adventure in a romantic world, a camping out, with the whole country contributing subsistence and unfolding new scenes and continued fields of travel. It was a long time before the Cape Fear recovered from the visit of its wholly unwelcome guests. But they were only returning an earlier call.

That call was Gettysburg. On June 2, 1863, General Lee, of the Confederate Army, set out to pay a visit, and he took with him eighty-five thousand in the party. As he moved away from Fredericksburg, Virginia, General Hooker suspected that General Lee might be thinking of dropping in at some unmentioned points north of the Potomac, and that, as many of the folks up there were away from home, down in Virginia, for instance, it might be wise for Hooker to go up that way and arrange for a hearty reception when the guests should arrive.

The suspicions were correct. On June 30 Heth's division of Hill's Confederate corps ar-

rived at Cashtown in Pennsylvania, and Pettigrew's brigade of North Carolina soldiers was instructed to move over to Gettysburg with its wagons and secure some clothing and shoes, to make a proper appearance when they should greet their hosts. As they approached Gettysburg on the Cashtown road from the west, Buford's Federal cavalry came up the Emmittsburg pike from the south. The videttes were given the left of the receiving line. They moved forward, opening fire on Pettigrew's men, and the Battle of Gettysburg had started. Three days it lasted. Holding the left of the line in Pickett's famous charge on the third day, Pettigrew's brigade included the Eleventh, the Twenty-sixth, the Forty-seventh, and the Fifty-second North Carolina Regiments. The Twenty-sixth North Carolina went into that battle with less than 800 men, and came out with 86 killed, 502 wounded, and 120 missing. One company reported every man a casualty, even the orderly who made out the list of the injuries had a bullet through each leg. This is the record for the Civil War. In this battle the One Hundred and Forty-first Pennsylvania lost 75.7 per cent of the men engaged. The charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, the poetical historical climax of war, showed a loss of 36.7 per cent. The heaviest toll in the famous battle of Marc la Tour in the Franco-Prussian

war noted a loss of 49.4 per cent. North Carolina and Pennsylvania made different records than that, mother and daughter quarreling with each other.

North Carolina and Virginia furnished 156 of the organizations of the 283 that maintained the Confederate action at Gettysburg. Pennsylvania and New York supplied 175 of the Federal organizations, which totaled from all states 360. New England contributed 67. It was largely a meeting of five of the original thirteen colonies.

On the morning of July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg, Johnson formed his Confederate division for an attack on the Federal troops on Culp's Hill, one of the most hotly contested positions of the field. In Steuart's brigade were the First and the Third North Carolina Regiments and the Second North Carolina Battalion. On the hilltop was Geary's famous "White Star" Division, who were to come to North Carolina to repay this visit, including the Twenty-eighth, the One Hundred and Forty-seventh, the Twenty-ninth, and the One Hundred and Eleventh Pennsylvania troops, and Knapp's battery from Pennsylvania. A goodly number of New York troops were in the Federal ranks. While Pickett's charge on the west side of the hill, in which were the Eleventh, the Forty-seventh, the Twenty-sixth, the Fifty-second, and the Fifty-fifth North Carolina Regiments, has

been given credit for one of the most desperate movements in military history, the charge of Johnson's forces up the hill against Geary's lines must always be to any man who has looked on that almost impregnable hillside one of the greatest efforts of war. This charge of desperation was ended soon after noon, and the Confederates were forced back across the creek with the loss of many prisoners and much equipment. Pickett's famous charge, following later in the day, saw the Carolina soldiers penetrate the Federal lines, only to be shot down, and there Armistead, a native of North Carolina, was killed, and Pettigrew, another North Carolina native, died a few days later from his wounds. That phase of the battle was finished. Of the nineteen field officers and generals in this charge, Pickett and one lieutenant colonel were the only two to escape unharmed. Following this bloody contest came the contact of Wade Hampton's cavalry with Kilpatrick on Wolf Hill, with the First North Carolina Cavalry in the action. Possibly the severe saber wound Hampton received there made him more anxious to get Kilpatrick at the battle at the Blue farm. Then Gettysburg closed with nightfall, and the North Carolina visitors to Pennsylvania began their preparations to return home.

On March 9, 1865, Kilpatrick sat on a porch of the old Buchan house on what is now included

in the Boyd estate on James Creek, two miles east of Southern Pines, writing some dispatches to Sherman, who was with the main body of the invading army. Kilpatrick and many of the Pennsylvanians who were at Gettysburg had come with Sherman's sixty thousand men to repay the afternoon with Hampton on Wolf's Hill at Gettysburg in Pennsylvania. The Buchan house was then the Solemn Grove post office. The General asked about the men folks.

"John was gone to New York under a pressing invitation by some Pennsylvania men at Fort Fisher down on the coast a little earlier in the winter."

"Elmira?"

"Yes; military prison," the women conceded. "Yankees took two thousand prisoners."

Kilpatrick assured the women the Carolinians would not stay long in New York. He expected to reach Raleigh in a couple of weeks and believed the hostilities would cease soon after Sherman and Schofield and Grant effected a junction somewhere. Then the unwilling visitors to Elmira would come back to the Rockfish country. His guess was correct.

In 1863, after Gettysburg, the Federal government, with the certainty that Lee would not again attempt to carry the war into the North, had detached from the Army of the Potomac the

Eleventh and Twelfth Army Corps, which had defeated Ewell's North Carolina troops in that terrible slaughter on Culp's Hill, and sent them speedily to Tennessee, where Rosecrans had been shut up in Chattanooga. There, united in the new Twentieth Corps, Geary's "White Star" Division never lost its identity. It was the "White Star" Division that climbed Lookout Mountain, won the famous Battle Above the Clouds, opened the road to Chattanooga and forced Bragg out, and which followed the fate of the invading army to Atlanta, to Savannah, and then up into North Carolina. Kilpatrick's cavalry moved along the extreme left of the army on its journey through the Rockfish country and over the Mount Helicon ridge, the Twentieth Corps, with the "White Star" Division, at its right. And thus these marauders swept up through the South Carolina hills, across the border into Richmond and Moore Counties, into Cumberland, and on to Fayetteville, to Durham, and to the ultimate liberation of John Buchan, who had gone up to Elmira on an invitation much against his will.

Maj. Gen. John W. Geary, who commanded the Twentieth Corps of the Federal Army until it reached Savannah, was of Ulster Scotch ancestry from the north of Ireland, where a large number of Highlanders had settled in the earlier days of Scottish migration. Geary did not come with his

corps through the Rockfish country, as he was appointed military governor of Savannah and left there. But his corps came this way and passed not far from Mount Helicon on the way to Fayetteville. Geary was a colonel in the Mexican War. When the City of Mexico was captured, he was made commander of the city. When through there, he went to California in the gold rush and was first alcalde of San Francisco, then, when the American form of government was established, first mayor. Later he was appointed territorial governor of Kansas. He returned to Pennsylvania and entered the army when the Civil War broke out. From the army he again came to Pennsylvania, to be twice elected governor of that state. These Scotch are heard from, no matter where they come from, North or South.

One day, crossing the ocean some years ago, a man now a resident of North Carolina had as a stateroom companion a Canadian Scotchman, Walter Scott. Scott said that some day the North and South would fight again, but the man from the Sandhill country said: "Not so. Sons and daughters of the old Pennsylvania Wildcat Regiment and the old Bucktails and the old Louisiana Tigers, and the other outstanding actors, are moving north and moving south, and all over both sections they are rearing a crossbreed that is as likely a bunch of kittens as you can find, and if

anybody thinks they are safe for an outsider to fool with, let him beware." Germany has found out what that combination results in.

Almost in sight of Mount Helicon lives Frank Buchan, younger scion of the Buchans of Solemn Grove. He found his wife at Fannettsburg, Pennsylvania, near enough to Gettysburg to hear the sound of the cannonading in 1863. He goes up there with his household gods and listens with good nature to what the Rebels did in that favored land seventy years ago. His folks by marriage come down to Moore County and listen to what the Yankees did when they paid back the call of the Tarheels on that northern journey. Little Betsey Jean Johnson, when asked which side her folks were on in the war days, tells that her father's forbears were with Johnson's division in that dreadful fight up the rocky forest on the east side of Culp's Hill, while her mother's people were under the other flag.

Herbert Cameron lives in sight of the junction of the Peedee and the Morganton roads, along which Kilpatrick's men marched near Mount Helicon. Herbert is one of the Camerons who came to the Head of Rockfish in the early migration. His ancestry followed the Stars and Bars. His wife is from that section of Pennsylvania that was within a night's ride of the Confederate lines during the entire war. Three times the

neighborhood of her people was invaded. In October, 1862, Jeb Stuart's cavalry made a successful dash through the valley, followed by Gettysburg in 1863, and in July, 1864, by the third, which was marked by so much needless destruction and burning of towns and homes that the memory of McCausland's visit to Pennsylvania on that trip cost the Carolinas and Georgia much suffering when retaliating members of Sherman's army set fire along their road with the cry, "Remember Chambersburg." In spite of the glorious features attributed to war by Count Bernhardi, the people of Pennsylvania and the Carolinas have evidence that war also has its objections.

As Kilpatrick came along the Morganton road into what is now Southern Pines, his four thousand troopers passed the home still standing of W. C. Shaw, who had made the acquaintance of Kilpatrick's forces at Gettysburg, although neither of them knew it at the time. Shaw brought home his Gettysburg wounds and lived to fraternize with the Northern soldiers who gradually came this way. One of his companions as they grew older was Asaph M. Clarke, who enlisted in the Union Army three times, starting in April, 1861, and making it a clean sweep until he was mustered out in 1865, a captain, although he had difficulty in getting out because he was only

twenty-one years old when discharged and he had to show how he got into the army when only sixteen. They lie, one in the cemetery on the hill-top across the valley from Mount Helicon, the other in the shade of the cedars at Bethesda. Many a reminiscence they recounted for the joy of it and for the delectation of the listening bystanders, and if all they told was actually without exaggeration, they had some interesting experiences in the days when they fought for their country. Edwin Newton wore the blue, while C. W. Shaw wore the gray. Katie Shaw's children (Kate is Scott Newton's wife) call both Edwin Newton and C. W. Shaw, grandfather. Scott Newton and family live within vision of Mount Helicon, in C. W. Shaw's old home.

Still more deeply these threads of family relationship entangle. In the Revolutionary days Kenneth Black lived in the vicinity of Mount Helicon. He was a Revolutionary Scotchman and a loyalist. Philip Alston was a follower of the Whig leanings, and the tradition is that Alston and Black in some contact wound up with the death of Black. He is reputed to have been killed at the old Ray place, at the southern boundary of the present Southern Pines Country Club. As the story runs, he was buried out beyond the Sugg farm, near Southern Pines. His grave was so

abused by those who were unfriendly, that to prevent riding horses over it and destroying the markers and otherwise desecrating the burial plot, a high stone wall was erected. Markers were placed about the grave and about other graves, of which some mutilated pieces remain, one or two that can be distinctly read. But in recent years the stone that stood above Kenneth Black has been taken away, most of the stone wall has been broken down, and apparently some of the graves have been opened, for what purpose, is not known.

The Blacks thrived in the community, and as the years went by, the posterity affiliated with the other elements of the population. In Civil War days the name was on the roster of the troops that went on the Pennsylvania expedition, and later of those who went to Germany. Mary Louise Black is a little girl of Southern Pines. Her mother is Mrs. Tom Black, serving as post-mistress of Southern Pines, pending a final appointment. Little Mary Black's grandfather was John Powell, whose ancestry runs back to the Confederacy but with an English lineage. Little Mary's grandmother is the daughter of another wearer of the blue. Clustering about the old burial place of Kenneth Black are the kinships of flags of Bannockburn, of Britain, of the Confederacy, and of the United States, a converging of

loyalties and sentiment, and communing friendliness, and the morning, dawning over the summit of Mount Helicon, lights the grave of Kenneth Black, known to but few people, but still the Macpelah of a patriarch whose lines have taken a wide reach of the world.

A DAVID WITH A PEBBLE

THE world is not yet far enough from the days of the recent German War to place a proper perspective on the character and actions of the men who took prominent part in the Armageddon which marks the earth's greatest inhuman catastrophe. But it is probable that in the list of those whose names for years will lead the rest in the struggle for the welfare and peace of mankind will be that of Walter Hines Page. Bethesda is a cosmopolitan little group of those of yesterday. One gray marble slab bears the name of Dighton McGlachlin, Company E, Forty-sixth Iowa Infantry, and the figures, 1844-1929. It is plain where he came from and where he fought. Others tell of the Scot whose lineage was with his unwilling oath of allegiance to King George III. Others followed the fortunes of Stonewall and Lee and those men who pushed the frontier to the highwater mark at Gettysburg. Names are there that recall the Flanders fields and the German Rhine, and with this including assemblage of

representative ideals is gathered Walter Page, North Carolinian of old Virginia extraction, English farther back, the hereditary antagonist of the banners of Bonnie Dundee and the clans. Banners from many nations, representing many divergent espousals of loyalty, overshadowed by the widely waved pennant bearing that marvelous inscription, "In Hoc Signo," all hold a place there in the cover of the ancient oaks and cedars of the old church with its five porches and its five hundred memories. Walter Page was a North Carolina newspaper man in his younger day. He grieved over the plight of the forgotten man, the victim of the Civil War and the Reconstruction that followed, which dealt harshly with many people of the South, who bore heavy burdens laid on in divers ways. His vigorous sympathy and his outspoken argument drove harder than some of his people approved of. He went North, where the field was wide, and presently he had made a name and a place that were felt wherever the language is spoken and the printed page is read.

Fortunately for this country and for the whole world, another broad mind, Woodrow Wilson, when the German Kaiser opened the gates of Hell, had made Page the representative of this government in Great Britain. Two men who knew each other, unafraid, moved by loftiest motives, were at the helm when the storm let loose. Walter

Page gauged the solid integrity of the British people and the faculty they have of hanging to the right and to the common world good. When an emotional wave would have made it possible for the United States to add to Britain's tremendous tasks by lending aid to the Germans, Page in positive language told Wilson, "No." Wilson knew Page was right. Walter Page would not let this country embarrass Great Britain, and that courageous stand saved the world from becoming the suzerainty of a German war lord and German absolute monarchy. A few people realize what a narrow margin kept us from becoming an ally of the German to destroy the British savior of government by the people. But some day perhaps a monument at the hands of a world-wide popular contribution will tell how much more clearly men see things some time after the history is made than during its making. And he who saved the world for the freedom of the whole people came back in his democracy to await the solution of the common mystery that is the tomb, back to the cardinal principles of the rights of man and the sovereignty of the individual, among his neighbors and friends.

Fifty years ago North Carolina in the sackcloth of hopelessness and the ashes of the desolation of war was not moved by the dreams of uplift Walter Page preached. But time wipes out the bitterness

of material want and of prejudice, and when Walter Page comes back to his own people as life's shadows lengthen and night approaches, a grateful state builds a highway to the gates of his sepulchre, that it may do him honor. The sunset rays that fall on the western slopes of Mount Helicon also point out within a radius of the sanctified hillside a cluster of magnificent schoolhouses at Aberdeen, Southern Pines, Raeford, Carthage, Vass, and elsewhere in the territory, and a succession of prosperous, modern, cultured villages, all comprising a monument to the breadth of vision of the David who with a handful of pebbles from the brook went out to meet the Philistines of ignorance and came home triumphant. In the long years that are ahead of the nation, pilgrims will come to ponder the bravery and the far-seeing wisdom of the man who held the hands of the American republic, that it should not attempt to throttle Britain when she engaged in the death struggle with absolutism and with the fanaticism of the blood and iron policy of Bismarck, and the insane conceit of the abnormal Hohenzollern, too frequently mentioned as of the partnership, "Me und Gott."

Walter H. Page was born at Cary, North Carolina, in 1855, the son of Allison Francis Page and his wife, Catherine Raboteau, daughter of one of those French Huguenots whose Gallic character

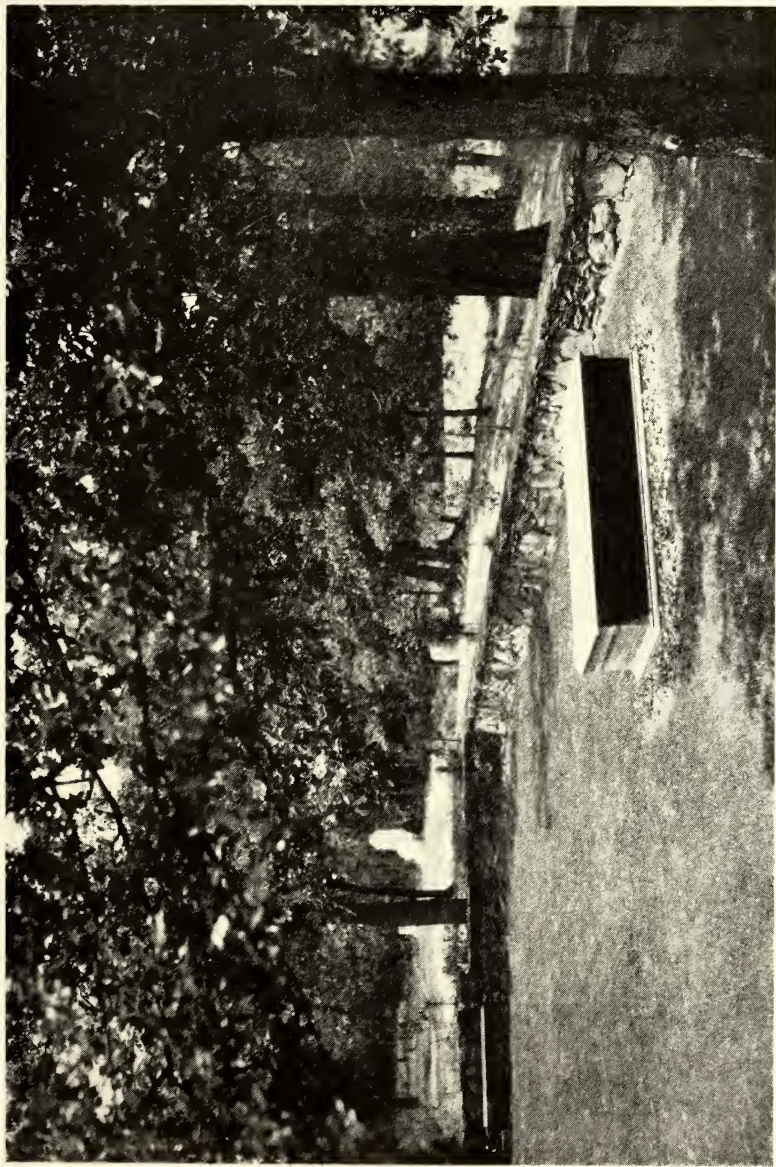


Photo by John Hemmer

TOMB OF HONORABLE WALTER HINES PAGE, FORMER AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES.

and industry made France, and whose banishment in the seventeenth century gave to rival nations one of the greatest assets the French had enjoyed through their work in France. The family came to Aberdeen to develop the lumber industry in the region round about and became a leader in lumber, railroad building, and the creation of a progressive neighborhood north of Mount Helicon. Robert N. Page, a brother of Walter H. Page, for years represented the local district in Congress. He married a daughter of the Shaws, who were among the early Scotch arrivals in the Cape Fear country and fundamental in the development of the neighborhood. The Page family, both in the Cape Fear territory and in the rest of the state, continue to be active in banking and financial circles, and in many ways. Walter and Robert Page were small boys at their father's home at Cary when Sherman's army marched through that little village on its way from Raleigh to Durham, where hostilities were closed by the surrender of Johnston a few miles beyond the Page house.

When Walter Page went from North Carolina to newspaper work, his advance was swift, and his success on the *New York World* and other metropolitan papers was so marked that publishers of the *Forum* magazine invited him to become editor of that periodical. He quickly made it the fore-

most review of its kind in this country. His accomplishment was followed with the *Atlantic Monthly*, at Boston, and this North Carolina newspaper man presently had lifted to a higher plane than it had ever occupied the magazine that had been the representative literary publication of the United States, and which had made a name in the hands of Lowell, Howells, and others of that class. This led to a movement to secure Page for the Harper publishing house in New York, where he stayed for a time as editorial head of the Harper publications. Then, tired of building a thing not his own, with F. N. Doubleday he entered the field in a concern which was theirs. Doubleday, Page & Co. was established, to become in due season one of the outstanding publishing institutions in existence, with a name for high class literature; and new magazines, the *World's Work*, *Country Life*, and other periodicals that have become famous, were launched. The North Carolina lad reached the high point of the publishing horizon. Then, when Woodrow Wilson, the Princeton educator, was elected president of the United States, Walter Page was made ambassador to Great Britain, the foremost appointment at the hands of the American government.

The choice was exceedingly fortunate, for war in Europe was in the air, and speedily it broke out. Page, a man of the highest character and ability,

was needed in the American embassy in London, and he realized the stabilizing influence of the British people in world peace and progress. Germany used its utmost power to embroil the United States in disputes with England, and Page, in spite of much criticism and pressure to lead him into unfriendly attitudes toward British policies, stood firm in his appreciation of British hard sense and intelligent determination to defeat the German attempt to overrun the world.

Some little time before the new ambassador went to London, Gen. Friedrich von Bernhardt, of the German Army, had given the world his book, *Germany and the Next War*, which Page, as a publisher and widely informed literary man, no doubt knew very well. Count Bernhardt is extremely explicit in his argument and statement. Among his conclusions are such as these: "Might is at once the supreme right, and the dispute as to what is right is decided by the arbitrament of war. It is not the possessor, but the victor, who then has the right."

"The efforts directed toward the abolition of war must not only be termed foolish, but absolutely immoral, and must be stigmatized as unworthy of the human race."

"What we now wish to attain must be fought for and won."

Referring to the German relations with Eng-

land and a probable clash at some future time, Bernhardt writes: "Since the struggle is, as appears on a thorough investigation of the international question, necessary and inevitable, we must fight it out, cost what it may." Speaking of extension of territory in Africa, he says: "A financial or political crash in Portugal might give us the opportunity to take possession of a portion of the Portuguese colonies." He also insists that "The German element should not be split up in the world, but remain in compact blocks in foreign countries, and thus form political centers of gravity in our favor and centers for the diffusion of German culture." The execution of such political schemes would certainly clash with many old-fashioned notions, according to the count, which he adds must be disregarded. Also he insists that the "principle that no state can ever interfere in the internal affairs of another state is repugnant to the highest right of the state."

Farther on in his book, Bernhardt lays great stress on ample preparation for every detail in carrying on war—men, ammunitions, guns, time necessary to fully complete every feature of creating and supplying a great army, and regardless of whether clouds are in the political sky or not. A detailed statement of the war preparation of all the European countries is analyzed to the finest degree, the sea power of the United States in-

cluded, for the oily old warrior overlooks nothing, as he says that in the next war "we must conquer, for it will decide whether we are to maintain a position as a world power by the side of and in spite of England." With this in mind, the first essential is given as the education of the youth of the land in the use of arms, and to make universal service an existing fact; also the assertion that new types of battleships must be created which may be superior to the English in speed and fighting qualities.

Bernhardi thinks England has herself to blame, because during the American War of Secession in 1861 to 1865 England refused assistance to the South to withdraw from the Union, and thus allowed a power to arise in the present form of the United States of America, which in fifty years has threatened England's position as a world power. The German idea was to split the budding nation in two and make it less formidable. Comparing Japan's war with Russia in the East with that of German ambition in the West, he says: "We Germans have a far greater and more urgent duty toward civilization than the great Asiatic power. We, like the Japanese, can only fulfill it by the sword."

How definitely the German project was shaping is seen in the count's affirmation that "if we attacked France or Russia, the ally would be com-

pelled to bring help. Let it then be the task of our diplomacy so to shuffle the cards that we may be attacked by France, for then there would be reasonable prospect that Russia for a time would be neutral." Unfortunately, the old warrior could not foresee the means whereby his scheme would soon be put on foot, even though the German designs were fairly realized, with the one exception, that Germany did not carry German "culture" around the world and did not accomplish the domination of a world-building power that it had as its aim.

This very well planned purpose of Germany was perfectly clear to the other governments, and to Walter Page, when he went to England. Yet few expected the fire to start so quickly. But when it did break out, Page realized the gravity of the situation and was almost the only American of prominence who did, if the next two or three years are admitted as evidence. Page was long enough in London to have a full understanding by the time Germany crashed the gate.

In 1914 Page was undertaking to persuade the President of the United States to visit Great Britain. The erection of a monument to Lincoln in Westminster was one feature of a program that would observe the one hundredth anniversary of the close of the War of 1812, and another was the restitution of Sulgrave Manor, from which

Washington's ancestors came. Page hoped that a meeting of the President and the King in a friendly contact after a century of peace would give to the whole world a better idea of national comity, and perhaps prevent an English-German war or a Japanese-American clash. Col. E. M. House, the President's advisor, went over to Europe a little later to encourage a broader peace relation on a lasting basis between all the nations, and hoped that something of the sort might be made possible and enduring. He expressed to Mr. Page his hope that the move would be successful. But Page was not confident. His opinion was that for twenty-five years Germany had been preparing for the "crime of half a century," and that no power on earth could have prevented it. August 1, 1914, the crash came.

During the next four years Walter Page had on his shoulders a burden that few men realize to this day. He had been one of the few who understood the German plan of taking from the rest of the world their possessions and setting up another empire after the manner of Cæsar or Alexander or Cyrus, but on a modern scale, with all the advantages of modern development and wealth and discovery. Page knew the fierce responsibility that was to be the part of Great Britain, and he saw from the first the calm indifference and ignorance of the American people

and government toward the threatening European cataclysm. He represented the United States at the British chancery, but his familiarity with conditions there was ignored so grievously on this side of the water that he would have been dispirited, had it not been that he realized he could not be a coward and run away from the task that ultimately killed him. He knew that Great Britain was fighting the battle of the salvation of mankind, and sought to put as little as possible in the way of the one great nation that was struggling to advance civilization and human welfare. But in the United States the vast demand for supplies of war gave this country the aspect of a nation favored by the disturbance that was so far away as to be none of ours, and our thought was to profit by the unprecedented markets for American wares, even though Britain protested against the sale to Germany of those things like cotton that provided the munitions for the cannon, and copper that was necessary for electric work, and food to supply the army. England knew that to shut off the supplies with which Germany must carry on was one essential in stopping the German progress. Page was continually ordered to protest to the British government against the seizures of American goods on the way to Germany.

It is an old story—the capture of goods for

the enemy by the country with which the enemy is at war, one that we had in the United States when North and South were fighting, and England recalled that when she sent goods to the Confederacy, they were captured if the Federals could capture them. But America forgot that for the British to capture American goods under similar conditions was just as well within international law now, when the goods were from our country, as when the goods were for the Confederates from England years ago, and Page was burdened with complaints in a matter in which he was aware that the English were not only in the right, but in which the victory of the British flag determined the safety of this country, as well as of the countries of the Allies who were fighting the battles. Strong pressure was brought from some sources to align the United States in sympathy, if in no stronger manner, with Germany against Britain. Happily, it was not strong enough to prevail.

There is little doubt that if the United States had in positive tone shown that its influences would not be thrown toward Germany, the Germans would not have persisted as long as they did, to their utter demoralization and the disastrous effects throughout the globe. The United States was the only great power that did not immediately come into the war. Walter Page was

the representative of the most powerful neutral country at the principal capital of Europe during the world's greatest crisis of history. By September, 1914, things had developed swiftly. Page tells the President that those who have violated the Belgian treaty of neutrality, who have sown torpedos in the open sea, who have dropped bombs on Antwerp and Paris indiscriminately with the idea of killing whom they strike, have taken to heart Bernhardt's doctrine that war is a glorious occupation. He adds: "If German brute force could conquer Europe, presently it would try to conquer the United States, and we should go back to the era of war as man's chief industry, and back to the domination of kings by divine right." Mr. Page had the perfect conception of the meaning of war by Germany.

In October, 1914, he wrote to the President: "In this great argument about shipping I cannot help being alarmed, because we are getting into deep water uselessly. The British Foreign Office has yielded unquestionably to all our requests and has shown the sincerest wish to meet all our suggestions, so long as it is not called on to admit war materials into Germany. It will not give way to us in that. We would not yield if we were in their place. Neither would the Germans. England will risk a serious quarrel or even hostilities with us rather than yield. You may look on this

as the final word. Since the last lists of contraband were published, rubber, copper, and petroleum have developed entirely new uses in war. The British simply will not let Germany import them." Page finally prevailed. We did not get into war with England and become the ally of Germany with all the evils that would have followed the establishment of the Bernhardi philosophies and glorification of war as prosecuted by Germany and the Hohenzollern dynasty.

Unfortunately, we had been so slow in showing a neutral fairness to Great Britain that Germany seems to have concluded that the United States leaned toward Germany and was afraid to stand for actual neutrality. Germany insisted that the United States would not fight. So commenced the torpedoing of ships in which were American citizens and American wares. Germany warned this country not to sail on ships for England or France, and our nation made the mistake of seeming to submit to the German advice. Then our ships were notified where they might sail on certain lines and under certain conditions on the sea, subject to German permission. Other American ships were torpedoed, and Germany felt encouraged in the claim that this country would not fight. Warnings from the President were not observed. Then the Washington government secured copies of German messages involving a

scheme to get Mexico into war with the United States, and Germany announced a blockade of all England and France, and proceeded to torpedo all ships indiscriminately. The situation became so impossible that on April 6, 1917, the United States declared war against Germany and immediately began offensive. The fate of the world was settled that day. Germany invited the defeat of Prussian philosophy, which in Bernhardt's book says that "might is the only authority as between people and nations." For another year Page struggled through the burden that the war had brought, gradually failing under the load. Then, in the fall of 1918, as victory was secured, he undertook to return to the United States, to regain his health in the home he was preparing in North Carolina's Sandhills. He arrived in time to die. One day, amid the tears of a dreary December rainfall, he was laid to rest in Bethesda.

Few men have been of more influence in shaping the course of nations and the fortunes of civilization. Had not Page stood by the British government and in spite of manifold difficulties kept the United States from tying the hands of Great Britain in her attempt to carry on her war against Germany in the earlier stages, it is plain enough now to everybody that Germany would have been the victor, and after recovering from her triumph over the English and the Allies, her

next move would have been to try conclusions with the United States. The world would have been at the mercy of the Prussians.

As a neighbor, the United States has had on its northern frontier for over a hundred years the British possessions, where on over three thousand miles of boundary not a fortress exists that is of a character to threaten international peace, nor a regiment of bayonets to involve the harmony of many generations. Had Germany subdued Great Britain, we might have expected armed fortifications at every available point on the border, and a military establishment that would compel this country to make war its chief occupation. The boundary line of every country that touches Germany bristles with forts, and is trampled by marching feet and threatened by military trappings. Of this our country knows nothing, except at a few points along the coasts near some of the main ports. Walter Page was one of the saviors of the American republic and of the rights of man throughout the world—an international patriot.

DIVERSION

THE interweaving of the elements of the story of Mount Helicon brings out many novel features. The present owner of the site of the old Solemn Grove Academy and the seat of the first organization of the Church at the Head of Rockfish is James Boyd, who lives on the eastern extension of the Mount Helicon ridge, the Weymouth Heights of Southern Pines. Mr. Boyd has gained an extended name through the books he has written with North Carolina as the setting for his stories. *Drums, Marching On, and Long Hunt* are the product of his pen at his home a mile or two from Mount Helicon summit. Individually Mr. Boyd owns a large acreage, extending from the Solemn Grove site along the foot of the mountain and then up the summit of Ross Hill, an eastern peak adjoining, on which it is his hope one day to build a house that will have the making of a paradise. This peak is also on one of the heads of Rockfish and looks down the valley to the mountain tops in the interior of Fort

Bragg and far beyond the valley to the south. Swinging out over Ross Hill into the James Creek basin, the Boyd holdings come to the summit of Helicon Ridge on Weymouth Heights and embrace hundreds of acres. Boyd is a right good Scotch name. Andrew Boyd was among the best known of the Scottish divines of his day, author of a dozen or more volumes. Zachary Boyd, educated at St. Andrews, three times elected rector of the University of Glasgow, regent of the Protestant College of Saumur in France, was also a writer. Some twenty volumes and a large number of manuscripts preserved in the library of the University at Glasgow along with his bust remain to his credit, among the number being his *Bible Songs*, his *Psalmes of David in Meeter*, and *Zion's Flowers*, popularly called Zachary Boyd's Bible, a quaint collection of poems on biblical subjects. John Boyd, when preachers were few in the colony in 1735, reports baptizing one thousand children in North Carolina. Adam Boyd, ancestor of James and Jackson Boyd, in October, 1767, established the *Cape Fear Mercury* at Wilmington and continued its publication until the Revolution. It succeeded the *Gazette*, which had struggled before it for a brief period, and with the exception of the *Gazette* at Newbern, was the original newspaper of the Carolina colony. So James Boyd runs true to the blood

when he writes stuff to print, and he faithfully maintains the family reputation.

Still further the name of Boyd is held to the traditions of the community. While fox chasing is reputed to be an English sport, the numerous foxes in the Rockfish Valley when the Highlanders came this way invited the Scot to a chase, and Mount Helicon echoed for many a year to the horn of the hunter, worked out from a cow horn, tuned to the harmony of the hills and forests, and in the hands of those famous McCrimmons and their neighbors, those McCrimmons who were pipers of great repute in days lang syne. The McCrimmons lived a short walking distance from the foot of Mount Helicon. Their posterity is within elbow reach of the old Solemn Grove at the Buchan farm and at the Bethesda Church of the present day.

The Boyds, James, and Jackson, his brother, are the head of the Moore County Hounds. Their headquarters, on the summit of Weymouth Heights and their establishment, include all of the upper Rockfish country, Mount Helicon along with the rest. Near a hundred hounds, many imported and the rest of the bluest blood, comprise the pack, which is handled with the highest degree of skill. Members of the Moore County Hounds Club are from among the most capable hunters and cross-country riders in America. In

winter the hunts take place two or three times a week, over a range that covers several thousand acres, on which the club has exclusive privileges and which is maintained for the sport, with often as many as fifty or sixty riders following the dogs. Among the hunters is Mrs. Jackson Boyd. Her paternal grandfather was of that family known as the fighting McCooks, of which the father and nine sons were all officers of the Union Army or Navy. The father and three brothers were killed in the service. One of the brothers who survived the war, after being retired as major general from the regular army, represented the United States in the coronation of the Czar of Russia in 1896. Another, fighting from Bull Run to the campaigns of the Army of the Cumberland in the West, came out of the army a brigadier general and went to Congress. Another fought through the Civil War and repeated his experience in the Spanish-American War, and to clinch his relationship with the Mount Helicon country, became president of the American Presbyterian Association, president of the American Entomological Association, vice president of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, and the author of several books, among the number a history of the Scotch-Irish in the Western Insurrection.

Gen. Alexander McDowell McCook, a West

Point man, saw service with the Indians in 1855, and at the outbreak of the war he was made colonel. At the Battle of Bull Run he earned the promotion that gave him a brigade in Tennessee. Soon he was advanced to be a major general, in command of the Twentieth Corps. In the latter part of 1862 he was given the Fourteenth Corps, with which he stayed through some of the sanguinary contests of the campaign from Murfreesboro to Chickamauga and Atlanta, when in February of 1865, as the fighting was over, he was transferred to the command of the district of eastern Arkansas until the close of the war. His Fourteenth Corps came up from Atlanta and Savannah as part of Sherman's army, along with Kilpatrick's cavalry and Geary's Pennsylvanians in the Twentieth Corps, forming the left wing as it moved southeast of Mount Helicon, in plain view of the hill where Mrs. Boyd's home is now.

Think of it! Alexander McDowell McCook. Or condense the name—Sandy McCook in the vernacular. And nine of the God-blessed Macs—ten with their sire, every one bearing a commission in the army or navy. No wonder, when Harriet McCook Boyd reported her arrival on the eastern extension of Mount Helicon, the keeper of the gate with a smile of earnest welcome assured her that such credentials would admit her to any community of Scotch Presbyterians on

earth or anywhere else. And that takes no account of those other Scotch biblical names, Andrew, Adam, and Zachary Boyd, in the family tree. The Head of Rockfish continues in good hands.

The Bethunes are believed to have been among the first fox hunters in the Rockfish country and the Mount Helicon section. Their vast range of many thousand acres permitted the chase of the fox, as well as the pursuit of deer and the other wild creatures of the forests. John Bethune, the first of the family to come to this country, settled on the upper reaches of Drowning Creek, about where Samarcand is now. He is credited with a fondness for field sports, and was an active and highly intelligent man. An old schoolbook, now in possession of Dr. A. C. Bethune, with "John Bethune's Book" written on the front page in precise and skillful lettering, gives an insight into his character. The book is over a hundred and fifty years old, its subjects including mathematics, physics, and chemistry, and covering the various sciences in a way that would surprise the ordinary young chap in school today. Fine mechanical and mathematical drawings throughout the work show how carefully the students were trained in those days, bearing out the claim that many of the young Scots of early Colonial period in the Sandhills came from excellent stock. having

advantages of education and training in the things they learned. Good surveyors were common throughout this section, many of the landowners being able to care for their boundary problems. The skill shown in framing buildings was marvelous, fitting beams together with such accuracy that when houses were to be erected, every beam fitted when raised to its place in the wall, having been framed with the saw and square as it laid on the ground, and mortise and tenon bored in the framing, so that every pin to be driven to draw the beams together in raising the structure fitted to an exactness. Some of the old wooden truss bridges, now nearly all gone, were as remarkable for their perfect application of mathematical principles as they were for their duration, and the old long leaf pine trusses endured for generations. The ingenuity and novelty shown in some of the long trusses across the rivers attracted the attention of later bridge engineers, as they were torn down to make room for steel trusses of the modern type. Some of them remain yet.

But to get back to fox hunting. Dr. A. C. Bethune, ranking as authority on the sport in the Sandhills ever since the younger crop of hunters has come in, tells the tales that he remembers from his boyhood, which are classics of the Cape Fear trail. The Blues were famous

horsemen in Scotland. When they came to America, they brought with them their fondness for good horses. They liked the chorus of the pack as the hounds picked up the trail of the fox in the low ground or on the hillsides, and they knew how to ride. Charlie Williams, who lives at the head of Aberdeen Creek, east of the Head of Rockfish, is one of the older descendants of the original fox hunters. His enthusiasm for the chase, at which he still likes to take a turn, comes from an ancestry that brought many good hounds from the old country, one of the lineage going across to Scotland about a century ago to bring over a pack that leaves its impress on the dogs in this country to the present day. The Pittmans are still represented in the Cape Fear woods by the stanch old red-tan hounds that bear their name and are widely known about this territory. It is believed some of the strains of the Williams and Pittman dogs go back more than a hundred and thirty years.

Many of the old hunters followed the dogs on foot, but they were as interested in their game as the riders of the more recent days. Some years ago one of the old hunters was advised that if he kept a smaller pack of dogs and encouraged the policy among his neighbors, his sheep would thrive better. "Colonel," he said to his adviser, "you mistake. You know what I keep that flock

of sheep for? When the time comes to go down in the woods for a day or two of fox hunting, it is nice to have a mutton to roast and carry along. If it wasn't for wanting something to eat when I go hunting, I wouldn't have any sheep at all."

The point of view is always an important factor in considering human affairs.

SAINT ANDREWS

SLOW about coming, but making up for lost time when it arrived, is an old St. Andrews tradition and custom in the Sandhills. In the early nineties a substantial looking stranger came into the Page lumber office at Aberdeen and announced that he was hunting for some wild land to buy and develop. He had been recommended to look over the territory from which they had cut their pine timber. He proved to be James Tufts, a Boston manufacturer, who knew about what he wanted, and who declined to consider anything else. Robert N. Page got out the buggy and they drove over the highlands to the westward. In the end the stranger stuck a stake in the sand, saying there he would buy and there start his project. The spot marks the location of the Carolina Hotel. Then commenced the big development that is now Pinehurst, with its many ramifications. Hotels were built, with other conveniences to entertain people who came this way in satisfying numbers, until James Tufts found that he must

have something wherewith to amuse his visiting patrons.

Also about 1890 appeared in New York a curious game from Scotland, called gowf, but spelled golf. It came just at the right time, for golf is a creation of the sandy moors of Fife, and nothing could fit better in the sandy knobs of Moore County at the Head of the Rockfish. St. Andrews, in Scotland, is distinguished by two things that give it a rating all over the world. One is the ancient university, over eight hundred years old, for St. Andrews has been a seat of learning since 1120, a Dominican monastery thriving there over a thousand years ago. The other notable product is the game of golf, the Royal and Ancient Saint Andrews Company of golf players dating back to 1754. But long before this company was organized, the game had been prominent, although not always regarded with favor, for in 1457 the Scottish Parliament passed an act ordering that "Fute ball and Golfe be utterly cryit downe, and nocht usit, and that the bowe merkis be maid at ilka parochie kirke a paire of buttis, and schutting be usit ilk Sunday." In 1491 a similar act was passed again, as the game of golf seemed to be so engrossing the attention of the people that archery, necessary for the defense of the country, was in danger. At Edinburgh a hundred years later the magistrate

issued a proclamation against playing the game on Sunday. Nevertheless, it grew in favor. When James VI of Scotland succeeded Elizabeth on the throne of England in 1603, the royal game followed him to London. There the oldest existing golf club was established. Yet it remained for Scotland to preserve and enlarge on the game, although it slowly spread over Europe. So St. Andrews is the sanctuary and the holy land of golf. When it came across the water to New York in 1890, it caught the eye of James Tufts. Presently a youthful Scottish golfer, Donald Ross, was brought to Pinehurst. Ross today is the chief of the clans of the cleek and the niblick. His name is the password to many a golf course throughout the United States, but his throne is at Pinehurst. There the man standing on the top of Helicon Mountain, the fountain of learning and liberty, can descry the development of golf, which makes the western slope of the famed Presbyterian summit the one rival of St. Andrews. Within range of the vision are nine of the most perfectly appointed golf courses on the face of the earth, and the mecca of golfers from all over the world, a complete conquest of the Highlands of North Carolina by the moors of old Scotia.

Golf is the oldest Scottish influence in the Cape Fear country. Golf was far enough advanced in St. Andrews to be outlawed in 1457. But John

Knox raised his voice against "popery" not until 1547, also in St. Andrews, for which he served as a slave in the galleys for nearly two years. Although Knox's Presbyterian doctrines came with the Highlanders who were evacuated to the Cape Fear in 1750 and thereafter, golf did not come until many years later. But when it came, it came with a virulence. Like the Highland Scot from St. Andrews, it made a principal lodgment just over Helicon Mountain, not far from the ancient Head of Rockfish Kirk.

While golf came to this country to take definite shape about forty years ago, the Savannah Golf Club says the game was played in that city by a regularly organized golf club prior to 1796. A tablet in the clubhouse in Savannah notes that there is the birthplace of golf in America. This seems plausible, for Savannah was settled in 1733, a delegation of Scotch coming soon after with people from other sections. Some of the Scotch later came up into South Carolina, but enough remained to introduce golf in Savannah. Donald Ross, who is thoroughly familiar with Savannah's golf record, is of the opinion that the evidence probably justifies the claim there of having the oldest golf games of any place this side of the Atlantic. Savannah did not hold its lead in golf, however; for Pinehurst, coming along a century and a half after Savannah made a start, as-

sumed first rank, and has become fixed as the sacred place of the green and the fairway.

Among the factors that have given Pinehurst its standing must be included the Tin Whistles, a club that was organized about February, 1904, and which has gained such prominence that the Tin Whistle tournaments have the right of way on their proper day over practically everything that comes on the courses. The Tin Whistles grew out of a spirit of companionship that sought a friendly bond in sport and occupation on the field, and their list has borne the names of a large number of men prominent all over the country, with some right well known abroad. One of the outstanding names among the Tin Whistles is that of C. L. Becker, almost as closely identified with the club as the club is with itself. Mr. Becker did not originate the Tin Whistles. He adopted them. Today the club and the man are almost identical. A feature about the Tin Whistles is its democracy, wherein it corroborates a picture in the office of Mr. Ross. The old print shows a game of golf in which King James engaged after he had gone to London to assume the British throne in 1603. The sovereign and a cobbler were two in a foursome. It is history that golf in Scotland has been the game of lord and commonalty, and when it was transferred to London, it held its democratic rule, just as has been the practice in

the United States and wheresoever it has migrated. It is one of the great equalizers at Pinehurst, some of the most skillful players being the younger members of the families that a century and a half ago sat beneath the boughs that roofed the old kirk at the Head of Rockfish and joined in singing the "Psalmes of David in Meeter," as they were lined out by the dominie in charge of the flock.

CLOUDS

THE Scotch Cape Fear country was the offspring of war. Culloden sent out the expatriates who afforded the basis of the prospective community. Rising from the ashes of desolation sown on Drumossie Moor, one generation had scarcely emerged on the Cape Fear until the war of the American Revolution added to the hereditary woes and bloodshed and hatred that swept the new land. Gradually peace and prosperity settled over the Cape Fear, only to be followed in the next century by the terror of the American Civil War, which was brought to the Head of Rockfish by the long four years that called for the men of the Scotch settlement, the disruption of affairs, and climaxed with the invasion of the Cape Fear by some sixty thousand soldiers of an enemy army. Then the Reconstruction, an ingenious new form of ruin, that endured through the life of another generation. Then came the war with Germany, and it ended with the utter disappearance of a large block of the Cape Fear country

from the face of the earth, as far as home and association and tradition for the pioneers of the region are concerned. The exigencies of the war showed the value to the military arm of the nation of a great reservation on which might be established an artillery training school and firing range and war foundation. Careful study by Col. E. P. King, Jr., led to the selection of 125,000 acres of the pine lands of the upper Cape Fear Valley as the most desirable spot in the United States for such a purpose, and once again the Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold, and the Scotch descendants were notified that their lands and homes had been requisitioned by the government for the national welfare. Cutting across the Head of Rockfish, a scant mile below the site of the old Solemn Grove Academy and the first site of Bethesda, where the valley breaks out from the foot of Helicon Mountain, the Federal government drew a line that is the western boundary of Fort Bragg, the greatest artillery military reservation in the world. From south of Rockfish, several miles to Little River, and down Little River almost to Fayetteville, the land was condemned for military purposes, and again the Scotch were to know the bitterness of eviction. Payments were made for lands, as far as cash can pay for the overthrow of household sanctuaries and memories and associations, and the trek to a

new location was compulsory for the Scotch settlers. Mount Helicon was saved on the west and Barbecue on the north. To the east, the Bluff Church escaped the confiscation. Old Longstreet, one of the first shrines of Presbyterianism in North Carolina, Sandy Grove, and other centers, were swallowed. Fortunately, the government set aside a small reservation at each place, which undertakes to preserve the hallowed sanctuaries, and while the cannon may roar throughout the year in the practice work of the training artillery soldiery, the buildings of these old churches are cared for, and the cemeteries and memories are venerated rigidly.

Standing out as the foremost entrenchment of war on this continent, Fort Bragg has absorbed all of the development and story of the two centuries of Scotch occupation in the fort area, except these surviving monuments to Scotch Presbyterianism. Wild creatures again inhabit the vast range, increasing in numbers because, except for the military maneuvers through the length and breadth of the reservation, men are prohibited from traversing the territory. Roads are neglected, except as they are useful for the movement of batteries and supply trains. The land is plowed with the bursting of many shells. The continuous note coming year by year from the field is the boom of the cannon, and nightfall echoes the taps

as the bugle blows "lights out." The eastern outlook for twenty miles from the top of Mount Helicon is that of a vast visible area which is the retreat of Armageddon—the refuge of the god of war. But Mount Helicon is still under the banner of the Scotch Presbyterian forces, whose battle note was, "In Hoc Signo Vinces." Small wonder if the evicted Highlanders, as they gathered their lares and penates, their cattle and their traditions, in readiness to move again, recalled the flight from Israel before the Philistines, and the child Ichabod and the departed glory from Israel, and the taking of the Ark of the Lord.

In a way the history of the Scot in the Mount Helicon country is one of a long and bitter succession of defeats and disappointments. The Scotch movement to the American Colonies commenced with the migration of a limited number, who were filled with the ambition to create a new life in a new country, where wealth and freedom seemed at the command of the hopeful migrants. But before many Scotch had come this way, the unfortunate experience at Culloden changed the whole tone of the project, and later colonists were of those who were compelled to leave their homes or encounter a worse fate. More than that, their hands were tied by their oath of allegiance to the British Crown, and when the time came to take sides in the Cape Fear uprising, the Scotch were

loyal. For their loyalty they were the victims of defeat. It was another hard experience, and not until another generation had appeared on the scene, was the feeling between the Whigs and Tories one of harmony. Another generation, and the smoke of the Civil War began to show. This time the Scotch elected to stand with the rest of their people, and they loyally followed the Bonnie Blue Flag. Again disaster and defeat attended them. Sherman ravaged all the upper Cape Fear country, and Hardee helped. Reconstruction, with its horrors, added another drastic chapter to the list of terrors. Finally came the war with Germany, and the Scot stood by the Red, White, and Blue, as he had done in the war with Spain. But war continues to be hell, as Sherman has said and proved in this territory. Not only were men and means requisitioned this time, but homes and farms and land property were taken in one gigantic condemnation. Two hundred square miles of territory were swallowed by the appetite of the war god, on which to establish Fort Bragg, and the Head of Rockfish is the edge of uninhabited wilderness. Upper Rockfish is abandoned. But its influences in the building of this nation are to live as long as the nation survives. Along with the dirge goes the hymn of rejoicing over the accomplishment, and the foundations that have been laid to endure.

Yet the note is not wholly in a minor key. Twenty-five miles from east to west, and not a human habitation except the military headquarters with its several thousand men at the extreme eastward section, and its great industrial plant for making soldiers and training them for future civil life as well as for army experiences. Ten miles north to south, and no sign of life with its roots permanently in the soil except for the ranger stations here and there throughout the reservation, where military patrol guards the establishment against fires, or such dangers as may arise to threaten the peace of the fort and its outlying territory. Yet with this vast and powerful picture, the strong arm of the national defense, its fierce terrorism of destruction of life and progress, is the assuring evidence of the safety of the country on the day when the aggressor may compel readiness for the show of power that Fort Bragg represents. Fort Bragg is not wholly a military school, but it is a feature in the technical education of both enlisted men and officers. The army engineers who function at Fort Bragg are of that capable body of men who dug the Panama Canal, who made the extended surveys of the United States, who planned the army work at all the great fronts where the army has been engaged, and who have in private as well as in public life

accomplished so many of the big engineering tasks of the nation.

The social life at Fort Bragg is one of the factors of the North Carolina Sandhills, as the officers are men of broad education and mental training, with experience in social and business contacts that is a great asset in any community in which they may be located. The fort is one of the interesting objects for visitors. Its cannonading much of the year is impressive as well as novel, for it sounds like real war, especially when practice engagements are scheduled. Occasionally military movements to other stations or to the neighborhood towns and cities, to take part in some public festival, afford striking spectacle for the people.

Out at the Neill S. Blue farm, in the heart of Fort Bragg, is the cemetery in which are buried a number of Federal soldiers who fell at the battle there, known as the battlefield of the Monroe farm. The plots are maintained by the government, each Memorial Day the soldiers at the fort taking a hand in scattering flowers on the graves of their comrades of the earlier war, and attention is given the place all summer, there in its loneliness away from all contact with the big and active world. At Longstreet Church, not far distant, are buried the Confederate soldiers who

fell in the battle, and church and cemetery are likewise cared for, as Longstreet, one of the first among Presbyterian churches of the South, is a religious as well as a historical sanctuary, and one of the articles of agreement when the government took the lands was that the churches should be preserved and maintained free from desecration.

CORONACH

The following bit of verse is from a threnody in the *Pilot*, the village newspaper, written by James MacNeill Johnson, when Fort Bragg took over old Longstreet Church in the vast acreage from which is created the big military reservation.

Five generations of this Tabernacle
Here lie in peaceful, silent state;
They reckon no dool, they raise no din
Their progeny must expatriate;
They rest in sweet and calm content,
Nor man's encroachment do resent.

Here lies MacLeod of far Dunvegan,
Here lie the Shaws from Banks of Clyde,
Here Murchisons from Ardnamurchan,
Here MacIntyres from Lomond Side;
Glenco MacDonalds, Montrose Graeme,
MacLauchlin worthy of the name.

Broad-shouldered Mull gave us the Rays,
Monroes from Lorn, and Smiths from Sleat,
MacKellers from Dumbarton Braes,
MacKays from Appin's royal seat,

From Scapa Flow to Solway Mere,
Scotland's Thanes lie buried here.

Here lie some thirty dead unknown,
Who wore, and gloried in the Gray,
Even they've forgot what's past and gone,—
Feel no resentment in this day,
For Khaki, Blue, and Gray clad men,
Are comrades all, for aye, again.

ELIASHIB AND HIS BRETHREN

THREE times the Pennsylvania folks have invaded North Carolina, and the final invasion is as striking in its manner as the first and second. The second invasion, when Sherman and Kilpatrick dropped in to say hail and farewell in the one day and night they stayed at Mount Helicon, was hardly regarded as an agreeable event. The first invasion, when the Scotch and the Germans and the Quakers from Pennsylvania moved down this way in droves almost two hundred years ago, was more satisfying. North Carolina, at least from the Haw River westward, except the Cape Fear Valley south of the Granville line, became almost a Pennsylvania colony, and many of those Carolina troops who went back in 1863 to visit at Gettysburg and in Franklin and Adams and Cumberland and York counties were going back to the ancestral homes whence came their grandsires and their kinsmen.

The third invasion commenced when John T. Patrick realized that the climate and surroundings

of the sand barrens in the Mount Helicon area possessed attractions that might interest folks who lived in the more severe winter weather of the North. He started a campaign to induce Northern folks to come south for the winter. Dr. George H. Sadelson came to Manly in search of health. He stayed a while. Then as Patrick was undertaking to make a town at Southern Pines, a little west of Manly, Sadelson moved over there, built a house, opened a drug store, and became one of the fathers of a community that has wholly revolutionized all the older dreams and surpassed many of the anticipations. James Tufts followed at Pinehurst. Through one influence or another, the growth was phenomenal. J. Van Lindley and H. P. Bilyeu found that peaches would grow in the sand. Dr. B. von Herf, Dr. W. P. Swett, P. R. Stebbins, and others tried out grapes with much success. Climate and soil appealed to an increasing army of winter residents, and they began to stay throughout the year. Villages grew up in all directions. Now clustered around the neighborhood in which for a hundred years Bethesda reigned almost alone and supreme are not only Presbyterian churches, but Catholic, Methodist, Episcopal, Baptist, and Christian Scientist, with followers of almost all sects, even to what old Abial Frost seventy-five years ago called Hellgalerians. One

of the curious features of this uprising of many denominations was seen in the practice at Pinehurst for a number of years, where Catholic and other denominations held services in the same building, until the Catholics were able to build their fine big church not far from where the Presbyterians have built another one equally interesting. There the Rev. Murdoch McLeod, a scion of those Scots who settled Mount Helicon, preaches. The Village Chapel, also a striking bit of ecclesiastical architecture, serves the Episcopal rector. A Methodist church in Aberdeen, the Page Memorial, is not far from Bethesda, as well as a Baptist church close by. Southern Pines has Congregational, Episcopal, Catholic, Baptist, and Christian Scientist churches, and several colored denominations have excellent buildings for their separate uses, for Canaan and Japheth dwell together in harmony in the community, but in their own establishments. Manly, Pine Bluff, and the outlying rural territory are provided with ample accommodations for the varying associations, a diversified and greatly enlarged contrast with those days when the Scot ruled on Mount Helicon, and Calvinism was almost the sole creed.

Only the Jewish church, singular as the tragedy seems, that source from which Christianity, with its Messiah, its Jehovah, its altars to the Lord, and its traditions, sprung, is not repre-

sented here, where the sign of the cross is accounted for by so many spires and creeds.

Within easy view from the summit of Mount Helicon is represented today more wealth than would have bought all the possessions of the early Scotch, from Deep River to tidewater, and more fine homes and pretentious development, and progress and schools and business establishments, and material prosperity. The offspring of the slaves of fourscore years ago attend schools the like of which the owners of the slaves could not imagine. These third generation negroes drive automobiles that would startle the old Scotch pioneers, while the roads and the lights and the telephones and the picture shows around Mount Helicon would shock the early inhabitants. These later invasions of the folks from the North have worked miracles and marvels, and created a land of promise that the migrant from Culloden would have known beyond peradventure could never be accomplished. Few places in rural North America present more decided contrasts in conditions now and a century ago than the Mount Helicon country. People come here now from everywhere to enjoy the pleasures of the delectable mountains, and they spend money freely to share in the benefits to be gained. A goodly people now as in the past, doing their big share in the tasks of the wide world, building a paradise in that land

which the Lord vouchsafed to the expatriated Scotch in their hour of disaster, this is the one Canaan that has not been disappointing to the faithful. Jerusalem today is a voice of one crying in the wilderness. The Mohammedan dominates the Galilean. The Jew finds in the Holy City of his fathers little but the ancient wailing place. But around Mount Helicon a free people are united in the effort to build about them one of the most pleasant places in the world to live.

With the determination goes the assurance that stimulated Nehemiah as he called upon the faithful after the return from the Babylonian captivity to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem, when "Eliashib, the high priest, rose up with his brethren, the priests, and builded the sheep gate," which is by the pool called in the Hebrew tongue, Bethesda, "and they sanctified it, unto the tower of Hananeel," and proclaimed that the land shall be "lifted up and inhabited from Benjamin's gate and from the tower of Hananeel to the King's wine press"; and Jeremiah repeats that in the days to come the city shall be built to the Lord from the tower of Hananeel. It is easy to accept the prophetic utterance when looking these days from the top of Mount Helicon, over the valley of Bethesda, and to realize that "from Meah to the sheep gate" the city is building and has been built as the Lord foretold.

MISERERE MEI DOMINE

ON THIS American continent, which five hundred years ago was unknown and unsettled, has been created a great nation, which is the culmination of human achievement, the climax of a development commenced ages ago in the Euphrates Valley, when Abraham, the Jew, set out from Chaldea to go forth to a new land. The story is impressive.

How much is romance, how much is poetry, how much is superstition, how much of all of the beliefs and creeds and philosophies the Jews have given us is soundly grounded on basic facts, it is beyond question that on a foundation as firm as the hills around about Jerusalem they established a religion that is more deeply rooted year by year, as men have a broader knowledge and vision. Beginning with the cults and traditions that far antedate Confucius, the Hindu, the Zoroastrian, gathering enduring truths from all sources, clearing from theories and creeds much of their overburden of sophistry and impossibility,

simplifying doctrine to a clear comprehension of the unity of Jehovah, simplifying the Tenth Commandment to its modified form of the Golden Rule which is the foundation on which our humanity rests, providing later comers with the material on which to erect the broader church and the doctrine of modern days, with all aids toward the civilization that has followed, the Jew, who builded this vast altar unto the Lord, has been the outcast among nations almost from the beginning and to this day.

The slave of the Egyptian, the captive and menial of the Babylonian, suppressed by the Roman, the Assyrian, the Greek, the European, at the best only tolerated by any nation whose contact he has suffered, barred by prejudice from social relations and privileges in America, slaughtered almost to extermination in some countries, that people which traces its thread of life directly to the efforts of Abraham from the day on which he left Chaldea for Canaan has received only the left-handed reward of persecution in return for the religious and moral influence it has brought to all of Christendom, toward every spot on earth where the name of Jew has been heard. In all of history, nothing compares with the immeasurable benefit the Jew has conferred on the race, and nothing with the ingenious contumely and horror of the miserable return allotted to him by

his fellow men. The Jew is the fundamental character in the drama of human life, and the pariah and despised victim of the sublime tragedy of the history of mankind.

The writer finds pleasure in putting emphasis on the part the Jew has played in the advancement of all that is good in the human race, and would rejoice to see the whole people join in the intercession of the old Jewish King David in his prayer of humiliation, when he says:

“Make me to hear joy and gladness that the bones which thou has broken may rejoice;

“Cast me not away from thy presence; restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.”

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