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AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF BERTIE COUNTY.

BY

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FIFTH PAPER.

OUR EARLY SETTLERS CONTINUED

J. Lovick, Thos Pollock, and Robert West. At this meeting of the Council, Luke Measel, being brought before them as Commissioners appointed for determining affairs relating to Indians, by a warrant from the Honorable President, for his having beat a Tuscarora Indian belonging to King Blount's Tribe, whom he knocked down with a gun, and then set his dog at him, which bit him in several places and put the said Indian in great danger of his life. And the said Measel, being confined, confessed that he, with two others, being in the woods, heard a gun fire, which he, making to, found an Indian loading his gun, who had just killed a deer, and that he hid the said Indian go hunt on the other side of Quitsna, and the Indian making him some answer, he, by force, took his gun from him and struck him with it on the side of his head, and while they were struggling the dog ran at the Indian and bit him somewhere near the knee. Measel was put into custody of the Constable to be tried at King Blount's Town before Justices John Lovick, Thomas Pollock and Robert West.

In 1723, the following persons settled grants of land in Bertie Precinct: Edward Tayloe. William Jones. Daniel Hogan. Thomas West. Robert Lanier. Anthony Herring. Thomas Rhodes. Thomas Brett. Thomas Davis. James Boone. Jno. Williams.

Tom Blount, Chiefman of the Tuscarora Indians, appeared at a meeting of the Council and represented to them that he had intelligence of several of the Northern Indians designing to make him a visit this Fall with a design to seduce the young men of his Nation from him, in order to commit mischief on him, and on the white people, begs the assistance of the Government; that some Englishman may be sent to his Town to lay them off a fort, to prevent dangers from the said Northern Indians. It being agreeable to the treaty with him and his people, it was ordered that Mr. William Carlton have power to procure six able-bodied young men for the service aforesaid, and that he forthwith see them at King Blount's Town, then to assist the said Indians in laying out and making a fort for their defence and protection. That Mr. William Carlton continue with them and certify as to the time they are employed upon such public service, that they may be paid their wages.

The following persons then settled grants of land in Bertie Precinct: Barnaby McKenne. James Spires. Benjamin Freeman. April 9th, 1724, it was ordered by the Council that the following persons be appointed Commissioners of the Peace for Bertie Precinct: Thomas Pollock. Barnaby McKenne. Isaac Hill. William Lattimer. John Gray. Philip Watson. George Winn. Thomas Kinchon—Gents.

The following persons settled grants of land, in the same year, at Wills Quarter: Ambrose Ains. David Sturdes. Lawrence Sanson. One hundred and seventy-four years ago—in 1724—the sale of liquor in Bertie gave our law abiding ancestors

much anxiety and the Precinct officers and courts much trouble. At the General Court held at Edenton in this year, information being made to the Court by William Daniel, of Bertie Precinct, that John Jones, Joseph Jones, John Jernigan, John Spier, Jas. Moore, and Wm. Reed, all of Bertie Precinct, planters, did sell and retail strong liquors in their houses without any licence, praying that process might be made out requiring them to appear at the next Court to make answer to the said information, which was granted. Thereupon the said William Daniel became found, in the sum of twenty-pounds, each, to prosecute each of the said persons informed against as aforesaid. In 1725, at a meeting of the Council, an Indian belonging to King Blount's Town being brought before the Board to answer for having in his drink fired a gun into the house of George May and wounding two children. The Board being satisfied that the children are likely to do well, and it appearing that it was done without malice, the Indian being very much in drink, it was ordered that he be fined 12 buck-skins and 12 doe-skins, to be paid to Robert West in August next for George May, to recompense him for his expense in curing the children of their wounds, and that the said May, on the receipt of said skins, do deliver up the Indian's gun.

A new Commission of the Peace was issued for Bertie Precinct as follows: Col. William Meade. George Winn. James Castelow. Thomas Bryan. Edward Howard. John Drew. Thomas Kitchen. John Span. Thomas Hart. Thomas Lovick. Henry Speller.

It was ordered that King Blount appear and show reason why he detained a slave belonging to Mr. Francis Pugh, named March. He gave for answer that the slave was gone quite away, but he promised to secure said March the first time he could light up on him and bring him in answer to said complaint.

The following grants of land were settled in Bertie Precinct at this time: John Lovick. Wm. Reed. Wm. Badham. Clement Hammond. John Sutton. Wm. Halsy. Robert Warner. John Thomas.

[To be Continued in our Next]

Slaughter of Infants in New York.

The crime of infant murder is rife in this city as never perhaps before in its history. Every day or two the body of some little innocent is found strangled or drowned or dead from exposure somewhere within the limits of the city. Since the 7th of January, 30 dead babies have been found in the streets or in the rivers, and the efforts of detectives especially detailed to investigate the cases have been unable to run down the fiendish authors of the crimes. Whether these infants were killed in lying in hospitals or whether unnatural mothers have thus cruelly put them to death is merely a matter of conjecture with the authorities. There is little on which to base a conclusion. A strict investigation will now, however be instituted of all the foundling asylums in the city and everything possible will be done to check this species of awful crime and bring its perpetrators to justice.

AN HONOR TO HIS POST

RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

Gen Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia, United States Consul-General at Havana, Cuba, is the man of the hour. It is not that the hour and the place have made the man, but simply that we have a conspicuous example of the right man in the right place. Great opportunities come only to those who are great without them.

Fitzhugh Lee is a man with a splendid past on record, and a grand future in sight. Today he wears the three-fold distinction of being an honored former Confederate, a Democrat and a holder of a highly important and responsible office under a Republican administration—and this at the administration's express request, at a time when the general rule has been prompt acceptance of the resignation of democratic incumbents of paying offices.

General Lee's resignation had been on file at Washington several months already when, last November, he came home and reported in person to President McKinley. Yet he went back to Havana with the seal of office in his possession, and fortified by the commendations of the President, who had received stacks of letters from representative men in all parts of the country favoring the retention of Lee at his post which he already occupied with marked distinction.

It was in April, 1896, impatient at the apathy of Consul-General Williams in cases affecting the rights of American citizens in Cuba, and confronted with the certainty that Congress would have to insist upon some radical policy tending to check the widely criticized methods of Weyler in Cuba, appointed General Lee to the hazardous position.

Every one remembers how, at the time, the country was fairly thrilled at the selection of this representative American soldier to stand for human liberty and justice on that unhappy isle. As yet he was untried in foreign consular diplomacy, but from the moment he entered upon his duties he gave abundant evidence of his possession of good sense, tact, courtesy and practical fitness for the task. Then the case of the ill-fated Dr. Ruiz gave him occasion to show a firm hand in conducting the investigation in the face of the most savage opposition of Weyler's organized inquisitors. It was generally understood even then that Lee had urged the dispatching of a United States man of war to Cuban waters; and his manly protest, "I cannot and will not stand another Ruiz murder," was applauded throughout the country a year ago.

The events of the last few months and weeks in Cuba, and the masterly part General Lee has played therein from day to day. Our Consul-General is no jingo. He is an American soldier, born and bred—brave, loyal, patriotic, keenly sensitive to every point of honor, personal or national. Because he is this he inspires at once the confidence of the conservative and the enthusiasm of the jingoes. A characteristic expression of L. P. Sigbee brother of the Maine's commander, who commenting on the disaster at Havana last week said:

There is a man down there looking after the interests of this country who cannot be blinded. He has more sense than anybody I know of, and if there is anything treacherous in this explosion we'll know of it without delay. The man I mean is General Fitzhugh Lee.

It is not absolutely essential that a distinguished American should have a grandfather. But when one happens to be a Lee of Virginia, and his father was "Light Horse Harry" Lee of the revolution, it is eminently proper

that his ancestry should be taken into account. Blood will—and does tell. Sydney Smith Lee—born 1802, died 1869—the father of Fitzhugh Lee, was the third son of Gen. Henry Lee (Light Horse Harry) and Anne Carter, his second wife. He was graduated from the naval academy, and appointed mid-shipman in 1820, promoted lieutenant in 1828, commander in 1840, and resigned in 1861 to join the confederacy. His public service of more than thirty years in the United States service—including Perry Japan expedition and the Mexican war—is well known. He was the favorite brother of Gen. Robert E. Lee, who called him by the pet name of "Rose".

One of General Robert E. Lee's daughters writes of her uncle, Captain Sidney Smith Lee, as follows: "No one ever saw him can forget his beautiful face, charming personality and grace of manner, which, joined to a nobility of character and goodness of heart, attracted all who came into contact with him and made him the most generally beloved and popular of men. This was especially so with regard to women, to whom his conduct was that of a preux chevalier, the most chivalrous and courteous.

Fitzhugh Lee, our own Fitz, was the eldest son of Captain Sidney Smith Lee and his wife Anna Maria Mason, and was born at Clermont, Fairfax county, Virginia on Nov. 19 1835. He entered the West Point military academy at 16, was graduated in July 1856, at the head of his class in horsemanship, and was appointed second lieutenant in the famous old 2nd cavalry, which regiment furnished so many officers afterwards distinguished in the civil war. His first duty was in drilling raw recruits in the Carlisle barracks, Pennsylvania. Then he was sent to the western frontier and became an Indian fighter in Texas under Major Earl Van Don.

In one encounter Lieut. Lee received an arrow wound between the ribs that came very near costing his life. On another occasion he grappled with a big Indian in a hand-to-hand fight, threw him to the ground and killed him. Maj. E. M. Hayes of the 7th cavalry, writes from Fort Clark, Texas, under date of January 1895, describing this incident:

"I remarked to Lea, you had a pretty close call with the Indian. He replied, Yes, he was a big fellow, but I was only getting my muscle up with him and feel now that I could get away with half a dozen like him. Later, on my asking him how he succeeded in throwing the Indian, he said: "He was very strong as far brute strength went, but he knew nothing of the science of wrestling. For a time, though, I thought he would get me when I happened to think of a trick in wrestling which I learned during my school days in Virginia. It was known as the Virginia back heel. I tried it on him and fetched him."

The outbreak of the civil war found Fitzhugh Lee back at West Point as instructor in cavalry tactics. He promptly resigned, offered his services to his native state, served first on staff of Gen. Ewell, than as lieutenant of the first Virginia cavalry, under J. E. B. Stuart, whom he accompanied on his famous raid around McClellan's army in front of Richmond. On the promotion of Stuart, Lee was chosen colonel and later brigadier-general under Stuart. In 1863 the cavalry of the army of the Northern Virginia was divided into divisions, commanded respectively by Gens. Wade Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee. Shortly after the death of Stuart, Lee succeeded Hampton as commander of the cavalry of the army of northern Virginia with rank of major-general.

Fitzhugh Lee's gallant war record is a matter of familiar history, both written and unwritten. He was always trusted, and frequently com-

mended, by his superior officers, and was the idol of his brave troops. He it was who blazed the way and guided Stonewall Jackson in the latter's great flank movement that won for the confederate arms the battle of Chancellorsville. At Winchester, Sept., 19th, 1864, he had three horses killed under him, and was severely wounded.

Anecdotes of "Fitz" Lee's prowess abound in the various war histories and reminiscences of soldiers. He is often confounded with his cousin, the late Gen. W. H. Fitzhugh ("Rooney") Lee, the second son of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and who was also a dashing cavalry officer.

Like his chief, "Jeb" Stuart, Fitzhugh Lee was a joyous and light-hearted trooper, ready to dance all night after fighting all day. In January '64, when the confederate cavalry was quartered at Charlottesville, the officers got up a grand ball, Gen. Robert E. Lee wrote to his youngest son, then belonging to that arm of service.

"Tell Fitz I grieve over the hardships and sufferings of his men in their late expeditions. * * * I am afraid he was anxious to get back to the ball. This is a bad time for such things. We have too grave subjects on hand to engage in such trivial amusements. I would rather his officers should entertain themselves in fattening their horses, healing their men and recruiting their regiments. There are too many Lees on the committee. I like them all to be present at battles, but can excuse them at balls."

The last fighting done by the army of northern Virginia was the cavalry charge headed by "Fitz" Lee at Farnville, a few miles from Appomattox, on the 18th of April, 1865, when the confederates were successful in driving back the federal cavalry division of Gen. Crook. Then Sheridan and Ord came up and ended the hopeless struggle; and the next day Grant and Lee settled the terms of the surrender.

At the campfire council of the confederate leaders on the night of the 8th, "Fitz" Lee had asked, but was refused permission to extricate his cavalry in case of surrender, provided it was done before the flag of truce should change the status. He was afraid his men would lose their horses—a fear which also oppressed his uncle and commander, Gen. Robert E. Lee. But, as history has recorded in letters of gold, Gen. Grant magnanimously agreed "to let all men who claimed a horse or mule take the animals home with them to work their little farms."

After the war Gen. Lee went back to his desolated farm in Stafford county, and set doggedly to work.

"I had been accustomed all my life he says, "to draw corn from the quartermaster, and found it rather hard now to draw it from an obstinate soil, but I did it."

In 1874, at the dedication of the Bunker Hill monument, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee represented Virginia and delivered an address which stirred every patriotic heart; demonstrating that oratory as well as in war he was a worthy grandson of "Light Horse Harry." In 1885 he was elected Governor of the state of Virginia—here again following in the footsteps of his illustrious grandfather.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's chief title to literary fame is his brilliant "Life of Gen. Lee, the best of biographies of the great confederate commander, dedicated "to the memory of the soldiers who fought and fell under the wave of Robert E. Lee's sword and are sleeping in unbroken ranks with dew on their brows and the rust on their mail." The tone of this book is modest, manly and soberlike. It is the expression of a true American, who gladly fought for his convictions, and who frankly, yet in no cringing spirit accepted the result of that fight as having settled the controversy once and for all.

"Fitz" Lee is of a nature ever out spoken generous and loyal, to friend and foe, through good or evil report. Nothing perhaps is more expressive of his trait than the following passage from his book, discussing Abraham Lincoln, Robert Lee, and Jefferson Davis:

"When the curtain of war rolled up from the American stage to the world were revealed two presidential chairs. In one was seated Mr. Jefferson Davis, in the other—Mr. Abraham Lincoln. These two chief magistrates were both born in Kentucky. One when a small child was carried by his parents to Mississippi, the other when about 8 months was taken to Indiana and afterwards to Illinois. Each absorbed the political theories of his respective state. Had Davis been carried to Illinois and Lincoln to Mississippi in the war between the states, Lincoln might have been carrying a Mississippi rifle while Davis held aloft the star spangled banner.

* * * The deeds of a brave soldier, even though unsuccessful, excite the admiration of mankind. The civil ruler of the vanquished is not so fortunate when the power to sustain his government departs. Mr. Davis was not the demon of hate enemies have painted. He did not thirst for the blood of his countrymen. His whole character has been misunderstood by the mass of the people who opposed his public views. His heart was tender as a woman's, was brave as a lion and true as the needle to the pole to his convictions; in disposition generous, in his character courteous and chivalric."

Any one who has seen "Fitz" Lee mounted like a centaur on a Virginia thoroughbred, is certain have in memory ever afterward an ideal figure of a knightly "man on horseback." A foot he is not imposing, being only of medium stature and of late years, quite portly. He has a fine head and face, with frank, steel blue eyes and a ruddy complexion, set off by his now almost white hair, moustache and imperial. His bearing is alert and military. Altogether he does not look, and probably does not feel, his 62 years.

Gen. Lee married at Alexandria, Va., in 1871, Ellen Bernard, who also comes of one of the first of the Old Dominion. They have children—Ellen, Fitzhugh, George, Nannie, and Virginia Lee. Their home at Lynchburg is on the main residence street of that quaintly terraced old town, rising high above the south bank of the James River. It is a pleasant and hospitable house, in the old Virginia style, full of history and personal reminiscence in furniture, pictures and relics of various kinds. In it hangs the faded and tattered square of blue silk, which was Gen. Lee's headquarters flag on the fields of war.

In the spring of 1896 President Cleveland had projected sending a special commissioner to Cuba. Instead of that, he finally decided appoint Lee consul-general, combining with the usual duties of the office the extra requirement that he should inform himself as a military man, of the real status of affairs in the island for the guidance of the President. Gen. Lee did not desire the office, but, once having consented to take the place, he filled it in a manner to make high government and his country proud.

In short, the United States has in Gen. Fitzhugh Lee a responsible representative, who in his way, at the present moment, is not undeserving of the undying characterization which his grandfather, "Light Horse Harry Lee" applied to Washington.

"Fist, in war, first in the peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

How to accept an invitation to dinner—Eat a light breakfast and no lunch.

How to decline an invitation to a reception—Say you're sorry, place letter in envelope, stamp and address and forget to post it.

OBITUARY.

Little Henry Grady White was born to James H. and Rosa L. White on October 11th, 1891, at Kelford, N. C., and departed this life on February 27th, 1898, at Black Rock. Aged six years and four months and sixteen days.

For more than a month he struggled nobly against that fatal disease, typhoid fever. Life was sweet, joyous, and full of rosy visions of future promise to GRADY. Endowed by nature with mental faculties of a high order, he thus early gave promise of a useful and brilliant career. He went to school about six months, learned his letters and to count to a hundred in one week, had gone through his first, second and half through the third reader. Possessing a wonderful memory; spelling was to him an easy task. This gifted lad impressed his teacher and all who came in contact with, of his superior worth. The fine contour of his head, bright eyes, and sober, manly expression, clearly indicated a strong intellectuality. GRADY had an amiable and cheerful disposition. He loved to make his sisters and playmates happy, to distill in their young lives the sparkling dew-drops of light and joy. Not more so, than his devoted parents, who sadly mourn for that radiant spirit who thrilled their hearts with unspeakable ecstasy! He had a religious cast of mind, and often asked his parents about Heaven. "What would his soul be when he was dead and buried?" He asked "if he would have wings like angels in Heaven?" He was often seen holding meetings in the children's play houses in the yard. His little sisters were asked what he said in the meetings. They said he had a little sermon he would repeat. His father asked him to repeat it which he did after awhile. Raising his little hand above his head he said—

"Heaven is the finest place in the world—streets all shining with gold. The moon looks like blood. The stars all shining like the sun. Angels flying this way, angels flying that way (pointing in different directions). Heaven is a beautiful world."

He had learned to sing the hymn, "And, when the battle is over, we shall wear a crown". He often sang this with his sisters. How little did he think when singing this beautiful song, that life's battle was nearly over and he would soon wear a crown and sing with the angels in Heaven.

The death of this bright, good, dutiful little fellow has left an aching void in the hearts of his parents and sisters. But oh! what a happy thought that the grief and anguish of those who loved him here, is but for a moment compared to the unending joys of the mansion in the skies, where his spirit shall dwell forever. The beautiful idol of their hearts around which clustered so many tender buds of hope is broken! The lovely flower has withered and faded away, but the memory of his sweetness gentleness and true nobility of soul will live to solace and cheer their hearts.

His death in this community has saddened many hearts. Grady is missed among his friends and those who knew him, with a like shadow to the gifted and immortal Henry Grady one of Georgia's greatest lights that was blown out in the prime of useful manhood. The name Henry Grady still lives in the Southern hearts and is cherished with a sacred memory only to be forgotten when time shall be no more. It is said there is nothing in a name but the name Henry Grady lives in our hearts in the flesh and the name, is written in the Lamb's book of eternal life—when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed this name is to be heard in the great roll in the last time. This little youth was named for Georgia's now immortal Henry Grady. Both of them have passed over the river—where death has forever lost its dominion—where our God is not ashamed to be called their God—they are now the children of light.

On Monday the 28th Feb., his little body was laid at Black Rock after a beautiful and impressive sermon by Rev. Mr. Tillery. E.