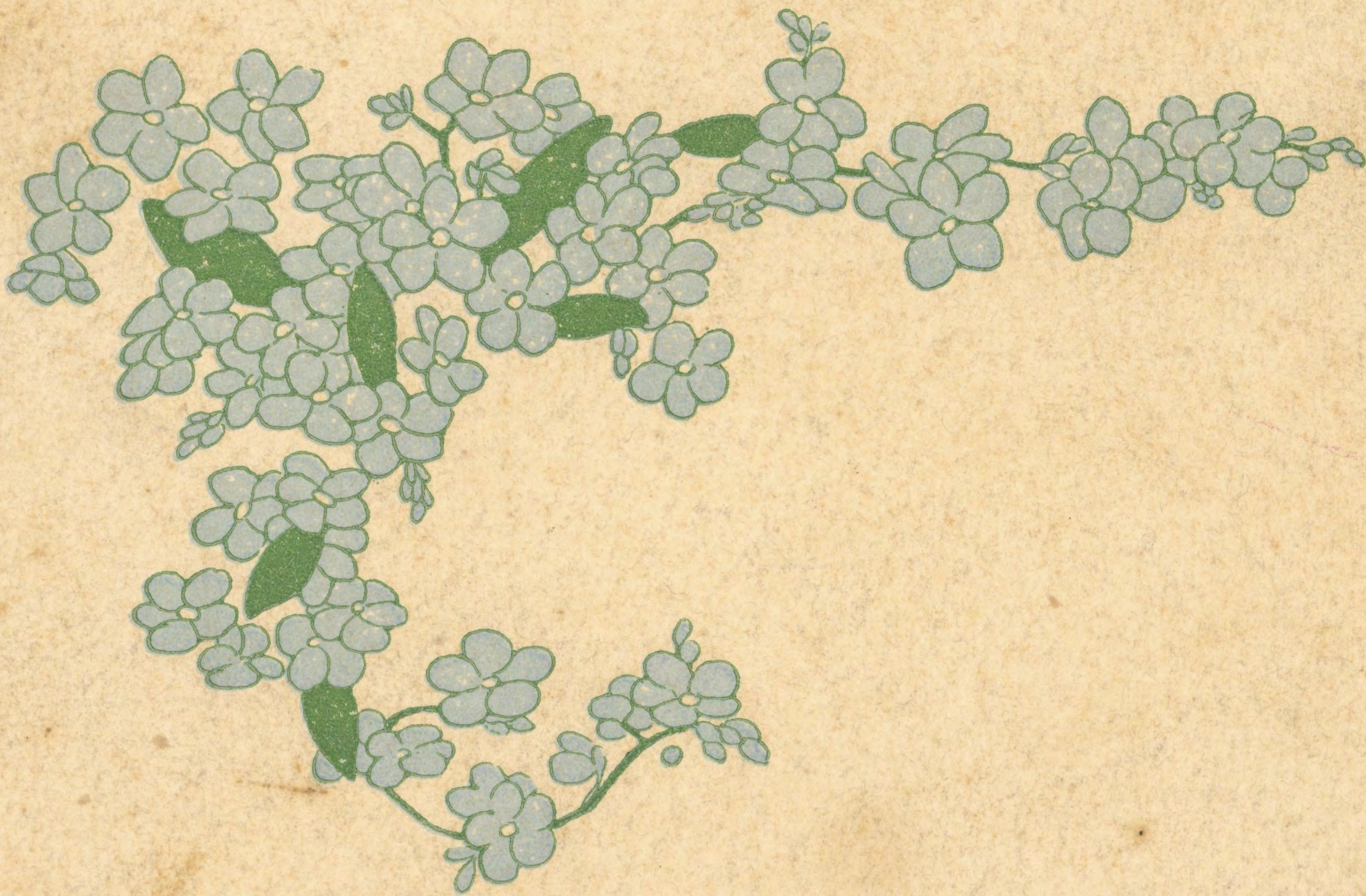




Forget-me-nots
of Bath, N.C.





FORGET-ME-NOTS
of BATH, N. C.

By

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by
Mrs. J. P. Bragg

PREFACE

This little book is intended to keep alive some legends that have been handed down through the ages.

THE AUTHOR.

BATH

Bath is like a good grandmother
To all the towns in our state;
Who gives everything to her children,
Never thinking of her fate.

She has given the best to others,
Of all she had in store.
None could have served us better,
Or have loved us any more.

And there was one grandson,
In quite a mischievous way,
Likened her to a gay widow,
And of her he did say,

That Bath was like a widow,
Thinking of bobbing her hair,
And was looking for a husband.
But, my friend, you'd best beware

How you speak of your grandmother,
Else you may feel her cane,
And, if she strikes you with it,
Prepare to feel the pain.

For Bath is too old for foolishness,
Even of a mirthful kind.
Why "Uncle Sam" would be too young.
A suitable mate she could not find,



ST. THOMAS CHURCH
BUILT 1734

For Bath was sending her children
Out all over the state
Before our country was organized,
Or before Independence date.

So, therefore, "Uncle Sam"
Would be as a boy to her.
Bath likes to live for the children,
To bring them Christmas cheer.

ST. THOMAS CHURCH

The Old Church stands a monument
To the good men of the past,
Showing us the way of life
That is moving on so fast.

Many of us are trying
To move faster than we should,
With only time for moving,
And none for being good.

Once, as down through the ages
That seemed drifting by so slow,
This old church was deserted,
With never a man to go

Inside its battered ruins,
And there was none to tell
Of the work of our forefathers,
Who had builded it so well.

So it sheltered the cattle
Of all the neighborhood
From the wintry winds, a trying
To do the world some good.

The bell had been all broken,
So that it wouldn't ring.
Death had silenced the voices
So that they couldn't sing.

God sent men to repair the church
His Kingdom to represent.
When fixed as it was builded,
We will then be content.

THE BELL

There is a bell in this Old Church
That has been rung for years.
Sometimes it tells of gladness;
Often it tells of tears.

We like to think when it's ringing,
That those who have gone to rest
Are with the Angels, singing,
In the City of the Blest.

Once the bell was silent,
The people lived in sin.
Left in a neglected state
St. Thomas Church had been.

The old bell saw, in sadness,
The way the people did.
Recast and now in gladness,
Its voice sends out the bid,
For us to come and worship
The God of Divine Love;
And when we come in that spirit,
Blessings will fall from above.

RESOLVED

Resolved: That as we were the first
To establish a town in our state,
We'll try to make it a rule
To put down all malice and hate,
And stop all the crime that we can.
A good leader we will be,
Pointing out the way to live
In America, the Land of the Free.
For one never has a right
To harm himself or another.
God's Kingdom is in our hearts,
To make us be as a brother
To each one we meet in our path.
We'll "Do as we'd be done by",
And if we fail in the effort,
We will be sure that we try.
We'll pray for the ones that are falling,
And help the ones that are down,
Carrying cheer and comfort
Round and around "The Old Town".



THE CHIMNEYS OF THE OLD MARSH HOUSE IN BATH
BUILT 1744

THE OLD MARSH HOUSE

Have you seen the Old Marsh House,
With its chimneys tall and grand?
Some graves are behind it;
By it some live oaks stand.

That was a costly mansion
In the Old Colonial Days.
It was builded good and strong,
Showing when work is well done it pays.

One chimney near the front
Is a regular Santa Claus kind.
And, "If Santa had been born a twin"
He would be sure to find

The twin chimneys on the back,
Which are seventeen feet across.
And if you don't see the closets
You have sustained a loss.

Generations have come and gone,
These one hundred eighty years.
The builder of this old house
Is beyond the "vale of tears".

The main timbers of this building
Were tarred and heavily wrapped
With canvas so that decay
From then was kept trapped.

THE MAGIC FIREPLACE

Did you see the Magic Fireplace
Just below the cellar stairs,
Where the girls of long past ages
Used to like to go in pairs?

For there was a fortune teller,
Who had charge of meat and wine.
And this man hated truly
All the men who drank like swine.

But because he was a servant,
He could never criticise
Any rich man's sons or daughters;
So he acted very wise,

And would look into the future
In a sly and humble way.
And he studied hard to make
All this fortune telling pay.

When he saw a girl was liking
Any man she dared not trust,
He would try to point it out
So she'd to herself be just.

For those boys, when they were drinking,
Would all their secrets tell.
That would put this wise man thinking,
So he knew his business well.

And he'd build a fire of oak wood,
In this fireplace down below.
Then he'd get his magic ready,
'Specially bring the mistletoe.

“Now just listen to the silence”,
He would say to those who came.
“We will have to do some thinking,
For that is a part of the game.”

So this gifted fortune teller,
Who was called a man of charm,
Was a very pious fellow,
Who never did a mortal harm.

He had known the Mrs. Evans,
And he saw the power of love,
And he knew that “God is with us,”
And not up so far above.

He is gone and quite forgotten,
But the quaint old fireplace stands,
And these bricks will not be rotten
When you mingle with the sands.

Then let us be up and doing,
And to God and man be true.
When it comes our time for going,
We will surely get our due.

LIVING

Living means giving.
If you want to be living,
Don't forget to give something away.
Keeping means dying.
If you want to be dying,
Keep things to rust and decay.

Living means giving.
If you want to be living,
 Do some deed of kindness today.
Keeping means dying.
If you want to be dying,
 Don't put yourself out of the way

To do that deed of kindness,
But act as if blindness
 Hides all form of suffering away.
If you'll live nobly,
You'll be living, doubly,
 For others and yourself today.

THE SETTLERS

John Smith lived in England
 During James, the Second's, reign,
And was one of a brave band
 Who wanted freedom to gain.

Now this was not the John Smith
 Of the Virginia Colony fame,
But there always seems to be
 Many good men by that name.

This John had married Mary,
 A girl whose father was dead
By trying to defend King James.
 Her mother died of grief, they said.

Life was hard for them in England,
As it was for many more;
Each change in the Royal House
Brought more trouble than before.

They had stood aghast at the changes,
When James was driven from the throne,
And was succeeded by his daughter, Mary,
Who wouldn't give the poor their own.

Queen Anna, another daughter of James,
The throne was about to take.
When cruel rulers are in power,
The people suffer for their sake.

So Mary and John had decided
To take chances with the Red Men.
They said, "We'll treat them kindly;
They will be friends to us then".

As boats would soon be sailing
To America, the Land of the Free,
They prepared to take for themselves
A voyage across the sea.

These settlers landed at Bath,
Near the River Pamlico.
From the English, they bought land,
And to it they hurried to go.

It was down the river to the left,
From creek to creek it came;
And ran inland a mile or more,
And was "thickly stocked with game."

They found the spot and built a hut
Of logs, on a clay hill;
And clearing land and burning brush
Many a day did fill.

A trail from Bath to Woodstock
Passed a mile inland from their door;
And Indians had a village
Near them on the shore.

John was good with tools.
Building boats was his trade.
He was just the man for the Indians,
And by them was well paid.

For them to go for oysters
He many a boat did build.
They brought him corn and turkeys,
And kept his pantry filled.

They went to Bath occasionally,
Prayer service to help hold.
The Indians, who rowed successfully,
The pleasure would not have sold.

And once they went to Woodstock,
It was the capital of Hyde.
The streets were made of shells,
And the folks in gun boats did ride.

Mary was sick with fever.

The Indians stayed 'til she died;
Then helped John bury her tenderly,
Down by the River's side.

Then at home with the Indians,
Because it was so lonely to stay
In the little home by the river
Since his wife had gone way.

Until one day the Indians came
To get him to join against the Whites.
They called him Brother and Chief,
And talked much about their rights.

They had been to Indian Island,
And were with Indians from there.
And all of them were painted,
With feathers in their hair.

And when he wouldn't join them,
They left him in great haste.
He said, "To get Bath warning
I'll not have time to waste."

They had forgotten to take his boat.
He rowed up the river, into the creek.
A fire showed them already there;
So the trail to Woodstock he did seek.

He rowed back down the river,
Stopped home for a bite of food;
For he said, "If I faint on the way,
I cannot do them any good."

He fed the stock and turned them out,
Looked toward his Mary's grave,
And breathed a prayer of thankfulness
That God did his darling save.

It was now growing dusky,
And time he must not lose.
It was the path of duty;
He had no right to choose.

He had to warn those people
In the village on Pungo.
So, gathering up his courage,
Back to his boat did go.

Though it was growing darker
He rowed his little boat,
Praying that God would guide him,
So he'd into North Creek float.

After getting in the East Prong,
Where the creek had crossed the trail,
He hid his boat, saying "God is good,
And may be I'll not fail".

While blundering along in the darkness,
Never stopping to rest,
Said he, "If I do not get there,
I'll die doing my best".

When he'd gone what he thought the distance,
He climbed a very tall tree.
Hearing a noise, he listened.
It was yet too dark to see.

He sat in the tree and waited
For the rising of the moon.
When it shone he decided
He didn't get there too soon.

The Indians were all through the forest,
Each breaking a little pine,
And taking his tree to the trail,
And standing there in line.

Woodstock was in the distance;
The enemy were in the trail,
And moving on toward it.
His plan to warn would fail.

As the Indians moved onward,
Each bearing his little tree,
John said, "I'm no coward,
But all I can do is to see".

In the stillness of early morning,
They broke each house as they came.
Men, women, children, all were killed.
The fate of all was the same.

Then while the fires were burning,
And war whoops were sounding loudly,
The Indians were returning,
Each bearing his scalps so proudly.

And while these Braves were passing—
He counted eight hundred or more—
Said he, "Such a dreadful sight
I never have seen before".

After he had passed, he said,
 "I'll get down and go see
If there is any one left in the town;
 I don't see how it can be".

He found only ashes and charred bodies
 Of what human souls had been.
Said he, "I hope Bath didn't fare like this;
 They must have lived in sin".

Back through the silent forest,
 Stealthily he worked his way
To his little home by the river,
 But there he was afraid to stay.

He'd left his little boat hidden
 Where it had been in the woods;
Said he, "I'd better leave it,
 For it cannot be any good

To me now that the Indians
 Are searching for every White,
And it will be much better,
 If my boat is not in sight".

He was afraid until soldiers
 From South Carolina had been
Sent on an errand of mercy,
 And defeated the Wild Red Men.

Bath had fared bad in the struggle,
 But not as bad as Woodstock.
He found them glad to welcome
 Him into their little flock.

And there were other settlers,
 Who homes in the woods did leave
To come to Bath for protection,
 And some of them did grieve
About loved ones that had fallen
 In the struggle to take their land.
After buying it from the English
 They were not in command
Of the deed unless they bought it
 From the Indians on the shore.
Why didn't they buy what they needed
 And then not take any more?
For selfishness, of every description,
 Is the greatest of all sin.
And we must for it suffer,
 With all our kith and kin.
It is a law of nature,
 And always will become true,
That greedy gotten property
 Will become a curse to you.
These settlers had learned one lesson,
 A lesson so often taught,
"By buying from those who claim it,
 Land is not always bought".
Though the Indians were defeated,
 The Whites were defeated, too.
One wrong never rights another,
 And crime cannot crime undo.

They met with God in prayer,
And for their sins did grieve.
They became a prosperous people,
As any will who in Him believe.

Others came from Old England
To live here with the Free;
And some of them were not good,
And liked to have their "spree".

A man came to Bath from somewhere,
I don't believe any one knew.
He played he was a gentleman,
But few believed that true.

He was in command of a vessel,
And claimed to own a fleet.
He had those vessels in charge,
And often he'd go to meet

Ships that came from England,
From Ireland, or from Spain.
He'd kill the crew, take all the goods,
And sail to Bath again.

Though Captain Teach was a leader,
He was believed honest by but few;
Others accepted spoils and liked him,
A custom that is not new.

'Til he became a terror
To all who sailed the sea.
And yet when he'd come back to Bath,
A mighty man was he.

He'd stand around the corner,
And treat men by the score
To the best of wines and liquors,
'Til they could drink no more.

Until the morals of many men
Were getting down so low
That many wives and mothers
Wanted to see Old Teach go.

They wouldn't listen to a preacher,
No matter how well he could preach;
But rather loaf on the corner
And joke with the Pirate Teach.

For it doesn't take much to lead us
From the straight and narrow way;
If we want to be led into mischief
We find it easy to stray.

Into the very best homes
Teach was allowed to go.
Only the poor and humble,
And those who didn't know

What to do with the condition
Of Bath in such a plight;
The little band of Christians
Knew it no use to fight.

They begged their own law makers,
Until they saw 'twas no good.
And they themselves were doing
Anything but as they should.

So they sent away, to Virginia,
And asked the Governor to aid
Them in catching the ruffians,
And send a man not afraid

To do his duty and to give
Help in the time of need.
He sent Lieutenant Maynard,
The very man indeed.

And plenty of help came with him
To leave that Pirate dead;
And then they sailed into Bath,
To bring his ugly head.

There was no great rejoicing,
At sight of the Pirate's head.
Grief for his sins filled the hearts
If all good men instead.

John Smith, who had seen Woodstock,
And the burned and slaughtered there,
Felt only pity for his poor soul,
For he was a man of care.

He was one of the builders of Bath,
They were of a Godly race.
We've proof of this until this day
That time did not efface.

This man lived rejoicing,
In the workings of the Lord.
And sin and all its terrors
Was what he most abhorred.

He met with the good people
When they planned the church to build,
But before it was finished
He had a lone grave filled.

But his life of devotion
To anything that was God's work
Made a great impression;
Others would not duty shirk.

For good men's lives are just begun
When all their days are passed.
Kind deeds keep growing, growing,
Longer than any life can last.

God will not take in His Kingdom
Any who will not come through love.
If He took them by force they'd spoil it,
Spoil even the Heaven above.

When one receives a kindness
He can rarely pay it back
To the one who handed it to him,
So he has to get up a pack

And hand around to every one
That he meets all through his life.
So you see that good deeds prosper
Better than deeds of strife.

But many troubles came to them,
Because many that were bad
Were relatives or friends they loved.
Good people can't be glad

When sin runs riot in a town,
And none that are good have power
To hold the wicked ones in check,
For only one short hour.

One preacher came to tell them
Of their wickedness and sins.
They wouldn't listen to him;
Trouble then for them begins.

He was a very good man,
Who knew the way to pray;
He shook the dust from off his feet,
And then he went away,

And left the curse upon them,
But a blessing it may be.
For the wicked cannot prosper;
It thins them out, you see.

As life is only the thinning
Of ones that can't unite;
In peace and love, for Heaven above,
We'll live if we do the right.

So what's the use to worry
Over things that happen here?
If we do our best and leave the rest
To God, we need not fear.

None of us can live except
In deeds that we pass to others,
And by striving to make the world
Of all men to become brothers.

THE TOURNAMENTS

“When Knighthood was in Flower”

In this charming, old, old town,
The tournaments, enjoyed by all,
Were of very much renown.

And many a brave knight
Tried harder to get the rings,
That he might crown his sweetheart “queen”,
Than if he’d been working for kings.

The ladies, they looked happy,
Wearing the crowns of flowers;
Prettier than the blooms of May
After the April showers.

Times are changing, changing,
As onward through life we go.
We’ll pass away like as the chaff
That before the wind does blow.

Many of us remember
Those good times that we had;
And just the thinking of them
Makes our living glad.

THE CURSE

When the good people all were dead,
A preacher to this town came.
Every home was filled with sin,
And he was tired and lame.

They wouldn't listen to him,
And treated him their worst.
He shook the dust from off his feet,
And the town of Bath he cursed.

Since the iniquities of the fathers
Down to the sons are handed,
The wicked who try to live in Bath
Are with the same curse branded.

But to the thousands who love Him,
God will his mercy show.
We can serve Him anywhere,
And His blessings He will bestow.

“Every cloud has a silver lining”,
But this one is lined with gold.
I'll try to show you the inside
Of a truth that is very old.

The curses of man cannot harm
All who will faithful be.
So the curses only help to thin out
The bad from the good, you see.

ANOTHER CURSE

There was a time when whiskey
Did the people of Bath much harm.
There were many weak enough
To fall through by its charm.

And some of our young manhood
Suffer in the same way now.
But they'll soon learn better,
Or else their heads will bow

In grief and pain a plenty,
And sorrows not a few.
When one does either bad or good,
He will sometime get his due.

There is always work in plenty
Of a preventative kind to do;
Some of it intended for me,
Not all of it for "You".

Let all of us do his share
Of all the good that we can;
There is no nobler work on earth,
Than building the future man.

WOODSTOCK

This is a story that was told me
By the people of long ago.
Of how Woodstock was destroyed,
A town on the River Pungo.

A jail and court house were in this town;
It was the capital of Hyde.
The streets were made of shell
So the people in gun boats could ride.

Each Indian gathered in darkness
The top of a little pine,
And holding these above them,
They formed into a line,

And, just as day was breaking,
They rushed upon the town,
Killed all the people in the place,
And burned the houses down.

About the very same time
Bath was destroyed, almost,
But some one believed in prayer,
And they were at their post.

Today there is very little left
Of what was once Woodstock.
Shells of the streets, a brick or two,
Some stones, their chopping block.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

All the bells of Christmas joy
Are ringing through the town.
Even the one at St. Thomas Church,
Of very much renown.

For this old bell has seen the years
Pass quickly, gaily by.
And when the people are passing,
It tells that service time is nigh.

But it keeps up the ringing
For all the passing throng;
Keeping up the hearts of men,
As they quickly pass along.

OLD TEACH'S KETTLE

Have you seen Old Teach's Kettle,
Where he used to boil his tar,
To repair his boats and make them
Strong to sail to lands afar?

THE SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE

If the tide goes out this winter,
You may can see the sign
Of a Subterranean Passage,
Near this old town of mine.

THE TABLETS

Have you all the inscriptions
On the tablets at the Church read?
And the stone by the Old Marsh House,
Where the young lady, it said,
Had died of a broken heart,
For her sweetheart lost at sea.
Now that was love, true, true love,
For a maiden such as she.

Have you read the bronze tablet
At the corner on a stone?
If you haven't you had better,
If you have to stop alone.

Let all who look on this stone
Pray that God's Kingdom shall be
On earth as it is in Heaven,
And from sin the world be free.

Bath, the first town in North Carolina, was incorporated, by act of assembly, March 8, 1705. Its incorporators and first commissioners were men of fine character. The best known of these was John Lawson, Surveyor General, who was so cruelly murdered by the Indians.

The Episcopal Church was established 1701. Under the leadership of Governor Walker, vestries and parishes were made. The first vestry of St. Thomas Parish was composed of:

The Hon. Chas. Eden, Esq.

Col. Christopher Gale

Tobias Knight, Esq.

Mr. John Porter

Daniel Richardson, Esq.

Mr. Thos. Worley

Capt. John Drinkwater

Capt. John Clarke

Mr. John Adams

Mr. Patrick Maule

Mr. Thos. Harding

Mr. John Lillington

Dr. Bray and Rev. William Gordon were early missionaries. Christopher Gale, Attorney General and first Chief Justice of North Carolina, one of the few settlers of Bath who escaped the Indian massacre, Sept. 22, 1711, was a church leader. His home was used as a place of worship.

The lot on which St. Thomas Church stands was deeded to the vestry and church wardens by Edward Mosely Oct. 7, 1730. The church was built in 1734.

It was first built something like the one at Jamestown, with a tower in front. Early in the nineteenth century a storm wrecked it.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bonner, parents of the Joseph Bonner who died in 1923 at the age of 83 years, were living in the same house at Bonner's Point that is yet occupied by the Bonner family. This Mrs. Bonner was watching the church at an upstairs window when the gables fell in. When the church was repaired the brick tower was replaced by a wooden structure that lasted until after the Civil War. During the same storm, the colonial interior was destroyed and has never been restored.

Within the church there is a tablet:

“Here lies the body of Mrs. Margaret Palmer, wife of Robert Palmer, Esq., one of His Majesty's Council and Surveyor General of the lands of this province, who departed this life Oct. 19, 1765. Aged 44 years.

“After laboring ten of them under the severest bodily afflictions, brought on by the change of climate, and though she went back to her native land, received no relief, but returned and bore them with uncommon resolution and resignation to the last.”

A stone near the Marsh House, in memory of Mrs. Evans, who is said to have died of a broken heart after the loss of her husband at sea, reads:

“Here lies the body of Mrs. Mary Evans, who departed this life Jan. 31, 1758, aged 19 years.”

“Could bloom of youth, could universal love,
Could tears of parting friends to pity move,
Relentless Fate, sure Fate had been inclined
To spare a maid for other joys designed.
But since one common death, one common grave,
Awaits the youthful nymph, the generous brave;
Since naught on earth but yields to God’s decree,
And heaven’s declared that short man’s joys must be,
Let this fair flower, cropt in its freshest bloom,
Teach us that life’s a span, that Death’s our doom,
That all our hopes on our Redeemer rest,
Like her with Him to rest, like her with Him be blest.”

