

Bounty, Bunk and Bisque

Lest wordsmiths never be forgotten, we remember the longest word, supercalifragilisticexpialidocious, and magical Mary Poppins, children with chimney sweeps dancing on rooftops, and dreams filled with a Spoonful of Sugar. We recall the ageless one... Robert Browning's The Pied Piper of Hamelin, leading the dancing children where,

“The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outrun our fallow deer
And honeybees had lost their stings
And horses were born with eagles' wings.”

Then Dorothy, down the Yellow Brick Road, the Scarecrow, wishing only a brain, the beloved Tinman longing a heart... high stepping to beat the band, even letting brave-less Lion join the party, heading for Emerald City, and the un-imaginable land of Oz.

Competing with those classics ... a happening seven years ago, a story-book event at Shackleford Island on the Carolina coast. Some suggest, gods of our history vacation on Shackleford Island. That may be so, but what is more sure, Disney like moments bridge the fantasy of children, linking learning to the inevitable starkness on the other side. Once across, that same bridge offers the return path to the history stirring the story-teller, the literarian, the visual artist, in creating illusions born of fertile minds.

A remarkable moment on the beach, a child spots a bottle bobbing in the surf. Three playmates show curiosity. Watchful parents quickly bring caution to the huddle. Two maps on brittle paper appear centuries old. The grandfather, an experienced

commercial fisherman, recognizes one map as nautical. In rough form, it displays surrounding waters, the inlets, the outer banks. A crudely drawn line arrows to Shackleford Island. Fathers are fast studying the land map. Spellbound children whisper, then louder, “it’s a treasure map.” All faith in fathers springs of such moments. A large tree is spotted, matching a mark on the map. The scribbled instructions are barely legible. The moment is compelling, thirty-seven paces from tree, due north to a boulder, next to a creek, and a large sand dune. Another child notices something strange, like a dead weed. Weeds don’t grow among island grasses. It would not pull from the sand.

Energetic hands begin digging. Fathers urge no quitting. Something is struck. Frantic hands, heads in the hole, sand is flying. Three men lift a very old crab box from its hiding place.

It’s back to the beach, two hundred yards to Grandpa’s boat. Local beach children are drawn to the parade. Blackbeard’s name is mentioned often. The crowd grows with much hopping and skipping. Arriving at the anchored boat, the finders beg their fathers, “lets open it here.” The children struggle to untie the rope, discarding a rotten sack from the container. A small chest is secured by an unusual buckle. Suddenly a child hollers, “the horses.” Eight of those wild and famous Shackleford ponies are passing within feet of the crowd. Locals are surprised. “Spooky” said one, adding, “must have disturbed their sacred ground.”

The chest is opened. Multiple bundles are discovered, wrapped in bandana cloth bound by seaweed, loaded with coins and jewelry. The treasure-finding children claim their loot first, but no “finders keepers losers weepers” in this group. Bundles are passed

among the children who had joined the procession. About the goodwill, parents are astonished. It was a glorious day.

The two lucky families had three days remaining in their holiday. The next event occurred at a hamburger hut, a shell's throw from the hotel on Atlantic Beach. An artfully looking personality, Tedder Jones, was at the hut. His touch of southern charm fit nicely with a well-groomed face, pleasingly framed by slightly graying, slightly thinning breeze-swept hair. Several folks in the vicinity recognized Tedder and hailed him politely. Mr. Tedder Jones was introduced as the safe-keeper of lore and legend, a circuit-riding ambassador, who served the ports along the coastal waterway. Tedder declared Pamlico his home, but no one ever asked, is that the Village, the County or the whole Sound. When asked his business, he replied prolocutor. You kind of didn't ask the next question. His demeanor invited trust, and besides, prolocutor sounded pretty darn important.

It was fun. Tedder shared how treasure hunting and ghost stories lead to our nation's history. They learned of a soldier, who had served a century and half ago, in the Civil War with the Ohio Regiment. Army troops were clearing residents from Folly Island preparing an all-out assault on Charleston.

Lt. Yokum was escorting a reluctant one hundred year old lady from her ramshackled cabin to a waiting ship. She lived on the island when pirates still frequented there. She told of treasures filled with coins and jewelry "buried between the two large oaks." She witnessed it all. In only a hush, she described chests being lowered into the ground, and the biggest buccaneer stabbing one pirate in the back, pushing him into the hole.

“Mam,” said the Lieutenant, “bet that treasure has been dug up by now.” Taking final halting steps to the ship, she turned towards her kind escort, “no suh, that pirate watches over dem chests, even tho he is dead.” That evening with spades and high hopes, Lt. Yokum and friend, returned to the dunes near the cabin. They located those proud old oaks, invitingly draped in moon-lit Savannah moss. Digging began. Strangely and eerily, the trees started swaying and sand smacked their faces. Lightning flashed without thunder. It became very scary. Then a blinding burst, and there standing a full-size hateful-looking pirate. Panicked, they ran for their lives back to the sea-side camp. For the war’s balance, both soldiers fought bravely, but about that terrible episode, neither dared tell a soul. That is, not until forty-four years later at the regiment’s reunion in Zanesville, Ohio. Yokum spilled the beans, told the whole story to his fellow Veterans, and broke down crying.

The children wanted more, and asked Tedder to tell about the wild Shackleford horses... “Were they really spooked?” Tedder shared how the horses were abandoned 500 years ago. A Spanish expedition to establish an American settlement failed. The survivors fortunately flagged a passing ship, secured passage to Hispaniola, leaving eighty-nine horses to fend for themselves.

The children learned friends of the Shackleford Island horses, including many boys and girls from around the country, joined hands in recognizing the horses as a national treasure, needing protection from less well-intended people. In 1997, Congressman Walter Jones, a ‘kissen cousin’ of Tedder, introduced the “Shackleford Banks Wild Horses Protection Act.” President Clinton signed into law the next year. The horses are free, forever free to roam their island home. “I cannot tell you, children,

whether the horses were actually spooked yesterday, but these horses are smart, and love their island, and carefully watch over it, like your parents watch over you.” It was a loving touch, a beautiful finish.

Tedder brings much experience to his story-telling. His childhood blossomed from a Pamlico farm. As a teenage boy, his reputation for teddering hay earned the infectious nickname. Flipping, fluffing rained-upon, newly cut hay was a specialty. His art form caused hay to dry without losing buds. Neighboring farmers called on “rainy day Teddy” to help save the crop when threatened by a surprise storm. This skill was a money-maker and a business acumen matured early in life.

Several years in history studies at Chapel Hill, before insatiable longing for points beyond the horizon, proved irrepressible. Academic interest, notwithstanding, an opportunity presented itself in Norfolk. Sailing between America and England, as a twenty year old merchant mariner, excited his fancy. Packing a curious mind prompted sessions on Victoria Street at the College of Arms, the repository for coats of arms and family pedigrees. While in port, Tedder also spent days on Lombard Street, the home of Lloyds of London. Intrigued by Carolina’s seafaring history, it linked with fetching roots of early coastal families. Though un-lettered and un-published, Tedder’s versions of events connect with the verifiable. Such story-telling is sugar plums for children, and delight to the student of history. A Beaufort resident referred to Tedder as “Johnny Appleseed” of the tidewater, planting legendary stories from Albemarle to the tip of Cape Fear. Tedder saves most enthusiasm for one of his ancestors. Yet, he would always ask first, “may I introduce ... my great, great, great, great, great Grandfather... Captain Josiah Jones?” Six generations removed, Tedder characterized Captain Jones his

“greatest man.” He speculated, “the day of the Captain’s recognition for distinguished contribution and high character is before us. His seeds, carried by my dear cousins, dot the coastal map. Shake the tree hard, more apples fall the breath of our nation.” Captain Josiah Jones called Carolina home from first docking in 1720. His acquaintances ranged from the nefarious Blackbeard to many of Carolina’s earliest leaders.

It surprises no one, the Joneses of English and Welsh origin were a prolific clan. Being one of the most common surnames, Jones represents just over 1% of the population in the English speaking world. Until one tackles a Jones family heritage, ordinary genealogy seems child’s play. The frequency of sea captains named Jones catches ones attention. Captain Christopher Jones of the Mayflower was just one of twenty-one Captain Joneses listed in New World Immigrants in the 1600s. During the next Century, America bound ships commanded by a Captain Jones proved too many to count. Often rumored, the fearless, yet superstitious Blackbeard, avoided pirating ships known to have a Captain Jones at the helm. That was just in case, the bloke might be related to “Davey.” Blackbeard wanted nothing to do with “Davey Jones’ Locker.” Blackbeard’s view, let hell stay afloat, ‘till hell freezes over.’

Captain John Paul Jones, the father of the American Navy, remembered by students... “I have not yet begun to fight.” John Paul adopted the name Jones as a young man to honor an admired mentor, Wyllie Jones of Halifax, North Carolina. Wyllie was Thomas Jefferson’s most trusted Carolina ally in preparing for Revolution.

Tedder’s “greatest man,” Captain Josiah Jones flowered from a shipbuilding family 1695 in the community of Bath, England. The historic town, known for hot springs and Roman baths, experienced a housing boom in 1700s. The wealthy

bankers and brokers found convenient escape from dreary London, enjoying Bath's healing waters. By carriage it was more than half day from London, and under an hour to a bustling Bristol. Josiah benefited from a fine secondary education at a nearby grammar school. Uncle Edward, an editor of the London Gazette, encouraged further studies at Oxford. As a final step, family afforded Josiah's professional training at the Bristol school...Society of Merchant Navigation.

Being the son of a shipbuilder, Josiah knew the wharfs and occasionally raised a warm lager at Coaches and Horse, the preferred pub of Robert Louis Stevenson. It was the one re-named Spy Glass Inn in Treasure Island. Stevenson colored the Bristol harbor through the words of young Hawkins... "men aloft...hanging to threads...no thicker than a spider's web."

Josiah's books were a valued possession. Aggressive reading was spurred by family support of a circulating library operating between Bath and London. Josiah liked John Arbuthnot's "Essay on ... Mathematical Learning." That author served as Queen Anne's personal physician. Josiah also liked Arbuthnot's writing "The History of John Bull," a political and comical allegory, which influenced ending Queen Anne's War.

Yet, one new publication in 1709 struck best of Josiah's imagination. John Lawson from Yorkshire, a surveyor by profession and naturalist by gift, reported on his thousand mile journey through eastern Carolina, entitled "A New Voyage to Carolina." It was first glimpse by England's educated class into Carolina's fertile potential. When Josiah happily read the first incorporated town being named after his own hometown, and how Lawson described Bath in North Carolina, perched on... "the edge of the known universe," the spirited youth could hardly wait becoming a Captain.

On a brisk afternoon 1714, festivities were about at Coaches and Horses. The waterfront comes for a party when a newly christened ship is departing the next day. Captain Benjamin Hornegold, wearing wine colored, cotton velvet black laced coat was treating his chosen crew with ample ale. The golden buttons down the front, and puffed across the cuffs and pockets, served notice of his command. A twenty-two year old Edward Teach from the rat-infested over-crowded neighborhood of Redcliffe, had been hired third mate by the Captain. It was a huge break for the big kid with bent nose and protruding ears. Teach was star-struck by his Captain. Those gold buttons owned his attention. The nineteen year old Josiah Jones was in the pub, too. Shipbuilders and underwriters customarily partake events before a maiden voyage. When clasping hands with the new third mate, Jones privately appreciated Teach reaching a position above his raising. Josiah had read Jure Divino by Daniel Defoe, a political poem challenging divine rights of kings. The youthful Josiah owned a sense, universal truths may be found in the crumbs on the floor.

During the evening, a few ambitious ladies had been competing for the attention of Captain Hornegold. They, too, greatly admired his handsome thigh-length deep purple cotton jacket with gold buttons. As the Captain tried discreetly to disappear with the winner of the competition, one well-oiled chap hollered ... “that ole Horny bastard bags another one.” Whether that characterization is the original source of the infamous adjective oft-used for three hundred years, Webster’s yields no clue.

The preceding year, the Treaty of Utrecht was signed in that Dutch city with representatives of Queen Anne, France, Spain, and the Dutch Republic. It formally ended the War of Spanish Succession in Europe, and Queen Anne’s War in North

America. The Treaty proved a major success for British foreign policy, preventing France from uniting and dominating Europe; but, also, forcing France to acknowledge the flight of her unhappy Protestants, the French Huguenots. The Treaty may have been the most contributing event in anglicizing North America.

Leading to the Treaty, control of the sea lanes was critical to a nation's business. The practice of governments arming private ships, privateers as they were known, to pillage enemy shipping, produced an ocean without rules. Privateering was justified as a necessary naval reserve. Like a school yard without teachers, the bullies prevailed. It was legalized piracy. Ruthless privateers caused the unarmed to subdue without skirmish.

Captain Hornegold's ship sailed the next morning on mission for the sugar brokers. Hornegold's appetite for gold and fortune was whetted by the chatter in Port Royal saloons. Jamaica was already a hangout for dispirited mariners and restless men. Hornegold teased his crew, pointing to the cuff buttons, asking "how would you like a taste of this?" The tantalizing had greatest effect on his third mate, the bent-nosed crumb scraped from the lowly curbs of Bristol.

In 1717 Hornegold's schooner unceremoniously turned pirate. Business agreement and sugar brokers be-damn. After a summer preying on helpless merchant ships trading with the West Indies, he altered course. Hornegold ventured up Carolina's coast to Ocracoke, another favorite pirate haunt. The Captain planned to count plenty and beach-clean the vessel. The respite caused re-ordering of priorities. The decision was made to sail for New Providence in the Bahamas, where King George had installed Captain Woodes Rogers as Governor. Rogers was empowered to grant full pardon to any pirate giving oath to the Parliament's offer of amnesty, the Act of Grace. From atop the

crow's nest, a large French merchant ship was sighted. Hornegold allowed for one last stalking. It was a 200 ton French prize, named La Concorde, operating out of the Port of Nantes. After delivering a single broadside hit, Edward Teach and mates boarded in a firestorm, savagely throwing half the crew overboard, terrorizing the others into submission. Unlike his Captain, the big fellow with cauliflower ears had no intention of turning honest. Bidding farewell to a greatly relieved Hornegold, Edward Teach sailed away with the smaller sloop, and the captured seventy-five gun French vessel.

Hornegold arrived New Providence and petitioned the King's pardon. Captain Rogers hailed from Bristol, too, a convenient fact "Horney" had not missed. Rogers immediately commissioned Hornegold to hunt defiant pirates. Captain Rogers in earlier career privateered for Bristol's merchants in the East Indies. On one voyage he rescued a lost Scottish adventurer, Alexander Selkirk. Rogers gained celebrity by reason of the rescue. That singular event, and the personalities, inspired Daniel Defoe's story-line in Robinson Crusoe.

Sardonically, the new Captain Teach renamed his captured ship, Queen Anne's Revenge. He wasted no time magnifying his bad behavior with a terrifying appearance, and roaring voice. The person of Blackbeard was born.

In that same sailing season, they encountered a pirate sloop of only ten guns. Like a mighty mouse facing down a cat, the small sloop drew alongside Queen Anne's Revenge. The bold newcomer was the infamous Major Stede Bonnet known as the first pirate to make captives walk the plank. Bonnet was a successful planter in Barbados, who simply found pirating too much fun. Bonnet and Blackbeard joined forces and the feared pirate flotilla grew in number. Their reputation for dehumanizing acts was recorded in

letters and depositions throughout Europe. Blackbeard used his waste length beard to wipe grease when eating, and blood when fighting. Matches made of hemp dipped in salt petre and lime-water allowed a slow burn. Before a boarding, Blackbeard would extend several stinking matches from his hat's brim. The fitful sparks caused an impression of the devil himself.

Coming ashore to advantage his crew at the expense of a terrorized tavern keeper was common sport. Blackbeard loved his rum with sugar and nutmeg. Shooting practice was a popular pastime with mugs a favorite target. One poor bartender, who had only one ear, met his fate when the big bearded pirate mistaken his head for a rum mug sitting on the shelf.

After ravaging the coastline for several months, Blackbeard chose North Carolina as new headquarters. Bath town craved pirate bounty. Merchandise from pirates came without middleman and taxes. Colonists were of two mind-sets over piracy. The shipping companies having suffered most, sought law to make piracy a capital offense. The unconnected traders in the southern colonies were operating by barter, coin money was not in circulation. Colonial folks invited the pirates, loaded with silver and gold, to trade for needed supplies. The northern colonies had advanced with their own natural resources for export trade. To the more sophisticated, pirates were viewed a civil scourge.

After passing through the Ocracoke Inlet, Bath Town was inland on the Pamlico River. Blackbeard lodged at a farm on the west-bank of Bath Creek, owned by Governor Charles Eden. On adjacent side was the Governor's residence, and the other side lived Mr. Tobias Knight, the Secretary of State. There was a tunnel leading from a brick wall at the edge of Bath Creek into the cellar of Governor Eden's home. The passage enabled

discreet delivery of sugar, cocoa, much rum and French wine. In return Blackbeard was re-supplied, and his ship repairs easily accomplished.

A month later, Blackbeard, accompanied by four hundred bad-tempered men, arrived off Charleston aboard Queen Anne's Revenge, with three smaller sloops in fleet. Brazenly they blockaded the harbor, and wasted no time snaring a victim ship in-bound from England. Many of its passengers were ladies and gentlemen from London's privileged class, invited guests of South Carolina's Governing Council. Blackbeard forced these captured passengers to board Queen Anne's Revenge. The depth of his debauchery was met in interesting ways. The hostages were lined-up, toyed with insufferably, then ordered to strip. All were properly dressed for the anticipated arrival ceremonies at their port of destination. The distinguished Mr. Wragge bravely stepped forward to strip first. A large money belt fell from his wide girth banging loudly on the plank. Blackbeard laughed boorishly, calling ole Wragge a "landlubber." Blackbeard shouted instructions, "caulk him." Poor Wragge was led aft and order to sit a bare backside where the deck gaps were sealed by oakum and tar. It would stripe him, but never a whimper, not even a tear, from the stoic gent. An intended torture, the tar was quite hot under a morning sun. The incomparable show, the stiff upper lip, awed the crew. Sympathies were gained. One fine lady politely requested, "before my disrobing, may I excuse to visit the ladies room?" It prompted un-controlled howling, the likes not heard before on a pirate's deck. Using his saber, the swashbuckling Blackbeard pointed to the bow, ordering aloud, "to the Head." Second-in command, First Mate Israel Hands, escorted the Lord Lady with the frilled collar and full bloomed dress to the front of the ship. Hundreds of eyes followed petite and poised steps. At the most forward point, the

First Mate directed her attention to a hole on the deck, fifteen inches in diameter, open to the sea. She reflected a minute, situated herself, took care of business and rose. Like priming for a recital, she prettied and straightened. Then pivoting toward her home ship, looking skyward to a waving Union Jack, she saluted smartly. Turning slowly, with near military precision, she faced a stunned Blackbeard, still standing mid-deck, thirty yards back. Extending her right arm towards him, she un-delicately and disdainfully raised her middle finger. The home crew next door went wild, cheering and applauding. The pirates, and especially Blackbeard, beyond element and class, knew not what to do. Israel Hands wisely urged Blackbeard to discontinue the exercises. Blackbeard grunted and went below. The nobles stood a proud composure, and, one by one, began humming an old English tune written by John Bull a hundred years earlier.

From every latent foe,
From the assassins blow,
God save the Queen!
O'er her thine arm extend,
For Britain's sake defend,
Our mother, prince and friend,
God save the Queen.

Even to this day, amidst London's best parlors, you may hear mention possibility of that grand moment being the birth of the gesture, and perhaps, loftiest of British character.

But glory notwithstanding, rich Charleston had been brought to its knees and a large case of extorted medicine was securely on board. The content of the case was laudanum, the preferred mixture of opium and alcohol, a highly discreet home remedy of

British gentry. Blackbeard, an addict, was comfortably supplied. Pirates sailed for North Carolina.

Putting in at Topsail Inlet, the crew trusted Blackbeard's intentions to clean the ships. Queen Anne's Revenge was purposefully run aground, then the vessel mastered by Israel Hands stranded hopelessly on a sand bar. With promise of return, Blackbeard and Israel Hands left hurriedly in the third ship, only forty men aboard. What a shame for those left behind, the departing ship held most of the booty. Blackbeard never looked back.

Heading for Bath, Blackbeard marooned seventeen more on a deserted island in Pamlico Sound, later named Jones Island. Governor Charles Eden, and Mr. Tobias Knight, now the acting Chief Justice, happily replenished their underground stash with Blackbeard's additions of rum and sugar.

Eden and Tobias had heard protest of events in Charleston, and warned Blackbeard the heat was on. Bath was now last port of pirates' refuge in the American Colonies. To give the continuing scam a veil of legitimacy, the clever Blackbeard made pact with his partners. A few days remained under the Act of Grace. Eden granted Blackbeard the Pardon. Blackbeard even purchased property in Bath, took his fourteenth wife, the unlucky sixteen year old Prudence Lutrelle. Soon again in the sea lanes, Blackbeard captured prize after prize from Philadelphia to Bermuda. His personal interest narrowed to simply rum and medicine. Poor little Prudence remained shackled to her cabin-bed the entire time. Outrage, among European Heads of State, and other Colonial Governors, reached fever pitch. The newly prospering traders and planters of North Carolina joined the outcry. Governor Alexander Spotswood of Virginia received a secret

plea from a large group of North Carolina citizens, asking him to do what their own Governor would not.

Good intelligence channeled to Williamsburg from responsible folks of Bath, placed Ocracoke Island, Blackbeard's regular hideout, squarely in the crosshairs. Governor Spotswood engaged two sloops under command of Lt. Robert Maynard, accompanied by fifty-five men borrowed from two British warships anchored in the James River. The high incentive for trained fighting sailors to loan service to a provincial governor was the handsome bounty the Governor posted on the heads of Blackbeard and Israel Hands.

Late November 1718, Lt. Maynard cautiously approached Ocracoke Island. They sighted Blackbeard's mast. Blackbeard spotted Maynard's approach, and arrogantly prepared by rolling out the rum, celebrating victory in advance. The next morning's drama, an epic sea battle, lasting hours, hand to hand combat, the severing of Blackbeard's head, hanging it by the hair from the bow-sprig of Maynard's ship, the recovery of the bounty in the cellars of crooked Carolina officials, the triumphant return voyage to Williamsburg, trials and hangings, was the beginning of ending The Golden Age of Piracy.

In England the following spring the delightful chap, Josiah Jones, completed his studies at navigation school in Bristol. Josiah welcomed an early opportunity meeting steps for master rating of ocean-sailing vessels. He signed as first officer with a local shipping syndicate peddling trade between the seaports around the British Isles. The following season, he graduated to the pilot's position on a two masted sloop owned and operated by The Avon Trading Company of Bristol. In British Admiralty, a merchant

marine pilot was equivalent to lieutenant in the navy. The ocean-going voyage would complete his internship. The first port-of-call, Dunkerque, had been owned by the British, prior to the Treaty of Utrecht. Before leaving the French coastline, they ported again at Bordeaux. Fully stocked with best wines from two regions, they sailed south in the slow-flowing eastern current, to where favorable trade winds blew westward through the tropics. Next destination, New Providence, and a chance for Josiah to meet the famous Governor, Captain Woodes Rogers. Wealthy plantation owners anxiously awaited the restocking of private inter-sanctums, be for their smoking studies or parlors of enticement. A good French wine was the aphrodisiac of choice. It often beckoned the bored lady of the mansion from her perfumed boudoir.

The next port on the circuit was the newly founded Carolina town, New Bern. Like to Bath, the entrance into the Pamlico Sound was through Ocracoke Inlet. New Bern was approximately fifty miles south of Bath, but by water, incoming ships sailed inland on the Neuse River, instead of the Pamlico. This was where young Jones first experienced salt wedges, sand bars and wind tides. Those learning the significance of shallow draught vessels, better managed the perilous and tricky Carolina coast.

For the locals, what made arrival at New Bern such a grand occasion, the incoming sloop prominently displayed its name, The New Bern, a decision made months before by the marketing-smart owners in Bristol. The Avon Trading Company was always scouting new trading posts. They, too, had read John Lawson's book, New Voyage to Carolina. Comradary between sailors and colonists seemed especially robust, and business opportunities sprung immediate.

Dressed in knee length trousers, connecting stockings to buckled shoes, First Officer Josiah Jones, delighted the folks; he was full of news from the Continent, and well versed how John Lawson teamed with Baron Christopher de Graffenried of Switzerland, and their supporting investors, Queen Anne herself, and the Canton of Bern, Switzerland, to establish the second incorporated settlement in North Carolina. No longer feeling forlorn, or forgotten, on departure day, town folks stood at the docks, many weeping, all waving goodbye, pleading ‘please come again.’ The sky showed blue on North Carolina that day. Pride had swelled.

A quick one-day stop in Bath enabled first glimpse of the namesake town about which he had often dreamed. The village enjoyed quaintness in rough form. Josiah’s pleasure was to meet the young lions, Seth Pilkington, Maurice Moore and Christopher Gale, who exposed Blackbeard’s whereabouts to Governor Spotswood in Virginia. A teenage orphan boy also captured Josiah’s attention. He inquired the chance for a small tip by cleaning the officer’s cabin. An hour out of port, Josiah retired to his quarters. Oh goodness gracious, it was alive with polished brass. The cabin glistened and glittered. Josiah felt ashamed having cavalierly flipped only a pence to the orphan boy. It bothered him so.

Last stop Boston! Delivering tea cargo at T Wharf on the Charles River was the final trade. The receiving merchant was George Minott, of a well regarded Boston family. Mr. Minott held strong commercial ties in London and Bristol. Boston, a prospering seaport of 11,000, had one special resident, the genteel and knock-down pretty Ann Minott. She shivered Josiah’s timbers. On his final leg home, sailing the Gulf Stream’s powerful and swift drift, only allowed few moments to reflect. Hardly a minute to think

of career, North Carolina's frontier... a more smitten young man one will never see.

Josiah could not escape fondest feelings for the enchanting Miss Ann Minott.

Crafting a seafaring business was first order. Josiah negotiated a slick arrangement with the Avon Trading Company. A reliable, skilled sea captain was a major asset to shippers. The company offered Josiah 45% equity in the sloop *New Bern*, payable over five years. Josiah contracted transporting Avon's goods to the colonies, in return for tobacco, tar, corn and peas, at a discounted rate. In consideration, Josiah could use the steerage to transport prospective colonists, be those settlers, skilled craftsmen, indentured servants or domesticated slaves. The Lord Proprietors of Carolina were paying handsomely for Sea Captains transporting fresh population to the sparse colonies. That payment came in large land grants of the most preferable acreage located in the tidewater region.

By springtime in 1722, the birds and bees were much in Boston's air. Josiah had returned with a widowed father in tow. The building of Old North Church on Salem Street reached completion in mid-summer. Wedding bells rang early September. Ann and Josiah could have been first nuptial conducted in the sanctuary.

Despite joy in the Minott and Jones families, and despite Boston being most prominent city among thirteen colonies, all was not well. Mama Minott wished dear daughter and handsome husband to be quick away. Boston's 'Grievous Calamity of the Small Pox' had invaded, so many were fleeing, ships anchored about the harbor were under quarantine, over a third of Boston's population was stricken. The good angels protected those aboard the *New Bern* as it sailed free a month later.

Earlier dreams, tickled by the view, “on the edge of the known universe,” were about to merge with destiny. The young couple found a plantation, known as “Kirby Grange” on the eastside of Bath. Noteworthy, this 600 acres of prized land, was acquired from two of those Bath-saving lions, Maurice Moore, and Christopher Gale, new Chief Justice of North Carolina. At the highway site of “Kirby Grange” stands a historical marker with no mention of the thirty-eight year career of the distinguished Captain Josiah Jones.

In summer 1736 Captain Jones sailed from Bath, his final trading voyage. Ann’s persuasion convinced Josiah their full-time life was in Carolina. The children needed his attention and education. On way to England, Ann and kids were dropped at Grandma’s in Boston. The turn-around in Bristol was swift. Being hurricane season, Josiah elected the higher route past Greenland to Boston. On board, that grown-up orphan boy, who polished brass better than any other. Ann and Josiah, unofficially and lovingly, adopted Dandre. He was part of the family at Kirby Grange. Dandre served as cabin boy and chef-of-the-mess on New Bern voyages. Like Josiah, the young man savored books, treasuring those left by his parents. New Bern’s sitting parlor was comfortably fitted. Engraved atop the fire place were words praising... “old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to converse, and old books to read.” The line was borrowed from Sir William Temple’s Essay, Ancient and Modern Learning, which had been fiercely attacked by the orthodox theologian’s of the day, and bravely defended by Jonathon Swift, a hero of the Captain and cabin boy. Mid-afternoon late September, a warship was spotted approaching from the west.

As the larger French frigate loomed closer, les couleurs flying high on its main mast, New Bern's crew observed uniformed gunners poised behind canons ready to fire. Captain Jones raised a white banner. As the two captains ultimately faced the other across gunwales, the clumsiness was interrupted. The cabin boy, Dandre L'Aine, stepped forward beside his Captain, requesting permission to speak.

"Excusez mon francais monsieur, bien que je soirs de descendance francaise..." "Excuse my French sir, but despite, I am of French blood." The unexpected prompted a friendly grin on the French Commander's face. The more senior looking Captain Morel Beauregard, a tall manly figure, acknowledged Dandre's intervention, seemingly pleased by the development.

Dandre requested permission to speak again. "Sir, allow me to introduce my Master, Captain Josiah Jones of Bath Town in Carolina. I was an orphan there, my parents, French Huguenots from Normandy, were lost to yellow fever in the 1711 epidemic. Captain Jones rescued me. My Captain, sir, is a good man of noble heart." Captain Jones stood gallant, understanding nothing of that being said. "On my Captain's behalf, sir, might I invite you aboard to discuss circumstances with Captain Jones, perhaps over a bowl of our Blue Crab Bisque Soup, my mom's last gift, prepared with Carolina black-eye peas, crabs sautéed, cracked pepper, my specialty, sir." There was a pause. The New Bern's quartermaster noted Captain Beauregard swishing a restless tongue.

Dandre turned respectfully to his Captain, reporting what had been conveyed. Captain Jones's heart leaped a beat, like Joan of Arc clearing the barricades. Jones smiled, nodding agreement to ole Beauregard. What had been serious looks, were

replaced with prudent politeness. The French Captain seemed persuaded to finally board the New Bern, when the dis-arming Dandre added, “Sir, my Captain inquires you might indulge his wishes with a fine glass of Cognac... forgive my pride, sir, it’s the finest Re’my Martin...bottled in 1724.” Beauregard nearly tore his britches in rush to clear the railing. The two Captains disappeared below... Dandre was close behind. Lieutenant and Pilot assumed their respective charge on top-deck, it was stand-down. Captain Beauregard was under orders to destroy any non-French vessel tacking towards the St. Lawrence. Unexplained losses, too many losses, were threatening adequate supplies to the French Colonies. A deal was struck. Captain Jones, his commercial passengers and crew would be put ashore on Ireland’s southern coast. Beauregard would commandeer the ship, its cargo of good wines, and the four domesticated slaves aboard. Lives had been spared by virtue of the indomitable and keenly imaginative Dandre L’Aine.

From a barren Irish coast, Jones and his party portaged overland to City of Cork, a modest place, a seaport nonetheless. In due time, an Island sea shuttle, provided passage to Bristol. The practical-minded Josiah traveled to London successfully settling the losses with marine underwriters at Lloyd’s Coffee House on Lombard Street. Josiah arranged passage to Boston, retrieved his growing family (Ann had given birth again), and sailed safely home. Josiah sold “Kirby Grange” and moved to Pamlico County on Vandemere Creek compiling an illustrious civic career. For Dandre, he nailed the wicket. The Jones Family sponsored him for advanced schooling. He remained in England.

Our friendly tidewater ambassador, Tedder Jones shares the Captain’s sons, Frances and Josiah, were friends with Colonel Edward Buncombe. Buncombe hosted a meeting, attended by the Jones boys, which bravely called for an assembly to defy the

royal governor. Buncombe and the Joneses were at the Provincial Congress meeting at Halifax in 1776. Unanimously, they adopted a constitution, a bill of rights, organizing a state government. That Congress passed the famous Halifax Resolves, giving North Carolina the distinction of being the first colony to instruct its Delegates at the Continental Congress to vote for Independence. The General Assembly honored the Colonel, naming a western county after him. Regrettably, the patriot's name was sullied, when speeches on the floor of Congress by a representative from Buncombe were so long-winded and useless, no one listened. Members left the chamber when he spoke, suggesting, "a bunch of bunk." Unfortunately, for the Colonel, the word "bunk" made the dictionary, attributing the disrespecting word to North Carolina.

In the spirit of a spoonful of sugar, Shackleford Island, Remy Martin, or just bunk, stories bridge to the history. Is it important the detail be precise? Let's hope not.

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