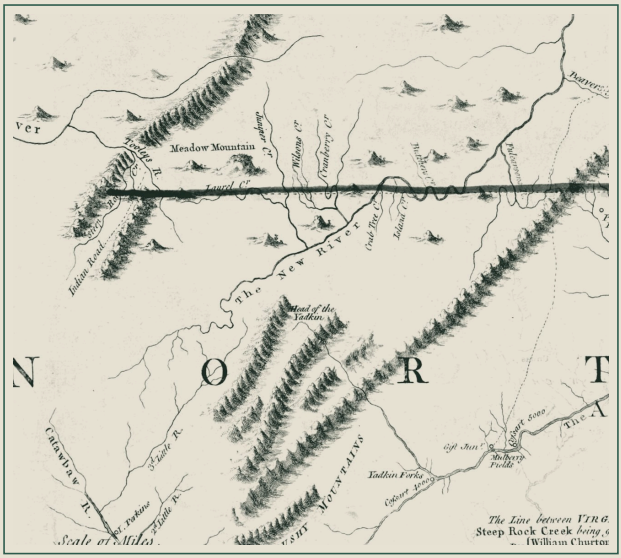
WAKING UP IN
BOONE

AUGUST GOTTLIEB SPANGENBERG

BEYOND THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

From the Diary of 1752



AUGUST GOTTLIEB SPANGENBERG

BEYOND THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

From the Diary of 1752

Translated by Adelaide L. Fries
November 19 to December 20, 1752

WAKING UP IN BOONE
Boone, North Carolina

The text is Adelaide L. Fries's English translation of the entries for November 19 through December 20, 1752, in the diary of August Gottlieb Spangenberg, from *Records of the Moravians in North Carolina,* volume 1, 1752–1771 (Raleigh: North Carolina Historical Commission, 1922), pages 50 to 59. It was transcribed from the Internet Archive's scan of a copy in the Boston College Libraries, and errors of the machine reading were corrected by hand.

The seven entries are complete as Fries printed them. Fries herself left out passages, mostly descriptions of land, and marked each place with three asterisks; those marks are hers. The words in square brackets are hers too. The footnotes are Fries's, and their place names are as of 1922. Each entry in her edition begins with a heading in italics that gives the date and the place of the camp, followed by the label "Spbg. Diary." In this edition the date is printed above the heading, and the label is left out. One period missing in the 1922 printing has been supplied.

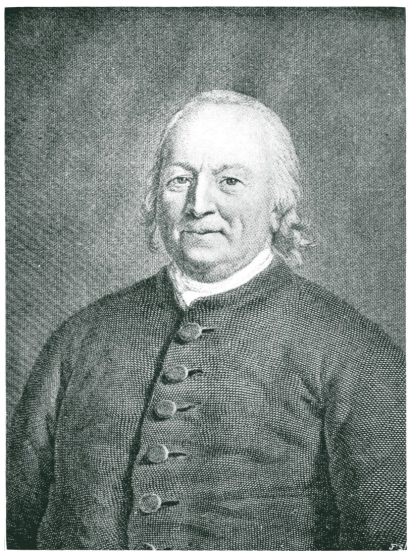
The map on the cover and after the introduction is a detail of Joshua Fry and Peter Jefferson, *A Map of the Most Inhabited Part of Virginia,* in the edition published by Thomas Jefferys in London in 1755, from the scan of the New York Public Library's copy. The portrait of Spangenberg and the page of his field notes are plates from Fries's volume. Text, map, and plates are in the public domain in the United States.

This edition was designed and published by Waking Up in Boone, 2026. You may download, print, and share it freely.

wakingupinboone.com

When we reached the top we saw mountains to right and to left, before and behind us, many hundreds of mountains, rising like great waves in a storm.

A. G. SPANGENBERG
December 5, 1752



Bishop August Gottlieb Spangenberg. Plate from Fries, 1922

INTRODUCTION

August Gottlieb Spangenberg was born in Germany in 1704. He studied theology at Jena and taught at the University of Halle, and in 1733 he was dismissed from Halle for his ties to the Moravian Brethren, the Unitas Fratrum, who had gathered at Herrnhut on the estate of Count Nicholas Lewis von Zinzendorf. He became one of the church's leaders. He first came to America in 1735, was made a bishop in 1744, and for most of the next eighteen years directed the Moravian settlements in Pennsylvania from Bethlehem. Among the Brethren he was called Brother Joseph. He returned to Germany in 1762, led the church in the years after Zinzendorf's death, and died in 1792.

In 1749 Parliament recognized the Unitas Fratrum as an ancient Protestant Episcopal church. John Carteret, Earl Granville, who owned the northern half of North Carolina, offered the Brethren land, and the church agreed to take 100,000 acres. In the summer of 1752 Spangenberg rode south from Bethlehem to choose it, with Henry Antes, Timothy Horsefield, Joseph Müller, Hermann Loesch, and Johannes Merck. They reached Edenton in September and found that the land in the east was already taken. Granville's agent, Francis Corbin, advised them to go west toward the mountains, and they took his surveyor, William Churton. Most of the party fell ill with fever in Granville County. In late October they reached the Catawba River, hired hunters to guide them, carry the surveyor's chains, and kill game, and left the last roads behind.

Through November they surveyed tracts on the Catawba and its branches below the Blue Ridge, on

Little River in what is now Alexander County, and on the Johns River and its branches north of Morganton. This volume begins on November 19, in a camp near Table Mountain. On November 29 Spangenberg wrote from the upper Wilson Creek that the party planned to go next to the head of the Yadkin, which he called the Atkin. The hunter who said he knew the way missed it. Fries concluded that the party followed the main branch of the Johns River up to its head at Blowing Rock and climbed out on their hands and knees, pulling their packs after them. On the other side they camped in snow and wind in a meadow that Fries placed on the site of Boone, and they surveyed about five thousand acres there before anyone was sure which way the water ran. For more than a week after that they were lost on the New River, which, as Spangenberg wrote, ran now north, now south, now east, now west. They found Lewis Fork and followed it down to the Yadkin, where on December 14 they met the first white men they had seen in weeks. On December 20 they were surveying land across the river from the Mulberry Fields, where Wilkesboro now stands.

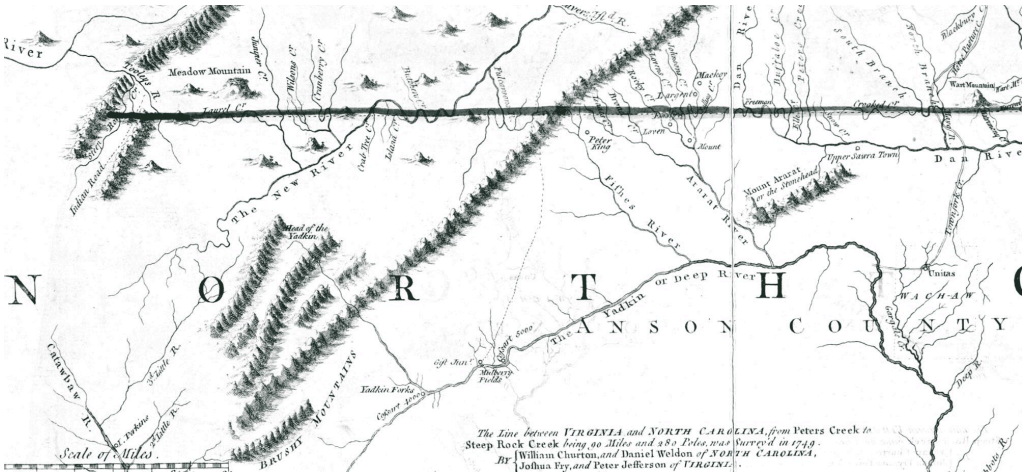
At the end of December the party began to survey a large tract on Muddy Creek, in what is now Forsyth County, and in January Spangenberg proposed to call it Wachau, after an estate in Austria that had belonged to Zinzendorf's family. In English it became Wachovia. On January 8 he wrote that if they had known of it at the start, "perhaps we would not have gone to the Catawba nor beyond the Blue Mountains to the New River." The first Moravian settlers reached the tract in November 1753 and founded Bethabara. Salem was begun in 1766.

Spangenberg wrote in German. He kept the diary as a report to the church, and he sent it in sheets, some addressed to Zinzendorf. Most of each entry describes

land: soil, water, timber, mill sites, and what could be grown. The entry for November 28 turns from the mountains to the question of land owned by the Tuscarora in the east and the taxes the Brethren would owe the Church of England. Adelaide L. Fries, the archivist of the Moravian Church in Salem, translated selections from the diary for the first volume of *Records of the Moravians in North Carolina* in 1922. This edition reprints her translation of the seven entries from November 19 to December 20 complete, with her notes.

Some names need explaining. The Atkin is the Yadkin. The Blue Mountains are the Blue Ridge. The Lecha is the Lehigh River, and the Manocasy is Monocacy Creek, both at Bethlehem. Oli is Oley, in Pennsylvania. Morgan Bryant, whose settlement on the Yadkin the party was trying to reach, is usually written Morgan Bryan. His granddaughter Rebecca married Daniel Boone in 1756.

The map on the cover and on the page after this introduction was published in London in 1755, two years after Spangenberg's return to Pennsylvania. It shows the Blue Ridge, the New River, Meadow Mountain north of the Virginia line, the Head of the Yadkin, the Brushy Mountains, and the Mulberry Fields. Beside the Yadkin it marks two tracts with the name of Cossart. These are the tracts that Spangenberg surveyed on December 14 and December 20. Fries writes that Granville deeded them to the Brethren in 1754, with title taken by Henry Cossart, the agent of the Unity whose letter Spangenberg mentions on November 28, and that the other eight tracts of the survey were abandoned. The map also marks a J. Perkins on the Catawba. Spangenberg recommended a hunter named John Perkin, who lived on the Catawba, to any Brethren who came after him.



Northwestern North Carolina in Fry and Jefferson's map of Virginia, London, 1755 (detail).

THE DIARY

BEYOND THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

◊

NOVEMBER 19, 1752

From camp on the middle river of the three rivers flowing into the Catawba near Quaker Meadows, [1] *not far from Table Mountain.*

We reached here last Thursday, and made our camp, and went out to see the section, riding into the night. We found everything needed for a settlement,—very fertile lowlands, the best we have seen in North Carolina, which can be cultivated year after year without impoverishing them, for they lie at the foot of steep, rich hills, from which the soil washes down, enriching the meadows. Wheat and corn can be grown.

The tract is well watered, with springs, little streams, and creeks, and the water is as beautiful and sweet as one could wish. In the lower part of the tract we have the river,[2] which is half as large as the Lecha. Above we have the two branches,[3] forming a fork, each being perhaps twice as large as the Manocasy at Bethlehem. They are crystal clear,

[1] Across the Catawba, west of Morganton.

[2] Johns River.

[3] Wilson Creek and Mulberry Fork. The tract was just north of Perkinsville, Burke Co.

so that one can see the stones on the bottom even where the water is deep.

There are tall, strong trees; also young growth. There are good meadows for pasturage, and many reeds, which are still green,—otherwise our horses would starve. * * *

It is a pity that the fertile land does not lie in one piece, but scattered among the hills; a pity also that the rich hills cannot be cultivated because they are so steep, otherwise they would make fields as good as those at Oli.[4] But such is the case, and we cannot change it; and it must be good, for the Creator made them, and who knows how the hills and the trees may serve the Brethren. * * *

This is our fourth tract. It lies seven or eight miles from the Catawba, but the land between here and the mouth of the river is already taken up. I think we are near the Blue Mountains, the ridge that in Virginia is called the South Reach to distinguish it from the North Reach, twenty or thirty miles distant. This is also Antes' opinion, but the surveyor disagrees, and thinks these are the Brushy Mountains.[5]

So far had I written before we finished surveying. There is not much to add. The tract contains over 6000 acres, and there can be at least eight settlements of about ten families each, and each settlement will have enough water, wood, and good land.

[4] A Moravian village in Pennsylvania.

[5] Spangenberg and Antes were right, the surveyor wrong.

How the road would run I do not know. We have come across high, steep hills. The path takes a general north-west direction,—but why speak of paths when there are none except those the buffalo have made? We reckon it about eighteen miles from the tract we took up on the Catawba. The hills come down close to the river,—but perhaps there is a way of which we do not yet know.

Our surveyor and his men met a party of six Cherokee Indians, and were stopped by them, but they soon became friendly. The woods here are full of Cherokees, and we see their signs wherever we go. They are out hunting.

[The next sheet, also dated Nov. 19th, is addressed to "dem Jünger," and is largely a repetition of views already expressed concerning the need for better management of land entries, etc.]

◊

NOVEMBER 24, 1752

From camp in the forks of the third river[6] *that flows into the Catawba near Quaker Meadows. Perhaps five miles from Table Mountain.*

This is the fifth tract that we have selected, and contains seven or eight hundred acres,—a fine piece of land, lying on two creeks. * * *

The land is very rich, and has been much frequented by buffalo, whose tracks are everywhere, and can often be followed with profit. Frequently,

[6] Upper Creek, Burke Co., sometimes called Warrior Fork.

however, a man cannot travel them, for they go through thick and thin, through morass and deep water, and up and down banks so steep that a man could fall down but neither ride nor walk! * * *

This tract lies not far from No. 4, perhaps a good mile to the west, and the way is not bad when one knows it. * * *

The wolves here give us music every morning, from six corners at once, such music as I have never heard. They are not like the wolves of Germany, Poland, and Livonia, but are afraid of men, and do not usually approach near them. A couple of Brethren skilled in hunting would be of benefit not only here but at our other tracts, partly to kill the wolves and panthers, partly to supply the Brethren with game. Not only can the skins of wolves and panthers be sold, but the government pays a bounty of ten shillings for each one killed.

◊

NOVEMBER 28, 1752

Old Indian Field, on the north-east branch[7] *of Middle Little River.*

We reached here on the 25th of this month, camped beside the branch, looked over the land, and resolved to take it up. It is lowland, lying on two streams, the one somewhat larger, the other somewhat smaller than our Manocasy at Bethlehem. The water that we

[7] Mulberry Creek, in Caldwell Co.

find in these mountains is excellent, better than the spring at Bethlehem. It looks as though there might be mineral springs about. The streams on this tract afford good mill sites, and apparently will neither go dry in summer nor freeze in winter, for they are fresh spring water. There are more than twenty springs on this tract, with little runs, beside which canes grow freely.

The land is rich, partly damp, which will make good meadows, and partly dry, where corn, hemp, tobacco, etc., can be grown. It is too rich for wheat, but perhaps after corn has been grown for some ten years wheat could be raised. * * *

This tract contains 2000 acres. We were obliged to include several mountains to get the lowland, but part of them are not too steep to cultivate, and there is an abundance of wood. * * *

The Indians have certainly lived here, perhaps before the war with the white settlers in North Carolina. There are remains of an Indian Fort, grass still grows on the site of dwellings, and the trees show also that men have lived here, but it may be fifty or more years ago. * * * This tract adjoins the 6000 acre tract already taken up on Middle Little River, and is divided from it by an east and west line.

From Br. Cossert's letter, which you read, and to which you added a postscript I see that you prefer to have a considerable portion of the land which is to be bought from My Lord Granville in one piece. I have had that desire constantly in mind, and al-

ready in Edenton inquired of Lord Granville's Agent whether it would be possible to find such a tract of land "not possessed of or claimed by any person whatsoever." He knew of none, and could not give me much help, for he did not have a surveyor's map of a single County showing what land was vacant and what was occupied. Then I inquired of people in the country, but no one has been able to tell me of such a "body of land." Mr. Corbin suggested that I consult the hunters so I inquired for those who were best known, and engaged three for our journey, selecting men who had the reputation of being best fitted for our needs. They were hopeful at first, but soon came to the conclusion that no such body of land remains, which has not been taken up, surveyed, or conveyed.

One man in Edenton suggested the Tuscarora land, which lies about 35 miles from Edenton, and introduced me to the Interpreter, Mr. Whitemeal. I took his suggestion into consideration, notwithstanding the Act of Assembly of which I send you a copy.

The land lies on the Roanoke, and can be reached by fairly large boats. * * * It is about 12 miles long, and of varying width, Mr. Whitemeal told me the greatest width was 6 miles. It probably contains 30,000 to 40,000 acres, though one estimate was 70,000 acres. Be that as it may, it is a considerable body of land. Some of it is very rich, lies low, and is covered with tall, strong canes, is however

frequently flooded by the river. Part of it lies high, but is also rich, and the Indians plant it until the grass grows so freely that they cannot till their corn,—for they have neither plough nor harrow,—and then they clear and plant a new piece. About half of the land is barren, but has some trees on it. As everywhere in that section the water is bad, especially in summer. Perhaps wells would help the situation. It is said that the Indians are tired of living there, and not many of them are left. Many have gone North, and live, I understand, on the Susquehanna; others fell before the Catawbas, who some time ago attacked and killed many of them; others are scattered, as the wind scatters the smoke. A few people have grants from the Lord Proprietor, but Mr. Whitemeal says only to one or more small pieces.

I suggest that we secure from My Lord Granville a grant to this Tuscarora land, with the understanding that when the Indians leave the land of their own accord, or sell their improvements, or give their consent in consideration of a present, the Brethren shall take possession, and that meanwhile My Lord Granville shall accept one third or less of the usual quit-rent, which is one shilling per hundred acres. There is nothing in the Act of Assembly to forbid it. We would not buy from the Indians, who can not sell it, but from My Lord Granville. It would not wrong the Indians, who would receive remuneration for their improvements, for otherwise they will

probably be driven away empty-handed by fear of the Catawbas. They are as uncertain as the fowls of the air. I believe Lord Granville could have the King annul the Act, as prejudicial to his interests. What authority has the Assembly to keep Lord Granville out of the quit-rents which he has a right to expect, or to appropriate the land to the Indians, who were living there only on sufferance?

I admit, that it would probably be some years before the Indians agreed to this,—good, we would meanwhile settle the other tracts and would let this one rest.

My reasons are (1) we are there not too far from the sea, and yet in the heart of the land; and who knows how many souls we might win there. (2) This settlement would assist that farther inland, and be in turn assisted by it. Otherwise how can the western settlements exist? They are too far from market, and men must go 300 or 350 miles for a bushel of salt. (3) We can there build a little town, and become incorporated.

I submit this for your consideration; may the Lord direct all according to His will.

You see from the enclosed Act of Assembly that the western part of North Carolina has been made a separate County and Parish, the County being called Anson. All of the land that we have taken up, and what we expect to take, lies in Anson County, and St. George's Parish, and whoever settles here will have to pay the taxes imposed by the

Vestrymen from time to time. This would be hard for our Brethren, who have their own teachers, churches, poor, etc., and leads to the question:—Could not an Act of Assembly be secured through My Lord Granville's influence, whereby our rights as a Church could be established in this free country, and we be released from all taxes for the benefit of another Church?

Connecticut, in New England, has a Law, that whoever has no Church and no teacher, must contribute to the support of the Church and teacher nearest his home. Whoever, however, can prove that he is connected with a certain Church, and religion, and teacher, must pay the established taxes, but the constable passes them on to that designated teacher, etc.

◊

NOVEMBER 29, 1752

From the camp in the upper fork[8] of the Second or Middle Little River, flowing into the Catawba, not far from Quaker Meadows.

We are here in a region that has perhaps been seldom visited since the creation of the world. We are some 70 or 80 miles from the last settlement in North Carolina, and have come over terrible mountains, and often through very dangerous ways. But, thank God, we are all well, cheerful, and content, and thankful to our Heavenly

[8] Wilson's Creek, a branch of Johns River.

Father for His gracious protection and care, to our dear Lord for His presence and friendship, to the Holy Spirit for His unwearied workings, and to the Holy Angels for the guidance of which we have had many marked evidences.

From here we plan to go to the heads of the Atkin,[9] a large river, but on account of its terrible falls and numerous rocks useless for commerce.

Now concerning the place where we are now in camp. It is a depression, a "little Oli,"[10] the richest we have yet seen in North Carolina. Three streams flow through it, and there are many sweet springs. * * * There is an abundance of wood. Our horses find plenty of tender grass in the feeding ground of the buffalo, and around the springs, and they eat eagerly. * * * Hemp, oats, barley, etc., could be raised here, and good hay-fields made. There is no stone in the tract I have described, but plenty in the hills which surround it. (It is not surprising that I particularly note this fact, for in North and South Carolina there are stretches of a hundred miles or more where one can not find stone enough to build a foundation for a log house.) But even in these mountains there is not one-tenth as much stone as we find almost everywhere in Pennsylvania. * * *

[9] Yadkin River.

[10] Meaning "a hole" in the Indian language. It was near the present village of Edgemont, Caldwell Co.

◊

DECEMBER 5, 1752

From camp in an Indian field, on what we think is a south branch of the Atkin.

[We have found that it is either the head or a branch of New River, which flows from North Carolina into Virginia, and finally into the Mississippi. Marginal note.]

We have reached here after a hard journey over very high, terrible, mountains and cliffs. A hunter, whom we had taken to show us the way, and who once knew the path to the Atkin, missed the trail, and led us into a place from where there was no way out except by climbing an indescribably steep mountain.[11] Part of the way we climbed on hands and knees, dragging after us the loads we had taken from the backs of the horses, for had we not unsaddled them they would have fallen backwards down the mountain,—indeed, this did happen once; part of the way we led the horses, who were trembling like a leaf. When we reached the top we saw mountains to right and to left, before and behind us, many hundreds of mountains, rising like great waves in a storm.

We rested a little, and then began to descend, not quite so precipitately. Soon we found water, and oh, how refreshing it was! Then we sought pasturage for our horses, riding a long way, and well into the night,

[11] It is evident that they missed what is now known as Mulberry Gap between the head of Mulberry Creek and the Yadkin, and instead followed the main branch of Johns River up through the "Globe" to its head at Blowing Rock, Watauga Co.

but found nothing except dry leaves. We could have wept for pity for the poor beasts. It had become so dark that we could not put up the tent, and were obliged to camp under the trees. It was a trying night! In the morning we went further, but had to cut our way through laurel bushes and beaver dams, which greatly wearied our company. We changed our course, and leaving the ravine went up on the mountain, and there in a chestnut grove the Lord showed us a good spring, and forage for our horses. He also sent us two deer in our necessity, which were most welcome. Next day we went on, and came to a creek, so full of rocks that we could not follow it, and with banks so steep that a horse could not climb them, and scarcely a man. We ate a little, but our horses had nothing, absolutely nothing, and that distressed us. Presently one of our hunters, who had been up on the mountain, returned with the report that he had seen a meadow,[12] so we cut our way through the bushes to it, reaching it by evening, to the delight of men and horses. We put up our tent, but had barely finished when there came such a wind storm that we could hardly stand against it. I think I have never felt a winter wind so strong and so cold. The ground was covered with snow; water froze beside the fire. Then our men lost heart! What should we do? Our horses would die, and we with them. For the hunters had about concluded that we

[12] This tract included the site of the present town of Boone, Watauga Co.

were across the crest of the Blue Mountains, and on the Mississippi watershed.

The next day the sun came out, and the days were warmer, though the nights still very cold. Br. Antes and I rode over the tract, and think that it contains about 5000 acres. Much of it is already clear, long grass grows here, and it is all low-land. Three creeks[13] unite in a river that flows into the Ohio, and with the Ohio into the Mississippi.

* * * There are no canes, nor any sign of them, but plenty of grass-land. * * * Corn, wheat, oats, barley, hemp, etc., will grow here.

Of wood there is no lack; we have included in our tract a beautiful chestnut forest, and fine white pine. The water is clear and delicious. Among the various stones there is a variety which Br. Antes thinks the best for mill-stones that he has seen in America. * * * Many hundred, or thousand, wild apple trees, "crab trees," grow here; probably vinegar and spirits could be made from them. * * *

From here we can see the Meadow Mountains,[14] and think they are about twenty miles away. Therefore this tract is far to the west, and some fifteen miles from the Virginia border. We think this place is not so very far from Ohio or Alegene, one of the largest towns of the Five Nations, though we are

[13] Middle Prong of New River, Flennery's or Winkler's Fork, and Meat Camp Creek. An ancient Church three miles from Boone and just below the junction is still known as Three Forks Church.

[14] The Bald of Rich Mountain, about three miles beyond the Virginia line.

not sure. Probably this would make an admirable place for an Indian Settlement, like Gnadenhütten[15] in Pennsylvania, for it has wood, mast, game, fish, and is open in all directions for hunting. The soil is suitable for the raising of corn, potatoes, etc.

It is also admirably suited for cattle raising, with an abundance of meadow land.

◊

DECEMBER 14, 1752

From the camp on Atkin Waters, where a north and a south branch unite,[16] forming the river which flows through North and South Carolina. Further down it is very large and wide, but here rather more than half the width of our Lecha at Bethlehem.

Here we are at last, after a difficult journey among the mountains. We were completely lost, and whichever way we turned we were walled in. Not one of our company had ever been there before, and path or trail were unknown,—though how can one speak of path or trail when none existed? We crossed only dry mountains and dry valleys, and when for several days we followed the river[17] in the hope that it would lead us out we found ourselves only deeper in the wilderness, for the river ran now north, now south, now east, now

[15] A settlement of Christian Indians, converted through the efforts of Moravian missionaries.

[16] On both sides of the Yadkin River, where Lewis Fork, Warrior Creek, and Crain's Mill Creek empty into it.

[17] New River.

west, in short to all points of the compass! Finally we decided to leave the river and take a course between east and south, crossing the mountains as best we could. One height rose behind the other, and we traveled between hope and fear, distressed for our horses, which had nothing to eat.

At last we reached a stream[18] flowing rapidly down the mountain, followed it, and happily reached this side of the Blue Ridge. We also found pasturage for our horses, and oh, how glad we were! We again shot two deer, and having been very short of provision for many days, we were now much refreshed.

Now we are quite sure that we were recently on the head waters of New River, not of the Atkin. We thought the stream we were following out of the mountains must be either the north or the south branch of the Atkin, and find that it was the head of the north branch. We saw a couple thousand acres of good land, and made a note of it, but did not stop to survey it, being in a hurry to reach once more the home of some settler, not having seen any one for a couple of months. We thought we were about 120 miles from Morgan Bryant's settlement, which was correct.

When we reached the Atkin, and found a good piece of land, comprising four or five thousand acres, we agreed to stop, and let the horses rest and feed on the canes, while we surveyed the tract. Br.

[18] Lewis Fork of Yadkin River.

Antes, however, has been quite ill. Some days ago he cut his hand, and on the journey the cold settled in his arm, giving him almost unendurable pain.

Here the Lord has given us great joy,—we have seen three white men. They were returning from a bear hunt, and rode along one side of the Atkin as we set up camp on the other. One was a man named Owen, with his son. They are of Welsh blood, and settled here last spring. He invited us to his house, and was very friendly, and we went the next day, setting up our tent near his hut, which was too small to take us in.

The land which we have taken up lies on both sides of the river, three or four miles from here, taking in the north and the south branch. Many streams flow through the low-lands, one large enough for a mill. Canes grow here, so that if a settlement is established the Brethren can feed their cattle on the canes for a couple of years. Meadows can easily be made, for some of the land is well fitted for it, and more can readily be enriched. There is also good land for fields. * * * The soil is sandy, not pure sand but mixed with red earth,—a rich, warm soil. Of the included hills some have good trees, some not. It lies well, though some of the low-land may possibly be flooded at times, I cannot tell. This is, taking it all in all, one of the best tracts that we have taken up.

◊

DECEMBER 20, 1752

From the camp on the Atkin opposite the Mulberry Fields, near Mr. Owen's hut.

Through the goodness of God we have reached here, all well except Henry Antes, who has fever from the cold in his arm. We are the more glad to be here so that he can rest a little. The rest of us are busy surveying, for by Mr. Owen's advice we have here taken up a valuable piece of land.[19] It lies four miles down the river from the last tract, and is opposite the Mulberry Fields. These are old Indian fields, on which the Cherokees probably once lived. They have a pleasant situation and a rich soil. Morgan Bryant has taken them up, but no one lives on them. Our land, which is opposite, is not far from the tract we have already taken on the Atkin; Morgan Bryant owns the land lying between, on which Mr. Owen lives. If we could buy this plantation, and the Mulberry Fields, we would have the land for ten miles on both sides of the Atkin, for we have taken up a piece on the same side of the river with the Mulberry Fields, touching that on which Mr. Owen lives.

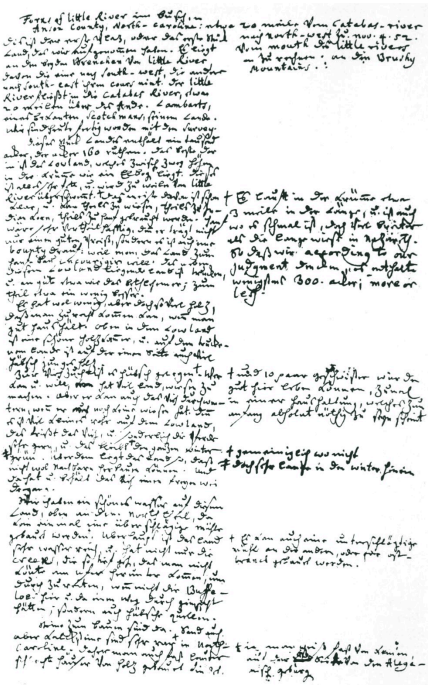
This tract is much like the other taken on the Atkin. Rich soil, mixed with sand,—the color of a mulatto. * * * On the hills are stones, which can

[19] Partly on the north, but chiefly on the south side of the Yadkin, including the mouths of Montgomery Creek, Moravian Creek, and Reddies River. The present town of Wilkesboro is on this tract.

perhaps be used in building. There is no limestone, but we are told that there is clay, which becomes hard as stone when exposed to the air. The truth of this remains to be proved. There is good wood on this land and on the hills that are included in our lines.

The water is good, but not equal to that beyond the Blue Mountains. We are sixty miles from any house, Owen's excepted.

◊



A page of Spangenberg's field notes, written November 4, 1752, at the forks of Little River. Plate from Fries, 1922

WAKING UP IN

BOONE

Stories of people and places in the mountains of North Carolina, Virginia, and Tennessee.

wakingupinboone.com