

**IN ANCIENT  
ALBEMARLE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649386062

In ancient Albemarle by Catherine Albertson

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

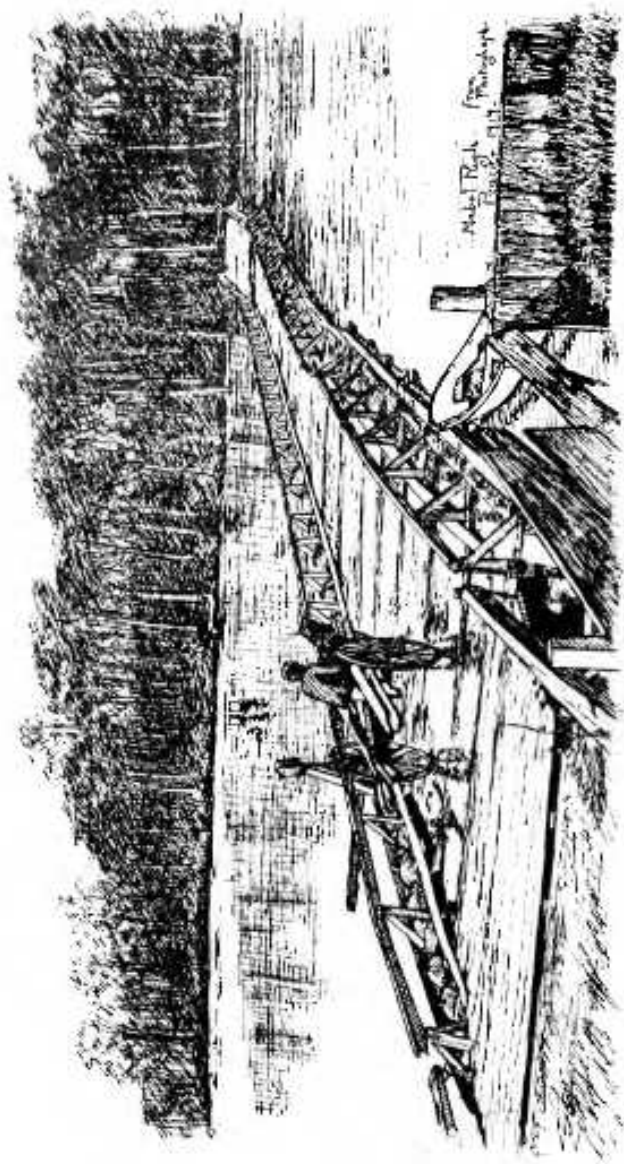
This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**CATHERINE ALBERTSON**

**IN ANCIENT  
ALBEMARLE**





OLD FLOAT BRIDGE ACROSS THE PERQUIMANS RIVER

# IN ANCIENT ALBEMARLE

---

*By Catherine Albertson*

---

PUBLISHED BY THE  
NORTH CAROLINA SOCIETY DAUGHTERS  
OF THE REVOLUTION

---

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY  
MABEL PUGH

---

RALEIGH  
COMMERCIAL PRINTING COMPANY  
1914

*100*  
*100 = 100*

COPYRIGHT, 1914  
BY  
CATHERINE ALBERTSON

*100*

DEC 31 1914

*1.25*

©CLASS 1191

*2001*

DEDICATION

---

To

MARY HILLARD HINTON

STATE REGENT DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION

WITHOUT WHOSE AID AND ENCOURAGEMENT

THESE CHAPTERS WOULD NEVER

HAVE BEEN WRITTEN

—C. A.



## THE PERQUIMANS RIVER

From the Great Swamp's mysterious depths,  
Where wild beasts lurk and strange winds sough;  
From ancient forests dense and dark,  
Where gray moss wreathes the cypress bough;  
'Mid marshes green with flowers starred,  
Through fens where reeds and rushes sway,  
Past fertile fields of waving grain,  
Down to the sea I take my way.

The wild swan floats upon my breast;  
The sea-gulls to my waters sink;  
And stealing to my low green shores,  
The timid deer oft stoops to drink.  
The yellow jessamine's golden bells  
Ring on my banks their fairy chime;  
And tall flag lilies bow and bend,  
To the low music keeping time.

Between my narrow, winding banks,  
For many a mile I dream along  
'Mid silence deep, unbroken save  
By rustling reed, or wild bird's song;  
Or murmuring of my shadowed waves  
Beneath the feathery cypress trees,  
Or pines, responsive to the breath  
Of winds that breathe sea memories.

So far removed seem shore and stream,  
From sound and sight of mart or mill,  
That Kilecokonen's painted braves  
Might roam my woods and marshes still,  
And still, as in the days of yore,  
Ere yet the white man's sail I knew,  
Upon my amber waves might skim  
The Indian maiden's light canoe.

Thus, half asleep, I dream along,  
Till low at first, and far away,  
Then louder, more insistent, calls  
A voice my heart would fain obey,  
And by a force resistless drawn,  
The narrow banks that fetter me  
I thrust apart, and onward sweep  
In quiet strength toward the sea,

I leave my marshes and my fens;  
I dream no more upon my way;  
But forward press, a river grown,  
In the great world my part to play.  
Upon my wide and ample breast,  
The white-winged boats go hurrying by;  
And on my banks the whirring wheels  
Of busy mills hum ceaselessly.

And sharing man's incessant toil,  
I journey ever onward down,  
With many a lovely sister stream,  
With all the waters of the Sound,  
To join the sea, whose billows break,  
In silver spray, in wild uproar,  
Upon the golden bars that guard  
The lonely Carolina shore.

