

to Numbers born to board with
her uncle, Dr. Lewis, and to
attend the Chanaan Baptist
Female Institute. She was there
only two years during the admin-
istration of Dr. McDowell. Her
education was not completed,
for she had to give way for
her numerous half-sisters and
brothers.

Her sister Mary had married
Mr. Arthur E. Stephenson, who
lived then and now lives near
the present village of Pseudon.
It was on visits to her sister
that my mother met my
father, and they were married
in Galatia Baptist Church
on December 25th, 1883.

It is difficult to write about
the Stephensons, it is such a
big family. Again I have
to resort to tradition which
says that the first Stephenson
came over here from the Brit-
ish Isles (either Scotland or Wales)
and settled in the upper
part of Southampton County,
Va., near the place now
known as Berlin. It is said
that one of the Stephenson

settled in Northampton County,
N.C., and became the progenitor
of the North Carolina branch
of the family. I do not know
the relationship of the N.C. and
Va. Stephensons. I will say that
Mr. Edgar Stephenson, Berlin,
Va., and his sister are working
up a history of their branch, and
I have been working on a
history of the N.C. Stephensons,
and it is possible that we
shall later run together.

For the last one hundred and
fifty years they immediate
ancestors have lived in
Hiskey township of North-
ampton Co. My great grand-
father, named Benjamin, lived
on the farm now owned by
W.P. Sikes, lying on the road
from Hedgepeth's cross road
to DeBerry's mill. He is buried
there. My great-grandfather
was a soldier in the Rev-
olutionary War. I had a
great-great uncle in the
Mexican War, and a grand-
father and several great
uncles in the Civil War.
Nearly all of the Stephensons
have been farmers. Most of

them were slaveholders, though
not many held a large num-
ber. My great grandfather was
was a man of means, but drank
to excess and lost his property.
This turned my grandfather into
the world both without education and
means. I have heard him say that,
when he was married, he did
not have enough money to buy
a bride for his choice. He married
Miss Nancy Jane Woodard, daughter
of James Woodard. Her father had
been a man of some means,
but had drunk to excess. How-
ever, he kept his land, and
my grandmother's share was
the farm one mile from
Puddledon run on the Woodard
Place. Here my grandparents began
life. About the time they were
getting upon their feet, the
Civil War came on, and
my grandfather went to the
front and stood until the
surrender at Appomattox.

Three children were born
to my grandparents, but James
died was the only one to
survive through infancy. My
father grew up, working on the
farm. During his teens he

went to school at Elm
Grove Academy (now near
Mapleton, A.C.), to Prof. W.
Carey Pauer, my grand father
was able, at this time to
have given him a college
education and at one time
he did think of studying
medicine. But my father
says that his mind naturally
turned to farming, that while
he was at school he
could not keep his mind
off the work at home. Con-
sequently my father did
not complete his education,
but went to farming with
his father. He did teach
school a session or so near
Conway.

I realize well the
incomplete nature of this record
of my ancestry. It is not
intended to be exhaustive.
Much of it is taken from
hear say, consequently I have
given few dates. Later on,
if I have time and see
fit, I may complete my
history of the Stephenson
and Fulkwood families.
Suffice it now to say that

my ancestry belongs to that great middle class which constitutes the base base of the nation. In slavery they were of the small - slave - holding class - not slave barons. Few on either side have been professional men. Not many have had a college education. I have one uncle, Wiley Flintwood, who is a college graduate - A. B. from Trans. Inst. Most of my aunts went to college for awhile. But what I prize most highly is their purity of character. Most of them have been members of some Baptist church.

It may not be improper for me to say that what literary tastes I have come mostly from my mother's side, while, if I have energy, push, and the spirit of progress, it came from my father.