

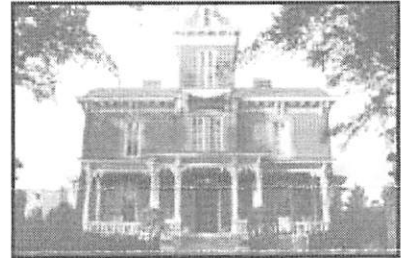
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Early History of the Dodd-Hinsdale House

The Dodd-Hinsdale House, located at 330 Hillsborough Street in downtown Raleigh, offers one of the last reminders of the beauty and grace that once defined the western corridor from the Capitol. Its architectural style is Second Empire Victorian, a style developed in France under Napoleon III and marked by heavy ornate modification of Empire styles. The interior of the home has fourteen foot ceilings and deep bay windows.



The home was originally built for Mayor William H. Dodd on a lot given to him by his parents in 1871. The home was completed in 1879 and soon thereafter was lost by the Dodd Family due to financial reversals. In 1890, the house was purchased by Col. John W. Hinsdale. Col. Hinsdale married Ellen Devereaux, a direct descendent of Joel Lane, soon after the Civil War. Everyday living for the Hinsdale family was formal. Assisted by a butler and a cook, every meal was served in the dining room with the good silver and china. The vestiges of southern hospitality remained in the Hinsdale house throughout its ninety-year history, always serving as a gathering place for family members and symbolizing, through its solid masonry walls, the solidarity of the Hinsdale Family. The house remained in the Hinsdale family until John, a son and the last Hinsdale, died in 1971 at the age of 92.

Following the death of John Hinsdale, several attempts by different individuals and groups were made to acquire and restore the house. Each of these attempts failed. Because the house was deteriorating and was also the object of vandalism and vagrancy there was a threat that the house would be demolished.

In 1993, Ted Reynolds, his wife Peggy along with their daughter and son, Kim and David obtained an Option to Purchase the property and quickly went about developing a strategy to restore the property to its initial grandeur. Within two years, the Reynolds family purchased the property and set into motion the restoration project to transform the home into a restaurant.

[« Back | The House as Second Empire »](#)

Second Empire Restaurant and Tavern

- At -

The Historic Dodd-Hinsdale House
330 Hillsborough Street
Raleigh, NC 27603

Phone: (919) 829-3663

Fax: (919) 829-9519

NATHAN U, I / BURTIS UPCHURCH SUBCLAN - THROUGH THE 9TH GENERATION X.

- I. BURTIS U b 1781 L) d 10 OCT 1845 (WAKE CO, NC) - CONTINUED 80
 C. WILLIAM CLINTON U, I b 14 FEB 1813 (WAKE CO, NC) d 16⁽¹⁴⁾ FEB 1906 (RALEIGH, NC) 595
 (BUR - OAKWOOD CEMETERY, RALEIGH, NC)
 MD 16⁽¹⁵⁾ DEC 1840 (RALEIGH, NC) ADELINE SUSAN ROYSTER b 3 JUL 1820 (RALEIGH, NC) 792
 d 18 JAN 1894 (RALEIGH, NC) (BUR - AS HUSBAND)
 1. A. FABRIEN CLINTON U b 4 JAN 1842 (RALEIGH, NC) d 16 MAY 1842 (1847) 618
 (RALEIGH, NC) (BUR - AS FAT)

SECOND
COUSINS

2. ROXANNA MARGARET U "ROX" b 23 MAR 1843 (RALEIGH, NC) d 17 APR 1925 619
 (RALEIGH, NC) (BUR - AS FAT) "MAGGIE" 1884
 MD 14 SEP 1860 (RALEIGH, NC) WILLIAM HENRY DODD [MAYOR OF RALEIGH, NC] b 8 MAY 1836 793
) d 17 APR 1904 (RALEIGH, NC) (BUR - AS WIF)
 a. NO ISSUE
 3. ELEANOR MARKS U, I "MOX" b 28 NOV 1844 (RALEIGH, NC) d 4 OCT 1927 617
 (JACKSONVILLE, FL) (BUR - AS FAT) } [1ST COUSINS ONCE REMOVED
 MD 24 DEC 1863 (RALEIGH, NC) WILLIAM GEORGE U "BILL" b 22 DEC 1837 108
 (GREEN LEVEL, WAKE CO, NC) d 13 OCT 1895 (RALEIGH, NC) (BUR - AS WIF)
 ["BILL" WAS SON OF GILBERT U & GRANDSON OF NATHAN U, I]

- II GILBERT U b 1792 (FRANKLIN CO, NC)
 A. BARTLEY JEFFERSON U 1841-1929 CSA
 → 1. ROBERT JEFFERSON U 1880-1940
 a. PAUL UPCHURCH
 B. WILLIAM GEORGE U ←
 C. NATHANIEL SMITH U → TO FLA

○ Notes of RPU/SSU NC Visit 29 NOV - 17 DEC 2001
Re Dodd-Hunsdale House
19) 11 DEC 2001 (TUE)

12:30-1:30 - Had lunch in Second Empire Restaurant
in the Dodd-Hunsdale House. They
normally serve only drinks
but in December have a
period of serving lunch for
the Christmas Season.
They do sell the book
"The fall of the house of
Hunsdale" but are out
just now. Got a leaflet.

○ NOTES OF RPU VISIT 4 OCT 2005
(TUE) TO DODD-HUNSDALE HOUSE

Took pictures outside. Went for
lunch but they do not serve
lunch. Attendant inside said no
books for sale. They open for dinner at 5:30 PM. Got
brochure.

Bennett Rose Payne
SPECIAL EVENTS COORDINATOR

Second Empire
RESTAURANT AND TAVERN

330 Hillsborough Street
Raleigh, North Carolina 27603

secondempire@mindspring.com
www.second-empire.com

Tel 919 829-3663
Fax 919 829-3641

Dodd-Hinsdale saved again

By JOHANNA SELTZ
Staff Writer

Like a cat that's working on its full quota of lives, the historic Dodd-Hinsdale House at 330 Hillsborough Street has been saved once again.

This time the building's rescuer was Barbara Barber Campbell of Lake Charles, La., who bought the century-old home for \$140,000 Tuesday from the heirs to the Hinsdale estate.

Mrs. Campbell also bought the lot at 325 W. Edenton St. behind the house for \$21,000.

The unoccupied house, which has been fire damaged and vandalized, was declared a hazard by the Raleigh City Council earlier last year and was scheduled for demolition Jan. 17 if plans to salvage the building were not forthcoming.

Mrs. Campbell said she plans to restore the house and grounds for a private residence and "a display site (not a shop) for North Carolina products old and new."

"It will be maintained traditionally as it is," she said Tuesday in a telephone

interview. "It's obviously a house."

Preservationists have been looking for an owner for the house for several years. The house is on the National Register of Historic Places.

Beal Bartholomew, Raleigh's housing inspection supervisor, told the city council Tuesday about Mrs. Campbell's plans and asked that the demolition order be delayed. The council voted to send the order back to committee, blocking its enforcement.

The house was originally scheduled to be razed June 12, but the council extended the deadline to give the state a chance to find an owner who would promise to preserve the house.

The state's plan to buy and sell the house never gelled, but two young Raleigh lawyers, Norman L. Sloan and Robert A. Hassell, announced plans in August to buy and restore the Victorian house for use as a law office.

Those plans fell through in October when the lawyers failed to find a bank to lend them enough money to buy and restore the building.

NEWS & OBSERVER

ABOUT 15 JAN 1979

REC'D
11 DEC 2001

History of The Dodd-Hinsdale House

The Dodd-Hinsdale House, located at 330 Hillsborough Street in downtown Raleigh, offers one of the last reminders of the beauty and grace that once defined the western corridor leading from the Capitol. Its architectural style is Second Empire Victorian, a style developed in France under Napoleon III and marked by heavy ornate modification of Empire styles.

Initially constructed by Thomas H. Briggs in 1879 for the then current mayor of Raleigh, William H. Dodd, the house was purchased in 1883 by John W. Hinsdale. Hinsdale lived in the house for the remainder of his life and thereafter his direct descendents occupied the dwelling until the last Hinsdale died on the premises in the summer of 1971. From 1971 to 1980 several failed attempts were made by different individuals and groups to acquire and restore the house. During this same period, vandalism and vagrancy combined to threaten the structure's very existence.

In 1981, Thad Eure, Jr. purchased the property with plans to transform the structure into an upscale French restaurant. Over the next six years, some work was done to preserve further deterioration of the property, however, no major restoration occurred. However, during this period, the grand solid black walnut stairway in the foyer of the house was constructed. In 1988, Mr. Eure's untimely death again halted the restoration process and the structure again sat vacant.

In 1993, Ted Reynolds, his wife, Peggy and his daughter and son, Kim and David obtained an Option to Purchase the property and quickly went about developing a strategy to restore the property to its initial grandeur. Within two years, the Reynolds family purchased the property and set into motion the restoration project that would take nearly two years.

On September 9, 1997 Second Empire Restaurant and Tavern opened for business and is led by a team comprised of Owner/Manager Kim Reynolds, Executive Chef Daniel Schurr, General Manager Scott Love and Sous Chef Garland Poole. The restaurant presently seats 188 and features Contemporary American Cuisine.

The structure retains its original exterior, heart pine flooring, masonry walls, doors and windows. New leaded glass panels have been installed in the four original front doors. The four major rooms in the main body of the structure have been opened to accommodate restaurant traffic flow and to create a more friendly and unobstructed dining atmosphere. The original kitchen has been converted into a corporate dining room now called the Pine Room and a grand new entrance has been constructed in the area formerly used as a rear entrance. A new elevator has been installed adjacent to a 2,500 square foot two-story kitchen, bakery, food storage and office area.

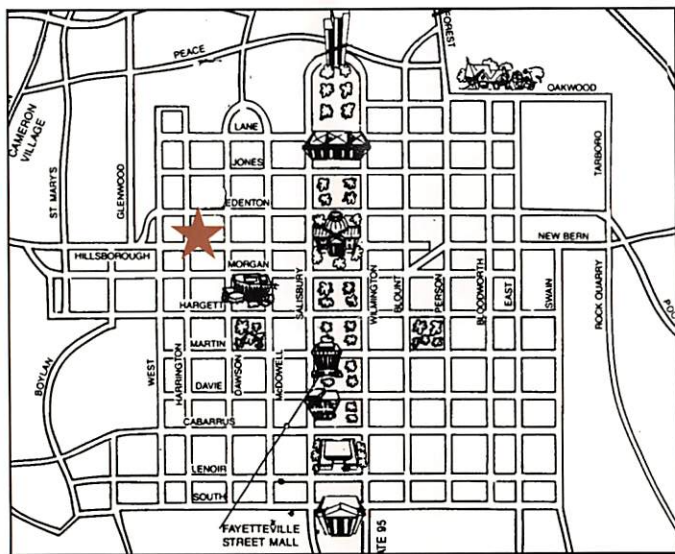
A new tavern has been designed and built along with additional private dining rooms named The Raleigh Room and The Capitol Room. An outdoor patio with a canvas canopy had been added to the Harrington Street entrance to the tavern.

The owners, management and staff are proud to have been given the opportunity to play a part in the restoration of this magnificent structure. In its re-birth as Second Empire Restaurant and Tavern, we are totally committed to maintaining consistency in the quality of food, its presentation and service to our customers.

Enjoy some of the finest wines from around the world on our extensive and award winning wine list!

Wine Spectator AWARD OF EXCELLENCE 1999	Wine Spectator AWARD OF EXCELLENCE 2000	Wine Spectator AWARD OF EXCELLENCE 2001	Wine Spectator AWARD OF EXCELLENCE 2002	Wine Spectator AWARD OF EXCELLENCE 2003	Wine Spectator AWARD OF EXCELLENCE 2004	Wine Spectator AWARD OF EXCELLENCE 2005
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Planning a Wedding? Second Empire is the perfect setting for your Rehearsal Dinner, Bridal Luncheon, Ceremony or Reception.



Second Empire

RESTAURANT AND TAVERN

REC'D
4 OCT 2005

Uptown in Downtown Raleigh!



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CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN CUISINE

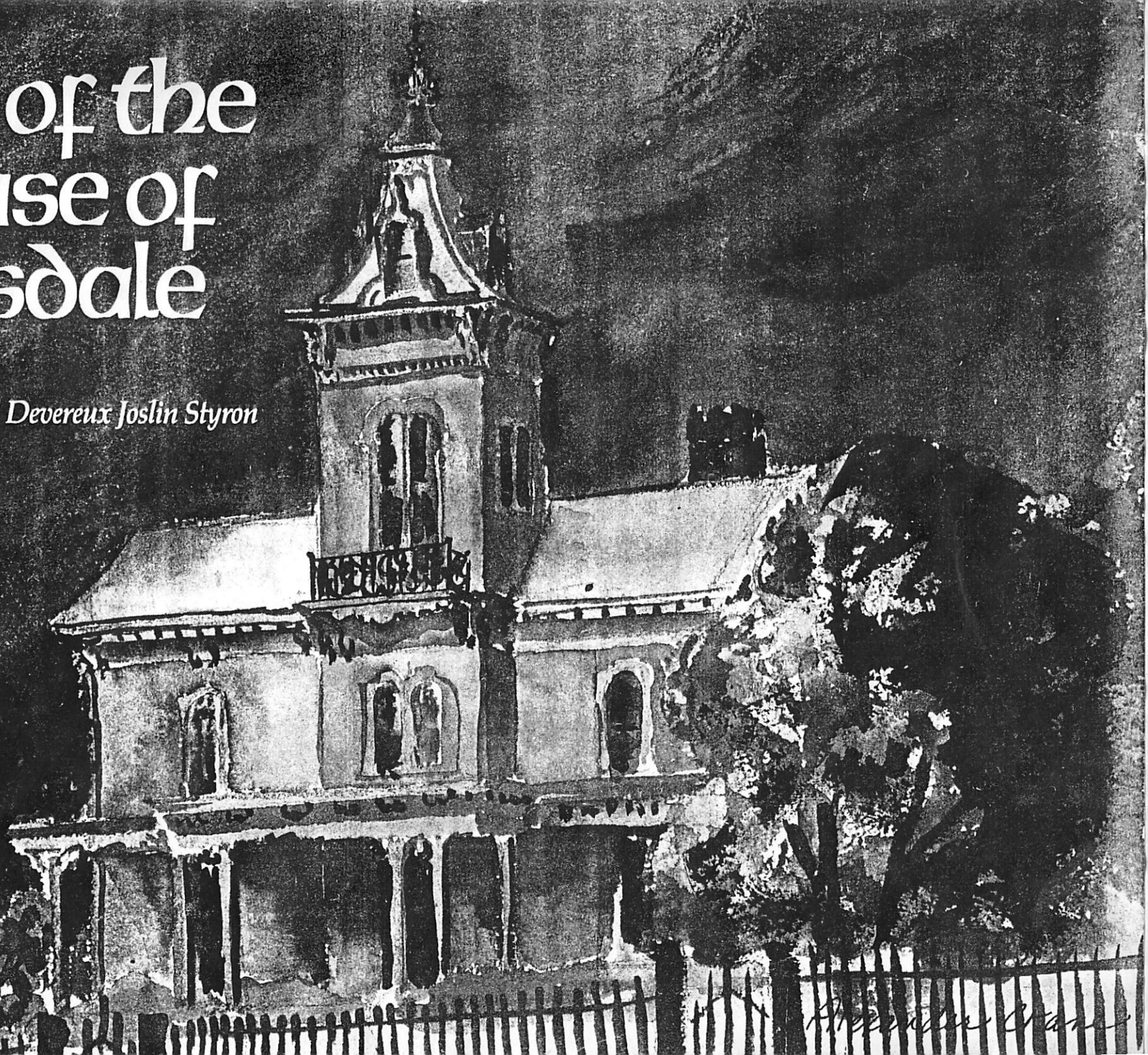
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Fall of the House of Hinsdale

By Nell Devereux Joslin Styron



Amelia Chan

REC'D
8 MAY 89

Extraction
Completed
29 JUN 1989

Fall of the House of Hinsdale

by
Nell Styron

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Neil Devereux Joslin Styron*

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Introduction

JOHN W. HINSDALE, JR

△ Gaunt against the northern sky, the old house saw the last Hinsdale, who had died at age 92, carried from the house to Oakwood Cemetery on August 21, 1971. From then on the identity of 330 Hillsborough Street was blurred. It was leased to the McGovern For President headquarters, July 20, 1972. It was subsequently ransacked and vandalized by bums. It was damaged by fire. It was condemned by the City unless properly repaired. It was sold to Barbara Campbell of Lake Charles, Louisiana, in February 1979, and then reverted to the heirs in April 1982 when she failed to make that year's annual payment.

At this point an editorial in *The Raleigh Times*, April 20, 1982 describes succinctly why this particular Victorian pile of rosy brick, trimmed in weathered green gingerbread, is uniquely precious to Raleigh.

“For one thing it is a link to the city's founders. The Joslin family, who were in the process of selling the house to Louisianan Barbara Campbell when she failed to make this year's annual payment, are descended from the Hinsdales, and their common ancestor was Joel Lane, the ‘father of Raleigh,’ whose restored home stands only a few blocks from Dodd-Hinsdale.

“The mansion is priceless for other reasons . . . It is located three blocks from the State Capitol on Hillsborough Street where so many of Dodd-Hinsdale's prime Victorian cousins have long since been knocked into dust. A new burst of restoration and planning has given hope that the neighborhood can some day resume its old pride and grace. Dodd-Hinsdale would be a keystone in that renaissance.”

On the auction block, bid and rebid, 330 Hillsborough finally went to an entrepreneur on May 21, 1982 who preferred to remain anonymous. Demolition is not in this owner's plan since he has engaged an expert cabinetworker to build a beautiful and elaborate staircase from the thirteen-foot-ceilinged first floor to the four massive upstairs bedrooms, each with its own fireplace. But this will take much time and it seems that the owner has his future plans for 330 Hillsborough on the back burner.

This historical account starts with the Hinsdales moving into the house in 1890 and carries the story up to 1986.

Chapter I

The House and The Family

The stately Victorian mansion had never taken off its corset. The tiara-topped cupola of the old house rose as proudly into the Southern sky as it had over a century before when it was built for

- △ Mayor William H. Dodd, on the west half of Raleigh lot 201
- △ about 1887, the lot having been given to him by his parents in 1871. Though no record of proof has been found, it is thought that
- △ Thomas Briggs, a successful Raleigh merchant, was the building contractor.

JAMES
DODD

- △+△+△ The story goes that Mayor Dodd's father was helping his son
- △ finance the house. However, when his father appeared before the
- △+△ Mayor's court on a charge of public drunkenness, the son found
- △+△ him guilty. The father withdrew his support and Dodd was forced
- △ to mortgage his house on June 24, 1889. Through default it was
- △ sold to W.H. Pace on December 31, 1889, who sold the house at
- △ a sizable profit to John W. Hinsdale, on January 21, 1890.

It remained from 1890 in the Hinsdale family until the last Hinsdale died in 1971, and with him all hope of perpetuating the Hinsdale name.

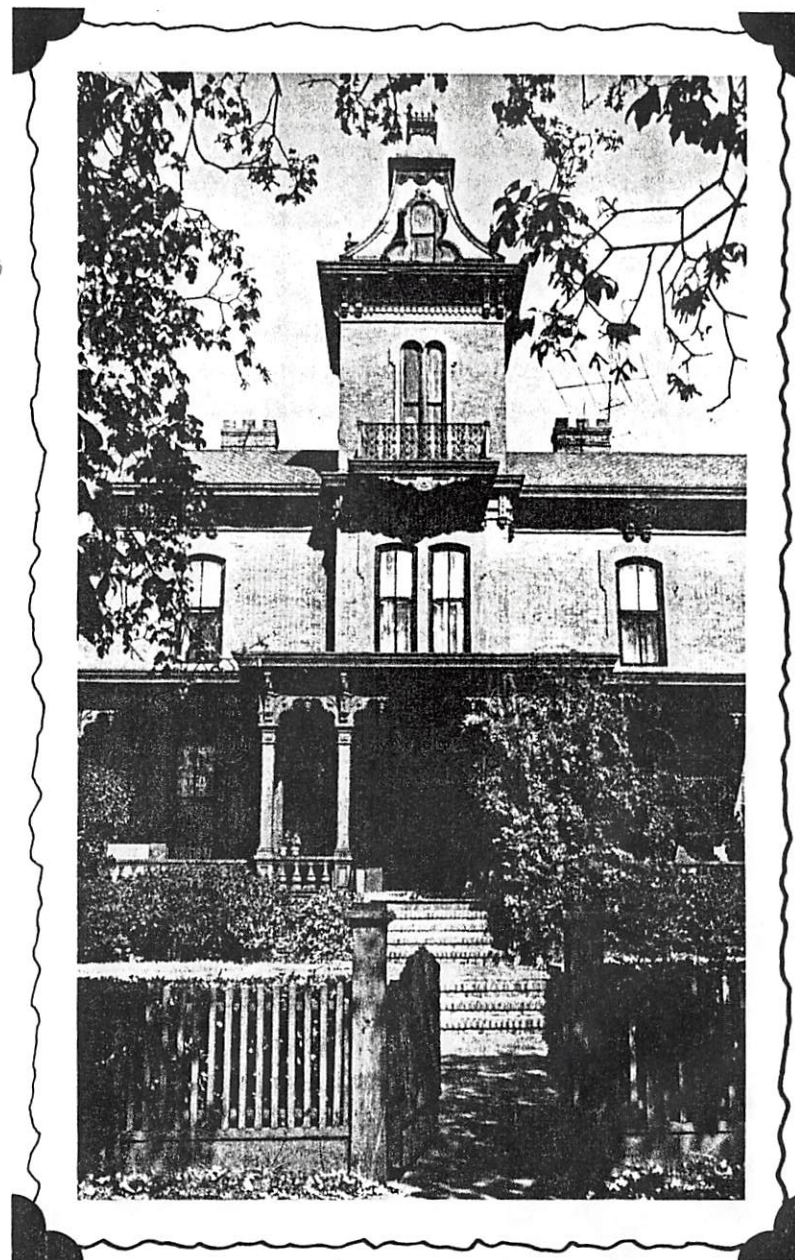
But it wasn't the feeling of yesterday or the thick four-foot brick walls that held the Hinsdale house together for nearly ninety years. It was the bond of blood. Kinship was all important. Some blood was bluer, some blood was clouded with 'crazy strains'; some family members were less industrious, some drank too much, but at the Hinsdale house, all cousins were acceptable. And secrets were kept in the family.

→ of JOHN, SR

- △ If disgraced relatives had the good grace to go to Texas and never return, their peccadillos were passed over.

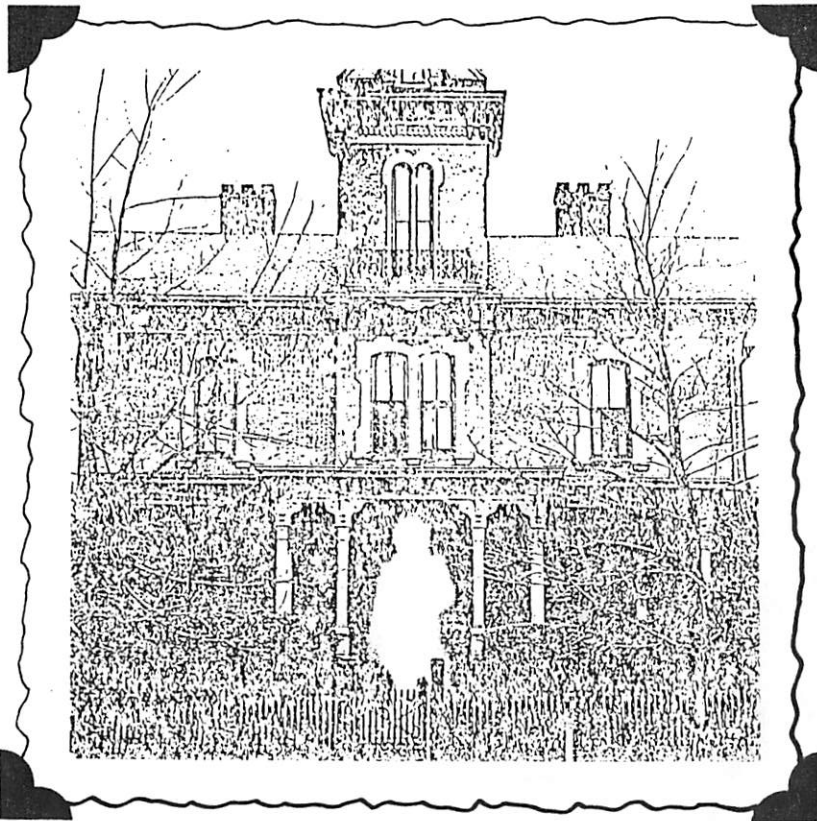
→ COLLY HINSDALE

- △ There were whispers that a great aunt was a "castaway." You must read the story of *David Copperfield* from the Dickens'



set in the glassed-in cases in the Hinsdale library to get the full
△ message here. If there were scandalous letters in her luggage left in
△ the Eiffel Tower cupola of the Hinsdale house, no prying eyes
△ would ever read them. Upon her unexplained death, falling from
△ Chimney Rock, her belongings were burned. Her body was buried
in the family plot at Oakwood Cemetery.

A ghost story was told of a strange light being seen in the
fourth story cupola late at night and that no doubt she had come
back, searching for something. The probability was that some
grandchild had been dared to climb the slender ladder after the
grown-ups were safely asleep, and was exploring with a flashlight.



A great uncle had been shot by his best friend while they
were duck hunting. There was no investigation. After all, no one
mourned him but his mother, a drinking buddy or two and his
shady paramour. He had not brought credit to the family. No child
was ever named for him.

The aura of the former glory of plantation days lived on in
the Hinsdale house, 330 Hillsborough, as Colonel John Hinsdale △
had married Ellen Mordecai Devereux in 1869, whose father △
John Devereux had been a large plantation owner. But subtly the △
climate in the South had changed. Marriageable men after the
Civil War were in the minority and many had come back
wounded from the war. The women assumed a protective attitude
toward them, relieving them of many duties the men had
previously performed.

Like Scarlett's mother in *Gone with the Wind*, the wives had
had to assume the reins of the plantation, the discipline of the
children, the religious instruction, the management of the servants
and the nurture and care of all. Quietly the pattern of the Southern
matriarch had been established.

*Some claim a ghost inhabits
the Dodd-Hinsdale House*

Col. John Hinsdale

△
△
— Born in 1843, Colonel John Hinsdale had left college at
— Chapel Hill to join the Confederate Army where, at age 21, in
△ 1864 he became Colonel of the Junior Reserves of North
△ Carolina. This made him one of the youngest colonels in the
□ Confederate Army. He surrendered with General J. E. Johnston's
— army at High Point, North Carolina, on April 26, 1865.
△ He remembered little Ellen Devereux with the long blond
△ curls and resolved to marry her and when she was 19 and he 26,
△ he did. They made their first home in Fayetteville but "Miss
Nellie" was quietly determined to return to Raleigh and she never
— unpacked her trunks the several years in Fayetteville, although
— their two oldest children were both born there. They were
△ + △ Margaret Devereux, named after her own mother and Samuel
△ Johnston Hinsdale named after Colonel Hinsdale's father.
△ + △ "Miss Nellie" got her wish when Colonel Hinsdale moved
— the family to Raleigh in 1875 and built on a part of the old
△ + △ + □ Joel Lane land grant next to her parents, John and Margaret
— Devereux, who lived at Will's Forest in the section of Raleigh
— adjoining the Hayes Barton development. It was here that the
△ remaining children were born: Elizabeth Christophers, 1877,
△ + △ John Wetmore Hinsdale, Jr., 1879, Ellen Devereux, 1882 and
△ Annie Devereux, 1883.
△ Colonel Hinsdale was 43 years old when he bought the 330
□ Hillsborough home from William H. Dodd and from that time
□ on, it became the rallying point for all the relatives. He and his
□ wife, "Miss Nellie" and the six children lived comfortably twenty
or more years here, with gas for light, coal in the nine fireplace
grates for heat and wood in the kitchen stove for cooking. By the
time the six children were grown, electricity had supplanted the
gas chandeliers and central heating with gusting hot air registers,

had been installed, but the Hinsdale cooks of that time swore by
the wood burning stove for all their baking of beaten biscuit, Sally
Lunn and pound cake.

The only other capitulation to progress was moving the
kitchen from its location some fifteen feet from the back pantry
door out in the back yard — to an addition which was built where
the gazebo in the back garden had stood.

Col. Hinsdale practiced law until his death in 1921 and was
fond of inviting legislators, visiting judges and other dignitaries to
dinner. Miss Nellie enjoyed entertaining also and was especially
fond of the clergy and their wives. The tale is told of an inept
butler who interrupted the talkative Bishop Joseph Cheshire by
poking him in the back with a long forefinger and asking, "Is you
thu?" No doubt the two sons and four daughters were delighted,
hoping this would mean the table could be cleared, crumbed, and
dessert brought on.

This same butler interrupted Miss Nellie when she was
talking with her youngest sister Mamie Devereux Winslow and
her commanding husband, Arthur Winslow, who were visiting
her from Boston. He asked: "Shall I put the tin cups on the table,
Miss Nellie?" She paused in her conversation to say, "Set the table
as you always do, George." (With silver).

The children were always served milk in their silver cups,
given to them at baptism and they were required to sit quietly
through some interminable political and clerical discussions.

Every meal was a formal affair in the dining room. There
was never any new-fangled breakfast room. Canton china was
used for everyday. Napkin rings were at each place at the long
table and the family's ancestors in the portraits hanging on the
walls, looked down appraisingly.

There would later be a gash in the tall door to the pantry
where the younger son had thrown a knife at his older brother;
otherwise the room was decorous.

Beaten biscuits were served at every meal. Their dry crumbly-solid texture was accepted and never questioned. At first, these were prepared by pounding the dough with a huge rolling pin-bat, but later a biscuit brake was installed in the pantry. Turning this brake was a dreary task and one of the cooks excused herself, saying it made her side ache. There were a succession of servants. It was unthinkable that the house could be kept without them.

The Old South hung on in the Hinsdale house. Stained glass panels in the vestibule filtered Hillsborough Street's harsh glare. The thirteen-foot rooms were customarily shuttered and, from an engraving on the library wall, Robert E. Lee on Traveler looked sadly down in the softened light.

The library was lined with bookcases to the ceiling. The two flanking the marble fireplace had glass doors with exhaustive collections of Dickens, Scott, Bulwer-Lytton and other mannerly authors. Ferns flourished in the southeast bay window back of the sofa. Miss Nellie's desk with her household accounts and writing paper was in the right hand corner. There was always a supply of black bordered notes for condolence correspondence.

Sometimes the key basket reposed on the desk but often it had to be found. Whenever misplaced, the entire machinery of the house came to a stop. Everything was locked up — the storeroom with the potatoes, apples, flour, hams; the cupboards with sugar, spices, pickles, canned goods; and the sideboard with the silver and the brandy and sherry. Of course, the best china was in glassed cabinets and locked, and upstairs in the bedrooms, all the wardrobes and bureaus had locks. These were all interior locks — there were also numberless keys to all the outside doors.

The key basket signified the mistress, and the reason for locking seems to have been a belief that the servants must not be tempted. It certainly was a time-consuming operation to find the



Mrs. Winfree in the foyer

- ✓
- △ correct key, however. After Miss Nellie's death in 1935, her single
 - △ daughter Ellen (always called Nell) took over running the house, following many of her mother's methods, including the key basket.

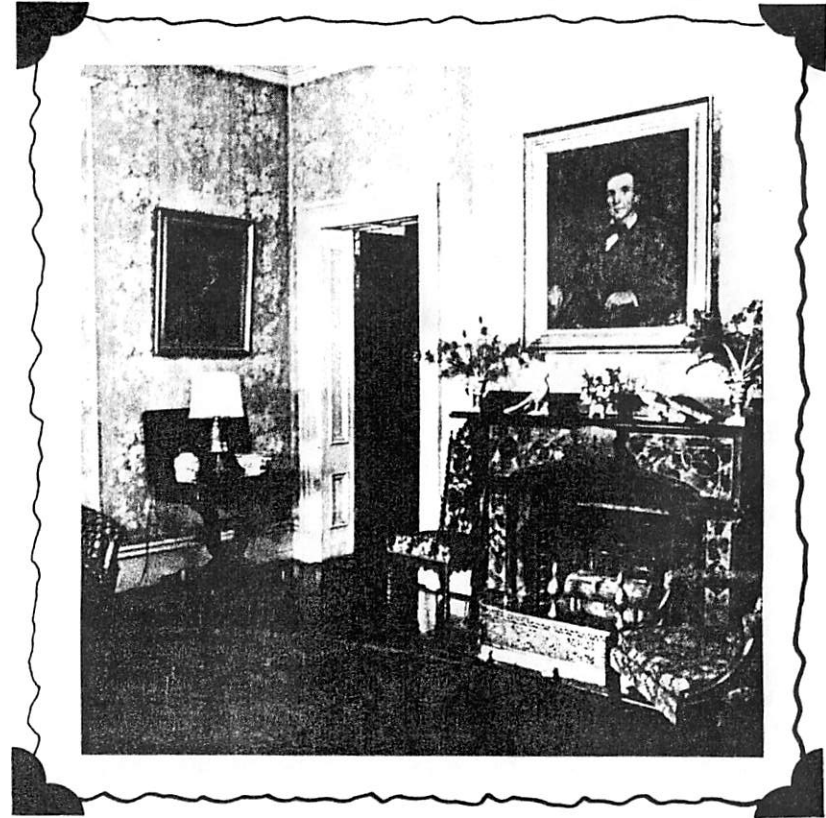
Miss Nellie

- △ Miss Nellie was diminutive with the smoothest cheeks and the softest eyes. Although in late life she wore her blond hair, then grey, in a neat bun on top of her head, she still resembled the miniature of herself at six with long golden curls, sitting primly, dressed in a blue pinafore with her hands folded in her lap.
- △ Her father, the third John Devereux, remarked, "My dear, you are a dove, who has hatched a brood of young eagles." In rearing her spirited eaglets she declared: "I cannot make you love each other, but I insist that you be polite." Once grown, the four daughters and two sons were polite, and may have been fond of each other.

Besides rearing the children without raising her voice, dispensing the hospitality, looking after the servants, and regularly attending all church services, she also tended the cemetery plot.

- △ Every Saturday morning there was the ceremony of going to the cemetery. Fresh flowers were gathered from the Hinsdale house back garden, or greens in winter. These were allotted to the different graves. Usually a child tagged along and was given the job of cleaning the green metal grave vases, rank with stagnant water and the decay of last week's blossoms.

- △ And Miss Nellie had her favorite charities. She thought it was her duty to take baskets of food and boxes of old clothes to the deserving poor. She never seemed to notice that the chinks and broken windows of the woodcutter's house were plugged with dirty clothes. She knew that they were cold and hungry —therefore they were deserving. It did not matter that they were feckless.



*Period decor of the house's
once grand interior*

Today's generation laughs at the seriousness with which ancestors were taken. Since no male Devereuxs survived, it was all important to keep the name alive through the daughters. And so, at one time there were six members of the Hinsdale house connection who had the middle name of Devereux. Children were named *for* somebody, they were not simply given names.

Genealogy was an all important topic. More revered than the Episcopal church were the UDC (United Daughters of the Confederacy), the Colonial Dames, and the Daughters of Runnymede, whose qualifications for membership required that you trace your blood back to 1066. There was even a family tree going back to Charlemagne, the ninth century king.

330 Hillsborough was also the rallying point for all the relatives whenever there was a death. The white wreath on the door signified that the body of the deceased was lying in state. The parlor, with the peacock feathers on the mantel and the thirteen-foot lace curtains and depressing dark draperies, always received the casket. From its tall walls the most important family portraits looked down on the deceased. With candelabra at head and foot, the coffin rested until time to be taken to the church.

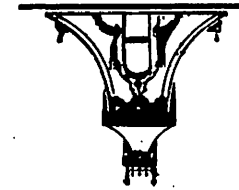
Their church was Christ Episcopal and their pew was the second center, used regularly by members of the family until the 1970s when all the faithful devout ones had died out.

A special courtesy to respected out-of-town friends was to invite them to share the family pew at Christ Church on a Sunday.

△ Although the first John Devereux had come from Ireland, care was taken that none of the funeral gatherings at 330 Hillsborough ever took on the air of an Irish wake. And it was custom that the casket be kept closed.

There was another restriction. No one in the family was to be seen at a social function when a member of the family was deathly ill. This meant refusing invitations until the sick person

recovered or died. Of course, there had to be a seemly period of mourning for every death. Black, white and various shades of purple were mourning colors for the women and the length of time spent "in mourning" varied. One Hinsdale daughter, Elizabeth, widowed a year after marriage, wore mourning until her death at age 93. △



Chapter II

The Haywood Case

△ Colonel Hinsdale was spared the domestic trials. He left for
- his law office five blocks away after a leisurely breakfast, often
△ topped off with oldtime buckwheat cakes. He would hail the
- Hillsborough Street streetcar in mid-block, seldom walking.

△ Dinner was served at noonday. He always came home,
- bringing items of interest to the family. The spring and summer of
△ 1903 he was eagerly awaited daily because he was one of a battery
△ of lawyers who were defending Ernest Haywood.

△ + △ Ernest Haywood, 40, lived with his brother Edgar at
△ Haywood Hall, 211 New Bern Avenue, Raleigh. He was an
attorney and a bachelor. On February 21, 1903, Saturday
△ + △ afternoon, young lawyer Haywood met Ludlow Skinner, his
mistress' brother-in-law, on the steps of the Fayetteville Street Post
Office and "made with his pistol the greatest murder story in
Raleigh's history."

Newspapers were not at all hampered then and could color
their stories enough to please today's *National Enquirer*. A
Charlotte correspondent wrote the following, on Monday after
the Saturday murder:

△ + △ "Plea of Self Defense — Haywood says Skinner Knocked
△ + △ Him Down — However the Preponderance of the Testimony is
to the Effect that Haywood Fired on Skinner while the Latter had
his back to him and was starting to Run. The Story back of the
△ + △ Tragedy involves the name of Mrs. Gertrude Tucker, Skinner's
Sister-in-law, One of the Most Beautiful Women in the State,
△ Who Left Home on Account of her Relations with Haywood — A
△ Secret Marriage was Alleged by her Friends and She Signed Her
△ Name 'Mrs. Ernest Haywood,' but Haywood Denied That He

Was Married and Refused to Right a Wrong the Final Result
Culminating in the Ill Feeling Which Produced the Tragedy.

"Mrs. Skinner feared trouble. Remarks made by Mrs. △
Ludlow Skinner after she was brought to where her husband's △
body lay in Johnson's drug store suggest that she anticipated some
difficulty between the two men. She said that she had tried
to keep her husband from going down town after dinner . . .
But all these details do not explain why two men who were noted
for gentleness and good manners, went armed or why a
man was slain on the public streets in broad daylight, dying on
the street car tracks.

"The Central Figure a Woman. She is Mrs. Gertrude Tucker, △
widow of the late William Tucker, who was the only son of Maj. △
Rufus Tucker of Raleigh. She is a daughter of the late Maj. John △ + △
C. Winder, and before her marriage was well known in social △
circles in more than half a dozen states. She belongs to one of the △
most prominent families in North Carolina and the prominence
of her husband's family is too well known to need any comment
here. A few years ago Mr. William Tucker died and she spent the △ + △
first two or three years of her widowhood in Germany and then △
returned to Raleigh.

"Haywood Becomes Manager of the Tucker Estate. After △ + △
Maj. Tucker's death Ernest Haywood became legal manager of △ + △
the Tucker estate which threw him in more or less intimate contact △
with Mrs. Gertrude Tucker. The world saw that Mr. Haywood △ + △
and Mrs. Tucker were together a great deal in this place and then △
it became known that they had been out of town together in the
larger Northern cities.

"Scandal inevitably resulted and for many months Mrs.
Gertrude Tucker has not been in this city . . . But soon a story △
came back that spelled misery, for it now seemed necessary that
Mrs. Tucker, unacknowledged as a wife must write her name, △

△ 'Mrs. Ernest Haywood'. A child was born four or five months ago, a son . . . To all inquiries Ernest Haywood said nothing. He is a nervous man, shy, sensitive, proud — and his best friends feared question him on such a delicate subject.

△ "But the period came when talk was loud to the clamor point, and because a woman's honor was at stake Haywood was asked if he was married to Mrs. Gertrude Tucker. He replied that he was not married . . . There was no evidence that he intended to right a wrong that was done so publicly that the world must needs stop and see the shame of open shame . . .

△ "All communication between Haywood and the members of the Tucker and Winder families ceased some time ago, but there were several incidents that served to increase the bitterness. Mrs. Tucker's two little girls met Haywood in the street one day recently and said something to him about needing shoes. He gave them \$5. When Mrs. Ludlow Skinner heard of this she returned the money in a note, asking Haywood to have nothing further to do with any member of her family. It is said that Haywood replied in a manner that was considered insolent . . .

△ "Skinner was only 31 years old and was one of the most popular young men in the State. Haywood was 41, slight in stature and weighs probably 115 pounds. Skinner was taller than Haywood and weighed 20 or 30 pounds more."

At the end of his story the *Charlotte Daily Observer* reporter added this personal word:

"I may be pardoned for adding a personal word. I came here with no instructions save that I should try to do what seemed to be right. I have tried to do that. I have written with a heavy heart, a naked bitter truth, because when scandal is rampant and indiscriminate, the truth must be right and wise. — L.E. Avery."

△+△ This account by Mr. Avery was seized upon by Ernest Haywood who presented a detailed affidavit in which he claimed



Ernest
Eagles
Haywood

The alleged son of Ernest Haywood

that the account by L. E. Avery of the *Charlotte Observer* was prejudicial.

While Ernest Haywood was detained in the county jail, hot meals were sent into him regularly by the wives of his lawyers and friends. Miss Nellie was among the hostessing ladies.

Interest in the case did not die down although Ernest Haywood was successful in having Judge Justice continue the case to the July term. The case was again postponed. Continuance was granted in July to have the case called October 1 because of the unavoidable and unexpected absence of two of Haywood's material witnesses.

□ On October 1 with Judge R. B. Peebles of Northampton
△ presiding, the case finally came to trial. Haywood's counsel
△ + △ + △ + △ included Col. T. M. Ashe, Elmer M. Shaffer, James H. Pou, J. N.
△ + △ + △ + △ Holding, Col. J. C. L. Harris, Capt. W. H. Day, S. G. Ryan, W. N.
△ + △ Jones, Col. John W. Hinsdale, and Charles U. Harris.

□ For the prosecution were solicitor Walter E. Daniel of Wel-
□ + □ don, Sen. Donnell Gilliam of Tarboro, Sen. John E. Woodard of
□ + △ + △ Wilson, R. C. Strong and Sen. H. E. Norris of Raleigh with John
△ H. Winder of Columbus, Ohio, brother-in-law of Ludlow Skinner.

Finally on Tuesday October 14 the case went to the jury. On
Wednesday, October 15 the jury verdict was "Not Guilty" and at
△ a quarter to one Ernest Haywood was a free man again.

The case may have been over but it made a lasting impres-
sion on the Hinsdale family, especially on the daughters who knew
△ + △ both Ernest Haywood and Gertrude Tucker. They were shocked
△ at Gertrude's subsequent behavior, but admired her courage in
△ calling herself Mrs. Ernest Haywood. She moved with her two
△ daughters and the son, named Ernest Haywood, Jr. to Pine Bluff,
△ N.C. She was occasionally seen in Raleigh riding *beside* her Negro
coachman in her carriage. This was thought to be very "liberal."

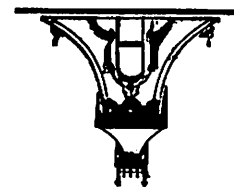
△ Young Ernest Haywood, it was reported, wanted to be a
△ writer and had gone to New York where he killed himself, still in
△ + △ his early 20s. His mother wrote a 236-page memoir of him and, in
1929, the year following his death, had Edwards & Broughton
print 300 copies of it for private distribution. It was titled, "The
Whir of Wings." There is no mention of the repudiation of young
△ + △ Ernest by his father.

△ Ernest Haywood resumed his usual activities, continued his
practice of law at his office in the old Wachovia Bank building
(which is now occupied by the First Union Bank) and regularly
△ + △ attended Christ Church. He continued to live with his brother at
Haywood Hall on New Bern Avenue. When his bachelor brother

Edgar Haywood died, he gave as a memorial to him the church △
building of St. Saviour's, which was called the Edgar Haywood △
Memorial. On Tucker Street, it served as a parish until the time
the congregation chose to move out from the center of Raleigh
and become St. Timothy's Episcopal Church on Six Forks Road.
St. Savior's was used by Ravenscroft School before it, too, moved
from Tucker Street.

Although a slight figure, Ernest Haywood inspired respect. △
When the Wachovia Bank asked its tenants to move so that they
could use the rental space for bank expansion, he refused. The
bank deferred to his wishes and he kept the same office space △
until his death in 1946 at age 84. One of the bank secretaries who
often rode the same elevator with him described him as "a sparrow △
hawk of a man with piercing dark eyes who never smiled." He △
never married.

At Ernest Haywood's funeral some of the pallbearers were △
sons of lawyers who had been his defense counsel. He was buried
in the Haywood family lot, Oakwood Cemetery, some three or
four lots distant from the grave of Ludlow Skinner. □



Chapter III

Col. John's Children

△ Colonel Hinsdale handled many civil and criminal law cases — but none that his family members were more interested in than □+△ the Ernest Haywood defense. He wore dark suits with vests, △ spanned by watch and chain, and stiff white collars. He had a — handsome head of white hair and steady blue eyes, when the △ grandchildren knew him. They always remembered him for his — miraculous tricks with disappearing fifty-cent pieces and the pocket knife he pulled out of a child's ear. He died in 1921 at age 78.

Three of the six Hinsdale children continued to live in the Hinsdale house for the remainder of their lives. The oldest, △+△ Margaret had married John C. Engelhard and was living in Ken- △ tucky. The next, Sam, had married Rebecca Smith and had moved △ away as his banking business led him, and the youngest, Annie, married Harold V. Joslin, a Yankee! At the time of her father's death, she was living just a mile away in Cameron Park, Raleigh. △ Two of Annie Joslin's children had been born in the Hinsdale house, and with their mother, all four of them regularly visited their grandmother, usually Sunday afternoons. They still remember the large circular Rowena cookies. (The recipe is on page 49 of the 1927 Christ Church Cook Book, but no one has been able to duplicate those spicy cookies to the Joslin children's satisfaction.) □ Miss Nellie, their grandmother, gave much time to them, telling them wonderful fairy stories: "Gold and Silver," "Pythagoras and the Four Winds," and "Sugar Dolly and Nutcracker."

△ Elizabeth [ELIZABETH CHRISTOPHERS HINSDALE]

□+△ Of the two daughters and one son who lived at 330 Hillsborough with their mother, Miss Nellie, Elizabeth was the

oldest. She gave the appearance of being tall because of her erect carriage. She never touched the back of a chair when she was seated. She was widowed after one year of marriage to Dr. John △ M. Winfree and came back to 330 Hillsborough where she lived until her death in 1970 at age 93.



Mrs. Winfree as a young woman △

Copied Mrs. H. for Elizabeth Hinsdale

△ She wanted to go overseas when the United States went into World War I but her father was living then and he forbade it. He considered that her reputation would be damaged by such activity. She would have made an excellent nurse as she was skillful and very "neat-fingered." She amused her nieces and nephews, when they were sick, with amazing origami folded paper figures. She could embroider beautifully and could knit any pattern. It bothered her not at all to replace the aggravating tissue patterns back neatly into their original folds into their cases.

△ In her work at the North Carolina Hall of History she often was given wills and other important documents that were written on both sides as she had perfected a method of splitting them without impairing either side.

△ In the kitchen she could turn out the most delicate Christmas candies: nougat, chocolate-covered creams, and bourbon-filled chocolates. She baked angel food, chocolate, and fruit cakes, all sorts of cookies and party delicacies, and she had mastered the arduous knack of making beaten biscuits. She and her younger sister Nell entertained often and elaborately.

△ In the back garden she had beds of lilies of the valley, parsley and other herbs, sweetheart roses and the lycoris squamigera, the amaryllis called Magic Lily and Naked Lady. She always took a bouquet of these delicate opalescent lilies to Miss Clyde Smith, the last of the Great Librarians at the Olivia Raney Library. It got to be remarked, "Oh, I see Mrs. Winfree has been in." She was a great walker, not that she ever weighed over 120 pounds. She had learned to drive but never drove, leaving the car to her sister Nell.

△ She had traveled in Europe with her youngest aunt and uncle, Mary Devereux Winslow and her husband Arthur Winslow of Boston, and they had spent the winter in France. She kept up a correspondence in French with a friend she had made there and used to send her little "Care" packages until the friend

remonstrated that she had to pay an enormous duty on them. Elizabeth was determined not to let her French go and kept up her French reading.

Her bedroom was in pink, although she wore only the colors of mourning, white, black and all the shades and tints of lilac and purple. These colors were most becoming to her upswept prematurely white hair and her dark brown eyes. She was always hatted and gloved, the picture of elegance, and she never used Kleenex. She had dozens of white cambric handkerchiefs.

But she was not stuffy. Once she borrowed some blue jeans and went to an especially rugged briar patch to pick blackberries. She stumbled and fell headlong into the midst of a tangle; caught on all sides by the briars, and laughingly told of her predicament afterwards. She was an excellent peach pickler, and never had failures with jams and jellies.

Her sister Nell and she were very congenial, belonging to the same card club, the Johnsonian Book Club and the same Christ Church Auxiliary church chapter. However she had more interest in the Art Museum and concerts. She even took a six-year-old niece to hear the internationally known Galli-Curci sing at the City Auditorium.

When her sister Nell died in 1966 at age 84, the heart went out of Elizabeth, but she tried to run the house for the sake of brother John. Nell had always looked after their brother, keeping his dinner warm when he came in at eight or nine o'clock, ostensibly from the farm.

The Warren desegregation decision had made a great change in their way of life. They were often without servants. The big house had tall ceilings, but no air conditioning and there were twenty six stair steps to the upstairs bedrooms. Of course, all the care of the house which Nell had managed for forty years devolved on Elizabeth and wore her down. She died in April



- △ 1970 and was buried according to her wishes beside her husband,
- △ Dr. Winfree, in the Richmond, Virginia cemetery.

△ Nell [ELLEN DEVEREUX HINSDALE]

△+△+△ Nell had worked for C. S. and H. H. Brimley, who with T. G. Pearson were putting out the North Carolina Geological and Economic Survey, Vol. IV 1919, *The Birds of North Carolina*.



△ She was a little woman, only five feet tall, with brown curly hair and the truest, bluest eyes and the sunniest smile. Absolutely dependable, she was never known to let anyone down, not even a child. When asked for a favor, her spontaneous answer was "yes, of course." She had a wonderful way with servants. Her

△ sister Elizabeth used to say, "I'd like to come back as Nell's maid."

△ She took the handyman and gardener, a 200-pound Negro, in her car to Duke Hospital where he had to be admitted. He matter-of-factly put as Next of Kin: "Miss Nell Hinsdale."

△ And yet she was no pushover. The story is told by her sisters that when a repentant lover sent her a note, without reading it she threw it into the fire. He had broken her heart and she never married.

△ After her father's death and as her mother was growing older, Nell resigned her job to come home to drive her mother and help her manage the house.

△ She became a devout church worker, spending hours in the church kitchen helping with the Lenten lunches which were put on every weekday during the forty days of Lent. She was always an Indian, refusing firmly to be a chief. She was one of the committee who put out the second edition of the Christ Church

Cook Book. For years she worked on the Altar Guild, going every Friday to polish brass or do whatever she was asked to do. It is just as well that she died before the adoption of the new controversial prayer book. She was conservative in her tastes although more liberal than most in understanding.

She was a second mother to the four Joslin children, her sister Annie's children and her only niece and nephews in town. □ Never did a child fall sick that she didn't arrive and often she'd be "baby-sitting" them without their ever having heard the term. Later she lent her car to the teenage children, which in the Depression was a bonus indeed. And as they grew up, married, came back to Raleigh with children of their own, her loving care and concern was transferred to these grandnieces and nephews without any lessening of affection for their parents. She was always called "Mother Nell" and was loved by some in a special way □ more than even their mother.



ANNE?
Auntie and →
Mother Nell △
babysitting
Elizabeth Styron △

✓
copy for the
Devereux family

copy for John Wetmore Hinsdale, Jr.

△ She was told many times that "Precious things come in small packages," and she was determined to keep her weight in the 90s. After experimenting with different diets she found the ideal way for her—just eat two meals a day. She was an excellent cook, whipping up Devil's Food birthday cakes for an ever-encroaching crowd of grandnieces and nephews. Once when, instead, she brought a white cake to James Joslin, the sixth child of her nephew William Joslin, James broke out into sobs, "I wanted a chocolate birthday cake," he cried. No other kind for him was a true birthday cake.

△+△ No one knows the work that went into the Christmas trees at 330 Hillsborough—there were two or maybe three stretched across the east end of the library and they were decorated the most beautifully. But what the horde of grandnieces and nephews were centering on was the presents. Each child and adult got multiple presents, all tastefully chosen and tied with real, not ersatz, red ribbon. Of course, Will Ray, the handyman and gardener, long recovered from Duke, had sturdily set up the trees and moved the furniture, but it was Nell and Elizabeth who engineered this second Christmas of the day at 4 o'clock Christmas afternoon. Of course, it spoiled the children but Nell did not believe that any child ever got too much love.

△+△ With her happy disposition and consideration for others, Nell was the glue that kept the oh-so-different other two, Elizabeth and John, living harmoniously together those thirty years. John and Elizabeth may not have loved each other but they both loved Nell. William Joslin's daughter Nell Devereux Joslin Medlin, has named the eldest of her twin daughters after her great aunt Nell Devereux Hinsdale.

△ John [JOHN WETMORE HINSDALE, JR.]

John Hinsdale was handsome and daring and enticed by early success as an attorney and politician. He had been adored by his mother whom he enjoyed frightening as a boy with tales of how high he had climbed the river sycamore to get the eagle eggs. (No conservation back in the 1890s.) She died, protected from knowing of his colorful lifestyle.



After his mother's death he matter-of-factly lived on with his two remaining sisters at 330 Hillsborough. His sister Nell took over the spoiling of John. If he had a cold she insisted he stay home from his law office and dosed him with hot lemonade and iced orange juice. If he had a headache she put cold towels to his forehead, and when he developed an ulcer she sieved his oatmeal and pureed his vegetables as carefully as though he were an ailing child. She did not know that he continued to eat highly seasoned barbecue for lunch when he was out of range of her ministrations.

She never intruded into his social life—he had many lady friends when young before settling to one—but she did plead with him to go to church on Christmas and Easter.

Did his father know or did he give up on reproving him for his associations with low company? Did he choose disreputable clients for his law practice or did they naturally gravitate to him?



There were times when a particular litigious client of his was
△ suing friends of his sisters. "John, please don't take that case against
Dr. ____ . His mother and I are close friends," or "John, please
don't take that case against Dr. ____ . His wife and your niece are
best friends." This special client had a penchant for suing doctors.
Sometimes John would listen to his sisters, sometimes not.

△ He was active in politics for a time and sat in the State
Legislature where he inveighed against the sales tax. It was an
△ unsuccessful campaign, but he had a promising future. Later he
□ backed Strom Thurmond and his Dixiecrats, his political power
waned, and he seemed to let his political career slip away. Why?

△ Perhaps being in the public eye hampered his unconven-
△ tional life style. His whole life long he loved a farm and he bought
one after another. In fact, "the farm" moved all over an area 12 to
15 miles north of Raleigh. In and about the 1930s he settled on a
farm which now adjoins Camp Durant, the Boy Scout camp. Here
he built a pleasant cabin and furnished it with his great and good
△ friend Helen Foley's excellent taste. He had a stable and faithful
relationship with her for over 30 years or more. She was slim and
△ graceful with a resemblance to the old-time film star Pola Negri.

△ + □ + □ Although John's two sisters Nell and Elizabeth did not
△ approve of such a Bohemian relationship, they approved of her as
△ a person—she was a lady. When she died in the 1960s he asked if
her casket could lie in the parlor at 330 Hillsborough until time
for the Roman Catholic service. With the usual family solidarity
the sisters agreed.

△ + □ Helen Foley was separated from Mr. Foley and was a devout
△ + □ Catholic. Years later when Mr. Foley died the lives of Helen and
△ John Hinsdale had fallen into a comfortable relationship of each
△ having a home and sharing the cabin out on John's farm. John
□ was fond of her two children and absolutely devoted to Barney
△ + □ McMahan, (Adele Foley McMahan's son), Helen's grandson.

Though Helen had died, he went to Barney's graduation from the △ + □
Naval Academy at Annapolis.

The phone rang continually for John at 330 Hillsborough. △
His sisters wondered if he spent any time at his law office. Most of
the messages were from women. They never knew if these were
clients or new women friends. But he did seem to spend more
nights at home now, reading the Encyclopedia Britannica which
always fascinated him.

When Nell and Elizabeth were planning a big family dinner, △ + □
he would remember to arrive in time to carve the turkey or the
ham and be his lovable, charming self, telling marvelous tales of
country folk. These tales should have been put on tape because he
had a wicked way with words and no one could imitate him.

The mystery in John's life was where did his money go? He △
and his sisters had shared equally when their mother died. They
were careful with their investments and left moderate estates,
parcelled out to their nephews and nieces. John lived without △
taking any responsibility for the house, although he did bring
produce from the farm. He never drove a new car, all of his were △
second hand. He dressed well enough, but not ostentatiously. He △
travelled little outside Wake County. He was always short of △
money. Of course, the litigious client cheated him as she did all
the lawyers she could con into representing her, but didn't any of △
his damage suits pay off? If he drank and if he gambled, he kept it △
secret from his family. Why at his death was his farm mortgaged △
to the hilt and all the 40-year-old timber cut? The cabin was in
Helen Foley's name and became the property of her children. □

He seemed happiest, walking in his slew-footed gait down △
the corn rows and through the fields flushing a covey of quail,
watching a hawk overhead.

Bolstered up by the admiration and love from all the women
in his life, he felt very lonely after Elizabeth's death. He lived only □

Copy of ...

Chapter IV

John, A Lawyer's View

16 more months, dying after a fall, on his 92nd birthday, August 21, 1971. One of his nephews who saw him in the hospital right before he died, reported that "he did not go gentle into that good night," but was fighting all the way.

As friends came up the brick walk to pay their respects that sultry August day, he would have been pleased to know that the Lady Banksia rose was as elegant as ever, reaching up to the roof of the high-ceilinged front porch. Soon afterwards it died, never again to burst into a mass of saffron-colored powder-puff blooms every spring.

Although 330 Hillsborough would be owned by others, ransacked by bums, sold and resold, and eventually restored to live again, August 21, 1971 was the day the old house died as the House of Hinsdale.

He was the last to be laid out in the parlor with candelabra at head and foot with the array of family portraits looking down on his casket. There were still peacock feathers in the vases on the mantle, though they were dusty. Since Elizabeth's death in spring a year before, there had been no one to keep up the parlor's elegance. Of course, the casket was locked by order of his surviving youngest sister, Annie Hinsdale Joslin, age 88, of Raleigh, who firmly refused to let the last of John's lady friends come in and have a final look. The rascally, debonair bachelor brother, who had had an utter disregard for the conventions rigidly adhered to by the other members of his family, was taken from the parlor to Christ Church which he seldom attended, and then to Oakwood Cemetery to be buried alongside the grave of his sister Nell who had always loved him.

It is only fair to give another view of John Hinsdale. These are the remarks made by Attorney Robert L. McMillan, Jr., some forty years younger than the older lawyer. The occasion was the annual commemorative Memorial Meeting of the Wake County Bar Association, on March 6, 1972 at which all the former members who had died the preceding year were honored:

John W. Hinsdale

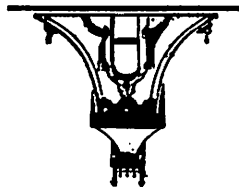
"John W. Hinsdale was born August 21, 1879. The Hinsdale home then stood in a grove of trees near the present site of Lewis School. At that time, Peace Street had not been laid out and Glenwood Avenue, commonly known as Saunders Street, came to a dead end approximately at the point where it intersects Peace Street. His parents were Colonel John W. Hinsdale and Ellen Devereux Hinsdale.

"The family moved to the house at 330 Hillsborough Street in 1890 when he was eleven years old. As a boy, John W. Hinsdale attended Saint Mary's School, which at that time was opened to both boys and girls. He also attended the Morson and Denson Academy for boys for the equivalent of his high school training.

"He attended the University of North Carolina as an undergraduate where he was a member of the Zeta Psi Fraternity. He also attended law school there and graduated in 1901.

"Following his admission to the Bar, he practiced law in Raleigh with his father, Colonel John W. Hinsdale, for several years before setting up practice on his own. The greater part of his time as a lawyer, he maintained his separate office and practice.

"He was active in local politics and served as the attorney for the City of Raleigh in the 1920's. He served two terms in the State Senate from Wake County during the terms of 1931 and



1933. He was a leader in the fight against the imposition of the sales tax, preferring instead a luxury tax.

△ "He died on his 92nd birthday, August 21, 1971, after an illness of approximately one month. He kept his law office open until the last.

△ "He is survived by an older sister, Mrs. Margaret H. Engelhard, of Louisville, Kentucky, now age 99, and an younger sister, Mrs. Annie H. Joslin, of Raleigh, and a number of nieces, nephews, great nieces and great nephews.

△ "His name brings to mind different visions to different people. Some are reminded of the Victorian house on Hillsborough Street. Some, knowing the Devereux connection, think of Glenwood and Devereux Meadow. Some see the gracious and courtly elderly lawyer of recent years whom we saw strolling from Hillsborough Street to his offices on Salisbury Street.

□ "To others, he was a devoted brother, uncle, or friend. Too, he was the son of Colonel Hinsdale of Bentonville fame. But, as was Billy Pemberton in O'Henry's story, he was long ago "emancipated" and many times a man in his own right.

"Some of you will recall this man's courageous but losing fight against the sales tax during the depression. Some will recall him as City Attorney. All who can harken back a few years will recall him as a capable and staunch advocate—a worthy and formidable opponent.

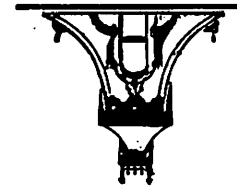
"To me, the name brings to mind other names: Jones & Brassfield; Pou & Emmanuel; Douglass & Douglass; Simms & Simms; Bunn & Arendell; Royal, Gosney & Smith; Bailey & Holding; Biggs & Broughton; J.C. Little; and other distinguished names at the Bar. These visions invoked are, perhaps, hazed with the aura and romance of time. But there were great lawyers in this

△ group, and he was one of them.

"Most, however, to me the name calls to mind an exceptionally well read and well informed student of history and humanity. His sense of humor was always keen and fresh. His store of anecdotes was unexcelled. He was better informed on a broader range of subjects than any man of my acquaintance.

"And lastly, I am moved and honored that I was asked to present remarks in John Hinsdale's memory. Though we were separated by many years, he was my dear friend."

Signed: Robert McMillan



Chapter V

The House

The Wake County Historical Society on Sunday, October 29, 1967 held a tour of several old Raleigh homes to raise funds for the preservation of historical sites in the area. This is their description of the Dodd-Hinsdale House, 330 Hillsborough Street, Hosts: Mr. John Hinsdale and Mrs. John Winfree. □ + □

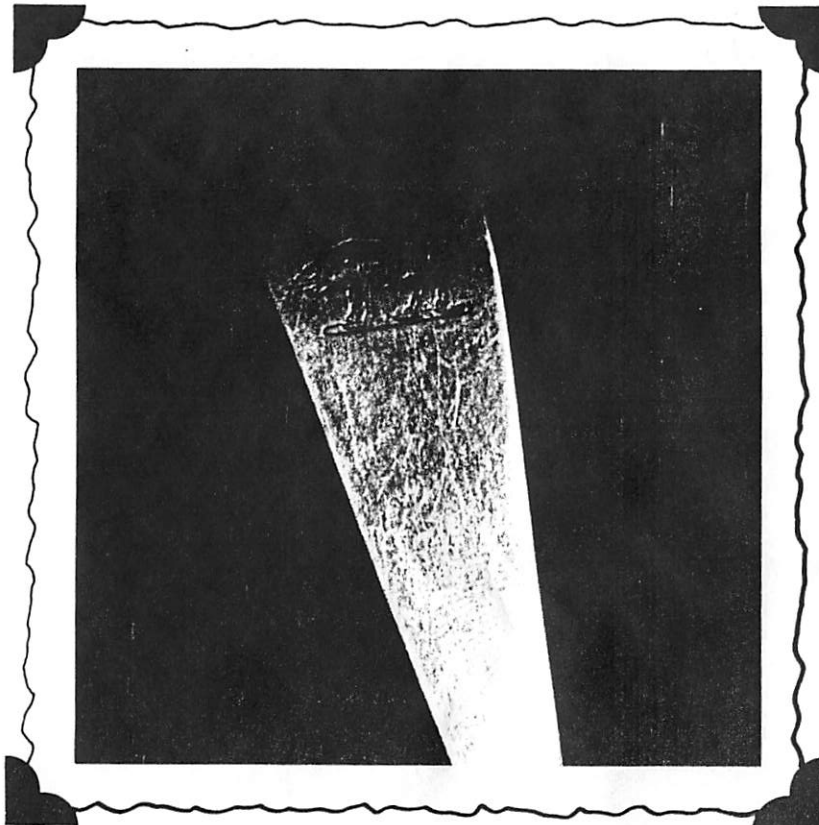
This unique and much admired house was built in the late 1870's by Mayor William Henry Dodd or a member of his family associated with Thomas Briggs as a builder and contractor. It was bought by Colonel John Hinsdale in 1890. □

This house is described as General Grant style in American terminology or Second Empire style of Napoleon III in France, with "Italianate" detailing especially observed in the bracketed eaves. The elaborate porches are also "Italianate." Another Second Empire characteristic is the mansard roof appearing sometimes concave and other times convex. It appears here in the tower in the concave form.

The interior of the house follows a typical "double pile" of rooms on each side of a central hallway. The hall gives horizontal circulation to the front and back of the house and vertical circulation to the second floor, dividing the house into two parts. This plan is typical of many periods of design of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

The present owners of the house, Mr. Hinsdale and Mrs. Winfree, are descendants of Colonial Governor Thomas Pollock. □ □ □ Pollock and his brother were extremely wealthy landowners with numerous plantations in the eastern section of the colony and on the Roanoke River. These descended to Frances Pollock, the Governor's granddaughter, and other members of the Pollock △

Silver spoon with boar crest



△ family. Frances married John Devereux, who had been shipwrecked off the coast of North Carolina and made his way to New Bern, where he remained as merchant and exporter.

The house has changed little in the last decades. The kitchen was removed from its isolated spot in the backyard, baths have been added and electricity installed. The decorative plaster ceilings, thirteen feet high, remain and books still line the library walls. In the front parlor are Victorian rosewood sofas, a square straight chair descended from Governor Pollock, period side chairs, a dark blue carpet on highly polished floors, family portraits in gilt frames, and floral wall paper. The beautifully proportioned dining room contains an eighteenth century cherry knifebox, antique china brought over in clipper ships, a banquet table, an

□ antique mahogany sideboard (made for John Devereux) laden with antique silver and silver bearing the family crest. The Pollock (Pollok) coat of arms carries the figure of a wild boar. An ancestor having saved a British king from death during a wild boar hunt, was awarded the symbol of the boar for his family crest.

△+□ Family portraits include Frances, the wife of John Devereux, a □ Sully portrait of her brother George Pollock, and one of her sons, □ Thomas Pollock Devereux in waistcoat and stock with steel-rimmed glasses on his forehead. Other interesting items in the □ house are a walnut table from the Joel Lane house and a pair of porcelain vases supposedly bought at the Tuilleries by an ancestor.

(Repeating some of this information is an article published on the front page of *The News & Observer's* Section IV—

□ Women's Society News on Sunday, October 22, 1967 by Betsy Marsh, who not only wrote an interesting article but knew whereof she wrote having been born in Raleigh):

330 Hillsborough Holds Out for Heritage

330 Hillsborough St. is a striking townhouse of tomato-red brick, with a neat picket fence, brick walk and manicured hedges.

Uniquely Victorian, its most beguiling feature is a remote Charles Addams turret crowning its uppermost peak. Several years ago Mrs. John Winfree became aware of an unseemly number of sidewalk onlookers, who would pause, peer up at the turret, and punch other. □

“What are they looking at?” Mrs. Winfree one day asked her maid.

“Oh, Mrs. Winfree,” she explained, “the Holy Rollies think the debil's up there.” □

As far as she knows, the devil's not. And neither is anyone else. But the story does characterize the anecdotal material that has swirled around this fine fin de siecle townhouse, that has stood its ground while other Hillsborough Street townhouses have given way to motels and offices and service stations. Standing as lone sentinel has made it musing material for casual strangers and architects, who according to their turn of mind, think about the twin porches, on which a summer party could have been a montage of handlebar mustaches and Gibson Girl gowns, or about the magnificently high ceilings and moldings that must be features of the interior.

It has stood its lone sentinel—a Victorian formality in a Mustang-and-Metrecaal age—with the same family which moved into it 70 years ago. The style of life has changed little. The family silver—engraved with the crest of one of their ancestors, a colonial governor—is laid for breakfast at eight every morning for Mrs. Winfree and her brother, John Hinsdale. □+□

John Hinsdale, their lawyer father, bought the house in 1890, 11 years after it was built. And into the stately residence three blocks from the State Capitol, he moved his wife, four daughters and two sons. Elizabeth married John Winfree, moved to Richmond, was widowed within a year, and returned to the home. She has never left. Another daughter, Nell, died last year. □+□

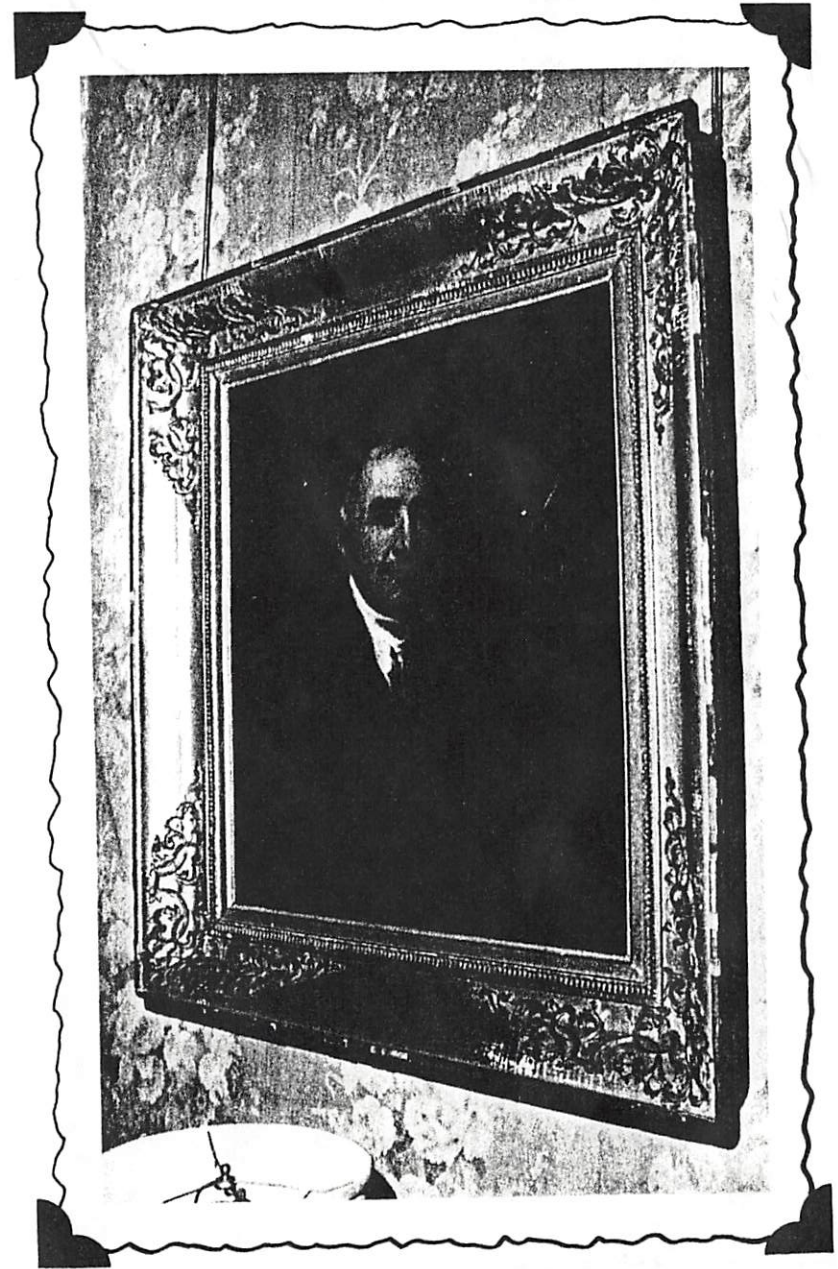
- Another, Mrs. H.V. Joslin, was married, bore children, and now widowed, makes her home on West Park Drive.

The family traces its ancestry back to plantations on the Roanoke River, to a great-great-grandmother who, herself, was a granddaughter of one of the State's colonial governors, Thomas Pollock. An afternoon champagne party, which celebrated Mrs. Winfree's 90th birthday on July 5, 1967, brought relatives from up and down the Eastern seaboard. It is an understood fact that at the demise of a member of the family, he/she is brought home to be buried from Christ Church, and from the big house.

The big house has changed little in seven decades. The female descendants of the fragile-looking Hinsdale women have toasted their new bridegrooms under the same high ceilings, and ornate plaster decorations carved in the ceiling center 70 years before. "Those plaster things," Mrs. Winfree said in her thin but clear voice, "were printed in colors when we moved in, Mama did have them changed."

Baths were added, and as a matter of course and city fire laws, the kitchen was removed from its isolated spot in the back yard. But the Hinsdale women had a rather amusing tug of war with Papa over whether electricity would ever come to their home. "We had those awful kerosene lamps," one said with a delicate sniff. "Finally he said he would allow electricity, ONLY along the front of the house."

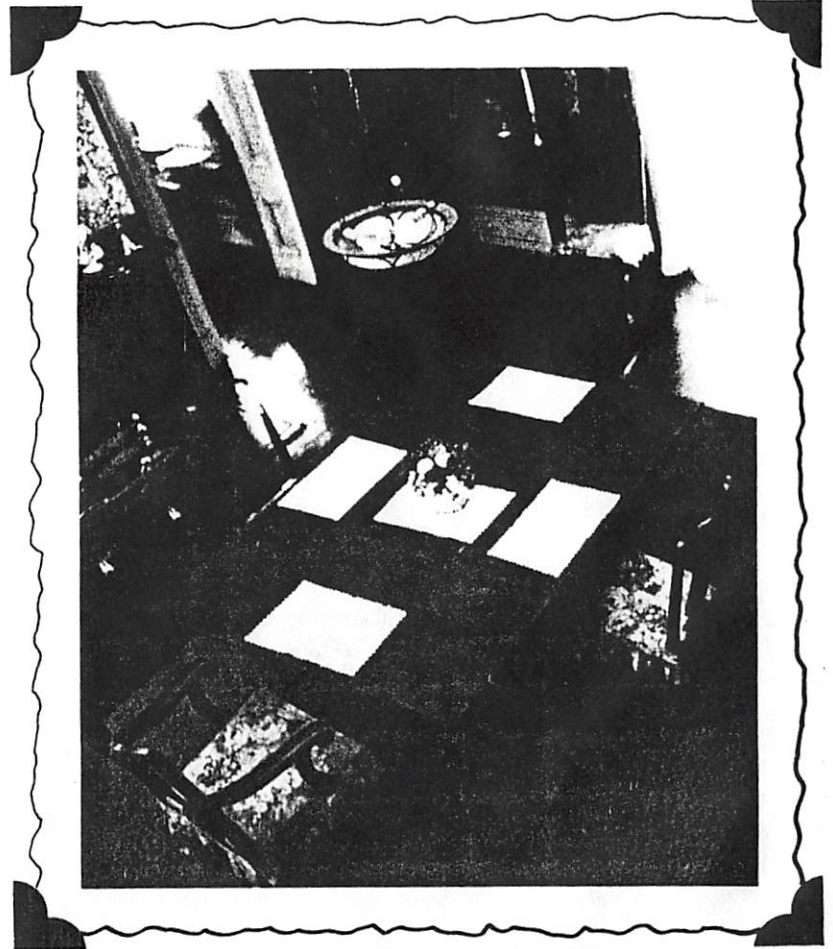
△ *Portrait of George Pollock*
□ *by Thomas Sully*





Portrait of Thos. Devereux

The dining room in grand readiness



✓

The neighboring homes that once stood behind the maples that line the surrounding block of Hillsborough Street, have given way to a motel, a law office, and the Baptist State Convention building. But 330 remains—an anachronism, not old, not young, but a holdout for a gracious way of living. Behind the facade of the Victorian townhouse, the ceilings are of the height that causes real estate agents to grow lyrical, a lofty 13 feet. There is dimness, lace curtains, engravings that are brown with age, and, in the front hall, hangs a picture of “father, who was the youngest colonel in the Confederate Army.”

The front left parlor is straight out of a Henry James novel: Victorian rosewood sofas, period side chairs, a dark blue carpet, highly polished floors, a myriad of family portraits in gilt frames, floral wall paper and a chair which belonged to Governor Pollock. Only a Hinsdale could straighten out all the family ties. But the solemn portraiture throughout the living and dining room tells the history. It all started with John Devereux, who was apparently, a very dashing Irishman.

He was a merchant, and his ship was smashed on the rocks off the North Carolina coast near New Bern. He came ashore, sought refuge in the town, and there married the granddaughter of Thomas Pollock. A portrait of Frances Pollock shows her at a later age. To her left there is a likeness of Thomas Devereux, a gentleman in waistcoat and stock, with steelrimmed glasses pushed up on his domed forehead.

Finest of all is a portrait by Sully. Several years ago, art academicians representing the Frick Museum, one of the finest small museums in the country, toured the South seeking and authenticating art. They visited the house and saw this painting of George Pollock, brother to Frances.

The beautifully proportioned dining room also attests to the family history. Unedited, personal, it is filled with portraits of John

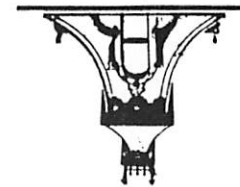
Hinsdale, and Thomas Devereux, and cabinets of antique china, brought over in Clipper ships. There are cabinets, a big banquet table, and a huge antique mahogany sideboard, laden with antique silver. The sideboard was made for the handsome John Devereux, a merchant who imported rum to Boston. There is the family silver, with its crests worn thin from years of use.

And there are stories, wonderful stories.

There is a magnificent 18th century cherry knifebox, though they usually come in pairs. Someone once stored beans in the other. When dampness entered the air, the beans exploded. And likewise the knifebox.

But, along with the stories, 330 has so many beautiful objects, a missing knifebox goes unnoticed.

The Hinsdale House is one of several old Raleigh homes which will be open to the public, October 29, 1967 from 1 to 6 p.m.



Chapter VI

Continuing Fortune of the Hinsdale House

The Dodd-Hinsdale house has been constantly in the newspapers.

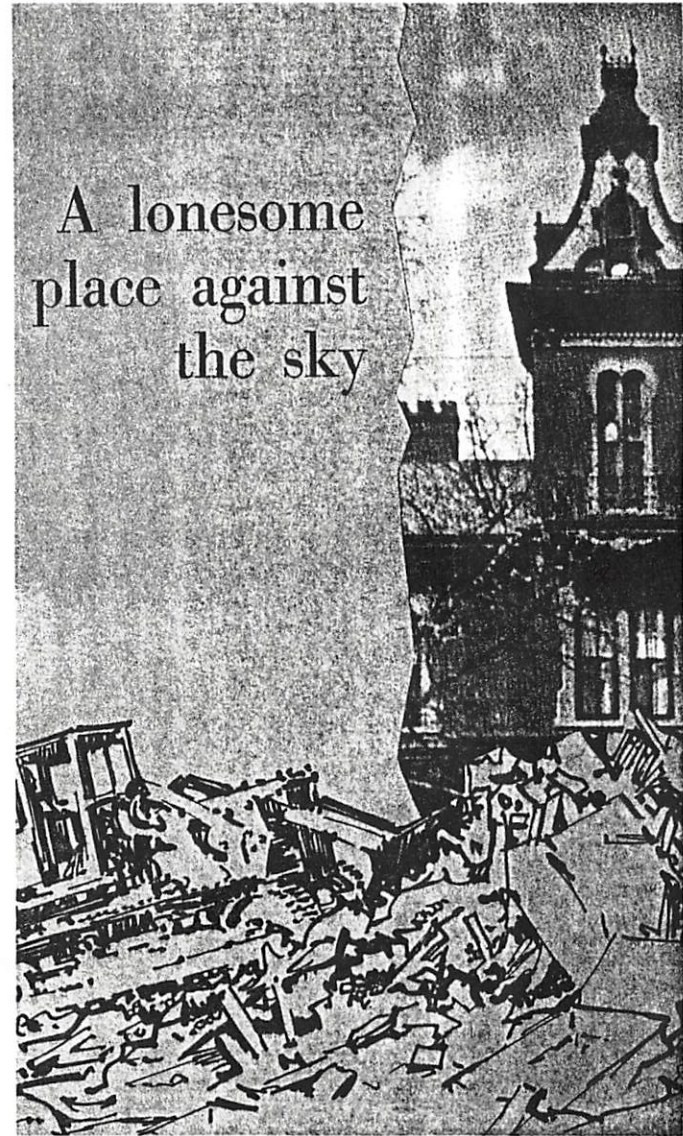
Six definitive photographs by Duane Paris and an article titled: "330 Holds Out for Heritage," by Betsy Marsh appeared on the front of section IV of *The News & Observer*, Sunday, October 22, 1967. This was written in connection with a tour of 8 historic homes, sponsored by the Wake County Historical Society.

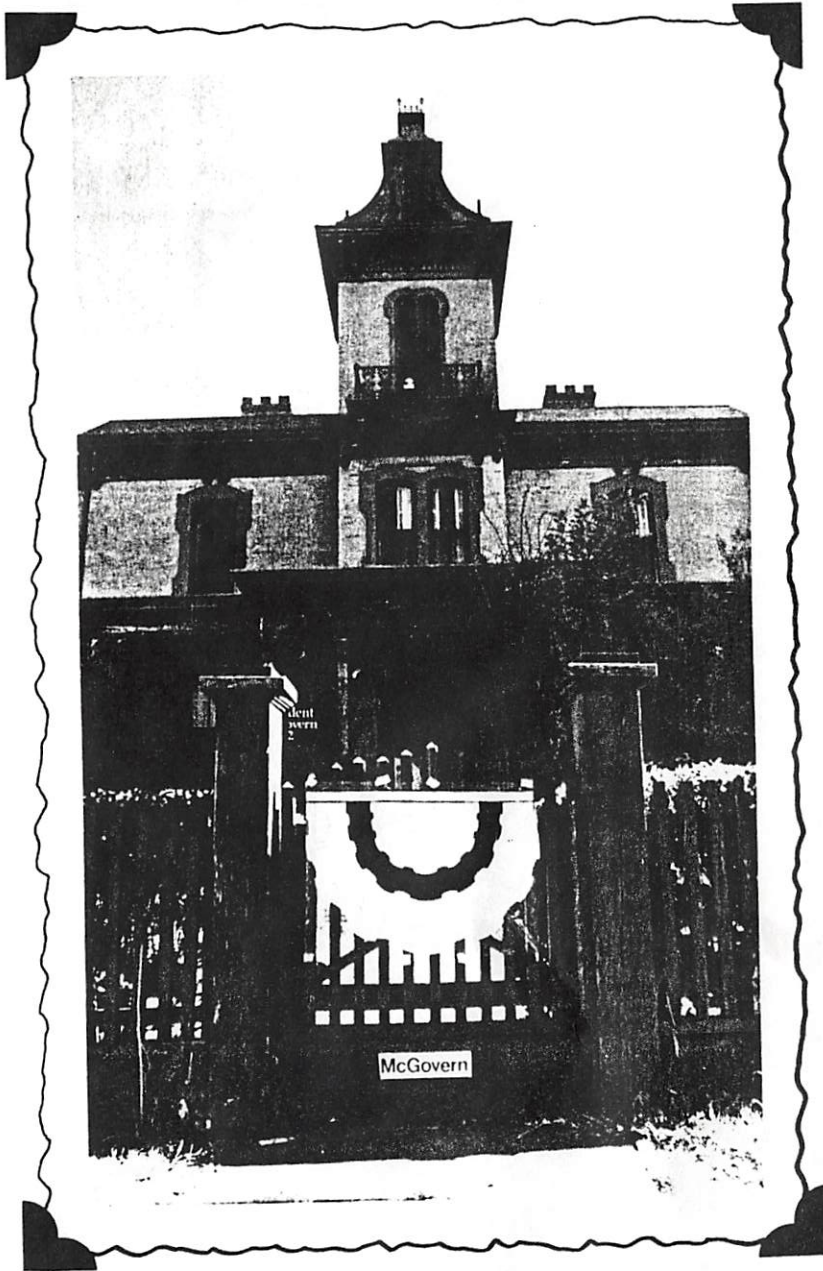
A picture on the front page of *The Raleigh Times*, shortly thereafter showed 330's new neighbor, the soon-to-be opened (in 1969) Holiday Inn alongside the Hinsdale House. "They stand, the old and the new and yet they know an age difference of 90 years. The Hinsdale home, built in 1879 is a stark contrast to the new Holiday Inn...but both are a part of everchanging Hillsborough Street."

Prefaced by a letter, dated May 27, 1971, from Governor Robert W. Scott to Dr. H.G. Jones, Director of the North Carolina Department of Archives and History, a handsome 36-page booklet was published with an arresting picture on its cover of the Hinsdale house threatened by a bulldozer. The house is in color, rosy brick with green trim; budding trees stand against a blue sky with a single white cloud. The bulldozer is superimposed very effectively and is in dull gray and black. The caption is: "A Lonesome Place Against the Sky," (from Edwin Markham "...as when a lordly cedar, green with boughs, goes down with a great shout upon the hills, and leaves a lonesome place against the sky.")

Edited by Lee Wilder, the contents concern Historic Preservation.

The next mention in print was a very detailed description of 330 Hillsborough in the *Southern Antiques and Interiors*, Summer





1972, Volume 1, No. 2, Section 2, with photographs of the Dodd-Hinsdale House and the Heck-Andrews House, titled "North Carolina's Remaining Second Empire Victorian Homes Are But Few." This gives an excellent architectural record of the house before decay and neglect marred it.

In July 1972, George McGovern's North Carolina campaign for the presidency signed a \$250-a-month lease on the 12-room Hinsdale House, and planned to use this as headquarters. The first McGovern trimmings went up on the front almost immediately.

On May 2, 1973 the Hinsdale House was condemned by the city inspectors as unsafe. Chief Housing Inspector Beal Bartholomew had a sign posted on the vacant house, since he stated it could be broken into easily and was a fire hazard.

Again the Hinsdale House was on the front page of *The Raleigh Times*, May 19, 1975, with a description of what the last two years had brought to the supposedly uninhabited house. The staff writer, A.O. Sulzberger, Jr. wrote: "The contrast between the 20-story modern Holiday Inn and the Hinsdale House couldn't be sharper. . ."

"Here's quite a contrast, too, between the people who stay in these buildings.

"The other morning, about the same time that the hotel's guests were climbing out of their comfortable beds, Curtis 'Alabama' Spriggins crawled out from under the porch where he had spent the night at the old house.

"Inside, another man was sleeping on the springs of a bed amid the stench of urine and broken bottles that litter the floor.

"The once-elegant Victorian house has come a long way down since it was built 96 years ago. Until the owners died a few years ago, the old house and the large yard were well-maintained. There have even been some efforts to make sure the house is preserved.

□ “About the few men who drift in and out, attorney William Joslin said, ‘We’ve had to drive them off a couple of times.’ Joslin’s family are among the heirs of the house.

“Four times the house has been boarded shut. The most recent effort was two weeks ago, and intruders are now confined to the kitchen area, a porch and the garage.

□ “I can’t get in since they nailed it up,’ said Alabama. ‘It’s a nice house inside. There used to be a lot of people living in there, black and white.’

“The guest list was down to three Thursday.’

“When you’ve got nowhere to sleep, you’ve got to sleep somewhere,’ explained a transient as he awoke in the darkness of a room whose windows had been boarded over. ‘When you’re surviving, it ain’t a question of likes and dislikes.’”

Six weeks later on July 1, 1975, another front page story in *The Raleigh Times* with the caption “Mansion’s splendor ripped

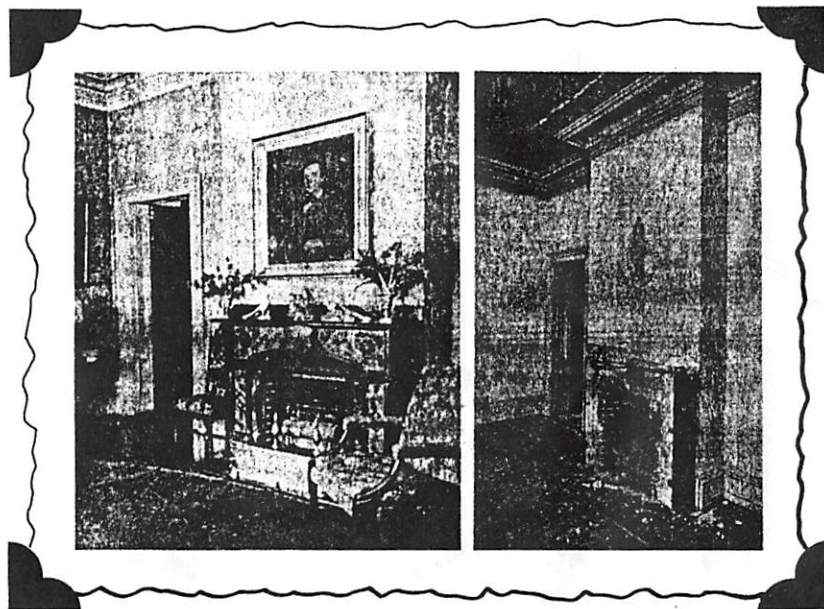
away” was illustrated with before and after photographs of “the parlor’s fireplace in better days and this morning after vandalism.”

“A unique marble mantel that once graced an elegant room in a now-crumbling downtown mansion has been stolen. Only peeling paint and barren plaster decorate the room in the Dodd-Hinsdale house that just 10 years ago was richly furnished with Victorian furniture. . . But the fireplaces weren’t the only parts of the house on Hillsborough Street that have been hit by vandals.

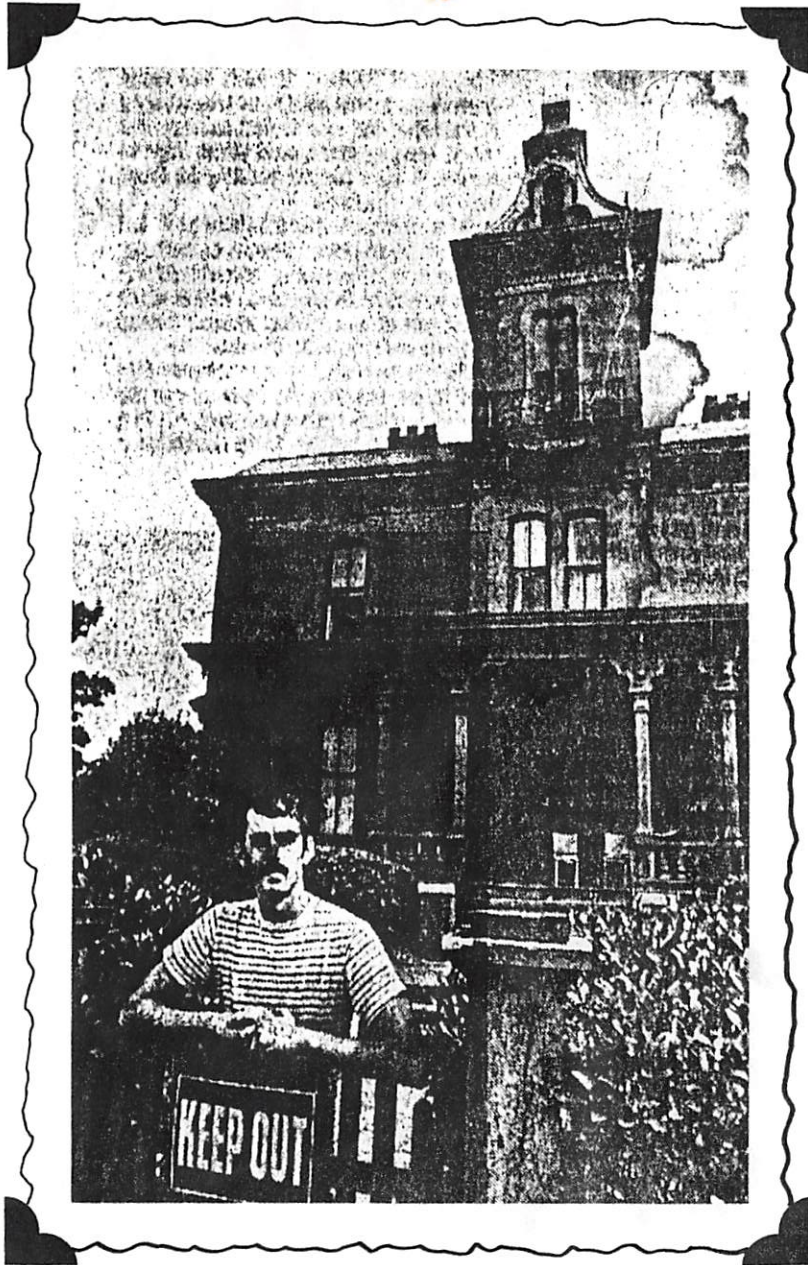
“Several windows have been broken and boarded up, and part of the built-in bookshelves ripped out. Wine bottles and fallen plaster litter the once gleaming floors in the 94 year old house.

“Joslin said he has no estimate of the damage. ‘It’s pretty bad. It’s just something that creeps up on you,’ he said. A burglar alarm was installed but vandals took the batteries out.” □

Shortly afterwards Attorney William Joslin, who was in charge of the house, said Charles A. Poe, Jr., of Raleigh, who was □



*Dodd-Hinsdale fireplace in better days
and after vandalism*



interested in preserving the property had moved in as a guardian. A story by E.J. Parkins of the *Times*: □

“The property was a beehive of activity Sunday as Poe and about 20 friends threw a combination clean-up, keg-party. Hedges were trimmed, the lawn mowed and windows replaced. Most of the work is cosmetic. ‘All they’re doing is trying to keep the place from deteriorating,’ said Bill Joslin. □

“Poe moved in about two weeks ago after vandals broke in and pried off polished stone faces of fireplaces and carried off the mantle. . . . Meanwhile, the unofficial guests who made the house their home during the night and moved out during the day, have moved on.”

In answer to an inquiry, Chuck (Charles Poe) wrote in April 1986 about his first night as caretaker: “That very first night was scary. I locked myself in the upstairs bedroom with my shotgun and listened to the winos in the hall all night. . . . I had to unboard the house and replace many windows, including the round-topped ones in the ‘tippy-top.’ (Bill paid for that.) When I moved out in October, Bill and Rick Umstead moved in for many months! All of us have many tales to tell.” Signed “Chuck.” □

Chuck Poe stands behind the front gate with notice to trespassers □

For the next three years various interested groups were planning how to acquire the house and restore it, but nothing concrete came about. Meanwhile on February 4, 1978, the rear of the building was damaged by fire, which fire officials thought was set accidentally by the vagrants who often inhabited it. Without a guardian inhabiting the house, the migrants soon found their way back.

The Dodd-Hinsdale house faced a new deadline. A story by □
□ Johanna Seltz, *The News & Observer*, April 24, 1978: "The ravaged Victorian landmark would have either to be repaired to bring it up to the city code by June 12, 1978 or demolished at the □
□ owners' expense. J. Beal Bartholomew, the city housing inspector supervisor said, "I would like to see the house restored as much as anyone, but it's gotten to the point where you just can't leave it sitting there. Structurally it's about as sound as any you could build today, but inside, well, the code identifies it as unsafe."

"Preservationists have been trying to save the Dodd-Hinsdale house since the early 1970s. The red-brick structure with its ornate brackets and tall cupola graces the cover of many state preservation booklets and has been called a symbol of preservation in the state."

The city council delayed for six months a hearing on whether the house should be declared a hazard and demolished. However, on June 15, 1978, burglary charges were brought in Wake District □
□ Court Against Kjeil Kristiansen, 31, of Durham and Joanne B. Peisel, 26, of the same address for malicious damage to property in that they were found by police officers removing a banister from the unoccupied Hinsdale house. □
□ Kristiansen pleaded guilty to damage to property, a misdemeanor, paid \$1,200 for damages and was given a four-month suspended jail sentence and two years probation by Judge □
□ S. Pretlow Winborne.

In an article by Johanna Seltz, *The News & Observer*, □
August 10, 1978 "Private Groups Look into Purchase of Dodd-Hinsdale House." William Joslin said August 9 that he was talking □
with two private groups who were interested in buying the house. □

Raleigh lawyers Robert A. Hassell and Norman L. Sloan □
were the prospective buyers for the Hinsdale house and they were clamping down on vagrants. They had hired the John T. Shipman □
Detective Agency, Inc., of Raleigh to guard the house they had agreed to purchase for \$145,000.

Several vagrants discovered in the house had been directed to leave. No date had been set for closing the deal between the John W. Hinsdale heirs and Hassell and Sloan. The buyers said □
they were planning an extensive rehabilitation of the landmark, which would be the new home of their law firm and another law firm.

However, this was not to be. Several weeks after putting the house under guard this story in October by Johanna Seltz in *The News & Observer* tells the denouement: "Bank kills Dodd-Hinsdale plans—The victim of soaring interest rates, the beleaguered Dodd-Hinsdale House is left once again with its future up in the air . . . The two lawyers have spent about \$7,000 on the project and explained 'We have had to face an apparent inability of the lending institution to commit to long-term financing of the total project.'"

Dramatically, just before demolition was scheduled on Jan. 17, 1979, on Jan. 3, 1979, Johanna Seltz, N&O's the Hinsdale □
House's faithful reporter: "Like a cat that's working on its full quota of lives, the historic Dodd-Hinsdale House has been saved.

"This time the building's rescuer was Barbara Barber Campbell □
of Lake Charles, La., who bought the century-old home for \$140,000 Tuesday from the heirs to the Hinsdale estate. Mrs. Campbell also bought the lot at 325 W. Edenton Street behind □

the house for \$21,000.

☐ "Mrs. Campbell said she plans to restore the house and grounds for a private residence and 'a display site (not a shop) for North Carolina products old and new.'"

☐ An item in *The Raleigh Times* three weeks later, Feb. 14, 1979, stated that Barbara Barber Campbell plans to live in the brick Gothic mansion for part of the year. Contractors have already started to repair and restore the 101-year-old mansion. She said it should be completely restored in 18 months.

☐ → ☐ A photo in *The News & Observer*, May 1979, showed two workmen, David Patterson and Abe Nail, on a high scaffold scraping peeling paint off the molding of the cupola of the Dodd-Hinsdale house.

☐ During the next three years there was evidence of work being done on the Hinsdale house sporadically. Mrs. Campbell did not come to live there and a Hallowe'en ghost story in *The Raleigh Times*, Oct. 31, 1980 starts:

"The house is deserted. Windows are broken and doors are padlocked. The foreboding (chain link) fence and the dark tower on the roof give the Dodd-Hinsdale house an eerie air. No wonder some claim the place is haunted by a woman who, after leaving the house in anger, plunged to her death off Chimney Rock . . ."

☐ Evidently Barbara Campbell had lost interest in her Raleigh project because she failed to make the yearly payment of \$25,600 due Jan. 2, 1982. This placed the 104-year-old house on the auction block April 21, 1982.

An inspiring editorial in *The Raleigh Times*, April 20, 1982, on the eve of the auction hoped that there would be "An Angel with Checkbook" to save the Hinsdale House the next day at auction.

☐ But no, Attorney William Joslin, grandson of the late ☐ Ellen Devereux Hinsdale bought the house at a noon auction,

his bid being \$108,226.52. Anyone in the next 10 days could attempt to upset Joslin's bid. Joslin said the \$108,226.52 would cover Mrs. Campbell's debt of about \$104,000 and the \$4,000 ☐ cost of the foreclosure. ☐

☐ On May 11, 1982, a Raleigh Times story tells that Clifton L. Benson, Raleigh businessman bid \$113,687.85 for the Hinsdale house, just before time ran out for bids to upset the previous high bid made for the house during the previous foreclosure auction on April 21.

But there was to be further action.

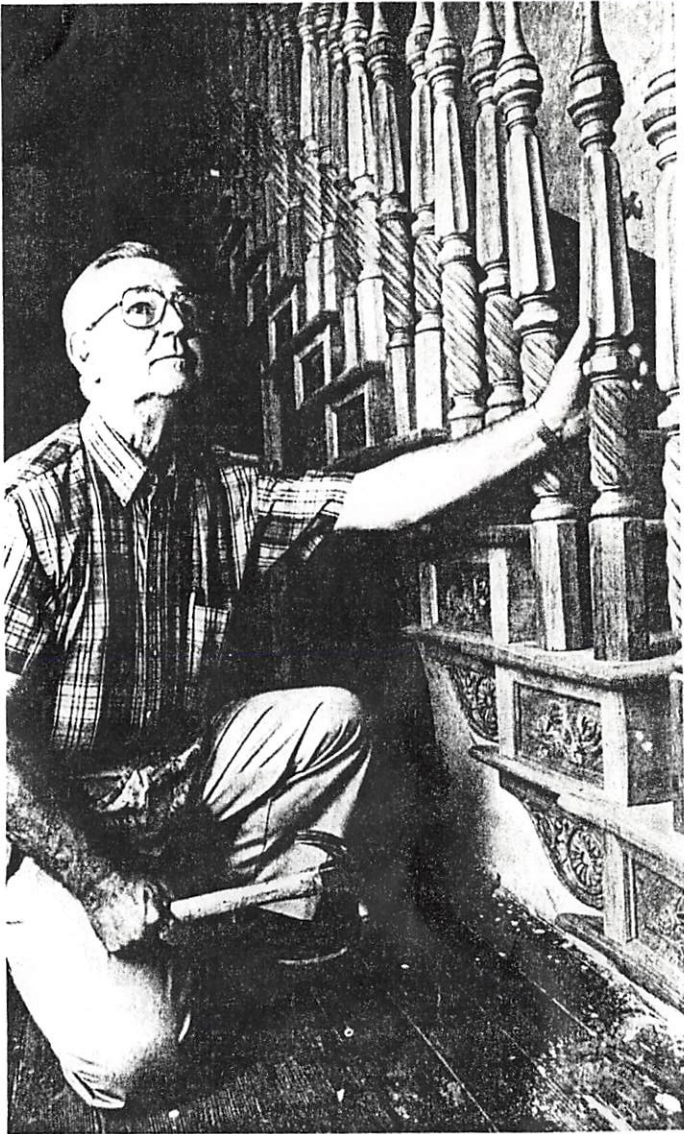
☐ On May 20, 1982 an unidentified party raised the bid for the historic Hinsdale House to \$120,600. Martin L. "Chuck" Wachtel made the bid during the second foreclosure auction but declined to identify the party he represents. ☐

Wachtel, who made a \$6,080 deposit on the house, would not say how his client planned to use the house or if it would be destroyed.

A city building permit for about \$29,000 was secured and this was for some exterior work to be done to the Hinsdale House and for shoring the building up for the winter. The work was done in November and December, 1982.

☐ A photograph in *The Raleigh Times*, January 25, 1983, shows continued work going on at the Hinsdale House. Brothers Tim and Mark Ellington are fixing the top roof. Another picture ☐ + ☐ on January 29, 1983, titled "Old and new," shows the steeple of the Hinsdale House standing in sharp contrast to the modern Holiday Inn in the background. The caption repeats: "Its future remains a mystery, and that an attorney bought it last year for unidentified owners for an undisclosed purpose."

There was evidence of activity at 330 Hillsborough when a mobile home moved onto the Hinsdale House property early in 1984, and as the weather grew warm the tightly closed front door

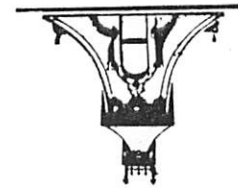


was left ajar. Judy Bolch, the feature editor of *The Raleigh Times* decided to have a look. She found the artisan George Rickman busy at work fashioning a Victorian-style staircase, more elaborate, more intricate than its predecessor. In her story in *The Raleigh Times*, July 31, 1984, she wrote:

“Its 300 black walnut bannisters will be delicately curved, fluted and turreted, its handrail as solid as old money. Along side each step will bloom hand-carved roses and sunflowers. Even the back of each step will be beautiful, shaped to follow the way lines of its sides.

George Rickman, the owner of the mobile home says that “for the next two years, he estimates, he’ll spend his days and many of his nights on the house’s staircase and mill work.” The projected cost of the staircase is \$75,000.

And yet, the most recent owner and ultimate use for the Dodd-Hinsdale house remain a secret.



George Rickman ponders the long task at hand

Chapter VII

The Banksia Rose

The old man slowly measured his way down the twenty six steps, contemptuous of the elevator chair. No one used it now since his two sisters were dead. It wasn't the steps that wearied him and gave his chin that set look; it was his imperfect false teeth, and his bifocals bothered him too. The steps were familiar. His bedroom had been the left back one on the second floor of the old high-ceilinged house ever since he could remember and he was now ninety-one.

But he was used to having his younger sister, Nell, call after him: "John, please turn on your hearing aid. John, please watch what you eat for lunch. John, please remember your ulcer." It was his older sister, Elizabeth, who remonstrated with him over flagging down the bus, midway of the block. She also was scolding: "John, you forgot to bolt the door when you came in last night."

Now no one cared what he did. And it had been fun in the old days to eat barbecue at the little greasy lunchroom near his law office on Salisbury Street. He had cheated on his diet time after time, and Nell and Elizabeth had nursed him through his ulcer attacks. Careless of his health, he the wild oat of the family, had outlived both of his discreet sisters.

Down the steps he wavered to the high front door, took off the night latch and slowly stooped to pick up the newspaper. With a sigh he sank into his old arm chair in the library, switched on the lamp in the dark, shuttered room and began to pore over the paper. Soon he lost interest; no one he knew any more in politics, and no use to read the obituaries when all his friends were already dead. He dropped the paper onto the pile on the unswept floor. The room had not changed since his sisters had kept house, and yet it

looked more desolate this morning. The once crisp curtains hung dankly in the bay window and the dust obscured the photographs on the mantel. There was a fine film over the glass bookcases enclosing sets of Thomas Hardy, Dickens, Scott, Bulwer-Lytton and other English worthies. The large picture of Stonewall Jackson's last meeting with General Lee faded into the almost colorless Victorian wallpaper. Several volumes of the 1920 edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica were piled haphazardly on the table where he had left them. Nowadays, the encyclopedia was his favorite reading.

He sat still for a minute, unaware of the cheerlessness and neglect in the room, thinking of what he had to do next. He stroked his chin; yes, he had remembered to shave. He brushed at his narrow lapels. He knew they were unfashionable but the rusty brown suit was still good enough for wearing to the office. Yes, his suit needed to go to the cleaners; never mind, he would take it when he took some of the dirty shirts piled in the corner of his bedroom. He wasn't hungry but he knew he must eat for strength to get to the office five blocks away. He pulled himself out of the arm chair and advanced to the hall, where he stopped and peered intently into the parlor.

The clouded mirror by the door showed a thin, old man with a thatch of white hair, long aquiline nose and sunken eyes. He did not notice the mirror but murmured in a preoccupied way, "It's waiting for me," breathing heavily. Always the bodies of the family were laid out in the parlor. The casket in the middle of the room with candelabra at head and foot and flowers banked in the bay window. In the obscurity of the tightly shuttered room he could barely see the peacock feathers on the mantel.

"They're bad luck," and he shook his head, unable to see why. Now he turned on the light and looked at the

Copied for John Wetmore Hensdale, Jr

Grandfathers and their prematurely aged wives, judicious looking relatives and prim women in caps. Only one of them pleased him, a bachelor uncle who had a spirited look, unrestrained curly brown hair, merry brown eyes and broad, long sideburns. "Yes, I took after him." But his uncle had died early. The story went that he had stayed up all night drinking with his friends and then had gone duck hunting at dawn. In the boat he had risen abruptly to shoot at a mallard and was killed by a companion shooting from the rear of the boat.

Then the old man began to think of her, of Helen, and how he had insisted that she, too, be brought to this house before burial. His sisters did not demur. If he wanted his mistress of thirty years buried from their house, it should be done.

Her picture was still on his disordered dresser. She had big dark eyes and a cloud of dark long hair. Before he had fallen in love with Helen there had been others. Out of respect, and with a fierce determination for privacy, he had never discussed with either Nell or Elizabeth any of his mysterious phone calls or sudden unexplained trips.

There had always been a woman to cluck over him. Even his mother had shown a preference for him. But now he had to get his breakfast alone. Turning on a lamp in the dark hall, he made his way methodically to the dining room, by-passing the dining room table for the kitchen. In the refrigerator he took out the only cantaloupe left and an opened carton of milk. There was no modern disposal in the sink, so he opened the window with the torn screen and threw the cantaloupe seed to the cardinals.

He poured himself a glass of milk and ate standing up. The empty milk carton he dropped onto the overflowing trash basket from which issued the sour odor of other used cartons. He'd clean up and take the piled empty Coca-Cola bottles to the store some day.

There was no one to remonstrate with him. He had resented his sisters' solicitude and now he resented having to fend for himself. The habit of going to his run-down law office to escape his sisters was too strong in him, so he squared his thinned shoulders and started forth. It was with an effort that he did not call out in the silent house, "I'm off."

On the porch, from habit he ran his hand inside the mailbox. It was too early for the postman and besides he had never gotten anything but bills here at home. When Helen had been away she had always written him at the office. The light fragrance of the blooming Lady Banksia rose at the steps came to him on the spring breeze. Suddenly the memory of Helen enveloped him. She had loved the small saffron-yellow rosettes of this plant and had gotten him to plant one at their cabin. Her azaleas there and her lilies of the valley would be blooming now, too. He sighed. It was time to plant his vegetable garden beyond the spring behind the cabin, but he knew he wouldn't. Jake, the man who rented the little tenant house, didn't farm; he worked in town at a garage and he couldn't help with his garden.

He'd have to get someone to help him with the cabin. It needed repainting and the roof was leaking. It would get anybody to paint with the hive of bees settled behind some loose siding of the cabin. Probably a lot of honey was stored in the cracks, but he didn't mind. He believed in live and let live and left them alone. He loved the cabin and its memories. The inside of the cabin was drab since the bright pattern had faded from the chintz curtains Helen had put up so long ago. She had furnished the cabin, all but the cabinet that held his collection of arrowheads.

As he lifted the latch to the gate, he looked back at the house. The dark green trim of the tomato-red brick structure needed painting and the iron railing around the turret looked rusty. He did not notice. He was thinking how Helen had been intrigued by

Copied from the original manuscript, p.

□ this fourth storey cupola. She had heard it was haunted.

△ + □ He kept telling her there was a dangerous rickety ladder to the tower and nothing was up there but an old locked trunk, △ undisturbed since the broken body of Aunt Lolly had been found at the foot of the Chimney Rock cliff. Everyone had whispered "suicide" but no one had come out with it in the open. It had been a politer age then, he thought.

□ + △ Helen had wanted to know more about Aunt Lolly. All he △ knew was what he had overheard his parents say: "She can't stay △ here. She sets too bad an example for the children." She had left in △ a huff calling out as the hired carriage pulled off, "I'm sick of this △ whole town. I'll send for my trunk when I get settled."

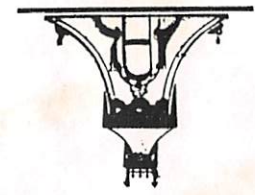
□ + △ Helen had asked why hadn't they opened her trunk. Maybe △ there was a suicide note inside. John had told her that the keys □ were lost; besides, his mother thought her dead sister's secrets should not be divulged.

On an impulse he picked a cluster of the unblemished Lady Banksia flowers, but as he threaded the stem into his button-hole the fragile petals shattered and fell. No matter, he thought, it was a foolish gesture anyway; still he decided he would call Jake at the □ garage and get him to come and take him out to the cabin. That wild cat who had taken up at the empty cabin would be hungry. He'd take her some tins of cat food.

With a surge of energy he started up the porch steps to call Jake. Then suddenly a weight crushed him down, he couldn't △ breathe, he grabbed at a stray rose branch. It slipped out of his fingers as he crumpled in a heap on the steps, murmuring, "Need some brandy."

The last Hinsdale had left the Hinsdale House.

THE END



△ The author, Nell Devereux Joslin Styron was born in the western front bedroom upstairs in the Hinsdale house, and lived △+△ there with her parents Harold and Annie Devereux Hinsdale Joslin until she was three. They then moved to Cameron Park.

It was a second home for the four Joslin children who romped freely through the house. Their cousins the Engelhards and Rebecca (Becky) Hinsdale visited 330 Hillsborough frequently so all future heirs were acquainted, and continued to take great interest in the future of the house. △

The Hinsdales and Their Heirs

△ ^{WET MORE SR} Col. John W. Hinsdale, m. Ellen (Miss Nellie) Mordecai Devereux △

△ Margaret m. △ Samuel ^{SAMUEL JOHNSTON HINSDALE} m. △ Elizabeth ^{ELIZABETH CHRISTOPHERS HINSDALE} m. △ Dr. John M. Winfree - no issue - △ John Hinsdale ^{WET MORE SR} △ Nell Devereux ^{ELLEN DEVEREUX HINSDALE} - no issue - △ Annie Devereux m. ^{ANNIE DEVEREUX HINSDALE} △ Harold Vincent Joslin (Harold d. 1919)

△ Joseph
△ Nell Devereux
△ Margaret
△ Elizabeth
△ Rosabelle

△ John Hinsdale (d. 1927)
△ Rebecca

△ Nell Devereux (ELLEN DEVEREUX JOSLIN)
△ John Devereux JOSLIN
△ William JOSLIN
△ John Hinsdale JOSLIN
△ MARGARET ELIZABETH WILSON DAUGHTER OF FRANCES LAKE PERRY OF THE NATHAN U. I / GILBERT W. CHURCH SUBCLAN

Note repetition of the names John Hinsdale, John Devereux and Nell Devereux.
All Nells were named Ellen but all preferred to be called Nell.