

The Connector

Newsletter of the Tar River Connections Genealogical Society
Preserving the Past ... for the Future

Spring, 2005

Peggy Strickland & Billie Jo Matthews, Co-Editors

Volume 9 Number 2

Sisters Captured by Indians

Early in the morning in a Fall season of the late 1700s, **Richard Tyner** left his home on **Co[o]dy's** or **Boyd's Creek** in **Elbert Co., GA**, on a hunting expedition. At home were his wife, **Eliza Jane** and several sons and daughters. A few hours after his departure, a band of hostile Indians, probably **Creeks**, made an attack upon the home, and, although the mother and older children fought fearlessly with the old muskets kept for defense, they were overpowered.

Mrs. Tyner and her infant dau-

ghter were immediately slain and scalped. **Noah** escaped the notice of the Indians by hiding in a hollow tree, known afterwards as "Noah's Ark", thus escaping capture. **Joshua**, being fleet and strong, ran and climbed a tree a few hundred yards from the spring, but was pursued and shot. An elder son fled to the **Savannah Riv-**



er. Although he was pursued by some of the Indians, he managed to escape. **Harris** was caught, scalped, and beaten until pronounced dead, but he revived and lived many years afterwards. Three daughters were ordered to march with the departing mob, but one refused to go. She was promptly scalped and left in a supposed dying condition, but she later recovered. **Mary** and **Tamar**, both in their teens, seeing their sister's fate, did not resist and were taken away to the **Creek** towns. As soon as the alarm spread, a posse was formed, but after days of fruitless search, they were compelled to abandon the chase. The girls were given up for lost, for few captives

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SAMARIA

Nash Co, NC

The community of **Samaria** is on Hwy 97 in **Ferrell's Township** in southwest **Nash County, NC**.

Legend has it that **Theodosia Burr**, daughter of Vice President **Aaron Burr**, dueler to the death of **Alexander Hamilton**, became ill while traveling through **Samaria** in 1821 and, fearing for her life, stopped at a home to ask the residents to care for her infant son until her return. All requests for the name of the baby were answered with,

"Keep it and love it." The lady went on her way and never returned. Her "love it" admonition became the boy's name, **Lovette**. His surname was that of the caring family, **Taylor**.

Lovette grew to manhood and married a **Samaria** girl, **Mary Eliza Brantley**. Rather than have his wife take the **Taylor** name, he took the **Brantley** name. The house they built and lived in still stood in 1974. In a cemetery behind the house, a marker reads: **Lovette Taylor Brantley, 1821-1876; Mary Eliza Brantley, 1820-1894**. [See "SC Governor Alston's Wife Lost At Sea," *The Connector*, Summer 1999, for the story of **Theodosia Burr**.]

One **Denton** family traces its land ownership back 200 years to **J.B.**

SEE SAMARIA, PAGE 19

With No Regret

Departed this Life, in the fiftieth Year of his Age, **THOMAS LOW THIMBLE**, after a long Series of Drunkenness. It may with Truth be said, that no Man ever died less regretted: The Sound of his last Trumpet gave a general Joy to all his Friends, as well as those who had the Misfortune to be of his Acquaintance. Take Heed, ye Sons of Bacchus, that when Death comes with his Summons you may not be caught napping; as, you see, was the Case with Mr. Thimble.

GRANVILLE County, NC
FEBRUARY 10, 1773.

[*Virginia Gazette*, April 1, 1773]

QUERY GUIDELINES

1. Members may submit three queries annually to the address or e-mail below.
2. The query should include a time frame and as much pertinent information as you have.
3. Queries should concern someone who has resided in the following counties: **Person, Granville, Vance, Franklin, Nash, Edgecombe, Pitt, Beaufort**, or adjacent counties linked to the **Tar River** by streams and creeks.
4. Please include a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply by mail.

Tar River Connections Genealogical Society

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—e-mail—

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Annual Dues - \$15.00

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This Old House

A True Ghost Story

MARSHA BRANTLEY, 8TH GRADE STUDENT



When I was 5 years old, I can remember strange things happening in "The old house." See our old house was really old. At night we could shut the door and in the morning it would be open. Now there happened to be no wind the night before. It did this until winter. When it began to get cold, we would shut it, lock it and prop a chair on it, but in the morning the chair would be beside the heater and the door would be open.

Then when the people were building our house I stay in now, a man told Mama this. He said that this lady was burnt up in where our kitchen is. He said she was a pretty lady and hadn't been married too long. Two nights after she died her house burnt down with her husband in it.

I was 7 then. Well my whole family could hear someone in the kitchen and footsteps walking from my bedroom to the kitchen.

Well I also heard all this. It would wake you up during the night. Someone would open and shut cabinets. Then you hear walking.

Well, last August 1971, I started seeing the very beautiful lady. She would only appear in my bedroom. Well I told mama over and over I saw this lady. Finally I convinced her to believe me. (See she has had things happen to her too.) Well sometimes when she appeared she was burning and then others she would be standing over me smiling. One night I woke up and I saw her. I can remember hearing her say her name was **Daphne Joyner Bissette**. She also said she was born in 1800 and died 1819. That man said she died at 19.

Well then I called Janet and told her. She told me to write her name down on a piece of paper, put it in the bedroom and wait. I did. Well while we were talking Janet said go look at the paper. It was torn half into. Then the paper was gone when I came back a 3rd time.

Well, we told Jane, Denise, and Patty. We couldn't find any solution. Then we talked to Mrs. Brantley. She talked to us.

Then I had a slumber party. We tried to bring her back. The candle flickered, and a picture fell from the wall. Pam said she didn't believe about her. So we put Pam in a trance and we could not get her out of it. It lasted about 2 1/2 hours. The next day they put me in a trance. They wanted to see if her spirit would speak to me. The girls said I hollered and said, "They believe in you." "Don't hurt them," and "Please no, no, no." When I got out of that trance I was scared and I cried.

When we went back to school my friends told me they thought I was her. (Janet said she had seen her before.) I was living her life. Well I didn't see her for about 2 months. Then about 3 days before we got out for Christmas

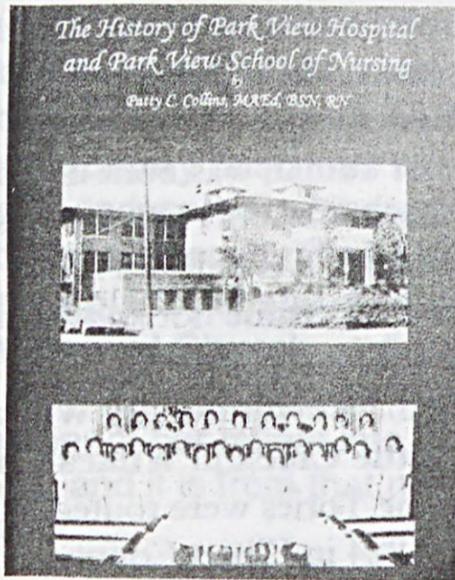
SEE HOUSE, PAGE 9



Readers Choice Local Color



The History of Park View Hospital and Park View School of Nursing by Patty C. Collins, MAEd, BSN, RN



Patty Crickmore Collins chose a theme dear to her heart for her thesis when she was in graduate school. "The Art of Nursing," which she had admired since she was 6 years old, came to the forefront, and she immediately set out to capture the history of **Park View Hospital** and its school of nursing. Both are gone now, but Patty was able to bring to life those long forgotten days.

The hospital, now the site of **Braswell Memorial Library**, opened its doors in 1914. Park View was the brain child of five family practitioners in **Rocky Mount, NC**; **Drs. Joseph P. Whitehead, Ivan P. Battle, Richard H. Speight, Emile B. Quillen and Joseph P. Speight**. In 1916 Park View was sold to **Dr. Edmond Boice and Dr. Byrd C. Willis**.

Originally the nurses home was directly behind the hospital. In 1924 the apartment building directly across from the front of the hospital was purchased, and the

SEE PARK VIEW, PAGE 7

A Real Bull Story

The old **Rocky Mount, Edgecombe Co.** school has a long history. It began as **Edgemont School** in 1914, was later renamed the **Fannie W. Gorham School**, and is now the **Judicial Center**. The following story was told by **Henry Gregory** and was included in **Vernon Sechriest's** book, *Relax*.

The date has been lost in time, but some of those involved were **Henry Gregory, Kay Kyser**, who became the celebrated professor of the Kollege of Musical Knowledge, and **Frank Wilkinson**. As Sechriest told it, "They got to figuring that there was one creature in the area that needed an education but hadn't been given that benefit. it was the huge bull owned by **Tom Stith**, highly respected custodian and long applauded for his work with the area's black Boy Scouts. Why the bull was named **Mary** was not explained.

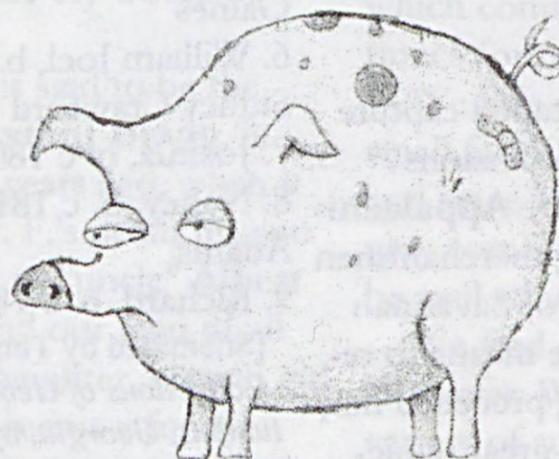
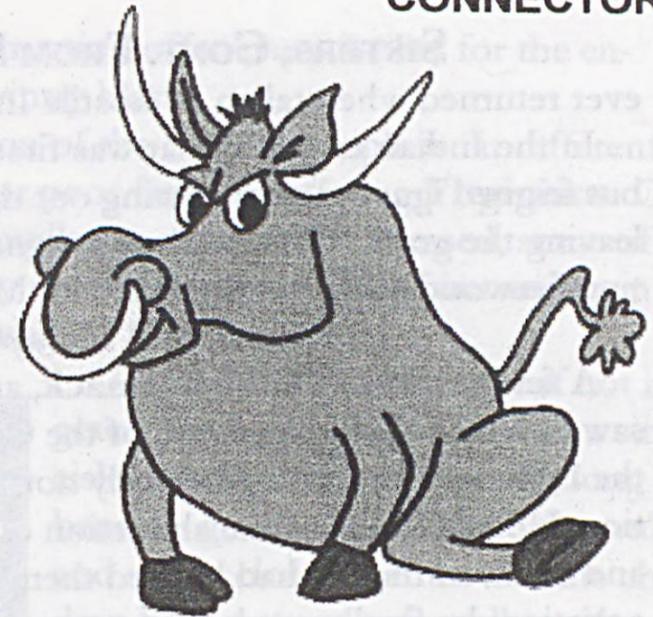
"Well, the three students mentioned above, plus perhaps more, coaxed the bull up the steps of the school and right on into the building. Then the doors were closed and **Mary** was left in the building overnight.

"Even **Henry Gregory** is unable to describe the chaos that greeted school officials the next morning. Suffice it to say that there were some mighty uneasy students as school authorities started their investigation. Apparently **Mary** was excused on the grounds that he couldn't have been expected to go that far in quest of an education.

"**Gregory and Kyser** admittedly had a purpose in mind when they enticed **Wilkinson** into getting into the plot because **Frank's** father was chairman of the **Rocky Mount School Board** and probably might balk at expelling his own son.

"Whether the school board or anybody else ever learned the identity of the perpetrators of the bull's night in school was not explained by **Gregory** or the others. However, none of them was expelled and the bull apparently lived to a ripe old age."

[Source: *Relax*, by **Vernon Sechriest**]



That's a Lot of Hog

18th inst, raised on the farm of **Nathan Amason, Esq.** near that place, only two years old last April weighing 535 lbs. We challenge the Western counties to beat this.

A hog is not a natural gift
Although this was bad to lift
It took seven blow to lay him flat
But still he made a keg of fat.

[*Tarboro Free Press*, Jan. 27, 1827]

A large hog was weighed in **Stantonsburg, Edgecombe County**, the

SISTERS, CONT. FROM PAGE 1

ever returned when taken by hostile Indians.

In the Indian camp, Tamar was first sent to hoe corn, but feigned ignorance by cutting out the little corn and leaving the grass. She was then assigned the jobs of getting firewood and catching fish with Mary.

Rescue and Escape

A few years later, **John Mamack**, an Indian trader, saw two beautiful girls in one of the **Coweta** towns of the Indians. They were obviously not of Indian extraction. He had heard of the abduction of the Tyner sisters and believed that he had located them. After much negotiation, he finally reached an agreement that allowed him to purchase Mary from her captors. However, the Indians refused to sell Tamar. They declared that she was quick to obey, of good disposition, tireless in work and hence was necessary to them.

Mary and John Manack returned to Elbert Co. where they later married. The knowledge of Tamar still being held captive haunted Mary and John Manack. Soon, Manack returned to the Indian town, determined to either purchase or abduct Tamar. When he arrived, he begged and threatened, but to no avail. His every movement was spied upon, and he was finally forced to leave without the captive.

After Manack's second visit, the Indians became suspicious of Tamar. An old Indian woman felt sorry for her and told her that the head men planned to burn her at the stake on the next ceremonial day. Tamar decided to flee for her life. The old woman managed to get her a canoe, and Tamar began her perilous journey down the **Chattahoochee River**. During the day she hid herself in the thick swamps along the river. At night she returned to her canoe and paddled down the river.

Marries NC Man

As she later told the story, she barely escaped capture on several occasions, but finally, with her provisions gone, she managed to reach the waters of the **Appalachicola Bay** where she was sighted by passing merchantmen and carried to **Savannah, GA**. The people of Savannah hailed her escape and provided her with the means to return to Elbert Co. The news of her coming preceded her, and she was welcomed in **Petersburg** with great rejoicing.

Soon after returning home, Tamar married **Moses Hunt** who came from **Franklin Co., NC**. She and

Moses remained in Elbert Co, GA where Tamar died in 1840. [She was born in 1760.] She thrilled her grandchildren with the stories of her time with the Indians.

After her death, Moses had two special attendants, slaves **Jeff** and **Dinah**. One day Moses was seated in front of the fire leaning his head on the end of his staff while Dinah was out gathering turnip greens for dinner. When she returned, he was lying dead with his head in the fire burned beyond recognition. It was a supposable case of sudden death from natural causes.

Genealogy

Richard Tyner, father of Tamar, was born in **Chowan Co., NC** probably between 1735 and 1740. He was the son of **William Tyner**, born in NC before 1708. Richard married Eliza Jane, last name not known, about 1761, possibly in **Johnston Co., NC**.

Richard served during the **Revolutionary War** and fought in the **Battle of Kettle Creek** in **Wilkes County, GA**, in Feb. 1779, where the Tories were routed. He died 24 Sep, 1824 in Elbert County, GA.

Moses Hunt, son of **James** and **Mary Rackley Hunt**, was born 18 June 1760 in present-day **Franklin County, N.C.** He was a soldier in the American Revolution, and he took the State Oath of Allegiance in **Bute (Franklin) County, N.C.**, in 1778. He was left \$1 in his father's will. He died in 1842.

The children of Moses and Tamar

Tyner Hunt were:

1. Henry, b. c 1792, m. c 1812 Elizabeth Robeson
2. George, b. c 1794, d. c 1837, m. Elizabeth Adams 10/03/1822
3. Mary, b. 2/05/1799, d. 4/17/1863, m. James Adams
4. James, b. 7/27/1800, d. 3/19/1870, m1. 12/18/1823 Mary W. Haynes, m2. 7/26/1837 Jane T. Adams
5. John S., b. 1802, d. Apr. 1877, m. 7/14/1825 Mary A. Gaines
6. William Joel, b. 3/14/1806, d. 11/29/1877, m. Virginia Sidney Crawford
7. Joshua, b. c 1808
8. Nancy, b. c 1810, d. c 1842, m. 11/14/1826 Lawrence Adams
9. Richard, b. c 1812

[Submitted by Tim Rackley, TRC member. Sources: *Historical Collections of Georgia*, by George White, 1853; *History of Columbus, Georgia*, by Nancy Telfair, 1929; *Georgia's Landmarks, Memorials and Legends*, by Lucian Lamar knight, 1913-14; *History of Walker County, Georgia*, by James Alford Sartain, 1932; <http://freepages.genealogy.rootsweb.com/~rawls/rackley.html>]



A Creek hieroglyphic painting, made in the 1770s by Bernard Romans, a British surveyor and engineer.

The Yankee Teacher

Margaret "Maggie" Newbold Thorpe, from Philadelphia, and Elizabeth "Lizzie" Pennock, came to Warrenton, Warren Co., NC in 1869 to teach in the new public school for Negroes. They rented the Bragg house from a Negro couple, Albert and Anne Burgess. In her book, *Sketches of Old Warrenton, North Carolina*, Lizzie Wilson Montgomery describes the teachers as "educated, well-dressed and modest women.... These teachers were Episcopalians, and attended Emmanuel Church ..."

In 1881, Miss Thorpe copied a number of her letters into a notebook, and it is from that notebook that the following is taken:

September, 1869

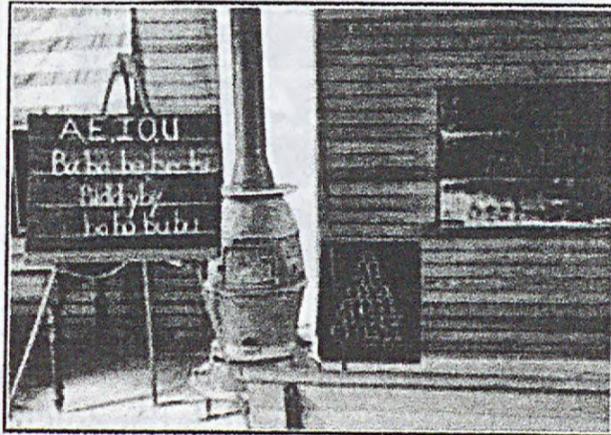
Late in the month I went back to my work in the South, this time in North Carolina and with Elizabeth Pennock. When we arrived at Warrenton we found the colored people anxious to enjoy the first free schools which the State for the first time grants them, ... We have passed an examination and have received certificates and now pose as "Public School Teachers," and are amongst the very first in the South. ...

At the station we were surrounded by black pigs and colored women, the latter carrying little waiters, containing boiled eggs, sweet potatoes and sandwiches made out of members of the former's family, also apples and grapes and the cars resounded with cries of "snacks missis? snacks sir? s'mapples s'meggs" and when we saw a face more beaming and important than the others we knew the cry would be "possum, nice fat possum." ...

The house in which we are living is said to be the birthplace of the rebel General [Braxton] Bragg, in whose family it remained until a few years ago, when it was sold to Mr. Faulkner, ... At Mr. F.'s death his son came into possession, and he rents it to "uncle" Albert Burgess, who is now our landlord and our man of all work. His wife is our cook, and his daughter, second girl. We pay to them board and wages. It seems a funny arrangement—but is most satisfactory. It is a rambling big house; rooms dart out from unexpected corners, great old rooms with high ceilings and wide windows, opening nearly to the floor, and from their peculiar

Southern construction offer every facility for the entrance of the wintry blasts. ...

The condition of the colored people is far different from that of our poor faithful suffering Virginians. Our two hundred pupils are comfortably dressed, some of the families employ servants, *have sewing machines* and keep horses and carriages. ...



Raymond Blal, ONE-ROOM SCHOOL

Our school grows in size if not in grace. We teach in a room with a single aisle running from end to end, long benches go from the aisle to the wall and are so close together that the children have not room to walk on the floor between them when the seats are occupied; so when the children are called out for recitation they walk over each other, the walkers kicking and the sitters pinching, so that our school appears as if always having recess or as a visitor said, "The children seem to have a very enjoyable time!"

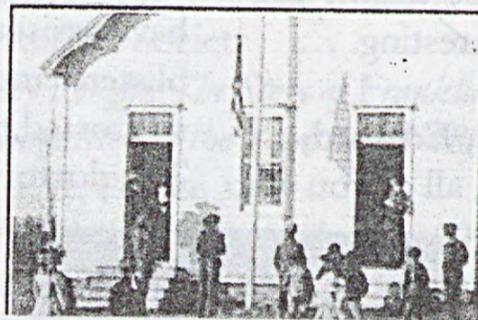
There is not much variety in our work. We teach from 9 to 4 o'clock then come home to dinner, read our mail, generally have some sick person to call upon, see the

various callers, go into night school at a quarter before 7 o'clock, out between 9 and 10, take a cup of chocolate, read the daily paper (a week old), write letters, play with the cat and go to bed; the one who is ready first always takes the cat to sleep by her. This is the programme for five days in the week. On the sixth, (which is the Seventh) all the morning is spent in preparing the children for ex-

amination, then we iron our collars and cuffs which we both hate to do but it is the only way in which we can have them presentable, then sew or read or take a delightful horseback ride. On First Day we go to church, come home and study the lessons for Sunday School which commences about half past two o'clock and continues for two hours.

We hire our horses from a colored man who owns a small farm; he owns eight good horses and keeps a store; and since he became free has made enough money to live very comfortably, and is giving his children the chance to be well educated. ...

We find our good old uncle Albert really a remarkable character. We constantly go to him for information on a variety of subjects, especially the history of this country. He is so correct in his replies that we have dubbed him our Encyclopedia; by his thrift and industry he has



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already accumulated considerable property ...

One day last week we took dinner at the house of one of the leading colored men. The daughter is one of our

scholars and has asked us many times if we would "honor" her father by coming to see his place, which is a small farm about a mile from here. John owns thirteen horses which he hires out; he has some "right nice" carriages and he sent a very comfortable one for us to ride out in. We found the farm all under careful care, and looked prosperous everywhere. We sat

down for dinner at a small pretty table carefully set with nice glass and china, and ... made a good meal off of an immense roast turkey, a whole boiled ham, chicken pie, pickles, potatoes, bread custard, four kinds of pie, pound cake and apples. The cooking was fine!

On Friday we arose while it was yet night, ate our breakfast, put up lunch and by half past seven were off for the gold mines. ... The mine is twenty two miles from here, the road—well there is a bottom to it, all but in one place over which we walked and the wagon slid. We found much at the mine that was interesting. ...

February 1870

O a thousand thanks to you all, **Anna, Edward, Charles**, aunt **Elizabeth**, mother, father, all of you who have given such joy to uncle Albert's noble old care-worn heart, how can I give you any idea of his pride and pleasure.

The clock was the first to come, and the whole family was in a state of the greatest excitement over it; they had never before owned one; then came the cane, which is beautiful, so appropriate in size and the engraving so handsomely done, and when I handed the money and said, "Mr. **Nathaniel** sends you with which to buy that cow you want so much," the tears streamed down his dear old black face and he said, "Tell them oh, oh, Miss **Maggie** please tell them what's in my heart." And when I told him of the interest **Charles** has taken in the whole matter and he saw his own name on the cane and what a beautiful cane it is, he gave up trying to express his gratitude, he said he "hadn't any words in his mouth, but his heart is full." ...

We are anything but model school teachers, and I often think of what **Gen. Armstrong** said that our scholars

always "seemed to be enjoying themselves!" and today we both laughed out when our favorite scholar, **George Brownlow**, upon being "spelled down" by a boy much shorter than himself, stroked the cheek of the little fel-

low, then passed his hand over his head, and remarked in a stage-whisper, "No whiskers, but a finely developed head." ...

April 1870

... On last Wednesday we went to a wedding in high colored life at the house where we dined during Christmas week. The bride and her six bridesmaids were dressed in white. After a fine supper at ten o'clock the

dancing commenced, and it was such fun to sit and watch the doings of the young people ... the musicians with banjos and violins played with all their might, ... John had secured for us good horses and a comfortable carriage, and we did so enjoy our moonlight ride; it was such a rarity ...

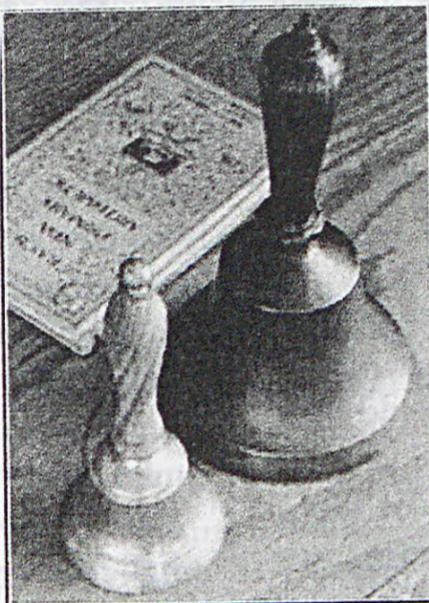
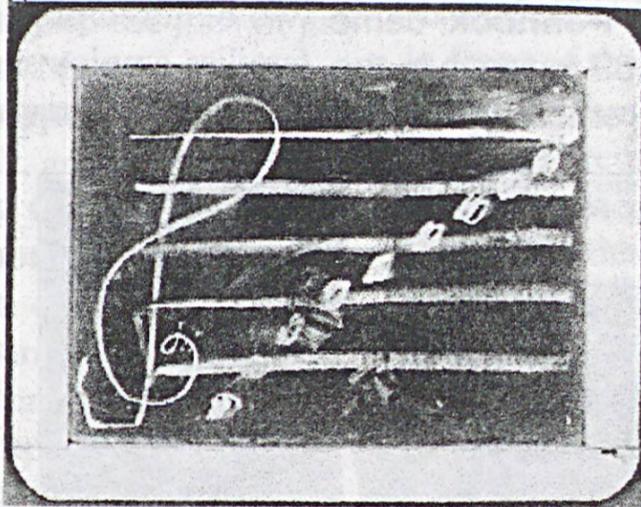
January, 1871

... You in warm Northern houses can form no conception of how we suffer here. One morning when dressing my hands became so numb, I was obliged to have assistance, by noon my fingers were covered with blisters, and my hands looked as if scalded, my feet are so frosted that the toes are turning black and bursting!

The doctors says this will cure them. We have only open fires and water freezes anywhere in our living rooms. L. picked up a key lying on our mantel and it stuck to her fingers; our mustard, pickles and kerosene have frozen solid. We walk every day to keep our blood in circulation. When in the house we make as good a fire as is possible with green pine as fuel, draw our chairs close to the fender, spread newspapers over our laps to keep from scorching our clothes, draw woolen shawls over the back of our heads to keep the cold air of the room off our necks, talk and talk, eat Christmas candies and thoroughly enjoy our friends. Some nights we have not been able to sleep on account of the cold, and the cat is in great demand as a bedfellow. ...

[Margaret Newbold Thorpe and Elizabeth Pen-nock remained at the school in Warrenton until the end of the school term in the spring, 1871.]

[Taken from "A 'Yankee Teacher' in North Carolina" edited by Richard L. Morton: *The North Carolina Historical Review*, October 1953]



Raymond Bial, ONE-ROOM SCHOOL

Braswell Memorial Library Local History Collection Acquisitions

Special thanks to Mr. **William Bennett**, TRC member, for donating many of these titles from his personal collection!

1. *Directory of Scots in the Carolinas, 1680-1830*, v. 2 by David Dobson
2. *Passports of Southeastern Pioneers, 1770-1823* by Dorothy Williams Potter
3. *A Dictionary of English and Welsh Surnames* by Charles Wareing Bardsley
4. *More Emigrants in Bondage, 1614-1775* by Peter Wilson Coldham
5. *Wills and Administrations of Isle of Wight County, Virginia, 1647-1800* by Blanche Adams Chapman
6. *Marriages of Bute and Warren Counties, NC, 1764-1868* by Brent H. Holcomb
7. *Earliest Tennessee Land Records and Earliest Tennessee Land History* by Irene M. Griffey

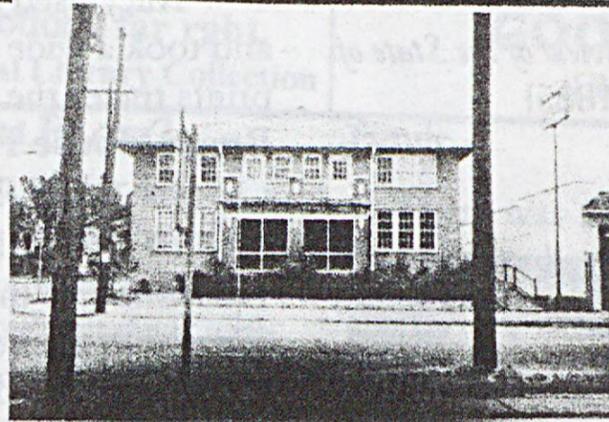
8. *Adventurers of Purse and Person, Virginia, 1607-1624/5*, Vol. 1: Families A-F by John Frederick Dorman
9. *The Isham Matthews Family of Halifax County, NC and Texas* by A. Gene Matthews
10. *George Rogers Clark and His Men: Military Records, 1778-1784* by Margery Herberling Harding
11. *Descendants of Nathaniel and Sarah Skinner of Lenior County, NC and Affiliated Families* by G. Howard Phillips
12. *Historical Perspectives of Charles Merritt, ca. 1652-1718, Including His Family and Some Descendants* by King Merritt, Jr.
13. *In Ancient Albemarle* by Catherine Albertson
14. *Craven Precinct-County NC Court Minutes* (several volumes, 1700s) by Weynette Parks Haun
15. *Onslow County Heritage Full Name Index* by The Onslow County Historical Society
16. *They Fought: The Story of Franklin County Men in the Years 1861-1865* by T.H. Pearce
17. *The History of Stantonsburg* by The Stantonsburg Historical Society

- ## CONNECTOR
18. *Rountree Chronicles, 1827-1840* by Charles Crossfield Ware
 19. *The Pardo Expeditions, 1566-1567* by C.D. Huneycutt and Roy Blalock, Jr.
 20. *Craven County, NC Court Minutes* (several volumes, 1700s) by Weynette Parks Haun
 21. *Wake County NC Deeds, 1771-1832: Grantor, Grantee, Witness, and Female Indexes* by Weynette Parks Haun
 22. *Morgan District, NC, Superior Court of Law and Equity* (several volumes, 1700s) by Weynette Parks Haun
 23. *Orange County, NC Court Minutes, 1752-1761 Book I* by Weynette Parks Haun
 24. *Currituck County, NC Eighteenth Century Tax and Militia Records* by William Doub Bennett
 25. *Surry County, VA Court Records* (several volumes, 1700s) by Weynette Parks Haun
 26. *Surry County, VA Deeds* (several volumes, 1700s) by Weynette Parks Haun
 27. *The Primitive Hymns* (From The Falls of the Tar Primitive Baptist Church, Rocky Mount, NC); donated by Leonard and Linda Ward.

LOCAL, FROM PAGE 3

student nurses had a permanent home which continued for the next 45 years closing it's doors in 1969. Rocky Mount was fortunate in having such outstanding doctors and nurses connected with Park View Hospital. It was not until 1971 that progress necessitated more space, and a new hospital being built.

After perusing this well written history, it would not be difficult to sit on the now vacant parking lot where the dormitory once stood and visualize the nurses, living in a very strict but fun loving environment, dressed in their heavily starched uniforms scurrying across the street to begin their day.



Park View School of Nursing Dorm

TRC member, Bill Sellers and his family lived for a time at 419 Falls Road just beyond and across the street from the nurses home. His future wife was one of the student nurses. Bill says, "Our family home was a sort of half-way house for the nurses who dropped in all hours of the day and night for a cup of coffee,

a cigarette and conversation." His parents were called "Mom" and "Pop" Sellers by most of the nurses. A home away from home.

This History of Park View Hospital and the School of Nursing is a "must have" for your home reading. It is packed full of information as well as wonderful pictures. Don't let this one slip away.

INDEX AVAILABLE

Janet Sadowski, TRC member, has indexed *Historical Sketches of Franklin County, NC* by Edward H. Davis, 1948 and *Nash Co. Historical Notes, A Bicentennial Tribute*. See Page 20 for information on ordering.

Alley & Winstead PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TARBORO' AND WILSON

It is with a feeling of special pride that the writer takes up his pen to notice this firm, for in so doing he is conscious that no people can be more fortunate in the possession of better opportunities for having themselves correctly photographed on paper, and that no where is more honor done to the most useful art of photography than in these galleries.

Mr. **S.R. Alley** started business in 1872, and for eight years travelled over the State. Five years ago he took Mr. **Winstead** into partnership, settling in **Wilson [Wilson Co., NC]**, and on the 1st of August, 1884, opened in **Tarboro' [Edgecombe Co., NC]**. In both places their premises are fitted up in an elegant and first-class manner. Their pictures are equal to and in some respects superior to those of the leading artists of **America**, for although they flatter they never in the least lose the expression, and the speaking likeness of the subject. They enjoy a splendid trade, and the people of this section of North Carolina are particularly fortunate in having such brilliant operative skill and artistic talent at their command.

Mr. Alley is a **Virginian** by birth, his people moving to this state when he was only three years old. He is an **Odd Fellow**, Corporal in the **Edgecombe Guards**, an active member of the **Methodist** denomination, and is well suited by his manner and business address to the profession he so successfully follows.

[Source: *Historical and Descriptive Review of the State of North Carolina*, 2d Vol., 1885]

"Hundreds of photographs in **Tarboro's [Edgecombe Co., NC]** attics and dresser drawers bear the name of **S.R. Alley**. . . . During the late 19th and early 20th centuries, Tarboroans turned to this photographer for personal portraits, group pictures and pictures of local landmarks. . . . [He has been] dubbed by one local historian 'the **Matthew Brady** of Tarboro.'" ¹¹



(Photo courtesy of Mrs. Percy Lassiter)

S. R. Alley

Sidney Rufus Alley was born in **Petersburg, VA** on Nov. 30, 1858 or 1859, son of **Richard Dabney** and **Ella A. Reeves? Alley**.

His family moved to NC during the **Civil War** and he became a photographer in 1872., and traveled the state. After 8 years, he settled in **Wilson, Wilson Co, NC** where he went into business with a **Mr. Winstead**. Alley and Winstead opened their second gallery in Tarboro in 1884.

The Tarboro studio, along with "art rooms", was located on the second floor of a building on **Main Street**, and Alley later operated it alone. Alley had a rival in Tarboro, **W.H. Zoeller**, who advertised "no stairs to climb for your pictures." Alley responded by advertising, "It pays to **CLIMB** up **STAIRS**."

Alley used a variety of backdrops for his portraits, and took a wide range of outdoor scenes. One series of prints traces the progress of a fire that destroyed the **Bryan House Hotel** in 1897. [Picture on Page 9]

MARRIED

In 1891, Alley married **Susan Knight**. Born Jan. 22, 1869, she was the daughter of **W. H. Knight**. They were married at the home of Mrs. **R.H. Rowe** and Rev. **D.H. Tuttle** officiated. The couple had a son, **Sidney R. Alley, Jr.**, born in August, 1892. The baby died less than a year later and his mother, Sue Alley, died just 2 weeks later on July 6, 1893.

In 1907, Alley felt the effects of nearly 40 years of photography, and he sold his studio to **Orren W. Turner**. However, a notice in the *Daily Southerner* on Jan. 9, 1908 stated that "he [Alley] found resting so laborious, so tiresome that after resting about a month, he could stand it no longer. Mr. Turner was not averse to admitting him as a partner for he found the business much larger than

ALLEY, CONTINUED ON PAGE 9



ALLEY, CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

he expected and that there was enough for two and the two could do as well as one."

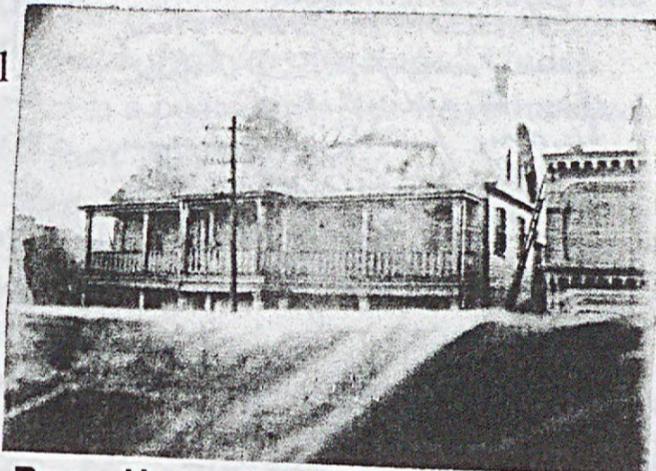
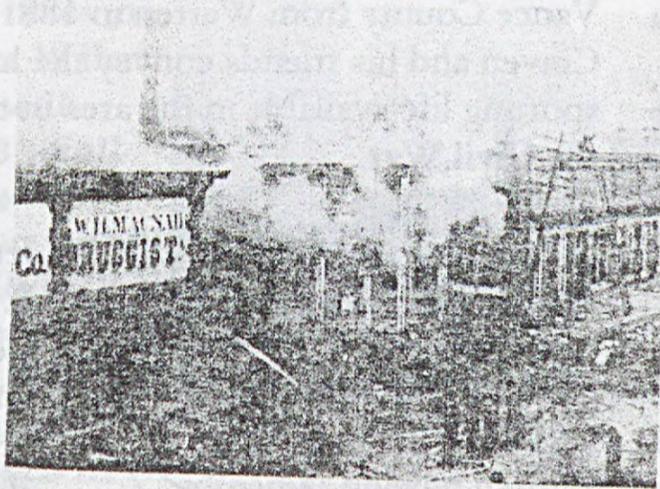
In April 1908, Orren Turner moved to Wilson, after purchasing the studio of Mr. Winstead.

The 1901 Sanborn Map shows Alley's business at the corner of **St. James and Main Streets** in Tarboro.

In 1908, after his "rest", his shop is located upstairs at 415 Main Street across from the **Pamlico Bank**.

Sometime after the death of his first wife, Alley married **Lelia Shaw Alley**, born April 30, 1868. In 1918, the couple moved to **Washington, D.C.** leaving Tarboro without a photographer.

S. R. Alley died in Washington, D.C. on Oct. 1, 1947 at the age of 89. He was



Bryan House Hotel Fire, Tarboro, 1897
From a series by Alley, taken from roof across the street. Notice man on adjacent roof, bottom, far right.

Edgecombe Memorial Library Collection

HOUSE, CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

vacation I saw her. She was burning up to her knees. (She usually burned around her ankles.) I saw her almost every night. Then I noticed that when I went into the bathroom the light would flicker. It wouldn't do it with anyone but me. Mom went in there and it didn't do anything, but every time I went in there it flickered. It still flickers.

Tonight, I was sitting in the living room and I looked up and I saw her face and felt her presence. I have felt it all afternoon.

Now as I sit on my bed writing this I feel her next to me, looking over my shoulder sensing my thoughts so I could write this paper and she reads it as I write.

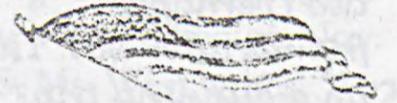
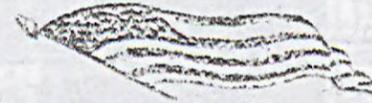
Marsha Brantley

P.S. This is all true. Just ask **Janet Flora, Jane Finch, Patty Brown, Denise Eatmon** and the ones in my

CONNECTOR

buried in **Mount Olivet Cemetery, Bladensburg, MD**. However, when his wife moved to **Weldon, [Halifax Co] NC** to live with relatives, she had Sidney's body moved to **Pineview Cemetery in Rocky Mount**. Lelia Alley died June 20, 1952 and is buried next to Sidney Alley.

[Sources: *Daily Southerner*, Tarboro, Feb. 12, 1988; *Daily Southerner*, Jan. 9, 1908]



THE CONVENTION!

NOW IN SESSION AT RALEIGH MAY BE OF INCALCULABLE SERVICE to the people of North Carolina, but

A. W. ARRINGTON

claims that he will be of greater benefit to the people of Nash and Edgecombe counties by offering a grand display of

WONDERFUL BARGAINS

the largest, most Attractive and unhesitatingly acknowledged the lowest priced Goods of every description, ever before seen in Rocky Mount.

- MENS' BROGANS FROM \$1.00 TO \$2.00
- MENS' WHOLESTOCK PLOW SHOES AS LOW AS \$1.50
- LADIES' CLOTH GAITERS AS LOW AS \$1.00
- WOMENS' LEATHER SHOES AT \$1.00
- CHILDREN'S COPPER-TIPPED SHOES AT 75 CTS
- CALICOES AT 4, 5, & 10 CTS
- SPUN COTTON AT \$1.25
- LADIES' NICE FANCY SHAWLS FOR \$1.00
- BLACK NETTAS AT 25 CTS

NEVER BEFORE SEEN IN ROCKY MOUNT

GOODS MUST BE SOLD!

[*Rocky Mount Mail*, Oct. 1, 1875]

family.

There was fire everywhere. My house was burning. My bed was burning but I wasn't hot or burning. Then Daphne my guardian angel appeared in the flames. She said, "Don't be afraid, you will not burn, you will not burn. Then I shut my eyes and opened them and Daphne appeared everything was burnt except me & my bed. Then Daphne said "I told you not to be afraid & you weren't. You will never burn because I always burn for you.

I startled myself & everything was back to normal.

[Submitted by Annie Pearl Brantley, TRC member and published with the permission of **Marsha Brantley** who wrote it in Mrs. Brantley's 8th grade class. Facts on the marriage certificate and death notice of Daphine Joyner Bissette agreed with the story.]

Have You Plenty of Birds?

Sporting Letters From The North

BY HIRAM PERKINSON, III

The venerable tradition of hunting Mr. Bobwhite in the south gained new appeal at the turn of the century for northern businessmen seeking the sporting life. In a letter dated Oct. 11, 1901, **Thomas L. Craven** of **Salem, New Jersey**, inquires, "Would you please let me know if you could accommodate myself and one or two (perhaps)

friends after Nov. 1st on a gunning trip?"

Mr. Craven, president of Salem Glass Works, was quick to add, "I am not as young as I was and want room with fire and bed for each one."

This letter, addressed to **James Lee Wilson** of **Williamsboro** in **Vance County, NC**, was one of many sent by Mr. Craven and his hunting companions during the years 1898 to 1906. The relationship these men developed with Mr. Wilson, their southern counterpart, is representative of the dramatic change that was taking place in the post-Civil War era, both in the North and South.

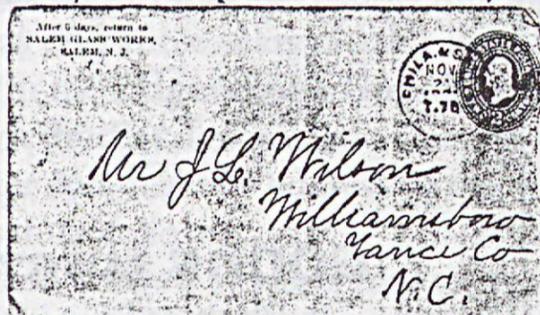
Industrial expansion was rapidly swallowing up the once pristine fields and forests of the Northeast that had survived the **War Between The States**. However, with the rapid growth of railroads during the period of 1890 to 1920, the Old South was fast transforming into a new hunting mecca for northern sportsmen. Thriving cities such as **Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, D.C.** that were linked by the **Chesapeake Bay** to **Norfolk** and **Portsmouth, VA** were connected for travel by steamship and steam locomotives. The bountiful hunting grounds of the South now lay within reach of Mr. Craven and his hunting companions.

In NC, the old fields and clear waters, so eagerly sought by these northern hunters, had long provided good habitat for upland game. Indeed the area was re-

THOMAS L. CRAVEN, President
Salem Glass Works, Inc.
Salem, N. J.

SALEM GLASS WORKS

Salem, N. J. Nov 1st 1901.
Mr. J. L. Wilson
Williamsboro
N.C.
Dear Sir:
In reply to your favor of the 24th we have made all our arrangements to leave on Monday night for 5th and will leave Portsmouth on 9:40 am Wednesday 6th. This train arrives in Henderson about 2 P.M. perhaps little later. If fog should make that miss that train we would come on night train and stay at Henderson until morning.



ferred to as the "Land of Eden" by **William Byrd** of **Westover, VA** in 1728. Byrd explored and surveyed the **Granville District** of **NC** which was formed in 1743. This area was partly divided from **VA** by the **Roanoke River**, an early channel of trade. The region (comprising the present day counties of **Granville, Vance, and Warren**) was formed, in succession as **Bute** in 1779; and **Vance County** from **Warren** in 1881. The letters of Mr. Craven and his friends convey the high quality of the sporting life available in the area in the decades following the **Civil War**.

Sixty-eight of these letters to James Lee Wilson survive. Besides those sent by Mr. Craven, there are others from **Alfred Bilderback** of **Salem, NJ**, **Alfred Lowry** of **Philadelphia**, **Joseph E. Brown** of **Philadelphia** and **W.M. West** of **Philadelphia**. In addition, one letter survives from **R. Lindsay Coleman**, president of **Western Wheel Works**, in **New York City**. The correspondence with Mr. Wilson provides a poignant look at quail hunting during the Golden Age of the American Shotgun.

I think however if boat is late from fog on bay the train waits for it at Portsmouth. We all like to hunt. Horseback prefer it to wagon. Our dogs can run with wagon going out from Henderson the day we come.

I want a good steady horse and foaled. I know how to ride but I am 64, my friends are younger. I hope to see you on the 6th.
Yours truly
Thos L Craven



In his first letter dated Oct. 11, 1901, Mr. Craven paints a vivid picture of a hunting excursion to the South. "Can you furnish wagon and 2 horses to take us out with a boy to drive," he asks, "or have you horses that we could ride and are used to this? We should want you or someone to go with us." Though Mr. Wilson later trained and boarded pointers and setters for the families of his correspondents, Mr. Craven notes, "We have our own dogs." He adds, "We want quail or partridge shooting. Have you plenty of birds?" Mr. Craven closes his letter with a request: "Kindly let me know your terms per day for board and also for team and let me know your nearest station on **Seaboard Airline RR** and how far it is to your place...."

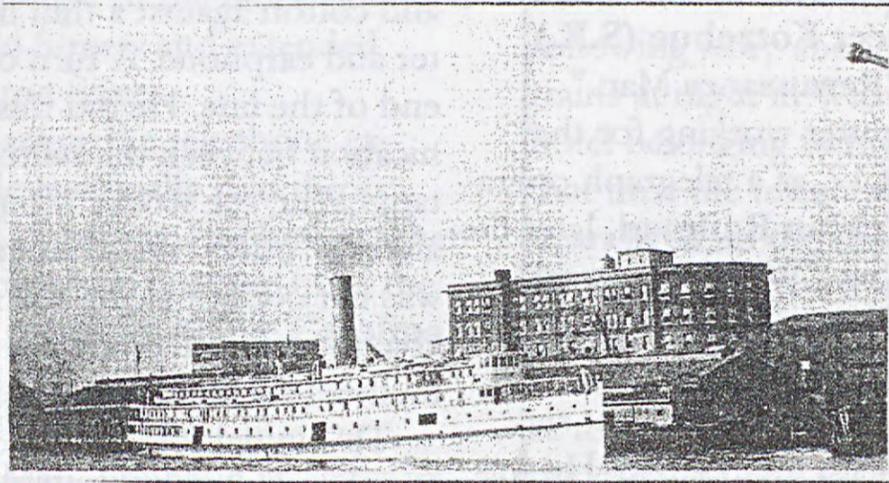
Upon receiving a favorable reply from Mr. Wilson, Mr. Craven writes again on Oct. 19 that he is "very much pleased with what you say, and I will fix the time of our coming. ... We will leave home Tuesday, Nov. 5th

reach Henderson Wednesday, Nov. 6th about two o'clock in the afternoon or on arrival of train from Portsmouth, Va." Though no mention is ever made of numbers of game taken, nor of makes or gauges of guns used on these hunting trips to NC, Mr. Craven notes in his letter of October 19 that he and his friends "will have 5 dogs and 3 small trunks, our trunks are not large but heavy with the guns and shells in them. They are steamer trunks." In closing, Mr. Craven adds, "We would like a good dry place in stable or some other building with straw for bedding where we could shut up our dogs." Under his distinctive signature is a postscript: "We have hunted horseback and like that very much."

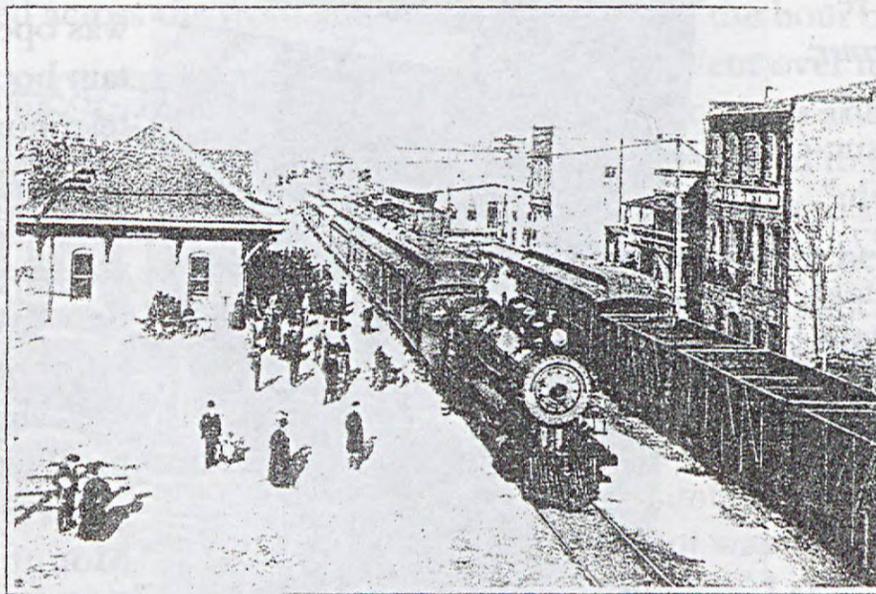
Ever attentive to detail, Mr. Craven posted another letter on Nov. 1 to confirm the date and time of arrival by train in Henderson, NC. "If fog should make boat miss that train we could come on night train and stay at Henderson until morning," he writes. "I think however if boat is late from fog on bay the train waits for it at Portsmouth." Returning to his earlier mention of hunting horseback, Mr. Craven now states explicitly, "We all like to hunt horseback, prefer it to wagon. Our dogs can run with wagon going out from Henderson the day we come." Mr. Craven adds cautiously, "I want a good steady horse surefooted. I know how to ride but I am 64, my friends are younger."

It is interesting to note that the wives of these sportsmen appeared to support their husbands' interests and often accompanied them on hunting trips to Vance County. In a letter to Mr. Wilson dated Jan. 12, 1904, Alfred Lowry notes that he "has a puppy full of ginger and Mrs. Lowry is helping me to get her housebroken." Then on Jan. 13, 1910, Mr. Lowry writes, "We now plan to arrive at Henderson next Saturday night

and will try to get out to Williamsboro about noon on Sunday. Mr. Downing and his brother expect to come with me and Mrs. Lowry."



Seaboard Airline Railway passenger station in background at Portsmouth ca 1910. The Old Bay Line steamer docked in foreground may have been the boat mentioned in the Nov. 1, 1901 letter.



Seaboard Airline Railway depot in Henderson ca 1902. Mr. Craven and friends would meet Mr. Wilson here and ride out to Williamsboro.

Similarly, in a letter to Mr. Wilson of Mar. 3, 1905, W.M. West states, "Having returned from Williamsboro were delayed in Washington due to inauguration. Mrs. West has felt no ill effects from tramping. Look forward to another visit." Then on Nov. 20, 1905, Mr. West writes, "Mrs. West and I are endeavoring for a shooting trip in a week or 10 days. ...we had such a pleasant time last year, anxious for repetition."

In the forty years since the Civil War had ended, the South was returning to prosperity. The wounds of the war were healing. The quail shooting excursions of these northern sportsmen in NC is a case in point. Present day bird hunters continue to enjoy the sport and, like Mr. West, are "anxious for repetition." However, unless Mr. Bobwhite's habitat in the South is continually restored, future generations will only be able to read about shooting wild birds in NC, as experienced by Messrs. Craven, Lowry, West, and others. Now, more than ever, it is vital to continue restoration efforts so that the existing fields and forests of the South remain the "Land of Eden" for the next generation of sportsmen.

[This article was first published in *The Double Gun Journal Index & Reader*, a publication dedicated to the sportsman and collector of double guns. Publisher Daniel Phillip Côté, welcomes enquiries at: The Double Gun Journal, P.O. Box 550 - East Jordan, MI 49727; Phone: (231) 536-7439.

The letters belong to Phil Perkinson, Hiram Perkinson's brother.]



S.K. Fountain—Renaissance Man

The term "Renaissance Man" refers to a person with genius in many areas or a person who does many different things very well. **Spencer Kotzebue (S.K.) Fountain** surely qualified as a "Renaissance Man."

S.K. earned his bread and butter working for the railroad. He began, at the age of 17, as a telegraph operator for the **Wilmington and Weldon Railroad**, later the **Atlantic Coastline Railroad**. (See "Wilmington and Weldon Feast," *The Connector*, Winter, 2001) In 1871, he became the passenger and freight agent in charge of the freight, ticket office and shops. He continued that service for the rest of his 54 years with the railroad. He was also credited with being the prime force behind getting the **Emerson Railroad Shops** brought to **Rocky Mount**. The railroad yard was a major source of jobs and revenue for the area for many years.

S.K. learned telegraphy in 1867. Fountain was involved in the construction of the telegraph line from **Tarborough, Edgecombe Co, NC** to **Washington, Beaufort Co., NC** that was completed in 1881. The first message over the line was reprinted in the *Tarborough Southerner*: "To **Dossey Battle** [Editor]: We send greetings. Washington is successfully connected by telegraph." The message was dated April 27, 1881, and signed by S.K. Fountain. He and his brother, **Joe Fountain**, an ACL Superintendent at **Wilmington, NC**, supervised the installation of the first telegraph line from Rocky Mount to Wilmington.

In 1880, Fountain, while continuing his work with the railroad, opened **Rocky Mount Iron Works**, Rocky Mount's first foundry and machine works. This business was located on **East Main Street** between **Marigold and Hill Streets** in Rocky Mount, Edgecombe Co., NC. It was probably the knowledge gained at this business that enabled him to be so successful in some of his other ventures.

S.K. is credited with bringing the telephone to Rocky Mount. Between 1885 and 1890, Fountain and his sons, **Will** and **Wyatt**, strung a single span of wire from the freight depot to the **Rocky Mount Mills**. They hung

the line on trees or poles along the railroad right-of-way and the spur track to the mill. For insulators, S.K. cut off tops of soft drink bottles, hung them on nails and strung the wire across them. Fountain devised flaked carbon and cotton against a thin metal diaphragm for transmitter and earphone. A turn of the crank signaled the other end of the line. He did this to establish voice communication between the railroad station and its most important client, the Rocky Mount Mills. He installed bells to alert the other end of an in-coming call, and the signal was cut off by placing the receiver in a cradle. He was able to alert mill operators of arriving freight and get their requirements for freight cars for loading.

This initial effort caused S.K. to use his Rocky Mount Iron Works, which was originally intended for farm machinery, castings, and steam engine repairs, to produce telephone equipment. He found few sources of supply for the necessary magnetos and coils, so he designed and made the castings himself and went into their manufacture.

Telephone Exchange

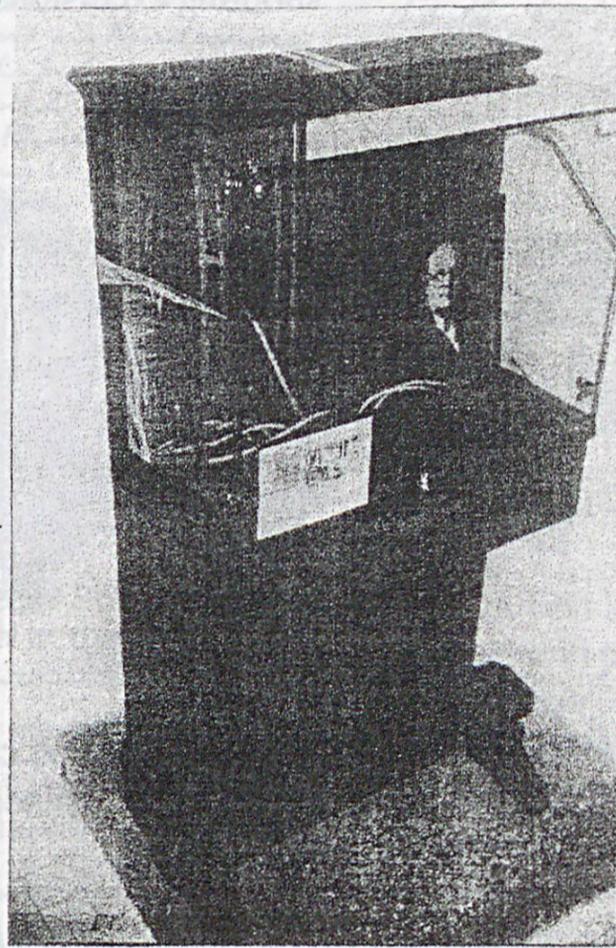
The Rocky Mount telephone exchange had its beginnings in the S.K. Fountain home on **S. Church St**. It was operated by members of the Fountain household. By the late 1880s his telephone system had grown until he had a total of 20 subscribers in a thriving town of 500 souls. The exchange was later located upstairs in the **Vaughan Building**, later **Epstein's Ladies Shop** on **NE Main St**.

The local telephone exchange kept pace with the growth of the city. There was a telephone in the **Bank of Rocky Mount**, between the **Municipal Building** and **No. 1 Fire Station** on **NE Main Street**. In 1895, S.K. enlisted the aid of **Dr. W.P. Mercer** and established telephone service between Rocky Mount and Tarboro. From the exchange at Dr. Mercer's home at **Temperance Hall** in Edgecombe Co., he also connected with a phone circuit to **Wilson, NC**.

As the demand for service contin-

ued to grow, S.K. began manufacturing his own telephones. He organized a telephone manufacturing business located on Main and Washington Streets in the block south of Hill St. In 1890 Rocky Mount's first **Chamber of Commerce** boasted "telephone

FOUNTAIN, CONTINUED ON PAGE 13



ANTIQUÉ TALK - Rocky Mount railroad dispatcher and engineer near S.K. Fountain built this telephone switchboard around the turn of the century. (The last century, that is.)

Telephone Switchboard

FOUNTAIN, CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

manufacturing" among its businesses. He also continued manufacturing and testing materials at Rocky Mount Iron Works, which occupied most of the block bounded by S. Main, Hill and Marigold Streets and extended across what is now Washington Street.

Fountain continued to manage the telephone exchange business for years. He eventually sold the exchange to the **Henderson Telephone Exchange** when 1,200 phones drew too heavily upon his time from the railroad. Later this company merged with the **Carolina Telephone and Telegraph Co.**

A Horseless Carriage

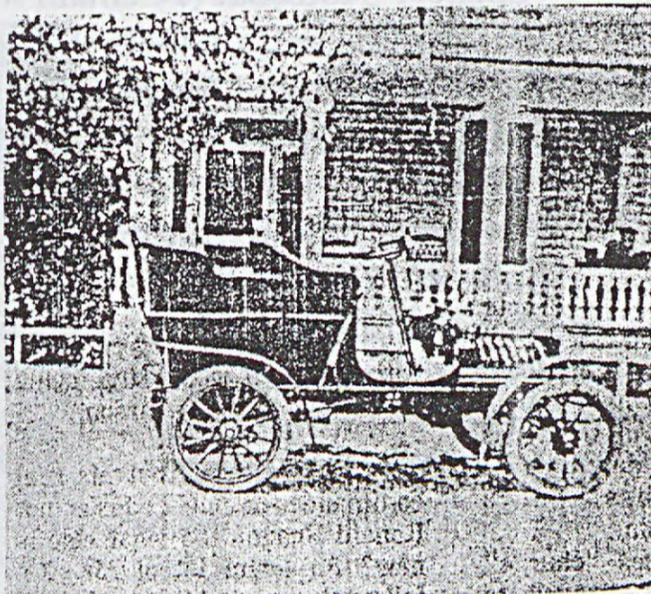
Typical of a Renaissance Man, Fountain was also interested in transportation. He built a "horseless carriage" by mounting a gasoline engine on a wooden frame with McCormick mowing machine wheels. However, he had problems with control. When he cranked up on S. Franklin St. and got it to full power, it became unmanageable and tore down his son-in-law's garden fence before he could get the engine stopped. He was undaunted, however, and soon had his gasoline engine driving a railroad handcar. He toured much of the neighboring sections on it. Three or four could be seated across the front and protected by a big shade umbrella..

Around the turn of the century, S.K. brought the first motorcar to Rocky Mount. It was a **Reo** runabout that was steered with a lever that jutted from the center of the front dash. The car would turn left as the lever was turned right. The engine was located under the single seat and it was cranked from the side to start it.

A second car, a touring car, was purchased in 1904 from **Dr. Stuart McGuire** of **Richmond, VA**. This machine was painted red and was commonly called the "Red Devil." It had gaslights and much shining brass, with the direction controlled by a steering wheel. It created a stir in town and frightened the horses. Unfortunately, it ran over the dog owned by **F.S. Spruill, Sr.**, the division counsel of the railroad.

There are other "firsts" attributed to S.K. His home

FOUNTAIN, CONTINUED ON PAGE 14



Fountain's car in front of his home

Wake up, Spencer!

Jesse Battle and **S.K. Fountain** were friends and classmates in **Wilson, Wilson Co., NC**. Battle told the following story about Fountain: "... I was visiting the trains at night in Wilson for **Mrs. Blount**, who kept the hotel belonging to my mother. Spencer Fountain was at that time the telegraph operator at Wilson. His sweetheart lived up the road toward **Weldon**, either **Halifax, Enfield** or maybe it was off the railroad at **Scotland Neck**, but Spencer ... was very anxious to take the train passing Wilson at 2:30 a. m. on Saturday night, so as to reach his sweetheart on Sunday morning, spend the day with her and get back to his business Sunday night. He said to me, 'Jess, I want to go on that 2:30 a. m. train. Now don't you let me get left for I would not get left for \$100.00.' I told him not to be uneasy, that I would wake him up in time to catch his train.

"I have always throughout my life been able to wake up at any hour that I would make up my mind to do. ... On this occasion, when Spencer wanted to go to see his sweetheart, I put an extra charge upon myself, but had my alarm clock set also to help guard against mistakes. When the hour of 2:00 a. m. arrived, I was wide awake and went over to the bed in the same room where Spencer was asleep. I told him that it was time to get up if he wanted to go on the 2:30 train. Spencer raised himself up and sat in bed, with his eyes wide open, and I thought he was awake, as he looked at me and talked with as much reason as he would at any time. He said, 'Jess, I have changed my mind; I do not think that I will go.' I took this as a settlement of the matter and would not have done anything more to disturb his slumbers. My brother, **Cullen**, was sleeping with me, but was awake. He said, 'You have not waked up Spencer yet.' I asked him if he had heard what Spencer said? He said, 'Yes, but he is fast asleep.' I said I did not think so as Spencer sat up in bed with his eyes open, and talked with good sense and said 'that he had changed his mind and did not want to go.'

"Cullen said, 'I will wake him up,' and jumped on Spencer's bed, grabbed him by the shoulder and gave him a good shaking, and said, 'Spencer! Spencer! the train is coming!'

"And you ought to have seen Spencer get up and get a move on himself. He got dressed and caught the train and married the girl. I have often wondered what would have happened if he had missed that train that night. His wife never knew what a part that I and my brother, **Cullen**, played that night in their destiny."

[Tributes to My Mother and Father, by Jesse Battle, 1911]

Fisticuffs on the Train

"I'll tell the tale as it was told to me." **Thomas Phelps**, of **Person county**, says he witnessed a well contested fisticuff on the train between **Raleigh** and **Hillsboro'**. A man hailing from the republic of **South Carolina**, entertaining passengers with an account of the late battles of the **Neuse**, at **Kinston** and other places, took occasion to attribute all the disasters to **Mallett's** battalion.

"If it had not been," said he, "for Mallett's d---d cowardly conscripts, we would have whipped the enemy, notwithstanding their number." This remark brought to his feet a soldier named **Johnson**, from **Orange [Co.]**. "I belong" he said "to Mallett's battalion. I was taken prisoner. It was impossible for so few as we had, to whip such numbers as composed the enemy's army, and you must take back your offensive remarks about Mallett's battalion." The Blood said, "I did not know you belonged to it." Johnson said, "You know it now, and you

must retract what you have said." Blood replied, "I shall not do it." Johnson said, "If you do not, I shall satisfy you of the pluck of Mallett's battalion by giving you the d---dist whipping that a South Carolina man ever carried." Blood replied, "If you are able." "You need not doubt that," said Johnson, and in he pitched upon the Palmetto gentleman, who made a fierce resistance, sufficient to whip any soldier except a plucky conscript. The Palmetto gentleman finally grew short-winded, and though the train was going twenty miles an hour, he seemed to think everything was standing still, except Johnson of Mallett's battalion. No one interfered, until the gentleman from South Carolina cried out lustily, "Enough, enough!" and so ended the fight; the passengers pulling Johnson off—no one was needed to hold the Blood. A stage whisper could be heard all over the car, "good, good!" and thus was Mallett's battalion vindicated, and an unbeliever convinced of its courage.

[*Weekly Standard*, Raleigh, NC, March 11, 1863]

FOUNTAIN, CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

was the first in Rocky Mount to be lighted by electricity. He also had the first gas in his home. He had the first talking machine and made his own records from wax discs. He also experimented with radios and built one of his own. He owned the first bicycle here—a model with a tall forward wheel and small rear wheel. On an old business card, dated July 4, 1892, was printed; *S.K. Fountain, Dealer in Ice*. In 1904, he was chairman of the first meeting to discuss the establishment of a YMCA in Rocky Mount. The plan matured in 1911.

And Musical, Too

As if his talents in all these other areas were not sufficient, S.K. was also the leader of an early Rocky Mount band—the "Silver Coronet Band." He played the violin for amusement.

When he saw crowds gather for a riding tournament at **Old Sparta** in Edgecombe Co. each year, Fountain reasoned that here was the making of an agricultural fair for Rocky Mount. Through his initiative and effort, the fair was held and brought the single biggest crowd of the year to the city.

When Fountain reached the age of 70 in 1921, he retired from the railroad. He applied to **Harry Walters**, Chairman of the ACL Board of Directors, and who had been a contemporary friend of his, to permit him to continue to work. He was physically able to work, he wrote, and he further advised Walters that his pension was not sufficient to sustain him. It was not until Mr. Walters had assured him that he, too, would step down in a brief time, that S.K. became satisfied. Walters told him he could do

nothing to increase the pension, but he enclosed a check for \$10,000 as a gift of appreciation for his long service and faithful and fruitful work.

Who was S.K. Fountain?

Spencer Kotzebue Fountain was born at **Buckhorn**, in **Wilson Co., NC** on Dec. 26, 1848 to **Carolina Virginia Adams** and **Spencer Fountain**. His mother was the daughter of **Mary James Hobbs** and **George Washington Adams**.

S.K. Fountain married **Sarah (Sallie) Louise Vaughan**, b. 18 Dec 1852, on December 22, 1879. She was from **Halifax County, NC**. They had nine children: **Lula Carolina**, **Spencer Thomas**, **Stella Estelle**, **William Haywood** and **Mary M** (who died in infancy), **Joseph John**, **George Wyatt**, **Sarah Marie**, and **Louis Kenly**. Will, Joe and Louis all worked for the railroad and received 50 Year Pins for service.

S.K.'s wife, Sallie, died in 1921. S.K. died Dec. 2, 1931 at the age of 82.



[Sources: Article by Hazel Rawls Carr, S.K. Fountain's great grand daughter; "S.K. Fountain Was a Man of Many Firsts," by Pattie Lambert; "Fountain Switchboard on Display...", by Jim Nichols, *Evening Telegram*, 11/17/1974; "When the Railroad Came To Town," 8/29/1995.]

General Wounded— Rocky Mount Native

It was April 7, 1865 at Farmville, VA. Confederate General William Gaston Lewis was severely wounded in a desperate fight as Gen. Robert E. Lee's force retreated westward. "...at outset of the charge I was shot through the thigh, the ball passing between the ephemeral artery and the bone. I was carried from the field a short distance and placed in a tobacco barn. Before relief could be procured, I was at the point of death from bleeding. By skillful treatment from my brigade surgeon, I survived.

"The next morning early the enemy commenced marching along the road very near the barn in which I had spent the night. I was very much exhausted and very weak from loss of blood. Had no stimulants or anything I could eat. About six o'clock that morning, General Reynolds, commanding the Third Corps of General [Ulysses S] Grant's army, hearing that there was a Confederate Brigadier General wounded in the barn, called to see me. He at once had a guard placed at the door of the barn with instructions to let no one come in the barn without my consent, and to remain there until the rear guard of Grant's army had passed, and then to march on to join their commands.

"General Reynolds ...left wine and fresh meat for my use, enough to last several days. He ... talked over the situation with me. ...General Grant with all his cavalry, a large portion of his artillery, and three corps of infantry were in line of battle at Appomattox Court House across the road on which General Lee was retreating, ...it was impossible for our army to escape as an organized body of troops. ... I remarked that the end had come and we must do



William Gaston Lewis
NC Dept. of Archives & History

the best we could; that the future of the South depended on the treatment and course of action of the United States Government. If lenient and conciliatory, the Southern people would respond in the proper spirit, if harsh and unjust, I feared a partisan war for many years. He said that the Union soldiers would see that the proper action would be taken, and that no harsh measures would be resorted to. ..."

The next day, April 9, 1865, General Lee surrendered to General Grant in the front parlor of Wilmer McLean's home at Appomattox Court House.

Soldier Lewis

Gen. William Gaston Lewis, Rocky Mount, Edgecombe Co., NC native, had been in the thick of the action since he left Tarboro with the Edgecombe Guards on April 21, 1861. He had been promoted from 3rd Lieutenant to Brigadier General and had taken part in 37 battles and heavy skirmishes, including the battle at Gettysburg, PA, the siege and capture of Plymouth, NC, and the battle of Drewry's Bluff, VA. In 1864, he had been wounded at Winchester, VA. He spent the

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early part of 1865 with Lee's forces at Petersburg, VA. He and his men fought at Hatcher's Run, VA on Feb. 5-7. He wrote in his autobiography: "...brought on a three day's severe fight along the line of Hatcher-run.... On the third day's fight, when the enemy had made his most desperate charge, General [John] Pegram, commanding our division...was killed, and Col. Hoffman lost a leg. I succeeded to the command of the division, and [Gen. William 'Little Billy'] Mahone's division."

Lewis also described a disastrous action that began on March 25: "I then gave them instructions to go over the infantry works, wheel suddenly to the right, and capture the fort on Hare's Hill [Fort Steadman], which was immediately in front of my right wing. ... Before the enemy could realize what was going on, the line and Fort were captured. ... a division of the enemy commanded by General Hartrante [John F. Hartranft] ... charged down upon the 27th, and drove them back upon our linesAs soon as I saw the result of the charge, I moved forward, and the division of General [James A.] Walker ... repulsed the attack of the enemy's division.... Soon after [Gen. Matt W] Ransom's [Warren Co., NC] North Carolina Brigade, Garnett's Virginia Brigade, and General [Bryan] Grimes' Division came up. ...

"All our troops were exposed to the most merciless and murderous fire of infantry and artillery, from the front and both flanks, that any troops were exposed to during the war. ... We had orders not to advance. We remained under this fiery ordeal for more than three hours, when we received orders to fall back into our breast works. The retreat required more courage than the advance to

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LEWIS, CONT. FROM PAGE 15
execute, as the ground between the two lines was fully exposed to the enemy's flanking forts and infantry works, and was swept with a hail storm of shot, shrapnel shell and minnie balls. Many a brave man perished in this short retreat who had charged numberless times to the cannon's mouth unharmed. . . . We lost 2700 men, killed, wounded, and missing, without inflicting any damage on the enemy worth mentioning.

"After the fight was over. I sent **General [John B.] Gordon** word I thought we ought to get our dead for burial, and our wounded I met **[U.S.] General Harttrout** **[Hartranft]**, and he agreed to deliver us all our dead and all our badly wounded. While the enemy was bringing our dead and wounded out to our men, to be conveyed into our lines, I discovered some of General H's men carrying a mortar back to their lines. I called his (General H's) attention to this, and told him I objected, He said, 'Yes, but I might as well let him have it, as he would get it that night anyhow.' . . . I noticed a large number of rifles on the field . . . I told him if he would let me pick up the rifles on the field, he might have the brass mortar. He looked around, and not seeing many, he agreed to the bargain. I had one hundred men detailed, and gave orders to the officers to make the men carry all they could possibly carry at a load, and throw them over in our works, and to move quickly. General H, soon tired of the bargain, as he saw numbers of rifles going into our lines that he had no idea were in the field. He tried to back out, but I held him to his trade, and I got over twenty-five hundred rifles in exchange for a mortar not worth one tenth as much. . . ."

Lewis describes action at **Amelia Court House** as Lee's army retreated from **Petersburg, VA**: "At Amelia

Court House the day previous. . . , I had orders from Gen. Lee to advance my brigade to the left of the Court House, I discovered a large park of caissons huddled together just in front of my line of battle I also noticed that the ammunition from the caissons was piled in an immense heap just to leeward of the caissons, and that an artillery officer was in the act of firing the caissons. I saw at a glance that the left of. . . the line of battle of my entire brigade was in much more danger from the explosion of the [un]fired ammunition than from a cavalry attack of the enemy. I therefore sent a staff officer in full run to move my skirmish line to the right and out of the way of the explosion which I knew was very soon to take place. I ordered the brigade to lie down as flat on the ground as possible, Just as this was done, the most sublime spectacle I ever witnessed took place—that vast pile of ammunition covering at least one half acre of ground, and three feet deep, exploded in one grand flash. For a few seconds a perfect hail of fragments of shells came down through the trees, doing considerable damage to the wounded, but the damage was not so great as I had reason to fear it would be. . . ."

After the truce

Lewis described his recuperation from his April 7 wound: "In a few days I had recovered sufficiently to be moved to Farmville. While passing through the streets of Farmville . . . , the driver of the ambulance was stopped by **Dr. James R. Spencer**, of Farmville, who had been in charge of the Confederate Hospital at that place. He inquired of the driver who was in the ambulance. Being informed, although a perfect stranger to me, he directed the ambu-

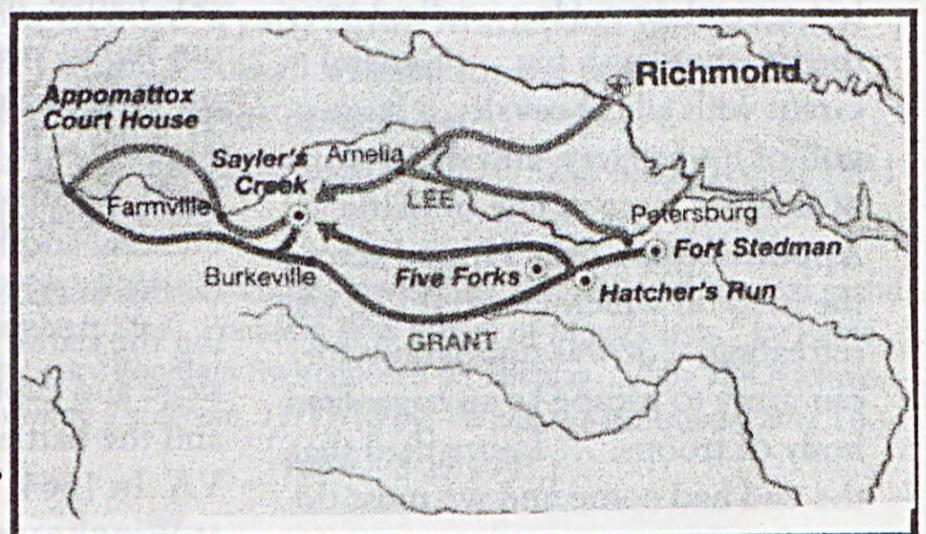
lance to proceed to his house. I was carried, in accordance with his wish, to his residence, and placed in the most comfortable room in the house. Here, for several weeks I lingered between life and death. I am sure, but for the untiring attention and skill of Dr. Spencer, and the kind treatment of his family, I would never have revived to pen these lines. Night after night he sat by my bed side and watched me as if I had been his own child. I repeatedly urged him to rest, but he heeded it not, but kept his vigils night after night, and almost all day until I was safely restored."

Lewis's early years

William Gaston Lewis, the son of **John Wesley Lewis**, a physician, and **Catherine Battle Lewis** was born Sept. 3, 1835. His family had recently moved to **Falls of Tar River** [now **Rocky Mount**] where John Lewis practiced medicine. The Battle family, including his mother, owned the cotton mill there. Three of Mrs. Lewis's brothers also lived there: **Col. Dossey Battle**, **R.H. Battle**, and **Rev. Amos Battle**.

In 1837, Mr. Lewis turned his medical practice over to **Dr. N.J. Pitman**, one of his medical students, and the family moved to **Warrenton, Warren Co., NC**. Two years later, the family moved to **Raleigh, NC**. In 1893, Gaston Lewis's brother, **Richard**, described the move in his autobiography: "We traveled in carriages. The furniture was carried in wagons.

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Letters From A Soldier to His Lady

W. GASTON LEWIS FROM THE BATTLEFIELD
TO MITTE PENDER IN TARBORO, NC

Camp "Tadpole" Febry 22nd 1863

My Dear Mitte

...[Your last letter] put me in the best of humors notwithstanding lawyer [Fred] Phillip's assertions of disloyalty in you.. That letter eased my arduous toils, which have been incessant ever since I have been down in this low miserable wet country. ...

[William Gaston Lewis was in Kinston, Lenoir Co., NC. He was Lt. Col. of the 43rd NC Troops and commanding the picket line with 11 companies. The line ran from the Neuse River to the Trent River, about 40 miles. He wrote in his autobiography: "I was in the saddle night and day, ... visited my lines continually."]

This is a dark rainy disagreeable day, & well calculated to bring down a mans spirits to below zero. My "Spirits" are below that now. ...

I am glad my sweetheart is looking so finely. Lawyer Phillips is a good judge. But I had vastly rather see for myself... if Fred told the truth about my Mitte. Give my love to Louise & Laura [Mitte's younger sisters] ... Good bye, my dear Mitte... ,
Gaston

In the woods near Washington [NC]
April 13th 1863

Miss Mitte Pender

Tarboro, N.C.

My Dear Mitte

I would have written sooner to let you know my whereabouts, if I had known myself. We took a sweeping march from Kinston near to Newbern & around to these parts. ... When the regiment marches, I go with it, when it rests, I am on engineering duty for Genl's [Daniel Harvey] Hill & [Junius] Daniel. Generally when I get to camp at night I fall down on my humble couch... Ere I sought my pine straw bed, spread under "the blue canopy", I would let my beloved know that I am still in existence... We have Washington completely invested [enclosed], ... no communication whatever with the outside world. ... The 11th Regt a few days ago whipped four brigades of the enemy at Blounts Mill. ... I am constructing a line of defence for Genl Hill on the Swift Creek Road ... [Federal troops had captured Washington, NC and built earthen fortifications around the town. D.H. Hill tried to recapture the town

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by surrounding it in April 1863, but was unable to shut off supplies and reinforcements arriving by ship. By April 15, Hill was forced to withdraw.]

The sound of artillery & the whistle of shot & shell are as familiar as the whistle of a locomotive used to be. ... You needn't feel uneasy about your humble servant, or those gallant Virginia officers of yours on the other side of the river. They have thrown iron enough at us to build a rail road track some distance. ...

I feel as if a week or two in Tarboro, the most of the time at the "Brownstone," would be a great relief. I would throw off all care, & you would make the time most pleasant & agreeable, wouldn't you?

Darkville Va July 15th 1863

My Dear Mitte

... I am in Va. again after going through, untouched, the most terrific and sanguinary [murderous] battle of the war. ... Col. Kenan was wounded & taken prisoner, so I am now in command of the regiment. [Gaston Lewis took part in the battle at Gettysburg, PA., July 1-3, 1863. In his autobiography, he described the action of his troops. He also wrote about Assistant Surgeon of the 43rd NC Reg, Doctor Joel B. Lewis: "While dressing the wounds of the men in a brick house a few hundred yards in the rear of our line, the enemy directed a most severe artillery fire on the house, and shot several shells through the house. Doctor Lewis found a flannel underskirt in the house and tied it to a broom, went through a trap door to the top of the house, and hoisted it as a hospital flag; although the shells were flying as thick as hail, he never deserted his post. On the first day's fight he rode horseback into the thickest of the fight and carried his entire ambulance corps with him, and did not dismount until he had to do so to dress the wounds of the men. ..."]

... I am & always have been opposed to invasion, & I think this trip will make our authorities believe that invasion is the wrong policy ... [Lewis wrote about the withdrawal from Gettysburg: "We retreated during the night in the most severe rain storm I ever witnessed, and forded the Potomac during the night, although the water came to the armpits of the men." They remained in Darkville for several weeks and when they left: "... nine tenths of the 43rd were suffering from diarrhea. The first night we encamped in a patch of ripe dewberries, and I gave orders for all the men to eat all they could of them. The next morning the sick list was reduced from over four hundred the day before to not exceeding twenty five."]

I am sorry that ___ Lewis of the same regiment

LETTERS, CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

LETTERS, CONT. FROM P. 17

[82nd Regt] was so severely wounded in the face by a shell. He was decidedly good looking, & as clever as the rest of the family. ...

Lac[e]ys' Springs Valley of VA
Nov 20th 1864

My Dear Wife [Gaston Lewis married Martha Lucinda "Mitte" Pender in Tarboro, NC on Mar. 15, 1864.]

... Three or four days of snow, rain, hail, sleet, & murky weather..., without the sweet encouraging smile of a true & affectionate wife, is enough to cause a philosopher to be low spirited. [Lacey's Springs is in the Shenandoah Mountains about 9 miles north of Harrisburg, VA.] If, my darling, I had you near me to smile upon

me, ...I would be free from such miserable companions as the "blues" ...

When we are certainly located for the winter I will let you know, so that if you are willing & desire it, you can come, & stay up here until spring ... [In his autobiography, Lewis wrote that he was soon ordered to Petersburg, VA and that he spent the winter there, so he apparently left Lacey's Springs soon after this letter was written.]

My wound is not yet entirely well, but is very near it. [Lewis was promoted to Brig. General on May 31, 1864 and was wounded near Winchester, VA in July. He later wrote: "While the surgeons were probing my wounds at the hospital in Winchester, ladies young and fair, were waiting on me, though the en-

LEWIS, CONT. FROM P. 16

We were 2 days on the road. We stopped at the end of the 1st day, with my uncle, Wm. H. Battle's family, Louisburg, Franklin Co. The next day we reached Raleigh. That night we had supper on a big waiter on the floor. My uncle Amos Battle was living in Raleigh then, & was Pastor of the Bap. Ch. He sent the supper to us."

John Lewis died in 1843. When the estate was settled, all the property was sold to pay debts. Lewis had sold his wife's interest in the cotton mill and bought a sugar plantation in Florida. Catherine Lewis's youngest brother, Isaac Battle, was caretaker and he had squandered away the property. Mrs. Lewis was left destitute with 6 children, the eldest nearly 15, the youngest just 2 years old.

Mrs. Lewis began taking boarders for Mr. Lovejoy's military school, which her sons attended. [See "Eating Rooster and Plowing," *The Connector*, Fall, 2003] As long as the family lived in Raleigh, the house was full of boys.

Richard Lewis wrote that the boys

used to enjoy the 4th of July celebrations. They were always given a little money, sometimes as much as 25¢. With it, they could buy five large cakes of gingerbread, called "gungers", or 5 glasses of lemonade, "always with flies in it." They preferred "gungers." each of which would last at least 20 minutes, while the lemonade was gone almost instantly.

In 1849, Mrs. Lewis moved to Chapel Hill, NC where she kept boarders to feed, clothe and educate her children. Gaston Lewis graduated from the Civil Engineering course at the university in 1855. After graduation, he taught school in Chapel Hill and Jackson Co, FL for about 2 years.

Lewis next spent the next 2 years helping to survey the area between the headwaters of the Mississippi and the Red Rivers in northwestern Minnesota territory.

When Lewis returned to Edgecombe Co in 1858, he became Asst. Engineer on the Tarboro branch of the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad. [See "Wilmington and Weldon Railroad", *The Connector*, Fall, 2000]

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emy's shells were flying over and bursting thick as hail around us. They showed no fear, and I think showed more heroism than any of their sex I saw during the war." While recovering, he contracted typhoid fever was out of action for 3 months.]

...Tell Dow Pender to direct my Southerner [newspaper] to me Earlys Division ... Tell Lizzie, Laura, Sarah & Alice [Mitte's sisters] all to write to me, & cheer up my drooping spirits. ... Gaston

[Letters from William Gaston Lewis Papers, #2314-z, Southern Historical Collection, Wilson Library, University of NC at Chapel Hill, NC. Other information from Gaston Lewis's *Sketch of the Life of W.G. Lewis, Brigadier General, Confederate State's Army* written around 1895. A copy of this manuscript is at Braswell Memorial Library.]

He continued in this position until NC seceded in April 1861 and he joined the Edgecombe Guards.

After the War

After the war, Gaston Lewis held several positions. He worked for several railroads including the Wilmington & Weldon; the Wilmington, Charlotte & Rutherford; the Raleigh & Gaston; the Wilmington & Tarboro; and the Williamston & Tarboro. From 1871 to 1878, he was in the wholesale and retail hardware business in Tarboro. He farmed from 1878 until 1884. From 1885 to 1901, he worked as an engineer for the state, taking leave of absence in 1893 to survey 75,000 acres in western NC for George Vanderbilt.

William Gaston Lewis died March 22, 1902 in Goldsboro, Wayne Co., NC.

[Sources: *Sketch of the Life of W.G. Lewis, Brigadier General, Confederate State's Army*, 1895; *Autobiographical Sketch of the Life of Richard Henry Lewis, Sr.*, 1893; *Confederate Military History*, 1899; *Battle Book*, by Herbert Bemerton Battle, 1930]

When a Man Needs a Horse

Mr. Editor:— The following sums were subscribed in **Granville County** to enable Mr. **William DUKE**, of the **1st NC Cavalry**, to purchase a horse for service in the field. Mr. Duke has been in service since the commencement of the war, and was without a horse, and had not the means to purchase one. This is published to encourage others to imitate the example, and to supply soldiers who may be in need.

Miss LED Peace \$50, JD Pool & Co 25; Wm Reams 20, Green Reams, Alex Reams, Frances Reams, Dr. G Blacknall, Kittrell's Springs, RA Jenkins, TS Stuart, John G. Mangum, William L Peace, each \$10; Dr.



Wm A Hicks, a Friend, each \$6; Geo Reams, Capt. Hobgood, Miss Lucy Reams, Mrs Williams, Mrs. C Blacknall, Mrs. M Blacknall, Liet G Kittrell, BJ Pool, Mrs. T Capehart, Mrs. BA Capehart, Mr. BA Capehart, JB Hunter, HH Hargrove, JS Burwell, Wm O Bobbitt, Rev Mr Moore, Rev Mr. Wingate, Mr Lassiter, JW Hays, Capt A Landis, DS Osborne, Wm C Crabtree, Tom Kittrell, Dr. Jno Briant, J Gill, T Gill, William B Mann, Dr Thomas Mann, T Williams, S White, Mrs. Sally Rogers, NJ Falkner, SG Hays, B Jenkins, P Merriman, SR Hunt, H Hays, John Rowland, Jno M Bannes, JA Brame, EH Kittrell, DT Cheatham, J Parham, GW Harrison, HH Hight, WP Mangum,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

SAMARIA, CONT. FROM P. 1

Denton, John P. Denton and Joseph Denton to June Denton Bissette. Other land owners in and near Samaria were Dall, Lawrence, Morgan, Cone, Griffin, Murray, Wilder and Hopkins.

Samaria Baptist Church was established in 1823. The Shiloh Primitive Baptist Church was the original community church. The membership of Shiloh Church split and one group built at the present church site; the other group merged with Sandy Grove Church near Spring Hope.

In 1828, John E. Murray, a chair-maker from VA, came to Samaria and set up shop. He made a name for himself that still endures. [See "Making a Quality Chair," *The Connector*, Spring 2000]

The Murray cemetery in Samaria is included in *Cemeteries of Nash County North Carolina (And Surrounding Area) - Vol I*, edited by Timothy W. Rackley & Tar River Connections. The marker to the right has names on 3 sides, including **W(illiam) G(us) Murray**, August 17, 1842-March 10, 1899, and

his wife, **Mary (Whitfield)**, 1832-Feb. 2, 1892. Other names with old markers include **Glover, Edwards, Lewis and Bissett**. There is a hand-carved marker that appears to be for a **Moore**.

An elementary school was established at Samaria and the ledger-minute book used to record the transactions around 1900 was in the hands of **Beecher Brantley** in 1974. His father was secretary and the five-man committee for that time period was composed of **J.T. Strickland, J.F. Brantley, Orren Brantley, K.W. Ballentine**, and **M.C. Anderson**.



T.B. Brantley was hired to teach in 1901 for \$25 per month. **H.G. Morgan** and **Dorah Smith** were each paid \$20 per month. The record shows that **J.B. Alford** was discharged in 1895 for neglect of duty. Other teachers who worked in Ferrell's Township included: **J.P. Chamblee, C.A. Biggs, Miss Anner M. Taylor, Miss Ira S. Kemp,**

Harris Strickland, Misses Annie and Esther Brantley.

In the early 1900s, Samaria had a cotton gin, a cane mill, a sawmill, a grist mill, a blacksmith shop, and a brick kiln. **Dick Whitley**, alias **E.C. Vick**, operated a bonded brandy still. No one seems to know why the alias was used.

The post office at Samaria was earlier known as **Sutton's**. The community was also on the stage road and so had stage service.

Vannie Gill, of Zebulon, Wake Co., drove the first automobile to Samaria. He would come by about once a week. **Dock Denton** was the first owner of a car in town.

People in the area remembered some good old remedies for curing ailments: cough syrup made from Jerusalem plant root; rubbing the patient with a chicken to cure chicken pox; wearing a mole's foot around the neck to cut teeth easily; wearing a dirty sock around the neck to cure sore throat; and wearing a rabbit's foot around the neck to prevent bad luck.

[Source: "Samaria", 20th in a series of features on Nash County communities, by M.W. Weaver; *Nashville Graphic*, 1974]

TRC Genealogical Resources Available

Zion's Landmark Obituaries

Zion's Landmark was a Baptist magazine published in Wilson, NC from the late 1800s into the mid 1900s. Reese Ferrell, TRC member, has made copies of 424 of these obituaries that date from 1891 to 1949.

The obituaries reveal many details that might not otherwise be available. They were usually written by a family member, but sometimes by a friend.

The list of the articles includes the birthday, spouse, date of death, and parents where given.

Death Notices

Tim Rackley, TRC member, has extracted 278 death notices from the following sources: *Raleigh Register* and *North Carolina State Gazette 1799 - 1867*, by Carrie Broughton; *Marriage and Death Notices form Raleigh Register, North Carolina State Gazette, Daily Sentinel, Raleigh Observer, and News and Observer, 1867 - 1887*, Bulletin of the NC State Library, 1951; and *Marriage and Death Notices form Raleigh Register, North Carolina State Gazette, Daily Sentinel, Raleigh Observer, and News and Observer, 1888 - 1893*, Bulletin of the NC State Library, 1952.

The list of death notices includes the genealogical information that appeared in the notices.

Historical Articles

TRC members have collected over 600 articles from various sources that refer to people in the Tar River area: Vance, Granville, Franklin, Nash, Edgecombe, Pitt, Beaufort, Halifax and Warren counties.

The alphabetical list of surnames mentioned in the articles contains over 1600 items and many items contain multiple given names. The list also includes the local county or counties named, and the state(s) and county(ies) named in the article. There are articles about people who moved to GA, TX, IL, etc. You might find a thread connecting you to our area.

To Order:

Zion's Landmark Obituaries List	\$3
Death Notices List	\$3
Historical Articles List	\$3
All 3 Lists	\$6
All 3 Lists on CD	\$5.
Nash Co. Edwards Marriages	\$5
Index, <i>Historical Sketches of Franklin Co.</i>	\$5
Index, <i>Nash Co. Historical Notes, A Bicentennial Tribute</i>	\$5

Individual articles from the Zion's Landmark or the Historical Articles collections are available for 25¢ per page, including postage, with a minimum charge of \$2.

To order, send check to TRC, PO Box 8764, Rocky Mount, NC 27804.

HORSE, CONT. FROM P 19

PH Bobbitt, Willis Rogers, Capt EB Lyon, John W Lawrence, Benj Night, Rufus Bobbitt, WA Bobbitt, NN Harris, JG Smith, Jno Y Mitchell, Chesley Qualls, WA Smith, A Harris, Josiah Peace, Mr. Langley, Dr Thackelford, HO Scott, Maj T Speed, WH Joyber, JB Long, WJP Jenkins, A Cattlett, J Ball, JW Howell, W Demont, Rev Mr. Purifoy, Dr Taylor, N Taylor, each \$5; Rev Mr. Gannon, T Lynch, B Cheatham, Capt JB Friend, B Kittrell, N Woodlief, W Woodlief, BF Harris, Isaiah Breadlove, C Grissom, BA Mitchell, LB Allen, B Holden, YA Minis, GW Winston, A Cretcher, Geo Winston, Wm Crews, Wm Blacknall, Mr Jenkins, each \$2; JT Floyd, Mr Breadlove, S Hudson, DJ Hudson, Rev G Compton, F Allen, G Farrow, W Mitchell, S Bragg,

JC Hinly, G Grissom, WD Jones, J Satterthwaite, a Friend, Mr. _____, a Friend, each \$1.

[NC Standard, Raleigh, NC 11/4/1863.
Submitted by Tim Rackley, TRC Member]

Who Is He?

The county clerk had just comfortably settled into his new position and commenced wrestling with the portfolio of township and municipal affairs when he received the following letter:

"DEER SUR I voted for you and glad you got in now we can git at the reckurds and find out what hez

happened in the last administration an the wether buro and so Foureth.

Will you plees enform me wat will be the wether on the forth of julie next an oblige Please remit.

Yours trewly L. STONE"

Whereunto the new public office, in a burst of official integrity, replied:

"DEAR SIR: Neither I nor any one else can tell you what the weather will be on the date named. If any one pretends he can, he is simply a charlatan."

In two of three days, another letter came, as follows:

"DEER SUR Yurs reseved thanks will you plees enform me who the Charlinton is for this County, and oblige Yurs trewly L. STONE Plees remit."

[King's Weekly, Greenville, NC,
1/11/1895]

