

# The Connector

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

Fall, 2004

Peggy Strickland & Billie Jo Matthews, Co-Editors

Volume 8 Number 4

## Glory Hancock Heroine of the Great War

War is hell! British Red Cross nurse, Madelon "Glory" Battle Hancock, wrote to her father and stepmother from the Belgian front in 1918: "I'm still on the front & such days & nights. We are having to be in every night and send as many off next day as possible. It's interesting but tiring & I'm sick to death of it. We have stretchers and beds in every corner ready for this Push. Lets hope we'll advance this time. It's rotten weather and the trenches must be ghastly. We've got lots of En-

glish in now —are surrounded by them and French. Have seen very few Americans. I haven't done much 'lorry hopping' lately— When



By permission of Mrs. Edward B. Lewis

I come off duty at 8 A.M. I'm all in and not fit for anything."

Glory Hancock entered the Great War, World War I, in 1914. An April 8, 1920 article in the *Tarboro Daily Southerner* described her service: "Mrs. Hancock ... went to Antwerp, in Belgium, August 13, 1914, ... with the first British field hospital, ... to enter that part of the war stricken country, in fact the first British hospital to take service in the front lines, in Belgium. She remained there until October 12 of the same year, when during the retreat by the Allies she brought in under fire many wounded Belgians and British, the latter of the Royal Naval Division.

"She was then attached to the

[SEE GLORY, PAGE 4]

## THE FINAL CHAPTER— LAURA PENDER, HOMEWARD BOUND [3rd in a Series on the Penders]

Laura Pender stepped carefully as she made her way onto the *Advantage* at St. George on the island of Bermuda. It was October 7, 1863 and she was returning to her family home, Oak Grove, in Edgecombe Co near Tarboro, NC. The voyage to Wilmington, NC, through the federal blockade, usually took about 3 days. She

and her husband, Josiah S. Pender, wanted their first child to be born at home. (Their son, Josiah Keon Pender, was born less than 2 weeks later, on Oct. 19, 1863.) Josiah would leave Bermuda to travel to England on the next available ship. His business there wouldn't wait.

Laura was an experienced sailor,



Photograph of Portrait  
by Charles Killebrew

but Josiah worried about her. Most ships made it safely through the blockade, but there was still an element of danger. Pender asked the ship's captain, Col. Thomas Croissan, to keep an eye out for Laura's welfare. There were only 6 passengers on board: James H.

Burton of GA and Rev. Moses Drury Hoge of Richmond, VA, who had traveled together from England and who kept journals in which they wrote about the voyage from Bermuda to Wilmington; Rev. Terry of NC; Mr. Regnault,

[SEE PENDER ON PAGE 14]

## Announcement

Braswell Memorial Library will offer 2 one-hour Heritage Quest workshops. Topics covered include what is available on this genealogical database and how to search it. Space is limited. Pre-registration is required. Workshop dates are Tue., Oct. 26 from 12 noon until 1 p.m. and Thur., Oct. 28 from 7 to 8 p.m.

## 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.
5. Queries will be published quarterly in *The Connector*.

### Tar River Connections Genealogical Society

PO Box 8764  
Rocky Mount, NC 27804

#### Internet

[www.braswell-library.org/gene.htm](http://www.braswell-library.org/gene.htm)

#### e-mail

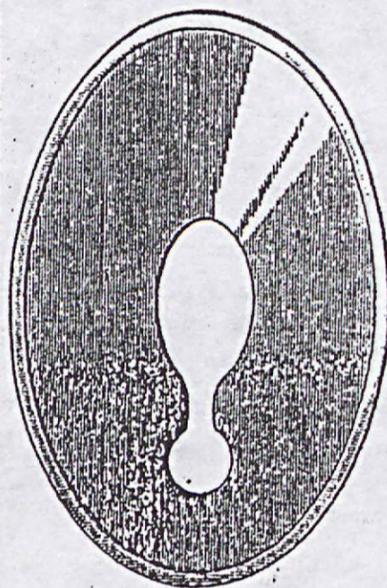
[trcgs@braswell-library.org](mailto:trcgs@braswell-library.org)

Annual Dues - \$15.00

### 2004 Officers

Jim Stallings, President  
Bettie Arthur, President Elect  
Mary Weeks, Secretary, Treasurer  
Billie Jo Matthews, Peggy Strickland, Newsletter Editors  
Directors: Mae Frazier,  
Roy Edwards, Fairy B. Williams

*The Connector*-Published Quarterly  
Membership & Surnames-Annually



## Chamberlain's WATER CLOSET SEAT.

The above invention, one of the devices most simple in theory and most efficacious in practice that has ever been brought before the world for the accomplishment of the ends for which it is contrived, was patented by Mr. Chamberlain, September 16, 1884. The flattering and rapidly increasing sale that has already attended the intelligent efforts of the patentee to bring before the notice of suffering humanity his most remarkable and beneficial device is the best proof of its great value, as a preventive of, a relief for and an effectual remedy in these special diseases. The seat is used for the relief and cure of hemorrhoids (piles) internal and external and all protrusions of the lower bowel. The action of the appliance is based according to the endorsement of the leading physicians of the South on the soundest philosophical and anatomical principles, those of compression. A trial of a few weeks will satisfy any sufferer from the above mentioned affliction of the benefits to be derived from this convenient device. It is of the greatest value to females in all uterine troubles and no family should be without one whether any members of it afflicted or not. The seat will be furnished by the patentee at the following prices: walnut, \$6.00; cherry, \$5.00; poplar, \$5.00. Directions for use will accompany each seat—no other seat should be used during the trial.

Mr. Chamberlain was first led to the discovery of this valuable device by experimenting with very aggravated case in his own family, where the best medical skill had given them up as incurable, which cases he entirely cured.

Mr. C. is a watchmaker by trade, was born in **Trenton, N.J.**, was from fifteen years old at his trade in the Quaker City; up to 1856 resided in Delaware, when he came South to Plymouth, removing to **Tarboro'** [**Edgecombe Co, NC**] after the war. He is a man of inventive genius and has the business energy necessary to push his discovery so that it may bring the greatest good to the greatest number, and the day is not far distant when it shall be considered an essential part of the furnishing of every house in the land.

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

## BEAUFORT COUNTY.

March Term, 1776—Present, his Majesty's Justice.

**William Fullerton** being a person who Received a wound at the **Battle of Allamance**, came into Court and was Examined. The Court still think him to be an Object of publick bounty, and Recommend him to the Assembly as such.

## Readers Choice Local Color



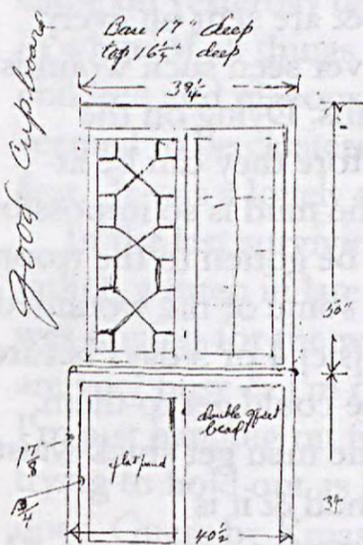
*My Father was a Dreamer*, By  
Preston A Moore, Jr.

July 3, 1892 saw the arrival of **Preston Augustus Moore**, the son of **Reddick** and **Delia Moore**. This event occurred in **Palmyria, Halifax County, NC**, near **Hobgood**. He was to become the middle child of five in this family. Times were hard, but Preston was determined to follow his dreams even though he lacked a formal education. This book is a "tribute to his imagination and perseverance".

Eventually moving to **Rocky Mount, NC**, he met and fell in love with **Eva Christine McLemore**. They were married on the steps of **Edgemont School in Edgecombe County** (now the **Judicial Center**) on July 12, 1914. Eva was the daughter of **William E. and Rosa Lyons McLemore**.

The young couple moved around to several places during the lean years, but P. A. continued to do the work he loved best which was "working with his hands". Eva passed away

in 1924 and P. A. married **Rozzie Slade** in 1927. She immediately supplied a loving home environment for P. A. and Eva's



[LOCAL, CONT. ON PAGE 6]



## RFD Halifax, NC

[**N**orman T. Vick was born in 1913 at **Glenview Farm** in **Halifax Co., NC**. He wrote *Carolina Camelot—RFD* in which he tells of growing up on the farm prior to the depression. The book includes chapters about working on the farm, school days, all-day preaching and chicken on the grounds, hog killing, mules, and many more. The stories are fascinating and will bring back memories for many of our readers. The following stories are just a few examples of Mr. Vick's fond memories.]

### The Blue Serge Suit

Often in the evenings the last sound heard was Mama's sewing machine busily buzzing. With her large brood, much sewing was necessary. She made all of the girls' dresses, until they grew old enough to make their own, and all of the boys' clothes, except our overalls. Many nights she was still going at it after everyone else was in bed.

One day she proudly presented me with a neat blue serge suit which she had made from my oldest brother's hand-me-downs. It fit okay, but it was sort of scratchy and seemed to me a bit fancy for school wear. Nonetheless, she took the time, which was unusual, to dress me that morning, combed my hair, and sent me off looking like **Little Lord Fauntleroy**.

I would have preferred wearing my beloved overalls. But they were taboo. At Big Recess time I joined the other boys in an exciting game of Hare and Hounds. Helter-skelter, pell-mell, we crashed through the brush and the bramble, eagerly intent upon being the first to lay hands on the swift and elusive hare. Hot on his heels, all at once I found that I must negotiate passage through a multi-strand barbed wire fence. In my great haste I scrambled through with only a few nicks and cuts that drew blood, but the suit did not make it. Most of it was left hanging on the barbed wire.

I was able to reassemble enough cloth to cover myself sufficiently to make it back to the schoolyard, where I hid at the edge of the woods until **Murray Neville** reported my condition to the teacher. Soon he returned with permission to drive me home, hitched **Black Beauty** to the buggy, and we were on our way.

I was filled with dread, apprehensive at the prospect of facing Mama. I should not have been. She asked me how it happened, but there was not one word of disapproval.

"That cloth was getting a bit frayed anyway," she said. And that was the last word spoken about the Blue Serge Suit that lasted only one-half day.

### Hitching the Heifer

**Murray Neville** had a red steer that was broken to pull a cart. He was well behaved and could trot like a horse. I guess that is what gave us the idea.

We did not own a steer, or even a young bull, at the time; but we did have a large sturdy red heifer. "Why don't we train her to pull a cart?" **Harold** [Norman Vick's brother] asked.

"That's a good idea," I responded, "but we don't have a cart."

"We can make one with the back wheels of the wagon," Harold added.

So we cut two pine poles for shafts, and rigged up a strong-looking cart. We found an ancient yoke and bow in the buggy house, and began our first training session. The red heifer had never known a rope, but she did not object too strenuously to the halter we slipped on her head. But she did not like leaving

[VICK, CONTUED ON PAGE 7]

### [GLORY, FROM PAGE 1]

hospital established in **Fermes**, in Belgium, and nursed there through the first battle of the **Yser**, when the hospital was shelled by the **Germans** and had to be evacuated, the patients being moved to **Hoogstadt**, where Mrs. Hancock was stationed during the first and second battles of **Ypres** and the second battle of the **Marne**.

"Until the last battle of the war, Mrs. Hancock was at the above named and other dressing stations close behind the Allied lines of battle until the last moment of the war; never being beyond the sound of the guns and frequently within the zone of fire. She was gassed, was repeatedly in the midst of shrapnel fire but always escaped without serious injury."

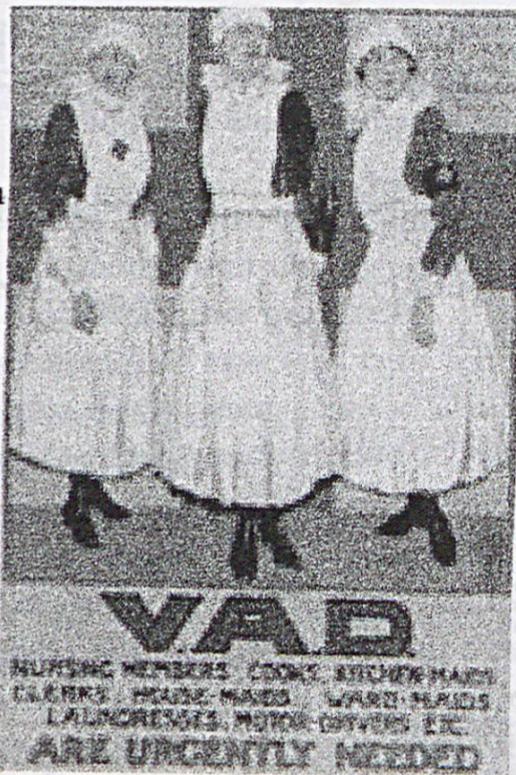
By September 1918, Glory Hancock was exhausted with the stress of battle. She wrote: "I am on Night Duty again and alone and we get 39 and 49 in a night all to be washed and their dressings done besides treatment for most of them and by morning I am like a ressurected [sic] corpse. I really never was so tired in my life. We all are. The Staff is so small and they keep filling up with wounded instead of keeping to a

number we can cope with without killing ourselves. 4 years of this has about finished me in every way. I think every body feels the same. Worn out mentally and physically. We have lots of German wounded in, such nice mannered boys most of them. I was so surprised and our wounded are good to them, waiting on them and talking to them. Poor devils

they don't want to fight any more than our soldiers do.

She still managed to carry on a semblance of social life: "I gave a big dinner the other night before this Push started to thank the people who had been so nice to me. ... It was lots of fun & every body was in great form. It ended with a big air raid—too near to be amusing and we were kept busy with wounded coming in the rest of the night."

Glory expressed her homesickness and weariness at having to keep up a strong front: "...I never was so homesick in my life. Boarding school wasn't a patch on the ache I've got to get back to you now and never leave.... honest to Gawd I'm so sick of having people depend on me that I could scream. At the last bombardment I would have given everything I possessed to hang on to somebody and be as big a baby as I wanted to instead of having to play the Hero of the **Johnstown Flood** and keep other men from being scared poor devils. I know it's hard enough when one is up and can look after ones self but to be in bed and feel the universe is apt to fall in on you must be the limit ...."



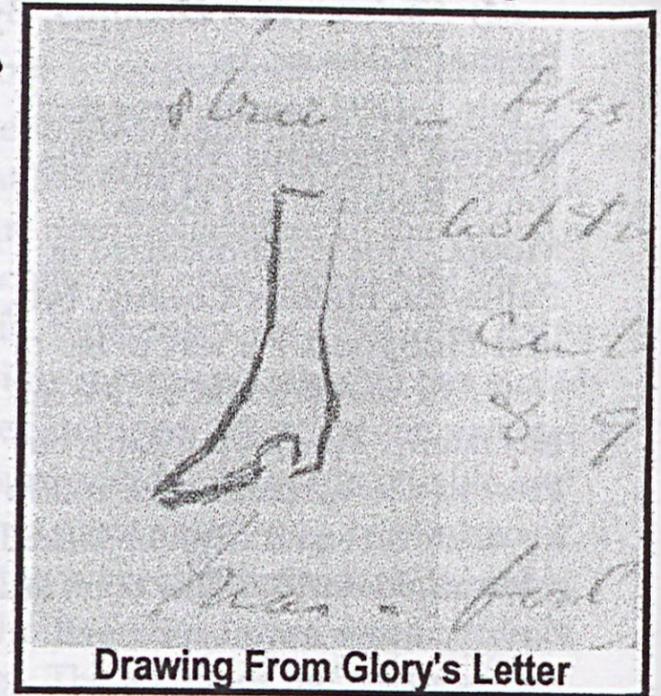
Voluntary Aid Detachment (VAD)  
Recruitment Poster

There were times when she was ready to give up: "... truly—if the war doesn't end soon I'll have to chuck it. Isn't it awful of me. I've got a ward of bad cases—& am going hard all night & it interests me of course & I'm more than sorry for them & I just can't stand the suffering all round me as have all these years."

In spite of the horror around her, Glory still thought of more mundane things: "Do you think you could

### CONNECTOR

find me a pair of brown tan high shoes—brown suede or calf [illegible] size 4 1/2 C or 4C not too pointed toes, **Cuban** heel, & quite high—I



Drawing From Glory's Letter

was a fool not to get in a supply of shoes as I can't wear English ones & the shops in **England** that import American shoes aren't doing it now. [illegible] had a chance to go to St. [illegible] & only saw white ones with very pointed toes. **Stern Bros** on 42 St. [**New York, NY**] used to send me all my shoes but that was when I was 3 B and C. "

And food: "I'm dying for American cooking again. We can't get [illegible] fruit in the canteens up here now and I dream of waffles and fried chicken and Sundaes."

By Oct. 7, 1918, the battle was raging: "Ambulances for miles almost touching each other. A continual stream. Hundreds come in and are operated on & are sent on every hour. I've never seen such wounds & so many deaths. Dying on the stretchers before they can be attended to. The mud is so impossible. Food had to be gotten to the troops by airmen & some of the wounded lay out their [sic] 4 or 5 days before an ambulance could get to them. Sometimes the men get stuck waist deep in the mud & it is

[Glory, Cont. on Page 5]

### [Glory, Cont. from P. 4]

impossible to get them out. Food has to be taken to them for a day or two if they haven't died from exposure in the mean time & then sometimes they are shot to get them out of their misery. It seems incredible but this mud is almost like quicksand—it clings & sucks down so."

By Oct. 26, her unit had moved to the ancient and beautiful city of **Bruges, Belgium**: "Theres [sic] steam heat & gas... and I'm in a 7th heaven of delight. It was pitiful coming all through the trenches



**VAD, Patients in Dressing Station**

—such wasted country. All the trees skeletons, corpses & overturned guns & motors every where & miles & miles of inundated country with narrow duck boards to walk on. 1/2 foot to right or left, & you'd drown for certain. The roads on the German side are lots better than ours & Bruges is so gay. ... The Queen came on yesterday on horseback all in white of all things and all the children and pigeons in Bruges seemed to be clustered around their feet. It was a lovely sight."

In the last surviving letter to her father, written in late 1918, Glory was hoping for the war's end: "We are very busy & I'm on night duty & I'm just hanging on from day to day trying to hold out as long as the war does. Guess by Xmas if the war isn't finished Glory is. ... We all live scattered all over the town & come

to work at 6.30 in the morning like the workmen. Its harrowing these cold dark mornings and when Peace does come nothing will induce me to be uncomfortable or even take an early train again as long as I live."

### Most Decorated

By the end of the war, Madelon "Glory" Hancock had received 12 decorations and was the most decorated woman in the world. There were five from Great Britain: the Mons Star, Royal Red Cross, Allied Service Medal, British Victory Medal, and **King George V Medal**, given in person by the king. There were also five from Belgium: the Chevalier de l'Ordre de la Couronne, (crown), personally given by **King Albert** and carrying with it the title of countess; Cruz de Guerre, Order of the Yser, Order of **Queen Elizabeth**, and Civic Cross. Two medals from France completed her collection: Croix de Guerre and Medal a Reconnaissance pour les Etrangers.

In her letters to her father, Glory makes only one mention of her decorations: "Wish **Gov. Craig** would catch me the Congressional medal. I'd love to have something American though I haven't wished directly for them at all."

### Before the War

Madelon Battle was born in **Pensacola, FL** on Aug. 30, 1881. She attended **St. Mary's School** in **Raleigh, Wake Co., NC**.

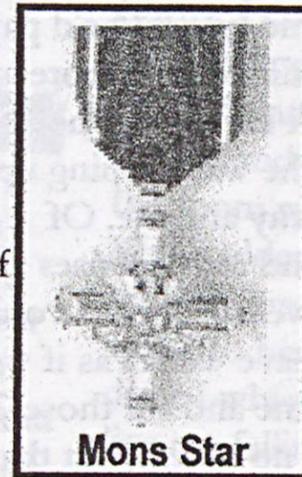
Although her parents were in **Asheville, Buncombe Co., NC** Madelon apparently also considered **Tarboro, Edgecombe Co., NC** home. Her father had been born in **Nash Co.** and belonged to a family prominent in Nash and Edgecombe counties. The *Daily Southerner* article in 1920 carried the headline:

**"Edgecombe Woman Is Most Decorated in All The World."** In the article itself: "She is an

**Edgecombe county** woman and formerly lived in Tarboro," and "Mrs. Hancock is at present visiting the family of Mr. **Octave Battle** [her uncle] near Tarboro." Madelon herself, in one of her letters, longed for Tarboro: "I'd love to get to Tarboro for a minute after I've seen you & hugged Sylva."

Madelon Battle married **Mortimer Pawson "Don" Hancock** on July 2, 1904.

**Anne Lewis**, wife of **Edward B. Lewis**, of Tarboro told this story of the Hancock's early marriage. "She showed up in Tarboro with orange spiky hair! It seems that Don was serving with the British Army in **India**. At that time, in the early 1900s,



**Mons Star**

women were not allowed to enter the hallowed rooms of the Officer's Club. Madelon, maverick that she was, was not happy with that rule. One night, the entertainment at the club was to be dancing girls. Madelon dyed her skin, donned a costume and joined the dancing girls at the club. She would have gotten away with it, too, if her husband had not recognized (**GASP**) her ankle! Angry, as you might imagine, he snatched her up, threw her over his shoulder and stormed out of the club, complaining loudly of his humiliation. Well, Madelon had a temper too! Once home, she locked herself in the bathroom with every chemical she could find and dumped it all on her hair. Then she applied the scissors! She had given herself an orange and spiky look that wouldn't wash out!"

The war put a strain on the Hancock marriage. Glory wrote: "I couldn't or wouldn't want to try to

**[Glory, Cont. on Page 6]**

### [Glory, Cont. from Page 5]

hold any one who didn't want to stay. If he had let me go as he promised to last year—it would have been all over and forgotten & I'd have been happily married to the man I love. ... What fun Don gets out of paying my bills & having me dash out with other men ... I'm proud of his career & help him all I can. But could do the same if I wasn't legally tied to him & be twice as nice to him."

In another letter, she wrote: "I sent him a bill of mine and asked him to pay it for me and he said he'd pay that one but couldn't do anymore at present!!!!!! I don't know how he would manage if he was keeping up a house with **Westray** and me. Of course both his and my expenses are much less while we are out here only when we go on leave we act as if we have a huge income and for those 2 weeks expense is no object, but that doesn't happen often. He is very much changed towards me which I don't blame him for, but if he won't let me go he has got to keep me. Hasn't he?"

Madelon and Don had one son, **Westray Battle Hancock**, who was educated at **Harrow** and

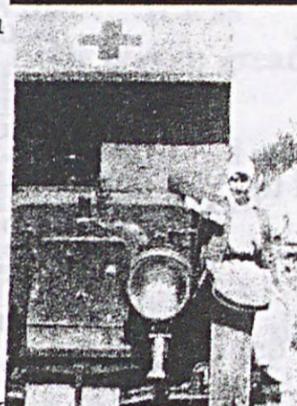


**Gen. M.P. Hancock**  
(About 1908)

gland. Madelon wrote of a visit with him: "When I got to **London** I found that they'd given me another week's leave in England to get some supplies & as I got them all together in a day spent the rest of the time in the country & at my little flat with **Westray**. I couldn't keep him away from school all the time as his exams were on."

### A New Stepmother

Madelon's mother, **Alice Maude Belknap Battle**, died in 1899. Her father, **Samuel Westray Battle**, married **Jane Hyde Hall Liddell** on Feb. 7, 1918. Although Madelon was not acquainted with Jane, she was pleased for her father. She wrote on Feb. 13: "I'm so so happy for you & wish I might be near enough to hug you both....to think you aren't alone any more & that you



**Glory**

From Mrs. E.B. Lewis

have a lovely woman to share things with you." In all her letters, she called her new stepmother Sylva: "I've called her 'Sylva' because the picture you sent me of her looked like a lovely one I saw of **Carmen Silva**."

Glory was able to get leave and return home in the early summer of 1918. She wrote to her father and stepmother from the ship as she returned to the front: "You have given me such wonderful leave I can't tell you what it meant to get back to you & having a mother & father to think about I look forward to getting back to is perfectly heavenly my two Darlings."

She also described the ship: "This boat is a **South American** boat—very luxurious. 5 decks & every comfort made for the tropics. My cabin is lovely. The fruit & cake & books are splendid & thank you so so much. I'm a very pampered pet but its lovely to be spoiled." In another letter: "Have a beautiful cabin & this boat has every luxury—lovely lounges and sitting rooms. And the deck room is filled with troops so there's [illegible] much walking space. The boys are such dears. Southerners most of them & home sick already."

Madelon "Glory" Battle Hancock died Sept. 30, 1920 in **Nice, France**. Except for her visit to Tarboro in

1920, her life after the war is unknown.

[Letters: "Glory Hancock Collection, 1918": UNCG Jackson Library, Greensboro, NC. Tarboro *Daily Southerner*, April 8, 1920. *The Battle Book*: Herbert Bemerton Battle; 1930. Conversation with Anne Lewis.]

### [Local, Cont. From Page 3]

children, which included **Preston Augustus Moore, Jr.**, the author of this book.

Preston Sr. developed a successful antique business in Rocky Mount, which was known and respected in all of eastern North Carolina. Preston Jr. began working with his father when he was in high school and became noted for his restoration work. Unfortunately, his father was killed in an automobile wreck in 1947.

Continuing in his father's business, Preston Moore, Jr. discovered he had a knack for sketching and could reproduce furniture. Two of his cabinets are in the **Governor's Mansion** in **Raleigh** and two are at **Hope Plantation** near **Windsor, NC**.

This book is a must for all antique lovers. Unfortunately, the father and son are now gone, but their memory will remain with us in the beautiful furniture they reproduced. Both were able to live their dream.

## New Publication

**T**im Rackley, TRC member, has published a new volume, *Vance Co, NC. Voter Registration, 1902-1908* that includes the birth places of the parents. You can reach Tim at Timothy W. Rackley, PO Box 2502, Kernersville, NC 27285-2502.

E-mail:

rackleypublishing@triad.rr.com

## [VICK, CONT. FROM PAGE 3]

the familiar environs of the cow lot. With patient but persistent persuasion we pushed, pulled, and prodded her to the buggy house, where our prized oxcart waited. She grew more restive as we placed her between the shafts. When we hitched her with the yoke and bow, she turned her head this way and that, rolling her eyes in disgust. As a safety factor, we tied another rope to her halter so one of us could control her on either side. "Let's go!"

We head her down the avenue (dirt driveway) with difficulty, but we were totally unprepared for what followed. After suffering the unaccustomed indignities for so long, the red heifer grew angry. Her anger turned to fear, and her fear turned to terror. She leaped and bucked, and turned and twisted like a rodeo steer. We struggled to control her, without success. She ran the cart into the ditch, fell down, and twisted her neck in the bow, bellowing and bawling all the while. She looked like she would surely kill herself. We were scared stiff. We had not counted on destroying a perfectly healthy animal. We did not know how to calm the crazed critter. She was a fighter, and it proved to be a good thing that she was. She kept struggling with all her might until things we had carefully nailed together began coming apart. Before she was through the whole cart was dismantled and she stood free of everything but the halter.

Without urging, she turned and calmly walked back to the barn. We followed respectfully. She had earned her freedom, and she had taught us more than we had taught her.

### Milking the Cows

I was assigned to help with the milking. . . . By sunup I would be sitting on a three-legged stool, leaning against a cow, pulling away.

On bitterly cold mornings it seemed like even the stars had frozen. The warmth of the cow offered some consolation, but the odor did not. The smell of cows and cow s— became one and the same. It permeated my clothing, and I think even my skin. I went to school well perfumed.



I do not understand how the term "giving milk" ever found its way into common usage. Cows do not "give" milk. You have to take it away from them. And some cows are not very cooperative. One of our cows was especially unhelpful. She was despicable.

As soon as I began milking, she would begin fidgeting, stepping first on one foot and then another, and switching her tail. My efforts to gentle her did not work. I needed a cow psychologist. That cow needed to "go into therapy." Before we were through I needed to, also.

In nervous haste she would have to leave the milking platform to urinate. When I resumed milking, it was not long before she had to repeat the process. Then I made the mistake of scolding her. That made matters worse. She began dribbling urine on her tail and vigorously swishing it around my neck. The situation grew from bad to worse.

In utter exasperation I got a barrel stave and lit into her. She ran for dear life, but I followed her around the lot, penned her into a corner, and beat her unmercifully.

Exhausted from my travail, I went to the house and told Papa to call the butcher. And he did.

## CONNECTOR

### Scared Witless

When I was in the fifth grade I suffered a grave fright. While sitting at my desk I felt an uncomfortable situation which made me think that I needed to have a bowel movement. I asked to be excused and hurried to the woods to relieve myself. At first nothing happened, but then I noticed a flesh-colored object dangling from my posterior. It was the color of hog intestines, which we called chitlins. I must have never heard the word intestines. But to my horror I concluded that my insides were falling out.

In frantic haste I rushed back to school and knocked on the door of the room where Lossie [Norman Vick's older sister] was in the seventh grade, and asked if I could speak to her. When she came to the door I whispered to her, "My chitlins are falling out."

"Your what?" she asked.

"My chitlins are falling out!" I insisted.

Then Lossie rushed to pass on that astonishing news to the teacher, whose jaw dropped a foot. Quickly she ordered two older boys to hitch Black Beauty to the buggy. Lossie took the reins and we dashed home at a gallop. There she hurriedly told that fearful story to Mama as I stood trembling by her side.

Mama was not at all alarmed. "Pull down your pants," she ordered. "Bend over!"

Quickly she extracted a large round worm. "It's nothing to worry about," she said, "now go on back to school."

Later, Mama dosed us all for worms, and I never had that fright again.

Mr. Vick, 91 years young, lives in California.

[Carolina Camelot—RFD is available at Braswell Memorial Library in the History and Genealogy room.]

# Whitaker's Chapel

Near Enfield, Halifax Co., NC

In 1740, **Richard Whitaker** built an **Anglican Chapel** on his property in **Halifax Co., NC**. With the outbreak of the **Revolutionary War**, many Anglican churches were abandoned and few of their clergymen remained in the colonies. Whitaker's Chapel was taken over by **Methodists**.

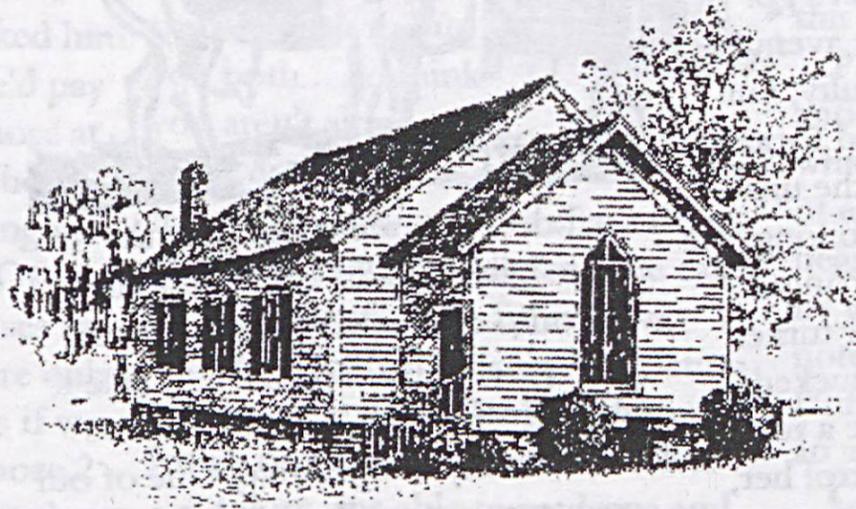
**Francis Asbury** preached at the Chapel in 1786, 1789, and 1804. He wrote, after his 1786 visit: "I came to Whitakers Chapel, near **Fishing Creek**, where I spoke, with but little consolation to myself, to about seventy souls. . . ." When he preached at the chapel three years later, the situation had changed and he wrote: "We had a profitable time: I found God had been working, and that many souls had been awakened." Of his third visit, he commented: "I ordained **Henry Bradford**, **Benjamin Nevell** and **William Lindsay** deacons; it was very cold."

By the 1820s, dissatisfaction with the powerful bishops and clergy in the **Methodist Episcopal Church** was growing. Reformers wanted laymen to have representation in the church government. At that time, laymen were not members of the conferences and had no voting rights. The movement was strong in NC and on Dec. 19, 1828, 14 ministers, 5 local preachers, and 12 laymen met at Whitaker's Chapel. They decided they would govern and be governed as they pleased. Clergymen present were: **William Bellamy**, **Henry B. Bradford**, **James Hunter**, **William W. Hill**, **Miles Nash**, **Albritton Jones**, **Thomas Moore**, **William Price**, and **Eli B. Whitaker**. Local preachers in attendance were: **Israel Hutchins**, **Aquilla Norman**, **Ira Norman**, **Asa Steely** and **Thomas Steely**. The lay delegates were: **William E. Bellamy**, **John F. Bellamy**, **David Barrow**, **Arthur Pittman**, **Exum Lewis**, **Richard Jones**, **Eli B. Whitaker, Jr.**, **Wilson C. Whitaker**, **L.H.B. Whitaker**, **James C. Whitaker**, **Absalom B. Whitaker** and **Richard H. Whitaker**. They organized what became the **NC Annual Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church**. This was the first annual conference of the new denomination; two years

later the Methodist Protestant Church held its first General Conference in **Baltimore, MD**.

The North Carolina Conference met at Whitaker's Chapel in 1830, 1833, 1842, 1845, and 1849. In 1939, the Methodist Protestant and Methodist Episcopal Churches merged, and Whitaker's Chapel joined the new Methodist Church.

The original chapel was built of logs. This was later replaced with a frame, unceiled building. After the 1828 conference, this building was moved about 500 yards away, and in 1850, a new church was built in its place. The 1850 building was moved across the road to its current location in 1880.



Whitakers Chapel is a simple white frame chapel of the mid-19th century with dark green shutters. Doors enter from either side of the narthex into the nave, which has a unique semi-circular dome. The chancel area includes a curved communion rail with table, pulpit and clergy chairs—the latter located in a

recessed portion of the chancel. The chapel is furnished in mid-nineteenth century style, with the original **Victorian** wall bracket lamps and massive chandeliers still used. The kerosene lamps (electrified) and a walnut pump organ. (c. 1890) are part of the furnishings. Church records and artifacts are on display. Behind the church is the cemetery which contains the remains of several **Civil War** soldiers as well as Methodist Protestant preachers and church members. [See Page 9]

By the mid-1940s, membership had dwindled to 36, and in 1947, worship services were discontinued—after over 200 years! **Waldo Whitaker** funded a restoration of the chapel in 1965. Since that time, the **Committee for the Preservation of Whitaker's Chapel** has kept the church in good repair with the help of generous donors and grants from the Methodist Church.

The Preservation Committee has recently added a flat marker to the cemetery. On it are the names of all Whitakers buried in the old cemetery, which is no longer accessible. There are about 20 names on this marker.

Whitaker's Chapel is on state road 1003, 6 miles east of **Enfield, NC**, on the **right side of the road**. The church and cemetery are now on the National Register of Historic Places.

[Taken from *A History of Whitaker's Chapel* by Rev. William K. Quick, 1970 furnished by Cary Whitaker III, a member of The Committee for the Preservation of Whitaker's Chapel.]

# Whitakers Chapel Cemetery

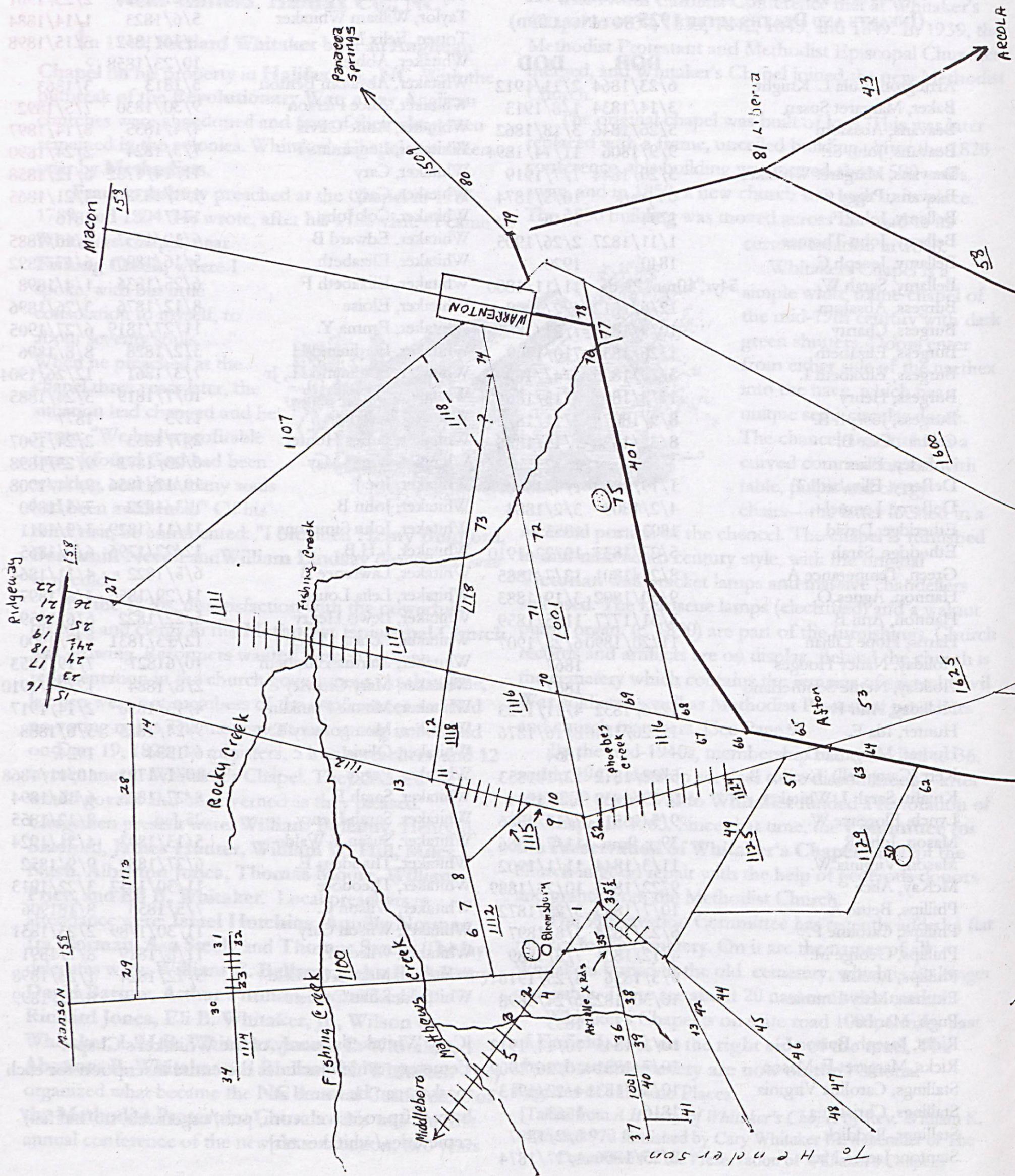
FROM SURVEY BY CARY WHITAKER, III

(INFANTS AND DEATHS AFTER 1925 NOT INCLUDED)

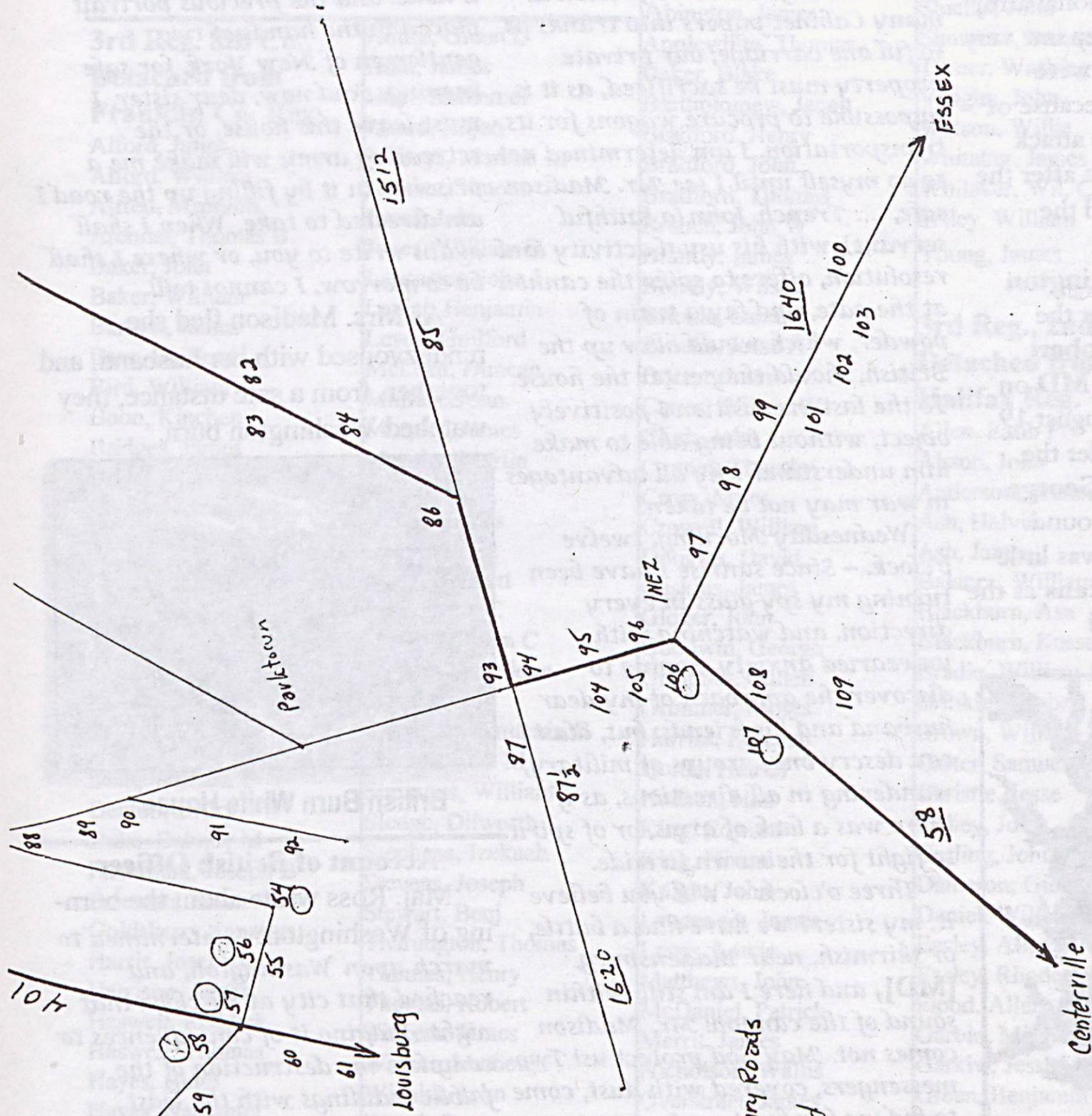
	DOB	DOD	CONNECTOR	DOB	DOD
Arrington, Eula L. Knight	6/23/1864	2/11/1912	Stanton, Sallie May	8/10/1813	1/29/1887
Baker, Margaret Susan	3/14/1834	1/8/1913	Taylor, Martha Coffield	5/21/1826	2/23/1901
Beavans, Absalom	5/26/1846	3/18/1862	Taylor, William Whitaker	5/6/1823	1/14/1884
Beavans, John Sr.	9/9/1806	11/14/1894	Totten, Felix M.	1/16/1852	3/15/1898
Beavans, Margaret Whitaker	5/20/1844	7/7/1919	Whitaker, Abbie	10/23/1858	?
Beavans, Peggy G.	63 years	10/5/1874	Whitaker, Absalom Benton	5/1813	3/1863
Bellamy, John F.	1794	1846	Whitaker, Alice Pierson	9/30/1830	7/5/1892
Bellamy, John Thomas	1/11/1827	2/26/1905	Whitaker, Anne Olivia	4/4/1835	8/14/1897
Bellamy, Joseph C.	1840	1920	Whitaker, Benjamine F	7/3/1824	2/24/1890
Bellamy, Sarah W.	54yr, 10mo, 23 da	11/11/1880	Whitaker, Cary	11/14/1782	6/12/1858
Burgess, Absalom	12/6/1812	4/2/1889	Whitaker, Cary	1/1/1832	4/21/1865
Burgess, Charity	10/9/1819	7/21/1883	Whitaker, Col. John	1747	1816
Burgess, Elizabeth	1/26/1852	7/10/1909	Whitaker, Edward B	6/10/1857	3/10/1885
Burgess, Elizabeth I.	3/29/1826	3/4/1897	Whitaker, Elizabeth	5/16/1800	6/17/1892
Burgess, Henry	12/3/1805	2/15/1864	Whitaker, Elizabeth F	6/25/1836	1/4/1898
Burgess, Joseph B.	8/9/1807	3/11/1872	Whitaker, Eloise	8/12/1876	3/26/1896
Corbitt, Carr B.	8/31/1828	1/15/1876	Whitaker, Emma Y.	11/27/1819	6/27/1905
Crowley, Eliza		1872	Whitaker, Ferdinand H	3/2/1828	8/8/1896
DeBerry, Elizabeth T	1/19/1800	1/4/1880	Whitaker, Ferdinand H., Jr	7/3/1861	12/26/1904
DeBerry, Lemuel	4/2/1803	3/2/1884	Whitaker, George A.T.	10/7/1819	3/24/1885
Etheridge, David	1803	1853	Whitaker, Harriet	1793	1877
Etheridge, Sarah	5/27/1833	10/22/1910	Whitaker, James Hunter	2/7/1833	2/24/1907
Green, Temperance A.	8/25/1801	12/7/1885	Whitaker, James May	6/23/1872	9/23/1898
Hannon, Agnes O.	9/30/1802	3/19/1883	Whitaker, Joe J	10/12/1856	9/14/1908
Hannon, Ann B.	5/31/1777	11/5/1859	Whitaker, John B.	1/3/1822	7/5/1890
Harris, Hope Lillian	11/20/1890	6/28/1907	Whitaker, John Simmons	11/11/1829	3/9/1911
Holiday, Nancy Hodges		1867	Whitaker, L.H.B.	12/22/1796	6/9/1865
Holiday, Nettie Southerland		1867	Whitaker, Lawrence B	6/5/1822	4/11/1864
Holliday, Ann Ivy	12/6/1832	4/11/1923	Whitaker, Lelia Louise	11/29/1856	4/6/1897
Hunter, Ida E.	12/26/1846	8/16/1876	Whitaker, Lewis Henry	5/22/1822	6/6/1859
Hunter, Margaret Lorn		1864	Whitaker, Louisa D'Berry	12/13/1831	8/7/1900
Kerr (Campbell), Evelina B	5/28/1812	12/18/1853	Whitaker, Martha Elizabeth	10/6/1827	7/19/1853
Knight, Sarah L Whitaker	9/29/1838	5/9/1914	Whitaker, Mary Crowley	2/8/1884	12/24/1910
Lynch, Florence W.	9/5/1851	7/13/1886	Whitaker, Minnie Franklin	4/13/1856	2/14/1917
Mason, John R	39yr, 9mo	11/7/1866	Whitaker, Montgomery T.	9/24/1825	5/6/1888
Mason, Virginia W.	11/3/1844	11/1/1902	Whitaker, Olivia	6/1854	1924?
McKay, Alice	9/22/1863	10/23/1889	Whitaker, Peggy	10/1/1791	10/11/1868
Phillips, Bettie A.	10/7/1853	3/25/1872	Whitaker, Sarah E	8/27/1826	6/16/1894
Phillips, Caroline P.	6/23/1824	3/8/1897	Whitaker, Sarah Henry	25-Jan	8/12/1855
Phillips, George M.	4/12/1831	7/8/1889	Whitaker, Susan E Waldo	5/13/1843	4/21/1924
Phillips, Louisa	9/5/1836	4/25/1916	Whitaker, Thaddeus E.	6/27/1830	9/9/1852
Pittman, Mary Emmie	10/30/1822	6/24/1898	Whitaker, Theodore	11/30/1832	3/22/1913
Pugh, Martha		1853	Whitaker, Wilson C.	7/5/1853	8/18/1906
Ricks, Joseph Burton	10/1/1845	10/14/1913	Whitaker, Wilson Cary	11/30/1789	2/23/1851
Ricks, Margaret F. Mason	10/7/1851	10/26/1909	Whitaker, Wilson H	11/8/1819	8/7/1891
Stallings, Carolina Virginia	10/26/1831	4/22/1913	Whitfield, Martha Coffield	5/12/1824	1/28/1898
Stallings, Christiana	1816	1863	Whitfield, Sallie Coffield		8/22/1899
Stallings, Reddick		8/2/1887			
Stanton, James May	8/25/1806	1/17/1874			

[Cary Whitaker's survey of the Whitaker's Chapel Cemetery, which includes the entire inscription for each marker, can be found at:  
<http://ftp.rootsweb.com/pub/usgenweb/nc/halifax/cemeteries/whitaker.txt>]

# Warrenton, Warren County, Area



# Legend, Page 20



1000 — Assumed Secondary Roads

----- Roads Abandoned

From 1943 Ivey Watson drawing  
Ivey Watson Jr 1992

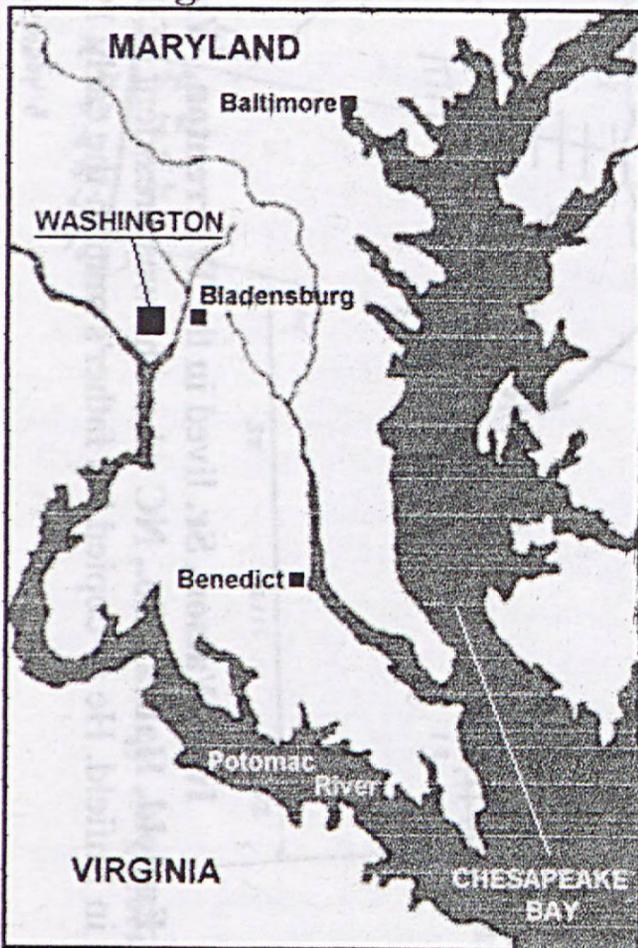
Ivey Watson, Sr. lived in the Warrenton, Warren Co., NC area. He later moved, with his family, to Enfield, Halifax Co., NC where he was president of the bank. His son, TRC member Ivey Watson, Jr., grew up in Enfield. He re-copied his father's map in the early 1990s and made it available to TRC.

## Halifax County Volunteers in War of 1812

**H**alifax Co., NC furnished two companies for the national army in the War of 1812, but they saw very little service. In 1814, they were ordered to **Norfolk, VA** because of the likelihood of a **British** attack there. They expected action after the British landed and captured the capital.

### British Capture Washington

The British army, under the command of **Maj. Gen. Robert Ross**, landed at **Benedict, MD** on the **Patuxent River** on August 19, 1814. The British fleet, under the command of **Admiral Sir George Cockburn**, followed the ground troops on the river. There was little resistance from the **Americans** as the British army headed toward **Washington**.



President James Madison's wife, **Dolly**, wrote the following letter to her sister, **Anna**, on August 23, 1814, the day before the British arrived in Washington: *My husband*

*left me yesterday morning to join General Winder. ...I have since received two dispatches from him, written with a pencil. The last is alarming, because he desires I should be ready at a moment's warning to enter my carriage, and leave the city; ... I have pressed as many Cabinet papers into trunks as to fill one carriage; our private property must be sacrificed, as it is impossible to procure wagons for its transportation. I am determined not to go myself until I see Mr. Madison safe, .... French John (a faithful servant), with his usual activity and resolution, offers to spike the cannon at the gate, and lay a train of powder, which would blow up the British, should they enter the house. To the last proposition I positively object, without being able to make him understand why all advantages in war may not be taken.*

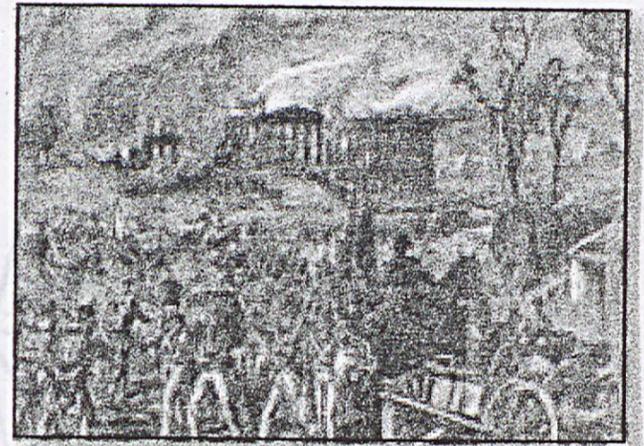
*Wednesday Morning, twelve o'clock. -- Since sunrise I have been turning my spy-glass in every direction, and watching with unwearied anxiety, hoping to discover the approach of my dear husband and his friends; but, alas! I can descry only groups of military, wandering in all directions, as if there was a lack of arms, or of spirit to fight for their own fireside.*

*Three o'clock. -- Will you believe it, my sister? we have had a battle, or skirmish, near Bladensburg [MD], and here I am still, within sound of the cannon! Mr. Madison comes not. May God protect us! Two messengers, covered with dust, come to bid me fly; but here I mean to wait for him... At this late hour a wagon has been procured, and I have had it filled with plate and the most valuable portable articles, belonging to the house. Whether it will reach its destination, the "Bank of Maryland," or fall into the hands of British soldiery, events must determine. Our kind friend, Mr. Carroll, has come to hasten my departure, and in a very bad humor with me, because I insist on waiting*

## CONNECTOR

*until the large picture of General Washington is secured, and it requires to be unscrewed from the wall. This process was found too tedious for these perilous moments; I have ordered the frame to be broken, and the canvas taken out. It is done! and the precious portrait placed in the hands of two gentlemen of New York, for safe keeping. And now, dear sister, I must leave this house, or the retreating army will make me a prisoner in it by filling up the road I am directed to take. When I shall again write to you, or where I shall be to-morrow, I cannot tell!*

As Mrs. Madison fled she rendezvoused with her husband, and together, from a safe distance, they watched Washington burn.



**British Burn White House**

### Account of British Officer

Maj. Ross wrote about the burning of Washington: *I determined to march upon Washington, and reached that city at 8 o'clock that night. Judging it of consequences to complete the destruction of the public buildings with the least possible delay, so that the army might retire without loss of time, ...*

*The object of the expedition being accomplished, I determined, before any greater enemy force could be assembled, to withdraw the troops, and accordingly commenced retiring on the night of the 25th.*

The Halifax veterans spent the fall and winter of 1814-15 in trenches at Norfolk waiting for an attack that did

**[See War, Page 13]**

# War of 1812 Muster Rolls

## Franklin & Halifax Counties

### 3rd in a Series

#### 3rd Reg. 8th Co., Detached from Franklin Co. Reg

Alford, Julius  
Alford, William  
Alfred, Macomb  
Arendel, Thomas B  
Baker, John  
Baker, William  
Barrow, James  
Bass, Guilford  
Bird, William  
Boon, Kinchen  
Bridges, James  
Briges, Newsome  
Carson, Alexander  
Cary, Miles  
Collins, David  
Collins, Jesse  
Cook, Willis  
Cook, Winson  
Davis, Stephen  
Davis, Willie O  
Debnam, William  
Dent, William T  
Denton, Drury  
Duke, Dabney M  
Flemming, Joseph B  
Freeman, Eaton  
Goldsberry, Ignatius  
Harris, Joseph C.  
Harrison, James  
Haswell, Reddick  
Haswell, Thomas  
Hayes, Hugh  
Hayes, Nathaniel  
Hight, Willie  
Hill, John  
Hill, Julius

House, Green D  
Hunt, James  
Hunt, Nathaniel  
Izzard, Elijah  
Jeffreys, Marma. M  
Jenkins, Simeon  
Jones, John  
Jones, William D  
Lancaster, John J  
Lanier, Benjamin  
Lewis, Guilford  
McLean, Duncan  
Mullins, John  
Murphy, James  
Murphy, Martin  
Nellsmall, R  
Nelms, James  
Perry, Albert  
Perry, Bennett  
Perry, John C  
Perry, William C  
Pippen, Breedlove  
Prince, John  
Richards, Benjamin G  
Sherod, John M  
Simmons, William  
Sledge, Dilworth  
Stephens, Izekuah  
Stevens, Joseph  
Stewart, Benj  
Tharungton, Thomas  
Thomas, Henry  
Thomas, Robert  
Vincent, James  
Walker, Mathew  
Wichidt, John  
Wood, Green  
Wright, Richard  
Young, Aley  
Young, John

#### 3rd Reg. Detached from 5th Brigade 1st Co, Detached from 1st Halifax Reg.

Abington, James  
Applewhite, Thomas  
Baker, Blake  
Bartholomew, Jacob  
Bradford, Henry  
Bradford, John  
Bradford, Thomas  
Branch, John W  
Brantly, James  
Brantly, Wilson  
Brickle, Samuel  
Brooks, Jesse A  
Bryant, John  
Carter, Wilson W  
Clark, John  
Connel, Timothy  
Cross, Miles  
Crowell, William  
Douglas, David  
Gaskins, James  
Glover, John  
Goodwin, George  
Grimmer, Cullen  
Grimmer, Moses  
Harriss, Rinchen  
Horne, Hansel  
Hudson, Hall  
King, Edward  
King, Hiram  
Knight, John  
Lawrence, James  
Lewis, Lewis  
Matthews, John  
McDaniel, Patrick  
Merrit, James  
Nicholson, Wallis  
Overstreet, James  
Parker, Jethro  
Parker, John  
Parker, Thomas B.

Pearce, Benjamin  
Pully, Joseph  
Riks, John  
Saunders, Robert  
Scott, John  
Scott, John  
Shelton, Willis  
Shields, John  
Simmons, Samuel  
Turner, Washington  
Vaughn, John  
Watson, Willie  
Whitaker, James  
Whitaker, Wil. C  
Wiley, William  
Young, James

#### 3rd Reg., 2nd Co., Detached from 2nd Halifax Reg.

Allen. Eatib F  
Alston, John  
Anderson, Francis  
Ash, Halvin  
Ash, James  
Balance, William H  
Blackburn, Asa  
Blackburn, Kesse  
Bradie, William J.  
Brinkley, Robert  
Brown, William  
Carter, Samuel  
Christie, Jesse  
Colley, John  
Curling, John  
Dameron, Gideon  
Daniel, William R.  
Easley, Allen  
Easley, Rhoderick  
Flood, Allen  
Garbin, Miley  
Garkiwi, Jesse  
Green, Benjamin  
Green, Thomas  
Green, Thomas H  
Green, Wilson  
Grimsted, Thomas Y

Gurley, William  
Hamblet, Jesse  
Harris, David  
Hathcock, Hansel  
Hawes, John  
Hawkins, Gabriel  
Jackson, Beverly  
Jackson, Edmund  
Jones, Robert  
Jordan, John  
King, John  
Lee, John, Jr  
Locklear, Samuel  
Locklear, Solomon  
Losset, John A  
Low, Exum  
Manly, Arthur  
Mann, John  
Mason, James  
Matthews, Isham  
Montford, William  
Moore, Jesse  
Moore, John Jr  
Moore, William  
Nicholson, Guilford  
Nicholson, Thomas  
Onions, William  
Porter, John  
Powell, Allen  
Powell, Eaton  
Powell, Ransom  
Pugh, John  
Pullin, Rica  
Pully, Frederick  
Rand, Michael  
Sammons, Thomas  
Saunders, Benjamin  
Ship, Peter  
Spear, Abner  
Spear, Arthur  
Studivant, Joseph  
Studivant, Whiles  
Sullivan, Zachariah  
Thrower, John  
Ward, Thomas  
Wilkins, Lemuel  
Woodard, Caleb  
Wright, John Sr.

#### [WARCONT. FROM PAGE 12]

not materialize. During that time, epidemic broke out, and almost all the men suffered from it; many died. **Col. Andrew Joyner**, who was in command of the **3rd Reg. of NC Volunteers** endeared himself to the

soldiers by his daily attention to their welfare. During the prevalence of the disease, Joyner was so tireless in his efforts to relieve the sufferings of his men that, in his political campaigns in later life, it was said that not one of them ever voted against him.

When British Admiral Cockburn approached Norfolk, he found it so well fortified that he sailed away without attacking. The Halifax men returned home without a fight.

[Halifax Co information from *History of Halifax County*, by W.C. Allen, 1918]

## [PENDER CONT FROM PAGE 1]

Burton's cabin-mate on the voyage from England—"Nos. 107 & 108, starboard side, a good sized room with sofa &c"; **Mr. Walker** from **Charleston, SC**; and **Laura Pender**.

The five men had traveled on the **Alpha** from **Halifax, Nova Scotia** to Bermuda, arriving on Sept. 23, 1863. Burton said of the smaller ship. "Cabins very badly ventilated,—keep out the air, but let in the sea and the rain. My cabin is about 7 feet square, and in this small space 5 passengers are stowed away in small berths..."

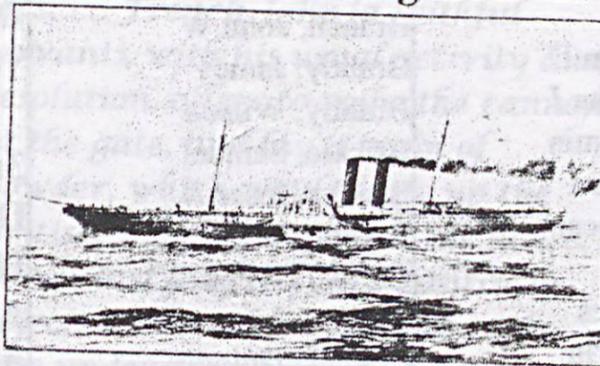
Burton further described the trip from Nova Scotia to Bermuda: "Decks covered with cattle, to the great annoyance of the passengers. There are 90 head of beef cattle and 120 head of sheep on board. The sheep and about 20 head of cattle being in the hold. There are about 26 passengers in all on board, ..." Burton told of the unloading of the cattle in Bermuda: "Commenced landing the cattle at once. They were each slung over the side of the ship by the horns into the water, and then made fast to a large barge, which towed them ashore in squads of about a dozen."

In his journal, James Burton related his activities while he waited for the departure of the *Ad-Vance* for Wilmington on October 7. He left St. George and stayed in **Hamilton** where he met with Josiah Pender almost every day. He mentioned walks—"Walked down town in evening before tea", fishing trips—"Caught about 1½ dozen of nice pan fish", gathering plants—"gathered some slips of double Oleander", and nightly games of whist—"Pender & self beat our opponents badly." He also reported his purchases and his correspondence.

**Trip to Wilmington**

Oct. 8: Rev. Moses Hoge wrote that the *Ad-Vance* was "a fine and

fast vessel." He named several of her officers: Col. Crossen, captain; **Captain Wylie**, whom he called "the English Captain"; **Dr. Swan**, surgeon; **Mr. Flanner**, purser, and **Mr. Smith**, signal officer. The ship had run into trouble during the first night's run when the coal was found to be of poor quality. They were unable to maintain the speed they would need to run the blockade and there was talk of turning back to Bermuda. However, after traveling under sail



**Advance, from 1899 Drawing by Skerrett**

for a short time, "the draft increased and the paddles made their former revolutions from twenty to twenty-three per minute." Burton noted, "Slept in my clothes last night and also each night during the voyage. All my friends doing the same, and sleeping on the sofas of the Saloon." No particular mention is made of **Laura Pender**. She probably spent the night in a cabin.

Oct. 9: At noon, the ship's position was taken and it was found that they had traveled 280 miles in 24 hours; the previous day, they made 213 miles. They expected to make landfall the next day. Burton wrote: "During the afternoon all the passengers and crew were assigned to the various boats (5 in number) so that each would know his place in case we have to abandon the ship and destroy her. I am assigned to the life boat immediately aft of the Port wheel house, along with Rev'd Mr. Terry, Mr. Regnault, Mr. Walker, ... Rev'd Dr. Hoge and Mrs. Pender are assigned to the life boat on the opposite side, along with Col. Crosson." Hoge

**CONNECTOR**

wrote: "It is the purpose to destroy the *Ad-Vance* and take to the boats if we are intercepted."

The ship was expected to reach port at about 2:00 AM in the early morning of Oct. 10. Instead, the *Ad-Vance* was caught up in the Gulf Stream and carried far to the north of her planned route. What the crew first thought to be **Fort Fisher** turned out to be a lighthouse. They turned south and traveled throughout the night without determining exactly where they were. "About sunrise the pilot was enabled to determine his locality, which was off the coast about 18 miles north of Fort Fisher."

Oct. 10: The *Ad-Vance* continued on its southward path keeping about ½ mile off shore. The passengers stayed near the rails watching for federal blockade runners. When they were still about 6 miles from Fort Fisher, at the entrance to the **Neuse River** which led to Wilmington, they were discovered by the northern ships. Burton described the hair-raising race to the fort: "... soon two large and one small steam ships were under way to cut us off, but we had evidently got too much the start of them to be overtaken by them, although it was quite apparent that we would be fired at. ... when they had approached to within about 2½ miles of us the largest vessel of the three, which occupied the central position, was observed to round to, and immediately a puff of white smoke rose from her, followed by a loud report, and then the shot was seen to fall in the water a half mile short of us, which encouraged us to hope that we were out of range; but in this we were speedily disappointed for in another moment a second gun was fired and the shot passed close over us and fell not more than 100 yards beyond us, throwing up the water in a column of spray. Next the small steamer, which

[PENDER, CONT. ON P. 15]

## [PENDER, CONT. FROM P. 8]

was in the advance, opened fire on us with her bow gun, and her shot & shell struck very close to us. Soon all three vessels were firing at us, sometimes a broadside of several guns at once, and our position became really perilous. And most of the passengers felt it to be so.

"As we ran abreast of Fort Fisher, however, the Fort opened fire on the **Yankees** in fine style, and at this time the excitement on hand of the *Ad-Vance* was intense. The enemy doing his best to strike and disable us, and the guns of the Fort firing shot & shell right over us in rapid succession. We expected every moment to be struck; but the firemen were using rosin to get up steam to the desired



Lieutenant Thomas M. Crossan, N.C.N.

pressure, and our gallant ship kept on her course steadily and all the Officers stuck to their posts most bravely.

"The result of all which, with the help of a kind Providence, was that we eventually got safely inside of the inlet, and the Yankees ceased firing, much to our satisfaction. The practice from the Fort was very good, and it is said by the Officers in charge, who afterwards came on board, that one of the large ships was struck twice. Our vessel was under fire during a run of about two miles, or about a quarter of an hour, and about 25 or 30 shots & shell were fired at us, some of large dimensions. The Fort fired about 12 shot & shell, some of the 7½ inch calibre.

"The tide was ebbing, and in consequence of there not being sufficient water to float us over the 'Rips' just inside the inlet we grounded, and there lay hard and fast, much to the disgust of all the passengers, who

were most anxious to proceed at once to their respective homes. ... The afternoon tide failed to float us, so we were compelled to stay on board until tomorrow, when some arrangement will be made by which the vessel can be lightened and the passengers sent up to Wilmington. ..." The captain requested a steamboat from Wilmington to remove part of the cargo to allow the *Ad-Vance* to be re-floated.

The passengers reached Wilmington in the late afternoon of Oct. 11.

In the Pender family, Laura is remembered as a strong-willed woman. Their version of the voyage from Bermuda to Wilmington in 1863 appeared in *The State Magazine*: "While the captain was weighing the three courses open

to him [surrender, run the ship aground, or run the blockade], Laura settled the matter. ... She was on her way to her beloved Tarboro to have (Josiah's) child. Laura was not ready to give up after getting so close to her destination. ... (She) leveled a pistol at the captain and ordered him to run the blockade, taking upon her shoulders full responsibility for the ship and its passengers." Neither Hoge nor Burton mention any such action by Laura Pender.

#### Letters

Laura, daughter of **Lewis Coe Pender** of Edgecombe Co., NC, and her husband, Josiah, were cousins and she continued to call him "Cousin" during their short marriage. After her departure from Bermuda, she never saw her husband again. He died Oct. 25, 1864 of yellow fever.

Laura wrote numerous letters to her family. On the trip from Wilmington to Bermuda in 1862, she wrote to

her mother, **Mary Pender**: "... expect to be in Bermuda by Sunday night. I am surprised that we succeeded in getting off, for we have had so much disappointment. ... **Mr. Satterthoat**, a soldier, will take (this letter) to Fort Fisher." In later letters, she described her life on the island, writing glowing descriptions of the culture and customs there, but expressing dismay that Yankee ships were also welcome there. "The **New York** vessels and **Confederate** ones all mix together here in the ports. It looks right odd."

In March, 1863, Laura wrote: "I wish I could say I am happy outside of receiving the letters but I am not, for how can I be when my dearest husband is gone to run the blockade? How he did hate to leave me ..."

She worried about conditions in Tarboro: "I am always hearing from the Yankees of the bad condition of the Southerners. ... What do you think of there being so many blockade runners? ... Everyone here is lamenting the death of (**Stonewall**) **Jackson**. The printers publish most affecting pieces concerning him. ..."

In August, 1863, Mr. and Mrs. Pender took a trip to Halifax, Nova Scotia. She was fascinated by the trip. "Occasionally we passed vessels. How beautiful they look at sea! I was very much interested watching the whales and sharks. Old Mother Carey's Chickens [seagulls], as they are called, were hovering around the vessel all the way. ... I suppose they never rest except on the water."

Josiah may not have enjoyed the trip to Halifax as much as Laura: "Cousin has taken worse with his foot after starting. I suppose it resulted from him slipping on it, which he did not regard at the time. It is swollen immensely large and he is just getting to walk without his crutch and stick."

[PENDER, CONT. ON PAGE 16]

## MICROFILM OF N. C. ESTATES RECORDS

The State Library of North Carolina's Genealogical Services has completed its collection of microfilmed North Carolina estates records available for loan to North Carolina residents through their local libraries. There are no microfilmed estates records for the counties of **Avery, Dobbs, Harnett, Hoke, Lee, Swain, Tryon, and Vance.** The records are filed first by county

and then alphabetically by name of the deceased and date of probate,

NC residents should see their local librarians to request interlibrary loan of this film. Out-of-state researchers may request loan of the microfilm of the North Carolina estates records through local **LDS Family History Centers.**

Listings of the estate folders for some of the North Carolina counties can be found on the State Archives online Finding Aid at: <http://www.ah.dcr.state.nc.us/sections/archives/arch/FindingAids/Estates.htm>

### [PENDER, CONT. FROM P. 16]

Just about 2 months later, Laura was aboard the *Ad-Vance* on her way to Wilmington.

#### In Tarboro

Keon Pender, the son of Josiah and Laura, was never well and he died in 1881. Some time after Josiah's death, Laura married **Capt. Charles Betts Cook.** He apparently died by 1900 as she is listed in the census with daughters **Mary F.** and **Laura L.,** along with aunt, **William Ann Gray,** and boarder **Claudia E. Britt.** They still lived near Tarboro, and they were all working as dressmakers. In the 1910 census, her daughter Laura is still with her, along with a son-in-law **Thomas Riddick** who apparently married her other daughter, Mary F(annie).

Laura Pender died Nov. 6, 1918. She is buried in the family cemetery behind **St. Anne's Chapel** at Oak Grove near Tarboro. The property is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Kevin

Wilson who are restoring the house and chapel.

#### Josiah's Courtship

It seems that Josiah Pender was a romantic suiter in his efforts to win Laura's hand. He wrote several poems for her which still survive. One is an acrostic, in which the first letter of each line spells her name: "Lo! an apparition of delight  
As first she gleamed upon my sight  
Unblemished woman, nobly planned,  
Resplendent, suited to command;  
And yet, a spirit still and bright,  
Possessing fine heavenly light.  
Every Motion light airy free,  
Not unlike the wavelet o' the sea;  
Delicious one, in whom do meet,  
Everything that's pure, good and sweet.  
Really, a seraph, o' the land o' bliss  
Laura Melvina Pender is."

#### Journalists

Rev. Moses Drury Hoge was one of the founders and the pastor at the **Second Presbyterian Church** in **Richmond, VA** for 54 years, beginning in 1845. He opened the sessions of the Congress with prayer forty-four times, far exceeding any other minister. He visited England where the **British and Foreign Bible Society** gave him a free grant of 10,000 Bibles, 50,000 Testaments and 250,000 Gospels and Psalms estimated in value of \$20,000. He was re-

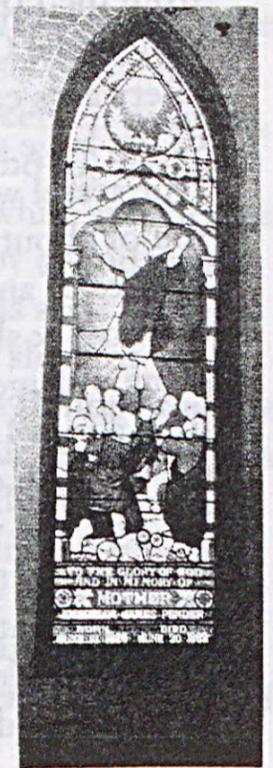
turning with this material when he made the trip from Bermuda to Wilmington on the *Ad-Vance.*

James H. Burton, from 1844-1855, was master armorer at **U.S. Armory at Harper's Ferry;** 1855-1861, chief engineer of **Royal Small Arms Factory, Enfield, England;** in 1861 commissioned lieutenant colonel in **Ordinance Department of Confederate Army;** 1871-1873, directed arms manufacturing for a **Leeds, England** company for the **Russian** government. His papers are at the Yale University Sterling Library.

[Main Sources: James H. Burton's Journal; "Running the Blockade on the Advance," Moses D. Hoge's Journal printed in *Histories of the Several Regiments & Battalions from N.C. ...*, Vol 5, 1901; "Suited to Command" by Bill Stancil; *The State Magazine*, September, 1974]



Cemetery, St. Anne's Chapel



St. Anne's Chapel, Window in Chapel

## Barring Out The Schoolmaster



**N** good old times, we used to have to fight for our holidays," said old man **Robbins** the other day, when his two grandsons kept begging him to sign a petition to the Board for a holiday.

"Fight for it!" exclaimed **Robert**.

"Yes; fist and skull, and none of your handin' round begging papers like that. Why, when *I* was a boy, we'd a scorned sich a business."

"Oh, pshaw, pappy!" said the boys' mother, "children weren't a bit pluckier then than now."

"They weren't, hey? How can you expect anything but Miss Nancys, with your buy-sickles and your roly-coasters. Why, when *I* was a boy, we'd play bandy and bark our shins, and when we wanted a holiday, we'd just bar the master out."

"Tell 'em," said the mother, "about the time you barred out **Mr. Colston**."

At this the old man looked for a moment mad, and then burst out laughing at something he saw in his "mind's eye."

"Yes, granddaddy," chorused the boys, "tell us about it, do."

"The fact is," said he, pausing to light his pipe, "that ain't much to brag about, but, all the same, I'll tell you how it was. It happened at the **Battletown [Battleboro, Nash & Edgecombe Co., NC]** school, in North Caliny. I was but a mite of a chap then, and didn't have much of a hand in the business. The old master, a raw-boned Irishman, had broke down trying to mend the manners of us boys, and quit to git back his health. The Battletown boys were sich a bad lot that it was hard to git anybody to take the Irishman's place.

"Well, by and by, a young theology student in the vilage, by the name of **Colston**, undertook the job. He was a small, wiry man, with red hair and dandy-like ways. Folks said he had a powerful sight of college learnin', but was of too light weight to run the Battletown school. But nobody else offered, so the trustees 'lowed to give him a trial.

"Well, for the fust week, everything went on as easy as an old shoe. He was so polite, and knowed so much that the boys couldn't have no pretense to raise a row. The bullies of the school were **Tom Shanks** and **Josh Entler**. They soon got tired of the way things was going on. They had put pins in his cheer, and spit tobacco juice on the stove, and done a lot of other small deviltries, but the master took no notice of 'em.

"One Monday morning, it began rainin' and kept on till Thursday. The river got orful high, and there was talk of having a holiday to go and see the freshet. But the master wouldn't hear of it, and so Tom and Josh begin to look like they meant business. Thursday evening the big boys held a council of war, like.

"'He's nothin' but a city pup, anyhow,' says Tom, 'without a bit of sand in him, and he ain't the kind of a man to wipe out our institushuns.'

"'Yes,' ses Josh, 'if somthin' ain't done, people will soon take the academy for a Sunday-school.'

"Tell you what, fellers,' says Tom, 'let's show him a thing or two. Let's bar him out.'

"'It's a go!' all cried, and soon the plot was laid, Tom and Josh promising to take the lead.

"Well, next morning, bright and early, most of the boys come early to the school-room and set to work to hold the fort. They locked and barred the door, and nailed down the windows, all except one, which Tom and Josh said they could hold against a regiment of red-headed Colstons. "Pretty soon, we saw the master a-comin', and we little fellows begin to wish it was all over. Mr. Colston tried the door, but couldn't git in. Seeing Thomas at the window, he asked him to stop with his jokes, and to go and unlock the door.

"'Would like to accommerdate you,' said Tom, 'but we is barrin' you out.'

"Pray, what does that mean?' said Mr. Colston, stepping up to the window in a playful kind of way.

"Tom and Josh were both settin' in the window, with their legs hanging outside.

"'What does it mean, hey?' said Tom. 'Why, it means if you don't knock under, we are goin' to give you a duckin'.'

"At the word, the master caught a leg of each of the leaders and dragged them down. I never saw a man make as many of hisself as Mr. Colston did. He rolled Tom and Josh over and over, till he got 'em to the woodpile, and then he took a stick and banged 'em till I thought he would have murdered them. Both boys soon fell to beggin', but the master went on bangin', stopping between the licks to preach. At last he quit for want of breath, and told Thomas to climb in the window and unlock the door. But the door was already opened by those on the inside, and the master came in a-leadin' the bullies by their ears. By the time he was seated the scholars were all in their places, expecting the woodpile to fall on them."

"Did he wallop you all?" said **Sam**.

"He never tetched a hair of our heads. Just when we

**[Barring, Cont. on Page 18]**

## The Campaign Trail

**W**illiam S. Battle, part owner of the cotton mill in Rocky Mount, NC, was prominent in Nash and Edgecombe counties, particularly after the Civil War. He was running for the legislature in Edgecombe Co. and Hardy Flowers, an uneducated local man, was his opponent. The local farmers had gathered around a crude platform to listen to the candidates campaign for their votes.

The crowd cheered when Mr. Battle arrived, and again when he finished his speech. Then it was Mr. Flowers's turn. He stood up, spit a stream of tobacco juice to the side, and said, "Well, boys, we have just heard the finest speech ever made in this here county, for Mr. Battle is a fine man—the finest man in this county. But Mr. Battle don't live like we'uns does. He lives in a fine house and lives fine, and he don't know how we'uns live or what we'uns need.

"Now look at that carriage Mr. Battle rides in with them fine horses and one colored man to drive him and another to help him in and out. I come here on that mule tied to that sapling over there, just like we'uns all come.

"Look at that hat Mr. Battle wears. That is a beaver hat. It come from Europe, cause there ain't no hat fitten for Mr. Battle's head in this county. My hat is a old coonskin cap. I treed the coon, skinned him, and my wife made the cap.

"That coat Mr. Battle got on is a broadcloth coat that come from Paris. My coat—my wife spun the yarn, made the cloth and the coat, just like we'uns all wear.

"Them boots Mr. Battle has on come from Europe, too. My boots—my old brindle cow broke her leg I skinned her,

tanned the hide, and old man Brown by Otter's Creek made the boots.

"I tell you, Mr. Battle is a good man, a fine man, but he don't live like we'uns and he is just too danged fine to represent us.

"Now I have saved this about Mr. Battle for the last. When Mr. Battle gets ready to go to bed at night, he don't go out under the firmament, look up at the stars and wets on the ground. He uses a china mug."

Mr. Flowers defeated Mr. Battle in the election.

In an obituary, William S. Battle, who died in 1915 at the age of 92, was called The Grand Old Man of Edgecombe." He was a member of the State Convention in 1861 that adopted the ordinance of secession.

"Four minutes before he died the nurse finished giving him some nourishment. As she desisted, with a smile on his face he said 'Thank you.'

"He once owned the cotton mills at Rocky Mount. In 1869 these mills were destroyed by fire. His first thought was of the employees. He went to the store and gave instructions to let each family have so much meat and bread according to the size of the family and charge it all to him. ...

"... It is gratifying to the heart to chronicle that the citizens of Tarboro as a mark of respect and esteem closed all places of business this afternoon while the funeral service took place at Calvary church, a spacious sanctuary filled with esteeming, aye even venerating friends.

"A cedar of Lebanon has fallen, but bore not a scar or blemish and it was very near the king of the grove."

[Kemp Battle, once president of the University of NC at Chapel Hill, told the story in one of his classes in the early 1900s."In Olde Edgecombe", *Daily Southerner* (Tarboro), October 3, 1968.]

Obituary: Unknown paper, Nov. 11, 1913]

### [Barring, Cont. From P. 17]



were a-wonderin' where he would begin, he got up and spoke a little speech, asking us to excuse him for havin' let his temper git the better of him, saying that it should never happen agin."

"Then you didn't bar him out after all," said Bob.

"Bar him out! Why, Tom and Josh never throwed spit-balls after

that. They were so skeered of lettin' the master's temper git the better of him."

[Taken from *The Southern Bivouac*: Basil W. Duke and R. W. Knott, eds. *The Southern Bivouac*, a monthly literary and historical magazine, was a project of the Southern Historical Association. In its earlier years, it was devoted to the publication of papers on the Civil War, but in 1885, with new editors, it became much more general. It was not published after 1887.]

### Guano.

20 tons Mexican Guano,  
For sale by *W.H. Willard*.  
Washington, N.C.,  
November 17, 1856

### Salt.

1000 Sacks Liverpool Ground Salt.  
For sale by *W.H. Willard*.  
Washington, N.C.,  
November 17, 1856

### Cantwell's Justice,

JUST RECEIVED.

And for sale by *Geo. Howard, Tarboro*'.

[Tarboro Southerner, Jan. 1857]

## W.J. Woodlief Fatally Burned

Mr. W[illiam] J[ackson]

Woodlief was fatally burned at his store and filling station at **Mapleville**, about five miles east of **Louisburg** [Franklin Co., NC], Saturday night when he was delivering some gas to a colored man and some of the fumes of gas escaped about him and were ignited by the gas lantern he carried with him. He was badly burned on one side, all of his hair was burned from his head and he received much injury from inhaling the flames. He was immediately carried

to a hospital in **Rocky Mount** [Park View Hospital] for treatment where he died on Sunday night. Mr. Woodlief was sixty-one years of age and leaves his wife and two sons and one daughter. The funeral services were

held at **Mapleville** Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock.

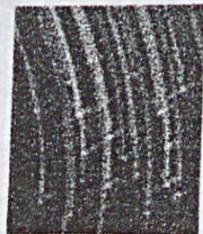
[Submitted by Tim Rackley, TRC member. *Franklin Times*, June 12, 1931.]



PARKVIEW HOSPITAL

## Weather Prophet

Vennor, the great Canadian weather prophet, smiles since the literal fulfillment of his prophecy by the early advent of rigorous winter weather. Tice, the well known humbug, who cheated our people out of a night's sleep, while watching for his promised meteoric shower, is making an effort to retrieve his reputation by holding on to the coat-tail of the great Canadian; but we can't take any stock in Tice. He has been buried beneath the just imagination of the people he cheated on that memorable night.



[*Enfield Sentinel*, Dec. 2, 1880]



## Cotton Boom

The cotton "boom" reached **Enfield** [Halifax Co, NC] Friday last at an early hour, and the bears and bulls began to show their teeth. The first bale that reached market



that day did not go begging. Mr. W.S. Parker, sleeked up his stove pipe, rushed from the back door and sampled the bale. At the same time Mr. L. Levy with a telegram in his hand drew a sample from the other side. Mr. G.B. Curtis rushed to the top and he took a sample. Mr. E.T. Branch, with a flourish of a long knife, ripped open the rear head, at the same time his junior partner, Mr. Saml. Pope, with a bright smile on his countenance, placed 00dp- on it, with a circle. A small man with side whiskers just struggling for recognition was seen to mount the front of the cart and help himself to a sample. Mr. J. Beavans Jr. rushed across the street closely followed by his confidential clerk whose gold eye-glasses glittered in the early sunlight, rip, out comes another sample. But who comes next? He knows his business, he twirls his long mustache, puts on a severe look, out comes a barlow knife, rip, rip, jerk, jerk,

umph, d— bad cotton. This must be Mr. W. H. McGwigan. A military step is heard and the tall form of Col. D.B. Bell looms up before us. He figures a while with a pencil and will ship for commissions. Again a quick tread is heard and and Mr. R. B. Britt is seen to sample that wonderful bale of cotton, and a sale is made. Weight of bale before sampled, 500 lbs. Weight of bale after sampled, 252¾ lbs. But why proceed, other bales were subjected to the same treatment during the day.

[*Enfield Sentinel*, Dec. 2, 1880]



J. W. PORTIS,

## MUSIC TEACHER,

BATTLEBORO, N.C.

Teaches Brass and Vocal Music.

Tunes and repairs Pianos, Organs and other Musical Instruments.

[*Battleboro Progress*, Jan. 2, 1880]

## Legend Map of Warrenton, Warren Co. Area Pages 10-11

### Original Owners of Places as Shown by Numbers on Map

#### 1943 DRAWING BY IVEY WATSON

0. Watson Home Place—Early 1800s

1. J.L. Rodwell

2. Community Store & Axtel PO

3. Edmund Allen

4. ? A. Watson. Turner Allen

5. Turner Allen

6. Union Academy—Community  
School

7. P.H. Allen (Home of Geo G Allen)

8. L.N. Watson (Home of Ivey  
Watson)

9. Hunter's Mill & Gin

10. The Miller's Home

11. H.B. Hunter, Sr.

12. John T. Williams Place

13. Pender Place (Home of David  
Pender)

14. Aus Pender Place

15. Marmaduke Hawkins

16. Ben Collins

17. Maybrey's Home

18. Ben F. Moore

19. T. Alex Baxter

20. Dr. Thos B Williams

21. Nat Allen

22. W.B. Fleming

23. Ridgeway Station

24. Alex Chesham (Cheatham?)

Dr. T.P. Jarman (Fam. Physician)

25. Moore's Store

26. Old Hotel (John Graham HS)

27. Ridgeway Episcopal Church

28. Carroll Place (The Bennetts)

29. Tom Twitty Place

30. Arrow Smith

31. Grant Beasley

32. Beasley's Mill

33. Tom Mills

34. Geo. A. Rose

35. Sam A. Allen

Three Forks

36. Sam Bobbitt

37. Lewis Allen

38. Brown's Baptist Church

39. John W Allen

40. Horard Allen

41. Cokesbury M.E. Church

42. Austin Allen

43. Monroe Hayes

44. Walter Smithwick

45. Mrs. Francis Smithwick

46. Hugh Jones

47. Solon Southerland

48. Southerland's Mill

49. General Hawkins

50. Peter R. Davis (Largo)

51. Gilliam Wilson

52. Tom & Blount Plummer

53. John Burroughs

54. Shocco Springs

55. Dr. or Lafayette Eaton

56. Col Wharton Green (Esmaralda)

57. Williams (Montmorency)

58. Jones Springs

59. Jos S. Jones

60. Mrs. Anna Pritchard

61. Joe B. Jones

62. Ca??? Goodwyn

63. Alex Fields

64. Mrs. Della Jones

65. Providence M.E. Church

66. Jonas Clark

67. Gen. Carr (Bro./Gov. Carr)

68. H.B. Hunter, Jr.

69. Hunter's Store and Gin

70. Joe Drake (Later, Hyman Place)

71. Stephen Daniield

72. Green Wood Baptist Church

73. Billie Williams Mill

74. The Green Place

75. Location of Gen. Mat Ransome  
Home

76. John Watson

77. William Watson (Rom Watson  
Home)

78. Watson's Mill

79. Crinkleys Hill

80. Sommerville Place (Now  
C?inkleys)

81. Liberia

82. Burwell Davis

83. Burwell Davis Store & Mill

84. J.S. Davis

85. Dr. Tim Pitchfort

86. Sam Davis (late home of Bob  
Davis)

87. John A. Williams

Shady Grove ME Church

88. Wm E. Kearney (Interesting  
Daughter)

89. Henry Williams (Harry, Karney,  
Al)

90. Henry Williams Store and Gin

91. Alfred Alston (Nick Howard,  
Herbert)

92. May Bob Alston

93. Shady Grove Community

94. Dr. Sam Williams

95. Local School (attended by Henry  
Alston?)

96. Doc Sol Williams

97. Dr. Sol Williams

98. Home of John Graham (burned)

99. John Graham's Fork School

100. Major Arch Alston

101. John Graham (burned)

102. Dr. Edgar Williams

103. Tom Connells

104. Sunny Side (First Home of J.B.  
Williams)

105. Jonas Williams

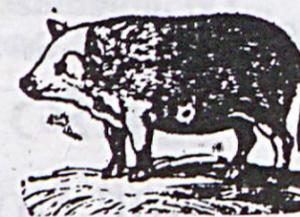
106. George Alston (Cherry Hill)

107. P.G. Alston (Buxton Place)

108. J.A. Dameron

109. Sol. B. Williams

## HERRINGS, Bacon and Lard.



THE Subscribers have just received a  
supply of best quality

### CUT HERRINGS.

Also—Bacon and Lard for sale, by

**S.D. Cotten & Son**

Tarboro', May 24

[Tarboro Press, Nov. 15, 1836]