

The Connector

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

Summer, 2003

Billie Jo Matthews & Peggy Strickland, Co-Editors

Volume 7 Number 3

Famous Evangelist Crusades in Greenville

"NOTED WORLD EVANGELIST OPENED FIVE-WEEK SERIES OF SERVICES HERE YESTERDAY" headlined the *Daily Reflector* of Greenville, Pitt Co., NC on April 23, 1928. "Something like ten thousand people heard Rev. Billy Sunday in the two services marking the opening of the campaign in this city [Greenville] yesterday. The mammoth tabernacle at Smith & Sugg warehouse was crowded almost to capacity at the afternoon service, and it is possible the crowd would have been as large last night had it not been for a torrential downpour of rain ..."

The surrounding buildings must have rattled when the 300-member choir led the warehouse-full congregation in the lively old gospel

hymns. And Billy Sunday—a charismatic, fire and brimstone preacher with a distinctive, flamboyant style—preaching day after day, several times a day, to huge crowds from all over the state and beyond.



"Mr. Sunday and his party arrived in Greenville Saturday afternoon [April 21, 1928] on the 4:40 Norfolk & Southern passenger train. They are making their home at the Proctor Hotel. The evangelist was welcomed to Greenville by Mayor J. C. Lanier who compared his presence to that of George Washington during his southern tour in 1791. [See "George Washington's Southern Tour," *The Connector*, Spring 1999] ... Others in the welcoming party included R. J. Bamber, pastor of Eighth Street Church of Christ, Rev. H. F. Jones, Pastor of Memorial Baptist Church, B.B. Sugg, and Homer Hammondtree, choir director."

Known for his stories, Billy Sunday used the following illustrations in his first sermon: "If you don't know what (SEE SUNDAY, PAGE 5)

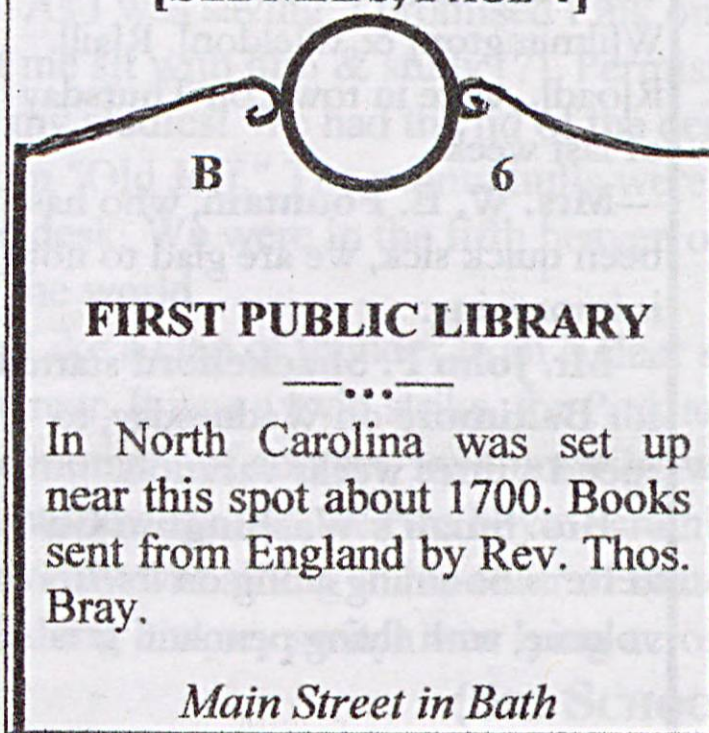
Maps of Post Revolutionary North Carolina

BY WILLIAM D. BENNETT

The westward surge of settlements up to and across the Blue Ridge Mountains on the Price-Strother 1808 map is in striking contrast to the sparsity of settlers for that area on the Collet and Mouzon maps. [See "Colonial Maps of North Carolina," *The Connector*, Spring 2003] This map shows the attempt to fix the western boundaries of NC in the mountain region, so difficult to survey. Also, the eastern part of

the state, by then well known, falls into clearer and more modern focus with improved methods of surveying and the establishment of many settlements called by the names by which they are now known

[SEE MAPS, PAGE 4]



Weather Alert!

Dr. John Brickell in *The Natural*

History of North Carolina, 1737, describes many strange and unusual phenomenon associated with the Indians. "It is reported by several Planters" that the conjurers "raise great Storms of Wind," and that "many frightful Apparitions" had been witnessed about their conjure fires—"that large Swarms of very strange and uncommon sorts of Flies have been seen to hover over the Fire for some time and then to fall into it, where they were all visibly consum'd, and likewise the Appearance of several frightful sorts of Birds, and lastly a strong smell of brimstone..."

QUERY GUIDELINES

1. Members may submit three queries annually to the address below. A fee of \$5.00 must accompany each query submitted by a non-member.
2. The query should be in the form of a typed or printed letter (easy on the eyes!) and should include a time frame and as much pertinent information as possible.
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 all that you know pertaining to the question you are asking.
Please include a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Don't expect a miracle!!

Tar River Connections Genealogical Society

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HOME SPUN

Local News from the *Tarboro Guide*,
June 16, 1883

- Judge Bourne** keeps a clean court yard.
- Young **Hyatt** caught 158 perch and four turtles in **Tar River** on Tuesday.
- U.S. Commissioner Jas. Pender** was in **Ridgeway** last week.
- W.B. Clifton**, contractor, is rushing the bridge at the **Falls of Tar River**.
- Rocky Mount Graded School** closed its first session yesterday.
- Keep out of the sun, unless your work demands it.
- County Commissioners met on Monday with tax assessors to regulate values.
- We are glad to learn from **Mrs. Hon. Fred Philips** that her little daughter, who has been quite sick, is improving.
- The infant child of **Dr. S. West-ray Battle**, Ass't Surg. U.S. Navy, is still very sick and he is unwell.
- The **Gray Hotel**, at Rocky Mount, is excellently kept by **Mrs. L.B. Pennington**.
- Thanks to **Dr. C. E. Spiers**, who has returned, looking well in his 83rd year, for **California** papers.
- Hon. R. R. Bridgers**, Pres., and Capt. Divine, Gen'l Supt of W[ilmington] & W[eldon]. R[ail]. R[oad]., were in town on Thursday of last week.
- Mrs. W. E. Fountain**, who has been quick sick, we are glad to note is improving.
- Mr. John F. Shackelford** started for **Baltimore** on Wednesday, to spend a three weeks vacation.
- Bro. Small's Washington Gazette** is booming along on its 7th volume, with flying pennant. It is A1.
- Jacob Battle, Esq.**, deserves the thanks of that community for his intelligent, well directed efforts for the Graded School.
- Mrs. Barbara Staton**, mother of our popular Sheriff, will leave on Wednesday for her **Arkansas** home. Her many relatives and friends of her girlhood days will regret to see her depart.
- W. B. Willis**, by the recent extension of his billiard hall, can now boast one of the coolest, roomiest, and most pleasant in the State.
- H.F. Badger**, who shot **Roberson** at **Robersonville** some time since, we learn, was acquitted at **Martin** Inferior Court this week on the ground of self defense.
- When it comes to weather reminiscences, it's hard to tell who's on top, the "oldest inhabitant" or the "biggest liar."
- Rocky Mountonians**, jubilant over the Graded School secured, and a prospective fish hatchery at the Falls.
- Capt. Haywood Clark** has a new grip on health, having recovered his usual radiant beauty.
- Jo. Daniels**, a knightly rider, has developed into an orator. His school speech at **Whitakers** is pronounced excellent.
- A little daughter of ex-Mayor **Nash** is very sick. We trust an early improvement will soon take place.
- Mr. J.H. McCluer**, our oldest native born citizen, reached his 75th birthday on Monday, the 14th inst.—*Was. Gazette*. We thought there were older natives. We think **Tarboro** has older.

Readers Choice

Local Color



The Rise of a Southern Town: Wilson, North Carolina 1849-1920
by Patrick M. Valentine.



THE RISE OF A
SOUTHERN TOWN

WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA
1849-1920

by Patrick M. Valentine

with a Preface by
William S. Powell

GATEWAY PRESS, INC.
Baltimore, MD 21202

Mr. Valentine tells the story of **Wilson** from its incorporation in 1849 through the **Civil War** and its aftermath and on to the evolution of education, business, agriculture, politics and culture through 1920. The book is a fascinating tapestry woven around hundreds of stories and examples—taken from books, newspapers, letters, first-person accounts, and oral history—to vividly describe Wilson and its people. A few examples of these fascinating stories include those of the "electrified tree" and the duel of the bankers in 1890; the doctor who went from bankruptcy to millionaire status; courting couples to whom the open casket was little deterrent as they "sat up" with the recently deceased; the first automobile in town; "Hug-Me-Tight" buggies; and tobacco auctioneer "**Tug**" **Wilson** who would cry "the bids like lightning and never a drop of sweat in his collar, not even on the hottest day in

(LOCAL, CONT. PAGE 8)



Eating Rooster and Plowing

The following stories were included in the book, *Autobiographical Sketch of Richard Henry Lewis, Sr.*, which he wrote in 1893 for his children. **Richard Lewis**, son of **Jno. Wesley Lewis** of **Edgecombe Co.**, was born in **Edgecombe**, Dec. 21, 1832. The family lived in several places including **Falls of the Tar** [**Nash Co., NC.**], **Warrenton** [**Warren Co., NC.**] and **Raleigh** [**Wake Co., NC.**]. He attended the **University of North Carolina** and taught school for a while before attending the **University of Pennsylvania** to study medicine. He practiced medicine for a while and then returned to teaching.]



The Camp

The boys in our family used to hunt, fish and camp. Once we built a log house in Mr. Bledsoe's pine forest about 8 ft. by 10 ft. We roofed it with pine boughs and forgot to make windows or door. In order to get into it, we dug a hole under one wall and crawled in. To this place, every fine Saturday, for a long time, we would repair, carrying a frying pan, salt, grease and bread with full consent of our mother. She wisely thought this was far preferable to running about town.

The first chicken we carried out was an old rooster. Our cooking had not the slightest effect upon him. We did not eat him, though we turned over pieces of him in our mouths for many minutes. We tasted the salt at any rate. We killed a few birds and easily reduced them to charcoal and swallowed greedily. Cold corn bread had a rich flavor which only a camp can give.

A School Incident

Pink Hardy lives [now, 1893] fat in **Raleigh** on the proceeds of a millinery establishment kept by his wife (**Pink** is very good-natured and lets his wife do just as she pleases).

As I was saying, [in school, **Lovejoy's Military Academy**, in **Raleigh**] **Pink** had a desk off to himself, one that he had bought from **Jno. Beckwith**. Well, as I was saying, **Pink** generally kept a quantity of nuts, candy and ground peas in his desk. His mother kept a confectionery store in a little one-story wooden building where now stands the large brick store of **Julius Lewis & C. Will**.

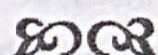


As I was saying, I promised **Pink** one day that I would ask Mr. **Lovejoy** to let me sit with him & study (?). Permission was granted and I was soon deep in my studies! We had the lid of the desk raised, which hid us completely from "Old Jeff." The peanut hulls were fast accumulating in one corner of the desk. We were in the fifth heaven of happiness, oblivious of all the rest of the world.

Like a clap of thunder from a clear sky came a stinging sharp blow from the rear. It was a twin strike, for **Pink** and I both felt it at the same time. At the moment of contact, involuntarily, we both plunged forward, and over went the desk and the two boys. Scrambling up we looked around. Mr. **Lovejoy** was sitting in his chair of State, hearing a lesson, looking serene. His long hickory switch was lying across his desk.

(SEE SCHOOL, PAGE 8)

A Call for N C SHARP SHOOTERS.



Through permission of the **Confederate States War Department** I am engaged in raising a battalion of sharp shooters to serve during the war, and to be received directly into the Confederate States service.

In the Spring a large number of Troops will be mustered out of service, leaving a serious gap in our army,—their places must be filled—the enemy must be resisted—battles must be fought—victories must be won, or our Independence will be lost—our country ruined, our people doomed. It is no time now to mince words or matters. The invading armies are pressing hard upon us. — They must be driven back. We must annoy, harass and destroy them—we must strike and with-



hold not. In the cause of Right and Freedom—in the name of our Native land we appeal to all young men to step forward and assist our struggling country in this day of peril.

One Company of the proposed Battalion is already complete—others are in progress of formation. As soon as men enough are enrolled they will go immediately into the camp of instruction—thence to the field. In accordance with a recent Act of **Confederate States Congress**, each man will be paid **Fifty Dollars (\$50) Bounty**, as soon as mustered into service.

For further particulars I may be addressed at my post office, **Tarboro, N.C.**, or Recruiting Officers of the Battalion may be consulted at **Currituck Court House, Goldsboro and Charlotte.**

Respectfully,
W.B. SMITH

[The Southerner, Tarboro, NC, January 17, 1863]

MAPS, CONT. FROM P. 1

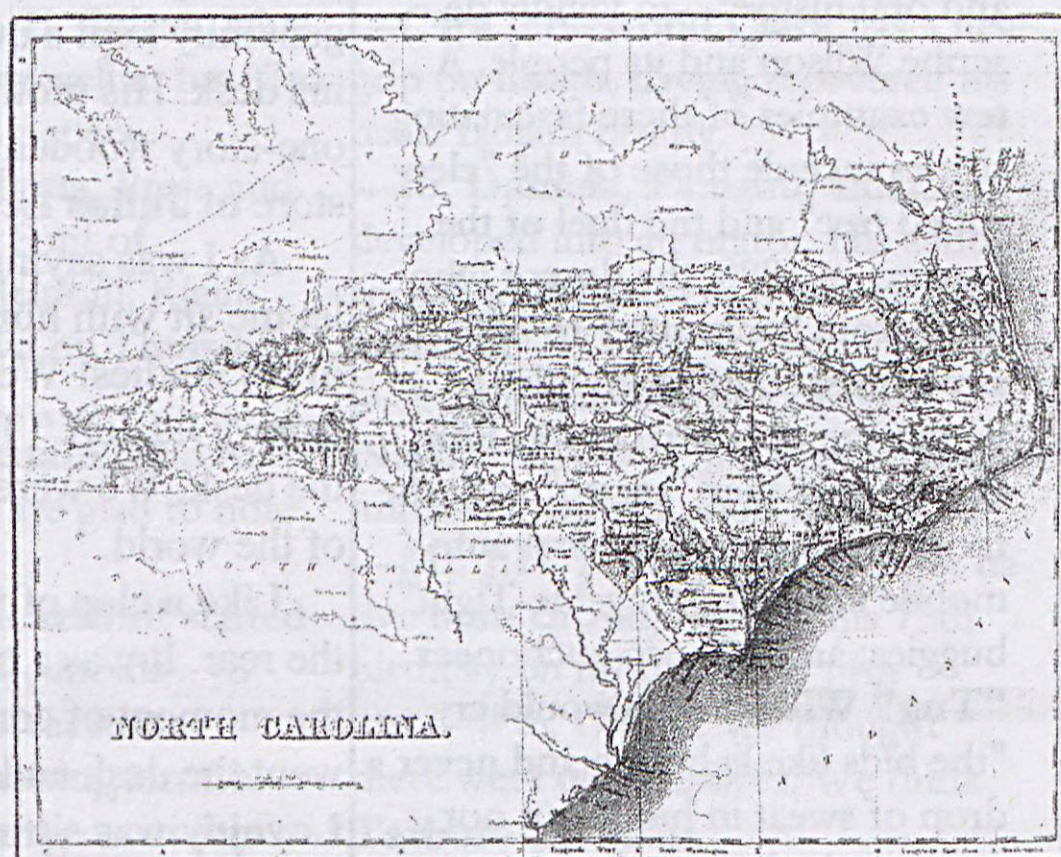
The **MacRae-Brazier** map of 1833 is a by-product of a surge of political reform and economic change in NC about 15 years before its publication. There was a proposal to drain the swamps, build canals, and construct roads, although, at the time, NC had no engineer or surveyor capable of solving the problems involved. **Hamilton Fulton**, an engineer, and **Robert H.B. Brazier**, a surveyor, were brought from **England** in 1819 and, for a number of years, made surveys in all parts of the state. Their map incorporates much of the information derived from this survey work and is much more accurate in the placement of many of the waterways. However, though many names of communities are included, many names of individual landowners found on the Price-Strother map have been dropped.

The **1865 US Coast Survey** delineates the coast with greater accuracy and shows the western mountain ranges in more exact detail than any previous general map of NC. There are a number of surveys of the rivers and coastal areas of the state which are available at the **NC State Archives in Raleigh**. The western part of the map provides a wealth of new information.

Rural Free Delivery of mail by the **US Post Office Department** began in 1896. The official **Post Route** map of 1896 shows every post office then open, the roads or paths by which the mail traveled between

them, and the distance between the post offices on the routes. No other maps of the period give more detail concerning hamlets and other centers of population with the connecting roads then in existence.

By 1896, every part of the state had been explored, surveyed and mapped. Roads and railroads covered the area with their networks. The frontier had long since disappeared and even the most remote hamlet, as the Route Map shows, was in regular communication with the outside world.



Bradford Map of North Carolina, 1838

(SUNDAY, CONT. FROM P. 1)

kind of company your daughter keeps or what time of night she turns in and hits the hay, I want to tell you that your roar when the tongues of gossip get busy will sound pathetic as a wheeze on a Jew's harp.

"I'd rather a daughter of mine would kiss a blind hog thru a barbed wire fence on a Friday night, the 13th of the month, than to change partners three nights a week with the lights turned out.

"It's a good deal harder to marry off a girl that has been pawed over by every yap in the community than it is to fatten a sheep on baled shavings or pineapple ice. You can't goldbrick a sharp-eyed suiter any easier than you can fasten a pair of pajamas on a billy goat. And, by Joe, I'd give more for one good God-fearing pant-patching, sock-darning, bread-making praying mother in Israel than I would for a

whole trainload of these little frizzle-headed sissies of our day my friends, the way they are living and how they are going."

Vote For The Man

Another example was: "I am not a partisan. I believe in the man instead of the party. Although I am a Republican—anti-saloon Republican—I vote for a Democrat if he is a better man than the Republican. I didn't vote for Wilson but I'll back him to the last ditch because he was a great man.

"The trouble is, my friend, that the Lincoln, the Clay, the Webster, the Sumner, the Calhoun, and the Douglas type of American statesmen have been supplanted by the good-for-nothing, God-forsaken, rat hole, tin-horn, weasel-eyed, peanut-

grafting politicians of our day and yes the day of politicians of that brand is over with; they are done with that type of politicians in America. We are getting through with that class of fellows."

On May 1, the *Daily Reflector* reported that the previous day, Monday, had been scheduled as a day of rest for Mr. Sunday, but he had been busy throwing out the first ball at a baseball game at the local park. "The ball

diamond scene will not be soon forgotten by the large number of fans in attendance. Mr. Sunday, wearing a \$100 straw hat given him by admirers during an evangelistic campaign in Florida some time ago, took his position on the firing line and hurled the ball at Mayor J. C. Lanier and like he meant business. Smiling in a happy, carefree sort of way, the evangelist passed through the ceremonies of the afternoon and then went into the grandstand

where he sat through the rest of the game."

On May 2, Rev. Sunday lectured on education at East Carolina Teachers College. He told the audience that education is not so much what one learns as it is a matter of habits and attitudes. He related a story of the time he served as a janitor in a public school in Iowa, got up at 2 o'clock in the morning and built 14 fires and swept 14 classrooms each day. "Education," he said, "is to do a common thing in an uncommon way."

One of his sermons was on the subject of "Corkscrews, Bootleggers and Crooks."

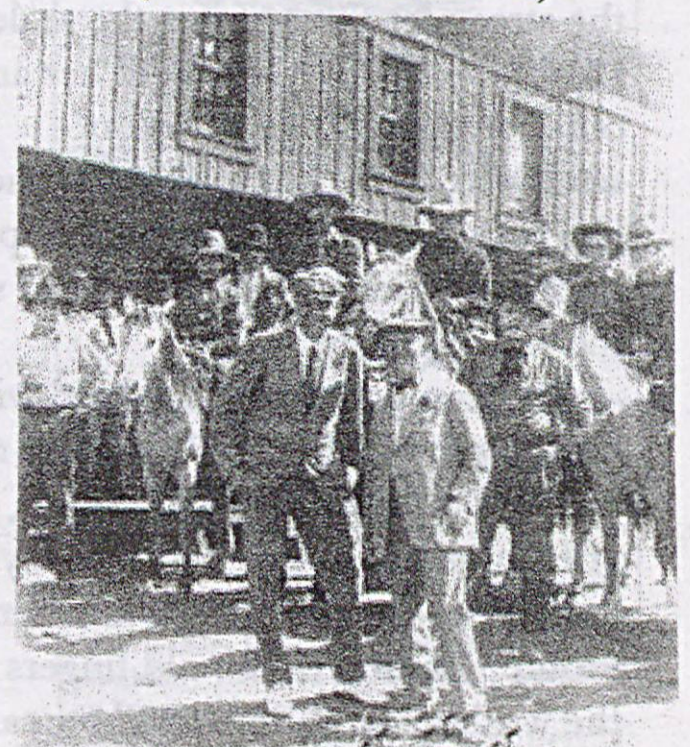
It was announced that Rev. Billy Sunday would preach to members of the Junior Order, United American

Mechanics* and several thousand Juniors were expected to take part in the service. "Throughout Eastern Carolina come reports that the various Councils will be largely represented Approximately two hundred members from the Nashville Council and a similar number from Rocky Mount, while many others from various Councils of Nash and adjoining counties will be in attendance, according to information received here by Past State Councilor M.W. Lincke [of Nashville, Nash Co., NC; owner of the *Nashville Graphic*]." The Greenville Council appointed a committee composed of Thos. E. Beaman, Jno. R. Barker and A.G. Walters to urge that every Junior in Eastern Carolina who could do so to attend.

Onward Christian Soldiers

The *Nashville Graphic* reported on the Junior Order gathering. "... an audience of several thousand people arose to their feet and gave vent to rounds of applause which died away when a choir of several hundred voices and the vast multitude broke forth in song: 'Onward Christian Soldiers,' as the more than three thousand members of the Jr. O. U. A. M. from all parts of the state marched down the two main aisles of the Tabernacle and stood as a great mass of

(CONT. ON PAGE 6)



Sunday on Hollywood Set



(SUNDAY, CONT. FROM P. 5)

humanity, possibly the largest single gathering of men ever before seen on such an occasion." Sunday declared it was the largest and finest body of men he had stood before during his entire evangelical career of more than thirty years. The final total of the congregation was approximately seven thousand.

Enacts Modern Novel

Several interesting stories were included in the May 10 sermon. At one point, Rev. Sunday gave a skit of a girl reading a popular fiction book. They were all about the same—"The

same old horse, same old saddle, same old hero, same old heroine." He portrayed the strong he-man coming out of the West; the broken old father, carrying 80 years and the ministrations of an antique aunt on his shoulders as he waits for his daughter to come home. "Ah, here comes our fair-haired hero!" Sunday was the hero, galloping across the platform. "His hooflets beat upon the curbulet and his robelet flaring in the windlet as the streamlet flows down the sealet. Deah! Deah! An' then, with her arms outstretched and his arms outstretched, they rush into each other like two freight trains, as the whip-poorwills join the nightingales to sing the stars to sleep.

"Thereupon the thrilled girl will hop into bed, blow out her lamp and proceed to have four nightmares, one after another. In that bed she stays until noon the next day, while her mother manicures her old fingers on the washboard so the daughter can buy another thriller."

**Power**

"If you or I had said one hundred years ago that there was power enough tumbling and rolling over the rocky declivity of Niagara to turn all the wheels and spindles of all the machinery, and light all the streets and drive all the cars and cook all the meals and carry everybody upstairs and downstairs, all the people that live in New York would have said we were fools, but that didn't do away with the fact that the power was there. The people were the fools, not the power."

The May 28 headlines on the front page of the *Daily Reflector* read: **TWENTY THOUSAND PEOPLE HEAR GREAT EVANGELIST IN FINAL SERVICES HERE.** He had been preaching in Greenville for five weeks. It was hot, but Billy Sunday was vitalized. He preached a morning service that was attended by all the local church people. At 1:00, he preached to the men, which he had done 4 times during his stay. As that service came to an end, hundreds of women who had been waiting on the outside filed in as fast as the men filed out, and despite the oppressive heat the building was filled to overflowing. Mr. Sunday returned to the hotel and changed clothes between the two services, but within a half hour after the men's service was over, he reappeared, as fresh and vigorous as when he started out during the morning.

His followers had collected a Love Offering of \$5,603.91. When it was presented, Rev. Sunday declared that if his heart was a banquet hall he would invite every person in Eastern Carolina to come within and dine. He left the platform, shaking hands with those around him

and later, on to the train, bound for his new field of labor.

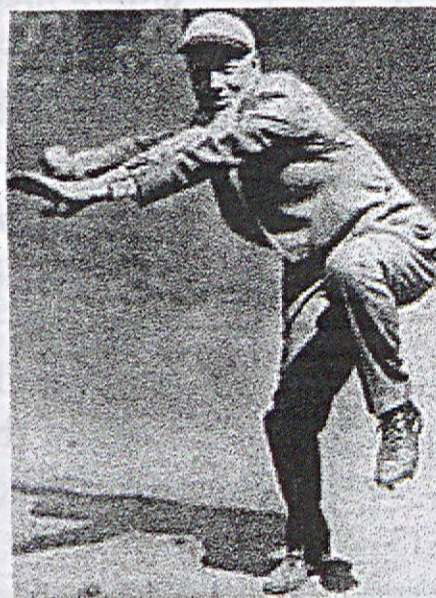
Preached in Rocky Mount

The evangelist did not confine himself entirely to Greenville during his stay. He spoke in Washington, NC on May 4 and at the **First Baptist Church in Rocky Mount** on May 6.

After he left Greenville, Billy Sunday was the graduation speaker at the **Louisburg College**. *Louisburg Echoes* described the festivities. It was the 149th graduation class and there was a 5 day commencement program, including several ministers, a pageant, a concert, a Greek play, a class day program and an alumnae banquet. "On graduation day, an airplane showered roses on the graduates as they marched to the Mills High School auditorium to hear an address by the Reverend Billy Sunday (which was broadcast live over radio station WPTF of Raleigh)."

Billy Sunday Background

Who was William Ashley "Billy" Sunday? He was born in a log cabin near Ames, Iowa in 1862. His father died a month later during service as a Union soldier in the Civil War. Sunday's mother was poor, and when the boy was 10, she sent him and a brother to a **Soldiers' Orphans** home in Glenwood, Iowa and, later, to a home in Davenport, Iowa. Sunday left the orphanage at 14 and was self-supporting from then on. The athletic and agile young man graduated from

**Playing in Marshalltown**

Nevada [Iowa] High School in 1881 and played semi-professional baseball in Marshalltown.

At 20 he signed to play for the major league **Chicago White Stockings** where he ran the bases in less than 14 seconds—a phenomenon in his day.

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(SUNDAY, CONT. FROM P. 6)

He continued there until 1887. He joined the **Pittsburgh Alleghanies** in 1888 and remained there until 1890. Not a great hitter, Billy Sunday was better known for his speed. He was recognized as the fastest man in the **National League**, and though he only played in 499 games, he stole a phenomenal 246 bases. He was a favorite with the fans. Cap **Anson**, White Stockings manager, called Sunday "...the fastest man...on his feet...one who could run the bases like a scared deer."

In 1885 or 1886, Sunday was led to the Lord by Mrs. **Sarah "Ma" Clarke** at the **Pacific Garden Mission** in Chicago. It was said that after an afternoon of drinking alcohol he had a chance encounter with the revivalists holding a meeting across the street from the saloon. From that time on, he was a changed man. He soon met his future wife, **Helen Amelia "Nell" Thompson** at the **Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church** in Chicago. He and Nell were married in 1888. He already



Chicago White Sox

knew he was destined for evangelism.

In 1891, Sunday was offered \$500 a month to play basketball, but he chose instead to work with the **YMCA** for \$83 a month. In 1893, he was hired by evangelist **J. Wilbur Chapman** as an advance man at the salary of \$40 a week. He worked with Chapman for 3 years, learning the intricacies of staging a revival.

He struck out on his own as an evangelist in **Garner, Iowa** in 1896. Sunday's showy, theatrical style pleased the crowds. He was animated, emotional and noisy, throwing chairs to make a point. His plain, direct speech appealed to ordinary people and he preached most fervently against the sins of alcohol. By the 1910s, he was famous across the nation as the ex-ballplayer who became a devoted servant of **God**. He estimated that he had preached to 100 million people and converted half a million.

Billy Sunday died in 1935 at the age of 73. But his name lived on in the song, "Chicago", made famous by Frank Sinatra: "Chicago, Chicago, that toddlin' town; Chicago, Chicago, I will show you around - I love it; Bet your bottom dollar you'll lose the blues in Chicago; Chicago, the town that Billy Sunday couldn't shut down."

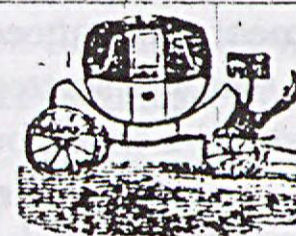
Billy Sunday Sayings

1. Billy Sunday admitted that he knew less about theology than a jackrabbit knew about ping pong, but was convinced that those who drank, danced, and played cards were on the road to perdition.
2. The world is wrong side up. It needs to be turned upside down in order to be right side up.
3. Going to church doesn't make you a Christian any more than going to a garage makes you an automobile.
4. I suppose as long as the **United States** mints stamp coins and make them worth 100 cents on the dollar you will find men that will

counterfeit it. But that does not destroy the value of the genuine.

5. I want to preach the gospel so plainly that men can come from the factories and not have to bring a dictionary.
6. Vigorously opposed to the theory of evolution, Sunday denounced those who accepted it as bull-necked, beetle-browed, hog-jowled, peanut-brained, weasel-eyed, four-flushers, false alarms and excess baggage.
7. They tell me a revival is only temporary; so is a bath, but it does you good.
8. I'm against sin. I'll kick it as long as I've got a foot, and I'll fight it as long as I've got a fist. I'll butt it as long as I've got a head. I'll bite it as long as I've got a tooth. And when I'm old and fistless and footless and toothless, I'll gum it till I go home to Glory and it goes home to perdition!
9. Whiskey and beer are all right in their place, but their place is in hell.

*The United American Mechanics was founded in Philadelphia in 1845 as a workmen's organization. At the height of its popularity, the Junior Order had 200,000 members.



Coach, House, Landscape, and Ornamental PAINTING.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of Edgcombe county that he has located himself

In Tarborough,

Where he is prepared to execute all orders in his line of business.

Those wishing Gigs, sideboards, sitting chairs, fire screens and the like painted, will bring them to the coach shop of Mr. Terrell.

He will leave town and go into the country, when house painting is required.

All orders in his line of business will be thankfully received and faithfully executed on reasonable terms.

Levis de Arquer.

Tarboro' 26th Feb 1836.

KILLED BY A BULL.—

"G.E.M." writes from Ringwood, Halifax Co., to the "South-erner," under date of June 7, that Otto Van Altenburg, a young German laborer in C.W. Garrett's vineyard, [See "Medoc Vineyards and Winery," *The Connector*, Win-



ter 2003] was killed by a bull on Saturday. Mr. Garrett, on Friday last, received from N.Y., "Millen-nium," a thorough bred Jersey bull, 3 years old. Otto went for the cows but was told that the bull was dangerous. On Sunday, he was found in a ditch, dead, and horribly mutilated. Evidences of a severe struggle.

We notice that stock books speak of Jersey bulls as vicious.

ON TIME.—

Capt. Haywood Clark and Rear-Admiral Dempsey Bryan boast a



blue bird that holds her grip until the train reaches Rocky Mount, and then deposits an egg in the ventilator by the baggage car.

It is the nucleus of an aviary they think of establishing.

[*The Tarborough Guide*, June 16, 1883]

(LOCAL CONT. FROM P. 3)

September."

We learn that, when Congress was reluctant to approve "pork barrel" for a creek, Sen. Matt Whitaker Ransome renamed Contentnea Creek, calling it Moccasin River. We find out that the stage from Greenville came on Monday, Wednesday and Friday and left for Raleigh on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Passengers could spend the night at the Battle Hotel.

After the Civil War, life was hard and there was little cash, even for necessities. One man wrote of using his brother's store-bought shoes—but only for special occasions: "Tell him that I have not worn them since that day we went to Wilson." Jonas Oettinger paints a picture as he tells us that "everyone had their houses fenced in, from necessity as cattle, hogs, and chickens

had full and free use of the streets and at night we had to pick our way around tree roots, hog wallows and cattle lying in the streets."

Tobacco reached Wilson County late in the 1800s and the first tobacco warehouse was opened in 1890. Who could have imagined that by 1920, Wilson would have been recognized as the "World's Greatest Tobacco Market."

There is a section containing early photographs and appendices containing statistics. The index is excellent. As a bonus, the "Notes" provide the interested reader with a wealth of sources for additional research of families and events.

To order the book, contact Patrick M. Valentine, 3001 Landrum Drive, Wilson, NC 27896-1260.

(SCHOOL, CONT. FROM P. 3)

Comment was unnecessary. Pink gathered up the wreckage that was scattered around, and I went back to my own seat—a wiser, but not a better boy.

I Try Farming!

The year 1869 witnessed a curious spectacle on our place. There were about 8 acres attached to our little place. I determined to try my hand at agriculture.

I had an old bay mare, named by me, "Widow McRae." I had swapped a white mule, 3 years old, for her. Widow McRae, herself, was 10 years old and had served through the [Civil] war. She had never had harness upon her. By the way, I had obtained the white mule by purchase, from a drover for \$120.00—a present from Uncle William F. Lewis, Edgecombe Co., N.C.



To return to the farming operation, I never had had harness upon me either. Capt. William Betts gave me a plough with the necessary harness, generally called "gear". It was a sight to see me run my first furrow. The mare, when told to go on, started, but stopped the moment the strain was felt upon the collar. She made obstreperous objection to pulling—did not understand at all what it meant.

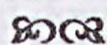
After a long time spent in expostulation and entreaty, she went forward, but not in a straight line. It was the "line of beauty"—the curve. A neighbor came over and expostulated with me, and begged me to plough straight.

I told him corn would grow just as well in curved lines as in straight ones. He did his best to explain why the cultivation of corn must be done straight, but Widow McRae and I had our way.

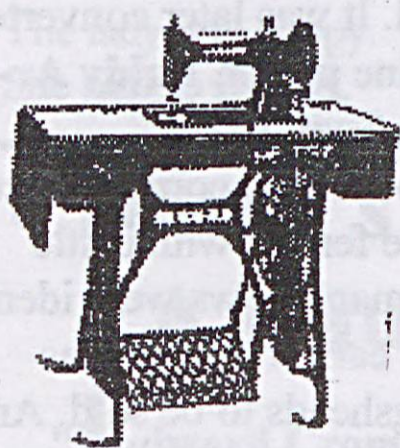
The neighbor rode off in disgust!

Reminiscences of a Young Girl in Louisburg, NC

Annie Green was born in 1857. Her family was from Franklin County, NC. They moved to Wake Forest [Wake Co., NC] for a while and then returned to Louisburg where Annie attended Louisburg College. After she married Mr. Hall, the couple moved to Raleigh, Wake Co., NC where they opened a general store which soon became the largest store in town. In her later years, Mrs. Hall wrote the story of her life for her descendants. It was published in 1944. The stories carry no dates, but the time frame must be from the late 1870s to perhaps 1900.



We bought a sewing machine and I did the sewing for the family. Mother never did learn to sew. I had a natural turn for making dresses.



There were no ready-to-wear dresses then. I had no idea of being a dressmaker, but friends would see my clothes and get me to make some for them. I made quite a bit of money that way, and I proposed to a merchant that he have a millinery

department added to his store, and I would furnish half the money. I was to do the work.

We succeeded far beyond our expectations. It was the only millinery department in town, and we got the trade. I wrote "Fashion Notes" for our county newspaper. I also was proof reader for the same paper.

The Store

Our millinery business lasted three months in the Spring and three months in the Fall. I wanted a store with goods to sell all the year. My father and I decided to open a business of our own. We rented a small store and filled it with all sorts of goods. We did well.

About this time we started something. We got together and formed a social club, called the "San Souci Club." We met once a week and played games; occasionally we would put on a play. Once we had "Echoes from Operas." I sang in the chorus.

The night of the opening it rained. That meant we had muddy streets. I was dressed in white and wore a large black hat with a long ostrich plume around the crown and hanging off one side. I was painted up, and

looked swell! On account of the rain I had to wear overshoes.

I was a little late, and they were all so complimentary about my looks it went to my head, and I forgot my feet until I was on the stage with the curtain raised! There was no possible way to get those overshoes off. The only thing that saved me was that the stage was rather low and my dress was long. There were children on the front rows, no men! If there had been men, they would have seen them.

Later we put on a regular play. Mr Crenshaw, who had been living in Tarboro [Edgecombe Co., NC] and had come here to live, coached us. He had been in many plays and was quite an actor.



In this play he was a cobbler and he selected me to be his wife in the play. It turned out so well that the people in Kittrell asked us to go over there and give the play for them. We went and had a fine time. We spent the night. They had a nice hotel, built for hunters from the North, who came down every fall to bird hunt.

Once when the hotel [in Louisburg, Franklin Co., NC] burned down, there was nowhere for the traveling public to stop. The management came to me to see if we wouldn't take them. I called for a little time.

There was a colored woman in town, who had been North, and was here visiting her mother. I went to see her, to get her to cook for me for a year. I offered a good price, and she said she would come. She was a grand cook, and would wait on the table as well as cook. There was method in her madness. She got all the tips!

I had no idea that so many people came to Louisburg. There was a man from England, who bought tobacco here. There was a millionaire from a city in New Jersey who spent several days with us, looking for a cook. He said they had one from here who had been with them for a number of years. She had come down home on a visit and had not returned. He found out where she lived and went to see her. He told me that when she got home there was a widower, with two or three children who had called on her. They began a courtship. She married him. He tried, the New Jersey man, I mean, to get her to go back. Her husband wouldn't let her. You know he wouldn't give up a good

(SEE GIRL, PAGE 15)

AVENTON, NASH COUNTY COMMUNITY

Jim Avent received a land grant from the English Crown in 1744 and that was the founding of the Avention community. The Avents opened a store in that year and continued to operate it through five generations to recent times. **Thomas Ward Avent** was second in line, followed by **T.V. Avent**, **Frank V. Avent** and **W.M. Avent**. All were farmers as well as merchants. [Avention is located on Hwy. 43 in northern Nash Co. near the point where Nash, Franklin, Warren and Halifax Counties meet.]



Frank Avent House, 1921

History & Architecture of Nash Co., NC by Richard L. Mattson

Jim Avent, grandson and namesake of the founder, was a teacher. He married the principal of **Avention Academy** and, seeing the need for blacks to get an education, made the first successful effort, despite condemnation, to educate them.

Avent had two academies: Avention Academy, and later, **Gold Mine Academy**. Avention Academy was founded about 1840 and was located on the Avent plantation. When the legislature funded schools, Avention Academy became a "free" school. Terms were scheduled to last as long as the money held out, which was usually about two months per year.

Another "free" school was located on the Rick's plantation and the two schools were combined. It was from this combination that **Gold Mine Academy** grew. **Rev. Eddie Bobbitt** is believed to have founded **Gold**

Mine Academy and **I.C. Sledge** gave the land for the school.

Horace Dunn was an early director and teacher at **Gold Mine Academy**. Some of the students who attended were: **John A. Saunders**, **George D. Ward**, **Frank V. Avent, Sr.**, **Addison Draper**, **Jake Fox**, **Isham Sledge**, **Jim Alford**, **Miss Lucy Alford**, and **G.W. Sexton**.

Why was a school at Avention named **Gold Mine Academy**? There were two gold mines in **Griffins Townships**, and another mine operated just over the **Franklin County** line near Avention. The mines in Nash were **Argo** and the **Portis**. [See "In Search of Argo", Fall, 1997; "More on Argo...—Argo Chapel Roll", Winter 1998; *The Connector*]

Some of the old families of Avention were **Dearings**, **Shearin**, **Saunders**, **Ward**, **Ricks**, **Sledge**, **Pitts**, **Gardner**, **Alford**, **Bobbitt**, **Fox**, and **Arrington**.

T.V. Avent opened the first gin, which was horse-powered and had to be hand fed. It was later converted to steam and finally, diesel engine power. **Baldy Arrington** operated a grist mill on **Swift Creek**.

Early crops were tobacco, cotton and corn. Tobacco was cut, not primed. Fields were fenced with cattle roaming the unfenced areas. A man's cows were identified by the way he clipped their ears. Tobacco was rolled to **Richmond, VA** in hogsheads to be sold. An

experienced cooper made the trip so that he could repair the wood hoops as they wore out.

Colorful **Nick Arrington**, cock fighter probably brought more fame to Avention than anyone else. [See "The Sport of Kings", *The Connector*, Winter 1999]

Two churches formerly served the area. **Harmony Methodist Church**, which was located on the Avent farm, operated before and during the **Civil War**. **Harmony** later united with **York's Chapel** at

ANNUAL RECEIPT CARD	
NORTH CAROLINA FARMERS' UNION	
THIS IS TO CERTIFY	
That Brother <u>I.C. Sledge</u>	
of <u>Avention</u>	Local Union,
No. <u>2405</u> has paid State and County Dues in full for the year	
nineteen hundred and thirteen.	
In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands and fixed the seal	
of the State Union this <u>23</u> day of <u>June</u>	1913.
<u>E.C. Jones</u> Sec.-Treas.	<u>H.Q. Alexander</u> President.

Nash County Historical Notes, Edited by T.E. Ricks, 1976

(SEE AVENTON, PAGE 13)

A CIVIL WAR FISH STORY

During the Civil War
A Southern woman became hungry;
Her family was hungry.
She went to a fish market;
She bought some fish.
There were Federal soldiers picketing there;
How was she to get by the soldiers?
Seeing their heads turned,
Even tho' her face burned,
She quickly lifted her hoop-skirt into the air!
On a wire she hung her fish there.
As quick as a flash,
By the soldiers the lady passed.
Nonchalantly, she walked down the street.
Her friends she did meet;
As she passed by, heads lifted high!
Even tho' there were whiffs and sniffs
The lady was happy.
She said to herself,

"Tonight my family will be well fed;
Tonight my family will not go hungry to bed!"
(Based on a story by Mrs. Mariana Whitley and Mrs. Mary
Bonner Gurganus of Williamston, NC)
[*Historical and Traditional Tar Heel Stories*, by Louise R.

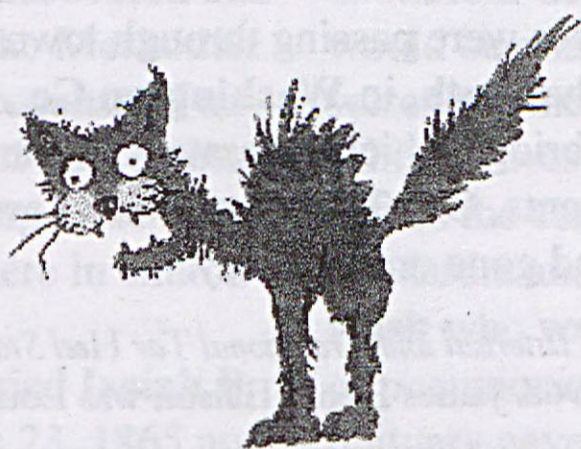


Crowell's Cross Roads — A Haunted Tavern

"Edward Cromwell, brother of Oliver Cromwell, made his escape from England to America after the Restoration. To conceal his identity, during his sea voyage he cut the letter 'm' from his name and cast it into the sea. Thus he arrived in the new land as Edward Crowell. He made his home in Halifax County near the present Crowell's Cross Roads and the village of Tillery.

"A tavern, purchased by Thomas Gregory in 1841 and later owned by A.E. Bobbitt, was located near the crossroads, and for many years it had good patronage.

"According to legend, a secret society held meetings on the second floor of the tavern. Unfortunately during one initiation ceremony a new member was pushed down the stairway; and he died of a broken neck. Soon afterwards it



was observed that the tavern was haunted; and many and varied tales about the frequently returning spirit of the deceased were told.

"The area about the tavern was given greater notoriety as a popular place for horse races and cock fights. Lovers of the latter pitted the Warren County cocks against those of Halifax. At these meetings romances began which resulted in the marriage of the Crowell descendants with the Alstons and Arringtons of Warren County.

"Dancing, too, was one of the pastimes. In those days a Crowell picnic meant a full day of dancing on a platform with a brush arbor erected over it. It was quite a stylish and gala affair."

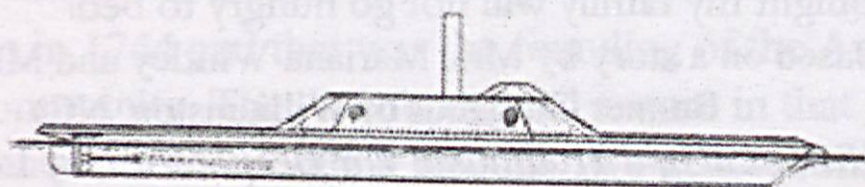
[*Historical and Traditional Tar Heel Stories*
by Louise R. Booker, 1968]

Drowned

Lafayette, slave of Mr. James W. Knight, of this county, was found dead on Wednesday last near Bryant's old mill, supposed to have been drowned while attempting to cross the mill run on his way home returning from Rocky Mount.

[*The Southerner*, Tarboro, N.C., January 31, 1863]

Albemarle Sidebars



[See "The Birth of the *Albemarle*," and "Demise of the *Albemarle*," *The Connector*, Winter 2003 and Spring 2003]

Sunnyside Hosts Ram's Builders

The Confederate ram *Albemarle*, was built in a Halifax County corn field belonging to the Smith family. Peter Smith, builder of the ship, married Rebecca Norfleet Hill in 1852. As a wedding present, his father gave him land on which he built a large home they named "Sunnyside." The young couple lived in a four room cottage while their new home was being built.

In order to have a ready supply of lumber for the new house, a sawmill was built on the plantation. There, pine and walnut lumber was prepared. The bricks were hand-molded, sun-dried and burnt. Wade Smith and John Finey, slaves belonging to Smith, were sent north to learn the carpenter's trade. Smith also purchased a lathe that was used to shape elaborate wooden ornaments.

During the construction of the *Albemarle*, the Smiths provided hospitality for men of the Confederate navy who were involved in the project. Two who were guests of the Smiths were Gilbert Elliott, who had a contract to build the ram, and Captain James Cooke, who was commissioned to take command when the ship was completed.

The plantation was able to provide shelter for many guests. They grew their own wheat and produced all other food that was used except sugar and coffee. The sugar was replaced by sorghum molasses and the coffee by sassafras tea.

Young Commissary for the Navy Yard

Thomas Pinkney Johnson, a boy of 16, was sent to Edwards' Ferry, where the ram was being built, soon

after enlisting in the Confederate navy in 1863. His job was to secure supplies for the workmen. Johnson made regular trips through Halifax, Martin, and Washington counties to get the necessary supplies.

Food was scarce, and so was money to pay for it. "But every home I went to," Johnson said, "the ladies would spare a little corn and pork, and after long hours of pleading and traveling, I would get the old two horse wagon filled with supplies and start back to the navy yard and receive a great welcome from the men there."

Johnson met a beautiful young lady, Miss Phelps, on one of his trips to Martin County. However, he limited his courtship to a few hours because of "all those hungry mouths around the navy yard."

"The people of Martin County were very cordial," Johnson said, "but it was a struggle for them to keep things moving at home with most of their stock gone, taken by the Yankees, and no fertilizer, and a few seed for crops."

Work Continues Seven Days a Week

John L. Ward and Abram Peel were among the builders of the *Albemarle*. Ward's daughter, Mrs. Virginia Perry of Martin County recalled that "once a week her mother would prepare clean clothes and gather food for those working on the ships at Edwards Ferry. Sometimes family members went to the Navy Yard with supplies, and often the things were given to Joe Peel, who acted as Martin County receiving agent."

Watch for the Yankees

James Henry Ellison was an accomplished cabinet maker working on the *Albemarle*. Whenever he could, he went home to "Welcome Hall" near Aurora, Beaufort Co, NC. On one trip, as he entered Williamston, Martin Co., NC he was warned that Yankees were passing through town on their way to Plymouth, in Washington Co., NC. Ellison hid under a bridge which separated Williamston's two settlements, Old Town and New Town, until the Yankees had gone on their way.

[*Historical and Traditional Tar Heel Stories*, by Louise R. Booker, 1968. James Henry Ellison was Louise Booker's grandfather.]



Let's Look Back

By Betsy Holdford Hudgins



I Meet the Nicest People...

A few years ago (I don't remember how many) I received a phone call at the **Halifax County Library** where I work, and "met" the nicest couple.

A very tired voice said, "I am trying to find out where **Martha Nash** is buried." I replied, "Oh, that's easy. She is buried right beside my house."

That tired voice came back to life asking, "What?"

I said, "There is no tombstone but that is where she is buried."

The very tired voice belonged to **Joyce Nash** who had been searching long and hard trying to find the gravesite of Martha. I discovered that Martha is buried in the **Methodist Church Cemetery** because of an old map that I have of the cemetery. In hard-to-read writing I had read **Breedloves** somewhere in churchyard.

Martha Nash married **Isaiah P. Breedlove** on March 23, 1865 and lived in **Halifax, North Carolina**. About 1868, she gave birth to a baby girl and named her Martha. On the mortality schedule for 1880, **Martha Breedlove** (age 12) died of

typhoid fever in April. Martha Breedlove (age 47) died in May of "congestive fever".

DEATH. - Died in Halifax on Sunday morning the 20th inst., of congestive chill, Miss Martha E., daughter of I.P. and Sarah A. Breedlove. She was eleven years of age, and had been a consistent member of the **M. E. Church** for several years. Her funeral was preached from the M. E. Church by **Rev. J. M. Rhodes**, on Monday afternoon. In the presence of a large concourse of sympathizing friends.

(From *The Roanoke News*, Weldon, N. C. April 22, 1880)

As was the custom in those days, a resolution was published the next month from the Sunday School in which Martha was referred to as "little Pattie".

DIED. - Died at the residence of her husband in Halifax on Thursday the 13th inst., after several days illness, Mrs. I. P. Breedlove, in the 46 year of her age. She professed religion in the year 1863, under the preaching of Rev. Thos. G. Lowe and united herself to the M. E. Church South, of which she remained a consistent (sic) member until her death. She leaves a devoted husband and four children to mourn her loss. We sympathise (sic) with the family in the many troubles they have had to bear. There having been four deaths in the family in nearly as many weeks. (From *The Roanoke News*, Weldon, N. C.)

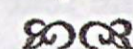
When I read the last sentence about four deaths, I knew that Pattie would be one of the deaths, but who were the other two? The mortality schedule was listed house-to-house just as the census was done and next to Martha and Martha was **Virginia Nash** who was 22 years old and died of pneumonia in April. Virginia's obituary gave the information that she was the daughter of **John H. and Emily E. Davis** and the "consort" of **W. T. Nash**. It said that she was interred in the yard of the M. E. Church by the side of the graves of

those of her sister-in-law and her little infant whose death preceded hers only one week. So the baby was the second death and Virginia's was the third death in the family.

Joyce Nash and her husband **John** have really taken an interest in the Nash family of Halifax. John descends from Martha and when I told them that there is no tombstone, John contacted other family members and they have donated money to erect a tombstone honoring their ancestors.

I am so proud of what Joyce and John and their family members are doing and I am sure that Martha and her family would be pleased that 123 years after their untimely deaths, a spot in the Halifax Methodist Cemetery will be turned from a blank spot into a tombstone that will be here for all time.

Thank you, Joyce and John



(AVENTON, CONT. FROM P. 10)
Hilliardston.

In 1881, **T.M. Ward**, **T.P. Alford**, and **Miles Bobbitt** decided to establish a church at Avention. The site of the church was near **Fishing Creek** northwest of **Whitakers**. It was named **Fishing Creek Baptist Church**. The first services, a revival, were held under a bush arbor by **Revs. G.M. Duke** and **J.H. Harper** in 1881. The church joined the **Tar River Association** the same year. Later services were held in an old storehouse. This old building was torn down and the lumber was used to build the first church. The first pastor was a **Rev. Freeman**, followed by **G.W. Newell**, **A.G. Wilcox**, **J.R. Pace**, **E.C. Bobbitt**, **J.Paul Bowes**, and **W.O. Rosser, Sr.**

[From "Avention" by M.W. Weaver, *Nashville Graphic*, 1974.]

Letters From Home

[F]ollowing are excerpts from letters saved by Civil War soldier **Sgt. Burwell P. Davis** of **Warren County**. The letters were written to Burwell and his brother, **Weldon**, by his mother, **Mrs. Edward [Rebecca P.] Davis**. The Fall issue of *The Connector* will include letters from the sons to their mother, telling of the war.]

The following letter was written from **Fishing Creek** on July 10th, 1861: "Dear Burwell, ... We were glad to learn that you all had reached a stopping place without an accident, for really I hardly know what I most dread, accidents or old **Lincoln**.

"It seems to me to be very well to remain in **Petersburg [VA]** or some place nearer home than **Lewisburg** to form the regiment and drill. I thought at first it wasn't good policy to take such raw material over among the **Torys** and **Yankees**, not even uniformed. It is quite shocking for people who have always lived in peace and quietude to be subjected to such scenes of violence, and to hear the profanity and to see the many evidences of the want of the fear of God as will probably present themselves to view in the course of camp life. ..."

Mrs. Davis wrote on July 18: "... **Billie** [Burwell's baby brother] heard your hogs squealing yesterday morning, (when it was raining and they were not fed as early as usual) and he jumped out of his cradle and ran to the door, saying 'Bro Burwell has come, Bro Burwell has come.' And then he came to me and said, 'Ma, ain't Bro Burwell gone way over yonder?' He is a mischievous little urchin, went under the table yesterday at dinner and bit **Pat's** toe, and he does it frequently of late if she isn't on the watch. [Pat is Burwell's 9 year old sister.] ...

"All the ladies seem to love the soldiers, and all the soldiers, the ladies too. **Winnie Fleming** and **Eliza Egerton** and **Nancy** are having rare fun receiving visits from the soldiers at **Sledge's Grove**, so Eliza wrote me a few days ago. I think the best thing for you and **Weldon** to do wherever you go is to get into the good graces of the ladies. ..."

This letter, dated July 27, 1861, was addressed to **Weldon**, but shared by the two brothers: "I am going to fix a bed tick and send to you, a pillow case, and the onions and some blackberry cordial. I shall also put in

some crackers and some vegetables. If you have got to support yourself, I am really afraid you'll perish. ...

"... Your **Grandma** wrote yesterday to me, stating that she was tired of this plaguey war, so you had better speedily end it if you don't want the old lady out of humor ..."

Rebecca Davis wrote the following on the last day of



1st Flag of the Confederacy

August: "... Old **Cousin Patsy** left us Sunday. I think she enjoyed her visit fine. She says she has given **Henry** (her grandson) a great deal of advice about how to conduct himself when he goes into battle. She tells him not to run up first man, but to stand back and wait for some of the older ones to go first. I reckon she thinks they all pitch in just like a parcel of boys killing a snake."

An undated letter says: "The cavalry leave today; they camp at **Macon [Warren Co., NC]** tonight. Your **Grandma** came down this morning, says she met some eight or ten carriages going up to see them leave. They had a big day out there last Thursday. The **Rev.** and big men met there, and they had a real drinking party, and I reckon I might say a real drunken party, I heard it was. They had a good many speeches, and **Ransom** and **Jenkins** had a falling out. **Jenkins** was drunk in **Louisburg** last week, so I heard. **Joseph Turner** made a speech in **Lou.[isburg]** last week. He is a candidate for congress. Now don't that beat! He oughtn't to be door keeper to the hen house."



2nd Flag of the Confederacy

There are no letters for two years, until Burwell was wounded in the spring of 1863 and sent to the "**General Hospital**" in **Raleigh, Wake Co., NC**. He never returned to the fighting, but remained at the hospital to help care for the sick and wounded.

Burwell's younger brother, **Thomas**, longed to join the army. Finally, one morning, when he was 17, he failed to come down to breakfast. The family found a note saying he had gone to the army. His mother wrote the following: "I suppose you know that Tom has gone off to face the Yankees. I don't much think that I ever will see him again in this world. ..."

Sister **Pat**, then ten years old, wrote to her brother, **George**: "I will write you a few lines to let you know how I am getting on with my studies. ... The old bear is dead, so there is an end to old Bruin forever. ..."

(SEE LETTERS, PAGE 15)

(LETTERS, CONT. FROM P. 14)

The "old bear" belonged to a rich neighbor who kept him in his basement to protect his wine and whiskey. The bear became so vicious that he bit off his master's finger, and the master had him shot.

On June 27, 1863, Mrs. Davis wrote: "**Matt and Lou** left here this morning at 7 o'clock ... and the rain is pouring. Everything is doing its best now growing. The garden will soon be full of vegetables, and we shall fare sumptuously if we can't get any wheat bread. ...

"I think Lou's baby is the best and sweetest baby that's come along lately." (Matt is Mrs. Davis' oldest son, **Matthew S. Davis** who was teaching at the old **Male Academy** in Louisburg. He later became president of **Louisburg College**. Lou's baby was **Mrs. Ivey Allen of Warrenton** who succeeded her father after his death in 1906 as president of Louisburg College.)

Burwell Davis received this letter from his mother written Oct. 20, 1863: "I reckon my letter being written with polkberry juice made you send the bottle of ink. They made 43 gallons of molasses at your **Uncle Sam's**. I think Matt is more pleased with the syrup than anyone I have seen. You know how he loves sweetening."

An undated letter tells that younger brother Tom has been wounded in the knee and sent to **Charlottesville, VA**. It also said, "They have taken **Tom Downtin's** horse, which cost him \$2,100, for \$500 cash."

On Nov. 14, 1863, Mrs. Davis tells of Weldon's capture. "If only we knew that he was not killed or wounded, I would try to content myself, tho it is hard for one so good and gentle, so noble and true, to fall into the hands of such a cruel foe. ..."

On Dec. 8, the family learned that Weldon had died at **Douglas Hospital in Washington, D.C.** from wounds received when he was captured.

On January 10, 1864, Mrs. Davis writes that "Tom says that he sometimes goes into the river bathing with the Yankees, says they are very sociable. He writes me that he is in love with a fair lady, one of the F.F.V's, and is just about to pop the question. Well, I have nothing to say. I can't see how people know what to do these times. I did tell him that if he married he'd repent it so he has just to decide whether he had better repent single or married.

Don't say anything about his sweetheart. No danger, I guess. ..."

3rd Flag of the Confederacy

However, in November, Mrs. Davis had the sad task of telling Burwell that young Tom had been killed on the 19th of October. "Bob Alston has come home wounded, and bring us this sad news...."

The family soon learned that brother George had been captured and was in prison in **Elmira, NY**. [See "They Called it Helmira", *The Connector*, Winter, 1999]

On Nov. 16, 1864, Mrs. Davis wrote from Warrenton: "I have just finished fixing a large box to send to George. We shall send it on to Raleigh tomorrow by **Capt. J.N. McDowell**. I hardly feel like George will ever be so fortunate as to get it, but I think that if he does get it, it may even save his life. It contains clothing, provisions, blanket, pickles, onions, red pepper and tobacco. ..."

On Dec. 1, Rebecca says: "I suppose we needn't be much surprised to see the Yanks at any time, as they were marching on to **Weldon** the last I heard of them. ..."

In later letters, written in early 1865, she expresses doubt that the talk of peace will come to fruition. "This war is a terrible thing, and we should try to be prepared for whatever awaits us. Let me urge you then to make it your first, chief, and constant concern to be a Christian. ..."

4th Flag of the Confederacy

Burwell and George survived the war and returned to Warren Co. Their parents, Edward and Rebecca, lived in the Davis homeplace along with son William Edward (Billie) until they died, Edward, 90, and Rebecca, 89.

[From a Jan. 8, 1956 *News & Observer* article, "Letters Tell of Tar Heel Home Front In Civil War" by Blanche Egerton Baker, granddaughter of Rebecca Davis.]



(GIRL, CONT. FROM P. 9)

cook, who would cook for him and the children, wash and iron for them all, with no pay at all.

While the New Jersey man was here he told me about his home and family. He said when his children all married, they wanted him and his wife to live with them. This is the way he expressed his refusal, "I'll never give up the spoon until I finish eating." He said he had built each of them a house like they wanted, but he didn't want to live with them.

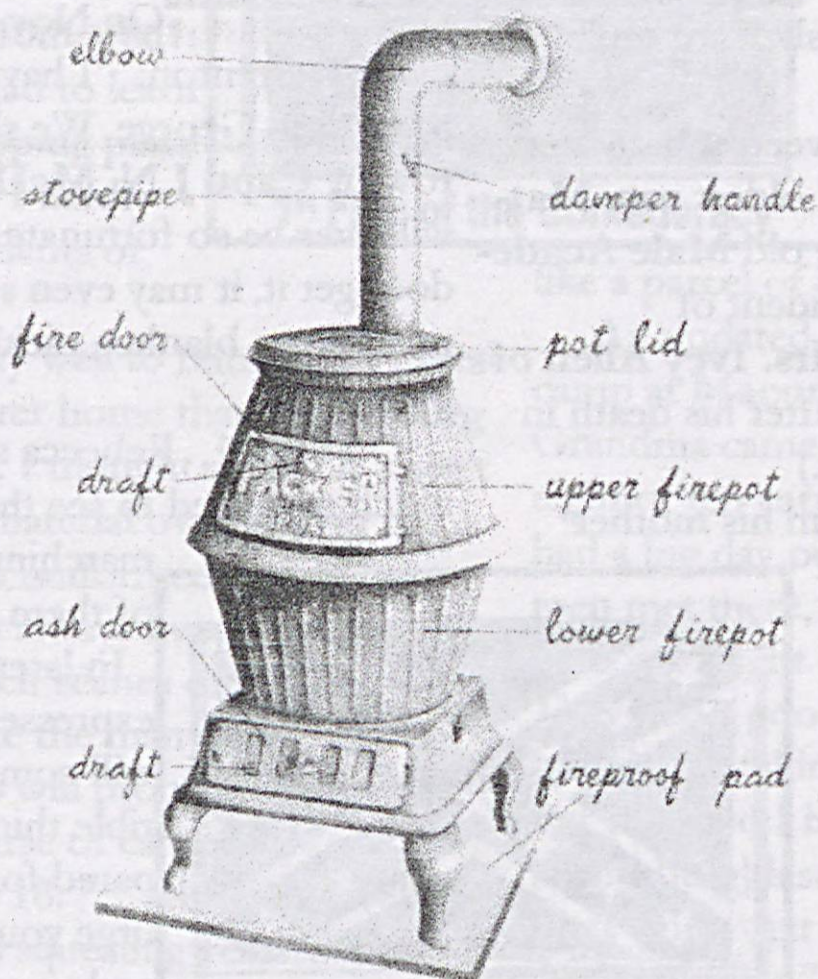
Putting Up Stoves

We do not remember the exact date of the invention of stoves but it was some years ago. Since then mankind has been tormented, once a year, by the difficulties that beset the task of putting up and getting the pipes fixed. With all our Yankee ingenuity, no American has ever invented any method by which the labor of putting up a stove can be lessened.—The job is as severe and vexatious as humanity can possibly endure, and gets more so every year.

Men always put up their stoves on a rainy day. Why, we know not; but we never heard of an exception to the rule. The first step to be taken is to put on a very old and ragged coat, under the impression that when he gets his mouth full of plaster it will keep his shirt bosom clean. Next the operator gets his hands inside the place where the pipe ought to go, blacks his fingers, and then he carefully makes a black mark down one side of his nose. It is impossible to make any headway in doing this work, until his mark is made down the side of his nose. Having got his face properly marked, the victim is ready to begin the ceremony.

The head of the family—who is the big goose of the sacrifice—grasps one side of the bottom of the stove, and his wife and the hired girl take hold of the other side. In this way the load is started from the wood-shed to the parlor. Going through the door the head of the family will carefully swing his side of the stove around and jam his thumb nail against the door post. This part of the ceremony is never omitted.

Having got the family comfort in place, the next thing is to find the legs—two of these are left inside the stove since the spring before. The other two must be hunted after for twenty-five minutes. They are usually found under the coal. The head of the family holds up one side of the stove while his wife puts two of the legs in place, and next he holds up the other side while the other two are fixed, and one of the first two falls out. By the time the



stove is on its legs, he gets reckless and takes off his coat regardless of his linen.

Then he goes for the pipes and gets two cinders in his eyes. It don't make any difference how well the pipe was put up last year, it will always be found a little too short, or else a little too long.—The head of the family jams his hat over his eyes, and taking a pipe under each arm goes to the tin-shop to have them fixed.

When he gets back he steps upon one of the best parlor chairs to see if the pipe fits and his wife makes him get down for fear he will scratch the varnish off from the chair with the nails of his boot heels. In getting down, he will surely step on the cat, and may thank his stars that is not the baby. Then he gets an old chair, and climbs up to the chimney again, to find that, in cutting the pipe off, the end has been left too big for the hole in the chimney. So he goes to the wood shed and splits one side of the end of the pipe with an old ax, and squeezes it in his hands to make it smaller.

Finally he gets the pipe in shape, and finds that the stove does not stand true. Then himself and wife and the hired girl move the stove to the left and the legs fall out again. Next it is to move to the right. More difficulty now with the legs. Moved to the front a little. Elbow not even with the hole in the chimney, and the head of the family goes to the wood shed after some little blocks.—While putting the blocks under the legs, the pipe comes out of the chimney. That remedied, the elbow keeps tipping over to the great alarm of his wife.

Head of the family gets the dinner table out, puts the old chair on it, gets his wife hold of the chair, and balances himself on it to drive some nails in the ceiling. Drops the hammer on his wife's head. At last gets the nails driven, makes a wire swing to hold the pipe, hammers a little here, pulls a little there, takes a long breath, and announces the ceremony concluded.

Job never put up a stove. It would have ruined his reputation if he had.

The above programme, with unimportant variations has been carried out in many respectable families during the last few weeks.

(*The North Carolinian*, Tarboro, N.C.
November 19, 1869.)

Nash County

Revised list of Jurors

drawn Sept. 8th, 1896

Baileys Township

1. Allen, J. D.
2. Bissett, A.H.
3. Boykin, D.M.
4. Bailey, J.D.
5. Creech, J. W.
6. Daniel, J. C.
7. Daniel, David
8. Eatman, Taylor
9. Finch, Geo. W.
10. Finch, I. F.
11. Finch, J.R.J.
12. Glover, V.A. J.
13. Green, W.I.
14. Hales, J.W.
15. Hilliard, T.E.
16. Hilliard, Griffin
17. Hilliard, W.K.
18. Hilliard, E.T.
19. Morgan, G.W.
20. Smith, Bunn
21. Underwood, J D.
22. Winborne, J. D.
23. Eatman, Robt. (Col)
24. Taylor, Nathan (Col)

Castalia Township

1. Avent, Dennis (Col)
2. Braswell, James M.
3. Braswell, I. C.
4. Braswell, T. J.
5. Boddie, C. F.
6. Boddie, J. B. H.Jr.
7. Boddie, T. A.
8. Batchelor, J.S.
9. Bartholomew, S.J.
10. Collins, Joseph Sr.
11. Delbridge, J.W.
12. Harper, G.W.
13. Harper, J.S.
14. Hedgepeth, Dennis (Col)
15. Hodges, Andrew, (Col)
16. Kittrell, S.W.
17. Lancaster, S.E.
18. May, W.H.
19. Matthews, J.A.
20. Me. ton, J. D.
21. Privett, J. E.

22. Rice, D.S.

23. Taylor, R.R.

24. Terry, J.S.

Coopers Township

1. Barnes, Jas. M.
2. Batchelor, J.W. Sr.
3. Bone, R.W.
4. Bone, J.A.
5. Baker, Jas. R.
6. Baker, John D.
7. Bell, J.L.
8. Boon, J.R.
9. Braswell, E.T.
10. Cooper, J.P.
11. Deans, H. C.
12. Daughtridge, C.A.
13. Dixin, R.C.
14. Ferrell, W.C.
15. Gardner, D.W.
16. Hunter, Dorcius
17. Joyner, J. Bunyon
18. Joyner, K.E.
19. Langley, D. M.
20. Parker, Ruffin
21. Proctor, W.H.
22. Strickland, G.W.
23. Vaughan, J.H.
24. Winstead, J.E.R.
25. Whitley, D.C.
26. Murphy, James (Col)
27. Ricks, Joseph

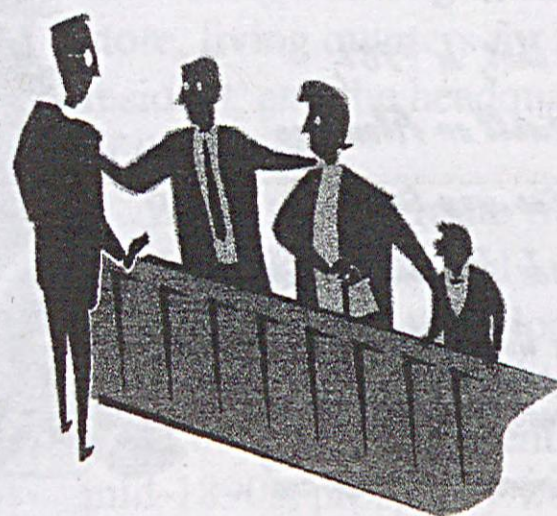
Ferrell's Township

1. Bryant, J.L.
2. Ballentine, K.W.
3. Cove, D.S.
4. Finch, D.R.W.
5. Griffin, L.H.
6. Griffin, A.R.
7. Hopkins, S.C.
8. Kemp, W.B.
9. Johnson, John W.
10. Massey, J.R.
11. Murray, C.J.
12. Murray, W.H.
13. Rittenburg, C.M.
14. Strickland, C.J.
15. Strickland, A.T.
16. Strickland, Carson
17. Strickland, Z.T.

18. Sanders, W.L.
19. Stokes, T.S. (Col)
20. Strickland, J.D.
21. Hight, I.F.
22. Anderson, C.M. (Col)
23. Bass, N.V.
24. Morgan, T.T.

Griffin's Township

1. Arrington, Jason (Col)
2. Arrington, Burl L. (Col)
3. Avent, G.G.
4. Avent, W.D.



5. Alford, T.P.
6. Boseman, W. H.
7. Bobbitt, Mills
8. Bunting, W.B.
9. Brewer, W.L. (Col)
10. Cooper, Jas. B.
11. Cooper, Geo. B.
12. Cooper B.P.
13. Cullone, A.W.
14. Freeman, A.B.
15. Frazier, G.V.
16. Hedgepeth, C.E.
17. Hunt, L.A.
18. Jenkins, J.T.
19. Harper, C.P.
20. Parrish, C.H.
21. Pearce, J.B.
22. Sledge, I.C.
23. Ward, J.W.
24. Winstead, G.L.
25. York, W.M.

Jackson

1. Baines, G.W.
2. Baines, Jas. M.
3. Brantley, D.S.
4. Boykin, D.H.
5. Battle, Harry (Col)
6. Bunn, C.D.
7. Dilliard, P.C.

8. Dew, Benj.
9. Dickerson, Wm.
10. Finch, C.O. B.
11. Griffin, W.H.
12. Harper, S.B.
13. Morgan, J. C,
14. Pearson, Barney
15. Pearson, Wm.
16. Privett, Arch (Col)
17. Roberson, W.R.
18. Ricks, G.D.
19. Strickland, J.H.
20. Taylor, K.W.
21. Vick, John W.
22. Williams, I.J.

23. Watson, L.E.
24. Brantley, W.H.

Manning's Township

1. Bunn, Geo. W.
2. Boon, J.R.
3. Batchelor, W.W.
4. Batchelor, Jordan
5. Brantley, S.W.
6. Baker, W.T.
7. Coppedge, Jordan
8. Edwards, S.C.
9. Gardner, G. Andrew
10. Hendricks, S.S.
11. Hinton, W.A.
12. Hinton, J.L.
13. Hollingsworth, J.T
14. Matthews, Oliver
15. J.J. Marshborne
16. May, W.F.
17. Pitts, Jno. H.
18. Rice, G.
19. Richardson, W.W.
20. Sanders, J.J.
21. Sykes, J.E.
22. Sykes, S. S.
23. Warren, W.M.
24. Wheless, S.W.
25. Wiggs, Jesse (Col)
26. Wilkins, John A.Jr.

CONNECTOR

27. Yarboro, A.C.
28. Wester A.
29. Floyd, J.W.
30. Johnson, J.H.

Nashville

1. Arrington, J.C.
2. Batchelor, B.W.
3. Batchelor, R.V. Jr.
4. Battchelor, S.A.
5. Boon, P.J.
6. Bobbitt, A.P.
7. Bass, Gideon
8. Baines, C.H.
9. Beal, J. C.
10. Coggin, J.R.
11. Cooper, N.C.
12. Clark, J.A.
13. Dozier, F.M.
14. Griffin, J.D. Sr.
15. Griffin, M.S.
16. Henry, J.W.
17. Jones, J.J.
18. Jones, W.H.
19. Mason, H.C.
20. Ricks, J.D.
21. Ricks, F.B.
22. Rose, Martin
23. Rackley, D.L.
24. Smith, C.C.
25. Sykes, T.E.
26. Sills, Alfred (Col)
27. Drake, Geo. W. (Col)

28. Womble, Isaac
29. Snell, H.W.
30. Taylor, D.A.

Rocky Mount

1. Arrington, S.L.
2. Sorsby, J.R.
3. Hackney, T.J.
4. Downing, Jasper
5. Robbins, C.R.
6. Sherrin, E.W.
7. Weaver, R.J.
8. Taylor, J.A.
9. Barnes, J.H.
10. Robbins, J.D.
11. Lewis, Reddin
12. Luper, Calvin
13. Davis, Baldy
14. Joyner, W.D.
15. Everette, David
16. Robbins, T.J.

(SEE LIST, P. 18)

British Army in Person Co.

The following is a letter written by Alexander R. Foushee to *The Courier of Roxboro*, Person County, NC in 1915.



When I was a boy many interesting stories were told of the time when the British Army marched through our county during the Revolutionary War, under the command of Lord Cornwallis.

One of them is to the effect that, in 1781, when he was moving east from Caswell or Alamance county through Person county on the way to Yorktown he passed what is now known as Roseville, four miles southwest of Roxboro. A man living there by the name of Rose, whose smoke house was near the road side, had a large lot of provisions cooked up and put under lock and key. When the army arrived he handed General Cornwallis the key, saying as he pointed to it: "Here, my Lord, is the key to the smoke house. It is full of provisions, open it and help yourselves." This man Rose was



what was called a Tory, a member of a political party that was opposed to the war, and was in sympathy with the British.

The soldiers took the provisions and went on to old Paines Tavern, two or three miles, and stacked their guns, "Flint and Steel" muskets, and spent the night in camp. A big white oak there was ever afterward known and pointed out as the "Cornwallis" tree. [I have] often seen this splendid old tree and it has not been so long since it died and was cut down. Paines Tavern was then a place of note, a popular camping ground for emigrants from a large section of the country, moving to the West to seek new homes. Paines, a man of some wealth, owned the place and kept a house of entertainment for the public.

[I] remember, when a boy, seeing a few of the old Revolutionary soldiers of Person county, who had land warrants as an extra bounty given for service in helping to free our country from the British yoke. These land warrants conveyed to each of them 160 acres of Western land, a quarter section. Very few of them ever went out to occupy their land, but sold their claims to land speculators.

[Taken from *Reminiscences 1921*, by Alexander R. Foushee]

(List, From P. 17)

17. Arrington, Ricks
18. Turner, Jesse
19. Boon, Lindsay
20. Boon, Will
21. Spicer, Charley (Col)
22. Joyner, Alexander (Col)
23. Sessoms, James Jr.
24. Winstead, O.J.
25. Griffin, W.T.
26. Carter, V.B.
27. Williams, M.T.
28. Rice, Jas. T.

Stoney Creek

1. Jones, J.T.
2. May, R.L.
3. Coley, G.T.
4. Brewer, E.B.
5. Latta, W.A.

6. Mial, J.R. (Col)
7. Frazier, W.H.
8. Ellen, S.F.
9. Dunn, J.R.
10. Thorpe, D.W.
11. Boseman, J.R.
12. Griffin, J.H. Jr.
13. Hines, Joe (Col)
14. Newby, W.J.
15. Weaver, W.C.
16. Moore, T.H.
17. Hedricks, M.J.
18. Williams, J.A.
19. Bullock, R.E.
20. Hedgepeth, W.F.
21. High, W.B.
22. Bunn, G.M.
23. Charley H. Whitley
24. Westray, B.F.
25. Vick, Jesse B.
26. Woodruff, Joe L.

South Whitakers

1. Bryant, Lawrence (Col)
2. Barkley, E.T.
3. Beal, J.A.

4. Cobb, Jeff
5. Drake, Henry (Col)
6. Edwards, P.E.
7. Everette, J. I.
8. Ellen, C.F.
9. Ellen, J.W.
10. Gay, J.M.



11. High, W.L.
12. High, A.W.
13. Harper, Staten
14. Landing, J.H.
15. Parham, M.F.
16. Proctor, J.R.
17. Price, G.W.
18. Phillips, J.B.
19. Roycroft, H.T.
20. Robertson, J.W.
21. Sanders, J.H.
22. Stokes, J.B.
23. Terry, J.H.
24. Whitaker, J.A.
25. Ward, G.W.
26. Whitaker, Malchus

North Whitakers
1. Arrington, Burl D. (Col)
2. Archbell, B.J.
3. Bellamy, J.C.

4. Booth, W.H.
5. Bass, I.W.
6. Coley, S.L.
7. Davis, W.P.
8. Dozier, W.S.
9. Drake, B.F.
10. Edwards, J.M.
11. Exum, J.H. Sr.
12. Green, John H.
13. Mann, W.R.
14. Mann, W.M. (Col)
15. Melton, G.N.
16. Moore, R.M.
17. Powell, T.E.
18. Sexton, Jos. T.
19. Sexton, J.M.
20. Stallings, R.D.
21. Smith, P.H.
22. Lumner, L.E.
23. Taylor, A.L.
24. Woodruff, W.E.



Dymond City

Dymond City, Martin Co.,

NC [See "Jamesville and Washington Railroad", *The Connector*, Spring 2003] was born in 1870, the year after the **Jamesville & Washington Railroad & Lumber Company** was chartered. The *Tarboro Southerner* had this to say on March 17, 1870: "For two years **Francis Lightfoot** had been preparing for the set up of a first class town ... a town, such as proposed to build up here will be a blessing to North Carolina. One such in each of the Southern States would do more practical reconstruction than any amount of legislation." In 1870, the city could boast of 90 residents. In the 1880 census, there were 28 white residents and 56 colored residents. However, by 1897, the population had dwindled to 10 people. What happened to the fledgling community?

The first railroad wreck, caused by obstacles placed on the track and causing several injuries, occurred near Dymond City. Because the railroad was so important to the new settlement, the incident prompted a full investigation. After the accident, the J&W railroad continued its passenger service and, for a while, brought prosperity to the region, as far south and east as the **Pamlico Sound**.

The Jamesville and Washington Railroad & Lumber Company owned a large tract of land in **Martin** and **Beaufort** counties. They purchased equipment to use in cutting the timber. However, the firm soon ran into financial difficulties, probably due to mismanagement. Some of their contracts had common laborers earning nearly \$50 a day, a princely sum at that time. The company brought in a consultant, **Abraham Fisher**, to try to revive the business, and things improved for a while. But in 1884, the company again fell on hard times and was sold. As the firm declined, so did Dymond City. If the railroad was not thriving, then neither was the town.

During its heyday, Dymond City was a melting pot where few residents were native to the area. There were people from **Ireland, England, Sweden** and other parts of **Europe**. In the beginning, many of the inhabitants were thought to be wealthy. "Engineer **Francis Lightfoot** and his wife, **Anne**, were documented as having \$75,000 in personal property and \$5,000 in real property."

The **Society of Friends, Quakers**, were in Dymond City very early. When the town dried up, many of the members returned to other parts of the **United States**. It is believed that the **Perquimans County Quakers** came first to Dymond City.

The 1880 census taker, **Seth R. Hardison**, wrote: "a wide variety of occupations are offered here — two store clerks, two mechanics, two mill hands, millwright, engineer, hotel keeper and a town bookkeeper." **Mrs. Dennis Taylor** had a 32-room hotel at the center of town which accommodated shoppers and hunters from all over the world. The other two main buildings were a two-story house where Mrs. Taylor lived and a three story building that housed the town's general store, living quarters for **Henry Nolan**, a prominent resident, and the headquarter of the Society of Friends of the Church.

When the rail route was finally completed in 1887, the J&W Railroad and Lumber Company had quite a bit of property—three locomotives, two passenger cars, a baggage car, 21 freight cars, real estate valued at \$294,000 and equipment worth \$129,000. But in the mid-1890s, prosperity was fizzling out. Logging was no longer profitable and there was no other industry to sustain the town. As the railroad slid downhill, so did Dymond City. In 1894, the post office closed, and, by 1897, parts of the railroad track were being taken up.

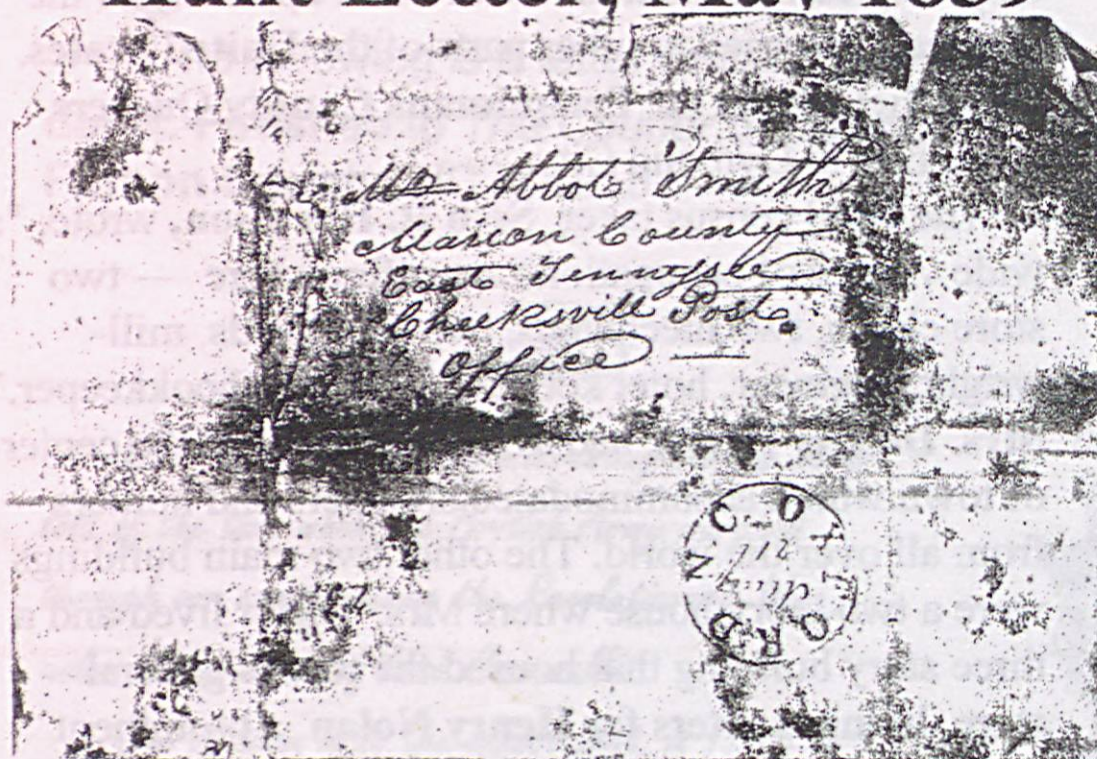
However, Dymond City did have one other claim to fame. **Mrs. Elkinton**, a resident of the town, invented **Octagon Soap** in 1883. She later moved to **Philadelphia, PA** and sold her formula to the **Colgate-Palmolive-Peat Company**.



The last resident of Dymond City was **Matt Bissell** (1885-1956), son of the Jamesville & Washington's chief engineer.

[Taken from an article by Sarah Hodges which appeared in the *Washington Daily News*, August 11, 2001. In the article "Jamesville and Washington Railroad" which appeared on page 1 of *The Connector*, Spring 2003, Dymond City was misspelled, which prompted Bill Sellers, TRC member, to send us the article from the *Washington Daily News*.]

Hunt Letter, May 1839



May 1839

Abbott Smith Sir, I Received a Letter from you & wife dated 9th April last which I was glad to hear that your family was well but would much gladder been to heard more about your family & Nelson N. Dakes family [—] how they ware & comeing on [.] I havent heard a word from them in five or six years [.] I would be glad to no what County they live in and what have be come of them [.] My family is Injoyin a resonible State of health at present [.] I have had streemindously bad Luck [—] Hardy Died February 25th 1836 Zilphey Died April 19th and Ritter Died April 25th and Jim Died April 12th 1837. Davey Died July 13th 1837 [—] all young negroes Except Zilphey [.] William Longmires family was well a few days back [.] Robert Longmire was veary Sick yesterday with a Bowel complaint & _____ Mallorys Families all well whin I heard from them [.] You may tell Elijah Longmire about Franklin Moss is Wife Died a few months Back & Samuel Moss Wife Departed this Life May 18th [.] Joseph P. Hart saw her buried [.] She Died Suddenley [.] You stated in your letter that you wanted a copy of William Longmires Will [.] it would not be any a count to you for the Negro Girl Rithey was given to Sally Longmire Roberts Daughter in the will & the Land he in tended for Polly Duke he wills to Robert Longmire and Mrs. Duke grumbled and he told her to get some one to wright a Deed of gifts & he would give Rithey to Charlott

Duke [.] Polly Duke got Benjamin Berdin Jur. to right a Deed of gift & the old man Signed it [.] Rithey belongs to Charlott by the Deed of gift [.] I expect that Nelson N. Duke has the Deed of Gift or nows where it is [.] he and his wife nows of the gifts all about it and knows that Robert Duke has not the least right toward her [.] he cant commence a suit for there _____ for he has no more wright to the negro girl than I have [.] James & Anderson was given to Charlott & Robert Duke in the Will and Both is Dead so I dont think it worth while for you to run your self to the Expence of geting a copy of the Will [.] If Robert Duke has a copy and it is a true copy he will find that Rithey is given to Robert Longmires Daughter Sally—Which will prove that he has no wrights [.] the Deed of Gift gives the negro girl & her _____ to Charlott Duke your wife [.] All made short crops here last year owing to the Drouth [.] Corn is now worth \$5 Dollars a Barrell wheat \$1.25 per Bushell —Tobacco \$7 to 12 Dollars at petersburg [.] We have 9 children a living 7 sons and 2 daughters [.] Joseph P. Hart is at the carpenter Business & John W. Hart is at the Saddle makeing Business the rest is with us— Sally sends her love with mine to you & family & her sister Polly & family John & Elijah Longmires family [.]

I am yours Truly John P. Hart

[Letter sent to Tim Rackley, TRC member by Phillip Layne of Whitwell, IN. Watch for the Longmire Will in the next issue of The Connector.]



Braswell Memorial Library Acquisitions

1. Census Microfilm: Halifax, 1930 (2 rolls); Warren, 1930 (2 rolls); Person, 1930; Beaufort, 1930; Beaufort, 1900; Martin, 1900; Person, 1900; Nash, 1900; Person, 1830; Beaufort, 1830.
2. Wilmington Tales
3. Cohoon/Calbouns of Edgecombe County, NC
4. Descendants of Margaret Westray