

The Connector

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

Summer 2007

Peggy Strickland & Billie Jo Matthews, Co-Editors

Volume 11, Number 3

OLD POP CASTLE Its History and Mysteries

BY C.W. RANEY

Greensboro News, 3/25/1917

Seventy years ago, when I was a small boy, there lived in our section [W. Vance Co., NC] an aged narrator of past events, a clever and agreeable old gentleman who claimed to be in his nineties, and was never so happy as when he could find an audience to listen to his stories of the past, which had been told by his grandfather, who lived to be nearly a hundred. He said his grandfather used to say that when he came to the settlement, "the Blue Ridge was not over three feet high, and Tar River was noth-

ing more than a spring branch." This, we boys believed, was really



Vance County—From 1895 Atlas

true. He always delighted in telling the story of ancient *Pop Castle* and its mysteries. I was always charmed with this story and it was so deeply impressed on my mind that I remember it to this day. It was as follows:

About 1720, when this section was beginning to be settled, a large party who arrived at old Bath, on the NC coast, wended their way to this section and settled on Ruin Creek, [flows into Tabbs Creek, 1770 Collet Map] near what is now known as the Linbank Road [west of Kittrell]. When they arrived they were told by settlers who had preceded them of a mysterious residence nearby, a large structure built

[CASTLE CONT. ON PAGE 4]

Patriotic Meeting In Nashville.

On Monday evening quite a crowd of local citizens assembled in the court house in response to the call issued by Mayor Griffin and at this meeting some very happy as well as patriotic addresses were delivered by Lieutenant A.C. Bernard, Hon. Gray R. King and Prof. J.I. White. This meeting was mainly held in response to the request of Lieutenant Bernard, who took occasion to explain some features of the registration order and to give those of the local young men who so desired, an opportunity to enlist in the Louisburg Company,

to which quite a number of Nash county [NC] boys already belong. Mayor Griffin presided over the meeting and the speeches of the gentlemen above referred to were much enjoyed. Present at the meeting were many ladies.

[Nashville Graphic, 6/7/1917]



Weldon Pest House

Many years ago, near the turn of the 20th century, a "pest house" was once located at the very back of the Weldon, Halifax Co, NC cemetery, at the end of East Ninth Street. The "pest house" was a small house where strangers or vagabond visitors were sent to be checked for communicable diseases or to regain good health if they had a disease.

The town people would check on the patients, always taking a servant with them who would give the patients food and help nurse them back to health. After the sick regained their health, they were allowed to come into town.

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.

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Search and Research

Jasper—Nicholas Stallings Connection?

BY CALLIE J. STALLINGS

The site where **Buckingham Palace** now stands was once a mulberry garden planted, at the direction of **King James I** (r.1603-25), to rear silk-worms. Unfortunately, he chose the wrong kind of mulberry bush, and silk production never took off in Britain. Whose idea was it to produce silk in England? Was it James I, **Robert Cecil** (who applied for a patent to import white mulberry seed in 1606), or perhaps **William Stallenge**? More likely it was the inspiration of Sir Robert Cecil, his majesty's principal secretary and Stallenge's old boss, who left in his estate papers a draft for a patent to import white mulberry seed in 1606.

It was Stallenge who supervised the planting of the Mulberry Garden in 1608. Stallenge and **Francis de Verton** (aka **Forest**) received payment of £100 for silk worms and some quantity of mulberry trees, plants, and seeds on 11/5/1608. Stallenge received another £935 for 4 acres of land near the **Palace of Westminster**, together with walling, leveling, and planting of mulberry trees, on 11/25/1609.

On January 5, 1607 a license was issued to William Stallenge, for twenty-one years, to print and publish a book entitled: *Instructions for the Planting and Increase of Mulberry Trees, Breeding of Silkworms, and the Making of Silk*. The book was printed in 1609.

The job as keeper of the King's silkworms passed from William Stallenge to his younger brother, **Jasper Stallenge**. Jasper held the job from 1616 until he went to **Virginia** in 1621. Although he carried silkworms with him on his journey to V.A., they failed to survive and Jasper returned to England and his old job.

In July, 1628, a grant was made to **Walter, Lord Aston**, of the custody of "his Majesty's Mulberry Garden at St. James's and of the silkworms and houses thereunto appertaining, with the yearly fee of £60, during his life and that of his son and heir apparent, on surrender of Jasper Stallenge." (The term surrender here seems somewhat vague. I take it to mean that Jasper Stallenge delivered up his charge, as keeper of the Kings silkworms to Lord Aston.) Whether Jasper continued to care for the Mulberry Garden or whether his job was terminated is not clear.

George, Lord Goring, afterwards, **Earl of Norwich**, purchased the keepership of the Mulberry Garden from Lord Aston for £800 about 1630. He lived in **Goring House**, which adjoined the Mulberry Garden.

The silkworm experiment of Mulberry Gardens soon proved a failure, and the gardens were turned into a public place of entertainment, which was famous for several years. The Mulberry Garden passed into history and so did the association of the Stallenge family with their creation and care. It was said that members of the Stallenge family were the only ones to ever profit from the Mulberry Garden.

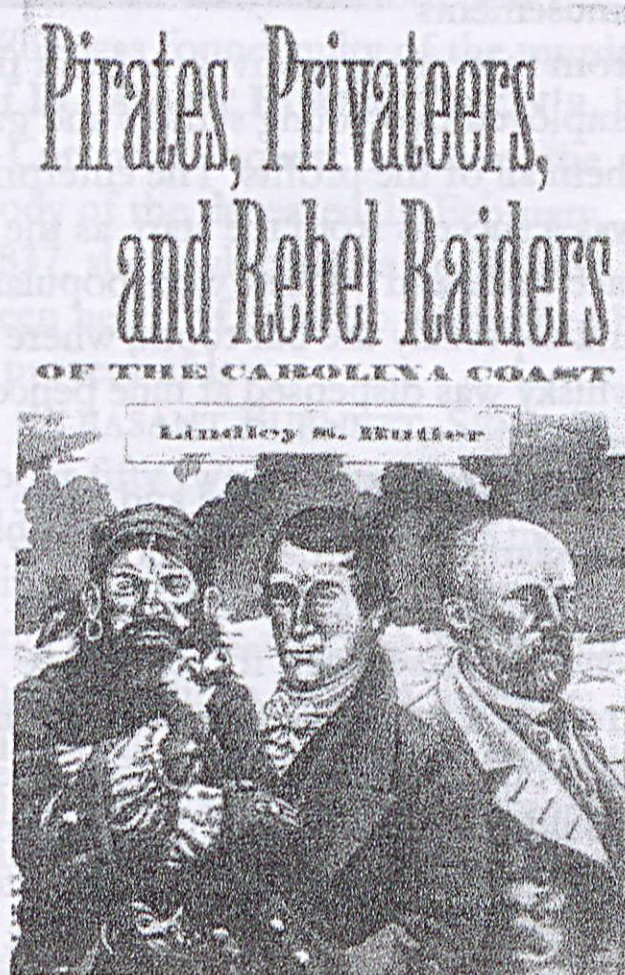
The British civil war, 1638 -1660, was a bad time for royalist and therefore a bad time for the Stallenge family who had supported the Royalist cause. The Stallenge family home at **Taunton, Somerset County**, came under siege by the Parliamentarians, and all attempts by the Royalist forces

[SEARCH, CONTINUED ON PAGE 5]

Reader's Choice LOCAL COLOR



Pirates, Privateers, and Rebel Raiders of the Carolina Coast
By Lindley S. Butler; 2000,
University of NC Press



Our NC coast holds a multitude of treasures hidden by the sands of time. Bits and pieces of driftwood from long forgotten vessels. Small amounts of gold possibly bounty from some pirate's ship as well as a ship's bell. Civil War artifacts shipwrecked in NC's perilous waters.

Pirates, Privateers, and Rebel Raiders is an exciting adventure book expanding over 150 years in the lives of eight men beginning with **Blackbeard** and ending with **James I. Waddell**, known as the 'Last Rebel'. Others include **Stede Bonnet**, the gentleman pirate; **Otway Burns**, NC's most famous privateer; **Johnston Blakeley**, naval hero in War of 1812; **James W.**

[LOCAL CONT. ON PAGE 9]

The Saga of Lancaster, NC

BY V.L. (BUCK) DRAUGHON

In 1895 when most people were folks, **W.J. (Bill) Lancaster** commenced a venture that was the last of its kind in **Edgecombe Co. [NC]**. He was the originator and operator of the last distillery in the county. That is, the last one that was sanctioned by the State and carried the good graces of the brethren in the community.

Located ten miles east of **Rocky Mount** on present NC Hwy 43, the enterprise was a gigantic success from the beginning. Captain Billy, as he was called, was the father of the last **Gus Z. Lancaster** and grandfather of the present-day **Joseph Lancaster** of local stockyard fame.

W.J. Lancaster manufactured liquor, wine, brandy and other celebrated concoctions from fermented branch water. His rare brand of "yodeling oil" was bottled, stamped and sold on the premises. Off-premise license was unheard of at that time.

To facilitate the dram-glass boys, a general store was constructed with a bar room built adjacent in the store. In 1896, a post office was erected and the bustling metropolis officially became known as **Lancaster, NC**.

A Negro man, **Henry Lane**, would make daily jaunts through the woods to **Kingsboro [Edgecombe Co]** to retrieve the mail. Kingsboro, three miles east of Lancaster, was served by the **Norfolk** branch of the **Coast Line Railroad**.

Almost overnight Lancaster's became the social and entertainment center of the county. On special occasions the neighborhood fiddler, before he became inebriated, would saw out such pieces as "Whistlin' Rufus" and "Yonder Comes Harry Powell" while the brogan boys would pop the timber with an old-fashioned buck dance.

The emporium was frequented by mule skinner, ridge runners, tobacco drummers, and other celebrities who enjoyed the "pleasures of the flesh." From the **Polecat Community** in **Nash Co.**, to **Dogtown** in **Edgecombe**, they came to partake of the distilleries wares.

In the proximity of Lancaster's lived a clod-hopper who long since had fallen from grace. He was a Republican. Since Lancaster's was a Democrat stronghold, a Republican was as welcome in Lancaster's as the influenza. This gentleman of high conviction usually met with a small band of fellow abstainers across the creek from Lancaster's at a place called **Temperance Hall**.

As the turn of the century approached, Lancaster's was made a voting precinct and, naturally, became the hub of much political activity. The political potentials from **Tarboro [Edgecombe Co]** would meet at Lancaster's to extol the grandeur of their cause. In general, political aspirants who were "long on the wind and short on the green" liked to stop at Lancaster's in the evening to render a small blaze of oratory on current events. After a few

[Lancaster Continued On Page 7]



Buck Dance

[CASTLE CONT. FROM P 1]
of enormous hewn logs, with large stone chimney and a ponderous front door. No one knew when it was built or by whom.

It was occupied by only two men. One a tall, princely gentleman with long flowing beard and hair, always dressed elegantly with his tall white silk hat, high-top boots with sparkling silver knee buckles. He was never approached, or ever seen except at a long distance.

The other man, a veritable Scotchman, who called himself **MacDugall**, acted as a guard and servant. Mack, as he was familiarly called, would mingle with the settlers to some extent, and always went heavily armed with two double-barreled flintlock pistols in his belt. He always spoke of his master as "My Lord" but was mum when asked anything in regard to him.

"My Lord" could be seen every day, when the weather was fine, walking in front of his home with arms folded and head erect, but on the approach of any one, no matter how far off, he would immediately enter his dwelling and close the door. In fact, Mack was always on the watch and would never allow any one to approach near. Mack always seemed to have plenty of money, and paid the settlers liberally for what he bought of them. Every three months a lone horseman, leading two other horses loaded with provisions and other articles needed for their comfort, would arrive, unload, and immediately depart.

All of these things puzzled the settlers, but all agreed that the mysterious personage was some king or other great potentate who had been banished from his country for some political or other offense, and that he sought this remote spot as a safe hiding place. Mack would never tell anything to solve the mystery.

This state of affairs went on for years until about 1734, when there arrived late one afternoon a caravan of horses, and that night everything was packed and at sunrise next morning the caravan moved off in an easterly direction, followed by Mack and "my Lord," who brought up the rear. They were never heard from afterwards, and the mystery was never solved.

A New Tenant

But the residence, around which so much mystery still clung, was not to remain long idle. In about five weeks another mysterious character arrived upon the scene—a tall, broad-shouldered man, with long black whiskers and hair, and small black, piercing eyes, who moved into the old residence and at once set to work building sheds around it, erected out-buildings, and sparing no money or pains to make himself comfortable. He had a race track built, a cockpit and other places of amusement erected. He had a large sign painted green, with these letters in red paint:

POPECASTLE INN

Entertainment For Man and Beast

This strange character had any amount of money, which he spent lavishly. He brought with him large leathern bags filled with gold, and for some weeks these bags of gold continued to come from somewhere, and most of them were secretly buried by their owner.

The settlers were all convinced that he was an escaped pirate, and had been told of the place by Mack, whom he probably met on the seashore. He seemed to be genial and clever, and the settlers said, "Just the man to lure the younger set into vice and wickedness."

This distinguished looking gentleman gave his name as "Captain Popecastle," but the settlers got it Pop Castle, and the place was called POP Castle ever afterwards.

"The Captain," as he was always called, did not open up these amusements



from mercenary motives, as he at first employed two young settlers and gave them all of the profits. The enterprise was a success from the start, as the race track and cockpit were popular, and especially the bar room, where whisky was dispensed at nine pence a cruet.

The place grew more and more in popularity every day. After a few months settlers were coming to attend the festivities for 50 miles around, it being the first place of the kind opened up in this section. They would come in covered wagons, on horseback, and afoot; all bringing tobacco to bet on the races and cock fights, and to pay for whisky. They would drink and gamble all day, and would wind up in a free fight at night. But as no deadly weapons were used in those days, only "fist and skull," but little damage was ever done, and all would be friends again when they became sober. All of this seemed to tickle the captain's fancy, and he enjoyed it to the fullest extent.

History has taught us that all wicked men's pleasures have some day to have an ending, and the Captain's was no exception. After enjoying these wicked festivities for nearly 15 years, and when his beautiful silken beard began to have a tinge of gray, there appeared upon the scene one day three heavily armed horsemen, who seized the Captain, securely bound him, and two of them

[CASTLE CONT. ON PAGE 5]

Pam's Corner

\$50 Reward

THE undersigned will give the above reward of Fifty Dollars, for the apprehension and confinement in the jail at **Louisburg, N.C.** of

Pleasant Burnett, Sen'r

Who was found guilty of the murder of **PLEASANT BURNETT, JUN'R**, by a Coroner's Inquest held over the body of the deceased, in February, 1837, since which time he has not been heard of, so as to be reached by a process of law.

PLEASANT BURNETT, SEN'R is about fifty two or fifty three years old; supposed to be six feet high; with a down look when spoken to; large eyebrows, meeting in the middle and extending a little on the nose; with small blue eyes; round face; and an excellent set of teeth; tolerably dark curly hair; and wears a truss.

He is supposed to be lurking in this county [**Edgecombe**] or **Nash**,

or in reach of his wife's father, (**ROBERT MELTON**), who lives in **Nash**, at which place, I have been creditably informed, he has been seen several times since the murder.

In addition to the above reward of fifty dollars, I will pay all reasonable charges for his apprehension and confinement in **Franklin** jail, or any other jail in this State so that he can be brought to justice.

GREEN BURNETT.

[*Tarboro Press*, 9/15/1838. Contributed by Pam Edmondson, TRC member.



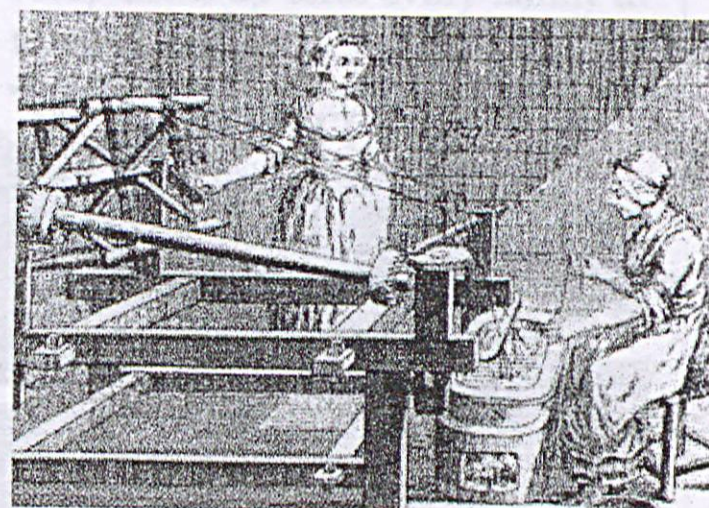
[Search, Cont. From P 2]

had failed to lift the siege. The time was ripe for the Stallenge family to look for opportunity elsewhere. A father might well have advised his son to "Go West, young man," possibly even to VA, and the years 1635, 1638, 1655, and 1663 would all have been prime times to take their leave.

Nicholas Stallenge, patriarch of our Stallings family in America, was

imported into **Jamestown, VA** in those mentioned years as a headright. The question for Stallings family researchers is, "Was Nicholas Stallenge the son of Jasper Stallenge?"

Traveling back and forth to England, which might, at first thought, seem implausible, is much more likely if the traveler had the where-with-all to do it. Certainly the son of Jasper Stallenge would have had the contacts and the where-with-all to make those trips.



REELING SILK: Silk is unique among textile fibers inasmuch as it comes already spun—by the silkworm! It needs only to be carefully unreel from the **cocoon**.

[CASTLE CONT. FROM P. 4]

immediately spirited him off without any ceremony whatever. The third man rode up in front of the inn and called for the Captain's personal effects. Some one asked this man by whose authority they did this, and he at once replied, "By authority of the king." Asked as to what crime the Captain had committed, he replied that he was for years the most daring and ruthless pirate that ever infested the **Atlantic Ocean**. This event, sad to many, caused consternation in the camp for a while, but the older set were really glad at his departure. But the Captain's "taking off" did not affect the continued prosperity of Popcastle Inn. It, if possible, became more popular every year. This continued for years. When one set of

proprietors would grow old and retire, there were others anxious to take their places.

But old Pop's wild career was not to last always. During and after the **Revolutionary War** other taverns and places of amusement began to grow up around, and old Pop's prestige began to wane. Before the year 1800 the race track had grown up in weeds, its cockpit lost its patronage, few patronized its whisky shop, and even the tinkling sound of the anvil in the old blacksmith shop had ceased.

So old Pop had to give up the ghost. The Captain's treasure, which he had so adroitly hidden, remains where he placed it. The sheds to the main structure and outbuilding soon decayed and disappeared, and the old

block house looking structure for 65 years afterwards stood alone in its glory.

After the **War Between the States** the gentleman who built his handsome residence nearby tore down the old buildings and, I think, used its heavy timbers for erecting outbuildings. Although it had been standing for 125 years, its timbers were perfectly sound.

At this day the venerable old oak that stood in front of the old inn, under whose dense shade so many convivial throngs used to gather, and which for nearly 200 years has withstood winter's storm blasts, is all that is left to remind the passer-by of old Pop Castle's ancient glory and renown.

Henderson, Feb. 16, 1917.

[*Greensboro News*, 3/25/1917]

Belmont Pond

BY BOICE WALKER

The original Belmont Lake was built by the M.C. Braswell Farms in the thirties. A nice cabin large enough for socials was later added. In the meantime it came about, through a family agreement, for Thomas Pearsall to be its

cial, namely the secretary of Agriculture, such as Kerr Scott.

Thomas Pearsall took a personal and civic interest and spent a lot of his available time developing facilities for the benefit and pleasure of others while serving in the state legislature. One of the unusual things he did, after building a boat house and pier, was to hire beach sand from the North Carolina coast to be hauled in and spread over an area around the

a picnic shelter, installing a water and sewer system, an electric pump, and even putting lights inside and out the boat house. This made it possible for the Rocky Mount Family YMCA. to schedule programs for an entire day without interruptions. To this day, you will hear many iterating their achievements and pleasures at the Y Summer Day Camp. The soft ball field was the scene of many close contests, and for many, learning boat safety, swimming and fishing were tops on their lists. One of the most memorable activities was hiking the wood trails and sneaking huckleberries and blackberries along the way.

"Belmont" will now become history as Ford Colony replaces its surrounds with a modern, up-to-the-minute housing development complete with a golf course and all the other perks, designed to attract the elite, wealthy retirees from Maine to Florida and wherever. Rocky Mount leaders expect the area to benefit culturally as well as financially.



guardian and caretaker.

Through the years it has served many purposes for its owners, the church schools, businesses, civic clubs, and especially the YMCA.

Braswell Farms used the grounds to hold its annual barbecue dinner and awards celebration that marked the end of the tobacco harvesting season. The barbecue, brunswick stew, slaw, and potatoes were cooked and prepared on the spot. Cash and nice material prizes were awarded outstanding farmers in each category, along with recognition of the ladies for their participation and progress in "Better Homes and Gardens" projects.

These events were usually attended by a high ranking state offi-

cial, namely the secretary of Agriculture, such as Kerr Scott. Thomas Pearsall took a personal and civic interest and spent a lot of his available time developing facilities for the benefit and pleasure of others while serving in the state legislature. One of the unusual things he did, after building a boat house and pier, was to hire beach sand from the North Carolina coast to be hauled in and spread over an area around the pier and along the bank to create an ocean atmosphere. The sand served multiple purposes with the actual most valuable benefit going to the selected stocking breeds of fish for breeding beds. Bass and bream spawning season left the bottom looking like a honeycomb. This coupled with the fact that the lake was surrounded by woods that filtered all runoff water going into the lake, and an abundance of natural food in almost perfect water conditions produced a prolific supply of large bass and blue gill bream.

Although many organizations enjoyed use of the lake and cottage, the YMCA. availed the greatest use of its entire spectrum. Thomas Pearsall saw to that by having current run to the area, wiring the cottage, building

Survey Needed

Raleigh, N.C. May 28 1870
Ashley Woolard Esq
Washington
Beaufort Co N.C.

Sir:

Yos of April 30 to hand
to day one month in com-
ming.

Please have another sur-
vey made and return both
when the Grant we'll issue. We
have to attach one survey to
the Grant and have to file the
other. [See Rev. Code Chapter
42. Section 10 page 264]

Respectfully

H.J. Menninger

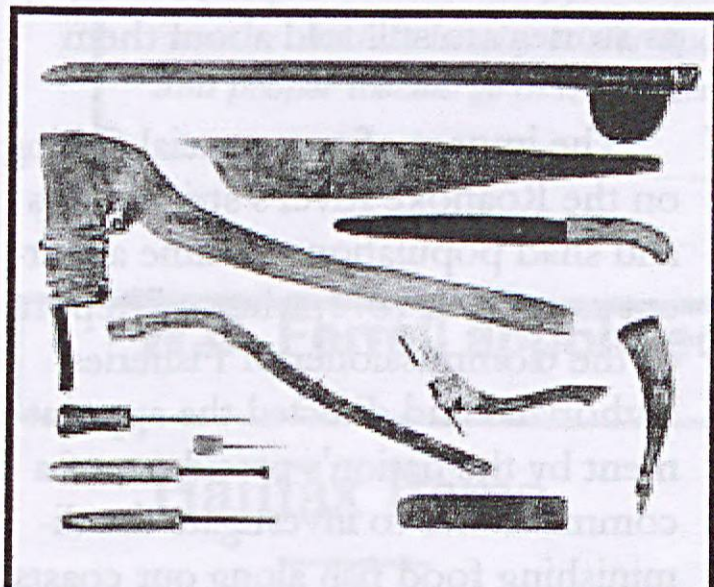
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For Syme clk

[Contributed by Julia Condit,
TRC member]

Woodworking in Your Tree?

Were your ancestors carpenters? Surnames might indicate that someone in your line held that occupation. Originally, **Carpenter** was the name bestowed to the wagon maker. Related jobs and associated surnames include **Waggoner**, **Cooper** (a barrel



maker), **Luther** (a guitar or lyre or dulcimer maker), **Wheelwright**, **Wainwright** (a wagon maker), **Sawyer**, **Joiner**, and **Zimmerman** (German, literally "room man").

One name you might want to research further when you find it in your family tree—**Bodger**. Why? Well, a bodger made chair legs with a lathe. Often, the bodger would buy a stand of trees, fell them, and make them into spindles on the spot, selling them as parts of chairs to be made by someone else. In itself this was a fine profession, but since the work bodgers performed did not result in a finished product, the term evolved to refer to a person who didn't finish things. You may want to check to see how your Bodgers got their name.

[*Ancestry*, Jan/Feb 2007, page 64]

Battleboro News

Isaac Powell, the accommodating restaurateur and merchant, has just returned from the North with a full stock of goods. Go around and see him.

Our little town has been made lively since last Friday night, by "storm parties." They are very enjoyable occasions, and well attended. Keep them up until every family in town is stormed.

W. H. WHITEHEAD, M.D.

Physician & Surgeon,

BATTLEBORO, N.C.

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

[Lancaster Cont. From P. 3]

brief remarks they always adjourned and retired to the dram room to indulge in a less dry subject.

A less-known celebrity, still remembered by a few old-timers, was a boomer brakeman who lived in the **Gibson Hill**. For the purpose of anonymity, he shall be known as "Clarence." Now Clarence was not the most virtuous man who ever lived on the hill. He would tell a lie. Clarence had another vice that had matured into a habit—a fondness for strong drink. The only time he ever refused an invitation to drink was when he misunderstood the question. One Saturday evening Clarence was not feeling "up to snuff." The winds of adversity had been blowing a strong gale against him since early morning. He decided to regale himself with the aggregation in a winding out at Lancaster's. Though all of Clarence's activities while there are unknown, it is reasonably assumed that he worked his dram glass overtime. By the time he reached home

he was in the general vicinity of being drunk.

Clarence's wife was anxiously awaiting his arrival. Seeing his condition, she let loose a blistering tirade about his iniquities and transgressions that scorched his ear drums. After much consultation between them, Clarence sauntered off to his room in search of a little tranquility.

Early next morning found Clarence suffering with infirmities of the flesh. His head felt like John Henry and his famous sledge hammer were locked inside, frantically trying to drive his way out.

His wife said, "Clarence, are you going to attend services this morning?"

Clarence replied, "No!" He said, "Call the funeral home and tell 'em to send the man out here."

"You're not dead are you?" she asked.

Clarence replied, "No, but I'll be dead by the time he gets here."

Why did Lancaster, NC vanish into oblivion? Two reasons. First, in

1908 liquor by the drink was voted out. The State took over the operation of all alphabet stores. Second, the **Atlantic Coast Line Railroad** ran a branch line from Tarboro into **Pinetops [Edgecombe Co]** and on to **Maclesfield** for the shipment of lumber into that region. It diverted all trade and traffic that had been Lancaster's.

Only the skeleton remains of Lancaster now exist. These are the spring, a remnant of the old barroom, and the small red house that was the birth place of Gus Z. Lancaster, Sr.

The moral of this article is this: if the next State Legislature passes a liquor-by-the-drink law, they will have advanced back to where they started in 1908, when liquor by the drink was legal.

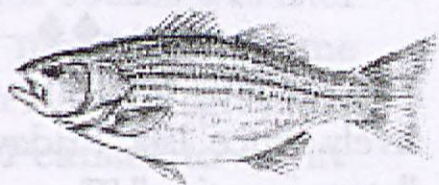
Note: Much of this data was given by the astute little lady of Shady Lane on Highway 43, Mrs. Gus Z. Lancaster, Sr. Help was also rendered by the sisters of the late Gus Z. Lancaster, Sr.

[*Rocky Mount Evening Telegram*, 12/10/1967]

River of Death

BY HILL MATTHEWS

The Indians named it "Moratuck," meaning "river of death," but the **Roanoke River** has a tradition of being a powerful "river of life."



Each spring anadromous fish, most notably striped bass and shad, ascend the Roanoke from the **Albemarle Sound** and **Atlantic Ocean**, to complete their life cycle and spawn in the river's currents. The Roanoke is and was the life blood of many of the towns and communities that line its banks, and has served as an important artery of trade.

In the spring of 1586, a group of Englishmen exploring the coast of North Carolina sent an expedition up the Roanoke as far as **Weldon [Halifax Co.]**. This was the first documented trip up the river by white men. Since then, references have been made to the Roanoke being the largest non-navigable stream in the world, although from the first rapids at Weldon to the sound, it was navigable to early trade ships. Before the railroads came, much cargo was transported on the river, but had to be carried overland from Weldon to a point above **Roanoke Rapids [Halifax Co.]**. In 1812, a charter was approved by NC and VA for the **Roanoke Navigation Co.** to build a canal around the treacherous series of rapids from which the Indians derived the name "Moratuck."

Work began on the canal in 1818 and it opened to traffic in 1824. There were three sets of locks built to accommodate the 100' fall between Roanoke Rapids and Weldon. Arguably the most interesting feature of this

early commercial canal is the aqueduct over **Chockoyotte Creek**. A large stone bridge-like structure, the aqueduct moved the canal and its boat traffic over the rocky, cascading creek below. Although the canal is dry now, and indeed serves as the **Roanoke Canal Trail** touted by Halifax Co. tourism, the aqueduct still stands as an impressive reminder of the ingenuity and workmanship that helped tame and build this great state.

Besides being the site of the first major rapids on the Roanoke River as it winds its way from the mountains of VA to the sound then sea, Weldon is also known as the "Rockfish Capital of the World." That name was designated at a large rockfish celebration held in 1935, and today a huge celebration (of sorts) occurs each spring as hundreds of boats (indeed some days it seems like thousands) enter the river, people line the banks, and the striped bass (rockfish) swim and spawn in the flowing waters.

The striped bass and shad fisheries, particularly along the major spawning grounds around Weldon, have a long, storied history. Early reports from the 1800s mention shad and rock fishing carried on by the means of scoop nets and fish slides. The scoop nets were allowed to trail in the rear of the boats as they drifted slowly downstream. The fish slides were solid structures built of timber and were placed in the strong currents just below the falls. Fish trying to swim upstream above the falls en-

tered the slides and became trapped against a screen, unable to escape because of the force of the current. The slides harvested every species of fish found in the Roanoke, but were mainly constructed for the spring runs of shad and rockfish. There are remarkable accounts of large sturgeon, some over 6' long, being trapped in the slides. Such a fish entering and being caught by a slide must have been an impressive sight, as stories are still told about them today.

The impact of commercial fishing on the Roanoke River's striped bass and shad populations became apparent as early as 1871, when a "Report of the Commissioner of Fisheries" authorized and directed the appointment by the nation's president, of a commissioner to investigate the diminishing food fish along our coasts, and suggest a proper method for restoring their supply. This action led to the establishment, at Weldon, of a fish hatchery which was first used to propagate (American) shad, and later striped bass. A report from 1884 mentions that at the Weldon station, methods previously used to culture shad had been successfully implemented for striped bass. The apparatus employed was the automatic jar (for incubating and hatching eggs), and the report notes the difficulties encountered in the manipulation of the rockfish eggs due to their greater buoyancy.

In spite of these difficulties, 280,500 striped bass fry cultivated at the Weldon hatchery were released in the Roanoke Rapids and Weldon area that year and many, many more in the years to come. Thus the "river of death" again proved it is a river of life, and with the help of the hatchery it was able to maintain high fish populations even with increased



[RIVER, CONT. ON P. 9]

Number 313-I.

Magistrates commission when appointed by the clerk.—Printed and for sale at Harrell's Printing House, Weldon, N. C.—10-4-87-1000

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,

Nash COUNTY.

To

W. C. Ferrell

GREETING:

Reposing special trust and confidence in your integrity and knowledge, do hereby appoint you a Justice of the Peace of the County of Nash Leopold Township to fill Vacancy occasioned by the the resignation of Ed. F. Knight: to take effect from date and continue until your successor is chosen: And do hereby confer upon you all the rights, privileges and powers, useful and necessary, to the just and proper discharge of the duties of your appointment.

Given under my hand this

5

day of

June

1889

D. E. Evers
Clerk Superior Court.

W.C. Ferrell appointed Justice of the Peace for Nash Co., June 5, 1889.

[Contributed by Reese Ferrell, TRC Member]

Halifax Items.

Mr. C.H. Hale has been on the sick list for about a week.

Mrs. L.G. Grady went to Duplin County a few days ago to visit her people.

Mr. W.D. Faucett, of Portsmouth, [VA] was here Sunday to see his mother, Mrs. W.A. Willcox.

Mrs. Lizzie Ousby and Miss Rebe have gone to Shelmdine to visit Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cole.

Miss Margaret Froelich left Monday for her home in Manchester, after spending several weeks here.

Mr. George Cooper, of Petersburg, was here a day or so recently to see his sister, Mrs. C.H. Hale.

Mr. and Mrs. J.H. Fenner came back from Littleton last Saturday, Mr. Fenner being very much improved.

Mr. George Young and little son, of Petersburg, was here a day recently to see his mother, Mrs. Sam Richards.

[The Enfield Progress, 8/28/1908]

[RIVER CONT. FROM P. 8]

fishing pressure. The Weldon station is still utilized by the NC Wildlife Resources Commission, but today is a supply depot, with the hatchery operations moved to the Edenton National Fish Hatchery on the Albemarle Sound.

Like all of North Carolina's rivers, the Roanoke has a deep and storied history. Today its waters and floodplains are some of our valued and unspoiled natural resources. The building of dams at Kerr Lake, Gaston and Roanoke Rapids Lakes have greatly reduced the massive floods that used to occur along its banks, but the bottomlands along the river are some of the most extensive, ecologically diverse and unspoiled wetlands on the east coast. The Roanoke River National Wildlife Refuge and the vast swamps teeming with wildlife and fish again prove the "river of death" to be an impressive "river of life."

[Weldon Past and Present, 1969 7th & 8th grades; Report of a Reconnaissance of the Shad Rivers..., 4/17/1873; "report up the Propagation of Striped Bass at Weldon, NC...; 7/30/1884]

[LOCAL CONT. FROM P. 3]

Cooke; John W. Moffitt; and John Taylor Wood. "These tales are thrilling adventure stories about that most ancient of plots—the hunter and his prey." All of the men had a common tie to NC. They all became famous while performing their acts in and around our coastal waters or having been born in the old north state they moved around the world.

Pirates raided for profit, the theft of goods and ships on the high seas, knowing they could be hung if caught. Our most famous pirate, Blackbeard, gave up very little of his history. Only two years of his life can be documented. Privateers owned their own ships and were licensed by the government to seize enemy ships during war time. All of these men shared the excitement of the high seas. It is said, that they constantly courted death, but only three lost their lives as a result of naval combat.

Lindley S. Butler has made these historical adventures come to life. Be sure to tuck this book under your arm when you vacation along the coast where most of the action took place. This is great summer reading written in a fascinating style.

WW I: NASH CO.'S CALL TO ARMS.

Names Of Men Passing Physical Examinations.

The Nash County Exemption Board, composed of Messrs. S.F. Austin, J.C. Braswell and Dr. T.O. Coppedge, assisted by seven eminent physicians of the county, on Wednesday morning began their arduous duties in holding the first series of examinations of the men drawn for army duty under the selective draft. Those physicians assisting the exemption board were, Dr.s Jas. P. Battle, J.B. Philips, H. B. Marriott, Ivan P. Battle, William Edwards and J.C. Braswell, Sr. This force was augmented by a clerical force of twelve other gentlemen, who rendered valuable assistance to the examination officers.

Two hundred and sixty-five men had been ordered to report in Nashville on Wednesday for examination, but it was impossible for the Board to reach more than the first one hundred of these, and it was necessary for the Board to instruct the men ordered to report on Wednesday to return home and be on hand next Saturday morning at 9:00 o'clock.

After organizing for business the names of the men were called in squads of seven at a time and as fast as these were disposed of a second number was called, their liability number being observed in each instance. When the Board had finished their labors late in the afternoon it was shown that out of the one hundred men called, seventy-nine had successfully passed the physical examination and only seventeen rejections had been recorded. Those passing the examination were as follows:

Willie Mills
Joseph T. Vick
Charlie E. Winstead
Matthew Ford
Eddie R. Bass
Thomas A. Ayers
Andrew J. Wheless
Joe Davis
Ebb Lucas
John Whitaker
Nathan Wilkins
Clyde A. Hunter
Floyd Whitley
Percy L. Parham
John T. Robbins
Francis B. Whitaker
Roy J. Johnson
John Arrington

Castalia
Nashville
Elm City
Whitakers
Nashville
Rocky Mount
Rocky Mount
Whitakers
Bailey
Whitakers
Castalia
Rocky Mount
Elm City
Nashville
Rocky Mount
Battleboro
Rocky Mount
Nashville

Chas. W. Brockett
Ernest Worley
Joseph R. Self
Charley Whitley
Lonnie Cooper
Sam Alston
John L. Turner
James E. Massingill
Charlie T. Williams
Paul C. Ford
Walter W. Cockrell
Scott Parker
Turner Jones
James R. Langley
Julius Medlin
Percy L. Bunn
Thomas Strickland
Frank Westray
Donald J. Fulghum
Galie Bulluck
Mason Davis
Judge Taylor
Henry Baker
Furnie P. Cook
Lonnie Davis
Paul Dnton
James A. Murray
Frank E. Battle
Doremus Dickson
John Bridgers
Sam Cutchin
Jesse Lewis
Charlie Allen
James Tucker
John A. Parrish
Theo A. Griffin
George A. Briley
John R. Dickens
Eddie C. Massey
William C. Goodson
Page K. Gravely
Charles F. Stephen

Wilson, 1
Battleboro
Spring Hope
Bailey
Nashville
Nashville
Sharpsburg
Nashville
Middlesex
Elm City
Wilson, 1
Sharpsburg
Middlesex
Rocky Mount
Spring Hope
Rocky Mount
Spring Hope
Rocky Mount
Middlesex
Middlesex
Whitakers
Rocky Mount
Spring Hope
Rocky Mount
Nashville
Bailey
Spring Hope
Battleboro
Nashville
Rocky Mount
Whitakers
Battleboro
Middlesex
Middlesex
Whitakers
Bailey
Rocky Mount
Nashville
Spring Hope
Rocky Mount
Rocky Mount
Rocky Mount



Popular WWI Song

James R. Perry
Samuel Winstead
Edward Davis
Willie Rice
I.C. May
Lemuel J. Johnson
Lonnie E. Williams
Benjamin D. Massey
Jim Bray
Luke M. Jordan
Charles W. Carter
Bud Finch
Nathan Hunter
Edwin Devreaux
Rob't. F. Patterson
William Reid
Frank Marshbourne
Arthur Newell
Waddell Harrison

Spring Hope
Spring Hope
Spring Hope
Elm City
Nashville
Middlesex
Nashville
Spring Hope
Middlesex
Spring Hope
Rocky Mount
Middlesex
Battleboro
Rocky Mount
Elm City
Rocky Mount
Nashville
Castalia
Battleboro

Of the above seventy-nine men called, examined and who passed the physical examination, five of these men made no claim for exemption and are therefore entitled to have their names placed upon the honor roll. Those waiving this privilege were; Lemuel J. Johnson, of Middlesex; Joseph R. Self, of Spring Hope; Paul C. Ford, of Elm City; Furnie P. Cook, of Rocky Mount. (Article ended without final name.)

[Nashville Graphic, 3/3/1921]

From Germany to Martin Co., NC

A Mexican War and Civil War Veteran

John Conrad Getsinger, Sr. was a Martin Co. farmer, well known and respected in his community. In 1846, when war broke out between the US and Mexico, John, along with several other Martin Co. men, volunteered, even though he and his wife, Polly, had 3 young children. John was appointed a First Sergeant in **Company E, Regiment of NC Volunteers**. Below are excerpts from a letter he wrote to his wife. It describes the hardships of his life as a soldier.



A Dragoner
Drawing by
Getsinger

April 4, 1847: Beloved Companion and my beloved children: ... We left Smithville [Southport, Brunswick Co., NC] on the 15th of Febr. and arrived at Brazos San Tago on the 5th of March safely. We had a tolerable good passage; only the men were a great many of them seasick, and they were crowded very much under deck where they lay, and the rocking was very bad. ... We stayed at Brazos one nite and two days and lay and stayed by our arms all that time without anything to eat or drink, only some brackish water. ... [Getsinger tells of the journey to the mouth of the Rio Grande, to near Camargo] but we could not quite get there on account of low water. It is the crookedest river in all the world. ... [7]he volunteers are very sickly here. There are about 60 sick of the two Edgcombe companies, with the diareah and cough, and other complaints. There are five of our Martin men sick now; and one of them died at Mattamoras—Gideon Barnhill. ... [A]nd the other day there happened a bad accident to Newton Perry. He went out hunting and accidentally shot both fingers off on his right hand to

the second joint. The forefinger and the one next to it: ...

Dear Wife, I have about thirty five dollars now, and I wish you could have it, and I am afraid to send it as it is all hard money. I am afraid you will suffer for the want of it The climate is very hot; it is as hot here now as it is in mid-summer in N. C. ... [In his letter, Getsinger mentioned his brother Seth and wife Hannah; Uncle Noah Reddick; Cousin Robert Lanier; Mrs. Short; A. C. Williams; Bryant Perry and his brother Simon Perry.

Who was John Getsinger?

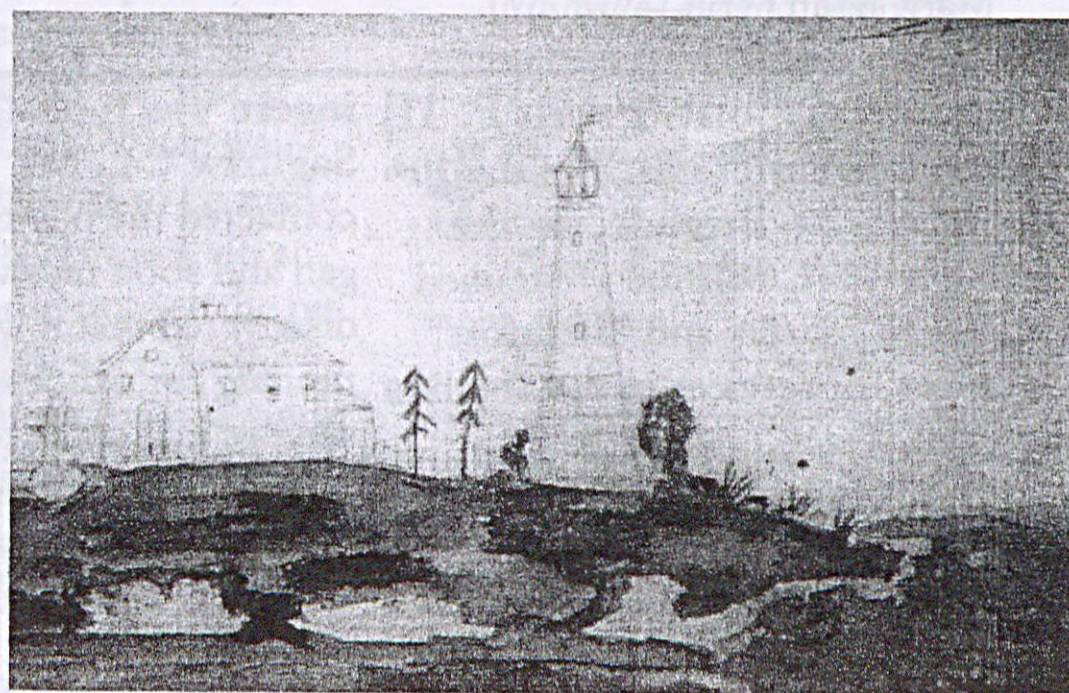
John Getsinger was born 11/4/1812 in Wurttemberg, Germany. He came to the US in 1832 at the age of 20 and settled near Williamston in Martin Co., NC. He married Polly H. Reddick, daughter of Thomas and Sarah (Sally) Reddick. Their children were: John Conrad, Jr., b. 10/14/1839; Sarah Elizabeth, b. 11.19.1842; Nicholas Alexander, b. 6/29/1845; and Polly Ann, b. 12/19/1849.

John Getsinger returned to Martin Co. after the war. His wife, Polly, died of malaria in 1850. A few months later, he married Mimcy Chauncy. He later moved his family from Williams Township to Griffins Township, both in Martin.

John Getsinger went to war again in 1861, serving as a
[Getsinger, Cont. On Page 12]



Mexican Selling Fish and Fowl
Drawing by
Getsinger



Bahama Island—Drawing by Getsinger

FISHING EXCURSION FOILED

At 8 o'clock the other morning a wife followed her husband down to the gate as he was starting for down town and kindly said to him:

"William, you know how sadly I need a new bunting dress."

"Yes dear," he remarked, "but you know how hard up I am. As soon as I can see my way clear you shall have the dress and a new hat to boot. Be patient, be good, and your reward shall be great."

Forty minutes after that he emerged from a restaurant with a big basket and a fish pole, bound up the river. In the basket was a chicken, pickles, cake, fruit, pie, and a bottle of liquid of a rich color, and he was just lighting a twenty cent cigar when his wife came along.

"What, you here" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I am going to the market. Where are you going—what's in the basket?"

"I was going to carry this fish-pole around to a friend on Jefferson Avenue," he modestly answered.

"And that basket?"

"This basket—well I was going to take it to the orphan's asylum as a present to the children. It is a donation from the leading citizens."

"William, I do not believe it."

"Sh—h! Don't talk so loud."

"William, I shall talk louder yet!" she exclaimed. "I bet you are going fishing."

"Mary, have I ever deceived you?" he plaintively asked. "I never have. As proof of my sincerity you can take this basket to the asylum yourself."

"And I'll do it," she promptly replied, as she relieved him of the basket.

"Mary, hadn't you—"

"No, sir. I hadn't! You'd better hurry on with that fish pole as the man may want it, and be careful how you standing the hot sun."

She left him there. He watched her take the car for home, and then he returned the fish-pole and crossed the street, and said to an acquaintance, "Tom, I'm suffering with neuralgia, and the excursion is off till next week. Too bad, but we can never tell what a day may bring forth."

There was chicken and pickles and other good things on the table at dinner, but he never smiled. Even when she wished she was an orphan, if that was the way they were fed, he never betrayed the gloom in his heart. It was only when she handed him the bottle he had so carefully tucked into the basket, and he saw it labeled "Good for Little Children," that he said, "Mary, it is an awful thing for a wife to get the impression that her husband is a cold-blooded liar."

"It must be," she replied, as she took the other chicken leg.

[Franklin Times, Louisburg, NC, 7/22/1881]

Meteor

A Letter received in this city from **Murfreesborough, NC** under date of March 24, 1845, says:

"On Thursday night, (March 20th,) about 10 PM, a large meteor was observed in the zenith, which exploded suddenly with a noise at first like thunder, and soon after the noise resembled the discharge of heavy artillery, and afterwards of musketry. In this village it seemed to be directly overhead. The same appearance and reports were perceived at a place about fifty miles south of this village. It was also observed twenty miles west of us."

[Tarboro Free Press, 4/12/1845]

[Getsinger, Cont. From P. 11] ingere was running for office in captain in **District No. 3 of the 10th Regiment, 3rd Brigade, in the Division—NC Militia**. He trained soldiers in **Martin and Beaufort Counties** for services in the South in the **Civil War**.

Happy Reunion

Getsinger left his entire family behind in Germany when he came to the US. By coincidence, in 1858, he happened to read that a **Fred Goetz-**

ingere was running for office in **Saginaw Co., MI**. He immediately contacted the postmaster in Michigan and soon received a reply. He discovered that it was his nephew running for office and that 4 of his siblings had come to the US about 1847, settling in Michigan. It is said that he wept for joy when he read the letter. The family remained in contact for the rest of John's life.

Mimcy Getsinger died 5/13/1886 and John Conrad Getsinger, Sr. died 1/16/1891. Both are buried in the Getsinger Cemetery in Griffins Township, Martin Co., NC.

The illustrations in this story are drawings made by John Getsinger while he was serving in the Mexican War.

[Getsinger Family Papers, 1828-1972 (No. 172), Special Collections Department, J.Y. Joyner Library, East Carolina University, Greenville, NC]

Early Dairies

In the early days, dairies had two purposes—to keep the dairy products both clean and cool. Dairies were often square, about 10'x10' usually built with brick or stone floors 2 or 3 feet below ground level. The walls were plastered and whitewashed to protect against dirt. The only openings, other than the door, were just below the eaves to help heat escape.

The processing of milk required clean utensils—buckets, trays, and pans. The dairy usually had two shelves, a mid-level one on which the work could be done, and a higher, narrower shelf to hold the utensils. Any spill was removed immediately to prevent contamination. The opportunity to work in the clean, cool dairy was a welcome assignment, reserved for highly responsible women.

"The first step in processing the milk is to strain it, removing the chunky bits, cow hair, and flies. Then you pour the milk into wide, shallow pans, leaving it 24-48 hours on the shelves while the cream rises." Glazed milk pans were often found in property inventories.

"Once the cream rises, it's skimmed off with big flat spoons and stored in salt-glaze pots. ... To make butter, the cream is worked in a plunge churn. The agitation causes a physical change in the cream so the fat accumulates in bunches while the water gets separated."

Dairies went out of fashion after the **Civil War**, since the work could be done inside the house without the necessity of a separate building.

["Cool, Calm, Clean," by Michael Olmert. *Colonial Williamsburg*, Winter 2006. Contributed by Hiram Perkinson, TRC Member]

Shell Castle Dairy Restored



Hiram Perkinson, TRC member, rescued this dairy from **Shell Castle**, a plantation home near **Enfield, Halifax Co., NC**. He described the restoration this way:

"I have used traditional lime mortar for the brick foundation and 18th century bricks from Halifax Co. The shingles are quarter sawn yellow pine... The shingles are identical to the originals and have a 7" exposure to the weather. All 1,420 shingles were rounded by hand. This fish scale shape prevents cupping and is very pleasing to the eye.

"I will have new cornice, based on the original, run on the west side along with beaded weather board to match the existing originals. All wood is secured with hand-wrought nails.

"The red pigment paint for the roof is a correct color as well. The original weatherboards were white washed with lime which prevents bugs."

Nashville H.S. Principal Howard Painfully Injured.

Mr. F.E. Howard, principal of **Nashville High School**, was painfully injured last Friday evening at **Spring Hope** when he accidentally stepped into an "automatic pit" at one of the local garages, and for some moments was rendered practically unconscious from the effects of his head striking against some hard object.

In company with the Nashville High School basket ball team Mr.

Howard was returning from **Mount Pleasant** where the local team had captured a hotly contested game from Mount Pleasant. Repeated troubles with the car used in making the trip caused the players to reach Spring Hope after dark. While waiting for some adjustments to be made on the machine, Mr. Howard, on account of darkness, did not see the pit into which he fell. Members of the team rescued him from the hole and upon examination found that a very bad gash had been inflicted on his head which required several stitches by **Dr. Brantley**, a local physician, who rendered the necessary medical attention.

For several days Mr. Howard suffered considerably from his injuries but is now rapidly improving.

[*Nashville Graphic*, 3/3/1921]

Port Wine and Pork,

Just received and for sale at the Post Office; where is daily expected a few casks

Best London Porter,

in pint Bottles.

JOS. L. SIMMONS.

July 29.

74—tf

Just received and for Sale,

A LOT of GOVAN'S superior FAMILY FLOUR, this year's crop, (1830.)

DUNNS, FERRALL & Co.
Halifax, June 25. 18—tf

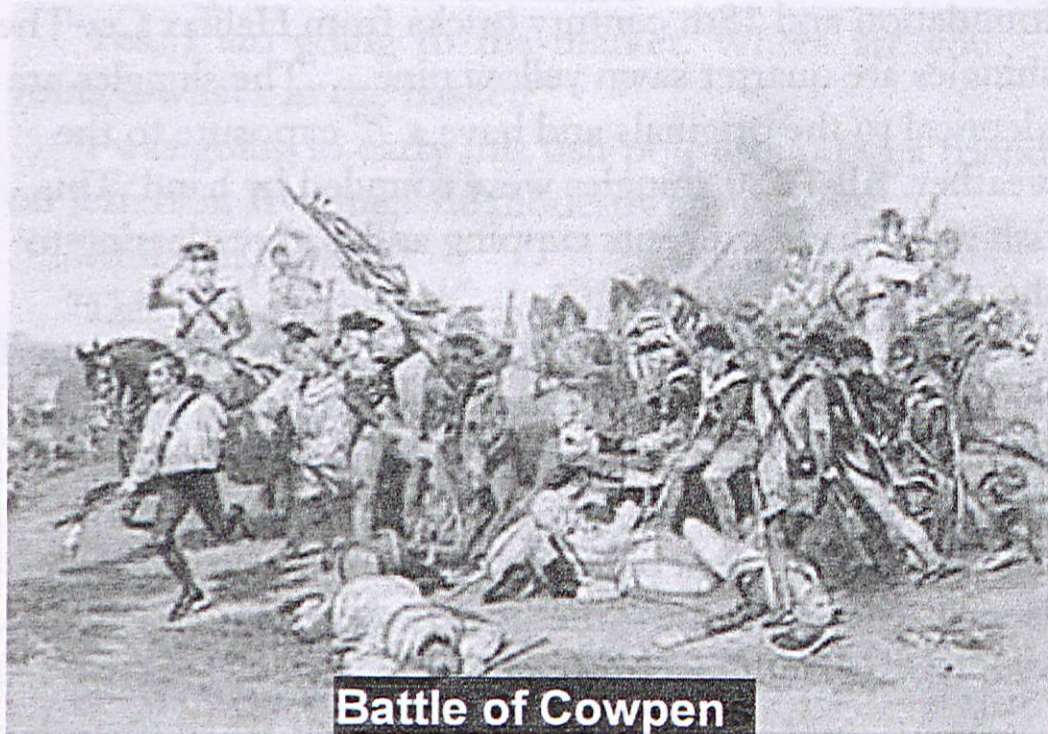
[*Roanoke Advocate*, 8/26/1830]

Revolutionary War Patriot, Captain John Hardee Born and Buried in Pitt County, NC

John Hardee, a Revolutionary patriot, was born in **Pitt County, N.C.**, Nov. 4, 1742, a son of Col. John Hardee. The latter was one of the founders of Pitt County, and was a very prominent man there in his day.

The younger John Hardee moved to **Barnwell Co., SC** about 1765-66. There, on 1/13/1768, he married **Caroline T. Aldrich**. The couple had one child, **Joseph John Hardee**, born 3/26/1769.

On 11/6/1775, John Hardee enlisted in Capt. **Elias DuBose's** company. He was severely wounded at the **Battle of the Cowpens** and was given a disability discharge. After he recovered, he commanded a small armed vessel, the *Washington*, and helped patrol the inland waters of **Georgia**.



Battle of Cowpen

A decisive victory for the American forces took place in 1778. **Col. Samuel Elbert** reached **Fort Howe** on April 14 and learned that three British ships were anchored off **Fort Frederica**, which was in British hands at that time. Elbert took 300 men by boat and landed them near Frederica. He wrote Continental Commander **Gen. Robert Howe** of the results of the invasion. The letter later appeared in the **Charleston, SC** newspaper, *South Carolina and American General Gazette*.

"Dear General, I have the happiness to inform you that about 10 o'clock this forenoon, the Brigantine *Hinchinbrooke*, the Sloop *Rebecca*, and a prize brig, all struck the British Tyrant's colors and surrendered to the American arms. Having received intelligence that the above vessels were at this place, I put about three hundred men, by detachment from the troops under my command at Fort Howe, on board the three galleys—

the *Washington*, Capt. [John] Hardy; the *Lee*, Capt. **Brad-dock**; and the *Bulloch*, Capt. **Hatcher**; and a detachment of artillery with a field piece, under Capt. **Young**, I put on board a boat. With this little army, we embarked at **Darien**, and last evening effected a landing at a bluff about a mile below the town; leaving **Col. White** on board the *Lee*, **Capt. Melvin** on board the *Washington*, and **Lieut. Petty** on board the *Bulloch*, each with a sufficient party of troops.

"Immediately on Landing, I dispatched **Lieut. Col. Ray** and **Major Roberts**, with about 100 men, who marched directly up to the town, and made prisoners three marines and two sailors belonging to the *Hinchinbrooke*. It being late, the galleys did not engage until this morning.

"You must imagine what my feelings were, to see our three little men of war going to the attack of these three vessels, who have spread terror on our coast, and who were drawn up in order of battle; but the weight of our metal soon damped the courage of these heroes, who soon took to their boats; and, as many as could, abandoned the vessels with everything on board, of which we immediately took possession.

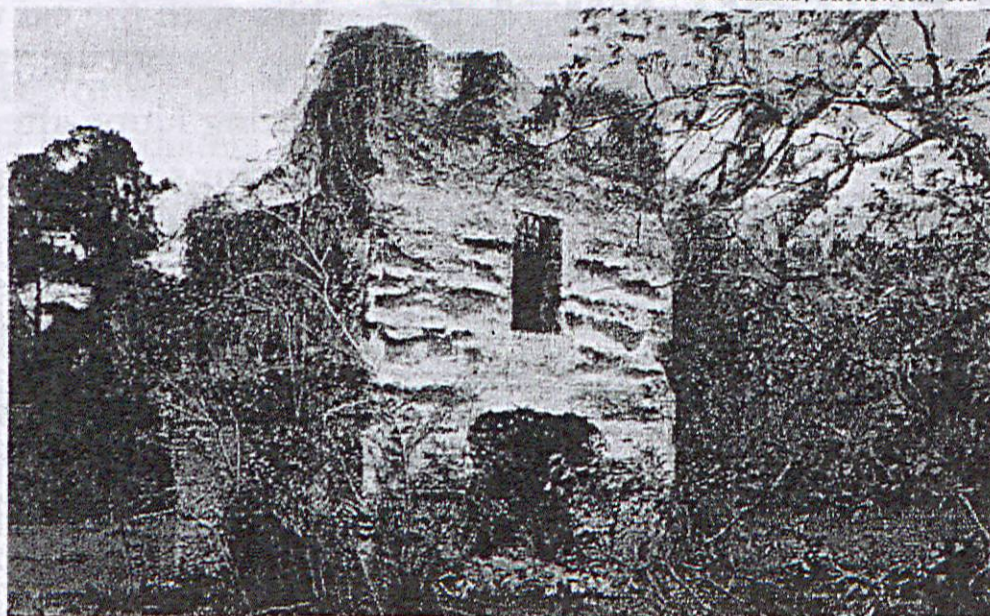
"What is extraordinary, we have not one man hurt. **Capt. Ellis** [of the *Hinchinbrooke*] is drowned, and **Capt. Mowbry** [of the *Rebecca*] made his escape. As soon as I see **Col. White**, who has not yet come to us with his prizes, I shall consult with him, the other three officers, and the commanding officers of the galleys, on the expediency of attacking the *Galatea* now lying off **Jekyll [Island, SC]**. I send you this by **Brigade Major Habersham**, who will inform you of the other particulars. I am. &c.

SAMUEL ELBERT, Col. Commandant"

It is no wonder Elbert was ecstatic. Two years earlier

[HARDEE, CONTINUED ON PAGE 15]

RUINS OF BARRACKS, FORT FREDERICA, ST. SIMONS ISLAND, BRUNSWICK, GA.



Old Post Card, Ruins of Fort Frederica, GA

Some Franklin County Marriage Bonds

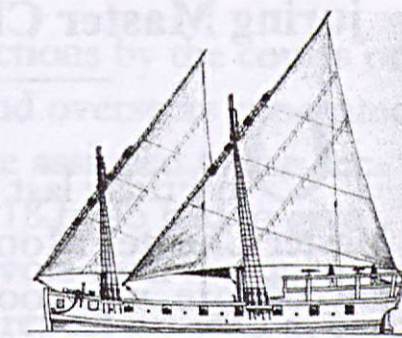


Lewis Powell to Susannah Hall,
3/10/1784
Jeremiah Ratley to Sally Hale,
3/15/1789
Cullen Pulliam to Elizabeth Cooper,
5/17/1790
John Pritchard to Tamar Ivey,
11/23/1790
John Raileigh (Rayley) to Polley Mabry,
2/7/1798
Luke Price to Betsy Arendell, 8/18/1798
William Pullin to Barbary Jones,
1/15/1803
Pleasant Prewett to Hannah Dixon,
1/3/1804
John Radford to Nancy Dossey,
1/1/1810
John Pulliam to Elizabeth Sherrod,
12/10/1813
Jesse Ratley to Polly Bibby,
12/16/1815
James Purdue to Frances B. Fuller,
10/27/1821
John Privet to Henny Wade, 7/2/1822
Stark Pully to Laura Wiggins,
12/24/1823
Edward J. Ransom to Cydna Terrell,
12/29/1823
John Radford, Jr. to Elizabeth Falkner,
12/28/1826
Edward W. Ransdell to Matilda A. Finch,
9/28/1829
John P. Pully to Sarah Choplin,
1/11/1831
John Privett to Susan Upchurch,
12/6/1831
Edward Power to Juliet Eaves,
3/22/1834
John J.P. Purnell to Mary M. Green,
12/23/1835
Benjamin Pulliam to Lydia Andrews,
2/18/1836
Washington Radford to Sally Insko,
10/17/1837
William Privett to Auma (?) Upchurch,
11/25/1837

Berry Privett to Mary Laton, 1/7/1841
Berry Pucket to Iley May, 11/6/1841
Seymore Ransom to Sally Finch,
2/17/1842
William Powell to Lavenia A. Solomon,
3/3/1843
Charles C. Raboteau to Sarah A. Wynn,
5/1/1843
Joseph J. Powell to Elizabeth T. Burgess,
12/1/1846
William Powell to Susan Tant,
1/19/1847
Charles Ransom to Mary Dew,
4/5/1848
Lindsey Privett to Fetna A.E. Denton,
1/2/1849
Nathan Price to Martha Henriett Bunn,
11/28/1849
Sidney Ransom to Candes Giles,
12/25/1849
Newson Powell to Mary Ann Tant,
11/30/1850
Edward Power to Eliza Goswick,
12/2/1850
Josiah Pullen to Fanny Pearce,
8/21/1851
Henry Pullin to Cornelia Richards,
12/23/1852
Joseph Radford to Ailey Chavis,
2/6/1856
Sidney Pully to Nancy Evans, 3/13/1856
Emerson Pupcket to Cornelia A. Powell,
9/4/1856
John A. Powell to Seraphna Wiggins,
11/23/1858
Simon M. Preston to Martha H. Sargent,
12/12/1858
James R. Raney to Saphrona Leonard,
12/5/1859
Henderson Pully to Adaline Petterford,
1/25/1862
Silvester S. Ransdell to Louisa Horton,
10/25/1862
George W. Ransdell to Emily F. Horton,
8/23/1864
Calvin T. Privet to Frances Perry,
12/2/1865
Willis R. Privett to Virginia Riley,
12/15/1866
Monroe Raney to Martha Phelps,
2/14/1867
William Privett to Mary E. Moss,
5/13/1867
Strickland Powell to Mary E. Moore,
1/21/1868

[Contributed by Joyce G. Roberson, TRC member]

[HARDEE, CONT FROM P 14]
the *Hinchinbrooke* (spelled without the e in some references), in company with the 20-gun *Scarborough* and another vessel, had sailed boldly up the **Savannah River** and, under heavy rifle fire from the Americans, made off with several vessels laden with rice. Her capture certainly proved to be a morale booster to supporters of the Revolution in the South, who were struggling to turn the tide of war in their favor.



Galley

For his service during the war, John Hardee was outlawed by the British government but was given 1360 acres on **Hazzard's Neck in Camden County, GA.**

In 1787, Capt. Hardee accompanied by his 18-year-old son, John Hardee, Jr., moved to Camden County to make their home on his Hazard Neck property. There is no record of his wife coming with them, and it is believed that she was deceased at the time. Capt. Hardee cleared a large plantation and built a comfortable home where he lived until his death on 4/2/1802. At his request, his remains were returned to his old home in Pitt Co., NC.

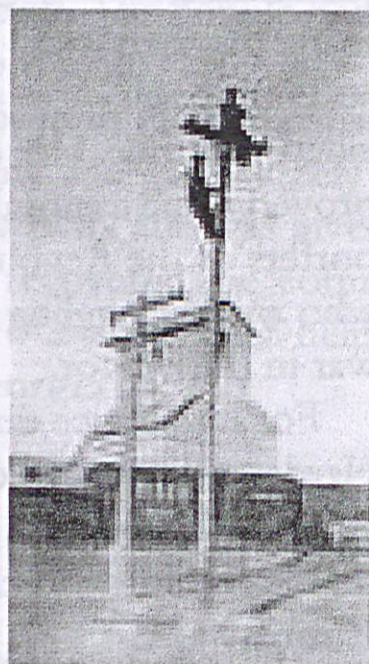
[Note: Fort Howe, originally known as **Fort Barrington** was built in 1751. It was located near what is now **Jessup, GA**, but no remains are left. It was a 70-square foot stockade with four bastions and a two-story wooden block-house. It was re-armed by Patriots in 1776, captured by the British in 1777 and renamed Fort Howe. The Patriots recaptured the fort in 1778.]

[*Pioneers of Wiregrass Georgia*, Vol. II: Folks Huxford 1954; www.answers.com/topic/frederica-naval-action; www.georgiaencyclopedia.org/; www.marshesofglynnnsar.org/Frederica/Ame

NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

Telephone Pole Falls Badly In- juring Master Chester Moore

On Friday last about 11 o'clock Master **Chester Moore**, son of Mr. **J.R. Moore**, who looks after the telephone line in **Oxford [Granville Co., NC]** and night operator came very near being killed outright. He was repairing the line on Broad Street, and ascended the pole in front of the residence of Mr. **J.R. Day** and shortly after reaching the top, the pole, being decayed, broke off even with the ground, throwing Chester violently against the sidewalk breaking his nose and bruising the side of his face very badly. He was rendered unconscious for a while.



Fortunately in falling the cross-arm of the pole struck the fence which no doubt saved the young man from being crushed to death. People near by went to Chester's assistance and laid him in the front porch of Mr. Day where Drs. **J.B. Williams**, **T.L. Booth** and **B.K. Hays** rendered immediate relief. On the arrival of his father he was taken to the **Exchange Hotel** where he still remains, and glad to learn that he is doing as well as he can considering his severe bruises. It is not yet known whether he is injured internally or not.

The accident created considerable excitement and a large number of people gathered at the place to render

ESCAPE, CONT. ON PAGE 18]

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Remember When You Had to Work the Roads?

By W.J. Webb, 1933

We need to have our memories shook up, lest we forget how they [the roads] were in the late years of the last [19th] century. ... This was back yonder long before young Henry Ford made his first horseless carriage; and



Fig. 12. New Road, Charlotte, N. C., 1898.

From *Cotton Mill*, by D.A. Tompkins, 1899 found at <http://docsouth.unc.edu/nc/tompkins/tompkins.html>

long before ever a dollar of tax money or bond money was spent in making or repairing highways. The only thing about the ways then was the steep hills. None of the routes had ever been graded—just laid off as the ground was created. On hillsides the vehicles and the rains did the grading as time went along. What was originally a surface roadway became in this way a gully, getting deeper each year. ...

After the soil was washed from these roadways there was much mud, red, soft and deep after every rain. As they were not rounded up, poorly drained, and repaired only at long intervals, these hillside stretches were terrors most of the winter. The only repair force was the people living alongside; the only machinery consisted of a one-horse plow, hoes, shovels, and axe; the materials used were mother earth, brush and pine poles. Very few bridges were built—these over the rivers and large creeks were built by the county with tax money—the smaller streams were forded.

I don't think there was but the one **Tar River** bridge between **Knapp of Reeds** and **Oxford** [**Granville Co., NC**]. Freshets often swept all the wooden bridges on the river and creeks down into the sea—then we had to ford or stay on our side in times of high water. Once when **Lige Green** was driving through the ford at the old

Kimball Bridge place his ox stopped where the waters were playing almost too strong about his legs. He looked north, south, east and west, then turned upstream toward the deep gar hole. Lige rolled off that cart and told the old spotted gentleman to 'go ahead and zamine the river—I ain't got no curiosity

The roads were divided into sections by the courts or some powers at the court house and overseers appointed. The hands on specified farms were assigned to the sections. Every man from the age of 18 to 45 had to give four days service. As ladies didn't vote then they were not counted. The overseer had to report his road at each court. A few days before the big week he warned his hands, telling each what tool to bring. The day was more of a picnic than a day of work. Our section was from **Mr. John Bragg's** gate to **Tally Ho**. Half the time we spent was sitting on the rail fences or stretched in the shade. The plow furrowed out the ditches, we raked a little here and there, filled the bad mud holes with brush and pitched on enough dirt and turf to hold it down and threw out some of the biggest rocks. With the materials and equipment we had very little could be done. It was just a makeshift—a lick and a promise.

Some of the stretches of flats, or places with pipe clay had to be paved. This pavement was made with pine poles laid jam together crossways the road—corduroy, it was called. If you ever drove a trotting horse over a corduroy road you know what the word jiggle means. Sometimes on the long slopes an effort was made to turn some of the water from the road into a side field by making a *thank you mam*. This was a ditch run bias across the road



Early Road Crew

with a rounded bank on the downhill side, like a hillside ditch in a farmer's field. The name of this contraption needs an explanation to the young generation. When a fellow out driving with his sweetie saw one of

[ROADS, CONTINUED ON PAGE 18]

CHANGED HIS MIND

Wanted to Be Shot Until a Pistol Was Pointed at Him.

Herman K. Abraham, an eccentric second hand clothes dealer of the Heights, [Greenville, Pitt Co., NC] rang the bell at the county jail the other morning, and when the door was opened, forced his way in regardless of remonstrances.

"What do you want?" asked Keeper **Eltringham**.

"I want to die' shoot me," said Abraham, throwing open his coat.

"Well, go and die," replied **Eltringham**, testily, "but don't do it here. This isn't a morgue."

"But I don't want to kill myself," said Abraham; "I want some one to do it for me."

"Do you want me to do the job?" asked **Eltringham**, as he opened a drawer in a big desk and took out a revolver.

"Yes, aim right here," replied Abraham, placing his hand over his heart.

"Don't you want to say a prayer before you die?"

"No, I did that at home. I am ready to go."

Eltringham pointed the revolver at Abraham's breast, but when the latter saw the gleam of the weapon he changed his mind and put himself outside the door at a bound. He was still running at the top of his speed when he turned into Oakland Avenue and disappeared.

[*Greenville Daily Reflector*, 1/29/1895]

MARRIED

In **Wilson**, on the 27th inst., Rev. **F. C. Wood** officiating, Mr. **Oscar McGowen** to Miss **Emma Murray**.

In **Wilson**, on the 27th inst., by Elder **M.F. Moye**, Mr. **James E. Clark** to Miss **Sue Williams**—all of **Wilson**.

[*The Rocky Mount Mail*, 29 October 1875]

[ESCAPE, CONT. FROM P16]
whatever relief they could for the unfortunate young man.

Chester is a bright industrious young fellow and we all deeply sympathize with him, and wish him as rapid recovery as possible.

[*Oxford Public Ledger*, 10/11/1900]

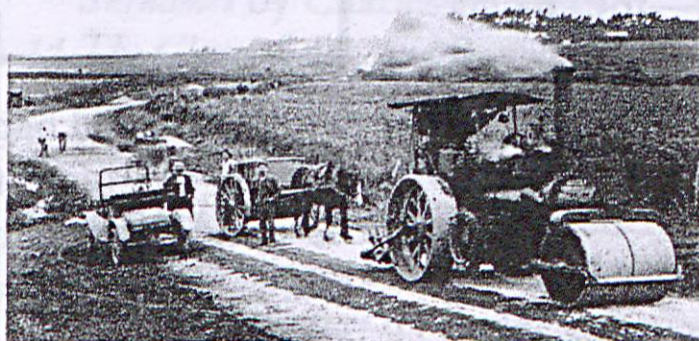
[ROADS, CONT FROM P 17]

these things on ahead he always touched his horse to cross it with such a lurch and bounce that she had to grab him or fall out. He thanked her.

Those old roads were not bad and impassable all the year. There were many fine buggy horses and nice shiny new buggies back there. Young men didn't go courting in a covered wagon. You remember they used to dash along the road, with her hat ribbons flying straight out behind, and how on Sundays he would swing around into the church ground and help her out. You can't help a girl out of an automobile worth a cent. She has to crawl out headforemost.

But back there you let the top of the buggy back, she stood up, reached for your arms, and with that old time grip, she bounded forward as you swung her lightly to the ground. Them days are gone forever.

People got mighty tired of the poor roads. 'When will we have better roads?' everybody asked. The



Early Road Construction

question of taxation and convict labor was discussed, but like all forward movements it took too much discussing and cussing to get things going. Some said if we build good roads our boys will drive our horses to death. Others said don't issue bonds for our children and grandchildren to slave to pay off. Many town folks said if the country folks want better roads let them build them themselves—we will build our streets. The first large bond issue for **Granville** road work was for \$100,000 in 1909. It was only after automobiles came into general use the move for good roads got moving in earnest and moved rapidly. ...

[*The Oxford Public Ledger*, 7/21/1933, from the Frances B. Hays Collection]



Look at This.

—:§:—

Mr. William Claiborne,

ABOUT the year 1816 or 1817, removed from the county of Amelia, in the State of Virginia, and settled in some part of North Carolina; since which time, his friends have not heard from him or been able to ascertain the place of his residence.

A LEGACY,

Bequeathed to him by his wife's Father,
John Bagby,

Will become payable the 1st of January, 1837, and the undersigned Executor of the Estate is anxious that he should come forward and receive it; and that he, in the meantime, do advise the undersigned of the place of his residence. If Mr. Claiborne is dead, or has removed from Carolina, his surviving relations or any other person who can give any information concerning him, or his descendants, will confer a favor on the undersigned, by communicating such information by letter directed to him at Kanawha Courthouse, Va.

Thos. Matthews, Ex'r.

1st June, 1836.

[*Tarboro Press*, 11/5/1836]

FAMOUS AUTHOR WITH EASTERN NC ROOTS

*A*tlantic Monthly editor, **Thomas Baily Aldrich**, expected a rugged Tennessee mountain man with a legal background. Because of Craddock's heavy, black handwriting, he had often joked, "I wonder if Craddock has taken in his winter supply of ink and can let me have a serial." He was visibly stunned when the slight, delicate woman.



Charles Egbert Craddock

Mary Noailles Murfree, introduced herself as **Charles Egbert Craddock**, author of a series of stories that had appeared in the magazine.

Mary Noailles Murfree was the great granddaughter of **Hardy Murfree** of Hertford Co., NC, for whom **Murfreesboro, NC** and **Murfreesboro, TN** were both named. [See "Revolutionary General, Hardy Murfree," *The Connector*, Fall 2006] Writing as Craddock, and later using her own name, Mary Murfree became highly acclaimed as a writer of stories and books about the TN mountains. In 1885, a collection of 8 of her *Atlantic Monthly* stories was published as *In the Tennessee Mountains*. It was highly praised across the country and went through 17 printings in the first two years. [This book and *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains* have been digitized and can be read at: <http://docsouth.unc.edu/southlit/craddock/>]

Early Life

Mary Noailles Murfree was born at **Grantlands** near **Murfreesboro, TN** in 1850, the daughter of **Fanny Priscilla Dickinson**, who is credited with bringing the first piano to Tennessee, and attorney, land owner, and author **William Law Murfree**. When she was four, she contracted a fever which left her lame and unable to lead a physically active life. She spent her time at quiet activities and became an avid reader. Her parents were always supportive and encouraged their daughter's literary ambitions.

The family moved to Nashville, TN when Mary was 6 years old. And there she attended the **Nashville Female Academy**. At the age of 17 she was enrolled in a finishing school, **Chegary Institute**, in **Philadelphia, PA**.

The Murfrees owned a cabin at **Beersheba Springs**, a TN mountain resort, and Mary spent 15 consecutive summers there, soaking up the customs, dialect and ways of the mountain people. This knowledge became material for her writing. In an interview for *Atlantic Monthly*, she said, "I was early familiar with their primitive customs, dialect, and peculiar ways of life, for I used to spend much time in the mountains long before I ever knew of the existence of such a thing as 'literary material'."

Mary Murfree began writing in earnest at 22, and 2 years later, writing as **R. Emmett Dembry**, she published her first essay, "Flirts and Their Ways." After several other successes, she published her first story in *Atlantic Monthly* in 1878 using the name **Charles Egbert Craddock**. In *Dictionary of Literary Biography*, Bobby Kimbrel wrote, "Because little had been written about the mountain people of the southern Appalachians, the time was right for Craddock to become one of the most important of the local-color pioneers, who exploited the unique characteristics of the 'odd corners' of America in the last third of the nineteenth century"

Murfree's career flourished. She wrote 50 short stories and several historical novels. Her style was "bold, full of humor, and yet as delicate as a bit of lace." She left a legacy of memora-

ble characters such as the little old woman who sat on the edge of a chair in one of her novels and noted, "There ain't nothin' so becomin' to a fool as a shet mouth."

Mary Noailles Murfree died in 1922. **Christal Presley** wrote of her, "Along with Kentuckian **John Fox, Jr.**, Murfree remains the most well known and appreciated of Appalachia's local color fiction writers."



Old Joel Quimbey from *The Phantoms of Footbridge and Other Stories*

Sources: *Notable Men of Alabama*;
<http://athena.english.vt.edu/~appalach/writersM/murfree.html>;
www.wsu.edu/~cambelld/amlit/murfree.htm
www.geocities.com/Heartland/Ranch/7943/index2.html
www.famousamericans.net/hardy_murfree/
<http://tennesseencyclopedia.net/imagegallery.php?EntryID=M131>; and others]

A Brief History of the Soldier Life of J.M. Cutchin

In 1861, at the age of 20, I joined the **Edgecombe [Co.]** guard, a volunteer company,



for six months. The company was company "A" of the **Bethel Regiment** with **Jno. L. Bridges** as Captain of the company and

D.H. Hill as Colonel of the regiment. We went first to **Fort Macon**, then to **Raleigh**, from there to **Yorktown** and from there down to **Bethel Church** where the Bethel fight occurred and where **Henry Wyatt** was killed.

At the expiration of our term of enlistment, I volunteered and joined company "I" of the **17th N.C. Regiment**, which company was commanded by **A.J.M. Whitehead**, Captain, and afterwards, **W.H. Powell** as Captain. I served a short time as Orderly Sergeant of the company and was then elected a Lieutenant in the company in which capacity I served for the balance of the war.

I was in nearly every battle the regiment was in up to the close of the War. I was severely wounded at the **Battle of Bermuda Hundreds** near **Petersburg [VA]**, bled into virtual unconsciousness and was carried back to the doctors on the shoulders of four men. In the same fight my Colonel, **Jno. C. Lamb**, was mortally wounded. He was one of the most efficient and gallant officers in Hoke's division.

At the **Battle of the Crater**, near **Petersburg**, I was in command of my company and withstood the most furious shelling of my experience. We

were possibly two or three hundred yards from the Crater itself, and about two hundred and fifty yards from the enemy's breastworks, a forcible reminder of present conditions between France and Germany. It was there that **Henry Philips**, a member of my company, was struck in the back by a shell and literally torn to pieces, a handful of his intestines falling on my head ten feet away. His remains were taken up by the shovelful and carried away. Because of the immense number of shells thrown into our trenches and over us into **Petersburg**, this spot was called **Mortar Hill**.

If I may be excused for a slight digression, I will relate a little incident that occurred at our mess table. The **Rev. Jesse H. Page**, who was an uncle of our present ambassador at the Court of St. James, **Walter Hines Page**, was Chaplain of the regiment and ate at our table. I had an old negro cook by the name of **Willis Cutchin**. Coffee, sure enough coffee, was a rare thing with us, but old Willis, somehow and somewhere, got us a little good coffee. We did not bother about how he got it, but Mr. Page, in saying grace that night, accidentally knocked over one of Willis's cups of coffee. When old Willis cried out, "La, Mr. Page, I wouldn't a gin that cup of coffee for three graces," nobody laughed more than the parson.

Just before the close of the War, Hoke's division, to which our regi-

ment belonged, was transferred to NC to meet the advancing forces of Schofield from **New Bern** and **Sherman** from **Wilmington [NC]**. Just below **Kinston** at **Wise's Fork**, we had a severe engagement, and from there we fell back to **Bentonville** in **Johnson Co. [NC]** where we had, I believe, the last fight of the War. We then moved back through **Raleigh** and **Chapel Hill** and on to **Center Church** in **Guilford Co.** We knew then that Gen. **[Robert E.] Lee** had surrendered in VA and the War was over with us. It was sad at that old country church and in that hour of sorrow and distress, to hear the eloquent speeches of Gen. **Colquitt**, afterwards Sen. Colquitt, from **GA**, Col. **L.D. Starke** and others bid farewell to old comrades who had stood with them so long.

In closing this sketch, let me say that surely the hearts of the very few old survivors still left should well up in gratitude and thanks to the God of love and mercy who has blessed and spared us so long.

[Written by J.M. Cutchin of Whitakers, Edgecombe Co, NC, dated Jan. 16, 1915. It was taken from the "Cutchin Family Collection," East Carolina Manuscript Collection, J.Y. Joyner Library, ECU, Greenville, N.C.]

For the Housewife.

TO MAKE HENS LAY IN WINTER

Keep them warm; keep corn constantly by them, but do not feed it to them. Feed them with meat scraps when lard or tallow has been tried, or fresh meat. Some chop green peppers finely, or mix Cayenne pepper with corn meal to feed them. Let them have a frequent taste of green food, a little gravel and lime or clam shells.

[Contributed by Julia Condit, TRC member.]

