

# THE CONNECTOR

SUMMER/FALL 2016 VOLUME 20, ISSUE 2

*Preserving the Past...For the Future*

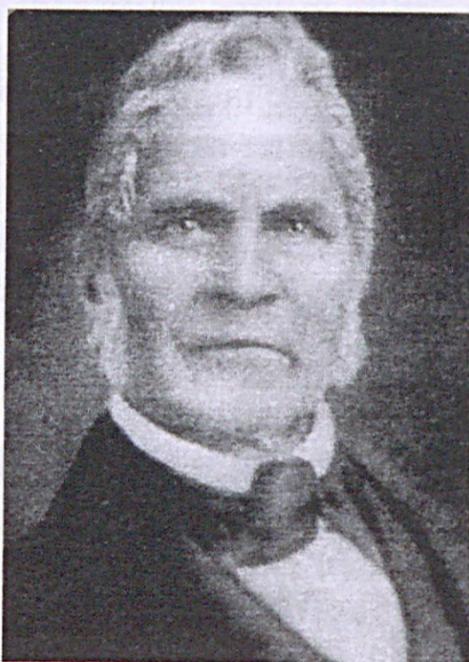
## OXFORD AND THE LITTLEJOHNS

The first Littlejohn in Granville Co., NC was **Thomas Blount Littlejohn** who went there when he was a young man. He married **Elizabeth Mutter**, daughter of **Thomas Mutter**, a Scotchman, and **Elizabeth Moore**. **Rev. Henry Patillo** performed the ceremony.

The Littlejohn family lived in Oxford where Thomas merchandised and farmed for many years, and in his old age was "Clerk and Master in Equity". At the age of 83, Thomas moved to Glenwood in Warren Co, NC to live with his youngest daughter, **Mrs. George Field**. He died 1/29/1854 and was buried in Oxford.

**Samuel Benton** was Granville County's representative to the State Assembly in 1761, when he purchased 1000 acres of land and built a plantation home known as Oxford.

*(Continued on page 12)*



Thomas Blunt Littlejohn

## The Good Old Days—1914

In April 1914, momentous events were in the making. The start of World War I was less than 4 months away. Americans, however, were only slightly interested in the affairs of the Old World. We were prosperous—strong and independent. Business was good and the fu-

ture was bright. In Mexico, where revolution was rampant and American interests were threatened, we struck swiftly and decisively. U.S. warships blasted the port of Vera Cruz, 6,000 marines stormed ashore and Con-

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BILLIE JO MATTHEWS  
JANET SADOWSKI

**TO SUBMIT ARTICLES TO THE NEWSLETTER**

We are looking for articles on the history and genealogy of the North Carolina counties of Person, Vance, Granville, Franklin, Nash, Edgecombe, Pitt, Beaufort, Warren, Halifax and Wilson which are the northeastern North Carolina counties through which the Tar River and feeder creeks flow.

Share your stories and pictures with your fellow researchers. This is your newsletter - consider contributing! We will be glad to help with formatting and editing.

Email articles to [sadowski@pbtcomm.net](mailto:sadowski@pbtcomm.net) or mail to:

Janet Sadowski  
2019 Calks Ferry Road  
Lexington, SC 29073

**MEMBERSHIP AND DUES**

Dues are \$20 per year if you elect to receive your newsletter by US mail or \$15 per year if you receive your newsletter by email. Make checks payable to **TRCGS** and mail to:

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PO Box 8764  
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Please provide name, mailing address, phone number and email address.

For those members receiving the newsletter by email, there is a name index provided on the last page. If you receive your newsletter by mail, this page is reserved for addressing.

**MONTHLY MEETINGS**

Monthly meetings are held at 6:30 pm the third Tuesday of each month (except December)

at  
**Braswell Memorial Library**  
727 North Grace Street  
Rocky Mount, NC

*You do NOT have to be a member to attend*  
**BRING A FRIEND**

**NOTICES**

There are new organizations/societies in the works. One is the Red Oak Historical Society which is presently forming. Hopefully we will have more information in the future for our members. Also, there is a new group on Facebook called Rural Nash Historical Society. We encourage our members to check them out! We look forward to working with **all groups** in our common interest!

If you are a member of one of these groups, send us information so we can share in our newsletter.



## IT IS FINISHED

Company I was raised in Nash County, North Carolina and I enlisted there on September 10, 1861. It was then assigned to the 30th Regiment NC Troops and designated company I. The company was originally constituted of 167 enlisted men and 8 officers.<sup>1</sup>

The Thirtieth Regiment listed 2,264 on its roster.<sup>2</sup> They were actively engaged in the seven days battle from Seven Pines to Mechanicsville to Malvern Hill on May 31, 1862; South Mountain on September 14, 1862; Sharpsburg 15-16, 1862; Fredericksburg on December 13, 1862; Chancellorsville on May 3, 1863; Gettysburg on July 1-3, 1863; Wilderness on May 4, 1864; Spotsylvania on May 8, 1864; Second Cold Harbor on May 19, 1864; Cedar Creek on October 19, 1864; Kelly's Ford on November 1864; and the Siege of Petersburg.<sup>3</sup>

"While we were camped at Petersburg, **Colonel (Francis**

**Marion) Parker** came to us and resigned as Colonel on account of a wound that he received in the previous summer campaign. The **Lieutenant Colonel (William W. Sillers)** was killed, and the **Major (James C. Holmes)** was on detail, so the regiment was commanded by the Senior Captain."<sup>4</sup>

The Army of Northern Virginia surrendered on April 9, 1865; on April 12; 153 members of the 30th Regiment, NC Troops were paroled.<sup>5</sup> The unit was at less than seven percent of its original strength.

"Our company had been recruiting ever since we reached Petersburg. Some returning from home, some from hospitals, and some of the prisoners had been exchanged and come back to us. We numbered somewhere in thirty; but had no commissioned officer. As I have said before our first **Captain (William T. Arrington)** had been killed at Malvern Hill, our

second (**James J. Harris**) died at Spotsylvania Court House, our First Lieutenant captured (**Kearney W. Arrington**), our Second Lieutenant (**Burton B. Williford**) wounded and disabled and we did not have enough men left to be entitled to another, so we had to be commanded by an officer of another company."<sup>6</sup>

### Appomattox Court House— April 9, 1865

"I could not find but three more present, beside myself, of the first old original company that left Nash County in September, 1861. One of them had not been in battle or fired a gun in the services (He having a deficiency was kept on detail). Another was only fifteen, when he went off, and had been kept of detail most of the time, and had not been in but a few fights. The other one (**George Washington Joyner**) had done good service a part of the time, had been twice wounded and re-

*(Continued on page 4)*



<sup>1</sup> North Carolina Troop, 1861-1865, compiled by Weymouth T. Jordan, Jr., Unit Histories by Louis H. Manarin, Vol. VIII infantry, page 401-412.

<sup>2</sup> 30th Regiment, North Carolina Infantry, Civil War Soldiers and Sailors database, @ [http://familysearch.org/learn/wike/en/30th\\_Regiment,\\_North\\_Carolina\\_Infantry](http://familysearch.org/learn/wike/en/30th_Regiment,_North_Carolina_Infantry)

<sup>3</sup> Thirtieth Regiment by Colonel F. M. Parker, Enfield NC 1901, Page 494-505.

<sup>4</sup> The words of John Wesley Bone from The Bone Family, Distant Voices as Heard from the Water's Edge, by Frederick Holmes Cron, p. 68, published 1999.

<sup>5</sup> F&S, 30th Regiment NC Troops, p. 321

<sup>6</sup> The words of John Wesley Bone from The Bone Family, Distant Voices as Heard from The Water's Edge, by Frederick Holmes Cron, p. 68, published 1999.

## MY EXPERIENCE WITH DNA

My first experience with DNA was with African Ancestry. The results said that my paternal grandmother's people were Egyptian and my paternal grandfather's people were Ibo from Nigeria. All of that was very surprising, because we were told my grandmother's people were indentured servants

from Ireland. My grandmother's name was **Katie Candles Hyman**. My grandfather was **Syvalia Hyman**. I knew nothing about my grandfather's people other than his father, **Arden**, and his grandfather, **Zion**, were slaves. It was serendipitous that the only time I've been out of the country was to Egypt and

I've always been African-centered.

My second experience was with a fellow genealogist, who has a Hyman relative. I met **Allen McClain** once by accident at a National Genealogical Society (NGS) conference in Philadelphia. He wanted me to be tested to see if we had shared DNA. The results initially indicated that we were NOT related. However, the test results later stated that we DID have some connection through GEDMatch. Allen later sent me a couple of names he saw that were linked to me on GEDMatch. One of them, **Yolanda Page**, came to meet me from Richmond at the Mormon Temple in Kensington, Maryland. She also shared my Harappa World model DNA,

(Continued on page 5)



Katie Candles & Syvalia Hyman

(Continued from page 3)

mained in prison about fourteen months. I was the only one of the old Company that surrendered that had been with the company most of the time and that had not been on detail and kept from the battles. There were others of the old company living, some in prison, on detail, and at home. Our company when they surrendered numbered eighteen, having lost nearly half of what it numbered

when we left Petersburg.”<sup>7</sup> The Company had fallen to less than eleven percent of its original strength.

*Post Script: John Wesley Bone* was the last Nash County Confederate Veteran to die on April 7, 1936, age 93; his comrade-in-arms, **George Washington Joyn-er**, had preceded him in death on March 21, 1936, age 91.

<sup>7</sup> The words of John Wesley Bone from *The Bone Family, Distant Voices as Heard from The Water's Edge*, by Frederick Holmes Cron, p.68, published 1999.

Submitted by TRCGS Member Fred Cron

(Continued from page 4)

but we have yet to figure out the relationship.



Ralph Payne

Allen also sent me the names of a couple of other people who might be relatives. **Ralph Payne** (shown above), from South Carolina, is one of those relatives. In talking to him, we discovered that his great-grandfather, **William Larkin Sherman Payne** and my great-grandmother **Martha Payne Owens** were siblings from North Carolina.

Wolloam Larkin Payne



My mother, **Pearle Thomas Hyman** is the daughter of **Mary Ann Owens Thomas**, who is the daughter of **Martha Payne Owens**. My new cousin found out that he had “colored” relatives when he found **William Larkin Sherman Payne** listed as mulatto in a census record.

Allen McClain also connected me with another relative whose grandmother and my grandmother were sisters. She is **Thelma Fleming**, 80 years old, in Florida and is doing her genealogy about my mother’s side of the family. A photo of the two sisters appears to the right-**Melissa** and **Mary Owens**. I do expect to meet Ralph and Thelma at some point.



Melissa and Mary Owens

My connection with 23andME revealed that I’m 57% European. The Harappa World model indicated 29.21% as NE European, 17.31% Mediterranean (Egyptian) and 35.15% West African (Ibo). And the search goes on, Through DNA, I share

similar DNA with 999 other people.

Submitted by TRCGS Member Carole A. Hyman. This article also appeared in the AAHGS News (The Bi-Monthly newsletter of the Afro-American Historical & Genealogical Society, Inc.) Sept/Oct 2015 issue.



## Pam's Corner

Pam Edmondson, Local History Specialist, Edgecombe County Memorial Library, Tarboro, NC

### Burned Out

The Pitt store in Rocky Mount - first floor used as a tobacco prize house and second by the Argonaut—was burned Monday afternoon. The fire caught from a kitchen chimney. So far as heard there was no insurance. The Argonaut plant was entirely consumed.

The publishers of the paper have the complete sympathy of *The Southerner* in its loss which will soon be repaired it is earnestly hoped.

*The Tarborough Southerner*  
 Tarboro, NC  
 Thursday, January 8, 1891

*To a louse, on seeing one on a  
 Lady's bonnet at church.*

*"Oh wad some pow'r the  
 giftie gie us!*

*To see oursels as others see us!*

*It wad frae monie a blunder  
 free us*

*An' foolish notion:*

*What airs in dress an' gait wad  
 lea'e us,*

*An' ev'n devotion!*

The standard English translation is as follows:

And would some Power give us  
 the gift

To see ourselves as others see  
 us!

It would from many a blunder  
 free us

And foolish notion:

What airs in dress and gait  
 would leave us,

And even devotion!

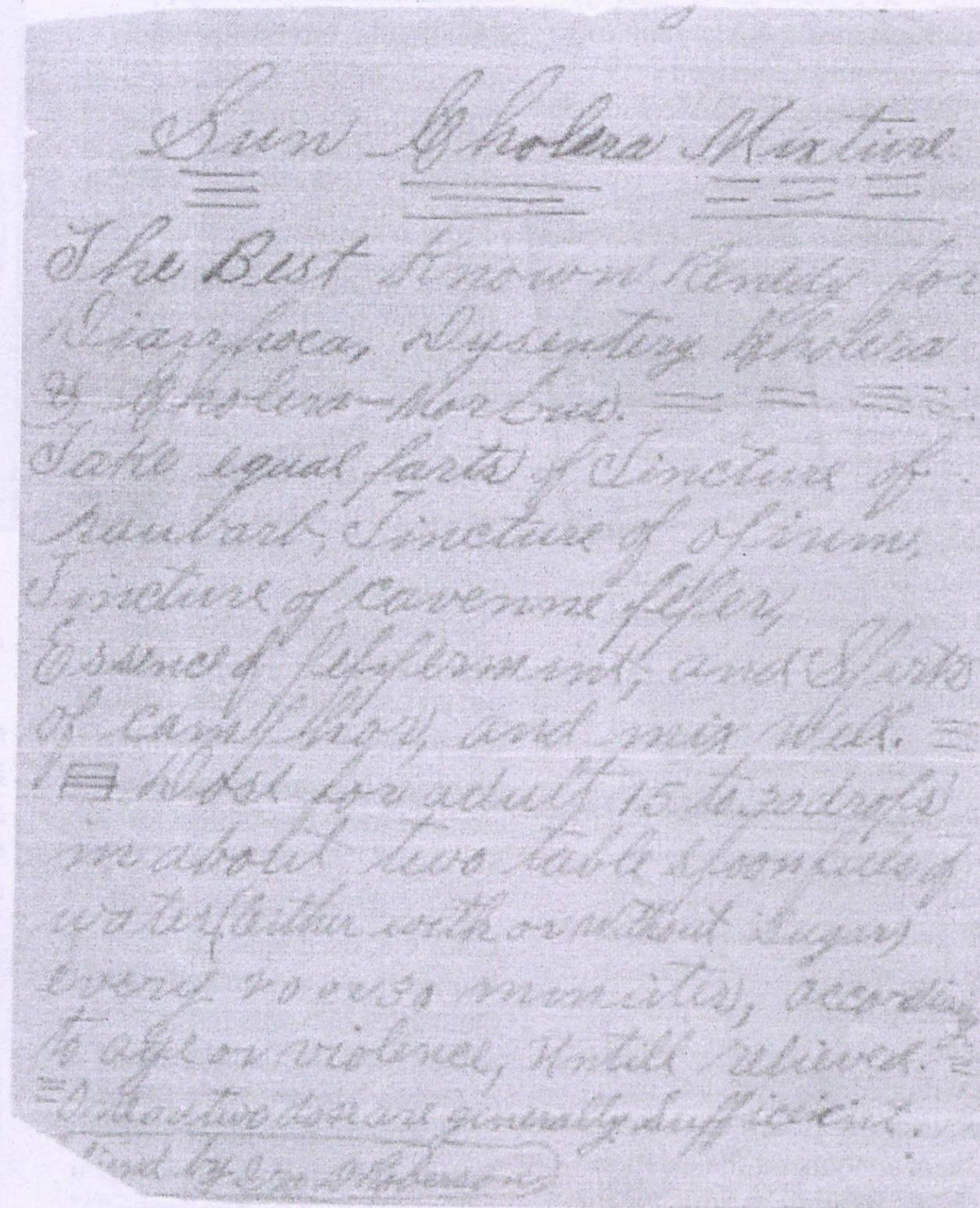
Written 1786 by the young  
 Scottish poet Robert Burns



## SUN CHOLERA MIXTURE

Among the personnel effects of **Ira D. Roberson** who died December 2, 1929 and **Josiah N. Bone** who died April 10, 1937 were found the recipe for Sun Cholera Mixture.

More than one hundred sixty years ago, when it was found that prevention for the Asiatic cholera was easier than a cure, a prescription was published for the general population in the New York Sun, and took the name of "The Sun Cholera Mixture"<sup>1</sup>. "It is found to be the best remedy for looseness of the bowels ever yet devised. It is to be commended for several reasons. It is not to be mixed with liquor, and therefore will not be used as an alcoholic beverage. Its ingredients are well known among all the common people, and it will have no prejudice to combat; each of the materials is in equal proportions to the others, and it may therefore be compounded without professional skill; and as the dose is so very small it may be carried in a tiny phial in the waistcoat pocket, and be always at hand"<sup>2</sup>.



1 In the possession of Ella Margaret Bone Cron.

2 Vintage Recipes.net@  
[http://www.vintagerecipes.net/books/whitehouse/the\\_suns\\_cholera\\_mixture.php](http://www.vintagerecipes.net/books/whitehouse/the_suns_cholera_mixture.php), on October 6, 2015.

Submitted by TRCGS Member  
Fred Cron

*Reads: Sun Cholera Mixture. The best known remedy for diarrhea, dysentery, cholera and cholera morbus. Take equal parts of tincture of rhubarb, tincture of opium, tincture of cayenne pepper, essence of peppermint, and spirits of camphor,*

*and mix well. Dose for adult 15 to 30 drops in about two table-spoonfuls of water (either with or without sugar) every 20 or 30 minutes, according to age or violence, until relieved. One or two doses are generally sufficient.*

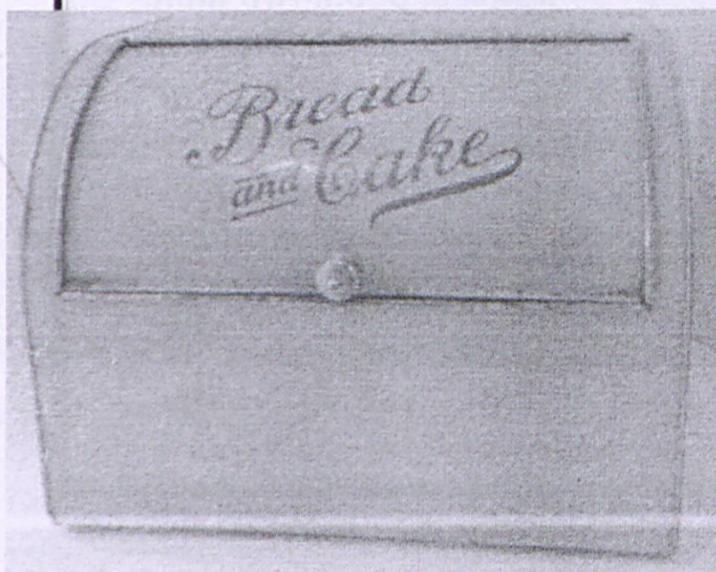
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gress threatened a declaration of war. The trouble subsided quickly and Americans were again absorbed in local events.

Cigarettes sold for 5¢ a pack and a four-room house could be rented for \$8 a month. The admission price to local theaters was set at a nickel for children and 10¢ for adults, with the price soaring to 15 and 20¢ when vaudeville came to town.



In Rocky Mount [Nash and Edgecombe Counties] the Board of Aldermen was concerning itself with better food handling and general sanitation. April 6, 1914 saw an ordinance passed requiring that all bread produced for sale in the city must be wrapped. On the same day, the Nash Co. Board of Commissioners announced the election of **M.V. Bamhill** as solicitor for the county Recorder's Court. (He later served on the NC Supreme Court.) While these items made the news, they don't tell



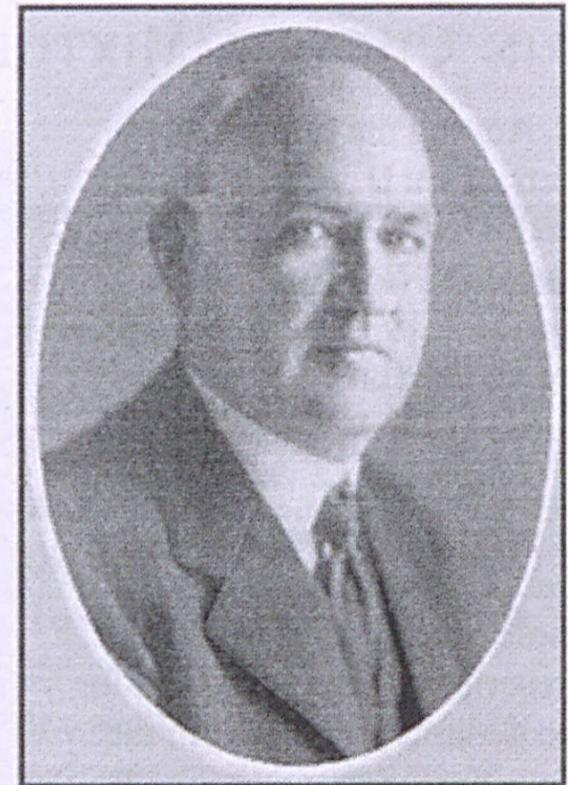
us what life was like. Advertisements in the Evening Telegram paint a clearer picture.

**Banking in Rocky Mount**

Banking was big business in Rocky Mount. No issue of the Evening Telegram went to press without numerous advertisements devoted to the progressive endeavors of these institutions. **The Planters Bank**, with **J.C. Braswell**, president, and **J.W. Aycock**, cashier, advertised regularly, boasting that its \$950,000 in resources made it the largest bank in this section. The Savings Bank advertised under the signature of its cashier, **F.P. Spruill**, that 4% interest was being paid on all savings. The First National Bank claimed to be the "Safest for Savings."

**The Citizens Building and Loan Co.** used space to announce that it was maturing its first series of bonds in the amount of \$50,000. The **Bank of Rocky Mount**, with **Thomas H. Battle**, president, and **Frank F. Fagan**, cashier, advertised that "The small man with a small roll as well as the big business man with thousands, always find a welcome at Rocky Mount's oldest bank."

**The Rocky Mount Insurance and Realty Co.**, with a capital and surplus of \$125,000 purchased half-page ads to offer its gold bonds for sale.



James Craig Braswell

**Food Was Cheap**

Grocery stores apparently found little need for advertising. Food was plentiful and it was cheap. A regular dinner at the **Olympia Café** on Main St. cost exactly 25 cents. The **Thomas Candy Company**, also on Main St., boasted "One of the most complete ice cream factories in this section of the state," and added that "The housewife that has long desired Thomas Ice Cream but had no one to send for it can now secure it by phoning 693, and we will make prompt delivery." **Z.B. Bulluck**, located on Washington St., ran quarter-page ads for two solid weeks announcing that "A Fresh Shipment of New Corned Herrings" had just been received.

**Clothing Bargains**

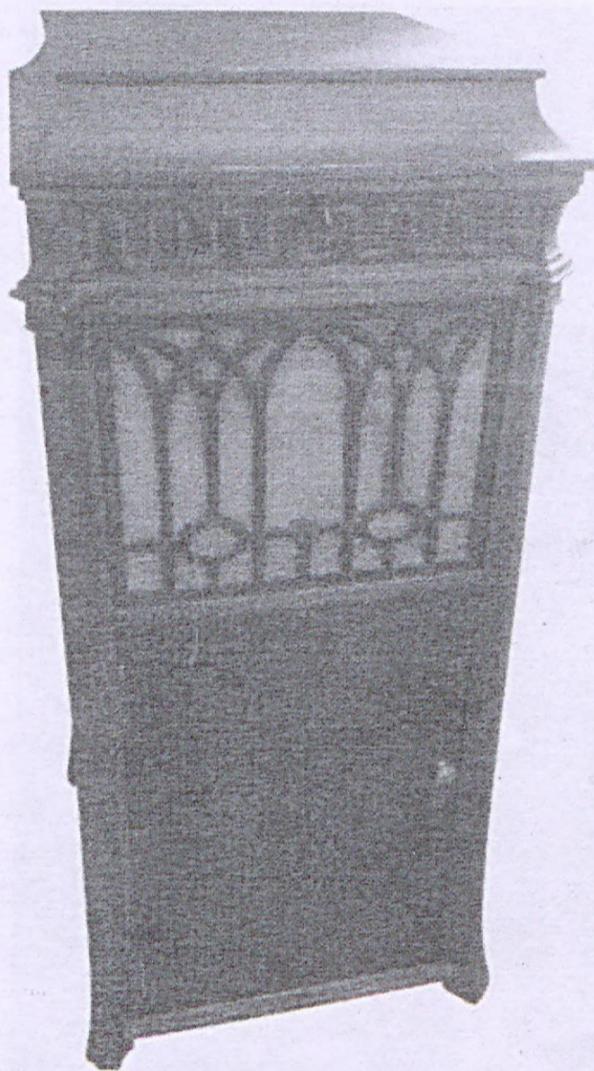
Clothing and accessories were available at prices that would

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make the good old days really look good. The following price list was advertised frequently by **Bailey, Draughn and Co.**, 127 S. Main St.: ladies hose, 8¢ - 39¢; ladies' corset covers, 19¢, corsets, 39¢-79¢; ready made sheets, 79¢; men's shirts, 79¢; men's suits, \$11.50 - \$20; silk, 39 - 79¢ per yard; ladies' shoes, 98¢ - \$2.89; and men's shoes and oxfords, \$2.39 - \$3.98.

At the same time the **Fashion Shop** on N. Washington St. was offering the following items: Spool cotton at 5 spools for 10¢; silk hose at 38¢; towels for 8¢ each; and wool dress goods at 35¢.



Edison Diamond Disc Phonograph

### Appliances Make A Bow

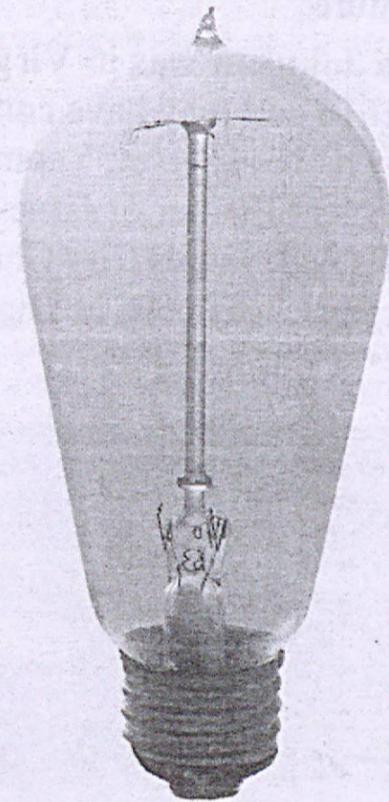
Home appliances advertised in 1914 paint a picture of a society on the threshold of the modern era. The **Edison Diamond Disc Phonograph** was the rage. Radio was not developed to the point that it spanned the distances required for commercial use. The US Navy had just announced that it had developed wireless apparatus capable of transmitting messages up to a distance of 700 miles.

**R.E. Quinn and Co.** advertised a complete lawn swing for \$5 with porch swings ranging from \$2 - \$3.50. **Bullock, Philips and Co.**, located in the **First National Bank** building, offered the Automatic refrigerator to local homemakers, advertising that the product was "built as carefully as parlor furniture with no open joints to let in the air."

Electricity was fast becoming a part of home life, but it was far from dependable. Evidence of this is seen in the wording of this ad by **F.F. Harrell**: "children need electric light, the pure air illuminant. Electric light burns in a sealed glass bulb. It neither devitalizes the air in the home nor gives off products of combustion. Electric light is, therefore, the most healthful and cleanest of illuminants. The merest child can switch electric light on or off without effort and without danger.

[From "*What Were The 'Good Old Days' Like Here Back In 1914?*" by Bill Johnson, *The Rocky Mount Evening Telegram*, 2/15/1953]

There is a Facebook page entitled *Rocky Mount ...Way Back When* which you may find interesting!



1911 drawn or ductile tungsten filament lamp

## FROM ANCIENT PLANTER TO MODERN PLANTER

The Story of the **Johnsons** to the **Bones** in Twelve Generations. Jamestown settlement in the Colony of Virginia, the first permanent English settlement in the Americas, was established by the Virginia Company of London as "**James Fort**" on May 4, 1607. The site was not inhabited by nearby Virginia Indian tribes, who regarded the area too poor and remote for agriculture.

**John Johnson** was in Virginia by 1616 and may have come as early as 1611. John, Yeoman and Ancient Planter of Jamestown Island, James City County, Virginia, was born in Eng-

land about 1590 and died in In James City County, Virginia, in or about 1636.

By definition of the Virginia Company, an Ancient Planter was .....” the ancient adventures and Planters which were transported thither with Intent to Inhabit at their own costs and charges before the coming away of **Sir Thomas Dale**, Knight, and have so continued during the space of three years, shall have upon a first Division to be afterwards by us augmented one hundred acres of Land for their personal adventure and as much for every single share of twelve pounds ten shillings paid for

such share allotted and set out to be held by them their Heirs and assigns forever”.

In 1616, at the end of the administration of Sir Thomas Dale, the first dividend became due and payable to all who had invested, whether by the purchase of shares or by “personal adventure”.

Under the terms of the “Instructions to Governor Yeardley, issued by the London Company 1618, these colonists received the first land grants in Virginia.

John Johnson married **Ann** whose surname is unknown.

*(Continued on page 11)*



(Continued from page 10)

She may have been one of the “maids” who arrived in Virginia in 1619.

On the morning of March 22, 1622, the Powhatan confederacy attacked outlying plantations and communities up and down the James River in what became known as the Indian Massacre of 1622. The attack killed over 300 settlers, about a third of the English-speaking population.

“John and Ann his wife, John his sonn aged 1 yere; Ann his daughter aged 4 yeres, escaped death.”

The family over the decades moved south—from Jamestown Island; to the Upper Chippoaks Creek, near Swann’s Bay, now in Surry county, VA; to the Corrovaugh in Isle of Wight County; To Tyrrell County, North Carolina; Then, by virtue of the western portion of Tyrrell County

becoming part of/ to Martin County ; by marriage to Oak Level, Nash County.

The cavalcade of the Planter generations would be: **John Johnson Sr/ Ann; John Johnson Jr/ unknown; Robert Johnson /Ann; Epenetus Griffin/ Ann Johnson; George Coburn Jr/ Ellen; William Rogers/Olive Coburn; Henry Baker Roberson/ Gatsy Ann Rogers; Ira Daniel Roberson/ Margaret Louvenia Smith; Kenneth Early Bone/ Mary Margaret Elizabeth Roberson; Ella Margaret Bone/ Frederick Holmes Cron.**

Notes - From Ancient Planter to

The term “Ancient planter” is from Wikipedia: [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ancient\\_planter](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ancient_planter)

Adventurers of Purse and Person, Virginia, 1607-1624/5, Fourth Edition, Compiled and Edited by John Frederick Dorman, Vol. One, Families A-F, p. 35-36.

“The Johnsons & Johnstons of Corrovaugh in Isle of Wight County, Virginia”, Vol I, by Eddis Johnson and Hugh Buckner Johnston, 1979, p. 3-9, 17-22, 30, 37-38, 40-41.

Cavaliers & Pioneers, Abstracts of VA Land Patents & Grants, Neil Marion Nugent, 1977, Vol II, p.375.

Ella Margaret Bone Cron is a member of the Jamestown Society by virtue of her ancestors John Johnson, Ann Johnson, and John Johnson, Jr.

Submitted by TRCGS Member Fred Cron

*There's a fine line between a packrat  
and a serious family historian.*

(Continued from page 1)

In 1764, the Assembly ordered that this area be known as the county seat and Benton gave one acre of land where the courthouse was built. However, no town was established there at that time.

In 1805, Thomas Littlejohn purchased, for \$1500, 1880 acres of land which surrounded the court house. However, he refused to allow a town to be laid out on it or to sell any of the property. Much dissatisfaction grew up in the county as to this monopoly; people had no shelter or other accommodation while attending court. Petitions were circulated in the county to remove the Court House from Oxford. To prevent this, Mr. Littlejohn consented to sell 50 acres for a town. Accordingly, in 1811, an act was passed by the General Assembly of NC, appointing **Col. Robert Burton, Benj. Hilliard, Col. Charles Rust Eaton, Dr. John Hare, and Robert Jeter** as commissioners to purchase 50 acres of land from Mr. Littlejohn and sell it off in lots. This was done, but no corporate government was established until 1816. In that year an Act to incorporate the town of Oxford was passed and **William H. Sneed, Nathaniel M. Taylor, Dr. William V. Taylor, Leslie Gilliam and Thomas B. Littlejohn** were appointed commissioners. This corporation seems to have become dormant as an Act in

1825 relieved the corporation and named Thomas Littlejohn, **Thomas Booth, Dr. William V. Taylor, David Mitchell, and Rhodes N. Herndon** commissioners.

### Presbyterian Church

The first Presbyterian church in Granville County, Grassy Creek, was organized about 1750. In 1817, **Elder Thomas B. Littlejohn** and several other members of the Grassy Creek Church who lived in Oxford decided to organize a Presbyterian church in their town. The first teacher/minister was **Rev. James K. Burch** from Philadelphia, followed the next year by **Rev. Shephard K. Kollock, DD**, of Elizabethtown, NJ. In 1818, the Oxford Presbyterian Church was organized. There were nine members, two of whom, **Thomas B. Littlejohn** and **Levi H. McLean**, were ordained elders.

For about twelve years there was no building, so most of the services were held in the **Oxford Academy**. On June 18, 1823, "a consultation was held at the court house on the plan and size of a Presbyterian Church in this place." A building committee consisting of three elders, **Thomas Littlejohn, Stephen K. Sneed and Dr. W.V. Taylor**, was appointed. In the Fall of 1825, bricks for the Oxford Presbyterian Church were ready for burning, but the building

was not completed until 1830. Mr. Littlejohn practically donated the land for the building, as he deeded the entire lot to **Judge Robert B. Gilliam** and five others, as trustees of the congregation, for the sum of ten shillings. The first church, a rectangular red brick building with a gable roof and a square tower in the back, was completed in 1830. This church was torn down in 1892 and the present church was built on the same site.

### Littlejohn Genealogy

**Thomas B. Littlejohn**, born 12/9/1772, was the oldest son of **William Littlejohn** who emigrated from **Inverness, Scotland** before 1760, and settled in Edenton, Chowan Co, NC, where he was a shipping merchant for forty years. He married, on Nov. 21, 1771, **Sarah Blount** (2/14/1747-10/10/1807), daughter of **Joseph and Sarah Durant Blount**. William died March 4, 1817 from injuries received by his horse running away and throwing him from his chaise. He was 77 years old.

Photo from Findagrave.com memorial #95640801 The *North Carolina Historical and Genealogical Register, Volumes 1-3* By James Robert Bent Hathaway

## JAMES BENJAMIN RAWLS

**James Benjamin Rawls**, lawyer and probate judge, was born at Suggsville, Clarke County [Alabama]; son of **John Franklin** and **Lucretia Jaqueline (Davis) Rawls**, the former a native of Harris County, Ga., later a resident of Mobile; grandson of **William and Frances (Dancy) Rawls** of Harris County, Ga., and of **Shugan Ransom and Mary (Sorsby) Davis** of near Ransom's Bridge, Halifax County, N. C., the former served in the War of 1812, from North Carolina, stationed at Norfolk, Va.; great-grandson of **William and Amy (Ransom) Davis**, of North Carolina, and of **Benjamin and Susan (Davis) Sorsby**, the former was of English descent, and served in the Revolutionary Army, enlisted in Nash County, N. C., under **Capt. Jacob Turner's** company, 3rd North Carolina infantry regiment, commanded by **Col. Jethro Sumner**. He received his early education in private

schools in Mobile and at Summervine institute, Noxubee County, Miss. He read law by a correspondence course and entered upon the practice, having successfully passed an examination before the presiding judge of the circuit court of Washington County, 1905. He has served as notary public and justice of the peace several years; was county commissioner two terms; probate judge one term, and elected tax commissioner of Washington County, 1907, an office he still holds. He was a member of the home guard of Mobile at the close of the War of Secession, having been taken prisoner at the capture of Mobile and held until Lee's surrender at Appomattox. He is a Democrat, Methodist, and Mason. Married: February 4, 1873, near Columbus, Ky., to **Ruth Morrison**, daughter of **Edwin Ruthven** and **Harriet Magruda (Brown) Ray**, of that place; granddaughter of **Col. Peter W. and Susan (Ray) Brown** of

Lebanon, Ky., and **Dennis and Nancy (Hayes) Ray** of Clinton, Ky.

Children: 1. **Carrie L.**, m. **John C. Maclay**, Moss Point, Miss.; 2. **Harriet M.**, m. **William R. Leon**, Deer Park; 3. **James B., Jr.**, unmarried, Lucedale, Miss.; 4. **Mary D.**, m. **Dr. Warren D. Ratliff**, Lucedale, Miss.; 5. **Ellen H.**, unmarried, St. Stephens; 6. **Ruth R.**, m. **Samuel E. McGlathery**, Chatham; 7. **Dennis B.**, 1415 Mobile; 8. **Robert M.**, Francis, Okla.; 10. **Antoinette**, St. Stephens; 11. **Louise D.**, Mobile; 12. **Edgar D.**, St. Stephens; 13. **Ebenezer T.**, St. Stephens. Residence: St. Stephens.

*History of Alabama and Dictionary of Alabama Biography*, Volume 4, Page 1414 By Thomas McAdory Owen, Marie Bankhead Owen 1921

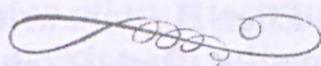
*Murder.*— We learn that Mr. William Foster, of Lounsburg, was barbarously murdered on the 5th inst in Georgia, by his own Negroes, while on their way to Alabama. We have not heard the particulars. Mr. F. has left an interesting family to deplore his premature death — *Ral. Reg.*

Article page 3 of *The Carolina Watchman* newspaper, Salisbury, NC, dated May 6 1843

Submitted by TRC Member Danny Bunn

## I WAS MORTALLY WOUNDED

The following narrative contains excerpts from the "*Record of A Soldier in the Late War*" by **John Wesley Bone**, a member of Company I, 30th Regiment, NC Troops, raised in Nash County, NC and enlisted there on September 10, 1861. The following was his recount during the Battle of Spotsylvania Court House in 1864.



I was mortally wounded by a ball striking me in the right breast passing through my lungs and coming out beside my backbone and lodging in some clothes that I had on my back. (I now have the ball). I realized that I was wounded, but did not know how bad. I got my knife out and cut my cartridge box from me; by this time I was very sick and every breath seemed to get shorter and the pain increased. I began to think I was going to die. I soon gained a little strength and took a little encouragement. I realized that our men had carried the works, but the fighting continued, and did not seem but a short distance away, as the balls were striking around me from what I learned later. At this point our men were trying to take the second line of works, and did succeed, but had it hand to hand in some places. I decided that our men were having a very hard time, and probably would not succeed, and would

have to fall back. I thought if I could get back I had better do it, so I got up, but did not go but a short distance before I had to give up from weakness; here another ball struck me. I revived a little and started again, but soon had to give up. I now had a little ill to ascent, and as I was on my way another ball struck me. I saw a cherry tree on the top of the hill, and made my way to it. I managed to get to the tree and laid down, as I was very weak from the loss of so much blood. The battle was still raging, and the balls and shells were striking around me but did not hit me as the tree was two feet thick at the ground. I did not stop here very long before I attempted to go further, but found that I was unable to do so; and too I thought the litterbearers would come and get the wounded up. My clothes were all wet from the rain that had fallen the night before, and as I had not eaten anything since the day before or gotten very much sleep, I was in bad circumstances and getting worse. The battle continued on, and no one came near me. Our men had taken both lines of works, but the enemy was fortified, and the lines were so near together that there was a heavy fire kept up by musket and cannon all day, and the enemy had located themselves so that they had a cross fire on a part of the works, and killed many of our men during the day. **Captain**

**Harris** and my nearest comrade was killed. There was an oak tree nearly twenty inches through standing near the works, and was shot down by the balls. (The trunk is now in the museum in Washington City.) The day was far spent, and a shell from a cannon struck the ground and continued to bounce in my direction, but stopped just before it hit me. Night was coming on with no prospect of help. I unrolled my blanket and tried to spread it over me the best I could. I was on wet ground, hungry, sleepy, weak, and bloody; this was my condition for the night, the fighting still going on. I slumbered, at times, through the night, and would find myself calling some of the litterbearers for water. I could hear others that were wounded doing the same thing, but no relief came. Our men fell back during the night, and formed a line of battle on the other side of me. The next morning was damp, misty and smoky. Everything was very quiet, and seemed like a dream to me. Finally, my attention was aroused by hearing someone coming up to me, on looking I saw one of our soldiers, and he laid down some knapsacks that he had picked up from the fields, and was going to search them. I asked him his command. I then wanted to know if he would give me a drink of water, which he did by

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*(Continued from page 14)*

pouring some in my canteen. I don't know how much. While he was doing this I asked him where our army was, for I was certain that they had moved in some direction. At this moment I heard a sharp report from a rifle. My companion gave me a short answer. I did not know what he said, for he was of French descent and jumped up and ran leaving his plunder where he had laid it. I could now see others running from the field, this caused me to try to look that way. When I did I saw a picket line of blue of blue coats coming, they halted and formed a line of battle in about one hundred yards of me, and commenced firing on our men. Non can scarcely imagine my feelings when I found out they were so near to me. My location was in view of both lines. I had first feared that the enemy would get me; but I now saw that they could not. This was Friday morning, May 13th. It continued to rain in small showers all through the day. I continued to slumber at times, but would be aroused very often by the sharp report of the enemy's guns.

During the day I pulled the knapsack to me that my comrade had left and searched it to see if it contained something to eat, but found nothing that I wanted but tried to eat some soda crackers and sugar; this

being about the first thing that I had eaten since I had been wounded. Water was what I wanted. I found a large cup in the sack, and took it and put it down near me and as the showers would fall a little water would fill into the cup and water would drop off the leaves of the tree, and in this way I got a little water. The day passed away, each line held their position. The night came on, the cries of the wounded would be heard all through the night. Now and then the pickets on each side would fire at each other. I passed through the night very restless.

Morning again came, things seemed about like they were the day before. The weather cleared a little, but was still cloudy. I slumbered a little all through the

day and was very weak, but gaining my nerve a little.

Evening came on, and it seemed what the enemy was going to make an attack upon our line. The sharpshooters commenced firing more regularly. There was a very good dwelling located about seventy-five yards from me, and it was also near the enemy's picket line. Some of their men were in it, and they were shooting from the windows and other places. I could lie and see what they were doing. They moved a battery near their line and opened fire on us. I could hear them give the command to load and fire. See and hearing all of this and making no attack upon us I decided they were making arrangements to make an attack

*(Continued on page 16)*



Battle of Spotsylvania Court House

<http://naniroots.com/wp-content/uploads/2013/05/Spotsylvania.jpg>

*(Continued from page 15)*

the next day. As I have said before, my nerve was getting to be stronger. It was reasonable that there would be another fight right over where I was, which side would gain was uncertain, or I might be killed, or our men could fall back and the enemy could get me, and if they did it would very likely mean death for me. I was certain that I could not remain as I now was much longer without having my wound attended to, and without food and water. This being the case I thought this would be my last resting place.

My condition was a sad one, but if I could get to my comrades there was some hope. I did not know how and I was wounded, considering all these things I began to feel that I could get away if I had an opportunity. Night was coming on, and I began thinking how I could arrange to get away. I could see some cannon redoubts about one hundred and fifty yards from me, and about one hundred yards from our picket line. If I could get to the cannon redoubts during the night it would be as near our line as I dared to go before morning; but getting there was the great trouble. The moon was shining nearly all night, but would go down about one hour before day. If I went, this would be my only chance when the pickets could not see me. I now had it

planned out, but could I make it was the question. I had this consolation I could try and if I failed my condition probably would not be anymore serious than it was. I now turned my thoughts to the Lord, and asked him to help me and tried to trust him with all my power to help me to get out from where I was. I again slumbered through the night and was lying in the right position to see the moon when it would go out of sight. I tried to get up but had to be very careful. I set up awhile, then I reached a stick that laid near me and pried myself up and started off. I went a short distance but was compelled to stop as I was very tired, but I made another attempt and succeeded in getting to the cannon redoubts that I had located. I was now in about one hundred yards of our picket line. I must now make myself known to our men before it got light enough for the enemy to see me. I took a white handkerchief from my companion's knapsack and put it on a stick and shook it. I was soon told to come on and I made another start, doubting whether I could reach the line or not, but it was a little down grade, which was to my advantage. Before I reached the line the enemy had located me and then began firing in my direction. I was at the point of falling caused by weakness and pain when an officer at the line came to my assistance and helped me out and laid me down to recover. No one can realize the relief that I felt in

getting delivered to my companions although my condition was critical. Some litterbearers was sent for me and carried me back to an ambulance where the other wounded were; this was Sunday morning. Sometime that day the enemy withdrew their lines and their army commenced moving down the river towards Fredericksburg. It took a good many litterbearers to move the wounded from the field. One of our Regiment was found sitting by a tree with his brains coming out. He died in a few days. I then received my first treatment. After learning how I was wounded I felt much better although getting out made me much sorer than I was. I found **Chaplin Betts** here doing all he could for the wounded, and giving many encouraging words for their happiness while departing for eternity. He expressed his good wishes that I had made my escape from death. All the wounded that were able they took to the railroad, so that they could be carried to a hospital for treatment and those that were not they took to a large grove to remain until they improved or died.

Our army was moving on between the enemy and Richmond and it was reasonable that those left would have to remain in this desolate place for sometime. After I had been there two or three days, the leading surgeon came to me one morning and asked me if I thought that I could stand to be carried to

*(Continued on page 17)*

(Continued from page 16)

the railroad. I being weak and over-anxious to get away and did not want to stay in this desolate place told him that I thought that I could. He then told me to be ready to leave in a short time. I asked some of my comrades to roll up my blankets, they did so and I was ready to go. **Chaplin Betts** came round at this time and seeing what was being done said, "Why Bone, what are you going to do?", I told him. He said: "Why you cannot stand and don't you go." I told that I wanted to be carried but if he thought it best I would not go. By this time the wagon was ready for me. My way to the railroad was on a heavy four team wagon to be carried about fifteen miles over a badly worn

road the trip being taken at night and I would then be left at the station until I could be sent to Richmond. Four men took me on a litter and carried me about two miles to the place where the wounded were, there being about one thousand of us that were not able to be carried to the railroad. We were a hard looking set of men and we were wounded in almost every way that a man could be to be living. I now realized that my brother Chaplain was right in not letting me be carried to the railroad for I was too sore the next day from the effects of being carried that I could scarcely be moved without pain. I am sure that I would have soon died from the jolt and exposure if I had been put on the wagon and started off the day before. I am very certain

that the brother Chaplain was the means of saving my life and I give him credit for same even though I did not like it when he was opposed to my being carried.

The manuscript, as a typed copy, stapled with an oil cloth cover was made available to me for retyping/copying in August of 1968. I later included the "Record" in my book entitled "Distant Voices as Heard by Fredrick Holmes Cron, footnotes by Hugh B. Johnston, Jr., copyright 1987. I again used the "Record" in "Distance Voices as Heard From the Water's Edge", copyright 1999. The material for this article was taken by "Distance Voices" pages 63, 64, 65. Submitted by TRCGS Member Fred H. Cron.

## FAMILY AND SO MUCH MORE

I read recently [ancestry.com](http://ancestry.com) has a new online course about researching the history of a house entitled "*Discovering the History of Your House on Ancestry*". It reminded me research is more than looking up our grandparents and theirs... it's about all types of history. History of a person, a house, a town, and even an organization. You come to a point in family research where you are going more sideways than back up the family line. That may be the only way to go further back—it's just a slight detour. But your research seems to stand still.

Try researching something different!

Frequently, I find myself using the skill I have learned in family research for other uses. Ever read a historical novel or watched a movie then checked the census to find out if it is accurate? I have—it's interesting to find out what happened "after".

I am a board member of the NC Highway Patrol's Hall of History. It took over 10 years but I found the gravesite of each of the original members and the grave site for every member who has died in the line of duty.

Most graves gave no indication of their service and that will hopefully change in the future because of the research.

I digress...my original thought seeing the article about researching a house history was how much more I have done than just researching my family and how much fun I have had. Branch out—it may revive your love of the research and you may find another path to your own family.

Submitted by TRCGS Member Janet Sadowski



**Fashion Show Prize Winner**

Readers of May *News* recall the brief story of the Fayetteville District Employees' Club Fashion Show, held in the Railroad Y. M. C. A. at Rocky Mount, N. C., April 15th. Through the courtesy of Miss Margaret Commander, reporter from our mechanical department there, we are honored to present above the likeness of Mrs. W. K. Spiers, who won first prize for the ladies. Mrs. Spiers modeled for Shaw Hat Shop, and Fallon, the Florist. A prominent merchant of Rocky Mount said of the Fashion Show: "Your organization showed a wonderful spirit of co-operation, and every merchant should feel very grateful." Of course, the Atlantic Coast Line folks at Rocky Mount were grateful for the splendid assistance rendered by all the merchants who had a part in the Show. Above photograph is by Harrell's Studio of Rocky Mount.

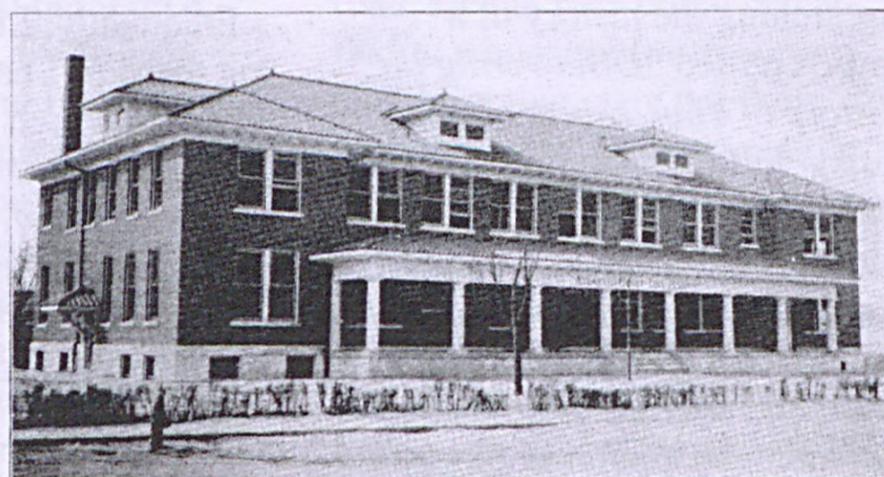
From the Collection of

The ACL & SAL Historical Society

Copied from Atlantic Coast News, June 1931 by hcb

THE SAYING LOCK, STOCK AND BARREL CAME FROM THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR PERIOD HE RIFLE OF THIS WAS DIVIDED INTO 3 PARTS MAKING UP THE ENTIRE GUN SMOOTH BORE ABOUT 50 CAL, THE LOCK, THE STOCK AND BARREL, THE WHOLE THING

FACT: IT WAS NOT UNTIL 1860 THAT SHOES WERE RIGHT AND LEFT, IN OTHER WORDS, UNTIL THEN, BOTH RIGHT AND LEFT SHOES WERE IDENTICAL.



NEW ATLANTIC COAST LINE HOSPITAL

South Rocky Mount, N. C.

This splendid addition to our Relief and Hospital Department facilities will be welcomed by all employees of our road. The new hospital was opened for patients on February 15th, 1922, and is equipped with most modern apparatus, such as X-Ray machine, special fracture table, sterilizers and various other conveniences that add to the comfort of those who find it necessary to seek treatment.

It should be especially noted that services in the hospital are free to Relief Department members, and that dependent members of the family of the Fund are treated by simply paying the actual hospital fee.

From the Collection of

The ACL & SAL Historical Society

Copied from Atlantic Coast News, May 1922, hcb

## EDITOR SHRINKS FROM THIS TASK

I dislike writing the obituary of an old lady. It seems too futile trying to set down in writing the things she did. She was born, grew up, joined the church, was married, became a mother and passed to her reward. The dates of her birth, marriage and death are mentioned for they are high points of her existence. The story of her life is pitifully short.

The life story of her husband would record the facts of his existence and also of his business life. Perhaps, too, it would tell of political triumphs and of what he had done for the town. The stranger who might read it would understand that the town had lost a valuable citizen. We cannot tell, in writing, the obituary of a woman of all the triumphs and disasters of her life. They would sound too petty. When as a bride she and her husband set up a home she assumed responsibilities that she had never known before. She learned to spend hours doing toilsome work that was never finished. Day after day the same thing had to be done and she became an expert at doing them. But those things did not deserve mention in the final story of her life. They were not outstanding.

She risked her life each time a child was born. There was a family for her to care for. But

we can't give credit for that. Mothers have been doing that since the dawn of time.

She brought her children into the world and she washed them and dressed them and loved them and kissed away their tears. She bandaged their injured fingers and toes. She nursed them through sickness and she smoothed their paths through life and all the while she was encouraging her husband and helping him to become successful.

She made his home cheerful and restful. She listened to the stories of his troubles and encouraged him to try again when disaster overtook him, and when success would come and his head began to rise among the clouds she would gently pull him back to earth and continue the process of making a man of him.

But she gets no credit for any of these things. It is what she was put on earth to do.

At last she comes to the end of the toilsome journey and she is laid to rest. Her funeral is attended by many who did not know her but who came out of respect to her husband or her children, who are their friends. The minister reads from a slip

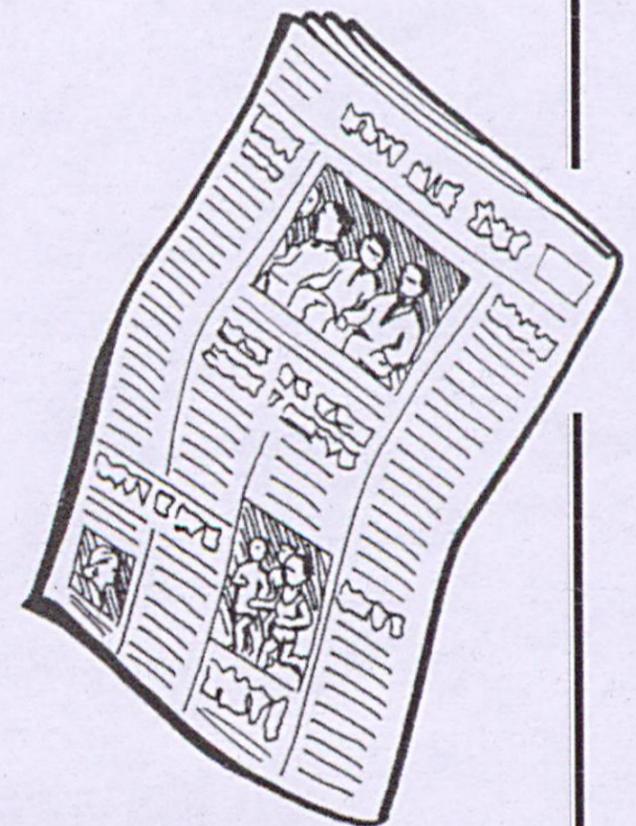
of paper the uninteresting facts of her birth, marriage and death, and names the members of her family who survive her, but he does not tell all the things she did partly because they are taken for granted.

You can't put all that into an obituary. People might laugh at you for writing it.

--Verlin S. Sweely, Editor,  
Lenox (Iowa), Times-Table

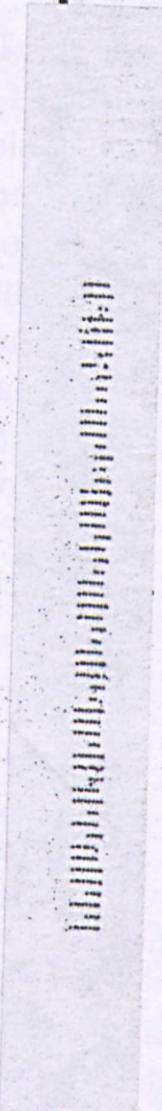
Reprinted in The Matagorda  
County Tribune, Thursday,  
February 8, 1934

Online <http://www.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~txmatago/obituaries.htm>





TAR RIVER CONNECTIONS  
GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY  
PO BOX 8764  
ROCKY MOUNT NC 27804



Braswell Memorial Library Att:  
Genealogy Room  
727 N. Grace Street  
Rocky Mount, NC 27804

