

EASTERN REFLECTOR.

GREENVILLE, N. C.

D. J. WHICHAARD, Ed. & Owner

Entered at the Post Office at Greenville, N. C., as Second-Class Mail Matter.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1901.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GREENVILLE IN MY BOYHOOD.

BY T. C. DAVIS.

[CONTINUED.]

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Gorham and afterwards John Marklin Bond, an older brother of uncle Willie, did business. And Mr. Bernard on the other corner had his store and dwelling. The dwelling is the house in which it is said Gen. Washington was entertained on his tour through the South after his second term as President. Mr. Bernard was a successful business man, clever and sociable, and a most delightful story teller, and with that peculiar tact and expressiveness and gesture common to the French he was enabled to invest even an ordinary incident with more than ordinary interest. His recollections of his old friends, Guizot and Leroy, were particularly entertaining.

At the next corner on Water street and the street leading to the river stood an old building known as the Whitley store and on the opposite side of the street the Whitley dwelling, which was said to be haunted by foul spirits and was for a long time untenanted. The negroes gave it a wide berth at night and many a wild story was circulated about unusual noises heard there between midnight and dawn, but this folly was exploded by Mr. Thos. E. Nelson who repaired the building and occupied it with his family. The Whitley store was considered a desirable stand for business before the big store was built, which was probably about 1830, and the store was occasionally occupied when the bridge was repaired, it being on the street leading to the ferry. Sylvester Brown, son of uncle Jerry, was the last owner. I remember to have done business there. He lived in the building and died there, and also his wife, a sister of Mr. R. H. Routree, of New York.

Mr. Nymphas Price had a store at the bridge on the street leading to the river, and kept a handsome store for that day. He did a large business at one time, particularly with the ladies, with whom he was a great favorite, and his memory is still green with many a valued friend of my father's family. His old servants, Isaac and Milley, were notable. Nearly opposite Mr. Price and nearer the bridge Mr. Henry C. Jordan did business. He was a clever man, married Fanny, eldest daughter of Dr. John C. Gorham and moved to Falkland. On the corner lot above Mr. Price, Capt. Marshall Kinsaid lived, a kind hearted man, and was said to have been a great wit.

Going up bridge street the next old landmark is the Masonic lodge in the first story of which the youth of the town for several generations received their first school lessons, while those more advanced were prepared for the seminary and college. The old building is probably little altered with the lapse of fifty years. But the faithful teacher of that day with the blessings of her pupils and the sympathy of the community has long since crossed the dark river to the land of the blessed.

And now in old Elysian shades Night's shadows spread, With harp in hand she sits, Rocking on tress of Apollo.

And who of the pupils could answer roll call now? Sally Hoyt, Mary E. Hoyt, Sarah Brooks, Bettie Hanrahan, Matilda Gorham, Cathrine Congleton, Allen Nobles, John Nobles, Tillet Nobles, Sally Ann Johnston, Mary Ann Garney, William Ann Atkinson, Margaret Hoyle, Jas. Hoyle, Bettie Lawrence, Charles Lawrence, Nancy R. Lawrence, Martha Nobles, Sue Nobles, Penny Cherry, Lewis Lawrence, Peter Lawrence, Violet Johnston, Bettie Davis, Thos. Davis, Joseph Davis, Jas. Davis, Dick Selby, Henrietta Green, Ann Kinsaid, Eliza Eason, Jack Johnston, Bettie Brown, Martha Ann Harrison, Alvina Parker, Georgiana Parker, Laura Selby, Mary Nelson, Adelaide Clark, Cathrine Moore, Edwin Moore. (There are some others whose names are not recalled.)

It may be on some bright summer day when the air is filled with the breath of flowers and bird notes echo in a cloudless sky, some sauntering school girl returning home will tell mama she saw near the old lodge gate a venerable man leaning on a long staff who looked eagerly into the faces of all who passed him and seemed to murmur,

They are all gone! They are all gone! "The mossy marble rests on the lip that he has pressed in the bloom. And many be loved to hear Have been carved for many a year On the tomb."

On the corner across the street what is now the Episcopal church lot, in a little two room house, William Ruff, gun smith, as his sign indicated, lived and worked at his trade. But I do not remember ever to have seen his shop door opened. He had no family and his name expressed his character perfectly. In the rear of this lot was a public cemetery on one corner of which stood, and probably still stands, the old Methodist church. The scene of many an old time revival, none of your modern protracted meetings in which people are continually waned against excitement, but always a genuine shake-up frequently con-

ducted as I remember by a professional, familiar not only with his Bible and the classic poets, but a hypnotist with a peculiar, solemn face and voice. And when heard at midnight, into which these meetings always extended, in the weird light of expiring tallow candles, midst the mourning, groaning and occasional scream from the half a hundred penitents prone upon the altar rail and adjacent benches, suggested to his congregation the waiting of the temple for the great assize, and they separated to their homes with texts of Scripture and quotations from Milton and Dante battling in their brains, or with the Hymn Dies Ira ringing in their ears.

It was to these meetings after denouncing revivals and revivalists in unmeasured terms that my venerable uncle would sometimes go when he could no longer restrain his curiosity in the prevailing excitement, and once there with the first pathetic appeal his tender heart would melt and with his head bowed he would weep his eyes and escaped as soon as possible with a vow that he would never enter that church again.

How vividly I recall that tall, square figure, smooth shaven face, long neck, with his clean, stiff, high cut, cravatless shirt collar. He was always on the move, on business, of course, but he could gather more news and later news than anyone else, a faculty much appreciated by his neighbors who, like the citizens of a certain city, speak much of their time in hearing and relating what they heard. He it remembered that our elders had no daily newspapers, rail roads, telegraph or telephone. And notwithstanding the Major had a sword and a scabbard for everybody he was sufficiently dyspeptic to make his humor as variable as the cloud and sunshine of April, consequently he might be seen in front of a store or at the Court house surrounded by a crowd to whom he denounced in amazing terms some unfortunate individual he imagined his enemy, but always with a peculiar humor that impressed those who heard him that his choler could exhaust itself in rages, closing these outbreaks as generally did by predicting some dire calamity on some member of his own family and always relating one or more of his stock stories of which he was hero and came out second best. Seating himself one day at the dinner table he said, "Now for the oysters." Whereupon he was handed an oyster patty, or pie, and laying down his knife and fork with the air of a long suffering and much injured man, he looked up at his wife and said, "Matilda, child, why did you have the oysters cooked in this way?" "Why, Mr. Selby," said she, "I thought you liked oyster pie." "No I don't, no I don't," said he, but before he said anything more a dish of smoking hot stewed oysters were uncovered before him, at which he was a little disconcerted, but recovering himself immediately muttering he said, "It seems to me that everybody but my own folks know that I like my oysters fried," and immediately a dish of fried oysters were placed before him whereupon he turned very red, but soon broke out into a hearty laugh and said to his wife and daughter, "I'll give you, you have beaten me at my own game."

On the lot adjoining the Episcopal church fronting the street Peter Ambrose had a shop in which he

professed to make and repair buggies, wagons, &c. He was a friend of Mr. Ruff and famous in all the county around for his skill in curing balking horses. But Pete was a bachelor and being encumbered with debt he left one night to try his fortune in a new field and was never heard of afterwards.

At the next street, where Nelson Brothers afterwards had their carriage factory, Mr. Henry C. Chamberlain manufactured cotton gins when there were but two other factories in the country. Mr. Chamberlain lived on the hill on opposite side of the street. His wife was a daughter of Dr. Graham, of Kingston, an accomplished lady. She is remembered as is also her sister, Miss Eliza Graham, by all the old people of the town.

On the lot adjoining the factory Mr. Lewis P. Olds built a handsome residence which must still be one of the attractive places of the town. Mr. Olds married Miss Amanda Evans and after her death, Pauline, her sister, daughters of Mrs. Annie Evans. The Evans family are probably the oldest settlers of Greenville and at one time owned nearly all the land upon which the town is built. It was Alexander Evans, their ancestor who gave the ground on one corner of which the Court house is situated, the deed of gift being a square of several acres intended for the Court house and jail, market house and an Episcopal church and grave yard.

Mr. Evans was a good Christian woman and a prominent member of the Methodist church and was frequently called on to pray in church. She lived in the old fashioned Dutch house nearly opposite Mr. Olds at one end of which stood a large wild cherry tree. She had three sons, Augustus, Stephen B. and Julius, the first two named were graduated physicians. The oldest, Augustus, was a fine specimen of the genus Homo, tall, erect, broad shouldered, black hair and eyes and strong features, just such a man as you do not often see. Stephens B. was not as handsome as his brother, but was said to be his equal in everything else. They married daughters of Mr. Richard Washington, of Goldsboro. Julius was afflicted with rheumatism and married late in life. I never knew his family. My father lived at one time in the house with the brick basement across the street. He sold it to Mr. Henry C. Jordan who sold it to Dr. Goeltz, who sold it to Mrs. Parker.

There were three of the Goeltz brothers, Dr. Peter Goeltz, who married a sister of Mrs. Dr. W. J. Blow, Dr. Edward H. Goeltz, who succeeded him after his death in his practice, and John B. Goeltz, who kept the hotel. Dr. E. H. Goeltz married a Miss Lane, of New Hanover county, and I think married her sister his second wife. They were grand sons of Col. Bucomb, the revolutionary patriot and on their father's side were of Dutch descent and related to the Goelts of New York City.

Mrs. Parker was the widow of Mr. Richard Parker, her maiden name being Brooks. She came from Tennessee, if I am not mistaken, her father having moved from this State, and she may have been of the same family (some of her children can possibly tell) of the Mr. Brooks buried in Maj Selby's garden old place, whose grave was marked by a sand stone slab

Belongs from the Northern Wood to be Trapped, the certain cure for scabies

WE HAVE

Just Returned

from the northern markets where we have selected a tremendous stock of Velvets, Silks, Ribbons, Feathers, Infant Caps, Ornaments, &c., in fact, we have everything needed to put up a stylish hat. Call and see our pattern hats. We have the prettiest we have ever had. Hats trimmed while you wait. Give us a trial. Yours to please,

MISSSES ERWIN.

MOORMAN, EVANS & CO.

J. C. MOORMAN. R. S. EVANS. D. S. SPAIN.

And that is the reason the old Greenville Warehouse is selling so much tobacco. We get the highest price for every pile sold on our floor. The farmers see this, and appreciating the hard work we do for them they bring us their tobacco. We treat all alike, get the best price every time. Bring your next load to the Greenville Warehouse and we will show you the truth of this. We have every accommodation for you and your team.

We are independent of Warehouse Trusts.

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bearing date some where in the seventeens, probably 1710.

The Brick house on the lot adjoining the Evans place is one of the old houses and a long time the residence of the venerable Mrs. Sally Brickle and afterwards of her venerable daughter, Mrs. Hoyt.

The house on the opposite side of the street from the Brickle place as you go down town is also very old. It was here that Mr. Lovejoy, the celebrated teacher, courted and married his wife, Miss Virginia Storie. Dr. Blow owned and lived in this house at the time of his death.

[This is the end of the first installment of his recollections that Mr. Davis sent us, but we hope to receive more of it—Ed.]

Winterville Department.

NEWSY HAPPENINGS AND BUSINESS NOTES.

WINTERVILLE, N. C., Oct. 5.

A first class second hand mowing machine almost as good as new can be purchased cheap by applying at the office of the A. G. Cox Mfg. Co's.

Miss Bertha Dawson, of Littlefield, came up Wednesday and has since been visiting relatives here. She went to Greenville yesterday and returned home on last night's train.

Hogs For Sale—A. G. Cox has 10 or 15 hogs in fine condition to fatten, weighing from 100 to 125 pounds each, which he will dispose of at market value.

Bay Croom has gone to Kingston to live.

Rev. J. B. Jackson, of Goldsboro, after spending the past week with his parents, returned home Wednesday.

R. H. Hunsucker left Thursday for an extended trip through the Southern States. He will combine his business with pleasure and be away for some time.

Winterville Farm Fence of Wire 12 cents per yard. Winterville Hog Fence of Wire 7 cents per yard. Durable, lasting and cheaper than the cheapest. The best investment for farmers is in the Winterville Wire Fence. All orders will be promptly filled.

H. M. Hardee, of Norfolk, was here Thursday.

W. B. Wingate went a visiting to Oakley, Friday.

Miss Lena Dawson, of Littlefield is visiting Mrs. J. D. Cox.

Sent orders for Tar Heel Wagons and carts. Every wheel guaranteed. Orders can be filled on demand—A. G. Cox Mfg. Co.

Miss Olivia Cox, who has been visiting friends and relatives here for several days returned to La Grange, her home, Friday evening.

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Claude Sumner and family went to Littlefield yesterday.

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Beef, fresh meats, potatoes and all other good things are greatly in demand here. Bring 'em in.

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SOME "Because's."

Why You Should Trade With

Frank Wilson:

WE ARE ABLE TO FIT ANY SIZE OR SHAPE MAN

BECAUSE

WE HAVE ALL SIZES AND SHAPES IN STOCK.

WE FIT YOU AS WELL AS THE TAILOR

BECAUSE

TAILORS MAKE OUR SUITS.

WE'RE ENTITLED TO YOUR TRADE

because

WE'RE A FIRST-CLASS HOUSE, AND KEEP FIRST-CLASS GOODS.

YOU SHOULD TRADE HERE

BECAUSE

YOU SAVE ONE-HALF OF CUSTOM TAILOR'S PRICE ON AS WELL MADE SUITS.

YOU TAKE NO RISK

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